

Finally, You and I and?

by Corazon

Hermione is applying for a job at Hogwarts but must pass the ultimate test - Severus Snape.

One shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Finally, You and I and...

As she slowly rubbed her body against his, she placed her soft, warm lips to his ear and ever so tenderly, she whispered, "It has always been you who I have wanted, Severus." Moving her lips slowly past his ear and down to his jaw, he could feel her warm breath as she brushed across his skin. He turned his head just enough so his lips were lined up with hers. Looking into her brown eyes, he could see her lust and desire for him. Slowly he licked his lips in anticipation to tasting hers. His pulse quickened yet his breathing nearly ceased as he leaned toward her. He closed his eyes just as his lips came into contact with hers and ...

"Fuck," Severus sighed, "Another dream." He rubbed his face with his hand before running his fingers through his hair. His body was tangled in the sheets. Straightening them out, his hand went down to his groin where he found his throbbing erection. He woke up every morning with an erection, but on these mornings, the pressure was agonizing.

Slipping his hand under his gray underpants, he wrapped his hand around his shaft and began pumping. Closing his eyes, he pictured her, Hermione Granger. The know-it-all who had been a thorn in his side, and yet at the same time, his most erotic fantasy and dream. He ceased his activity. The physical release would not suffice what he truly desired.

He got out of bed and headed over to his closet. Removing his gray nightshirt and gray underpants, he took his wand and placed his usual cleansing spells. He then reached for his clothes, choosing only black trousers and a white dress shirt. After all, it was summer break and he only had one appointment this morning to interview the candidate for the Medi-witch position, so he decided to leave the traditional robes behind. Sighing, he shook his head. *Never a moment's peace.*

He didn't care who the next Medi-witch would be. He was loathed by all. For gods' sake, he had been a Death Eater and everyone knew what a Death Eater was capable of, killing, torture, and pure evil. He had been an outcast his entire life, it was something he had accepted early on. He knew he would be alone. *That's exactly how I want it,* he told himself.

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Hermione had spent the past hour charming her hair in every style she could think of, but none of them came close to making the impression she was aiming for. She had an interview at nine o'clock with Albus Dumbledore for the Medi-Witch position and she wanted to make a perfect impression. Frustrated, she waved her wand at her hair again and again, as she became even more discouraged with the results. With her bushy hair sticking out, she finally gave up and charmed it into a tight bun. *I hope he likes it.* She cringed. *Stop it! That was a long time ago a teenage infatuation. Professor Snape has never given me the time of day before so why would he care how my*

hair looks? Besides, Dumbledore is interviewing me, not Snape.

She sighed. Deep in the back of her mind she hoped she would get a glimpse of Professor Snape today, even if he didn't notice her. She had such a schoolgirl crush on the man, and being away from Hogwarts for five years should have cured it, but it didn't. She couldn't help but wonder if he would be a part of the interview committee. She had kept close tabs on him and knew he still taught at Hogwarts, although she didn't understand why. *The man is a genius. He could have any job he wants.* She had spent too many hours analyzing why Snape was still at Hogwarts teaching. He was such a complicated man that she didn't know why she even bothered. *Yes, I do. I am still infatuated with him.*

Removing her bathrobe, she slipped her dark blue dress over her satin white knickers and thigh high hose *can at least dress sexy, even if no one will ever see.* She buttoned up the front and slipped on her black heels. She purposely avoided the Gryffindor and Slytherin colors so as not to give the wrong impression. *But for whom?* She asked herself. Selecting her dark blue robes that complimented her dress, she checked her appearance in the mirror one last time. *You can do this, Hermione.* She tucked her Medi-witch certificate and records into her robes, along with her wand and left for Hogwarts.

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Standing in front of the gargoyles, Hermione cleared her throat and said, "Fudge flies." The calmness in her voice betrayed how nervous she really was.

The statue of the gargoyles sprang to life and the spiral wooden stairs began slowly moving upward. Stepping onto the first step, Hermione took a deep breath and closed her eyes. She could feel her heart beating against her chest. Clenching her fists, she realized how clammy her palms were. *Relax,* she commanded herself and finally exhaled. Taking another breath, she slowly released it and opened her eyes. She was now facing the wooden door that separated her, and her future.

"It's now or never," she whispered. Raising her fist, she knocked on the door.

No answer. She knocked again but still no answer. Hermione looked at her watch and sighed, three minutes early. Biting her bottom lip, she decided to check the door. It was unlocked.

Peeking her head in, she called out, "Professor Dumbledore?" She opened the door a bit more. "Professor Dumbledore?" With the exception of the soft snoring coming from the portraits of previous headmasters and headmistresses that lined the wall, and the buzzing and whirring coming from the silver instruments lying along the shelves of the bookcases, the office was vacant. Not even Fawkes was present.

Hermione took a seat in the brown leather chair that she assumed had been placed out for her. She sat, facing the enormous, claw-footed desk, nervously clenching her fists. *Stop it,* she told herself. Forcing her hands open, she brushed her fingers along her robes, as if removing pieces of lint, but the effort kept her mind focused elsewhere. She looked around the round room, appreciating the morning sun coming through the many windows. It brought serenity to the room.

When she heard footsteps on the staircase and figured it was Dumbledore acknowledging his tardiness by not taking his time to ride the stairs. Quickly getting to her feet to greet him, she checked her hair, making sure it was still secured. She displayed a genuine smile, waiting to greet the familiar pair of twinkling blue eyes. As the door flew open, she came face to face with none other than Professor Snape.

Her stomach clenched at the sight of him. Her smile melted into a frown, and to her dismay, her shock was fully displayed on her face. His black eyes were cold and empty just as they had been during her seven years of being a Hogwarts' student. Those same eyes pierced into her now. She cautiously watched him as he lowered his head to avoid hitting the arch of the doorway while entering the office. His black, greasy hair was slightly longer yet his skin was still sallow. Her eyes traveled down his body noting his attire consisted only of black, cotton trousers, a white dress shirt, and black boots. Hermione was taken back by his appearance. She had never seen him wear anything except a meticulously kept black wool suit, usually accompanied by black robes.

When Severus stormed in the office, he came to a sudden halt upon seeing Hermione Granger. He quickly stepped toward her, towering over her and sneered, "So the prodigal witch has returned." She quickly took a step back, looking away. Satisfied with her reaction he walked further into the office, never taking his eyes off her. *Damn it! Albus never told me it was Hermione I would be interviewing.*

She had grown since he last saw her five years ago. Her hair pulled up and out of the way, allowing him to clearly see her face and her brown eyes. *Those damn brown eyes,* he thought. It was her eyes that gave away her true feelings. They had so much life, so much desire to learn and discover, yet five years later, he could still see the fear she held for him.

The annoyance of her fear got to him and he sneered, "I suggest next time you make an appointment with the headmaster. He has a prior engagement." Hermione looked up at him, narrowing her eyes. *My forbidden fruit,* he thought.

"I do have an appointment with the headmaster," she snapped, squaring her shoulders to face him. "That is why I let myself in. What is your excuse or do you always barge into his office unannounced?" He cocked an eyebrow as he crossed his arms and she quickly looked away. *Two for me,* he thought, satisfied with her reaction.

Hermione cursed herself for allowing him to intimidate her. If she had any chance of landing this job, she would have to stand up to Snape.

Hermione spent the last five years training as a Medi-witch and she graduated with top marks but St. Mungo's was too skeptical to hire her due to her parentage, so when Madame Pomfrey announced her retirement, Hermione immediately applied for the position, knowing Professor Dumbledore would give her a fair chance. She was thrilled when he had invited her for an interview.

Okay, Hermione, she told herself, *it's now or never.* She watched Snape look smugly at her, not believing she had once been infatuated with him. *I still am infatuated with him,* she told herself. Being a spy/double agent was such a turn on, but with the war over, all she could do was stare at his greasy hair and hooked nose, wondering why her fascination with him had not ceased. He was such an intelligent man but such a bastard. She wondered if her attraction to him was also due to his sharp tongue and quick responses. Her heart nearly skipped a beat thinking about him. *No,* she snapped at herself, *he will not intimidate me!* To prove it to herself, she stepped toward him.

Crossing her arms, she held her head high, but slightly tilted, and she asked with a snarky attitude, "Professor Snape, does it make you feel more like a man to demean a woman?" His cocked eyebrow leveled out and his eyes narrowed.

"Is that what you are referring to yourself as now, a woman?" he sneered.

Quickly uncrossing her arms, Hermione's fist clenched at her sides and she hissed, "I am all woman, but that is something you will never have the pleasure of experiencing."

He slowly eyed her from head to toe. *Merlin, she is even more beautiful than I remember.* With a slight smirk on his face, he spoke in a smooth voice, "You have nothing that I am interested in." Hermione's anger seethed, but she remained calm.

"I understand what you are interested in," she smirked, looking at him from head to toe. "I just never took you for the type of man who bends over and grabs his ankles."

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"Oh dear," said Albus, looking at his pocket watch, "we're late for Miss Granger's interview." Minerva leaned over and looked at his watch. "But I am sure she will understand. After all, it's not everyday full grown Mandrakes are released throughout the Forbidden Forest," Albus added. Minerva rolled her eyes.

"Albus, you know that I am very fond of Hagrid, but he needs to learn that Grawp cannot have free rein of the grounds!" she said, exasperated. Albus gave her a stern look and Minerva quickly changed the subject. "Do we really need to interview Miss Granger? She is clearly the only qualified candidate," said Minerva, in a calmer voice.

"I would love to have Miss Granger as a part of this staff," squeaked Filius. "She was always a good student, so eager to learn and assist."

"I agree, but you know as well as I do the position requires a working relationship with Severus and until we can make sure they are both willing to do this, I cannot hire her."

"Where is Severus?" asked Sprout, who was busy placing more silencing spells on the full-grown Mandrake while replanting them until she could properly harvest them.

"He is probably in my office, waiting for us," said Albus, casting more stunning spells on the mandrakes.

"Does he know Miss Granger is being interviewed?" asked Sprout.

"No, I failed to provide that information based on the fact that ..." began Albus.

"Severus is a bastard and would refuse to hire her!" snapped Minerva. Albus shot her another stern look, but did not argue.

"We are almost finished and then we can conduct the interview," said Albus.

"And in the mean time, Severus will be tormenting Miss Granger," said Minerva, under her breath. "He probably scared the poor girl off and she is in some corner crying..."

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"Why the hell are you here?" hissed Snape.

"I am here to interview for the Medi-witch position," Hermione sneered.

"My life was already complex enough before you entered it!" he yelled.

"Well it's about to get more complex!" she snapped.

"There is no way I am allowing an insufferable know-it-all take Madame Pomfrey's position! She is a highly trained Medi-witch, one that you will never compare to!" The words cut through Hermione like a knife and she quickly retreated to the chair.

"Well I have news for you, Snape; I will get the position, if for nothing else but to make your life hell!" Hermione sat in the chair, as if defeated. Even if the war was over, there was still a battle of Purebloods and Muggle-born wizards and witches. It was a prejudice she could not escape. She had to prove herself over and over, some days it just wasn't worth it.

"The best years of my life were here at Hogwarts," she said softly. He looked at her curiously but put his sneer back on his face.

"And why was that? Because you were the star pupil?" he hissed. She refused to answer. The fight in her was almost gone. "The insufferable know-it-all has nothing to say?" She glared at him. The whirring of the trinkets seemed to grow louder and a few of the subjects in the portraits were no longer sleeping.

"I am fully trained. I received the top marks," she said. She pulled her papers from her robes and offering them to him.

"No," he said, holding up his hand, "I have no doubt you received top marks." His acknowledgement surprised her, but she silently tucked the papers back in her robes, crossed her hands on her lap, and stared at the stone floor. Severus looked up at the ceiling, and then sighed. His pride was strong, but he forced himself to speak.

"You will make an excellent Medi-witch, Miss Granger, but you have no place here at Hogwarts."

"Why?" she questioned, getting to her feet. Her anger now consumed her. If he even dared mentioned her parentage, she would duel him.

Why? Severus asked himself, because you are the only woman I have ever desired and to see you walk the halls on a daily basis will only remind me of what I cannot have.

"Why?" she asked again. Snape ignored her, still looking at the ceiling.

"I demand an answer!" she snapped.

Snape turned on her so quickly that when she tried to step back, she stumbled back into the leather chair. Leaning down, he placed each of his hands on the wooden armrests and moved his face so it was inches from hers.

Hermione stared into his black eyes. Never had they looked so intense. Her heart was pounding in her chest and her breathing was ragged. He was so close that she did something, something that she had longed to do. With her hand, she reached up and pushed back a lock of his hair, tucking it behind his ear. As she withdrew her hand, her palm cupped his prominent jawbone and her fingers ran along his skin.

His expression did not change, but his eyes did. They softened just a bit at her touch. Hermione then reached up with her other hand and again pushed back a lock of hair, tucking it behind his other ear. Again, she noticed his eyes soften.

Leaning toward him, Hermione placed her lips on his and closing her eyes, she kissed him. Opening her eyes, she pulled back just enough see his. His eyes flashed dangerously but before she could react, she found herself wrapped in his arms, being kissed with more passion than she ever dreamt.

Her mouth opened and their tongues explored, tasting what the other offered. Their hands caressed the other's body. Severus' fingers found the front of her robes and quickly unfastened them. Hermione's hands found Severus' trousers and quickly unfastened those. With his pants dropping to his ankles, he lifted Hermione up and carried her over to the enormous claw-footed desk, sitting her down on the edge.

There was no time to think, no time to react. It was years of lust and fantasies that drove their actions. Both were scared to even stop and consider if this was what the other wanted for fear of rejection.

Severus' kisses moved to her neck and collarbone as his fingers quickly unbuttoned her dress. Pushing it off her shoulders, she reached up and began unbuttoning his shirt. His fingers went to her back to unfasten her bra.

"Damn it!" he hissed, fumbling with the clasp on the bra. Hermione smiled and reached back to unfasten it. Removing it, she exposed her round breasts. Her nipples were hard and rosy, taunting him. She lay back on the desk and bent her knees. Severus unbuttoned the rest of her dress, freeing her from it. He almost climaxed in his gray underpants at the sight of her hosiery. He quickly pulled off her white, satin knickers and dove head first between her legs, tasting her. Her legs wrapped around his shoulders as she moaned and mewled at his ministrations, until finally, he found her sweetest spot, bringing her to orgasm.

"In me, now!" she panted. Severus pushed his gray underpants down. Holding onto her waist, he swiftly entered her, filling her. They both grunted and moaned together. He began thrusting in her hard and fast. His dreams and fantasies of how he would claim her were only a memory. This was raw lust and he needed fulfillment; there would be time later to make love to her.

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"Calm down, Minerva. Surly you have faith in your previous Head Girl," teased Albus.

"She has been alone with Severus for almost an hour!" she fumed.

"If Severus hasn't scared her off," added Filius. Sprout let out a small giggle.

"Fudge flies," said Albus and all four of them stepped onto the rotating stairs. "Let's just say if Miss Granger is capable of surviving the past hour with Severus then the position is hers, okay?" Minerva nodded, but still worried about her.

Albus opened the door to his office and the four stood in the entrance, speechless.

Severus pounded into her harder and harder. Her breasts jiggled with each thrust and she moaned and cried out his name *Severus!* The only clothing she had left were her nylon-covered legs, which wrapped around him. His hands were on the desk, near her head as he continued pounding into her. His pants and underwear were around his ankles and his white shirt discarded on the floor. Her neatly, charmed bun no longer existed on her head as with each thrust it came more and more unraveled. Her hands were on his waist, pulling him deeper into her.

"I didn't know his arse was that firm," whispered Sprout. Filius quickly applied a levitation charm on himself for a better view.

"He's raping her!" hissed Minerva.

"Oh gods, harder, Severus!" cried Hermione.

"Never mind," blushed Minerva and then she snapped, "Do something, Albus!"

"Like what? I can't hardly go over there and tap him on the shoulder and ask, *Are you two ready for the interview?*"

"Interview?" squeaked Filius, "I think she is proving that she can get along with Severus."

None of them knew what to do, so they did the only thing they could think of, they silently stood in the doorway and watched until Severus and Hermione finished.

Severus' thrusts sped up and his butt cheeks clenched as he came with a deep growl. Both Hermione and he were panting after his release. She reached up to caress his face when they heard someone clearing their throat and they both froze.

"It's good to see you again, Miss Granger," blushed Albus, trying not to look at her.

"Oh gods!" cried Hermione, trying to cover herself with her hands.

"Fuck," hissed Severus, cringing. Knowing they already had a full view of his arse, he did his best to shield Hermione from the rest of them. She quickly grabbed her dress she was lying on and covered her body. Severus reached down and pulled his on his underwear and trousers. Scooping Hermione into his arms and keeping his back to them, he carried her over to the fireplace.

"Grab the floo powder," he told her. Hermione reached up on the mantle, grabbed a hand full, and threw it into the fireplace.

Severus called out, "Potion master's private rooms." The flames turned green and Severus carried Hermione to his rooms.

"Hmmm..." began Albus, not sure what to say. The four looked around the room, trying to avoid eye contact with each other for they were not sure what to say. After a few minutes of silence, Albus said, "Any objections to Miss Granger being our new Medi-witch?"

"No."

"Nope."

"She was my only choice."

And so Miss Granger was hired.

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A week later, Hermione was carrying a small box full of odds and ends to her new office. She was still incredibly embarrassed but relieved she had been hired as the Medi-witch for Hogwarts. As she rounded the corner, Severus was waiting for her.

"Hello," she said, with a big smile. He only nodded, but leaned down and gave her a meaningful kiss.

"You are late," he said.

"By one minute," she replied and then smiled again. He opened the door for her and then took the box she was carrying. Hermione glanced around the infirmary and then went to her new office.

"What is this?" she gasped. Severus quickly followed her.

Sitting in the middle of her office and taking up most of the space was the enormous claw-footed desk. Severus took the note that was attached and opened it.

Miss Granger,

Please accept this as a congratulatory gift on your new position. Due to recent events, I feel the need to redecorate my office. So please accept this desk and the memories that come with it.

Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster

Hermione turned several shades of red while Severus gloated.

~ THE END