

I Dream of Plagiarism

by Cat Feral

Fanfiction invades the dreams of the staff.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: J. K. Rowling owns the fandom. Diricawl owns the fic concept. I merely picked their pockets when they weren't looking.

AN: *This fic derives its title from the fact that I am blatantly plagiarizing the concept from Diricawl's hilarious "I Dream of Fandom." Hey, if s/he didn't want someone else to grab the idea and run with it, s/he shouldn't have stopped updating before s/he got around to a chapter about the professors!*

Minerva McGonagall huddled in her dressing gown and nursed the large mug of cocoa she had made as soon her shaking had subsided enough to risk hot liquid. She contemplated reading, finding some unmarked homework to catch up on and several other calming activities. Finally she sighed, grabbed a handful of Floo powder, and was in the hospital wing within seconds.

"Poppy?" she called softly, "are you still up?"

"Minerva?"

"Oh, good. Poppy, do you have any more Dreamless Sleep Elixir?"

Poppy Pomfrey sighed. "Who was it this time? Albus, Severus, Rolanda or--Merlin forbid-*me*?"

"None of the above," Minerva said sourly. "It was back in my student days. I was seduced, cruelly manipulated, and finally abandoned by Tom Marvolo Riddle. This, of course, left me emotionally scarred for life, which is why I'm strict with my students and wear my hair in a bun. Apparently, only a severe early trauma could have led to those character traits. All of this notwithstanding the fact that, in reality, Tommy Riddle was a first year when I was a fifth, and even *he* would have been hard pressed to..."

"Eaurgh!" said Poppy sympathetically.

"Even that isn't the worst of it!" Minerva went on. "There's one where it's twenty-some years ago, and Lucius Malfoy and his lot are students. They corner me in my classroom--or sometimes my office--and..." She broke off and snorted. "What really annoys me is that I'm always 'too ashamed to tell anyone.' With a pack of rapists roving around school grounds, presenting a ***danger to the other students***, I allow personal humiliation to stop me from reporting it?! What do these people *take* me for??? And I'd *really* like to get my hands on the ones who portray me as an incest survivor! My father happens to have been a very decent man, thank you!"

"What I'd like to know," Poppy put in, "is why they so often pair me with Alastor Moody? Is it simply because I'm a nurse and he's had so many injuries over the years? Because that's hardly the basis for a forty-year marriage! I'm not sure it's even a basis for a forty-minute fling--assuming either of us were the sort to have flings."

"Poppy," said a sharp voice behind them, "do you still have any--Minerva, what are you doing here?"

"Hello, Severus," said Poppy calmly. "Do I still have any what?"

Severus Snape continued, "Do you still have any of that last batch of Dreamless Sleep Elixir I gave you? The next batch won't be ready for two more days, and I..." He broke off and glared at Minerva, clearly unwilling to say more.

"You too?" Minerva asked sympathetically.

"What do you mean?" Snape looked at her with a hint of disdain. "I can't imagine *you* of all people would be troubled with... Then again, considering what some of those twisted Muggles seem to find entertaining, perhaps even you are not immune."

He sat down and brooded for a moment while Minerva tried to decide whether to take offense at his remarks. "The loathing of my students, the threat of prolonged and hellish torture if the Dark Lord discovers my true loyalties, the knowledge that I will certainly not come through the next war alive--all these I can endure. But graphic trysts with bloody **Potter**--Merlin, spare me! Neither my nerves nor my stomach are that strong!

"And *why*," he demanded, "do people imagine I would touch that Granger brat with a ten-foot broomstick? If they *must* think me capable of laying lecherous hands on a student, they might at least credit me with a modicum of *taste*! Where is the Clearwater girl when you really need her? Forget I said that!

"Not to mention," he had built up a head of steam by now, "the number of hormonal idiots who want to put me in compromising positions with that flea-bitten **werewolf**! Merlin's balls! I mean--*WHY?*!" Here, he was forced to pause for breath.

"I've had--and I do mean *'had'*--Remus a few times myself," Minerva admitted. "And, at the risk of embarrassing us both, I've had the same experience with *you* more than once." She and Severus exchanged a glance of mutual revulsion. "No one seems to care that, in both cases, I'm old enough to be your mother and was, in fact, your teacher for seven years! And speaking of students, do you know I actually had one involving Colin Creevey once? I swear I didn't know whether to laugh or scream! The only thing even remotely in character for either of us was that the absurd boy tried to bring his camera to bed!" This won a chuckle from Poppy and a reluctant grin from Severus.

"And the number of people who seem determined to put me into a life-long romance with Albus, of all people!" she continued. "Is it so hard for those silly Muggles to figure out that Albus would far rather *shop* with me than *'ship'* with me? There's a reason he has a phoenix for a pet! What part of 'flaming' do they not understand?"

"I probably shouldn't tell you this," Poppy confided, ^{*1} "but Hagrid was in here a couple of weeks ago, shaking so badly I thought at first one of his 'interesting creatures' must have savaged him. It turned out he'd had a series of *those* dreams, involving you," (this to Severus) "Filius, *Narcissa Malfoy*" ^{*2} if you can believe it!, and finally, what's-its-name?--*Buckbeak*--all in rapid succession. I thought the poor man was going to have a complete nervous breakdown!"

"Hagrid and Filius?" gasped Minerva. "That's just--just--"

"Painful," said Poppy flatly. "In some cases, *size* does matter!"

"I had one involving Filius," ^{*3} Minerva recalled, looking slightly more cheerful. "Actually, that one wasn't bad--although if either of you ever tell him I said so, I'll hex you to the moon and back!"

"Maybe you should focus on that," answered Poppy, "and any other non-traumatic ones you can think of. I'm afraid I have only one dose of Dreamless Sleep Elixir left--we've been having a run on it, for obvious reasons--so we'll have to determine which of you needs it more desperately."

"Potter," said Severus, attempting to stare his colleague down.

"Tom Riddle," she countered, matching him stare-for-stare.

"On top of my desk," added Severus.

"The roof of the Astronomy Tower," Minerva shot back.

"Entirely too much licking!" Severus insisted, gagging slightly.

"*Far* too much 'erotic' bloodletting!" Minerva snapped.

"*Nooooo...*" moaned a voice from the corridor, startling all three of them. "Horrible! *Horrible!*"

A moment later, Argus Filch--wearing a nightshirt, and an expression of deepest anguish--appeared in the doorway.

"S--s--squid," he sobbed. With trembling hands he made a gesture that, while not actually obscene, managed to convey volumes. "Squid!" ^{*4}

Severus and Minerva exchanged a glance and then, as one, nodded toward the distraught caretaker. Without a word, Poppy went to her stores and brought out the elixir.

As Poppy calmed her patient, Minerva and Severus took their leave. Severus headed for his Potions lab, mumbling, "There must be some way to speed the fermentation process." Minerva returned to bed, where she dreamed of an erotic threesome with Crookshanks and Mrs. Norris. She awoke not knowing whether to laugh or scream.

^{*1} Shamelessly flouting her Hippocratic oath, and thus proving that even this author is not above writing the characters Out-of-Character occasionally.

^{*2} [Blackgrave Manor](#) by Ursula. Quite good in its time, but completely blown out of the ether by later events in canon.

^{*3} If you haven't read "A Distinctly Different Manner of Finding Prince Charming" by Maya, you are to be pitied. She has taken all her fanfiction down off the Internet, since she is getting a book published. However, all is not lost. Word has it that if you e-mail her at sarahreesbrennan@gmail.com

and ask her to send you one or more of her fics, she will--provided you swear not to post it anywhere.

^{*4} Actually, [Of Squibs and Squid](#) by Ursula is pretty good, but you can't expect poor Filch, just dropped into it in his dreams, to agree.