

Gigglers Revenge

by ShilohDarke

Snape is hit with an exploding potion. The results are quite unexpected. Draco and Hermione must take over teaching potions until Severus recovers. Rated for later chapters!

Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 5

Snape is hit with an exploding potion. The results are quite unexpected. Draco and Hermione must take over teaching potions until Severus recovers. Rated for later chapters!

JKR owns Anything and Everything you recognize. I am only playing with the characters for a little while. I promise to return them unharmed when I am done!

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**ACCIDENTALLY**

Severus walked down the aisle, watching each student as they worked over their cauldrons. He had not planned on letting them take on such an endeavor so early in their Seventh Year. But the student that was the most successful at such a dangerous potion would be the one he would offer the apprenticeship to.

He smirked glumly. As if there were any question as to who would produce the best potion. Turning, he lifted an eyebrow in Hermione's direction. She was most certainly the best in his class. The only other student that could even hold a candle in comparison was Draco.

His eyes turned to the boy on the far side of the room. His smirk turned into a mirthless smile as he noticed that Draco was working very hard at the potion as well, but kept stealing sideways glances in Hermione's direction. The boy was not stupid. He knew that she was the only thing standing in his way of this apprenticeship as well as Severus did.

Continuing to make his way down the aisle, he cast a worried look in Longbottom's direction when the careless boy turned an entire bottle of nightshade over the cauldron and began to empty the contents haphazardly into the mixture, instead of just the pinch that was required.

Moving at lightning speed, he pushed the clumsy youth to the floor just in time to miss the violent blast. However, Severus was caught directly in the explosion's path and, unlike Longbottom who had went sailing across the room, it hit him full force.

Hermione came to her feet and stood in shock, waiting for the smoke to clear. When her eyes focused on Snape, she saw he was still lying on the floor. Was he even breathing?

Rushing to his side, she knelt and took his hand. Gently, she patted the side of his face, trying to revive him. "Professor Snape? Professor, wake up." Concern showed on her features when she raised her eyes and looked at the other students who were staring, stunned at the unconscious wizard on the floor.

Longbottom stood before the rest of them. His expression was one of total shock. Hermione glared in his direction. "Well, don't just *stand there!* Someone help me take him to the hospital wing!" Standing up, she used her wand, calling out, "*Wingardium Leviosa!*"

Instantly, Snape's unconscious body rose into the air as if he weighed nothing more than a feather. Drawing a deep breath, she looked over her shoulder. "Draco, would you Floo Professor Dumbledore and tell him what's happened? I trust you can keep the class in order until he can get here?"

Draco started to sneer some foul words in her direction before he realized she was being polite and asking for help. Immediately, his sneer disappeared, to be replaced with a guarded look of respect. "Yes, Hermione. I will make sure everything stays as it should."

With a nod, Hermione turned and floated the sleeping wizard out the door. She was worried over him. He was breathing, but the gods only knew what kind of damage that potion had inflicted upon him.

When she reached the hospital wing, Ron was there being tended by Madam Pomfrey. They both stopped and turned to see who had been floated in. Ron dropped his jaw. "Bloody hell! What happened, Hermione?"

Hermione gently floated the professor down on the nearest bed. Sparing only a glance to Ron, she answered, "Longbottom."

Madam Pomfrey rolled her eyes as she moved to stand beside the bed. Leaning down, she took a closer look at the man occupying the bed. "Why he allows the boy to continue in his classes when he obviously has no gift for the subject is simply beyond me!" she swore softly.

Hermione and Ron watched as the mediwitch worked over the senseless man. After a moment, she tutted and pulled a vial of a amber colored liquid out of her pocket. When she pulled off the cork, Hermione and Ron both took a step back, drawing faces at the terrible odor.

Madam Pomfrey glanced at them. "Yes, I know it smells to high heaven. But it is something that will bring him around. He has no concussion, so there is no reason why he should be asleep."

When she held the putrid vial beneath his nose, the man came awake with a start. Looking around, he took in his surroundings. He looked from the mediwitch to Hermione and Ron. Then, he did the one thing no one was expecting him to do... He broke out in laughter.

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Hermione, Ron and Madam Pomfrey all stared in horror at the wizard before them. In shock, Hermione glanced at her watch. For twenty minutes he had been awake and laughing so hard that there was no way he could even get a word out edgewise.

The mediwitch turned to Hermione. "Go and get me some remnants of that potion! I must study it before I can even begin to consider how to make an antidote."

With a quick nod, Hermione turned to leave. She stopped at Ron's crestfallen look. "Can't we keep him like this? I rather like him this way." He gestured to the bed where the man was laughing so hard his eyes were tearing up. "He's more approachable like that."

Giving her friend a rather admonishing glance, she shook her head. "This *isn't* something to joke about! If he can't calm down, he could end up hyperventilating," she paused, looking back at the man, "or worse."

Ron looked down, clearly ashamed of his joke. "I know, I know. I was just wishing," he answered softly, looking away.

With a nod in Madam Pomfrey's direction, Hermione went back to the classroom to see if there was even any potion left.

When she reached the room, it was to find that most of the students had been dismissed. Dumbledore sat behind Snape's desk with Draco beside him and Neville before him. The three of them turned to face her as she moved to the shattered cauldron that still sat on the floor.

Draco was the first to speak. "So, how is he?" he asked softly.

She spared him a glance before pulling an empty vial from her robes. "Giggling hysterically. Madam Pomfrey wants a sample of the potion." Her eyes turned to Neville. "She has to research the potion before she will even know if there is a needed cure."

Neville swallowed loudly before asking, "Needed? What do you mean?"

Hermione sighed as she used her wand to command the spilt ingredients into the vial. "I mean, the effects of the potion could wear off on their own. Or it could take an antidote potion to fix him."

Draco had been watching her face, and he voiced the other, worse outcome for her. "Or there may not be a cure."

Hermione looked to him sadly and nodded. "Yes, there is that."

Neville turned three shades of white before he sank down onto the floor. "Oh, *blimey*, what have I done?" he said to himself more than anyone else.

Draco turned eyes to the other student and sneered. He would have said something about Neville's incompetency but Dumbledore stayed him. Rolling his eyes, he crossed his arms and looked away.

Dumbledore stood and moved to Hermione's side. "We must believe that all will end well," he said in a gentle, knowing voice.

He then turned and spoke in his usual, kind way. "Neville, you may go now."

Draco watched as Neville fled the classroom before turning back to Dumbledore and asking, "You're just going to let him go? He very likely has killed Snape, and you are just letting him leave?"

Dumbledore looked at Draco with patient eyes. "Why, yes. I believe I am. If Severus had not pushed the boy out of the way, then it would have been himself that he hexed, not the professor. There was no malice in this event. Therefore, it would be useless for me to punish him."

Turning back to Hermione, he smiled. "Let's go deliver this potion to Madam Pomfrey, shall we?"

Hermione nodded, and together, the three of them made their way to the hospital wing.

When they entered, they heard Severus' voice. "That damn bloody fool! He's gone and nearly killed me. Again!"

For a moment, they each thought that the effects of the potion had worn off. Until he let loose a hysterical laugh that was so unlike him, it gave them each pause.

Dumbledore moved forward, going far enough into the room that Severus saw him. The younger wizard pointed his finger accusingly in the headmaster's direction. "I demand," snicker, "that you," he gasped before covering his mouth and giggling again, "dismiss that boy!" Cackling commenced.

Draco and Hermione looked from Professor Snape to each other, then back to him. It was like some Muggle horror movie. The wizard before them looked like Snape. His facial expressions were Snape's. But the constant chortling was nothing like the man they knew.

Madam Pomfrey rushed to Hermione's side. "Do you have it?"

Hermione instantly handed the mediwitch the vial. "He seems better now."

Madam Pomfrey raised an eyebrow in Snape's direction. "I gave him a sedative potion. It has calmed him down somewhat, but it won't last long. At this rate I'll have to dose him again in half an hour." She shook her head. "I can only dose him with that kind of potion a few times a day without his body becoming addicted to it."

Suddenly, Severus began to cackle once again. Tears flowed from his eyes, and he grasped at his sides. "Blast and Damnation!" Laugh, laugh, laugh. "Kill me now! End this bloody torment!" He tried to glare in Dumbledore's direction, but was unable to do more than smile sheepishly before breaking down into another dozen giggles.

"Albus," Minerva spoke up from the far side of the room where she had been sitting quietly, watching the other professor's torment. "I am of the opinion that even if Madam Pomfrey can find a way to cure his malady, it won't be soon enough for him to return to classes tomorrow."

Albus nodded at Minerva's words and turned to look at Hermione and Draco who were still watching Snape in concern. "Then, I suppose, his two star pupils will have to substitute for him."

At that, everyone else in the room fell silent. Hermione, Draco, and Ron all stared open mouthed at the Headmaster.

Severus looked in astonishment from Albus to the students in question before exclaiming. "Oh, dear Merlin!" At which time, he exploded into laughter once again. "I'm imploring you!" snicker, snicker, gasp. "I'm having a nightmare! That's what this is! A bloody, terrible nightmare!" Chortle, chuckle, giggle, glurp. "I'll have that boy's head on a platter!"

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Severus held his hand over his mouth all the way from the hospital wing down to the dungeons. He had taken some more of Poppy's sedative. It helped calm the disgusting urge to cackle senselessly. But it still did nothing to remedy the shit-eating grin that forced his mouth so wide open that it showed every frigging tooth he had.

Hermione and Draco followed from a distance. The professor had insisted on making it to his rooms on his own. However, Dumbledore had insisted that the two accompany him in order to give assistance if someone were to notice that he was not entirely himself.

Severus may have seemed unusually pleasant to the casual observer, but in truth, he was seething with anger. Longbottom was going to pay for this. That incompetent fool would rue the day he had first stepped near a cauldron. The stupid boy had quite possibly ruined his ability to spy for the Order. How was he supposed to convince the Dark Lord that he was the same, miserable, spiteful, fearsome Death Eater, if he couldn't even wipe a bloody smile from his face?

Relief flooded him as he drew nearer to his quarters. If he could just make it to his room, and put a silencing charm on it, then no one would be the wiser about this whole incident while Madam Pomfrey searched for a cure. He wasn't sure he liked the idea of Hermione and Draco teaching in his place. They were more likely to blow the entire castle to kingdom come.

Biting down on his tongue to keep himself from giggling in the hall, he neared his chamber. Just as he was nearing his door, Goyle appeared. The boy looked startled for a moment, before composing himself. "Are you feeling better, Professor Snape?" he asked in a polite voice.

Severus clamped his hand down on his mouth that much tighter and just nodded. "Uhm-hmm," he moaned through his hand and hastily moved past him to edge closer to his door, feeling sure that he would be able to save face if he could just get to the safety of his room.

Just then, Pansy rounded the corner. She collided with him. He would have been able to continue as he had, if she had not stepped rather clumsily on his foot. Immediately, his mouth shot open, but instead of the obscenities and anger Pansy had been expecting, laughter emerged from his lips. A look of total misery crossed his features as he erupted into peels of hysterical laughter.

Draco and Hermione exchanged glances before rushing to help him get past the gawking Pansy and into his chambers safely. Draco hissed in Pansy's direction as they passed, "Forget you saw this, Parkinson!"

Hermione raised an eyebrow in response to his words to his housemate. Once they delivered Snape safely into his chambers and had locked and warded the door with a silencing charm, she questioned him. "What was the point in telling her to forget what she'd just seen?"

Draco rounded on her. "Shut up, Granger! I told her to forget it because she will take that to mean that it is important to not tell anyone about this." He looked down his nose at her, adding, "Unlike *all Gryffindors*, we Slytherins know how and when to keep our mouths shut!"

Until that moment, the incessant snickering of Professor Snape had lessened. But at Draco's remark, the hint of laughter once again became snorts of hysteria that would have been infectious if it came from anyone else. "*Pansy Parkinson?*" he snorted through wails of chortling giggles. "What freckle on Dumbledore's arse made you think that she could keep a secret?" Snort. Chortle, chortle. Snort. "That girl's tongue wags so continuously," snarf, giggle, snort, snort, "that she has to tie it in half just to keep it in her mouth each morning!"

Despite themselves, they both stared at the professor in a mixture of mirth and disbelief at his words. Hermione covered her mouth with her hand to keep from laughing at his cutting remarks.

Draco swallowed once, twice, three times to keep from smiling at the observation of his Head of House. Shaking his head, he asked, "Do you think she will tell what she's seen?"

Snape resembled a drunk man when he waved his hand off in no immediate direction. "She's already told!" Snicker. "Who do you think had to Obliviate the entire House of Slytherin when she walked in on you in the loo that time?" Cackling commenced for several moments. "I mean," giggle, "I couldn't very well let," snort, "the word get back to your father that you were jacking off in the loo, whispering Hermione's name, now could I? Heee...Hee..Ha, ha, hooo..." he succumbed at that moment to another outburst of hysterical laughter.

Draco turned scarlet and trembled for several moments. When he looked in Hermione's direction, she was staring at him in horror. He quickly turned away from her and made his way to the fireplace. Grabbing a handful of Floo powder, he stepped into the green flame, saying a hasty, "Head Boy's chambers!"

Hermione stared after him for a few moments before looking back at Snape. Gathering up her courage, she approached him. Her eyes met his and he actually stopped laughing for a moment, simply by the hurt look on her face.

When she realised she had his full attention, she whispered, "That was cruel, even for you." Stepping closer to him, she handed him the sleeping draught Poppy had given her to give to him once they had reached his chambers.

Once his hand clasped it, she turned away from him and stepped into the Floo herself. "Professor Dumbledore's Office."

Alone, Severus burst into another fit of giggles and slid down the wall. Once he sat on his haunches, he uncorked the sleeping potion and pressed it carefully to his open, laughing mouth. Tipping the drink up, he poured it down his throat. The only thing he wished for more than to wake up from this nightmare, was possibly death.

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Chapter 2

Chapter 2 of 5

Same as first. rated for future chapters

A/N: No, it's not mine. Anything you recognize can only be claimed by JKR.

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Ch 2: Actions and Consequences

Hermione stepped through the Floo, only to find Dumbledore sitting behind his desk looking at an object balanced in his palm. Tilting her head, Hermione stepped closer. "Professor, what is that?"

Dumbledore didn't look away from it, but answered her softly. "This, Miss Granger, is called *aradd it all*. It is what I am sending to Poppy to try to figure out the exact ingredients to Longbottom's potion." With a smile, he set the strange gadget aside and gave her his full attention. "Did you and Mr Malfoy deliver Professor Snape to his quarters without incident?"

Hermione sighed and shook her head. "Not quite, sir. Parkinson saw us." She winced as she thought of how embarrassed Draco must have been at what Snape revealed. She wasn't quite sure what she thought of the revelation. She hated to think that he'd been tossing off in the loo, thinking of her as he did it.

Albus smiled, nodding in understanding. "Of course. Well, we will deal with any ramifications from that come tomorrow. Now, what is it that is bothering you?"

Hermione's eyes widened as she realized that the chances were good that Dumbledore already knew what had transpired between his Potions professor and the two students before she had even entered his office. Swallowing, she answered, "Professor Snape shared something that I wasn't supposed to know about during our trip to his rooms." She could feel the blush creeping up her cheeks. "I actually believe he quite embarrassed Malfoy."

Pursing his lips, Dumbledore tilted his head and seemed to consider her words before responding softly, "Yes... the incidents in the loo."

Hermione's eyes bulged and her jaw dropped. "How do you...? I mean, what is the...?" she stammered. "... Hey! What do you mean *incidents*?" She sat in the nearest chair, a shocked look on her face. "He did it more than once? While thinking of me?"

Albus sat back and clasped his hands before him, smiling. "It is irrelevant, Miss Granger. As you said, it was never planned for you to know about such times." He glanced at his timepiece before offering her a sympathetic look. "Considering that you and Mr Malfoy have only the evening before you are to teach Professor Snape's class, it might serve you both to confer about where exactly you plan to pick up where he's left off. Don't you agree?"

Hermione nodded, a dismal look still playing across her face as she made to stand. "Yes, sir. I'll Floo him once I get to the classroom..."

Dumbledore nodded. "Excellent! I shall make everyone aware that until further notice, you and Mr Malfoy are excused from the curfew that falls upon all the other students."

Hermione smiled timidly and moved to pardon herself. "Thank you, Headmaster."

The old man watched her leave. The twinkle in his eye grew especially dazzling as he watched her go. This was going to be a most fun adventure, after all. Thanks to Longbottom, this year was going to be quite interesting after all.

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Draco paced the classroom anxiously. He had pulled out several volumes of spells and potions, trying to decide which one would be the best to attempt teaching to their classmates in Snape's absence. He had narrowed it down to three different spells, all of which he was accomplished at preparing. Now, he simply needed Hermione's approval.

Glancing at the door with a look of impatience, he wondered what was keeping her? After all, she was the one who had sent him a message that they should discuss a plan of action for the following day. He would have been more than happy to just have the Potions class cancelled until further notice.

In a huff, he sat down in the professor's desk and balanced his chin on his palm. This was ridiculous. Where was she? Why wasn't she here yet? She was usually so punctual. One hardly ever witnessed Hermione Granger being late for anything.

Almost as if she heard his inner pondering, Hermione walked through the door. Her usually unkempt, riotous curls were pulled back in a neat, if somewhat damp ponytail. Also, her school robes had been replaced by a pair of Muggle jeans and a baby blue t-shirt.

Draco found himself gaping at her as she moved to the head of the class where he sat. Catching himself, he looked away just before she looked up at him.

"I'm sorry I'm late, but I imagine we will be busy detailing the studies most of the night, so I went ahead and bathed, so I won't have to worry with it come morning." Her voice was soft, and she offered him a fleeting smile as she drew closer.

Draco found that he was thankful that the desk hid certain parts of his anatomy from her. "Yes, well," He scowled, clearing his throat. He was determined to be a royal git. It was already more than he could stand for her to know he fantasized about her. "Next time, bathe on your own time, Granger. *I, for one* would like to get some rest tonight."

Nodding, Hermione looked away from him and sighed. "Point taken. So, what do you feel we should teach tomorrow?"

When she looked back at him, it was to find him staring at her lips. Somewhat baffled, she reached up and wiped the corners of her mouth with her thumb and forefinger. "What? Do I... do I have something on my face?"

Draco watched her hand move from her mouth to brush a stray curl away from her face. How soft was her hair? Did she ever wonder things like this about him? Had she ever imagined what they might be like together? Realizing the directions of his thoughts, he looked down to the notes he had been taking and cleared his throat. "Uhm... No. I just was wondering what cleanser you use."

Immediately, he could have hexed himself. What in the bloody hell was he doing? Asking what cleansers a Mudblood used? His mother would have him gelded if she knew what he was finding himself thinking about. "Nevermind," he said in a deeper voice. "Let's just get on with this, shall we? I made a list of the potions I believe Professor Snape would have had us working on next." He pushed the parchment towards her. "Take your pick. I'm familiar with all of them, so it shouldn't be a problem for me." He smirked, "That is, if you think you would be comfortable with those."

Hermione looked over the list of potions on the parchment, then nodded with a smile. "Oh, I'm familiar with all of these as well. I think that any of them would be an

excellent choice." She began making notes in the margins. "If you like, we can split up the lesson. One of us can teach the proper mixing techniques, then the other can show proper simmering levels and directions of stirring."

Draco nodded. "I suppose that will do. So do you have a preference on which one we should teach first?"

Hermione shook her head. "No. Any of them are acceptable to me."

Taken somewhat off guard by her friendly manner, Draco again found himself staring at her. When she didn't make any comment on his watching her, he found himself asking, "Why are you being so agreeable with me? We hate each other, don't we?"

Looking up from the parchment, she shook her head. "This isn't about us, Malfoy. This is about filling in for Professor Snape until he is able to resume his duties." As she looked back down at the list, she added. "For what it's worth, I thought Professor Snape was a complete prat to say anything about what you do in the loo." She was careful to keep her eyes downcast as she said this.

Draco felt his cheeks burning at her words and was grateful that she didn't look at him. For a moment, he simply sat, trying to collect his thoughts. Then, he spoke in a quiet voice. "Please, don't say anything to the other members of your trio. That would just be too humiliating." Then he rolled his eyes. "I do have a reputation to protect, since I am a *Malfoy*."

Hermione looked up at him that time. Her eyes met his, and the look on his face made her lips curve into a wide smile. She bit the inside of her cheek to keep from giving in to the urge to laugh hysterically. Nodding emphatically, she drew a shaky breath and cleared her throat before answering. "I wouldn't dream of jeopardizing your *precious reputation*, Malfoy. Believe me, that is the furthest thing from my mind."

For a moment, Draco stared at her dumbly before he found her own smile contagious and allowed himself a small smile before gesturing back to their potion list. "If you are sure these potions will work, then I don't see why we should have to remain here any longer tonight..."

Hermione nodded and stepped back from the desk. When she turned and began to make her way to the door, Draco found himself staring raptly at her backside as it swayed with each step she took.

She hesitated at the door, turning, "Would you care to walk back to Head rooms together? I mean, we are right down the hall from each other."

Draco sputtered as he used the heel of his hand to push his erection down. Thankful that the professor's desk still separated them, he shook his head. "I must make a slight detour, I'm afraid. But I will see you in the morning," he squeaked in a voice that sounded strangely high for him.

Hermione tilted her head and considered asking him if he felt well, but instead just nodded after a moment and turned, leaving him alone in the classroom to deal with his *problem*.

Chapter Three

Chapter 3 of 5

Snape is hit with an exploding potion. The results are quite unexpected. Draco and Hermione must take over teaching potions until Severus recovers. Rated for later chapters!

Disclaimer: Of course I own nothing here you recognize. Only JKR can claim that honor. I just like to borrow them, because what can I say? They make for excellent fan-fiction!

A/N: I finally got an idea on how to continue with this! (I know, I know... But, better late than never, right?)

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Chapter 3: Brooding and Cackling

Severus came to with a pounding headache rattling his brain. Glancing around, he was disgusted to find he was laid out on the floor directly inside his rooms. With an angry sneer, he rose and moved to the loo. Turning on the water, he stripped and entered the shower. Washing himself thoroughly, he then got out and used a towel to dry off.

Entering his bedroom, he opened the closet and pulled out his usual robes. Once they were on, he stared at himself in the full-length mirror beside his bed. With an approving nod, he turned and was struck with the urge to laugh. For some crazy reason, just the idea of trying to beat the know-it-all and his favorite Slytherin to class before they made Potions a joke brought a smile to his face.

His steps slowed, and he curiously turned and made his way back to the mirror. Taking a deep breath, he leaned close and stared hard at his reflection. Something was out of place, but he was having trouble figuring out exactly what it was.

Suddenly, he leapt back from the mirror. "A-ha!" He pointed an accusing finger at his reflection. "I *knew* it!" He panted angrily at his image. "You may not be a hysterical, laughing baboon this morning, but you're still a smiling idiot!" Pacing the length of his room, he tried in vain to force his mouth into its usual sneer. When he felt he had succeeded, he approached the mirror once more and glared at his appearance. Looking himself dead in the eye, he nodded. The eyes looked cold... fierce. *Check.*

His gaze moved down to his nose... He rolled his eyes. *Well, not much I can do about that poor excuse for an olfaction, but at least it doesn't give the smile away.* Squaring his shoulders, he continued his inspection. When his eyes fell to his lips, he clenched his teeth and jumped up and down several times. "Damnation! Blast! Merlin's beard is full of creepy crawlies!"

Giving up, his shoulders slumped. His eyes held an expression of unhappy countenance, but his mouth was open in a big, toothy grin. There just was no escape from it! "I'm *cursed!*" he

muttered softly.

Well, it couldn't be helped; he may not be able to teach his class, but he'd be buggered if he wasn't going to supervise their sorry attempts at taking his place. Moving to his

closet once more, he grabbed his invisibility cloak, which he rarely used, and donned it.

Unlike Harry's poor excuse for an invisibility cloak, Severus' was much better. He had no reason to cower beneath it to stay hidden. It was as long as he was tall, and it had a hood that allowed him to leave his face uncovered, as the hood cloaked him entirely.

Giving in to the urge for once, he allowed himself a deep chuckle at his ingenious plan. Miss Granger and his godson would be teaching the class this morning, but he'd be there to ensure they didn't allow the students to destroy the classroom.

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Hermione sat behind the desk, looking over her last minute notes. Everything was in order. The supplies had already been counted and set out for the students to gather as they needed. The directions were on the board. While she was directing them as to the appropriate cutting and preparing techniques, Draco would supervise their progress to ensure no one would slip up, resulting in a repeat of the last incident, which had left Snape in his current predicament.

Draco strolled into the room looking every bit the pureblood he knew he was. When Hermione glanced up, her jaw fairly dropped at the sight of him. He caught her stunned expression before she was able to mask it and smiled knowingly. *So, she isn't completely immune to my charms, now, is she?* he thought with relish.

Pretending not to notice her reaction, he moved to the desk and sat down beside her, calmly waiting for the students to begin filing in. Hermione spared him a glance before asking, "Are you ready for the lesson, Malfoy?"

Turning to look at her, he let his most practiced, stunning smile spread across his lips. "Yes, Granger. I'm more than ready." As he turned back to face the front, he added just loud enough for her to hear, "For that, and some other things as well."

Her head snapped sharply in his direction, and her brow furrowed. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Draco inclined his head and winked at her. "All in good time, my dear Miss Granger." He had taken a potion this morning to make himself more confident in her presence. It was working. He felt as if he could take her in his arms and kiss her senseless and no ill effects could come from it.

He knew better, however. His common sense demanded that he wait until the time was right. As much as his body wanted to claim her now, his mind knew it would be ill advised to try to make his feelings known to her now. He had thought all night about his dilemma, and he had decided that his godfather's outburst about his secret attraction to her and how he acted on it in the past could work to his advantage.

After all, she knew that he had masturbated with visions of her dancing through his mind, but she was still being civil to him. Perhaps she would not be completely against his advances were he to pursue her.

He watched her return her attention to her notes. Out of curiosity, he watched her openly. At first, she pretended not to notice. He let his eyes roam her face, lingering on her lips. A blush settled on her cheeks, and she set the quill down and turned to glare in his direction. "Yes?"

He shrugged. "Oh, nothing. I'm sorry. Did I break into your train of thought?"

Her eyes flashed. "Oh no, it just seems you have something on your mind. Care to discuss it?" she questioned.

Draco leaned closer to her and whispered, "Oh, but you're wrong, Granger. I don't have something on my mind. I have *someone* on my mind, and I would very much like to discuss it... when the time is right."

Merriment danced in his eyes, and Hermione almost swore out loud at the implication she could hear in his voice. This couldn't be happening! The Slytherin had turned seven shades of red the other day when his secret activities were thrust into the limelight by Snape's outburst. Now, he was propositioning her. She knew he was! *Wasn't he?*

Clearing her throat, she moved away from him. "This is neither the time nor the place for this conversation, Malfoy." She gestured to the students that were now filing into the room. "We have a class to teach. I don't know about you, but I would rather prefer that Professor Snape be proud of our attempts, and not disappointed."

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Sitting at the back of the class, invisible to all, but privy to every word that had been exchanged between the two, Severus got an almost evil gleam in his eye. *Oh, so you have decided to court Miss Granger, have you?* he thought. *If you botch this class, Draco Malfoy, I'll teach you a thing or two about humility.*

He glared at the blond that was acting so different from the way he usually did. Where was all his pureblood attitude? He had been horrified when Snape had told him he knew of the feelings he harbored for the princess of Gryffindor. He had begged him not to tell his father. Lucius Malfoy would have been furious had he ever found out.

Leaning against the far wall, he gritted his teeth to ensure they stayed closed and gave no hint of sound as the lesson began...

... As Hermione began explaining the workings of the potion, Draco circled the room like a vulture. He imitated Severus the only way he knew how. His nose was slightly upturned, and he sneered at any student brave enough to look in his direction. Meanwhile, he watched them carefully to be sure that no one was trying to be Longbottom.

When the witch giving the verbal instruction glanced in Malfoy's direction, she couldn't keep from smiling. *Why don't you just tell each of them to pretend you're Snape?* she thought with a shake of her head.

Snape wasn't missing the display either. It made his blood boil. How dare Draco behave this way? He was being disrespectful, and Snape wasn't going to stand for it. The anger boiled to the surface, and he found himself beginning to chuckle softly. His eyes widened as he realized too late what was happening. Moving to the doorway, he tried to exit before anyone would hear his disgusting laughter, which was growing in volume.

When he reached the door, he tried to open it quietly only to find it locked. *Merlin's balls!* Pulling again, he began to chuckle that much louder as his frustration and anger grew. The door stuck. Cackling like a hyena, he grabbed the door with both hands and pulled frantically. *This can't be happening! Not again!* He scowled, but swore as he felt his mouth twitch in an idiotic smile.

In his urgent attempts to open the door, his hood had fallen free of his head as he laughed hysterically, revealing his hair and face to the view of the students. He belatedly noticed that the class had grown quiet. Even Granger had ceased her instruction.

Aware that the horrifying smile was still plastered to his face, he turned so that every person in the room was staring at him, dumbstruck. With effort, he was able to calm himself down to a half-hearted smile as he faced them.

Fighting to cover up his humiliation, he smiled at Hermione. "You are doing very well, Miss Granger." A good-natured chuckle came from his traitorous mouth before he added. "One hundred points to Gryffindor."

A cheer went up from half of the class as Severus turned to face Draco, who was looking as if he was ready to faint. "You are incredibly arrogant in your portrayal of me, Mr Malfoy. I dare to say that you have made a mockery of my class with your acting." He let himself laugh when he felt it bubbling to the surface instead of fighting it. "Perhaps you should give up becoming a Potions master and instead look into acting lessons." His laughter grew as he stepped closer to Malfoy. His smile was still plastered to his face as he whispered in a low voice, "Seventy-five points from Slytherin."

Gasps went up around the room as Severus turned and made his way back to the door. Gripping his wand tightly, he let his laughter once again grow as he flicked his wand in the direction of the door. "*Departorum!*"

As he left the class, he gave up trying to smother the fanatical laughter that erupted from his mouth. Cursing Longbottom again for his ineptitude in Potions, he made his way to the infirmary.

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Chapter Four

Chapter 4 of 5

Snape is hit with an exploding potion. The results are quite unexpected. Draco and Hermione must take over teaching potions until Severus recovers. Rated for later chapters.

Disclaimer: Of course I own nothing here you recognize. Only JKR can claim that honor. I just like to borrow them, because, what can I say? They make for excellent fan-fiction!

A/N: As with all my other fan fictions, I must thank my wonderful beta, RobisonRocket. She's the best! Thank you, RR!

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Chapter 4 - Undeniable Desires

Snape cackled like a maniac as he sealed the envelope and addressed it to Draco. The missive he was sending was harmless. The invisible powder that was sealed inside with it, on the other hand, was a lethal dose. It would strike that foolish prat's nervous system before he knew what hit him. Although it would do no lasting harm, the effects it would have on the Slytherin Prince would not be forgotten anytime soon.

The first thing he would notice is the uncontrollable heat that would fill his loins each time he was near Miss Granger. Next, her scent would begin to drive the blond insane with lust. He would become a blubbering idiot where she was concerned. It would not take long before he would throw himself at her feet and beg for her to be merciful and relieve the ache her very nearness caused his lower extremities. Before the potion wore off, it would serve to make the know-it-all truly believe that Malfoy had lost his mind.

Severus smirked at the idea. The image of the pureblood Malfoy begging Granger to let him kiss her feet made his smile grow once again. It would serve the git right after the way he had been mocking his head of house's teaching methods. Images of Hermione hexing Malfoy seven ways to Sunday made the Potions master's lips curl into an evil smile. Oh, yes... That boy would rue the day...

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Draco sat at the Slytherin table eating breakfast when the post was delivered that morning. The envelope was simply addressed with his name, nothing more. Tilting his head, he examined the handwriting but couldn't place it. Turning, he glanced at the Gryffindor table, wondering if Granger had sent it.

She sat there between her two chummy friends, laughing and eating. She took no notice of him receiving anything, so he doubted it was from her. Thankfully, today was Saturday, so they were free from class. However, they had agreed to meet that evening to go over lesson plans once again. Perhaps this letter was her way of asking him to come earlier or even cancelling their meeting this evening. He secretly hoped not.

With a sigh, he ripped into the letter. Some kind of unseen dust flew up and tickled his nose, seizing him in a fit of sneezes. Rubbing his nose vigorously, he shook his head and took several calming breaths until the urge to sneeze yet again subsided. Shrugging, he opened the parchment, only to find a single line on the note. *You won't be able to hide your feelings much longer!*

Even as he questioned the words on the parchment, they faded. Within seconds the entire letter along with the envelope dissolved into nothingness. Feeling suddenly very self-conscious, he looked around for any sign of anyone that might have noticed what had just transpired. He saw no one paying him any mind. Not even his friends, as they seemed too interested in their breakfasts.

Ignoring his feelings that something must be wrong, he turned to finish his own food. He planned on practicing a little Quidditch today since he hadn't really gotten any time to himself lately. Even when he had, it seemed he'd been forced to stress over the time he would be spending with Hermione, working on the next Potions lesson.

At the thought of time spent with Hermione, he felt a twinge in his gut. Blimey, he honestly hoped that Pomfrey found a cure for Snape soon. He didn't know how much longer he could stand being in such close proximity to the Gryffindor princess without giving his true feelings away...

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Hermione sat in the library, waiting for Draco. It was after seven, and they had agreed to meet after supper to work on the lessons for Monday. With a sigh, she looked at her timepiece. Where was he? He had promised to be here so they could go over the lesson plan.

As if hearing her thoughts, Draco strode nonchalantly around the corner, books in hand. He looked much more relaxed than he had been over the last few days. She watched him as he moved to sit across from her. With a cocky smile, he greeted her. "Hi, Granger. Miss me?"

Rolling her eyes, she answered, "Hardly. Where were you? Did you get lost somewhere in the Restricted Section?"

Despite his growing nervousness, Draco cast her his most charming smile. "Touche'... I was out in the Quidditch pitch for a few hours this afternoon." He shrugged. "I thought you might appreciate it if I didn't come to you reeking of pungent, manly odors far too offensive for your gentle sensibilities." Even as he gave her his smart remark, he shifted uncomfortably in his chair. A deep stirring sensation, much like the building of an intense orgasm, was building within his jock, and he was both alarmed and shocked at it.

Hermione, thankfully, hadn't noticed his discomfort. Instead, she offered him a rare smile along with a curiously raised eyebrow. "I wouldn't know. I don't think I've ever considered the possibility that a Malfoy can actually sweat. Are you admitting that you do?"

Clenching his fists in his lap, he fought to remain outwardly calm, even though his hips were starting to move slowly in small gyrating motions to try to ease the fire that was beginning to burn in his loins. Letting himself focus on her words, he chuckled. "Of course we sweat. Malfoys may have superior genes. But even they can get hot and bothered." His eyes rounded as he realized too late exactly what he had said in response to her question. *Where had that come from?* He reprimanded himself. *Why not just blurt out how badly you need to feel yourself nestled within her moist heat?* He found himself biting his bottom lip to keep from doing just that as Hermione stared at him, confused.

Rising from her seat across from him, she moved to sit beside him, worry etched in her features. "Uhm... Draco, are you alright?" As she leaned toward him, he gasped and scooted his chair away from her, even as he slid his hands beneath his buttocks in an attempt to keep himself from reaching out to touch her.

"Of course I'm fine, Granger. I just... We need to... *Why aren't you sitting over there?* I mean... *Merlin, you smell good.*" Immediately, he was on his feet and moving away from her in horror. But not before she had seen the evidence of the level of his arousal.

"*Gods, this isn't happening!*" he muttered under his breath. "Ah, Hermione? On second thought, I don't think I can study with you tonight. I really am not feeling very well, and I don't think it's safe for you to beah, I mean I don't think it's a good idea for me to be around you" Even as he spoke, he found himself moving back towards her, clostace between them.

"Oh, bugger it!" he swore before pulling her into his arms and devouring her mouth with his own. Gasping, she tried to pull away, but felt his passionate insistence holding her in place. She felt herself beginning to melt against him, despite her better judgement. Her code of ethics demanded that she put space between them, but for some reason all her body seemed to want was to melt into him and the feelings he was stirring within her.

He moaned deep in his throat before he pulled away and rested his forehead against hers, whispering, "Something is happening to me. I don't know what it is, but I'm not sure it bodes well for you." Breaking away from her, he turned and began running from her, yelling over his shoulder, "Lock and ward your doors tonight, Granger. I'm not sure if I can stay away if you don't!"

Then, he was gone, leaving her standing, staring after him. If she didn't know better, she would have sworn that he'd been slipped a lust potion. A fairly strong one, by the looks of it. Although, not the kind that rendered the user incapable of coherent thought. At least, not in the beginning.

"Oh, goodness," Hermione whispered. If this was a slow starting potion, then what Draco had said could very well be right. He might not be able to control himself once the full effects began to make themselves known.

Running into the Restricted Section, she grabbed five different books on illegal love and lust potions and the possible cures for them. Signing the books out with Madam Pince, who gave her a curious look, but nodded once, Hermione hurried to her rooms and did just what Draco had suggested. Warded and locked herself in her rooms.

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A/N: I know I am so terrible. I don't know what comes over me. I get ideas on one of my fan fictions, but am so blocked on another one... then, when I all but give up, something comes back, and I get an idea and run with it yet again. I do hope you guys can forgive me for taking such long breaks between updates. I do hope that when the updates come, they are worth it. Dern my fickle Muse, anyway!

Chapter Five

Chapter 5 of 5

Snape is hit with an exploding potion. The results are quite unexpected. Draco and Hermione must take over teaching potions until Severus recovers. Rated for later chapters!

Chapter 5 - Two if by Moonlight

Hermione sat in her private room, letting herself go over all the potions one by one. She had taken a shower when she first arrived in her rooms and then just pulled on her overly large terrycloth robe. She cared little about what she was wearing. She was more concerned with finding an antidote for this potion.

There had to be a quick fix. If there wasn't, come Monday, she would be unable to act as substitute to Potions class. In fact, she would also be unable to attend any other class because she would be forced to take up permanent residence locked inside her room. She wouldn't even be able to venture into the Head students shared Common Room for the simple fact that Draco, as Head Boy also had access to it.

Blowing a stray curl out of her face, she flipped to the next page just as a timid knock sounded at her door. Stilling, she stared at the door with mixed emotions. If it were Draco, could he remain calm if she opened the door?

Her question was answered as the tapping became somewhat more insistent. "Hermione," he whispered, "I'm sorry for the way I acted in the library. I just... I can't seem to stay away from you. The more distance I put between us, just seems to cause that much more pain. I won't hurt you. I promise." He sighed, and she heard him thumping his head against the door. "I won't even ask you to open the door. Just let me stay here in the doorway so I can smell your scent. That seems to help."

For a moment, she debated not answering him, so he would be left to wonder if she was even there. But then her worry for him grew when he remained quiet. Getting up, she clasped the book to her chest and moved closer to the door. "Malfoy, I'm researching possible potions that you may have been subjected to. I'll find an answer. I promise."

She heard him chuckle through the door and when he spoke, his voice was gentle. "Of course you will! You're the brightest witch of the age! You know, they're right about that, but they need to add in a few other things." he sighed contentedly.

"Things like, you're eyes are the color of caramel that's freshly melted. And did you know that when you smile, there isn't a single bloke out there that doesn't lose his train of thought?" He sighed dreamily, and she would almost have sworn she heard him snuggle closer to the door contentedly. "Or that you smell like warm cinnamon? I love cinnamon."

Staring at the door in shock, she couldn't contain the confused smile that graced her lips. "Uhm... I.. Uh... I need to know if you know when you were hit with the potion. If you could tell me, whether you think you drank it, or if you ate something..."

Draco moaned. "Oh, Hermione, did you ever once consider that all those times I was cruel to you it was because I was so beguiled by you I didn't know what else to do? Add that to the fact that my father hates Muggles and tell me, what else could I have done? I mean, it wouldn't have served to let everyone know I was crazy about you,

now would it?"

She could hear him sliding a finger slowly over the door. "Malfoy!" She tried to sound somewhat sterner. Perhaps that would make him answer her question. "You have to tell me! Do you know how you were infected?"

He tapped his finger against the door, answering. "I think it was the morning post: an envelope bearing only my name. Something made me sneeze."

A light went off in her head. "You breathed it in! That's wonderful, Draco! Thank you!" She absently said his name as she moved back to the desk to flip back to the potions that were powders. These were simpler than others and usually had easy fixes.

Draco came to attention on the other side of the door. "You said my name! You rarely give a gift so sweet. Oh, Hermione, say it again!"

As she read through the possible remedies, she paused at his words. "What?"

Draco whined. "Please? Say my name again. I love how it sounds on your lips. Those perfect, rounded, gentle lips. I bet they're soft, aren't they? If I kissed you, would you taste like cinnamon?"

His words made her feel warm inside. With a smile, she answered. "Draco, you really should hear yourself." She shook her head. "I almost believe you mean that."

"But I do!" he answered. "Hermione, I have never felt this way for anyone. Never in my life! And I felt this way before the Lust potion came into play! I swear it to you. All that the potion seems to do is ..." He paused. "It seems to help me have the nerve to tell you the way I feel. I'm still in control of myself. Well, except for the way I can't get control of my wanker. But other than that, I am in control of my faculties. I know now that I'd never allow myself to hurt you." He chuckled somewhat mirthlessly. "I just won't be able to keep myself from acting like a lovesick, lusty arse around you is all."

Hermione took all he was saying into account as she searched for the potion. Stopping at one in particular, she read through it. It was an easy potion and had one simple remedy. But it wasn't a nice potion, because, save for that one remedy, there was no other cure. If someone was under this potion and not given the remedy, in some cases, it could cause impotence. In other cases, it could drive the recipient insane. Even if it didn't and he was able to move on with his life, he'd still never be able to forget these feelings he had for her and be happy in another relationship.

Hermione listened to Draco singing off-key to her through the door as she considered her only option. It was an old Muggle tune. One of her father's favorites about 'Feelings'. Shutting the book with a shake of her head, she stood and moved once again to stand before the door that stood between them. Softly, she said, "I found the cure."

Draco stopped singing. "You did? That's grand! I just hope you don't decide to tease me about my behavior when this is all over."

She drew a tremulous breath before answering, "Well, one could say that goes both ways."

Draco grew silent at her words. After a moment, he asked in a somber voice, "What's the cure?"

Reaching out, Hermione unlocked the door and dropped the wards. As she opened the door to reveal Draco sitting on the floor looking up at her, she whispered, "I am."

Draco was filled with many conflicting emotions. Lust made his cock swell, fear made him want to run, and the desire to hold her made him feel like a fool. His own emotions, however, were not important all of the sudden. Moving to stand, he gazed down on her. "What do you mean?"

She smiled. "I mean that the cure for someone who has ingested this potion is for the recipient of their affections to allow them to... ah... consummate their desires."

As her meaning came to him, he shook his head. "You mean that... that you... that we... Is there no other way?" His eyes searched hers, and he fought to keep himself from reaching for her. He wanted to touch her so badly, but he had promised himself he wouldn't do so. Not without her consent.

Clenching his fists, he held them in front of his obvious erection to shield her from seeing the evidence of his desire.

Too late, he realized that doing such didn't hide anything, but actually made it stand out more. Hermione's eyes looked from the proof of his torment to his face, and she smiled slowly. Holding out her hand to him, she clasped his tightly knotted fist and pulled him gently into her room.

Draco's eyes widened. "Hermione, you don't have to do this!"

She tried to hide the shaking of her hands as she nodded. "Yes I do. It is the only cure." She shook her head. "There is no other. And this," she gestured between them, "will only get worse. Maybe even drive you insane."

He understood what she meant, and he gave in to his desire to touch her at that point. Relaxing his fist, he clasped the hand that held his and slowly brought it to his lips. Gently, he placed a kiss in her palm before nuzzling it with his cheek. When he opened his eyes, he saw her biting her bottom lip and her eyes becoming darker in confused desire.

Forcing the hesitancy out of his voice, he asked, "Have you ever been with anyone?" Then, before he could stop, "Weasel?" His voice broke harshly at the question.

Unable to stop the nervous laugh that broke free from her lips, she shook her head. "No. I've never been with anyone."

Embarrassed, she looked down. "I always wanted to wait, until..." Tears gathered in her eyes at the thought of what she was about to do.

Closing the distance between them, Draco brought his lips to hers, gently pulling her into his arms and letting her feel the heat he felt for her firsthand. She gasped at the feel of his rigid length pressed against her belly. He used the moment to deepen the kiss and touch her cheek before breaking away.

Shaking his head, he whispered, "I have nothing I can offer to help reduce the pain you will feel from this. It will hurt. For that, I am sorry."

Hermione nodded and moved again into his arms. "I have heard among the girls that you are an experienced lover." At his slight nod, she whispered, "I ask only that you make the pleasure that follows the pain memorable." Her lips brushed his as she said the last and it was his undoing.

Lifting her into his arms, he carried her to the bed and lowered her gently down upon it. Forcing himself not to rush, he loosened the sash to her robe, sliding it away from her to reveal her nakedness beneath it.

Hermione lay there, waiting for his reaction as he stared unabashedly at her nudity. After the first few moments, she began to feel exposed and reached to shield herself from his gaze, only to have him stop her. "No, don't." His voice was a whisper. "Heavens, you are so beautiful!" He reached out to trace the shape of her breast before leaning down to suckle the tightened nipple gently.

She moaned at the feel of his mouth pressed to her. It was like nothing she had ever felt, and she found she wanted more. Arching toward his caress, she was rewarded by his free hand coming up and teasing the other breast as he sucked at the other.

Reaching for him, she cradled his head in her arms and whimpered slightly as he moved to lie beside her in the bed. Reaching out, she began to pull at his clothes. With a smile, he pulled away and grasped his wand. Pointing it at his clothing, he whispered, "*Divesto!*"

Immediately, his clothes fell away and left him as naked as she was. Moving back to lie beside her, he ran a hand over her body gently. Using his thumbs, he stroked each nipple gently, before allowing his hand to travel lower and touch her nether lips.

Opening her mouth, Hermione reflexively reached out to stop him. His hand stopped moving, but did not leave as he whispered. "I can make this less painful if you let me prepare you." He kissed her lips gently. "Let me help this to not hurt so bad, my love."

Forcing herself to relax at his words, she let her legs fall slightly open, giving his hand easier access to the part of her she had never allowed another to see. She was familiar to the art of masturbation, but she had never thought of another touching her there. Even knowing what she was about to do with Malfoy hadn't prepared her for that.

Slowly, he stroked her hidden button until she began lifting her hips in response to his touch. Then, he moved his thumb to take over, as he let first one, then a second finger enter her moist core. As she cried out in response, he closed his eyes, resting his forehead against hers. "Hermione, I want to bury myself within you. I want you so badly I think I may burst."

Her response was to urge him over her. As their eyes met, she nodded, and opened her legs wider as he moved his hips between her thighs. His erection grazed her hips as he did so, and she shuddered in response.

Misunderstanding her response for revulsion, Draco looked down on her. He could feel her fear and it tore at him. He hated himself for this. He hated Snape worse. "I promise you," he said softly. "That Black Bat will regret the day he did this to us!" He wanted her. Had always wanted her. But not like this. Not where she was given little or no choice. Whispering a contraceptive charm, he prepared himself to cause her pain, although it was the last thing he wanted to do.

Knowing that the quickest way to get her past the pain she must feel was to simply take her virginity fast, he thrust himself deeply within her, eliciting her cry as he did so. Once buried to the hilt, he stilled again and waited for her to adjust to his size. When she relaxed a little, he moved slowly within her, easing back, almost enough to exit her tight channel before surging slowly forward again.

Her moans and whimpers of discomfort soon became deep gasps and cries, and as soon she was arching beneath him to meet his thrusts, and crying out his name. "Draco! Oh please! I can't... I feel... what?"

Tightening his hold on her, he answered, "Come for me, Hermione. Come for me! Let me feel your tightness squeeze all around me! Let me feel you!"

His words pushed her over the edge, and she climaxed so violently, her cavern tightening until it urged his own orgasm, making him nearly blind in completion. When he finally collapsed onto her, he held her tightly to him, in no hurry to leave her.

When he eased off of her and onto his side, she looked at him with wide, surprised eyes. Reaching out to stroke her cheek, he whispered the question. "May I stay?"

For a moment she considered, then nodded. "Yes, please," she answered. "I really don't want you to go right now."

Joyful to be accepted, he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her into his side, where they both fell into a deep slumber where each dreamt of the other.

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Standing in the forgotten, open doorway, looking down on the two lovers, Snape felt a sense of loneliness and foreboding. Pomfrey had given him the antidote to his malady, and he had been so relieved that he had decided to bring the remedy for the potion he had sent Draco in order to give them both some peace.

Finding this, he suddenly knew that Granger had found and considered the sister potion to the one he had brewed to be the one Draco suffered from. They were somewhat identical with only one exception: where the sister potion only had the one cure of bedding the object of the person's affections, the other had the antidote that was held in Snape's hands. But it had to be administered before the consummation of the attraction to both parties. Otherwise, the joining of their bodies resulted in the joining of their souls.

Cursing under his breath, Snape crushed the now useless potion in his fist. There was no going back now. No undoing this, he thought miserably. For all eternity, Hermione Granger and Draco Malfoy would love only each other, crave only each other, and could be with no other, else the other partner would die from a broken heart.

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A/N: Once again, I apologize for not updating sooner. I have three more chapters for this story, then it will be complete. Please be patient as I finish edits....