

Naughty Professor

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Plot? What plot? Hermione's annoyed at Ron and Severus offers an opportunity for some seriously pleasurable payback.

one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Thanks to my brilliant beta, the queen of the dash, Bambu345.

"Stop it, Ronald," Hermione declared, laying her book down on the ancient, well-worn table that took up nearly a third of the library at number twelve, Grimmauld Place and removing his hands from her breasts.

"Come on, Herms. You like that."

It was amazing how grating that tone had suddenly become. A lot of things had changed in the past 24 hours. "That was before I found out how much Hannah Abbot liked it."

"That again? How many times does a bloke need to say he's sorry? I know I stuffed up, but I was pissed off my gourd. It won't happen again. A'right?"

"No, Ronald, it's not all right. And you may have been pissed when you were with Hannah the night before last, but you weren't when you booked a room in Hogsmeade to meet her the week before that, or all the times you were with Lavender or Parvati."

"Shite! Who told you about those?"

It was amazing how red his face got when he was caught out. And how utterly unappealing, particularly when combined with a cringing expression and hunched shoulders, as it was at the moment. Hermione wondered how she had ever imagined him to be even the slightest bit attractive. "They did. I spent most of last night running a bloody confessional for all the women you've cheated on me with. Well, possibly not 'all'," she amended, "but enough to paint quite an ugly little picture."

"So, what? That's it? You aren't even going to let me explain?"

"Why should I bother?"

Ron stood straight for the first time since entering the library. "I don't know, Hermione. Maybe because we've been friends for eight years, hey? However crap I am keeping my trousers zipped, I thought there was a bit more to us than just what happens in bed."

Hermione glared as she pointed to a chair. "Sit. Talk. You have three minutes, and not a second more. Is that clear?"

He nodded and sat.

"Well?"

"I'm just ... you know ... trying to find the words. I'm not good with words like you are."

Hermione continued to glare.

"See, it's a bloke thing. A young bloke thing. I'll grow out of it, I swear. It's just ... a bloke wants to know he can have the best."

"And I'm not the best."

"No, I didn't mean that, you are, 'course you are. You're the best friend and the best girlfriend and I really love you. I'll never love any of the others, but ... well, Lav's got these great" his hands made groping movements in the air "and Hannah's legs, Merlin, they just go on forever, an' Parvati's ..."

"I get the point, Ronald." Hermione's icy tone cut him off. "They're pretty and I'm a toad."

"No! You're never a toad, I wouldn't be with you at all if you were." He reached for her hand, then flinched as she pulled it away from him. "You're nice enough," he continued, "Just, well, you have to admit, it's not like there's a line of blokes lined up to have a shot at you, right? I just wanted to know I could have those kinds of girls too, that I'm good enough for them. Before I settle down with you. But, I've thought about since yesterday, and I've done that. It's out of my system now. From here on out, it's just you and me, I swear."

Hermione picked her book back up. "Your time is up. Close the door behind you."

"That's it?"

"Yes, Ronald. That is well and truly 'it'."

The door had only just clicked closed when she heard a deep, baritone voice coming from the armchair by the fireplace. The very high-backed armchair that was turned away from both the door and the table and which she had entirely failed to check when she first entered the room.

"That was remarkably restrained, Miss Granger. No hexing? No bitter recriminations?"

I wonder if my face is as red as Ron's was, she thought with one part of her brain. Other parts were variously panicking, hoping that stress had brought on an auditory hallucination, wondering if her day could possibly get any worse, dismissing the possibility of Obliviating a powerful Occlumens, and trying to find words that would afford her any shred of a possibility of retaining her dignity.

"I spent the morning talking to Molly. That seemed sufficient."

Any chance that she'd been hallucinating was banished by the long, deep, rich, throaty chuckle that emerged from the depths of the armchair along with Severus Snape himself, who settled into the chair across the table from hers.

"Well done. Worthy of House points, were you still in school." He paused for a moment, watching as she ruffled the corners of the book she was pretending to read. "Am I correct in assuming that you are aware precisely how completely and utterly mistaken Mr. Weasley is in his assessment of your charms?"

It seemed her day could, in fact, get worse. Ron's infidelity and Molly's melodramatic torrents of outrage followed by Ron's attempt at make-up sex were not enough. Now she was going to have to suffer pity and what would doubtlessly be an extremely awkward attempt at consolation from the one man other than her father who still commanded her unconditional respect. There were others she admired in one way or another despite their weaknesses and foibles, but only those two had managed to keep their balance on the pedestals she had built for them in her childhood. While she accepted the fact that, under those buttoned-up robes, Severus Snape was no doubt as human as all the other men she knew, she would very much prefer not to have to discover his flaws on that particular day. "Please, Professor. I do not require consoling. In fact, I wonder if we could pretend that none of this ever happened."

"You mistake my intention. Consoling is not among my interests. The truth, however, is a subject I find fascinating. There are many versions of the truth, not least the lies we tell ourselves to justify those actions we know to be beyond justification. Tell me, Miss Granger, what do you imagine to be the most difficult aspect of being a spy?"

Startled by the apparent change of subject, Hermione replied without thinking, "Hiding your true feelings, of course."

"Tsk, ts. You were not paying attention. A spy who attempts to hide his 'true' feelings..." she could hear the quotation marks around the word 'true' "...will soon be an ex-spy. No, Miss Granger, the trick to successful spying is to truly believe your words as you say them. The difficult part is remembering which set of truths is your own."

Nodding slowly, Hermione replied, "You're saying that you have to switch from one set of beliefs to another, depending on your circumstances."

"Precisely." Leaning forward, his elbows on the table, he caught and held her eye and spoke slowly. "There are a myriad of truths, each of them valid when viewed from the appropriate perspective. However, while there are no absolute truths, there are absolute falsehoods. The claim that you are not desired by men of your acquaintance is one."

Hermione's snort broke the moment. "That was a nice thing to say, but I think I would have noticed if anyone had tried to get into my knickers."

"Some people have the restraint and good manners not to act on their every impulse. Particularly when the object of that impulse is involved in a relationship. Now that you are ... unattached, I assure you, you will not lack for suitors."

She put down the book with a sigh. "Actually, Professor, I'm not sure that I want them. It may be quite a while before I'm ready to trust a man after what Ron did. Though I think I'd quite enjoy having a wild fling or two, if only to prove him wrong."

"Have you given any thought to whom you would offer the honour of sharing in your ... fling?" he asked, sitting back in his chair and adjusting the cuffs of his sleeves.

"Not really. In fact, I'm not sure I believe you, you know, that I have choices. I don't suppose you'd care to name names?"

A raised eyebrow and a meaningful glance comprised his only reply.

"Really?" That was, in its way, more of a shock than Ron's infidelity. Ron had always had his moments of idiocy, but Professor Snape, even in his most sneering and git-like moments, was always the very model of proper behaviour. The idea that she might have the chance to see what lay beneath those robes ...

"Can you think of anyone better suited to the purpose of irritating Mr. Weasley?"

That was a point. "No. You'd be perfect. The question is why would you want to?"

His smirk came just a fraction of a second too slowly to be completely believable. "Does the prospect of bedding a young, willing witch not suffice?"

"Honestly? If that was all you wanted, you could have had Daphne Greengrass any time in the last three years. And I don't believe you're carrying a torch for me either. Which means, Professor, that there is something you want out of this. What is it?"

"Tell me, Miss Granger, what is the primary erogenous organ of the sophisticated, adult male of the species?"

"I gather it's not the obvious."

"No, indeed. It is the brain, and at the moment, yours is most stimulating." He rested his elbows on the arms of the chair, his hands templed before him. "You are correct. There is something I want, beyond the immediate pleasure of your body. I will provide you with a fling guaranteed to not only shake your erstwhile swain's complacency, but horrify him to whatever depths his pallid soul may possess, in return for which you will fulfill a particular fantasy of mine."

"What sort of fantasy?"

Severus cocked his head to one side. "Do you imagine that I will share such intimate information without surety that you will complete the bargain? Hmm?"

"You said you wanted something beyond 'immediate pleasure'," she countered. "Should I assume that you'll be removing this memory for Pensieve viewing?"

"Very astute."

"Then I'll need your word that you will never show that memory to anyone else, and that if I find your fantasy unpleasant, you will desist immediately."

Holding his wand, Severus spoke. "I, Severus Snape, swear on my wand that I will never share my memories of any sexual activities that I may participate in with Miss Hermione Granger, that I will desist immediately from any shared sexual activity she objects to, and further, that in the course of our sexual congress, I will cause her no lasting harm." Placing his wand on the table, he added, "That includes sexually transmitted diseases; I can assure you that you are in no danger on my account."

"You said 'lasting'."

He smirked. "I can't promise you won't experience any temporary ... soreness."

"Oh." That sounded promising. Hermione held up her wand and was about to speak when Severus interrupted her.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm going to give you a reciprocal oath."

"Tell me, Miss Granger, have you seen Poppy Pomfrey since your discovery of your paramour's infidelity?"

"Of course. I had to be sure Ron didn't pass anything along."

"And do you carry any untreated diseases of which I should be aware?"

"I wouldn't even consider a liaison if I did."

"Then, since I consider it unlikely that you could perform any objectionable act on my person against my will, there is no need for you to take an oath."

"What about your privacy?"

It turned out that there was a smile that went along with the chuckle. "I thought the point of the exercise was to flaunt your sexual experimentation. No, my dear. You may share as many salacious details as you care to, as widely as you wish."

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"Hermione? Can I talk to you?"

"Sorry, Ron. I have a date."

Visibly gritting his teeth, Ron replied, "I prob'ly deserved that. Look, I know I didn't say it right before. I didn't mean to say you're not pretty, just that, I mean, no one would fall for you for your looks." He flinched under her glare, but continued on. "Not that they couldn't, yeah? You're a real looker, in your own way. But there's more to you, you know? The things I love about you? There's lots of pretty girls, but there's only one of you, and you're the only one I want." Cautiously, he stepped forwards and took her hands. "Just you. From now on. I swear it."

She pulled her hands free. "That's very sweet, Ron, but I don't want to keep my date waiting."

"C'mon, Hermione. No one goes on a date dressed like that. I get it. You're mad at me."

"No. I have a date. And now I'm leaving for my date."

As she walked to the front door, he called after her, "Yeah, right. Who's it with?"

"Professor Snape," she replied, looking back over her shoulder to see his jaw drop and his face pale.

"Dressed like THAT!?"

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The knock on the door was hesitant.

"Come."

As the door creaked slowly open, a nervous girl in student robes with a Gryffindor tie stepped into the Potions classroom. "Professor Snape? I'm here for my detention."

"Ah, yes, Miss Granger. A full minute and a half early, I see."

"Sorry, sir."

"On the contrary, you have given me an extra ninety seconds to consider your punishment. If you had merely disrupted my class, for instance, I might assign you to scrub cauldrons. For doing Mr. Longbottom's work for him, a few hours spent removing livers from Flobberworms would seem appropriate. But in this instance, mere labour will not suffice. No, Miss Granger, this time you will be properly punished." Rolling his ornately carved, leather padded, wooden chair back from his desk, he crooked one long, pale finger, beckoning her towards him. "Bend over."

Laying across his lap, Hermione felt her skirt lifted above her waist. Then nothing. She began to wonder if he planned to spend the rest of the evening admiring her backside when she finally felt a single fingertip trace a path along the elastic waistband of her knickers.

"Black lace. Interesting."

The finger inserted itself under the waistband and slowly, one agonising inch at a time, drew the knickers down one hip until the elastic on the other side began to dig into her flesh. Then the finger slid across, the back brushing along one cheek and then the other, before lowering the other side of the garment. Only when the last scrap of lace had cleared the curve of her rump and brushed down her thighs did his hand grasp the fabric and pull it down to her knees.

"Lift," he commanded, tapping one calf.

She obediently raised that foot off the floor, allowing him to drag her knickers over one knee-high sock and sensible shoe, then repeated the procedure on the other side.

"For a first offence, you will receive ten strokes. Should there be further infractions, however, the punishment will double each time. Do you understand, Miss Granger?"

"Yes, Professor."

There was a fraction of a second of warning as she felt the rush of air before his hand landed, full across her bottom. It stung, but not badly. Having never so much as considered the possibility that she might be one of those people who enjoyed painful sex games, she'd been hesitant about entering into this particular fantasy it was only his oath to let her stop at any time that had given her the courage to make the attempt but it seemed he was more interested in the scenario than the punishment.

The hand stayed where it was, not moving away, but not fondling either. Just, there.

The second blow stung harder, but this time it was followed by a bit of a grope. Not much, mind, just a subtle kneading of the muscles.

The third made her yelp. She thought about breaking character to ask him to be more gentle until his fingers began stroking the tingling flesh and her back arched, just the tiniest bit, into the warmth of his hand.

The fourth hurt. This time she would have protested, but by the time her mouth began to form the words, his hand was lightly circling over and teasing her sore flesh. Hermione bit back a moan, not wanting to disturb the fantasy.

The fifth and sixth were gentler, but lower. They caught the backs of her thighs, and the subsequent caresses brushed the lowest of her pubic curls. She was arching shamelessly into his touch, opening herself to his view, when his hand pulled away and, instead of another strike, she felt a gust of air as he blew along an imaginary line that stretched from the base of her spine, over the exposed rosebud of her anus and down to the wetness that was just starting to spread over her lower lips.

She was still reeling from the unexpected pleasure of that puff of air when the eighth blow landed squarely across her labia. "Ow!"

"Perhaps I should extend your punishment to teach you better control," he murmured, his hand lying still over her damp thighs, the ridge of his metacarpals pressed into the puddle of juices between her labia.

"No, sir. It won't happen again, sir."

"Call me 'Professor'," he hissed.

"Yes, Professor. Sorry, Professor."

He rewarded her by drawing his hand slowly across her buttocks until it cupped one cheek, with the tip of one finger resting on each orifice. He left his hand there until it seemed as if her entire being was focused on the delicate pressures those two fingertips exerted.

The ninth was the same, but this time one joint of one fingertip slid through her wetness and into her front passage. Her back ached with the effort of trying to arch back far enough to draw that finger deeper inwards, but however hard she strained, it did no more than tease her opening.

By the tenth blow, she was so wet she felt droplets hit her thighs as her fluids splashed on impact. She could never say whether he struck gently or hard, all she knew was that as soon as he hit, that delicious finger plunged deep inside her and began pumping in and out of her aching pussy.

"Yes, please, more!"

"Professor'."

"Please, Professor. More."

"More what?"

"More fingers, more touching."

"Where, Miss Granger? There, perhaps?" he asked, laying his free hand across the back of her neck.

"No. Where I need it, please, make me come."

"Tsk, ts, Miss Granger. Not until you say the words." His voice dropped to a deep rumble. "Say them: cunt, pussy, quim, fanny, vagina, yoni, snatch, twat, clitoris, clit, nub, labia, lips. Tell me where you want my touch."

"Clit! Clit!"

A second finger joined the first, pumping her faster than before, as his free hand reached around her hip and brought two more fingers to her throbbing clitoris. She rode his hands for no more than a minute or two before her climax overtook her.

"Oh, God! Yes!"

He allowed her to catch her breath before addressing her limp form as it lay draped across his lap. "God?"

She made no attempt to move. "What about it?"

"Most witches call on Merlin."

At that, she managed to pull herself off of him, sitting on the floor with her knees tucked to one side, her weight resting on one hip and a hand to protect her sore behind. "Do you mind?"

Another smile. "Not in the least. That was ... even more than I'd imagined it would be."

She smiled. "For me as well. I wasn't sure I'd enjoy that particular scenario, but it turned out ... quite well. What now? Don't tell me we're finished."

"Hardly. Though I did think I'd give you a moment to recover."

She eyed the rather prominent bulge in his trousers. "And then?"

An oh-so-casual motion brought his hand to his face, the fingers that had delved into her depths resting against his upper lip. Nostrils flaring, he breathed in deeply through his nose, inhaling her scent. Then his tongue slipped out, licking at her essence and drawing the pale digits into his mouth for a long, audible suckle before they popped free.

"I'm sure we'll think of something."

Hermione smiled as she curled her legs beneath her and knelt forward, her hands on his knees, and leant her face into his groin. "You seem a bit constrained," she said, sliding her hands up his thighs, avoiding the area of greatest tension as she reached for the buttons of his trousers.

"Not yet," he said, pulling her hands away. "As much as I would enjoy your touch, and trust me, it is currently my dearest wish to enjoy that touch most thoroughly before we are through, there is something else I would like to do first."

His hands on her upper arms and then her waist encouraged her upwards until she was standing before him. "Up here, if you don't mind," he said, indicating his desk.

She lifted herself onto it, her feet swinging slightly.

"A bit further forward, I think," he said, pulling her hips closer to the edge before spreading her knees apart and flipping her skirt up. "Perfect." With that, he lowered his head and began licking off the slickness that covered her thighs.

"Oh," was all Hermione could manage to say, as she lay back across the desk and spread her legs wider.

He lifted first one leg, then the other onto his shoulders, never stopping the licking that led his tongue over her thighs, into the creases where her legs met her torso, and finally, finally, between her labia and into the centre of her pleasure. Long, broad strokes from her anus to her pubic bone alternated with delicate flicks across her clit and probing forays into her channel. Hermione grabbed his hair with both hands and pulled his head back. "Stop," she gasped. "I want you inside me this time."

"Yeesss." He flipped her over, and within moments she felt his bared cock plunging into her. *One* stroke, "You are here..." *two* "...to learn the..." *three* "...subtle science..." *four* "...and exact art..." *five* "...of potion..." *six* "...making".

This time, as her pleasure-fogged brain gradually cleared, she felt his slow, steady strokes pumping in and out of her still-throbbing passage as his voice continued to speak of simmering cauldrons and shimmering fumes.

"You didn't ... ?" She interrupted his lecture.

"Not yet."

"Good. I have an idea."

It took her a few moments to set the scene.

Then, with a wave of his hand, a set of instructions appeared on the chalkboard for the faintly translucent images of first years seated at their desks to follow. "You will complete this potion, decant it, and place a vial on the front table within thirty minutes if you hope to pass this course," Severus declared, swirling his robes and seating himself at his desk.

He glared at the ghostly students as her hands slid up his thighs, this time uninterrupted in their path towards the buttons that were once again straining to hold together the tightly tented fabric. He barked instructions at a hapless imaginary Gryffindor as Hermione slipped the buttons loose and freed him from their constraints. He pulled a pile of papers towards him and filled his quill as her tongue traced the vein that ran along the underside of his erection. He scrawled random lines of scarlet ink across empty parchment as her mouth engulfed the mushroom head of his now throbbing cock.

Scrunched down under his desk as she was, Hermione had very little freedom of movement, making it impossible to angle her head into a position where she could take his length into her mouth, much less perform the repetitive head-bobbing motion Ron had preferred when she'd felled him. Instead, she suckled and licked and nibbled her way up and down his shaft and around the head, stroking his length with one hand, while the other delved into his trousers to cradle and roll his testicles.

"Time is up," Severus declared after no more than ten minutes had passed. Unlike real students, the ersatz ones Hermione had conjured meekly filled their insubstantial vials with even less substantial potion samples and dutifully left them on the table as they trooped out of the classroom.

"Come here, witch," Severus demanded, scooting his chair back and holding his hands out to help Hermione climb up onto his lap. She had no sooner sunk down onto him than he grabbed hold of her hips and began thrusting up into her; one, two, three, four strokes was all he could manage before he threw his head back and pressed into her one last time, his hips suspended above the seat of the chair as his seed spurted into her depths.

He was panting hard as Hermione twined her arms around his neck, his rapidly softening cock still lodged inside her while his ejaculate slowly dripped out of her cunt and down the inside of his thigh.

"Would you mind kissing me?"

"Unhh?"

She giggled softly. "Sorry. It's just, we've been shagging like wild niffers for at least an hour now, we're both still fully dressed, and we haven't kissed once. I just thought ..."

Her next words were swallowed as he pulled her head down to his and kept her there, kissing, licking, nibbling, sucking, tasting. "Is that better?" he asked.

"Mmmmm. Very nice."

"We can manage naked too, if you like. And a bed. As long as you don't mind waiting a bit for the next round."

"I'm in no hurry."

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The bed turned out to be back in number twelve, Grimmauld Place, and the wait was long enough for Hermione to start thinking again.

"How long have you had this fantasy?" she asked, curled up against his side with her head resting on his shoulder.

"How precise a measure do you require?"

She lightly teased the crisp, black hairs of his chest. "An approximation will do."

"Very well. Approximately 28 hours."

"Oh. I thought ..."

"That I had spent my teaching years lusting after my students?"

"No, not that. Just ... what brought it on?"

His hand slowly stroked down the length of her spine. "You kept calling me 'Professor' while we discussed your sex life. It was ... intriguing. I have had a number of offers to engage in the reality of that scenario in my years of teaching and have never been tempted in the slightest. Having an attractive grown woman address me as if I were a teacher, now that I am not and never will be again ... I allowed myself to consider the possibility and found it appealing."

"Then why not Daphne? I'm sure she would be willing."

He shuddered. "Miss Greengrass was a student when she ... formed her attachment. I find it impossible to see her as anything else. Besides," he said, pressing a gentle kiss to her forehead, "she lacks your ... attributes."

"Then, am I correct in thinking this is not the only scenario you might be interested in?"

He paused for a moment. "Why do you ask?"

"I was thinking about an exchange. One of my fantasies for one of yours."

"Just one?"

"One at a time."

"I think we might be able to arrive at a ... mutually satisfactory arrangement."