

# New Creation

*by SS Lupin*

On June 17, 1998, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry had a seminar on sexual education for their sixth and seventh year students. Did the students learn anything worthwhile or get sick from the subject matter? The answer is within the story.

## One-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Author's Note: Although this is an Alternate Universe after HBP, I did make Rufus Scrimgeour Minister of Magic because I just don't think Fudge would have the proverbial balls to do what Scrimgeour did in this fic. Also, my apologies to my old biology book, which has been quoted and misquoted for the purposes of this fic.

### New Creation

This was the night. After many years of dreaming, and some weeks of seemingly pointless dating, Ron Weasley was going to lose his virginity.

So what if it was in the Astronomy Tower? (Which, in Ron's mind, was too drafty for such an undertaking.) So what if it was with Lavender Brown? (The unofficial slut of seventh year.) Her mouth was on his neck, his hands were on her breasts, and he was going to

"Just do the spell, already!"

"What?" Ron was occupied with a bra hook that refused to come off.

"The spell... you know, so I don't get pregnant." Lavender stepped away from Ron and placed her hands on her hips.

"I don't know it. I thought you were on something."

"Like what? Muggle pills?" Lavender asked in disgust.

Ron was about to agree, after having seen some of those odd pills in Hermione's purse during a Hogsmeade trip, but judging by the look on her face, that wouldn't be a wise thing to say.

Avoiding the topic, Ron asked, "Don't *you* know the spell?"

"No. It's the man's job to know it."

Ron was about to protest, but Lavender shook her head and got into a kneeling position.

"We'll just make do with this then." Before Ron could ask what she was about to do, he felt her hands feel for the zipper of his trousers.

"Oh, Lavender," Ron moaned.

"Hush, Ron," Lavender scolded as she pulled his belt from the loops.

Ron tried to keep quiet, but the prospect of Lavender going *there* only made him louder.

"Oh, Lavender... Oh, oh Snape!"

"What?" Lavender removed her hands from Ron's trousers and looked around the boy's legs.

"I'm glad to have gotten your attention, Miss Brown. Fifty points from Gryffindor from each of you. Now get dressed and follow me." Snape turned his back to the teenagers and rubbed his temple.

It was going to be a long evening.

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After sending the students to Minerva for further reprimands and punishment, Snape and the Gryffindor Head of House had an impromptu meeting with the headmaster.

"I see," Dumbledore said, popping a lemon drop into his mouth after hearing the complaints from the other professors. "We have a serious situation."

"It's more than that, Albus," Snape said in frustration. "There is an epidemic at Hogwarts!"

"I'm afraid Severus is right." Minerva declined Dumbledore's silent offer for a lemon drop and conjured a small glass of sherry. "I've been counseling far too many Gryffindor girls about missed periods and the like." Minerva took a swift drink of her glass.

Snape took Minerva's cue and conjured a drink of his own. "On every round I've made this year, I've found students in compromising positions. I wouldn't normally remark on this, as I've seen it every year I've worked here, but it's growing rampant."

"Three or more couples a night, I've heard from Argus," Minerva added. "Pomona and I were talking this afternoon, and she's been having similar troubles in her house."

"Goody-two-shoes my arse, those Hufflepuffs." Snape smirked over his drink.

"Severus!" Minerva tried to keep her expression serious but failed miserably.

Dumbledore surveyed the Heads of House seated in front of him. When the two had a problem facing them, they were always at odds with each other. If they were drinking together happily and joking about Hufflepuffs to ease the anxiety they felt over the problem now, there was only one thing to do.

It was time to owl Scrimgeour.

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Rufus Scrimgeour ran a hand through his mane of hair and held back his growl. Barely.

Being Minister of Magic was a stressful occupation to be sure. He had only been in the position for a month now, but he couldn't stand all the clean-up the various departments were going through now that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named was gone.

It seemed that since the Ministry wasn't concerned with "protecting the people" anymore, it was filled with all sorts of proposals to make the magical government a "better one" during the time of peace.

Scrimgeour shifted the paperwork he had on his desk and picked up a sheet of parchment at random *WIKTT Marriage Law to Mix the Blood Quotas of Wizarding Britain?* he thought, reading the title of the proposed law. *Shit*, it even had the former Minister's signature on it! *What rubbish... a remnant from Fudge's term*, Scrimgeour mused, crumpling the parchment and tossing it into the overflowing dustbin. *On second thought...* Scrimgeour pointed his wand at the dustbin and cast a *Diffindo* on the dustbin's contents.

Scrimgeour closed his eyes, only to then hear the flutter of wings.

He opened his eyes, coming face to beak with a phoenix.

"Dumbledore has a message for me?" Scrimgeour asked the bird.

Fawkes held out its leg in reply, and Scrimgeour unrolled the parchment attached to it.

"Oh no," he said quietly as he read the contents of the letter and thought of his response. "Our population may be shrinking, but there is no need to have Hogwarts students boosting up numbers this soon."

Fawkes seemed to nod in reply and flew out the window into the afternoon sky with the Minister's short response.

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"I wonder what the emergency staff meeting's for," Pomona remarked as she walked into the staffroom with Minerva.

"Remember Hannah Abbot's problem?"

"Ah." Pomona could say no more, as Dumbledore had called the meeting to start.

"As you all are aware," Dumbledore began. "We have a serious problem at Hogwarts."

The other professors nodded. "I owled Rufus Scrimgeour with the issue at hand, and he had a wonderful idea that should be easy enough to manage.

"Spaying and neutering?" Snape asked wryly.

"They aren't animals," Minerva said. Under her breath she added, "Even if they're rutting like them."

"No, his idea is quite simple, really. We do what we professors do best we teach."

"You want us to teach the little buggers about the birds and the bees?" Rolanda Hooch asked incredulously.

"That's the general idea," Dumbledore said. "Since the school year's almost over, we're only going to start a test program. One seminar, sixth and seventh years only. The boys and girls will be taught in separate classes so that the students can be more comfortable with discussing the subject with those of their own gender."

"Who's going to be teaching the classes?" Flitwick piped up.

"One male teacher for the boys, and one female teacher for the girls purely chosen at a voluntary basis, of course." Dumbledore gave pointed looks at all the staff members.

"I'll volunteer for the girls," Rolanda said happily. "They need to be taught a thing or two about sex."

"Thank you for your enthusiasm, Rolanda. Any takers for the boys?" Dumbledore asked.

"I don't think I could take the class," Firenze, who still co-taught Divination, said. "I don't know all the complicated details of human mating."

"Binns can't teach it either he would bore the students to sleep before the class would even begin," Snape noted.

"Well, I say!" Professor Binns looked affronted at Snape's comment, though the monotone of his three short words made Professor Sinistra doze in her chair.

"Now, now, Soporificus," Dumbledore said to the ghost. "No need to aggravate things. So it seems we have Filius and Severus left. Come on, who wants to do it?"

The two male professors focused on the table in front of them.

"Why can't you take it on, Albus?" Professor Vector asked.

"Headmaster duties, you know." Dumbledore looked at the two wizards. Snape was intent on shredding the parchment in front of him, while Flitwick began cracking his small fingers nervously.

"Fine. I didn't think I'd have to resort to this, but..." Dumbledore took a Knut from his robes and held it outstretched in his palm. "The one who gets their side does not have to teach the class. So what say you, Filius? Heads or tails?"

"Heads," Flitwick answered in defeat.

"And that leaves tails for you, Severus." Snape only snarled in reply. Dumbledore flipped the coin... and then turned it over in his hand.

"Heads," Dumbledore called out happily. "Severus, Rolanda, if you two have any questions concerning your lesson plans, please let me know. Meeting adjourned."

Snape was the first to stand. "When will the 'seminar' begin?"

"Ah... the 17th of June. Which would be"

"Tomorrow." Snape said as he strode out of the staff room.

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Harry, Ron, and Hermione rushed to the Great Hall for breakfast. They would be finishing the last of their N.E.W.T. exams that day and were eager to fully enjoy their last week or so at Hogwarts.

As the trio reached their seats, a flock of owls entered the Great Hall and flew over their heads. A copy of the *Daily Prophet* fell onto Hermione's lap, and she proceeded to read over her toast. The front page story made her eyes widen and jaw drop.

"Wha' is it, Hermione?" Ron asked in between bites.

"The number of conceptions in the Wizarding world has increased significantly since Voldemort's" Hermione still received a few dirty looks at the mention of his name "destruction in December."

"And?" Harry looked at Hermione through his glasses, confused.

"The Ministry has decided to implement a new program to counter this."

"Wouldn't the Ministry be happy with all the new magical people coming into this world?" Ginny smiled, thinking of little red-haired, green-eyed children who would live at number twelve, Grimmauld Place.

"Well, yes, but the problem seems to be with all of the premarital pregnancies taking place, particularly among the adolescent population." The Gryffindors nodded, all too aware of Parvati Patil's pregnancy. Seamus Finnegan became engrossed in his bowl of porridge.

"So what will the Ministry be doing then?" Harry tried to read over Hermione's shoulder just as the Great Hall grew silent as Dumbledore stood from his seat.

"Good morning, students. I have an announcement concerning all sixth and seventh years. Immediately after breakfast, sixth and seventh year girls will report to the Quidditch fields, while the boys will report to the dungeons. All N.E.W.T. exams scheduled for today have been rescheduled for tomorrow. Thank you."

The topic of the *Daily Prophet* article was soon forgotten as the sixth and seventh year Gryffindors speculated on what would happen to them after breakfast.

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Snape rubbed his eyes and leaned against the Potions classroom door for support. He'd had a long night preparing the lesson plan for the following day. Luckily enough he did have help in his work, though she was extremely distracting at times...

The sound of footsteps and voices brought Snape out of his reverie and into his professor mode.

"Come in, boys," Snape called out to the mass of students entering the dungeons. He entered the Potions classroom, leaving the door open.

Snape waved his wand and watched as his spiky handwriting spelled out "New Creation Seminar" on the blackboard.

"New Creation?" Draco Malfoy smirked at the title. "What in Merlin's name is this crap about?"

"Silence!" Snape pulled out a roll of parchment from his robes. "I don't want to be here and, in a few moments, neither will you. This is a full day's course on the intricacies and exact science that is sexual intercourse, including sexual organs, reproduction, and sexually transmitted diseases."

"We have them here in the Wizarding world?" Harry wondered aloud.

"Trust me," Dean Thomas muttered, "we certainly do."

"There will be an hour long lunch period halfway through the course, but no breaks during the lesson periods," Snape finished. Judging by the greenish cast of several students already, he was glad he had some Nausea Remedies in his stores.

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Rolanda greeted the approaching girls with a wave and a grin. "Good morning, ladies. I figured that since the weather's so fair today, we should have our lesson outdoors."

"What are we learning about?" Ginny asked, taking a seat on the grass.

"Sex," Rolanda answered, conjuring a chair for herself.

Whispers and giggles erupted immediately following that statement.

"Come on, ladies. I want you all to have a meaningful lesson today. Judging by the way many of you girls have been walking, there's been a fair amount of leg-spreading in this school.

"I'm going to be blunt in this class today, but I'm also going to be honest and will try my best as your teacher to answer any questions you may have. So are you ready? Let's go!" Rolanda spelled a blackboard to appear next to her.

"The first thing we're going to go over..."

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"... is the human reproductive system." Snape spelled the slide projector on, showing a diagram of a male. "It shouldn't take too long to go over what you all have down there."

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"So they urinate and ejaculate out of the same... thing?" Lavender asked in shock.

"That's the idea. Urine and sperm both travel through the urethra, but never mix at the same time. During ejaculation, the bladder remains closed off..."

Madam Hooch continued to speak as Lavender whispered to Parvati.

"I'm never putting my mouth there anymore."

"But where'd you think they pissed? Through their nose?" Parvati replied as she continued to listen to Madam Hooch's lecture and giggled at the Professor's next words.

"Yes, I know. They are more delicate than we are, but it's true. The testicles exist externally so that the sperm cells don't overheat and die from the internal body heat."

"Aw, the poor ickle sperm can't handle the big bad body heat." Ginny laughed along with the rest of the girls, while Hermione shushed her and continued taking notes.

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"I'd like to think my prick's bigger than his," Ron muttered to Harry as he viewed the diagram on the screen.

"Duh, Ron. It's only a model, probably done by some sex-starved virgin with a little dick who had nothing to measure his against." Harry whispered this while giving a pointed look at Snape.

"Mr. Potter, would care to answer how long a woman's menstrual cycle lasts?"

"Twenty-eight days, sir," Harry replied with ease. He had learned long ago to spot that one week in the month to leave Hermione alone. Ron still had trouble understanding the concept, however.

"Of course Potter would know, since he's a girl himself," Malfoy said to his cronies.

Snape chose to ignore Malfoy and bother Harry instead. "Five points from Gryffindor for your cheek, Potter. As I was saying, the woman's menstrual cycle lasts approximately 28 days. Do not be confused with a woman's actual *menses*, which normally lasts three to seven days."

"You mean..." Justin Finch-Fletchley raised his hand. "Blood comes out of...*there* for a week?"

"Out of where?" Snape asked innocently.

"Out of... you know." Justin turned pale and sank into his chair.

"If I did know, I would not ask. Speak up, boy!"

"The vagina!" Justin finally blurted out. The other boys began laughing hysterically.

"Yes, it does. Gentlemen, now is not the time for hesitation or immaturity. Many of you have already lost your virginity, and some of you are expectant fathers. You need to be prepared for the world and what is out there. Even with the Dark Lord gone, there are still dangers out there, especially with your apparent ignorance. Class dismissed for five minutes." At the end of his speech, Snape sat wearily in his chair as the students filed out of the classroom.

He knew that he had broken his own rule about the breaks, but it would definitely make him calmer. The only thing that would leave him in a better state would be spending the evening with a certain Gryffindor...

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"That just about ends our talk about the girls' pipes. Why don't you girls take a break and walk around for a bit?" Madam Hooch stood and set up the blackboard for the next part of the lesson.

Hermione followed Ginny further into the field.

"I think it's time for you to be more responsible, Ginny."

"What do you mean?" Ginny crossed her arms, waiting for Hermione's verbal attack.

"The next part of the lesson is about sexual reproduction, and it's just making me wonder if you're being careful."

"And how would *you* know what's next in the lesson plan?" Ginny asked angrily.

"I... d-don't," Hermione stammered, turning red. "I'm just following the logical progression of the class. But I'm just saying... I went to one of my mum's friends, who is a gynecologist, in order to get the pills, and that wasn't easy. I smuggled them in during Christmas, and you haven't asked for more. You have to keep taking them every day to not get pregnant by Harry."

"But I don't need to," Ginny said miserably. "I haven't shagged him yet."

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"So who hasn't been shagged yet?" Zacharias Smith mused.

"Obviously you haven't," Ron said.

"*Au contraire*, Weasley, he actually got some." Malfoy stepped out of the shadows to stand next to the Hufflepuff.

"And how would you know, Malfoy?" Ron crossed his arms.

"I shagged him."

The statement didn't bring out too much of a shock from the other boys. It only confirmed the speculation that Draco Malfoy did play on the other end of the pitch.

"So... what was losing your virginity like?" Neville, overcome with curiosity, finally asked the Slytherin.

"Which time?" Draco asked coolly.

"You mean... you do guys *and* girls?" Ernie Macmillan asked in shock.

"Yes, but I mainly have a thing for guys... especially ones with dark hair."

Harry's head shot up, and he thought about hexing the arsehole, but then Malfoy *justwinked* at him...

"What was losing your virginity like, Potter?" Malfoy asked with a smirk.

All eyes were on him now. Harry wished he could say something witty and clever, something to shut Malfoy's queer mouth... but nothing *had* happened between himself and Ginny except for snogging, and he wasn't even sure if he liked Ginny that way anymore, or girls in general, for that matter.

"None of your business," Harry said. Some of the boys shook their heads obviously the Boy Who Lived was also the Boy Who Hadn't Gotten Any.

"Break over," Snape called out.

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Hermione sighed. Not only was Ginny's love life a wretched mess, but Hermione still hadn't gone far with the wizard she adored. She had to rectify that situation immediately. When Madam Hooch began the lessons again, Hermione decided she would go down to the dungeons as soon as the class was over.

"The next part of the class is quite simple: Where babies come from. To put it simply, the bloke sticks his Bludger into your Snitch. When he ejaculates, semen enters your vagina all the way up..." The professor pointed her wand at the blackboard, where a chalk sperm cell traveled through a chalk woman's uterus.

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"Once the sperm cell unites with the ovum, a new life is formed known as a zygote," Snape lectured.

Ron gagged at the magical diagram.

"Bloody hell," he murmured. "I don't like the way *that* moves."

Harry would've agreed at the moving picture of swimming sperm had he been paying attention to the lesson. However, he was becoming more and more distracted by the way Malfoy would catch his gaze and smirk at him, or worse, blow him a kiss.

"By the look of some of you, it's apparent not many have been paying attention to this class. Turn to page three-ninety... I mean, three seventy-two." Snape waved his wand, and suddenly a textbook was in front of every boy in the class.

"Mr. Longbottom, begin reading the second paragraph." Harry immediately looked at the paragraph and wondered if Neville would be able to make it.

"Maybe you could begin some time this year?" Snape said, looming over Neville.

The boy gulped and looked over the text. "The p-penis is composed of spongy tissue that engorges with blood during s-sexual... s-sex..."

"On with it, Longbottom!"

"... sexual arousal, p-producing an... an erection that facilitates insertion of the p-penis into the... the v-v-v-a... va..."

"Would somebody finish it?" Snape shouted.

"The vagina?" Justin Finch-Fletchley had no qualms about saying the word at this point.

"Good, good. Five points to Hufflepuff." Snape rubbed his eyes and waved his hand in the general direction of the class. "Anyone else care to continue reading?"

Silence reigned in the classroom for only a moment. "I would, Professor," Malfoy said, raising his hand.

"Very well."

Malfoy turned to smirk at Harry and began to read. "The human sexual response cycle..."

While the words in the textbook were dry and boring, Malfoy had a way of saying them that made Harry blush... but continue to stare at the blond.

"In both sexes, orgasm is characterized by rhythmic, involuntary contractions of reproductive structures. In males, one's hot, pulsing member deposits semen in a tight channel as"

"Mr. Malfoy, that was definitely *not* in the textbook!" Snape Vanished the textbooks to the back of the classroom, much to Harry's relief, as he was having a reaction to Malfoy's words that he'd never thought he would have in the Potions classroom.

"That's it! It's time for lunch. You'll be eating here today, as the Great Hall is currently being used for the O.W.L.s."

The boys shrugged and waited for the food to come.

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"This is pretty cool like we're having a picnic or something," Ginny said before taking a bite of her sandwich.

"Yeah, I guess so." Hermione picked at the food on her plate as the two of them ate together on the grass.

"What is it, Hermione?"

"Nothing... What are you going to do about Harry?" Hermione asked.

"I dunno anymore... I think I'm going to give up. Harry doesn't seem to like me... or any other girl."

"You really think Harry's gay?" Hermione asked, gobsmacked.

"Sometimes I see him looking at other boys... He doesn't look at them the same way he looks at me, you know?"

"I know." Though Hermione's love never looked at other boys that way, she wondered if that could possibly be what was troubling him.

Hermione couldn't take it anymore; she couldn't wait for the end of class. She would have to act now.

"Madam Hooch, may I go use the lav?"

"Sure, Hermione, use the one in the Quidditch changing rooms."

"Oh, but I have a penchant for the one on the second floor."

"The one with the crying ghost?" Madam Hooch asked, but Hermione was already halfway across the grounds to the castle.

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Ron almost choked on his food when he felt a sudden burning in his trousers.

*Lucky for me it has nothing to do with an STD* Ron thought as he pulled out a fake Galleon from his pocket.

*Meet me outside*, the message on the coin said. Ron wondered what Hermione was up to, sneaking into the dungeons. It had to be her; she was the only one who would signal anyone with the old D.A. coins.

"Professor Snape?" Ron, asked, waving his hand. "May I"

"Yes, go!"

Ron wasted no time in leaving the classroom.

"Potter, do you mind if I take this seat? Of course you don't." Malfoy took the seat Ron had just vacated and faced Harry.

"What are you doing here, Malfoy?" Harry managed to say.

"Isn't it obvious?" Malfoy leaned in, invading Harry's personal space.

"No, it's not." *Liar*. "What game are you playing at?"

"Who said I was playing a game?" Malfoy inched closer to Harry and toyed with the end of Harry's tie. "You heard what I said earlier. I want you."

Harry blushed but pulled his tie away from Malfoy's grasp. "No, you have a thing for guys with dark hair. You've been having *thing* with a lot of guys and girls at this school, haven't you?"

It was Malfoy's turn to blush. "Yes, but this is... different."

"It would be great, huh? Adding old Potty to the notches on your bedpost? Especially since he's a stupid, blushing virgin?"

"No, you've got it wrong." And with that, Malfoy laid a gentle hand on Harry's chin and placed his lips on Harry's.

Harry almost pulled away in shock. They were in public, and Malfoy was kissing him! But Malfoy's lips were soft against Harry's chapped ones, and he opened his mouth some, letting Malfoy's tongue meet his while entwining his fingers in Malfoy's hair.

"Mr. Potter! Mr. Malfoy! Twenty points from each of you and a detention this evening!" Snape stared at the boys with shock and wonder, along with everyone else in the room.

Harry pulled away from Draco, blushing and grinning at the same time. Malfoy, calm as ever, nodded to Snape and whispered something in Harry's ear before heading back to his seat.

"You are the only boy I've ever kissed."

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Ron walked out of the Potions classroom only to be pressed up against the dungeon wall and kissed passionately. When he opened his eyes afterward, he saw Hermione grinning up at him.

"I've been wanting to do that all year," she said breathlessly.

"Really?" Ron asked.

"Yes, you git." Hermione stood on her toes to kiss Ron again.

"But I thought you were seeing someone," Ron said after the kiss, holding Hermione close and twirling a strand of her hair.

"No. I've only wanted you all along," Hermione murmured into Ron's chest.

"Then... what about those pills?" Ron felt a pang of jealousy.

"What pills oh, those weren't mine. I was going to give them to... someone else." No need to ruin the moment with mentioning Ginny's nonexistent sex life. "What about Lavender?" Hermione, along with the rest of the school, knew about Ron's misadventure in the Astronomy Tower.

Ron sighed. "I thought if I couldn't have you, there wasn't anyone else better. Nothing happened, and I'm glad nothing did. You actually mean something to me."

"Good. But I'm not having sex with you anytime soon, just so you know."

"It's okay." Ron tilted Hermione's head up. "We can keep ourselves occupied with... other things until then," he whispered as he began to nip and kiss her neck.

"Oh, Ron!" But maybe she'd change her vow with the proper precautions later on.

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"We are going to go over sexually transmitted diseases now, and later on, Madam Pomfrey will come in to discuss pregnancy and magical contraceptives... where is Weasley?" Snape wondered aloud, as lunch had ended some minutes ago.

"I can go look for him," Potter volunteered.

"Fine, go," Snape said, waving the boy away.

Harry ran out of the class, wondering where Ron could be. He didn't have to look far, as Ron was right next to the door, snogging Hermione.

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"Thanks, Madam Pomfrey, for the demonstration, though I hope you girls won't be having to cast these spells all the time," Rolanda said, giving meaningful looks at each of girls, especially Hermione. The girl definitely looked like she had done something other than "go to the bathroom," with her even untidier hair and flushed face.

"There is nothing wrong with waiting," Madam Pomfrey said as she left the Quidditch pitch to go to the dungeons.

"So, the last thing I need to tell you all is about STDs. Who can tell me what that stands for? Go ahead, Hermione."

"Sexually transmitted diseases. Also known as sexually transmitted infections, they can be transferred from one person to another through sexual contact."

"Good. Five points to Gryffindor. There are two main types of STDs: magical and Muggle. I won't say much about Muggle infections, as there are potions and other remedies for most of them that can be detected by a trained Healer. But there is one disease for which there is still no cure of: HIV. So don't go around with every Muggle bloke you see unless you take the precautions explained by Madam Pomfrey earlier.

"Magical STDs are another set of Quaffles altogether..."

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"The last magical STD worth knowing about is Crup Chlamydia. This was a disease that jumped species after certain wizards had inappropriate relations with the Crup population about fifty years ago. The symptoms, which usually do not show on females, involve itching and sores on the genital area, as well as the growth of fur and a forked tail on the area of skin covering the coccyx bone." Snape sat in his chair, relieved that his tortuous teaching session was over. "Madam Pomfrey will now take over the lesson; I apologize for making you wait. We had some trouble finding one of our students," the professor said, throwing a dirty look at Weasley.

"It's not a problem. Now I hope you boys understand what I'm about to tell you, as the girls were no trouble at all..."

"That reminds me, Harry. What was going on in here while I was gone? The guys in here keep staring at you," Ron whispered to Harry.

"I'll tell you later." Damn Malfoy for winking at him at the exact moment Ron had asked him that question.

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That was it. Harry had to do something about the git before they served their detention in the evening. Once Madam Pomfrey finished her demonstration of the Contraceptus Spell (which Harry knew he would never need), he told Ron he would see him during dinner. Ron didn't seem to mind; the redhead was obviously overjoyed at getting another opportunity to be with Hermione again.

Harry made his way through the crowd of students leaving the classroom (and cursed when Colin Creevey almost knocked him over), coming face-to-face with Malfoy, who curiously was still seated in his chair.

"Can we talk outside?" Harry asked.

The other boy nodded, and both left the classroom together. They walked up the stairs in silence, Harry thinking of the best way to broach the topic of whatever was happening.

Malfoy pointed to an empty classroom, which Harry followed him into. Malfoy shut and locked the door with his wand before walking back to Harry, taking the other boy's chin and making Harry's mouth meet with his.

Harry pulled away from Malfoy soon after, causing the other boy to frown. "You don't like it?"

"That's the problem," Harry said, running a hand through his hair. "I do."

"Then there is no problem. Just be with me."

"First, this morning, you're making fun of me like you have been for seven years. Then you're kissing me in front of everyone in the Potions room! What am I supposed to make of that?"

Malfoy crossed the room to hold on to Harry, placing one hand on Harry's shoulder and the other around his waist. "Does this feel right?"

Despite the churning in his stomach and the pounding in his chest, he replied, "Yes."

"Then everything else will work out."

As Harry bent to capture Malfoy's lips with his own, he couldn't help but agree.

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Colin Creevey ran out of the dungeons as soon as the class ended. Though six hours of Sex Ed had considerably dampened his libido, the kiss between Harry and Draco Malfoy had strengthened his resolve to find the one girl he had ever liked.

"Hey, Ginny!" Colin waved at the redhead, who was making her way back to the castle.

"Hi, Colin," Ginny smiled the smile that made Colin's head dizzy.

"I just wanted to let you know that I took pictures of the Gryffindor-Ravenclaw match last Saturday, and there were a couple of pictures of you that you might like."

"That's great. Maybe I could get them tomorrow? I'm a little knackered right now; I think I'm going straight to bed." Before that, she was going to break up with Harry so

they could stop lying to themselves. Then she was going to have a good cry and look at her prospects of a real relationship. She definitely wasn't going back to Dean, not after the Goblin Gonorrhea he'd gotten from Pansy Parkinson. Maybe she should stop going for older guys and look at someone in her own year...

"Okay, then. See you later." Colin grinned at Ginny and practically skipped to Gryffindor tower. After the breakup that was sure to follow after today, Colin would be there for Ginny and maybe mean something more to her.

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Rolanda happily made her way to the castle. The girls had been taught, the day was ending, and she was itching to have a hot bath. Well, she wasn't sure how far she would get in the bath idea, as she wasn't near her chambers at all, which were far up on the fifth floor...

A hand from the shadows pulled Rolanda into a dark corner of the dungeons. Another hand held her close, and she let herself be brought into a deep kiss.

"You really take this Lord of the Dungeons thing seriously, don't you?" Rolanda laughed into the embrace of her lover.

"Of course I do, my Queen of the Quidditch Pitch," Severus breathed into Rolanda's ear.

She laughed again, a deep throaty sound, and held on to Severus' hand, leading him to his chambers. "So how were your students today?"

"They were the most abominable creatures especially the Gryffindors," Severus said as he opened the door to his rooms.

"Don't you insult my former house that way." Rolanda slapped Severus' arse and walked into the bedroom. "So, you sneaky Slytherin, are you going to give me a bit of sexual education now?" She tugged off her boots and smiled wickedly at him.

"I think that can be arranged. There were a few lessons on technique I believe I neglected to go over."

- fin.

More Author's Notes: Thanks to Avery, who whipped this story into shape with her beta powers.

Also thanks to LPG, S. Kaiba, and MP119 for reading this in its ickiest form.

Finally, thanks to dracontia, who fleshed out the challenge over a series of many e-mails.

Which brings me to the rules of the challenge:

#### THE SEX ED CHALLENGE

Premise:

Parents in the Wizarding world have traditionally told their children about 'the birds and the bees' in their own time. But this is causing problems at Hogwarts (gee, problems with sex at a coeducational boarding school where the age range runs from the beginning of puberty to full

hormonal fever pitch? Who could have guessed?)

The exact nature of the crisis is up to you; but whatever the triggering event or series of events, the Ministry of Magic and/or the Board of Governors has decreed that once a year, a class on 'reproductive health' (or your favorite euphemism) will be taught.

Since we monkeys issuing the challenge aren't interested in the educational quality of the class per se, the only absolute requirement for course content in your version of 'Sex Ed at Hogwarts' is that the little monsters must be told where babies come from. You decide how much detail you wish to go into, and which other topics to cover.

Naturally, no teacher will voluntarily touch that class with the proverbial ten-foot wand, so you decide which professor(s) draw the short straw.

Additional information:

- 1) Challenge commences July 7th and concludes August 21st (just in time for back to school frenzy to start kicking in!)
- 2) Length: 2,000 to whatever you can write within the time limit. No extensions, but if you go multichapter and haven't finished it by the deadline, what you have up to that point can be submitted for voting. Any rating/category.
- 3) No 'pairing' requirements. You can have any or none. If you opt for 'any,' please keep everybody legal (if not ethical.)
- 4) Oh, and set it whenever you like...AU is fine; if you can shoehorn it into canon (pre- or post- HBP), also fine!
- 5) Post on TPP (The Petulant Poetess)
- 6) Voting will commence on Potter Place August 26th-ish, and the poll will close September 4th--so the 'curriculum' will be all ready for the good professors when school starts up! MUHUHWAHAHAHA!

Optional Shenanigans:

You don't need to incorporate any of the following features...they are just

suggestions to get you in the right frame of mind!

--Someone is revealed to have an interesting kink or fetish as a result of the course. How public the revelation is up to the author.

--The topic of sexual injuries is brought up, to the extreme psychological trauma of every male within listening distance.

--The topic of menstruation is broached, and people are badly squicked.

--Someone (it matters not whom) asks the question (of anyone), "What was losing your virginity like?"

The answer is either

"None of your business" (at which the conclusion is reached, either correctly or incorrectly, that the respondee is still a virgin)

or

"Which time?" (you're on your own for a follow up if you choose to use THAT answer!)

--Make up really freaky Wizarding STDs and/or discuss how wizards deal with those from the Muggle world.



Winners will receive the undying adulation of the issuers of the challenge, namely SS Lupin and dracontia (or the unbridled jealousy thereof, depending on how thoroughly you whip our behinds when it comes time for the voting). Oh, and an excellent, drool-worthy, hyper-sexy yet still somehow tasteful, bragging rights banner from that Grand Poobah of Potter Place, maven of HP FanFic in general, and really rockin' banners in particular, \* drumroll \*

Sunshine the Southern Witch! Yay!