

Breaking Curfew

by ZahariaCelestina

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Inspired by Marquise's exquisite drawing, [Past Curfew](#). Make sure to check it out
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Chapter 1 of 1

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DISCLAIMER: All characters, locations and magical paraphernalia featured in this story were created and belong to JK Rowling.

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The castle was silent at last. Nothing could be compared to the calmness of the night after a busy school day, thought Snape as he walked out of his office into a dark corridor. That was why he always waited after curfew to gather the necessary supplies for the following day's lessons from the school's storage room. The few dozen meters that separated it from the Defence Against the Dark Arts classroom was not much, but it was always better, in his opinion, when devoid of any students.

On his way to the first floor, he stopped by the Slytherin dormitories for a last round. All students were in their rooms sleeping, or pretending to. With the school year already more than halfway behind, he was aware that many of them were probably studying in their beds or holding secret study groups here and there. As long as the Slytherin House still shone when the O.W.L.s and N.E.W.T.s results were out, that slight infraction of the school rules was fine with him. As for the other secret groups that might be holding gatherings here and there... he preferred to ignore them. Should they become a significant threat, he would know soon enough.

Faithful to his habits, Snape sneaked out of the dormitories as silently as he had arrived and went to the storage room. He first made sure that all the magical artefacts were safely locked in the teacher's desk, classified by lesson in their individual drawers. Satisfied, he grabbed a book from his second personal library (which he had transferred into the unused office adjacent to the classroom) and headed for the staff room. He still cherished the almost total seclusion of his living quarters. Alas, they tended to become very humid toward the end of winter with all the snow that melted and the rain that came back with renewed enthusiasm after its prolonged absence. The staff room presented the same invaluable qualities as the corridors after ten o'clock: it was empty of any soul, living or not.

As he took a last turn on a well-known route, however, Snape heard the sound of hurrying footsteps. Without hesitation, he drew his wand out and rushed in the corridor, ready for any eventuality. As he approached the staff room door, very excited whispering caught his attention. Looking in the direction of the sound, he saw the two guardians of the room look at him and motion him to come closer. When he reached their level, he discerned, with puzzlement, what could have been called eagerness carved in the stone of their faces.

"A Gryffindor student is on the loose, Professor Snape," whispered the first gargoyle.

"You might still catch her if you hurry!" added the other one quickly, tugging on Snape's trousers with insistence.

Snape freed his leg moodily but did not comment on their inappropriate behaviour. Grumbling inwardly at his time being wasted, he asked the gargoyles in which direction the disobedient student had escaped. Two stony paws pointed to the end of the corridor on Snape's left. Without a word of thanks, he rushed forward, killing every last bit of darkness with a few swishes of his wand. He met nobody there but, pushing the doors at the end of the hallway, he found what he was looking for... and could barely believe his eyes.

Hermione Granger was there, sitting on the window ledge with a mutinous air he had never seen her exhibit before. One of her legs was crossed and the other dangled lazily down the frame. Before he could say or do anything, she jumped down and walked toward him, taking her time. She seemed everything but surprised to see him there. In fact, she almost looked like she had been *waiting* for him.

"Good evening, Professor Snape," she greeted in a low tone that sounded a bit rehearsed. "I see we are both rather owls than larks."

"What are you doing here at this time of the night, Miss Granger?" he asked, his wand still pointing menacingly toward her. "You are aware that it is well past curfew. You are expected to be in your common room at this time of the evening."

"I thought school prefects benefited from certain... latitude when it comes to those kinds of rules," she said, loosening her gold and red tie as she spoke.

"School prefects are supposed to set a good example; this kind of conduct certainly isn't one. Ten points from Gryffindor."

"If ten points is what it costs... so be it," she declared, taking a few more steps toward him and unfastening the first few buttons of her blouse.

"Miss Granger, coming from you, this is surprising behaviour..." he began before suspicions sneaked their way through his ever-vigilant mind.

So very surprising behaviour indeed that it was alarmingly abnormal. Hermione Granger, the student who always did her best to walk the line except when she had an opportunity to display her knowledge in class, was not the kind of person who behaved this inappropriately. Not even when some other hand competed with hers for an answer. The only times he could recall her disobeying involved Potter in some way, along some reckless displays of bravery that had nothing to do with... this. He could not help but notice how tightly her blouse snuggled her curves; it had undoubtedly been charmed. The same went for her skirt; it was much shorter than standard Hogwarts issue and barely reached the middle of her thighs.

This young person was not the Hermione Granger he knew. He tried to think of some prank a student might have played on her, a potion perhaps... Merlin, a potion!

"Tell me the titles of the last three assignments I gave your level these past weeks," Snape ordered, surveying her every move and keeping his wand aimed at her heart.

"*The Seventeen Uses of the Stunning Hex, How to Simulate Death Without a Potion and Inferi: Lore and Facts*," she answered right away before giving a knowing smile. "And I am really me... not some other person who took a hearty dose of Polyjuice, Professor."

"Have you drunk or eaten anything that had a strange taste or that did not come from the school's kitchens?"

"No," she said, a bit too fast.

"You're lying!"

"Okay, okay..." she admitted, blushing slightly. "I admit I took a sip or two of Firewhisky. Someone keeps a bottle hidden under the floor in the girls' showers. But I took nothing else."

"I shall see that bottle on my desk tomorrow first thing in the morning. Is that clear?" he said sternly. "And that's ten more points from Gryffindor."

"And one more of these," she added, unbuttoning her blouse again.

Why was a student trying to seduce him? Not that it was the first time; some daddy's girls, desperate to please their parents and feed their hopes, had tried to buy their marks the old-fashioned way... with very little success. But... Miss Granger? Surely she had a hidden agenda. Snape's mind was boiling: playing for both sides rendered the possibilities endless. Was Dumbledore trying to test him? Was he doubting his loyalty and looking for a reason to kick him out of the school and the Order? Or was it a Death Eater trying to do the same, hoping that it would disgrace him in the Dark Lord's inner circle? Was it a trap? Were some old Aurors using her as a bait to finally throw him in Azkaban? Had someone cursed a student into capturing him? Murdering him? The latest trend definitely favoured teenagers in their prime for that kind of assignment...

"You are thinking so hard that I can almost hear your thoughts," intervened Hermione, breaking the heavy silence between them. "There is nothing to read between the lines, I assure you."

"Miss Granger, you will go back to your dormitory at once and stay there, or I'll give you detention for a week!"

"Detention?" she purred. "If it's with you... and tonight... I'd welcome it gladly..."

"You are not yourself, Miss Granger. You will follow me to the hospital wing immediately," he ordered, but to no avail.

"Look... let me explain something to you. We are at war," said Hermione softly while her fingers landed on the tip of Snape's wand and pushed it aside slowly. "And people, rules... they all change in times of war..."

Bewildered, Snape found himself practically entranced by the movements of her pink lips as she talked to him. The suggestive motion of her fingers against the ebony of his wand did not help matters much. When her hand slid all the way down to meet his, he found himself unable to decide what to do for a split second. That was one split second too many.

He reacted so fast that fear kicked in even before Hermione had the time to be shocked. Had she had been made of fire, he would not have taken his hand away more promptly. A moment later, her face met the wall painfully and her wand arm was twisted behind her back, held in the unyielding grip of his left hand.

"Playing the randy vixen is a nice change from routine, but it doesn't suit you," he barked angrily, insensitive to her little moans of pain. "This is the last time I will ask you; what is your business here? Either you tell me the truth right now or I drag you kicking and screaming to my office and feed you Veritaserum!"

"I think I made my intentions quite clear, Professor Snape," she answered in a shaky voice.

"You have. It's your motivations that aren't."

"Right... well... do we..." she panted, feeling at a loss for words in front of his implacability. "Do we really need reasons for... every gesture we make?"

Grabbing her hair, Snape forced her head backward so his eyes met hers. Breaking his way in easily, he caught a very clear image of another Gryffindor student he would have recognized anywhere: Ronald Weasley, Potter's sidekick. He was kissing a girl of the same house, and very sloppily so. The whole scene reeked jealousy in Hermione's mind.

"If you expect me to indulge in that form of teenage buffoonery with you," he sneered, letting go of Hermione's head with disgust, "you are very mistaken, young woman."

"That's not--"

"And I shall not be used to make another man jealous!" he interrupted, releasing her aching wrist, which she rubbed with relief. *Though it would not be the first time* he thought, a flash of blonde hair passing through his mind. "Nevertheless, things are clearer now. You should be ashamed of yourself! I supposed you set Mister Weasley up as well so he could catch us in the act? Have you no sense of decency?"

"I was not trying to set you up, sir," she whispered, not turning back but stepping aside so she could face the refreshing coolness of the window. "And Ron didn't cross my mind... not in the way you think, at least."

"Then why did you wait for me here?" he asked, his mistrust burning down to irritation as he saw the reflection of her distress in the window.

"I knew you would come here. I noticed you started coming here regularly past ten o'clock since the beginning of February."

"So you have been spying on me, then," he growled.

"No, not spying... just... observing your habits for a little while," she explained, wrapping her arms around herself for a false sense of protection and comfort. "I needed to find a time and place where we could be... alone together."

"If that was really your intention, you could have come to my office just before nine o'clock and waited until the other students had left," he declared, unconvinced, crossing his arms defensively over his chest. "You would have had me all for yourself then."

"A Slytherin could still have come for his or her Head of House, and I didn't want to take that risk," she replied with self-assurance. "There was no guarantee we would have been alone."

A very uncomfortable silence settled down between them. It was obvious to him that Hermione had planned this encounter meticulously, and her motivations seemed sincere. He could still not figure out why she had chosen *him*, an adult and her teacher, among all the other people available in the castle. Surely some other student had caught her eye at some point during the school year! Unless... maybe it was *her* who did not catch the eye of other students. He had trouble believing that was the case, though, for she had developed a much prettier figure with the passing years. Pride had definitely pushed her to take better care of her appearance. However, unwilling to let himself give in to those positive feelings or worse, to pity, he stayed there, his mind working hard to find a way out of this sticky situation with his reputation intact.

"Maybe it was just my imagination, but I saw you'd started looking at me in a different way after the incident at the Ministry," said Hermione tentatively, her voice failing her each time his breathing slithered its way through her heavy curls.

"I have better things to do than listening to the ravings of--"

"I didn't mean during lessons!" she exclaimed, her tone ringing with panic as much as it rang with assertiveness. "I would not think you that unprofessional... But when we crossed each other at the... you know where... and then here, after class... it seemed to me that your eyes lingered over me a bit longer than they had before."

She expected him to tower over her for her impertinence; his irate disposition crashed against her back in countless heat waves. Yet, Snape did not reply. Though it might have meant that he was preparing his next sarcastic remark, it could also mean that he was listening. Should the latter be the case, it was an encouraging sign. When Hermione raised her head, resolute not to break down under the awkwardness of the situation she had both put them into, she saw their glances turned toward each other on the windowpane. He was listening, and raptly.

"And well, though I had never hoped, never thought something could happen between you and me," she continued with more confidence, "I started looking at you differently when I learned about your involvement in the Order. I've been feeling very lonely these last few months, for the reason you now know... tired of waiting for something that doesn't come. So I thought... I thought I would do myself a favour for once and get something else that I wanted."

"No matter what you think you want, Miss Granger, I simply can't give it to you," said Snape severely, giving her a matching glare on the glass before them.

"Can't... or don't want to?" she asked, straightening up tensely for the answer.

"It would be inappropriate; even this conversation is!" he protested in the same tone.

"I know I want to... I know you want to... I know--"

"You know nothing!" he spat, making an effort to keep his voice low this time, so nobody could hear them. "Merlin knows what expectations you piled up while you imagined... who knows what happening! I have no bloody idea what you found attractive about my involvement with the Order, but this is not a fantasy world from one of the trash novels you probably read. This is reality! You know you want to... How can you even have the maturity to know what you're asking; you're just a child!"

Hermione was tempted to push him aside and run to her dormitories, letting him take points from her house at will while she fled. He was every bit as uncooperative as she expected he would be, but the anger she heard in his voice was new and unsettling. Had she not taken the time to listen closely, she would not have discerned what almost sounded like humiliation in his words, a feeling that was certainly in tune with hers. No matter how strange that realization was, she decided to will herself to stay, if only for the sake of her self-esteem... and maybe his, too.

"I know you can't offer me a relationship, and I'm not seeking romance!" she replied in a calmer voice. "I was not expecting anything beyond tonight, here, right now."

"It's not that simple."

"It can be simple if we make it simple... sir," she said, her left hand finding his while her eyes never left his on the window. "Quick, nice and good: we can do it like there is no tomorrow; I don't expect any. And for the record, I would never stoop as low as to read the kind of novels you talked about. Those books can ramble on about birds shagging spies all they want; it's not what inspired me to come here tonight."

"Still..." he articulated hoarsely, his hand twitching at Hermione's unexpected vulgarity.

"As for your last concern, namely, me being 'just a child', I'll address it in two ways," she continued, Snape's lack of reaction feeding her self-assurance again. "First, by reminding you that, according to the Wizarding law, I am considered an adult now... and second, by letting you judge for yourself if I'm still a mere child or not."

And on this, she lifted Snape's unresisting hand and placed it over her left breast. There was no doubt that the once burgeoning buds had reached a very interesting maturity. The flesh beneath his palm filled his hand with more heaviness than her chaste uniform suggested. Despite what the moral code of his profession demanded of him, he could not help but squeeze his fingers in appreciation. Hermione's nipple responded to his touch immediately, reaching out to him underneath the fabric of her blouse.

"I take it you see my point," she commented brazenly, willing herself not to moan for more too fast.

"You insufferable little know-it-all..." he said before his voice melted down into a very carnal purr. *My insufferable little know-it-all...*

Snape slid his wand in the inner pocket of his coat and quickly rested his hand on Hermione's right hip. His other hand still massaging her breast, he pulled her to him and pressed his growing erection against the small of her back. Hermione sighed deeply with relief and lust; her head dropped back against Snape's chest. One of his hands slid over the exposed flesh of her throat; he pushed her head to the side and trapped her earlobe hungrily between his teeth. Moaning both from the pleasure it gave her and from disappointment, she arched her back and searched for the lost contact with the hardness of his crotch.

"Quick, nice and good, if I remember well," he murmured in her ear, his hot tongue exploring the sensitive folds of her flesh. "I think we can arrange that."

"Okay," moaned Hermione without thinking, her hand searching for his erection behind her.

Snape's lips travelled their way from her ear to her neck. They gave birth to countless shivers each time they brushed against her skin. Sometimes, too few times, they parted and let his tongue through, sending all the shivers much deeper, much lower. Without these electrifying caresses, she would have slouched to the ground, a helpless rag doll between his hands. Naturally, as if its real purpose had been concealed from her until then, her mouth searched for his and felt at home when at last it was found. His tongue was much less shy then; it rushed right past her open lips, seeking hers, while she turned to face him and crushed her body against his.

His moan sounded more pleasantly obscene than anything she had heard before when her fingers wrapped around his erection through the fabric of his trousers.

"Would you like me to... get a proper taste?" she asked suggestively after he broke the kiss.

"There's no time for that," he said in a tone he usually reserved for the classroom, frowning despite the slow massage of Hermione's hand. "I believe you asked for 'quick', and that's what you'll get. Now turn around and do as I say."

"Yes, sir," she replied, shivering in anticipation at his commanding voice, a large smile adorning her lips.

His hands fumbled with her breasts again, and this time, she did not hold back her moan. She arched and pressed herself against him languidly, like a cat begging for more caresses. He replied by sliding his hands down her stomach, over her hips and then back, toward the adorable bulge that lifted her much too short skirt.

"We both know that I'm ready," he declared, running his fingers over her thighs, all the way up to the hem of her skirt, which he started lifting. "All we have to find out is how much you are..."

She could answer that easily, but did not have the time to. His hands had stopped in what could have been called shock. There was almost nothing but exposed flesh underneath that skirt.

"Looks like I was not only *playing* the vixen after all," she giggled, feeling with pleasure that the hardness in Snape's trousers throbbed in agreement.

"Little know-it-all," he purred in her ear, parting her legs with one hand and sliding the other into the opening of her blouse. "I'll tell you what I know, for I'm no fool. I know that the fact you have been spending more and more time in my office before exams could not only be explained by either O.W.L.s or N.E.W.T.s, nor by a sudden degradation of your studying skills. I know that you have been feeling aroused during my lessons each time I looked at you or walked near you. I know that you have been dying for me to put my hands on you since I caught you in this corridor, and I know... I know how randy my touch makes you, and how all the things you anticipate make you even more so."

While he spoke, Snape's fingers found their way underneath her skirt, gliding against her inner thighs and, pushing her tiny string to the side, met the softness of her curls. She startled at his touch, but her tenseness had nothing to do with fear. Moving slightly to the center, his fingertips met the stiffness of a bud that held countless promises for the both of them. Hunger coursing through his body, he paused his little enumeration and invaded Hermione's rosy folds, where his fingers glided as easily as her hoarse panting assured him they would.

"I know this makes you want more," he continued, drawing random circles to illustrate his point even more cruelly. "I know how much you must be craving for my fingers to penetrate you. Aren't you, Miss Granger?"

"Yes... yes!" she moaned, the sound of his words making her melt down to a warm trickle over his fingertips.

"I can make that craving even worse... I could play with your body, your lust, in every way I want, and for hours, my little know-it-all. But... why wait? I believe I should take you right now. What do you say?"

"Do it! Please, do it now!"

Smirking among Hermione's locks, Snape reached for his trousers and worked fast to free his erection from the layers of fabric that kept it away from her impatience. However, the merry jingling of his belt's unfastened ends exploded like a hex in the silence of the corridor. He took a step back, throwing alarmed looks at each side of the corridor, and drew his wand out.

"Don't!" she panted, grabbing his hand to stop the wave of his wand. "We can still Conceal ourselves at the last minute if someone comes too near. For now, I want to live with the risk.... I find it to be quite an aphrodisiac; surely you can appreciate that..."

"The risks? Certainly," he replied flatly, raising his wand again.

"I'm sure you would be fast enough for the both of us should we need to hide..."

Snape looked at her for a few seconds. Her cinnamon eyes were dilated, and her lips were engorged with blood. He could only imagine how dark and hard her nipples were under her blouse, not to mention some other body parts that surely expressed her arousal as shamelessly. Keeping her expressive eyes riveted to his, she pushed her string down to the middle of her thighs with a determination that annihilated the last remains of Snape's cold-mindedness.

"We have wasted enough time anyway... and I hate wasting my time," he declared in a low voice before he stored his wand back in an easily accessible pocket, unbuttoned his trousers and grabbed Hermione's hips.

She moaned far too loud when he entered her, but he was beyond caring. Though her inexperience had left her amazingly tight, its feel had immediately reassured him that he was not her first lover. Knowing this made him bolder, and he took her with less care and more selfishness.

Had any student, staff member, ghost or Auror wandered in the corridors nearby, they would have heard Hermione's throaty voice welcome each of Snape's thrusts. When her brain was functioning enough to be capable of speech, she was able to comment on his pace, depth, angle, or even say his name when she dared. Most of the time, however, her appreciation would explode into inarticulate shouts of approval. Hardly being that expressive, Snape only revelled in their intertwined smells and all the different sensations merged together that was Hermione.

She was not particularly tall and seemed even more petite against the height of her teacher. Feeling her coming close to the edge, he pressed her even tighter against him. Leaning his left hand against the wall for balance, he bent forward and pushed even deeper into her, forcing her to adjust to his stature by standing on the tip of her toes. In a startled gasp, she almost collided against the wall, but he caught her in time, wrapping his right arm more tightly around her. Had their encounter taken place in a different context, his embrace could almost have been called protective and tender.

Every possible inch of their bodies was touching. Snape was everywhere: behind her, in front of her, around her, inside her... It was almost overwhelming. She was caught; she felt trapped. Nowhere to escape to.

Nowhere else was better than the here and now, too.

Once more, Snape's fingers found their way underneath the front of her skirt. Her right hand was already there; she had been caressing herself for a while already. He pressed his cheek against the side of her head, wanting to tease her about her naughtiness, but he found himself unable to speak. He simply pushed her hand aside and quickly found her sensitive nub. She docilely surrendered the last bit of control she had left over her pleasure and leaned her forehead against the wall, waiting for him to push her to brink and wishing, at the same time, never to complete their journey.

It was a matter of seconds now... Hermione's free hand had leapt to the fabric of his frock coat, and she was holding onto it for dear life. She was still standing on the tips of her toes, both from her eagerness and from Snape's unforgiving thrusts, which had become short, deep, and fast... just like the sound of his breathing against her ear. She closed her eyes, shutting out all sensations that were not him, her mouth agape but silent, waiting. A few strokes later, all her pleasure culminated in one liberating scream that Snape did not even think to muffle, so absorbed that he was by the frantic hugs of her wetness around him. Tugging on his clothes to make him push harder, Hermione rode the last waves of her orgasm along with the first waves of his, which came in three long, raucous moans next to her ear.

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His arms were crossed over his chest, and very tightly, too. His wand was lying sideways in front of him on the parchment-crowded surface of his desk. Hermione had not heard it land there; she had no idea if it had been slammed down in irritation or if it had just escaped from the loosened grip of his long fingers. His posture was straight and tensed, yet he leaned against the back of his chair, as if he wanted to have a better overall picture of her misery. Had he been a cat surveying a bird, his tail would surely have slashed the air from left to right as regularly as the old clock in his office beat the seconds toward ten o'clock.

He studied her for never-ending minutes. She did not know what to make of his silence. He used it as skilfully as ever, and it fulfilled its purpose admirably: she wanted the ground to swallow her whole. Nervousness was gathering in widening puddles of wetness under her armpits. She wondered what, between these two unforgiving wells of darkness and the Occlumency training session, was responsible for this.

She was dying for him to say something. Anything. She wanted him to lecture her on her poor magical abilities, comment on how the weakness of her mind had granted him such flagrant access to her most intimate thoughts. Never, in her life, had she wished a bad mark be thrown in her face, but this was the one exception. If it took a murmured, *You have earned yourself a "T", Miss Granger*, to break the silence, so be it. She would welcome that unknown form of embarrassment far better than the silent scrutiny he was inflicting on her.

What could he be thinking? Was any emotion, no matter how small, stirring in that glance of his? She did not even dare to look. She endured his silent lecture docilely, her own eyes terrified to crawl the distance between his lips and his eyes. There was the risk of being invaded again, if the nastiness of his curiosity pushed him to assess the existence of similar fantasies in her mind. And there was the risk--oh, much more threatening--of finding something different from impassibility on his face.

What was he waiting for? For her to break down and cry? She certainly was fighting that urge with all her might; she would not let him have that satisfaction as well. Maybe he wanted her to explain herself? She knew very well, for all renowned authors agreed on the subject, that it was futile to pretend she did not know the contents of the thoughts he had just tapped into. His art was too subtle for her to black out from the intrusion. He had left her no choice but to witness helplessly as an intruder watched a whole scene taken from her moments of blissful solitude. He knew she was watching, too, and he had kept on watching every last second of it anyway.

That thought clenched Hermione's jaws and fists as it travelled from her mind to her heart. Who did he think he was? He never missed one opportunity to make her feel miserable, not one! She understood Harry's instinctive mistrust toward Snape far better in that moment and promised herself to ask his forgiveness for second-questioning his accusations in the past. Though Snape was apparently helping the Order in every way he could (the Occlumency lessons he was giving her on Dumbledore's orders was a fine example of this), he was also quick at putting his personal interests forward where Harry or his friends were concerned.

You selfish, arrogant man! raged Hermione, her nails digging in her palms. *I learned nothing today, other than the extent of your cruelty!*

But then... she could have stopped him from watching everything. Tried, at the very least. She had fought Death Eaters a few months before, and though she had still much to learn, she had come out of it alive. A Legilimency intrusion in a learning context was hardly threatening in comparison, even though it was by Snape. And all she had done was sit there in front of him, her arms numb and her wand on her lap, *giving* him permission to do as he pleased. He was probably keeping his most acidic sneer in reserve, waiting for the opportunity to throw it at her when she felt the most vulnerable. Once her Gryffindor pride got hurt, however, she finally was able to compose herself. She had given him an opportunity once; she was not about to give him a second one.

She took a deep breath and was about to speak her mind when the soft swishing of fabric killed every word that had gathered in her throat. Smells that could only belong to *his* skin, *his* clothes, drifted treacherously to her face and muted her for good. She looked up. He had uncrossed his arms at last and was bending closer, one inch after the other, toward her blushing cheeks. Something more than impassibility was definitely stirring in his glance, and the unexpectedness of this troubled her. One blink of his eyes later, she started doubting what had made her angry seconds before. Her stomach clenching very pleasantly, she could not help but imagine what might happen if he kept coming closer the way he was. After all, she thought, people and rules change in times of war...

"That's the spirit, Miss Granger," said Snape, his breath leaving burning kisses on Hermione's slightly parted lips. "I will give you a five minute head start."

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Author's notes

As always, special thanks to the irreplaceable Vaughn, who is the beta for all my fanfics. Thanks for reading; comments are always appreciated, for they make me progress as a writer!