

Memoirs of a Potions Master and his Know-It-All

by lovestruck

The adventures in the daily lives of Severus Snape and Hermione Granger-Snape.
Each chapter is a stand-alone story.

The Monthly Book Club

Chapter 1 of 3

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The Monthly Book Club

Hermione was running around in a tizzy, gathering up her book and notes so that she could leave for her monthly book club meeting. She had been attending the group for about five months now, and she loved it. Well, she loved anything to do with books, really, but this was such a novel idea. Book clubs had just hit the wizarding world and were taking it by storm. Exasperated, she stomped her foot and blew her curly hair out of her eyes before looking around the cozy bedroom that she shared with her husband, Severus. 'Where could it be?' she said to herself, almost willing the lost notes to come out of hiding.

"Are these what you are looking for?" Severus asked, walking into their bedroom and carrying a couple of pages of parchment. He was wearing a black t-shirt and black jeans. The rest of Hogwarts would die if they could see how sexy he looked when he wasn't wearing all of his layers of clothing.

"Oh, you are a WONDERFUL husband, you know that, don't you?" Hermione gushed as she swiftly snatched up her notes and stuffed them into her overfilled, as usual, bag.

"Hmmm, yes, I do know that," Severus said with a mischievous grin and bent down to kiss his wife of six months. He pulled her close, kissed her and began gently licking her lips, hoping that she would open her warm, wet mouth to him. He never could get enough of his sweet witch. His hands slid around to caress her bum, and he pulled her tightly against his hips, making sure that she felt just how wonderful a husband he really was.

"Sevvvverussssss," Hermione moaned, pulling back a little. "I really do have to leave now or I will be late for the book club and I won't get a good seat."

"Hermione, didn't you tell me that everyone sits in a circle during these book discussions?" Severus quirked one of his eyebrows.

"Well yes, but I don't want to sit next to Miffy or Fawn again. They spend the entire time giggling and whispering to each other, and it is rather distracting," Hermione said, frowning, clearly remembering the bubble-headed bimbos.

"Fine, but when you get back home, you will have to make it up to me for leaving me all alone tonight," Severus whispered in the dark, seductive voice that he knew drove his wife wild. He sniffed the air appreciatively and said, "Mmmmm, methinks someone wants to stay and play." Severus had always had an incredible sense of smell, which came in handy being a Potions master.

Hermione felt the warm dampness in her knickers and scowled up at her sexy husband. "Now look what you've done; I have to go change knickers."

"Here, let me help you," Severus said as he lifted her dress and slid said knickers over her silky, soft hips and down her creamy, white thighs so that she could step out of them. He brought them to his nose and groaned. His cock was pulsing in his pants; he could never get enough of his wanton wife.

"Severus, that is just gross. I mean, you don't see women sniffing men's underwear."

"Hermione, I have no interest in sniffing men's underwear."

Hermione just threw her hands up in the air and went to put on some new knickers while Severus pocketed her damp ones. 'Oh my gosh, what would happen if he forgot about them and they fell out during class or a staff meeting? He would probably just smirk, and I would be the one who ended up embarrassed,' Hermione thought.

Hermione grabbed her bag and pecked Severus on the lips before running towards the door of their comfortable quarters. "Bye, sweetheart, I'll be home in about two hours." Her husband just smiled and sniffed her knickers again. 'Uhh, men!' she thought.

Hermione arrived at the front doors in the entrance hall just as the Quidditch coach, Rolanda Hooch, strolled in after finishing dinner in the Great Hall. "Cutting it a bit close tonight, eh, Hermione?" Rolanda had been the one to tell Hermione about the monthly book club that met in Hogsmeade.

"Sorry, Ro, but I couldn't find my notes," Hermione told the older witch.

"Notes? What the heck is wrong with just sitting around drinking butterbeer and talking about if you liked the book or not? It's not a N.E.W.T. Level course, Hermione," she teased.

"You know me, Ro, always anally organized to a fault," Hermione said, laughing at Rolanda. Hermione got along well with all of the staff, except for Sybill Trelawney. Sybill hated Hermione simply because she had married Severus. Everybody knew that Sybill had always wanted Severus for her own. She kept going on about her 'Inner Eye' seeing Severus and her together. Severus used to joke that he saw them together as well, but in his version, he saw himself strangling Sybill.

The two witches set out across the lovely front lawn of Hogwarts. Smoke was curling up from the stone chimney at Hagrid's hut, and a cool breeze was blowing it across the grounds. Hermione breathed in deeply, loving the woodsy smoke smell. Hermione had always loved Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. It truly was her home, and she couldn't imagine not living here. Leaving the school after she finished her seventh year was one of the hardest things she had ever done, but after three years at university, she had come back to teach Muggle Studies. She and Severus had started dating each other within a couple of weeks of her coming back. It had been a whirlwind romance, and they both had known immediately that it was special. Severus had proposed a month after they began seeing each other. He reasoned that it wasn't too soon since they had known each other while he was her professor. Hermione couldn't have agreed more. He used to tease her that he already knew that she was a Know-It-All, and he still loved her anyway. Few people realized that Severus had a very wicked sense of humor. She loved Severus with every ounce of her being; the phenomenal sex was an added bonus.

Walking into the quaint village of Hogsmeade, the ladies waved to various passersby who they knew. Hogsmeade had a small community feel to it, unlike the hustle and bustle of Muggle London. Hermione made a mental note to come back next week to look in the new store that was selling familiars. She had been so lonely after Crookshanks had died, and she finally felt ready to move on and share her life with another. Thankfully, Severus had agreed with her decision and wasn't allergic to any animals that he knew of.

"Hey, what's this?" Rolanda asked as she read a note on the door of Flourish and Blotts bookstore. "Oh, Chrysalis Grimalkin's daughter has had her baby!" Rolanda exclaimed with excitement, her yellow eyes lighting up. "Well, the book club has been cancelled this month. Are you up for a drink at the Three Broomsticks, Hermione?"

"No, not tonight, Ro, I'm going to surprise Severus and go home early," Hermione said as her eyes began twinkling, a bit too much like Albus Dumbledore's.

Rolanda snorted with laughter and said, "Surprise my ass, get on home with you then, you sex-crazed newlywed."

Hermione smiled and turned back towards the castle. The staff imagined that Severus and Hermione had a very active sex life since they rarely made it to breakfast and yet they had never missed one before they were together. The staff would be correct in their assumption.

Hermione was trying to decide how she would surprise her husband. Severus loved everything that Hermione did, and he often said that he felt like a sex addict with her. 'Gods, the feeling goes both ways!' she thought. She decided that she would Transfigure a stripper's pole and perform a sexy strip tease for him. She had taken a class using a stripper pole the summer before university had ended and felt reasonably confident that she wouldn't embarrass herself by falling on her face or getting pole burn on her legs.

Arriving back at the heavy wooden door to their quarters, she opened it and was met with a sight that shocked her to her core. Never in a million years did Hermione think that she would witness something like this. There he sat, on the floor in front of the couch, at the cocktail table. He had the guiltiest expression on his face and wouldn't even raise his head to look straight at her. His head was lowered over the table, his hair was hanging in curtains around his face and his eyes were straining up to see Hermione. She looked at his hands and saw that he was holding a green blob in his left and a jar of... Play-Doh in his right. What the heck!?

With as much calm and grace as she could manage, she silently glided over to her husband and lowered herself next to him onto the soft sheepskin rug next to the hearth. She simply held out her right hand to him and said, "Blue, please."

Severus reluctantly passed her the container of blue Play-Doh.

Hermione was trying so very hard not to laugh at her severe and formal husband. "Severus, it must be very difficult for you to find Play-Doh, since it is a Muggle product," she said.

"I buy it in Muggle London, Hermione," he growled out. He felt his face flush and asked the inevitable question. "Why are you home so early?"

"Yes, I bet you ARE surprised that I am home early, aren't you?" She began working the blue blob into a ball. "Well, the owner of the bookstore had to leave to help out with her new grandbaby. You know, Severus, you can actually make your own molding dough. There are many recipes, and it would be especially easy for you since you are a Potions master."

Severus mumbled something that Hermione couldn't understand. "What's that, Sev?" He mumbled again a bit louder. "I'm sorry, Severus, but I still can't understand you."

The vein on his forehead had begun to throb, and his left eye was on the verge of twitching, a sure sign that he was stressed. "I said that I like the smell of the original Play-Doh because it reminds me of Mrs. Turtle."

"Mrs. Turtle?" Hermione repeated. "Who is Mrs. Turtle?"

Severus sighed and replied, "Mrs. Turtle was the woman who used to watch me when I was about three years old, while my mother was at work. She was a squib and lived on Spinner's End, two houses down from us." Severus took a deep breath and continued, "I have fond memories of that time, and the smell of Play-Doh is comforting to me. As you know I didn't have a lot of happy memories with my parents."

"Severus, this is just so cute." Hermione started to giggle a little, unable to hold it back any longer.

"It is NOT cute, Hermione," Severus said with a snarl rivaling a hippogriff.

Hermione just held out her hand again and said, "Yellow, please."

Severus handed her the container, but before he let go of it, he said, "Do. Not. Mix. The. Colors, Hermione." When he was a child, he always hated when the other children would put back different colors of Play-Doh into the wrong containers.

"Well, how am I supposed to make something made of only one color?" Hermione asked in disbelief. She was no stranger to Play-Doh, being a Muggle-born. 'Gods, he's more anal than I am,' she thought.

"You may mix them to play with. However, you must use a separation charm before returning them to their proper containers, understand?"

"Yes, Master of all Play-Doh." Oh boy, she knew that she was going to pay for this later, but she was simply having too much fun to care at this point. Her husband played with Play-Doh! How great was that. Hermione wondered if he liked to color too. She always enjoyed coloring, but felt embarrassed to admit to it once she was grown. 'Hmmm, maybe I'll bring home some crayons and a coloring book and see what he says. A Star Wars coloring book would be perfect since Darth Vader did wear long flowing black robes like her husband,' she thought with amusement.

Suddenly, the room was illuminated in a greenish glow from a Floo call. "Severus, might I have a word? OH..." Albus Dumbledore said. "Severus, my boy, you are... playing! And with Play-Doh, I might add." Albus knew what Play-Doh was and liked playing with it almost as much as he enjoyed eating Muggle candy.

"Play-Doh, I love Play-Doh," came the unmistakable voice that Severus dreaded more than the now dead and rotting Voldemort. Harry Bloody Potter. Harry poked his head through the green flames and wiggled in close next to Albus. "I haven't seen this stuff in years. Hermione, I didn't know that you guys liked Play-Doh."

"Well, Harry," Hermione snickered, "it actually belongs to Severus. Apparently, he likes to play with it when I go to my monthly book club meetings." Severus narrowed his black eyes at his wife. 'Yep, I am definitely going to pay for this later,' she thought.

"Well, we are coming through then; make room around the table," Albus announced to the small group. Severus just groaned and clutched at the cherry wood table until his fingers turned white from the force of it. "We actually were coming to talk to you about a school related matter, but we can have that conversation with you tomorrow, my boy." Harry Potter was now teaching Defense Against the Dark Arts. Severus was fine with that as he had only wanted to teach DADA to help the students learn how to protect themselves against Voldemort. And now that Voldemort had been destroyed, he was happy to stay with Potions. His true passion was and always would be Potions.

Harry looked like Christmas had arrived early and wasn't sure what color to start with first. The four adults molded and sculpted for close to an hour. Harry Transfigured a little press that he used to make 'noodles'. Albus thought this very clever and wanted to try it, but Harry slapped his hand away when he reached for it, telling him to Transfigure his own. Hermione made a cat that she thought looked exactly like Crookshanks; nobody else thought so. The tail looked rather phallic too. Harry had made a miniature broomstick with bits of noodley Play-Doh that made up the broom part. He tried holding it above his head while making zooming noises, but he quit after his broom wilted in half. Severus just rolled his eyes at this. Albus had a collection of lemon drops that he had made. Nobody was happy that he had monopolized all the yellow. Severus gently placed his green cauldron down in front of himself with a satisfied nod of his head. Everyone looked on with admiration; it really looked like a real mini cauldron and was completely seamless. Well, real if you discounted the fact that it was a deep Christmas green.

"Well, I suppose that Harry and I should go and let you two have your privacy again," Albus announced as he got up from the floor, his old joints cracking like a bonfire consuming a forest of dry wood.

"Why didn't you say that an hour ago?" Severus spat.

Albus chuckled and twinkled. "We can't let you two have all the fun, my boy. You know what the Muggles say, 'All work and no play makes you a dull boy', or something like that. Hmmm, maybe that's what is wrong with you all these years. Maybe I should have Play-Doh available at the staff meetings," Albus teased. Severus just glared at the headmaster. If looks could kill Albus would be lying on the floor without a heartbeat.

Before anyone knew what was happening, Severus had lunged across the table and grasped one of Harry's wrists and was squeezing it for all he was worth. "Don't. Mix. The. Colors. In. The. Containers, Potter!"

"You don't share very well, do you, Snape?" Harry taunted with an evil glint in his emerald green eyes.

"Come now, children, play nice," Albus chided in his Grandfatherly voice.

"Next time, the play date is at mine and Ginny's quarters. And, we'll even supply snacks AND juice boxes," Harry said very pointedly, glancing around at the empty table.

"Juice boxes?" questioned Severus.

"Oh, they are an ingenious Muggle invention," Hermione said. "It is a little box made of a recyclable material that holds fruit juice. You put small straws in the top, and it keeps the kids from spilling them and making a mess. They are quite common, especially with children playing with Play-Doh," Hermione teased again. "Don't worry, I'll make you a Sippy-cup of firewhisky instead." Severus didn't know what a Sippy-cup was, but he was sure that it wasn't good since Potter laughed so hard that he was clutching his sides.

"Good night, everyone," Hermione said as she watched Harry and Dumbledore leave through the flames. She cast a locking charm on the Floo so that they wouldn't be interrupted anymore this evening.

She could feel her husband's eyes boring into her from behind. It was time for payback.

"Come here, Witch, you have a lot to make up for." Somehow, Severus blamed her for him getting caught with his Muggle playthings and for having to share with Albus and Harry.

Hermione took a container of red Play-Doh and Transfigured it into a stripper pole. She watched as her husband's eyes lit up. Slowly, she began lifting her dress, teasingly up and over her head. She was wearing a red lace bra and a red thong. Severus unfastened his black trousers and let them fall to the floor.

He was going commando.

And standing at attention.

He was gloriously erect and so beautiful. Gods, she had never seen a more magnificent cock before. It almost looked like something that was sculpted by a master craftsman; long, thick and engorged with so much blood that Hermione wasn't sure how he hadn't fainted from blood loss to his brain. She slipped her hands behind her and unclasped her barely there bra and slowly slid it off of her arms. Bringing her hands up to caress her breasts, she started to slowly circle her nipples and lightly pinch them as she began gyrating her hips seductively. She heard Severus groan from the couch and his eyes were glued to her chest. He was cupping his sac with his left hand while his fingers lightly teased the delicate skin, and his right hand was slowly stroking his cock. Hermione thought that watching a man masturbate himself was one of the hottest things she had ever seen. As good as it felt to touch her own breasts, it was nothing compared to when he touched her. She melted whenever he touched her with his expert hands. Hermione lifted herself up onto the pole, wrapped one long leg around it and playfully spun around, her hair fanned out around her upside down head. She slid her hands down to remove her knickers, the whole time imagining it was her husband's hands stroking and touching her. A sigh escaped her throat as she found her clit and began to rub it in circles. That was all it took before he jumped up from the couch and pulled her luscious body to his. Gods, she was so warm and soft in all the right places. His head descended to her chest, and he began sucking on her right nipple while lightly pinching her left, just like she liked it. The witch tasted good, so sweet. Hermione's warm hands rubbed up and down his back, pulling him towards her and rubbing her hips against his pulsing erection.

Too bad she wouldn't get to use the stripper-pole more tonight.

Slowly, she sank to her knees in front of him.

"Oh yes, Hermione, please," Severus choked out.

"Please what, Sev?" Hermione questioned seductively.

"Hermione, suck me, please. Lick the head of my cock, now... oh... Gods... please." She loved being able to control him like this. Power over the Potions Master was a heady feeling. Slowly, she snaked out her tongue and licked the tip of his penis, never taking her eyes off of him. He drew in a shuddering breath, and his legs began to tremble. He thrust his fingers into her silky hair, trying to pull her tightly to his groin. She still couldn't deep throat him yet, he was simply too long, but she was doing a pretty admirable job of it anyway. She licked, nipped, sucked and stroked him until he finally pulled out of her mouth with a 'pop'.

"Hermione, bed now," Severus panted as he pulled her into their bedroom. He threw her onto the soft bed and dove between her legs. His witch tasted like honey, and he lapped at her arousal like a man dying of thirst. Severus put his index fingers above her hooded clit and his thumbs on both sides and spread them, thus opening her up to him. Her clit was swollen and that drove him to lick her with fervor. His tongue burrowed in her like a niffler hunting for gold. Hermione was writhing and shaking while Severus held her legs firmly to the bed, not letting her move.

"Oh, yes... please... it's... now... oh... lick me... YES... Sevvvvverrrruussssss," Hermione moaned as her orgasm tore through her, leaving her in bliss.

The wizard climbed between her legs and positioned his painfully erect cock at her entrance, which was already so wet from her orgasm. Thrusting in up to his balls, Severus growled and began pumping as fast as he could. 'The man is really like a sex demon,' Hermione thought. She felt a second orgasm coiling tight inside of her and thrust her hips to meet his, trying to take her pleasure. Sweat was dripping off of Severus now, and Hermione found it to be such an erotic sight... hips blurring, sweat dripping, cock plunging and his face, oh his face was so sexy. His mouth was parted, and his tongue was just peeking out, the tendons on his neck were strained, and she knew that he would come soon. Just looking at his face and seeing how out of control he was sent her over the edge, and she began falling into a heavenly sea of pleasure as her orgasm radiated throughout her entire body. Severus felt her walls clamp down on his penis, and he couldn't take it anymore as he shot hot, spurting jets of come deep inside his wife. "NNNNNGGGGGHHHH," he groaned into her neck.

Afterwards, they both lay there panting, in each other's arms, when Hermione said, "Play-Doh, who would've thought."

"Sleep, Hermione, sleep," he whispered. The last conscious thought he had before falling asleep was that he really should get some more yellow Play-Doh.

The Last Supper (before the students arrive)

Chapter 2 of 3

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Every year the staff of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry got together for a party to celebrate the beginning of a new school year. Severus, on the other hand, went to the party to mourn the loss of his quiet summer. The party was usually held a week before classes were to begin. A few people who didn't want to return to the castle so early asked why it wasn't held the night before the students came on the Hogwarts Express, but Dumbledore said that too many of his staff would be unable to fulfill their duties with a hang-over. Yes, Albus really did know everything.

Although the house-elves made food for the party, Hermione never got over her Muggle manners and insisted on bringing a dish as well. Mrs. Weasley had taught Hermione many magical spells for cooking, but Hermione simply loved cooking the Muggle way. Many evenings she could be found dancing to music in her small kitchen with mixing bowls of fresh ingredients just waiting to be turned into delicious dishes of food. Severus loved watching his wife dance while she cooked. He hated the music she listened to, but he just tuned it out as he sat mesmerized by her hot little body. He'd sit at the table and watch her shake her bum to the latest pop song, her breasts spilling out of her bra jiggled tantalizingly at Severus. Sometimes Hermione felt that he thought her nipples were really her eyes because that was where he looked most often. This of course led to many kitchen sex adventures, usually involving whatever food Hermione was preparing. Severus decided that he loved chocolate drizzled on his wife. Her body also made a wonderful serving dish for spaghetti. Who knew?

Tonight Hermione was making her famous sausage stars. First she pushed square wonton wrappers into a cupcake pan and lightly brushed them with oil before baking them at 350 degrees for five minutes. While the 'stars' were cooking, she browned one pound of crumbled Italian sausage and after blotting the grease she combined it with one and a half cups each of cheddar and monterey jack cheeses; to this she stirred in one cup of ranch dressing. Bouncing around in her low slung jeans and tank top, she filled each 'star' and baked them for five more minutes. This was her favorite appetizer recipe ever. She had gotten the recipe off of an Internet recipe website. Hermione used her parents' computer whenever she went to visit them at their house in Muggle London. Unfortunately, with all the magic at Hogwarts, computers would not work. What many Muggles didn't realize was that sometimes when their computers were 'fried', it was simply because they were too close to magical households. One of the major computer companies was working on this problem, since the CEO was a wizard, but nothing had been worked out yet.

"Severus, are you going to shower before the party?" Hermione asked him as she put the appetizers onto a platter.

"Why, do I stink?" he answered back while sniffing under his arms dramatically.

"No, silly man, I just wanted to know if you needed the shower before I got in there," Hermione said.

"Hmmm, well now that you mention it, I might be a bit, ah... sticky after watching you in the kitchen," he said, coming up behind her and putting his arms around her waist. "Do I feel... dirty to you, Hermione?" he breathed into her ear.

"Oh, yes, Severus, you feel VERY dirty," Hermione whispered back.

"Well, Witch, let's get clean," he said, grinning at her as he scooped her up and walked into the bathroom. Clothes were thrown into the wicker hamper in the corner of the room to await Hootie, their personal house-elf that Hogwarts supplied. Hootie was like family to both Hermione and Severus. Hootie had actually been assigned to the

Slytherin dorm rooms when Severus was a student and requested to serve the Potions master once he began working as a professor.

They hadn't even made it into the shower before Severus dragged Hermione down onto the bath rug. "Severus, this is just not normal," Hermione moaned as he attached his mouth to her neck. "I can't seem to do anything without it turning you on."

"Wrong, Hermione, I am already turned on all the time; I just don't shut off," Severus replied, kissing his way up to her jaw line. He had always loved sex, what man didn't, but sex with Hermione was earth shattering and mind blowing.

"Are other men as randy as you are, Sev?" his wife asked, completely serious. Hermione had come to Severus a virgin and had only dated Ron and one other man during college.

"I don't know, Hermione, I never act randy around other men." He groaned as he felt one of her hands encircle his erection and begin to slowly pump it up and down. "Oh, Gods, Hermione, I just can't get enough of you. You're like a drug or catnip. Gods, I could roll all over you, like a cat."

"Meow," she murmured.

"Here, pussy pussy," Severus called.

Hermione began giggling and Severus stopped kissing her and narrowed his jet-black eyes at her. "What am I doing that is so amusing, wife?" he asked.

"Oh, Sev, it's not you. I just got a mental picture of us in our hundreds and still shagging on the floor."

"Mmmmm," Severus moaned appreciatively. "Sounds like a great mental image, my sweet witch."

"Not the one I'm picturing, Sev," she snorted. "I imagined myself with gray hair, boobs down to my belly button and my thong completely lost in my fat bum."

"Don't worry, Hermione, I'll be sure to help you find it," he said, moving down between her legs. He bent her knees and pushed her legs back so that she was spread open for him. He just looked in between her legs for a while before finally lowering his head and licking her clit with his tongue. He alternated between her clit and licking up and down her slit, which drove her mad with desire. She was panting and the sound of her breathy moans went straight to his cock. After a few amazing minutes her legs began to shake and her toes curled tightly as she screamed out his name.

"It's your turn now, Witch," he said as he turned on the shower taps. She scowled up at her husband, knowing that he took her on the rug first so that he didn't have to be on his knees on the hard tile in the shower. "Don't scowl at the scowl master, my dear," he said. "Just plan ahead next time." Pulling her to her feet the two entered the shower. By the time they were clean, Hermione's knees were very red indeed.

The party was in full swing when they arrived, late as usual. The staff took in the wet hair on both of them and knew that they had showered together and that was why they were late.

"Oh, Hermione, you brought sausage stars!" Minerva exclaimed. Minerva fell in love with Hermione's sausage stars the first time that the younger witch had made them. She always positioned herself by the door, watching to see what Hermione brought with her, and hoping it was sausage stars.

"Yes, Minerva, and there are about four dozen this time so they won't run out too quickly," Hermione told the older witch. Minerva wasn't taking any chances as she raced over to the food table, snatched a plate and filled it up with all the sausage stars it could possibly hold, before heading off to tell the others that Hermione's famous sausage stars had arrived. Better to secure her own 'stars' before letting the others in on the goods.

Ron Weasley, who was visiting and staying with the Potters for a week, had been invited to the party as well. Severus went to get two glasses of elf-made wine and brought one back to his wife. Ron had made his way over to Hermione while he had been getting drinks. "Hello, Professor," Ron said, holding out a hand to Snape.

"Hello, Weasley," Severus said, glaring at the younger redheaded man as he shook his hand. If given the chance, Ron would be on his wife faster than the giant squid on a chocolate Ho-Ho. Severus knew that Hermione wasn't interested in her ex-boyfriend in that way, but Severus didn't like the redheaded man one bit. Severus also loved rubbing the fact that he was married to Hermione in Ron's face and touched Hermione often when Ron was around. "Here's your drink, honey," he said to his wife as he put his arm around her possessively and tugged her close to his side, caressing her upper arm with his large hand.

"Thank you, Sev, you are so sweet," Hermione said, and went to peck his cheek, but Severus turned his head and kissed her on the lips making sure Weasley got a glimpse of his tongue darting into his wife's sweet mouth. Weasley's ears had gone pink and Snape knew that it bugged the hell out of him to see Hermione with him, the greasy git. Severus just smirked; he was a lucky man indeed.

Meanwhile, Hagrid, Vector, Sinistra, Flitwick and Potter were playing a drinking game with shots of Firewhiskey. 'Didn't those fools ever learn?' Severus thought. Nobody could come close to staying sober when Hagrid played. His weight alone guaranteed that he'd be the last one drunk. And drunk he would be at the end of the night, but the others would already be on the floor. Flitwick was usually the first to go down: it was like giving a toddler alcohol. For some reason, Sinistra was shoeless and wearing only one of her nylons, while Hagrid eyed her appreciatively. Severus did not want to even think about what that meant... EWW.

About an hour later, Harry saw Hermione sitting on the couch moving her head from left to right repeatedly. She looked like a spectator at an Indy 500 race. He decided to investigate further and upon approaching her realized that her eyes were crossed, too. "Hey, Her-mi-o-ne," Harry said in a singsong voice. "What ya doin'?"

"Oh, hey, Har, Hair, Harry," she slurred up at him. "Do you know who that man is?" she asked, pointing towards Dumbledore and Flitwick who were sitting across from her on the couch and looking at her while she moved her head back and forth.

"What man, Hermione?" Harry laughed. "Are you talking about Albus or Filius?"

"No, not them, the other tiny man," she said exasperatedly.

"Hmmm, I think you are going to have to describe him to me, Hermione," Harry said, trying not to laugh hysterically. Hermione was so funny when she drank too much, and it only took a glass or two before she was done in.

"He's a little, old, short man with a long white beard," Hermione said, looking towards the couch. She could have sworn only Dumbledore and Flitwick were sitting there, but that short little man had sat between them, and she didn't know who he was. He was sitting awfully close to them. Had the man never heard of 'personal space'? "You know, Harry, he looks like a combination of Dumbledore and Flitwick. I think I'll call him Dumblewick."

Harry spit out his Firewhiskey that he had been in the process of swallowing and said, "Hermione, that is the funniest thing you have ever said." Harry now knew that Hermione was so drunk that the two men's faces were morphing together as her world spun. "Dumblewick," Harry crowed as loud as he could. Albus just smiled and chuckled good naturedly, while Flitwick looked a bit put out.

"You know, Mrs. Snape, the politically correct term is 'little person'," Filius informed her.

"That is soooo cute. Little Person... ha ha ha ha," Hermione howled.

Severus had been watching this with amusement, but he knew that Flitwick had been drinking quite a bit and Filius was not a nice drunk. He decided to go over and distract his wife and maybe have some fun torturing Weasley in the process. "Hermione, love, how are you?" Severus purred.

"Oh, Severus, have I ever told you how sexy your voice is?" Hermione teased.

Gods, he was going to have so much fun with her. "Yes, Hermione dear, you have. Do you see that niche in the wall over there?" Severus said, as he pointed to the far wall.

"Yes, what about it?" his wife asked.

"It's a magical niche, Hermione," Severus said as if he was talking to a small child. He was just making this up as he was going, but she was so far gone that it didn't matter.

"Really, magical?" Hermione asked in wonder.

"Oh, yes, my dear. It's magical because we could go over there and I could give you an orgasm, and nobody would be able to see or hear us," Severus said, and his eyes actually twinkled.

"Your eyes are so pretty, Sev," Hermione said, losing focus for a minute.

"Yes, they are, Hermione," he agreed. "Come along, my dear." He helped her up and they strolled over to the niche. Severus cast silencing and disillusionment charms over the area, with one modification... Weasley could see and hear everything. Severus pushed Hermione against the wall in the niche and began suckling on her neck, then licking down to her breasts. He stripped her out of her clothes and dropped his trousers. His cock was pointing due north, and north was Hermione City. He could see a pretty buzzed Weasley out of the corner of his eye and waited for him to turn this way. He just needed to make a little noise.

"Oh, God, Severus, that feels so good," his wife called out as he nibbled behind her ear. Yep, that was the noise he needed.

"Oi, what the fuck are you doing?" Ron yelled out. Hermione kept moaning, unaware of any sounds outside of their niche. Severus dropped to his knees and lifted one of her legs and put it over his shoulder so that he could spread her folds to taste her. He made sure to lift the leg that wouldn't interfere with Weasley's vision. Normally, Severus was a very possessive man and wouldn't want another man seeing his wife naked, but he'd make an exception in this case. Yes, he really was a bastard. He spread Hermione's nether lips and began licking her slit. She had the prettiest pink pussy he'd ever seen and she always kept it shaved, completely.

Ron was hyperventilating now and puffing up like a blowfish. Harry rushed over to see what was the matter with his best mate. 'Gods, first Hermione seeing strange little men and now Ron getting so drunk he was yelling at invisible people,' Harry thought. "Ron, what's wrong, mate?"

"Harry, he's... he's... she's... they're... doing it, right there!" Ron managed to spit out. He was half disgusted and half enthralled.

"Who, Ron?" Harry asked, wondering how many more people were going to be seeing things tonight. He had a pretty nice buzz going himself.

"Hermione and Snape, right there. He's eating her pussy, right in front of us," Ron groaned out.

"Um, Ron, this is just sick. I know that you have this thing for Hermione, but you really need to let it go. She's a married woman now, mate. Besides, you two were never really serious and broke up after only a few months." Harry really wished that Ron would move on. He was always talking about how Hermione should leave Snape. It was becoming very unhealthy.

"There is nobody there, Ron. Nobody, nada, no Hermione, no Snape," Harry said. Ron dropped like a brick to a nearby wooden chair and just stared at the corner. Since Ron was behaving himself and probably thinking over what he had told him, he decided to go find his gorgeous wife, Ginny, and maybe have a dance with her before they left for their quarters.

Severus was a wicked, wicked, wicked man. He knew exactly what he was doing and what it was doing to Ron. Ron had also never had Hermione in any kind of sexual manner. The most that they had done was kiss, even though Ron had always pestered her for more when they had dated. Snape and Weasley hated each other with a passion. After Hermione climaxed, Severus stood up, licked his fingers, smacked his lips, turned in Ron's direction and said, "Mmmmm, finger lickin good."

He kicked his trousers away from his ankles and lifted her other leg all the way up to his shoulder while she still stood on her other one. Gods, she was so limber. She said it had something to do with gymnastics. He had never witnessed it, but he certainly prayed to the Gods of gymnastics, often. Once again he made sure that her cunt was on full view to Weasley before rubbing his hard cock up and down her slit and then rubbing it on her clit. "Like that, Witch?" Severus asked her. She was beyond talking at this point and was just speaking gibberish. He grasped the base of his shaft and positioned himself at her opening and said, "Open wide, Witch, the Hogwarts Express is coming through!" He thrust in hard, rhythmically pushing Hermione up against the stone wall.

She would be in need of some Bruise Salve tonight.

He started out slow, drawing out his pleasure. Nobody had a pussy like his Hermione; she could take all of him. He began to think that he might actually have a little bit of an exhibitionist streak. He could see Weasley just staring at them with glazed eyes and looking sick.

Weasley's face had turned green and together with his red hair he looked like a Christmas elf. 'Ho-Ho-Ho. Gods, this was a great night,' Severus thought to himself.

Severus began stroking her harder and was soon pummeling her with his hips, the sounds of skin slapping on skin and panting filled his senses until he felt her walls clutch spasmodically at his shaft, and she came with a groan. Just before Severus came he withdrew his cock and shot his come on Hermione's stomach and chest. This sent Weasley over the edge and he puked all over himself. Severus cast a cleansing charm on himself and then on Hermione. He sorted out their clothes and then ended the charms as he led his wife over towards Weasley. Minerva had already cast cleansing and air purifying spells on Ron's mess and was shaking her head and muttering about people not being able to control themselves around alcohol.

"Sorry to see that you were sick, Weasley," Severus taunted as he and Hermione walked away. Hermione had no idea what was going on, and he really should feel guilty for taking advantage of her like that, but he didn't, not really because they were married. "Come along, wife, let's go home and go to sleep."

Ron wasn't sure if he had really seen what he thought he had or if he had imagined it. He had been drinking, but he didn't think he had that much. Nevertheless, he pushed his empty glass away not wanting to imagine anything else like what he just had.

The party was still going strong when the Snapes left. Severus realized that for the first time ever he actually enjoyed the annual end of summer party.

The Beard

All Severus wanted was a nice, quiet pot roast dinner, but instead he had to bear witness to another of Trelawney's escapades. And why was Albus so upset?

Disclaimer: I don't own any of the Harry Potter World, unfortunately. That honor goes to J.K. Rowling.

Severus and Hermione were making their way from their quarters to the Great Hall for dinner. Hootie, their personal house-elf that Hogwarts supplied them with, informed the Snapes that tonight was 'pot roast night'. The married couple frequently ate together in their quarters during the summer months since it wasn't required that they attend dinners in the Great Hall until the students came back to the castle. Severus never missed dining in the Great Hall when the house-elves made their delicious pot roast; it was his favorite meal. There would be no private dining for the Snapes tonight.

Chatting about the articles in the new potions' journal, Severus and Hermione climbed the dungeon stairs and emerged into the Entrance Hall to see Professors Hooch, Sprout, Vector and Flitwick hurrying towards the huge oak front doors leading outside.

"Hey, what's going on?" Hermione quickly asked before they were out of earshot.

"Oh, Sibyll has done it again!" Hooch cackled merrily. "We were upstairs in the library, and I looked out the window to see Albus trying to catch Sibyll as she ran down to the lake."

"So? What's wrong with Sibyll going to the lake?" Hermione asked.

"She was half-dressed," wheezed Hooch, her yellow eyes tearing up from laughing so hard.

"Oh, Gods, part of me wants to see the old dingbat embarrass herself, but the other part of me wants to gag," Severus said with a grimace on his face.

"Well, come along and you can see her and gag if you want, but this is just too funny to miss," Vector added.

The rest of the staff was already on the lawn by the edge of the lake where Sibyll stood, swaying her bony body to some non-existent music that apparently only she could hear. The Divination professor was clutching a bottle of sherry in one hand and was trying to unclasp the front closure on her bra with the other. Albus had his hands out in front of him trying to persuade Sibyll to stop what she was doing.

"SEVERUS! This is for you, my sweet," Sibyll crooned in her singsong voice as she finally managed to unhook her bra. It flew apart sideways, as if it were spring-loaded, and her plum-sized breasts sagged down, swinging as her body danced.

Hermione looked around and noted that every person watching had a grimace of disgust on their face. Gods, this was so funny that she bursted out laughing, doubling over with tears of mirth running down her flushed cheeks. She had never seen breasts like that before; they weren't even round, they were long.

"YOU!" Sibyll shouted, pointing at Hermione. "Iff you took care of your hussssband the way he sssshd be taken care of, he wouldn't be ouuu here watching me," Sibyll slurred.

"Holy shit, who knew she really had TWO Inner Eyes? And it looks like they are both trying to get out!" shrieked Rolanda Hooch, looking at Sibyll's breasts flopping.

"Hagrid, I think Sibyll's stolen a couple of your rock cakes," snickered Harry, eyeing Sibyll's chest... er... stomach as her long breasts swung. Geesh, they really did look like rock cakes hanging in socks... EWW.

The bug-eyed professor must have finished her sherry because she tossed the bottle into the lake and began to push her skirt down her skinny, stark white legs. The giant squid wasn't happy about this and promptly swung it back up on the shore; thankfully nobody was hit.

A collective gasp went through the group. Looking at Trelawney's crotch, Severus choked out, "Albus, is that you?"

Snickers and great guffaws of laughter were heard, and Hermione kept saying she had to stop laughing so hard, or she was going to pee in her pants.

Albus narrowed his eyes at the group and glared with a look worthy of his Potions master as he pointed to Trelawney's groin. "That is NOT even funny!"

"Uh, sir, I beg to differ with you," Harry said loudly. "I think it's one of the funniest things I've ever seen. It's obvious how much she... admires you."

"Great Merlin's Ass," chimed in Hagrid. "That's a fur farm she's got there, innit?"

There she stood, swaying in the breeze, her breasts flopping haphazardly around her, each one going in a different direction, and due south was the biggest, grayest bush that anyone had ever seen. Not only was it huge, but it was long, and she had it tied just like Albus's beard. The thin silver chain had little bells on it, and they tinkled happily in the wind. Sibyll had always openly admired Albus's beard necklaces... err... beardlaces.

Hermione looked at her husband and said, "We should get her another chain for Christmas. A chain with little half-moon spectacles on it." She laughed. Oh, Albus would have a coronary when Sibyll opened her gift in front of the staff. Severus's eyes gleamed as he leaned towards his wife and said, "Order it. Tonight."

"Oh, Sibyll, stop this right now," huffed Minerva McGonagall. "Thank goodness the children aren't back yet. Can you imagine the owls that we would get from the irate parents!"

"Not to mention having to add a Braille class after so many students put their own eyes out with their wands," snorted Hooch.

Meanwhile, Professor Flitwick had silently glided closer to Sibyll and was now front and center. "Sibyll, I never realized how beautiful you were under your many horrible, ugly layers of clothes," he breathed. Beads of sweat were glistening on his forehead as he started swaying to the same music that only Sibyll heard. "You look like a Goddess performing a ritual," the tiny Charms professor said.

"Yeah, let's have a sacrificial ritual," Sinistra chortled. Albus was not pleased with his staff egging her on.

Severus's opinion of Flitwick just went down dramatically. *How could anyone think THAT looked beautiful?* Severus thought with a shudder.

Flitwick raised his wand, pointed it at himself, flicked it dramatically and muttered, "Divesto."

Everyone's eyes dropped to the diminutive man and widened with shock.

"Well, that is certainly... unexpected," Madam Pince said with a gleam in her eye. "Who would have thought little Flitwick would be so... so... so..."

"Enormous," Poppy added with a sigh, realizing that it had almost been a year since he had come into the hospital wing for his yearly physical.

"Oh, we knew," Hooch and Sinistra said together.

Eyes now swiveled to the two ladies, waiting for an explanation. Mental images were going through the staff's minds of a small, pasty, white, hairy arse pumping away in between Hooch's and Sinistra's thighs.

"Well, not personally, mind you. Filius was Mr. February in an old issue of Play Wizard," Hooch said. "He was dressed up like Cupid and had a little bow and arrow."

"That's probably the only little thing he had," Madam Pince said, skirting around a small tree and trying to get a better view. The little Charms professor had certainly charmed her.

"It seems like it should be top-heavy... errr... bottom-heavy in comparison to his height," Pomona Sprout said.

"Yeah, I bet you want Filius to come help plow your garden, huh Pomona," Hermione teased.

Albus had finally decided to use a Binding spell on Sibyll and Filius, and then began to float them up to the castle, shaking his head and muttering how a headmaster's job is never done. *And to think that alcohol wasn't even involved on Flitwick's part,* Albus thought.

"Come on, Sev. After seeing Sibyll movin' and groovin', I'm feeling like belly dancing," Hermione said to her husband. Severus was green and looked like he was contemplating performing a *Self-Obliviate*.

The group walked back to the castle. Some were thinking about Sibyll's 'Albus doll', and others were imagining what Flitwick could do with his 'wand'. One thing was for certain though.

Severus would be taking a *Dreamless Sleep* potion tonight.

Sibyll and Filius were missing the next morning at breakfast. Nobody really wanted to speculate as to where they were. The staff was seated at the High Table and eating a breakfast of scrambled eggs, sausages, fried tomatoes and buttered toast; ice cold pumpkin juice was chilling in glass carafes, fresh hot coffee was percolated, and the English Breakfast tea was steeping. The doors to the Great Hall creaked as Albus pushed them open and approached his seat at the head of the table.

Snickers and snorts echoed through the cavernous room when everyone looked at Albus. For the first time in over a century, the headmaster had shaved his beard short and flush to his face.

"Not a word, not one word," Dumbledore said as everyone went back to eating with smiles on their faces.