

An Unexpected Attraction

by treacherous_things

Hermione gets punished by Snape. Or does she?

Occlumency

Chapter 1 of 1

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Occlumency -

"An obscure branch of magic, but a highly useful one."

-- Severus Snape

"What *is* it, Miss Granger?" snapped Professor Snape.

Hermione had been standing for a few minutes next to Professor Snape's desk after Potions. She was afraid to disturb him and thought it best to allow him to finish what he was doing. She knew that he would sense her presence. No one ever caught Snape off guard.

"Well..." started Hermione nervously.

"Miss Granger, you have been standing there for quite some time now. If you do not know what you came here to ask me, I suggest you stop wasting my time. I have a lot of work to do."

"I'm sorry, sir... it's just... and I know that you are very busy, so I understand if you say 'no,' but I had a ques..."

"Miss Granger, if you have come to argue about the grade on your last test, I will have you know that your 94% was the highest in..."

"Oh! No, sir, that's not what I came for."

"Well, then, will you gladly get to the point."

Finally mustering enough courage to come straight out with the question, she looked straight into his eyes and spoke, "I want you to teach me Occlumency."

"Really? And what would possess you to want to spend even more time with this *greasy old git*?"

Hermione suddenly felt uncomfortable. That was the phrase Ron always used to describe Snape. Somehow he must have heard. *Probably Malfoy*, she thought.

"I've never thought that, much less called you it." She was truthful. As unfair and cruel as Snape could be, she had always been drawn to him. Perhaps it was his mind that she was drawn to, but because of this, she was able to see past his cold, dark eyes and greasy hair. She recognized that she was probably the only one who saw anything in him. She would have never dared to admit this. Not even to Ron or Harry. Especially not to Ron or Harry.

"I trust that I don't have to tell you that Occlumency requires a great deal of practice. Your arrogant friend, Potter--refusing to follow the directions I gave him--seemed to think that he could succeed just by showing up to my office every week without any practice."

"I know, sir."

Snape could not deny that Hermione was one of his most driven students. If she wanted to learn Occlumency, she was going to do everything she had to.

"Come to my office on Thursday at eight P.M. Prepare yourself. Learn to block unwanted thoughts and feelings."

"Yes. Thank you, Professor."

As she made to exit the classroom, Snape looked after her, perplexed. *What could make her want to learn Occlumency? Well. She is a know-it-all. Probably just wants another talent under her belt. Still. I'm not the only professor who is an accomplished Legilimens. Why wouldn't she go to Dumbledore or Minerva?*

However, he didn't have much more time to think on the subject, as his next class started pouring in.

On Thursday night, Hermione made sure to be on time for her meeting. Professor Snape would not accept tardiness. Sneaking out of Gryffindor Tower without looking suspicious was not a problem. She told Ron and Harry that she was going to the library and wanted to study alone. She did this fairly often, as she didn't like their indolence to interfere with her studies.

She knocked on his door a few minutes before eight o'clock. "Professor?"

The door became unlatched and creaked open a bit. "Come in, Ms. Granger."

Uneasily, she opened the door and slowly walked in, closing the door behind her. "Good evening, Professor."

"Good evening, Ms. Granger. Now. If you don't mind, I'd like to get started right away."

"Yes, of course, sir."

"Have you been preparing, as I've asked you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, why don't I check for myself? *Legilimens!*"

Memories started flooding through Hermione's mind. She had prepared, but she hadn't prepared for Snape to catch her off guard like this.

She thought of the first time she had discovered her magical powers. She had made her teaspoon stir her tea without her hand. Then, an owl appearing at her house carrying a letter. She had been admitted to Hogwarts. Then, she was walking into the Forbidden Forest with Harry, Ron, and Hagrid. Another memory began to flash, but was quickly interrupted.

"Miss Granger. I thought that you understood that you were to practice before meeting with me here tonight."

"I did, sir. I just didn't expect you to..."

Before she could finish her sentence, he had shouted, "*Legilimens!*" once again, and her mind was spinning. *Okay. I see.* She thought. *He's not going to let me prepare myself. He wants to see how well I can do with an unsuspected invasion.* A few vague thoughts flashed before her mind, but this time, she was fighting them off. She and Harry were howling. They were using the Time-Turner, trying to distract Remus from killing them. Then, Viktor was... *Oh no!* She forced the thought from her head. The last thing she needed Professor Snape seeing was her snogging with Viktor, or anything else.

"Good, Ms. Granger. Much better, that time. I'm glad you caught on quickly. I couldn't just allow you to prepare yourself for it. You'll find that it is not often that an enemy warns you before an attack. Anyway, I'll give you a few minutes rest before we go again. Occlumency can be rather taxing on both mind and body. Would you like something to drink? Tea? Pumpkin Juice?..."

"Pumpkin Juice, please." A glass appeared out of thin air, floating in front of her. "Thank you, sir." She emptied the glass rather quickly.

"Miss Granger, I know you take pleasure in being an insufferable know-it-all, but might there be another reason that urges you to learn Occlumency?" he said suggestively.

She looked up, not really expecting this question. He was looking at her with his piercing eyes. She gazed into them, intrigued, but looked away after she realized that eye contact makes it much easier for an accomplished Legilimens such as himself to read thoughts... or lies.

God, she hoped that he couldn't see what she was thinking just then. *Don't think about it. Don't think about it.* As she tried to hold back the vision of her leaping over the desk and pulling him into a powerful kiss... slowly undoing the buttons on his very well-fitting robes. *No, stop it!*

Trying her hardest to keep her mind blank, she replied, "No, I guess that's just about it. I enjoy learning, and Dumbledore says that you are a master of Occlumency, so I thought you'd be the best to learn from," in a voice that she rather hoped was convincing.

"Alright, Granger, I think that was a sufficient break. *Legilimens!*"

Afraid that Snape would find the real reason that brought her there, she powerfully shut off her mind, and the spell that he cast bounced back. She was seeing *his* thoughts now. She saw two adults fighting. A man with a large, hooked nose, and possibly greasier hair than Snape's, and a woman. *Those must be his parents,* she thought. Then, she saw... *Oh my God, is that Harry's dad?* She saw a boy with very much Harry's likeness and his three friends. One of the boys was very stout and mousy. *Must be Pettigrew,* she thought. Then there was a blonde boy covered in scars and a very handsome young Sirius. They seemed to be friendly enough. Then, suddenly, a flash of the Whomping Willow, screaming, and then laughter.

Her mind continued to spin for a few moments after the thoughts ended. She opened her eyes to see a very startled Snape looking back at her in a mixture of rage and embarrassment. Then, he looked away.

"Please leave, Miss Granger. And if you **ever** tell anyone what you..."

"I would never tell anyone anything that would humiliate someone else," she hastily added under her breath, "unless that person was Malfoy."

"Good, now please leave and shut the door on your way out."

"I'm not leaving." She stared at him, showing no fear of clearly disobeying his orders.

"What did you just say, *Granger?* I thought that I just gave you a direct order. Ten points from Gryffindor. Now leave!"

Oh, I like it when he gets angry. He's kinda sexy when he gets serious. "I heard you correctly, sir, and I think you heard me. I said, 'I'm not leaving.'"

"Ms. Granger. I will not tell you again. If you are not out of my office in ten seconds, it's a week's worth of detention."

Hmm, a week's worth of detention, eh? Alone, with Professor Snape. Yeah, I could go for that.

"You are testing my patience."

"I will gladly take the week's worth of detention. I'm still not leaving this office." *If only he knew how gladly I would spend so much time with him and him alone, he would realize that it's not even a punishment at all. I wonder if he'll spank me for being a naughty girl.*

Exhausted, and tired of trying to fight with the stubborn Gryffindor, he muttered, "Why are you doing this, Ms. Granger?"

"Isn't it obvious?" she stated, but apparently it wasn't, by the look on his face.

"You talk about letting go of your emotions, but when have you ever done that? You've been harboring this hatred for James and Sirius, taking it out on Harry, and everyone else for that matter. People don't hate you because of who you are. They hate you for how you treat them. I know it's just because you are still afraid. You are still that little boy, afraid of getting picked on. But you are not 15 anymore. You are a powerful wizard, with an outstanding knowledge of potions, and yet you still cower at the thought of two dead wizards who once picked on you, many, many years ago. Need you any more reason to let go of the memory of them than the fact that you are alive when they are dead? There is nothing for you to fear anymore."

Without any hint that he had taken in a word that she had just said, "Detention, tomorrow in my office, same time."

"You constantly astound me with your unwillingness to follow orders, Ms. Granger." He paced around the room a bit to give her the time to think of what her impending punishment would be. Then, he raised his hand, and a yardstick flew from across the room and into his palm. "I think a good whipping should teach you your place."

Oh my God, he is going to spank me, she thought. *I wasn't counting on the yardstick, though. I guess I should've expected.*

"Um, sir, may I ask... how... how many times?"

"Oh, I'd say until I see a nice, *visible welt*."

'Visible.' I guess that means that I'll have to pull my skirt up. Maybe this isn't just my fantasy after all.

"Yes, Ms. Granger, that means that you will have to pull up your skirt." *Was he reading my mind?* He walked around to the other side of the desk where she was standing. "I find that it isn't sufficiently painful if done over clothing."

Great. Not that I should be at all surprised that Snape is a sadist.

By the way he was looking at her, she knew that he was waiting for her to assume the position. She turned to face the desk, bent over, and hiked up her skirt.

Red satin? But wouldn't she only wear that if...

"Pull down your panties as well. As I said, I like to get full skin exposure." These very words aroused her. Her most universally disliked professor asking her to pull down her panties. A person who, up until this moment, she was convinced was asexual.

The sight excited him. He had never actually taken sexual pleasure in whipping his female students before, but seeing her slide off her red stain panties in front of him made his heart start to race. Her legs were smooth, and toned, and her buttocks were two perfect orbs that rested on top of them. He realized that he had drifted off. *How long have I been standing here?*

Not wasting any more time, he stepped closer and came down on her hard with the yardstick. She clenched and let out a yelp. *The first one is always the most painful,* he thought excitedly. Again he forced down his yardstick. This time she let out only a muffled cry.

He continued to beat her until her arse was red and welted, and he stepped in to take a closer look at his work. There was a lot of heat emanating from her. This always happened after suffering this many whippings, but something else glinted in his eye as he looked.

It can't be, he thought. He tried stooping down as imperceptibly as he could to see if his eyes were deceiving him.

Oh my God, she's so wet. The sight of it gave his already somewhat stiffened cock a painfully hard erection. He tried to say focused. How was he going to settle this? But the sudden rush of blood away from his brain was making it rather difficult.

"Miss Granger, this is your punishment. The only one who should be enjoying it is me."

Thank God! Her heart was now racing from more than just the fact that her secretly favorite professor was delivering her fantasy. *He noticed,* she thought, *and he didn't ignore it. This can only mean one thing.* She tried to think of something witty to say.

"You suggested this form of punishment, sir, and I thought it best not to argue."

"Well, I can see why. I guess I will just have to come up with some alternative form of punishment for you, then."

"And what might that be, sir," she said knowingly.

Without warning, he stepped in, plunging a finger into her crevice.

She gasped. He began to move his finger around in her wet pussy. *Merlin, she's tight. She might even be a virgin.* A moan escaped from Hermione's lips.

"Do you like that?"

"Mmmm, yes Professor."

"Do you like that, you *filthy* Mudblood?" His hands moving more rhythmically now. If he kept this up for much longer, she was going to come.

"Yes!" she said, shocked that those words, which had hurt her so many times when said condescendingly by Draco, were now one of the most erotic things she had ever heard.

"What if I were to fuck you right now, Mudblood? Would you like that?" He took the new wave of wet heat over his fingertips as a yes. He suddenly got the urge to taste her. He pulled out his finger, resting them instead on her heated buttocks, knelt down, and licked up the length of her labia, slowly. "Well, I'm not going to."

What!? After all that, he's not going to fuck me? She let out a moan of disappointment. He stood up.

"Turn around, Mudblood slut."

She turned around to see a massive erection trying to break free from her Professor's pants. *Good*, she thought, *this isn't over*.

He grabbed for his wand to magically undo the numerous buttons of his robes. "Wait. Allow me," she said and reached for the uppermost button. She gazed into his eyes while undoing the first few buttons, and he stared back at her with those piercing eyes of his. But unlike most times that he gave that look, this time it was filled with lust and passion.

After she had undone enough buttons to expose a good portion of his neck, she broke the gaze and moved in, burying her head in the nape. She took in his scent...musky and intoxicating. It only proved to intensify her arousal, and apparently his, as she was now close enough to feel his cock twitching beneath his trousers.

She kissed his neck, then bit it lightly, and then a bit harder. He gasped. Then she sucked. She wanted to leave her mark on him, as he had done to her.

He was so aroused by this act that he had hardly noticed that she had finished unbuttoning his robes.

She glided both hands from his neck, down his shoulders, sliding the robes down his arms, dropping them to the floor. She felt down to his newly exposed chest, down the treasure trail of his smoothly toned abs. *My, what a nice body he has hiding under here.*

Before proceeding to undo his fly, she glided her hand over his erection. It excited her to know that she had caused this response in him. He let in a slow, deep breath. She teased him for a bit, caressing the bulge in his trousers. She began to lower herself, leaving a trail of kisses in the same path her hands had just been. She gazed into his eyes, and he brought his hand to her head and began caressing her hair. She could swear she even caught a glimpse of a smile.

She began undoing his fly, still gazing at him. She grabbed his hips and eased his pants and boxers down. He had a very slim waist, muscular buttocks and thighs, and surprisingly smooth skin. She took his throbbing cock in her hand. It was so velvety and soft. She stroked down his length, and found a drop of precum forming at the tip. Using her thumb, she made small circles around the tip of his glans and then proceeded to make the same movements with her tongue.

"Oh Merlin, that feels good!"

"Anything to please you, Master," she said, smiling.

She took him in, her mouth over his glans, and her tongue continuing to move in circles at the tip. She sucked, shallowly at first, massaging the sensitive nerve underneath, again with her tongue, and stroking his length. As she began to suck harder and take more of him in, he began to buck at her, holding her head, causing her to deep throat.

She grabbed onto his hips for support. "Ahhhh, that's good! Ohh." She could feel him become rock hard in her mouth, and he began to slow down and steady his pace. She stopped moving and allowed him to control the tempo. He pulled out, only the tip in her mouth now, which she couldn't help but tease with her tongue. He began to stroke himself. "Ohhhh, I'm gonna cum, now." It didn't take long before he was grunting, and she felt a shot of salty, thick fluid on her tongue. She didn't even have time to swallow before he lifted her face up to his and brought her into a passionate kiss.

She hadn't been expecting this. Yes, she thought, *he is sexually attracted to me and saw the opportunity to get a little action, but he likes me?*

"Hermione, may I see you again sometime?"

Wow, he called me Hermione. "Well, Professor. I have a week's worth of detention, remember?" she smiled at him.

Hermione began to dress and leave the room, but Severus called back to her. "Oh, and Hermione, to answer your question, I *was* reading your thoughts. Usually, I just have students write lines," he said, smirking.

She made a mental note to put more practice into Occlumency.

A week later...

"Snape's been acting weird lately," said Ron after Potions.

"Yeah. He's almost been... *nice*. I feel bad, though. Hermione's been having detention with him all week." replied Harry.

**** This is my first attempt at writing an adult fanfic, or of writing a story of any kind, really, so I'd love to hear some feedback. Thanx :) ****