

# Field Trip With The Headmaster

*by beaweasley2*

Severus accompanies Hermione to Stonehenge for a field trip for her alchemic equations – but that's not what is on his mind.

## Hermione, Stonehenge and mushrooms

*Chapter 1 of 2*

Severus accompanies Hermione to Stonehenge for a field trip for her alchemic equations – but that's not what is on his mind.

This was the first of two challenges I was given on the Potter\_Place chat for the drabble challenge on 4/26/08.

Words used were: Hermione, Stonehenge and mushrooms

~~x~~

Severus sat on the stone as Hermione walked around Stonehenge, using her Muggle surveying device to survey the positions of the stones, so she could apply them in her alchemic equations.

"You do realize that this is a waste of time," Severus said, scrutinizing his fingernails.

"No, I almost have it," she replied, staring into the eye piece and taking measurements.

"You do not," he said, cleaning his nails with his dagger.

Hermione turned and looked at him, feeling annoyed with him suddenly. "Severus, I've read about these stones my entire life! I've even read every entry on them in the Hogwarts library."

He looked back at her, obviously bored. "You are not going to solve anything countless numbers of wizards have tried to solve for centuries."

She picked up her leveling instrument, moved it to the other side of the outer ring, and checked her position with her compass. "You are wasting your – our time," he said as he followed her.

"No, I'm not! This angle is supposed to line up with the midsummer sunrise," she explained as she set her instrument down, adjusting the angle to take more measurements. "Those three of the posts there are in an east-west alignment."

"Hermione, it's not an astrological or ancient religious site. It's a wizard's trick," he stated. Hermione simply huffed at him. "The brightest ancient wizarding alchemists and astrologists set this up to be a puzzle. One that cannot be solved."

"Oh, yes, I read that." She pulled out her compass and made notations on her parchment. "So if you don't believe my theory, why did you want to come with me?"

Severus walked up and took the instrument from her hand. "To get you away from the castle and get you alone, so I can have you all to myself," he said, pulling her into his

arms and kissing her. The compass fell from his hand to the soft grass. "So I could have my way with you without seventy pairs of eyes watching you..."

"You're the one who instigated that – on your desk!" she argued between gasps, although he was making her knees weak and her head spin, the way he was nibbling on her neck and holding her so tightly.

"So how about we slip down to the forest and find more of those mushrooms?" he said silkily in her ear.

"Okay, but first..." Her knickers suddenly vanished, and her bra came loose. "Or we could go right now."

"Good idea.

## Hermione, Grimmauld Place and kitchen table

### *Chapter 2 of 2*

Hermione gets quite a surprise when it's her turn to clean up the dishes after dinner. Who knew that kitchen duty could be so difficult?

Please be warned: The following is actually the second one-shot from the Potter\_Place chat room challenge and is a separate story. Also you should know that the rating for this chapter is be MA(NC-17) for a very good reason!!

This is the second drabble I wrote for the second challenge I was given on the Potter\_Place chat for the drabble challenge on 4/26/08. This is also a one-shot, my second challenge from that night so I posted them together, not a second chapter.

Please be warned: This is racy - okay, down right explicit! It is MA(NC-17) for a very good reason. Sorry, but this is all there is. But feel free to imagine!

2.) Words used were: One of the golden trio (Hermione), Grimmauld Place and kitchen table

~~X~~

"The good thing about living here – the books – all those books. Even if I have to have kitchen duty, I still get the library to myself," Hermione mumbled as she carried the dirty dishes to the sink. As usual, Ron had ditched out as soon as Mrs. Weasley mentioned kitchen duty, and Harry had been right on his heels. Therefore, she was alone in the kitchen. She turned around, started to collect the glasses, and felt a breeze pass her.

Turning, she saw nothing, but could have sworn something passed by her.

Shrugging, she returned to her chore, gathering the glasses and carrying them to the sink. As she set the glasses down, she was certain that she felt someone or something brush against her back.

Tuning, she only saw an empty kitchen.

She waited, listening for any sound that would give away Ron or Harry under the cloak, but the only sounds were the running water in the sink and the scratch of the scrub as it magically began to clean the dishes. Shrugging again, she picked up a sponge to wipe down the kitchen table. She nearly jumped as she felt cool hands slide under her skirt and legs in wool trousers pin her to the table. "Hey!" she cried out, but the hands gripped her tightly, pulled her back against him, and she could feel his arousal. "Stop and identify your..." she demanded just before a finger slid under her knickers, sliding along the edge. "No, don't – Ron – no! Stop this!" A firm body pressed down on her, cupping her tightly to him and she could feel his breath on her cheek. "I said, no!" She tried kicking him, but he anticipated the move, effortlessly pinning her again.

"I most certainly am not Ronald," a deep silky voice said from behind her, just before her hair was swept to the side and Severus kissed her neck. "But by all means – I'll stop. Just say the word." His fingers found her folds, circling her clitoris.

"We'll be seen," Hermione said in a throaty moan. His lips on her neck and his deft fingers were making her knees weak. "I thought Grimmauld Place was haunted for a moment!"

She heard him laugh softly. "No, only me, no ghost."

"The others!" she gasped, struggling against him, only eliciting a silky chuckle from him.

"I'm no fool; I've warded the kitchen. I don't want any of the occupants," he said, tearing her knickers, "to interrupt your kitchen duties." Hermione inhaled sharply as he tore away her kickers. "Or to miss the opportunity to indulge you," he continued, and Hermione felt his penis slide between her legs. "Open up," he instructed.

She spread her legs, still partly bent over the table, and he slipped inside her, his one hand still pressed to her groin, stimulating her clitoris. "Gods, I'm supposed to..."

"Yes," he said, drawing the word out slowly.

"Clean the kitchen," she purred.

"So do it," Severus said smoothly, gliding in and out of her. "You've a wand; don't let me stop you."

Hermione tried. The pitcher sailed to the sink, barely catching on the edge as Severus' fingers flicked her clit. The serving bowls sailed next, one crashing to the floor as a pleasurable jolt, which seemed to electrify every nerve she had from her knees to her chest, shot through her. "Tsk, ts, can't you do better than that?" he chided her, sounding amused. The last bowl fell in the sink with a crash as the sensations caused by his lovemaking climbed to a peak. "Such a lack of concentration."

"I'm only – oh, gods! Concentrating on y-you – oh Mother of Merlin!" she stammered as her body tightened as she neared her climax.

"No, Severus," he drawled out. "Say it."

"Severus – oh gods, Severus!" she screamed as her orgasm overcame all thought and reason.

She could hear him come, his ragged breathing, feel the tightening of his hands as he thrust into her hard, and nearly pushed her into the table. "Merlin, girl, oh how you undo me," he growled.

When he pulled out, she stood, turned around and hugged him. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," he said smugly.

Suddenly the confused voice of Mrs. Weasley made them break apart. "Oh, Severus, you're back!" she exclaimed entering the kitchen. "You don't need to help Hermione clean up; Ron was supposed to." She saw the serving bowl shards on the floor. "What the...?"

"I startled Miss Granger," Severus said smoothly. "So how about it, Miss Granger, are you going to give me something to eat or not?"

Hermione looked at him with a mischievous glint in her eye. Thankfully, Mrs. Weasley missed it while repairing the bowl. "And just what would you like to eat, Professor?"

'You,' he mouthed and then added, "Anything you've to offer me would be fine."

'Later – my room,' she mouthed back and turned to ladle him some stew.