

If This Is a Spell Gone Wrong, I Don't Want to Be Right!

by Good_Witch

Professor Hermione Granger is surprised by a desperate Professor Snape after a Slytherin scuffle. What highly unusual situation results from a spell gone wrong, and why is it not so disastrous after all?

one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: SnivellusSnape got me ruminating on doing a response for November's Dirty Dozen challenge on another site after betaing her response. So, call this inspiration if you will... LOL Thanks to Ladyofthemasque for the quick beta work, and you smut fans can thank her for the actual smut being included (it wasn't originally). Hope you enjoy my silly little foray into a fun challenge! Edited to add: check the end of the fic for the dozen words required to be used.

If This Is a Spell Gone Wrong, I Don't Want to Be Right!

So there I was, curled up in front of my sitting room fire in my flannel robe and fluffy slippers, a pot of tea and a plate of chocolate biscuits at my elbow, reading the Daily Prophet, when I was startled by a frantic pounding on my door. Wondering if perhaps there was a problem with the Gryffindors, I hurried to see who was banging incessantly.

Assuming my stern Head of House face, I flung open the door, to be met with a wall of black. My eyes travelled up to see Severus Snape towering over me in the doorway, a manic glint in his eyes, lank hair hanging dishevelled about his face.

"Severus! What are you doing here?"

I was surprised to see him. Even though I had been the Charms professor for several years now...having come back a few years after the war had ended...and he, too, had taken up his post as Potions Master...having been cleared of all charges by the Wizengamot...he still wasn't the sociable type. Granted, we had become friendly over the years, but he was still the same taciturn man, albeit with a few silver strands in those greasy black locks.

His voice was strained as he said, "Professor Granger, I need your help."

Concerned, considering how resourceful and powerful this particular wizard was, I ushered him inside, shutting the door behind us. "What's wrong?"

One hand ran through his hair in obvious agitation, and the other clutched a potion bottle. "There was a fight among the Slytherins again. When I went to intervene, the imbeciles wouldn't stop! I stepped between them to stop the altercation, and I was hit from both sides."

My hands flew up to cover my mouth as I gasped. "No! Are you all right? What happened? Do we need to get you to Madam Pomfrey?"

His face contorted into a rictus of disgust and he shuddered. "Good gods, no! Because I was hit at the same time from both sides, they've somehow interacted into a spell gone wrong." He paused and his eyes rolled back in defeat as he muttered, "A spell gone *horribly* wrong..."

Impulsively, I reached out and gripped his arm in sympathy. At my touch, his gaze snapped to mine, and I suddenly felt like I was trying to stare down a hippogriff. Taken aback and worried, I offered weakly, "What can I do to help?"

He kept me pinned with that intense gaze and ground out, "Professor Granger...Hermione..."

His concession to address me by name made me worry even more. It was so unlike him! Fear trickled through my veins like ice.

Desperation washed over his expression and he said, "You are the only person in the whole castle that I can go to. I wouldn't ask you if it weren't the only choice..."

"Severus, you're scaring me. What's going on?"

His whole body drew up, practically inflating with pent-up energy. It was obvious that it was costing him no little effort to speak. "The spell's effect is physical." I nodded encouragingly. "It has rendered me *painfully* aroused...stimulated to the point of agony! Any attempts at... 'self-medication'... have only worsened the problem. It's only by virtue of decades of practice at self-control that I haven't accosted someone thus far."

I blinked. My brain stalled. I tried to speak, but the only sound was my breath sighing out of me like air out of a balloon. Grappling with the unbelievable situation that he presented me with, I cast about for something else to think about. Blinking again, I noticed the bottle. Jerking my chin at it, I blurted, "What's that?"

He took a deep breath and swallowed, closing his eyes in humiliated resignation. "A contraceptive potion. I had the presence of mind to realize that if you were to help me in my predicament, undoubtedly you would not want to take the chance of a baby resulting from the liaison."

Owl-eyed, I stared at him. "Are you serious?"

The manic glint flashed again, and his free hand grabbed mine, pressing it to his groin as he stepped forward. Through his loose robes, I could feel his erection. It was rock hard and felt like it would burn a hole through the fabric. The plea in his voice was clear when he said, "This is no joking matter. I can't go back out there. I don't know how much longer I can maintain control. I can't take the chance of assaulting a student, and *please* don't subject me to any of the rest of the staff!"

One part of my overwrought brain recognized the horror in that prospect and shuddered in sympathy. Another part was interested despite myself in the promise I felt against my palm. Fireworks chased through my body, ending in my gut. I would never admit to anyone...other than a diary whose existence I will deny to this day...that I spent far too many lonely nights with just a vibrator for company.

I locked eyes with him again, seeing the raw emotions swirling in them...humiliation, desperation, appeal, lust, apprehension... Throwing caution to the wind, I took the bottle from him and downed the dose, choking and spluttering at the foetid taste. Before I collapsed in a fit of coughs, I saw the relief and gratitude drown the other emotions, overpowering in their intensity.

"Water!" I choked, and he thankfully Summoned a glass for me. Draining the glass, I warily lifted my gaze to him again, and he extended his hand to me. I took it, and he pulled me to my feet.

A murmured, "Thank you," fell from his lips as he closed the distance between us, cradling my head in both hands and pouncing on me with a demanding, plundering kiss.

Oh. Oh my. Oh my my my my...

Never would I have imagined that Severus Snape could kiss so well. Captured by his strength, held prisoner by his authority, my lace knickers were suddenly drenched with my excitement. My hands wound around him and slipped along his shoulders. He pressed against me, and the heat of his cock warmed my belly. Abruptly, he pulled away and purred, "My dear, as you've been so kind as to help me with such an unusually intimate problem, I would like to do my best to ensure that the experience is not unduly traumatic. That said, shall we adjourn to your bedroom, where we might be more comfortable?"

A faint affirmative sound emerged from my throat, and I led him to my room in a daze, the door echoing in the chamber as it shut behind us.

The flare of embarrassment that I felt at the sight of my favourite old teddy bear ensconced in the place of honour on my pillow evaporated in the shock of being backed against the bed and unceremoniously pushed over. Still, I managed to knock the stuffed toy to the floor while my robe was ripped open by insistent hands.

Once my robe was open, Severus abandoned my mouth and began trailing wet kisses down my chest. I heard cloth rustling, and a moment later I saw his black robes go flying toward the wall. That attracted my attention, and I peered down at the crown of his head where he had worked his way down to my belly. I saw bare, pale shoulders flexing as he was clearly unfastening his trousers.

My head was spinning, utterly overwhelmed by the surreal sequence of events. Abruptly, he pulled away, sinking back on his heels between my knees at the edge of the bed. Struggling to lift myself up on my elbows, I blinked down at him. As if I could register any more shocks to the system, I was astonished to see the most feral grin I had even seen gracing his usually saturnine face.

Apparently the stain was visible on my knickers, as he glanced down and then cocked a relieved eyebrow at me, saying, "Well well well... I must say that I am quite gratified that you seem to be...well, if not entirely willing, at least *open to suggestion*." I didn't know how to respond to that, but he didn't wait long for an answer. Instead, he reached up and hooked his fingers under the waist of my knickers and tugged them down my legs with a flourish.

I stifled a squeak, feeling my face burning, but I couldn't stifle the moan that escaped when he suddenly buried his face between my legs, pushing my heels up onto the edge of the bed. Deft fingers traced my flesh as that sharp tongue worked wordless magic in my centre. My eyes rolled back and I closed them at the deep groan that vibrated his lips against me.

I felt the tension coiling in my belly, and I knew he was bringing me closer to my peak; but, before I could get there, he stopped. A wail of frustration made him snort as he stood, his erection bobbing. His strong hands made quick work of shifting me further onto the bed, and he climbed between my spread legs, guiding himself home.

Oh! Bloody hell! Oh, sweet fucking mother of bloody Merlin...

A sigh of supreme relief whooshed out of him at the same time I gasped, feeling him fill me. Once again, that faint whispered, "Thank you," met my ears before he descended on me with more heated kisses, his hips flexing and rocking, stoking the fires within me.

With every thrust, he ground against me, sending shocks of pleasure racing over me. Goose flesh erupted on my skin as the tingles grew. It didn't take long before I was gasping and moaning in encouragement, and his answering grunts and growls heightened the sensations.

Ooooh....

There it was. Remember those fireworks I mentioned earlier? Yeah. They're back. And this time they're *everywhere*. When I climaxed, it spurred him on, and his roar of satisfaction was unnervingly primal and sexy. His frenzied pace wound down, and I shuddered with aftershocks, rather taken aback to be enjoying the feel of his long body covering mine.

As soon as he caught his breath, he made as if to separate from me, and I hastily grabbed him, stopping his movement. A puzzled frown creased his face as he looked at me. I bit my lip and swallowed hard.

"No need to rush..." At that, his brows climbed toward his hairline in surprise. One corner of his mouth quirked up, and I hazarded a lopsided smile before pulling him down for a kiss.

Let's just say that my bedroom door didn't open again till the next morning...

Behind that door, I had the best shag I've had in years, from someone I had never even considered for that purpose! Such a bizarre start to a relationship, but at least we knew we were compatible in bed. Severus was going to insist that those Slytherins be expelled, but I convinced him not to, as we had them to thank for bringing us together for some fantastic sex. He grudgingly conceded, but those two miscreants will be scrubbing with Filch for the rest of the school year.

Oh, and that vibrator I mentioned? It's been shamefully neglected as of late. Perhaps it's time to introduce the two of them, to see what kind of magic *that* combination can make...

The Dirty Dozen for November were:

1. A hippogriff
2. A balloon
3. A pot of tea
4. Fluffy slippers
5. Fireworks
6. Ice
7. A spell gone wrong
8. Lace
9. A diary
10. A baby
11. Water
12. A vibrator