

The 12 Days of Christmas

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A merry trip through the 12 days of Christmas with the professor and his apprentice.

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This is incredibly AU. Since it is the season to be jolly, let's forget HBP ever happened at all for just a moment....

On the first day of Christmas, my "true love" gave to me...

... a detention?!

"Excuse me? " He couldn't....

"I don't know why I ever chose to take you on as an apprentice. Oh, that's right. I didn't choose you; Albus did. Any apprentice would have chosen would have had all her listening faculties intact.

"I suppose I'm forced to repeat myself then. You will report to the classroom tomorrow at noon where you will be cleaning the cauldrons left by the students before the holiday." Severus smirked as the look on Hermione's face went from abashed to incredulous.

"Tomorrow is Christmas Day, *sir*. Not even *you* would deny your apprentice a day off on Christmas." At least, she didn't think he would. Would he?

"Christmas is just another day in my book."

"You know, it was just a game. *You* were the one who chose 'Truth.' Perhaps 'Dare' would have been the wiser choice. In any case, it's not like there were any students present. What happens in the staff room stays in the staff room."

It was her turn to smirk. Wizard Truth or Dare in the staff room hadn't been her idea...in fact, it had been Trelawney's apprentice who had suggested it, no doubt having 'Seen' what would transpire and not being able to resist.

"But you didn't have to ask ...*that* question." He glared at her.

"I saw nothing wrong with asking if you wore boxers or briefs." Well, that wasn't *entirely* true. "It's a commonplace question ... among Muggles. Although, I have to admit 'Neither' was not the answer I was expecting...." She almost laughed, but wisely kept it in check.

Severus drew himself up to his full height, looked down his haughty nose, and swirled away, calling over his shoulder: "Detention. Noon. Potions classroom. Don't be late, Miss Granger."

On the second day of Christmas, my "true love" gave to me...

... two extra glares, and (another) detention?!

"You're late." He glared at her.

Honestly, he'd better be careful, or his face would freeze that way.

"Merry Christmas to you, too. And I'm not late."

"It is 12:01 ... and 24 seconds."

"Well, I can see what *you* got for Christmas," Hermione replied dryly.

"Yes, Minerva has good taste, doesn't she?" Severus admired the heaviness of the timepiece on his arm.

"Very appropriate."

Severus glared at her from under hooded eyes. "I suppose you know what this means, don't you?"

It was her turn to glare.

On the third day of Christmas, my "true love" gave to me...

... three graceless grunts, two extra glares, and (another) detention?!

"This brush is worn out. Do you have any others?" Hermione rubbed her nose with the back of her tarnish-blackened hand.

"Mmph."

Even the shock of fallen hair didn't hide the fact that his hawk-like beak was stuck in a Potions journal, like it had been for the past hour and a half.

"Shall I even bother repeating myself, I wonder?" she asked herself sarcastically.

"Hrm."

She blew a ticklish curl out of her face and rubbed her nose viciously. "Well then, since you aren't paying any attention to me, I can get this done much quicker...."

"Ugh."

"Mm-hmm." She shook her head in disgust, took out her wand, pointed it at the cauldron, and whispered, *Scourgify*."

"And that will be yet *another* detention, Miss Granger."

She didn't even have to look in his direction to see that his nose was still buried in that damn journal.

"You would think there would be a law against slave labor," she muttered under her breath.

On the fourth day of Christmas, my "true love" gave to me...

... four scathing insults, three graceless grunts, two extra glares, and (another) detention?!

"But I finished the cauldrons yesterday, Professor. It's impossible for there to be more."

"Nothing's impossible, as someone of your *apparent* brainpower obviously *should* be aware." His lip twisted in a sneer.

"There must be something else that needs doing besides cleaning out cauldrons ... chopping ingredients, reorganizing the stock room ... hell, I'd even do windows!"

A solitary eyebrow arched toward his hairline. "Windows in a dungeon. Hm ... loan any brain cells to Potter and Weasley recently?"

"It's a figure of speech, *Professor*."

"Well, why don't you put a halt to the speech and put that figure to some good use ... for a change?"

Hermione stared at the professor, dumbstruck.

"You put a charm on these cauldrons, didn't you, Professor? I could scrub these every day from now until the holiday was over, and they would still need cleaning. In fact, I think I recognize that bit of burnt-on crud...."

"Bravo, Miss Granger. I hope that mental exercise didn't hurt *too* much."

Oooh, she was going to *get* him for this one of these days.

On the fifth day of Christmas, my "true love" gave to me...

... five free minutes! ... four scathing insults, three graceless grunts, two extra glares, and (another) detention?!

"I'm assuming you haven't placed a charm on these essays, so that they would ungrade themselves at the end of the day perhaps?" She added yet another piece of parchment to the 'finished' pile.

"To assume makes an *ass* out of *u* and *me*," he quipped.

"Hilarious. And very unoriginal, I might add."

"You might."

"I hope when I grow *old*, my petrified brain will be able to come up with something less ... age-worn."

Severus glared at her a moment, speechless.

"Of course, you know..."

"That I'll be back tomorrow for another detention for my impertinence, yes. Anything else, Professor, before I get back to grading these essays?"

She must have imagined the slight upward turn of his mouth.

"Yes. I always find taking five minutes away from the ink fumes clears my head and makes the essays easier to grade."

"*You* are giving *me* a five minute break?"

Severus glanced at his watch. "Well, now it's four minutes and forty-five seconds."

Damn that watch. She leapt from the desk before another second was lost.

On the sixth day of Christmas, my "true love" gave to me...

... a six-pack of butterbeer, five free minutes! ... four scathing insults, three graceless grunts, two extra glares, and (another) detention?!

"You know, you are completely to blame for my incredibly unexciting holiday. I haven't even got to Hogsmeade since the students left," Hermione complained.

"Welcome to my world."

"Yes, well, you've no one to blame but yourself ... Seems like we have something in common," she quipped as she dipped her quill red to stencil in a comma on a student's otherwise perfect essay.

"And what would you be doing in Hogsmeade that would be so terribly *exciting*?" Severus deadpanned.

"Well, buy some more quills for one..."

"Oh, yes. That is how I dream of spending a Saturday night."

"I wasn't finished." She glared in Severus' direction. "I haven't been to the Three Broomsticks without a student present since last summer. I'm in dire need of an evening with a butterbeer and a good book in Madam Rosmerta's best corner."

He had the nerve to look amused. "You've got to be kidding."

"What?" she said defensively.

"A 'night on the town' for *you* is a good book and a butterbeer, sitting alone at a table surrounded by a horde of inebriated, loud-mouthed idiots?"

"Would you rather I join the inebriated horde? I'm sure you'd say that I already had the 'loud-mouthed' part down pat."

"You said it; I didn't."

Without preamble, Severus stood and stalked into his office, where Hermione heard rummaging and a bit of under-the-breath oath-making. He returned, carrying a six-pack of bottles in one hand.

"Here." He thrust the cardboard carrier, which held the six precious bottles of butterbeer apart, into her hand.

"What's this?" She looked up at him, wide-eyed.

"Consider it a late Christmas present. I take it you've got the 'good book' and 'secluded corner' part taken care of."

She nodded mutely.

On the seventh day of Christmas, my "true love" gave to me...

... seven lacewing flies, a six-pack of butterbeer, five free minutes! ... four scathing insults, three graceless grunts, two extra glares, and (another) detention?!

"What are these for?" Hermione asked as she took the tiny jar from Severus' outstretched hand.

"They're lacewing flies. I thought that was pretty obvious."

"Of course they're lacewing flies. I asked what they are *for*."

Severus paused a second, scrutinizing her. "We that is, you and I are going to be brewing a potion that hasn't been attempted in a century and a half."

Hermione's eyes widened. "You don't mean the ... the ... and lacewing flies are the..."

"The first ingredient, yes. I need you to chop those with the titanium knife to a fine powder. Do you think you can do that?"

"Ye...yes. I...I th...think so."

"And can you stop the stuttering? It's bloody annoying."

She pressed her lips together firmly and nodded vigorously.

On the eighth day of Christmas, my "true love" gave to me...

... eight lewd comments, seven lacewing flies, a six-pack of butterbeer, five free minutes! ... four scathing insults, three graceless grunts, two extra glares, and (another) detention?!

"So, since we're now working on *The Potion*, is this still considered detention?"

"I don't see why not. I'm having fun, aren't you?" His eyebrows quivered suggestively as he moved aside a jar to take inventory of the needed ingredients.

"Hmm."

"Can you reach that top shelf for me?" Severus pointed.

"Sure. What do you need?" she asked, reaching up to grab whatever it was he wanted.

"Oh, how about that empty jar ... over there?"

She glanced back to see him staring at her backside.

"What *are* you doing?" she asked, tugging down the edge of her skirt.

Caught in the act, he responded honestly. "That robe is ... awfully short, don't you think? I mean, when you reach up like that, it shows off your ... curves rather nicely."

"It's not a robe. It's a jacket. I don't like wearing my robe when brewing; the sleeves get in the way. And you shouldn't be checking out my backside like that."

"Why not? It has a nice shape, as far as I can tell. I could tell you better if you would just..."

"Well, I won't *just*, so get your mind back on the inventory."

"Fine. Why don't you check the crocodile hearts?" he said after checking the list.

Hermione leaned over to rummage through the bottom shelf where the heavier items were kept.

"I don't know ... I can't seem to find any."

Her comment was met with silence.

"Professor? Are you sure they're supposed to be down here? I see pig trotters and cow eyes, but no crocodile hearts...."

Again, no answer. Thinking he had left the storage room, she stood up ... thrusting Severus' overly-curious 'look' into her cleavage.

"Severus!" she screamed, half out of shock and half out of the familiarity of the situation. "What in Merlin's name are you doing?!"

"Taking inventory," he answered with faux innocence.

"I noticed," she replied dryly. "Find anything lacking?"

"No, no. We have ... ample supplies."

"Indeed."

"Although, I'm not sure if they're ... fresh."

"Oh, believe me, they're fresh. And *you* better *not* get fresh."

She must have imagined the disappointment in his eyes. Yes, she would attribute it to her imagination.

"Are we about through, Professor? I think we need to go to Diagon Alley to pick up a couple things."

"I'd like to pick up a couple things."

"Would you get your mind out of the gutter? What in the world is *wrong* with you? Have you been sniffing the lust potions or something?"

"I don't stock lust potions. A man of my stature doesn't *need* lust potions."

"And what kind of stature is that?"

"This stature." He stood straight to make his point.

"Oh, for crying out loud." She looked away. "I thought I smelled Firewhisky on your breath. Perhaps I should assign *you* a detention."

"Hmm ... perhaps you *should*."

He looked at her expectantly.

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On the ninth day of Christmas, my "true love" gave to me...

... nine inches of broomstick (!), eight lewd comments, seven lacewing flies, a six-pack of butterbeer, five free minutes! ... four scathing insults, three graceless grunts, two extra glares, and (another) detention?!

"Is that a broomstick, Professor, or are you happy to see me?"

"Right. Shorter than a broomstick, but just as hard and just as ready to take you for a ride."

"I never got the hang of brooms. They never quite ... behaved for me."

"I've been told it's all in the maintenance...."

"You don't waste time, do you?"

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On the tenth day of Christmas, my "true love" gave to me...

... ten talented digits, nine inches of broomstick (!), eight lewd comments, seven lacewing flies, a six-pack of butterbeer, five free minutes! ... four scathing

insults, three graceless grunts, two extra glares, and (another) detention?!

"How's that?"

"Mmmm, good. But if you could ... oh, yeah. That's spot on."

"I've been wondering," Severus whispered.

"Wh...oh! Wondering what? Don't you *dare* stop doing that...."

"I'm wondering what it would take to render you speechless."

She had nothing more to say. Her breath was quite taken away.

On the eleventh day of Christmas, my "true love" gave to me...

**... eleven kind words, ten talented digits, nine inches of broomstick (!), eight lewd comments, seven lacewing flies, a six-pack of butterbeer, five free minutes!
... four scathing insults, three graceless grunts, two extra glares, and (another) detention?!**

"Beautiful ... So talented."

"Hmmm..." She hummed around the flesh that filled her mouth, twisting her tongue around the full nine-inches that he so proudly sported.

Severus groaned. "Oh, yes. What a glorious tongue. You are amazing ... Gods, like that. More ... mm-hmm...."

It was all she could do to keep from grinning, even with her mouth full. This was just too much fun, getting to know a whole other side of Severus. Her attention slipped just a bit, and her teeth grazed him though ever so lightly making him moan.

"Oh, my love, do that again. A little harder this time. Yessss ... remarkable."

Her hands roamed: one nestling the sac which hung beneath, rolling it and squeezing it in her palm; the other traveling upward to pinch and twist the bud of a nipple that perked from amidst a dusting of coarse curls.

"Ah, sweet torture! Where did you learn how oh, you're perfect! Don't stop! I need I need harder deeper!"

Impossible that he became harder. Marvelous how he grew tighter. Astounding how none of this quelled the words that fell from his tongue.

"Oh, my dear, my heart ... splendid ... just a little more ... oh gods ... yes! Suck me dry with that divine mouth of yours!"

The explosion did every inch of him justice. They lay in the blissful aftermath of his orgasm: he, trying to catch his breath; she, teasing his overly sensitized skin with her tongue. After a bit, when his heart had quieted and his breathing had evened, she raised her head to see if he had fallen asleep. Fortunately, he had not.

She kissed her way up to his lips and said, "You know, Severus, if I would have known that this was all it took to get a compliment from you, I would have tried it sooner."

On the twelfth day of Christmas, my "true love" gave to me...

... twelve mind-blowing mm-hmmmmms, eleven kind words, ten talented digits, nine inches of broomstick (!), eight lewd comments, seven lacewing flies, a six-pack of butterbeer, five free minutes! ... four scathing insults, three graceless grunts, two extra glares, and (another) detention?!

It had been a long night. So long, in fact, that the sun had risen two hours earlier, a fact known only by a glance at the discarded watch next to the bed.

He still lay on top of her, still thick inside her, moving slower than he had earlier in the evening when the moon had been at the apex of its arc across the sky. Hermione shuddered around him, having climaxed so many times that her muscles shook uncontrollably. And yet, she still wanted more ... just one more.

He filled her again and again, wanting to give her that one more time, wanting to feel her muscles wrap around him and hold him to her in an embrace that only could be found in such intimate circumstances. Finally, in sheer exhaustion, she succumbed, and he felt the ripple, the tell-tale sign that it was nearly over. And then finally, they lay spent in each other's arms.

Just as Hermione was about to drift deservedly off to sleep, Severus murmured from her side: "Oh. I neglected to mention. Detention. Tomorrow. Noon. Wear something ... short."

"Slave driver," she mumbled.

"That's 'Master' to you."
