

A Minor Inconvenience

by StormySkize

Hermione has a problem -- she is about to become the victim of the Stigma of the Virgin Gryffindor. She enlists the aid of her surly Potions master to set things right.

One-shot Story

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: None of these characters belong to me. Not even this particular story line belongs to me. I didn't create any of the words used in this story, but I did arrange them in the order you see, so I guess that counts for something. Oh, and the Stigma is mine, sort of.

I have a wonderful beta, who shall remain nameless, but who has my undying gratitude.

A Minor Inconvenience

Hermione Granger stood in front of the cheval mirror and did a thorough and dispassionate critique of herself.

Her hair was definitely her worst feature she thought as she yanked a stiff-bristled brush through her bushy, unruly locks.

If she'd been born with any kind of normal, easy-to-manage, less-than-ridiculous hair, she wouldn't be in the position she was in now.

She stared at herself, and then she pulled her lips back from her teeth. They were still slightly over-large in her own view, at least and she wished she'd had Madam Pomfrey trim them back just a little bit more after Draco's curse back in her fourth year.

If her teeth weren't so large and protruding, she would have been able to solve this other problem long before now.

Her eyes were brown not an interesting amber-colour like Remus Lupin's, or even a bright golden-brown like Ginny's, but plain, old, dead-leaf brown without a hint of hazel or green highlights.

If she had more interesting, more captivating, more ...*seductive* ... eyes, she wouldn't be standing here wondering if she'd be able to gather the courage to do what she needed to do to avoid looking like a fool at the Leaving Feast.

She stared down at her breasts. They weren't very generous; they certainly weren't as large as Lavender's in any case. And they weren't as rounded and well-shaped as Parvati Patil's, either.

Perhaps if she'd had bigger boobs, she wouldn't still be a virgin!

She looked at the clock sitting on the bedside table.

It was nearly nine o'clock.

He'd said to be at his quarters by a quarter after nine.

She peered into the mirror once more.

Was the faint line of freckles across her cheekbones and the bridge of her nose starting to darken? Perhaps it was the light. She leaned closer and looked again.

Yes, the freckles were definitely changing from light tan to a pinkish-brown, and they were beginning to change position on her face, as well the ones in the middle of her nose starting to dip, while those on the outside of her cheeks were drifting upward. The red V was already starting to form and it was still nearly twenty-four hours until the Leaving Feast.

Hermione cursed herself for a fool. In spite of all the reading she'd done why she'd practically memorised *Hogwarts: a History* until two days ago she hadn't known about the Stigma of the Virgin Gryffindor.

If she'd known sooner, she could have taken care of the problem. She'd gone home for the Christmas hols, and she'd met any number of fine Muggle boys, most of them the sons of her parents' friends, who would have been more than happy to relieve her of her virginity.

Even a couple of months ago, she could have done something. She'd spent the Easter hols with Harry and Ron at the Burrow, and although she and Ron were no longer dating thank all the gods for small favours and Harry and Ginny were so besotted with each other that neither of them could even *look* at anybody else, there was still Fred or George. She'd even have settled for Percy in a pinch, now that he was back in his family's good graces after it had been revealed that he'd been under the Imperius Curse for most of the previous three years.

But no, she'd come back from the Burrow the same way she'd gone a virgin not knowing that her virginity would become an issue less than three months later.

And now, it was too late. Oh, she could have approached Dean Thomas, or Seamus Finnegan, or even she shuddered at the thought Neville Longbottom, but then *everyone* would know how desperate she was.

And if she didn't go through with her assignation tonight, everyone would know anyway.

Hermione sighed, and then she squared her shoulders. It was time to screw up her vaunted Gryffindor courage and ... and ~~get~~*screwed*.

Severus Snape sat in a comfortable old chair in front of his fireplace and sipped a glass of Firewhisky. It was nearly nine o'clock, and he expected he'd hear a knock on his door any minute.

He hadn't been surprised yesterday when Hermione Granger had come to his office asking to speak with him privately about 'a matter of the utmost importance'.

He knew all about the Stigma of the Virgin Gryffindor, of course.

He allowed himself a small smile as he recalled Granger's discomfiture.

"And what would you have me do about your *problem*, Miss Granger?" he'd asked when she finally stammered out the reason she had sought him out.

"I ... I've heard ... rumours ... that you, that you ..." She blushed deeply.

"That I deflower virgins on a regular basis?" he sneered.

Hermione flushed an even deeper shade of red and then shook her head.

"No! I've heard that you're discreet and gentle and ... and ... *thorough*."

Snape quirked an amused eyebrow.

"I had no idea that my sexual prowess has become the subject of idle gossip among the students."

"It hasn't," Hermione said.

"Oh?"

"I mean ... I never heard anything about ... about ... anything ... until a couple of days ago."

"I didn't even know about the ... the Stigma until then," she added.

"And now you are faced with the prospect of appearing at the Leaving Feast with a large, red V prominently displayed on your forehead, aren't you?" he asked almost gleefully.

"How will I live it down?" she asked.

"You could always plead illness and skip the Feast."

Hermione shook her head. "I'm Head Girl. I've finished top of my class. I'm expected to make a speech."

"Still an insufferable know-it-all, aren't you?"

"I'm not! I've worked hard to get the grades I needed to finish at the top. It's not fair that I have to hide away simply because I'm ... inexperienced."

Snape was thoughtful for a moment; a long finger stroked his nose absently. Hermione twisted her hands in her lap nervously.

"I trust I can rely on *your* discretion, as well?" he finally asked.

"Of course! I'd never tell anyone that I ... that you ... that *we* ..."

Snape held up a hand, cutting her off.

"Oh, very well, Miss Granger. I suppose I can find the time to relieve you of your onerous burden."

"Thank you, sir," Hermione said.

She blushed again.

"Be at my private entrance by a quarter after nine tomorrow night. Use a Disillusionment Charm on yourself. It wouldn't do for you to be seen entering my quarters."

"Yes, sir."

"If you don't show up, I'll assume that you've decided to either skip the Feast or brave it bearing the Stigma."

He smirked as though the picture of her facing the assemblage with a large, red V emblazoned on her forehead was amusing.

"I'll be there," Hermione said emphatically.

"Very well. I'll see you tomorrow evening, then," he said as he got up from behind his desk.

"I ... I appreciate your ... your ... help, sir," Hermione said.

"Oh, it will only be a minor inconvenience," he replied.

Snape took another sip of his Firewhisky and put the empty glass down just as the expected knock sounded on his door.

He opened the door slightly and spoke softly.

"Granger?"

"Yes." The word was muffled, one of the effects of the Disillusionment Charm.

"Inside. Quickly!" Snape opened the door wide enough to allow her to enter. He could feel the air around her moving as she passed through the door.

Once she was inside, he closed and warded his door, casting both a Privacy Spell and a Silencing Charm.

When he was done, he turned to face the apparently empty room.

"You may remove the Disillusionment Charm now, Miss Granger," he said.

A moment later, Hermione seemed to shimmer into existence before his very eyes.

"Ah, there you are," he said with a slight smile. "I was wondering if you would change your mind."

"I ... I can't change my mind," she said.

"Of course you can. I'll not hold you here against your will, you know. You've merely to say the word and I'll send you on your merry, virginal, way."

Hermione shook her head and rubbed at her forehead. "It's already started to form," she said. "I have to go through with this."

"It won't be that bad, Granger," Snape said. "The rumours you've heard are true. I know how to please a woman."

"And the fact that I'm a virgin?" she asked.

"Your hymen won't be more than a minor inconvenience," he assured her.

"Now, why don't we sit down have a drink? It will settle your nerves a bit."

He indicated the small settee, and Hermione perched on the edge of the seat tensely.

Snape refreshed his drink and poured a small measure of the Firewhisky into another glass. He handed the glass to Hermione, and then he sat down next to her.

"Here's to you, Miss Granger," he said as he held his glass aloft. "Head Girl and top of your class that's quite an accomplishment. Congratulations."

He sipped his drink.

"Thank you, sir," Hermione replied in a soft voice. She sipped at her drink and felt the liquor burn a trail from her mouth to her stomach. She immediately felt more relaxed and vaguely wondered if Snape had put something in her glass besides the Firewhisky.

"No, I didn't," Snape murmured as he leaned closer to her and slipped his arm around her waist.

"How did you ..."

Here eyes widened as she felt him slip into her mind.

"It won't hurt, I promise," he whispered.

"But I've heard that ..."

"I'm a wizard," he said in a soothing tone. "I know how to make it painless without taking away the good sensations."

"Trust me." He brushed her hair away from her neck and began to kiss the soft, sensitive skin there.

"I've always trusted you," Hermione said. She closed her eyes and let her head fall back, exposing more of her neck to Snape's exploring lips.

"Mmmm. That feels nice," she said.

"It will feel nicer yet."

He took her glass from her suddenly lax fingers and placed it, along with his own, on the small table next to the settee.

Then he grasped her upper arms gently and turned her to face him.

"I'm going to kiss you now," he said, and before she could respond, he covered her lips with his own.

She was close-mouthed at first, her lips stiff and unyielding, but he used his own lips and his tongue to urge her to open to him.

His tongue outlined her lips, and she gasped softly, her mouth opening slightly under his. He gently thrust his tongue between her lips and into the moist cavern of her mouth.

When his tongue touched hers, she drew back. Snape didn't press, but allowed her to respond at her own pace. Within moments, her own natural curiosity had her exploring his mouth with her tongue. He moaned softly, encouraging her, letting her know that her kiss excited him.

Snape's hand drifted down to cup her breast, his thumb flicking over her nipple. Even through her clothes, he could feel it harden under his touch.

He lifted his mouth from hers.

"I want to touch you, Hermione," he whispered.

"Oh, yes," she sighed.

His nimble fingers made quick work of her buttons. He pushed her blouse open, dragging it off her shoulders and down her arms. He tossed it aside, and then he reached around her and undid the clasp on the delicate lace bra she wore.

"Erm ... I don't have very big ..."

"Hush," Snape interrupted her. He pulled the bra away from her body and threw it on the floor next to her discarded blouse.

"Haven't you heard that more than a handful is a waste?" He cupped her breasts delicately, his thumbs teasing the nipples into hard, little points.

He kissed her deeply while he played with her breasts until she was breathless.

"I happen to think that more than a mouthful is a waste," he added.

He ducked his head and took a nipple between his lips, drawing it into mouth. He sucked softly at first, and then a bit harder until Hermione was gasping.

"Perfect," he said when he lifted his mouth from her breast.

"Yes, you are," Hermione replied dreamily. Her eyes were closed and she was leaning back on the settee in a beguiling manner.

Snape stood up abruptly, and Hermione's eyes flew open.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Not a thing. But perhaps it's time we retired to the bedroom. We'll be much more comfortable there," he said.

He held out his hand, and Hermione reached up and took it. He drew her to her feet. Hermione wrapped her free arm around herself self-consciously.

"No need for modesty, Hermione," Snape said as he brushed her arm aside. He leaned down and kissed her softly.

Hermione brought her arms up to circle his neck, pressing her body against his. When the kiss ended, Hermione kicked off her shoes and followed Snape into the bedroom.

Moments later, Hermione was stretched out on Snape's large, four-poster bed. She watched through half-open eyes as Snape began to disrobe, undoing row after row of shiny black buttons.

When he was down to only a pair of silky black boxers, he joined her, positioning himself on his side next to her.

He leaned down and kissed her deeply. His hands stroked her breasts, her sides, and her stomach, finally coming to rest on the waistband of her skirt.

"Shall I?" he asked in husky whisper.

"Oh, yes," Hermione replied.

Snape undid the button at the side of her skirt and slid the zip down.

Hermione wriggled her hips, and Snape slid the skirt down her legs and off, leaving her clad only in her lacy, white knickers.

Snape stroked her heated core through her knickers, feeling the heat and the wetness that signalled her arousal.

"Please," Hermione said in a breathy voice.

This was the critical moment the moment Snape dreaded the most.

But he would not proceed until he was sure.

"Hermione," he whispered.

"Yes?"

"Are you sure this is what you want?"

"Of course it is. I ... I can't stop now."

"Why can't you?" he asked. He kissed her brow, her cheek, her lips, and the sensitive hollow in her neck.

She moaned softly.

"The Stigma," she nearly groaned out the word.

Snape kissed her once more, deeply, thoroughly. And then he lifted his mouth from hers. His hands continued to stroke her through her knickers, and she was writhing under his skilful touch.

"Look at me, Hermione," he said in a firm voice.

"Just do it," she panted, her hips thrusting up against his busy fingers.

"Hermione, look at me!" He spoke sharply and her eyes opened.

"What?"

"There is no Stigma."

"What? Of course there is," she said, but there was confusion in her eyes.

"No, there isn't," Snape said.

"There isn't? Then how ... why ...?"

"I put the idea of the Stigma in your mind."

Hermione sat up abruptly, drawing her knees to her chest and wrapping her arms around them in a protective manner.

"You mean if we don't ... there won't be a red ..."

"You can leave here right now, if that's what you wish. When you go to the Leaving Feast tomorrow evening, no one will know whether you're a virgin or not. No one except you and me, of course." He smirked slightly.

"I saw the V starting to form."

He shook his head. "An illusion. One I placed in your mind."

Hermione's eyes narrowed in anger.

"How dare you! You bastard! You manipulated my mind, you placed thoughts in my head ... you let me come to you and practically beg you to ... to ..."

"I placed the idea of the Stigma in your mind. I didn't place the fantasy of us together there, however."

Hermione flushed.

"Do you honestly think you're the only Gryffindor in your class who remains a virgin?"

"I ... I don't know," she mumbled.

"Miss Patil is a virgin. Mr. Longbottom is a virgin. Even your erstwhile *boyfriend*, Weasley, is a virgin, though not for much longer if I'm any judge and I am, I assure you." He smirked.

"You, however, are the only one who has consistently harboured sexual fantasies about me."

"I haven't!" Hermione protested.

Snape arched an amused eyebrow. "Oh, really? Shall I refresh your memory? Just last week, during your Potions N.E.W.T., you were wondering what I wear under my trousers boxers or briefs? Then you speculated that perhaps I go 'commando', though I'm not entirely sure what that means."

Hermione flushed again, and she knew there was no point in continuing to deny the truth.

"So you looked into my mind and then you planted the idea of the Stigma. Did you also plant the suggestion that *you* were the one I should come to in order to ...?"

"Of course," Snape said with equanimity.

"So why are you telling me now that it was all just an ... an illusion? You could have just done it and sent me on my way, none the wiser."

"My dear Miss Granger," Snape said. "I'm a seducer, not a rapist."

"You mean you expect me to just let you ..."

"Pleasure you beyond your wildest dreams," he said.

He took her face between his hands and kissed her gently. He teased her lips with his tongue until she groaned softly and opened her mouth, urging him to deepen the kiss.

"Tell me you want this, Hermione," he said in a ragged whisper when the kiss ended.

Hermione swallowed hard. She didn't fear that he would try to force her to succumb. He could have done that as easily as he'd planted the false information about the Stigma. She could leave his bed, his rooms, and he wouldn't try to stop her.

And she would never know if reality could match fantasy.

"Do you want this?" he asked again.

Hermione reached up and stroked his cheek. She ran her finger across the bridge of his nose, and then she smoothed it across his eyebrow. She outlined his lips with the tip of her finger, and then she drew his mouth down to hers.

"I want this," she said.

"Gods," he groaned, and then he gathered her into his arms and kissed her deeply, hungrily.

He nipped at her lips with his teeth, and then used his tongue to soothe the sting.

His hands were all over her, stroking her breasts and using his callused fingertips to pinch and tease her nipples into turgid peaks.

When she was moaning and twisting with need, he slipped her knickers off. His hand cupped her mound, his thumb stroking her swollen nub.

"Tell me you want *me*, Hermione," he said.

"I want you. Gods, Severus, I want you to fuck me!"

Snape quickly stripped off his boxers and positioned himself between Hermione's splayed legs.

He muttered first a contraceptive charm, and then a lubrication charm, and finally a numbing charm.

"I've taken care of everything, Hermione," he assured her. "I promised you that it wouldn't hurt, and that it would feel good. I always keep my promises."

"Just do it, please. I ... I need you so much!"

Snape supported his weight with one hand, and use the other to guide himself to her entrance. The head of his cock slipped in easily, thanks to the lubrication charm he'd performed. He felt the slight resistance of her maidenhead, but pushed steadily against it. He felt the pressure ease as her hymen tore, but knew that she didn't feel any discomfort as it ruptured. He continued to push into her until his cock was buried in her sweet, welcoming warmth.

"You are no longer a virgin, Miss Granger," he said as he began to rock into her slowly.

"I ... I didn't feel anything," she whispered.

"Can you feel this?" he asked. He drove into her a bit more forcefully.

"Yes, oh yes ... I can feel you inside me." Her eyes closed and she moved her hips upward, thrusting against him.

Still supporting himself on one hand, Snape used the other to tease her clitoris as he moved in and out of her slick passage.

"Have you ever thought about me while you masturbated?"

"Don't lie," he warned. "I can always tell when you're lying."

Hermione smiled.

"All right. I won't lie." She bucked her hips against his, urging him to go harder, faster, deeper. She looked into his eyes and held his gaze while her lower body gyrated beneath his.

"I've been thinking about you for months years. I would touch myself. I'd pinch my own nipples and rub my clit and all the time I was wishing it was you."

Snape groaned and buried his face in her neck.

He drove into her wildly, and she matched him stroke for pounding stroke. He could feel the pressure building up in his balls, and he knew he wouldn't last much longer.

Just went he thought he had to come or die, he felt her tip over the edge. He felt her slick walls contract around his plunging cock. She arched against him and a low, keening wail escaped from her throat.

With an answering roar, Snape drove into her again and then came, spilling into her in wave after shuddering wave of sensation.

Two hours, and several orgasms later, Snape and Hermione were curled around each other, too spent to move.

"That was ... amazing," Hermione finally managed to say.

"Indeed," Snape agreed. "But now it's time for you to go back to your dormitory and get some sleep. You've a big day tomorrow, what with your speech and its incumbencies."

Hermione settled herself more firmly against his chest.

"When will we see each other again?" she asked.

"I'll be at the Leaving Feast. As Head of Slytherin House, my presence is required."

"That's not what I meant," Hermione said in a teasing tone.

Snape sighed. He had really hoped that Granger would be more *sensible* than the others had been.

Every year it was the same. Show them a little sexual skill, and they confused it with affection. Unleash their lust and they immediately believed they were in love.

"So, when can we see each other again?" Hermione repeated.

Snape touched a finger to her forehead.

"Never, Miss Granger," he said.

"What?"

"*Oblivate*."

Snape yawned widely as he prepared for bed. Memory charms were so draining. Still, the evening had provided rewards, as well.

He picked up the pair of lacy, white knickers that Granger had conveniently forgotten. He held them to his nose, inhaling the musky scent of her arousal. He tucked them into a hidden drawer next to the fifteen other pairs of knickers he'd accumulated since he'd begun his career at Hogwarts.

He yawned again. His tiredness would pass. It always did. His fatigue was only a minor inconvenience.

He got into bed, settled his greasy head upon his pillow, and closed his eyes.

He might only get shagged once a year, he reflected, but the experience was always memorable at least for him.

End

Additional Author's Note: This story is basically a PWP. I've made no attempt to explain why Snape is still teaching at Hogwarts, why the Trio is obviously there for their 7th year, or what happened to Voldemort.

All though I did try to make it clear that Snape purposely seeks Hermione's permission to proceed with his seduction, I understand that there are some readers who might consider that his actions border on Dub-Con, which is why I've included that warning.

This story was written for the Potter Place Anything Goes Prompt Challenge.

This is the prompt I chose:

108. It's the night before the Leaving Feast and Hermione is about to end 7th Year as the only Gryffindor in the history of the school who managed to escape with her virginity intact. (Whether she is, or simply believes she is, is up for grabs.) She approaches a particular potions master (Severus, lest anybody get "creative" and slip a Slughorn in on me) and asks him to relieve her of this burden, as everyone "knows" (common legend, at least) that the day a virgin Gryffindor graduates "something" (you decide what) will happen, thus revealing her humiliating state to all.

Why does she approach him? Secret love/crush or some other reason?

How does he respond?

Clearly designed for erotica but writers may take it in other directions....