

# Shrubbing Filch

*by snapes\_faerie*

My take on how Filch found his magic - a Potter Place Challenge!

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

My take on how Filch found his magic - a Potter Place Challenge!

Disclaimer: I don't do long stories all that great, so I thought I'd try drabble format for the challenge. Rowling's characters are used. Thanks!

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Filch saw that Potter boy fall down and fled. The grounds were overrun. His days were over. Death Eaters had come to Hogwarts, and they were casting spells left, right, and forward. He'd be damned if he just stood around and waiting for extermination like so many others. Scooping up Mrs. Norris to make better time, he quickly hobbled out towards the front gates – where two Death Eaters stood – and noticed several large shrubs that he hadn't seen before. Instead of trying to run through the protected exit, he hid among the shrubs, telling his beloved cat to keep quiet.

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"Oi," a soft voice whispered. "There's not much room. Watch it."

Filch then noticed that Irma Pince was crouching down next to him in the shrubbery. It dawned on him that he'd not thought of her once while fleeing, and she was the only woman who openly wanted to spend time with him, even sitting by him and talking in the staff room. "I called out for you," he lied.

"Same here," she lied, too, for she had simply fled when the corridors were being overrun. "I conjured this when I saw that I couldn't get out of the gates."

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He was right glad that she knew how to do some magic, or they'd be in bloody mess. In horror they watched as the Death Eaters guarding the gate neared, looked around, and went back to where they were.

"This could very well be our last night alive," he said, mostly to himself.

A hand on his shoulder made him look down and then up at his companion.

"Filch, I never told you how sexy I think you are, what with the love of those whips and manacles. There's so much we could have done... could've been so good together..."

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Once he found his voice, he said, "I've got the lot, my sweet." He imagined her voice, high-pitched, crying out in pain as he administered a bout of slashes with his whip. "Had I known you felt that way, I would have asked you down to my rooms, I would." Fresh visions of her, naked – he'd always imagined her naked, for she was the one he

saw each night when he gave himself a wank – and begging him to release her bonds made him hard.

Small feminine hands began unbuttoning his old jacket while he sat there dumbfounded.

“Bloody hell.”

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Three minutes later, Filch had reached climax – unfortunately, it was only from her hand massaging him through the fabric of his trousers. It had been long since a woman had touched him there. The only action his crotch had seen as of late was when Mrs. Norris began pawing and clawing at it to make herself comfortable before she went to sleep at night.

“Sorry.”

“It’s all right. You can go again,” she said, beginning to take off her clothes. “Get those off.”

This woman wanted him! He wanted more than a tumble in the shrubbery. Life was right unfair.

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Snatching her wand from her, a half naked Filch hopped out from behind the shrubs and ran towards the two Death Eaters at the gates, yelling, “Get the bloody hell out of here, you lot!” Both started backing up and seemed to be looking at each other in horror.

He could swear he heard one say, “Fucking hell. Filch has found his firepower!”

With distinct pops, they both disappeared.

Filch looked down at his wand, uncertain if he’d hexed them away or if they’d fled on their own.

On his way back towards the shrubbery, he heard someone yelling angrily.

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An hour later, he was sitting in McGonagall’s office, humiliated more than he’d ever felt. Lucky, they hadn’t noticed those shrubs and the naked librarian that hid within. It was bad enough that Minerva thought he’d snatched Irma’s wand without permission.

He peeked around the room, seeing the amusement on everyone’s faces. Even ghostly Binns seemed to be enjoying his plight, hovering jovially behind Sprout’s chair.

“Nobody told me about the Death Eater Drill today,” he wheezed, finally finding his voice.

“Well, if you and Irma would attend the staff meetings regularly, you would know when we plan these things!”

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Author Note: Ha ha! So Filch has it going on and didn’t even know it. Thank you to Southern Witch for helping me get this in and for editing it for me because it was terrible but we had to get it up today before the challenge was over.

This is a response to Wartcap’s How Filch Found His Firepower Challenge over at the Yahoo Group Potter\_Place. Hope you enjoyed. When I saw all the Filch stories coming up, I knew something was going on and joined in.