

length and his neck size indicated girth. Regardless of evidence to the contrary that proved all three myths as false, these factors would forever be called into service when guessing the size of a man's member.

There had been numerous occasions she'd been forced to listen to Lavender and the others in her dorm speculating on various males, both students and teachers alike. She recalled one conversation that had the girls falling over with giggles at the thought that Snape might be impressively endowed due to the size of his nose and the length of his fingers. Lavender had focused on the greasy hair and acerbic attitude of the Potions master and declared loudly that no matter how well endowed the man might be, it would never be enough to attract any sane witch's attention. Perhaps if Lavender had been privy to the photo Hermione was now watching, she might've changed her opinion.

She felt his irritation as soon as she stepped through the door.

"Would you mind telling me what took you so long, Miss Granger? My office is just down the corridor. I should think that after spending six years here as a student and more than a year as my apprentice, you would know your way around the castle by now."

Wordlessly, she handed him the book

He paled as he looked at the cover. "Where did you get this?" he hissed.

"Your quarters."

"What were you doing in my quarters? I told you to retrieve the manual we were working on last night. Unless your mind has become severely addled, we were working in my Potions office and not my private quarters."

"Yes, sir. We *were* working in your Potions office last night, but I noticed you took the manual with you when we finished. You'd mentioned you had a reference book in your private office you wanted to check before we started working this morning. I just assumed that you'd left the book there."

Severus pinched the bridge of his nose, a headache threatening to overwhelm his senses. "Why Minerva insisted my wards recognize you, I'll never know. You were supposed to go to my Potions office, not my quarters. You went to the wrong office," he growled.

"You didn't specify where the manual was. I just assumed that you'd left the book in your quarters." Hermione studied the man, refusing to allow his glare to intimidate her. "That still doesn't explain why you and I are on the cover of that book, doing...that."

Severus sighed. "Do not concern yourself. It is merely a potion gone horribly wrong. Now, if you will be so kind as to retrieve the proper manual, we can get on with our work."

Hermione shook her head. "I don't think so. Not until you explain why we're on the cover."

"Are you defying me?"

"Why are we on the book, Professor?"

Severus sighed heavily, grudgingly admiring Hermione's tenacity in the face of his anger. "Minerva asked me to create a potion that would show the students what profession they might be best suited for based on their abilities and desires. They would drink the potion, focus their attention on a charmed piece of blank parchment, and their interests would appear along with what professions they might want to pursue. Somehow the potion I created shows hidden desires, or that is what I thought it did until I saw what happened to the book."

Hermione stared at the image. "This is your hidden desire?"

"No, Miss Granger, that is not my hidden desire. The potion is a failure." Viciously, Severus threw the offending book on the lab table. "I suspected something was wrong when the potion did not turn the desired shade of blue. It should have turned Cerulean; instead it seemed to be more of an Azure. Perhaps the Rosemary was picked during the new moon instead of the waning moon. I don't know. I wonder if Dansforth keeps track of such things. Possibly Gingko would be more effective." The last was said more to himself than his apprentice as the Potions master made several notations on a spare piece of parchment.

"But the book...?"

Annoyed, Severus threw down the quill he'd been using. "I confiscated the book from a student earlier in the day and had yet to dispose of it. I remember pushing it to the side before sitting down at my desk to analyze why the potion hadn't turned the proper shade of blue. When I looked up, I was shocked to find that image on the cover. At first I thought it was a prank. Someone spelling the book to resemble us to annoy me. I used every spell I could think of, but of course nothing was revealed. It was when I stopped to roll my cuffs up that I noticed a faint blue stain. I must have spilled a drop of the potion on my sleeve and transferred it to the book when I pushed it to the side. However, as you can clearly see, the potion does not work. That is *not* my hidden desire."

"Do you have feelings for me?"

"Don't be absurd! If Minerva hadn't coerced me into taking you on as my apprentice, you wouldn't be here now. Feelings? Really, Granger, next thing you know you'll be sending me notes in class like some love-struck first year."

Obstinately, she shook her head. "You can protest all you like. That still doesn't explain the book. Why did the couple turn into you and me when you touched it?"

"I don't know. You were my annoying student for six years before becoming my equally annoying apprentice. How should I know why the image turned into the two of us?"

But something in his tone, coupled with the way he was studiously avoiding her gaze, told Hermione that Severus Snape was lying. "Perhaps a few drops of Veritaserum would help to clear things up?"

"I don't know why we're on the book. It's as much a mystery to me as it is to you. I can assure you, I have never entertained improper thoughts about any of my students."

"But I'm no longer your student."

"Regardless, you are my apprentice, and that is still a teacher student relationship of sorts."

Hermione studied the book. "You could have created an antidote. Why didn't you reverse the potion?"

Severus stared at the young woman. He'd asked himself the same question last night when he'd realized the potion had transformed the images in the book. He truly didn't think of the witch that way. Or at least he didn't think he did. But he'd sat mesmerized as he leafed through the pages. The couple had seemed so happy together, so focused on each other's pleasure. Irrational as it may have been, he felt jealous of his spelled image as he watched his spelled-self pleasuring the witch.

And Hermione, since thinking of her as Miss Granger no longer seemed possible after viewing several images that showed the witch in all her glory. Dear God, he didn't know which he admired more her mind or the package it was wrapped in. Not that he would ever have admitted that to anyone. "I suppose you must think me a lecherous old fool, but I swear to you, I did not intentionally spell that book." All he needed was for Minerva to see the book. There had been enough speculation as to his motives when her testimony had cleared him after Voldemort's defeat. The fact that she had reinstated him to his previous post while declaring her unquestionable support for his character had not set well with the Ministry, either.

"Looking at him?"

Alex grimaced. "You were glaring at him. Maybe you've been spending too much time with him."

Rosmerta and Snape.

"Maybe," she agreed distractedly, her mind still trying to wrap itself around this new information.

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He felt her presence even before she knocked on the door, his wards alerting him to her approach. A quick glance at the clock showed him the lateness of the hour. He rose from his chair, long strides bringing him to the doorway as he wondered what could be so terribly wrong for her to seek him out this late at night, on her day off no less. He pulled open the portrait door as she raised her hand to knock on it.

"Professor," she squeaked, startled at his sudden appearance.

"Are you ill? Is something wrong?"

"No. I'm fine."

"Then what are you doing here?"

"I...Can I come in?"

Curiosity getting the better of him, Severus stepped back and allowed her to enter. "I was under the impression you spent your time off with Mr Smyth."

"I usually do." Nervously she wrung her hands together.

"I can assure you the role of agony aunt is beyond me if you and Smyth are having problems. Perhaps you should look for Minerva."

"No, that's not it."

Severus eyed the young woman, noting her anxious demeanor. "Miss Granger, it's late. What do you want? Why are you here?"

"You had an affair with Rosmerta."

"What?"

"I heard you. You and she were..."

Severus' eyes widened in anger. "That is enough," he snarled. "I don't know what you are playing at, but I have heard enough! Get out."

"Why did the image turn into me and not her? Surely you and she must have managed a few of the positions in that book. Why me, why not her?" Hermione couldn't say why she was mad, jealousy maybe? But if she were jealous, that would have to mean she felt something for him, and that was most definitely not the case.

"Yes," he said snidely. "We managed to make it though half the book before I..." He stopped suddenly, his shoulders sagging with the weight of his past. "I told you before, I don't know why you and I appeared on the book. Go back to your little friend, live your life, and leave me alone." Severus sank into the sofa, his head in his hands. He'd been reading, enjoying a nice glass of port, his evening quiet, peaceful; the same as all his other nights alone tended to be. The last thing that he needed was her destroying his carefully constructed facade.

"What did you do with the book? I want to see it."

"It's gone."

"I don't believe you."

"The book is gone. I don't know what it is you're trying to prove, but you don't belong here. Go. Run back to Smyth. And leave me alone." Severus stood, towering over the witch. "I will see you Monday morning in the lab. Now, go!"

She found it hard to breathe as her gaze locked with his, her heart pounding in her chest, threatening to break free. Her body thrummed with want, want for the man standing in front of her. She couldn't explain why, the answer not contained in any book she'd ever read, but he made her feel as no other ever had. He made her feel.

"What if I don't want to leave?"

"That's absurd. Where is Smyth? Did you two argue?"

Hermione shook her head, afraid to trust her voice. They hadn't argued. She'd been notably distracted most of the evening, her thoughts straying from the spelled images to thoughts of Snape and Rosmerta. She'd found herself becoming as aroused as she was angry. When Alex had tried to kiss her, all she could think was it should have been Snape, not him, holding her. She made her apologies and left. Argue? No, she and Alex never argued. He just wasn't Snape.

"It's not about Alex and me."

"It's not?" He could see the pulse at the base of her neck jump. Aware, too, that she seemed to be breathing hard, running a race that she had no chance of winning. It would be so easy; it was obvious she wanted him, for whatever reason, right or wrong. He needed only to reach out and draw her to him. He watched as her tongue darted out to wet her lips. He knew her lips would look lovely, red and full from his kisses. He could almost feel her body molded to his, her breasts crushed against him as he held her.

He pulled back before either of them could close the distance between them. This madness had to stop before it ever got started. His voice was soft, quiet, as if he were soothing a frightened animal. "I don't know what you think has happened, but you need to go. This cannot continue."

"Please don't send me away. I don't know why, but I've never felt like this before. When I think of the two of us together..."

"It's not real! It's just an image."

"Please, I want to feel like she did."

"She's not real!" His resolve was crumbling as Hermione walked toward him. "It would be wrong. You're my apprentice."

Hermione shook her head. "You don't grade my work. Besides, we both know I could sit the rest of my exams tonight and pass them with flying colors."

There was nowhere to turn, nowhere to run.

Roughly, he pulled her to him, his hand splayed across her back as he held her. His mouth crushing hers as his tongue begged for entrance, for a taste of the witch in his

embrace. Her moan was his undoing, logic and reason be damned. He swept her up in his arms and carried her to his bedchamber.

She was lost in the feeling, her body alive with desire. Her hands were everywhere, pulling at his shirt, reaching for his trousers. Her nails raked the sensitive flesh of his arms as she pulled his shirt down.

He'd managed to pull her jumper off, his eyes darkening with lust as her bra followed. His kisses were heated, as he tasted her flesh; his tongue dancing along the swell of her breast before feasting on her nipple.

"Please, I need to feel you."

A silent spell removed the rest of their clothing. He moved back up her body, positioning his throbbing cock at her entrance and thrust forward. Her hips rose to meet his, a moan of pleasure escaping as he slid into her welcoming heat. Slowly he pulled back, thrusting shallowly, intent on making the moment last.

Hermione pulled at his arse, having none of it. The fire had started in her veins. She needed to ride the flame to its end, to finish in a blaze. "Faster," she moaned.

It had been too long, her desire for him, the sound of her whimpers, was enough to break through his control. With abandon, he pounded into her, his mouth plundering hers as they rode each other to completion.

He rolled to the side, still panting heavily, but careful not to crush her with his weight. Next time they'd take it slower, if there was a next time. There were a few more things he'd like to try with the vixen.

"You look awfully pleased with yourself." Her voice was light, teasing.

He opened one eye to find Hermione propped up on one arm watching him. If he'd thought her hair wild before, it was nothing compared what it looked like now, but her eyes sparkled with pleasure, and her lips were red and full, and if he stopped to think about it, he would have said she looked wonderful.

He smiled, not sure what should happen next. This was unscripted ground, wholly and completely new to him. Opening his arms, he silently invited her to come closer and was more than a little pleased when she moved next to him and laid her head on his chest.

"So, what happens now?" He soothed her hair down, absent-mindedly running his fingers through the mass of curls.

"You can go again so soon?" she asked in surprise.

"Hardly, I may be a wizard, but even I need more than five minutes to recover."

"I thought so." She laid her head back down, tracing idle patterns across his chest. "I don't know, Severus. What do you want to happen?"

"I don't recall giving you leave to use my given name."

"After what we just did? I hardly think Professor and Miss Granger are appropriate anymore. Unless..."

"Unless?"

"You don't have any detention fantasies, do you?"

Severus' sudden laughter made her smile. This is what had been missing; he was what had been missing all along.

"I can't say that I have, but I might be willing to play along if you do." His gaze was intense as he watched her. "So, will there be a next time, apart from now?"

"I hope so. I hope there are many more 'next times.' I hope there's more of everything." She was wearing her heart on her sleeve, and she didn't care. She'd lay her heart bare if she could feel like this again.

"Add what of your friends, Potter and Weasley?"

"They're my friends. Just don't hex them into oblivion and I'll be happy."

Severus shook his head. "Why?"

"Why? Because for the first time I feel alive, because I've never felt like this before, and I'm not willing to give it up now."

Maybe that was the problem. He didn't think he could go back to his solitary existence knowing she'd made him feel, too.

"Any chance you can get another copy of *The Wizard's Guide to the Kama Sutra*? Might be interesting to look through it."

"I think that can be arranged." Severus watched her, trying to gauge her reaction. "Would you like it spelled, like the other one?"

"You can do that? Do you have any of the potion left?"

"I still have the original book," he said quietly, steeling himself for the fallout that was sure to come as he reached for the book in the drawer of his nightstand.

"You lied."

This was the point where she would storm out and never look back. He was surprised to find he would miss her, even though they had only been together for a few short hours, but he'd been alone before.

Her reaction, however, surprised him.

She kissed him, soundly, pleased to know she'd somehow had managed to get under his skin.

"You're not mad?"

"No," she said shaking her head. "I wouldn't have been able to destroy it either. My God, look at that position. How can they move like that?"

"There's a magic spell that goes with it." He pointed to an inscription below the image. "We can try it if you like."

"How long do you think it would take us to get through the whole book?" She flipped forward a few pages, each image more arousing than the last.

"It might take a while." Gently, he pulled the book from her hands and tossed it back on the nightstand.

"We should probably start at page one and work our way through it in order."

"That would seem to be the most logical method." He nipped the side of her neck before tracing the line of her jaw.

"What will we do when we finish it? Oh..." Her eyes slid shut as he softly licked the hollow between her breasts.

His mouth at her nipple made it difficult for her to think. She was reduced to whimpering as he slid lower, his hot breath igniting the fire within her again.

"I'm sure we'll think of something," he said with a smile.

~Fini~

A/N: This story is based on a drabble I wrote in answer to the GrangerSnape100 'It's not what it looks like Challenge' (check out the group, great reading throughout). Several people wanted to know what happened next.

A grateful thank you to my beta, the wonderful Southern_Witch_69. The mistakes, however, are all mine.

Pearle

The original drabble that started it all:

Title: A Wizard's Guide

Death Eaters

Word count: 100

Rating: PG

Characters: Severus/Hermione

Challenge: Week 19- It's not what it looks like Challenge

With great trepidation, Hermione approached the dungeon lab. Snape had sent her to retrieve the manual lying on his desk. There had been only one book there, *The Wizard's Guide to the Kama Sutra*.

Not only did the title surprise her, but she and Snape were the couple on the cover.

He paled as she handed him the book. "Where did you get this?"

"Your quarters."

"Not my quarters, you went to the wrong office."

"You didn't specify which desk." Hermione studied the man. "That still doesn't explain why you and I are on the cover of the book, doing...that."