

The Desk (Up)set: Severus Snape Just Wanted to Feel Pretty

by Mad_Chatters_Tea_Party

Cross dressing. Slash. Hints of Bondage. Desk sex. Voyeurism. Luna. And all because SeverusLovesUs said, "Snape under the desk? That's got to be an unusual picture," thus guaranteeing that what might otherwise have been left at a one-time joke in the chat room became a short fic of epic absurdity.

One shot (no, really)

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: If you'd seen where we live you'd know that we don't own this stuff. And you could tell we sure as heck don't make any money off it, either.

Professor Snape was not having a good day. Then again, teaching the volatile art of potions-making to a bunch of miniature dunderheads for a living was not conducive to having good days.

Still, today had achieved a level of foulness he'd previously only associated with Minerva shedding in the staffroom. Two cauldron explosions had filled the professor's morning, and his afternoon with the seventh years (usually the only class he even remotely enjoyed), had been spoiled by Potter...he sneered reflexively just thinking the name...bringing a pornographic magazine into his class. PORN! In the POTIONS classroom! Porn so lurid that Snape couldn't even bring himself to utter the title, thus negating most of the pleasure of confiscating it! To top it off, that egotistical, freakish, glory-hound had the nerve to deny that it was his!

Now he was stuck marking the first years' latest attempts at plagiarizing the Potions section of the library. Yet again, it appeared that his chief joy of the day would come from venting some of his frustrations on the parchments before him.

Just as he made a delightfully vicious slash across the essay he was reading, an owl swooped in through the open crack in the classroom door, a large box wrapped with twine hanging from its talons. Snape granted it a cursory glance and returned to marking as the owl dropped the package on the edge of his desk.

This was apparently insufficient acknowledgment for the owl, which proceeded to peck his hand hard enough to draw blood.

"Ow! What the hell is wrong with you? Get away from me, you filthy, feathered rat-trap!"

The bird headed back toward him and Snape drew his wand. He fired off a warning shot, shouting, "That's the only tip you're going to get! Now get the hell out of here!"

The annoying creature swooped over the professor's head, yanking out several of his hairs as it did so, and then flew straight for the door, a bright red stunner following after it.

With his concentration shot, Snape decided that he might as well try to enjoy his delivery.

Snape glanced at the brown paper wrapping just long enough to note the Twillfit and Tattings return address. "Took them long enough. What can be so difficult about custom embroidering a set of dress robes?" Despite his grumbling, Snape tore into the wrapping with considerable enthusiasm. After all, it wasn't every day that he found something in a color other than black that appealed to him enough to actually wear it. One long finger made its way through the folds, and he stopped to stroke the material. "Even softer than I remembered," he half-purred in satisfaction. Yes, he would turn more than a few heads at the New Year's party this year, in all his resplendent, dark-pewter-colored glory.

He stared at the contents of the package, dumbfounded. "These are considerably shinier than I remembered..." He lifted the dazzling silver fabric from the box. "Too short by far, and whatever happened to the blackwork collar...and the sleeves...wait, where ARE the sleeves?" Snape turned the robes around to stare at the back, then turned them again to stare at the front. As he twisted the fabric back and forth, the bright star patterns it threw across the dark stone walls caught his attention.

"What the hell did I get?" He checked the discarded wrapping. "Stupid owl! These are for Septima." Bloody fools had sent him a woman's dress!

He gave it a good, long look. "Incredibly soft," he murmured, fingering the fabric absently.

It was a rather fetching woman's dress. And Septima was very similar to himself in height and build...a few inches shorter, to be sure, but still tall for a woman. Snape looked around the room, even though there was no chance of anyone being there. He looked at the dress again. It was so... shiny.

Why should women get all the glitz and glamor?

It couldn't hurt just to try it on... He would never wear such a thing in public, of course...he was not Lucius, after all...but what harm could it do if no one ever knew?

"They're still dress robes. Just a bit... dressier... than what I ordered," he reasoned. Looking around shiftily once more, he tossed a quick locking spell at the door and conjured a mirror. He shrugged out of his robes, then, on further reflection, removed his shirt, socks, and shoes as well, hanging the clothes up on the hook by the storeroom door and kicking the shoes to one side.

"Good lord, it takes an Arithmancy expert just to get into this bloody thing." He struggled with the slippery, shimmering fabric, getting scratched by inside-out sequins and having his hair tangle in the arm strap. By the time he figured out that it had only one shoulder and got the trailing back sorted out from the short front, he was both intensely exasperated and desperately curious to see what it looked like.

"Well, bugger," he muttered, his eyes bypassing the curious spectacle of the dress's neckline gaping listlessly against his flat, sparsely-furred chest and going directly to the flash of green showing beneath the glittering hem. In the back it draped elegantly to about mid-calf on him (though it was probably meant to be ankle-length on its true owner), but it only came to mid-thigh in front. "This is **short**. Big plans for the New Year's party, Septima?" Rather than dwelling on that thought (or on the way the hair on his legs suddenly seemed to have multiplied tenfold) he slipped off his lucky boxers.

Anything this green has to be lucky someday, he thought fondly as they slid into a metallic puddle at his feet.

Snape looked back at his reflection as he kicked the boxers aside. He twisted and turned trying to see the dress from every angle. Casting another unnecessary, anxious, glance around the room to ensure his privacy, he looked back to the mirror and struck a pose. He threw one hand out to his side, placed the other on his waist, then bent a leg so that his other hip cocked to the side. He puckered his thin lips into a pout and batted his eyes. Not bad, but it was missing something. The outfit looked incomplete.

Shoes. He needed shoes.

He quickly snatched up a couple pieces of scrap parchment off the edge of his desk and transfigured them into sparkling silver pumps, similar to those Septima favored. He wiggled his feet into the shoes and immediately lurched forward. Weaving and wobbling, he managed to straighten himself up again without landing face first on the cold stone floor, but it was a near thing.

Holy fuck! How do women stand in these things, let alone walk and dance?

Very slowly, so as not to tip over, he turned back to the mirror. His ankles kept trying to roll out from under him, and the shoes seemed to make his knobby knees even more prominent, but it did look like a complete ensemble now. And all the shiny sequins just made him feel so... pretty! He threw his arms up and stumbled and swayed as he turned in a circle, entranced by the spinning patterns he was creating on the dark classroom walls. The stark contrast of his hairy black underarms with the glittery fabric was considerably less entrancing, but remaining upright was occupying too much of his attention to notice.

Halfway through his second spin (if you could call moving at such an excruciatingly slow rate of speed spinning), Snape looked over his shoulder and caught his reflection in the mirror. The sequined dress hugged his arse, showing off every detail. He smiled, a look that would have terrified anyone, if anyone had been around to see it. He had a really nice arse...with a little help from some strategic drapery. He stuck it out a bit, managing to convince himself that not only did his arse have some shape, it was almost round. He blew a kiss over his shoulder at his reflection.

This isn't exactly orthodox behavior, Severus.

Perhaps.

Maybe we should...

Shut up, and let me enjoy something for a change.

Snape later reflected that he did not necessarily appreciate his inner voice of worry enough.

Just as he started making a flirty face at himself, the door handle rattled.

Snape froze. He'd only thrown a simple locking spell on the door. Anyone who was even halfway competent (although that excluded the majority of the students, he thought with a sneer) would be able to open it within the amount of time it took to say, "Alohomora". He reached for his wand, which would normally be holstered in his sleeve, but found neither sleeve nor wand.

"Fuck!" He shot a panicked glance at his robes, hanging by the door with his wand inside them, as the door rattled again *Not enough time!*

He couldn't be seen like this. Making a split second decision, he fell out of the high-heeled shoes, half-arsedly kicked his shorts under his desk, and dove after them just as the door creaked open.

Snape sat, crammed under the desk, cursing silently and fervently for having locked the door with a basic latching charm that wouldn't withstand 'Alohomora.' He had gotten to the point of resolving to eviscerate, then assign posthumous detention to, whomever had just broken into his classroom, when he heard a muttered, "Where did he put it?"

Where did I put what, you felonious, little brat?

"After I spent half my allowance getting that mag in here anonymously, he'd better not have burnt it."

Draco? But, didn't Potter drop that atrocious rag...

Point to Slytherin for deflecting the blame.

"Hmm. Nice mirror."

Snape fidgeted in the long silence, flashing back to long minutes spent cooling his boot heels outside the door to Lucius' dressing area while a certain mask received last-minute polish and a cowl was arranged *just so*.

"What's a mirror doing here, anyway?"

Point from Slytherin for letting your vanity distract you from the obvious question, Mr. Malfoy.

"Oh, never mind. *Accio 'Big Cocks: Bound and Determined!'*"

The desk drawer flew open, smacking Snape soundly in the back of the head on the way, and the publication in question flew across the room in a flurry of lurid pages.

Bloody OUCH! Detention with Filch for a month, for mayhem on the person of a professor!

It didn't matter that no power in the universe would move him to quit his tenuous shelter to assign detention for the actual infraction. Somehow, some day, he would find an excuse. Even if it meant officially noticing when Draco harassed Potter or Weasley. Snape waited impatiently for the sound of exiting footsteps and the door when he realized that the flapping of pages had never entirely ceased.

What the... You are NOT looking at pornography in my classroom! Stop, this instant!

"Mmmm..."

You are most definitely NOT getting TURNED ON by pornography in my classroom!

"Nice of you to join me, Potter."

Snape was thrown into wild confusion for a moment. *What the fuck? I didn't hear anyone come in!*

"Don't be that way, baby. There's room for two in the Quidditch showers."

Please, please, PLEASE, tell me this is not what it sounds like.

"Been working out, I see... "

No...Oh, FUCK, no.

"I didn't expect that you'd let me sneak up on you. But you could sneak up on me."

It is what it sounds like.

Snape cringed in horror from the sounds of a zipper being undone and robes falling to the floor.

Not on my desk. Merlin's mangy drooping right arse cheek, YOU ARE NOT WANKING ON MY DESK, YOU LITTLE POTTER-PERVING PONCE!

Despite Snape's strident mental demands, the sounds of skin on skin and whimpering moans filled the air.

"Yeah, bend me over the bench. Do it!"

To his extreme agony...and fury...Snape heard the sounds of parchment being scattered as Draco apparently turned and sprawled against the desk. More moaning sounds filled the air.

"Take me, Harry! Make me yours!"

That's it. I'm burning that desk.

"OH, yes, hold me down... Dominate me, **please**."

I'm turning you over to Filch, after helping him select the proper leg irons...wait, no, you would actually enjoy that...

It took a moment for Snape to snap out of his vengeful musings to hear the soft knock at the door.

"Shit! Fuck!" Draco's voice was replete with abject terror, but his sentiments echoed Snape's nicely.

The doorknob rattled, and the lock began to click.

For someone in the process of hauling up his trousers, Draco managed to scramble around the desk remarkably quickly...leaving Snape fruitlessly trying to pull the train of the damnable dress over his mostly exposed legs.

At least he had the satisfaction of watching Draco smack his head against the edge of the desk with a bang as he caught sight of his bespangled professor already occupying his intended hiding place.

"One sound, and you will **die**, Mr. Malfoy."

Draco huddled as far from Snape as the space under the desk allowed, muffling his whimpers of pain in his sleeve and gazing at his professor in wide-eyed horror as the door creaked open. His eyes flitted across the limited space described by the opening under the desk as tentative footsteps sounded on the floor. The realization of both lack of escape route and the sincerity of Snape's threat sunk in with visible effect as all evidence of Draco's excitement hid under his shirttails.

At least I don't havethat staring me in the face. So to speak.

"A mirror? Robes? Who's in here?"

Oh, no. Don't tell me.

"Could've sworn I heard something. Never loaning out the Map again."

It didn't matter that the words were muffled as if muttered through fabric. It was the voice that haunted Snape's more irritating dreams (and occasionally featured in some of his most appalling nightmares), and he recognized it instantly. Judging by the way Draco came to attention (in more ways than one), he recognized it as well. Snape didn't want to think of what sort of dreams Potter was haunting in Malfoy's case, but after the performance on his desk, he had an unfortunately apt idea.

The footsteps stopped so abruptly it sounded like a stumble.

"What the... he left it on the desk?"

Left WHAT? Potter, stay the hell away from my desk!

The sound of pages flipping met his ears, and Snape allowed his head to fall to his bony knees with a slight thunk.

"Wow."

Of course, he wouldn't be looking at anything Potions-related on my desk.

"Oh, God. Whose magazine was this, anyway?"

You're scaring me, Potter. You almost sound as if you... want to know.

"This picture HAS to be altered. I don't think that's possible."

Snape idly considered the possibility that young Mr. Malfoy had just swallowed his own tongue. If that were the case, the remarkable color changes his face was undergoing would make perfect sense.

"Bastard probably dropped his own bloody magazine and blamed it on ME."

Snape considered that possibility that he, too, would soon be swallowing his own tongue.

"No...just, no! Someone Oblivate me! This is sicker than I would have thought, even for you, Professor... Wanking to this in front of a mirror!"

Draco made an involuntary retching noise, which was fortunately covered by a matching noise from above the desk.

"Wait... all the pages with blonds getting dominated by brunets are marked. Shit...he's perverting on Malfoy! With a BONDAGE magazine!"

Through his increasing slow burn, Snape noted that Potter's voice sounded disturbingly as if he thought that dominating Malfoy held a certain appeal.

"Well, that would explain a lot."

Under the desk, Draco gave Snape a look of utter horror and attempted to melt into the woodwork.

"Poor Malfoy... Being eyed up by Snape all the time."

"Not in your **wildest** dreams, Mr. Malfoy," Snape hissed, then added with a shudder, "nor in my worst nightmares."

Apparently, he didn't hiss nearly quietly enough. "Who's there?" Potter asked sharply.

Before Snape could reach for his not-present wand or attempt to cover his uncomfortably exposed one, Potter was around the desk and had assumed his typical open-mouthed expression (the 'shocked eyes' variation).

"I don't want to know." He took a step backwards, looking decidedly unwell.

"No, wait! Don't leave me here!" Draco pleaded, moving as if to crawl after the Dork Who Lived, and getting tangled in his own trousers. "It's not what you're thinking, Potter. I'm not doing anything with him. I don't want to!"

"You are both going to suffer for this," Snape promised.

"You evil bastard! You were trying to force yourself on him?"

Amazing how quickly he goes from 'embarrassed unintentional voyeur' to 'hero charging up in defense of the princess'...wait...no, 'princess' works...

"Hardly, Mr. Potter." Snape was fairly certain his eyes were going to get stuck if he rolled them one more time.

"It certainly explains your favoritism!" Potter blundered on as usual, ignoring both Snape and Reason (which were one in the same in Snape's estimation.)

Draco briefly abandoned embarrassment and arousal in favor of wounded pride. "Hey, I earned my marks!"

"I bet you did!" Potter reddened considerably as he tried, and failed, not to study the gap in Draco's shirttails too obviously.

"Not that way, Potter!"

Snape rolled his eyes. "Oh, so it's 'Potter' again, Mr. Malfoy? After your little performance on my desk, I thought you two were on a first-name basis."

Potter looked confused. Draco looked as if he wanted to look daggers at Snape, but didn't quite dare.

"Performance?" Potter's voice sounded slightly hopeful. Snape manfully restrained his gag reflex.

Draco flushed tellingly. Potter matched him and dropped the magazine.

For the first time since he'd staged his impromptu fashion show, Snape was enjoying himself. If he'd stopped to consider that he was enjoying himself in a sparkly dress, under his own desk, with a half-dressed Draco crouching at Potter's feet, he would have run from the room, to hell with dignity.

"Tell him about your little visual aid, with all the blond-and-brunet couples marked," Snape said scathingly.

"Yours?" Harry looked from Draco's blushing cheeks under the desk to the blond in the open magazine (whose entirely different set of cheeks were blushing from what appeared to be a brisk spanking under the hand of an enthusiastic brunet.)

Snape had just about decided that the entertainment value of a Potter-Malfoy quasi-lustful stare down had run its course and it was high time he fetched his wand and began to 'Oblivate' people when a faint knock sounded at the door.

"Lock it!" Draco squeaked, the most sensible thing Snape had heard from him all night.

Of course, it was too little, too late, as the heavy door began to slowly creak open. "Get under the desk, Potter!" Snape hissed urgently.

"At the risk of sounding insubordinate, Professor...fuck, no!"

Snape grabbed Potter's shirtfront as if it was the last shred of his dignity and yanked him under the desk.

"NO. ONE. ELSE. SEES. THIS." He pinned Potter and Malfoy to the opposite side of the desk opening with his fiercest glare and lowest, most menacing voice.

Severus wasn't sure what was more regrettable: the sound of little student-weight footsteps pattering into the room, or the sight of Malfoy snuggling behind Potter as a shield from his wrath. Or, most likely, that both boys seemed to enjoy that particular state of affairs.

"Professor Snape?" a light and airy female voice called.

It was all the professor could do not to groan out loud. He was having more than a 'streak of bad luck' today...it was a bloody mile-wide destruction zone. He did not need that damned Lovegood and her quirky little observations. He glared harder at the two teenagers across from him, silently promising a messy demise to whomever made a noise that might draw the blasted girl's attention.

More footsteps, closer this time. "Professor Snape?"

Impossibly silly girl! Can't you see that I amnot at my desk?

"Professor Snape, Professor Sprout needs to speak with you!"

Apparently not.

The faint pattering of her meandering stroll around the classroom was grating on Snape's nerves like the sound of Pettigrew in full whinge. For some reason he felt most uneasy whenever she paused. "Are you on the ceiling, sir? It's really too dark for me to tell. I can turn my back while you transform and put your clothes on."

I am neither a bat Animagus nor a vampire, Miss Lovegood. Two points from Ravenclaw for seriously considering such spurious rumors.

"Oh, there it is."

Excuse me? I am not an 'it,' Miss Lovegood!

To the unmitigated horror of the three under the desk, the sound of footsteps grew closer and closer until Luna swayed serenely into view, heading directly for the blasted porn magazine that Potter had dropped...OPEN...on the floor behind the desk.

She bent to pick it up, but of course, had to turn to peer under the desk in the midst of the action.

Only you, Miss Lovegood, would be distracted by wondering what was under a desk when presented with moving photographs of men wearing nothing but scanty leather harnesses and spanking the living hell out of each other.

"Oh, there you are," she said, looking at Snape as if nothing were at all strange about seeing one's professor curled up under his desk, wearing silver sequins, with two students in some sartorial disarray beside him. She studied the scene with a cheerful, interested, expression.

"Are we playing Sardines?"

Before Snape could come up with a sufficiently biting response to such a ludicrous question, the girl dove under the desk to join them, pushing Harry aside to squeeze in beside Snape. Draco squeaked as Harry landed on his rather exposed lap. Harry's face immediately attained a profoundly Gryffindor shade of red.

Luna looked between the three of them with a pleasant smile. It was an expression that had no place in the Potions classroom, in Snape's opinion, and certainly had no business whatsoever in this particular situation.

"Well, this certainly explains the classroom," she said. "The mirror was to admire the professor's lovely dress, which of course couldn't be worn with the shiny green underpants. I presume they're yours, since you don't seem to be wearing any at the moment."

Had Snape realized that he was matching the S & M twins in the corner for gobsmacked blankness, he would have retrieved his wand for the express purpose of testing whether 'Avada Kevadra' worked with a mirror.

"It is not MY dress, Miss Lovegood. It was obviously delivered by mistake. I had thought it was my new dress robes," Snape snapped rather unconvincingly.

"But of course, you must have been interrupted by Harry and Draco," she added, oblivious to the professor's implausible, if mostly truthful, denial. "You really should have just locked the door."

No shit, Miss Lovegood.

"We didn't arrive together," Draco said defensively.

I think we've established that the truth shall not serve you here, Mr. Malfoy.

"I heard about the magazine Professor Snape took from you in class today. Everyone's talking about it. I'm assuming this is it?" Luna said, retrieving the publication in question and perusing it with unblinking interest.

"It's NOT mine!" Harry huffed.

"So Draco came to get **his** magazine back, and Professor Snape hid from him, and then Draco hid from Harry, which really makes no sense, since he's marked all the blond/brunet couples," Luna corrected, absentmindedly tilting the magazine for a better angle on the photo in question.

Harry squirmed around to look at Draco, who whimpered at the sensation. Their eyes met, and a blushing contest ensued.

Snape continued to glower from his corner.

"Okay, now that we're all caught up on the story, what are we all still doing under here? I can think of several much more comfortable places to be," Harry said, looking at Draco meaningfully. Snape deliberately did not notice the bedroom eyes Harry received in return.

"No one's going anywhere until I have a wand oath that none of this will EVER be repeated," Snape said vehemently, but before he could retrieve his wand and make good on that promise, the door rattled yet again.

He quickly fell back against the desk with a put-upon groan and looked at the three students beside him.

"SILENCE!"

The door opened and slammed shut again. A sound that was either multiple students struggling with each other or an iron-shod centaur with a limp approached the desk at an alarming rate.

"Hermione, are you sure about this? I mean, why here of all places?" Ronald Weasley whined from somewhere above the abused desk (which Snape was definitely burning at the first possible opportunity).

"Of course I'm sure," Miss Granger's voice replied between loud smacking kisses. "Classes are over for the day... so Professor Snape won't be back. But... we'll still have the sexy setting. And there's even a mirror!"

The four hidden occupants of the room all exchanged identical looks of, "Oh, FUCK, no!"

"This is your idea of sexy?" Weasley asked, his voice horror-stricken, but clothes variously thumping and thudding to the floor nonetheless.

"It's...it's the lure of the forbidden! What could be more forbidden than using a teacher's desk, especially Professor Snape's desk. Think about it, Ronald. So dark, dangerous, domineering... Oh..." her voice trailed off in a shudder.

Is she talking about me or the classroom? The thought was almost enough to distract Snape from the sounds of clothing rustling against the stone floor and the pair's purpose for visiting the room.

Almost.

"O... kay..." His tone of voice made it extremely obvious that the youngest Mr. Weasley did not agree with Miss Granger's assessment of the situation. Not that it stopped him from shedding his clothes.

More smacking noises rent the relative silence, and it was all Snape could do to restrain himself from screaming...at the two students on top of the desk, at the three underneath, or at the universe in general. Looking around, he saw Draco and Harry were both looking back and forth between the top of the desk and one another and wiggling alarmingly. Miss Lovegood sat next to him, still smiling pleasantly.

Young lady, you are a seriously demented individual to sit through this looking as if we were all having a lovely little tea party.

The sound of someone scrambling up onto the desk above them brought a horrified grimace to all three of the males below. When Miss Granger suddenly said, her voice coming from directly above them, "Move the mirror over, Ron. I want to watch us," Harry buried his face in his hands. Snape plotted multiple painful deaths, considering whether he had enough of the requisite ingredients, and whether it would appear plausible for five students to all have similar fatal accidents within a short span of time.

The screeching of the mirror being pulled along the stone floor no sooner ended than the sound of small feminine whimpers began. They quickly grew in volume and frequency until the desk gave a violent lurch, and the air was rent by a very loud, very female moan.

Bloody hell.

"Oh, yes, Ron, right there!"

MUST EVERY DAMNED STUDENT IN THIS SCHOOL PERFORM SEXUAL ACTS ON MY DESK?

"So tight... So wet... Oh, Hermione you feel so good," Weasley said, between loud panting sounds.

Snape growled into his hands, the two on the desk oblivious to any sounds other than the ones they were making. "I am DEFINITELY burning that desk in the morning..."

In Miss Lovegood's universe, this was apparently funny. She giggled, the sound blending with the rhythmic creaking of the desk. Both sounds started out slowly and rapidly gained momentum.

"Good, Ron, good. Now, put your hand here... Oh, God, yes... just like that."

The desk gave another lurch, and Weasley moaned. Something white and lacy abruptly dropped over the edge of the desk, startling all four of them and eliciting a more vigorous bounce-squirm-whimper sequence from Potter and Malfoy.

What the bloody hell did I do to have Hermione Granger's brassiere swinging just inches from my face...and from the looks of it, she's been hiding a lot under those school robes...while she and the penultimate Weasley disaster swing from my professional work area?

On second thought, perhaps I don't want that answered.

Miss Lovegood leaned forward and grabbed one end of the swaying garment.

"34C," she observed. "She's much larger than I am."

"Too much information," Draco replied, his face twisted up in disgust.

Something stirred within Snape. Or rather, something stirred... 'within' wasn't a technically accurate description. One thing was certain: Septima's dress was **not** long enough.

Little Snape jumped in excitement. Big Snape was so mortified he was sure that steam was going to start shooting of his ears any moment.

Harry just covered his eyes and shook his head, muttering, "Ewww... It's... She's like a sister to me. I'll go blind looking at her underwear!"

The desk rocked a little harder, the sounds of panting, moaning, and skin slapping filling the air.

"If you could go deaf listening to that, you'd be all right," Snape grumbled.

"Just a little to the left, Ron," Miss Granger moaned. "No, not that far. Oh, yes...just there!"

"The boy can't even perform without instructions. What the hell is the attraction?" Snape muttered, glaring at the underside of the desk in hopes that no one would notice how much the sounds were affecting him.

Luna looked pointedly at the hem of Snape's dress and said, "It's true what they say about Wizards with big noses."

Snape grabbed at the train of his dress, adjusting it to try to cover himself better.

"Well, now we know why there are so many Weasleys," Draco muttered. Snape would have thought that Potter's neck, presumably as dense as the rest of him, would have muffled the words better. No such luck.

Harry twisted to shush Draco and gave him a playful shove, which is to say, he made a poor attempt at disguising a grope as a shove.

Draco giggled and shoved Harry back, with equally suspect hand placement.

Snape fought the urge to gag for the dozenth time that night.

The desk rocked harder, and Snape wondered about its structural integrity. He could no longer tell if it was because of the two students on top of it, shagging away like there was no tomorrow...which, if Snape had his way, there would not be...or the two students groping in contemplation of shagging below it.

It therefore took him an unusual amount of time to realize that Miss Lovegood was still intently studying the tent growing beneath his gown.

"I bet you wouldn't require instructions, Professor," she said calmly.

"Miss Lovegood! You're not...you're not **making overtures?**" Snape's jaw dropped in shock.

Luna leaned forward, a thoughtful look on her face and took another considered look up the professor's skirt.

"Possibly. How do you feel about blondes, Professor?"

Snape looked over at Draco, who was currently enraptured by Potter's lips nibbling their way up his neck.

"Not especially kindly at the moment," he said, valiantly trying to back away, but only succeeding in banging into the desk and making it rock even more.

The push of the desk against Draco's back caused a moan from Harry, drawing Luna's attention to the wiggling pair. She tilted her head from side to side, apparently trying to see everything from every angle. Why someone would want to see that was well beyond Snape's understanding.

"This has been most educational." She followed up the matter-of-fact observation by consulting the magazine again.

Snape was momentarily relieved that he seemed to have lost the girl's attention, but that was shattered as soon as she spoke again.

"Harry, if you just tuck your leg up, like this," she said pointing to a picture in the magazine, "you could turn around. It would be much more productive."

"Don't HELP them, Miss Lovegood!" Snape said, covering his eyes in abject disgust. Unfortunately for the professor, the young men in question proved uniquely apt at taking instruction in this instance, because there was no mistaking Potter's satisfied groan.

Everything suddenly seemed too fast and too loud, and Snape, feared dungeon master of Hogwarts, sat curled up in the corner under his desk and wished for Mummy.

"Oh, Harry... Oh..."

"Harder, Ron. And faster. Oh.... Oh..."

"Hermione, I'm not going to last."

"Dra... co..."

"YES!!!!!!!!!"

"Hermione!!!!!!!!!"

The couple above him sounded like they were trying to bang a hole through the top of his desk.

Half a tick... that's banging I'm hearing, not 'banging'...

On that thought, the door burst open with a final, quite literal 'bang!'

"STUPIF...Wha... ? Oh, God!"

Enter Longbottom, to place the cherry on the shit sundae.

"Neville!" Hermione screamed shrilly.

"What?" Ron asked, sounding bewildered. Then, "OH!"

"I...Sorry...Put some clothes on!" Longbottom insisted, managing to sound authoritative even with his voice forced up an octave from shock.

"A man after my own heart," Snape muttered, hardly believing that he was speaking about Longbottom, of all people.

A quickly scampering noise later and Ron's nude form, from the waist down, appeared in the entrance of the desk.

"What are you doing here?" Ron demanded.

Luna cocked her head to the side in obvious admiration. "Nevermind about earlier, Professor," she whispered.

"Well, I," Neville started to answer in embarrassment, then recovered his righteous indignation. "That's some question from the guy who's naked on Snape's desk!"

If you weren't in Gryffindor, that would be worth five points, Mr. Longbottom.

Mr. Weasley didn't seem to have an answer to that. Even Miss Granger was uncharacteristically speechless, though by the crackling sounds, this may have been because she was devoting all her efforts to clutching bits of parchment against strategic body parts.

Oh, very well. One point to Gryffindor.

"I'm here to find Luna! Professor Sprout sent her to find Professor Snape, and she never came back," Neville explained, a hint of challenge in his voice.

"Oh, I'm right here!" Luna called loudly from her position under the desk.

Ron jumped back to the top of the desk.

"What the fuck?"

"Ronald! LANGUAGE!" Hermione shouted.

"Hermione! CLOTHES!" Neville countered.

"Well the kneazle's obviously out of the bag now," Draco said, leaning forward and flicking Hermione's bra loose from the desk drawer. "Might want this, Granger," he added.

"SHUT UP, Mr. Malfoy!" Snape yelled at Draco, beating his head back against the desk.

Harry glared at the Potions master before softening his expression and turning back to Draco. "I don't know about you, but I don't want to stay here all night."

"HARRY?" Hermione and Ron both screeched.

"How many people are under that desk?"

You sound bewildered, Longbottom. Perhaps we are at last re-entering reality.

"Only four," Luna piped up helpfully.

"I'm not coming out until I'm sure there's no nudity out there," Draco added.

Luna climbed out from under the desk and looked around.

"Hermione, your robe is over there. You might want to put it on, unless, of course, you're exploring nudity as a lifestyle. I'm not sure that's practical in Scotland, even with warming charms. And Ron," she said, pausing so that Snape had the misfortune of being able to imagine her wistful look, "yours is there."

She was being far too pleasant and diplomatic about it for Snape's liking, but at the moment, he did not want to deal with nude Granger **more** nude Weasley, nor the essential fusillade of 'Obliviates' this would all necessitate.

After a period of embarrassed-sounding rustling, she called out, "It's okay, Draco. No more nudity."

Harry and Draco came out from under the desk, red faced and disheveled, but holding hands. Judging by the sound (no way in hell Snape was going to look), Potter simply tossed all caution to the wind and gave Malfoy a thorough and defiant snogging before all and sundry.

Longbottom and Granger gasped. Weasley gagged. Lovegood applauded, which almost covered the sound of Draco moaning.

Finally, reluctantly, Snape unfolded himself and drug his sparkly little arse out from under the desk as well. He folded his arms and glared at each of the assembled in turn, daring them to comment.

Hermione gasped again. Under other circumstances, her lack of articulation would have been refreshing.

Ron turned a putrid shade of green as he tried to find somewhere...anywhere...else to look.

Luna ignored him in favor of watching Harry and Draco. Given that she'd pretty much seen it all by this point, it wasn't particularly surprising.

Harry and Draco ignored everything in favor of each other.

Neville looked Snape over with a vaguely disturbed expression. Given the way the rest of the day had gone, Snape was not particularly shocked that he found the cheek...or shocked honesty...to comment.

"You know... it's just not as funny, this time."

Epilogue:

Snape was well into his cups, having decided to take full advantage of it being New Year's Eve and himself having neither any duties tomorrow nor any dignity for the foreseeable future (after vague rumors of an orgy in the Potions classroom had somehow begun to circulate). He sensed rather than actually saw the shadow that flickered over him in the light of the torches and fireworks.

"Are you busy right now, Severus?"

He looked unsteadily in the direction of the voice and saw Septima in that damnable gown. He proceeded to say the first thing that popped into his head: "Take off that bloody dress!"

His last thought, as the bedroom door shut behind them was, *These boxers ARE lucky, after all.*

FIN

Author's Notes:

The original idea for this was devised (if it can be dignified with that term) while snapemylove, SeverusLovesUs, Potteresque_ire, and dracontia were supposed to be working on 'A Fanfic Reader's Unauthorized Guide to the Unconventional Hogwarts: A History.'

The majority of this was whipped into shape in a chat session on May 28, 2008, by snapemylove and dracontia, with SeverusLovesUs providing moral support. For the record, snapemylove is still pointing at dracontia and yelling, 'Your Honor, it was all her fault!'

No matter what snapemylove says, it was she who came up with the title 'Big Cocks: Bound and Determined.'

Thank you, Sabrebabe, for the use of Snape's metallic green boxers. We promise to return them relatively unscathed.