

Severus Snape's Silky Secret

by DawnEB

A trio of students break into Snape's rooms...

Severus Snape's Silky Secret

Chapter 1 of 1

A trio of students break into Snape's rooms...

AN: One shot. Ultimately SS/HG.

I was ambushed by a plot bunny. It was lurking in the underwear drawer while I was reading over an old story file. You have been warned.

Three shadows clung to the wall of the corridor, moving along nervously.

"What was that?" one of them whispered urgently.

"Dunno. Filch's cat?"

"Ssssh!" the third one hissed at her male companions. "We're here."

A few minutes passed tensely while the boys watched her run through a series of complicated wand movements and incantations. Suddenly, the door before them shimmered and an audible click could be heard.

"There," she said, somewhat smugly. "Now, let's be quick about this before *he* gets back. How long do we have?"

"Snape should have just finished checking out the Astronomy Tower, and even if nothing delays him, there should be a good ten minutes before he finishes his patrol," the darker haired boy said, checking a watch he pulled from his pocket.

"Then we need to be done in no more than eight if I'm to put those wards back."

Quickly, the trio scuttled into Professor Snape's private rooms and shut the door. After a few moments of surprised observation at the really quite comfortable sitting room, they went in search of his bedroom. The room they found was again something of an anticlimax, being airy with beechwood furniture and a large, comfortable-looking bed. Yes, the soft furnishings and linens had a preponderance of green, but in the softer shades of sage and moss combined with smoky heathers and browns – gentle earth tones.

Swallowing the disappointment at finding neither a torture chamber of sexual depravity nor a hanging perch for him to sleep dangling from, the three of them moved around the room looking for something, anything, that made the risk of the whole operation worthwhile. The taller of the boys started rummaging in the wardrobe while the other peered under the bed. The girl started on the chest of drawers.

"Nothing under here; any luck over there?"

"I dunno," said his friend. "Mostly just the same old black robes, but there's something right at the back..." There was the sound of rattling hangers as he reached further in. With a low whistle, he brought the garment out into the light. "Well, well, well. Look at this!"

The robes he held up were fairly conservative in a deep green, and with a quick glance into the wardrobe, they might have appeared to be the sort of thing Snape would wear to a Slytherin Quidditch match. However, on closer inspection, the cut was distinctly feminine.

"That's nothing," the girl said from where she was kneeling on the floor to look in the bottom drawer. Right at the back, behind some ordinary t-shirts and thermal underwear, was a collection of *lingerie*. Silk, lace and satin nestled alongside finely embroidered cottons. Most of the colours were gentle pastels, but that only served to make the occasional skimpy black or scarlet item stand out amongst them. "Looks like when he's done being the big, mean bastard for the day, Professor Snape likes to indulge his more gentle, feminine side," she giggled. "This is just what we came for. Who's got the camera?"

A quickly applied Levitation Charm on the choicest items, a few snaps of the camera, and the trio hastily returned everything to how it had been, slipping into the corridor and back to the common room where their housemates waited to find out the result of the dare.

Nearly fifteen minutes later, Professor Snape entered his quarters. He'd been delayed by Peeves and his antics with a pair of unfortunate students he'd found canoodling in one of the alcoves. Snape had been able to reverse the problem easily once he'd chased off the poltergeist, but the Hufflepuff girl had been so traumatised he'd needed to escort her to see Madam Pomfrey. If he was lucky, she'd not think about sex again until after she'd left Hogwarts (if then). He smirked at the thought.

The sound of running water from his private bathroom brought a true smile to his face, and a few minutes later his lover appeared wrapped in a large towel. Sweeping her into a hug, he kissed one bare, wet shoulder and grumbled. "When did you arrive? I missed joining you in the shower."

"Just a few minutes ago. There's always next time."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

Snape released Hermione, knowing she would want to dry off and slip into one of the pieces she kept at the back of his drawer for when she stayed over. A few minutes later she reappeared in a silk nightgown that covered just enough and no more. A small frown marred her face.

"Severus, have you been sorting through my things?"

"Why would I do such a thing?"

"Oh, I don't know—missing me, curiosity, that sort of thing." She looked mock-innocent as he caught her implication and growled.

"I can assure you that the only interest I have in your underwear is when *you* are *in* it. But why do you ask?"

"Oh, it was just that things were a bit messed up and weren't where I expected them to be, but I must have been distracted when I last looked."

An image flashed from his memory of the last time Hermione had stayed over, freshly showered and towel-wrapped like this evening, bending over to retrieve her clean clothes. The towel had risen higher and higher as she bent over with her back to him, and he had, indeed, done his best to distract her after that luscious display. By the blush that rose to her cheeks, Hermione had just remembered too. He reached out and pulled her into his lap, and all other concerns were soon forgotten.

Until the photos started to circulate the school a few days later.