

A Likely Story

by pokeystar

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus Snape woke up on Monday morning in a very peculiar mood. He frowned in thought, pondering the odd composition of lightness and serenity that had invaded his chest. He felt almost *mellow*, like a Kneazle taking a sunbeam nap or Lucius Malfoy after a bout of shoe shopping in Italy during the trunk shows.

It was unsettling in the extreme.

Not even the looming horror of double Potions with the sixth-year Slytherins and Gryffindors after breakfast could put a dent in it. Simply put, he could not be bothered to give a flying fuck. He paused at that particular phrase, considering it suspiciously, for it had caused a stutter in his heartbeat, but shrugged it off and continued stretching. It was probably a twinge of indigestion from the elves' lamentable Beef Bourguignon anyway.

He performed his morning ablutions in a distracted manner whilst humming "Hotel California" under his breath...not even noticing that he was humming, let alone *what* he was humming, at all. Furthermore, he failed to note that Harry Potter had been in diapers the last time he attempted to hum anything; for the record, it was "Hotel California" then, too.

When Severus Snape took a fancy to something, the fancy stuck.

A few minutes later, he was seated in the Great Hall, sneering at his usual weak tea and dry toast. As soon as the whim popped into his head, a massive plate piled with fry-up appeared in the toast's place, and he tucked in, determined not to speculate on the return of his normally fickle appetite.

Concentrating as he was on his delicious meal, he didn't realize the rest of the Head Table had fallen silent and was pointedly staring at him until he looked up while taking a sip of pumpkin juice. When his eyes narrowed upon meeting Dumbledore's, the other professors' heads swiveled as one and looked out over the student body. McGonagall barely repressed a gasp as she gazed in shock at her House's table, and Dumbledore silenced her impending outburst with a brusque glance.

"Minerva, pull aside your student as soon as breakfast is over," Albus murmured calmly, holding Severus's baffled gaze. "Meet us in my office."

His appetite vanished at the anger he sensed under Albus's apparent calm. His stomach roiled and Severus reached for his tea, halting the cup in mid-air when he saw that his skin was glowing. And blue.

Bugger me with Merlin's spiky staff.

They sat in utter stillness in the Headmaster's office, the whirring and clicking of Dumbledore's odd instrument collection providing the only noise in the tension-thick space.

Albus was pondering his desktop as if it were a Pensieve, reflecting back hopelessly tangled memories. Severus was sprawled in a chair next to the fire, gazing sightlessly into its depths, his forehead furrowed. Hermione Granger was seated across from the Headmaster, her head bowed in dismay, looking at the glowing blue hands clenched in her lap. Minerva sat next to Hermione, patting her shoulder in a weak yet comforting gesture, while her eyes darted sharply from Dumbledore to Snape and back again. Fawkes chirruped in his sleep, settling his wing over his beak, and suddenly, Hermione looked up, eyes flashing in the firelight.

"We were working on the Maximus Potion," she cried, her hands unclenching to grasp the edge of the Headmaster's desk.

"The Maximus Potion?" Minerva parroted.

"Yes. Since Hagrid failed to gain the giants' allegiance," Dumbledore replied, "Miss Granger approached Professor Snape and myself at the beginning of the school year with the idea for an Enlarging potion."

"Because *Engorgio* only works on objects," interjected Hermione, unable to help herself.

"You developed a viable formula?" Dumbledore addressed Snape, who merely nodded in reply.

"Good enough to test on humans," said Hermione with eager pride. Her forehead wrinkled. "Only, I think I added a bit too much kudzu."

Severus stood up to pace the floor, robes billowing behind him. "The blasted girl shot up like Alice after eating the currant cake. I thought her head was going to punch through the ceiling," he hissed, turning to face Albus.

"Instead, I brained myself on it and passed out," Hermione murmured sheepishly.

"Crushing half the desks beneath her as she fell. I had to scramble back to avoid being crushed as well. She stumbled around a bit." Severus's sigh was of the long-suffering variety. "Before collapsing backwards, limbs akimbo." His nose and cheekbones flushed a brownish-red. "She must've overturned a cauldron or two. In my rush to administer the antidote, I slipped in a puddle and tripped headfirst into..." He soundlessly gestured at his student's lap.

Hermione squeaked and bit her lip.

"You fell?" Dumbledore repeated, seemingly dumbfounded. "Into her vagina?"

Snape cleared his throat and nodded, meeting Albus's eyes without hesitation, while McGonagall wrapped a protective arm around her charge.

"Miss Granger, do you feel comfortable enough to continue developing this important potion with Professor Snape?" Hermione inhaled deeply and nodded, not looking up from her lap. "This sort of accident will not happen again," added the older wizard, absently stroking his long white beard.

"I will undertake extreme precautions," Severus said with such sincerity that his statement resembled a vow.

"If it does, Snape, I shall have your *vas deferens* for garters," McGonagall put in, giving Hermione one last squeeze before standing up.

Both men shuddered, only just keeping their hands from cupping their groins.

"Miss Granger," she continued, pointedly ignoring the wizards' discomfort. "Regrettably, I have Transfiguration with the Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs presently. I must trust..." She raised an eyebrow at her errant colleague. "...your well-being to tea and an *apology* from Professor Snape. I believe you have some time before class?" Severus nodded deferentially and McGonagall marched from the room.

When the door shut behind her, Dumbledore chuckled, turning to Severus. "We have our orders, I suppose. You may take Miss Granger with you through the Floo."

Hermione stood and followed Severus to the fireplace. Just as he tossed the powder onto the fire, they paused when Dumbledore cleared his throat.

"You are very lucky Miss Granger is of age. This meeting would have gone much differently were she not." Both Hermione and Severus winced at the severity of the Headmaster's tone. "And Severus, perhaps one of those precautions should be a quick *Evanescio* of the floor?"

Snape grimaced in acknowledgment, and gestured Hermione into the fire before him.

They stepped into his office and Snape flicked his wand, executing a series of wards and charms, so that they would not be disturbed. Hermione sat in a chair across from his desk, playing idly with her skirt while Severus made tea. He placed a teacup in front of her and sat in the chair behind his desk. All of this was accomplished in a slightly awkward silence...until their eyes met as they were both about to take a sip of tea.

Hermione set her cup down with a clatter and gasped, "Honestly!" before succumbing to fit of giggles.

Severus smirked and his eyes crinkled up at the corners as he watched Hermione's delectable body jiggle with mirth.

She recovered far too quickly for his taste and said, "Was that the best you could come up with?"

He raised an eyebrow. "It was the truth."

"Really?" She was shocked, but only for a moment. Then she started giggling again.

Severus was pleased to note that her joyful fit lasted longer this time.

"You actually *fell* in? No wonder you were so eager after you administered the antidote."

"Quite," he replied, with a rather thin edge of dignity intact. "Your campaign finally succeeded, though wholly by accident." She grinned at him cheekily, and he chose to overlook the telling gleam in her eyes. "And I feel compelled to admit that Muggle research you found was correct about sexual tensions adding to one's stress levels."

She attempted to look demure. "Had a nice morning, then?" His eyes gleamed in satisfaction and something else that made Hermione brace herself.

"Have you nothing to say in return?" he inquired, stroking his teacup in anticipation.

She rolled her eyes at him. "All right," she grumbled and then heaved a long sigh. "I suppose I was wrong about the Fraternization Charm being a schoolyard myth."

The Cheshire Cat had nothing on Severus Snape's smirk.

"But I couldn't find any evidence the charm actually existed," she huffed, looking thoroughly put out with books in general and the Hogwarts library in specific. It had never failed her before.

Severus could not resist tutting under his breath.

"Bother," Hermione muttered. "I'll find some way around that blasted charm."

He was sure to go to hell anyway. He might as well enjoy the cushy, supple, nubile hand basket the Fates were offering him.

"I'm sure you will," he murmured and sipped his tea. He nudged his singular copy of *Charmes et Potions: Hybrides*, revised closer to her side of the desk.

The sooner the better, he reckoned.

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Written for Mollysister & Morethansirius (because Molly promised she would share) and posted at the Live Journal community Morethanmolly.

Molly's Prompt: There has always been a curse placed on Hogwarts staff preventing sexually touching of a student. Obviously no one wants to activate the curse because ((insert horrible magic thing)). Snape and Granger have begun working together after classes in the battle against Voldypants. Snape accidentally falls into her vagina. What happens?