

The House on Sparkly Poo Corner

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This should be rated 'S' for Sparkly.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Robyn Kristoffer carefully repositioned the books on one shelf near Hermione Granger's favorite study table in the library to create a narrow gap. She then moved to the other side of the stacks, where she made a larger hole, permitting her to have a clear view of the table and anyone approaching it.

Because it wouldn't be any fun if she couldn't watch. And Robyn was all about the fun. Why wouldn't she be? She was in House Sparklypoo, which the Headmistress had created in the wake of the influx of American students to Hogwarts after the war. Something about the new girls being too distracting to members of the other houses...

She tossed her tawny hair. *Ofcourse* they were too distracting! They were all gorgeous, for one thing. And way smarter than the Ravenclaws. Almost all of them of them could ride a broom better than Harry Potter himself. Besides, they were *sparkly!!!* All the other girls wanted to be them, and all the boys just wanted them.

And no one was smarter, more gorgeous, more envied, more sought-after or more sparkly than Robyn Kristoffer, undisputed Queen of House Sparklypoo.

Which is why she was so very, very, very unhappy with Hermione Granger, the one pimple of her existence.

The professors gave Robyn Outstandings as a matter of course. Well, all of them except Professor Snape. She actually had to work in Potions classes; fortunately, it wasn't all that hard. Robyn had a natural affinity for Potions. But it was Potions that was the problem.

The seventh year with the highest marks got to give a speech at the graduation ceremony, not only in front of all the other students and their families (who cared about *them*?) but also the faculty, high-ranking Ministry officials and other notables. *Ofcourse* Robyn was going to be the one giving that speech. There were only two other seventh years who had been any competition at all – Granger and Draco Malfoy. But Malfoy was at least pretty, and he was a *boy*. She'd already taken care of him.

Now it was just Granger. And if she topped the Gryffindor's marks in Potions...

Robyn had first tried working her wiles on Professor Snape. He was hawt. Or *could* be hawt, she decided, after he had spent some time in a tanning booth and a dentist's chair... tooth bleaching? And then some work on that beak of his... did his chin recede just a little, too? Well, no problem; that could be handled at the same time as the nose. And she knew a hair stylist in San Francisco who could do marvelous things with that hair. Yes, just a few minor fixes and Professor Snape would be a hawt sexxor

on legs.

Unfortunately, he seemed immune to Robyn's charms. Therefore, he *obviously* must be gay. But Robyn hadn't gotten to be Queen of House Sparkypoo on her looks alone. No, it took cunning, too. And she could out-cunning the Slytherins, when she had to.

It was not surprising to her that Granger got top marks. After all, she had nothing better to do with her life than study. It wasn't as if any guys were interested in her. Meanwhile, Robyn had a very active social life to keep up in addition to her course work. And she could do both. Girls from California could multi-task like you wouldn't believe. Even her other activities as a famous pop star and top model and famous actress could be fitted in around classes.

On the other hand... Granger? Give her just the slightest *hint* of a life outside books, and she'd lose all focus. Her Potions marks would drop sharply, and Robyn would be a shoo in.

So all she had to do was get Granger interested in something other than books...*like a boy, ya think?* Unfortunately, the swot didn't seem to like anyone in their year. Or any *other* year, as far as Robyn could tell. And Robyn could tell these things from a mile off.

But that wasn't a big problem. Robyn had brewed up a lovely little love-and-lust potion –*hello? genius at Potions, remember?* – and had just dumped a healthy amount... plus a little extra, to be sure... into the teapot next to Granger's things. What was it with these Brits and their freakin' tea obsession? Give her a bottle of mineral water any day of the week – hydration is so important for the skin, *ya know?*

And here was Granger now, staggering back with a fresh load of books. She was going to need them if she ever hoped to pound any knowledge into Ron Weasley's thick, ugly head. Why Granger wasted her time tutoring him every Saturday morning was beyond human understanding.

But very useful to her at the moment, Robyn smirked, watching Granger pour out a cup of potion-laced tea and take a sip or two. Or three. She was going to fall in love-and-lust with the very next person she saw. Which would be...

"Hi, Robyn! I didn't know you were going to be in the library this morning!" a male voice said brightly.

Damn. It was the second pimple of her existence. Ron Weasley himself. He'd been madly in love with Robyn since the day he first laid eyes on her. *Naturally.* And he was the single most annoying human being on the planet. *Seriously.*

"Oh, it's you," she said in a flat tone meant to discourage him. Not that he ever got the message. "Don't you have a study session with Granger now?*Get your unattractive ass over there and let me watch the freak show begin. This killing two birds with one stone thing was so satisfying.*

He sidled towards her, clearly attempting to look suave, and just as obviously failing. "I'd rather study with*you*. Wouldn't that be fun?"

No, not fun at all. Not in this lifetime. "Oh, but you wouldn't want to disappoint Hermione, would you, Ron? I know how *much* she looks forward to this private time with you. You don't want to make her wait, do you? Better go join her before she starts to fret."

Ron shook his head and grinned. "Naw, she said we had to start later today, as she had a meeting with..."

She heard soft footfalls from the other side of the stacks and risked a quick look through her peephole.

"... Professor Snape," Ron concluded unnecessarily.

Robyn gasped as the professor approached Granger's study space. The only potentially hawt teacher in the whole school... This wasn't in her plan at all! It ~~was~~*supposed* to be the annoying Weasley whom Granger fell for!

Worse, Professor Snape wasn't alone. The stunningly attractive blond with him didn't have any 'potential' qualifier about*his* hawtness. He was full-blown, stone-hard, drop-your-panties hot. He looked like Draco, but older. Draco had mentioned his parents were divorced but had somehow failed to mention that his father was some kind of rock star.

Granger was grinning foolishly at them and offering them tea, and they ~~were~~*drinking* it.

Robyn groaned and slid down the library stack, wincing as her head connected*hard* with a shelf before she crumpled to the floor.

"Are you okay, Robyn? *Robyn?*" Ron asked worriedly as he knelt in front of her. Weren't you supposed to give fainting women spirits? He didn't have any brandy on him but he spotted the fancy bottle of water she carried everywhere.

He held it up to her lips and, as her violet eyes fluttered open, she drank reflexively before she remembered what was in that particular bottle. And it wasn't the water from Fuji as labeled.

Ron Weasley really was a sex god, wasn't he? Robyn thought, sparkling up at his gorgeous face.