

Lady of the Masque

by chivalric

The combination of a spell and a potion has most unusual consequences for Snape.

One-shot story

Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: This story was inspired by my wonderful beta, shellsnapelover. She sent me a picture of a mask she had made. As it was a very beautiful mask, I couldn't stop thinking about it.

A few hours later I had the idea to this story. My apologies. It is silly. It's ridiculous. It makes fun out of Snape. Couldn't help it, though.

Many, many thanks and an equal amount of hugs to shell for triggering the idea, for betaing the result, and for making the banner. Maybe you should quit communicating with me, dear ;-)

The final check was done by Amor Eternal and notsosaintly. Many thanks to both of them as well.

And the famous ladyofthemasque had absolutely nothing to do with either writing or triggering this story ;-)

On Halloween, anything is possible. Funny things. Cruel things. Dangerous things. Ridiculous things. These things become mandatory during the night when the veil between the worlds of the living and the dead is thin, when ghosts wander earth and one's mind becomes susceptible for the most interesting ideas. Endless possibilities; for one night, one could do everything one liked.

Well, nearly everything. Apparently, it was impossible to avoid the Halloween ball and stay at home instead, at least for Severus Snape. Dumbledore, the old fool, had ordered him to attend.

Him! Ordered to socialise!

Snape shuddered. He hated balls. He hated people. He hated the smell of joy in the air and the goofy grins on his student's faces. He despised the fact that apart from him everyone got laid on a night like that.

Another glass of firewhiskey was mandatory. It eased the fury burning in the Potions master's chest; it calmed his lust to kill some innocent bystanders.

Nearly. Maybe he could kill Filch. Not many would notice it, and even fewer would mourn the man, apart from Minerva, naturally. She was fond of this idiot. Hmmm. Possibly a good thing, to be fond of someone one was married to.

The firewhiskey didn't taste that bad after a third of the bottle. It went down smoothly now. Another glass, maybe? Yes, definitely.

Gods, how I hate Halloween, Snape thought and wobbled towards the mirror, glaring at himself. Quickly he turned away again, equally suddenly scared of his image. Lousy idea to get drunk when one wasn't used to alcohol. Ridiculous to be scared of one's own appearance!

But...but... He was so... black! Hair black, eyes black, clothes black, shoes black. "Lack of imagination," Snape grumbled. "A bit of red here and there would certainly do much to break the ice."

Hang on which ice? He wasn't going anywhere, and he would be rather found dead than wearing anything red. Not even under his robes. Especially not under his robes!

Never. Absolutely not.

Still, he had to attend the ball. And if he went there as himself, Albus would scold him. And twinkle as well.

He hated to be scolded. And he loathed the twinkle in the headmaster's eyes when he oh, so friendly told him, Severus Snape, Potions master at Hogwarts, ~~that~~*usually* at Halloween everyone made an effort not only to dress up, but to dress up as someone else.

Bastard. Dumbledore knew unerringly that everyone under any circumstances would always recognise the great bat of the dungeons, whatever his costume. He was too tall. Too pale. Too grumbly. And too black, of course.

Maybe, if he took a shower...

No. He would be clean and certainly shock the lives out of everybody, but still he would be recognised.

Absently, Snape twirled his wand in his fingers and did some serious thinking. There was no way he could, with a mere costume, change his appearance enough to fool people...

Unless, of course, he came up with one of his really brilliant ideas and changed so completely not even his own mother would recognise him. If she were still alive, that was.

Huffing and puffing, Snape turned from the mirror and made it to his work bench without bumping into any furniture on his way. Sitting down heavily maybe that last glass had been one glass too much he reached for parchment and a quill and began to scribble.

After about ten minutes and some hair-ruffling it was clear that it was not a recipe for a potion, but a drawing. Quite a good one, he had to give that to himself, but unnerving in a way nevertheless. It looked... it was... hmmm! Interesting idea, indeed.

He stared at it. And frowned. And discarded this idea as ridiculous and way beyond him. He would never, ever ~~do~~*that*!

Tracing the delicate charcoal lines with his cold fingertips, Snape couldn't hinder his alcohol-hazed mind from continuing to think *Maybe... With a little Polyjuice. And a Dissimulo charm... Adversus combined with Juvenis...*

He was mad to even consider this. And drunk. Or both. It would be lunacy to mingle a Potion with two different charms, especially because the potion would have to be based on a real person. The outcome could be a catastrophe... he could end up ugly... well, more ugly than he already was...

He did have some hair he could use, though.

And he could end up as someone else, someone who was neither ugly nor nasty...

What did he have to lose? Apart from his life, his health, and his sanity, of course.

Umm, his reputation? People might laugh at him if they ever found out.

"Right," Snape said to his workbench, stabbing it with his index finger. "I'll do it. And no one will find out; therefore, no one will laugh. I'll be careful ~~And~~ I'll be the talk of the evening. They'll *love* me those idiots!" Then he giggled. And stopped giggling immediately. Snapes didn't giggle. They hissed and snapped.

Performing a bit of hissing and snapping simply for proving his point, Snape waggled his fingers to summon the ingredients he needed for the potion *Plop, plop, smash*, the bottles went and landed in front of him. Green liquid sloshed in the one phial, dust tried to emerge from the other. The third had a crack now how did that happen?

Surprisingly fast, Snape mixed the potion. Every now and then, he took a glance at the drawing so as not to lose the image. It was necessary to have that image before his inner eye so the spells could adjust to it. A simple Polyjuice Potion would have turned him into the spitting image of someone else too risky, and the effect only lasted an hour. The spells alone would either turn him into his complete opposite or into a younger version of himself certainly not an option. As Snape was tall, thin, and dark, he had no wish to go to the ball as either his teenage self or as a small, podgy, blond guy.

But the combination of the three magics... It hopefully would turn him into someone no one would recognise, not too young, and definitely not small and podgy. The combination would work its own miracle and turn him into the drawing.

Tongue between lips, Snape worked, added the hair in the last moment, and finally, the potion was ready. Purple, steaming, and smelling pleasantly of caramel, it simmered innocently in the small cauldron.

One swig, one swallow, one stomach cramp later and Snape got up from the floor, staggered, turned, looked into the mirror...

...and shrieked.

Gods! Hellfire! H-h-h-help!

That was not him! That was someone else! That was impossible! Madness!

He hadn't expected to look that much like the picture. There was nothing left of him, and he looked so... strange... alien-like... different... un-Snape-ish...

Well, actually it wasn't that bad. He was smaller than before, and younger. His shape had changed, his hair colour, his taint. He definitely was still human. Sort of.

He was... he was... unrecognisable.

Only one thing didn't fit.

"It's the clothes," Snape slurred. "Black robes don't go with *this* figure!" Staring, he dropped the robe, undid the buttons of his shirt, unzipped the fly of his trousers and stepped out of them, finally discarded his underwear, turned and looked at the mirror again.

This time, looking at his now naked new self, he fainted on the spot.

He was gone for five full minutes.

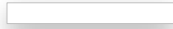
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His eyelids fluttered back to consciousness it was then. Up to his feet and towards the mirror again. Between his fingers he took a quick glance... a second one... managed to stay on his feet...

He gulped. The figure in the mirror gulped.

It was most certainly him. And he was not ugly.

He was not male anymore, either. As expected. As planned he had drawn a woman, after all. But that this woman in the mirror looked so very female... wow. Oh, dear. Erm... good gods?



Snape stared at his shockingly female, naked form and tried to come to terms with the fact that this would be him until morning. Carefully, he turned his head. Long, curly locks bobbed. Tentatively, he touched his full, lascivious lips. Involuntarily, they curved into a smile. Hesitantly, his eyes dropped lower towards... towards...

The... well... possibly the correct term was "breasts". So, the "breasts" were the worst. They were... big! And bouncy. They looked like little mountains, they were of a creamy, silky white, they were most marvellous.

Snape teetered experimentally on the balls of his feet and gasped at the result.

How could a woman live with such *things* bouncing up and down on her chest?

But then as a man, Snape always had adored a woman's bouncing breasts. Just to get used to the feeling, Snape made his new, big breasts bounce a bit more. Not that bad, actually. Wonderful, to be precise to look at them, not to feel it. Big, bouncy breasts. Wonderful and annoying at the same time.

Great. He should go to bed immediately and sleep off this idiocy.

But his eyes were glued to his own chest. He could touch them, couldn't he? They were his, and the lady in the mirror wouldn't slap him for taking some liberties. But then... touching himself would be gross, under the circumstances. Erm. Herself. Sort of.

Merlin, he was still drunk.

Right then. Let's see what else I got, he thought and roamed over his new body.

Long legs. Good, he liked long legs. And he liked his creamy, peachy, rosy skin. He liked the long, red locks cascading off his cherub-shaped face. Burying his hands in those locks would have been a treat, if he were still in a male body and the woman in the mirror his partner. Not that this would ever happen, such a goddess partnering with him. He was the bat, the git, the monstrous Potions master.

He smirked. Or thought he smirked. His image, though, flashed him a lovely, cute little smile.

Hehehe! No one in a million years would suspect him of hiding in this body!

Another glance at the drawing, where he had painted the woman in high heels, a short skirt, a top with low neckline, and a seductive smile. With a small waist and a wonderful, round bottom.

A flash back into the mirror yes. The potion/spell combination had worked perfectly. He had turned into the painting and was now unrecognisable. The hair he had used for the Polyjuice belonged to a woman from Knockturn Alley a woman far too expensive for his small wallet but the original was blonde, much thinner, and with freckles all over her nose. Luckily and as planned, this was not her; this was someone new. Perfect!

Well, the eyes could be a problem. The woman on the drawing had big, brown, naughty eyes. The woman in the mirror had black, piercing, ice-cold eyes. The eyes of a certain Potions master. No spell and no potion could change one's eyes. But he would take care of that later. At the moment he needed to get dressed. Looking at the naked woman in the mirror did nothing to calm Snape's nerves.

A skirt, a top, and high heels it should be, then. In red. It was Halloween, right? He could wear what he wanted. Even Gryffindor colours.

A flick of his wand and the clothes appeared on the chair next to him. The shoes stood underneath and looked innocent.

Dressing was not as easy as Snape had thought, and the firewhiskey in his system was only part of the problem. Women were so... different! And the clothes were absolutely out of discussion they called those underpants? It was an invisible nothing, two strings and a tiny bit of cloth, and how on earth should it hold his bits? His balls would hop out, his member would...

Only, of course, that he didn't have any bits. "Forgot that, didn't you?" Snape mumbled and looked down at the place in question. No. No bits whatsoever. Just some fur between the legs.

Interesting. Disturbing. Well, on with the knickers and on with the skirt and one better forget about the tights as they were definitely designed by one mad bastard. The things ripped apart when one was only looking at them! Into the corner and under the table with one kick. Hopefully he would remember to vanish them before the house-elves came to tidy up the next day or he would have to answer some pointed questions.

No tights, then. And the top it barely covered his... his... ummm... chest. Yes. Chest was good. His big chest. With nipples the size of Galleons. Hardening Galleons.

Gods, he needed another drink. He was thinking absolute bullshit. Hardening Galleons. Honestly!

One large drink later, and Snape continued dressing himself.

Shoes. High-heels they called them, and they certainly were high. Snape wondered if the air was thinner up here now that he wore those things. Although 'wearing' wasn't quite the right word. Getting tortured with them, more likely. He swayed like a sapling in a hurricane and had to steady himself against the wall. Even when entirely drunk he had never felt as helpless as now, wearing those instruments of torture!

And now his eyes. If he went anywhere with this body in combination with these eyes, his students would know his identity in absolutely no time. Which he could not let happen, of course.

A mask. A charmed mask for his face, to disguise his eyes. Those black, forbidding, only a little bit unfocussed eyes.

A mask. With a glamour spell. His eyes would still be dark, but more like bitter chocolate, not like onyx. And the glare would be covered.

A mask it would be. Perfect for Halloween.

Snape rattled his knuckles and the mask dangled off his fingertips. It was green and silver, of course. He was a Slytherin, after all.

Unfortunately, green and silver didn't go well with the colour of his clothing. The skirt was cherry red. The top if one could call it a top, that was, as ~~the~~ would call it inapt for

covering breasts was made of some sort of rubber. Not uncomfortable to wear and barely covering his boobs. But it was a faint silver. Red and silver mixed with green and silver no. Absolutely not.

Good, good, he could change the colours of the mask. A word, a whispered spell, and it matched the rest of him. Red as the shirt, silver as the top. He was the perfect mixture between Gryffindor and Slytherin now.

Attaching the mask to his face was easy. His eyes changed, became brown and mild with a seductive shimmer. Shadowed with long lashes, he himself would have fallen for those eyes.

I should stop drinking, Snape thought, briefly considered make-up, and immediately discarded the idea as inexecutable. No use to try something he didn't have the slightest clue about.

A last look in the mirror. A Snape didn't look back out, but a stranger. A female stranger, beautiful and interesting and maybe a little bit tipsy. But it was Halloween. Even a woman was allowed to have a drink on such a night.

Snape ran his hand over his long, dark red hair that laved down to his waist. It felt good. Soft and silky and. *Maybe I should shower more often*, Snape mused and blew a kiss towards the image in the mirror.

"Party time!" the Potions master murmured resolutely, took one last swig and put the more than half empty bottle of firewhiskey sternly back on the table. With an unsteady hand he opened his door and steered his interesting new body upstairs to the Great Hall, swearing a silent oath that he wouldn't walk more than absolutely necessary. A Cruciatus curse was a gentle caress compared with those shoes!

The first one to see him was Draco Malfoy, and the boy began to dribble instantly *It's either a sudden disease or it's my cleavage* Snape thought dryly and tried a smile.

Draco swayed and nearly fell over his legs to get off his chair. "B-b-beautiful l-l-l-lady," he stammered, then got a grip on himself. "All alone, flower of the night?"

Snape nearly lost his balance at this address. For a moment, he didn't know how to reply; the next moment, he had to rein himself in or he would have sneered. Instead, with immense willpower, he put his hand on the boy's wrist and squeezed gently. "All alone," he cooed, stunned at the fact that he actually *could* coo. "So would you be so nice and get me something to drink?"

Draco's jaws sagged. "Sure!" Grinning widely, he sailed off towards the bar, and Snape moved on until he found a pillar he could lean against for support. His ankles hurt, his calves were in agony. As soon as he had found a chair, he would sit down and never get up again. He should have summoned sneakers, for Merlin's sake!

Goodness, how many people there were! Dancing, drinking, talking, and laughing. All dressed up, many in mask, most in marvellous costumes. He saw Potter in armour, wielding a sword. He saw Weasley dressed up as Viktor Krum. Dumbledore, twinkling over his half-moon glasses, seemed to have half a cauliflower on his head, and Minerva was a cat. How cunning.

"Wanna dance?"

Snape whirled round and had to flip his arms to keep his balance. In the process, he got face to chest with Hagrid, disguised as a dragon-tree. Before the Potions master could say as much as a single word, he found himself embraced in a near-deathly grip, dragged to the dance floor, and swirled around like a mop. Protest was not an option; speaking was not an option he had to keep his lips pressed shut or he would have thrown up. It was like riding a mad carousel, and it didn't get better when Hagrid began to hum merrily in his ear.

Escape! Snape panicked, having sobered up in an instant. *Help!* came closely after, and *Argh!* when Hagrid rammed his elbow accidentally into Snape's ribcage. Out of the sheer will to survive, Snape dropped to the floor and crawled away on all fours, out of Hagrid's reach and out of the reach of his stomping feet. Dancing with a half-giant was certainly an activity to be avoided.

Finding a quiet corner wasn't easy, but Snape shoved a few snogging couples out of the way and hid behind a huge rubber plant. Anything but dancing again!

Breathing heavily, it took him a while to calm down. Then he began to scan the room. Spy habit, he knew. Still, it was intriguing what he saw.

Minerva was snogging Filch. Urgh.

Dumbledore was gently patting Flitwick's knee, edging closer. Snape thought about the fact that everybody was getting laid tonight and gagged. Dumbledore naked. Double Urgh!

Potter snogging Ginny Weasley. Normal. Ron snogging Lavender. Equally norm... No. Wasn't the Weasley boy supposed to be snogging Granger? Hadn't he seen the two holding hands just a few days ago?

Hadn't he thought *What a waste?* at the sight of it? Such a bright witch and such an imbecile of a so-called wizard a shame, really. He had considered her old enough to make wiser decisions, but then, who was he to judge? And anyway, it was none of his business. Actually, he should...

A sharp little pain in his backside made him jump, and he twisted one of his ankles catastrophic, these shoes, honestly! by moving his body away from said pain.

A pinching pain. Someone had pinched his bottom! His bum, for Merlin's bloody balls' sake, was a sacrosanct area absolutely no one was allowed to touch!

"Beautiful arse! Would like to bury my teeth in it," Lee Jordan said, pure admiration in his voice. His hand had already wandered higher, across Snape's back and over his shoulders. His mouth slobbered along the Potions master's neck towards his earlobe. The moment teeth began nibbling, fingers began to sneak under the silver fabric in search of the nipple. Snape's nipple.

The Potions master shrieked in terror and slapped the young man hard across the face. It would have sent Jordan unconscious were Snape in his own body, but as it was, the female form was not as strong. Jordan's cheek reddened and that was all.

"Oi," the boy scolded mildly, a whiff of beer on his breath. "Want it slower, get it slower, beautiful. Just tell me how you like it, eh?"

Snape fished for words maybe for the first time in his life. Finally, he settled for, "Leave me alone, please." Then, he practically ran away towards the bar. He needed intoxication if he were to survive this night! And who had been mad enough to employ Jordan as Madam Hooch's step-in whilst she was in the hospital anyway?

Dumbledore, of course. Who else. Dumbledore, who seemed busy inspecting Flitwick's neck. Or maybe he was kissing it. The old sissy.

"Horrible night," Snape growled and steadied himself at the bar. With an impatient gesture, he pushed his locks out of his face. His breast wobbled, his bottom gave a nice little flip and several students cheered at the spectacular sight.

Snape blushed. No one had ever as much as looked at him twice, and now those children were undressing him with their eyes. He would assign them detention until the end of the next millennium! "Just to state the obvious it is not easy to be a woman, that's bloody certain."

"Tell me about it," someone grumbled back, right next to him. "Would you order me something to drink, please?"

Surprised, Snape looked at the man standing next to him. Before he could react, his neighbour slapped his forehead with the flat of his hand. "Silly me. I will order. What shall it be for you, if I may ask?"

What a man polite enough to ask for a woman's wishes? Unbelievable, Snape thought dryly and said, "A Margarita, please." He congratulated himself on his wits not to order a firewhiskey. Women didn't drink firewhiskey. They had fancy stuff like...

"One Margarita, one Daiquiri, please," the man next to him said to the barkeeper, who happened to be Moaning Myrtle. Or someone dressed up as her.

Snape's curiosity was woken and he looked his neighbour up and down.

Average. Taller than him, which was no surprise in his current disguise, but still not taller than most men on the dance floor. Dark brown, short, straight hair. Tanned skin. Broad shoulders, long legs, narrow hips. The body of an athlete, but the manners of an intellectual. Interesting. The green, tight costume brought out the muscular structure of his body. The young man's face he was about twenty-five years old was covered by a mask; through the eye-holes, grey irides curiously looked back at Snape.

"Robin Hood. What are you doing at Hogwarts?" the Potion master asked silkily and took a sip of his drink. It was surprisingly nice. "Not chasing the sheriff tonight?"

Robin Hood smiled. His grey eyes sparkled behind the mask. "I'm chasing someone, but not a sheriff," he said. "I heard rumours about tonight. Rumours I wanted to verify from myself. Rumours... about sexual activities."

The timbre of Robin's voice was dark and mellow. A friendly, warm voice. Snape felt himself relax, although he hadn't ordered his body to do so. *Must be the alcohol.* Possibly, the Margarita was the reason for his nipples to stiffen as well.

Robin moved closer. With a grin, he looked at Snape, clearly enjoying what he saw. "I hope I didn't shock you? I mean, the way you are dressed leaves very little to... erm... a man's imagination. I assume you are interested in company?"

Suddenly, the Potions master enjoyed this game. A moment ago he had been most irritated at all the attention; now he actually couldn't get enough of it. Robin Hood was good-looking, he was neither drunk nor rude, and he seemed capable of shaping whole sentences.

Another sip of his drink. "Company... yes, I think company would be good." Then Snape put his hand on Robin's shoulder and said, "Shall we get some fresh air?" wondering where this would lead to. *Halloween, he reminded himself. It's Halloween. The sole purpose of this night is not to end up in your bed alone.*

Robin looked relieved. He placed his half-empty glass on the counter, took Snape's hand in his, and pulled him towards one of the big wing-doors that had been added to the Great Hall tonight. They led to balconies, and Snape felt a certain anticipation thinking about the darkness outside. His body would be less prominent there. He could scratch his legs. Maybe he could even sit down these shoes were simply killing him.

His young man seemed equally glad to escape the crowd. And Snape became aware that he was the only one whose eyes weren't glued to his bosom. He looked into the Potions master's eyes when he spoke.

Odd.

He didn't carry a bottle, either. He didn't try to get closer, or wrap his arms round Snape's waist. He didn't try to place one of those slobbering kisses on the Potions master's mouth.

Very odd. "You aren't really male, are you?" Snape asked and sunk with a sigh on one of the benches which stood on the balcony. With one kick he got rid of his high-heels. Tomorrow, in his own body, he would find the one who had invented torturing tools like those shoes so he could fry him slowly over a small fire.

Robin just looked at him, sitting next to him on the bench. One leg was crossed over the other. A clear sign. "What gave me away?" he asked, curiosity in his voice. "Tell me so I can do a better performance next time." The grey eyes behind his mask widened in anticipation.

Snape tipped off his fingers with the long, red nails. "First, your drink. Secondly, you are still sober. Thirdly, you didn't try to touch me. Fourthly, the way you walk and sit. Fifthly, the way you speak. Sixthly..."

"Stop!" Robin Hood cast in. His cheeks were flushed with embarrassment. "I didn't know I did such a poor job."

"Not that bad," Snape heard himself say hell, since when was he sympathetic? "You are a quite convincing man. Drink beer the next time you impersonate a male, and no one will get suspicious."

Robin just smirked. "Shake your bum a bit more the next time you walk through a room full of men and I won't consider you not being female."

"Ah," Snape said. "I thought..."

"First: you were unhappy with Draco's and Lee's attention. Secondly: you didn't order anyone around. Thirdly: you despised your drink most women love this sweet stuff. Fourthly, you opened the balcony door for me. Fifthly, you didn't slap Hagrid, as any woman would have done. Therefore, you are male, and you are not used to parties."

Snape twirled a long, red lock around his finger and didn't know what to answer.

"Are you enjoying it? Changing your sex?" Robin went on and edged a bit closer. "Isn't it... confusing? It is for me. I don't now how to move and I don't know what to say and... Is it easier, to be a woman?"

Thoughtfully, Snape ran his hand over his chest and observed those ridiculously big nipples stiffen again. Simultaneously, heat spread between his legs and shot up right up into his stomach. He jumped and stared at his groin, bewildered. "Huh!" he managed. "What happened? No, it's not easy to be a woman. This heat... those *breasts* they do what they want!"

His companion grinned. "Happens sometimes when a lady is either nervous or aroused. Which of the two is it, in your case?"

"Erm..." Snape was at a loss of an answer. Aroused? He? In this body? Impossible! He never got aroused in his own body, so how could it be possible...? "Nervous!" he snapped and held his hand away from his body. There it hung, at the end of his arm, looking like a dead animal.

Robin took it and placed it on his leg.

Immediately, the heat between Snape's legs was accompanied by wetness. Creamy, moist wetness. Snape was close to taking a run... had he... had he... surely he had this body under control! He certainly hadn't wet himself!

"Don't worry," Robin whispered with flaring nostrils and placed his hand on Snape's neck, massaging it gently. "The heat and the wetness it's normal. Without certain female bodily fluids, love-making would be impossible. You are aroused. By me, I assume. Would you mind if I kissed you?"

"Erm..." Snape managed, for the second time in only a few minutes. Behind the mask sweat covered his skin. Luckily, he wore next to nothing, or his garments would have been soaked. "It certainly is not as easy as I thought, being a woman!" he exclaimed and accidentally brushed his breasts against Robin's arm.

There was a yelp and Snape felt Robin stiffen, reached out and felt the young man's body getting rigid under his palm. Robin coughed once, then pressed both hands to his groin. His time to flush; his time to be embarrassed. "That... what... ow!"

"No reason to panic," Snape soothed him and slipped his hand around the young man's shoulder. "Your member just wants attention. A mere physical reaction to body contact, alcohol, and the presence of a... well, someone who looks like a woman. Apparently, we are attracted by each other."

"But, but..." Robin stammered. "It's... uncomfortable! It's, uhm, big! How shall I deal with it? I can't even go anywhere and hide because of this bulge..." Helpless, he stared at his crotch. Yes, there very clearly was a bulge.

Snape smirked, but then thought of his own strange body and how he had relaxed when Robin had told him a thing or two. "You can wait until your member softens again," he explained. "But that is unlikely to happen if you are to stay in my company. You could, of course, take matters in your own hand as well a rude thing to do when not alone. Or you could forget about it for the moment and get back to your proposal. I assure you, I am not offended by your hardness."

"My... my proposal? You mean kissing you?"

"Precisely," Snape said and brushed his lustrous lips across Robin's cheek, the corner of his mouth, and his lips.

How strange to kiss a man! Snape thought. They smelled so completely different than a woman, and this chin was a little bit stubbly, the hair far too short for his liking, the body not soft enough... still, the kiss itself was sweet and tender. It heated Snape's desire, and he had the unique feeling of blushing down to his toes. This heat where did it come from? It seemed to erupt from this place between his legs, but didn't stop there. It washed in waves over him, seemed to enlarge his sensitivity, concentrated in his breasts...

Snape broke the kiss and gasped. This was nothing he had ever experienced before, and he wasn't sure if he could deal with it. Disbelieving, he stared at Robin, who looked back at him with a small smile. "This... is this normal?" he managed. "Does a woman always feel that heat? As if she were on fire?"

Robin nodded and placed his hand on Snape's naked knee. "If the man is doing well," he whispered. "If the woman is properly aroused, then every part of her skin is craving his touch. Mainly her breasts. Well, for a while. May I show you?"

Snape could but nod. Robin began kneading his knee, then sneaked his hand upwards over the thigh, the waist, finally cupping Snape's left breast, where the kneading went on. A gentle squeeze, massaging fingers, drawing circles over the thin silver fabric of the Potions master's top. Endless ages this went on and only when a whimper emerged his lips, Snape snapped his eyes open and realised that the young man had done nothing more than stroke him.

"Wow!" he said, not caring that usually he scolded his students for using such inappropriate language. "That feels fabulous you could go on like that for hours and I would only be left wanting more!"

Robin smiled, a tad sad. "I know that. Men don't. They grab hold of a woman's breast as if it were a snitch, squeezing too hard, twitching the nipple once and then abandoning it to head straight for the main target."

And again Snape had no idea what to answer to that it was true. He himself didn't waste much time to caress and to arouse. When he lay with a woman, all he wanted to do was shag. It occurred to him that for a woman, he might be a little bit too fast.

Hmmm. Not a nice thing, to learn at the ripe age of thirty-nine that one had been lousy in bed for his entire life. Luckily, there was still time to learn. That there might be a slight chance to become better.

Robin had turned away from him in the meantime, both hands in his lap again. Snape knew how demanding a cock could be, and obviously, Robin had no idea what to do with the hardness between his legs or how to still its needs.

"It hurts," the young man said, sheer desperation in his voice. "I can't think of anything else but... touching it! This is unacceptable! How... I need to stop this!"

"That bad?" Snape wasn't too surprised. From experience he knew that sometimes it was impossible to ignore this part of the male physique. "In this case I guess it is impossible to ignore its demands any longer. Let me help you; let me show you how to ease the pain."

Snape edged closer, slipped his arms round the broad shoulders, and locked his own hands over Robin's, thus cupping the cock that wanted to escape the tight green trousers. "A woman obviously has erogenous zones in abundance," he murmured. Adding pressure, he took the young man's hands along into a slow, stroking movement. "But a man has only one the one between his legs. It rules his mind and his body at times. He seeks relief above all else. Which is the reason why he usually ignores the woman's wishes. Not out of spite, but because he thinks she wants it the same way he wants it: fast." Pressure. Strokes. Pressure. The young man melted in his arms, spread his legs shamelessly for better access, and sped up their combined stroking. His breathing became faster, louder, and Snape felt another rush of desire wash through him whilst he taught Robin how to wank and how to come.

Heavily, the young man leaned in his arms, his head snuggled against Snape's shoulder. "More!" he urged and arched his back, thus pressing his cock against their entwined hands. Moments later he spilled his seed, accompanied with a strangled cry that indicated how deeply surprised he was about the strength of his first male orgasm.

"Oh, dear, I'm sorry," young Robin mumbled and shifted uncomfortably. "I didn't know... I mean, it happened so fast!"

Snape had to suppress a smile he knew only too well how fast this could happen and how awful the stickiness felt, afterwards.

"It's not fair!" The disguised woman crossed her arms defensively across her chest. "You reach an orgasm with nothing but a few tugs whereas it takes a woman time... and tenderness... and skill... That's unjust!" She jumped up and sat down again immediately. The front of her trousers showed clearly *how* successful the tugging had been.

With a snap of his fingers, Snape cast a Scourgify. Then he considered her words. The sensation of touching her male body had sent images in his head... images he couldn't stop thinking about now. Images of him in a bed, naked, his female body getting caressed into oblivion by this young man. Woman. Whatever. He wanted to drag Robin down into his dungeons, shed the ridiculous bits some people might call clothing, and surrender to her attention. The spell would last until sunrise time enough to explore this body properly. After a moment of consideration she could be anyone, really he said, "Let's go. I showed you how to deal with your problem, I expect you to deal with mine. I'm all hot and wet and longing and I need attention. I think."

That made Robin blush. And the bulge returned with a vengeance. Staring down, he couldn't believe what he saw and traced a finger across his groin. "Impossible!" He looked at Snape. "Does it always recover so quickly?"

"If the woman is doing a good job," Snape said smugly and tucked a long, red curl behind his ear. "Come along. I have every intention to learn a bit more about the female body. You will teach me."

Snape took Robin's hand and pulled him along.

Back inside, they were overwhelmed with the noise, the heavy smell of alcohol, the laughter and the quite aggressive attempts of everyone without a partner to get such before the night was over. Couples were snogging in each and every corner, the High Table was abandoned, and teachers had either given up to control the masses or mingled amongst them. Snape saw Minerva again and Dumbledore, but closed his eyes before the sight could harm him too much.

Robin tugged at his hand, urging him on. Only moments later they had made it outside into the corridors, pushed through the crowd out there, and headed towards...

...yes, that was precisely the problem. Towards where? The dungeons, his private rooms, would have been perfect, of course, but were equally impossible to be chosen. Only the Potions master had the password, and Snape had no intention whatsoever to let his partner know about his identity. The Room of Requirement, maybe... but it was highly unlikely that it was unoccupied on a night like that when the hormones were flowing high.

Robin obviously was thinking in the same directions. "A room, a... quiet place would be nice to have," he murmured. Snape observed that he walked sideways like a crab, trying to hide his state of arousal. "I think... I guess everywhere inside Hogwarts we can forget about. Even the classrooms will be occupied. And the Slytherins will hide in the dungeons.... Hmmm. How about the Forbidden Forest?"

"It's November," Snape stated, and Robin laughed.

"How old are you that you don't know about the basic spells to defrost the ground, let grass grow, and cast a warming shield around you?" he asked, the questioning words laced with curiosity. Then he put a thoughtful finger at his nose. "Actually... you could be anyone!" he exclaimed. "You could be... or you could be... or even him! Good gods!"

Snape took Robin's hand and pulled him close until their bodies touched. He had thought about that as well and had discarded it as unimportant. Tonight was a special night, one of the two nights in the year where nothing was as usual. "So could you," he growled, an interesting effect as his voice was not made for growling. The young man, who absent-mindedly had been rubbing his groin with his flat hand, flashed a smile and pushed the Potions master's short skirt upwards instead. Which was a dreadfully arousing thing to experience; it sent new waves of heat through Snape's body. Clearing his voice twice, he managed, "We will get undressed, but keep the masks on, as they disguise our eyes and our eyes might reveal our identity. Did you use Polyjuice to change your appearance?"

Robin nodded. "But I altered it a bit took me a while to make it last longer. When added to food instead of being drunk, it apparently lasts until sunrise. I look like my cousin at the moment a Muggle. No chance he will ever find out I impersonated him."

Snape nodded, satisfied with the answer. "We will part after our... encounter. Neither of us will ever know who the other one was, and thus it is of no consequence who you really are or who I am in normal life." He traced a long-nailed hand across the young man's face and wondered how it would feel to touch a cock that wasn't his own, skin to skin.

"Reasonable," Robin murmured. "Logically. Interesting make love with a mask on. Let's go. I know all the necessary spells including a contraception spell. We don't want to get you pregnant, do we?"

Snape staggered on his feet although he had forgotten to put those infernal shoes back on. But the ground underneath him seemed to heave all of a sudden. Pregnant? God gods, he hadn't even thought about that possibility!

The Forbidden Forest was dark and quiet, and they only strolled a few steps in before they found a clearing, covered with frost. Not for long a spell and grass covered the spot; another one, and warmth surrounded them. Candle-light drove away the midnight-darkness.

Robin as Snape had decided to call him Robin quite a while ago for lack of his true name turned round and eyed him with curiosity painted all over his handsome face. "What now?" he asked, and the Potions master just wrapped his arms round the strong body, stood on his tiptoes, and claimed another kiss.

How... unique a feeling to having lift his head for that task! Snape was a tall man, taller than most of his colleagues, besides Hagrid, and certainly taller than most of his students. There was certainly no woman who was taller than him, and so Snape always had to bend down for a kiss. His neck tightened, his toes protested, but the warm hands around his waist and the probing tongue in his mouth more than outbalanced it.

Robin's kiss was somewhat inexperienced, Snape decided, but to be fair, so was his. He wasn't a man who sought out female company on a regular basis once or twice every couple of years, at the most. And he never stayed long in the brothel, either. Too risky, too embarrassing, too emotional. And too expensive. This here was different, and he liked it. In the body he had chosen for tonight, getting kissed, getting touched, felt like an entirely different universe. The heat he felt was only one of the differences. In addition came this strange hunger in his breasts, the longing between his legs so very unlike the needs of a cock, and the wish to shed his clothes. As a man, he sometimes had even left his boots on for the shag. Tonight, the mere thought of not being totally naked was awful.

Away with the top, away with the skirt, and definitely away with the string. He hadn't worn a bra he hadn't had a clue how to put that *or how does a real woman manage to wriggle into her clothes on a daily basis?* he wondered distractedly, then forgot about the question when Robin put his hands on the hot spot between his thighs.

Snape's legs buckled, but Robin caught him hell, it felt nice to play the passive part for a change! He just needed to lay there and enjoy. Why did women complain all the time about sex when it was that easy?

Murmur in his ear; a tongue licking across his neck. His fingers, unbuttoning Robin's shirt as quickly as possible. Buttons flew, a belt followed, trousers were ripped open.

The young man gasped and fell backwards, arms spread wide whilst Snape undressed him fast and efficiently. Women were always so slow in this task, placing kisses when they should hurry instead, talked when they should be quiet, left their hands at chest and face level, when they were needed farther south.

Impressive, this cock that jumped out at Snape. Nicely shaped, on the narrow side, but of a proper length and reasonably big as well. Wetness seeped into dark pubic hair, and Snape considered straddling moaning Robin but knew from personal experience that then everything would be over far too quickly. Another action should come first something most men thoroughly enjoyed but didn't get too often.

Before he could think about it twice, Snape moved down, taking advantage of the fact that his partner was far too gone to hinder him *Wonder how he tastes*, he thought. Even under unusual circumstances, he was spy enough to seek knowledge. As he wasn't gay, this would be his once-in-a-lifetime chance to give a blow-job to a man that wasn't really male. And hopefully, Robin would learn something as well a woman always acted so frustratingly tenderly at a man's cock, didn't dare to take a good grip, and either squeezed too hesitantly or not at all.

Right. He would show this young man how this was done properly. Snape's lips closed around the head, his hands found the well-weighted balls, and he set off to work.

Actually, it was quite fascinating, this thing in his mouth. The skin was of a velvety quality, the taste was a mixture between musk and salt, and the hands that locked in his hair, holding his head in position, were not as disturbing as he had thought.

A flick of his tongue and Robin yelped. A suck and the hands tightened their grip. He took the cock deep into his mouth, knowing that *that* *teep* was the one thing a woman only did when forced. They nibbled a bit, they kissed a bit. They rarely took in the whole length, as it made them gag. They didn't know how bloody good it felt!

If Robin's gasps of delight were any indication, Snape was giving the perfect blow-job. Well, he only did what he would have liked to receive, in other circumstances.

A final nick with his teeth, and Snape knew he had to stop if he wanted some satisfaction for himself. Grinning widely, he allowed Robin's rock-hard cock to leave his mouth and freed his head with a brisk movement. That had been much easier than expected. On the other hand, he now understood why women tried to end this business quickly, as it hadn't done much for his own arousal. His jaws ached, the muscles in his throat felt overused, his scalp prickled where Robin's fingers had dug in.

"Now I know why men are so eager to get a blow-job," Robin whispered, his eyes glazed with desire. "A little longer and I would have come again!"

"That's why I stopped," Snape stated dryly. "Apparently, men forget all too quickly that they are not the only ones who crave relief."

Robin pondered on that and reached out to cup one of Snape's breasts. A thumb circled the aureole for a while. Then two fingers twisted the nipple just at the edge of pain.

Snape's body decided that it was time to lay down, and threw one of his legs over Robin's waist. The hollow pain between his legs had expanded his whole lower body was pulsating with the need to get filled. "You better fuck me now, my friend, before I take you with force," he growled and pulled Robin atop of him.

His partner didn't fight. On the contrary, he seemed eager to go for the main attraction. One hand landed on Snape's hip, the other arm carried Robin's weight whilst he pushed Snape's legs wider apart with one knee. His cock bobbed with excitement, but obviously, he didn't know how to continue. "I don't have enough hands!" he stated surprised. "I don't know... I mean... is it hard enough to enter you without guidance?"

Snape simply burst with laughter. This here was ridiculous the change of gender, their refusal to tell each other their names, their obvious inexperience with the other sex. But it was the best fun and the most exciting experience he had had in years. Or even decades. Ever. And his partner, Robin, the girl, was wonderful. He didn't get angry at the giggling woman underneath him like any man would facing as much as a grin in such a situation, but laughed with him, lost his grip, and crashed on top of Snape, nearly breaking the delicate nose with his forehead.

"Sorry," Robin wheezed. "So sorry, but... honestly, how do you..."

Snape shifted his hip and moved a hand between their bodies.

"Ooh!" Robin said. "Ah! Wow! I... Yes! Now I... uh!... understand!"

Snape had pushed his hand towards their bellies, had grabbed hold of the cock that needed guidance, and had moved his pelvis into position. As soon as the head touched his wetness, his hips began to move on their own, and Robin didn't need any more instruction, either. A swift push brought him in, and Snape nearly fainted at the sensation of being entered, intruded, and penetrated with this very unique male attribute.

Gasping. Moaning. Moving hips and bucking pelvises. Hands grabbed flesh; lips found lips.

Kissing, they began shagging each other.

Suddenly, Snape's fingers dug deep in Robin's bum and he yelped, high and delighted.

"G-spot," Robin murmured in his ear, thrusting deep and pushing his hand under Snape in order to adjust the angle a bit.

Snape sort of howled.

"Not that hard to find this spot," Robin continued, sweat showing on his forehead. "But most men... seem to need... a... a map... gods, that's *sgood!*"

Their bodies became one; the boundaries between them vanished. Where did Snape end and Robin begin? Who was on top and who underneath? Were they really rolling through the grass, copulating like wild banshees? Was that him, yelling out his delight at what happened to him? He, the feared Potions master of Hogwarts? The one who was capable of nothing but sneering? Since when did he enjoy sex? Since when did he yell out his orgasm?

Since he was in a female body, obviously. And since his partner was a woman and knew exactly what he needed.

Oh, bugger. That left his sexual future in quite a mess.

~o~o~o~

They came together, and lay still in the aftermath of their climax. Snape considered it possible that he had never had an orgasm like that.

Luckily, Robin was equally dumbstruck. Eyes wide and gulping in air, he looked down at Snape, the mask half slipped off. A push, and it was straight again grey eyes stared into brown ones. "That was..." he began. "I didn't..." he continued. "How can...?" he ended and then just snuggled into Snape's arm like a cat into her favourite pillow.

Snape's arm pulled him closer. When Robin pushed his leg between his, he moved into a more comfortable position and began to stroke the young man's back. "Unbelievable. Extraordinary. Impossible," he rumbled, feeling Robin's agreeing nod on his left cheek. "Had I known... had I as much as guessed... I would have tried that a lot earlier!"

"Your wife or your girlfriend will be most happy with your improved bedroom skills," the young man in his arms stated, his big hand curled sleepily round one of Snape's most sated breasts. "Not that I want to say they weren't good beforehand, that is."

Snape chuckled he couldn't help it. "No wife, no girlfriend," he confessed. "Only the occasional whore might be impressed. Your lesson was most... valuable... for me, I must admit."

Robin smiled. "So was yours," he said. "I would have never guessed that men are so easily satisfied. A woman just needs to do things as they like it, and they melt like snow in the sun."

"Damn," grumbled Snape, his eyelids dropping closed. "One of the best guarded secrets in the world, and now a woman knows about it. Soon we will be ruled by witches."

"We already do; and we are smarter, anyway," Robin whispered.

Long minutes passed. Their breathing became deep and even. Only once, Snape stirred, trying to vocalize, "We need to go." But he couldn't. He was too tired, and he was feeling far too good. The warm, satisfied body in his arms and the completely relaxed state of his own limbs prevented it.

Sleep came along and smiled at the two of them. It sent nice dreams along and left them where they were. They wouldn't wake up too soon, and sleep really liked a happy couple.

When Snape woke, he wondered why his sheets were damp. And tickling. And why on earth did they smell of grass?

Then he opened one eye and wondered why the trees were frost covered. He was warm should he feel warm when he was lying outside on frozen ground?

And there was the problem of being naked. He never slept naked, always in a nightshirt. Something might happen after curfew, he might have to get out into the corridors quickly, and naturally, he couldn't do that nude.

His head felt twice its normal size. His mouth tasted as if a small animal had used it as shelter for the night. His left arm was still asleep an uncomfortable feeling, especially as it made it hard to get up.

The second eye could be persuaded to open. Something blocked his vision, and irritably, Snape wiped across his face.

A mask dangled off his fingers. A red-and-silver mask in a fragile, female shape.

"What the hell...?" Snape mumbled. His voice sounded rough, even hoarse. As if he had been drinking too much last night... which would explain the headache that

thundered gently in his skull.

Dropping the mask, Snape turned his head and saw some more red in the grass beside him. Stretching a bit, he managed to pick it up for a closer examination.

A woman's top. Nearly nothing, really. He would never understand how anyone with as much as a tiny little bit of brain could wear something like that. It wasn't anything to wear. It might suit as a fabric example for a tailor, but certainly would reveal a lot more than it could cover.

A soft moan startled him, not so much because he didn't feel like moaning he felt a lot like moaning, actually but because the moan didn't emerge from his throat. Maybe he should turn his head into the other direction?

Oh, damn.

A girl. A curly-haired, soft-skinned, sleeping girl. In his arms. With one leg thrown over his hips. And with her arm across his chest ~~And~~ her lips too close to his neck. He could feel her breathe; he could sense her mouth forming unintelligible words. Her face was covered by her brown locks, but his figure was slender. And he appeared to be young.

Why did he think of this girl as 'he'?

A lonely bird began its song. Snape remembered a thing or two about last night.

Alcohol. Albus's order to get to the Halloween fest. More alcohol. A drawing and a mad decision, an even madder spell, combined with a potion.

A young man, disguised as Robin Hood. A dark balcony. A few confessions.

A kiss. A shag.

Ah. Fuck. Double fuck, to be precise.

This time it was Snape who moaned. Partly out of shame. Partly because he remembered what had happened last night.

Shagging like niffles obviously left one too exhausted to go home and into bed afterwards Snape thought warily. He should have known that he knew everything. But then, he didn't perform a lot of shagging.

The girl in his arms stirred, then stretched. And froze when she realised that she was neither in her own bed nor alone.

Her arm crept along his chest, examining the texture of his skin. The fingers first traced downwards, found one nipple, halted for a second, then moved higher. Found his Adam's apple. Followed the chin, touched his lips, tip-toed over his nose. Traced the nose. Imagined the shape.

The girl's head came up like a cork out of a bottle. Wide-eyed, disbelieving, but not as shocked as she ought to be. She gasped, "Professor Snape!" in that tone he knew all too well.

Naturally it had to be his personal nemesis he had to land in bed with, so to speak. It couldn't have been someone else a colleague, a student's mother, someone unknown. It had to be her. Hermione Granger. A student. Great.

"Ten points from Gryffindor for seducing a teacher," he snapped, taking her mask off her face. Grey eyes changed into brown ones. He would have recognised those eyes everywhere. Clever thing, to think about the mask.

"I did not seduce you!" she snapped back and sat up. "You wanted to learn! You... oh, my gods, I shagged my Potions professor!"

Snape managed to get into a sitting position as well. With the heat of the girl gone, it happened to be a quite cool morning, though, even under the protection spell. "And I slept with one of my students," he answered, exasperated. A word and he would be fired. And she would be expelled. Dark prospects indeed.

Hermione crossed her arms over her chest. Pity, she had nice breasts. His cock thought so, too.

Fuck. Again.

She looked at him somewhat thoughtfully. Her intelligent eyes roamed over his pale skin, his sleep-tousled hair, lingered at his groin.

Uneasy, Snape pulled his legs up. His own eyes peeked at her small, perfect breasts, the tiny waist, the generous hips. She was nearly as pale as he was, especially in the light of the early morning. When had she turned from child to young woman? And had he really scratched her that badly whilst riding out his climax?

Without thinking, Snape touched the marks his fingernails had left on Robin's skin last night. "I apologise," he said earnestly. "I didn't know I had hurt you."

She smiled. "Last night it felt perfect. Actually, last night was perfect. You don't need to feel bad about it. Actually, I am grateful."

Staring at her, he didn't know how to respond. It had been a perfect night. Only the morning after was a lot more complicated than he had thought. "I assumed we would wake up in our own beds, not knowing each other's identity." Was there regret laced into his words? Surely not he would Oblivate her and the problem would be solved.

She seemed to have read his thoughts. "Don't you dare! If you as much as move your hand towards your wand, I swear I will hex you I want to keep my memories, thank you very much!"

Frowning, Snape got up, looked at his clothes from the previous night, discarded them as unsuitable, stared at his half-stiff cock and sat down again. "I must admit," he began, "I wouldn't want last night to be erased from my mind, either. It was most... interesting."

"Brilliant," she said.

"Wonderful," he agreed.

"Perfect!" she exclaimed and leaned forward. "And you didn't really think of letting me go without a test, did you?"

Snape's jaw fell open. "A... test?" he managed after several attempts. Surely he had misinterpreted her words!

Nodding, she edged closer, slipped an arm around him and the other one down his abdomen. "Tests are important to be absolutely certain that the student has really and truly understood the given lesson," she pointed out. Her fingertips pushed against his knee to part his legs. His legs, betraying bastards as they were, obeyed. His cock, equally betraying, was most happy to see her.

"In my case," Hermione continued, "the lesson in question contained the proper way to give a blow job, to handle a man's member in the desired way, to ride him without crushing him and to make him come."

Snape wanted, but couldn't answer. Fingers wrapped round his most private part, squeezed exactly hard enough, then released him again.

He pulled her close; his hand cupped her breast and massaged her nipple into hardness before she knew what he did. "Handle a woman's breast, stroke her whole body

so she begins to whimper, kiss her so she forgets her own name, make her wet and welcoming for the man's attention, find her G-spot, make her come," he murmured into her ear.

"Tests for both of us before you go back to being nasty and I go back being Hogwarts know-it-all," Hermione ordered and leaned down, parting her lips.

Snape sank back into the grass. The morning was young, everyone up at the school would be sleeping in, and what better way to start the day than with love-making?

"Homework is to be handed in by Tuesday, three p.m. One minute late and house points will be taken," Snape snarled and saw with satisfaction several of his students sharing worried looks. He was in a foul mood, he had tormented them for a week as if they were prisoners, and even Albus hadn't dared to scold him for his absence from the Halloween ball.

"Miss Granger," he snapped when he saw that the girl had dared to head for the doors. "One more step and you will serve detention with me until the end of the year. You were supposed to write me an essay about edible Polyjuice Potion. Where is it?"

Head hanging, she came back to his desk. "Forgot," she whispered. "Can I... may I... maybe...?"

"Stop babbling. As you are obviously incapable of fulfilling your duties, you will help me with a private project instead. It will consume most of your free time, so you better say good-bye to your friends right now."

One wave, and Ron and Harry headed happily towards the Quidditch field.

Hermione, now alone with her Potions professor, narrowed her eyes. "A private project?"

Snape briskly nodded his head. For a change, his hair was clean and not greasy at all. "I am trying to combine Polyjuice Potion with a certain spell. I did it once, but can't remember how exactly I mastered the task. I need assistance. And a guinea pig."

She smiled most mischievously. "I am fine with assistance. And more than willing to play guinea pig," she murmured. "Can't use my cousin's hair all the time, can I?"

"There will be exams at the end of this task!" he warned her, stepped around his desk and held open the door for her. The wards to his quarters and his private workrooms were removed with a slight quirk of a black eyebrow. "Thorough exams."

"Fine for me," she said and pinched his bum.

A/N: The spells *Dissimulo Adversus* and *Dissimulo Juvenis* I borrowed from Lariope with her permission, of course. She invented them for her story "Second Life" and I couldn't resist nicking them. Now if you haven't done it already, go and read her story it's brilliant!

The drawing was made by shellsnapelver, and I only highlighted the hair a bit. shell, thank you so very, very much for this!