

Detention

by chivalric

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Detention with her Potions master seems to be just another opportunity.

One-shot story

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N : This is Post DH and AU. Although Hermione is of age, she is still a student; if you are offended by teacher-student relationships, please do not continue reading.

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"Detention, Miss Granger!"

The cold voice of the Potions master made her feel chilly, but she had to admit she had earned it. A minute ago she had told Professor Snape what a self-righteous, dreadful person he was for calling Neville a hopeless case whenever a cauldron was involved. "You'd be better off making porridge in that thing, Longbottom," Snape had hissed. "Now get out of my class and don't come back before you can brew that potion properly!"

Neville had fled, white-faced. He was terrified of Snape and possibly would be all his life.

That had been the moment when Hermione had snapped and had insulted a teacher. "You should in fact be forbidden to even address students, Professor!" she had screamed. "You wouldn't even be able to teach daisies, let alone us!"

Unfortunately, he wasn't only a very lousy teacher, but also a very short-tempered Headmaster ever since surviving Nagini's attack.

"Detention, Miss Granger!"

Now, that worked out well, she thought.

Harry leaned over. His untidy hair fell into his eyes, and because Snape's back was towards them, the Potions master didn't see him talking to Hermione. Her face was still white with rage.

"Now tell me again, Hermione," he whispered. "Why did you have to save his life and stop that bleeding so efficiently? It wouldn't have done you any harm if you had been less than perfect, just this once!"

Harry didn't mean it, of course. It had been he who had yelled at her to patch up Snape after the giant snake had ripped open the pale wizard's neck, leaving him to die just because Voldemort had gloriously mixed up things with that stupid Elder Wand.

"Don't you dare let him die, Hermione," Harry had screamed, already running away with the phial containing the memories of the man who had killed Dumbledore. Harry, by then, had already suspected that Snape might not be as guilty as it had seemed at the time, and of course now, nearly a year later, it was common knowledge what had happened and why it had happened.

Snape had been reinstated as Headmaster, but nevertheless, he still was one nasty person to deal with. Especially since absolutely everyone knew about his secret feelings for Harry's mum. The news and background stories had been in the *Daily Prophet* for over a week, making the Potions master the centre of sincere sympathy, giggles behind his back, and the target of sweet love letters from women of all ages who wanted to soothe the poor man's sorrow. Had he been bad before, he was nearly unbearable now.

"Eight o'clock, the dungeons, Miss Granger," Snape now snarled, staring at Hermione intently and making her feel more than a bit uneasy. He could make every student a crying wreck in less than a minute, and he did it regularly just for the fun of it. But well, she'd see this through. And the look on his face when she had shouted at him had been worth it!

"What was all that about then, Hermione?" Ron demanded after classes were finally over. "Just another few weeks, and we are out of here for good! End of school is just round the corner, and now of all times you are mental enough to shout at that maniac for something he does on a regular basis anyway! Detention so close before the holidays he'll make you collect unicorn hair from the Forbidden Forest or clip the branches of the Whomping Willow just to see you on your knees!" Ron was furious out of fear for the girl he loved or merely out of anger because this meant he wouldn't have a chance to sneak into her bed tonight. He placed a wet kiss on her mouth.

Ew! She shuddered. Kissing used to be better a few months ago when she had just fallen in love with him. Or, well, not really better, but then she had believed it could only improve. It hadn't, so she gently shoved Ron away and escaped to the girls' dormitories so Ron couldn't get the wrong idea before dinner.

That look in his eyes, she mused. *I really think that he's looking at me now and then when he thinks I don't see it* Interesting, that his eyes should rest upon her. Snape's eyes, that was, not Ron's. Ron actually had started to look at a girl with long, blond ringlets named Gladys whenever he thought Hermione wasn't looking.

After dinner, as ordered, Hermione knocked on Snape's door. The dungeons were unusually cold, and she shivered in her robes, wondering if the coming hours would at least warm her up. For some reason she blushed at the thought. *Why is it taking him so long to call me in?*

"Enter!"

Well then. She pushed the door to his rooms open.

The light in there was not much brighter than outside in the corridor. Torches were burning along the stone walls, casting shadows everywhere. Professor Snape was sitting behind his desk, apparently busy with some homework of his students. Possibly he was about to fail most of it. *Including mine!* she grumbled silently. *Damn him.*

He didn't even look up; he ignored her entirely. So she took the opportunity to look at him.

He wasn't wearing his robes, and she wondered if she had ever seen him in shirtsleeves before. Watching his wrist muscles move whilst he was writing, she observed that his skin looked less pale in the firelight. She also had to admit that his looks had improved since Voldemort's death. His hair was considerably longer, and he kept it bound in a ponytail at the nape of his neck. For the first time ever his students were actually able to see his whole face and were more frightened of him than before. *Apart from me,* Hermione smiled to herself. *I'm not that frightened. More like... curious.*

"Professor," Hermione said in a quiet voice. There was something she wanted out of the way, and she wasn't entirely sure if this was the right time to bring it up or if he was really the right person to address. But she had thought about it for a few weeks, had read a few books well, lots of them, actually, just in case... She had made a plan, and here and now was the time to take the next step. She deeply believed in plans.

"Professor Snape, there's something..." Her voice trailed off when he finally looked up and regarded her. She swallowed.

"Miss Granger," he said in this emotionless manner, making it obvious that she was nothing but a disturbance. "Mr Filch is waiting for you. You are to assist him cleaning out the owlery. It might take you most of the night, but make sure you do it properly. You are dismissed." One last look, and he turned back to his papers.

And that made her angry. She hated to be ignored, and she was still freezing.

"Professor, there is something I need you to know! It's distracting me from my studies, and I really dislike not being able to concentrate properly."

Now she had his attention. A student who refused to take her leave when he had dismissed her was a rarity. Everyone was usually more than eager to get out of his way.

Discarding his papers, he got up and came round the table, frowning at her. Regarding his whole appearance, bold for a moment, she suddenly realised that he must have completely forgotten about her detention. Not only was he not wearing robes but was even dressed leisurely, as if he had planned for a comfortable night in front of the fire. On his desk stood a mug, steaming, and for a split second she thought she could smell chocolate. And he was barefoot; staring at his naked feet, she decided there and then that indeed it was the right time, and he was the right person. Her eyes wandered up his body, back to his face.

Why do I feel like a horse on the market? The thought shot through the Potions master's head out of nowhere, but she was looking him up and down like a farmer regarding a promising acquisition for his livestock. Snape ignored the thought it was unimportant what this impudent student was doing or not. But she had said something about a problem, something that bothered her. Snape found himself listening, which was strange; he never listened to students.

"A couple of weeks ago I realised that you have been watching me," she was saying. "And I wondered why you might possibly be doing that and figured that the only reason could be that you are curious about well me." She had spoken fast and was glad that at least he seemed to listen to her. She straightened up. She was right about this. She was always right.

He just raised a questioning eyebrow.

"So if that is true, about you being curious, could you just have one more look, quench your curiosity, and... and that was it? Please? So I can get back to my studies without the need to wonder what you might want from me?" Tentatively, she took a step closer to her professor. He hadn't moved or said a word to interrupt her, and so she dropped her robes. As she had planned to.

The fabric silently slid to the floor, lying in a soft puddle round her feet. Carefully she stepped over the garment another little bit closer to him. The flames painted shadows on her skin, disguising the goose pimples that covered her naked body from head to toes.

He just watched her. Then he carefully put the quill down he had still been holding. Regarding her coldly, he took a step back.

"Are you drunk, Miss Granger?" Naked students in his quarters were indeed an unusual sight. And this specific student was not known to do things as unexpected as dropping her clothes in front of a teacher. Actually, he had always considered her too much a prude to drop her clothes at all, even when she was with that dreadful boyfriend of hers. Not that the thought of her naked had ever crossed his mind.

She coloured slightly, but raised her chin in defiance. "No!" she exclaimed a bit too fast.

He just looked at her silently. He knew how unnerving his stare was.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Well, maybe I took a small sip of that potion you taught us to brew last month..."

"Which potion would that be, Miss Granger," he asked ironically. "Amentia potion? Levity juice?"

She growled. *Interesting*, he thought. He hadn't known that little Miss Perfect was actually able to growl.

"Audacity potion, Professor," she snapped. "And only because you are one nasty piece of work! I thought I could do with a little bit of extra help, and obviously, I was right!"

Black, cold eyes stared at her. He flicked his wand and locked the door. No need for any of his colleagues to burst into this tableau. That she was of age, not drunk, not cursed, and for sure very determined didn't count in light of the fact that she was still a student. His student.

"Get dressed," he ordered, but she ignored this and turned instead, slowly.

She wanted him to take a good look at her because she wouldn't have the courage to do this again, no matter how many potions she drank. Besides, she wanted to find out if he was made of flesh and blood after all. *Now or never*, she thought and swirled again on the tips of her toes.

"Miss Granger!" His voice ripped through the silence and she jumped. She slowly faced him and took a step closer to his tall figure.

"Yes, Headmaster?" she teased with a winning smile.

He moved back again, getting as much distance between them as possible. "I might be mistaken, but I am positive that I said detention, not seduction. Could it be that you are confusing things?" His words dripped with sarcasm. He wanted to discourage her the easiest way for him to get out of this hopeless situation was to convince her that what she was doing was complete madness. It was a delicate situation that easily could break his neck if he did or said the wrong thing.

But a few well-placed comments should bring her to her senses quickly. That was absolutely mandatory as he had to admit to himself that if she insisted on staying here with him, she might even manage to bring him to a point where he couldn't back out again. A point when he would seriously consider doing something... interesting. Because, unfortunately, she was right: he had observed her for a few weeks, every now and then. Since her birthday when she had turned nineteen. He had seen the scowl she had given Weasley when he had sneaked away to play Quidditch. That scowl had been so very perfect, and for the first time, he had seen the beauty in her ink-stained, wild-haired, always-know-it-better appearance.

As he was her teacher, she was obviously completely out of his reach. That she had observed him observing her was nothing less than a catastrophe.

"As I have said, you are distracting me," she stated, closely watching his expression. Had there been interest in his eyes? It certainly had been impossible ~~not~~ to see her, and the very thought of his eyes upon her naked skin made said skin prickle with anticipation. She wasn't that cold anymore. "And I thought tonight would be the perfect opportunity to find out if I am imagining you being interested in me."

"I'm never interested in my students, Miss Granger," he hissed with a certain emphasis on the word 'students'.

"Give it twenty three more days, and I won't be your student anymore," she pointed out. "And Exams are already over, so there is no excuse for you in that direction. Are you interested in me or not?"

Snape thought, *Twenty three days? Just?* Aloud he said, "Detention still await..."

"Plus, there is something else," Hermione went on, feeling only so slightly nervous. "A little private project of mine. You could help me with it only if you could spare the time, of course..."

They had moved around his room a little, circling each other, and she wasn't familiar with the shape of it. She had kept her eyes fixed on him, and now, suddenly, she took a step backwards and unexpectedly touched something hard and cold. She gasped, turned her head, and found herself trapped between the Potions master and his bedroom door.

Two quick steps, and he was close enough for her to see the pulse hammering in his throat.

He reached out, but didn't touch her. Instead, with one long, thin finger, he casually pushed open the door and took another step. If she faced his bed, realised what she was really asking for, understood that he might actually *do* what she was asking for, it might freak her out enough to leave...

Naturally, she reacted by moving backwards again. According to plan, he hadn't thrown her out at first sight. It seemed as if there was blood running in his veins after all not a poisoned potion .

Then the door fell shut behind them. She found herself in a pitch black, ice cold room with only one door. She only heard her own breathing and could feel his presence.

"So what project would that be then, Miss Granger?" he whispered in her ear, unable to resist the temptation.

"So you are interested after all," she stated with a smile.

A movement, and the candles and fireplace were lit. A sudden warmth brushed her, but not from the fire. From him, standing only an inch apart from her.

Her eyes widened. With a delighted smile, she turned and approached the bookshelves, which covered the walls from ground to ceiling. Running her hand along the backs of the volumes, she cocked her head at him. "See, I've been reading these books..."

"Indeed? How unlikely of you!" *Goodness, this situation is completely getting out of hand!* he thought and couldn't help but appreciate what he saw: narrow hips; long legs; small, perfect breasts. He followed her every movement, finding the sight of this naked young woman touching his books erotic enough to cast away each and every precaution against better knowledge he might have had only a few moments ago.

She looked at him, and a fire was burning in her eyes. "Books about love, in fact. I wanted to find out how a relationship is supposed to be between two people who know each other very well, who care for each other, who love each other. I guessed..."

Being with Miss Granger in his own bedroom turned out to be a harder test for his self-control than facing the Dark Lord. But giving up was out of discussion. "You and Mr. Weasley, you are having an affair, I understand?" Maybe, if he reminded her of her boyfriend...

"No! Not an affair a relationship, based on trust, and respect, and..."

"So, how satisfying is his love-making, Miss Granger?" His piercing eyes seemed to see right through her.

She couldn't stand it. She turned her head only to find herself facing his bed *This hasn't happened as fast as I have hoped. He's resisting me, and this bed is far too small to do anything in it but sleep!* She scowled at it; it should be forbidden to own such a small bed.

"I asked you a question. I expect an answer!" Demanding as he was in class.

It was unacceptable that he didn't give in to her will yet; so she decided to give him an answer that might ignite his imagination. "Love-making with Ron is... you know, it's sort of... nice," she challenged. "Friendly. Cute."

His resistance dwindled. "Boring," he continued. "Dull and tedious. Stupid. Uninspired. Not at all what you must have been expecting even before reading all those books."

Remembering sex with Ron made her angry; hearing about the lack of sensation whilst having sex with Ron made her furious. But now, the man she was after couldn't hide that gleam in his black eyes any longer, and she saw those very eyes sweeping over her naked body as if they had a will of their own. He would lose. She was sure of it.

"Precisely," she replied in a conversational tone. "And that's the second reason I am here. I am seeking advice, if you want to look at it that way. You are a teacher. It is your job to advise students! Even if the subject is a bit... unorthodox."

Silence. He was stunned by her bluntness, but couldn't take his eyes off her body. She seemed to feel quite comfortable, a miracle in itself, given the fact that she was not only in the presence, but in the bedroom of the best hated man in the whole school.

"Have I accidentally been helpful to you even once these past years?" He purred the words and came very close. If he scared her enough by pretending to be interested in her, she might come to her senses, snatch up her robes, and vanish before... well, before.

She just smiled, and it looked beautiful. *She* looked beautiful. And she seemed so unaware of her nakedness as well as of the danger she was in; she had lit a fire in him the moment she had dropped her robes. *Merlin*, he thought whilst a flash of panic rushed through his body. *I might not be able to withstand this witch!*

Actually, Hermione knew exactly what she was doing. Her voice was soft, gentle, and reasonable. Apparently, she wasn't about to snap, and she wouldn't leave, either. Instead, she was about to give him a lecture. "You have not been friendly or helpful to anyone, Professor. But think about it who else is here? Hagrid? Out of the question. He is madly in love with Madame Maxime, and I wouldn't intimidate him. Same for Remus. He is married, and besides, I'm more of a cat person. Professor Flitwick is not really my cup of tea, nor are the various ghosts. I guess the Bloody Baron might have been helpful, but then, I wanted someone made of flesh and blood, not something spooky. Which leaves Mr Filch and you, always assuming that you are made of flesh and blood?"

Absent-mindedly, she firmly put a loose strand of hair behind her ear. Suddenly, Snape had a nearly unbearable urge to touch her cheek just to see if it was as soft as it looked.

"Mr Filch is waiting for me, you said?"

She mocked him! She dared to play with him! Time to end that. His nostrils flared; she was close enough for him to smell her fragrance like a winter breeze with a hint of orange.

"Indeed he is waiting, so are the owls," he replied, half turning away from her and getting back to the door. *Your last chance, little witch*, he thought grimly. *Take it, or face the consequences.*

Paling at the very thought of Filch, the owls and the prospect of having to leave, she cast him another of those growling gazes and said hastily, "Thanks, Professor, but I think I'll stick with my original decision." She seemed to be a little bit less confident now, but recovered quickly. "You know, you aren't that bad really."

The same fingers that had touched his books so gently but a moment before were now being poked sharply into his chest. Snape regarded the slender hand somewhat dubiously it had been a long time since a woman had touched him, whatever the circumstances. It certainly hadn't happened in his bedroom before.

"You are by far the youngest teacher here, and since it appears that you have found the showers and sorted out that greasy hair of yours, you are really quite... attractive. So do you want to hear my plan about how this will work best? I find plans are always pretty helpful, you know."

Attractive? Who? Me? He nearly looked round to see if there was someone else standing behind him. No one had ever called him anything less than awful, even under the best circumstances. For a moment she had caught him off-guard, but he managed to keep his face stern. "Tell me your plan then, Miss Granger," he ordered. He never had had to deal with a woman so determined to get what she wanted, and certainly no woman had ever made it so very clear that what she wanted was him and him alone. The effect was so strong that now he didn't stand a chance against her wishes at all. He found himself playing along half against his will, half with his full attention.

No more poking. Her hand was resting flat against his chest now, as if she was searching for his heartbeat. The door behind him was forgotten.

She smiled. "Right, then. First, you kiss me. I will decide if I: a. like it and b. if your kisses are better than Ron's. If a. and b. result in a yes, then I will bed you to find out if good sex is really only possible with someone you truly love or if that is only a fairy tale for children. How does that sound to you?"

"Hmmm? What sound?" Snape murmured. He had been slightly distracted by the movement of her chest. Coming back to his senses, he briskly said, "Ah, the plan. Smashing! Well composed, logical. Did you think of it all by yourself, or did you ask a few fellow students for help?" Sarcasm again, he couldn't help it. The thought that she might have planned this with half a dozen of her friends or worse, only two of her friends horrified him.

But she only shook her head. "I'm good with plans they aren't. Everyone thinks I am here for detention, Professor. Why do you think I insulted you in class? I would never endanger your position as Hogwarts' Headmaster." A proud smile curved her lips. She was totally at ease with herself and enjoyed the situation even more than she had imagined whilst planning it.

Snape wasn't pleased, though. *Great*, he fumed. *She has set a trap, and I have been caught in it for hours without realising until just a moment ago* But now that it was too late anyway, it might be worth to allow her to go on with her plan.

"So, Professor Snape, will you start with your part? Kissing me?" Hermione looked up at him expectantly.

Being in the Dark Lord's service had taught Snape self-control if nothing else. And so his pale, cool, long-fingered hand didn't even tremble when he carefully touched her hair first, then her cheek. He trailed the tips of his fingers from her temple down to her mouth. She truly had manipulated him in a masterful way. *So what?* he thought and kissed her.

It was a long and very intense kiss. After a while she swooned, and he wrapped his arms around her to prevent her from falling. Her arms came up around his neck, her body was pressed against his, and she didn't seem to find it necessary to do anything but probe her little tongue into his mouth as deeply as possible. She didn't let go of him until he pulled back, and when he looked down at her, she turned her head away.

He raised an eyebrow now she was embarrassed? Women, honestly. He was slightly out of breath, but Hermione was gasping.

"Did I pass your test?" he whispered in her ear.

She jumped right into his arms, forcefully enough to knock him off his feet, and they both landed on his bed. It creaked in protest. It wasn't used to such behaviour.

"How did you do that, Professor?" she demanded, pulling his shirt off and ripping his trousers open before he had a chance to say anything about the matter. She undressed him in such a fast and efficient way, he couldn't help but think that she wasn't doing this for the first time. *So much for my plan to do nothing but kiss her and throw her out afterwards.*

"Kissing like that should be only possible between true lovers," Hermione growled, annoyed in some way, frustrated even that someone she had despised at nearly first sight was able to kiss her in a way a boy she thought she loved couldn't. Her hands were touching him, amazed. Obviously, she had no intention to stop. Obviously, a. and b. had led to yes. Very obviously, she intended to continue with her plan.

Next step: sleep with the Headmaster. Well then, so be it!

Snape grabbed her round the waist, pulling her onto her back. Maybe he hadn't bedded a woman in a long time, but his experience in a man-to-man fight was terrific. He was taller and heavier; she wouldn't have had a chance against him even if she had tried. And after all, she had asked for it.

"Two things, Miss Granger," he demanded between two more kisses. The coldness was completely gone out of his voice; arousal made it sound deeper and warmer than she or anyone else still alive had ever heard it. "You will call me by my first name as long as you are in my bedroom and in my bed. Secondly do you realise where you are?" He looked at her, holding her body down both with his arms and his will.

She didn't have a clue what he was talking about, but she was eager to gather knowledge at any available opportunity and therefore started guessing, severely trying to ignore his cool hand on her skin. "Um, I'm in your quarters? No? Not that, then. Good. Your bedroom. Your bed? Hogwarts, England, in trouble, right next to the classrooms, the dungeons..."

"Excellent, Miss Granger." He had started to trace an invisible line along her chin, following it down her upper arm and then from precisely between her breasts down to her navel. Until now, he hadn't done anything really shocking. But he was going to, he realised. *Some time in the last half hour I must have lost my mind*, he mused silently, but didn't allow himself to be distracted by that minor inconvenience. He could become his usual, perfectly controlled self later in the night. Or in the morning. After she was gone.

And so he let his left hand wander whilst his right searched for her wrists, found them, pulled them above her head, and pinned them to the mattress and out of his way. She was slender, her wrists fragile. He easily could take care of them. "The dungeons it is, Hermione. And what usually happens in the dungeons?"

She didn't pay much attention to his question as his fingers on her skin were driving her crazy. No chance to concentrate on anything else. When she was with Ron, sex was quick and silent in order not to catch anyone's attention. Hogwarts was full of nosy people. One of Ron's hands was usually across her mouth she hated that, but then, it never took him long. *This* here was madness, sweet, breathtaking madness, and Snape (Severus!) hadn't even touched the more private parts of her yet. And how much she wanted him to do so! She felt like she was burning, her skin was on fire, and those cool fingers were unbelievably curious. She couldn't lie still, and her legs opened as if they had a will of their own. *Wonderful*, she thought ironically. *Those damn books were wrong about true love it's a lot better with someone you don't care about!*

Then she gasped. Severus had stopped, had stopped touching her, and she couldn't bear that at all at this precise moment. She could feel his hand lingering an inch above her groin, but there was no contact between his skin and hers, damn it. She wanted him to go on, needed him to how dare he stop! Her eyes, which had fluttered closed with his kisses, snapped open, and she saw him smiling menacingly.

"Do I truly have to remind you again? I expect answers, I already told you," he said and still denied her his touch. "I do not tolerate a question to remain unanswered... not even when you are in my bed." Leaning closer, he just breathed on her naked skin; she whimpered with desire. "Tell me what happens in the dungeons," he teased, his lips just a moment away from touching the top of her breast. "Tell me. Now."

With a swift move, he cast away the bedcover her legs had managed to get entangled in. Not one little part of her was to stay covered. She was nearly as pale as he, which wasn't really a surprise, given the fact that she spent most of her days in the library and didn't care for Quidditch much either. The texture of her skin, the feeling of her soft hair curling round his fingers, that faint orange fragrance of her naked skin, made him weak. Time to state the facts. He wanted her.

Her brown eyes were huge when she breathed, "People get tortured in dungeons is that what you wanted to know? If yes, please, could you go on caressing me? Or... torturing me? Or whatever you plan to do? Please? Severus? Please!"

Goodness, how did she get me into this situation? Snape still wondered and had to admire Hermione's ability to think straight even in a somewhat difficult situation. Lightly placing his hand on her waist, he said, "Correct, people get tortured."

She shivered and twitched her pelvis in order to bring his hand into a more desired position. Allowing his hand to move on, he just brushed across the soft hair between her legs and tended to the insides of her thighs. Fixing her eyes with his, he felt his own arousal rise whilst his fingertips found their way further up. Then he slowly, curiously, moved his hand to her heat, still holding her gaze; he caressed her, parted her, pushed into her creamy darkness, and it felt far too good to be true. Her lovely little breasts were heaving, and her eyelids fluttered closed she seemed to thoroughly enjoy this. So he steadily started to move his hand and his fingers, pressing his body against hers, drinking in her trembling figure. She moaned and moved her hips in his rhythm, and only moments later, she let out a low cry, shuddered, and lay still. The expression on her face was one of utter surprise.

Snape's lips curved into a disbelieving smile, and he bent down to kiss Hermione, who quite obviously had just had her first orgasm. "People scream in dungeons, Hermione," he murmured silkily. "You are in the dungeons. My dungeons. So what do you think as you refused to clean out the owlery, wouldn't it be appropriate instead for your time of detention if I made you scream?"

Her eyes grew round. "Could you?" she managed to say, and by that he assumed that he should try. Teasingly, he lowered his head not to kiss her again, but to gently bite her shoulder, to breathe in the smell of her slightly sweaty neck, to taste her magnificent breasts. She freed one of her hands and buried it behind his neck, pulled him lower, on top of her, and finally, finally inside her.

He took that as a definite yes. And so he made her scream.

Several hours later, the fire was burning low, but that didn't matter. Neither of them being cold, and neither of them being asleep.

Hermione looked down at the man who wouldn't be her Potions teacher for very much longer, sincerely trying to figure out what had happened, how it had happened, and how she should explain her sudden interest in sex to Ron.

"You know, Severus, you've really made it impossible for me to ever sleep with Ron again," she accused him. "I wouldn't be able to explain why I wish... things... would happen differently all of a sudden. Plus, he possibly would fall out of bed if I coincidentally got, well, sort of louder." *Sometimes research can make things worse*, she realised a bit too late, though. "Come to think of it, you spoiled me! Thank you so very much, Severus!"

"My pleasure," he replied lazily. She was very close to him, head propped up on her elbow, and she looked fierce. Snape barely could suppress a smile. He had thoroughly enjoyed the past few hours, something he wouldn't have believed possible. Enjoying himself was nothing he did on a regular basis. But then, making love to students wasn't a habit, either. Luckily, before the month was over she would leave Hogwarts, and this situation therefore wouldn't get repeated.

All of a sudden, the mood changed. Hermione sat up straight and cast the bedcover round her. She completely covered herself, which struck him as rather strange, considering the things they had just done together. Her eyes became big and a slight terror shone in them.

"Goodness, I didn't think of that," she exclaimed. Her voice shook, and had the light been less dim, he would have seen her face becoming pale. Slightly alarmed, he wanted to ask what the matter was, but she already went on. "I'm so sorry! I was so selfish, I really, really forgot to ask... and you maybe didn't want to do that!"

"What?" he managed to cut in. Too late. Her next words were the killing blow for his reputation as a man.

"Tell me you aren't a virgin! I mean, were you a virgin before, before... I... we... I'm sorry, so very sorry! I took that from you without a second thought and..."

He sat up and pressed a hand over her mouth. He guessed he was supposed to be furious, in one of his famous thunderous moods, but surprisingly enough he wasn't. His lips twitched. He brought his mouth close to her ear as if he wanted to whisper something, then just pecked her on the cheek. And let go of her, had to. He started trembling, tried to regain control and found that he couldn't. A smile lightened his face, a true smile, not one of the cruel ones he reserved for his students. Tears spilled out of his eyes, and when he saw her shocked expression, he couldn't help but burst with laughter. His whole body shook, and he had to gulp in air in order not to suffocate it was absurd.

"Really, Hermione," he gasped. "First you trick me into giving you detention. Then you dare to come in here, into my quarters, with your little plan. You drop your clothes, you chase me into my bedroom, you push me into my own bed and as good as rape me there without even asking if I might have had other plans for the evening, and then, afterwards, after you have had what you wanted and every bit of me, you start worrying about my moral standards?" He wiped his eyes, still chuckling. "Priceless, Miss Granger, absolutely priceless. I am tempted to add a few points to Gryffindor simply for your thoughtfulness!" He could barely get the words out he hadn't as much as smiled in a decade, not to talk of laughter, and now, after a really remarkable night, she made him laugh so hard that it hurt.

"So you weren't, then?" she resumed after he had finally managed to suppress most of the giggles still erupting inside him.

"No, Hermione, I wasn't although it might be hard to believe," he replied dryly. She had stayed in a sitting position next to him, but she didn't look very comfortable. The stone walls were cold, he knew that, and she tried not to touch them with her bare skin. He looked up at her and smiled again. He had to be careful not to make a habit out of it.

"How? When? Who?" she demanded. She was cross, understandably. He had laughed at her expense, and that was a quite unpleasant feeling. He knew that all too well.

He decided to tell her. No one would believe it anyway. He reached out his hand and ran a thumb over her left nipple. It stiffened. Remarkable.

She eased up and then allowed him to pull her down beside him. "Only because you are warm," she grumbled. But of course, she was curious.

"Even I didn't escape my school days untouched," he revealed, and as he had guessed, she gasped in disbelief.

"What's that supposed to mean?" Her breasts lightly touched his flank. Arousing, he had to admit it. "You lost your virginity at school? Here at Hogwarts? To whom?"

"It means," he answered, ignoring most questions, "that absolutely no one gets out of Hogwarts without a certain experience. And most don't wait as long as you have. Or Weasley. Or Potter, come to think of it." He silently took the cover and brushed it to the floor. No need to hide even the smallest part of her body from his eyes.

But she objected, not to the missing cover, but to the facts. "That cannot be true there must be various students without, um, experience. Luna, for example, or Neville..."

"...are using the greenhouse quite frequently. Together. Since October last year, I would say."

Stunned silence but she didn't give up.

"Crabbe, then!"

"Has a girlfriend since his third year. They regularly meet in Hogsmeade."

She thought of more names and tossed them at him, and he matched them with partners. She hadn't known any of the secret couples. Which was amusing with her being the resident know-it-all.

"How on earth do you know all that?" The question came with the sudden realisation that someone in fact knew more than she did.

He cast her a glance. "Think, Hermione I was a spy for many years. I still am. If I can't find out such little things, what would I be worth?"

"Right!" She nearly slapped her forehead. "Forgot about that. What about Moaning Myrtle?" she challenged him immediately, and here he had to give in.

Shaking his head slightly, he said, "But she was quite young when she died. Although I do happen to know that she had a close look at Harry a few years ago when he opened the golden egg in the Prefects' bathroom."

She giggled and then was silent for a few moments. Her eyes wandered curiously over his body.

Maybe he should have kept a corner of the bedcover her eagerness in looking at him was disturbing in a way. In another way, it felt as if she were actually touching him. Maybe the night was not over yet.

"Anyone else you are curious about?" he asked, but his eyes were following her hand; she had just been about to reach out towards him. She saw this, and whatever her initial intention might have been, instead she slowly, gently touched his lips, then ran her fingertips to his throat, following the scar on his neck down to his shoulder, not stopping there but going on towards his navel, only to paint enticing circles around it. He nearly moaned, but stopped himself just in time. He didn't moan. Never. One of the basic rules in his life. But she didn't stop, and being examined as closely as she was examining him at the moment made it really hard to keep control. It nearly seemed as if she had never seen a naked man before.

"You for sure weren't a virgin." He followed that thought with a small smile. "How come you are so ignorant about the male body?"

She frowned. Instead of answering, she continued her examination. Each of his ribs were touched, the soft and sensitive skin above his groin, his hands, arms, his collarbones. Then his throat and neck, before her palm went up to his face again, and her fingers started to follow the lines around his mouth and eyes; she was nearly close enough to be kissed, but he didn't. *Time for some discipline*, he reminded himself. He placed his next words carefully she needed to stop touching him, if only for a brief moment. He needed to catch his breath, and therefore he thought of a way to distract her.

"Come to think of it, I believe Mr Malfoy is the only one who has not yet managed to find a suitable partner." He dropped the words casually. Nothing special there, they seemed to indicate. And yes, that stopped her touching him.

"You mean he is...? He hasn't managed to...?"

"...get laid yet. Indeed," he finished the sentence. "And I think he might be outstanding at least in this subject, as I believe he will not master this task in the remaining few weeks, either."

Severus found that not being touched was a lot worse than being touched. He found that he had breathed enough and did not want to waste time talking, not when there were still a few hours before classes and he wasn't alone in bed for a change. But his remark had stunned Hermione into speechlessness, a truly rare occurrence, as Severus knew only too well.

She was grinning all over her face; first she chuckled, then laughed as wholeheartedly as he had only moments before. Her breasts moved in the most delightful way. Her eyes sparkled did Weasley have the ability to make her eyes sparkle like that?

"You are making that up, Severus," she accused him, but he just shook his head.

"Not at all," he replied and smiled. Making someone laugh was a surprisingly good thing to do.

"One unanswered question still why are you so eagerly examining me?" Because that was what she was heavens! doing again, and this time after she had rolled him

over. Back, shoulders, thighs, buttocks, until she started tickling him, and he decided that he preferred to face her.

"So?" he demanded with raised eyebrows. "Did you not examine Mr Weasley, Miss Granger?"

She mumbled something.

"Unable to talk?" he mocked.

"Didn't really look at him. Not closely," she finally confessed. "I sleep with him..."

"I don't want the details, thank you!"

"...but he is more a friend, not a lover. Not really. Bedding him feels odd, and I wouldn't dare to, well, look at him too closely. We always keep the lights switched off. Looking... might embarrass him. It definitely embarrasses me!"

He chuckled. "I'm surprised to hear that," he said, still mocking her. "I would have thought that examining me would be more of a problem for you ..."

All of a sudden, Hermione bent over and kissed him. Slowly, she started at the corner of his mouth, breaking off the words he was saying. Then she teased his lips with hers, tasted his skin, and both their hearts started to race. Parting his lips with her tongue, her hand reached for his neck, stopping him from moving. Not that he wanted to. Her tongue begged to enter his mouth, danced in an erotic rhythm, and he surrendered, opened his lips for her to invade. The feeling was indescribable. Concurrently, her other hand moved down below his waistline and to a particularly sensitive spot where usually no one but himself put a hand. He gasped, and she freed his mouth, but not the rest of him. Instead, she started to stroke very... efficiently. Very teasingly. *Obviously, Weasley had taught her one thing about men despite being a friend* she concluded in silence, but nevertheless enjoyed every one of her movements.

Her hand on him felt perfect. Her eyes sparkled, and there were devils in them. "So who was it, then," she murmured in his ear. "Who slept with you?" She leaned in even closer. He immediately forgot what she had just said, just like his students when asked a particularly nasty question. Her breasts touched his chest, he could feel her crazy hair on his cheek, and she wouldn't stop stroking, the movement of her rhythmically bobbing hand on him driving him mad.

"Tell me."

"Gentlemen... don't... don't... talk ... Gods, Hermione! ...about such... ahhh... matters! Don't dare! Don't you... dare... stop now!" He nearly shouted it out. Surprising, how hard it was to talk when being touched by such an eager young witch.

"You are no gentleman, Severus," she whispered, but her eyes were slightly unfocused. She had thought touching him would be easy and meaningless. She guessed that Severus believed it was something Ron had taught her, but Ron hadn't. He'd never wanted more than a quick shag, which was the reason for her lack of knowledge of the male body in general. Exploring each other had been out of the question. She had learned to touch, to arouse, by doing so in Severus's bed only a few moments ago. *Damn the books learning by doing is more fun. I'll have to do that more often* she thought with a diabolic grin.

Touching Severus wasn't meaningless on the contrary. It felt different; this man below her felt different. She felt different, all hot and shivery and yearning at the same time, longing for his touch and his kiss and his body upon her and inside her. She continued to stroke him, touching him, and wasn't all too sure if she really wanted an answer to her question.

She could feel him trembling. He held her close, clearly not intending to let go of her. Clearly not wanting her to stop touching him. But she had asked, and she wouldn't budge. This was not the time to break useful principles. Not even when all she really wanted was to straddle him.

"Who, Severus. Tell me who it was, please?" He would tell her. She was sure of it.

"I will tell you," he murmured as if he had read her thoughts. "Promise. But not now. I beg you not now!"

He pulled her on top of him with surprising strength. Her hands came to rest on his shoulders, and he looked up at her. She couldn't really interpret this look, but it moved something inside her. This look, this expression in his eyes moved her heart, which was usually operating on a quite calculating and logical level and wasn't touched by silly things like for example Ron's kisses, and this heart of hers suddenly gave a painful pang deep inside her chest. It felt as if it were squeezed, bruised, stabbed, and she knew that it was because of him, Severus. *Best to ignore it*, she decided. Otherwise this whole thing here might get out of control. So she just slipped one leg over his hip, slid down into a more welcoming position, and then felt him push inside her, felt him move inside her, and she smiled when his eyelids closed with desire and passion. After that, she didn't think at all for a while.

"It was Lily, of course." His voice was just a dreamy murmur, which was no surprise, given the early morning hour. And the deep satisfaction he felt. He wasn't tired, not yet. Hermione was cradled beside him, sleepily painting lines on his stomach and chest with her fingertips. It felt marvellous. And because he had promised to tell her who had done that the first and only time, he did.

Lily. Of course Lily.

Hermione's hand stopped writing out the word 'wizard' across his ribs. She hesitated, unsure what to answer. So she just kissed him gently where she could reach him without moving (which was near his collarbone) and waited. And he continued.

"It was shortly before she fell in love with James. Before I developed a too serious fascination with the Dark Arts. When she still considered me her best friend, and after her sister had written her a particularly nasty letter. Petunia didn't do that often, write to her, but when she did, she put hell on paper. Lily showed it to me me calling her a Mudblood was nothing compared with the words Petunia used for her sister."

He was lost in thoughts now. Hermione could feel it. He was entirely relaxed, his fingers lazily playing with her hair, turning her curls in an endless circle. Ron never talked, neither before nor afterwards. He just rolled on top of her, grunted, and rolled off again. This was much more intimate with a man she truly didn't know at all than anything she had ever experienced with Ron. It might have disturbed her a few hours ago; now she feared she wouldn't be able to go on without that intimacy and the man she felt so intimate with.

Severus was talking slowly, one word, one sentence after the other. A story from a past long gone. "So she came to me, weeping. And I tried to comfort her, but was lousy at it. I couldn't find the right words, and because I feared she would run from me, I took her in my arms and kissed her. You have no idea how surprised she was. But not half as surprised as I." He smiled at the memory. They had been very young and everything had seemed possible. Apart from what had happened in the end, of course. In his worst nightmares he couldn't have dreamt of that. "We spent the afternoon together and the night, and things changed forever afterwards. For her and for me, as you know," he ended quite abruptly.

Hermione looked up to find him looking at her. There it was again. The tiny little pain in her heart. It was not unpleasant, just... strange and new. It felt oddly right despite the fact that it hurt for a brief moment. "I'm sorry," she whispered. "I didn't want to intrude on your privacy."

"Thank you very much, but it's quite too late for that, young lady," he replied dryly, but seeing the hurt look in her face, he dropped the sarcasm. It was unnecessary she deserved better, and he found that he didn't need to defend himself with that particular weapon of his. He did not need a defence against her, he realised. She had crushed his barriers, had got right to his heart without even intending it. She was here just out of curiosity, to gather a little experience and to have a reason to get out of a relationship that felt uncomfortable. So he just gently touched her face. How could someone so young and so annoying, someone he had thought he knew well but hadn't at all, someone so headstrong, stubborn and stupid, touch him so deeply after only a few hours in his bed? Impossible. But nevertheless true. He looked into her worried

eyes.

"It doesn't hurt anymore, Hermione." His words finally broke the silence. "And although I don't quite understand why I just told you something I have never told to anyone before, it feels right. Asking me answering you was the right thing to do." A loose strand of her hair fell over her eyes; he brushed it aside. "Stay for the rest of the night," he said. "It seems the mattress is not too small at all for two people." He remembered with amusement her dubious face when she had first seen his narrow bed.

Hermione blushed. It was touching after the events of the past hours. He gave her a humorous smile, and she grinned back. "This is turning out to be quite a long detention, Professor," she teased, and this time he laughed.

How does she do that? he wondered. *No one has ever made me laugh before.*

"I am well known to exaggerate a bit when it comes to detention, Miss Granger," he pointed out, pulling her closer. With his free arm he fished for the blanket that lay forgotten on the floor, found it, and pulled it over both of them. "Sleep well, Hermione," he whispered in her ear.

"You too," she whispered back and fell asleep. And with her words she passed on that strange little pain. It went right to his heart and stabbed it as it had stabbed hers. He gasped it hurt then realised with some surprise that he remembered this pain. After all these years, after a lifetime, after half an eternity, he remembered the feeling. But then, he had felt it only once before.

Ah, Severus Snape thought, it's love, then. And when sleep claimed him only a moment later, it found the Potions master for the first time since two decades with a smile on his face.