# A Wizard's Guide

by Pearle

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The characters, settings, etc. of the Harry Potter series are not mine; they belong to J.K. Rowling and Co. I promise to return them when I am through. Well, most of them anyway.

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With great trepidation, Hermione approached the dungeon lab. Snape had sent her to retrieve a manual he'd left on his desk, but there had been only one book there', The Wizard's Guide to the Kama Sutra."

Not only did the title surprise her, she'd never thought of her ex-professor as anything other than her teacher, let alone a sexual being, but the most disturbing fact in all of this was the couple pictured on the cover; she and Snape were the couple on the cover.

Her steps faltered as she reached the Potions lab, her mind still trying to grasp the obvious. She rubbed one hand against her robes, her palm clammy as she watched the couple in the photo moving together time and time again. The detached part of her brain, the part that had been clinically analyzing the act the couple was currently engaging in, was impressed with what it saw. She had no idea Snape's robes hid...that.

His body was long and lean, but still somewhat toned for a man of forty, but it was his bits that held her attention. Somewhere in the back of her mind she recalled an article that debunked the myth that a man's genital size was related to his shoe size or the length of his fingers. Or the ever-popular fallacy: a man's nose size indicated genital

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 what 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 transformedall 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.

"I believe you, Professor, but the fact remains that you must feel something, even if you're not conscious of it, or the book would not have changed. Were you ever going to tell me how you felt?"

"There is nothing to tell you. I do not have feelings for you."

The two stood eyeing one another. "What happens now?"

"What happens? You and I continue working on replenishing the potions Poppy has requested after you retrieve the correct manual. Fear not, I will create an antidote to counteract the potion tonight."

"And you ignore the obvious? Aren't you going to ask me what I think about it?"

"There is no obvious. I have no desire to discuss this any further. The matter is closed. Need I remind you that I am the Master here? I suggest you start on Poppy's list while I review the potion." Abruptly he swept the spelled book from the table and left the lab.

Hermione watched as he disappeared through the open doorway. While seeing herself engaged in such an erotic act, a position she was sure was not possible without magic, should have shocked her, she was more surprised to find herself aroused at the thought of her and Snape... no, better not to think about that. Lost in thought, she entered the storeroom and started to pull the ingredients she needed to make the first two potions on Poppy's list.

#### 

She'd been at odds as to what to do with herself after Harry had finally defeated Voldemort. As the wizarding world celebrated, she'd found herself lost. Her time at Hogwarts, and after, had been spent preparing for the final battle. Every thought, every breath, every action, had been consumed with how to defeat the Dark Lord. Having successfully accomplished that goal, she had nothing left to plan for. Not even sure if she would have a future, and too wrapped up in the present, she didn't think past the final battle.

She'd always thought that the boys would do something with Quidditch; they'd been properly obsessed with it during Hogwarts. And the fact was, there had been little time for play over the last few years. Time to just kick back and enjoy themselves. However, no matter how many times she tried to explain it to them, neither Harry nor Ron understood that studying was an enjoyable pastime as far as she was concerned.

Minerva had been a Godsend when she suggested Hermione might consider an apprenticeship at Hogwarts. She'd been shocked when Snape offered her an apprenticeship, but suspected the Headmistress might've made it a condition of his return, but she'd never had the courage to openly question her good fortune.

Harry and Ron had predictably joined the Chudley Cannons, the team enjoying worldwide fame having the Chosen one and one third of the dream team playing for them. Her friends shook their heads in shock when they found out about her apprenticeship, but exclaimed it was so like her to turn to books in lieu of fun.

She had begun thinking there might be something wrong with her as she watched her friends pair off. Even Ron had found someone new to care for. She and Ron had taken each other's virginity the summer after their sixth year, and if the experience had been lacking, she'd put it down to inexperience on both their parts.

The second time they'd tried to connect had been as much of a disaster as the first. They realized they made much better friends than lovers and let it go at that. There had been a few others that had caught her eye, but her time had been devoted to helping Harry prepare for the final battle.

She'd taken up with Victor Krum again after running into him in Diagon Alley right after the war ended. But that, too, had been short lived. It seemed none of the boys she met well, men now, lit a fire in her blood. They were all...nice. Their kisses were...nice. She kept waiting for something more to happen, to feel different; she kept waiting for fireworks that never appeared.

After taking a long hard look at herself, she decided she was not like everyone else she knew. While she could dismiss Lavender Brown's weekly declarations of undying love to whomever it was that was unfortunate enough to be her love interest at the moment, she couldn't dismiss the deep and abiding love she saw Harry and Ginny had for each other. If she were being brutally honest, she no longer believed herself capable of feeling those types of emotions.

It wasn't until she'd gone into Hogsmeade to fetch an order for Professor Snape from the local Apothecary that she'd met Alex.

She'd waited at the counter for Mr Dansforth to emerge from the backroom and was somewhat startled to see a young man her own age greet her. His name was Alexander Smyth, Mr Dansforth's new apprentice. They quickly grew to be more than friends, Hermione pleased to find a male under fifty who she could talk to. Alexander's knowledge of ingredients and their uses was extensive and made for interesting conversation between the two.

While not as obsessed with Quidditch as the boys were, he did express an interest in the Chudley Cannon's games, but Hermione chalked it up to Harry and Ron being her best friends and his awe at meeting the pair when the team had been in town. Perhaps it was something in their DNA, maybe you got the Quidditch gene when your magic gene activated or maybe it was more like the 'Y' chromosome, something only males were afflicted with. Whichever the case, Alex did show an interest in Quidditch, but it seemed to be minimal at best, and the fact that he could hold an intelligent conversation far outweighed any interest he might have had in the sport.

That was three months ago. Things had progressed past the kissing stage, and when they'd finally spent the night together, Snape begrudgingly giving her weekends off as per her contract, she waited for fireworks, sure that this time she would catch fire.

It had been...nice. Alexander was...nice. She'd enjoyed herself, but that was about it. No fireworks. No new heights, just...nice.

She was thrilled to be apprenticing to one of the top Potions masters in Europe. She enjoyed her time with Alex; their conversations were always stimulating. He was young, good looking; her friends liked him. They always had a good time when they were together. He was a thoughtful lover who made her feel good, and while she no longer expected fireworks, in the scheme of things, how bad could nice be? She liked her life as it was. It was time to accept things as they were and move on.

She was content to let her life continue as is. Content until this morning, until she saw "the book." Something had rolled over in her gut as she watched Snape take her spelled counterpart. She could feel her body's arousal as she watched his eyes darken with lust, his hardened member plunging into her, over and over again; the expression on his face pushing her further than she'd ever been. She'd never been interested in Snape 'that way' before. So why did the image conjure up emotions that failed to materialize in the presence of real live human beings? Why did the thought of her and Snape doing what the couple on the book were doing cause her juices to flow? Why did just the thought of sex with Snape affect her in a way no one else ever had?

She didn't think it was the fact that he might be 'forbidden.' True, he was almost twenty years older than she, but that type of age difference was not uncommon in the wizarding world where the average life expectancy was more than one hundred and sixty years old. Yes, he was her teacher, well, had been her teacher, but her apprenticeship was not determined by him alone. It was monitored by the Ministry to prevent exactly this situation, abuse of power by a Master. She would sit her exams at the Ministry, much the same as an impartial panel had graded their NEWTs rather than their professors. She'd already passed both level one and two. Three more exams and she would be a Master in her own right.

So what was it that set her blood to boil, as it never had before?

#### 

While Hermione contemplated her life and the mystery of her feelings, Severus sat just down the hall planning his own demise.

He stared at the cover. How the hell had his life come to this? He'd survived the Dark Lord, escaped life imprisonment in Azkaban, and managed to return to Hogwarts with his bits intact and a bit of recognition for his role as spy during the war. Though truth be told, he wished things had gone differently. He would have gladly forgone the Unbreakable Vow he made with Albus and died in his place if it meant not having to live with the guilt of his actions every day. He knew Minerva understood, that she'd

been appalled to learn of the Headmaster's plan. It had been with great reluctance she'd agreed to be their secret keeper, consenting only after all other avenues had been exhausted. He'd just begun to enjoy the freedom they had fought so hard for when he traitorous mind had inflicted this upon him.

Why was he on the cover of "The Wizard's Guide to the Kama Sutra" with Granger? And why hadn't the witch run screaming from the lab when she'd confronted him? Or hexed him into tiny, unrecognizable pieces? It was a question worth thinking about.

Granger. Hermione. Exactly what *did* he think about her? He wasn't sure. The witch was bright, no question about it. The fact that she'd managed to shed her two worst attributes, Potter and Weasley, was a plus. Then there was Smyth to consider. Severus sighed, why in the world was he even wasting his time thinking about the witch when she seemed to have a healthy, normal, relationship with a respectable wizard her own age? It was all Minerva talked about when he'd had the misfortune to sit next to the woman after one of Hermione's weekends off.

A knock at his door interrupted his thoughts. "Enter," he snarled.

"Professor, it almost time for lunch."

Severus looked at the witch; surprised she'd had the audacity to approach him. "I'm planning to skip lunch."

"Would you like me to bring something back for you?"

"I just told you I was planning to skip lunch," he said irritably.

"Yes, sir."

Why he stopped her as she turned to leave he'd never know, curiosity he supposed. "Miss Granger?"

"Yes?"

"When you showed me that book this morning," vaguely he referred to the book sitting next to him, the cover now spelled to temporarily hide their image, "why weren't you analy with what you saw there?"

"Angry?"

"Yes, angry. You and the greasy git engaged in sexual congress. Most women would have hexed me first and asked questions later."

His voice held an edge to it, one she was hard pressed to explain what it meant. "Actually," she said with a laugh. "That was exactly Minerva's advice when I started here: hex first, ask questions later."

"Yes, she tends to repeat that thought quite loudly every so often. I believe she hopes to intimidate the male students knowing she might act first and ask questions of them later."

"She does glare as well as you do."

"Be that as it may, didn't the image...bother you?"

Hermione held his gaze, the intensity of his stare causing a shudder to run through her. "No, it didn't. But I'm not sure why that is either."

Severus watched as the pulse at the base of her neck increased. He'd seen the ripple as it ran through her; amazed he could have any affect other than negative on the resident know-it-all.

The moment passed as the echo of approaching footsteps sounded in the hall.

"Severus, there you are. I have a few more potions I need to add to my list," Poppy said, suddenly appearing in the open doorway.

"I'll take that, Poppy." Hermione stepped forward out of the shadow of the door.

"Hermione, I didn't see you standing there." Poppy frowned, looking from one to the other. "Is everything all right? Did I interrupt something?"

"You may go, Miss Granger." Severus nodded briskly, dismissing the witch before turning back to Poppy. "Was there something else you needed?"

"Are you all right?"

"Of course I'm all right. You interrupted an argument between my apprentice and me, but other than that, things couldn't be better. If there is nothing else?"

His sarcasm didn't fool her; she'd patched him up too many times to let the man get to her. Something was up, she just didn't know what. "Fine. Are you going to lunch?"

"I'll be up shortly."

Sighing heavily he watched the door hiss shut in her wake. He wouldn't be going up to lunch or any of the other meals if he could help it. It had to have been a trick of his imagination, but he could swear he could hear Poppy and Minerva cackling like the witches he knew them to be as they discussed what they thought might be wrong with him now.

#### 

There had been a marked awkwardness when Hermione had entered the lab the next day, but the familiar task of brewing potions soon ended any difficulties that had existed. Her stomach had fluttered a bit when she'd entered his Potions office that afternoon, her eyes straying to the corner of his desktop where she'd last seen the book. It was with a disappointed sigh that she noted it was gone, most likely returned to normal and sitting on a shelf somewhere.

It might have surprised her to know that the book in question was occupying the place of honor on Professor Snape's nightstand, the cover still spelled to resemble the two of them.

### 

It was through new eyes she viewed Snape as they moved through the week.

His manner hadn't changed much. He had not become a 'social butterfly' now that Voldemort and his spying days were past. He was still very much the loner he had always been. Irritable, quick to snap at those he considered 'dunderheads,' but she did notice he seemed to interact with his colleagues more than she'd realized.

He assured Flitwick, who had sought the Potions master out, that it was not the charmed parchment causing a problem with the "Occupations Potion" but something in the ingredients or basic formula that was amiss. As soon as the problem was corrected, he would notify the diminutive Charms professor.

He spoke with Minerva several times during the week, discussing the coming school year, house divisions, and student curriculum. There were a few times she'd heard him laugh, her curiosity peaked as to what they could be talking about to elicit such an unusual response, but too far away to tell.

He and Hooch had a rousing discussion at lunch one day about the Chudley Cannons latest game. Once again the 'Quidditch gene' kicked in, and before too long, several other teachers, joined in.

He met with Poppy a few times to finalize her needs for the coming year and review the revised list she'd given him.

Her thoughts of him had always been as her ex-professor, the man her best friends loathed, the greasy git (though she'd never used that particular phrase when speaking of him), and currently, as a means to an end her Potions master's certification. The fact that he was a flesh and blood man underneath it all never occurred to her.

The image on the book seemed to waken something within her, a lust that hadn't existed before. She regretted handing him the book, wishing she'd taken the time to look through it first; wishing she had it now, especially when she woke in the early morning hours drenched in sweat from the erotic images that had invaded her dreams, her body alive and humming with need. She found herself feeling more than a bit bereft to find her arms empty, her dream lover having vanished upon waking.

Nervously she adjusted her jumper before knocking on his office door.

"Enter."

"I'm leaving now, Professor."

"Very well, I shall see you Monday morning. I should have the revised potion ready to test then." Severus continued to review the papers in front of him, not bothering to look up as she left.

Her step was slow as she walked the path to Hogsmeade, her thoughts still focused on the man she'd left behind.

"If I weren't afraid you'd turn me into a toad, I'd have grabbed you and spirited you away."

Startled, Hermione looked up to see Alex's smiling face. "Sorry, I guess I was wool gathering."

"Are you okay?"

"Definitely. Just thinking about a potion that didn't turn out right." Hermione smiled, nodding uncertainly when she realized she'd crossed the distance from the castle to the little village without being conscious of her surroundings. "So, what's on the agenda for today?"

Alex offered the witch his arm as they strolled along. "I thought we'd do some shopping and have lunch, but really, we can do anything you like. We will have to do a bit of grocery shopping if I'm going to cook dinner for you tonight."

A small flat, located over the Apothecary, had been furnished for Alex to use during his apprenticeship. It had become a Saturday night ritual, on the nights they didn't meet up with friends, for Alex to cook her dinner.

"Sounds good. I want to stop at the Written Word. The book I ordered came in yesterday." Her stomach clenched as she dismissed thoughts of another book. Resolutely, she turned her attention to her companion as they turned into Honeydukes.

"Your lunch will be ready in a minute."

"Thanks, Rosmerta." Hermione surveyed the small inn. The Three Broomsticks had suffered major damage during a raid on Hogsmeade, but a determined Rosmerta had restored the inn to its original condition.

While the inn had always done a brisk business during Hogsmeade weekends, there was no lack of customers during the summer break as evidenced by the constant ringing of the bell over the door signaling the arrival and departure of the inn's patrons.

"Afternoon, Professor. Sit anywhere you like. I'll be with you in a moment."

Hermione watched Severus nod to the witch as he crossed in front of the bar before selecting a small table toward the back.

Rosmerta smiled as she approached his table. "What can I get you?"

"Today's special will be fine."

"Butterbeer with that?" she asked.

"Please."

"You know, I haven't had a chance to thank you. That potion you gave my mother worked like a charm. She swears she feels like ninety again, wakes up in the morning with nary a twinge. You forgot to include a bill with the bottle; just let me know how much I owe you."

"You don't owe me anything. Consider it a gift from an old friend. I'll drop off another bottle on the first."

"If I remember right, we used to be more than just friends."

"That was a long time ago. I'm sure you've had no trouble finding a younger, more suitable wizard to take my place."

Rosmerta's voice held a trace of regret as she met his eyes. "It's not the same, you know."

"Nothing is."

Hermione stared at the pair. Snape and.. Rosmerta? She vaguely remembered hearing something about the two of them the end of her sixth year, but by that time, all hell had broken loose.

Snape and Rosmerta. Wow.

"Hermione?" Alex looked over his shoulder, following the line of her gaze. He frowned as he looked back at the witch. "Are you all right? You've been acting funny all day."

"Sorry, I just...I'm fine. What were you saying?"

"Did Snape say something to you? Did something happen?"

"No, why would you ask that?"

"The way you were looking at him just now."

"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.

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."