Secrets In The Prefects Bathroom

by InsufferableKnowItAl

Summary

Severus Snape is trying to escape from Rita Skeeter who wants nothing more than to interview him about his views on the Potter boy.

When he disagrees, she continuously bothers him and follows him around everywhere. As he tries to escape from her persistent clutches, he takes refuge in the Prefects bathroom. Once inside he is met by a dilemma that could change everything.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
Slippery Escape

As he quickly made his way down the hall, trying to escape from the constant clicking of heels trying to follow him, he helplessly looked for a place to hide.

As many times as he told her no, as many times as he told her he had nothing to say, she continued to bother him. The rest of the staff found it funny when he asked them to help him get rid of her, but as always, he had to end up taking care of this himself.

Striding down hallway after hallway, trying to loose the loose cannon Skeeter, he began to lose hope. She always seemed to know where he was even when she was turns and turns behind.

"Professor Snape!? Professor Snape!? Please, as a journalist for the Ministry, I am asked to give some input on everyone's views on Harry Potter!" She yelled after him. Her green heels clicking and echoing off of the walls, irritating him to the point that he wanted to hex the women.

She was annoying, she was insufferable, and she was oh so determined to get her stupid story.

"I wish to not speak of that matter. The boy is none of my concern!" He boomed over his shoulder.

Quickening his pace, his robes billowed behind him as he sought turn after turn to loose her.

"Yes Mr. Snape, I understand that, but I am not taking no as an answer!" She said in a sing song voice. He groaned, but continued on his journey of losing her.

This was the time where he wished he could apparate out of the castle, damn Dumbledore. And as many times as he had insisted on having Dumbledore inform her, since she shouldn't take the hint for herself, to leave him alone, but all he did was sit there and chuckle, offering him a lemon candy.

He had tried losing her on the school grounds, In the dungeons, at the quidditch pitch during a game, in the halls, in classrooms, and even the moving stairs. But she still pursued him.

He had once had the thought that maybe the staff and Dumbledore had put her up to the task to bug him, annoy him and stalk him. How so badly he wanted to hex her.

Turning a corner once more, he met a dead end.

"Damn!" He cursed loudly, kicking the brick wall.

"Yoohoo! Mr Snape!" She rang down the hall, approaching him quickly. He didn't know how that women stayed on her feet.

He began panicking. All he needed was for her to corner him, question him, and then flip the truth. She was no more than a no good piece of work of a journalist. And her apparel she always deemed dressed up in was just as horrid as Umbridges!

The fancy greens, yellows and reds. The cat eye glasses, and the stale stench of hair spray in her hideous blonde curls. Yes, he had taken the definitive to notice these things when being followed around.

All she did was chatter in his ear about everything and anything, and then put in her two sentences of questions about that insolent Potter Boy. If he could have it his way, he would throw her into the black lake and the Potter Boy would no longer be "little boy wonder".
"Mr Snape, is it true that Mr Potter is one of your most favorite student in Potions?" She questioned aloud, approaching closer to where he stood.

He scoffed. Potter was hardly applicable to even brew the simplest of Potions in class. As far as he was concerned, Potter would and Could burn water.

Her heels clicked louder, echoing off of the bricked walls. He began to mentally scream on the inside. That's when he noticed a door.

"Well Mr Snape I have heard......."

Blah, blah, blah, that's all she said.

Approaching the door hurriedly, he turned one last time towards the open ended hallway. He just saw the toe of her horrid green heel and quickly threw open the door and closed it behind him.
Warding it, he began stepping away from the door in horror. She never ever gave up. He wished someone would "accidentally" kidnap her, or hit her with a curse, or obliviate her, or.... or..... the list just continued on and on.

Any associate of the Ministry was an enemy in his eyes.

Taking a deep breath once he no longer heard her, he sighed. Walking back over to the door, he rested his forehead upon the barren cold wood.

Why must he be thrown into such extremes?

Turning his back against the door, he took in his surroundings. He was in the head girl, head boy private bathroom. The Prefects Bathroom.

His eyes widened with horror. 'What a great place to shut yourself on Severus.' He scolded himself. Stepping away from the door, he examined the room. This was his first time ever being in here, and sadly to say, it was better than the staff bathroom they were supplied with. Even better than his own.

Slowly walking around, he saw there were sinks all lined up in the form of a circle. There were stalls, there were changing rooms, and there were baths the size of miniature pools.

That's when he heard a voice.

The voice was humming.

He quickly hid behind a wall in a corner, not wishing to be seen interrupting someone.

He wanted to turn back, but if he did, he would have to face Skeeter, and that was not an option he was willing to take. So, he stood there.

The voice humming came closer. He recognized it to be feminine. He rolled his eyes. An unsettling feeling rested in the pit of his stomach. Not only will he be known for being the greasy bat of the dungeons, the big nosed crow, but also the perverted potions professor if she were to see him in there.

A figure stepped out of the changing stall with a silken robe on. Her back was turned to him as he hid himself further into the confinement of the wall. She walked past him. Her hair was wrapped in a towel, and she was making her way towards the baths.

He gulped as a dry lump in his throat formed. 'Uh oh'.
As she slowly walked towards the steaming hot water, she took the towel out of her hair and let it loose. It gave a slow bounce as it fell around the frame of her shoulders. Severus couldn't help but watch. He knew it was wrong, but I mean, how could he not? It was the instinct of a man after all!

She dipped her toes into the edge of the water and gave a low moan of pleasure at the warmth of it. Then slowly, her back still turned to whereas he couldn't see who she was, she nimbly undid her robe and let it slowly fall off of her shoulders.

It slid slowly and agonizingly down her arms and soon all that was covered was her hips and backside. Severus felt his mouth go parch, if only he could leave. But the question was, if he could leave, would he want to?

He knew sooner or later he would have to, but what was wrong with a little show? Besides, a part of him wanted to figure out who she was and what house she belonged to! That way he could dock a few points off to keep him and his house in the lead for the house cup.

Being sure to still stay hidden in the shadows, he watched intently.

The robe fell from her completely and pooled around her feet in one silken heap. Then walking ever so carefully to the steps at the entrance of the pool, she began to descend slowly. Spigots began to turn on and out oozed a bunch of different colored liquids and suds began to fill the tub almost instantly. Severus began to feel quite hot in his apparel suddenly. The fumes and scents of the bubbles wafted towards him and they smelled so heavenly. Something he wished he could soak in.

He made a mental note to be sure to use this bathroom here every once in a while when everyone was to be in bed and the halls were free of lingering staff and students.

As she fully submerged herself into the water, she disappeared entirely. He couldn't help but wonder where she was. He saw no sudden movements in the water aside from the spigots still releasing themselves. Then they stopped and everything was completely silent.

He stepped out slightly and looked from one end of the pool sized tub to the other. Where in Merlins did she go? He felt his heart skip a beat only momentarily, what if she never merged from the water? Is she drowning? Should he take action? What would happen if he didn't!? So many things ran through his head like a mile a minute, it was frustrating and scary! Usually he was always able to think under pressure, but at this moment, he didn't know what to do.

Then, just as he had the will to go to the waters edge, she merged herself from the water and gave a small gasp for air. He quickly stepped back into the dark, watching her as she pushed her hair back away from her face. He still couldn't clearly see who she was.

Her hair pooled down her back as she swam to the opposite side of the water and reached up and grabbed a sponge from the sponge and towel rack. Then, she made her way towards a spigot.

Turning it, a little bit of an amber looking liquid came out and she let it wash over the sponge. Then, turning it off, she began to sponge herself off, first working on her neck area and then to her shoulders. As she was doing so, she was turning and just as Severus was able to see who she was, she smiled to herself.

"Are you just going to stand there and watch the whole time. . .Professor?" She said almost sweetly. He jumped in surprise and stood there, planted on the spot. What was he to do?
Severus stood there, very confused as to what to do. How did she know he was in here? She seemed to have been looking right at him with her large chocolate brown hues. She shrugged her shoulders and turned away.

"Suit yourself. . ." She said quietly, continuing on cleansing her shoulders and neck. He looked to his left, then to his right in utter fear. What was he to do? Racking his brain for any way out of this, he knew he had to step out, or else who knew what would happen. She may, after all, bring to the headmasters attention and then the Ministry would get involved and who would believe his story? After all, he was the one in the bathroom for Prefects only.

Clearing his throat uncomfortably, he stepped out of the confinements of the corner and adverted his eyes in every which direction. He wanted to look at everything but the pool itself.

"I apologize for the . . . intrusion, Miss Granger." He said, quite blankly. He didn't know how else to say it. He was in quite the uncomfortable position at the moment. He heard the water stir and a scoff come from her.

"Oh please, don't act as if you are afraid to look at me now, if I hadn't, you would have continued to watch." She said in a matter of factly tone. But she showed no signs of anger, she was more so reluctant. He frowned as his eyes stared down at his feet.

"No I wouldn't have." He answered gruffly. She rolled her eyes, swimming over to the pools edge. Placing her elbows on the ledge, she rested her head upon the back of her hands.

"Oh please, Man's greatest and not so wisest instinct. Please may I remind you I hang around with two imbeciles." She said. His eyes flickered to hers and then he turned his back to her.

"Well, I am not a man you know." He answered, trying to find some way to ease on out of the sticky situation.

"Oh, but that is what you think. . . Severus. . ." She purred slowly, as if the name were natural for her to say. He turned on the heel of his boot and stared at her, dumbstruck that she used his first name.

"What do you know, Miss Granger?" He asked her. "What are you. . . insinuating?" His arms were crossed against his chest, his knuckles white from clenching his robes.

"What would you like me to tell you that I know about?" She answered, batting her eyelashes ever so slowly and innocent like.

"Miss Granger, this is highly innapropriate-"

"But it is not my fault you are in this situation. I was doing what we Prefects are enabled to do, you came through that door and stayed. . . and watched. . ." She said coyly. He sighed deeply.

"No, it wasn't your fault up until you made the move to have me be standing here speaking to you."

"Oh, but as I stated before, you would have more than likely, stood there and watched without my permission, correct Professor?" He punched the bridge of his nose, this was what he was afraid of happening. "And besides, I didn't make you do anything." She began humming to herself as she began to mosey about in the water.
"Just what do you want from me, Miss Granger? Is there anything I could do to keep this in the confines of this room?" He asked her. He sounded as if he were begging. He had a very bad feeling that if he didn't do something for her, she would tell. There was no way he was going to be Rita Skeeter's next best-selling headliner for her paper. Hermione had stopped humming and seemed to consider his proposition.

"Anything?" She asked, over her shoulder. He gulped, she was going to make this hard on him, he knew it.

"Y-yes." He said. She went back to the ledge and arched her finger, beckoning him to come closer. He groaned and slowly made his way in her direction. Crouching down to her level, being sure to just look at her eyes and nowhere else, thankful for the bubbles. Just as he was level enough for her to speak, she bit her lip.

"I want you... to join me." She answered, almost menacingly.
Inviting Currents

If he could explain his sudden surprise or even the sudden fear that crossed his features, there was no word to put in its place.

He retreated from the waters edge instantly and earned a hearty laugh from the Granger girl from the water before him.

"Miss Granger! You have any idea what you are asking of me?!" He spat at her as if it were venom trickling from his lips. Hermione rolled her eyes at him.

"Please Professor, I'm not daft. Besides..." she said, her voice trailing off as it dropped to nearly a whisper, "who hasn't had a dangerous type of fantasy?" She asked him, dipping lower into the water until her chin was completely submerged into the water.

There was something about her in the water that he couldn't quite grasp. He knew he should be furious with her! And he also knew he could use what she asked of him against her if she were to press allegations against him. She was asking of him to have inappropriate misconduct with a student. He knew he would still be withheld as wrong in the situation, but it was more so enough that it could be probably swept under the rug and forgotten about.

He turned away from her and shut his eyes tight, feeling the impending fight that was building up in him.

"I know what your thinking..." She told him, casually, as if she were in a conversation with him, persuading him. "If you do decide to go down that route you are thinking of, you have no idea whats lurking outside that door..." she said, insinuating about Skeeter and probably anyone else who was passing by. "but you know whats in here..." she said dangerously. She was killing him.

He couldn't help as his heart began to race and a small beam of sweat caressed his eyebrows. She was right. If he just joined her, she wouldn't say anything, she'd keep that pretty little mouth of hers sh-

He stopped on his train of thought - Pretty little mouth? Since when did he think her mouth was pretty?

It was the fumes, they were making him delirious. Not to mention the man inside of him like any other was beginning to evade his train of thought with the images and ideas she was painting within his head. He shook his head and turned until his eyes met hers. His stare was just as harsh as hers.

"Miss Granger..." He began, his lips pursed in a way that he couldn't help but notice her gaze at him. Was she infatuated with him? He couldn't think of anything else that made her gaze at him like so.

"Professor..." She said with a questioning look. There was flicker in her eyes that told him she thought she was winning. He didn't know why he said her name, he was battling with himself over something that any idiot would know was the right move; Leaving.

Finally giving into the agony in him, he decided that if he did what she said, everything would be squared away and it would only be once. For all he cared, he could just drink it off later...

Besides, she only said to join her, not do anything else. And besides, it was kind of a once in a lifetime opportunity to be in that amazing looking water. He knew after this, he'd never want to step
his foot back in here.

Walking towards a little rack that was placed by the adjacent wall, he kicked off his shoes slowly. Then, removing his cloak, he draped it over the rack. Nimbly beginning to undo the buttons of his frock, he didn't notice the presence behind him, until he felt hands helping him slip it off of his arms.

He stopped what he was doing and held his breath. What was she doing?

He felt his hands begin to shake, he wasn't supposed to be doing this. Never turning around to make eye contact with her he undressed completely. She had helped him remove his shirt and was fully aware of the way her fingers nimbly traced along his back and shoulders.

His eyes closed every so often. He wanted to protest, but he couldn't find his voice. That familiar feeling of being a school boy again filled his chest. It wasn't a feeling he was comfortable with.

She had left his side and returned back to the water, he had caught a glimpse of her sheek and slick form from behind, enter the water. Paving a path of excitement through his body. He quickly walked over the the water. She was respectful enough to not look until his torso and down was covered from the water and suds.

The water felt heavenly as it caressed his skin, and if things would have been different, it being just himself, he would have completely let go and enjoyed it all. But he couldn't. He didn't know what to do, what to say. She was across the water from him, watching him intently.

"Now what. . . Miss Granger?" He asked her, his hands uncertainly tracing through the water as he made sure the distance between them was enough.
She stared at him, as if playing with his words in her head. He didn't know what to do, insecurities were beginning to fill up inside of him like firewhiskey in a glass for him every night.

Then, ever so slowly, she began treading through the water towards him, her eyes locked on his. Severus instantly crossed his arms over his chest, not liking the way her eyes traced his features she was able to see.

"Thats close enough." He warned her, not wanting her to come any closer and evoke in anything he may or may not want. Let alone herself. She has no idea what he could indeed do to her. A part of him wanted to be obliviated. Another wanted to just run out the room and let it all go to hell with him, it already was, right?

She shook her head slowly and smirked. "Professor, you honestly think I invited you in here to stand around?" She was moving closer to him as she said this. She said it so slowly, it was like watching one of the spigots ooze out it's essence.

Before he knew it, her proximity was very close, and almost too close to his likings. "Miss Gran-" He started, but she slowly grabbed his hand and placed it on her chest, just above her breast, right over her heart. He could feel the strong rhythmic beat of her heart. His eyes trailed down to his hand and up her neck, slowly, watching the way she noticeably gulped slowly. He didn't miss the feeling of her heart beat skip as she watched his reaction.

Slowly retreating his hand away from her chest, he cleared his throat. He felt the uncomfortableness settle in the pit of his stomach, but he felt it subside just a little. Was he finally beginning to feel okay?

That once sheepish feeling that filled him was slowly nonexistent. She reached her hand out until it was resting against his own chest, feeling his heart beat, His eyes searched hers for anything for him to hold onto. This was beginning to be too much for him. She nodded her head ever so slowly.

"You see?" She said slowly, "it's okay..." Her hand slowly slid down and away from his chest. If she were to move one inch closer to him, her own chest would have touched his and he knew then things that he knew were unforgivable would happen. After all, he was human, right?

He knew he was fighting the fire of urges withing him, but he knew that could only last for so long. Noticing his sudden apprehension, she smiled at him softly. Grabbing his hand, she pulled him along through the suddy water over to one of the spigots. Grabbing one of the sponges that rested upon the edge of the pool, she turned on the spigot. Watching an amber-like liquid slowly ooze out onto the sponge, she turned it off and turned to him.

Then, ever so slowly, she raised it to his skin and began to clean him, rubbing the sponge in circular motions along his back. He was entirely aware of the way her other hand traced over the scars on his back as the other lathered his skin in that magnificent smelling soap.

She was doing things to him he knew she shouldn't. But he knew it was her consent. Did he give her
his own?

None of that mattered to him, this was it, this was the moment he knew he wouldn't want to forget. Once her lips landed on the crook of his neck and shoulder, he turned around in the water to face her.

Looking at her certainly, the sponge was still in her hands. He noticed her breathing had become a bit labored. Slowly, he stepped closer to her, aware that they were in the shallow end of the pool. Her chest slightly brushed against his, making her shiver noticeably at the contact.

He hadn't been able to see her peaked rosebuds due to the bubbles and suds, but he certainly could feel them against his chest. Snaking his hand around her waste beneath the water, he pulled her against his body. She let out a soft gasp at the contact of their skin, her eyes becoming slightly lidded. Her hands, now placed against his chest, he reached up his other hand and raised it to her chin, tilting her head back just a little, letting him get a good look at her beautiful neck. He couldn't stop now, they had both come too far.

"Was this your intentions. . .Miss Granger?" He whispered softly, making her part her lips in excitement.
Her hair spanned out in the water as he traced his digits from her chin, down her neck slowly, until he reached her chest. Letting his fingers nimbly dance their way down her valley between her breasts until he let the thumb of his finger run over her beautifully peaked rose-bud.

She gasped soundly at his touch, making him relish in how well his hands worked even outside of potion making. Pinching her sensitive nipple, her back arched making him smile lightly.

Pulling her to him, he captured her lips in his for a passionate deep kiss. She moaned against his mouth as his tongue swept within hers to mix and entangle into one dangerous mixture. Her hands wrapped around his neck and pulled him closer to her. His hands roamed over her body, from her beautifully rounded bottom, to the curves of her hips on up.

Their teeth hitting against each other every so often with that certain desperation that was within them, only fed to the fire. His fingers wrapped themselves within her wet hair as her hands roamed over his shoulders, digging into them every so often.

"Ah, Professor..." she said breathlessly in between their kissing. They were nearly abusing each others lips and mouth, each trying to taste and conquer every alcove as the other. There was to much he needed and wanted from her and he knew she felt the same.

Backing her against the wall, his mouth left hers, making her whimper slightly at the loss. But he instantly began attacking her neck, sucking on her sweet and soft skin, tasting the small tingling sensation of salt on his tongue.

He knew he was in the wrong to even be doing this, but he obviously wasn't really going to escape from this now, was he? Besides, he felt a triumphant urge in him that told him he deserved a moment like this.

She wrapped her legs around his hips as he continued his ministrations to her neck, peppering every aspect and alcove of it, declaring that she was his. Her soft moans and giggles of pleasure were enough to send him crazy, but he knew better.

Letting his hand dip low into the water, he found her heaven between her legs. Knowing that being in the water really isn't wise when it comes to what was eventually to come, he knew enough to excite her and show her he was not incapable. He was like a veteran as far as he knew with every gasp he received from her.

Letting his hand trace touches along the inside of her thigh, she locked her eyes with his. He watched as her bottom lip quivered with fervor as he slowly teased his way up her thigh.

Finding her sweet succulent lips, he allowed his fingers to trace along the outside, just to tease as much. She shut her eyes and bit her bottom lip. Grabbing her chin with his other hand, he tutted at her.

"Uh-uh, you keep your eyes on me, love." He said in his dripping with sex voice. She looked at him wide eyed as he said so, a crease forming in her forehead as she tried desperately not to shut her eyes from pure pleasure.

Slipping his fingers between her lips, he pressed against her clit, making her give a small yelp in excitement. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head slightly as he began to rub it in a circular motion, slowly. As he did so, he began to pick up the speed and the intensity of the pressure he put
on her. Her chest was heaving by now and he too felt the excitement between his own legs want so desperately as to feel the inside of her.

Seeing as to she was getting close, he removed his hand, making her moan in protest. Grabbing her hips, she shrieked as he lifted her up until she was no longer in the water.

Climbing out himself, he helped her up, careful as to not slip in the puddles they were making on the floor. Hermione gave a small shiver as the cool air nipped at their naked skin. Pulling her back to him, he captured her lips roughly and began backing her up to the towel rack. Things were about to get rough...
As her back hit the hard wood of the towel rack, their lips left each other. A gasp of excitement and delight came from Hermione's lips as Severus just smirked at her. He never knew she could be so naughty.

His hands roughly taking her hips, he pulled her into him as she giggled lightly. He could feel the tinge of anticipation growing with the contact of their wet skin. He knew sooner or later he was going to lose it all, but he wanted to take his time, in an almost tantalizing way, as if to punish her for being desirable.

She bit her lip slightly and searched his eyes. He could see the almost shatter-like soul within them, but he knew she was a tough one. Letting his hand come up and trace her bottom lip with her thumb, making her release it from her teeth, he felt as if there was nothing he could say. Should he say something to reassure her, he knew not what. He wasn't the type to talk, as he never really did this sort of thing. If he ever did screw a witch, it was with no feelings or thought, it was just a moment they, you could presume was shared together, but it was nothing special like this.

She seemed to see that. He hand came up and rested against his cheek. Softly tucking a strand of wet hair behind his ear, she smiled softly.

"Hey, it's okay, I know." He couldn't have been more thankful for her to say anything to him. He usually hated it when she spoke, as her smartness always got to the best of him. He loved belittling to blank minded ones, but belittling her was to push her past her limits.

Well today in this moment, it seemed like the tables have been turned and she was pushing him past his limits as a teacher. Though maybe not in this moment was he her teacher and she his student, but they were two consenting adults, though he more so an elder and her a... young adult, unless given the fact of the time turner making her an adult. But there was no need to dwell on that thought at the moment, she was what he wanted deep down, and she obviously felt the very same way.

Leaning in closer, he kissed her slowly and softly, like a romantic kiss unlike any other. It was long and sweet. Her hands roamed his shoulders and back as he could feel her begin to demand more from him. His hands still on her hips, he swooped down and raised one of her legs, wrapping it around his waist.

She sucked in a sharp intake of air and moaned as she could feel his hard and attentive appendage against her inner thigh.

"Please..." she seemed to whimper to him. There was a glint on his eye that went unnoticed by her.

"Of course." And with that, he positioned himself at her entrance and slid right in. She gripped him tighter and he began to move into her, almost completely. She captured his lips roughly and he dug his fingers into her flesh, feeling her walls stretch and become accustomed to his length.

Her mouth left his as she cried out, a cry that could have made him finish off just like that, but he knew better to contain himself and hold off, he needed to feel her, he needed her to move along with him as one. This wasn't going to be a quickie, and that was a promise to himself and her.

Her eyes were shut tight and she hummed softly, her brows creased together in pure pleasure. He knew he could stay like that forever, but this was no time to wait.

Slowly shifting her against the towel tack, he began to move ever so slightly. Light thrusts as she dug
her nails into his shoulders. Feeling him completely inside of her was unlike anything she could have imagined. No, she wasn't new to sexual intercourse, but she certainly wasn't accustomed to the size of him!

"Oh... gods!" She moaned out almost inaudibly. He began thrusting up harder into her, making the whole rack shake and quake as it procured an annoying ricketing sound to his rhythm. Her leg tightened around his hip as he concentrated on not losing control and hurting her. It was bad enough he knew the way he was gripping her hips tightly that there was going to be bruises by morning.

He felt her walls quake with every move, every thrust and he couldn't help but feel complete in the moment. She was unlike any other. He knew her look of pure ecstasy was genuine, unlike the other witches who seemed to over exaggerate it all just to get it over with quicker, which maybe at this moment he was glad for, for he never knew a time like this would be one he'd want to take advantage of.

His constant thrusting, letting him take her whole was everything to him. He could feel her walls tighten around him as she cried out. He brought her lips to his, trying to muffle her moans, as he didn't know if the room had been sound proofed. But to hell with it. Her hands now gripped the towel rack, knocking a few to the ground, he wasn't sure how much longer either of them were going to last, let alone the poor towel rack!

Sweeping all of the towels off of the rack until they made a sort of bed like structure on the floor, he picked her up and walked over to it, never losing contact with her. Easing himself down onto the floor, sitting straight legged as she sat on him, he grabbed her hair. She whimpered as he thrust up hard into her.

"Move witch..." He told her seductively. She had her eyes trained deeply on him, one of understanding and pleasure. Then just like in an instant, there was something in her eyes that seemed to have changed. She placed her hand on his chest and pushed him down, until he was completely on his back and she was straddling him.

"Yes... Professor..." She drawled slowly.
A Bed Of Towels

Her hand moving slowly down his chest, she closed her eyes so she could relish in all of him. It was her turn to be in control.

Beginning to move in a slow-like rhythm, she hummed softly. He was unlike any other she had had before, and that was saying a lot. His hands grabbed her hips as his face contorted in pure pleasure. A smile surprised her lips, she was glad she was doing it right, just for him.

Was this her intentions? Maybe it was, but she'd never tell. She was just glad for this moment, as it was one she had dreamed about for a really long time, and not just it happening like this, but so many ways. She liked it every which way.

Running her hands up her body, she bit her lip roughly so muster a whimper. "Oh Severus!" She cried out.

He began thrusting up into her as she continued her straddling, it was the most intoxicating mingle ever. If she had to say that she knew this was going to happen today, she'd be crazy!

Hearing her moan his name pleased him like no other. Just the expression on her face, or her heavenly curves were enough to satisfy him. Seeing her breasts bounce with every thrust he made was unexplainable, she was so heavenly.

Sitting up, helping guide her hips up and down on his throbbing appendage, he groaned deeply. Just feeling her walls quake and tremble around him was enough to send him on edge.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and bounced along to his rhythm. Her face screwed up in pure concentration on the matter at hand.

entangling her fingers in his hair, she met his mouth in a searing breathless kiss. It only lasted for mere seconds, for the pleasure was just too much to keeping from gasping.

Leaning back until her palms rested in the cool linoleum floor, she threw her head back. Raising himself to his knees, he thrust harder in her, knowing this moment wouldn't last long.

Allowing his hand to return to her heavenly folds, he began to rub her with as much aggression as he filled her completely. There was no doubt about it, this was the best sex ever.

She whimpered entirely, completely losing all strength in herself. She was a puddle of pure desperation in his hands now.

Feeling a fiery build up deep within her, she cried out in pleasure as she tightened around him. Releasing her ecstasy in one sweeping moan, quaking as he soon followed not so shortly behind her, releasing his own seed within her.

Finishing completely, he feel to the floor beside her, heaving breathlessly. He knew he'd possibly never be able to come down from this high.

She curled up on her side, breathing lightly, just staring at the excellent man before her. She smiled to herself.

Not a word was said between the two for quite some time as they lye there. Not until they were able to return back to normal breathing did he turn towards her.
She sat up and smiled shyly. "Hi." She said sheepishly. He chuckled and sighed.

"I think we were past that stage when you called me out." He answered honestly. Turning on his side, he reached out and tucked a strand of curls behind her ear. She smirked and blushed.

"So. . ."

"So?"

"What do we do now?" She asked, biting her lip. Severus sat up. Standing up, he held out his hand to her.

"I dont know about you, but I'd like to return to where it all began." He said with a smirk. Placing her hand in his, he pulled her up. She reached up and gave him a small peck on the lips. Then, placing his hand on the small of her back, he walked over to the waters edge. Without a word, he dove right into the water, surprising Hermione as water splashed up at her.

He popped back up out of the water and chuckled. "My apologies, I've always wanted to try that." He said, seeming a bit bashful. She loved it. What happened here, brought out the man she never saw, the man he probably forgot how to be. Shaking her head, she smiled at him. Easing down, she sat on the ledge of the pool like bath and kicked her feet slowly in the water, watching as Severus leaned back, closing his eyes slightly. Biting her lip, she thought of everything that had just happened.

Remembering just how she had to basically convince him to get into the water with her and to stay was beyond her as to how she did it. But it was quite clever. And something to remember. With a smirk on her face, she decided to mock him, sensually.

"What are your intentions, Professor?" She said in a luring voice. Severus opened his eyes slowly and looked at her seriously. Turning his head slightly, he began treading slowly through the water towards her.

Once he was close enough, he ran his hands up her legs and spread them. Stepping between them, he placed his fingers under her chin and looked into her eyes deeply.

"Miss Granger. . . I want you. . . to join me. . ." He drawled slowly. Leaning in, he captured her succulent lips with his. She wrapped her legs around his waist as he pulled her into the water with him. Once he released her lips, they held each other with their foreheads resting against one another. Enjoying the bliss of it all.
Fixing the cuff links on his black robes, he watched as Hermione pulled her stockings up her legs. He couldn't believe it had all went the way it did.

He felt refreshed, and renewed. But he knew they'd definitely have to keep this under wraps. He knew how to be sneaky, it was something he was quite good at. Having to play roles he hated and dreaded.

Placing on his billowing cape like robe, he watched as she slipped her shoes on. Making sure that nothing was left behind, he pulled his wand out of his pocket and waved it, making the floors that were soaked dry and the towel rack and towels placed back where it was and folded nicely.

"Nice." she said with a smirk.

"Its the least I can do." He said, smiling back. Walking up to him, she wrapped her arms around his neck. He leaned down and gave her a small simple kiss. One of affection and appreciation. It surprised him how he all of a sudden had a change of heart and was a gentle man. To be honest, he had always respected women, unless it was Minerva. She was one to really get under his skin. She always acted as if she were his mother, and he had assured her she wasn't and never would be. It was bad enough his own mother no longer spoke to him, not that its her fault, he was just to stubborn to hear it.

Stepping away from her, he unlocked the door and opened it slowly. Sticking his head out, nobody was there. Closing it back quietly, he turned to her.

"I shall take my leave first, then you after a few moments." Hermione rolled her eyes.

"I know, I'm not *that* insufferable." He raised his eyebrow at her.

"Do I hear points calling me to take from your house?" She gasped.

"Don't you dare!" Both laughing lightly, he cleared his throat. Opening the door, he stepped out.

The difference between the bathroom and the hallway was that the hallway was cold and it nipped at his skin instantly. The bathroom had been humid and warm, due to the water and their.

Swiftly walking down the hall, not daring to look back just in case it raised some suspicion. As you could never be too careful, especially with the ghosts flying around.

With a small swag in his step, he went to round the corner when he collided into someone!

"Why you dimwitted annoying little-" He started when he saw the cat glasses and the stench of terrible hairspray. "Oh no." He groaned.

"Oh Professor Snape, there you are!" She said in her chipper, terrible accent. He held up his hand in her face, and tried to walk past her, but she just stepped in his way, cornering him.

He had completely forgotten about her when he left the room. How the hell did he let that happen?! And what about Miss Granger?! Oh god, he could see his life going down the drain already. He hoped she didn't know Hogwarts that well to know this hallway led to nowhere else is she were to appear.
"I just have a few exclusive questions I need to ask." She said, leaning in closely to him and smirking. Giving a wink, she liked her finger tips and flipped a page on her notebook. He could smell her hideous perfume, it smelled like cat piss!

Her magic quill began waving around in the air, as if it were convulsing for some type of news it could use to turn into a lie.

"No, I am not answering anything." He said, trying to move past her, but she still sidestepped along with him, stopping him.

"Oh, but you must sir! Afterall, you wouldn't want us to make up something on you, would you now? All of the other Professor's gladly interviewed with me-"

"Yeah because they don't know that you'll turn they're piss pot of answers into goddamned lies for the wizarding world!" He seethed at her.

"Now, now Professor Snape, that isn't tru-"

"Oh really, Skeeter?" Rang a voice from behind him. He turned and Skeeter narrowed her eyes.

"Oh, well isn't it Potters secret girlfriend!" She said with a whimsical laugh. "How precious." Hermione glared at her.

"I'm not his girlfriend and need I'll have you know, I do have some dirt on you, you old hag!" She said in a dangerous but matter of factly tone. Severus widened his eyes at her. What did she know? He was entirely convinced that she did know something and he too, would love to be in on the dirty little secret

"Oh, you wouldn't!" Skeeter exclaimed, looking entirely frightened. Severus raised his eyerbows in amazement.

"I will, now go and leave my Professors alone!" And with that, Rita ran off down the hall. Severus watched in satisfaction as her hideous figure disappeared around a corner. Then, turning slowly, he looked at Hermione.

"Miss Granger, that was-"

"Don't mention it." She said, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. "And besides," she started, walking up to him, "we wouldn't want her to suspect anything, would we now." She said, buttoning a few buttons on his frock he must have missed.

"I'm curious," he started as her fingers nimbly did his buttons. "But what is it that you know about Skeeter?" She peered up at him as he looked down at her. Biting her lip, she smiled.

"Hmm, well I'm going to have to tell you that one another time. . .Professor." She said with a smirk. "Your going to have to earn that secret I'm willing to keep." Winking, she lurked off down the hall slowly. "See you around, Professor." She called over her shoulder.

He stood there smiling to himself, ooh she was so insatiable. Clearing his throat, he took off down the opposite direction, quite glad with himself and eager for the next time they will meet.
Epilogue

Skeeter paced back and forth on the school grounds near the whomping willow. She was biting at her nails with such fear, she was trembling and there wasn't even a breeze in the air.

She was terrified. Would the Granger girl actually spill what she knew about her? Merlin she hoped not! Everything was on the line! Her life, her career, and even her effort to try and bed Lockhart! Something she had always dreamed of doing when she would see him at his book meet and greets.

Just thinking of him made her feel all warm on the inside, even her trembling had subsided for the moment. Whilst stuck in her daydream, she didn't see or feel the presence of the person approaching her until she cleared her throat from behind her.

Spinning quickly, her eyes widened.

"Oh, t-there you are!" She stammered, taking a step back. She feared the presence before her. She knew that she was capable of doing terrible things to her, verbally and physically.

"Oh please Rita, if I wanted to hurt or exploit you, trust me, I would have done it already." She answered, looking at her nails as if in utter boredom.

"Right you are! I just- did I do what you wanted right?" She asked, quite curious. She had hoped she had done well, if she hadn't, then she'd be back into a beetle in a glass jar. The horror!

The figure looked at her and smiled, a devilish glint in her eyes.

"Oh yes, well done! I applaud you, you did your job to a 'T'!" She said, giving her a radiant smile. Rita sighed in contentment.

"Oh whew! I was worried you'd put me back in the jar!" She laughed and the figure joined her. She had been tasked with cornering a certain Professor in mind in a specific area of the castle. Even she couldn't bring herself to dare think the name, for she couldn't trust herself!

"Oh, but trust me, I won't hesitate to!" She said, whilst laughing. At this comment, Rita stopped laughing.

"Well, I hope to assure you, that shall never have to worry your little mind." She said, wincing.

"Well, you see Skeeter, I can't trust you. The notes you've collected over the course of the few days here, I will write for you. That is what you will post in your little paper, book or whatever it is you are doing. I will proofread all you've collected from here today. And if I see a single lie, I will snap your quill, throw you in a jar, and make sure your damned career is over." She said simply, as if it were just a normal conversation between the two.

Rita just laughed nervously. "Oh of course not! I guess that's it then, I best be going..." she said, slowly beginning to walk away.

"Oh, and one more thing Skeeter, if you spill one word about what happened between me and Professor Snape, even if it were an accident spilled because you were drunk, I will kill you personally." And with that, Hermione Granger walked away, leaving Rita Skeeter standing there, completely scared for her life.

The question is though... Can You Keep A Secret?
The End

End Notes

So, its official, this story is complete! I want to thank each and everyone of you for the support, comments, votes and views! And definitely for being patient with me and my terrible updating!

I am so happy to say that I am finally done and my idea went where I intended it to go, yay! I love absolutely each and every single one of you, whether you are one of my silent readers or loud readers!

Now, I know a few of you have requested for me to continue this, and I know I said I would, so with that being said, there will be a second story, titled "Can You Keep A Secret" !!

Now, I'm giving away no details on it as of yet and I have no set publish date, but I'll be sure to let you guys know when of course!!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!