

Awkward Entanglements

by lady_rhian

In which Severus Snape resorts to extreme measures to dispel the unwanted affections of a certain Hermione Granger.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: It all belongs to JKR. Sort of. I don't know if she'd claim the characters' behavior here.

Extra Warnings: Gratuitous language, OOC-ness, ridiculous behavior, no teacher/student action

A/N: This was inspired by a wonderful scene in Glee where Mr. Schu tries to dissuade his ardent (and talented) student, Rachel, from crushing on him (he does so by singing a mash-up of Don't Stand So Close To Me/Young Girl). It also gave me the chance to use a longstanding idea I've had about Flitwick.

This is sheer ridiculous fun. Also, I don't do teacher!Snape/student!Hermione. You have been warned.

Many thanks to sshg316 and deemichelle for beta'ing and soothing my insecurities. And Shug, the ending is for you.

Bugger all to fucking hell. No, scratch that. Bollocks. Scratch that, too. Fucking diddy elf ness.

Severus scratched the bridge of his nose. He was tired. Too tired to swear properly. Too*fucking* tired to swear properly. This really was getting out of control.

He looked down at the paper riddled with his failed attempts as he endeavored to drown out the prattle prattle prattle blah blah blah coming from the girl standing in front of his desk. Her question may be valid. Possibly. But he didn't dare look up, and to be frank, he didn't really feel like answering, and if his surliness was only out of spite, well, so be it.

He'd seen her when she walked in. She was wearing one of those shirts again. Rather, she was wearing a shirt that had a few buttons loose... again. How her two dunderhead companions failed to notice this, he had no idea. Ah, of course. The witch had probably charmed her disheveled appearance to be visible only to him.

How bloody fucking clever of her. Also, how bloody annoying.

He'd tried to talk to Minerva about why on earth her favorite sixth year was trying to seduce him. Not only was the girl underage and his student (there was a reason he only ever ravished older women from the Continent), but she was Hermione fucking Granger, the most annoying girl he'd ever taught. Yes, she was smart as a whip. Yes, she was probably going to make significant scientific breakthroughs. And yes, she might get everyone killed with her inability to keep her mouth shut when she had the right answer. But really, he didn't fucking give a shite. She was annoying and insecure, and Merlin knew that he had enough of those qualities without saddling himself with a like-minded partner.

"Really, Severus, it can't be that bad," had been Minerva's words to him.

"Try having a well-endowed seventeen-year-old girl bend over your desk thinking she's a seductress. Every... fucking... day," had been his response, and Minerva had informed him that Hermione would never do such things, and he had informed Minerva that intelligence and sexual aggression were no longer mutually exclusive in the female species (if they ever had been, but goodness, people had tried to keep up the illusion).

He couldn't talk to Dumbledore. Merlin only knew what the man would do with the knowledge that the Head-Girl-to-be was in lust with the Potions professor, but Severus had been mightily unsuccessful in his attempts to discourage her thus far. Ignoring her wasn't doing the trick, and giving her any attention whatsoever made it worse. And if anyone thought Severus was about to give her detention, well, they had another thing coming (he shuddered to think what she would attempt if given such an opportunity).

He'd considered the notion that she was under some sort of spell, but he'd ruled that out (perhaps due to certain spells performed in class discreetly, of course). And besides, the behavior had persisted for months, and it was worsening by the day. He and Minerva had come to the conclusion that Hermione fancied herself an intellectual partner for Severus, or something of that nature. Savior, healer, whatever she was thinking, it wasn't good. She'd been petitioning to pursue an independent project with him for weeks, and it had taken all his strength to convince Minerva that it would be a terrible idea. A terrible, terrible idea, no matter how ingenious the proposal (he had to admit that it was rather intriguing).

Prattle prattle prattle blah blah blah.

"Go back to your desk, Ms. Granger," he said, and it took every ounce of strength to grind those words out without an obscenity.

"But Professor..."

"I don't care how bloody brilliant you think you are, you get back to your desk this instant!" he said, more loudly than usual. The room was silent, and he knew without looking that Draco's eyes were on him. Fuck. Outbursts did not help. "Anyone who dares approach my desk for the remainder of the class will be given an hour long detention with Filch."

Silence. Then, a murmuring hum. Better.

He looked up to scan the classroom, just to make sure nothing incendiary was happening, when his eyes crossed Ms. Granger's table. She was looking at him and, catching his eye, licked her lips in a lackluster attempt at seduction.

Really, what was the girl thinking?

He needed to get this situation under control, if for no other reason than that it was wearying him, and a tired double agent was a bad double agent.

It wasn't until the classroom had emptied that the perfect solution occurred to him.

Flitwick.

After his last class, Severus walked through his Floo and into a public hub on the cobblestone streets of wizarding Glasgow. He had arranged a four o'clock appointment with Flitwick at his practice, and he was rather intrigued. Glasgow wasn't exactly a hub of magical activity.

The March air was brisk, and Severus shoved his hands in his pockets, lamenting the fact that he couldn't have a discussion with his colleague in the older man's spacious office. Flitwick had talked Dumbledore down to a half-time appointment; he taught Charms first semester, and his apprentice Fleur, who was rather appealing, now that Severus thought about it, taught second semester. The last time Severus saw him, Flitwick had been giddy about opening his own practice. "Magical counseling," was all he had said, and he'd encouraged Severus to come by and take a look.

What Severus really wanted to do was sit down with the ruddy old bastard and have themselves a nice drink and get shit pissed, but the secretary had said that Flitwick's social calendar was full.

That, Severus could believe. Curiously enough, Flitwick had always been a ladies' man, never settled down or had children. *Maybe it's the goblin blood*, Severus reflected as he walked up the deserted cobblestone street. No, it was more than that. Flitwick was, well, charming. Severus cringed at the ridiculousness of the statement (a Charms master being charming, that one made the ears bleed), but it was true. And Flitwick had much experience in the way of student admirers, male and female... hence the appeal of a talk. (Not that Hermione Granger was androgynous in any way.)

That Severus was even willing to seek advice spoke volumes about the frightening tenor of the situation. Or so Flitwick had written on a piece of parchment that shot out of Severus's personal fireplace.

Oh, he had no idea.

At last, Severus stopped in front of a small brick building with a sparkling purple sign that read *Magical Counseling with Filius Flitwick, Charm Doctor*.

Severus shook his head as he walked up the steps. As he passed the sign, sparks shot out, showering him in rose petals. He froze, tightened his lips, and opened the door.

If Severus had entertained a thought about ribbing Filius for the sign, it was gone the minute he saw the décor.

Neon greens, blues, pinks, and deep purples were the colors of the day. The chairs and sofas were crushed velvet, and the chandeliers were ostentatious.

"Are you lost, sir?" the receptionist asked.

Good. He didn't look like he belonged here. "Ah, no. I'm a colleague of Flitwick's, here for a four o'clock."

The lady nodded, not an emotion passing over her face, for which Severus was grateful. The last thing he could have handled was a receptionist whose attitude matched Flitwick's awful taste in interior decorating. Neon, bright, smiley. If Severus Snape said ick, he would have said ick.

"If you'll have a seat, the doctor will be with you shortly."

Severus sat on the least offensive piece of furniture, a simple blue chair which you might find in any Muggle doctor's office, save the... his hands flew to his chest. The chair arms were they were

They were *cocks*.

Sweet Merlin.

"Ah, Severus darling, how are you?" Flitwick's voice filled the office.

Severus stood to his feet immediately, his face flushed. "What the hell kind of doctor are you pretending to be, Flitwick?"

Flitwick blinked, his strawberry-colored jacket seemingly suspended behind him. "Why, I'm a sex therapist, Severus. I thought you knew."

"Bloody all to "

"Yes, and fuck a diddy elf, I'm sure, but come now, man, you have a problem, and I have a solution!" Flitwick turned on his heels. "Come along, dear, come along."

"It's not that kind of problem!" Severus insisted, following the infuriating old man down the hall.

"We'll talk about the dysfunction in the office "

"I'm not, I don't *need* that kind of "

"No one does, Severus, that's why they all come to me," Flitwick said knowingly, holding his office door open for Severus to walk through.

Severus promptly collapsed onto one of Flitwick's refreshingly black leather chairs. "I'm here, old man, because of a problem with a student."

Flitwick nodded. "The age of consent just isn't what it used to be..."

"No! It's not the age of consent," Severus said, resisting the urge to give Flitwick jelly-legs or some otherwise ridiculous curse.

"Chastity said you were rather urgent on the phone," Flitwick said, crinkling his eyebrows.

Severus glared at Flitwick. "That cannot be her real name." He took a deep breath. "The issue is that Hermione Granger fancies herself attached to me, and I don't know what to do," he said flatly.

"Do you return her ah *amour*?" Flitwick asked, and the deafening roar he received in reply promptly ended that train of questioning.

"If I pay attention to her, she's encouraged. If I ignore her, she tries harder. Any form of discussion or discipline ends badly, typically with two or three of her buttons undone. I tell you, Flitwick, it's fucking indecent."

"Fucking indecent?" Flitwick smiled and wrote something down.

Damn the man's impertinence! "Are you quoting me?" Severus asked, though he knew bloody well that he was.

"Yes, we've needed a slogan like that for the brochure. I assume you want the quote to be anonymous."

"Stop toying with me. This girl this idiot, stupid, navel-gazing girl is making my life a living hell. More of one than it already is."

Flitwick's gaze softened. "Of course, Severus, I am sorry for playing with you. Though we don't play as often as we used to..." He winked, and Severus glared.

Severus had been curious, once, and Flitwick had a reputation among the staff, and no, Severus did not need to oblige anyone with an explanation of exactly what he and Flitwick had done.

It had been fun, though, he'd give you that.

"I'm assuming Dumbledore doesn't know about this?" Flitwick was asking.

Severus waved a hand. "He probably does, but he hasn't said anything, and I'm not about to complain and watch him *Obliviate* her into existence. Which you know he would do."

With an imperceptible nod of his head, Flitwick continued, "And have you talked with Minerva?"

Severus nodded. "She's had no luck. Hermione won't admit to any wrongdoing, the wretched b"

"*Severus!* Do not call students that word."

"So I can complain about the age of consent, but I can't call them words that are frighteningly applicable?"

Flitwick ignored him. "It seems your only recourse is to shock her in some way. Have you considered casting a repulsion spell?"

Severus blanked.

"A spell that shows you what the person is most repulsed by? There are several variants for sex."

Ah, those spells. Blocking out memories of certain Death Eater rituals, Severus asked, "And what would those accomplish?"

"You're more tired than I thought. Figure out what repulses her genuinely so and then let her catch you in that very act. With someone else, probably," Flitwick said, as if it were the easiest thing in the world.

"And who, pray tell, will volunteer for such a mission?" Severus arched an eyebrow.

"That would be particular to the results of the spell. If homoerotic behavior repulses her, then I would be willing to sacrifice for our friendship."

Severus snorted.

"And I happen to know of at least three female staff members at Hogwarts who would be happy to oblige you," Flitwick said.

That Hooch had been after Severus for years was no secret. "Who are the others?" Severus asked, just out of curiosity's sake, of course. Sprout or Trelawney he shuddered at the thought. Septima or Aurora, on the other hand... not to mention Fleur...

Flitwick wagged a finger at Severus. "I don't kiss and tell. Cast the spell, find what repulses her, and we can arrange something."

Severus crossed his legs. "As... amusing... as that sounds and I would be quite willing to resort to such measures, let me assure you Ms. Granger's attachment is not merely sexual. Minerva and I agree that she fancies herself a sort of intellectual partner for me, or a savior of some kind. Doesn't this have the potential to backfire, as it doesn't address those deeper connections?"

"Well, anything can backfire," Flitwick said. "But, as Freud said, on the opposite side of attraction lies repulsion. One of the few things I agree with him on. Women do not have penis envy "

Severus launched into another question. "So your assumption is that the repulsive behavior, however specific to sex, has the power to affect her attraction in general?"

Flitwick nodded. "Yes." He glanced at his watch. "I've got a date, but let me know how it goes. Oh and be sure that she doesn't fancy threesomes."

Severus grimaced. "So your diagnosis is to cast a spell and let her find me engaging in some rutting behavior that she finds repulsive? And hope that it works?" Severus asked, rising to his feet.

"Yes," Flitwick affirmed.

"I can't believe people pay you," Severus said, and he walked out the door.

Hermione's rather vanilla repulsions had amused Severus, and he had been even more amused when he found a willing partner (Fleur, bless her little French bum) to act out said "repulsions."

He and Fleur had been *in medias res*, her on his office desk, properly bound with medieval chains and other such weaponry, both enjoying themselves quite nicely when Ms. Granger walked through the open door, right at the time Severus had assigned her detention.

He barely acknowledged her presence but grew increasingly annoyed when she just stood there, watching, and bloody hell was she *shœrying*?

Severus was a man of many fetishes, but voyeurism was not one of them. (Though it might be Fleur's, by the way she was responding.)

With a wave of his hand, he expelled Ms. Granger from his office before he came he did not want her to have that image embedded in her memory.

Upon Fleur's departure (after another round waste not, want not), Severus returned to his classroom and was surprised to find Ms. Granger dutifully waiting at her desk, still crying.

He pinched the bridge of his nose. "You are dismissed."

"You didn't have to do that. That was cruel," she said slowly. "I know we have something special..."

"Something special?" he asked, the derision dripping from his lips. He was rather satisfied when she leaned back in her seat. "What, pray tell, is special about our *relationship*, Ms. Granger?"

"I'm your match simple as that," she said, thrusting her chin out as she looked into his eyes.

He crossed his arms. "You've got spunk, I'll give you that," he said quietly. "But rest assured, I am not interested. It is indecent, it is improper "

"I'll be eighteen in September. That's only six months from now."

"Your age has nothing to do with it. Let me be very clear, Ms. Granger. Your indecency causes me nothing but grief, because it is grief to every teacher who finds the efficacy of their lessons and their very sanity in the classroom threatened by an insolent student who fancies herself *in love*." His tone was flat and, given the tearful reaction, apparently cutting. Good.

"But... I can match your intellect I can love... save... we are partners!"

He snorted. "Hardly."

"Trying to shock me was not the right way to go about getting my attention. You're better than that. You're better than ~~her~~," she said.

Her persistence was really quite incredible. "You think that's what I was doing in there? Getting your attention?" Severus ran a hand through his oily hair. "I have tried every discreet method at my disposal to make you fucking *shut up* and stop trying to seduce me with your piss poor teenage methodology," he said.

"Would you be interested in a more adult methodology?" she asked, tilting her head, and he roared at her again, which apparently satisfied her.

Time to change tactics.

"I am quite involved with Ms. Delacour."

"I would have noticed by now. And that," she nodded towards the door, "was the first time I've noticed."

"I am not interested in you," he said, mentally berating himself for his inability to handle the situation with detachment.

"I cannot believe that," she said.

Did woman's stubbornness know no bounds?

"We're so well matched, you and I," she said, and before she could continue, he got a brilliant idea.

"Ms. Granger," he interrupted. "I have absolutely no interest in you. Regardless of your opinions," he said, cutting her off with a wave of his hand, "you should know that your continued assault on my person is bound to raise the attention of a certain Headmaster."

At this, she showed fear. The girl was not a swot for nothing.

"Were he to discover your amour, he would *Obliviate* you on the spot."

"Dumbledore wouldn't "

"Oh, I quite assure you, he would," Severus said, enjoying the sight of her sinking in her seat. "Thus, I must beg you to keep it hidden. Until you graduate."

At which point I will either be dead or traipsing across the Continent.

She was silent, so he gave it one last shot. "Can you please desist your demonstrations until then? Self-control takes a lot of maturity "

"Which I have." She stood up and smiled at him, perhaps too lingeringly. "I understand *completely*, Professor. Not until I graduate. I won't say a word." And with that, she sauntered out of the classroom.

Severus sat back in his desk, relieved, exhausted, and wondering what the hell had just happened.

True to her word, Hermione Granger didn't show any affection public or private for Severus Snape until her graduation.

At which point he disappeared onto the Continent.

(And if, twenty years later, she found herself intent on getting piss drunk in a Romanian bar, divorced, jobless, and fucking miserable, and if a certain former professor happened to walk into the bar and buy her a whiskey, and if she apologized for her terrible behavior as an "awfully besotted and idiotic teenage swot," and if she impressed him by holding an intelligent conversation while half-pissed, and if he could appreciate the curvaceous body she had grown into, and if they made it back to his place later that night, well then, that would just have to be between the two of them, wouldn't it?)

