

The Plushie or A Reality All Its Own

by Pearle

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This was written as a thank you to Shiv5468 for a random act of thoughtfulness. (This story contains spoilers for several of Shiv5468's stories).

To Shiv:

Words alone cannot express my appreciation for the Plushie. This came to me when you mentioned Severus, Lucius, and Voldemort were to be joined by Hermione.

Any resemblance to reality is purely coincidental, as is any resemblance to fantasy or characters that may look like they belong to someone else. Actually, they do. Alas, Severus and company does not belong to me.

Having said that, again, thank you, thank you, thank you! I would imagine you might appreciate chocolate more, but here is the story anyway.

Pearle

Disclaimer: The characters, settings, etc., of the Harry Potter series are not mine; they belong to J.K. Rowling and Co. I promise to return them when I am through. Well, most of them anyway.

The Plushie or A Reality All Its Own

A Prologue of Sorts

Severus watched Hermione as she leaned against Lucius, imagining her eyes growing wide with annoyance. Well, maybe watched was not quite the right term for a plush doll created in the image of one of the most questionable characters ever to grace the pages of a child's fiction, the plot of the author's latest tome only adding to the

growing list of questions surrounding the dark figure.

A plushie, by its very nature, could not do anything remotely human, its sole function in life being to collect dust. But where would our story be if that were the case? Then again, the mind knows no limits when engaged in the magic of writing. Or engaged in Magic, it would seem.

The Story

How had it come to this? Lucius and Voldemort were lying haphazardly in a heap at the foot of the bed. He, at least, was propped up against a pillow and able to 'look' about the room. The last thing he remembered was standing next to the Dark Lord, Lucius on the other side, as that brat Potter ranted on about the evil the Dark Lord had visited upon the wizarding world. A spell, in some language he didn't understand, rang out over the battlefield.

The next thing he knew, he was here, wherever here was.

At first, Severus had been alone. He had regained 'consciousness' but soon found he was unable to move. A quick inventory of his body revealed he had lost all sensation, the ability to speak not within his grasp, either. He had retained his sight, after a fashion, but could only view the world directly in front of his eyes.

Since his current position was on his back, his only view was the ceiling directly above his head. For all the times he had been in the hospital wing and looked at the cracked and peeling ceiling, he knew he was somewhere other than Hogwarts. Silently, he could only wonder where that somewhere was.

The sensation of floating accosted him as a young woman, more than ten times his size, picked him up. Her voice was strangely soothing, her manner gentle, as she placed him against a pillow.

"I seem to have written myself into a corner. How the devil am I to get you and Hermione out of Grimmauld Place and into a happily ever after? I suppose they'll want lemons sooner rather than later, too," the young woman mused, studying some odd metal book-type object open on her lap.

He and ...Granger? The bushy-haired know-it-all? What about Grimmauld Place? Happily ever after? He was a Death Eater, for God's sake, he didn't do happily ever after, or lemons for that matter. He took his tea straight up. Black, as God had intended it to be.

The world seemed too waver as words appeared on the open side of the metal object. "All right, how does this sound?"

The world shifted with the sound of her voice. Suddenly, he found himself at number twelve, Grimmauld Place with a very enthusiastic Hermione attempting to snog him senseless.

"What?"

"Stopping."

"I'm sorry?" he said, astonished.

*"Apology accepted. Don't do it again." Before he could explain that that wasn't what he meant at all, Miss Granger, she had pushed him sharply. Off balance, he fell backwards into the chair and Hermione followed him down. She stifled any protests by kissing him, and any resistance was quickly overcome.*¹

Who was he to argue?

It was some time later, after a surprisingly satisfying round of shagging, that he awoke on the floor with a very naked Hermione snuggled against him. He tried to make sense of the past twenty-four hours. Hermione? When had he started to think of her as Hermione?

Of course, the Curse, this must be another stage. Though what type of 'curse' transported you into an alternate reality where you and your most annoying student have mind-blowing sex was beyond him.

"I believe that should do it for tonight." And with those words, Severus was once again back on the bed, unable to move.

No! What type of curse was this? His choices seemed to be Petrification or being transported into a world not of his making. He cursed everything he could think of as the world around him swirled into darkness.

Once again, Aphrodite's voice brought him to consciousness, if the state of just-being was considered consciousness. He had taken to calling the young giantess Aphrodite, after the Greek goddess of sexuality and erotic love, for the number of times she dropped him into these alternate realities to engage in the scenarios she set out before him. Regardless of where he was, Hermione seemed to be a key element in whatever universe he found himself. Well, Hermione and shagging, actually, though sometimes he was whisked away before they got to the actual act.

As far as he could tell, he had been here several months. Time was hard to measure in his current state. During that time, he had run into Hermione in a bookstore, only to take her back to his place and shag her silly.² He'd taken her out to dinner with the promise of a night of passionate love later.³ He had been invaded by an ancient Egyptian god whose sole focus was sex. Hermione, after all the shagging they had done over the last few weeks she would never be Miss Granger again, had figured just as prominently in that world, too.⁴

And yet another time after the Dark Lord's defeat; fortunately, in almost all of the scenarios, Voldemort was dead and gone for good he and Hermione had set out to fool Dumbledore with a fake relationship. Somewhere along the way the inevitable happened, and once again they were shagging like bunnies.⁵ Vaguely, he recalled something about the two of them being trapped under a mistletoe, and he and Hermione dressed as Santa and his elf, a very sexy elf when he thought about it. He couldn't remember if both situations had happened in the same time frame or not. He did remember shagging had happened.^{6 & 7}

There had been more worlds, more universes that mirrored his own in terms of location and people, though some of the doppelgangers he encountered acted as different from their originals as night and day. Sometime during the last few weeks at least he thought it was weeks, it was hard to tell the figure of Lucius had appeared, to be followed a short time later by the Dark Lord himself.

He had tried to communicate with them by means of telepathy, but to no avail. He would've laughed out loud, if he'd had the ability, when Aphrodite had called Lucius Malfoy, Death Eater extraordinaire, Lucy. The only thing more amusing was when she had taken to calling the Dark Lord 'Voldy'. He could only surmise they had been hit with the same curse as he.

"Hello? How did you get down here?" Once again the giantess's voice brought him back to consciousness as Aphrodite propped him against 'his' pillow.

He knew by now he only gained the state of 'wakefulness' when she had the desire to send him out into a world. He supposed the Curse might have killed him and this was hell. Though why he would be having such mind-numbing sex at every turn and still be in hell was beyond him.

Once again upright, he looked toward Lucy and Voldy at the end of the bed only to stop short. There, leaning against the figure of Lucius Malfoy, was his Hermione.

His Hermione? When had she become his? And what in the bloody hell was she doing here? It was true they had been married in several of the realities or, if not married, they had been in a committed relationship, but that was not reality. So why did he suddenly feel so angry? As if he had been betrayed. Why did he feel overcome with...jealousy?

"What are you doing with Lucy? Developing a wandering eye? You know you belong with Severus."

He watched as the giant hand gently laid the figure of Hermione next to him.

"Much better. Now, time for a new fic, I think." The metal box appeared on Aphrodite's lap. "HBP compliant or not HBP compliant? That is the question."

And the darkness swirled around him once more.

"Severus?"

He lay still, waiting to see what *she* had in store for him this time. He was lying in a bed and, from the feel of it, he surmised he must be in his own quarters at Hogwarts. The bed dipped as someone sat next to him. He felt a cool flannel gently wipe across his forehead.

Her perfume came to him as she leaned forward to plant a gentle kiss on his brow. Hermione. His Hermione. They must be together in this universe.

"Well, at least you feel cooler."

Slowly he opened his eyes. The black canopy overhead confirmed his suspicions: he was indeed in his own quarters.

"Hello, welcome back."

She knew where he had been? "Hermione?"

"It's all right, Severus, I think the worst is over." She smiled at him as she busied herself with the flannel once again.

The door to his bedchamber flew open to reveal a perfectly miniaturised version of Hermione, with the exception of her all-too-familiar black eyes. It seemed they had a child in this reality.

"Daddy, are you feeling better?" The little girl ran to the bed, intent on seeing her father.

It was odd; this timeline felt different from the others. It felt almost...real. All the other times he had gained consciousness, only to be thrust into one scenario after another, he had almost felt as if he were acting under an "*Imperius Curse*", his free will compromised as events unfolded around him.

"Honey, why don't you play in the lounge for a while? I don't think Daddy is up to having visitors yet."

"I'm not a visitor." Katherine glared at her mother.

Severus looked at the little girl... and screamed. There, clutched in her arms, was a plushie version of Aphrodite.

It had taken time for him to calm down, the toy banished to the lounge before he was willing to talk. Katherine sat on her mother's lap, her tears now down to a few sniffles, as she listened to her father.

"She was real, I tell you. Just as real as you and I." He had told her an abbreviated story of the different realities he had visited, not willing to go into graphic detail of their extraordinary sex life with such a small child present.

"Yes, so you said, Severus, but you've been delirious for the last two days. Illusionitis has been making the rounds. It seems to have hit you a little harder than most."

"What do you mean I was delirious?" he demanded. She had said he'd been delirious for the last two days, but that was impossible. The last he could recall was the Final Battle. Only two days had passed since the Final Battle?

"You started mumbling things about Malfoy and some curse. The higher your fever climbed, the more agitated you became. Every so often, you would shout out a word or two. I'm not entirely sure, but I thought I heard the phrase 'bookstore' and 'mistletoe' repeated a few times. The rest was too garbled for me to understand. Though you did say 'ho, ho, ho' a few times, too." Hermione shook her head as she tried to puzzle out the meaning of the odd words. She also had no intention of telling him a few of the 'other' words he had moaned in his delirium. She would keep that knowledge to herself until he was back on track again.

"So why don't I remember anything past the Final Battle?" Severus lay back against the pillows. It had all been a hallucination brought on by a raging fever. He looked around the room. "I take it the good guys won?"

"Yes, the good guys, one of which was you, won. I suspect it has to do with the flu that is still in your system. Poppy said there was a possibility you wouldn't know where you were when you woke up."

He reached out to take her hand, his thumb lazily stroking the sensitive flesh at her wrist. His voice was low, pitched to entice her as he asked, "And where am I?"

"You're home, and well on the road to recovery. Here, drink this." Hermione held out a phial she had plucked from his bedside. "You should feel like a new man when you wake up."

The draught must have contained a powerful sleeping potion. He could barely get the words out of his mouth as sleep claimed him. "But I rather thought you liked the man I am now."

Once more Hermione kissed him on the forehead. "Actually, I *love* the man you are now." She turned off the lights with a soft *Vox* before quietly closing the door behind her. One down and one to go, she thought. She would have to explain to her daughter that she hadn't done anything wrong. That Daddy had had a bad dream about her new dolly and that he wasn't mad at her.

She watched the little girl meticulously colouring her picture. Her mother always sent her grandchild home with Muggle toys that would work in the Magic world, as well. Katherine had received the doll as a birthday present just last week.

Hermione had tried to explain Beanie Babies to Severus when her mother had sent three last Hallowe'en. It seemed a new craze was sweeping the Muggle world. Plushies, soft cloth dolls, were *the* thing. While Severus had made a few comments about it when Katherine had opened her present, it shocked her to think the doll had figured so prominently in his hallucinations.

Epilogue Because all things have to end

Hermione lay snuggled against him. He traced mindless circles on her back, every so often sliding down to tease her bum. Almost a week had passed since his fever had broken.

The present had come sliding back to him in a torrent of images and sensations: the Final Battle, courting Hermione, their wedding, Hermione's pregnancy, the birth of their child, one image after another filling the void in his mind until he was whole again.

As he lay with his wife in the afterglow of yet another round of great shagging, he had to wonder about his hallucinations. Maybe it was his mind's way of trying to tell him to appreciate what he had?

Once he had her alone, he had proceeded to tell her the details of a few of their more inventive styles of lovemaking. One thing led to another, and reality surpassed the hallucinations.

"And when did we do this?" They had made love in the tub earlier, reenacting events as Severus described his 'adventure' to her, lingering until the cold water drove them to the warmth of their bed.⁸

"One of the many times you seduced me, my dear." He smiled as he remembered a few of the more memorable occasions.

"And you never did the seducing? In all these 'alternate realities' I was always the aggressor?"

"Not every time, but more times than not. Does that bother you?"

"No. It's nice to know that you appreciate me for who I am, even when you're delirious." A gentle kiss, that caught fire and seemed to push them to the edge again, ended the need for further discussion. It would take months before the two would manage to make it through the list of scenarios Severus recalled. Needless to say, they enjoyed each and every one.

While back to his old self again, Severus still refused to go near his daughter's plushie. He understood his fevered mind had twisted the doll's image into something that didn't exist. He still felt it would be prudent to avoid the toy, lest he wake up one morning to discover this world had been the hallucination and the other was the reality.

~~Finis~~

A/N:

Aphrodite is the Ancient Greek goddess of sexuality and erotic love.

As always, a grateful thank you to my beta, Nakhash, for her corrections, suggestions, and never ending supply of commas. She is truly the best of the best. Another set of eyes is always helpful, the mistakes, however, are still mine.

Please review and let me know what you think. I love hearing from you! As always, thoughts, comments, reviews, whatever are most welcome.

Pearle

The following stories can be found at some/all of the following archives: Ashwinder, AFFn, Obscurus Books, and FFn all under the author name of Shiv5468

Stories:

¹ Actual dialog from *Celebration* by Shiv

² *The Bookstore* by Shiv

³ *Happy Birthday* by Shiv

⁴ *De Min-imus* by Shiv

⁵ *A Snape Is For Life* by Shiv

⁶ *Mistletoe* by Shiv

⁷ *Santa Severus Snape* by Shiv

⁸ *Bubble Bath* by Shiv