

A Sticky Situation

by RedOrchid

A Potions accident makes professor and student incapable of keeping their hands off each other – literally. Very loosely based on the WIKTT Bound Challenge.

Bound

Chapter 1 of 3

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A/N: I've found a new archive! Yey!

Chapter 1 Bound

Seventh-year Potions was proceeding as normal, meaning that Professor Snape was walking amongst the students with a disapproving scowl on his face while said students did their best not to screw up. It was working quite well. Even Neville was relatively calm, feeling that the many tutoring sessions with Hermione were finally paying off and that his Sticking Solution would at last allow him to escape Snape's classroom without extra homework. He checked the board again, then his book, making sure he put everything into the cauldron in the right order. His potion was bubbling happily, spurting pink sparks. Just like it was supposed to. He sighed a little in relief.

Severus Snape was walking through his classroom, feeling rather frustrated. The potion he'd assigned for today was relatively simple to make, but extremely easy to screw up all the same. As he'd told the class, the Sticking Solution was very potent, and once two things had come into contact with it, they were inseparable for a week, after which some of the stronger magical solvents could be attempted. As little as a single drop was enough to cause this effect, and since the potion was practically colourless, this usually allowed for some unusual accidents. For which he could give detentions. A lot of detentions. His supply cabinet needed organisation and filing, and he really did not want to perform such a dreary task himself. So far though, only Gregory Goyle had come through for him, and there was no chance in hell that he'd let that imbecile anywhere near his storeroom. The only reason the boy had even managed to get into NEWT Potions was a very substantial gift sent over by his father. It seemed the poor man was harbouring illusions that his son would be the next Nicholas Flamel, and as long as the "encouragement" kept coming, he wasn't one to rob an old man of his dreams... In short, he'd sent the stupid boy back to his common room. It wasn't like he'd be able to achieve much with the index finger of his wand arm lodged solidly in his right nostril, after all.

He walked over to peer into Longbottom's cauldron, giving the boy his best glare and making his hand tremble as he added the last ingredient. He was very sad to admit (only to himself, of course) that the potion looked flawless. The irksome Miss Granger had undoubtedly been whispering advice in his ear again. Turning, he planned to stalk over to Harry Potter's desk and bully him until he did something rash that would warrant detention. It wouldn't be that hard, seeing as the boy had a temper like a minor volcano. Smirking, he took his first step when chaos broke out.

Neville's cauldron gave a loud lurching sound and tipped forwards. Neville screamed and tried to catch it. Hermione Granger, sitting next to him, launched forwards to stop him from touching it. At that moment, however, Neville's sense of self-preservation kicked in, and he jerked backwards, away from the rebelling cauldron. Hermione, who was throwing herself at the spot where he would have been, had he kept moving forwards, lost her balance completely and practically somersaulted over the desk with a panicked cry. Meanwhile, Snape had started to throw himself to the side, reflexes toned through his secret hobby (Pixie wrestling), when he saw Hermione fly through the air towards the floor out of the corner of his eye. And ignored it completely, rolling away from the potion.

A split moment later, he was back on his feet, looking around his classroom angrily. The offending cauldron was standing on Longbottom's desk, someone having had the presence of mind to cast a Levitation Charm on it before it hit the floor or spilled its contents. Shooting a furious and yet disturbingly satisfied look at Neville, he announced in his silkiest voice, "Detention. Every day for a month." He would have added a nasty comment about the boy's utter incompetence had he not been interrupted by a wailing sound at his feet. Looking down, he saw Miss Granger lying there in a crumpled heap. He rolled his eyes.

"I trust you've learnt now why you shouldn't act on your Gryffindor impulses at every turn, Miss Granger," he said harshly, extending a hand to her. Wincing, she took it, and he pulled her to her feet. She kept the hold on his hand, and he shot her a questioning look, trying to pull away. He couldn't. Meeting her eyes, he saw first bewilderment and then alarm. Both pulled. Nothing happened. They looked at each other again, and Snape was the first to articulate their mutual thought.

"Bloody hell!"

The classroom became even more disrupted as all the students came running from their desks to get a better look at what'd happened. A majority was hard-pressed to keep the laughter down as the scene played out before them.

"This can't be happening!" Hermione begged frantically, tugging at her hand with all her might.

"Oh, but I think it is," came Draco Malfoy's gleeful voice from behind Neville's desk. "I'm so sorry, Professor. I can't imagine the horror of being stuck ~~to~~that for a week."

"A week!" Neville shrieked, looking like he was about to faint.

SHMOCK! Harry's fist replied, connecting with Malfoy's immaculate face.

Draco screamed, trying to block Harry's furious punches.

"Mr Potter, detention!" Snape spat. "And you," he rounded on Neville, tugging hard and making Hermione lose her balance. They both crashed to the floor where she landed on top of him and blushed bright red before rolling off his body. He glared at her. Then he got to his feet and looked around at the shocked students surrounding them. Someone had managed to break up Potter and Malfoy, who were now in the midst of issuing silent death threats to each other. He put on his severest scowl and faced the class.

"Twenty foot of parchment on *every* substance in this particular potion," he growled. "Mr Longbottom, an additional 4 months worth of detentions, and I will make sure Filch is very creative." He turned on Harry. "Mr Potter, one month of detentions for every punch you landed on Mr Malfoy. To be served with Professor Trelawney." He smiled evilly at the shocked look on the boy's face. "Oh, and Potter, *do* try to be nice to her." The Slytherins sniggered as Harry visibly blanched. It was no secret that Professor Trelawney had a bit of a crush on the Boy Who Lived. There seemed to be a lot of 'romantic adventures with a mysterious and spiritual woman' in his future lately. Usually teamed with warnings of gruesome death were he to turn this 'gift from the higher spheres' away.

"Class dismissed," Snape declared, making the spectators quickly vanish their potions and store away their cauldrons. Within a few minutes, the Potions professor and his best student were all alone in the classroom.

For quite some time, they just looked at each other, tugging weakly in deluded attempts to free themselves. Then practicality took over.

"There must be some way to solve this," she said, pulling their hands towards her to study them. He stumbled with the tug.

"Unless you're planning to invent a revolutionary solvent, the answer is 'no'," he answered, quite irritated.

"Then let's." She was looking up at him as though she'd just come up with a cure for Fire-breathing Chicken Pox.

"Let's what?" he sneered.

"Let's invent a new solvent, of course."

"And how, pray tell, are we supposed to manage that, given that we are *bloody glued together*?" He could feel anger bubbling inside of him. She just scoffed.

"We still have two capable hands, don't we? We'll find a way." He wanted to say something really nasty to that, but was interrupted by the door to his classroom swinging open and Dumbledore marching inside, a worried frown on his face.

"Ah, Severus, Miss Granger. I was told that we had a problem here."

"Oh, no, everything's just dandy," Snape said in his most sarcastic voice, alternating his glares between Hermione and Dumbledore.

"Hrm, yes, well, I'm very sorry for both of you."

"Really? And here I thought you'd be jumping with joy at me finally having found a girl who *lbtick* with me," Snape drawled. Dumbledore was starting to look annoyed.

"Really, Severus, that attitude will not help solve this problem. Now, how serious is it?"

"You want that on a scale from one to ten?" Dumbledore just looked at him, the blue eyes turning icy. "Well, unless Miss Know-it-all here comes through in her ambitions to find a new and revolutionary solvent, we'll be stuck like this for a week."

"A week?" Dumbledore looked slightly aghast, which pleased Snape, but then a different spark crossed his eyes, almost as though he was trying to suppress a laugh. "You know, that might not be a bad idea. Trying to invent a new potion, I mean. You'll need to find something to do to occupy your time, after all, as you can hardly attend or teach classes in your present condition." At this, both Hermione and Snape erupted like minor volcanoes.

"I'm not spending an entire week in seclusion with this... this student!"

"Professor, I have to go to class! I'm at the most important point of my academic career! The NEWTs will begin in a little less than two months! I can't be absent for an *entire* week!"

"Oh, shut it, Miss Granger! It's widely known at Hogwarts that you could have taken your NEWTs as early as your fifth year. I figure that the only reason you even bother coming to Potions is to show off your abilities," Snape spat, turning on her.

"I'm not...!" she started hotly, but he cut her off.

"Oh, really? Then what could your reason possibly be? To ogle your professor perhaps?" He'd meant it as a sarcastic joke and a jibe at the way she'd so tellingly fawned over the nitwit Lockhart in her second year. He was therefore highly taken aback when she first just gaped at him and then blushed furiously, looking away. He just stared at her for what felt like a very long time, utterly incapable of processing what had just happened. He was jerked back to reality when Dumbledore cleared his throat.

"Hrm." He eyed his Potions master with a serious look on his face. "Severus, despite these... ah... *complications*," he smiled gently at Hermione, who didn't meet his eye, "I hope I can trust you to handle this situation in a professional manner." Snape just glared at him.

"I can assure you, Headmaster, that I have no desire whatsoever to do otherwise," he said in a cold voice. "Now, if you'd excuse me, I have papers that need to be marked. Miss Granger, if you please..."

Dumbledore followed the pair with his eyes as they disappeared through the door to Snape's private quarters. *Oh, dear*, he thought to himself before turning and walking back up to his office.

The day passed in mostly hostile silence. After having marched away from Dumbledore, Snape dragged Hermione into his work room, where he settled at his desk and started spitting instructions to his auto-quill in a truly vicious manner. Finding herself both embarrassed and completely ignored, Hermione had settled herself on a chair next to him and started reading her Transfiguration book. Five hours later, she finally looked up, registering how hungry she was. Snape had just finished trashing the last essay, and the auto-quill collapsed on the desk, sending out a small howl of exhaustion.

"Excuse me, sir." He turned around and looked at her with an irritated frown.

"Yes, Miss Granger?"

"It's just... I'm hungry, sir. I believe we've missed dinner."

"Yes, and that was completely intentional. I'm not sitting in the Great Hall, in front of the entire school, with my hand embarrassingly glued to one of my students."

"Then how..."

"I'll have the house-elves send something from the kitchens," he said simply. With that, he rose, pulling her with him, and walked through a corridor and into another room. Stopping in front of a big fireplace, he turned to face her again. "Any thoughts of what you might like for dinner?"

"I um..." She suddenly couldn't think about food anymore. She looked around the room in total shock. She'd expected something similar to the slightly depressing dungeon classroom, or even to his dark and slightly scary office. Just the thought that she was standing in Professor Snape's bedroom had her shaking slightly in the knees. The fact that the bedroom was little more than a huge bed didn't exactly help matters. She couldn't help staring at the deep green, velvet hangings, the black coverlet and the silver cushions adorning the bed's surface. Typically Slytherin, yet oddly attractive. She could feel herself being pulled towards it...

"Miss Granger!" Snape's voice jerked her out of her trance, and she blushed profusely, realising that he'd just caught her staring at his bed in a very inappropriate way. She looked down at her feet, but suddenly felt a strong hand cupping her chin and lifting it to face him. She felt an odd shiver go down her spine at the contact.

"Let me make one thing absolutely clear," Snape said in a dangerously soft voice. "I don't know what sort of fantasies you've been having about me, and I don't wish to be enlightened. Just because I'm stuck with you doesn't mean that I'll start treating you differently than I have for the past seven years, and I'm quite sure that by the end of this week, you will have forgotten whatever stupid weakness you harbour at the moment and gone back to hating me like a normal Gryffindor student. Now, what would you like for dinner?"

"J-Just soup and bread, please," she answered, trying to pull herself together. Her skin still tingled from where his hand had touched her face, and she tried to repress it. She'd humiliated herself enough for one day.

The first major problem occurred three hours or so later.

"Erm, Professor, where am I going to sleep?" Hermione asked timidly, trying not to stare at the bed.

"One would have thought your allegedly formidable brain would have worked that out by now," he drawled. When she didn't answer, he rolled his eyes. "Naturally, since I have no wish to sleep standing, you'll sleep in my bed. Now get ready."

"But, sir, my things..."

"Are in the bathroom. Oh, do shut your mouth, girl. You act like you've never heard of magical transportation before," he said exasperatedly and made way for the bathroom.

A few minutes later, they came out, and Snape started to undo the buttons at the front of his robes. Hermione's eyes grew wide.

"Um, P-Professor, w-what are you doing?" she stammered, trying not to look at the skin that came into view as the robes fell apart.

"What does it look like I'm doing?" he said, his voice even.

"Um, undressing, but..."

"Which is what people usually do before going to sleep." He turned to face her. "Do you have a problem with that, Miss Granger?"

"Um, n-no, sir. I just thought, I mean, that we might sleep like this, that's all," she half whispered, indicating her robes with her free hand.

"Seriously, Miss Granger, do you have any idea how uncomfortable it is to sleep in full robes? I've already told you that you have nothing to fear from me, and I'm certainly not going to let your sense of propriety deprive me of a good night's sleep." He eyed her intently, his eyes narrowing as he took in her slightly flushed cheeks and lowered eyes. "Unless," he said silkily, "it's yourself that you worry about. Afraid you'll accost me in your sleep?" He was mocking her, and she felt like sinking through the ground. Mumbling something unintelligible, she crawled into bed and drew up the covers to her chin, trying hard not to notice the ripping sound that told her he'd found a way to remove his robes from the blocked arm, or the warm body that settled itself next to her a few seconds later.

Several hours later, she was still awake. He'd been right, it really was impossible to sleep in full robes. The material tangled itself around her every time she moved until she felt like she was being suffocated. Groaning, she moved her free hand to her throat, undoing the first couple of buttons. She immediately felt a hundred times better and quickly worked her way down, freeing her body. It was a bit awkward, seeing as she had to use her left hand rather than her right, but sheer determination kept her going. Finally, the last button popped free, and she shrugged the fabric off her shoulders. Not wanting to rip the robe like her professor had, she rolled it up as best she could and settled down to get some rest.

She was dreaming again, one of those highly inappropriate dreams she'd promised herself to stop having. She was in bed with Snape, curled up in his arms, one leg thrown casually over his hip. Her head was resting against his chest, and she was breathing in the scent of him, moving her cheek against the warm skin. His breathing was deep and regular, and one of his hands was massaging her lower back. She sighed. She knew it was a dream, and yet it felt so real... Moving closer against him, she pressed her lips to his chest.

He groaned.

The sound only urged her on, and her lips moved over his skin with more confidence. A voice at the back of her head told her to stop, to wake up and shake the dream, but somehow, she couldn't quite make herself do it. The hand on her lower back slid upwards, tangling itself in her hair and pulling her up for a kiss. His lips moved over hers, slowly at first, then with more intensity as she put her arm around his neck and rubbed against him, vaguely registering the hardness now pressing against her thigh. His tongue came out to taste her, and she moaned into his mouth, encouraging him to deepen the kiss further...

Then everything came to a screeching halt.

The hand in her hair suddenly yanked her head backwards, and she jerked out of the dream. Opening her eyes, she met the black ones of her professor, glittering in a very unsettling way as he tugged harder at her hair, making her cry out in pain.

"Miss Granger, let go of my body, and I'll let go of your hair." Mortified, she realised that her left arm was curled intimately around his neck and that one of her thighs was keeping his hips captive. She immediately rolled away, as far as she could while still attached to his hand, that was.

"I'm sorry, sir. I don't know what I was doing," she said, bowing her head.

"Really, now? Why is it that I don't believe you?"

"I was asleep."

"How convenient. Next, you'll be telling me that you were having some sort of erotic dream and that you *simply did not realise* that you were, in fact, groping one of your professors."

"No." Her voice was very quiet, and she didn't turn to face him. "I just didn't realise that it wasn't a dream."

Before he could say anything else, she tugged hard at his arm, desperately trying to escape from the bed. She nearly succeeded, managing to fall off the side and hitting the floor with a pained cry. Swearing loudly, he massaged his abused tendons before getting to his feet, extending his other hand to pull Hermione off the floor. Instead of reaching out, she just lay there, face against the bed curtains, trying, not too successfully, to hide the fact that tears were creeping down her face. He waited patiently for twenty seconds before tugging at the arm where they were joined together.

"Miss Granger, compose yourself," he chided, actually trying not to sound overly intimidating for once (which was very difficult considering his current mood). "Get off the floor, and I am willing to forget that this embarrassing fiasco ever happened."

She shook where she lay, pulling her legs tighter towards her, forming an anguished ball (he rolled his eyes) before finally *finally* taking one deep breath after the other, calming down. After what seemed like an eternity, she stood on trembling legs and dried her eyes with a swift movement of her hand. She still wouldn't face him.

"I'm sorry, sir. It won't happen again."

"Good." Without another word, he strode towards the bathroom, clenching his teeth as the pain shot through his arm when she stumbled to follow him.

A/N: Please review!

Turn Up the Heat

Chapter 2 of 3

Solutions for the bond are attempted and things get steamy in the shower.

A/N: This was originally written as a two-chapter story, but with all the comments in the reviews (over at Ashwinder) about wanting a bathroom scene, I found myself unable to refuse. :-)

Chapter 2 - Turn Up the Heat

"What about daisy extract?" Slow puffs of purple smoke were rising from a cauldron in the middle of the room as Hermione Granger went through yet another book on magical plants.

"A splendid idea," came the answer from a few feet away, where Severus Snape was grinding saffron with only one hand, "if you want to develop incurable boils on the back of your hands."

"Orange blossom?"

"Non-stop vomiting for days on end."

"Liquorice roots and vanilla?"

"Extra ears sprouting from under your chin. Very flattering."

"The tail of a newt then, ground with peppermint?"

"You do realise that your grade is slipping with each inane suggestion, do you not?"

He could hardly contain his smirk as the silence stretched out between them. Moving to the side to stir the bubbling cauldron, he briefly inhaled some of the purple smoke. It seemed promising.

"Bring me the ground saffron and a gold ladle, please, Miss Granger," he said, concentration written on his face as he added one counter-clockwise turn. He could almost feel her anticipation as she placed the fine powder in front of him on the working table. He stopped stirring the potion and added two pinches of the red powder to the cauldron, watching the potion turn a shade of ruby.

"There..."

With an ease that came of much practice, he dipped the gold ladle into the potion and withdrew a small amount, holding up their combined hands and letting a single drop fall where their palms joined together. Tugging gently, he slowly moved his hand away from hers, triumph gleaming in his eyes.

Until his hand stopped, irrevocably, two inches from Hermione's slender fingers and then shot back as though attached to a rubber band. A not-so-silent oath escaped his lips.

"Ah, Severus, Miss Granger!" Dumbledore swiftly strode through the dungeon, coming towards them. "Tell me, is there any progress?"

A thousand witty and not-so-witty retorts crossed Severus' mind before settling on a half-strangled, "I'm afraid not".

"That's a terrible shame, my friend," Dumbledore responded, not sounding overly sorry. "Luckily, I've managed to find someone to take your classes on such short notice, so not to worry, not to worry."

"Who?" It was a miracle, really, how it was actually possible to speak when grinding your teeth so ferociously.

"Horace Slughorn! Your old Head of House. I believe that he will do splendidly. Had to bribe him quite exuberantly to come of course, but once he learned that Harry was still in attendance and taking Potions, he agreed quite readily. Of course, he always did have a soft spot for his mother. Lily Evans was quite remarkable at Potions, as I remember."

"Yes," Snape managed to spit out through his rigid jaw. "Now, if you'll excuse me, Headmaster, I have a problem to quite literally solve. Miss Granger, if you could be so kind as to hand me the scorpion's tail?"

Turning his back to Albus Dumbledore, he vanished the ruby potion and started afresh.

"I - I'm sorry!"

Hermione's words were muffled by the pillow she'd thrown herself into after realising that the warm, smooth skin of her professor's neck against her lips was not a figment of her imagination.

A muttered oath came from the man next to her as he clenched his hands until the knuckles turned white and the nails bit into the skin of his palms. His mind was fighting for control, his anger boiling for having lost it at the pull of arousing dreams and soft skin against his. Thoroughly disgusted with himself and his current situation, he closed his eyes and turned inward, methodically turning his breathing back to normal and clearing his mind of inappropriate, tempting thoughts.

He didn't speak to her as they awoke later in the morning, simply dragging her about his chambers, pretending she didn't exist. Despite the warmth in the room, she felt chilled inside and tried to make herself as small as possible in the large chair where she was sitting. Trying to distract herself from her thoughts, she reached for the *Daily Prophet* on the side table, just to stare in shock at the headline covering most of the bottom of the front page.

Hogwarts Heartbreaker Strikes Again

Miss Hermione Granger (18), who three years ago caused quite a stir at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry by toying with the feelings of two young men (sensitive and fragile Harry Potter The Boy Who Lived and internationally renowned Quidditch star Viktor Krum) is again giving evidence of questionable moral behaviour, writes Rita Skeeter, special correspondent. Having apparently grown bored with the boys her age, the devious Miss Granger is now setting her sights on the Hogwarts faculty. Sources claim that she's been seen often in the company of a certain Severus Snape, Hogwarts Potions master (aged 38), and some say that she even shares his quarters. "She never leaves him alone," seventh-year prefect Miss Pansy Parkinson tells the Daily Prophet. "On Monday, during class, she just threw herself at him. It's pathetic really, how she clings to him." Other students add that, since the affair came to light earlier this week, the suspected couple has been conspicuously absent, and the theory is that Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts, has sent them both away to keep the truth from coming out. Though not strictly illegal, a relationship of this kind is, of course, highly unethical, and one would hope that the Headmaster of one of Europe's finest Wizarding schools would put Miss Granger's insatiable lust for seduction under check, in order to protect the students and staff from her assaults, as well as to protect the school's reputation...

"Bloody bitch! I *knew* I should never have let her out of that jar!" Hermione screamed, throwing the paper at the fireplace before abruptly getting to her feet. "Well, this time I won't. Unless it's to crush her under my shoe," she half-snarled, marching towards her wand on the desk, only to be stopped by the immobile weight of her Potions professor.

"Accio newspaper."

She watched as he retrieved the newspaper from the edge of the flames and quickly scanned the article, eyes hardening with every word.

"Are you quite content?" His voice was very quiet, but every syllable so crisp they stung her skin.

"Wh-what?"

He didn't face her, staring hard into the fire, the newspaper crushed in one of his hands.

"You have made a spectacle out of me and forever destroyed my reputation in this world." His expression was stony, closed off and forbidding. "I would order you out of my sight, except for the fact that you're *bloody stuck to me!*"

"Sir, I "

"Not a word, Miss Granger."

Tears of frustration pooling in her eyes, she fell down into her chair again, her shoulders slumped in resignation.

"Miss Granger, please get up and follow me."

The crisp tones jerked her awake from the exhausted rest she'd accidentally found over her desk, her cheek smudged with ink from the parchment before her. She staggered to her feet and obeyed the pull on her right arm. He moved them swiftly across the floor into his private quarters, leading the way towards the bathroom.

Sighing, she prepared herself for the awkward situation of standing glued to the outside wall, her arm stretched painfully through a small hole that had been charmed on the door to keep the privacy when "attending to one's affairs" (as her professor called it). Even with a handy *Muffliato* from the person inside to take away all sound, there was just no getting away from the acute sense of wrongness that she felt at sharing this very personal matter with Severus Snape. She therefore was very much surprised when he didn't guide their hands through the hole in the door and slam it closed, but pulled her into the bathroom with him.

"Um Professor, what are we doing in here?" she asked, trying to make herself as inconspicuous as possible.

"It's quite simple, Miss Granger," he answered in even tones. "I have been working tirelessly in the lab for four days on end and feel positively grisly. I intend to take a shower. And I think you should take one too."

She couldn't stop the small yelp from escaping as her mind started to spin. She too felt like a shower was terribly overdue, but still... Pictures of the two of them writhing naked against each other under the spray of hot water immediately surfaced in her mind and flushed her face. Surely, he couldn't mean...?

"No, Miss Granger," he answered smoothly, as though he'd been able to read her thoughts with perfect clarity, "I do not intend to turn the task of taking care of my sanitary needs into a rose-coloured encounter inspired by the latest romance novel! I know that rumour has it that I never set foot in a shower, never mind even own a bottle of shampoo, but since you have at least somewhat higher brain capacity than the people you socialise with, I trust that you already knew that this rumour was just that. Now get in the shower."

"But, sir, how...?"

"Miss Granger, my patience is waning. I have had a very long day a very long week actually and I want to take a long, hot shower and clear my mind of this insane situation we are in. I do *not* want to stand here and argue with you."

"I just "

"For heavens sake!" He turned abruptly and dragged her over to the alcove occupied by a dimly lit shower, easily large enough for two people. "Get in." Hesitantly, she opened the glass door and stepped inside, looking up at her professor with eyes that spoke of apprehension as he followed her.

"Thank you." With a wave of his wand, a second glass was erected between them, leaving the same kind of hole for their hands that had previously been charmed onto the bathroom door. "Now, perform a *Muffliato* around yourself." She obeyed once again, and he nodded in approval.

"*Vaporio!*"

Steam exited from the tip of his wand and attached itself to the shower walls. After a few seconds, she found herself in a steam-filled cocoon, unable to see either her professor or the rest of the bathroom. Looking around, she saw a small shelf with various shower gels and shampoo bottles and started to relax. Noting that she no longer heard any movement or sound from the other side of the wall, she realised that Snape must have also performed some sort of Silencing Charm. Though still acutely aware of his presence and the fact that he was, most likely, removing all his clothes just a few feet away from her, she managed to get her fingers to stop trembling for long enough to remove her robes and undergarments and hang them on a hook on the alcove wall. A second later, warm water was falling from the double showerhead above, soaking her. Closing her eyes, she turned her face to the spray, pure enjoyment filling her body as the water washed over her.

She remained immobile for quite some time, just letting the water fall, clearing her mind of all thoughts and washing dirt and sweat off her body. She felt stronger, cleansed and able to get through the next few days before she could go back to her own room and attempt to heal the bruises on her ego. She needed her peace of mind back if she were to get through the NEWTs, and wounded pride because the man she fancied did not want to get involved with her wouldn't help. Sighing, she reached for the shampoo and began cleaning her hair as best she could with only her left hand to help her.

She was just at the end of rinsing the last of the conditioner from her long curls as she felt herself being pulled gently towards the glass barrier which separated her from her professor, and forced her to hunch down as her arm was turned in an unnatural angle. Moving closer, she sensed movement on the other side, and a bottle of some sort being put awkwardly between her fingers and the ones attached to them. A small shock went through her as she felt the hands turn, squeezing the bottle and letting it drop to the floor after fumbling with the cap. The next moment, her hand was touching wet hair, following the one attached to it mindlessly as it worked the shampoo into the dark strands and scalp of the man behind the glass. Closing her eyes, she tried her best to remain focused, to think about something else than the silky feeling of his hair tangled around her fingers, or the feeling of his skin as she brushed across his cheek or neck. She tried not to think about how he must look, on his knees (most likely, considering the position of her arm) and only inches away from her where she pressed against the glass. A shiver went through her, and she leaned her forehead against the barrier, biting her lip in agony as her mind spiralled into overdrive, every fantasy she'd had in the past few months coming into sharper focus with help of the sensory memories of the past few days. The position of her arm relaxed, and she realised that he must have finished with his hair and got to his feet without her noticing.

Suddenly, she felt his fingers touch her arm, and instinctively jerked, wincing slightly as she hit the upper part of the hole in the glass. With a firm grip of her hand, he started to lather her arm with soap, his fingers trailing across her sensitive skin. Feeling her body tighten in response, she let out a small moan of frustration, damning, for the thousandth time, the stupid crush that made her so weak where this particular man was concerned. As abruptly as it had begun, the washing was over, and she straightened up and took a trembling step back from the glass, trying to get her breathing to return to normal.

It hitched in her throat when she realised that the area where she'd rested her forehead was now clear of steam and showed a very clear view of the lower part of her professor's stomach.

She watched, mesmerised, as water trailed down the taut skin, following the thin line of dark hair which continued out of view. Without realising it, her shaking hand touched the glass, wiping at the steam. Nothing happened, and she wondered if she had somehow, unconsciously, performed magic when trying to abate the rushing arousal that came from touching him before. Then, a hand came into view, stroking the skin of the flat abdomen firmly before slipping downward, exiting her range of vision. She watched the muscles in his stomach clench and unclench as the part of the arm she could still see moved rhythmically along his body. She bit back down on her lip as her mind constructed vivid images of the missing parts of the scene, showing his hand wrapped around his hard length, stroking it back and forth as his breathing grew more shallow and his face relaxed and opened with pleasure. Without thinking, her free hand found one of her breasts, and she moaned in relief as pleasure surged through her and her nipples tightened almost painfully at the touch. Not being able to keep her eyes away from the erotic scene on the other side of the glass - her mind doing an incredibly fine job of showing her what the steamy barrier couldn't she lost herself in the combined pleasure of the warm water and her left hand moving over her aching body.

Severus Snape stepped out of the shower, feeling thoroughly invigorated and pleasantly relaxed. Pulling Hermione with him, he moved to sit in front of the fireplace, placing an order for the evening meal to be served. Leaning back comfortably in his chair, he picked up his research notes and started to tackle the problem of finding a new solvent for the Sticking Solution with a fresh mind. His eye wandered briefly to his student where she sat in the next chair, staring into space. The fire was reflected in the damp curls around her face, and he felt a surprising pang of sympathy for her part in their situation. The anger that he'd felt towards her over the week anger that she should so invade his privacy and make him lose control (albeit subconsciously) of his reactions when he was asleep and vulnerable to the inclinations of his body lessened now that his body was relaxed and his mind free of its urges. Reaching out, he caught the tray of food that had just appeared out of the fire and set it on the small table between them. A good meal and a night of uninterrupted sleep, and he'd be ready to get back to work in the morning. A small smile formed at the corner of his mouth as he moved in on the food.

A/N: Please review!

The third and last chapter of this story is, I'm happy to report, finished and will be posted to the queue as soon as this chapter gets through. See you then!

Ensnared

Chapter 3 of 3

Where Hermione takes a Sleeping Potion to keep her hormones in check and the raison d'être for this story steals the focus.

Chapter 3 Ensnares

"Miss Granger, if you continue to exercise so little control over your teenage hormones, I shall be forced to tie your wrists to my bedposts except I keep getting the revolting suspicion that you might enjoy that too much. Remove. Your. Hand."

Wide-eyed and half in shock, Hermione pulled her hand away, mortified by the exploration it had undertaken in the semi-unconscious state between sleep and wakefulness. She could still feel the impossibly smooth skin under her fingers, the contradictory hardness beneath and the twisting, jerking movements against her palm. Flashes from the scene in the shower from the day before penetrated her mind, and she quickly turned, hiding her burning face in her pillow, trying to block out his scathing comments as well as the fuming voice, which she found didn't help matters at all.

"Do you want some of the potion?"

They had worked the day away in silence, each boiling with anger and frustration. Two cauldrons simmered serenely on the working table.

"How come you are convinced that this one will work when the others haven't?"

"It's not an attempt at a solvent, Professor," she said softly. "It's a Sleeping Potion." She looked up at him for the first time since they had locked eyes this morning. "I'm afraid I can't turn the clock back, but I can try to make things a little easier by giving you a night of peaceful sleep." Her voice faltered for a second before she continued, "I'm afraid that as far as the solvent is concerned, I'm quite out of ideas, sir."

Looking around the room, about thirty cauldrons filled the working space. Each and every attempt so far had been a failure. Taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes and tried to bridle his frustration.

"Take your potion. We're going to bed. Since this day seems to bring me nothing but torment, I might as well end it." She held up a small flask to him, into which she'd decanted her potion, but he shook his head. "I have no problem sleeping as long as you let me be, I assure you. Now come to bed."

Funny how those four words had been such a strong part of her most secret fantasies, she mused, following him, still hand in hand. The reality of him, and his words, had managed to rip away any rosy filters she might have had and replaced them with harshness. He was too prickly, too blunt, too brutal to hold the allure of romantic hope. Still, her fingers burned where he touched them.

Walking into the bedroom, she grasped the flask resolutely and downed the Sleeping Potion.

He awoke from a jumble of erotic dreams to find himself impossibly hard and her on top of him, kissing and licking his stomach, moving downwards. With a flash of panic, he realised that somehow, they were both completely naked. Twisting desperately, he managed to roll her on her back and pin her treacherous hands down above her head, trying to keep out of physical contact. Shaking her hard, he prepared to fix her with a stare and coldly tell her that her luck was out and that she would be spending the rest of the week on the floor. She didn't wake up, however, but twisted in his arms, arching against him, moaning softly in her sleep as she struggled to get closer.

He pinched her, shook her and slapped her lightly on the cheek, said her name over and over, in a voice that lost more and more of its icy control. She still didn't wake, but fought against him, kissing whatever skin she managed to reach and mumbling incoherent words of desire and wanting while moving with him on the large bed. In sleep, she lost the insecurity and self-doubt that he had glimpsed over the past few days. She fought against him, not to get away, but to get closer. He felt his control slipping dangerously with every touch and cursed his current situation.

The potion it had to be the potion was keeping her from waking up and was allowing her dreams full reign of her body. He went through all known Sleeping Potions in his mind as he tried to peel her hands and mouth off him without causing any physical harm. There was the Dreamless Sleep of course, which was out of the question since the chit was clearly dreaming; the Deep Sleep, which would have rendered her comatose and unable to move, no matter her dreams; the Enchanted Sleep, which... He suddenly jerked away, panting hard. Her hand had managed to snake its way down his body and closed around his pulsing flesh, stroking him. A groan escaped him as he managed to tear the hand away, only to be faced with the reality of her soft, wet lips as her mouth managed to close in on what her hand has just evacuated. His head swam as he tried to make sense of what was happening to him, breathing harshly as he struggled against the impulses of his body to lose his free hand in her curls and just enjoy her ministrations. His body ached and pulsed and her lips seemed to both torment and relieve him, rendering him totally incapable of coherent thought. With a last explosion of willpower, he managed to pull out of her wet mouth and roll them over, effectively pinning her down with his body.

Only to realise that he was now flush against her smooth skin, rubbing against wet heat and being effectively trapped as she wrapped her legs around him and attacked his neck with urgent kisses, begging him to come closer still.

She was walking down the path to the greenhouses with Harry and Ron, only to find a door there which normally belonged to the Charms classroom. She turned to Harry to ask if he didn't think that this was peculiar, when Harry suddenly turned away and ran off to greet Hagrid, who came towards them, riding baby dragon Norbert (which seemed normal, in spite of the book suddenly in her hand, which said that it was absolutely impossible for a wizard or witch ever to ride a dragon). While staring at the dragon, Ron morphed into Luna on the other side of her, asking if she wanted to pet her thestral.

The dream changed...

She was in Snape's office, working on a potion, her back aching from having been hunched over her cauldron for too long. Suddenly, he was against her back, his breath hot in her ear as he pressed himself against her, hands coming around to caress her belly. She turned in his arms, and he kissed her hungrily, lifting her up on a nearby desk and attacking her neck with his lips and tongue. Without even being aware of her own actions, she raised her wand (which was suddenly, and with no logical explanation, in her hand) and vanished both their clothes. The sensations intensified, and the kisses grew hungrier as they moved against each other, changing places and positions like clouds of smoke on a windy day. She was on her knees kissing her way down his stomach; he was pushing her roughly against the wall of the greenhouse, where she felt the stinging slap of a nearby Devil's Snare; the two of them were rolling around on the Quidditch field, caressing, teasing, panting from excitement and effort; she was lying down, her back against the soft sheets of his bed, her legs tightly wrapped around his back as she felt him enter her, filling her body and making her moan loudly with pleasure before covering her mouth with nearly desperate kisses...

He was lost. Lost in her soft, pliant body which rocked and arched against him, lost in her wet kisses and the way her breasts pressed into his chest. He was lost in the way she moaned his name, lost in the way she moaned her desire for him, begging him to take her harder lost in the way she whispered his name like a thing of satin and gold in his ear.

His mind had left him when his hardness came into direct contact with her wet opening, which seemed to draw him in. Plunging into her, there was no mind, only instinct and age-old pleasure surging through his body. A red haze seemed to cover everything that was thought other than registering the growing sensations in his body and the girl's wild responses to his touch.

Surging forward again and again, he heard the breath catch in her throat and captured her moan with his mouth as he felt her come around him. He felt the sensation multiply, as it seemed to turn into a cycle of fire, fanning itself to new eruptions with each rise of flames. Shuddering, he jerked his head back, closing his eyes in rapture as he came deep within her.

Feeling his arms shake, his body near collapse, he fell down next to her, pulling her with him to keep the physical connexion. With uneven breaths, he filled his lungs with air and opened his eyes.

Hermione's face was only inches away, her eyes open and filled with fear and confusion.

The full weight of the implications of what had just happened hit him, and he felt pure, undiluted fear for the first time since the days of the Dark Lord. Would she accuse him of sexual misconduct? Gossip to Potter and Weasley about him? Force him to marry her and have a hundred billion children with his nose and her hair? A thousand scenarios arose before his mind's eye, growing steadily more gruesome...

And then, she kissed him. Softly, shyly almost, as though touching him for the first time. Sheer surprise stopped him from responding at first, and when the shock left him, he joined her in the careful exploration, very aware of how thin and brittle the ice was where they trod.

He felt a small smile on her lips as they left his, and without a single word she simply laid her head down close to his chest and grew still. Feeling slightly awkward, he draped his free arm around her waist and held her to him. Sooner or later, there would be music to face, but thankfully, it didn't seem as though this was the moment.

Relaxing his muscles, he allowed his sated body to lull his mind back to sleep.

THE END

A/N: Short and sweet. The category in itself should warn off any hopes of an epilogue. Can't have an actual plot, now can we? :-). Besides, I have other plots to work on... dum-dum-dum....