

# Centerfold

*by purelush*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**This story is also based on the lovely story of the same name by Natalie at WRFA. You can read [i here](#).**

**Thanks to Southern\_Witch\_69 for the grammar check :)**

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Severus Snape stalked through the hallways of Hogwarts, robes billowing impressively behind him. As he made his way to the dungeons, students and staff alike stiffened with fear and slowly (or, as in the case of a fourth-year Hufflepuff, very quickly and with much sobbing) moved out of his path. The Potions master was notoriously ill-tempered and an incident involving first-year Gryffindors, an ornery turtle and a cauldron had not softened his disposition. Pausing to snarl at a wayward first year (who promptly fainted), he reached his chambers and threw open the door with a bang. A house-elf who had been tending to the fire squeaked in alarm and Disapparated with a crack.

Severus took off his cloak, throwing it onto a chair, and sunk onto his couch, placing his head in his hands. Why had he come back to teach, he thought, not for the first time. Surely anything would be better than this. With a weary sigh of resignation, he summoned a bottle of firewhisky and a tumbler with his wand and then set about sorting through his owl post. He flipped through invitations to parties he would never attend, advertisements for products he would never buy, a thick envelope from Lucius Malfoy (no doubt containing a dozen sheets of parchment whinging about his fall from grace) until he reached a large square parcel wrapped in plain brown paper.

He sipped his firewhisky and smiled. There you are, he thought to himself. Casting the rest of his post aside, he eagerly tore into his package, unveiling the latest edition of "Wicked: For Adult Wizards Only". The cover of this issue had a dark-haired witch wearing translucent robes of midnight blue coyly winking at him while she fluffed her hair and pouted her lips. "Lovely," he murmured and opened the magazine.

He flipped past the articles (Merlin knows who actually read them) and headed for the good stuff. He would look at the other spreads later, but after a long day of teaching the stupidest witches and wizards in the country, he needed something good right now. He flipped to the centerfold, fraught with anticipation, and then stopped. And stared. And swore. Profusely.

Staring out at him was none other than Hermione Granger, annoying twit and friend of bloody Harry Potter. She was lying on a bed of silk, wearing nothing but indecently tiny Muggle panties, and an emerald robe lay open, exposing the swell of her breasts. He swallowed hard as Hermione smiled at him and opened the robe a little more. He was becoming highly aroused – by that damn know-it-all! He adjusted his robes and looked around guiltily, before remembering that he was alone in his chambers. Trying to distract himself, his eyes found her 'vital stats' in the lower right corner.

Name: Hermione Granger (a.k.a. the brains behind the Boy Who Lived)

Age: 23

Likes: Research, Warm Baths, House-Elves, Older Wizards, Muggle Dance Clubs.

Dislikes: Pureblood Snobbery, Flying, Quidditch, Tardiness.

Ultimate Fantasy: Being taken roughly from behind over the Potions master's desk.

Severus dropped the magazine and then promptly picked it up. She . . . she had fantasies about his desk. Sex and his desk. Was it too much of a stretch to think she had fantasies about him? "Merlin," he breathed. His cock was now achingly erect and straining to escape his robes. His last coherent thought before he succumbed to a delicious orgasm was that he really should owl Miss Granger.