

A Treat of the Trick

by Wolf Moonshadow

Lazarus Longbottom's potion, some Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes, Hallowe'en chocolates, and a bubble bath; what will happen if you mix them?

A set of 100 word drabbles, written for the Granger/Snape 100 "Trick-or-Treat" challenge.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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DISCLAIMERS: JKR is the millionaire who owns Severus and Hermione, I'm just the hack eating all the Hallowe'en chocolate I swiped from her when she wasn't looking.

AUTHOR'S NOTES: 'Trick-or-Treat' only counts as one word, doesn't it? Please? This is just another set of silly 100 word drabbles, written for the LiveJournal Granger/Snape 100 'Trick-or-Treat' challenge by Hubby and myself. I'm really starting to enjoy writing with Hubby, especially when it involves chocolate.

WARNINGS: Some squicky chocolate scenes, a malevolent bubble bath, and an admittedly awful alliteration attempt.

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Lazarus Longbottom puffed and wheezed, hauling the big box from Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes up the steps to his second-years' dormitory. This was it! With a little Weasley ingenuity to help, he just knew he could get Minnie Snape to really notice him! He'd give the Headmaster's daughter the best Hallowe'en treat ever! For the first time in his very short wizarding career, he felt completely confident in his ability to make a potion do what he intended. Little could Longbottom conceive of the carnal consternation he'd consequently cause to the copious conjugal couplings of Headmaster Snape and Professor Granger.

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"What are you doing?" Minnie snarled at Laz as he started dumping the contents of odd bottles into the bubble bath potion they were supposed to be making together.

With mounting anxiety she noticed the infamous Triple-W logo on the bottles.

Stern-eyed Professor Granger-Snape was momentarily distracted helping Jubal Knott extract scent glands from his chamomile carbuncles. Any minute though, Mum was going to notice the illicit ingredients Lazarus was adding, and a royal conniption was doomed to ensue.

"Don't worry," Lazarus assured her as he hid away the now-empty bottles. "This'll really fix your 'Trick-or-Treat' tonight, and fool your parents."

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Minerva Snape had to admit the plan was brilliant, even if it was a *Longbottom* plot. She would've never thought of converting her mum's cosmetic potion assignment into a candy re-configuration solution, although she was still a bit dubious about adding Weasley Boil Bath™ to the concoction. She firmly tossed all doubts aside. No more hideous Peppermint Toadstools this Hallowe'en! Tonight, dear dad would take her 'Trick-or-Treating' throughout Hogwarts, and then she'd transform all her Hallowe'en booty to glorious chocolate! Of course, Minnie never gave a passing thought to the sample of potion Mum collected from everybody for grading purposes....

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Hermione refused to have anything to do with the crass commercialization of this American Muggle import, even if it was all the rage with the younger students: *Trick-or-Treat!* Harrumph! She just couldn't understand the appeal of dressing up as the Muggle conception of a 'witch'--complete with long fake nose and rubber warts--then extorting sweets from all the professors and staff about the castle.

Severus had agreed go with darling Minnie this year and Hermione was sure rounds with the Headmaster would do wonders for the little scamp's sweeties haul. Meanwhile, Hermione planned a relaxing bath as she waited....

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Hermione sank into the delightful chocolate scented waters to which she'd blithely added her daughter's latest class potion. A veritable Terror-Scamp Minnie may be, but, like dear Severus, she had a real knack for potions, especially bubble baths.

Closing her eyes, Hermione simply soaked. Languidly, she drifted in bubbling waters that tingled with surprising little pinprick sparkles of hot and cold. She ran her hands lightly over her slick nude flesh in unconsciously erotic patterns, dreaming of Severus; never giving a thought to the way the water continued to gently roil and boil long after it should have stopped.

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Hermione awoke with a start as she heard Severus entering their dungeon suite, and hauled herself out of the now tepid water.

"Well, I've finally got Minerva settled into bed with enough treats to make her... What the hell happened to YOU?"

Hermione glanced in the mirror and gasped. Her entire body was covered with huge, angry blisters. Thick dark goo dribbled down her forehead from broken lesions, and an ugly boil on the edge of her breast popped, spewing brown ichor across her chest. It didn't really hurt, exactly, but it did cause a most disturbingly erotic tingling sensation.

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Severus stared at his wife in horrified fascination as more hideous boils began to rupture, coating her body in the brownish goo. Their eyes met in fearful despair.

He cautiously touched a finger to the glop, sniffed it, then raised it to his lips.

"Sev..." Hermione warned.

Severus suddenly grinned, dipped his head to her chest, and suckled eagerly at a nipple. Expertly, he swirled his tongue 'round the hardening nub, and murmured in delight, "Mmmm, chocolate!"

Slowly, he proceeded to give her the best tongue lashing of her life, spending the rest of Hallowe'en Eve in cacao-induced orgasmic bliss.