

# Let it Snow!

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Severus Snape trudged through the snow, kicking furiously at the smaller drifts and blasting the larger ones apart with his wand as if they were so many errant rosebushes. Severus hated snow. While insipid fools might regale its picturesque beauty and charm, Severus refused to wax rhapsodic over a simple meteorological event. It was cold. It was cold and it was unforgivably white, which made his black-robed figure stick out like a sore thumb. It was cold, it was white, and it was troublesome. Growling as he blasted another bloody drift, Severus admitted to himself that snow was not nearly so troublesome as one Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

The Christmas hols had begun pleasantly enough. Most of the imbecilic students had left the school to be with their imbecilic families. Even that brat, Potter, had gone off with the Weasleys; making this the first time in Potter's seven years at Hogwarts that Severus hadn't had to suffer the boy mucking about over the hols. Not needing to keep an eye on the brat, Severus had been thoroughly enjoying himself. Holed up in his dungeons doing some private research, he succeeded in ignoring both the snow and Albus for the entire first week. Then, one bright snow-plagued morning, Albus had flood'd into his quarters and succeeded in the ruination of his entire holiday.

Apparently, the snow had gotten too deep this winter for the thrice-damned thestral-drawn sleighs to bring the students from the train station to Hogwarts at the end of break. The rare times this had happened in the past, the staff of Hogwarts had all gone to painstakingly clear--by wand--a path from Hogsmeade to Hogwarts. This year, Albus had come up with an entirely ridiculous notion to save them the trouble. The fact that said solution would cause Severus nothing but trouble hadn't swayed the daft bugger in the least. Albus had simply smiled and offered Severus a peppermint humbug.

Ultimately, Severus found himself stomping through the chuffing snow, heading towards the most annoying student he'd ever had the displeasure of teaching, and all so he could be tortured by said student as she taught him how to drive some blasted Muggle snow device. Honestly, the whole situation was a nightmare. Albus' explanations for why he had to take on this bloody task were as thin and worn as Severus' temper. Apparently, Severus was supposed to believe that Hagrid was too big, Trelawney was too delicate, and the remainder of the staff was too old for such pursuits. All this may have seemed reasonable on the surface, but Severus hadn't liked the wicked twinkle in the older wizard's eyes as Albus stripped him of his blessed solitude and forced him out into the cold. Out into the cold with her.

Blasting apart a last drift, he saw the young witch in question. There stood Hermione Granger, bane of his teaching career, next to a horrendous Muggle contraption. It was an odd vehicle, even for Muggles. It had short skis on the front--much like the Hogwarts sleds; in back were a strange collection of wheels banded by a ridged metal strip. There were two seats in the enclosed front and a flat bed in the back with three wooden benches affixed in place. He calculated one could squeeze about twelve students into it. Studying the vehicle intently, Severus surmised that the wheels must turn the metal band, pushing the vehicle forward on its skis. It seemed straight forward enough--he hoped it wouldn't prove to be too difficult. The last thing he wanted was to look the fool in front of the pouty-lipped know-it-all.

"Good morning Professor Snape," Hermione cheerfully greeted the scowling man, "are you ready for your lesson?"

"No," he snarled, "but as I doubt I shall ever be ready for such a contemptible endeavor, I suggest we stop delaying the inevitable and get on with it. I am shocked you know how to work such a ludicrous contraption...where did you learn to drive, Miss Granger, from a correspondence course? Or do your Muggle parents own a monstrosity

like this?"

"No, my parents do not own a Bobcat utility vehicle," Hermione said, chuckling. "I assure you, you don't have to own one to know how to use it."

"So how exactly did you end up the Hogwarts expert on such a matter?" he growled.

"My parents are mad for skiing. They often take me on holiday to the slopes. I did not take to skiing, but I did enjoy puttering around on a snowmobile. This vehicle is a bit more like driving a car than a snowmobile, but I should be able to teach you easily enough."

Shaking his head, Severus muttered "Should I live to be one-hundred and eighty seven, I shall never understand how I got roped into this." Addressing the grinning young witch, he snapped "Let's get on with it, then."

Directing him to the passenger seat, Hermione seated herself in the driver's seat and began a detailed lecture on the various controls. Severus was relieved to find it not too complicated after all, as he was having a devil of a time keeping his mind on the instructions and off her flashing eyes and constantly moving lips. His distracted mind was brought back to the task at hand as Hermione started the vehicle, turned on the cab's heater, and demonstrated putting the Bobcat into gear.

"Watch my feet," she instructed, "see the three pedals? You step on the clutch while you shift into gear. You have to ease it gently."

Severus found himself distracted yet again with wondering about the state of Miss Granger's virginity. Would he have to ease into her gently or had some cloddish boy already paved the way? Damn and blast! There was no reason to tease himself in this manner. Miss Granger was all business; she'd never given him any reason to think his physical advances would be welcomed. Pity, he thought. Her Muggle jumper stretched tightly over a feast of curves he feared he'd never be invited to devour.

Noting her Professor had begun squirming in his seat, Hermione mistook his discomfort for impatience. With a sigh, she put the Bobcat into gear and they headed off. The beginning of their journey went smoothly enough. Hermione was explaining how, while driving itself was pretty straight forward, it was difficult to judge the dangers of the terrain while it was blanketed with so much snow. As the words left her mouth, the Bobcat tipped off the level track on which it had been riding, into what proved to be a large snowdrift. The engine cut out as it landed heavily on its side. Severus was thrown against the passenger door, and Hermione landed sprawled against him, her Muggle jeans-covered arse fetching up painfully against the erection his robes had been concealing. Dazed for a moment, Hermione wriggled about, trying to get comfortable.

"Must you fanny about in that ridiculous fashion?" Severus snapped, doing his best not to simply grab the chit by her hips and grind himself against her.

"Sorry," she muttered, still confused. "I seem to be sitting on the stick shift."

"THAT is not the stick shift," he replied, his voice going deep and husky.

Turning slightly to look her Potions Professor directly in his dilated eyes, Hermione finally realized exactly where it was she was sitting. Her eyes widened in surprise--the stubborn man had never given her any sign her advances would be welcomed, so she'd never made any. Now, judging by the hard length pressed intimately against her bottom, she realized her advances might not be rejected after all. Instead of scrambling off his lap, she wriggled against him again.

Severus couldn't stop a small groan from escaping his lips as she wriggled. He'd thought she would immediately flee as soon as she became aware of exactly what she was sitting on. Instead, the vixen was snuggling her arse even more tightly against his cock and--Merlin's teeth--she was staring at his mouth! That was all the invitation the over-stimulated Professor needed. With a growl, Severus wrapped his arms around her to clasp a breast in each hand, leaning his head forward to cover her mouth with his own. Hermione's mouth opened readily and he plunged his tongue into her hot sweetness, where it was met by her own eager tongue.

The intense Potion master's kiss was everything Hermione had hoped it would be. Hot, hungry, abandoned. Having wanted to get her hands all over the man for ages, Hermione was frustrated by their present position. True the hard length grinding into her bum was delightful, as were the strong hands eagerly kneading her breasts, but she couldn't reach the damn man at all! Raising one arm, the best she could do was to twine a hand in his black hair and press his mouth even tighter against her own. Whimpering into his mouth in frustration, she wriggled against him again. One of Severus' hands left her breast to journey down her torso to the fly of her Muggle jeans. It took him but a moment to figure out the Muggle zipper before his hand was inside, delving beneath her knickers and pressing eager fingers into her wet flesh. Those fingers teased, stroked, and danced between her hot folds, changing Hermione's frustrated whimpers to husky moans. Severus drank in her sweet sounds as he kissed her hungrily. Hermione's hips bucked against his hand as he continued to grind his cock against her denim-covered arse. He felt her walls clench around his fingers as she shouted her release into his devouring mouth. Stopping the kiss so the panting young woman could catch her breath, Severus nestled his nose into her riotous hair just behind her ear. His hand remained wedged in her pants, tightly cupping her drenched curls.

Hermione's tongue could not be halted for long. Eventually she regained breath enough to murmur, "I see your hands are good for something other than stirring a potion."

Severus' chuckled into her ear. "And tell me Hermione," he purred, "is that mouth of yours good for anything besides inane prattle?"

Turning around far enough to look him in the eye, Hermione gave him a saucy grin and replied, "It is. Or so the boys tell me."

"I am most definitely not one of your cloddish boys, Hermione. I am a man. If you give me the opportunity, I would be most happy to demonstrate the difference."

"I shall look forward to it. In the meantime, perhaps I can find something to keep my mouth occupied aside from idle chatter."

It took some finagling in the cramped cab of the Bobcat, but Hermione eventually got her Professor's pants undone and her enthusiastic lips wrapped around his cock. Severus hadn't been joking about being a man, she mused. She was certainly not used to a man of his...proportions. She hummed happily around his length as she began to assault it with lips, tongue, and gentle teeth. Her assault caused a wide array of sounds to spill from his panting mouth; she delighted in the mixture of growls and obscenities. All too soon it ended as Severus, with one last fervent growl, came gushing down her throat. Licking him clean, she tucked his now softening length gently back into his trousers and buttoned him up. Placing a last reverent kiss against the fly of his trousers, she drew herself up to snuggle against his chest while he recovered.

Severus wrapped an arm around her, holding her tightly against him. "I see," he murmured, "that your impetuous mouth is indeed as talented orally as well as verbally."

Chuckling at his teasing, Hermione sighed. Would this be the only time she managed to get her hands on the man? Would he turn back into her surly Potions Professor once they returned to Hogwarts or would she get a chance to continue what they had started?

Severus echoed her sigh with one of his own. "I suggest, Miss Granger, that we get this ridiculous contraption righted and get this driving lesson over with. After all, the sooner you teach me to drive this infernal machine, the sooner we can continue more pleasurable pursuits in my chambers, where we shall be much more comfortable."

Flashing him a grin of pure, wicked happiness, Hermione said, "That, my dear Professor, sounds like an excellent plan."

With some struggle and much foolish wand waving, they got the Bobcat righted and with little more instruction, Severus drove it back towards the main entrance of Hogwarts.

"Miss Granger," Severus began, giving the witch in question a penetrating look, "Dumbledore told me that you were no more interested in teaching one of the Professors how to drive this thing than I was in learning it. How is it that he managed to convince you?"

"Easily enough, actually. I gave him an ultimatum. I told him that the only way I would do it was if you were the Professor I taught," Hermione said with a mischievous grin.

"Trying to get me alone were you, you teasing wench?" Severus said, with a smirk of his own. "I promise you will not have to go through such intrigues to do so in future."

"That will suit me just fine, Professor."

