

I Can't Believe They Write These Things

by ladyofthemasque

A brief glimpse into the current-day life of SS/HG, and how they might handle all this fanfic...

But They Do...

Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: I was actually in the mood to write SS/HG (and had the time and energy, omg!), so this plot-bunny is what hopped out of that particular corner of my brain. (Additional, a thank-you for Good_Witch for giving this a quick look-over before I posted it.) Enjoy!

~Lotm

Taking a quick breather before the other, original-fic plot-bunnies catch up with me again...

"...Oh, here's another one," Hermione offered, her voice rich with suppressed giggles. Shuffling apart the stack of printed out pages, she handed her husband a section from the story she'd been reading. "Severus Snape gives Herimone Granger yet another kinky detention, this time combining manky first year cauldrons and leather bondage gear."

Severus wrinkled his nose as he accepted the pages. He skimmed the story and sighed. "Well. At least *this* one knows how to spell and punctuate, though their spelling and use of slang is distinctly un-British. *This* one," he stated, trading the chunk of her story with a chunk from his own stack of printed out fanfics, "seems to think that I'd find it perfectly acceptable to share the woman I love with a Malfoy."

"I think I have one coming up where you share me with *both* Malfoys," Hermione quipped. Both paused to shudder. Craning her neck, she paused to pull the pillows a little higher behind her back, snuggling closer to her husband on their bed. It was a little warm for snuggling, even with the air-conditioner, but the tilting of his head so that his forehead brushed against hers in a brief, affectionate touch was worth it. "Ah, I see. The plot is just an excuse to have us all jump into bed at the slightest provocation. Clearly someone is suffering from an orgy fixation..."

"Hermione, most of these are thinly-disguised and often poorly-written excuses to indulge in carnal fantasies with celebrities," Severus reminded her.

"Doesn't make them less amusing, though," she allowed, returning to her original printout.

"I hardly think the 'official' version is any better," Severus grumbled. "Particularly that last book. Who the hell would believe that I would allow myself to die from a simple snakebite?"

"Or that I would marry a brainless jock?" Hermione scoffed.

"Speaking of which, will you marry me?" Severus asked his wife.

"Nope," was her prompt, usual reply. "I'd rather live in sin. It sounds like a lot more fun, really."

"Fun, yes, until tax-time rolls around and you can't write off any dependents or spouses," he reminded her. Both of them grinned. Well, Hermione grinned. Severus smirked. That was one of the few things these fanfics got right. That, and the sneering.

Severus grunted in the next moment, lifting one of the sheets free between his thumb and finger like it was a badly scalped flobberworm skin. "*This* one is now a candidate for exhuming and examination by the Homonymicide Squad. Plus a thorough decontamination."

"Oh? What was the offense?" Hermione asked, curious.

"He put his arms around her biological refuse. Her w-a-s-t-e instead of her w-a-i-s-t."

"Eww." She shuddered. Eyeing her own paper, she shrugged. "Well, this one has spanking in it, which isn't too bad...but they always assume that *I'm* the one who gets spanked. The whole stern-professor-and-naughty-schoolgirl thing. It's ridiculous."

"Well, the few that have *me* being spanked, they always make me sound like a wimpy twat--no offence, dear--who needs to have a woman walk all over him," Severus disdained. "It's bad enough that Skeeter woman insisted on making me sound like a manically obsessed bastard in the 'official' war novels, but the blonde twit does a total one-eighty between my strength of character throughout most of the series, and my wimping-out death at the end! I didn't die! How could I have died? I'm a fucking Potions Master!"

"Oh, piffle," Hermione dismissed, defusing her husband before he could go off on a ten-minute ranting binge about how he had access to the snake all that time and plenty of opportunities to develop an anti-coagulant by using the resources of the school as its Headmaster, plus illusion-charms to fake his death, and so on and so forth. "She tried to make Ron sound like a strategic genius in the first book to quash Harry's fame, and then made him sound like a sexual version of a lamprey eel by the fifth book."

Her husband gave her a stern look. "Hermione, *all* teenaged boys are lamprey eels by fifth-year. In all the years I've taught at the school, I can only recall three boys who did not try to suck-face with every girl they encountered between fourth and seventh years, and that only because two were terminally shy--to the point where I think they're still virgins even at the age of thirty-seven and...thirty-four, respectively--and the third was busy trying to suck-face with the house-elves."

"--EWWWWW!!" Face crumpling in disgust, Hermione gave up and shuffled her printed copies together. "Thank you so much for ruining my mood! I was supposed to be reading this stuff to see if I could get excited from it but...! EWW!" she protested again.

The chuckling of her husband, soft but still audible, made her whap him in the thigh with the back of her hand. Catching it, Severus lifted it to his lips for a brief kiss. If that Skeeter woman hadn't been so furious at his rejection of her advances, he wouldn't have been portrayed quite so nastily in her war-novels. The real Severus Snape was a lot better of a man, and a lot more complex, than the drek she had written. Particularly toward the end.

"I'm sure there will be one or two very good pieces waiting to be salvaged," he reassured her. "Now, have you packed for Azkatz? Remember, we'll need the Weasley Twin outfits, since we're going in disguise as Muggles."

"No, I didn't pack. *Someone* didn't do all of the laundry, like he promised he would."

"There you go again, blaming your poor half-kneazle, when it's clear he doesn't have enough opposable thumbs to operate the washer controls," Severus mock-sighed. And got whapped with a fanfic stack. He promptly whapped her back. They tussled, papers fluttering and crumpling around them, until he pinned her to the bed, his long, pointed nose a hairbreadth from her own, and muttered, "Careful, my dear, or you'll end up with papercuts on your you-know-what. Like in that one particular fic..."

"Since it was a reasonably good fic--however highly improbable, as most of these are--I'll risk it," Hermione purred back, dragging him down for a kiss.