

Birth Control and Bananas

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Students becoming pregnant on school grounds? Parents are outraged! See what happens when Sex Ed comes to Hogwarts. Chapter summary: returning to Hogwarts and teacher assignments

Professor Picking

Chapter 1 of 7

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This is my challenge response for "Sex Ed at Hogwarts." It will be several chapters long, though I don't have a length approximation. Try not to be too harsh, I'm pretty new to writing fanfic =)

Thanks to my Beta hp_bcn! She helped make this story palatable

Disclaimer:

Violets are blue

Roses are red

These characters belong to JKR

Only the plot bunnies came from my head

Chapter One: Professor Picking

Upon returning to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Hermione Granger had found a lot of things had changed in the ten years since she had left. She had graduated from school at the age of 18, receiving Muggle medical training by joining in the Muggle military for a few years. Once completing both her training and her six year contract with the military, she came back to the wizarding world and attended another four years of intense magical medical training at St. Mungo's Hospital for Magical Maladies and Injuries. The school had recently instated a health education class for all students. This class was a response from the Board of Governors after several incidences of teenage pregnancy occurred.

Sexual education had always been left up to the parents to teach their children when they felt they were ready for it. The goal was to teach them about basic precautions and why you should or should not wait to be involved in a highly physical relationship. However, parents seemed to be failing to teach their children about such matters, and parents had been outraged about the scandals of children getting pregnant while at boarding school.

Because this was a health class, Hermione was put in charge of teaching it. However, because she wasn't a certified instructor, she was required to have a professor in the class. There was no doubt on her ability to teach, but the Board of Governors required a professor to be present for the duration of class to assist with lesson plans. The class was to meet once a week with all students, most likely segregated by year. The amount of information would depend on what year the students were. First through

fourth years would be mainly given information about disease prevention and proper elementary precautions. Fifth and sixth years would be given more in depth information with more of an "open forum" feel to the class. Seventh years would be given an open forum type of class. They could ask any questions they wanted, and the staff would answer them without prejudice.

Unfortunately, none of the professors wanted to teach the course. They all felt it was an inappropriate subject to be teaching in school. Because of a severe lack of enthusiasm in regards to teaching a health class, the Headmistress was forced to push the subject onto an unwilling instructor. For sake of fairness, all names were thrown into a hat, and Hermione was to choose at random who would be helping her teach the class. The weekly staff meeting had been held begrudgingly. Most of the professors had been trying to make up excuses as to why they couldn't be in attendance. Severus Snape went as far as to claim that the Dark Lord had called him for a meeting.

"Severus, you know that Voldemort has been vanquished for nearly a decade now! Close your mouth and get to that meeting!" Minerva McGonagall reprimanded her coworker and surrogate child. She had known Severus since the age of eleven and felt as though she had raised him. Well, to some extent anyway. He had been in Slytherin while in attendance, but he had been teaching at Hogwarts for 25 years and been a spy for the Order of the Phoenix for a majority of that time as well. She had grown to love the boy...no, man...but that didn't change the fact that she could have been his mother and she held a very motherly love for the cavalier man.

During the meeting all the professors had to write their names down on a scrap piece of parchment that was placed in an ordinary wizarding hat. Hermione stood along the back wall of this meeting. She wasn't normally in attendance of these weekly meetings, but Headmistress McGonagall had requested her presence to pick the name of the instructor that would be assisting her in teaching the newly formed health curriculum. They would discuss everything from drug prevention to weight control to sexual habits. None of the teachers were looking forward to this course, but action needed to be taken! Students becoming parents, and at school! Parents had been outraged by such scandals and they had demanded action.

Once all of the names had made their way into the hat at the front of the room, Hermione had been called to pick a name. She picked up the hat, covered the top with her hand and shook it up before turning her head to the side. She closed her big chocolate coloured eyes and reached her hand into the hat. She felt around to make sure that she only had one piece of parchment before opening her eyes and unfolding the paper. Her jaw dropped slightly before reading off the name written in a spidery scrawl. "Severus Snape." There was quiet amongst the staff while Snape curled his hands around the arm of his high-backed chair, clenching his jaw tightly shut. Hermione giggled inwardly. *If this man teaching sex ed doesn't prevent the student populace from fornicating I don't know what will.*

Severus Snape was probably the poster child for "unsexy", well, at least the conventional version of sexy at any rate. His voice did have a sultry, silky timbre to it. There had been too many classes where Hermione had caught herself starting to venture into fantasy-land because of those sultry tones. *On second thought, maybe there will be more fornication because of this class...* His eyes were black, but they often seemed to hold a fiery passion in them. He had a way of holding himself to seem like a very foreboding figure. He wasn't overly broad and was only slightly taller than average, but the way he carried himself could make you feel like he could stop the world. *Wait a minute! I'm thinking sexy thoughts about Snape! Hated Potions master and killer of all things cute and cuddly!*

Shortly after this staffing choice had been decided, the meeting was dismissed, and everyone was granted permission to go about whatever tasks needed to be done. Hermione was going to head back up to the hospital wing. She was still working on her inventory. She wanted to do brew some potions herself. She always found potion making to be a rewarding and relaxing experience, though most of the potions would continue to come from Severus. To Hermione's surprise, Snape followed her upon being released from the meeting, his black hair bouncing gently with his long striding steps and black cloak billowing behind him in his favourite menacing fashion. Most students thought that his cloak billowing was practiced because of how he chose to walk. This wasn't a complete lie; although he did opt to help the process along with a few well placed charms to give his cloaks just the right amount of snap to them. Too little snap and he just looked like he was always rushing about; too much snap and he looked a bit like an overeager dancer. No matter what anyone tries to tell you, overeager dancers just aren't scary.

"Miss Granger, may I have a word?" Snape's sultry tones went from her ears straight down her spine to a rather personal area. Trying not to blush Hermione stopped in her tracks and waited the five seconds his striding took to catch up to her.

"Of course you may, Severus."

"There are a few things I would like to discuss with you." They began walking up the hall together, continuing towards the hospital wing. Hermione's gait was a slow jog, trying to keep up with his striding steps. Hermione wanted to take notes on the teaching curriculum. She was eager to see what he wanted to talk about and how to approach it. She felt firmly about the fact that they should not include only wizarding guidelines. After all, not all students would stay in strictly wizarding areas, and she did not want to risk anyone being unprepared for Muggle standards.

Upon reaching Hermione's new office, she sat behind her desk, motioned to a seat across from her for Severus and pulled out a stack of parchment, quills and a bottle of ink.

"What did you wish to speak about?" Hermione asked him setting the quill to write the transcript of their conversation. "You don't mind the notes, do you?"

"No, that's fine. I want to ensure your awareness that I despise this class and that I will not be doing any work towards it."

Hermione went to open her mouth to object, but he raised a hand silencing her and continued his tirade.

"I think the whole idea is foolish. If we teach the children about sex, they'll be more inclined to experiment, which will only lead to further problems. Of this, I am quite sure."

"Severus, if we teach them about dangers, they will be more inclined to think before they act on their hormones."

"I wasn't finished! I also refuse to teach with a bushy haired know-it-all."

"I believe you don't have much of a choice on the matter."

"Well, if I truly am stuck, then I insist that you come to the dungeons later. I'll give you a sample of my self-brewed shampoo and conditioner. It's a little known fact that my hair used to be a bit unruly. If you like what it does, I'll brew you a batch to the potency that you need to contain that rat's nest you call hair."

Hermione clenched her jaw. She hardly felt dignified taking beauty advice from a man with limp greasy hair.

"My hair isn't greasy, Miss Granger, it's simply well conditioned. I'd hate to be a distraction to those pesky dunderheads so I do my best to bring out the, shall we say, less desirable, qualities I possess."

Hermione bit her tongue to resist commenting that his personality should be more than sufficient to keep away most school girl crushes.

Deciding to move onto a less offensive topic, Hermione brought up the lesson plans she had in mind. "I was thinking about including both Muggle and wizard information into the curriculum if that's acceptable with you."

"Yes, yes that's fine Miss Granger. Plan all you wish and allow me to look everything over when you're done. You'll be the one teaching those dunderheads anyway. I plan on only being there for show, you see."

"I look forward to you being decoration in my classroom, Severus. Although, I must say, most decorations won't sneer and scare the children. And would you please just call me Hermione? You don't even have to call me the whole thing if you don't want to. Just don't call me Herms, I can't stand that nickname!"

"Okay... Herms." Severus decided to test the waters on calling her just that, even if she did say she hated it.

"If you ever call me Herms again, I assure you that I am well versed in several Muggle and wizarding ways to eliminate various parts of your anatomy that you may have grown partial to over the years. I will proceed to pickle them and send them back to you as I see fit."

Severus cringed at the thought of losing various body parts and receiving them at some unnamed date in a pickle jar. He did have to hand it to the girl; she had quite an intimidation streak to her. With a bit of good coaching, she could have first years quivering at the mention of her name! He was especially proud of that fact about himself.

Makeover and Planning

Chapter 2 of 7

Hermione gets a Makeover.

Disclaimer: Potter and his pals are only my puppets.

Thanks to my Beta, hp_bcn! You helped kick this story into shape. I would also like to thank Notsosaintly for her rundown of errors.

Chapter Two: Makeover and Planning

The children were just days away from returning to Hogwarts. Hermione had been working hard on her lesson plans and took a thorough stock of all of her inventory. She disposed of older potions that were expired or would be soon. She gave Snape a list of potions she needed and in what quantity to make them. All of her time had been devoted to her lesson plans so she decided against brewing some of her own potions, for now anyway. She was nearly done with her plans and thought she would take a trip down to the dungeons.

Severus stalked over to his chamber doors and pulled the door open with an unnecessary amount of force, which caused him to nearly fall over. Hermione noticed his unsure footing momentarily, but refrained from laughing.

"Hello Severus." Hermione greeted him with a large smile on her face. He sneered in return in an effort to remove the smile from her face. His efforts failed though, so he simply stepped to the side and allowed her entrance to his chambers. "I've brought the lesson plans for you. They aren't completely done of course, but this is a majority of the year at any rate..." Hermione was quite proud of herself for having most of her work done already. She had been working for a week and had most of the year already planned out.

Snape ripped the parchment out of her hands and walked towards the chairs in his sitting room. He began to peruse the lesson plans she had designed. When he got to the couch he took two bottles off of the end table and handed them to Hermione. He lifted the bottles up, and in a bored tone drawled, "Miss Hermione, take these hair care products. They should be successful in turning that rat's nest atop your head into what most people would call hair."

A shiver ran down her spine in excitement and anticipation. *I don't know why I find this mean, sadistic bastard arousing* Another voice responded to her, *Because bad boys are hot!* A small smirk twitched on her lips. "If that's all, I'll leave you to read over the lesson plans. You may return them when you're finished with them. Make any changes you see fit." She called to him as she walked to the door to leave. She was actually really excited to try out the new shampoo and conditioner. She might act indignant about her hair when people made fun of it, but having tried everything she could think of to tame it, it couldn't hurt to try Snape's shampoo.

Once leaving the room, she ran back up to the hospital wing. She made it there in record time. Basic training for Muggle military had kicked her arse. She didn't mind though, as it was really nice and perky because of it. Passing through the clinical area, she went through the back door in her office to her living quarters. She turned on the shower to let the water warm up while she gathered clothing. She had left the shampoo in the bathroom. Once returning, she inspected the bottles. Removing the stopper, she took a whiff of the shampoo; it had the subtly masculine scent of sandalwood. She disrobed and stepped under the running water, soaking her hair and hoping that she didn't end up with her hair matted to her head, looking like a drowned rat.

Thirty minutes later Hermione was clean and dressed again. She ran a brush through her hair and could feel a difference to it. Feeling exceedingly good about herself, she preformed a quick drying spell and noticed that her hair had a minor wave and a lovely little bounce to it as she shook her head from side to side. Highly excited about her new hair, she decided to put on a small amount of make-up. She evened out her skin tone with a light foundation, put on some mascara and a light amount of eye shadow to give her eyes a little extra pop of colour. She topped off her new look with a light shade of pink lip gloss and bounced cheerfully down to dinner in a simple but beautiful sundress; the only thought running through her pretty little head was *I love Severus Snape!*

When Hermione gracefully, well as gracefully as one can anyway, bounced into the Great Hall for dinner she was greeted by shocked silence and then compliments from a majority of the staff. Some compliments were easier to discern than others, especially the words that came out of Severus Snape. He did, however, smirk at her eagerness to try out his shampoo.

"It seems, Miss Hermione, that your hair can actually be considered such now."

"Thank you, Severus. Your shampoo did wonders for my hair. Does this mean that you'll be willing to teach beside me now? Or will you still be decorating my rooms as menacing scenery?"

"I will be less appalled to be wasting my time in such a class."

Hermione smiled before tucking into her meal.

Start of Term

Chapter 3 of 7

Classes start. Awkward questions are asked. Who's more embarrassed? The professors or the students?

Disclaimer: I promise to return these toys to their boxes when I'm done; relatively unharmed.

Thanks to my beta, HP_BNC! I would also like to thank the wonderful admin here! As usual, thanks for pointing out my silly mistakes.

Chapter Three: Start of Term

The students arrived via Hogwarts Express on September the first, as usual. The Sorting Hat did the standard song and dance, well, minus the dance portion, the Sorting Hat doesn't have any legs to dance on. Hermione didn't pay any particular attention during the sorting; she hadn't been out of Hogwarts long enough to know any of the children that were incoming students because of their parents. She feigned interest and caught herself venturing towards day dreams with a certain snarky Potions master. *What is it about this place? All I've done since being back here is fantasize about that self-righteous bastard!* She shrugged it off. Her hair, after all, did look fabulous. Thanks to that man sitting on her left. With that thought she glanced to her side, and when he looked at her, she gave him a quick smile before turning back to face the students. Severus was perplexed by the little vixen sitting next to him. *She's young and vivacious, and if I didn't know better, I'd swear she has a crush on me!* It was time for the speech from Headmistress McGonagall.

"Greetings. To all of the new students, welcome; and to all of our returning students, welcome back. There has been a change in the curriculum over the summer, which I'm sure most of you have heard about. There is a new class required of all students, regardless of year. This is a health education class that will broach all topics directly related to the students' well-being. This class will be taught by the school's new mediwitch, Miss Hermione Granger, in addition to the Potions master, Professor Snape."

At the mention of the ever so popular...scratch that...notorious potions master, the crowd of children broke into murmurs amongst themselves. They wondered why such a sickly looking, ill-tempered man was doing teaching them about well-being.

Pressing on with her speech, the Headmistress spoke again. "This new class has been deemed mandatory by the Board of Governors. We will be doing our best to make the class as enjoyable and educational as possible. As usual no students, regardless of year, are allowed in the Forbidden Forest. It's called forbidden for a reason. Please be mindful of that fact. There is a list of 764 objects that are not permitted within the walls of Hogwarts. If you are interested in this list, you may receive a copy from the caretaker, Argus Filch. It is also posted in your house common rooms. Now I'm sure it's been a long day, and you're all hungry. Please, dig in!" And with that, food magically appeared on all of the tables.

The students had all settled themselves into their new surroundings. The first years had begun forming the cliques they would hang out with for the remainder of their time at Hogwarts; the older students had caught up to their clique of friends. The students happily chattered away at breakfast, awaiting their time tables. Hermione had received her schedule a week ago and knew that her first class was today, Monday at 11 AM. She had first and second years. Headmistress McGonagall had decided that the best course of action would be to teach first and second years in one class, third and fourth years together, while fifth, sixth, and seventh years would all have separate times.

Hermione thought it best to start the semester off with an explanation about all of the sexual reproductive organs; Muggle and wizard alike, the organs are the same. From there, she would venture into risks associated with sexual intercourse and eventually broach on the topic, for the younger kids anyway, about contraception methods.

Despite being forewarned, all of the first and second year students shivered upon walking into the health classroom, located on the fourth floor. The sight of Professor Snape standing in the centre of the room, arms crossed with his meanest sneer plastered onto his face, made a few of the first years actually squeak and nearly run out of the room at the sight! Severus smiled broadly internally. He would have preferred to let the students file into an empty classroom, and then make a grand entrance. He would slam the great wooden door against the wall with such force that it would rebound back and slam shut. He would briskly sweep into the room and turn on his heel once having reached the center, sneering with contempt at the students. The way it actually played out did have its merits as well. The class was quite from beginning to end. No interruptions from any of the students.

After the class, Hermione caught Severus before he stalked back to the dungeons. "Severus, please, I must insist that you try to be even a little less foreboding. The open forum approach I would like to take with the older students isn't going to be of any use if they're too petrified to think of any proper questions!"

His response was to sigh slightly after placing a formidable sneer on his face. *The little wench is rolling her eyes at me! Are my intimidation tactics failing?* As if able to read his mind, she answered him, "It's not that your intimidation tactics are failing, but I hardly find you frightening after fighting in a war, and certainly not after having a drill sergeant screaming at my face. It was always unnerving when they were close enough for you to feel their spittle on your face, while they yelled at top volume."

With a simple twitch of his eyebrow, and a slight incline of his head, Snape decided this was an acceptable answer and excused himself. "Class in the dungeons." Before briskly striding out of the classroom, Hermione stayed a few moments longer, ensuring that she had gathered up all of her belongings before heading back up to the hospital wing. She had fifth years tomorrow at the same time.

Next class

As per Hermione's request, Snape made a conscious effort to be less daunting. He began class lurking in the shadowy corner of the classroom. When the students began to quietly mutter amongst each other, he took a step out with an average sneer firmly in place. It succeeded in quieting the class, without being too fear inducing. *The most minimal fear tactics were enough to make Mr. Longbottom rendered useless.* There was a note of pride at that thought, but he let Miss Hermione begin her lesson.

"Good morning, class," she began.

"Good morning, Miss Granger." Her class responded in unison.

"Today I would like to begin by giving you some general information about your bodies; we will be discussing the reproductive systems. I would like to hold this class in a partial lecture and partial open forum type of setting. I will lecture for a portion of the class, and if you have any questions about the topic at hand, or something relating to what we're discussing, please don't be afraid to ask any questions or make any pertinent statements." Pausing to ensure that her students were clear on the procedure, she saw various nods of understanding. Pressing on she began with her teaching. With a wave of her wand, there were various diagrams on the boards behind her. She had placed diagrams of both the male and the female reproductive organs and proceeded to explain the various parts and what purposes they served. "...So in conclusion, when sperm, contained in semen, is introduced into the uterus, it makes an effort to fertilize a mature egg. This can be found in a sac at the end of the fallopian tubes. When fertilization occurs, a pregnancy is conceived."

Hermione looked out at her classroom. Some of the students appeared to be a bit green; clearly they had never heard any of this information before. Feeling annoyed at their immaturity, she pressed onward. "This isn't a gross topic, it's what you can all expect if you'd some day like to become parents, and Merlin help us since you all seem to be trying to become parents before you're even of legal age."

The mention of the act of sexual intercourse brought a flush to the classroom, though one very brave Ravenclaw raised her hand. It was a nervous looking girl. "Yes, Miss Scott?" She was small for a fifth year. She wore thick glasses with a dark plastic frame, and her hair seemed mildly unkempt. She seemed to exude a bookworm aura. Miss Scott didn't have any experience in physical relationships other than a bit of awkward hand holding. She had been scared of trying much else; there weren't any books to help her on the matter in the library of Hogwarts.

"I was wondering, Miss, if it's not too bold of me to ask... What was it like losing your virginity?"

Before Hermione could filter her response she answered quickly, "Which time?"

"Excuse me?"

"Well, my very first time was with a Muggle. It happened over the summer between sixth and seventh year. I was nearly 18 years old. I had attended a music concert with a group of friends, and we somehow had managed to find our way backstage. We spent some time with the musicians. No, I'm not telling you who. We had been drinking with the band, just laughing and having a good time, I got cozy with the lead singer, and one thing lead to another. I had groupie sex, and it was the worst experience I've ever had. He was terrible in bed, from start to end; it couldn't have been more than five minutes. I was rather frustrated for the remainder of the evening."

Of all the jaws that she had expected to drop, Hermione hadn't suspected that Severus Snape would be one of them. She blushed slightly before pressing on with the class agenda.

There was a rather undignified, "Only five minutes?" from the bookish Ravenclaw.

Mutters swept throughout the class, punctuating that train of thought. "Five Minutes? That must have been terrible!"

"Miss Granger and a rockstar? That's so cool!"

"Even if he was a Muggle!"

"Wait, you lost your virginity more than once?"

"I can't believe it was over so soon."

"Well, the Headmistress did say that questions would be answered without prejudice."

"Miss Granger, I'm quite sure that telling the children about your sexual exploits is not what she had in mind when she told you to teach them about safety and health issues."

The blush returned to her face. "My apologies Professor, I guess I just got carried away." She turned back to her class before starting again. "Are there any other questions you had today?"

There was an unsure shifting in seats. The students were appraising their neighbours, trying to see who would ask a question first. This time a Slytherin boy raised his hand. "Yes, Mr. Grace." She sighed inwardly, maybe she was a little too forward after all...

"I was just wondering, Miss. Is there any difference between Muggle sex and wizard sex?"

"In regards to the mechanics behind it, no, there is no difference, but the physical feelings do differ. I found that during intercourse with Muggles, yes, it was enjoyable. However, you can't beat that magical feeling of your bodies' inner magic duelling for control with another wizard."

There was more muttering amongst the classmates. They had no idea that this class was going to be so candid. *Neither did I*, a voice came from the back of Hermione's brain. Before any more potentially loaded, borderline inappropriate questions could be asked of her, the bell rang dismissing the students from class and sending them off to lunch in the Great Hall. The students took their time leaving the classroom, talking to each other as they filed out of the room. Once the room was empty, Severus Snape turned on Hermione with a look she had never seen on him before. "What are you doing telling these children such an exploit, Miss Granger?" Every syllable was clearly enunciated, which gave the sentence a much harsher sound than the words alone could have ever done.

"I suppose I gave them a bit more detail than I had intended..." That was a blatant lie. She hadn't meant to tell them any of that information, but they seemed so genuinely curious, and it was her job to inform them, was it not? The answers had left her lips before she could filter them out to make them more classroom appropriate.

Confusion settled back onto Snape's face. As angry as he was, he was intrigued by how a woman could lose her virginity twice. She noticed the change in him, giving him a questioning glance. He stumbled over his words slightly. "I was, I mean to say, I wanted, I...uh..."

She smiled at him before saying, "Just spit it out, Sevvv."

"I abhor that nickname more than you'll ever know!" His proclamation was passionate, but it put him off balance long enough to ask his question, without stumbling over his words. "I was curious as to how a woman could lose her virginity twice. You see, the hymen can only be broken once."

"That is a very good question, Mr. Snape" She began in a professional tone. "You see, my first sexual encounter was with a Muggle, the experience you heard about in class today. That was when I lost my textbook version of virginity. However, I consider my first encounter with a wizard to be my second loss of virginity. It was physically no different than the first time, well except for the fact that the bloke could actually hold out for longer than five minutes. The emotional difference though... it was amazing!" A flush crept up her cheeks as she remembered the passionate evening. "But I digress; my sex life isn't really the topic of the class."

Once having his curiosity satisfied, his face returned to a stony mask, and his anger returned to him. He practically growled the next phrase to leave his thin lips. "You are skating on thin ice, Miss Granger."

She held back a chuckle, because he had used such a blatantly Muggle saying. "I'll be more careful next time," she assured her teaching partner.

Notes: Just want you to know, All of the 'sex ed' information is just random knowledge that I've gained, I'm a bit of a wealth of, sometimes useless, knowledge. As for the Co-ed classes, well other than initial introduction into I got in fifth grade (9/10 years old) all of my health/sex ed classes have been mixed groups.

The Spreading Of News

Chapter 4 of 7

It's too often if you eat less often than you...

Disclaimer: Can I have Harry Potter for my birthday? No? Blast, I turned in the rights too late.

I'm glad I had an awesome Beta like hp_bcn! I would also like to thank the lovely admin here! One of these days I'll send you something mistake free!

Chapter Four: The Spreading Of News

News is the fastest moving thing in all of Hogwarts. News and rumours, which are, in theory, the same thing; then again, in theory Nick Carter has talent.

By dinner time news about Miss Granger's class had spread throughout the halls. Many of the older children stared at her as she was passing them in the halls. Her newly tamed hair gave her a sultry look she had never been able to achieve before; her body, though fit, still had very feminine curves; her pouty lips glistened in the firelight. She was a rather attractive girl. Many of the older boys began fantasizing about her, especially after hearing about some of her less than ladylike exploits. Hermione made a mental note to try to be less candid in her classes while answering questions about sex.

The teacher's table was buzzing with conversation. Hermione was waiting for the Headmistress to call her into her office and reprimand her for being too outspoken in class. Severus certainly had not held back his thoughts on the matter. He had insinuated many things about her; mostly that she was an easy little tart, who would sleep with anyone who was willing. This hurt her. She was not sure why the proclamation hurt so much coming from him, but it did.

The staff table was quiet compared to the remainder of the hall though. The older students could not wait to have class over the next few days, and the younger students were offended that their class was so "boring" compared to what the fifth year students had for a lesson.

Thursday

Eleven AM rolled around, and the classroom had filled up with eager sixth year students. Severus had taken his stance in the centre of the room, glaring down at the children, like he had with the first and second years earlier that week. His intimidation had no effect on them, though. They still chattered happily to each other, wondering what they could find out about Miss Granger today. Severus was disheartened by the lack of response to his grimace.

Hermione gave the same lecture she had given the fifth years, just two days earlier, before opening the floor for discussion. There was less of an air of embarrassment surrounding the topic at hand. They had heard from the other students, Miss Granger would not be offended by pretty much anything they thought to ask. That is, of course, as long as they didn't stray too far from the topic at hand. There was a small scattering of hands in the air. Hermione picked on a blonde Hufflepuff first. "Yes, Mr. Higgins."

"I was wondering about masturbation, Miss..."

"Mastur-WHAT?" Snape growled in response.

"Masturbation, sir. Mum says that if I do it, I'll grow hair on my palms. A kitten dies every time someone touches themselves."

"There is no truth to that. In either case," Hermione began calmly. "Masturbation is actually quite a healthy activity. It's an excellent stress reliever and a sleep aid to boot. Everyone does it." Some of the girls had a haughty air about them, prompting Hermione to add more to her answer. "Even girls do. Keep in mind, it's not something everyone does every night. But, everyone experiments a little at least once. It's a great way to learn your body, to learn what you like. People who masturbate, or engage in sexual activity on a regular basis, often complain of less frequent headaches, and they generally have healthier looking skin. I must remind you that it is against school rules for students to engage in sexual intercourse on school grounds." Most of the female students were still blushing.

"How much masturbation is too much?" Mr. Higgins asked without raising his hand again.

"Well, that depends on a lot of variables. But as a general guideline, if you masturbate more often than you eat, chances are you're a bit overeager. Your body can become trained to a certain schedule, and you can form a dependency on having that release. If you're feeling particular lusty, or seem to be having a problem falling asleep; I'd recommend a quick round with yourself, and then straight to bed with you."

Hermione combed the classroom for another question. A girl with long black hair from Slytherin raised her hand next. "Miss Mae."

"My boyfriend wants to tie me up when we mess around, is there anything strange about that?" A deep blush came to her face, but she kept her eyes locked with her teacher's.

"No, Miss Mae. In fact, I like a little bondage myself. If you feel safe and comfortable with your partner, then it's perfectly acceptable." There were dropped jaws all around the classroom again. Snape seemed to be working extra hard to hide his surprise. From Hermione's peripheral sight she noticed that Severus seemed to be shifting uncomfortably, and his eyes seemed to have a slight smoldering of passion hidden behind them. *Score one for the bossy, little know-it-all.* "When you should be concerned is if the only way your lover can find pleasure is if you are bound. There is a difference between a fetish and an obsession."

More hands rose in the air, but the bell rang before Hermione could get to any more questions. She smiled at her students as they packed up their bags, and headed down to lunch.

"I hope you're proud of yourself." A cold voice came from the right hand corner.

"I am proud of their thirst for knowledge. I am proud that they are intrigued enough to ask questions. Most importantly, I am proud that they want to learn ways to protect themselves."

"Asking about ways to masturbate is hardly self preservation." He spat angrily at her.

Hermione was slightly taken aback by his anger. She decided that arguing with him was going to be futile. She quickly closed her mouth and tried to give him a sultry look. She seductively walked towards her former professor, being sure to make her hips sway in a tantalizing manner. *Why is she staggering like a drunken prostitute?* She stood directly in front of him, leaning in slightly, making sure to exhale sensually on his earlobe before whispering to him, "I'm a woman with needs, Severus," she hissed into his ear, "and it appears as though you have needs of your own." She glanced momentarily down to the zipper in his trousers before she picked up her bag and sauntered out of the room. She headed back to the hospital wing to ensure that no students had come in ill while she was away.

Severus stood in the empty classroom for several minutes. *I do believe that little vixen is coming on to me.*

Meanwhile, up in the hospital wing, Hermione was torn. She had made a pass at Snape! Granted, that wasn't what she had set out to do. Make him a little flustered perhaps, but she had said in not so many words, "I am a wanton woman! Take me to your bed, and have your wicked way with me!" However, no amount of mental scolding changed the fact that she did like the idea of being violated in such a sensual way by her ex-professor. She would never admit it to anyone, but she was awfully keen on the idea of putting on her old school robes and reporting for detention.

Hermione visibly sighed. Tomorrow she was teaching the seventh years, and the questions seemed to be going from lewd to pornographic.

Notes: I saw something about 'Mastur-What' on the Potter Place boards when I was backtracking the challenge. It was such a good line, I couldn't let it go! Whoever came up with that little gem, thanks! In regards to Carter, well, it's replaced the "Communism is a theory" with a friend of mine, no offense meant!

Backlash From Class

Chapter 5 of 7

Class with the seventh years. More snark, more sex ed.

Disclaimer: I borrowed these toys for a bit, if JKR's lucky she'll get them back (relatively) unharmed.

Thanks to my wonderful betas, HP_BNC and hp4freek! Thanks to admin, who point out any silly mistakes I've made!

Chapter Five: Backlash from Class

News was spreading faster than wildfire again. There were mutterings in the halls, and they were even starting to spread into other classrooms.

"Did you see how mad Snape was about masturbation?" One sixth year Slytherin muttered to his neighbour during Transfiguration.

"I know! A lack of action could explain his sallow skin though... He always looks so sickly," she commented back.

"And all that greasy hair. What could that be from?"

"His fear of water," the boy responded to her. They both snickered quietly, afraid of their professor taking off house points for their discussion.

Later that day

Snape loomed outside of his classroom a bit longer than usual. It seemed like the students inside were talking about him! Being a mockery was nothing new to him, his entire time as a student in school was made hell by those damned Marauders. He knew he was not well liked, he had always been a bit eager to let his anger take over for him. It was so much easier to be angry than to be hurt, so he made it a point to always be the one doing the hurting.

He could not pass in the halls anymore without passing clusters of students. All the students giving him appraising looks, declaring that, "A good shag in a broom cupboard would give his skin a nice healthy glow." Or, "He wouldn't look so sickly, if he actually spent some time outside and got some natural sunlight." *Heaven forbid I go tanning. This delicate skin would burn before an hour was up!* Some of the girls voiced their opinions, stating, "He may not have such trouble finding women, if he were a bit nicer." *'Bit' is the understatement of the year! It's right up there with saying that Voldemort just needed to be hugged more as a kid. Well, maybe he did, but that's besides the point!*

Friday

As Hermione had feared, and with good reason too, this class was going to be just as bad, if not worse, than the previous day. As soon as she had finished her lecture, hands shot into the air. Hermione pointed to a red-headed Gryffindor.

"I was wondering how to avoid becoming pregnant."

"That's a very good question indeed!" Hermione praised the girl. "We'll talk about wizarding practices first, because I'm sure that you'll be a little more familiar with them. There is of course, a potion you could take. Perhaps Professor Snape would be better at explaining it than I."

Severus gave her the fiercest look he could muster before he took over class explanation momentarily. "The potion Miss Granger is speaking of is taken by the male in the relationship. Its purpose is stop sperm production. It does not affect your ability to ejaculate or orgasm; it simply kills the sperm. It is a slow acting poison for them. You can take the potion once a month, and be fine for the next 30 days. Once the potion's effect has worn off, there is no damage to the reproductive organs or their ability to produce offspring." He drawled his answer in a bored tone. He glared once more at Hermione; then, he handed their attention back to her. He was, once again, able to retreat into the safety of his shadows.

"There is also a spell that can be cast on the woman. It forms a barrier at the end of her cervix, preventing any semen from entering the uterus, and therefore, making impregnation virtually impossible. The spell lasts for a two hour block, so I strongly recommend applying it shortly before you begin your seduction plans.

"Muggles have their own ways to avoid pregnancy. There are these objects called condoms. They can be made of various types of plastic material; they work by being placed on the male genitalia, typically. Though there are female versions of them, too. Their function is not letting the semen enter the woman's body. Condoms are fairly effective, although they can break; they also protect against diseases. Muggles have loads of them, although most are viruses and cannot be cured. Female Muggles can also take hormones. They serve a few purposes: help regulate the menstrual cycle, help your skin stay clearer, and reduce mood swings and the cramps associated with the female's cycle, commonly referred to as her period." Everyone in the classroom had flushed to a ghastly white colour. "Don't act like such first years! This is biology and a fact of life! You asked about it, I'm just giving you answers," Hermione huffed, but continued teaching. "There are some other Muggle options, too. Next class we'll look at Muggle practices a bit further in depth." She gave a wicked smile to the class.

More hands shot up, and another nervous looking girl asked a question. "How can you tell if you've messed up and you think you may be pregnant?"

"There is a simple spell you can cast to find out if you are with child. I would strongly recommend that you seek medical attention immediately. The spell will tell you if you are with child, but not the health of your child. You could have a consultation to decide several things. First, what the best course of care for you is, including a supply of potions, for both your health and the child's. Second, if you feel like you are too young or unable to care for the child, you can also discuss adoption for the child or termination of the pregnancy. It is more difficult to end a Muggle pregnancy; there is a medical procedure for it, whereas, in the wizarding world you can take a potion. I must warn you all that both options are emotionally taxing, and your best bet is to avoid being in that situation in the first place." The bell rang as soon as Hermione finished her speech, sending the children off to lunch.

Severus looked at her, disgusted. "How could you spring that on me?" His voice had a childish whine behind it, and it almost looked like he was pouting.

"Professor, it would appear to be in your job description."

He sighed in resignation. She did have a point. Even if he was not assigned to this stupid class, he was still a Potions master, and it was in his realm of knowledge, but that did not make it any easier.

"Oh, and Severus, I would like a few new potions made, and I would really like it if I could... assist in the brewing," she told him cooly.

"Keep me informed, and I'll let you know when I have time for them." He tried to sound bored when he responded, but he could not completely hide his excitement.

CH 6, 7, and 8

Chapter 6 of 7

Venturing into Muggle London. Wizards versus Condoms. SMUT!

Disclaimer: I could only own Harry Potter if I bought stock.

Thanks to my betas HP_BNC, HP4FREEK, and NotSoSaintly for pointing out my mistakes! They helped make this story palatable

Of course, thanks to the lovely admin for giving me a bit of a break. I wanted to make sure the entire story was posted before the challenge was ended. This submission is actually three chapters. There will be one more installment, also consisting of three chapters.

Warnings: There legitimately is smut in chapter eight!

Chapter Six: Muggle London

During dinner that evening, Hermione had taken her usual spot next to Severus. Partially through the main course, she turned to face him, and began a conversation. "Severus?" she prompted him.

"Yes, Miss Hermione?"

"I need to go into Muggle London this weekend to pick up some supplies for class. I was wondering, are you interested in joining me?"

"Why?" he asked becoming a bit defensive.

"Because! You're *supposed* to help me be the bloody teacher!" she snapped at him. He was slightly taken aback, but thought it best to not argue with her at this point.

"When will you be going?" he asked in what he thought was a nicer tone.

"I would like to go on Saturday, if that's alright with you."

"That's fine. I need to get some more potion supplies anyway. Would you mind stopping by Diagon Alley while we're out?"

Hermione smiled at him and nodded in acceptance. She had doubted he would want to go with her. She was thrilled that he was actually interested in making the trip longer than needed. "Shall we meet at the main entrance at noon then?" she asked pleasantly.

"Very well." It was the only response she received before he turned back to his plate and continued his meal in silence.

In the dungeon

Severus stalked into his laboratory, eager to begin brewing. He had been upset about all of the latest scrutiny about his character and appearance. He began brewing over two cauldrons.

There was a knock at the door, which he answered with a growl. "What is it?"

The door opened cautiously. He had not exactly said, 'Come in,' though he did not really say, 'Leave me alone,' either. It was worth the risk. Hermione smiled as she strode into the room after she was certain that he was not going to hex her for disturbing his private time in his dungeons.

"What do you want?" He was sorry afterwards at how harsh his tone had been.

'You' was the answer she would have liked to give, but she gave him a different one. "I thought I'd tell you about those other potions I need. Since we're going to the apothecary tomorrow anyway, you may need to pick up some extra ingredients for them." She shrugged and awaited his response.

He stared at her for a moment waiting for her to continue. "Well?"

"I need the contraception potion we spoke of in class today. I'd like to have a sample of it for the next class. I'd also like to have a small supply of it available in my stores. I know that it's against school rules for the students to be involved on that level, but honestly, they do it anyway. The least we can do is make sure they are safe about it. I also think I should have a few doses of the termination potion, as well. With the way that girl was talking, I think some prenatal potions are a must as well..." Hermione was thinking if there was anything else she was missing.

"Shall we begin brewing tomorrow evening?"

He bared his teeth at her in a new facial expression; it definitely could not be considered a smile, but it was not a grimace or sneer either. She noticed his teeth with this gesture. They were not very straight and had yellowed with years of stain and improper care. She was, after all, the daughter of dentists, so she was prone to noticing things about people's teeth.

"Sir?" she asked with the tone of a scared student. "If it's not too bold of me to say..." She trailed off, not wanting to hurt his feelings.

"What is it?" he asked, preparing himself for an insult.

"Well, sir, I don't mean to offend you, but I know a really good spell to straighten out your teeth if you'd like, and another really good one to polish them to a lovely shade of white... It's really very superficial, I know, but I think you'd have really nice teeth if you took a few minutes to take care of them." She smiled at him, showing off her own pearly-whites. "Do you remember when Draco Malfoy hexed my teeth to grow? Well, sir, it's the same spell that Madam Pomfrey had used on me to reverse the damage."

"Thank you for the information, Miss Hermione. I'd appreciate it if you left though. I've got potions to brew."

She glanced at the cauldron and noticed that he was brewing a new batch of shampoo and conditioner for himself. "Sev?" She tried again, hoping for a better reaction this time. "I really liked the shampoo samples you gave me. If it wouldn't be too much trouble, could you brew me up a batch too?"

He twitched his mouth into an approving smirk as she exited his labs to go back to the hospital wing.

Chapter Seven: Birth Control and Bananas

Hermione took extra care to get ready that morning. She was going on a date with Professor Snape *Well, I suppose it's not really a date. He's going out with me to pick up*

a large quantity of condoms, and bananas, before we go pick up potion ingredients.

Deciding to straighten her hair, she took out her flattening iron. She rarely chose to use it; in her opinion, it was far too time consuming to make her hair manageable. Since she had been using the shampoo of Severus's concoction, her hair had been nothing but soft and silky with gentle waves. She knew that Muggle appliances did not work within the walls of Hogwarts, but she had figured out that if you charm them properly, they work just as well as when being run off electricity.

Hermione took care straightening her hair and placing on subtle amounts of make-up. She dressed in Muggle clothes. She pulled out a little black skirt and a violet jumper. She pulled on a pair of shoes that looked a lot like ballet slippers, but they were black and had a regular sole to them. She took a light corduroy jacket out of her wardrobe and headed down to the main entrance to meet her snarky date.

When she arrived at her destination, she noticed she was not the only one who had taken great care of their appearance today. She looked Severus over and noted that his hair was not as limp as it normally looked. He had picked out Muggle clothes as well, knowing they were going into Muggle London. He had on a pair of black trousers, rather similar to what he normally wore under his teaching robes, as well as a starched white linen shirt and a black leather jacket. There was something different about his skin, but she could not figure out what exactly.

She smiled at her travelling companion for the day. "You look wonderful today, Sev," she complimented him.

He was thankful for the praise. He had spent a majority of the night brewing different potions to improve his appearance. He decreased the potency of his shampoo, so his hair didn't look so greasy anymore; it was light and bounced as he walked. He brewed up several cleaners for himself. He would never admit it to anyone, but he had also taken her inadvertent advice, and had spent some time 'exploring his body.' He gave her a small smile, which showed a little bit of his teeth. She gasped in response and praised him some more.

"Your teeth! They look amazing!" She smiled at him and pulled on the sleeve of his jacket. "Go on and give me a proper smile!"

He ignored her request and pulled his arm out of her hands, asking if they could just go and get this over with.

They arrived at Muggle London by Apparition. There were designated areas that wizards were able to come and go from. Hermione led the way. She had made an appointment with the gynaecologist in St. Paul's Hospital about sexual education. Hermione told them that she worked at a boarding school and was the school nurse. She had recently come into the position of having to teach a class on sexual education, as well as other health related topics. She thought that it was important to have supplies on hand, in the event that they were needed by students. Although, school rules strictly prohibited that sort of relationship among the students.

In the waiting room of their first stop, Severus was highly uncomfortable. There had been models placed around the waiting room. Hermione had left him sitting in the waiting room while she met with the doctor the appointment was made with. He was staring at an anatomically correct pelvis of a male. He felt as though the semi-erect phallus was mocking him. He tried to look away, but was greeted with the female counter-parts, which he found just as awkward to look at in plastic form.

Merlin, Hermione, hurry up!

Turning to his other side, he saw an end table with some magazines placed on them. The top ones were of no help; they were all about parenthood. There were also a few magazines full of celebrity gossip. He selected the lesser evil and began thumbing through a magazine proclaiming a scandal. Some actress had walked in on her husband in bed with his ex-wife. It appears as though he had left his wife after cheating on her for quite some time with the girl in question. *I can't believe people actually pay to read this garbage!*

Hermione left her meeting carrying a big box full of various things. She had some pamphlets of information, as well as hundreds of condoms; some flavoured, some coloured, they even had some that would glow in the dark! Hermione placed the box down in the chair next to Severus. He didn't look up. He was intent on his reading material. She had the impulse to run her hand through his hair, but decided against it. She placed a hand on his shoulder and spoke his name quietly. It came out a bit huskier than she had realised it would.

Severus seemed confused for a moment; then his stoic mask was back in place again. "Took you long enough!"

"My apologies!" Hermione spat back at him. She picked the box back up before she grabbed his arm and pulled him towards the doorway. "Come on, I've got one more stop I need to make!" He looked bewildered, but didn't argue any further. She dragged him into a secluded ally before she performed a shrinking charm on the box she was carrying. She handed it to Severus with the order to put it into his pocket.

"What for?"

"Do I look like I have a place to carry it?" she snapped back at him.

"If you do, I'd hate to find out where," he replied back to her with a smirk.

Hermione continued to pull Severus into a grocery store. She proceeded to buy about fifty bananas, and then dragged Severus back to the alley to shrink down those bags and pass them off to Severus as well.

"There, now we can go to get what you need." She smiled at him, and they walked back towards wizarding London to visit the apothecary.

Later that evening

Hermione found herself having a difficult time focusing on her potions work. She had asked specifically to help him, but she kept getting distracted by him. She would watch his graceful, calculated movements as he chopped the various ingredients that they needed. The tender attention he put into a cauldron while he was brewing to make sure that it was a perfect potion. She was snapped out of her reverie by her name being barked. "Miss Granger! If you don't intend to watch your potion, then why did you offer to assist?"

"I was watching it!"

"About as well as Mr. Longbottom had watched his potions." The snide remark about her abilities hurt. She was furious.

"You are a foul-tempered man, and I'm sick of taking your crap! You haven't said a single nice thing to me since I've been here! Come to think of it, I don't think you've ever said a single nice thing about me. Whether you like it or not, you're stuck with me. You're not perfect you know. So get off your high horse, and give people the proper praise they deserve!"

God she's hot when she's angry!

"Praise, Miss Granger? You want to be praised for being an insufferable know-it-all? You want praise for trying to blow up my lab and attempt to kill us both? I see nothing you've done worthy of praise!"

Hermione growled in frustration before calling him, "Bastard!" and storming out of the room.

Chapter Eight: Mission: Embarrass Snape

It was time for class with the fifth year students again. She started class by greeting her students.

"Good morning!" They replied back in unison.

"I've got a special surprise for all of you today." She began her lesson, and mutters sprinkled the classroom. They had no idea what could top last class. She waved her wand, and a banana appeared in front of each student. They muttered to each other in more confusion. Clearing her throat, she called their attentions back to the front of the classroom. She picked up a small package and held it up for everyone to see. "This," pointing to the package, "is a condom. They are best kept in a cool, dry place. They all have expiration dates on them and are best used before then, of course. The package should be a bit squishy to the touch, which means that there is air in it." She ripped open the package and picked up a banana of her own. "What I would like you to practice today, is putting a condom onto your banana." She removed her condom and placed it on the tip of the banana. "The proper way to put it on is to simply unroll it. Be sure to pinch the tip to make sure there is a reservoir where the semen will stay. Once it's been properly unrolled, make sure you smooth it out so there aren't any air bubbles. That's the most common reason why they break."

She waved her wand again, and packets appeared next to each student. They began opening their own packages and trying to cover the bananas.

"Eww! It's so slimy!" one girl squeaked.

A few students couldn't manage to unroll their condoms.

"If it's on backwards, just flip it over for now, but if that happened in an actual experience, you should just get a new one since you would have contaminated both sides of the condom," Hermione called out.

"Do you think this could be used as a water balloon?" One girl asked her neighbour. She was a Muggle-born, of course.

"These smell funny," a particularly high maintenance Slytherin girl proclaimed.

"This would never fit on me; I'm too big for them," one boy confidently told the girl sitting next to him.

She giggled in response.

Hermione overheard the comment about it not fitting. "Professor Snape?" she asked him gently.

"Yes, Miss Granger?" he responded, but was a little frightened of what she intended to do.

"Could I have your assistance for a minute, please?"

He walked over to her and complied with her request. "I cannot stress this fact enough. If a boy tells you that a condom just won't fit him because he's 'too big,' he's lying to you. Condoms are very stretchy. Professor, please hold up your hand."

"I'm sorry, hold up my what?"

"Your hand, Professor, nothing more." He begrudgingly held his hand up for the class to see. She then began unrolling a condom over it. It did indeed stretch to fit over his whole hand. She even demonstrated the point by having him ball up his fist, and pull on the condom.

"Wow!" "That's so cool!" "It didn't even rip!" were some of the comments that spread throughout the room.

Once everyone seemed to get a condom onto their banana, she called their attention again to request them to remove the condom. "The proper way to dispose of a condom is to hold the tip, and begin rolling it off. Be sure to keep the condom up right, you wouldn't want any bodily fluids to find their way out. Once you have removed it, tie a knot in it, very much like you would tie the end of a balloon. This keeps all biological material inside of the condom. I can't stress enough that you should throw it into the trash and not flush it down the toilet. I don't know about you, but I certainly don't want to find a used condom on the beach when I'm walking around."

There were sounds of disgust whispered throughout the room before they started to take off the condoms.

"Professor, I think it's stuck!" one girl called out.

"Well, you heard the girl, *Professor*, she needs your help!" Hermione teased Snape.

Severus glared at Hermione and stalked off to the girl in question. He roughly took the banana in his hands *It's so wrong, but it's so hot!* He followed the instructions Hermione had given on proper removal. Once the condom was started he handed her back the banana, disgusted. He marched back up to the front of the room, where Hermione had an evil smile firmly in place.

"I hope you enjoyed that, because you're never going to see it again!" he growled, only loud enough for Hermione to hear.

Once class was dismissed, Severus rounded on Hermione. "What was the meaning of that?" he asked without giving her a chance to respond. "Placing a condom on my person in the middle of class! I've never been so embarrassed! And to make matters worse, then you make me assist some silly little girl in the removal of that... *thing* from a piece of produce!" With every word he said, he became closer and closer to Hermione. When he had completed his ranting, his face was inches from hers. Hermione did not think, she just instinctively pressed her lips against his own. It had been rather erotic, feeling his ragged breathing against her lips. She felt a flooding of desire surge below her robes when their lips made contact.

He pulled away roughly, and she searched his eyes for a sign that he was not disgusted with her for kissing him. His face was full of bewilderment, *shock and could that be, passion?* She leaned closer to him, and he did not pull away. Her voice had become husky with passion and arousal.

"Kiss me again, Severus." His name sounded like a hiss leaving her lips. The way she demanded his attentions struck a cord deep within him. He found himself complying to her request before his mind was able to tell him not to. His lips roughly fastened themselves onto hers. A soft moan escaped the back of her throat as his tongue flicked against her lips. She complied automatically, opening her mouth for him to explore. Her tongue came out to meet his, and they were softly massaging each other, trying to overpower and gain entrance into the other's mouth.

His arms had wrapped around Hermione, and he pushed her towards the desk. She positioned herself at the edge of the desk, just leaning on it. Her legs were spread further apart by his as he pushed himself closer to her body. Her hands were trying to pull up the hem of her robes. She finally managed to pool them around her waist, revealing her short skirt below them. Her hands moved to unfasten his trousers and free his erection from their confines. She hissed his name once more, begging him to penetrate her. She muttered a spell while he lifted her short skirt higher on her thighs. He was surprised to see that she was not wearing any knickers.

"Miss Granger, you are a kinky little wench. Teaching students without any knickers on." He tsked her actions. His silky voice had dropped in timbre; he too was in a high state of arousal. He did not wait any longer before pushing himself into her. He took her roughly upon the desk, pounding into her. Their breathing was rapid and laboured. She moaned a few times against his neck and bit down on his shoulder as she came, trembling around his shaft. He made a few more thrusts before he reached his orgasm too. He stayed within her for a few moments longer, treasuring the look of her, eyes glazed over with passion, absent-mindedly chewing on her lower lip.

After he pulled out, he performed a few quick cleansing charms on their exposed areas. He swept out of the classroom without another word.

Words you probably know, but I'll tell you anyway.

Jumper- A sweater or some sort of upper body covering

Phallus- A penis

Knickers- whatever form of "underpants" you'd like to refer to them as.

I know it's been a bit of a long haul to get the characters in canon, but by the end of the story they'll be knocked right back out of place.

CH 9, 10, 11

Chapter 7 of 7

Smut, past background on Sevv, Blow out or flame of desire?

Disclaimer: What do you mean 'I don't own Harry Potter?' Well, only my last initial doesn't fit...

Thanks to my wonderful betas! HP_BNC and hp4freak

Thanks to the wonderful admin! (NotSoSaintly, thanks for all your help with my punctuation!)

Warnings: CH 9- Smut. CH 10- abuse, both child and spousal. CH 11- Out of Character, hardcore style. Minor language, too.

Chapter Nine: Role Play

In the coming weeks, the health class lectures had moved away from sexual education, but regardless of what the topic was at hand, class "question and answer" sessions always seemed to revolve around the topic of sex. Hermione understood that, even for the families that were open about the topic, it was less weird to receive this advice from a medical professional, who had no relation to you. She had considerably improved about giving information, without too much personal stuff coming out.

One seventh year boy had actually asked Hermione how many people she had slept with. She did a quick mental calculation while smiling at him. The answer she opted for was a non-incriminating response. "That is hardly an appropriate question to ask your teacher, but for your information, it's an acceptable figure for the length of time I've had an active sex life." She caught a sidelong glance at Severus after her answer. He looked a little red around his collar and, if she wasn't mistaken, a little jealous and angry about her answer. She still had a grin firmly set on her lips while she fielded more questions for her students.

"Miss, when I was home, I overheard my mum say something about a G-spot. What is it?" A curious boy had asked her.

"The G-spot was discovered by a German scientist. It is a soft, spongy area about two inches up on the front portion of the cervix."

A shy, little Ravenclaw asked another question. "Miss, I overheard my sister talking about a cunning linguist. What was she talking about?"

"She probably was talking about cunnilingus. It's oral sex performed on a vagina. There is also fellatio which is oral sex performed on a penis."

About six weeks had passed since the students had begun school. There had not been any more heated moments of passion between Severus and Hermione. She still felt a pull of attraction towards him, but she could not tell if he felt the same.

She had been sitting in her office, when she heard the infirmary doors blasted open with a force that could only mean Severus Snape was present. She walked briskly out of her office, intent on giving him a proper scolding about quiet respect being observed in the hospital wing. There could have been sick children present! Her entire demeanour changed when she saw Severus carrying an unconscious first year in his arms.

"Severus! What happened to her?" She asked without any hesitation.

"I don't know what happened. I was teaching them how to brew the Draught of Peace. She must have ruined it quiet badly. And then, she just went a bit rigid, and fell to the floor trembling slightly." He sighed in exasperation and concern. He would never admit it, but he did actually care about the students. More the Slytherins than any others, but he did care about their well-being. "I tried to enervate her, but it had no effect."

Hermione went to work performing status charms on the girl. Her brain function seemed fine, and there was not a trace of potion running through her system, neither botched nor proper. While examining the girl, she noticed an eerie skeletal likeness to the girl. She was too thin for her own health. She had been a small girl anyway, smaller than most first years usually are, both in height and weight. "If I had to guess, I'd say this girl doesn't weigh more than 30 kilos!" Hermione pursed the girl's lips and examined her teeth. "Severus, she simply passed out. I think she has an eating disorder."

A wave of relief washed over the Potions master, and a smile appeared on Hermione's face. She walked towards a cabinet along the wall of her infirmary located in the centre of the room. She withdrew a potion that had been brewed as prenatal vitamins. "It's not exactly what she needs right now, but it'll do." Hermione moved the girl into a more upright position, and forced the potion into her mouth. Hermione massaged the girl's throat to help the potion down and then waited for the girl to awake. She began stirring slowly. "I'm glad you'll be joining us again, Miss Jayne." Hermione smiled down at the girl. "How are you feeling?"

The girl took in her surroundings. She was lying on a bed, which felt more like a couch without a back on it. There was a small pillow under her head, which had been flattened from overuse. It was painfully bright in the room, and it smelled of disinfectant. She knew she had to be in the hospital wing, though she had never seen it before. "I feel a little weak." Her voice didn't seem very strong and sounded groggy.

"Do you know where you are, Miss Jayne?"

"The hospital wing."

"Very good. Do you know how you got here?"

"The last thing I remember is feeling very faint in the dungeons during double Potions." It was then that she noticed Professor Snape standing just a ways behind Miss

Granger; his face was tense, with what she thought was concern. She brushed that thought away. She had heard horror stories about the dreaded Potions master from her older brother. He was ten years her senior. Her mother was a witch, and her father was a Muggle. Her brother was actually only a half-brother, they had different fathers.

"Professor Snape tells me that you collapsed in class. I'd like to ask you a few questions now, if you're feeling up to it." Hermione smiled at her in a caring way, with almost a motherly concern on her face. She nodded in agreement. "Professor, if you'll excuse us, this is a bit of a personal conversation. You may wait in my office or leave to attend other business."

Severus nodded slightly in agreement. "I have some potions to brew. We can converse later."

Severus swept away to brew some nutritional potions. Once hearing the door click, Hermione turned back to her patient. "Miss Jayne, some of these questions may embarrass you, but I need you to answer them truthfully." The girl in the bed nodded and Hermione conjured up a chair to sit next to her.

"Have you been under an unusual amount of stress lately? Any type of stress: trouble with classes, with your friends or with your home life?"

"No, Miss, my family is fine. I do miss them, but I get letters often from mum."

Hermione smiled. "It's lovely to see parents staying involved with their children. Have you been feeling sick at all lately? An unusual amount of upset stomachs, perhaps?"

"No, I've felt fine, really."

"Have you perhaps been getting teased a lot by your schoolmates?"

"That's an odd question." She thought aloud. "No, Miss, everyone has been really nice to me."

"Miss Jayne, this is not what you'd like to hear, I'm sure, but from the look of your teeth it looks like you've been vomiting quite frequently. What brought you around was a nutritional potion. I suspect that you have an eating disorder, most likely bulimia. I would like to set up appointments with you, so we can chat on a regular basis. I'm no psychologist, but I'm more than willing to listen to any problems you have and offer you advice. I will give you a few potions to take with you to help bring your strength back up. Otherwise, you're free to head to your next class."

The younger girl looked taken aback; she had not thought anyone had noticed her. She smiled weakly at Hermione. Hermione left to get a strengthening potion, as well as an invigorating one. Hermione handed the potions to the student, which she drank without any argument, and then headed towards the door. "Thank you, Miss Granger." She smiled again before heading to Charms.

Hermione set about the task of cleaning up after her patient. She straightened the bed sheets before performing a quick cleansing charm on them, and she washed the phials the prescribed potions were dosed from. Once the hospital wing seemed to be back in order, she sat back in her office to begin reading. She wanted to read more about eating disorders before their first meeting.

Whispers were filling the halls. There had been more speculation about Snape recently. This time their mutterings were not negative, though.

"Have you noticed?" One rather gossipy fifth year began to her friend, "Snape's appearance has been changing!"

"I know! Have you seen his teeth? They're so white and straight now!"

"You know, if he smiled a bit more I bet he'd be really attractive." The first girl blushed a bit while admitting such a thing.

"I find myself unable to concentrate in Potions anymore," the other girl admitted, equally embarrassed.

"And have you noticed his hair! It's not greasy anymore!"

A little embarrassed and not wanting to admit it, the second girl asked with caution, "You don't think he's... seeing someone, do you?"

"He could be. Have you noticed, he has moments of almost kindness now?"

"Kindness?"

"I said *almost*. Just the other day, he only took five points from a Hufflepuff for speaking out of turn, when normally it would have been ten or fifteen."

"Come to think of it, he hasn't assigned nearly as many detentions, either. Could it be? The dreaded Potions master is getting laid?"

"His skin has looked a lot nicer lately..."

The two girls fell into a bout of giggles as they walked into class together.

In the dungeons

That evening, Hermione knocked on Severus's doors. He opened the door only partially as hard as he normally would. "Miss Hermione. What a surprise." He gave a quick smirk before he allowed her entrance to his rooms. "To what do I owe the... pleasure, of this visit?"

Hermione caught the innuendo in the phrasing he chose to use, and fairly successfully managed not to blush and start babbling like a school girl with a crush. Truth be told, that is how she had been feeling around him for nearly the entire time she had been back at Hogwarts. This feeling had only amplified after that hot little quickie they had after class a few weeks back. "The pleasure of your company is no longer a sufficient excuse to come to visit?"

"Miss Hermione, nobody really enjoys my company. Why are you really here?" He enjoyed playing games with her. He was not sure how the physical encounter had come about, but he had been dying to repeat it ever since. There had been many nights he had wanked, remembering the feel of her wet little opening against his shaft. Even a passing thought at the memory caused his blood to surge south, which did not seem to relent under any circumstance other than release.

Hermione noticed him shifting in place and saw a glimmer in his eyes. She thought she saw a momentary glimpse of primal need and desire float into his eyes, but it was gone as quickly as it appeared. She wanted to test the waters, to see if he would be up for a repeat and a possibly extended version of their classroom exploits. "Well, sir, I've been a bit lonely all the way up in the hospital wing. It seems like nobody ever gets hurt or sick anymore." She pouted and tried to give him her best sultry, provocative expression.

His voice dropped slightly in timbre and became huskier. "And, what type of 'pleasurable' company were you seeking?"

Hermione closed the distance between them and inhaled deeply. She could smell his shampoo and the lingering scent of herbs, and other potions ingredients. She found the scent intoxicating and erotic. Her pupils dilated noticeably, and she felt hot breath against her ear. She moaned involuntarily. Her secret was out. "My sentiments exactly, Miss Hermione." He grasped one of her wrists in his larger hand, and guided hers towards his erection to elaborate on his previous statement. A look of longing was clearly evident on her face as her hand wrapped around his hidden assets.

She dropped to her knees without warning, which startled him briefly. She began fumbling with his trousers, trying to open them, but her hands were quivering slightly with anticipation. She finally managed to free his erection, and her breath caught in the back of her throat. She had not actually seen his cock in their previous engagement. She felt him within her, but it happened quickly, and she had been so lost in the moment she had not actually studied his physique.

His penis was bigger than average, but could not be considered huge. It had a good sized girth to it, and was a deep red to purple shade, quivering slightly with need. She reached her hand out thoughtfully as she debated touching it. He sighed when her fingers wrapped around his shaft. She tentatively licked the tip, and a hiss of breath escaped his lips. Feeling empowered and bold, she ran her tongue from the tip of his penis down the underside to the base. She was enveloped with his manly, musky scent. She took another tentative lick at his ball sac, before wrapping her mouth around his cock and sucking and licking at his shaft. She began fondling his sac and running her hands around his thighs while moving rhythmically up and down.

After a few minutes of pleasure he stopped her, not sure of how much longer he would be able to hold out if she kept up her ministrations. He held out a hand to her, offering to help her off her knees. They headed towards his bedroom to get more comfortable. She glanced around his room, noticing a large bed off towards the corner. She saw that it was not a four poster and thought it to be logical. He was the type of man who would want to see around him at all times. He certainly took a page out of Moody's book with his 'CONSTANT VIGILANCE.' He guided her to his bed; it was covered in a heavy comforter, which was a rather neutral shade of khaki with white silk sheets protruding underneath. She glanced around, briefly noticing bookshelves lining the walls and a fireplace keeping the room warm. She noticed that it was unusually warm for the dungeons. There were a few chairs sitting in front of the fireplace as well, but that was all she could notice, before her lips were captured in a passionate kiss by Severus. A moan escaped her throat, as his tongue brushed her lips, silently asking for entry. She complied with his request, opening her mouth as her hands fumbled the buttons on his frock coat.

He pushed her back onto his bed, breaking their kiss. He took out his wand and vanished all of their clothing before crawling on top of her. He nipped at her neck, causing her to gasp as she entwined her hands into his hair. Severus' voice became very animalistic; he growled against her neck, "Miss Granger, when do you harvest fluxweed?"

She was mildly confused by the question's pertinence, but answered before she could even think about her response. "It must be harvested during the full moon, sir."

"Very well, and can you list the ingredients needed for the Draught of Living Death?"

As odd as it was to be answering questions about potions while she was in the middle of a tryst, she found she could not stop herself from answering, and that it had a similar effect to talking dirty. The fact that he was using a form of his teaching voice, and was talking down to her, made her wetter than she had ever imagined. "Wormwood... asphodel... sopophorus bean." She paused as a guttural moan escaped her lips as he plunged deep within her core. "And Valerian R...oh, Severus...Root."

With his thrusting becoming faster, harder, and more erratic, he asked one final question, "What, Miss Granger, is the difference between monkshood and wolfsbane?"

With her muscles clamping tightly down on his shaft, she tried to answer him in a steady and composed voice. "They are the same plant, sir." She hissed the last word as she came, muscles quivering, and her breathing heavy. He thrust into her once more as deeply as he could, before his release coated her insides. He muttered something into her neck that she did not catch.

Chapter Ten: The Softer Side of Snape

Weeks were passing rather quickly. It seemed as though Severus would be intimate and passionate when the moments were called for, but he would not initiate it. In fact, afterwards, he often acted like they never actually happened. Of course, he knew they did, and his erotic dreams haunted him with some of the things Hermione had done to him. But if he let her in, he would have to take down his protective walls. Let her see him, the real him. He was not just the snarky, ill-tempered Potions master at Hogwarts. He had not just been a spy for the Order of the Phoenix, Death Eater turned good.

There was a softer side of him; he had buried it for quite some time now. Being abused by your drunk of a father when you are not even big enough to protect yourself will crush your innocence and your soft side early on. When he got his letter from Hogwarts, he had renewed hope. Hope that he could find love, hope that he did not have to be an introspective, lonely boy any longer. His dreams were crushed yet again; the students were worse than his father! At least with his father, he would stumble into Severus's room drunk, smack him around a bit, and then leave, go pass out somewhere, and in the morning pretend it never happened. The children were relentless. They teased him about his looks, teased him about his personality, and teased him for his intelligence. He was so skinny and stringy looking because he spent most of his time shut up in a confined space.

Severus' mother had died when he was just a boy, no older than eight. She had protected him a little. Father left him alone until he reached the age of six. He beat his wife during his fits of drunken rage, but one night, Severus awoke from a nightmare crying. His father was angry then; he had been taking it out on his wife again. In his nightmare he heard high screams, and they seemed like they were coming from a woman in pain. Severus never figured out if those screams had been a dream, or if he had heard his tortured mother while he slept. It did not really matter though; his father heard his cries, and stormed into Severus' room, angrier than he had been, beat the child, screamed at him to shut up, to stop screaming and to go back to sleep.

That was only the beginning. His mother had been growing weaker all the time; she could not fight back anymore. She found the beatings did not last as long if she did not fight back, just let him take his rage out on her. When just beating on his wife did not seem enough anymore, he started on his child as well. Severus' mother died by his father's hand. It was never reported to anyone who cared enough to investigate it. He was stuck with his abusive father. Most of the time, he was just locked in his room; he would stay there for days at a time. The lack of sun made his skin grow paler every day. His hair grew limp and lank from lack of proper nutrition and was caked with dirt and oil, matted to his head.

His only escape as a child was to read. He read every book he could find in the house and committed them to his memory. By the time he was able to leave his home for Hogwarts, he had read every book in the house at least twice. Some of them were dark books, which was how he had acquired such knowledge about the Dark Arts.

When Voldemort was coming into power, Severus was interested in the group. What really intrigued him was his anti-Muggle literature. He did not know much about Muggles. He was born a half-blood, and grew up in a Muggle area, but he was not allowed to go to traditional Muggle schools. His mother had taught him how to read and write and some basic skills like Math and English. His mother had taught him everything she could before she had passed away. Other things he learned from old text books he had found in the house. He would sneak out of his room sometimes, while his father was at work, and search the house for more books. Once, his father came home from work in the middle of the day, when Severus had been sneaking around. Father was furious and dragged Severus back to his room by the ear, punching him in the face and stomach a few times before he closed and locked the door, with an order not to leave until he was instructed to do so. His father stopped at the hardware store on the way home from work that day and added a lock to the door that could only be undone by him, from the outside.

Severus had joined the Death Eaters under false pretenses. The organization slowly changed from a civilized association into a cult, run by a power-hungry maniac. It was sort of like a gang though; once you joined, you were in for life. Severus could not just quit. He had seen too many members realise they had gotten in too deep, or that it had not been what they wanted. When they tried to ask to get out, sometimes they were allowed to leave, but it was a false sense of security. The Dark Lord would give them a day, maybe a week if he was feeling generous, and then he would send someone to kill and destroy the traitor for abandoning him.

Severus had learned a very early and very thorough lesson: only the weak are soft and innocent. If you let your guard down, and let people in, they were bound to disappoint and hurt you. He cared for Hermione, he really did, but he was scared. Scared that she would hurt him, scared that she would find someone young and handsome and leave him, scared that if they had children he would become abusive, just like his father had been. That was why he was always mean and angry. It was easier for people to hate him for who they thought he was, than for him to risk himself. He tried to consider it a selfless act; he was ensuring that the circle of abuse stopped with him, at least this time.

Hermione was concerned for Severus. It had been several weeks since their last romp. Passion had taken over for them when she had visited him in the dungeons. She was perplexed by him. He definitely was attracted to her, of that she was sure. But as soon as the moment was over, she could see his walls of defense going right back up.

He looked like he had been losing sleep lately. His skin, which had become rather healthy looking, was beginning to return to a sallow-looking state. There were dark circles under his eyes, and he seemed to be losing weight too. It was hard to tell because his robes were so big and hid his body well. She needed to talk to him, but she needed to figure out how to bring up her concerns for him. She could try to take the professional approach on it, but she was not sure if it would mean more if it was her personal concern for him. She had some serious thinking to do.

Chapter Eleven: Plotting and Pornography

In class

Winter break was nearing, and most of the students would be going home. There was another fortnight of classes before the school was mostly empty. Most of the staff would leave in the days following, save for the Headmistress and her Deputy, herself, and any Heads of House that had children staying. *Maybe near Christmas would be a good time to talk to him.*

She walked down the corridor to reach her classroom. There were still a few minutes before the bell rang and children flooded the halls, heading to their next destination.

Hermione lectured about the importance of exercise today, before opening the floor up for questions from the students. She had become a bit of a confidante for the students. Questions were not always about sex anymore; they asked for relationship advice, and would mention problems at home sometimes. Some of the students had taken to seeing her in the hospital wing if they needed someone to talk to for guidance.

"Miss, I was wondering. A friend of mine said that she's been seeing an older wizard, but their relationship has been kind of hard. She loves him, but he can often be distant or mean. Do you have any advice to help her cope?"

Hermione looked at Severus with a glint in her eye. "Why don't we ask Professor Snape if he has any advice for your friend? Professor?"

He glared at her with disdain, and gave her a formidable sneer. He hated when she threw him into things like this. He sighed noticeably before he tried to answer the girl. "The problem with dating someone when there is an age gap is that there is always a different level of experience between partners. Regardless of how big or small the age gap is, there is bound to be a time when they are at different places in their lives. The older you get, the less an age gap really means, because your life changes at a slower rate and becomes more stable. If you need an example of this, just look at when you were a young child. At the age of two, you may not have been able to walk without falling often, your speech wasn't very well developed at all. Yet by the age of five or six, only about three years later, you were learning how to read. About ten years from there, you were fighting with your parents, trying to show them you're old enough to take care of yourself, and trying to become your own person. Whereas, a person who is forty has barely any difference from someone who is sixty. In the Muggle world maybe there are more differences; by sixty most adults are looking forward to retirement. But in the wizarding world, when you can live a healthy life for nearly two centuries, there is hardly a difference between a forty year old and a sixty year old." He looked over at Hermione, whose eyes had become a bit glossy with unshed tears. "Is there anything you would like to add, Miss Granger?"

"No, Professor. Does that answer your question, Miss Blane?"

"Yes, thank you Miss Granger, and Professor."

"Are there any other questions today?" Hermione asked, looking about the class.

"Miss, I heard about someone losing their diaphragm, but I thought that was in your chest. How can you lose it?"

She smiled and held back a chuckle. "It's a different type of diaphragm, Mr. Smith. Some Muggle women opt to use them. They don't protect against disease, like condoms do, but they will protect against pregnancy. It is inserted into a woman's vagina, often with some sort of spermicidal that kills sperm on contact, placed along the rim of it. It takes being rather comfortable with your own body to insert and remove, but it can stay inside of you for eight hours at a time."

"Brilliant, you don't even need to think ahead to do that!" "Would I have to fish it out... from down there afterwards?" "Wouldn't it be all slimy and gross?" Those were just some of the comments sprinkling the room.

Severus waved his arms over the classroom, causing silence. "I think there has been enough masturbation education for today. Class is nearly over, you are all dismissed." He sneered at the class as they rapidly packed their bags and scampered out the door. He turned to Hermione. She held her ground and stared at him stoically. "What is the meaning of making me answer inane questions about relationships? Did you think that you would find out about what you believe is going on between us by my advice to some teenage twit?"

Cue mood music. Song "Are You In This?" by Stroke 9

Hermione did not stumble over her words, and she did not sniffle, or give an air of hurt feelings, or a want to cry. Her words came out free of all emotion, which surprised her. "I know you have passion, Severus. I've seen it on your face when we are alone, and caught in a moment. I don't know what you want, but I'm willing to respect your wishes. I don't know what you're scared of, but I wish I could quiet your fears."

Cue change in music. Song "Himerus and Eros" by The Spill Canvas

"You probably don't think you're worth my attentions, because of your dark past. I know all about your dark past, and you know what? I love you in spite of it all. The bossy little know-it-all, who wants to change the world one problem at a time. Well, this time I want my problem to be you, Severus. I don't want to help you out of pity; I don't want to spend time with you because I don't think anyone else would. I want to spend time with you because I love you; I want to help you to become a better person for yourself, and for me. If you loathe me that much, then I'll leave you alone, but if I'm right about the fact that you don't hate me, you're just scared, I want to help you through it. Even if we don't work, there will be someone out there who will love you, and need you, despite what you think you are."

Hermione climbed off her soapbox with tears in her eyes. She did not wait for a response, because she did not think she would get one. She gathered up her parchment and headed towards the door. She had a hospital wing to attend to. She swept out of the classroom in a manner that would have made Severus proud, if he had not just pushed her too far and caused her to sweep herself right out of his life.

Cue music. "The Truth" by Good Charlotte

Three days later, after dinner

Severus had taken time to think out his predicament and decide what he wanted to do. It took him a few days to get around to it, but he realised he was a right old bastard. He stole into Hogsmeade, under the pretense of needing to get some ingredients. He picked up a single red rose from the local florist, and headed up to the hospital wing to see Hermione. He opened the door softly, with the flower hidden behind his back. He did not see Hermione bustling about, so he knocked on the door to her office.

"Yes?"

He opened the door and drank in his view. She looked terrible; her hair was a mess, her make-up was smeared from her crying, and her eyes were red and puffy. "Hermione," he whispered.

"Severus," she responded coldly. He held out his flower as a peace offering.

"You were right, you know."

"What about?" she asked, determined to make him say the words and not just insinuate his ability to be a prat.

"Me." Was the only response he offered her.

"You admit that you acted the part of an ass-gremlin?"

"Yes, Hermione, I've been a huge ass-gremlin."

"And, how about a punkass, do you admit to being one of them too?"

"Yes, I was a punkass as well."

"And, how about to being a hateful, self-absorbed bastard?"

"I was a hateful, self-absorbed bastard." He sighed before he continued. "Hermione, I'll admit to being anything you want me to. I was a punkass, an ass-gremlin, a prat, the great greasy git of the dungeons. I'll admit to anything that you wish to use to define my personality and actions. I'll do any of this as long as I can keep you as my company, and we can try to figure out how to make me less of a sadistic son-of-a-bitch."

She laughed at his words. It was not a laugh of mockery, it was a laugh of relief and amusement. He loved her! She had her snarky Potions master back, and that was the greatest news she could have ever hoped for.

"I'm glad you feel that way. There is only so long a girl can cry over a heartless, old fool." She closed the gap between them, before wrapping her arms around his neck and passionately kissing the man of her dreams.

Notes (ch 9): A kilo is 2.2 pounds. That part was random knowledge on my part. I don't remember where I found it, but only ten percent of eleven-year-olds weigh 30 kilos, or right around 70 pounds. I think the 50 percentile was around 40 kilos.

As for that little scene at the end there, I recall reading a story recently that had a similar scene to it. I forget what it was called, but Hermione worked as a burlesque girl to pay for university. If there were a lot of similarities between the scenes it was completely unintentional and I apologise in advance.

Notes (ch 11): Thanks for everyone who read this to the end. I hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it. If you noticed anything in here similar to other fanfics, I do apologize. I've read an obscene amount of it as of late, and perhaps threw together some original ideas with whatever I had read lately, unintentionally of course. This story was all in good fun; it was a bit of parody, a bit of humor and a few darker bits to keep the plot running.

I'd like to give one more gigantic thanks to my lovely betas, HP_BNC and hp4freak! Thanks for all the help that admin, and NotSoSainly have provided me with.

Remember, a little snark makes the world go round =)

muzic

PS: In the event that you wish to vote for any fic posted in the "Sex Ed at Hogwarts" Challenge you may do so at the Potter Place yahoo group, I think around Aug 26th.

PPS: I know it's not very British to say "ass" but I suppose that was my personal vocabulary coming through. I'm notorious to referring to people as 'punkass' or 'ass-gremlin'. Punkass generally isn't a put down coming from me, but ass-gremlin generally is.