

# Damned House-Elves!

*by braye27*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: Thank you to JKR for letting me spend time in her world. I am no richer for playing here, only happier.

A/N: This is my first foray into posting my own fanfic, and I hope it is to your liking. If you are so moved, please leave comments: what you like or don't like. All crits, good or bad, are welcomed. There are several people that I want to acknowledge. I owe a debt of thanks to Subversa who left a trail of bread crumbs that enticed me to LJ and the wonderful world of SS/HG to be found there. She gave me helpful pointers on writing fic, and I shamelessly borrowed her descriptive for Severus, "Sex-on-Legs." I want to thank Irishredlass69 for encouraging me to continue to work on this story and for staying on my arse until I got over my fear of posting it. And last but certainly not least, I must offer heartfelt thanks to Lariope for being such a wonderful and patient beta. I have more troubles with commas than there are stars in the sky! Without her this would never have happened. All remaining mistakes are mine.

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Damned house-elves! Why on earth did they insist on serving dried beans every Friday night? Severus never *never* ate them. It wasn't that he didn't like the taste, he did, but if a little action happened to come his way on a Saturday, he did not want to have to worry about... well, that tell-tale effluvium for which the "musical fruit" were known.

At breakfast Saturday morning, the usual suspects were present for the morning meal, and Severus, as was his wont, had been one of the first to arrive and was nearly finished with his morning meal. *Pheeewwwwww...* It was such a small sound... but it gave every evidence of becoming one of those SBD's his father used to subject everyone to. His father's Silent-But-Deadlies were the stuff of family legend, and at an early age, Severus had made a vow never to partake of said "musical fruit" when he left home for Hogwarts. He would starve first. He quickly ate the last of his toast, washing it down with the last of his tea, and wished his colleagues a good day before exiting the Great Hall.

~O~

He had spent the morning in his office grading essays and marveling at the utter drivel some of his students dared to submit. Not for the first time, he wished he had invested early on in Inks-R-Us, purveyors of the best parchment inks to be had in all of Wizarding Britain. The amount of red ink he used was easily four times the amount of all the other inks combined. Dunderheads... the bane of his existence.

This last thought took him back a dozen years to another bane of his existence, The Golden Trio's arrival at Hogwarts. Harry Potter, who was the son of his late, lamented love, Lily Evans. It had pained him to even look upon the boy, child of Lily and James Potter. Ronald Weasley, who was the densest of all the Weasleys he had taught. And

last but not least, Hermione Jean Granger, *know-it-all extraordinaire*.

All three of them had survived the war, as had Severus, Dumbledore, and Minerva McGonagall, among others. That accomplishment had taken much clever planning and potions research, but thank the gods, many had survived the worst the Dark Lord could deliver, and in the end, it was the Dark Lord himself who had perished. Once his undercover work as a member of the Order of the Phoenix had come to light, Severus had been cleared of all charges and had resumed his position at Hogwarts as Potions master and Head of Slytherin House.

Potter and Weasley had gone on to become Aurors, and while Potter had remained one, Weasley had left the Ministry. After all the post-war kerfuffles and trials, Ron had lost interest in Auroring and decided to join his brother in his business. Fred had been lost in the Second War, and his twin, George, had maintained Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes and made a great success of it.

And Hermione Jean Granger, know-it-all extraordinaire, had returned to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry as Charms mistress. After she had sat her NEWTs (and passed them with the highest scores since Severus Snape had sat his own NEWTs), she had attended Beauxbatons to complete her education and achieved masters in both Charms and Transfiguration.

Severus had found himself becoming strangely interested in following Miss Granger's academic progress when the Trio had begun their fifth year at Hogwarts. He couldn't deny that she had remained a know-it-all, but as she got older and became more mature in her approach to getting her point across, he had found her thirst for knowledge had matured as well. She had seemed to have more self-confidence, and this caused him to give more weight to her arguments. If truth be told, he had taken delight in the verbal sparring they occasionally engaged in - he goading her with his acerbic wit, and she calmly rolling her eyes and defending her position with well-reasoned logic. Not that he always agreed with her, he did not, but she could present a cogent case for her ideas.

And now she was back. In his thoughts. Sometimes even in his dreams. *What was this all about?* he thought. He found that his favorite times of the day came during meals when he would see her and they would engage in lighthearted banter. She had a wonderful sense of humor, and since they normally sat next to each other, the conversations in their vicinity of the staff table tended to be funny, and several of the group contributed to the nonsense. The students could not believe their eyes. Like a butterfly emerged from its chrysalis, the dour bat of the Dungeons had become the smiling and laughing bat of the staff table.

~O~

And so it happened that on a certain Friday, Severus found he had arrived at the staff entrance to the Great Hall at the same time as Miss Hermione Jean Granger, Charms mistress of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. She was a lovely sight tonight in her light blue robes, her hair restrained by beautiful combs on either side of her face. And Severus found he was very much looking forward to dinner. Throughout the meal, she actually flirted with him, and *he was enchanted*. When the house-elves served the first course, French onion soup, she picked up the platter of breads and rolls that had also been placed on the table, and choosing a roll, she placed it on her plate. Raising an eyebrow by way of asking if Severus would like one too, when he nodded, she placed one on his plate, as well. As they ate their soup, they talked about their days and their students; they talked about the progress they had or had not made in the research each was doing, and generally enjoyed each other's company.

The next course was a salad of mixed greens, radishes and cucumbers with a delicious balsamic vinaigrette, which, it turned out, was a favorite of them both. This combination of good company and good food put both of them in an exceedingly good mood. As the meal progressed, each time Hermione partook of some condiment or accompaniment, she would offer it to Severus, and he, not wanting to spoil the mood, always nodded his assent, every time and without fail. And she would place some of whatever the offering was on his plate. Severus was so consumed with the attentions that Miss Granger was lavishing on him that he failed to notice when Professor Sinestra slid the bowl of cooked dried beans to Hermione. Hermione placed a hearty helping on her plate, and without asking this time, she placed a hearty helping on Severus' plate, too. It wasn't till he was about to take a bite of his roast beef that he noticed this humongous mound of the dreaded dried beans had been added to his plate.

*Gah! What the hell am I going to do now?* Miss Granger was saying things like "Ummmm..." and "Oh, Severus, have you ever tasted anything better in your life..." and, generally extolling the wonderful taste of the pork flavored beans, she made them sound positively orgasmic. *He was fucked*. He ate the damned beans and vowed to raise holy and immortal hell with the chief house-elf in charge of the kitchens.

*He was so fucked*. But he had a flash of brilliance. If Miss Granger would like to spend some time in his company *tonight*, rather than on Saturday night as he had originally planned to suggest, then SBDs would be a non-issue. *Ergo*, he told her that he very much enjoyed her company and wanted very much to get to know her better. He said that he had a wonderful bottle of elf-made wine he had been saving for a special occasion and asked if she would care to spend *this* evening in his company and share said bottle of wine. Her face fell, and she was clearly disappointed. She explained that her aunt was visiting from France, and she had promised her parents she would visit them tonight, but then she smiled... She would be returning late afternoon or early evening Saturday, and she would love it if he would have dinner with her in her quarters. He could bring the wine, and they would make a special night of it. As she said this, she looked longingly at him... and he said *yes*, he would look forward to dining with her on the morrow. *He was so very fucked*.

Severus spent his entire Friday evening pouring over every Potions book in his personal library in a vain attempt to find a potion that would combat the effects of eating beans and did not take four fucking days to prepare. It was one of the few ordinary potions he did not keep on hand... because he never ate beans. Until tonight.... *Sigh*. Well, he would make the best of it that he could. He would get up early in the morning and walk up and down the miles of stairs in the castle to see if he couldn't move that damnable gas along. It would be bad enough if, during their meal tomorrow night, he were to ... *emit* ... but if Miss Granger were to be feeling a little frisky... horrors! Yes, he would walk the stairs like his very future depended on it, because it just might.

Five AM found the Potions master out and about, huffing and puffing his way up and down *every out-of-the-way* staircase in Hogwarts. He would not be caught *Pheeewwwwww*-ing anywhere by anyone. It seemed to be working because a couple of times he couldn't walk fast enough to escape his own ... *Pheeewwwwww*-ing. *All right, damnit, farts*.

By seven-thirty, he was exhausted and hungry as all get out. He returned to his quarters to shower, and by eight he had arrived in the Great Hall for breakfast. To his chagrin, he found the place full of people and the usual Saturday morning smog. Had he not been climbing stairs, he would have finished his breakfast and been gone by seven. As it was, he was breathing through his mouth (*ewwwwww*) and downing his porridge as quickly as he could. When he had finished eating, he returned to his quarters, brushed his teeth again, and went to his potions stores in his private laboratory. Having found a vial of essence of gardenia, he held it under his nose until he could forget the err farts he'd had to endure during breakfast. He shuddered just thinking about it. There was nothing worse than bean farts, not even hippogriff shite.

He spent the morning grading the essays he would have graded last night but for his "potions research." These essays weren't as bad as usual, and by noon, he was finished. He decided to have an elf bring a light lunch to his quarters, and after eating, he perused the *Daily Prophet* for half an hour. After catching up on the news of the day, he decided to climb a few more stairs as insurance. By three-thirty, he thought he was safe and returned to his quarters to think about the evening to come. As much as he disliked the smell of bean farts, if Miss Granger were to be so afflicted tonight, he would give no indication that he noticed. This was an opportunity he was not willing to squander for any reason. Farts or no farts, if she gave him any indication that she was romantically inclined toward him, he would meet her with equal enthusiasm.

He went into his bedroom and opened the large wardrobe in the corner to choose what he would wear tonight. *Hummmm... black or blacker? Blacker, I think*, he mused. Instead of his usual frock coat and robes, he decided on a formal jacket he wore when he attended the opera or the theater and his finest white linen shirt with rows of small pin tucks down the front. He located his calfskin boots, and with a flick of his wand, he brought them to a high shine. He wanted to look his best.

Having made his decisions about his attire, he still had time on his hands, so he decided to take a short nap. He wanted to be well rested, and this morning's fart-banishing workouts had left him a little tired. He lay on his bed, cast a charm to wake himself at five o'clock, and fell asleep. Upon awakening, he recalled dreaming about his dinner with Hermione tonight, but his dream had not got past the first glass of elf-made wine, so he chose not to make himself nervous by thinking too much on afters.

At six PM, Hermione Flooed him to tell him she was back and to let him know she would be ready by seven. He was already bathed and only needed to change his shirt

and jacket.

"I'm looking forward to tonight, Hermione. Shall we say... seven on the dot?"

"Seven it is. I'm looking forward to it, too." She smiled a coquettish smile and reminded him not to forget the wine.

*Be still, my heart*, he thought when she had closed the connection, and he couldn't stop himself from grinning. When he had donned his shirt and jacket, he viewed himself in the mirror and was pleased with what he saw. He would never be called drop-dead gorgeous, but he knew he looked nice, and Hermione seemed to be looking forward to tonight as much as he.

True to his word, at seven o'clock he was knocking on the door to Hermione's quarters, wine in hand. He didn't have to wait long, and when she opened the door, he was met by a goddess. She wore burgundy robes over a dress of the finest cream-colored silk. Her hair was pulled back from her face, and she wore garnet drop earrings that hung just half an inch past her earlobes and a necklace of delicate gold chains and small, perfect diamonds. She gave him a big smile, welcoming him in, and said, "Severus, you look wonderful. It's not often I see you in something other than your frock coat and robes."

He was over the moon at this reception, and as he took her hand, he placed a chaste kiss on her cheek, whispering softly in her ear that she was a vision of loveliness.

She invited him to have a seat in front of the fire, and as he made his way across the room, he detoured to the sideboard where he placed the bottle of wine next to the wine glasses. Casting a Cooling Charm to maintain it at the correct temperature, he glanced around the room and noticed the cream and gold decor. No Gryffindor themes here, just tasteful colors that that would calm the spirit and renew the soul after a day's teaching.

When he turned to move toward the hearth, he noticed Hermione was sitting on the sofa facing the fire. Not wanting to appear too eager, he sat in the chair nearest her and asked how her visit with her family had gone. She had had a wonderful time and recounted some of her aunt's latest adventures. Aunt Sella lived in France and was quite the traveler. In the last year she had walked from one end of Angkor Wat to the other, hiked all over the Valley of the Kings, and survived the mosquitoes on a trip down the Amazon. Clearly, Aunt Sella was Hermione's heroine.

Severus decided that the Cooling Charm had had time to do its work. "Would you like for me to open the wine?" he asked.

"I'd love some. Elf wine is always good." She smiled.

He made his way to the sideboard, and with a flick of his wand, he opened the wine. Turning to gaze upon the vision of his hostess, he allowed it to breathe for a moment. Selecting two glasses of the correct shape to capture the delicate bouquet, he poured each of them a glass. As he carried the glasses back to where Hermione sat, he felt a surge of ... *fuck! Gas pains. Fuck, fuck, fuck!* He hoped fervently that his grimace looked something like a smile, and placing the glasses on the low table in front of the sofa, he excused himself, saying he needed to visit her loo. Thank Merlin, the general layout of all the teacher's quarters was similar, so he was able to beat a hasty retreat before all hell broke loose.

Once in the bathroom, he cast a Silencing Charm, dropped his pants in a flash, and sat on the pristine toilet *No need to take any chances; it might be more than gas.* And it was. After what sounded to him like the cannonade from Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture, he chanced a look between his legs, groaned, and took out his wand. A couple of Scourgifying and Odor Banishing Charms later, he was feeling better, ready to return to the lounge.

When Severus had excused himself, Hermione thanked whatever gods were responsible and went to stand with her back to the fireplace, and tightening her stomach muscles ever so slightly, she emitted the most disgusting fart. If it had not been her own fart, she was certain it would have burned the hairs in her nose. *Funny thing, farts.* When she heard the door opening, she hastily lifted her skirts and performed a bit of foolish wand waving. Satisfied that her damage control would be sufficient, she sat down again on the sofa and awaited Severus' return.

She needn't have worried about a lingering odor because Severus couldn't have detected it anyway, as his marvelous sense of smell was totally fatigued. If it had not been his own fart, he was certain it would have burned the hairs in his nose. *Funny thing, farts.*

After Severus had taken his seat, they sampled the wine he had poured, and Hermione pronounced it "Fabulous!" This pleased Severus to no end, but he felt honor-bound to point out that this wine was unusually potent.

"Hermione, I would be remiss if I did not ask whether you have had much experience with elf-made wines. This wine's effects can be quite strong."

"Thank you for telling me, Severus. I wouldn't want to fall asleep and ruin our dinner date," she replied, giving him a shy smile.

*Did she say what I thought she said? Dinner DATE? Did she say dinner DATE? She thinks of tonight as a date. Merlin's balls! We're having a DATE!*

Severus was blown away! But not wanting to appear like a third year with raging hormones, he coached his face to look somewhat serious but with a shy smile of his own. "My only concern is that you will be all right. I would hate if the wine caused you any discomfort and I had not mentioned its characteristics."

They passed the next hour in genial conversation, had another glass of wine, and then decided they were getting hungry. So Hermione notified Winky, the house-elf who would be serving their dinner tonight, that they were ready to eat, and in a matter of minutes, the dining table was filled with dishes of roast chicken, green beans, Brussels sprouts, creamy mashed potatoes with butter, broccoli, and asparagus. Tea, a salad, a basket of warm, fresh-from-the-oven sesame rolls, and a delicious pudding completed the meal. They looked at each other, eyes wide, and then laughed.

"You must certainly be one of Winky's favorites, Hermione," said Severus.

"On the contrary, I think it must be you who is the favorite," replied Hermione. "Since I like most foods, I asked Winky to come up with a menu that you would enjoy. I thought surely the elves would know what you liked and didn't like."

"Thank you, Hermione. Indeed, these dishes are some of my favorites."

They began to eat, and it was obvious to each of them that they were both enjoying the meal and the company. After dessert had been served and consumed, they retired to the lounge, and while Severus poured them each another glass of the wine, Hermione turned on the Wizarding Wireless Radio to a program that played soft romantic music. When they took their seats, they were sitting side by side on the sofa, and Severus had sat closer to her than he otherwise might have done. Both of them sported the warm glow that is brought on by the combination of good company and Elf wine. As the evening wore on, their talk moved onto more personal subjects, and eventually Severus chanced taking her hand in his. When he rubbed his thumb across the back of her fingers, she didn't pull away, and he felt emboldened.

Gathering his courage, he placed his mouth close to her ear, and in that low, silky voice he said, "You are the most beautiful woman I know. I have wanted to spend time with you like this for so long."

The vibration of his voice against her neck sent chills up and down her spine, and when she sighed, "Me, too," Severus placed one hand under her chin and the other at the back of her head, and lightly pressed his lips to hers. They were undone.

They spent the next hour kissing and exploring their feelings for one another. When it was obvious to both of them that they were completely attracted to each other, Severus pulled her on top of him as he lay back on the sofa, and she willingly allowed it.

"I can feel your heart beating in my own chest," whispered Hermione as she pulled herself up his body so she could kiss him. He met her kisses with hope and passion, and when she opened her mouth to his, he tasted her with his tongue, and she tasted him with hers, and their breathing became faster, and their passion grew, and Hermione felt the firmness of his erection against her thigh. Softly she said, "I want you, Severus. I want you now."

With uncommon grace, Severus stood and swept Hermione up in his arms and carried her to the bedroom. He laid her on the coverlet and sat beside her. He kissed her neck and her throat, ran his tongue around the rim of her ear and then returned to her mouth.

His kisses were igniting a flame within her she had never known. "Gods, Severus... You are driving me mad!"

When he heard this, Severus placed his hand at her waist and began to rub softly up and down and then across, and finally, he cupped her breast in his hand and began to tease her nipple with his fingers until it was a hard nub beneath his hand. And then he removed her robes and her dress and gazed down at her with longing. She was a vision clothed only in a black lace bra and thong. He removed her bra and took her nipple in his mouth and suckled until she was moaning in ecstasy. He pleased her other breast, grazing her nipple with his teeth. "Gods, woman, I have dreamed of this moment, and you are everything and more than I dreamed. I want to fuck you, and make you scream, and then fuck you again."

At this, Hermione put out her hands and slid his jacket off his shoulders. Then she pulled his shirt out from the waist of his trousers and began unbuttoning it with timid fingers. When she had his shirt open, she rubbed the fine black hair on his pale chest, and with her eyes, she followed the dark trail as it disappeared below the waistband of his trousers. She lifted her face, and taking his nipple in her mouth, she sent the most wonderful shivers over his entire body. Severus, overcome with passion, removed his own clothes as well as her thong and slid down between her thighs until his mouth was at her core. He stroked her with his tongue, tasting her, and finally he circled her clit with the tip of his magical tongue. Flicking and teasing, Severus inserted a finger into her, and finding the spot, he pleased her until she screamed his name, "Severusssss... Oh gods, Severusssss... I... I... Ahhhhhh..." Wave after wave of pleasure washed over her, and she trembled until she was spent.

As his goddess returned from the heavens to which he had carried her, Severus pulled himself up till he could kiss her mouth, her ear, her neck, her shoulder, then he gently nipped her collarbone. He lightly caressed her arms and her belly. He ran his talented hands over her body and murmured words she could not understand but knew were meant to bring her pleasure. He tasted her breasts, and she could feel his engorged cock pressing into her hip, and she felt the fires within building again.

Severus could sense her returning ardor. As he moved to settle himself between her legs, Hermione took his cock in her hand and felt the velvety skin covering the head. She slid her hand down his length and back again, bringing him to greater passion. He enjoyed her ministrations and was nearly pushed over the edge when she cupped his balls with her other hand. "You must stop, woman, please, else this will end too soon." He placed his hand over hers to stave off his building orgasm. Hermione did as she was bid, and after a few moments to get himself under control, Severus placed his leg between hers, and parting her thighs, he shifted himself over her and slid home. *Home*. That hot wet core where this man could gladly spend a lifetime. She was his Aphrodite.

Hermione was an enthusiastic lover, and as he began moving in slow, short strokes, she matched his rhythm. He pulled out till only the head was inside her, and then he drove home with a force that sent pleasure ricocheting through her. She wrapped her legs around his waist, crossing her ankles, and held him tight. Wrapping her arms around his back, under his arms, she clutched his shoulders and turned her hips to bring him as far into her as she could.

Another one, two, three, four hard plunges into her depths, and Severus felt the pressure building in his groin and then in his balls. Surrounded by exploding stars and brushed by angels' wings, Severus Snape experienced the most intense orgasm of his entire life. He heard his own voice calling her name. "Hermione! My god, Hermione! So fucking good... fucking good... so fucking good..." Hearing her matching gasps of pleasure, his body quivered with the shock of it, and he was sure he would fly apart into a thousand pieces. His muscles clenched, and his hips moved of their own accord, driving himself deeper into this amazing witch. When he was so exhausted he could no longer move, he leaned to one side, and Hermione rubbed her hands along his back and told him that he was amazing. "You are *sex-on-legs*, Severus Snape," she whispered.

It made him smile. "I am what you make me, Hermione. I have never had such an experience in my life. I'm sure it will come as no surprise when I tell you that I have had little opportunity these last twenty years to know a witch intimately. Being a spy prevents one from forming attachments, and until you returned to Hogwarts, I had not found myself drawn to anyone. But you have bewitched me, and I can think of nothing, nor no one, save you." He drew her close to him and began to nuzzle her neck, taking in her scent and feeling gratitude to the gods for her reception of him.

They lay this way until they had recovered enough to feel the chill settling in the castle. As Severus moved to get up, Hermione placed her hand on his arm and said, "Stay." So he stayed. Taking his wand from the pocket of his robes on the floor, he lit a fire in the hearth and then straightened the bed covers so they could snuggle underneath for warmth. Severus moved onto his side and turned Hermione so that she was nestled against him, her back to his chest, and wrapping his arm about her to pull her close, they slept.

When Severus awoke, it was well after sunrise, and he nuzzled Hermione's ear until she roused. They kissed and cooed under the warmth of the covers and drifted off to sleep again. When they awoke for the second time, they both made to get up and tossed the covers from off themselves ... and they were met with the worst odor they could have imagined.

Hermione covered her nose and coughed. "It smells like a Troll died in here."

The look on Severus' face was one of pure panic, and Hermione's face turned bright red.. Then he began to chuckle, and before Hermione knew what was happening, Severus was convulsed with laughter, tears streaming down his cheeks. "Severus? What's so funny?" But Severus couldn't catch his breath or stop laughing. He was blue in the face, and finally Hermione caught on to what had obviously happened. She was overcome with embarrassment, and it was only then that Severus realized that she thought that she was the cause of this morning's *perfume*. "She must have been plagued with gas, too," he thought and laughed all the harder. Hermione rose from the bed with all the dignity she could muster, put on her velvet robe, and flounced off to the bathroom.

Closing the bathroom door, poor Hermione thought to herself, "I can't beLEIVE it! I must have been farting in my sleep all night long to cause such a lingering stink!" After tending to her morning *needs*, she splashed cool water on her face, brushed her teeth, and told herself that this was not the worst thing that happened to her... the most embarrassing perhaps, but certainly not the worst. A few calming breaths later and she was ready to return to Severus.

When Hermione had left the room, Severus, no fool he, took the opportunity to check the sheets to make sure there were no "nicotine stains." Seeing there were none, he summoned Winky and asked her to bring them a late breakfast.

When Winky Apparated into the mistress' bedroom, she thought she would faint. "This is not good," she thought to herself. "Winky is bringing a good breakfast to the master and mistress," she told the Potions master, and with an abrupt snap of her fingers, she disappeared.

Before Hermione could return, Severus cast a Freshening Charm to rid the room of the offending smell that he was sure had caused Winky to wrinkle her nose. By the time Hermione returned from the bathroom, she had regained her composure and decided not to make a big deal out of it. After all, she reasoned, they had both eaten a large helping of beans on Friday, so it could have been either one of them...or both.

As she approached the bed, she opened her mouth to speak, but Severus held up his hand to stop her. "Ohhhh... what now?" she thought.

"Hermione, I can't imagine what you must be thinking, but I want you to know that I am completely embarrassed by what happened while I was asleep. I don't normally eat beans for just this reason, and I'm sorry for the... situation we experienced," he told her. In her absence, Severus had decided to play the gallant and assume all the responsibility for their malodorous awakening.

Hermione toyed with the idea of allowing him to be *responsible*, but thinking better of it, she sat on the bed facing him and told him, "I don't for one minute think that you were all to blame for our 'situation' as you so aptly put it. I'm willing to share if you are," she said, holding out her hand. Severus took her hand in his and pulled her toward him.

"I will share, my fragrant flower, gladly will I share. Now, come here and let us start this day over again."

As he spoke, Severus lay back, his head on the pillow, and lifted the bed clothes, inviting her to join him. She slid underneath the covers and rested her head on his shoulder. Slowly she began to rub her hand across his chest and noticed that his breathing had become relaxed, and she melted into his embrace.

After a moment Severus said, "Please excuse me while I attend to a few personal needs. I'll only be a minute." Stepping out of the bed, he crossed the room to the bath and gently closed the door. He attended to his *needs*, washed his hands and face and freshened his mouth. After casting a Cleansing Charm on his entire being, he returned to the bed and his waiting witch.

Waiting for breakfast had never been so much fun. Exploring with gentle hands and hungry tongues, the Potions master and the Charms mistress renewed their comfortable familiarity from the night before.

*I could become eternally addicted to this magical woman,* Severus told himself.

*I thought he would never realize how desirable I find him,* Hermione thought to herself.

*If it was Winky's own fart...? Funny thing, farts,* mused Winky.

When she arrived in the kitchens to get breakfast for the two lovebirds, all the elves gathered round asking how things had gone between Master Severus and Mistress Hermione. The elves really liked Mistress Hermioneshe meant wellbut they absolutely adored Master Severus!

Winky held up her hands to get them to quiet down and announced to one and all, "Things is very well between the master and the mistress. They is happy, and they is laughing. But **we** is no longer serving beans on Friday. The hairs in Winky's nose is burned, and Winky is not going through that again."

End of this Story