

Ho'moaning

by Lady Whitehart

Severus is working late in the dungeons, and Hermione gets an urge only he can satisfy. Will the Potions master give into her wanton suggestions?

Ho'moaning

Chapter 1 of 2

Severus is working late in the dungeons, and Hermione gets an urge only he can satisfy. Will the Potions master give into her wanton suggestions?

A/N: This is my first (and most likely last) attempt at writing SS/HG. Normally I write SS/OFC, gen, and humor fics, but I received an email suggesting that I try my hand at SS/HG. Since it was never clarified what type of fic I should write, I decided on humor/parody. This story is part of a series called *Attack of the Mary Sue Commandos*.

WARNING: This fic throws together every Mary Sue Hermione trait I could think of, stirs them up in a rusty cauldron, and serves it on a greasy ashtray with a side of sarcasm. If you are a super-serious, totally-in-love-with-them-being-in-love, hard-core SS/HG shipper, you may want to make use of the back button at this point. For those of you who can handle a lampooning of SS/HG, read on and (hopefully) be entertained.

Obligatory disclaimer: This is was written strictly for shits and giggles. I don't own any of the Harry Potter plot lines, characters, or anything else to do with HP unless you count the copies of the books, movies, and the few HP action figures I have purchased. In most cases, I even have the receipts.

Ho'moaning

It was late, and Professor Snape was annoyed that he was still slogging through a veritable mountain of first-year essays. Teaching all day and then being at the beck and call of either Dumbledore or the Dark Lord was taking its toll on him. He needed a life, he needed some entertainment, but above all, he needed to get--

"Aaaaaahhhhh!"

Startled, he nearly fell out of his chair.

"Ohhhhhh!"

It was coming from the Potions classroom.

"Uh, uh, uuuuhhhhhh!"

"What the bloody hell is that?" he asked no one, drawing his wand and preparing for an attack. "It sounds like a Kelpie in heat."

Suddenly the door to his office flew open, and in stepped--

"Miss Granger!" he addressed the figure in astonishment. "What is the meaning of this intrusion?"

Hermione stood in the doorway, her silky, honey-colored curls flowing down her back like a living thing freed. Her deep brown orbs sparkled with passion. When she spoke, her voice was husky with desire. "I want you. Right here, right now, or I'm going to explode."

"Either way that will make more of a mess than I'm willing to clean up, Miss Granger," Severus sneered, eying her warily as he searched for signs that she had been slipped a lust potion. Her liquid brown eyes were slightly dilated, her hands trembled, and her face was flushed. Unfortunately, those symptoms could suggest either a potion or the real thing.

"Oh, come on, Severus. You know you want me too," Hermione purred, advancing on him. "I've seen the way you watch me during Potions class."

"It's called loathing, Miss Granger," snapped the Potions master as he eased his way around the desk, trying to keep a safe distance. "And don't call me Severus."

"Loathe?" she said, eyes widening. "How can you loathe me? I'm your best student! I'm the brightest witch of the age!"

"It's surprisingly easy, Miss Granger," Severus said evenly. "Besides, you're not the brightest witch of *the* age; you're the brightest witch of *your* age, meaning you are an exceptionally swotty schoolgirl."

"Do you want to swat the swotty schoolgirl's arse, Severus?" she teased, lifting her robes high enough to reveal her long, sleek legs.

Caught off guard, he swallowed before regaining his senses. "Absolutely not! And I told you not to call me Severus."

She pouted. "Don't be such a spoilsport. I can fulfill all of your deepest, most erotic desires."

"You know nothing about my desires, Miss Granger," replied Severus. "Wouldn't you be better off with one of those two dolts you spend so much time with? Surely Potter or Weasley would be more compatible with your experience level."

"Those little boys can't satisfy me on any level other than friendship--and barely even like that. I want a man who knows what he's doing, Severus. I know I can please you," she cooed.

"I highly doubt you know anything about carnal pleasures, and DON'T call me Severus!"

"Oh, yes, I do, Sev-- Professor," Hermione protested, groaning with effort as she hoisted her bulging book bag onto the desk with a thud. "I've been researching for months! Look!" She began pulling books out of the bag and displaying them on the desk. "*The Kama Sutra... The Joy of Sex... Beyond Basic Broom Riding Skills for the Bedroom... Advanced Wand Polishing for Wanton Witches!* I know I can do a great job even if I've never done it before, because I've read all about it. It can't be anymore difficult than brewing Polyjuice Potion as a second-year."

Fair point, he thought as he gaped at the impressive collection of reference material. The cover of *Advanced Wand Polishing for Wanton Witches* had a moving picture that was incredibly tantalizing. Severus was so engrossed in the figures that he barely heard Hermione speaking to him. He looked up.

"...and if that's not impressive enough, I have these." Hermione opened her robes to reveal the most amazing pair of Bludgers he had ever seen outside of the Quidditch pitch. His jaw went slack.

"Are-are those real?" he sputtered.

"Of course they are!" Hermione cried indignantly. "Padma Patil tried an Engorging Charm on hers with some really frightful results even after I told her she would be better off using Swelling Solution."

His forehead creased. Who would have thought Hermione Granger of all people would be hiding something like those under her robes!

As if reading his mind, she continued, "I've kept them a secret with an Obscuring Charm I came across in third-year while I was doing some casual reading. Never thought I'd need it for something like this. I wanted to be liked for my brains, but that hasn't worked out as well as I had hoped it would."

Severus was distracted and found it difficult to concentrate on anything she was saying. He forced his eyes closed and said through clenched teeth, "Miss Granger, please, close your robes and leave. I've never in all my years of teaching dallied with a student, and I don't intend to make you the exception."

He nearly shouted out in surprise when he felt her pressing up against him, her hands seeking an opening in his robes. Trying (and failing) to make his escape, Severus ended up pinned against the wall. Taken aback by how deceptively strong Hermione was, the Potions master fought to free himself from her roving hands.

"Get off of me!" he ordered, shoving her away. He gripped his wand tightly in his hand and held it at the ready. "I don't know where you got this ridiculous notion that I fancy you, Miss Granger, but this nonsense must stop, or I will have you expelled and, if possible, sent to Azkaban."

Hermione looked at him, utterly heart-broken. "You don't mean that, Severus."

"I meant every word of it, Miss Granger," he replied sternly. "Honestly, I have never once given any indication that I remotely have any interest in you. I find you irritating, bossy, and I bloody well can't stand you. Reducing you to tears at least once a school year does not mean I harbor deep, warm feelings for you. Merlin's sack, I'm old enough to be your father!"

"But I love you! I want to make you happy and be with you forever and have your babies!" she wailed, reaching for him in desperation.

She looked so pathetic he almost caved. Thankfully, his better judgment kicked in, and he said without the slightest trace of warmth, "Miss Granger, close your robes, pack up your books, and get out of my office immediately."

Sniffing loudly, Hermione did as she was told.

The door banged open, and a slightly disheveled Draco Malfoy burst into the office with Pansy Parkinson in his wake.

"Pardon me, sir. Pansy and I were, uh... patrolling the corridor and noticed that the classroom door was open," he said breathlessly. "We thought we heard shouting and decided to investigate."

"What's she doing here?" Pansy said, wrinkling her nose at the sight of Hermione, who was now fully clothed.

Severus felt his composure falter slightly. "Miss Granger had a question concerning her N.E.W.T.s, but now she is leaving."

Hermione nodded dejectedly and headed to the door, dragging her heavy bag of provocative literature behind her.

Severus waited until he heard the classroom door slam before speaking. "Be careful in the corridors, Draco," he warned. "It's possible Miss Granger has had a reaction to a potion. I think it may have affected her libido and judgment."

Draco looked horrified. "Do you think she may try to--"

"I'll hex the little tramp if she tries to put her Mudblood paws on you!" Pansy declared.

Smirking, Severus thought, *No doubt you will, Miss Parkinson. No doubts at all.*

Ho'moaning: Part Duex

Chapter 2 of 2

Hermione hatches a plot to get her man. Hold onto your bellybuttons as the goofiness continues.

Did you ever have a plot bunny that sank its pointed teeth into your ankle and refused to let go? Neither did I until now. Now if only my other plot bunnies would get off of their fluffy arses and be cooperative.

Just to be certain it's clear:

1. This is meant to be a Mary Sue fic.
2. It was written to be a parody of the SS/HG ship. If you don't think you can handle a little lampooning of said ship, you know where the back button is.
3. Since Hermione is a seventh year student and Snape is teaching Potions, this fic is obviously AU. (We won't even go into the fact that she has the hots for Snape.)

Ho'Moaning: Part Duex

The following night Hermione sprawled on her bed in the Gryffindor girls dorm. The scarlet and gold curtains were drawn and several privacy charms had been cast upon them. She thumbed through her copy of *Advanced Wand Polishing for Wanton Witches*, lost in a fantasy that involved her, her Potions master, and the various impossible-yet-erotic contortions featured in the book.

She sighed with not-so-innocent pleasure as images of caresses, kisses, and an inconceivably enormous member drifted across the landscape of her mind. In the names of Venus and Aphrodite she had to have him and soon. Sitting up, she toyed with her silky, honey-colored frizz as she reflected on how her beloved Professor Snape had recently rejected her. Had he really meant it? Certainly not! They had so much in common. They both loved books. They were both very intelligent. They... Surely the love of books and intelligence were enough!

"Maybe we just need more time together," Hermione mumbled, rolling onto her back, as she began to indulge in a fantasy of his long, slender hands gliding over her voluptuous curves. Before the first tickles of pleasure could start to work their magic, she sat up, her chocolate-colored eyes alight with an almost orgasmic explosion of comprehension. "That's it! If Professor Snape spends more time with me and gets to know me better, he will see me as something more than just a swotty, know-it-all school girl. But how?"

Hermione practically bounced down to the dungeons for her N.E.W.T. Potions class the following afternoon. An idea about how to spend more time with Professor Snape had come to her while she had been researching common problems encountered while learning how to become an Animagus for Transfiguration. It had been fleshed out while the other part of her mind had been busy translating several difficult passages for Ancient Runes. Finally, her scheme had been perfected while working on several long and complex calculations for Arithmancy. If it didn't work, she was just going to intentionally blow up a potion and earn a detention.

The door to the Potions classroom and slowly the small group of students filtered in. Ron and Harry beckoned to her, clearly wanting to have her sit with them so the two lazy buggers wouldn't have to actually pay attention to the lesson. Well, today Hermione was on a mission, and they could bloody well struggle on their own for a change. She took a seat by herself and spread out her books and materials.

Her heart stood still when Professor Snape dramatically swept into the room, his black robes billowing about his tall, trim frame with the intensity of a fierce storm cloud. In the dim light of the dungeon, his pale face shimmered like mother-of-pearl, the high arch of his nose lent character and nobility to his countenance, and his lank hair looked silky instead of greasy. He crossed his arms over his chest and glared the class into silence, radiating power like the sun on a washed out winter's day. Hermione drank in his aura like a lost soul in the desert would gulp down water. Merlin's pants, he was so sexy!

Hermione's drop-jawed, wide-eyed stare connected with his hard, obsidian gaze, and she became acutely aware of her own heavy breathing.

"A fine impression of a goldfish, Miss Granger," he sneered, causing the Slytherins in the room to snicker with evil glee. "Now, kindly close you gaping maw and take your seat."

With her face flaming in humiliation, Hermione sank into her seat. The snickers subsided, and she looked at him through her long lashes as he began the day's lecture, hoping that, one way or an other, she would end up in his embrace before the day was done.

"Today we will be studying to uses and properties of Kappa body parts in potion making. Does anyone know what a Kappa is?" he asked, pointedly ignoring Hermione when her hand shot into the air. He waited for a moment before continuing. "Very well. Kappas are water-dwelling creatures that resemble scaly monkeys. They are found mostly in Mongolia and--" Hermione's hand shot so violently into the air that she was yanked to her feet. "What is it Miss Granger?"

"Pardon me, sir. Aren't Kappas native to Japan?"

Severus glared at her and said repressively, "Kappas can be found primarily in Mongolia; the southern portion of Mongolia to be exact."

As he continued describing the creature, Hermione wrinkled her nose. *How could Kappas live in southern Mongolia? That's the Gobi Desert.* She dug through her school bag for her copy of *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them* while her ears delighted in the deep, sensual baritone of his voice. In her vivid, desire-driven imagination, erroneous statements about Kappas were replaced with sweet nothings. His voice was a supple velvet cloak in which she longed to wrap herself. She gave up her search for the book to focus on the rich tones of his voice, slipping into a blissful stupor in which ardent phrases were occasionally interrupted by the words Kappas and Mongolia. The irritation of it brought Hermione back to her senses, and she raised her hand, waving it urgently.

"Miss Granger?" Snape asked, frowning at the disruption.

"Kappas aren't from Mongolia, sir. If I remember correctly, they're found in Japan."

"It seems your famous memory has failed you, Miss Granger. Kappas are native to Mongolia. The question I was about to ask pertained to the uses of Kappa scales in

potion making. Can you answer that, Miss Granger?"

"Kappa scales are used in various healing potions *by the Japanese*, more specifically potions used in treating rashes and other skin ailments," Hermione recited, tossing in 'by the Japanese' as a hint. A hint which Snape either missed or ignored.

"By the Mongolians, Miss Granger. Congratulation on memorizing that portion of *Advanced Potion-making*." He turned to the rest of the class. "Is there *anyone else* who can name other uses of the Kappa?"

Hermione glanced down at her bulging book bag, still trying to locate *Fantastic Beasts*. With a triumphant smile she extracted the book, flipped to the correct page, and began reading.

"That's enough, Miss Granger!" snapped Snape. His anger "Detention and twenty points from Gryffindor for interrupting my class!"

The dungeon buzzed with indignant grumbling from all but the Slytherins, who sat there looking like they had been blasted with a Stunning Hex.

A detention with Professor Snape, Hermione thought, pleased with her unintended success at having scored some time alone with him. Granted, it wasn't quite how she would have preferred it, especially the part about losing points, but she would still be alone with him... for hours on end... completely unsupervised... able to do whatever she needed to seduce him...

"You're just put out because she's right and you're wrong!" Ron shouted, coming to Hermione's defense.

Shut up, Ronald, she begged, hoping nothing more than a scathing reprimand would come his way.

"And a detention for you as well, Weasley," Professor Snape snarled. "Since you are so dead-set on defending Miss Granger, you may join her in detention. I'll send word when I find a time most convenient for me and least convenient for the two of you."

Hermione's heart nearly stopped, and tears sprang up in her eyes, making them sparkle like melted chocolate. *Merlin's pants, now that I have to serve that detention with Ron, everything could be ruined!*

After the last student left the classroom, Severus kicked the side of his desk. Hopping about in pain, he couldn't believe what he had gotten himself into.

"A detention with both that dunderhead Weasley and infatuated swot Granger?" he groaned rubbing his foot. "Why not just toss in the Boy-Who-Lived-To-Be-A-Pain-In-My-Arse, Neville Longbottom the Incompetent Boy Blunder and make it a complete nightmare?"

There had to be a way out of this mess!

After several scowling moments of deep thought, the Potions master hashed out a brilliant plan that would rectify the unfortunate situation. Snatching up a quill and some parchment, he penned two separate letters for Granger and Weasley in his distinctive spiky handwriting. He summoned a house-elf and sent the missives to their respective recipients.

A/N: Yes, this means there will be a part three. Sorry, but I'm sure you're all dying to find out how it ends.