

A Slytherin Prank Gone Exceptionally Askew

by beaweasley2

Severus unwittingly falls victim to an illicit potion intended for someone else.
Thankfully, Hermione is around to help him solve the problem.

I tried using the Dictionary Drabble challenge words for August 23rd, but its too long to be considered a drabble.

A Slytherin Prank Gone Exceptionally Askew

Chapter 1 of 3

Severus unwittingly falls victim to an illicit potion intended for someone else. Thankfully, Hermione is around to help him solve the problem.

I tried using the Dictionary Drabble challenge words for August 23rd, but its too long to be considered a drabble.

I want to give a great big thank you hug to CourtneyRochelle for combing through this and helping me make this presentable for reading. I really appreciate it a lot. Thank you!

~~~~~

Severus hated meal times: sitting up on the staff table and staring out at all the dunderheads as they masticated their food. His eyes swept the room, his gaze falling on Hermione Granger each time he looked at the Gryffindor table. It was the same every night, watching her laugh and talk to her friends with a book propped up in front of her plate. She was so like he had been at her age that it was annoying. At least she'd come back, so close and yet so unattainable. He scowled, returning his attention to the Slytherin table. So many of the seventh-years had been forced to return to repeat Muggle Studies and Defense Against the Dark Arts as well as the new courses implemented by the Ministry, Political and Social History of the Wizarding World and Psychology of Marriage, Family, and Human Relations in an attempt of preventing racial and heritage prejudices. Severus doubted it would work.

He lifted the goblet to his lips, expecting the de-alcoholized red wine preferred by the majority of the staff, and was surprised by the smooth and generous flavor of the beverage with its nutmeg-scented pear and cream flavors, ripened cherry aromas with a shade of sweet oak, which was pleasantly round and refined through the finish.

Suddenly he felt warm. Unusually warm... and tingly. Especially down there... He sat up stiffly as a part of his body reacted to the one face that suddenly caught his attention again, as if she were hit with a spotlight. Miss Granger was looking at him. Smiling. He stared at her across the Hall, his gaze riveted, and his eyes narrowed slightly, as inappropriate images of the girl assaulted his thoughts. He felt his chest tighten, and his palms became sweaty. Miss Granger tilted her head, looking at him with concern.

Severus quickly looked away, and his gaze fell immediately on Mr. Malfoy, who snorted as he set down his goblet. The insolent boy looked at Miss Parkinson, then up at Severus and began rolling with laughter at the Slytherin table as he watched him. Miss Parkinson, who'd been watching Mr. Malfoy intently, obviously with her hand on his thigh, was now staring at him, aghast. Severus rose quickly and left the Great Hall, taking the goblet with him, praying that his confining clothes and brisk walk would hide

the discomfort in his pants.

He threw off his robes and frockcoat as he entered his lab, tossing his waistcoat on the pile, and unbuttoned the cuff of his shirt. The heat of his skin was making even the thin cotton shirt and light wool trousers nearly unbearable to wear. He poured the wine into a cauldron, noticing how the goblet immediately refilled itself. A few simple tests and he had his answer, not that he wasn't already aware of what the outcome would be. "It's a blasted philter!" he growled as he tossed the offending goblet against the wall.

The knock on his door was like a funeral knell and could only be one person, the very person that at this very moment he least wanted in his office. "What?" he bellowed as he searched for the necessary ingredients to create an antidote.

"Sir, are you all right?" Hermione asked as she entered his lab. "I heard a noise."

"No need to bruit, Miss Granger," he said sharply, hoping a foul temper would be enough to dissuade her from coming near him. Of course, it didn't work. "Why did you follow me? What exactly do you think you are doing?" he asked as she stepped into the doorway of his private stores.

"Sir, I just..." she began as he stepped closer to her.

His pulse was pounding, he was throbbing, and she was looking up at him with her warm whisky-colored eyes. She backed up as he moved forward, the predator cornering his prey simply because his steps were longer than hers because of his height advantage. Suddenly, her back hit the solid wood of the door, and she craned her neck as she looked up at his face. He leaned into her, placing both hands beside her on the wood, effectively trapping her, and pressed forward. He inhaled the fragrance of warm orange and sandalwood that was innately hers as he leaned over her, his lips teasing hers, urging her to kiss him back. "You shouldn't have come," he said, trying and failing to keep the soft drawl from accentuating his words. He could see the effect of his honeyed tone in her reaction, and it only provoked the predator instinct gnawing at him. Her hands seemed like fire on his chest through the thin layer of his shirt. He leaned down closer to her ear, and he heard her sharp intake of breath as she held her breath. "I'll ask you again, what are you doing here?" He nipped her earlobe, adding, "What is it you want?"

"I wanted to know if you were all right," she replied, her voice throaty. She was shivering, but to him the room was a scorching aestival temperature, like the very pinnacle of summer's heat.

"No, Hermione, I am most certainly not," he replied while brushing his lips languidly across hers. The mere contact of her mouth sent a wave of relief through him and alighted a craving he'd been denying ever since they'd both returned to the castle after the final battle. "You are my juju, witch" he said, as his mouth sought the tender skin of her throat. Her responding moan shot straight to his groin. "I cannot resist you, no matter how acrid, acerbic, or condescending I try to be, or how much I lambaste you... you are the... bane of my desire." He kissed her with the fierceness of the potion-induced desire now fully inflamed. Unable to control himself, his hands explored her body, squeezing and cupping her breasts and bum as his mouth assaulted hers. She struggled slightly, her body rubbing against his as her nails raked his back. His mind warred against the effects of the philter as he fought to control his actions, ignoring the responsive actions of the witch in his arms.

With every fiber of his tortured self-control, he managed to disengage himself and push away from her, both of his hands set firmly on the door on either side of her as he tried to fight down the continuing, surging urges the kiss had awoken. He hadn't managed to wall off his emotions, steel himself against uncontrolled actions successfully for years without learning how to bottle it all up and... Gods help him, but he wanted this woman.

Her arms went around him as she pulled their bodies closer, crushing her frame against his. "Please," she pleaded, "don't stop."

"As if I have a Hobson's choice!" he said, crushing her lips in a searing kiss. The potion was wearing off, he could feel it, but his own desire for the young woman in his arms had already been let loose. Her responsiveness, the touch of her hands as they explored his body, excited and fomented his need for her. "If I don't make you leave if you don't go this will go too far beyond appropriate behavior," he uttered between fevered kisses, his own hand sliding on her body. "Merlin, girl, I want you."

"I've waited years for you to admit that and do something about this," she replied as he reached down and removed her jumper.

"You can't," he stammered as she removed her blouse, exposing a black bra. "How did you know?"

"Years of pulling my braid, punching my arm, and hateful comments," she replied as she deftly unbuttoned his shirt.

He watched her as he fingered her breast through the silky fabric of the bra. "I never pulled on your hair."

"Figure of speech," she said, tracing feather-light trails on his skin, eliciting spasmodic shivers of his heated flesh. "My mum always told me that little boys do things like that to girls they like because they don't know how to tell them that they like them."

"I'm not a little boy and I couldn't..." he started to say and stumbled, his mind going blank as she let her skirt fall to the floor, revealing the tiniest strip of lace he'd ever seen. There was no way that tiny triangle of lace and string could be her knickers.

"No, you are not. But in every detention I've had with you since my sixth year I could cut the tension between us with a spoon," she replied, unfastening his trousers. "I never wanted a boy anyway. It's always been you, although I always knew you were unattainable."

He stared at her for a second as his mind registered what his eyes were seeing.

She was the one that closed the gap, wrapping her arms around him as she reached up on her toes to kiss him. "And I know what you drank at dinner, and what will happen if I even attempt to leave, so why fight it?" The contact of her skin against his made all reason vanish from his mind, and he grabbed her, crushing her against his storeroom door.

~\*~

Hermione left his office feeling elated and like the world had suddenly turned bright. Even the cold stone of the dungeons looked far more appealing than they ever had before.

"So you had a detention, did you, Granger?" Malfoy sneered as he passed her in the corridor.

"Yes," she replied, looking at him with a sneer, "and every night for the next four months."

"You're kidding? What did you do?" he asked, looking at her in disbelief. "There is no way you got caught cursing anyone, and I know you didn't do anything in class. I also don't think interrupting class with your endless questions would gain you that many detentions. So what did you really do?"

"I had the house-elves switch your goblet with someone else's at dinner, and was caught," she replied. Malfoy looked at her and his eyes narrowed. "Yes, I know what you bribed Mintsy to put in your goblet, so I thought I'd have Kreacher switch the goblets with your Head of House."

Draco's pale face went snow white.

"Oh, yes," she replied, grinning maliciously. "And he knows whose cup he received." Hermione turned to go and then paused, looking at him over her shoulder. "Oh, and thank Pansy for me, will you?"

Draco stared at her dumfounded. "Whatever for?"

"Oh, she'll know. She's serving detention with Hagrid tomorrow, so I'd warn her to be careful not to repeat the same mistake," Hermione snarled, as she walked away,

laughing that he apparently bought that act though she knew she hadn't been that convincing.

~ fin but you are welcome to add your own imagination as to what happens next ~

~~~~~  
Author's Notes:

Just a little fun. Hope you liked it.

The word list (swiped from the past week's list from dictionary.com).

1. philter (philter)
2. knell
3. aestival
4. bruit
5. juju
6. Hobson's choice
7. foment

.....Words with Definitions.

philter \FIL-tur\, noun:

1. A potion or charm supposed to cause the person taking it to fall in love.
2. A potion or charm believed to have magic power.

transitive verb:

1. To enchant or bewitch with or as if with a magic potion or charm.
-

knell \NEL\, verb:

1. The stroke of a bell tolled at a funeral or at the death of a person; a death signal; a passing bell; hence, figuratively, a warning of, or a sound indicating, the passing away of anything.

intransitive verb:

1. To sound as a knell; especially, to toll at a death or funeral; hence, to sound as a warning or evil omen.
-

aestival \ES-tuh-vuhl\, adjective:

1. Of or belonging to the summer; as, aestival diseases.
 2. Of, relating to, pertaining to, or appearing in summer. [Spelled also estival.]
-

bruit \BROOT\, transitive verb:

To report; to noise abroad.

juju \JOO-joo\, noun:

1. An object superstitiously believed to embody magical powers.
 2. The power associated with a juju.
-

Hobson's choice \HOB-suhnz-CHOIS\, noun:

A choice without an alternative; the thing offered or nothing.

foment \foh-MENT; FOH-ment\, transitive verb:

1. To nurse to life or activity; to incite; to abet; to instigate; -- often in a bad sense.

noun:

1. Fomentation; the act of fomenting.
2. State of excitation.

A Slytherin's Chagrin

Chapter 2 of 3

Pansy's attempt to use her philter on Draco didn't go as planned, and her ploy didn't go unnoticed. The bad thing is that Hermione apparently knows, and could get her in a lot of trouble. Or did she?

I was asked nicely for a sequel, but opted to write another chapter. Hope you like it, hermione278.

I used the words from both the August 30st and September 6th Dictionary Drabble challenge to write this second chapter of the story and even threw in a few words from past lists. Do you remember them?

I want to give a great big thank you hug to CourtneyRochelle for combing through this and helping me make this presentable for reading. I really appreciate it a lot. Thank you!

~2~

Pansy was in a state of panic. She had made a philter not just any philter, but one that impaired one's judgment and lowered their inhibitions while making the drinker react on their most base desires to the person they were with. She had meant it for Draco. She was naif enough to believe that Miss Granger, the perfect example of Gryffindor probity, would keep her word and not tell her Head of House, or worse the Deputy Headmistress or the Headmaster, she had made it. No one else knew that she was planning on slipping it to Draco except Millicent, and she'd wanted to use it on Theodore Nott.

Besides, Draco was beginning to lose interest in her. He had lately been staring at Daphne's little sister, Astoria. And that just wouldn't do... no, not at all.

Pansy had waited until Draco had drunk a few sips of his wine, knowing that the threat of giving Mintsy clothes would ensure that the elf would slip the potion into Draco's glass. Pansy watched as Draco scrunched his nose at the taste, took another sip, and then sniffed at the goblet's contents. Pansy had her hand on Draco's thigh, waiting for the philter to take effect. "Draco, is something wrong with your wine?" she whispered in his ear.

"Yeah, take a sip," he replied, handing her his goblet. Pansy drank and was surprised by the light grape flavored drink that could hardly pass as wine to any sophisticated palate. "I seem to have been given the swill the teachers drink."

Pansy stiffened, handing the goblet back to him.

"If I didn't know better, Pans, I'd say I was holding a goblet from the head table," Draco sneered, watching her casually.

Pansy's eyes swept the head table looking for any sign that Draco could be right. None of them acted as if anything was amiss with their drinks, but the cup Draco was holding had the school crest on it, not Slytherin's. *Which one? Oh, Merlin's balls if Draco has...* Pansy felt her face pale when she locked eyes momentarily with Professor Snape as his eyes swept down the Slytherin table and rested on her and Draco. She saw a glimpse of the crest on Professor Snape's cup just as he picked it up to take a drink. *Oh, Merlin's mother of god was it green or not? I didn't get a good look!*

Draco began to roll with laughter. "You did, didn't you? I have Professor Snape's goblet!"

Pansy felt like she was going to faint. *Had Professor Snape drunk enough of the philter to effect him?* Pansy was in a state near panic. *How can I get the goblet away from my Head of House without raising suspicions?*

"Pans, I sure hope you enjoy what you've wrought!" Draco managed to say before Professor Snape got up. "Course he'll probably thank you. My family's vintage is far superior."

"You mean your uncle's," Pansy replied coyly as she watched as Snape stormed from the Great Hall. *Oh, Merlin's balls, he knows! But yes, of course he'd know. He'll be able to brew the antidote. Thank goodness it wasn't one of the others! Like McGonagall or Hagrid. Merlin help the girl near Hagrid if he'd had any!*

~*~

Draco hadn't been this amused by Pansy's inventiveness in years. He'd begun to think the girl dull. He finished his peregrination of the chthonic corridors of the dungeons and the first two upper floors and dropped off his Prefect check list to Professor McGonagall with the names of all the students caught out of bed and in hidden hideaways. Unfortunately, he also needed to stop by Snape's office to leave him a list of Slytherin students he'd warned to scurry back to the common room for not applying the proper Silencing and Disillusion Charms to hide their illicit flings.

As he approached Professor Snape's door, he saw Granger slipping out into the corridor. "So you had a detention, did you, Granger?" Malfoy sneered as he passed her, smirking inwardly at her stunned expression.

He bristled as her expression turned to a sneer. "Yes, and every night for the next four months," she had the audacity to redress him.

"You're kidding? What did you do?" he asked, looking at her in disbelief, forgetting to berate her for her insolence toward him. "There is no way you got caught Cursing anyone, and I know you didn't do anything in class. I also don't think interrupting class with your endless myriad of questions or plethora of book quotes would gain you that many detentions. So what did you really do?"

"I had the house-elves switch your goblet with someone else's at dinner and was caught," she replied.

I had Snape's goblet at dinner, I'm sure of it. Malfoy looked at her and his eyes narrowed. *That was hardly sufficient for Snape to take umbrage and objurgate the chit. Snape loves the family vintage.*

"Yes, I know what Pansy bribed Mintsy to put in your goblet, so I thought I'd have Kreacher switch the goblets with your Head of House."

Draco's pale face went snow white. *But if McGonagall found out, I could be given detention for inebriation or worse, expelled for having the house-elf slip me wine in my goblet every night.*

"Oh, yes," she replied, grinning maliciously. "And he knows whose cup he received."

Draco's mind whirled on the best course of action to turn this disadvantage to his favor. *Maybe if I bribe Snape with a few bottles of my uncle's private reserve to keep comity between us... maybe offered a few bottles to Dumbledore... I could just claim that the elf made a mistake.*

Hermione turned to go and then paused, looking at him over her shoulder. "Oh, and thank Pansy for me, will you?"

Draco stared at her dumfounded by her question. "Whatever for?"

"Oh, she'll know. She's serving detention with Hagrid tomorrow, so I'd warn her to be careful not to repeat the same ~~am~~mistake," Hermione snarled as she walked away, laughing.

Draco entered Snape's office and walked toward the door to his lab. Professor Snape was standing in the doorway, brushing the sleeve of his frockcoat, adjusting his collar and running his hands down his torso as if he were prinking in a mirror. Draco was momentarily taken aback at the display of vanity Snape was demonstrating, never having considered Snape to be a fop or lionize about his appearance.

"What is it, Mr. Malfoy," Snape lambasted Draco for gaping at him.

"I wanted to give you my report, sir," Draco said diffidently.

"Well," Snape said, crossing his arms. "Get on with it."

Draco nodded. *Maybe I was mistaken...* he thought as he told Snape what he'd failed to report to Professor McGonagall about his fellow Slytherins.

~*~

Hermione saw Pansy, the bellwether of the Slytherin girls, as soon as she turned from her friends in the Entrance Hall to head for the stairs leading down into the dungeons. She heard her name as she stepped down the first few steps, turning her head in time to see Pansy waving off her bevy of friends and seemingly to be hurrying over to catch up with Hermione.

Not wanting to be caught on the narrow stairs with Pansy, in case she wanted to hex her, Hermione hurried down to the bottom landing, hearing Pansy call out her name as the girl followed after her. "Granger, wait, I just have a question!"

Hermione turned to face the girl as she caught up to her in the chthonic corridor of the dungeons. "I want to know what you meant by that comment to Draco?" she demanded with her usual disdain.

"I'm sorry? I don't know what you are referring to." Hermione replied offhandedly. "I've had the misfortune *total* to Malfoy several times today."

"Last night," Pansy snarled, affronted. "You told him to thank me and that I should not repeat the same mistake or something like that. What did you mean?"

"Did you enjoy your dinner?" Hermione asked, coyly. "I particularly found the Sheppard's pie comestible. I assume that the beverage in your goblet tonight was a favorable compliment to the meal?"

Pansy glowered. "My drink was the same as everyone else's."

"Well, then you will have no difficulties with Professor Hagrid tonight, will you?" Hermione said, slightly glib, as she walked away.

Pansy stopped her after only a few feet and grabbed her arm to force her to turn around. "I don't know what you mean," she said, narrowing her eyes and putting her hands on her hips.

Hermione smiled. "I am well aware of the philter you put in Draco's goblet last night, and it was me who had the goblet switched on him."

Pansy visibly blanched. "It was you but how? How did you know?"

"You know I know you brewed an illicit philter, Parkinson. I overheard you telling Millicent Bulstrode, and I know you both planned on using it on your beaus. You made me swear not to tell on you." Hermione watched the anger flash in the girl's eyes. "You know that brewing love potions is strongly frowned upon and as a prefect you know that you could lose your standing if caught."

"You switched the goblets again, didn't you?" Pansy hissed. "You swore that you'd not tell."

"I didn't. Last night I simply switched Draco's goblet for Professor Snape's." Hermione smiled as Pansy's mouth gaped open. "I also have a house-elf that will do what I ask, if asked properly. And until you turn in the cauldron of potion to Professor Snape, you have no idea where or whose goblet you will be spiking."

"You wouldn't?" Pansy asked aghast.

"Professor Snape already knows it was Draco's goblet he got last night. And, no, I didn't tell him. He knew." Hermione watched as Pansy squirmed, looking down the corridor to see if they were being overheard. "Hagrid received Draco's goblet tonight. I sure hope you didn't think to add your philter to the wine tonight. If you did, I'd turn in the cauldron and get the antidote from Professor Snape," Hermione said, hoping that she'd heed her admonition.

"You have nothing on me, and Draco's father will have this incident forgotten," Pansy said smugly, although she was extremely pale.

"Draco's father is no longer enjoying gubernatorial privileges," Hermione said with a smile. "So I suggest you send Hagrid an owl telling him that you are sick and go immolate the residual potion, if you have any, or face the consequences. But you'll have to excuse me; I have a detention with Professor Snape, and I cannot be late."

A wicked gleam showed in Pansy's eyes. "That's right! You had a detention with Professor Snape last night, didn't you? And he took the philter."

"Yes," Hermione admitted. She thought her patience with the girl was simply laudable. "And thankfully, I knew which potion you brewed and was able to assist him with the antidote. However, I now have several detentions with him for giving him the said philter. So if you will pardon me, I really have to go."

Pansy's eyes narrowed. "But you were not expelled."

"Nope," she replied and turned to leave. "But I have to atone for my actions, don't I? Good night." She hurried off to meet with her new paramour, hoping he hadn't changed his mind.

~~~~~

*Author's Notes:*

*So now you know what happened. The question is, what will happen next? Humm...*

*The word list (swiped from the past week's list from dictionary.com).*

The August 31st list of words:

1. comity

2. berate
3. peregrination
4. naif
5. chthonis
6. redress
7. fop

The words from September 6th:

1. gubernatorial
2. admonition
3. comestible
4. glower
5. immolate
6. bevy
7. laudable

.....Words with Definitions. ....

comity \KOM-uh-tee\, noun:

1. A state of mutual harmony, friendship, and respect, especially between or among nations or people; civility.
2. The courteous recognition by one nation of the laws and institutions of another.
3. The group of nations observing international comity.

berate \bih-RAYT\, transitive verb:

To scold severely or angrily.

peregrination \pehr-uh-gruh-NAY-shun\, noun:

A traveling from place to place; a wandering.

naif \nah-EEF; ny-\, adjective:

1. Naive.

noun:

1. A naive or inexperienced person.

chthonic \THONE-ik\, adjective:

Dwelling in or under the earth; also, pertaining to the underworld

redress \rih-DRES\, transitive verb:

1. To put in order again; to set right; to emend; to revise.
2. To set right, as a wrong; to repair, as an injury; to make amends for; to remedy; to relieve from.
3. To make amends or compensation to; to relieve of anything unjust or oppressive; to bestow relief upon.

noun:

1. The act of redressing; a making right; reformation; correction; amendment.
2. A setting right, as of wrong, injury, or oppression; as, the redress of grievances; hence, relief; remedy; reparation; indemnification.

fop \FOP\, noun:

A man who is overly concerned with or vain about his dress and appearance; a dandy.

gubernatorial \GOO-ber-nuh-TOR-ee-uhl\, adjective:

Of or pertaining to a governor.

-----  
admonition \ad-muh-NISH-uhn\, noun:

1. Gentle or friendly reproof.
2. Counseling against a fault or oversight; friendly caution or warning.

-----  
comestible \kuh-MES-tuh-buhl\, adjective:

1. Suitable to be eaten; edible.

noun:

1. Something suitable to be eaten; food.

-----  
glower \GLAU-uh\, intransitive verb:

1. To look or stare angrily or with a scowl.

noun:

1. An angry or scowling look or stare.

-----  
immolate \IM-uh-layt\, transitive verb:

1. To sacrifice; to offer in sacrifice; to kill as a sacrificial victim.
2. To kill or destroy, often by fire.

-----  
bevy \BEV-ee\, noun:

1. A group; an assembly or collection.
2. A flock of birds, especially quails or larks; also, a herd of roes.

-----  
laudable \LAW-duh-buhl\, adjective:

Worthy of praise; commendable.

## A Slytherin's Mortification

Chapter 3 of 3

Severus confronts Hermione about drugging him with the philter. Pansy has detention with Hagrid and ends up confessing to Draco to have him save her.

I used the words from both the September 13th and September 20th Dictionary Drabble challenges to write this third chapter of the story and even threw in a few words from past lists. Do you remember them?

*I want to give a great big thank you hug to CourtneyRochelle for combing through this and helping me make this presentable for reading. I really appreciate it a lot. Thank you!*

~3~

Pansy was in a plaintive mood as she entered the common room to change into her outdoor boots for her detention with Hagrid, feeling queasy and apprehensive about her detention. *What if what Granger said was true? Professor Hagrid would be feeling the effects of the philter right about now, looking for any woman, any witch, to abate the searing heat and sexual tension in his body.* The thought of Hagrid looming over her with a stiffie was enough to make Pansy nearly panic.

Millicent was in the chairs under the windows, regaling the girls with her story of how Theodore and she got together, not even mentioning the philter she'd used on him. As she watched Millicent acting like such a cosmopolite, Pansy wanted to strangle the girl and wipe the gleam in her eyes off her pug-nosed face.

"What's the matter, Pans?" Draco asked as he approached her. "You look positively pugnacious, like you're about ready to objurgate someone. Is it Millicent?"

"No, it's not her not really," she said, turning to go. "I just, well, I have detention with Hagrid."

"Pans?" he said, grabbing her arm. "What's with you? I haven't seen you like this well, in a long time. Tell me what's going on."

"You'll be furious if I do," she sighed. "Anyway, I have to find some way to get out of my detention tonight. I can't face Hagrid not tonight!"

"Why are you worried about serving detention with him? Detention with that brainless oaf is easy," he said, crossing his arms and staring at her intently. "Come clean."

She could see the stubborn tick in his jaw and knew that he'd not let her go until she 'came clean.' "You know how all of a sudden Millicent and Theodore are having this torrid love affair? How they're suddenly this amorous couple, and he's all over her? And it just seemed to happen right after dinner?" Draco nodded and waved his hand to indicate that she should get to the point. "She slipped something into his goblet at dinner."

Draco's eyes narrowed. "Like what exactly? Out with it, Pans. I know Legilimency, and you don't know how to Occlude me."

Pansy's heart skipped at the threat. She knew he would use Legilimency and had done it to her in the past just for practice. It was unnerving, having Draco rooting around in her mind. It wasn't something she'd allow willingly again if she could help it. "It's a philter, a love potion, one that makes the drinker react on his or her base sexual desires, and if he or she doesn't they literally burn up with the lust..."

Draco's eyes narrowed. "Who made it?"

Pansy looked down at her shiny oxfords. "I did." She looked up at Draco, knowing she was blushing. "I made it to put in your wine at dinner, and Millicent found out and wanted some for Theodore." She would have given anything even her Galleons in her Gringotts account if she could only Apparate away. "I know that a relationship of this kind is just a delusion, an evanescent, but I really miss you us! I wanted you back, you and me. I was am jealous, okay!"

"Oh, Pans," Draco said, pulling her into a hug. "We just drifted. You me, we want different things. I changed and you didn't like it. I was trying to be what I wasn't, and you kept trying to make me into that kind of wizard. We wouldn't have worked out."

She looked up at him, hoping that now he knew, she'd be able to get him to help her. "But I have detention with Hagrid!"

"So?" he asked, confused.

"He took the philter!" she admitted, feeling sick to her stomach as image of a giant-sized penis filled her mind.

"What?" Draco gasped as he thrust her at arm's length to look at her face.

"Yes, that great, big, hoary, half-giant took the philter! Tonight, his goblet, it was spiked with the potion!" Pansy rambled, suddenly quite voluble as feelings of terror and dread filled her. "He's he's... He's going to you know want to... Bloody Mother of Merlin, I he's... Help me!" She looked up at him, knowing she looked desperate as desperate as she felt. "Please, Draco!"

Draco watched her a moment then pulled her a little closer. "All right, you promise to use your mouth like you used to, and I'll get you out of detention," he said conspiratorially in her ear. "All night, just like you used to."

Pansy looked at him in shock and then smiled sheepishly thinking she should at least be a bit cavalier to his suggestion. "All right. Better you than him," she said, trying to sound as if she was relenting to his request rather than feeling like she was soaring on Firebolts.

Draco smirked as if he'd pulled one over on her. "And you are to swear that what I tell you give you, remains a secret between us. No one, and I mean no one, is to know I have them."

"What?" she asked, wondering what he had in mind. *Trust Draco to come up with something so quickly.*

"I've got Fever Fudge, Nosebleed Nougat, and Puking Pastilles. To really get Madam Pomfrey, I suggest you try the Fever Fudge with the Puking Pastilles, and tell her you're reacting from a potion. I'll come up right after with the *anti-dote*, and you'll be right as rain. She'll send you to bed and send an owl to Hagrid telling her that you'll do your detention tomorrow," he explained and then his expression became stern. "But you are going to owe me and you know what I want."

Pansy nodded, and Draco grinned. "Com'on then," he said, urging her to follow him to his room.

~\*~

Hermione knocked on the door to Severus' office feeling a maelstrom of emotions, from nervous apprehension to anxious excitement, not sure how the man inside would react to her, considering their actions the night before.

The vehement bark of, "Enter," nearly made her heart skip a beat. Two Slytherins turned as she entered, both showing smiles of schadenfreude before they turned back around to face Severus. "Do I make myself clear?" he asked the two fifth years. Both nodded, clearly looking chastised. "Now get back to the common room, and I don't want to hear Professor Sprout ever complain about this again." He looked up at Hermione, his eyes calculating as the two Slytherins scrambled to leave his office.

"Professor," she said politely as she walked forward. Severus had moved around his desk and leaned against it with his arms crossed as she approached. Hermione's eyes followed him, stopping on a picture on his shelves of a cowering woman, screaming and writhing in pain. She realized it was one of the pictures from his Defense classroom, stacked on top of the shelf in his office. She'd always thought them to be kitsch.

"You don't approve of those, do you?" he asked, making her turn away from the image that was all too reminiscent of her own experience of the Cruciatus Curse. "They were a teaching tool, to make you all aware of just how real the threat of the Dark Arts are, that some wizards, and witches, have no compunction inflicting that on others." He crossed one ankle over the other. "So, please explain to me just why you felt the compunction of poisoning me with a bloody philter?"

"I didn't poison you," she started to say and flinched as his expression became angry. "So much for auspicious beginnings," she mumbled softly.

"Is that what you thought would happen? You thought that you'd inveigle upon me to begin a relationship with you under such trickery? By using a potion that would be an abulia on my self-control? How dare you?" he sneered.

She felt her nervousness suffuse throughout her entire body under his glare and harsh words. "I looked up the potion in the library. It's an inhibitor; it lowers one's judgment and brings out the drinker's base animal instincts..."

"It's a philter a love potion that affects the drinker's ability to control their sexual urges. I know which potion it is! I want to know where you got it from, and why you gave it to me," he said coolly.

Hermione looked at him feeling abashed. "I simply switched Draco's goblet for yours which you already know. I was certain that you'd be able to make an anti-dote in time, and if not, I was willing desirous, even, of helping you."

He was glaring at her. "You wanted to shag your professor. How devious of you. I would have thought you beyond such petty school girl crushes."

"It's not like that at all!" she exclaimed, disconcerted by his anger.

"What? You thought that the potion would transmute my acerbic nature to one more pleasing and amiable?" he asked with one eyebrow arched reprovingly.

"I don't in any way misprize what happened," she stated, hoping that he'd see her sincerity and it would assuage his temper. "I freely admit that I wanted it to happen."



"Really?" he asked incredulously.

"Yes," she answered fervently.

"Prove it," he said in his lazy drawl, clearly challenging her statement.

"Sir?" she asked. Hermione thought that was exactly what she was doing.

"Kiss me."

She suddenly realized what he expected. If she were to prove to him that this was what she wanted, she would have to make the first move and show him. Without hesitation, she walked up to him and wrapped her arm around his waist to pull him to her while lifting a hand to cup his head to bring his lips down on hers. He'd uncrossed his arms and reciprocated, embracing her and leaning down to allow her to kiss him. Instead of a light chaste kiss, Hermione lent herself into a sensual kiss, urging his mouth open with her tongue. He responded in kind, and the kiss deepened, becoming demanding and hungry as she melted against him, pouring her desire for him through every pore of her body. He groaned or it could have been her and her hand slid down his body, creasing, exploring, and eagerly groping at him.

His groan deepened into a growl that excited her, and his mouth left hers. Hermione angled her head, tasting the skin on his throat, his neck, and found his earlobe, sucking on it and tugging it gently with her teeth. His hands roamed freely over her body, tugging and pulling at her clothes. The feel of his hands on her skin emboldened her to try and unfasten his buttons, becoming frustrated that there were so many. Severus chuckled and waved his hand down his front and they all came undone at once.

"Gods, I'd love to learn that!" she exclaimed, kissing his firm chest as she opened his clothes for better access.

"Why am I not surprised," he said silkily.

His robes, coat, and shirt were hanging open on his lean frame, exposing him to her explorations and kisses. He shoved her blouse and robes off her shoulders and lavished her skin with silky caresses and tender nibbles with abandon between fevered kisses. Growling, he pushed her back and swept her up in his arms, carrying her to the back wall. He kicked the base of a bookshelf, saying simply, "Open," and carried her into a well-appointed sitting room. He crossed swiftly, through another door to a bedroom and threw her on the bed. "This is you're last chance," he said gruffly.

"I was hoping it would be my second," she said cheekily. "And the start of many more."

"Careful what you ask for, witch." He leaned over her and pressed her back onto his bed with a passionately hungry kiss. "If I take you make you mine you're mine. No going back ever."

"I wouldn't want it any other way," she tried to reply against his mouth.

A tintinnabulation sounded out of nowhere, and Severus swore, stopping suddenly and rested his forehead on her chest. "Damn." He rose, waving his hand at his shirt, making all his buttons fasten, quickly tucking his shirt in his trousers. He repeated the wandless, non-verbal spell on his coat, and turned, grabbing his robes. Hermione had never seen anyone dress so quickly. "You may stay here. I'll be right back. Do not touch anything or wander around my rooms. I will know if you do. The books on the bedside table are safe enough."

She waited, feeling a little uncomfortable to just lounge on his bed, so she picked up a book and went to wait for him in his sitting room. The soft warm brown furnishings, dark green pillows and Persian rug were not what she'd expected. The wall of bookshelves overflowing with books, jars of stuff, various skulls and strange items, were expected. He stormed in, the sounds of a vociferous argument coming from the doorway before the door closed. "I will be a while. House business," he stated irritably. He pulled a vial from a large double wardrobe that Hermione noticed had been converted into shelves and drawers as storage for his own potions and ingredients.

He stopped to look at her, smiling at the casual way she'd curled up on his large armchair. "What?" she asked.

"Nothing," he replied, his smile becoming an amused smirk. "I'll be back. I expect we will need to talk about this," he added and disappeared into his office. The sound of Malfoy's voice as he argued with another boy, over Millicent Bulstrode's wailing cries, once again filled the room briefly. Hermione thought she recognized the other boy's voice as being Mr. Nott, wondering what those three could be fighting over.

The minutes ticked by slowly. Hermione found the book interesting, but her attention was focused on when Severus would return. The door finally opened, and Severus walked in, smirking at her position in his chair. "Didn't like being in my bed?" he asked as he sat down in the chair opposite her.

Hermione shook her head. "No, I just... didn't feel comfortable being there without you. So I came in here to wait."

"If you are going to be a proponent of my disregarding my ethics regarding the teacher-student relationship, start convincing," he challenged her.

"Happily, Severus," she replied, amused at his surprised reaction to the sound of his name purring from her lips. Hermione set the book down and climbed up on his lap, straddling his legs, smiling as he slid her robes and blouse off her shoulders again. "Now where were we?" she asked and kissed him.

~~~~~

Author's Notes:

So Hermione278 I finished it and made it a happily or at least implied a happily-ever-after story. Hope you liked it.

The word list (swiped from the past week's list from dictionary.com):

September 13th:

1. plaintive
2. cosmopolite
3. regale
4. torrid
5. evanescent
6. hoary
7. auspicious

September 20th:

1. kitsch
2. suffuse

3. disconcert
4. vociferous
5. tintinnabulation
6. misprize
7. proponent

Words from a previous list: Do you remember their definitions?

1. pugnacious
2. objurgate
3. voluble
4. cavil
5. maelstrom
6. vehement
7. schadenfreude
8. inveigle
9. transmute
10. acerbic
11. assuage

.....Words with Definitions from September 13th.:

plaintive \PLAYN-tiv\, adjective:

Expressive of sorrow or melancholy; mournful; sad.

cosmopolite \koz-MOP-uh- lyt\, noun:

1. One who is at home in every place; a citizen of the world; a cosmopolitan person.
 2. (Ecology) An organism found in most parts of the world..
-

regale \rih-GAY(uh) L\, transitive verb:

1. To entertain with something that delights.
2. To entertain sumptuously with fine food and drink.

intransitive verb:

1. To feast.

noun:

1. A sumptuous feast.
 2. A choice food; a delicacy.
 3. Refreshment.
-

torrid \TOR-uhd\, adjective:

1. Violently hot; drying or scorching with heat; burning; parching; as, "torrid heat."
 2. Characterized by intense emotion; as, "a torrid love affair."
 3. Emotionally charged and vigorously energetic; as, "a torrid dance."
-

evanescent \ev-uh-NES-un\ , adjective:

Liable to vanish or pass away like vapor; fleeting.

hoary \HOR-ee\, adjective:

1. White or gray with age; as, "hoary hairs."
 2. Ancient; extremely old; remote in time past.
-

auspicious \aw-SPISH-uhs\ , adjective:

1. Giving promise of success, prosperity, or happiness; predicting good; as, "an auspicious beginning."
2. Prosperous; fortunate; as, "auspicious years."

.....Words with Definitions from September 20th.....

kitsch \KICH\, noun:

1. Art characterized by pretentious bad taste.

adjective:

1. Relating to, or characterized by, kitsch.

suffuse \suh-FYOOZ\, transitive verb:

To spread through or over in the manner of fluid or light; to flush.

disconcert \dis-kuhn-SURT\ , transitive verb:

1. To disturb the composure of.
2. To throw into disorder or confusion; as, "the emperor disconcerted the plans of his enemy."

vociferous \voh-SIF-uhr- uhs\, adjective:

Making a loud outcry; clamorous; noisy.

tintinnabulation \tin-tih-nab- yuh-LAY-shuhn\ , noun:

A tinkling sound, as of a bell or bells.

misprize \mis-PRYZ\, transitive verb:

1. To hold in contempt.
2. To undervalue.

proponent \pruh-POH-nuhnt\ , noun:

One who argues in support of something; an advocate; a supporter.