

Rescheduling

by chivalric

Two years after the war, Snape has no excuse anymore not to attend at a certain appointment every wizard and every witch has to attend to under certain circumstances...

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This is a present for Dreamy_Dragon. I found her through sheer luck, and she still is the one who corrects nearly all my stories, although not this one, obviously. She is a shining example of how betas should be: reliable, fast, friendly, determined, picky, and not shy to state an opinion or recommend a change. Dear, I love you!

Hugs to the wonderful betas who did erase my many mistakes in this story: shellsnapelover, sampdoria, and CharmedForce.

Warning: This is most silly and definitely AU. Nothing like this would ever happen in a proper story.



"Professor Snape?"

"Yes?" Irritated, Hogwarts' Headmaster turned round with the usual billowing of his robes only to see a tiny, ancient witch stand in front of him. "What is it? Hurry up; I am already late for classes."

The witch drew herself up to full height, which really wasn't very tall. "I am here to reschedule your appointment with Dr Chase."

Snape furrowed his brow. "I cannot remember having made an appointment in the first place. You must be mistaken. Get out of my school." With long strides, he headed for the dungeons.

The witch came after him, waving a notice book and wearing a most stern expression on her face. "I am here to reschedule your appointment. You know ~~the~~ appointment," she called aloud.

If Snape hadn't been late, there would have been students around, witnessing the amazing fact that the feared Potions master could actually blush up to his hairline. He nearly missed the top step of the dungeons staircase; had he been less gracious in his movements and slower in his reactions, he would have fallen all the way down. The furious red that had crept into his pale cheeks was accompanied by gritted teeth and a detailed little curse. "Do you have to shout, woman?" he hissed, catching his balance and grabbing the tiny witch's arm. He pulled her into a dark corner. "We have to find another date; today is most inconvenient. Impossible, actually. There are tasks to do, things to arrange... You can't expect me to..."

"You, Professor Snape," the witch said and shoved her notice book into Snape's face, "you have rescheduled no less than fifty-six times over a period of more than twenty years. You were given exceptions because of your role as triple-spy, but as You-Know-Who is finally dead, today will be the day. It has to be done, and you know it. Your appointment in the clinic is at three p.m. That should leave you enough time to assign your classes to your colleagues." Leaning forward a bit, she hissed, "And in case you consider backing out of this again, Professor, I will personally come and get you whilst each and every of your students is watching and telling them exactly what this appointment is about!"

Snape paled at that thought. "Right," he managed. "I will be there. Let me get a potion that..."

"No potions!" the little witch snapped. "No glamour, no spells, no charms, no magic whatsoever is allowed. You have to fulfil this task without the help of your wand and your skills as a Potions master. Don't cheat we will find out. Good day, sir!"

"Damn," Snape muttered under his breath and stared after the witch until she had vanished behind a corner. "After all those years... I hoped to be dead before ~~this~~ would turn up on my agenda!"

The waiting room was overly bright, tile-covered, and sterile. It made one think of hospitals, of surgery, of long and sharp and nasty instruments one didn't want to think about. Too many lights in this room, too many outdated journals, and one receptionist who looked positively bored to death and most aggressive at the same time.

From behind the closed door of the infirmary, heavy and unhappy groans could be heard.

"It won't take long now," the receptionist said to Snape, who stared at her angrily. "Sorry you will have to wait another few minutes, but the patient before you is even older than you are, and under those circumstances, the task the doctor has to perform can take its time."

Snape grumbled something unintelligible and went into the waiting room, where he threw his lean form into one of the uncomfortable chairs. As the walls were white and empty, he focussed on the window instead. Outside stood a dying tree. "How fitting," he growled and leaned back, legs outstretched, head down, face covered by his long, hair. Obviously, he wasn't aware how precisely he impersonated a sulking third-year, or he would have sat up immediately.

A muffled shriek pierced the door, seemed to sneak its way out of the surgery through the keyhole. *Whatever happens in there truly must be horrible. Not even the screams dare to stay in*, Snape thought gloomily and tried to concentrate on something else. "Ten ways to brew a tooth-bleaching potion," he murmured and was just about to tick the first possible way off his fingers when he heard a new patient come in.

Well. Rather sneaked in with her back to the wall. Trying to make herself small and unimportant and maybe, if she was quiet, no one would see that she was here and she could...

"Miss Granger," the receptionist said sternly. "You are late. Your appointment was an hour ago, and the doctor had to take Miss Trelawney first. He doesn't like having his schedule messed up."

Miss Granger blushed furiously and rummaged in her handbag. "I had... I know I had..." she began and placed her wand on the counter in order to get a better view inside the huge bag. "I am certain the date and time... It must be here somewhere..."

"Thank you," the receptionist drawled and took the wand, storing it in her bottom drawer. She was young and blonde and looked as if she chewed chewing gum whilst talking. Her nails were at least an inch long and she looked at the new patient with a nasty little smile.

Hermione Granger gaped at her; then realisation dawned. "No magic allowed," she said bitterly. "I remember. I wouldn't have cheated by trying to smuggle in my wand, you know."

The receptionist looked at her somewhat pitifully. "No wands, no magic, nor spells or potions allowed," she clarified. "The doctor likes the candidates in their natural state. It gives them a clearer view of what awaits them outside the surgery. And we know that everyone tries to cheat. One even brought his house-elf in, whatever reason for! Therefore, we prefer to confiscate the wands and the personal belongings of our patients. It's in your own interest, Miss Granger. Hand over your bag, please."

"But..." Hermione began and looked positively lost. "My books are in there! I have to wait and need something to read and how shall I survive this if I can't even calm down my nerves with reading?"

"That is not my problem. Maybe you could talk to the gentleman who is already waiting?" The simple suggestion didn't sound friendly at all.

Hermione turned and peaked around the corner. "Someone else? Why... I thought those appointments are carefully scheduled so no one has to suffer the embarrassment of seeing a colleague... or a friend..."

With her last bit of patience, the receptionist hissed, "Our patients don't have friends, Miss Granger, or they wouldn't be here in the first place. Now go to the waiting area before I have to tell Doctor Chase that you are uncooperative!"

Looking deeply humiliated, Hermione shuffled into the waiting room and sat down. She didn't even dare to look up, clearly trying to avoid eye-contact with whoever else was here.

Snape narrowed his eyes at her sight. *Why is she here?* he thought as if he didn't know. This doctor served only one purpose. And the receptionist had talked loud enough she was here for the same reason as him. Interesting. "Good day, Miss Granger," he said smoothly. "Having an appointment with Dr Chase?"

The young woman's head shot up; her eyes widened when she recognised him, and she speared her former teacher with her gaze. "Don't ask stupid questions," she hissed, hugging her arms round her well-rounded, shivering body. "Of course I have an appointment, and you know why, too. I know you know why!"

"Defloration," Snape said with a somewhat sardonic subnote. "What a nice thing to spend the afternoon with, isn't it?"

Hermione sent daggers into his direction and kept her mouth firmly shut.

Snape, though, seemed to warm to the subject. "Were there really only books in your bag? Not maybe a little sedative for the way?"

She raised her chin. "I don't cheat. You know I don't. I might help others in case they are in trouble, but as the doctor insists in a... clean, natural state, I wouldn't... ever..."

"Liar," Snape stated dryly. "You thought about it at least. So did I. But I couldn't find a way to bring anything in here. They scan you as soon as you enter the door. They take your wand away. They check your pockets. I feel quite... vulnerable without being able to perform magic."

Thoughtfully, Hermione tipped her head. "What you would have used to make this easier?" she asked and calmed down visibly. Well, they still had some sort of student-teacher relationship, and obviously, being in the company of one of her former professors made the situation more bearable for her.

Snape ticked the options off his fingers. "First, a lust potion, naturally. When you are aroused, it is said that this is half as bad. Second, a glamour, so one is more confident even when stark naked. Third, a sedative, in case it hurts even more than expected. Fourth, profound cleaning spells. This doctor is a pig, and I had no intention to let him touch me without taking precautions. But well, I don't have those options. Nor have you."

Hermione had paled at his words. "I considered a glamour, but the rest..." She gulped. "Do you really think it will be that bad?"

She sounded so much like a young girl all of a sudden that Snape couldn't hinder some pity flooding his blackened heart. He leaned forward a bit so hopefully the receptionist wouldn't be able to hear his words. "I know him," he whispered. "Personally. He's a butcher. He's utterly incompetent, and..."

A strangled cry echoed through the waiting room. Now Snape had gone ashen as well. "A butcher," he stated once more through gritted teeth.

Hermione got up and sat next beside him. "I didn't expect to find you here," she murmured. "I thought... you and Narcissa Malfoy..."

"She fancied me, but I didn't fancy her," Snape answered equally quietly. "Now I know it would have spared me some trouble. Of course, at the time I believed it would never come to this. I mean, being a virgin at forty-four is unusual, you must admit."

Nodding solemnly, Hermione began kneading her knees with both her most nervous hands. "I considered rescheduling, but then decided against it," she confessed. "I thought 'Better get it over with than having this appointment hanging over my head for the next years'."

"One gets used to it," Snape grumbled. "Why didn't you shag Weasley? He was after you like a Seeker after the Snitch."

"So was Lucius Malfoy," Hermione said with something like pride in her voice. "But he is married, and I don't touch a married man. Although I really would have loved to... well. You know. And Ron was not an option. He always loved Lavender."

"Pathetic, Miss Granger." Snape folded his hands over his chest and forgot the situation he was in. "You should have taken the opportunity from what I hear, Malfoy is a gentle lover. And even Weasley would have been better than Chase. Your morals brought you here, and your refusal to delay this appointment as long as possible. In the end they get you, but until then, everything is fine. And here I say 'better later than sooner'."

"I bet Professor Trelawney disagrees," Hermione snapped and fanned herself with her hand. "Gods, it's hot in here. Can we... Would you accompany me outside, to grab some fresh air?"

Snape was on his feet in no time. "With pleasure, Miss Granger," he said. "Anything, if only we get a bit farther away from that harpy out there. I swear, I heard her ears grow when you came in here. She is trying to overhear our conversation."

"I know, and I hate it," Hermione said and took the lead. Together, they walked past the receptionist.

"Where do you think you are going?" she inquired, a bottle of nail polish on the table and the tiny brush in her hand. "The doctor will be finished any moment now."

"We need a cigarette," Snape said quickly. "Is there a smoking area in the building?"

Sternly, the receptionist said, "Second door to the right. Open the windows before you leave! Nasty habit, I must say."

Snape shot the door firmly behind them, and Hermione headed for the window, checking if someone was outside. Neither of them smoked, but it was better than the waiting room.

Casually, Snape leaned against the wall and took a deep breath. The air smelled a bit flat, but not as bad as he had expected. And the room itself was surprisingly cosy. Instead of tiles, there was wallpaper, and a rug covered the old, wooden planks. No magazines were lying on the table, but the chairs had cushions. A friendly room. Possibly a shelter for many who had the unfortunate problem of being Doctor Chase's patient.

His shoulders sagged a bit as he relaxed.

Hermione cast him a shy smile. "Nicer in here than back there." She was relaxing as well, clearly obvious as she had stopped kneading her hands.

The dark-dressed wizard nodded curtly. Then he began to walk up and down, from one wall to the other. As it wasn't a big room, there were a lot of billowing robes to be seen and maybe a white calf every now and then.

"You've put some effort in your clothing," Hermione stated after she had watched him for a little while. "These robes are new and there are no potion stains on your sleeves. Your hair is washed. Your teeth are clean now don't you tell me you did that for the doctor!"

With a slightly aggressive look towards the door, Snape shook his head. "I have more time to take care of personal hygiene nowadays. The Dark Lord is dead, and no one tries to kill or hex or torture me on a constant basis. I can delegate things to the house-elves like keeping my robes washed and ironed. And besides, I neither like nor can I afford to be seen dirty and greasy anymore. I have a Headmaster's reputation to lose!"

"Glad to hear that. You are not bad-looking when you're groomed." A malicious grin twitched on Hermione's lips, but vanished instantly when she heard another shriek. "He really should use a Silencing Spell," she said, gulping hard.

"He possibly wants the next victim to be getting into the right mood," Snape said, sounding slightly sick.

"If only I didn't have to kiss him!" Hermione didn't manage more than a whisper when confessing this.

Snape raised an eyebrow. "I thought you and Mr Weasley at least had..."

"No," she snapped. "We didn't. No kissing, no fumbling, no anything else, thank you very much. I saw him snogging Lavender and it put me off the whole matter for a lifetime!"

A wolfish smirk appeared on Snape's pale lips. "If you could consider cheating a worthy option, I at least could spare you a kissing experience with Dr Chase. He's very proud of drawing blood whenever he touches lips."

Hermione paled visibly. "I think... maybe..."

Snape slightly lifted his pointy chin. "Miss Granger, he only fixes what needs to be fixed, and if you have experience in kissing..."

"Let's do it," Hermione stated and stepped closer until she was only a foot away from her former teacher, lifting her face up and closing her eyes. She looked very determined and definitely terrified.

"Well..." said Snape and bent down, thus bringing his lips closer to hers. An inch separated them, and he hovered above the smaller woman like a vulture might have hovered above dinner. Only that this vulture looked slightly lost and a bit dubious and was that a hint of red, creeping in his cheeks?

"This is not easy," Hermione whispered and did the only thing every Gryffindor did perfectly under whatever circumstances: she stormed forward to unknown waters and pressed her lips on his.

A quick peck, then both of them melted into the shadows of the opposite corners of the small room. Both were sporting a bright, red facial colour.

Snape cleared his throat. "Not good enough," he managed. "This needs to be a proper kiss. I heard... I read..."

"There should be tongues involved." Apparently, Hermione had read some books, too. "We need to do this again. The spells will detect whether we are experienced in kissing. If we are, he will leave us alone, at least where kisses are concerned."

"Right," Snape said in a tone that suggested he looked into death's face. Two long strides, and he stood before his former student again. "I will do my best." Grabbing her shoulders hard, as if she were a particularly heavy tree trunk, he then pulled her forward and nearly tipped her balance. Their lips met again, but this time, they managed to stay connected.

Cool lips on warm ones; breath that got shared. Snape tilted his head a bit so his nose wasn't pressed against hers any more, and his heartbeat first slowed, then raced on when she parted her lips and sneaked her tongue out and into his mouth.

Surprisingly pleasant. The thought shot through his mind before he could hinder it, and then his body took over and pulled her closer yet, merged with her smaller form whilst she stood on the tips of her toes and he was bent down to her. His tongue shot on like a biting snake and touched hers.

"That... was certainly a proper kiss," she gasped after they reluctantly had managed to stop snogging like teenagers.

"I agree," Snape answered, slightly out of breath. "I didn't remember it feeling that good. I tried it once." A confession, born out of shared misery.

"Harry's mum?" Hermione asked with a small smile. "I heard you had a crush on her."

"Potter talks too much. And yes, it was her."

Hermione sat on the windowsill, her legs dangling. "But one didn't lead to another? Not that I'm curious, but I really wonder how you managed to stay a virgin through all those years. There certainly were a few girls at school who fancied you. Every one of them would have been thrilled to relieve you of your burden."

He snorted, barely able to hide his amusement. "How very nicely phrased. Only that I don't touch students under whatever circumstances. And I don't touch them after they are out of school, either. I have more important things to do than getting laid."

She smirked. "You wouldn't be here if you at least once would have allowed yourself an evening of leisure. And why didn't you end up in bed with Harry's mum, given the fact that you managed to talk her into kissing?"

Snape mumbled something unintelligible.

Hermione leaned forward. "You what?" she exclaimed. "You Legilimensed her whilst kissing her? That's awful!"

Snape raised his chin in defence. "I knew she was around James Potter often. I just wondered if it was really me she wanted. It became very obvious I wasn't."

For a moment, Hermione looked as if she wanted to say, "Serves you right, having spied on her." But after a moment of reconsideration, what she really came up with was, "I'm sorry to hear that. That's why I never... you know... with Ron. He cheated on me even before we became serious, and I decided that it was a bad thing to do. As Lily clearly wanted James, she shouldn't have messed with you."

Grateful for her understanding, Snape came closer. "I wish the Ministry wouldn't insist in this defloration campaign," he grumbled. "I understand their urge to make everybody able to find a spouse, and clearly an experienced person is more likely to find one; but forcing adults into this situation is ridiculous."

Hermione nodded with full empathy. "Totally. True, you either have sex the first time as a teenager or you are nearly inevitably doomed to end up as an old spinster, but..."

Snape turned and now faced the young woman on the windowsill. They were only inches apart. "I dislike being ordered around," he stated. "And I very much dislike Dr Chase."

She raised an eyebrow. "What do you suggest?"

Snape needed to clear his throat before he was able to pronounce his proposal. "We already kissed. Sybil is still in there. We do have a few minutes, and I heard this can be done quickly."

"What now? Here?"

Snape merely shrugged his shoulders.

Hermione closed her eyes and silently did some serious thinking he could see it at her moving lips talking to herself and at her left hand ticking off points at her right. "There's that..." she mumbled. "And this. Concerning him... the doctor... well..."

"All right," she said and wrapped her legs round his waist.

Snape jumped and nearly fell, but in the last moment he regained his balance. "Goodness, woman! Do you have to scare the life out of me? I'm not used to getting touched!"

Ignoring his words, she placed a slightly shaky hand on his shoulder and pulled him closer. Her ankles locked over his bum, and instantly, unexpectedly, he became hard.

And he was trapped. Behind him was the infirmary, in front of him was a willing woman. More or less willing. More likely just desperate, but then so was he. But what the hell. Anyone was better than Chase, the butcher.

Snape, who had next to no experience in dating and courting, did something clever: instead of touching her body, he leaned in and pecked another kiss on her lips. His reward was a smile and the fact that they both relaxed tremendously. One of her arms was put around his neck; the other one found the hem of his trousers, danced lower, and touched a leg.

"You are bold," Snape stated with closed eyes. "But to speed this up a bit I will vanish our clothes now. Agreed?"

"Right," she said, her voice tight. "But don't look. I'm white as a fish's belly and I've neglected my workout lately and I'm too podgy and there are no boobs worth mentioning and..."

"Shut up," Snape growled. "I'm no athlete, either. This is a necessity to avoid worse, not a beauty contest." With a jerk of his head he spelled their entire garment into the next corner, obediently closing his eyes. It was the least courtesy he could do her, and he was very grateful she wouldn't see him, either. He was bony at best, being on the haggard side of lean. He owned some muscles in arms and shoulders, but he certainly hadn't a washboard belly. White was an understatement for his skin, and where a decent man had a hairy chest and legs, his skin was as smooth as a girl's. He definitely wasn't someone a woman would appreciate, and he knew it.

Well. There they were. Naked. Close to each other. And time was ticking.

Awkwardly using his hands for guidance, he found her waist and nudged his crooked nose in her bushy hair, thus avoiding temptation to take a peak at her breasts. He imagined he liked them small, as he always had been close to revulsion at big bouncy tits. But he considered it only fair that, if she didn't look, he shouldn't, either.

Her legs were strong round his narrow hips and so were her arms round his neck. Skin touched skin a pleasant feeling and he detected a shiver every now and then. "You sure you want this?" he murmured in her ear. No surprise that she shook her head. About to pull away and already trying to figure out how to deal with the embarrassment, he couldn't get free as she didn't let go.

"Not sure. Scared. A bit. But you are a hundred times better than *him*," she whispered back. Conveniently, another shriek hovered along. Getting encouraged like that, Hermione tightened her grip and slipped off the windowsill and, well, right on top of him.

Snape gasped with shock when his surprisingly eager member first touched her wetness and then, inexorably, slipped inside her. Although... That he was in a condition to do so hard enough even under dire circumstances put a smug smile on his pale lips.

She gasped as well, and her hands tightened around his neck. He had heard it could hurt, this part, at least if one was a woman. And for sure her leg muscles trembled, and she gave a small, pained yelp.

Under her additional weight he staggered until he managed to stabilise them both by pressing her against the wall next to the window. Where she relaxed again after a few deep breaths. Where she moved her hips a bit.

Whoa, he thought. *That feels good!*

"What now?" he inquired, still not looking, only feeling. Tentatively, he now moved his hips. Her breasts were pressed against his chest, her arms were like steel ropes, and her nails somehow got dug into his shoulders.

"Do that again!" she squeaked. "Yes that movement there. No, the other one... Yes. Ouch! No, don't stop. Good! Again!"

Carefully Snape moved inside her, holding the young woman up without any effort. She didn't weigh much, was a lot less podgy than she thought and very hot at the one point where they were joined. Hot and narrow. Pleasant feeling indeed.

Slowly, very slowly, he began kissing her neck whilst trying to stay in the same rhythm with her. She moved as well now, pushed against him when he shoved, and after a moment or two, he considered it possible that this wasn't bad at all. Actually, now that he had increased the speed a bit, it felt even better, and...

The infirmary door opened, someone was heard staggering out, and a horribly joyful voice called, "Next one, please!"

Snape froze in mid-movement and hissed a nasty string of swearwords in Hermione's ear.

"Lousy timing," she agreed, pulling him closer one last time. Then she leaned back, released him from her tight grip, and opened her eyes only to see him looking at her.

Black eyes met brown ones. Two smiles spread across two flushed faces. Snape lifted her a bit, then let her down and instantly turned his back. Extremely quickly, he retrieved his clothes and was dressed in only a few moments, pushing her clothes towards her simultaneously.

Rustling and another curse, fabric on skin, then she said, "Pity. A few moments longer, and I would have started to really enjoy this."

Snape cast a glance over his shoulder, saw that she was dressed, and turned to her, closing the last buttons of his robes. Admittedly, he was surprised at her statement. "It... Didn't it hurt too badly?"

Her eyes sparkled when she answered, "The initial shock was a little painful, but then it went away and became... good. Sort of. And for you?"

"Acceptable," he grumbled. "Well. More than acceptable. Had I known it to be that nice a feeling, I might have tried it earlier."

Hermione grinned and cast one last look through the room, checking if everything had been picked up from the floor. Her cheeks were flushed again, but not from embarrassment. Her hair, slightly ruffled, looked soft like a dandelion. *She looks beautiful*, Snape couldn't help thinking. *Maybe I should revise my rule not to touch former students.*

Then he realised that his rule had just been well and thoroughly broken.

"Next one! Please!" the voice called. It was high and nervous, and it fitted Doctor Chase perfectly. "I dislike waiting!"

Hermione closed the last button of her clothes and squared her shoulder. Then she left the room, Snape at her heels. When she was in the doorway, an alarm went off. It doubled in strength when Snape stepped beside her. "What the..." he began, but then the receptionist came galloping towards them, closely followed by Doctor Chase.

"You cheated!" she yelled and pointed at them accusingly. "That alarm is there to detect non-virgins. It didn't go off when you went inside. What did you use a spell, a hex, a potion, or a house-elf? Do you know that cheating in this matter will be prosecuted? Confess! I want to know which magic device you used to..."

"No magical help was needed," Snape said smugly and gallantly summoned Hermione's bag and wand before taking her arm. "Just a simple knee-trembler. Your service, doctor, is not needed any longer. Good day." And he nodded once and headed for the door, taking Hermione along.

"You... but... you can't do that! I was looking forward to this!" the doctor called after them, but Hermione Granger and Severus Snape already had closed the door behind them.

Outside on the street, Snape released her arm. "Thank you," he said simply.

"It could have been better, if we had had more time," she mused. "And it is I who has to say thanks. I know he takes a lot more time with females than with males. As was just proven by Professor Trelawney." In some sort of a nervous habit, she twirled one of her locks around her finger. "I... um... I think I will go to the library now. Have a nice day, Headmaster."

Snape thought fast. If she left now, it was unlikely he would find the boldness to seek her out again. "You know," he said, his voice calculating, "I truly dislike not being an expert in such an important subject. In other words, now that love-making has been brought to my attention, I intend to become as good in it as possible."

She gave back his stare without flinching. "You mean, you plan to become a perfect lover?"

"Precisely. But I fear I need a teacher. A good one, not someone like him." He nodded towards the sign where in bright red letters the butcher's name was carved in.

A dreamy look crossed her face. "I'd know the perfect teacher for the both of us," she said. "Unfortunately, he is out of reach, at least for me. He's married."

Snape smiled a rare, genuine smile. "Lucius? But he'll be divorced in less than a week. Narcissa decided she's had enough of the Malfoy charm and left him. Didn't you know that?"

Wide-eyed, Hermione shook his head. "Blond, black, and brown mixed together on white sheets." Desire flared up in her eyes. "Do you think he would teach both of us

together? At the same time?"

"Let's go and ask him," Snape said, hooked his arm through hers and, for the first time in years, looked forward to the weekend.

I used the following prompt;

14. I would like to see a wizard trying to accomplish something *difficult* the mundane way. No wands, magic or elves allowed! Severus vs. a tree trunk for example.

A/N: Sorry. Tried the tree trunk, but it didn't work out ;-)