

The Wonders of Lip Balm

by Kitsune_SD

Why does most everyone at Hogwarts have chapped lips - better yet, what is Snape going to do about it? slash and femmeslash Warning: contains gratuitous humor and cliches

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: All characters property of JKR, lip balm property of Burt's Bees, making no money off this, and no real lips were chapped during the writing of this fic.

Beta: CarvedWood - any remaining errors are all mine.

Author Note: This is all CarvedWood's fault again, this plot came to me after we were reading some fic together and chatting about it, so I felt the need to write this for her - as usual. Oh, and written before HBP came along and made Snape the DADA professor, instead of Potions where he so obviously belongs...

"Oh! For the love of "

Severus Snape crushed the parchment between his hands. It was bad enough that the students were writing this horrid claptrap and reading it in his classes, as if Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy would even involve themselves in such things as *kissing* each other. More likely they would be hexing each other like proper wizards or fighting tooth and nail like Muggles even that would be acceptable. But *this* was beyond the pale. He threw the parchment ball into the fire.

"... *a ghost of a kiss to his chapped lips*...Merlin, where do these children come up with this nonsense?" Severus rubbed a finger across his own lips and was startled to find them a bit dry. "Right. Perhaps I need to do something about this problem..."

"Today we are going to be brewing a basic salve that all of you, even Mr. Longbottom thank Merlin's no longer in this class "

Snape's speech was interrupted by Draco's snickering. Harry glowered at the back of Malfoy's head and cursed under his breath. Snape glared at Harry, who immediately stared down at his hands. "*Language*, Mr. Potter. That's five points from Gryffindor; do you want to try for more?" Draco sneered over his shoulder at Harry as Snape went back to his lecture. "All of you should be capable of making this salve properly. Instructions are on the board. Get to work."

The sixth year Advanced Potions class stared back at him in shock; not surprisingly, Hermione's hand shot up with a question. Snape scowled at her, but she spoke up in spite of it.

"Professor? Why are we brewing something so, er,*basic*?"

Why must they always ask such insipid questions? Severus thought. "All of you touch your lips. Are they dry? Chapped, perhaps?" He watched the dumfounded students rub their dry lips. "That is why. Do not question my lesson again, Miss Granger, or you will be serving detention with Filch." He stalked off to the storeroom to fetch small tins for their finished salves.

"Let's see coconut oil, beeswax, sweet almond oil, peppermint, lanolin, comfrey root, and rosemary. Harry, could you get the materials from the storeroom? I'll get started here..." Hermione started the fire under their cauldron.

"All right." Harry walked over with the other students collecting the ingredients for the salve.

Malfoy pushed past him, saying arrogantly, "Watch yourself, Potter, you clumsy oaf!"

Harry glared at him, balling his fists, but didn't attack. Snape was too close to get away with any sort of retaliation without losing more points for Gryffindor.

Hermione watched the exchange, glad that Harry had the sense to show some self-control. *Really, she thought, it's a pity those stories that had recently begun circulating about those two aren't true... I wonder if Lavender or Parvati have found any more of them?* She and Ginny had been copying all the parchments they could get their hands on, reading them late in the evening in their dorms and giggling like mad. They were rather hot, even if there was no possible way they could be true. *Too bad we aren't on better terms with some of the Slytherin girls. I wonder if they have any we haven't seen yet? Wait, isn't Parvati on good terms with Parkinson? Maybe she would be willing to join one of our 'study sessions'...*

Hermione fondly remembered last night's 'study session'. Ginny had been so aroused from reading their latest acquisition that there was no objection when Hermione began licking at her through the crotch of her knickers, even when Lavender and Parvati had stopped reading to watch. Ginny had moaned until both of them scrambled to remove the damp knickers, to give Hermione's mouth full access to the moist folds surrounding her erect clitoris. She had gently lapped around the hood while she pushed three fingers into Ginny's tight wet vagina, found her G-spot quickly and began pulling up. She thrust her hips up, and Hermione had to push her back down with her free hand; then Ginny's feet were in her hair, forcing her head down. She sucked and nibbled at Ginny's clitoris until she came and began to curse under her breath when Hermione didn't let up on the pressure against her G-spot. As expected, Ginny's orgasm kept going, and Hermione continued with her frantic pace until she was rewarded with a short burst of clear fluid in her face.

"Oh Merlin, Hermione, I just... pissed on you..." Ginny hid her face in her hands.

Hermione thought she'd better explain what had happened. She slithered up next to Ginny and told her, "No, love here, taste it and see... women can ejaculate too," and had given Ginny a light kiss on the lips.

"Wow, Hermione, where do you learn all this stuff?" Lavender wondered.

"Erm, can you teach us that too?" Parvati asked with a shy smile.

I guess it's a good thing Snape chose such an easy lesson today Hermione thought as Harry came back to the desk with the ingredients for the salve. "Harry, can you get this started without me? I need to run to the lav..."

"Sure." *Hermione looks a bit flushed I hope she's not ill,* Harry thought as he watched her run off. He went back to work, ignoring Malfoy who was glaring at him.

"Oh, Severus! Your lips are so... *soft*... mmm..." Remus moaned, as he fisted his hands in Snape's oily hair.

Severus let Lupin's hard cock slip out of his mouth. "Yes. Well, the students were having a personal hygiene problem. Chapped lips. It seems that they had never heard of the Bee's Kiss salve "

"Or Carmex," said Remus, showing Snape a small jar from the pocket of his tatty robes.

"Is *that* what that *disgusting* taste is whenever we kiss? And I thought it was just residual Wolfsbane Potion..." He grabbed the small white glass jar out of Lupin's hand and pitched it across the room. "Here, use this instead." After digging in his robes, he handed Lupin a small tin of salve and tapped the lid with his wand. The tin's lid now read: 'Snape's Kiss vanilla bourbon flavour'.

Remus opened the tin and sniffed deeply before rubbing a salve-covered finger on his lips. "Ah. That's quite nice, though I always thought that your kisses taste more like "

"What? Potions? Tea? Whisky, perhaps?"

"My *cock*," Remus said in an amused voice. "Now, could you get back to the business at hand?" Snape swallowed his prick down and began sucking him fervently.

"Ahhh, don't stop, Severus!" Remus shouted, right before he came down Snape's throat.

"*Stop that, Draco!* How do you expect me to concentrate while you're trying to reach my lower intestines with your tongue?"

Malfoy's laugh was muffled by Harry's arsecheeks. "Just wanted to give you a bit of inspiration, Potter." He pushed up beside Harry, looking over his shoulder at the parchment Harry's quill had been scratching at for the last half-hour. "Ah, brilliant. I enjoy the ones that start with a fight. Let's see... yelling... name-calling... *Scared, Potter?* I would never say anything so banal to you..."

"Hmph. Well, you did, actually. In second year."

"Back when I was young and innocent," Malfoy said wistfully, a wry smile on his lips.

Harry snorted. "As if you were ever innocent "

"Shut it, you. Let me read. Ah, a curse, yes... what? You slap me? Potter, I would never allow you "

"Just keep reading, Draco."

"Oh. I pin you to the wall, nice. Snogging... snogging... more snogging... no wonder our lips got so chapped, eh? Aha! *Thesmut.*" Malfoy grinned. "Blow-job... good work, Potter. *Harry sucked in as much of Malfoy's turgid manhood he could manage...Turgid?* What in the "

"Hermione gave me a thesaurus for Christmas."

"Hmm, at least she's good for *something*," Malfoy taunted. "Say, is she the one who has been passing the copies to the Ravensclaws?"

Harry laughed. "Yeah, I think so. She and Ginny, I'd wager. Luna Lovegood came up to me the other day and tried to ask me about our 'relationship'. I just stared at her. She must think I'm mental "

"That's no surprise. You are mental." Harry smacked him in the head with a pillow. Malfoy raised his eyebrows and said, "You'll pay for that later, Potter," as he thrust his erection against Harry's thigh. He went back to reading. "Hmm. *Harry's smooth, silky lips slipped rapidly up and down Malfoy's shaft...* I suppose we have Snape to thank for that, eh?"

"Yeah, I guess we do. Hey, do you think, maybe... Should I write one about trying to fuck you dry, so Snape will teach us to brew our own lubricant?"

"My saliva isn't good enough for you, Potter?" Malfoy started to slither back down the bed, but Harry grabbed him and flipped him on his back, pressing the head of his cock against Malfoy's hole.

"*Lubricus*," Harry muttered, slicking his prick and Malfoy's tight channel.

"Wandless magic? Harry, you're more powerful than my father imag "

"Ugh! Malfoy, don't *ever* mention your father when we're in bed again. Besides, you wouldn't want him to see *you like this*"--Harry pulled Malfoy's knees up onto his shoulders and pushed balls-deep into his arse--"would you?"

Malfoy began moaning incoherently as Harry slid in and out of him with long, hard strokes. Harry reached down and began wanking Malfoy's stiff cock in time with his own thrusts.

"Harry dammit! Haven't you been using that lotion I gave you? Your hands are calloused from waxing that stupid Firebolt of yours! Put something in your story about that so the Professor will teach us to brew good lotion as well maybe then you could be bothered to actually use the stuff..."

"Hmm. Should I do that *now*, Malfoy?" Harry said and started to pull out.

"Fuck you, Harry." Malfoy grabbed Harry's arse to keep him inside. "Or, rather, *fuck me now* story later."