

Knickered

by Amita

A conspiracy goes awry.

Chapter 1 of 1

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"It's disappointing those two haven't got together yet," said Parvati.

"The girl has to make the first move with Ron, and Hermione's not going to do that," said Lavender, "and that's just fine with me."

"Don't you have any romance in your soul?" asked Parvati.

"I had too much, and now there's a gaping hole," said Lavender.

"You need to find someone else," said Parvati.

"How can you say that? There's no one like Ron. I made a complete fool of myself over him, and if he came back, I would do it again. Curse him," said Lavender. "I'd like to see Hermione make a fool of herself, but she's a cold fish. What does he see in her, anyway?"

"Maybe we could work together on that basis," said Parvati. "I'd like to see our swot melt, and you'd like to see her lose control."

"I'm not going to mess with love potions. They're too dangerous," said Lavender.

"We can ask my sister," said Parvati.

Padma was not interested.

Padma thought relationships should develop naturally in accordance with the characters of those involved. Rushing things or delaying things would do damage, and outsiders couldn't possibly fathom the feelings of those involved. Nothing would budge her on this matter. Besides, when she had suggested plans to Lavender and Parvati in the past, they always had claimed they were already thinking of doing that. Parvati replied that they wouldn't do that this time and that she might be persuaded to suss out the feelings of a certain Slytherin, the one that Padma had been mooning over all last summer, that decent and dignified boy that Padma kept glancing at but was too shy to approach.

Padma tried to be resolute.

During the next week, Padma gave herself numerous pep talks, set out determinedly, but failed to suggest studying together. The one time he had smiled and greeted her, she had become so flustered that she had dropped her books down the stairs and, afterwards, had been too embarrassed to attend the class they had together. At the end of the week, a frayed Padma sought out the two conspirators and made her suggestion.

"That's a good idea. That's what we were thinking of doing," said Lavender and Parvati.

"Who's the boy?" Lavender later asked Parvati.

"The only person who's better at Arithmancy than she is," said Parvati. "Theodore Nott."

"Arithmancy? Well, whatever," said Lavender. "So the plan is we dip a pair of Hermione's knickers in this potion. What was the main ingredient?"

"Honey Suckle."

With the zeal of true crusaders, the two soon had a first-rate potion. They dunked the beneficiary's undergarments while she was in the library. The next day, they watched her attend History with Ron. Nothing. They watched her have lunch with Ron. Nothing. They were certain she would find him charming in Charms. Nothing. They informed Padma they were dealing with an iceberg. She suggested a potion with a more potent main ingredient.

"Cockle Burrs."

Once again, they brewed and dipped. They awaited her transfiguration in the morning class. Disappointment. They retired to their dorm room in defeat.

After Transfiguration, Hermione proceeded to the library in some discomfort, wondering if the elves had started using starch for undergarments. Whilst engrossed in her books, she noticed the Professor of the Dark Arts perusing the stacks. She kept looking at him and wishing she looked stacked. The more she glanced at him the more she felt the need to talk to him. Her feminine intuition was telling her that Dark Forces were coming into play. They were stirring. She had the feeling they were near. The feeling was strong enough that she was squirming with repressed excitement.

She approached him and said, "I really appreciate your efforts in the Dark Arts, sir."

"Unfortunate circumstances have rendered your class less than prepared," he replied.

"I agree, sir, and I agree with you that we need a thorough grounding in the nature of evil since it often arrives in an innocent guise. Even here at school, we're not as secure as we think. Any malicious thought or misguided prank could lead someone astray, but even in her blackest hour, a girl could look to you for vice, er, advice."

"I never pictured myself as that type of person," he said.

"But you are, sir. A girl could die from one of your knowing looks."

"Excuse me."

"I mean a girl could dive into one of your knowledgeable books," she said. "Imagine the two of us breaking the seal and entering into virgin territory."

"There is a lot of unexplored territory," he admitted.

"Free and waiting, sir. Eager to be discovered and explored. Ready to discard the restraining garments of repression and embrace new experiences."

"Yes, quite, Miss Granger, but one must be careful. I will see you in class tomorrow morning."

"Don't leave me without a cock."

"I beg your pardon."

"Don't leave me half-cocked," she said. "I need more information. "Please, sir."

"I should be investigating the recent theft of Potions supplies, but the novelty of your asking for help has me fascinated."

"Oh, thank you, Professor Snake." She giggled. "I'm certain you have a large one."

"I've milked them for venom, but I've never kept one," he said. "And I'm not really a Professor of Snakes or Magical Creatures in general."

"I'd love to milk your snake, sir."

"That's nothing to be undertaken lightly," he said, "but I admit that your ability and courage are commendable, and you do belong to the house of the brave. "

"We can play 'house.' Let's slither together," she said.

"I'm not understanding you," he said.

"We should be in the same house. Let's be Slytherins together," she said.

"An enticing offer," he replied. "I've often wondered how you would behave in the lower chambers."

As images of how she would like to behave formed in her mind, the potion-soaked cotton made a mighty effort and sprouted a tendril that slithered into a lower chamber.

"Ahh!" went the lady.

"Are you okay?" he asked.

"It's my knickers," she said.

"What?"

"It's my nick," she said. "I nicked food from the kitchen and some Potion supplies."

"Whatever for, Miss Granger?"

"For your birthday, sir. I wanted to see you in your birthday suit, I mean, see that you had a suitable birthday."

"That's a noble sentiment, but not an excuse, Miss Granger."

"I want to be especially bad, sir. I mean I badly wanted to do something special with you, er, for you."

"I'm not certain how to handle this," he said.

"I deserve an erection. I mean I deserve a correction. You should be firm and upright. Let's go to detention. I'm ready now, sir. You can handle me."

"Do you have a fever, Miss Granger?"

"I was born to give you one, sir."

"You're giving me a headache," he said.

"I'll take care of you," she said. "We can go directly to your quarters where I can give you a sponge bath that soothes your tired, achy, toned muscles that any girl would love to have folded around her. You can relax on smooth satin sheets with your head in my lap while I stroke your temples and run my fingers through luxurious, sexy hair. I can kiss your forehead and make everything all better. A night of snuggling will dispel your tension, and in the morning, you'll feel like a new man, sir."

He began backing away.

"Oh, please, sir, not a premature rejection. You can't leave me like this."

"I'll inform the nurse and your head of house about your condition," he said.

"Wait, wait, I'm, we're almost there," she told his departing back.

She gripped the table as it hit. She stuck her fist in her mouth to stifle a groan as it washed over her.

After a brisk shower and a change of undies, she was walking to the infirmary. She saw Padma and Theodore in a quiet corner, having a discussion about strange attractors. The nurse and her head of house examined her and prescribed rest and a calming potion.

Okay, she would have a lie down, but afterwards, she would seek out and confront the Dark Forces, and she knew who could guide her to the Heart of Darkness.

The Chat Room reminded me that it was Severus's birthday.