

# Staff Room Fun

by *Southern\_Witch\_69*

Severus and Hermione exchange Christmas gifts and have a little fun in the staff room.

## One-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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**Disclaimer:** I'm snagging some of JKR's characters for a bit of fun.

Last year for Christmas, Brandi1498 requested a story, and I never did have time to write it. I didn't forget about it, but I'm a year late. Sorry about that, mate. This one's for you. Prompt info at the bottom.

*Thanks go to CocoaChristy for the quick beta read.*

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Severus enjoyed Christmas at Hogwarts. It wasn't for the festivities though. No, it was for silence and the ability to do as pleased without the students being underfoot. There never were many students who remained at Hogwarts, and the headmaster had just informed him that Potter, who'd accepted the Defense post temporarily, would be going to spend the break at the Weasley home.

Smiling smugly and thinking of the book he'd received that morning, he decided to take a walk up to the staff room to see if anyone else was about. Hopefully, he'd see Granger there so that he could thank her for his book. He met nobody on his way there and was pleased to see that she happened to be there...and not one other person was about.

"Professor Granger, good evening."

"Hello, Professor Snape."

"I must have missed you for lunch," he said, wondering where she'd been.

"Yes, I had a few things to do and ended up eating in my quarters. Come and sit with me by the fire."

"Very well." He sat down and placed his book on the table between them. "Where is everyone?"

"I was just wondering that as well," she said, smiling impishly.

"Do you know something I don't?" he asked, having the feeling that he'd missed something.

"You like your book, I see."

"I do. Thank you. I appreciate it."

"I like what you bought me," she said, voice suddenly breathless.

"Indeed? Well, I'm happy to hear it." He conjured himself a cup and poured tea from the station on the table.

"I thought you might like to see me in it?"

He took a sip of his tea and smiled uncertainly. "Sure. Just let me know when you've got it on." What did he care about the scarf he'd gifted her with? It had been a last minute idea, and he knew that everyone could use an extra scarf in the cold Scottish winter.

"Oh, I have it on now," she said, rising from her chair and flicking her wand at the door. "We'll be sealed in for an hour. That's what I did for lunch." Her cheeks blushed prettily. "Researching some spells, that is...too keep them away and to draw you here."

"What are you on about?" he asked, honestly perplexed. He set his cup aside, trying to see where she had the scarf. What did she mean by saying she'd sealed them in to be alone?

He watched through wide eyes as she unfastened her robes and pushed them to the floor, leaving her clad in nothing but a black, lacy negligee and matching high heels. She snapped her fingers and an old phonograph player clicked on, playing some soft tune he didn't recognize.

Severus swallowed thickly as she began swaying to the music, rolling her hips rhythmically. The entire room suddenly felt hot, and his flesh tingled as if on fire, most of the heat pooling in his groin as his cock sprang to life. Whatever had got into the young witch, he hoped she didn't stop. So far, it looked to be a promising evening. Then it hit him. She obviously thought that he'd sent her the negligee. *Should I stop her and tell her the truth?* he wondered. *Don't be daft,* he decided. *Sit back and enjoy the show, man.*

Hermione's hands slid up her body and cupped her breasts seductively, squeezing each a few times before moving up the flimsy straps, which she lowered partially one at a time. Moving closer to Severus, her knees brushed both of his as she continued her dance, her eyes glued to his face as if gauging his reaction to her erotic movements.

Just as Severus reached out to touch the soft, pale swell of one of her breasts, she spun around and shook her arse at him while she unzipped the back. He watched as the lace peeled away to reveal her succulent flesh.

"Beautiful," he heard himself whisper.

She turned again removing each strap completely and then slowly pulling down the negligee, revealing her firm, round breasts to him. This time, she allowed his searching hands to cup them. Severus realized that his mouth was gaping open and snapped it shut, hoping she didn't think he looked like an idiot.

He'd never expected such a Christmas gift as this...especially not from her. How had she figured out his feelings? He'd been careful to keep them to himself, never giving her any inkling as to his true thoughts.

The rosy, hardened nipples beckoned to him, and he leaned forward to dust each with a light kiss and small swipe of his tongue. "Mmmm..." he murmured, intent on doing more. However, her hands pushed him back against his chair.

Hermione smiled and pushed down more of the black material to reveal the soft flesh of her stomach. Gone were the angles of youth; she now had enticing, womanly curves and hips that begged to be gripped. He reached out and ran an index finger down to the last place her negligee still hid from him...a place he'd thought of many times, a place he longed to bury himself within.

"Show me," he said, half pleading.

Undulating her hips to the beat of the music, she pushed the last of it away and down her shapely legs, kicking it to the side with one of her high heels. It seemed she'd groomed herself for him. The dark thatch of hair was neatly trimmed and partially shaved, and she'd placed a small red Christmas bow just above her clit.

"Merry Christmas," she said quietly, quickly straddling his lap.

His mouth claimed hers hungrily as his hands roamed her body...first caressing her breasts and then travelling down to seek his gift. She gasped against his mouth as his index finger slid into her wet heat. And then her hands slid from his chest and fumbled with the zip of his trousers in an attempt to release his stiff cock. He lifted his hips slightly to give her better access and then felt the air of the room hit his flesh.

Their kiss intensified as she began to stroke him in time with the speed of his fingers as he pleased her, occasionally circling her clit with his thumb. "Feels good," she murmured. "Take me."

*Hell yes.* He reached down to guide himself into her, first moving the head of his cock along her labia to lubricate himself with her wetness before slipping in slowly. *Hot. Wet. Tight. Good.*

"Shite," he murmured, nipping at her throat as she slid down onto him completely. As they found an easy rhythm, he busied himself with kissing her body: her tempting throat and collarbone, both breasts, her mouth... anything he could reach. But once they moved past the initial exploration stage and were bent on culmination, he sat back, both hands on either side of her waist, as his upward thrusts met her deep movements. Her breasts bounced enticingly, and he vowed to spend more time later becoming familiar with them...as well as every inch of her body.

"I'm nearly there," he announced.

"Me too... wait... wait... don't... an... yes!"

She clenched him so tightly he gasped and rode against her hard and rough as she came. It didn't take many more strokes for him to join her. "Yes..."

He gathered her against him and kissed her sweaty brow a few times while catching his breath. What had he done to deserve this? *Fuck it. Why question it?*

It had turned out to be a good Christmas indeed.

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Minerva placed her ear against the door. "Damn. Can't hear a thing. They've been in there for nearly an hour."

"Must have charmed it," Rolanda said.

"Oh... get back!" Minerva said, rushing past Hooch and pulling her away from the door as the latch clicked. She cleared her throat and tried to look as though they'd just entered the corridor. "Good evening," she said as Hermione and Severus exited the room, hand-in-hand.

"Good evening," Severus said.

"Hello," Hermione replied, blushing slightly.

"We've come to have a game of cards. Interested?" Hooch asked.

"No," they both blurted.

"That is to say..." Hermione began.

"We've someplace to be. Maybe later," Severus finished and quickly escorted Hermione away towards the stairwell.

After they were out of earshot, Rolanda began snickering and entered the staff room. "I told you it would work."

"I'm shocked!" McGonagall said in annoyance, handing over a small pouch filled with Galleons. "I'll think of something to win that back, mind."

"Sure you will." Hooch placed her cloak on the settee and adjusted the lovely scarf Snape had intended to give to Granger for Christmas. "Switching her gift and forging that letter asking her for a lap dance as part of his gift was just the ticket." She waved her hand at Minerva. "Oi, don't sit there."

"Why ever not?"

"That's the chair Severus always sits in. Look, he's forgot his book here." McGonagall quickly moved to a different chair while Hooch laughed jovially. "Reckon that's where he had his little lap dance, eh?"

"I imagine so," Minerva said dryly, shaking her head.

Hooch conjured a bottle of port and poured a portion into two tumblers, giving Minerva one. "Happy Christmas, my friend."

"Same to you." She smirked. "And Happy Christmas to Severus and Hermione."

"Right in one," Hooch agreed.

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**SW69's Notes:** Ah, well, a bit of quick lemon anyway. They'll go get down to business in his lovely four-poster bed where he'll remove the little Christmas bow with his teeth. Teehee.

Brandi1498 requested that Hermione and Severus be trapped in a room for Christmas and "lemons" were a must.