

Sex, Lies, and Video Tapes

by Corazon

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One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own them. I am making no money from this. Just borrowing the characters and plot.

AN: This is a crazy little one-shot that I cannot take complete credit for, but you will read about that in my ending Author's Notes. This deals with the court of law in England, but since I am American and not a lawyer, you will have to tolerate my knowledge of the law, which is based on the few episodes of *Law and Order* that I have watched. And even then it doesn't make sense, so please overlook my ignorance of the law and just enjoy this smuttlet.

A big thank you to Lorena Snape who beta read this for me. She gave me a vast amount of excellent suggestions on the grammar, and I did use most of them. The only reason that I didn't use them all is because I am a lazy bum.

Enjoy!

~Corazon

Sex, Truths, and Video Tape

Ron sat on the edge of the full-sized bed with Lavender, gazing longingly at her breasts while only glancing periodically at her eyes. Placing his hands on the sides of her face, he pulled her mouth down to his in what he believed to be a lust-filled kiss. In reality, it was merely sloppy and wet.

"Ron." She tried to put some distance between them, but he persisted. "Ron," she repeated, pushing him back more forcefully, "stop!"

"Please," he begged, "It will be better this time, I promise." He tried to kiss her again but she turned away. "The first time is always awkward." It wasn't that she didn't want him; it's just that their first time together was a bit disappointing. He had clearly enjoyed himself, of course, but she gained nothing from the experience except an uncomfortable soreness, and the distinct impression that sex was quite overrated. While continuing his gaze at her breasts, he said, "Let's just make the best of this situation."

"What?" she snapped, shoving him back.

His eyes widened, realizing what he had said. "Best! Let's make the best of this situation!"

"Best! Let's make the best of this situation!"

"I don't know," she said while looking down at the thin, rust colored bedspread and the worn, matching rug of the motel room. They had visited this Muggle motel the first time. It was out of the way of the magical world so as to insure privacy. And it was cheap.

"Please, give me another chance," he pleaded. "You felt so good and I love you so much." She glared at him, but he looked so pathetic that she almost felt sorry for him.

"Maybe if we just took things slow," she suggested. She did care for Ron. This time around, they had conversation that consisted of words rather than snogging sessions, like those back in their sixth year. And in all honesty, Lavender was curious to see if sex would be better the second time.

"I know, what if we watch a movie?" he offered, reaching for a stack of videos by the television.

"A movie?" she questioned, having never heard the word.

"A movie is like watching a play, but in private. It's recorded with a special type of camera. Hermione showed me how television works."

"You were here with Hermione?" she snapped. Lavender was still jealous of how close Ron remained to Hermione over the years. Even though he reassured her they were friends, her jealousy never ceased.

"No! She just showed me how to use a television. They have television all over the Muggle world." Lavender looked at him suspiciously, but decided not to push it since it would only lead to an argument.

"Okay, maybe a movie would be nice," she agreed.

Ron turned on the television and put in a video. On the screen appeared a man and woman in a very compromising position while on the edge of the bed. The woman had long, red hair flowing down her back to her slender waist. Her long legs straddled the man while she slowly and rhythmically moved on him. The man's hands were on her hips, guiding her movements and caressing her skin while he kissed her.

"What is this?" gasped Lavender, clearly shocked at what she was witnessing.

"Something to get you in the mood," smirked Ron, staring at the television. "Maybe we could try that..." Lavender never answered as she just stared in shock at the screen.

The woman's movements sped up. She broke off the kiss and her head began to move about, whipping her hair from side to side as she cried out, "Yes, Harry! Yes!"

Ron rolled his eyes. "Of course, the guy's name is Harry," he said in a disgusted voice. But it didn't discourage him from watching.

"Ron, turn this off right now!" snapped Lavender, who had seen enough, but Ron didn't move.

The woman in the television quickly slid off the man's lap and onto her knees. Taking his hard cock into hands, she slowly stroked him, playing with the swollen head. Slowly lowering her mouth, she began sucking him.

Slowly lowering her mouth, she began sucking him. "That's it, Ginny..." he moaned.

The man's face was in full view as Ron and Lavender about fell off the bed. It was Harry Potter! They were watching Harry and Ginny in a real porn movie.

"I'll kill the bastard!" yelled Ron. But Lavender didn't quite react as strongly as she began looking around, noticing a few things.

"Um, Ron," said Lavender, "look at the color of that bedspread on the television."

"So?" he said, disgusted at what his sister was doing to his best friend.

"So?" she snapped, "It's the same one we are sitting on!" Ron looked closer at the room on the television and then at their room. Everything was identical, even down to the mismatched lampshades.

"Ewww," cried Ron. "They were right here in this bed! Harry was right here, fucking my little sister!" They both jumped off the bed in shock and disgust.

"Ron, I know Ginny, and she would never do something like this," said Lavender, who was trying to comprehend what she just saw.

"Excuse me! You just saw the same thing I did!" cried Ron.

"I meant that Ginny would never volunteer for something like this! She had to have been under the influence of a spell or potion or..." She stopped talking as her eyes fell on the stack of videos. "Ron, put in another movie."

Ron did so. The next video showed an unknown couple having sex in a similar room, as did the next video, and the next one, and the one after that. Ron sat on the bed stunned as Lavender drew her wand. Waving it, she revealed three black machines with red, blinking lights two behind portraits, and one behind the mirror.

"I think those are the special cameras," said Ron, and then he paled. "Oh bugger, do you think we were recorded too?" Lavender just looked at him and then they both dove for the pile of videos, checking the rest of them.

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"Okay, so here it is. The solicitor said that if Ginny and I sue, we could make as much as a million pounds, but we will have to endure the video being seen in front of a jury," said Harry. It had been several weeks since the discovery of the videos. Due to the sensitive nature of the case, Harry and Ginny had spent countless hours finding a solicitor who they trusted enough to handle their case in the Muggle world.

"A million pounds?" questioned Ron.

"That's about 200,000 galleons," said Harry.

"Will your solicitor represent me too?" asked Ron excitedly. "I could use 200,000 galleons."

"Sure, if they find your video. All the evidence is still under investigation. They confiscated hundreds of videotapes, but they are only able to identify the people in a few of them. If you and Lavender can be identified, then you will get a nice settlement too. My solicitor indicated that the investigation should be completed in a few weeks," confirmed Harry.

"Perfect. And until then, I'll write a list of what I will spend my galleons on!" preened Ron.

"Ron, aren't you concerned about a jury of strangers watching you and Lavender having sex? I know Ginny is scared to death, and I'm not too thrilled about having my performance being seen by others." But Ron wasn't listening. All he could think about was the 200,000 galleons.

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"Did you hear the news?" asked Sprout. "Harry Potter is going to receive a large settlement!" Poor Harry forgot to inform Ron that this whole situation was to remain confidential. Ron managed to blurt it out to everyone and anyone who would listen, including a few Muggles here and there.

"From who?" asked Minerva. The teachers of Hogwarts were relaxing in the staff room, engaging in their nightly gossip session before retiring for the evening.

"Apparently he and Ginny Weasley were having an illicit affair in this Muggle motel and it was recorded with a moving-picture camera and reproduced to be shown to other motel guests. They were also selling copies of the recording. I think the paper said that over a million copies have been sold." Minerva put down her tea and leaned in further to hear more. "There were several of other couples in compromising positions, but their faces are a bit more difficult to identify in the recordings. From what I heard, there are five couples who are suing two Muggles and three from the wizarding world. There is still one couple whose faces can be clearly seen, but the Muggles have not identified them. It will be a nice settlement for each of them."

"What is the name of the motel?" asked Flitwick. Severus was also in the staff room, but was reading the Daily Prophet. He overheard the conversation, but paid little attention to it. The one thing he could not tolerate was gossip.

"Um, the Regent Inn," said Sprout. "The paper said it was a full production company for illegal pornography." Severus snorted, gaining the attention of the rest of the staff.

"Jealous that there is not a video of you, Severus?" snickered Minerva, causing Sprout to giggle.

"Forgive me, but your conversation lacks the substance to maintain my attention, so I believe I will retire for night." He stood and bowed before leaving, refusing to be baited.

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Hermione Granger sat on the couch in her small flat, snuggled under the patchwork quilt her grandmother had given her for her last birthday, reading a book. She had spent the past three weeks doing research for Merlin's Magical Enterprises, where she was independently contracted. She was the best in her field. She would spend hours on end researching projects for her contractors, and when she completed her contractual obligations, she would celebrate by reading a book of her choice a romance novel. Yes, Hermione Granger read romance novels. It was one of a few activities that allowed her to escape her structured life.

For the past eight years, Hermione diligently put every knut she earned, minus the few she needed for expenses, into investments. She was never foolish with her money as she always thoroughly researched her investments. One of her biggest investments was George and Fred Weasley's business. Their business had been so successful that they had stores all over the world. Hermione's initial investments were bringing in slow returns, but when she completed her research on the twins' business, she knew it was secure. By putting a majority of her funds into the Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes, her investments were making excellent profits.

In the mean time, Hermione was very careful with what she spent her money on by only buying the necessities. Financially, she was very secure, but being such an intelligent, clever witch. Her flat was a one-room with a small kitchenette and a bathroom. Her bedroom posed as her study and each night she transfigured her desk into a bed. Others would frown at this living arrangement, but she was content with it since she was not a materialist.

Reading about the activities of Enrique in her romance novel, Hermione closed her eyes and imagined him doing those things to her...and eventually fell asleep.

In the morning, as Hermione was preparing her breakfast of whole-wheat toast and black coffee, an owl arrived with a copy of the Daily Prophet. She took the paper and placed a few coins in the owl's pouch. While the owl flew off, she unrolled the paper. After reading the headlines, she screamed.

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"What the hell did you do to get the Ministry to freeze your funds?" yelled Hermione. George and Fred were in their store at Diagon Alley taking inventory.

"Well, I don't know how to explain it," said Fred, winking at George.

"Yeah, we were busy investing in other 'investments'..." started George.

"Very promising investments," added Fred.

"Yes, very promising investments," confirmed George, showing off a new pair of dragon hide boots. "We just got out of control," he shrugged.

"I invested my life savings into your business! Now I cannot access my funds because of your promising investment!" she stated.

Fred reached into his pocket and pulled out a galleon. Handing it to her, he said, "Here, love, go buy yourself some chocolate. It helps other women when dealing with that time of the month." She slapped his hand, causing the coin to go flying across the store.

"I am leaving because if I don't, I will be spending the rest of my life in Azkaban for a double murder," she hissed. Turning, she stomped out of the store, nearly knocking a few costumers off their feet.

"Well, that went better than we expected," said George. Fred just smirked and gave him a wink.

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Hermione paced her small flat, concerned about her financial future when she heard a 'crack.' She turned to see who had just Apparated behind her.

"We need to talk," he said. Hermione nodded, gesturing for him to sit down.

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The trial date finally arrived. All those who had been identified in the videos were notified and obtained counsel. Harry sat in the front row with Ginny by his side. She was a bit nervous, but Harry told her she had nothing to be ashamed of. Ron, on the other hand, was as anxious as a kid in a candy store. He was excited to share with the world that he had sex, but Lavender was so embarrassed that she kept hiding her face. Mrs. Weasley sat in the back row crying and wailing that two of her children were going to be publicly exposed for starring in pornographic movies.

"Harry, did you get to see your video?" asked Lavender.

"No, the solicitor said that she wanted our authentic reaction to it in front of the jury," said Harry.

"Believe me, it will be an authentic reaction. My face will be as red as my hair," whispered Ginny.

"Don't worry, love, it will be over soon," he said, giving Ginny a gentle kiss. "Our solicitor said that we have a strong case and she has faith in the jurors chosen, so it will be a quick trial."

"That's a bit unfair," said Lavender, referring to the jury. "How can a group of strangers put an amount on the humiliation I have experienced? I mean, I am minutes from being fully naked, having my first sexual encounter displayed for all to see and..."

"Relax, Lavender, it will be just fine," reassured Ron. She shot him an evil look.

"Please rise," announced the bailiff. "The honorable Judge Jamison is presiding." A tall, stern looking, older man entered the courtroom.

"This court is now in session; please be seated," said Judge Jamison. He shuffled through some papers and then cleared his throat. Glaring at the defendants and then the plaintiffs, he leaned both elbows on his bench and clasped his hands just in front of him. His expression was difficult to read. It was either one of 'he had better things to do'

or 'let's hang the bastard who did this.'

"Due to the sensitivity of this trial, this courtroom is closed to the public. Only those listed in the lawsuit or members of the immediate family are allowed to be present. There will be no recording of this trial except for the court recorder, is that understood?"

The various solicitors all replied, "Yes, Your Honour."

"Very well," nodded the judge. Three solicitors who looked very wet behind the ears were representing the Regent Inn. "As a part of the agreement to this trial, the owners of the Regency Inn are required to be present," said the judge, looking sternly at the Defense.

"Yes, your Honour," squeaked one of the solicitors. He turned toward the back of the courtroom and two men stood up. With smirks on their faces, they made their way to where the Defense was sitting.

"What?!" screamed Mrs. Weasley. "No! No way!" she yelled as she watched her two sons approach the front of the courtroom. "Fred and George, you are grounded for the rest of your lives!"

The judge took his gavel and struck it on his bench. "Order!" he demanded, "Order!" Mrs. Weasley sat back down, quietly mumbling to herself. Judge Jamison looked closer at the names on the paper work and commented, "So, we are keeping this one in the family." Fred and George smiled, but Ron and Ginny glared at them.

Once the judge obtained order, the arguments began. He called the first couple up who were Muggle. They were sworn in and their solicitor gave a brief introduction before showing their video. It was over in a matter of minutes and the couple was dismissed. The same occurred with the second Muggle couple.

"Maybe they are only showing parts of the videos," Harry whispered to Ginny and she gave a small smile of hope.

"Our next couple, Harry James Potter and Ginevra Molly Weasley," said the solicitor for the plaintiff. Harry took Ginny by the hand and led her up to the stand. The bailiff held out the Bible.

"Place your right hand on the Bible, hold up your left hand and repeat after me. I swear that I will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God." Harry did it first and then Ginny. Together they took the stand where two, worn leather chairs had been placed.

Their solicitor gave a short introduction to each of them that included them being upstanding citizens in the community, something that Harry had to fudge about for the Muggle world. And then came the part they were dreading the showing of the video.

The lights were dimmed and the video began. It was shown on several monitors around the courtroom so no matter which way you looked, you could see it.

Harry held Ginny's hand as Ginny covered her face with her other hand while hanging her head in shame. Mrs. Weasley was wailing loudly in the back. The jury stared intently at the monitor, never taking their eyes off of it.

The video wasted no time as it showed Ginny attacking Harry. She grabbed Harry by the waist, unfastened his pants and dropped them down to his ankles as she dropped down to her knees. His erection sprang to life as she teased it first with her fingers and then her tongue before taking it into her mouth. Harry tilted his head back while grasping her head, encouraging her.

In the next scene, Harry had Ginny on her back while he was performing cunnilingus on her. She moaned and cried out his name, begging for more. They then had actual intercourse with Harry on top and then Ginny on top and then Ginny on bottom with Harry entering her from behind. Then Harry was on the bottom with Ginny sitting on his face, and so on. It finally ended with Ginny having a final orgasm while riding Harry at the edge of the bed and then she dropped to her knees, sucking him off in the final scene. The video was an hour and a half long.

When the lights came on, the courtroom was suddenly very hot and several jurors were fanning themselves. Judge Jamison was clearing his throat while adjusting himself in his chair. Mrs. Weasley stared at her daughter with her mouth hanging open.

"Thirty minute recess," the judge announced hastily, slamming his gavel down on the bench, and then quickly left the courtroom. The jurors were escorted out. Harry led Ginny back to their seats in the front row where Mrs. Weasley was quickly approaching them.

"Nicely done, Ginny," said a very proud Mrs. Weasley, causing Ginny to turn an even darker shade of red. "Excuse me, I need to go and um...inform your father of how things are uh...coming along." She, too, quickly left.

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The fourth couple was from the wizarding world, but neither Harry and Ginny, or Ron and Lavender knew them. They were a couple about the age of their parents. Their video lasted about 30 minutes and then they took their seats, thankful their humiliation was over.

"I call Ronald Bilius Weasley and Lavender Brown to the stand," said the solicitor. They walked to the stand, hand in hand. After taking the oath, they took their seats. Again the solicitor made mention that they were upstanding citizens.

As the lights dimmed, Ron sat proud as the video started. Poor Lavender just hid her face.

The video began with Ron and Lavender on the bed. She was naked, but Ron still had his underwear on, which was tented. He was busy kissing her while his hands moved quickly over her body like some type of octopus. Ron then moved on top of her, pulled down the front of his underwear, and entered her.

"Ow!!!" she screamed, but Ron paid no attention. "Ow!!!!" she said again, only louder, but Ron just kept moving on her.

And then the next sound was, "Ooooooooooooooooo," coming from Ron, who had stopped moving. He lifted his body up just enough to tuck himself back in his underwear and then rolled off Lavender.

Lavender just lay there, looking around with terror in her eyes. Not sure what to do, she reached for the sheets and covered her body. The video ended with Ron's loud snoring.

As the lights came on, there were a few snickers and smirks. Harry and Ginny looked at each other and then at the floor, both trying not to laugh.

Ron and Lavender went back to their seats.

"Um, I didn't know you were a virgin," whispered Harry to Ron.

"Not me," he blushed, "Lavender. It was her first time. She wanted to be with an experienced man, so I volunteered," said Ron proudly. Harry faked a cough, trying to stifle his laugh and Ginny just buried her face in Harry's arm to stifle her own laugh.

Mrs. Weasley stomped to the front of the courtroom, took her purse and smacked Ron upside the head.

"Ow!" cried Ron. "What was that for?"

"For humiliating the family!" she snapped. She then stomped back to her seat.

Judge Jamison cleared his throat and mumbled, "Well, we won't need a recess for that one."

The solicitor stood and announced, "Our last couple is Hermione Jane Granger and Severus Tobias Snape." Harry, Ginny, Ron, and Lavender nearly fell out of their seats as they spun around to see Hermione and Snape walking from the back of the courtroom. The four looked at each other in shock, but didn't say a word. Under normal circumstances, they would have been surprised to see Snape wearing a black, double-breasted suit with a black dress shirt and black tie. His hair was combed back and tied. Hermione wore a tasteful, light gray suit jacket with a matching skirt. Her hair was tied up in a bun, giving a professional appearance. The clicking from her heels echoed across the courtroom as she and Snape made their way to the stand.

Severus and Hermione were sworn in and took the stand. They did not hold hands or even look at each other for that matter. Once again, the solicitor explained to the jury that they were upstanding citizens. He even went as far to describe them as humanitarians and listed which organizations they belong to. Harry knew Hermione had a lot to do with setting this up, but didn't blame her at all since he did the same thing.

As the lights dimmed and the video began, Severus just stared ahead with his signature glare while Hermione looked nervously at the monitor, biting her bottom lip.

The scene began with Severus holding the door open for Hermione. She was barefoot, holding her heels by the straps and carrying a glass of champagne. She was wearing a black dress with nylons. Her hair was loosely pulled up and stray locks dangling around her neck and face. It was still bushy, but with it being long, she was able to pull it back. She wore a mischievous grin as she entered the room. Severus was close behind her, wearing black dress robes over his black, wool suit. His hair was a bit longer than when they were in school. It draped down to his shoulders, but was still as greasy. His eyes glanced around the room as if approving what he saw.

This room was different from the others. It was tastefully decorated, something Severus took care of before their arrival. Hermione looked around the room and then turned to face him. She dropped her shoes on the floor and finished the champagne in her glass.

"I do believe you purposely got me intoxicated, Professor," she purred, running a finger down his chest, stopping just above his waist.

"Tut, tut, Miss Granger. Since when can a woman as clever as you allow herself to become intoxicated?" he said in a low, deep voice. Hermione closed her eyes for a moment and just absorbed the vibration of his voice.

She then looked up at him with eyebrow cocked and said, "I will admit that I filled the wine bottle several times, but I cannot take credit for refilling the champagne bottle."

Severus refrained from comment and instead removed his dress robes, laying them on a nearby upholstered chair. He then took Hermione's empty champagne glass and placed it on an end table, where a large bouquet of red roses sat. Severus took one, brought it to his nose and inhaled its scent. Looking at Hermione, he gave it to her and whispered, "Your beauty is unsurpassed."

Hermione took the rose and smiled while gazing into his eyes and said, "You are drunk. I can't believe you actually said that with a straight face." She then gave a small giggle as she headed over to the bed and he followed.

He grabbed her by the arm, spun her around to face him and said, "I'm not that drunk." He then brought his mouth down to hers, kissing her as his hands moved to her back to unfasten her dress. He tried working the buttons, fumbling with them, but Hermione giggled in his mouth and broke off the kiss.

"Admit it, you are a bit drunk," she said, placing another kiss on his lips. She then tossed the rose aside.

"No," he said sternly.

"Just..." she kissed his bottom lip, "drunk..." she kissed his prominent jawbone, "enough," she whispered while standing tip toed to place a kiss near his ear.

"Just drunk enough," he whispered. Hermione stepped back and smiled at him. Her eyes traveled up and down his body, nodding in approval. She then reached behind her and unfastened her top buttons.

"There are easier ways to do this," she purred, referring to using magic as she slid one strap off her shoulder, "but this seems to have captured your attention."

"I am a man, Hermione," he said, stepping closer to her. He reached up and removed her other strap, watching her dress slide down her body, and onto the floor. "Of course you have my attention."

Severus then kissed her, deeper than before. Their mouths opened, their tongues entwined to taste each other, while their hands explored each other. She found his buttons and began unfastening each one. Finally removing his jacket and discarding it on the floor, she began unfastening the buttons on his shirt. As she undid each button, pulling his shirt further back, she placed a kiss on his chest, which was lightly dusted with black hair. He looked down, watching her, observing her movements and ministrations on his body. But he couldn't sustain his surprised look as she dropped to her knees and began unfastening his trousers.

Hermione unfastened his pants and pulled them, along with his gray underpants, down to his ankles. She then moved her hands to his throbbing erection and cocked her eyebrow.

"Something wrong," he whispered, not trusting his voice.

"On the contrary, Severus. I always suspected you had a lot to offer a woman." An arrogant smirk crossed his face but soon faded as she took his length into her mouth and began sucking him. His head tilted back as he inhaled sharply. She was very attentive to his moans, learning quickly which areas were sensitive and which areas brought a deep growl as opposed to just a moan. He watched her carefully as he came in her mouth, surprised yet satisfied to see her swallow.

He took her by the hands and pulled her back to her feet, giving her another kiss. "Do you like tasting yourself on me?" she asked mischievously. He cocked one eyebrow and kissed her again as he stepped out of his trousers.

Guiding her to the side of the bed, he laid down, bringing her with him. As she laid her body on his, he pulled her into a sitting position. Placing his hands on her buttocks, he guided her body further up so that finally she was straddling his face. As she placed her hands on the headboard, he began his ministrations on the sweetest place a woman has to offer a man. As Severus attentively brought Hermione to orgasm, she gently grinded herself on his face, softly moaning and mewling.

When her orgasm subsided, she moved further down his body, straddling his waist and looked contently into his eyes.

"I would have taken you for a screamer," he smirked.

"Sorry to disappoint, but when I have an orgasm that powerful, my body takes over and the last thing on my mind is to scream." She then leaned down and kissed him, tasting herself on his sweet lips.

"Do you like tasting yourself?" he asked with a bit of cheek in his voice.

She smiled and said, "I love tasting myself on your lips." Severus pulled her down to his mouth again, kissing her hard while she wiggled her bottom down a bit, feeling that he was hard again.

She raised her hips and impaled herself onto his hard cock, causing both of them to groan. She began to slowly move up and down while grinding herself on him. He placed his hands on her breasts, pinching and playing with them. Together they found a rhythm satisfying them both. There was no rush, no urgency, each savoring the moment.

As the alcohol further consumed their minds and bodies, so did their desire for one another. They explored and devoured one another until the wee hours of the morning, all the while being videotaped.

As the lights came on four hours later, the judge, once again, hastily slammed his gavel and growled, "We will continue this tomorrow morning at eight o'clock!" He left quickly while wiping the sweat from his brow.

Hermione stepped off the bench with Severus directly behind her. Both walked directly to the back of the courtroom and out the door before anyone could stop them.

"Bloody hell!" cried Ron.

"I had no idea," said Harry. He turned to Ginny who quickly looked away. "Did you know, Ginny?"

"Well, I knew she had been um...less stressed and I had teased her that it was a man, but of course she denied it."

"But did you know it was Snape?" snapped Ron.

"If I did, it is none of your business!" she snapped back. Looking at Harry, she calmly said, "I had no idea it was Snape."

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Court convened at eight o'clock the following morning. After an opening statement from the judge, the solicitor representing Hermione and Severus began. They had already taken the stand.

"Yesterday we witnessed the first of five video tapes made by the defendant. I have in my possession the other four videos." There were gasps and murmurs among the courtroom.

"Order!" yelled the judge, "Order!" Hermione blushed fiercely while Severus' glare never changed.

Their solicitor held up each video as he announced the titles to them. "*Spank Me, Professor. Detention, Miss Granger! How Do You Like It Bottoms Up or Heads Up? Creating Chemistry.* These videos are each four to five hours in length and are being circulated worldwide. The profits George and Fred Weasley are bringing from these videos are astronomical." He continued giving a good argument and then submitted the tapes into evidence. "You will now witness the second video, *Spank Me, Professor.*" The lights dimmed as the bailiff placed the tape in the VCR. Several grins could be seen among the jurors and attendees in the courtroom. Severus kept his wand hidden while pointing it toward the VCR. Silently casting a spell, the television screen when blank and the smoke filled the room.

After the courtroom was aired out from the smell of the burnt video tape and several other VCRs failed to work, the judge decided that the four hour video tape would sufficiently represent the other four tapes. After two days of deliberations, the jury returned.

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Ron sat attentively in the front row, anxious to receive his reward while the rest were just relieved that this nightmare would finally be over.

"Have you come to a decision?" the judge asked the jury.

The head jurymen stood up and said, "Yes, your honor." The bailiff took the decision to the judge, who took his time reading it. His expression gave no indication of what was to come. He handed it back to the bailiff who returned it to the head jurymen.

George and Fred, along with their solicitors, stood and faced the jury. The jury started with the first couple and made their way to Harry and Ginny.

"We, the jury find the Defendants guilty on all charges brought against them by Ginevra Molly Weasley and Harry James Potter." The jurymen went on the name each charge and then finally got to the part Ron had been waiting for compensation.

"The Defendants will pay Ginevra Molly Weasley and Harry James Potter each the sum of one million pounds." There were murmurs of approval seeing that this was far greater than the other couples' compensation, but due to them having had a longer tape, it was well justified. The jury moved on to Ron and Lavender's case.

"We, the jury were deadlocked with the charges brought against the Defendants by Ronald Weasley and Lavender Brown. Your honor, we could not come to a consensus if sexual intercourse actually took place because one, it was too quick and two, Miss Brown clearly did not enjoy herself. But we are awarding Miss Brown with 100,000 pounds for pain, suffering, and humiliation." The courtroom erupted with laughter.

"What?" cried Ron, jumping to his feet. "Are you all mental? I was just as humiliated as Lavender!" Lavender grabbed Ron by the arm, trying to stop him. "I deserve money!" Harry then reached over and jerked Ron hard enough to pull him back into his chair.

"Order!" yelled the judge, slamming his gavel down on his bench. Ron quieted down and Lavender carefully looked the other way, trying to hide her smirk. The jury continued.

"We, the jury find the Defendants guilty on all charges brought against them by Severus Tobias Snape and Hermione Jane Granger. The Defendants will pay each Mr. Snape and Miss Granger the sum of one million pounds in addition to handing over all rights of the current five videos that are in circulation and production. Mr. Snape and Miss Granger will receive any and all profits from these videos." The murmurs and gasps overtook the courtroom.

"Order! Order or I will clear this courtroom right now!" yelled the judge. Silence took over. The judge adjourned the court and dismissed the jury.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

Hermione lay in her bed, snuggling her patch quilt.

"Nox," she whispered. Her eyes ached and burned from all the research she had done that day. Taking a deep breath, she slowly let it out, allowing her body and mind to relax for the first time since she had taken her latest assignment. Turning to her left side, she snuggled further into her pillow, welcoming the sleep that would soon come.

Just as her mind was shutting off and her body was slipping into sleep she felt the warmth and comfort his body, spooning hers. Placing one arm around her waist, he pressed closer to hers. Together they found sleep.

In the morning, Hermione awoke to the bright sunlight shining in her room. She was alone. This is how it was since the trial. Severus had never been there in the morning and would only keep her awake when she was in between contracts so as not to disrupt required sleep. On the nights he would keep her awake were full of passion and deep conversations. A few times she would wake in the night and surprise Severus by holding him.

She couldn't explain her relationship with Severus, but she was content with it. He respected her need for independence and for her career, just as she respected his. Together they brought each other the right amount of comfort and companionship needed. Financially, each was set for life, though clearly money was not what made their lives complete. And neither of them was ready to admit what did.

~THE END

AN: This is a silly plot that I cannot take credit for. I actually got the idea from the television series, *Married with Children*. This was an unaired episode that the producers felt would not be accepted by the censors so it is considered a lost episode. Of course I added the twist to make it an HG/SS story.

Hugs,

Corazon