

Supreme Masters of the Universe Hatch a Plan

by TeaOli

Familiars get familiar with one another as they scheme regarding their companions' relationship.

Setting the Stage

Chapter 1 of 3

Familiars get familiar with one another as they scheme regarding their companions' relationship.

Life for both sexes—and I look at them, shouldering their way along the pavement—is arduous, difficult, a perpetual struggle. It calls for gigantic courage and strength. More than anything, perhaps, creatures of illusion that we are, it calls for confidence in oneself. Without self-confidence we are as babes in the cradle. — Virginia Woolf, A Room of One's Own, Chapter Two

His beloved was well named: Knowi Tall was far cleverer than the average domestic feline and, in spite of her youth, knew a great many things. And what, she was wont to ask him on the rare occasions she was in his company, was the use of knowledge if one could not make use of it?

So he wasn't the least bit surprised when her message appeared in his witch's thinking-machine mid-morning on a Tuesday.

Subject: Mission Possible

Date: 5 Aug 2003 12:40:00

From: fabfeline@familiar.net

To: kingkneazle@familiar.net

Attachments: onehome.odt

Darling,

I have a plan for us to be together. It's nearly fool-proof! Too bad neither of our humans are fools. No matter, this will work.

I'm so excited! Aren't you excited, darling?

Your for ever devoted Knowi

Subject: re: Mission Possible

Date: 5 Aug 2003 12:45:03

From: kingkneazle@familiar.net

To: fabfeline@familiar.net

Hermione hasn't got OpenOffice yet. I know the woman can take a hint, so I suspect she's just being stubborn. Sound familiar?

Send a PDF, kitten. Better yet, just tell me. The less clicking the better.

Only a ginger can call another ginger 'ginger'. — Tim Minchin

Subject: re: re: Mission Possible

Date: 5 Aug 2003 12:45:22

From: fabfeline@familiar.net

To: kingkneazle@familiar.net

Do not call me 'kitten', Crookshanks Granger! I am a cat, full grown, you mangy old tom!

Anyway, see if you can get her to bring you when she visits on Thursday. We'll discuss everything then.

You'd think the witch who helped bring the Internet to Wizarding Britain would have voice-interpretation software...

I'm still excited, even if you are being a git!

Your little (but fully grown!) Knowi

Subject: re: re: re: Mission Possible

Date: 5 Aug 2003 12:48:46

From: kingkneazle@familiar.net

To: fabfeline@familiar.net

No need to get your whiskers in a twist, Junior. I know you are a cat, and I love that you are! Roaow!

Afraid it might be a bad job getting Herms to bring me along, pet. She's usually so eager to get to your wizard Thursday nights. What do they do? Do we even need a plan?

Also, I prefer to be called mature.

Only a ginger can call another ginger 'ginger'. — Tim Minchin

Subject: re: re: re: re: Mission Possible

Date: 5 Aug 2003 12:48:09

From: fabfeline@familiar.net

To: kingkneazle@familiar.net

Dearest Crooksie,

I love that you love me, but there's no need to be vulgar. At least not over the "web". Save it for Thursday. You will try to come, won't you?

They don't do anything! Well, nothing like that. Mostly they just talk about her research and the like.

So, as you can see, we truly do need a plan. If for no other reason than to show them what they could be doing.

Please say you'll come, Crooksie. I miss you!

Your fretfully pining Knowi

Subject: re: re: re: re: re: Mission Possible

Date: 5 Aug 2003 12:50:01

From: kingkneazle@familiar.net

To: fabfeline@familiar.net

If I can get her to bring me, I'll come. And you will too.

Only a ginger can call another ginger 'ginger'. — Tim Minchin

Subject: re: re: re: re: re: re: Mission Possible

Date: 5 Aug 2003 12:50:24

From: fabfeline@familiar.net

To: kingkneazle@familiar.net

You're so naughty, Crooksie!

Just wait till you hear what I've got in store for them. They won't be able to resist each other.

I shouldn't risk telling you everything over the "web", but I'll give you two hints:

fan fiction

RPF

Look those terms up in a "search engine".

Subject: re: re: re: re: re: re: re: Mission Possible

Date: 5 Aug 2003 12:56:05

From: kingkneazle@familiar.net

To: fabfeline@familiar.net

Are you mental? That will not work, you insane mollycat!

Only a ginger can call another ginger 'ginger'.— Tim Minchin

Subject: re: re: re: re: re: re: re: re: Mission Possible

Date: 5 Aug 2003 12:56:22

From: fabfeline@familiar.net

To: kingkneazle@familiar.net

C,

Don't be a such dunderhead. Of course it will work!

Training humans isn't as difficult as people make out. You just have to know how each one works and then follow the right steps. It's easy when you go about it the right way.

It didn't take you long at all with yours, did it? Of course, she is unusually intelligent. Well, so is mine! And I haven't had him nearly as long as you've had her.

Honestly, Crooksie, sometimes I wonder if you don't want this to work!

K.

P.S. If you'd just try, I needn't wait so long for you to reply. Jump. In. Her. Lap. Whilst. She. Types! She'll ask Severus for the hands-free thing straight away.

Subject: re: re: re: re: re: re: re: re: re: Mission Possible

Date: 5 Aug 2003 12:59:08

From: kingkneazle@familiar.net

To: fabfeline@familiar.net

Knowi, darling, Hermione would lock me away if I did that. Yours only listens to you cause ignoring you would mean Azkaban or worse.

I never followed a rule in my life unless I wanted to. And don't intend to start now. Do you still want this? Still want me?

Only a ginger can call another ginger 'ginger'.— Tim Minchin

Subject: re: re: re: re: re: re: re: re: re: re: Mission Possible

Date: 5 Aug 2003 12:59:13

From: fabfeline@familiar.net

To: kingkneazle@familiar.net

Of course I do, you ginger menace! I love you!

Just be sure to do your part, and I'll take care of the rest.

See you on Thursday!

Knowi

P.S. Severus listens because he knows I'm always right.

A throaty purr, followed by a quick series of six miaows closed the voice-activated electronic mail programme, and an annoyed Knowi leapt down from her wizard's desk.

She knew a great many things, she reminded herself. And she should not have forgotten the words once spoken by Margaret Thatcher – that powerful witch who'd once led her country: *If you want somethingsaid, ask a tom; if you want somethingdone, ask a molly.*

Two leaps took her first to the swivel-ly wooden chair, then back to the battered desk. Four miaows and a short yowl opened the voice-controlled word-processing programme. After all, she hadn't much time to waste worrying over the stubbornness of tomcats; Severus wasn't away from home nearly as much as Hermione (Crooks didn't know how good he had it!), and Knowi had work to do.

Disclaimer: JKR owns all publically recognisable characters and concepts from the Harry Potter universe.

A/N: I owe thanks to my beta, linlawless, for diligently sticking with this story (as well as the story that spawned it) for months on end.

Knowi Tall Writes a Porno

Chapter 2 of 3

Thursday night at Severus's place, the plan is revealed.

Crookshanks Crackerjack Tibbles Granger enjoyed the best bits of being both a pampered pet and a phenomenal familiar. Although his witch was fully capable of attending to his (almost) every need – and if (by some miracle) the patently preposterous plan succeeded, the one need Hermione *couldn't* meet would inevitably be met – she'd been absolutely pants at running her own life the last few years.

He spent much of rest of Tuesday deep in thought. This was no great chore, really. Contemplating the great mysteries of his world – and how to get round them – was how he usually passed the time. Of course, caterwauling after the neighbourhood she-cats had been right out since the day he'd first met Knowi. But Hermione's home was unfortunately vermin-free, and there was only so much napping and bathing a tom could do before he got bored with himself.

However, if he knew his Knowi (and he did, of course), he could rest assured she was similarly occupied. And her thoughts were probably telling her that it took a molly to do a male's job. Worse, he mused, she likely wasn't wrong.

What rubbish!

If he was going to convince her writing "real people fiction" about their humans was a bad idea, he knew he'd need to have an alternative to offer. Knowi could be almost doggish in her determination to manage the lives of everyone else.

No wonder he named her after Hermione!

~*.~*

Two days later Knowi Tall followed Severus Snape around his rooms at the Ministry, doing her level best to look miserable.

In a not quite dodgy, but definitely not smart, neighbourhood, Crookshanks was doing much the same.

~*.~*

"If you're awaiting a gold-embossed invitation, you'll be waiting forever." It was barely possible to read his expression in the green flames, but Hermione suspected she saw a glint of amusement in his eyes. "Accept that I'm right, and do as I say!"

She frowned. "I don't know, Severus..."

"Oh, for Merlin's sake, Granger, just bring him along!" Snape snapped. "Your beast is obviously malingering, just as Miss Tall is doing. And neither of us is likely to get any relief until we at least *pretend* to accommodate them."

"Well, if you're sure..."

Ignoring her blatant plea for reassurance, Snape pulled his head from the flames, ending the Floo call.

~*.~*

Crooks's ears turned towards the back of his head and his tail twitched in irritation as his gaze raced across the screen. There was no way he could allow Hermione to see such stellar lines as

His lips crashed onto hers, and when she gasped in surprise, his tongue began a dance that would eventually lead to a throbbing member and to salty-sweet juices dripping from a hot, moist place.

Knowi sat next to him on her wizard's twisty chair, hope and happiness clearly visible on her furry face.

Crooks read on. He suspected that by the end of the story, both Hermione and Snape would need a discreet doctor or Healer to treat them quickly and efficiently.

Again and again, Severus plunged his turgid, weeping—

Crooks leant forward, hoping he'd misread the passage.

—into Hermione's slick, warm depths. She cried out again, and he bit harder into her swan-like neck.

Her wails were like a banshee's; his guttural grunts sounded like those of a Mountain Troll on the hunt for wizard flesh. Her cries rose to a shrieking crescendo, igniting the fires of his passion as he thrust in and out like a butter churn's staff.

He hadn't. *Bugger me*, he thought.

Fearing the worst, Crooks sped towards the horrific end.

At last, he released her neck – covering the bite marks with sweet, sensual kisses – and withdrew completely. Hermione screamed as the spines on his still pulsating penis scraped against her vaginal walls, flooding her with satisfaction and preparing her body for ovulation.

"Well?" If it were possible she seemed even more eager for his opinion. Crooks tried not to meet Knowi's eyes.

She won't like to hear it, but... Sekhmet's spear, kitten! You donot want Hermione reading this muck.

"Knowi, love, humans don't have—"

"Oh, I know! But it's fanfic, so I felt free hand-waving his deficiencies." The hopeful expression had been replaced by one screaming of smug delight.

Knowing he was fighting a losing battle, Crooks hissed at his little molly cat.

Of course, that caught the humans' attention.

Bugger me with a dog's bone!

"Crookshanks!" Hermione admonished, snatching him from his perch on the wizard's spinny chair. She spun halfway round and pressed her nose as close to his. "Why are you hissing at poor Knowi?"

If he'd been a man, Crooks would have sighed. As he was more Kneazle than even his witch realised, he didn't bother. Stretching his front paws to reach her shoulders, he tried to engage the entirety of Hermione's focus.

Unfortunately, a slow-blink followed by a deep, meaningful stare couldn't trump the blasted wizard barking out a laugh as he read over Knowi's bushy brown head.

"Mercy!" Snape choked out, making no attempt to hide his laughter. Crooks had never before heard the man sound so genuinely amused.

Too bad Hermione won't find it funny.

"What?" asked the witch in question, and she sidled over to the thinking-machine, clutching Crooks to her chest.

Ubesti, save us all. Crookshanks squirmed around in his witch's arms till he had a decent view of the proceedings.

Snape gestured towards the thinking-machine's screen. Hermione peered at the screen, her nose screwed up till it looked nearly as flat on her face as Crooks's own.

"I don't understand," she murmured.

Snape leant over Knowi to fiddle with the in-aply named mouse connected to the thinking-machine.

Too late, Crooks realised what he was about and leapt from Hermione's arms.

But she was already reading the words Snape had translated with a click.

Onwards!

Chapter 3 of 3

Knowi is undeterred.

This woman in love with scholarship intends, to be sure, that woman should acquire learning: but it must be for the purpose of developing her intelligence, or raising her heart to serious things, not of widening her field of ambitions, dethroning man.— Christina de Pisan, The Treasure of the City of the City of Ladies: Or The Book of the Three Virtues

Subject: Last Night

Date: 8 Aug 2003 08:13:34

From: fabfeline@familiar.net

To: kingkneazle@familiar.net

That went well, don't you think?

Subject: re: Last Night

Date: 8 Aug 2003 08:26:18
From: kingkneazle@familiar.net
To: fabfeline@familiar.net
No.

Only a ginger can call another ginger 'ginger'.— Tim Minchin

Subject: re: re: Last Night
Date: 8 Aug 2003 08:27:03
From: fabfeline@familiar.net
To: kingkneazle@familiar.net

No????? What do you mean “no”? They were *clinging to each other* by the end of the night.

Subject: re: re: re: Last Night
Date: 8 Aug 2003 08:35:11
From: kingkneazle@familiar.net
To: fabfeline@familiar.net

Because they were laughing at your... Dearest, I adore you, but I hesitate to dignify your ludicrous attempt at illustrating the labours of human lust with the label “story”. I gather your wizard has been lonely for many, many, many years, so perhaps you were unfairly influenced by his choice of reading materials. But, darling, did his reaction not make it obvious that you failed?

Only a ginger can call another ginger 'ginger'.— Tim Minchin

Subject: Onwards!
Date: 8 Aug 2003 08:35:47
From: fabfeline@familiar.net
To: kingkneazle@familiar.net

Oh. I thought they were sobbing with joy.

I suppose laughter makes a bit more sense. My friend minikitty tells me humans don't bite during mating.

Never mind! We can still do this. They *were* touching, after all! Give me a day or two to revise the story (and yes, it *was* a story!), and we'll move on from there.

Subject: re: Onwards!
Date: 8 Aug 2003 08:37:08
From: kingkneazle@familiar.net
To: fabfeline@familiar.net

If by “revise the story” you meant “bin the story”, I agree with my whole heart.

Do you need my assistance locating the delete button?

Only a ginger can call another ginger 'ginger'.— Tim Minchin

Subject: re: re: Onwards!
Date: 8 Aug 2003 08:37:18
From: fabfeline@familiar.net
To: kingkneazle@familiar.net

Crookshanks Crackerjack Tibbles Granger, don't you have any faith in me?

Subject: re: re: re: Onwards!
Date: 8 Aug 2003 08:57:43
From: kingkneazle@familiar.net
To: fabfeline@familiar.net

The only thing that could have made that piece of Hippogriff dung worse would have been having Luna Lovegood and Rolf Scamander show up at the end.

“Rolf,” Luna Lovegood said breathlessly, “did you hear that?”

“No, my little snorkysnottle,” Rolf admitted indulgently. “What is it?”

"I'm sure I heard the copulation cry of Funkysnozzled Rock Troll!" exclaimed Luna excitedly. "Let's investigate!"

"Onwards!" cried Rolf.

Bin it, kitten.

Only a ginger can call another ginger 'ginger'.— Tim Minchin

Subject: If you loved me...

Date: 5 Aug 2003 08:59:22

From: fabfeline@familiar.net

To: kingkneazle@familiar.net

you wouldn't mock my efforts! I tried. It's not my fault I didn't know about how witches and wizards go about it. Won't you help me make sure we can be together some day?

This is *important*, Crooksie.

P.S. I see you can type splendidly when it means making me look silly!

P.P.S. Don't call me "kitten"!

P.P.S. What makes you think Luna Lovegood would be spending time with Rolf Scamander?

Subject: because you love me...

Date: 8 Aug 2003 09:03:17

From: kingkneazle@familiar.net

To: fabfeline@familiar.net

you will forgive this crotchety old tom wont you

and you will allow me to handle our next efforts towards bringing our hard-headed humans to happiness.

say you will darling knowi tall.

i know you see the wisdom in taking this course, as i am older and more experienced at managing witches and wizards

i have every faith you will immediately halt any and all further attempts at igniting a passion between severus and hermione

xoxo

your long-suffering but for ever devoted

crookshanks

Only a ginger can call another ginger 'ginger'.— Tim Minchin

Subject: re: because you love me...

Date: 8 Aug 2003 09:03:47

From: fabfeline@familiar.net

To: kingkneazle@familiar.net

Dearest, darling Crookshanks,

I will do no such thing. See you *next* Thursday!

Knowi

P.S. Since when have you been so romantic in email?

P.P.S. I know you can type properly!

A/N: Thanks again to linlawless for beta-reading to the bitter end!