

Day Of The Dead

by Wolf Moonshadow

An Aztec scarf promises to give Hermione an especially memorable day. Written for the GrangerSnape100 LiveJournal challenge, "Hermione's Bad Day." Warning: Crude humor laced with bad taste.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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DISCLAIMERS: JKR's still the millionaire who owns all these characters, I'm just a fan who's gone off the deep end.

AN: Hubby and I should never be allowed to play together, as this is the end result. It just got sicker the more was written. You have been warned. Credit for the Avocado curse goes to LariLee. Written for the GrangerSnape100 LiveJournal challenge, "Hermione's bad day."

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I just knew it was going to be a bad day when the stone gargoyle fell off the astronomy tower and squashed me to death.

Barely five minutes after Severus resurrected me, I choked to death on a sherbet lemon.

Again Hubby brought me back with an irritated flick of his wand and a scowl. "Hermione, my dear, you really must be more careful. I've still far too much *use* for you"

Oh, there was that damnable lascivious eyebrow lift he just knew always made me wet. No time now to tear those billowing robes off, I was late. Damn.

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My deaths this morning had made me late for my Advanced Charms students, so I turned to rush to class. Of course, I tripped on that damned Aztec scarf, cracked my head on the pavers, and killed myself.

"Hermione!" Severus revived me with an exasperated frown. "I *did* warn you about this Day-Of-The-Dead Celebration Sash. Aztec Temporary Death Magic is so. . . finicky."

"You could have told me that I'd be dying all day *before* I tied the bloody thing on! I thought it just another colorful scarf."

Severus snorted sarcastically. "Well, only forty-seven more fatalities to go."

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Well, Professor Hermione Snape certainly had a treat for *her* class! Forty-seven to go, eh? I supposed the little buggers needed to learn the effects of Unforgivables sometime. It turns out getting AK-ed thirty times in a row is not only bloody painful, but gets damned boring after awhile. Being a corpse in between was almost restful. Until little Lazarus Longbottom tried....

He wobbled his wand in my general direction and shrieked, "*Avocado Kadaver!*"

I spent the next ten minutes as undead guacamole until Severus stopped chuckling his arse off.

Oh yes, it was shaping up as a bad day.

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After forty-nine deaths, I'd been decapitated by wayward Boomslangs, disemboweled by caterpillars, Skrewt-blasted, Troll-mashed, even nuzzled to death by cuddly Kneazles!

This miserable, deadly day was nearly over. We were finally back in our dungeon suite, and dear Severus was making mad, passionate love to me. *Ahhh*, the pinnacle of ecstasy! I died in orgasmic bliss.

"Hermione!" Severus gave me an annoyed frown, then finished off with a spot of necrophilia.

Of course, when I revived, there was only one thing to do. I tied him to the headboard with that bloody Aztec Sash and enthusiastically fucked him to death.