

Filius Flitwick's Massive Motivation Medicament

by WickedlyWanton

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Well, this is my first fic in a long time, and it's the first time my co-writer has ever written a fan fic. In fact, he didn't even know it existed and certainly has no clue about Harry Potter, which made this very challenging. In other words, this is what happens when one of your best friends, who happens to be a man with a beautifully sick and twisted sense of humor, finds out you like to write erotica. Thanks for getting me writing again, "Ed." I love you, dear.

That said, this fic is strictly PWP with no redeeming value what-so-ever. There is no mention of final battles, Books Five through Seven, or any plot remotely canon-based as of today. Definitely AU.

This is also dedicated to all those men out there whose wives, girlfriends, or just female friends subject them to details about fan fiction, what they have read or written, and other Harry Potter obsessions that they do not share but are supportive of.

Disclaimer: This work is to be used for personal entertainment only...all characters and scenes belong to JK Rowling unless otherwise noted, no money was made from this story, and no animals were harmed, experimented on, or used for potions ingredients.

Warnings: Do not attempt anything the characters do at home. Some situations the characters find themselves in could cause pulled and sore muscles, crying, sniffing, and all around hilarity. Do not attempt to read while eating, drinking, or if you have special "issues" that would require medication on a regular basis.

I also want to thank Southern Witch 69 for beta reading this on short notice. You're the best, love!

Hope that covers it all...Enjoy the complete silliness!

On the face of things, it appeared that all was well. Not too hot and not too cold outside. No fights, no whining, nothing that would indicate anything would go amiss today. The "little cherubs" (*More like demon hell-spawn*, he thought) were heading back to the castle from their Hogsmeade Saturday...everyone accounted for, all jokes confiscated, and no stragglers except...

There she was, coming out of the apothecary. Hermione Granger, while still in school, did not really count as a student and therefore did not actually belong with the group moving toward the castle gates. She couldn't possibly be a bigger pain in his ass. He could not deduct points, could not yell and intimidate her as per normal, and could not pretend to treat her with the same antipathy as he did everyone else. Besides being the bane of his existence, he was also painfully aroused by her.

And it all came down to why she was still in school, even at the age of twenty-one. Minerva agreed to keep her on as an apprentice...but not just any apprentice. She was to shadow every professor in the school...one every two years...learning advanced magicks, getting a feel for teaching others, and being primed as a future headmistress of a magical school. He thoroughly believed that she had more nefarious plans. He knew of her ambitious nature, her yearning to be something more, and her need to prove herself...views that he was very familiar with, seeing as he was a Slytherin, and the head one at that. This feeling that she had some exceptional plan formed in that brain, something he was sure would be devious and definitely challenging, was causing him to have a little problem going on around the area of his crotch.

This Hogsmeade weekend, for her, was an exercise in forbearance. She was in her first year of apprenticeship with Filius Flitwick, having already finished one, and had been given the job of chaperone instead of the professor. Unfortunately, Flitwick had developed a magical malady that came with applying too many experimental charms upon the body (why anyone would want an appendage so out of proportion to their body size, he would never know...even if his own "appendage" was rather large, it was not grotesquely so), thereby leaving the professor only able to walk with his legs bowed...something he could not do in any event, owing to the shortness of his legs and the painful dragging of said charmed appendage.

Which was also the reason for her stop in the apothecary. She had been charged, unfairly he thought, with creating a potion to diminish the effects of the backfired charms. He had been asked, but flatly refused, believing it would be better for Flitwick to suffer, the old pervert. What did he need with one that big, anyway? *However*, he thought, *maybe this will work to my advantage*.

Seeing him standing at the end of the street, staring and waiting for her with no students, seemed to make her rush, and she moved from the doorway to hurry to his side. As she arrived, he noted with a groan that she was breathless, and his prick twitched with the thought of how she would sound if breathless for another reason. She looked at him curiously for a moment.

"Did you already send the students back, Professor Snape? We still have thirty minutes before we have to be back at the castle," she said.

Realizing that he had been looking at her without saying anything or moving up the path for several seconds, he retorted, "The problem with you, Miss Granger, is that you state the obvious so many times, that it becomes tedious to answer you. As you can see, there are no children around, so it would appear that they are at the castle as we speak. Considering the fact they are all gone with little fuss, it would also seem that they did not care that there were thirty minutes left."

Leaving her slightly irritated had been his plan...at least it would have made sure that she did not see the erection beginning to tent his robes at the idea of her standing there with her mouth open while staring at him. However, his usually swirling robes had apparently lost their fluttering charm and did nothing but wrap around his legs, effectively tripping him so that he stumbled and almost fell. Almost. Thank goodness for that, because he was humiliated enough with Hermione behind him stifling giggles that were effective in deflating his growing problem. Deciding that looking at her would put him in an even fouler mood, she was still giggling after all, he began to stalk up the trail while surreptitiously recasting the charms on his robes.

Hermione ceased to giggle when she realized Snape was moving at such a fast pace that she would not be able to gain ground on him unless she ran. Hurrying again, she tried to catch up, but it was impossible. He was at least eight strides ahead of her, and she was losing more ground the further they went. Hermione decided to try to make amends. At least then maybe he would slow down. It was not as if she had intended to insult him, but he had looked hilarious floundering with legs wrapped together so very tightly, arms flailing. She would have been dismayed had he actually fallen, but because he wasn't hurt made it all the more entertaining.

"Professor Snape!" she cried out, willing him to hear the plea in her voice. "Professor Snape! Please wait. I meant no harm, sir!"

She thought he would not stop for a long moment...he continued to walk with her puffing behind him, but he eventually made up his mind to acquiesce somewhat and slowed down. It wasn't enough for her to fully catch up to him, but at least he had looked at her over his shoulder without sneering.

Snape, for his part, had already forgiven her, although still petulant. Thankfully, his erection had flagged enough also so that she wouldn't notice. Now, his slight torture of her was for his own amusement. "What potion have you *come up* with to alleviate Filius' self-induced augmentation, Miss Granger?"

Hermione, already slightly flushed from the rush to reach him, reddened even more. She had expected a scathing remark on her inability to control herself or an insult to her person, not a question with an innuendo and humor. He slowed down even more so that her breathing could return to normal and she could answer him, not to mention to prevent a resurgence of the slight erection he was still sporting.

After a moment, Hermione was able to breathe normally again and begin to replace her embarrassment with professionalism. Now walking beside him, she began to recite all the potions that could be useful in helping the professor in easing his inflated member.

"But the most useful I found were Deflating Draughts, Anti-Rigidity Drams, an Agitation Draught, and a Lightness Potion. I am leaning more toward mixing the Agitation Draught and Lightness Potion, however."

Curious, the Potions master allowed her to walk beside him and looked at her sideways. "How did you come up with those two, and why mix them?" Those potions had ingredients that were volatile, and even making one would be dangerous. Mixing them would be an exercise in patience, strength, and speed. He knew she was skilled enough to do it, however...

"I realize that it's dangerous," she explained. "But they could not be taken separately because the finished potions would cancel each other out. By mixing them, the ingredients that would neutralize the finished products, would meld to create a more potent form of each. They would not only be enhanced by each other, but the reactions that originally would occur would be gentler and actually work more effectively for our purpose."

Snape smirked. "And what exactly is the purpose of an Agitation Draught and Lightness Potion? I would have thought that the other two would be more in tune with making the *little problem* go away?"

Hermione blushed and answered quietly with, "He's already tried the other two," before taking a deep breath. "And I figured that the two things he had not tried were going to be two potions that we do not keep in stock at Hogwarts. Hence, the Agitation Draught...guaranteed to produce localized... um..."

"Arousal, yes," he supplied, shuddering with the idea of Flitwick's arousal even in the best of circumstances.

"Yes, well," she said faintly, waving her hand before continuing. "Anyway, I thought that there must be something else that was the problem since the other potions didn't work. I realized that it wasn't just his... penis and testicles that he cast the charms on...repeatedly over the years, apparently...but he somehow also managed to cast them on the gametes, which for some reason is preventing those potions from working at the cellular level." Hermione's color rose even more, and she was quiet for a moment, causing Snape to look at her closely. The ill look on her face caused him some concern, and he stopped, placing his hand upon her shoulder.

"Are you well, Miss Granger?" he asked. "Do you need me to help carry those ingredients?"

Hermione sighed. "No," she replied, not meeting his eyes. "I am fine; I just need to clear my mind a moment."

Hermione took several more deep breaths as Snape watched her. Finally, she met his eyes wryly. "Let's finish the walk and I'll tell you my theory. Only, you have to promise that it won't go beyond us, and you have to promise that you won't laugh and make my life miserable for it."

Duly promised by a slightly puzzled Snape, she continued. "You see, the reason for these specific potions is to do two things. One, the Lightness Potion will cause weightlessness. Professor Flitwick has to be able to *move things* around. This will help..." Here she paused.

Comprehension began to dawn on Snape, and he sincerely hoped that he was wrong. "Help what?" he asked.

"Help the work of the second potion." Hermione was looking even peakier than before. "The Agitation Draught is to create excitement, as already stated...arousal. I think

that he has to rid himself of all the sperm that were altered by the most recent charm work."

Although he had seen it coming, he was still unprepared for the vision of Filius Flitwick, two hands vigorously rubbing on a huge, two-foot long penis that stood out before him, threatening to topple him over and repeatedly ejaculating, that popped into his head.

He got rooked. He knew it! He knew that there was no way that he was going to let Hermione take on the responsibility of making those potions and figuring out how to meld them without blowing up half the school. Besides...she had to do it in his laboratory, and he couldn't allow all his other ingredients to become contaminated now, could he? Hence his current tizzy over the way that some of the more volatile ingredients were sliced.

"These roots are to be chopped, not sliced, Hermione!" he snapped at her while motioning to the thinly sliced amaryllis roots.

"If you chop them, they would interact negatively with the lobelia causing paralysis and death, Severus," she stated calmly.

"Only if they were coarsely chopped, Hermione. As is, this will cancel the gelsemium's effect and leave the belladonna's poison so potent that the vapors themselves will cause us to walk around the castle for days fighting dark lords and wizards, and maybe some who are not, and confessing all our sins to the suits of armor when we come across them before expiring in the most painful way possible!"

"Well, what do you propose we do?" she asked. It had a calming effect as much as anything that she didn't raise her voice, and it delighted him that she was giving him something to do other than just observe.

By the time he decided to keep the roots sliced and that the only way to make sure that they melded properly without loss of life was to stir anti-clockwise twenty times instead of nineteen, he had taken over production completely and was giving her orders. Close to the end, he had sent her to bed...they had been brewing for sixteen hours straight, and she looked exhausted. He continued for another two hours before placing the last of the ingredients into the cauldron. Unfortunately, when he did so, some of the potion sloshed out, unnoticed, and slowly spread across the table where Snape had placed his hand as he looked into the clear potion.

Hermione was awakened from a deep sleep three hours after Severus sent her to bed by a reverberating banging on the door.

"Hermione! Open the door!" came Snape's voice from the other side.

Exhausted, Hermione rolled out of bed, threw on her robe and jerked the door open.

"What in the name of Merlin do you..." she began, but there was no one there.

"Huh," she said, puzzled, and began to close the door again when suddenly Snape swooped down from the ceiling and grabbed her.

"Don't close the door! I don't know how long I can stay this close to the ground without holding on to something."

Shocked, Hermione looked into his slightly panicked face. "What on earth happened to you?" she asked as she pulled him inside. He was weightless, it seemed, slightly bent double, as though in pain, but his feet did not touch the ground, and it appeared as though he was being pulled toward the ceiling by his back. She had to cling to him to keep him from floating away.

"I should have been more careful. As I was putting the last ingredients in, some of the potion came out of the cauldron. They didn't have time to meld properly before some touched my hand. Apparently, skin contact is all it would take in that form and..." he said, although he broke off and looked at her, horrified.

"What is it, Severus? What's wrong?" she asked, scared by the way he was staring at her.

"Other than the issue of skin contact and the extreme lightness, I would say that the rest of the potion works exceedingly well," he ground out, wincing as he tried to move away from her slightly.

That's when she understood. Touching her had set off a catalyst, and he was becoming hard from the effect of the potion just from her arms around him. However, she didn't want to let him go either. It was bad enough that Peeves "kept her company" at times... She didn't want her old Potions master floating above her head and leering at her while she tried to think of some way to remedy what had happened. She held on to him even more tightly while she thought.

Snape, by that time, was almost completely gone. One smell of her hair, one touch of her sleep-warmed body, and one ghost of her breath across his neck had nearly done him in. It was compounded by the fact that he was already attracted to her, and while he would never act on it under normal circumstances, the potion was placing images in his mind that overrode common sense and made him think that Hermione was coming on to him.

So he kissed her. No light, tentative, exploring kiss was this one either. If she were putting herself out there for him, he thought, he would be a fool not to take what she offered. He plundered her mouth with a force unknown to him before, his arousal forcing him to suck on her lips, her tongue, and in all ways, own her mouth.

Hermione was shocked and at first could not move. She tried to tear her mouth away from him, but the idea of him floating up to the ceiling again was foremost in her mind. At an impasse, she kissed him back, hoping that he would realize what he was doing...kissing the one person she was sure that he would regret as soon as the potion wore off.

But that was the problem. When she thought of it, she realized that the only way to diminish the effects of the potion was ejaculation. They had designed it that way. Intention went a long way into the way magic worked, and potions were no exception. This realization, coupled with the fact Hermione was impressed with the way Snape was kissing her, led her to one decision. She was going to fuck her ex-Potions master.

Decision made, she began kissing him back in earnest. As someone who she never would have thought she could have, it was exciting to know that, even if potion-induced, he wanted her. Such a heady feeling she had only once before in her life, and that had to do with knowing she was a witch. The comparison between such life-altering knowledge and what he was doing to her was wreaking havoc on her senses, inducing an arousal so intoxicating that when Snape began to actively hike up her robes, and the dress she had on underneath, she began to do the same to him while still keeping a tight grip.

"Do you want this?" Snape asked, tearing his mouth away. He had gotten his hands under the robes and was desperately massaging the globes of her ass, pulling and pushing her hips in a semblance of sex that was both completely unintentional on his part and profoundly stimulating on hers.

Finally able to pull off his robes, she looked at him searchingly. "Of course I want this!" she confessed, nearly losing herself in the inky darkness of his eyes.

"I don't want pity," he whispered. "I don't want you to do this out of some strange sense of honor, thinking to help me 'get over' this potion. I would rather you take me to my room and let me get on with what I need to do there, if that's the way it is."

Hermione thought for a moment. It had not even occurred to her to take him to his rooms. Now that she had him there, had already gotten him out of his robes, and he was kneading her behind in the most interesting and arousing of ways, she knew she was not letting him go. Not for a moment.

"Since I am the cause of your...problem...I plan on taking full responsibility for you and give you the cure. There is no pity here..." she whispered as she gave him what she hoped was a sultry look. "None what-so-ever. I want you as much as you want me."

Snape pulled her to him forcefully, causing her to teeter slightly into him and both float a few inches above the floor before settling back down. Before Hermione could say

anything, he was kissing her again with even more enthusiasm as before. Slowly, so as not to disconnect their lips or his hands from her ass, she moved toward her bedroom.

Well, this is interesting, Hermione thought as they finally got to the bed. It had taken all she had to pull him with her. Their hands had been everywhere...well, his hands had disposed of all her clothing while she had moved him and done what she could with one hand. And he was not being helpful. With her naked, he seemed unconcerned that she only had his trousers down to his knees and his coat and shirt hanging by one arm. He proceeded to fondle her breasts, both hands kneading and pulling and pinching, making them swell and her nipples harden in arousal.

It wasn't helping that he was thrusting his pelvis into her stomach, his engorged cock pushing into her soft belly, leaving a wet trail of pre-come behind it as he moved away. Nor was it helping that he was whispering the naughtiest of words and suggestions as he kissed her mouth, neck, and breasts. "I want to push my hard cock into your delectable mouth," and "Your cunt is so hot, steaming for me, that I can feel the heat emanating from you on my cock and balls," preceded a particularly energetic lunge against her stomach.

Arriving at the bed, Hermione pushed Snape down and straddled him, facing his legs. He was not wrong about her...she was so wet she was almost dripping, and it was all she could do to concentrate on getting his boots and trousers completely off. He was running his hands up and down her back as she pulled off his boots, but when she began on his pants, he ran them under her bottom, pressing his fingers lightly on the lips of her pussy before sliding them in between and spreading her wetness to her clit. It didn't help her any that his cock was trapped in the crack of her ass and it rubbed against her in the process of his fondling.

Knowing neither could wait, she turned as soon as she could tear his pants from him and impaled herself on his cock. Slamming herself onto his prick brought loud groans from both of them, and Snape thrust his hips, lifting them off the bed a couple of inches. Hermione looked at him and giggled, then smirked when she began rolling her hips, stimulating them both to the extent that Snape's eyes rolled to the back of his head and Hermione's breathing shortened. Leaning down close to his ear, she kissed the side of his neck and whispered, "Just be still. Let me do all the work."

And he did. She reached behind her, placing her hands on his knees and using his legs for leverage as she slowly lifted her body, his cock sliding out of her until just the head remained before she sank back down letting her inner muscles massage him. Her position had an added benefit, as it allowed him to continue caressing her breasts with one hand, and stroking her clit with the other.

All too soon, this was quite enough for the both of them. Snape clutched her hips and swiftly rolled them as she grasped his shoulders. He thrust into her a couple of times before pulling out.

"Get on your knees," he growled. "I want to do this from behind."

Holding onto her as she turned her back to him and rose to her knees, Snape spread his legs to the outside of hers and intertwined them. This brought his crotch closer to hers, and he reached down with one hand and rubbed his cock up and down her slit.

"Oh, Merlin," she whispered as he slowly inserted the head into her slick cunt. She cried out when he began thrusting, taking every inch of his cock into her and feeling him bottoming out against her cervix. He grunted loudly, and feeling him swell within her, she knew it would not be long before he came. She moved her hand to her clit and began rubbing vigorously, sliding her hand back often to squeeze his cock slightly as he pulled away from her, spreading her essence further to coat his sack.

As she came, she threw her head back and screamed, her legs twitching and disengaging slightly from his. Her orgasm set off his, and as she felt the first pulse from his prick, something strange occurred. She felt him pull out of her and turned her head just in time to see Snape flying into the air, propelled by the force of his ejaculation. Then he convulsed as his glistening cock jettisoned a long rope of thick spunk directly at Hermione's ass. She pivoted on one knee and rose slightly from the bed, much like a dog begging and caught the come in her mouth. Its salty goodness hit the back of her throat.

However, the force of the jism leaving his shaft forced him higher in the air and further across the room. He was almost eight feet above the ground when his cock launched another massive rope of come in Hermione's direction. She fell backward on her bed and allowed the come to land on her engorged tits. She fingered herself briefly before she saw that Snape had taken hold of his tool in his left hand (she had never noticed that he was left-handed before) and rubbed another medium-sized load of come out of his still veiny cock directly at Hermione. Snape's aim was perfect, and the hot cream landed on her wet pussy lips, their combined juices melting into her peachy womanhood, pushing Hermione to ecstasy once again. Hermione was completely lost in the afterglow of her orgasm as the final small pearls of yummy goodness rained down on her from Snape's pulsating rod. She heard Snape swear lightly as his head hit the ceiling, some fourteen feet above the ground. Luckily for him, the effects did not wear off instantly or he might have broken a leg from that height. Instead he slid slowly down the wall and was almost asleep by the time he touched the floor.

"Typical man," Hermione said with affection as she levitated Snape to the bed.

As she threw a blanket over him, he blinked at her sleepily with a slight leer on his face and asked, "Did you quite enjoy the ride on my fun stick and being soaked in my love goo?"

She stared at him for several minutes then smirked at him as she fingered the long rope of come still draped between her two peach-colored nipples. "Yum," she said, raising her fingers to her mouth and licking the stickiness from them. "We may need to do this again. *Very soon.*" He then passed out with a large grin on his face, and Hermione made a mental note to record the very interesting side effects...for future reference, of course.

Filius Flitwick was immensely happy with his potion. After being warned that he could float while under its effects, and the resulting testosterone soaking of the brain, he spent the entire week within his rooms, testing different ways in which the potion could be utilized for his extra-large asset. However, this led to another problem. It seems that he enjoyed the effects of the potion so much that he decided to develop a charm that would equal its effects in both arousal and weightlessness. Again, Hermione was charged with developing a potion that would counter the charm-poisoning, the problem being that of sporadic ejaculation creating the need for more house-elves in the laundry. But that's another story. And yes, Snape did help test that one, too, and remained by Hermione's side, despite the fact that she had no nefarious plans up her sleeve. He was sure that would come later...