

# Size Matters

*by laurielove*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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This is just a very silly little piece to hopefully make you laugh. It is set in the mythical 'Eighth Year' to give the girls that little bit more age. Snape, conveniently, has simply not died. It contains a moment of anachronism and just general fangirly squeeing.

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Hermione, Ginny and Hannah sat dejectedly in study period. Every Wednesday after supper the final year students would traipse into a member of staff's room for supervised revision. It was an unnecessary throwback to the intensive boarding regime of the past; the staff hated it, the students hated it, but it had to be done. Still, the three witches could not complain too much this was to be their last ever.

Hermione had returned to Hogwarts the year after the war to complete her NEWTs and had been grateful for the friendship of not only Ginny but Hannah, who had also had to repeat the year due to family circumstances. They had all moved so far beyond the convention of school that they were bursting to break free of their institutional strait jacket. And now the end was in sight they only had two days to go.

However, this final study period was really dragging. They sat together, heads hanging limp and heavy on their hands, barely glancing at the work before them: work which did not need their attention. Most members of staff allowed a little chat during study time not the person on duty today. Their eyes rested on the black-clad figure of their Potions Master. Professor Snape, despite his brush with death, remained as intractable and disdainful as ever.

They had finished their work, and with little else to occupy their minds, they simply stared at him.

'He really does have a remarkably large nose, doesn't he?'

'Hmm.' Ginny concurred with Hermione's statement.

'I mean, quite magnificently huge.'

Their heads tilted in unison, assessing the prominent feature with frowns of scrutiny.

'But in proportion,' added Hannah.

'Yes.'

'It doesn't seem out of place, does it?'

'S'pose not.'

'And it's quite elegant,' continued Hermione.

'It is, isn't it?'

'Aquiline,' added Ginny.

'Hm.'

'Romanesque.'

'That's it. *Rrrr*-omanesque.' Hermione rolled the 'r' with an audible trill.

'Like a marble statue.'

Silence while they continued to consider the nose of their teacher.

'I wonder ...' pondered Hermione.

'What?'

'Well, you know what they say.'

'About?' inquired Hannah. All three could have been discussing the lunch menu. While chatting, their eyes were still trained on their professor, sitting before them, intent on his work.

'Proportions.'

'You mean ...?'

'That the size of a man's nose is directly related to the size of ... a certain other part of his anatomy.'

'Hm.'

'I wonder that too.'

'Which particular part of the anatomy did you have in mind?'

'Oh ... you know.'

'Say it.'

'His ... *cock*.' Hermione said it quite factually but finished with a resounding 'k' with clicked off the back of her teeth.

'Can't really see under all those clothes.'

'Those *rich* ... *black*... clothes ...'

'Under all those tight little buttons ...'

'Shame.'

'Great shame.'

'Miss Weasley. Miss Abbott. Miss Granger. I believe you have plenty with which to be occupying yourselves. Stop your mindless droning chatter.' The sudden yet remarkably deep and mellifluous tones of Professor Snape did little to bring the girls out of their reverie.

'Sorry, sir.'

'Sorry, sir.'

'Sorry, sir.'

'What is the focus of your study this evening?'

'History of magic, sir Ancient Rome,' declared Hermione.

Ginny grinned.

'Well, I suggest you apply yourselves to it.'

'Oh, we are, sir.'

Snape's features tensed momentarily and his mouth thinned before he turned his head once again to the parchment before him.

The girls simply continued to stare at him.

'What about his hands? They say the same about hands. '

'I've never really looked at his hands.'

As one, they stood slightly from their chairs and raised themselves over their desk, trying to get a closer look at the hands of the man sitting before the assembled students.

'They look quite big.'

'Don't they just?'

'Can't see very well.'

'Hang on.'

Ginny pushed her hand up into the air. It took a while for Snape to notice. Slowly, he drew his eyes up, and with a faintly disguised sigh, inquired with a drawl, 'What is it,

Miss Weasley?'

'Do you mind coming here a minute, sir? I don't really understand this point.'

Another deep, audible sigh. 'If I must.'

Snape slowly made his way towards their desk. Their eyes were trained on his hands, one of which clutched his wand elegantly in what appeared to be very long fingers. He came and stood above them, looking down dismissively and imperiously.

'It says here that a werewolf maintains certain physical characteristics of its host when it changes ... but surely that is virtually impossible. There is no reason why any similarity should exist. The werewolf form is surely distinct from its human counterpart.'

'I am not an expert on such things.'

'But look at these pictures here, sir. They're photos of a werewolf and its human host. They're quite small; you may have to get closer.'

Snape cleared his throat tersely then leaned in to peer at the picture. His right hand came to rest close to Ginny's. Hermione and Hannah drew themselves over to study it. It dwarfed the small hand of their friend. Hermione and Hannah smiled at each other with wide-eyed satisfaction.

'I thought you said you were studying Ancient Rome?' asked Snape coldly.

'We were, sir. We've moved onto anatomy now.'

'Do you play the piano, sir?' chipped in Hermione.

'What?' he spat with terse surprise.

'Do you play the piano?'

Snape was clearly caught off-guard. His words were moderately flustered. 'A little. Why do you ask such irrelevant questions?'

'You have very large hands, sir. With long fingers.'

'Long, agile fingers, sir.'

'Piano hands very dextrous.'

Snape's brows wrinkled and his lips curled in confusion. The faintest pink tinge captured his high cheek bones. 'Get on with your work!'

He spun away from them, clutching his hands before him, and began to pace around the desks of students.

'Hm mm,' confirmed Hannah. 'Our theory is gaining strength.'

'And then there are feet, of course,' continued Ginny.

'Oh yes, feet.'

This time, still in perfect synchronicity, they leaned over to the left, trying to catch a glimpse of his feet as he walked along.

'Oh yes. Size thirteen at least.'

Quite suddenly, their teacher spun around and hissed over to them, 'Is there something on the floor that is fascinating you?' He paced quickly back to their table.

'No, sir just admiring your shoes, sir.'

'They're very black, sir.'

'Very black and very shiny.'

'And very long.'

'You must spend a long time polishing them, sir.'

'That's very admirable in a man.'

A strange click emerged from Snape's throat and he turned abruptly on his heels and returned to his desk. Three heads bent to inspect his retreating feet once again.

'Yeah at least size thirteen.'

For the last few minutes the girls managed a semblance of work. Hermione even concentrated so hard that she realised she needed a potion ingredient for a practical assignment.

'Professor Snape? Could I please have some baobab bark for my practical?'

He sighed again, but this time did not even look up, simply waved his hand dismissively towards his cupboard. His cheeks were slightly more flushed than before.

'Yes, yes. Go and get some from the cupboard second shelf up. As you are only in the school for a few more days I don't see what harm it can do now.'

With a look of gleeful surprise Hermione crossed to the Potions cupboard. As far as she could recall, no student had ever been allowed in before. She took a moment to absorb the extraordinary array of potions and vials and bottles laid out before her, all meticulously labelled in Snape's own fluid hand. She found her ingredient and was about to exit when she noticed a door at the far end of the store. It was a thick wooden door, clearly locked tightly with several bolts, but a stream of light was pouring in through a crack some two foot long which ran horizontally across it. Hermione could not stem her curiosity. Quickly and quietly she crept to the door and peered through the crack.

On the other side she could quite clearly see a bed, four-postered like all beds at Hogwarts, several book cases, a couple of chairs, a fireplace. Hanging up on a wardrobe across from the bed was a set of robes. She recognised them immediately as Snape's. She was looking straight into her Potions Master's bedroom.

Her heart caught in her mouth and she turned with astonishment, feeling guilty for having intruded on someone's intensely private space.

She hurried out of the storeroom, head down.

'Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god there's a gap you can see right into his bedroom!' Her words were hissed as quietly as possible to her friends.

'What?!'

'There's a door at the back of the potions store with a massive great crack in it you can peer right through it into his bedroom.'

'You have got to be kidding.'

'No! Really!'

They fell silent for a moment. The lesson was rapidly drawing to a close.

'Anyone thinking what I'm thinking?' mused Ginny.

No one dared say it.

'We could put our theory to the test.'

'What have we got to lose? We're nearly finished here. Even if we get caught, what can they do to us now?'

'Dare you,' said Hannah.

They smirked at each other.

'Go on then,' agreed Hermione.

'OK, here's the plan I'll distract Snape, keep his back turned and you sneak in. Then I'll somehow manage to join you after that. He won't stay in here much longer after that he'll have supper to get to,' Ginny plotted.

'What about *our* supper?!'

'Well, if we're lucky ... we'll have a feast for the eyes!'

At the end of the lesson, Ginny approached Snape, asking some long-winded question about the end-of-term. It was easy enough for Hermione and Hannah to sneak into the store cupboard. They waited with bated breath for what seemed an age before the door opened suddenly again and Ginny slipped inside, shutting it behind her.

'How did you manage that without him seeing?' they whispered, their hearts thudding mercilessly.

'He was busy sorting out the cauldrons. It was easy enough. Now then where's this crack?'

'Over here.'

Hermione hurried them over and they all knelt, pressing their eyes to the narrow opening in the wood.

'Bloody hell! That's his bed!'

'Well, what the hell do you expect in a bedroom, a Lamborghini?!'

'It's quite cosy, isn't it?'

'Nice furnishings.'

'It's not the bloody furnishing I'm interested in.'

'Keep your voice down.'

'It doesn't matter he'll have gone to supper by now.'

'How long do you reckon we'll have to wait?'

'An hour, I reckon.'

'This is so naughty. I mean, do we really want to see Professor Snape's cock?' Hermione wondered if she was having second thoughts.

'Yes!' proclaimed the others.

'Fair enough.' Any doubts were quickly dismissed.

'It smells of him in here, doesn't it?'

'Hm.'

'I like that. He always smelt bloody good.'

'I know.'

Time started to tick slowly away. The girls sat quietly in the still intensity of the potions cupboard, leaning against the door to the bedroom, their bodies expectant, their minds alert. After what seemed an age, they at last heard a noise on the other side of the door.

'He's back!'

'Shhh!'

They scuffled to turn around, kneeling swiftly, pushing their heads against the wood.

'It's him!'

'Who the hell did you think it would be? Justin Bieber?!'

'Shut up!'

'What's he doing?'

'Bloody hell.'

'Oh my god he's getting undressed.'

'Oh god, I think I'm going to come just looking at him.'

'Ginny!'

'You're thinking it too.'

The man on the other side of the door was slowly undoing the numerous buttons which formed the front of his frock coat. He was turned directly towards the door, his head down, concentrating. Eventually, he shrugged it off, placing it neatly on a chair back. He wore a seamless white shirt underneath and pulled it off swiftly and gracefully, revealing a broad, smooth, toned torso.

'God, he has a fine body I never would have guessed.'

'Look at that abdomen. Shit. Why didn't we think of this before?'

'Oh my god he's going for the trousers.'

'Shit! I can't look.'

'I can!'

'Well, I mean, I can really, I just ...'

'Shut up and enjoy it!'

'Nearly there ...'

'Look look look!'

Silence.

'Oh.'

'My.'

'God.'

'Fucking hell.'

'Bloody bugging bollocks.'

'Seems our theory was correct.'

'Fuck me.'

'With that? You'd never walk again!'

'It's ... *huge!*'

'It's enormous!'

'I've never seen anything like it.'

'Do you think it hurts when it thwacks against his thighs like that?'

'It must be really heavy.'

'He must get through loads of pairs of pants.'

'I didn't see any pants.'

'What's he doing now?'

'Wait a minute.'

'I don't believe it.'

'He's not ...'

'Oh, yes, he is.'

'Fucking hell. He's having a wank!'

'I can't watch!'

'Yes, you can.'

'Oh my god.'

'I never knew something like that was anatomically possible.'

'There it is before you.'

'Shit.'

'Fucking hell.'

'How can he get his hand around it?'

'He has a very large hand.'

'He's certainly going for it.'

'Oh, to be that hand.'

'I know.'

'I'm jealous of a hand.'

'This is so wrong.'

'And so right.'

'I know.'

'We should go.'

'Not right now.'

'He's talking.'

'What's he saying?'

They strained to hear the words. Snape was kneeling on the bed, one hand gripping a post of his bed, the other grasping the extraordinary length of his outstandingly long, broad cock. He was pumping it violently, gripping the head hard, drawing the flat of his hand over the top before squeezing down the length then up again.

'What did he say?'

'I thought it sounded like 'Ginny!'

'No. Way.'

'That's what I thought too.'

They strained their ears again.

'Bloody hell he just said your name, Hermione!'

'No, he didn't. It was yours, Hannah!'

'Did you hear that? It was definitely: take it, you tight wet witches.'

'No, it wasn't, it was I need to order more leeches.'

'Bollocks! Why the hell would he be thinking about leeches when wanking?!'

'Well, he was always weird.'

'Whatever the hell he's saying, I am enjoying this more than anything I can ever previously remember.'

'He's close.'

'Look at that cock!'

'I am!'

'Where else can we possibly look?'

'He's going to burst!'

Snape pumped his cock hard once, then twice more, and came, straight towards the three women watching from their secret vantage point.

It took a while before the three witches commented.

'Oh my god.'

'I didn't know men could do it like that.'

'Does it normally go on so long?'

'There isn't usually that much, is there?'

Hannah sighed. 'What a waste.'

'Tell me about it.'

'He's finished.'

'I should bloody well think he has. I should think it'll take a while to recover from that.'

'He's putting on some robes.'

'Where's he going?'

'He's left the room.'

'Where is he?!'

'I can't see him anymore.'

Light suddenly flooded the cupboard. The women spun around, eyes wide with horror, mouths gaping in disbelief. There, silhouetted against the now open door of the potions cupboard, was Severus Snape.

They were frozen in terror, their bodies held in the guilty paralysis of unexpected disclosure.

'Well, well, well ... and what have we here?'

They could find no words.

'Intruding, trespassing ... and spying ... a triple violation.' He stood staring down at them in haughty indignation.

'Now ... what do you suggest I do with you?'

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Now there's an eyeful.

Any thoughts or impressions are greatly valued, as ever. x