

My Fair Lady

by Pearle

An unknown hex has an odd effect on our dour Potions Master.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Challenge: Morning married challenge

Summary: An unknown hex has an odd effect on our dour Potions Master.

Disclaimer: The characters, settings, etc., of the Harry Potter series are not mine; they belong to J.K. Rowling and Co. I promise to return them when I am through. Well, most of them anyway.

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My Fair Lady

Severus nodded to the Headmistress and her Deputy as he passed them in the hall. He realized the irony of having one his student's return to become his boss, but instead chose to let the situation rest. After all, he had the satisfaction of knowing he'd turned the position down first, *before* it had been offered to her.

Sighing, he drew a deep breath before entering his classroom, Double Newt Potions; at least it was a mix of all four houses. He chuckled darkly, and no Hermione Granger whispering instructions to an inept Longbottom. Every so often, life worked out.

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Severus swore as he made his way to dinner in the Great Hall. Considering he was unsure as to what hex he'd just been hit with as he'd rounded that last stairwell, appearing in public might not be a good idea. Nevertheless, he felt fine; he still possessed the right number of limbs and organs. He didn't feel any different. However, if he ever caught the little miscreant who'd hexed him, he would not be responsible for his actions.

Opening the staff door he caught sight of Hermione talking to Minerva. He felt an odd compulsion overcome him.

'Oh, shite!'

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Had he been hit with a Cantis spell?

He fought the urge for as long as he could. His face contorting as he tried to stop himself. Suddenly, his rich baritone rang out. "There are drinks and girls all over London, and I've gotta track 'em down in just a few more hours! I'm getting married in the morning!" He brought his hands up to cover his mouth, but not before the sounds of "Ding

don..." were heard. He threw himself out the staff door, through the doorway and into the hallway.

Hermione stared at the rapidly retreating man. "Severus?"

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Hermione raced after the disappearing wizard. "Severus, wait." Thankfully, the sound of student laughter was cut off as the staff door slammed shut. Hermione had no choice but to chase after the man if she wanted to know what was going on.

Severus didn't stop until he'd reached his office. The urge to sing had subsided the further he moved away from the Great Hall. This was no ordinary *Cantis* spell. Where had the compulsion come from? He'd eviscerate the little shite if he ever found out who'd hexed him. Leaning back against his door, he drew a steady breath.

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Out of breath, Hermione stopped in front of Severus' office and knocked on the door. "Severus, are you in there? Open up, what happened to you?"

'Oh, shite. No!'

Severus shook as the compulsion to burst into song overcame him again. "Damn! Damn! Damn! Damn! I've grown accustomed to her face. She almost makes the day begin..."

The rest of the song was muffled as Severus grabbed the pillow off his chair and covered his mouth.

"Severus, let me in." Being Deputy Headmistress was not without a few tricks of it's own. A whispered spell and the office door opened.

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She was the trigger. It wasn't just a simple spell to make inanimate objects sing, Merlin knew how many times Albus had charmed the armor to sing rounds of Jingle Bells. This altered *Cantis* was forcing him to sing show tunes to Hermione Granger.

"Severus?"

He tried, really tried to keep from singing, even going so far as to try and stuff the pillow in his mouth, but in the end, the compulsion was too much. Dropping the pillow to the floor, he took Hermione's hand in his, dropped to one knee and sang, "If ever I would leave you..."

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Hermione stood stunned as Severus' rich voice surrounded her, caressed her, enchanted her. In all the fantasies she'd ever had of him, and there'd been a few, she'd never imagined him serenading her. She'd always thought his voice amazing listening to his lectures, but his singing voice was exquisite.

"...Never could I leave you, at all!" Once again, Severus heaved a great sigh, wondering what madness he would be forced to sing now.

"What happened to you?"

Staring helplessly at the witch he found he had no compulsion to burst into song. Not daring to speak, he shrugged his shoulders.

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Dropping Hermione's hand, Severus shakily rose to his feet. Once again he felt the urge to break into song. Quickly, he grabbed Hermione's hand before he started singing again.

Startled, Hermione tried to pull back but he held fast.

"Please, holding you hand seems to be the only reason I'm not singing my fool head off."

Hermione nodded. "That's...okay. What happened to you?"

Absentmindedly, he ran his free hand through his hair. "I was rounding the stairway up from the dungeon when I was hit with a stray hex. I have no idea what was cast or who cast it."

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"Well it's obviously not a standard *Cantis* spell."

Severus glared at the witch. "Really, Deputy Granger?"

"I'd be happy to take my hand and leave you to figure this out yourself."

"No, I've had enough for one day." Severus turned to look at Hermione. "An experiment?"

She nodded once and dropped his hand. A look of pure panic overtook him as he grabbed her hand again. He gestured to an adjoining doorway. "Would you like a cuppa? I don't think anyone will hear me in my quarters if I start singing again."

Holding hands, the pair walked through the archway.

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If Severus were being honest with himself, sitting on his sofa holding hands with Hermione Granger while enjoying a cup of tea was rather...nice. It was not an activity he would have thought to indulge in, but the know-it-all was not annoying him at the moment, odd, given their circumstances.

"You didn't see anyone. What about odd smells? Or out of place sounds?" Hermione was sitting sideways, her feet drawn up under her, her hand resting in his. He's been absentmindedly stroking her hand, slowly drawing circles and odd shapes on her skin as they tried to solve the problem.

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She didn't think Severus was aware of what he was doing, but it was driving her crazy.

"Now that you mention it, I think I saw a shimmer of something on the stairs." Severus turned to look at the witch and suddenly felt a compulsion of a different kind. He had the distinct urge to kiss her, and if the look in Hermione's eyes was anything to go by, he thought Hermione was feeling the same desire he was. Dropping her hand, he pulled her close. "Hermione." His lips brushed softly against hers before capturing them in a tender kiss.

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Hermione was more than happy to kiss the dour man. One kiss turned into several, each more passionate than the last. It was some time before the two stopped to catch their breath.

"Why don't we move to someplace more comfortable?" Stopping to kiss several times on the way, Hermione followed Severus into his bedroom.

Zipper were unzipped, buttons were unbuttoned, clasps opened as the pair indulged in the exploration of the other. Hermione's open-mouthed kisses were doing amazing things to his libido. Having free rein to kiss and lick the witch's body was almost too much for the wizard.

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The two had been lost in the feel of each other when a thought occurred to Severus. With a pop, Hermione's nipple slipped free from his mouth. "Don't you find it a bit odd that the Headmistress hasn't sent out a search party for you yet?"

Panting, Hermione glared at the man. "You want to talk about this now? Fine. Okay, now that you mention it, it is odd. Do you think she had something to do with this?" Softly, Hermione stroked Severus' hair back from his face and kissed his nose.

"I think the shimmer was an invisibility cloak."

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"Yes, I think Minerva is involved. As well as Potter."

Hermione groaned. "Harry? I hope you don't think I had something to do with all of this. Severus, I'm sorry, really, maybe I'd better go."

Severus caught Hermione's hand and held her fast. "You can't leave. I need you to hold my hand."

"In case you haven't noticed, you've stopped singing."

"I don't think I can sing and make love at the same time. I think the trick is we need to maintain skin-to-skin contact. Come back here." Severus pulled the witch back down and covered her with his body.

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"While I would like to hex Potter to hell and back, and have a word with Minerva about interference worthy of Albus, the fact is, you are here, and that is all I care about."

Severus proceeded to show the witch just how much he cared for her.

Sometime later, when Hermione was cuddling up to Severus, the witch voiced her thoughts. "You know, I'm sorry you stopped singing. You have such an amazing voice."

"Are you tone deaf?"

"No, I love your voice."

Severus slid off the bed. "Come."

"Where are we going?"

"To soak in a warm tub."

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"Will you sing to me in the bath?"

Severus adjusted the spout and poured his personal bath salts into the tub. He leaned close to Hermione's ear. "Rubber Duckie, you're the one. You make bath time lots of fun. Rubber Duckie, I'm awfully fond of you."

Hermione's trilling laughter brought a smile to the dour man's face.

"Do you think she's okay? It's been three hours, shouldn't somebody go down and check on Hermione? Shouldn't she be back by now?"

"More tea, Harry?" Minerva glanced at the table holding her Sneakoscopes and surveillance globes. "It would seem, she is... fine."

-Fini-

A/N: Still not mine, not beta'd. The songs belong to: *My Fair Lady - Get Me To The Church*, and *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face. Camelot - If Ever I Would Leave You. Sesame Street Rubber Duckie*. They are not mine, either. Hope you enjoyed!