

Secrets Uncovered

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Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Authors Note: Hello, one and all. This is one of my first fanfics, so please forgive the horrible cliché of it all. Reviews are key in writing, so don't be afraid to criticize!

Disclaimer: Sadly, I do not own Harry Potter or anything related to it. It all belongs to J.K. Rowling. I simply borrow her characters and manipulate them to my evil-doing. I promise to return them in reasonable condition. Well... they won't be dead, anyway.

"Draco, stop it. Draco, I said *stop it!*"

"What?" Draco muttered, pulling back.

"I think I hear something."

Sure enough, several pairs of footsteps could be heard coming down the hallway just outside the door. The pair held their breath until they disappeared.

"Thank goodness they're gone," sighed Hermione, leaning back against the teacher's desk.

Draco smiled. "Yes, wonderful, now can we get back to our little game?" he asked.

"Fine," said Hermione and kissed him. His mouth opened and he caressed her cheek gently. Hermione boosted herself on top of the desk while Draco's hands wandered up and down her body. Each kiss was less innocent than the last. Slowly, his hands drifted to the front of her shirt and began to unbutton it.

Hermione pushed Draco's robes off of his shoulders and began to pull at his tie impatiently. Draco pulled away for a moment and completely removed his shirt, saving Hermione the trouble. Again he leaned in and captured her lips. He nibbled at her lower lip, and Hermione let out a soft moan.

"Draco," she whispered.

"Hermione," he murmured.

They both began to lose patience with themselves. Draco had had enough of the little things. Lifting Hermione up, he moved from the desk to the wall. Using his leg as support, he lifted Hermione up and situated her so that one leg was on each side of his body. Their embraces became feverish and passionate. Hermione was now completely shirtless, and was working on getting Draco's pants off.

Draco fumbled with his belt, his fingers stumbling over the catch. This is what he had been waiting for ever since he had laid his hormonal eyes on Hermione in the third

year. Something had happened that had changed his view of her entirely. Fourth year came around, and he had wanted to kill that Krum character for taking her to the dance. Potter and Weasley were a constant source of irritation. Now, it didn't matter, because he had her, and she was the only one.

Hermione's hands dropped to his belt and yanked it from the loops, quickly enough so that a resounding crack filling the air. In the back of his mind, Draco hoped that no one had heard. One of his hands ran across Hermione's chest, the other snaked under her skirt. She sucked in her breath. Her hands worked open his zipper. Just as she was about to get into Draco's pants, the unthinkable happened.

The classroom door burst open to reveal Professor McGonagall, Professor Snape, Professor Sprout, and Professor Slughorn.

Professor Sprout gasped.

"Oh my goodness!" said Professor McGonagall, clutching at her chest. "Ms. Granger! Mr. Malfoy!"

"Somehow I always knew there was something going on between those two," said Slughorn thoughtfully, as if there was nothing wrong with two students, never mind Head Boy and Girl, snogging half-naked in a classroom.

"And speaking of inter-house unity, Minerva, here we have it," said Snape with the barest hint of a smile. "A Gryffindor and a Slytherin, the two most unlikely people, locked in a classroom, trying to rid themselves of their sexual frustration."

Hermione and Draco were unable to move from shock. Suddenly, Draco recovered his voice.

"Bugger," he muttered.

Hermione just gaped, looking like a fish with her mouth hanging open.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Professor McGonagall.

"Well obviously, Minerva, it means that these two must be separated immediately before they begin shagging like bunnies," said a voice from behind the group.

The entire group turned around to see an amused Tonks standing in the doorway.

"Nymphadora, what are you doing here?" asked Professor McGonagall, her tone not at all pleased.

"Yes, enlighten us to what we have done to deserve such *adelightful* visit," sneered Snape.

"Shut up, Severus," said Tonks. "I was on my way to see you, Professor, to ask you about something."

"You can ask me in a minute, Nymphadora. I need to get to the bottom of this before I can answer any more questions," said McGonagall.

"May I suggest that the pair remove themselves from each other, Professor?" asked Snape silkily.

"Yes," said Professor Sprout, who had recovered her voice. "I think that would be a good idea." Her face was clouded with anger that Hermione and Draco had never seen before. It was so strange to see their jolly Herbology professor with her arms crossed across her chest and her mouth reduced to a grim line.

"I think that may be a good idea," said Professor McGonagall. "You two," she said, looking at Draco and Hermione, "release each other and dress yourselves. You have five minutes to be in my office, and if not, face dire consequences."

The pair nodded, afraid to do anything otherwise.

"Severus, if you should accompany me, I would be greatly obliged."

"Of course, Headmistress," said Snape, following her out of the room. Tonks followed suit.

Draco and Hermione could hear Professors McGonagall and Snape arguing all the way down the corridor. It sounded like two snakes hissing at each other, interjected by occasional giggles.

Only Professor Slughorn and Professor Sprout remained, the latter still looking angry. Professor Slughorn said nothing, only chuckling softly and exiting the classroom. Professor Sprout stared at the pair disapprovingly before following him out.

Hermione and Draco looked at each other for a moment before bursting out laughing.

"We are in such deep shit," said Draco, chuckling and running his hand through his flaxen hair.

"I know," said Hermione, surprisingly cool in such a dire situation. "At least now we don't have to hide it anymore. We can only face the consequences."

Malfoy grinned at her half naked appearance.

"I love you," he said softly.

Hermione went up to him and kissed him. "I love you too." She sighed and stood up. "Come on, our future awaits, and it looks very grim.

"I don't care as long as you're there with me," said Malfoy.

Hermione snorted. "Don't think you're off the hook, because this is your fault. Later tonight, I'm going to teach you a lesson."

"Teach away, Hermione. Teach away."