

Ice-cream

by Antagonist Len

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Dear Readers: This story is in fact a parody. Be good and review.

The story, while not quite SS/HG, has a lot of common elements generally found in some of SS/HG badfics.

It was 2 in the morning. Hermione was sneaking out of her Head Girl room to get some ice-cream from the kitchens. Once she made the long sought after Head Girl position she gave up on getting all the best grades everywhere and never breaking any rules. All the boys in Hogwarts knew exactly what her title meant.

On her way down she passed Draco Malfoy fucking little Ginny Weasley in her arse. Hermione thought that they could use some lubricant, as Ginny looked to be in a great deal of pain, but since she was also constantly repeating over and over in a monotonous voice:

"Yes, Draco, more, please, harder, faster, master!"

So Hermione figured all was fine, even if it was more like one of Luna's qualities to look completely daft and stare at everything with a vacant expression, well Ginny was clearly enjoying herself or she would not have been bending over that bench in the first place. It's not as if she could have been under Imperio or any other such nonsense, Unforgivable curses were not on the allow list of spells to cast in Hogwarts so that was naturally completely impossible.

Once Hermione reached the kitchens she headed straight for the House-Elves demanding them to bring her some pomegranate ice-cream right away. She had had her brief lapse of judgment when she tried to release the House-Elves and let them all be free. But of course that can certainly be forgiven to her, she as a Mudblood of course didn't know about all the other services House-Elves provided for their masters. Of course she learned all about it last year when she was still a studious bookworm.

Once Hermione had her ice-cream she sat down and looked over the row of eager House-Elves in front of her. She decided that with all the help Dobby had provided Harry with he should get a treat again. Not to mention that with all the ironing Dobby had done to his fingers they were rather swollen.

She motioned for him to come forth and spread her legs. She was only dressed in a black leather corset and a matching thong. Simply the most suiting attire to wander around Hogwarts' drafty halls at wintertime nights. She thought she looked rather fetching covered in goosebumps.

While Hermione was contemplating her attire Dobby had already ripped off the thong and corset. And Hermione didn't have her wand with her either so she couldn't make the necessary repairs. Damnable leather for being so fragile!

