

The Livre Noir of Sex Ed

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The Board of Governors has mandated a Sex Ed course. Will Hermione's extra research bring her more trouble than she bargained for?

Faulty Research

Chapter 1 of 1

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This is my first fanfic, and since I usually have a great deal of difficulty being serious, I decided to combine The Sex Ed and The Little Black Book challenges just for my own entertainment. This is simply a parody of J.K.R.'s work as well as fanfics I find entertaining (and a few I don't). If there are things that seem to be cliché, trust me, I did it on purpose. I couldn't bring myself to borrow the characters and not have a little fun with them.

Hermione settled into her usual desk in the Transfiguration classroom. Shuffling through her books, she tried to ensure the concealment of her 'peu de livre noir,' a black Muggle journal that she had enchanted using the 'Livre Noir' Spell she had learned from none other than Ginny Weasley. She was extraordinarily curious as to what the new emergency course could possibly be. 'It must be very important for the Board of Governors to have owed the requirements at dinner time,' she thought.

A very officious looking Ministry owl had dropped a package into Dumbledore's lemon custard near the end of dessert just a short while ago. A solemn look on his bespectacled face, he had left the Great Hall before returning only fifteen minutes later and discussing the contents of the package with the deputy headmistress. She looked very displeased with whatever the news was. Dumbledore had immediately announced that all seventh-year Gryffindors and Slytherins needed to report to the Transfiguration classroom immediately following dinner. Ravenclaws and Hufflepuffs were informed that their seventh years were required to meet in the Charms classroom.

'Poor Hufflepuffs,' Hermione thought. 'It just seems a little unfair to pair them with Ravenclaws for almost everything pertaining to academics.' Sitting back up in her chair before glancing to her left at the shock of red hair that one would have assumed was attached to something dead by its lack of movement were it not for the loud snores issuing from it, she amended her previous thought. 'Then again, poor Ravenclaws.'

At that very moment there was a commotion in the teachers' lounge as Dumbledore explained to the staff exactly what this emergency class was about.

"Absolutely not," stated Minerva McGonagall coldly. Her face was turning an odd sort of plum shade under her spectacles in her attempt to keep from losing her temper. "It is the responsibility of the parents to explain that sort of thing to the children. That is the way it has always been done."

"Possibly," said Snape icily, "the parents are, shall we say, *struggling* with a way to keep from adding insult to injury in their families."

"What exactly is that supposed to mean?" queried Pomona Sprout.

"As evidenced by the number of our dear students reproducing before graduation," Snape said softly. He looked at his colleague, seemingly finding her intelligence to be somewhere around the level of those they were discussing. "I suppose that what they obviously lack in planning, they surely make up for in an *enthusiasm* that, dare I say, does not seem to be present in children," he finished, the hint of a smile curving his thin lips.

"Severus is correct. The students taking the course will all be of age and in their seventh year. Aside from this very important fact, there has been a mandate from the Board of Governors. We must choose our battles carefully, and this sexual education course constitutes a much needed addition to the curriculum here at Hogwarts."

"Fine," said McGonagall scornfully. The look on her face clearly indicated what she thought of the whole mess.

"As we have, unfortunately, not been provided with adequate time to locate a professor for the course, I have been required to hastily make arrangements. I have found an expert on the subject who will be alternating between classrooms while each of you," he glanced around the lounge, "will take a turn assisting her due to her lack of experience in the classroom," he said as he walked over to the fireplace before grabbing a pinch of Floo powder from the mantel and putting his head through.

"Are you ready, Molly?" he inquired.

A stunned gasp went through the faculty lounge. "Well, well, it does seem that he has managed to procure the assistance of the foremost expert," Snape said silkily. He received a sharp elbow in the ribs from McGonagall, who then sent a pointed glance to Rolanda Hooch, whose laughter subsided into small hiccupping noises, then silence. Snape lounged in his chair, obviously unrepentant.

"Yes, I'll be through in just a moment," the room heard before Albus withdrew his head and a plump, ginger haired matron stepped over the edge of the fireplace and into the room. Hastily wiping her brow with the corner of her apron, she cleaned off the soot from her travel. Setting her bag at her feet, she looked around the room at the other occupants, searching for the faces most familiar to her.

"Hello, Minerva," she said beaming at her friend after deciding that if she could ignore Severus's comments for a few decades, she could ignore them today as well. She did, after all, have an example to set for students now.

"Hello, Molly. How is Arthur doing?" Minerva inquired. She promptly returned the other woman's smile with her own prim one.

"Ah, perfect. I don't see why I didn't think of it before! Thank you for volunteering Minerva," said Albus. His blue eyes mischievously twinkled as he observed their greeting.

"Pardon? For wha...", she began to respond.

"No need to thank me. I do believe, however, that there are students eagerly awaiting your arrival in your classroom," Dumbledore said. He shoed the two women from the lounge as Minerva gave him a look that screamed of at least a week of pussy probation.

'I'll have to make it up to her later, so she doesn't decide that claws on my genitals are proper retribution,' he thought warily. 'On the bright side, I finally have the break from sex that I was hoping for. I am so very tired! Now where did I put those damn lemon drops? Ah, there they are,' he thought. Shuffling through his pockets, he turned to face the remainder of the faculty once again as he popped the candy into his mouth.

"Filius, you will be teaching the other classroom this evening followed by Pomona tomorrow evening. Severus..."

"Ah, yes," Snape said, steeping his fingers. "I believe I can take off one night from the joys of marking their essays so that I may once again, after a lovely day of attempting to educate them, experience the delirium I get when in all of their presences."

"That is the nicest thing I've ever heard him say about the little dears," whispered Professor Sprout to Madame Hooch. Rolanda wanted to tell the plump woman that the statement was actually Severus's way of complaining, but didn't want to ruin her mood. Instead of enlightening her, she chose to simply give her a reassuring pat on her arm.

"Ronald Bilus Weasley! You lift your head from that desk this instant. Is this what I'm sending you to school for? So you can sleep throughout the entire day? I swear you're worse than your father was until he found out about the Muggle potion, Espresso."

Once again Arthur's inventive words for items of Muggle origin found themselves surfacing in unlikely places.

Groggily, the red hairy lump next to Hermione stirred before lifting itself to expose a freckled face with large blue eyes. Blinking them a few times to adjust to the light of the classroom, Ron turned to Hermione. "I just had a horrible nightmare that my mum was here at Hogwarts. Here. Yelling at me! Something about waking up. It was ghastly," he continued, all the while ignoring the attempts Hermione was making to tell him turn around. When he finally turned, he was greeted by a frowning Molly Weasley. The Slytherins, as well as a good number of Gryffindors snickered.

Molly decided that for the sake of not having a scene on her first day of employment at her new job, she needed to join Minerva, who had already made her way to the front of the classroom. Nodding at Molly briefly before turning to face the classroom, McGonagall began the lesson.

"Now, I'm sure you are all dying to know what this new class is that has been mandated by the board and unfortunately cuts into your evening studies as there is no other time available to conduct it," McGonagall said to the class.

Hermione nodded eagerly at this. Beaming at her cub, Minerva continued. "It is an extremely important subject that is to be regarded seriously and with the utmost respect of the material and your classmates."

She paused briefly to give each of her fidgeting students a glance that caused them to fidget even more. "Graciously, Molly Weasley, the expert in the topic matter to be discussed, has agreed to assist in teaching the sexual education course. Myself and other members of the staff will be sharing the responsibility of overseeing the classroom and providing supplemental material."

"I suppose we're bugged when it comes time to learn about birth control," Draco whispered to his two goons. Crabbe and Goyle snickered appreciatively.

"That will be all from you, Mr. Malfoy," McGonagall said.

'She had to know something about birth control to have stopped after Ginny,' thought Hermione. She knew that a witch's childbearing years far surpassed the duration of that of their Muggle counterparts. She was eagerly looking forward to learning everything she possibly could in this class. Over the past year and a half she had been conducting her own research due to the gross lack of material in the Hogwarts library on sexual practices in the wizarding world.

She had unfortunately been forced to rely on Muggle contraceptives. It seemed that the belief about them in the wizarding world fell under the list of topics people seemed to feel one's mother should explain. It had been embarrassing when she had wanted to make Blaise wear a condom, only to have him chuckle before showing her a few of the STD prevention charms he had learned from his father. After her session with Blaise, she promised herself never to be so poorly prepared again. Earlier this summer she had cast a glamour over herself before sneaking off to order books on various sexual practices from the annex of a popular brothel. She was still hoping for a chance to sneak off to Knockturn Alley to pick up the titles she had ordered.

"Hello, class! I suppose we should begin with a question and answer session just to see where everyone is in their knowledge of human sexuality," Molly said cheerfully. Hermione smiled at the stout woman as her hand shot in the air. Now here was someone who could explain a great many things to her about sex that would enhance her personal research, all while she hid behind the guise of inquiring know-it-all.

"Yes, Hermione?"

"Mrs. Weasley, would you please describe for me the most common thing that happens for a witch losing her virginity?" Hermione asked.

"Are you inquiring about vaginal or anal, sweetheart?" Molly responded. This was met with the shock of many students and, given the greenish hue overcoming his face, the disgust of Ron.

"Vaginal, please," Hermione responded. She had lost all of her virginities with the exception of vaginal during the course of her research. She knew that her virgin blood was a powerful ingredient in various potions, and she wanted to ensure that she knew how to properly collect it before losing that particular cherry. 'Waste not, want not,' she thought.

"Very well. There is a very important procedure that should be observed when one is losing their vaginal virginity."

Hermione's ears perked up. Here it was, just the juicy tidbit that she had been waiting for! Her quill poised above her parchment, and she waited, an anticipatory gleam in her brown eyes.

"You should have a cloth that has some kind of special meaning to you to place under yourself as you are being deflowered. Now this cloth can be made of any material, but it must be charmed to..."

Ron's face turned various shades during the remainder of the hour-long lesson ranging from deep crimson to olive green. Hermione's quill barely left her parchment except for when she was getting more ink, as Molly answered the students' many questions.

Then it came, the one thing that made Hermione's jaw drop in abject horror and her facial expression match the one that Ron had been wearing for the vast majority of the class.

"I really do think it is important for all of you to learn about the loss of your anal virginity. That's actually quite a bit more complicated than your vaginal and produces a far more valuable potion ingredient. The proper process for this involves..."

Hermione stared ahead numbly, barely hearing the words as she scratched them out onto her parchment. All she could think was, 'How could I have been such an *imbecile*?'