

The Traitorous Snake

by amsev

A response to an LJ 30 minute challenge I wrote quite a while back. Silly, but hopefully funny. Thank you, Missy for reading this over for me! Kudos, as well to Southern_Witch_69, wonderful admin and mistress of Proper Comma Usage. You rock!

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Rated R for Cussin' Snoggin' and Shaggin' Do NOT enter unless you have a Stout Heart and are of age!

Pairings: HG/SS, TR/N, AC/DC, AM/PM, Death and the Maiden, er, not!

Warnings: General Silliness. Humor! Romance! Parody! It's Seventh Year, no spoilers except one nod to OOTP. NOT HBP compliant!

Disclaimer: Please don't sue, no one's going to send me money for this one!

A robed figure strode through the Forbidden Forest. It used what might be a common gardening tool as a walking stick, the tool occasionally glinting sharply in the light of the full moon. Tall and painfully slender in its robes, the figure strode steadily onward. Its hood was pulled so far forward no one could see the face hidden in the folds of the robe.

In fact, if someone had observed the figure, they might have wondered just how the devil it could see to walk with so many folds draped around its head. They might even have wondered just why in the world it would be wandering about with a gardening implement of that nature in the dead of night in the Forbidden Forest. But, if someone DID see that figure, someone would not be around much longer to tell the tale...

Meanwhile, in another part of the Forbidden Forest, Harry and Ron were sitting on a log, panting from having run a great distance.

Harry Potter had been awakened earlier by the pain in his scar and vibes of no-good-will coming from He Who Must Not Be Named. He had woken his friend and stalwart companion in mischief, Ron Weasley, and bade him to get dressed.

When Ron had finally managed to put both shoes on the correct feet, Harry drew out his handy cloak of invisibility and swept it with a flourish over the both of them, muttering, "Ron, it's time."

"But, but... What about Hermione?" Ron plaintively asked.

"Are YOU volunteering to go down to the dungeon and wake her up?" Potter asked, feigning amazement at Ron's seeming bravery.

"Er. Um," Ron gulped down bile. "That is... Er, never mind." The thought of bursting into Snape's quarters and possibly catching the third of The Golden Trio *In Flagranti* with their professor turned his pale freckled skin to snow and his stomach to roiling.

"Well then. Let's go"

Sneaking out of Hogwarts had been surprisingly easy. Neither Snape, nor Filch, nor any ghost for that matter, was patrolling the halls. It was almost as if some spell of somnolence had been cast over the castle, rendering all the inhabitants into a deep sleep.

Tiptoeing to and through the Forbidden Forest had been surprisingly easy as well. Something horrible was surely up!

Severus Snape sat up with a gasp, clutching the Dark Mark on his arm. It burned fiercely, calling him to his Dark Lord and Master. Snape cradled his arm and groaned. From how it ached and burned, tonight must surely be the night that Voldemort planned to launch The Final Attack To Have Control Over the Wizarding World (a.k.a. T-FATHCOWW).

The lump next to him, hidden completely by the covers, murmured sleepily, "Sevvie? Are you all right? I told you, you would get indigestion from eating too many of those raw oysters..."

Severus, barely able to speak from pain and fear, uttered, "Don't. Don't... call... me... Sevvie."

"T--FATCOWW," he uttered more loudly after a long moment of sucking in air. (He had expelled most of his air trying to get the "F" out and had none whatsoever left for a true TH sound)

"What! Did! You! Just! Call me?????!?!?" The lump of blankets exploded upward revealing a bushy-haired young woman. She barreled out of the covers and slammed the unfortunate Snape, aching arm and all, down onto his pillows. The back of his head met the headboard with a nasty crack, and he groaned again as his head now throbbed in rhythm with his burning Dark Mark.

Hermione Granger, never being the slow one, saw him pitifully clutching his arm, and put one and one together to come up with ten. Ten fifths, that is. Hermione, the smartest witch of her age can add, you know. "Severus," she shrieked, causing the unfortunate man to close his eyes.

"It's TIME for the Final Battle, isn't it?? ISN'T IT?" She shook him and had he been conscious, his teeth would have rattled. Snape, pushed to limits no human being should have to endure, had passed out.

Voldemort, rallying his troops into battle order was indignant. His Potions master had not arrived when summoned. Neither had Crabb, nor Goyle, the senior versions thereof, but he was not in need of brawn at the moment. He needed all his brains to be there to ensure victory!

A tall, slender robed figure entered the clearing where the other Death Eaters milled. Voldemort gasped in outrage, ready to blast the unfortunate Snape with a Crucio for having the effrontery to be late for T-FATHCOWW.

The figure walked arrogantly through the milling Death Eaters. None of them responded to his presence, but parted easily like the waters of the Red Sea when bidden by Moses. Voldemort snarled to himself and drew his wand with a swish. The robed mystery who surely must be Snape, stopped and stood tall before the Dark Lord, slowly lifting back its hood...

Harry and Ron stood in the woods just outside the clearing. Their teeth, clattering in serious fear, would have given away their presence had there not been such a large gathering of Death Eaters loudly milling, with the occasional "O Lord and Master" uttered in the direction of Voldemort with the appropriately subservient kow-tow.

Harry, the more courageous of the two, drew his wand and readied it, unconsciously mimicking Voldemort's wand swish. He saw a tall robed figure walking toward Voldemort. The figure seemed to waver in and out of existence as it strode closer and closer to the Dark Lord.

Potter blinked his eyes, not believing what he was seeing. "Oi!" he shouted, stepping forward away from the piney cover. "Oi! You there! Voldemort's MINE! He's mine, damn you! It's T-FATHCOWW!!!! It's our DESTINY!"

Ron, behind him, cursed at length, looked in wonderment at his friend as though he were mad. Why on earth was Harry yelling at the Death Eaters like a lunatic, giving away their presence?

The Death Eaters, not seeing the tall figure standing arrogantly before their Lord and Master, turned unerringly towards the young men. A loud swish of wands being drawn filled the silent Forest...

Meanwhile, back at the castle, Hermione, driven to desperation by being unable to arouse, er, I mean, awaken the unconscious Snape, drew out her wand, summoned a pitcher of water so cold it was almost slush and dumped the contents onto the unsuspecting man. She then finished pulling on the pants she had begun to don.

Severus suddenly sitting up sputtered awake, shaking his head sending icy droplets everywhere. Hermione sniggered to herself at the sight. If only he knew how much he looked like the late, unlamented Snuffles shaking himself after a swim with the Squid in Hogwart's Lake.

"Hermione," Snape gasped out with all the urgency of a woman feeling her first contractions of her firstborn. "It's time!"

"Gotcha, Einstein," Granger muttered under her breath, shaking her head as she donned her boots, sliding them over the close fitting camo pants. She stood up, the light of the full moon glinted over the metallic grey-green of the two bullet bandoleers she had slung around her slim torso to form an "X."

Snape, taking in the vision of macho, er, macha womanhood she presented decked out in all her Delta-Squad glory, felt his pain go away as all of his blood rushed south.

Hermione stood before him, hair braided back into a thick plait. Garbed in camouflage and black army boots, she was a fearsome sight to behold. With her lips, full and pouting from much snogging (and eventual shagging) earlier in the evening, for a moment in the moonlight, she looked like Lara Croft, Tomb Raider.

Pain completely forgotten, Severus leapt out of bed towards her, his erection throbbing in rhythm with his pounding heart.

"It's about TIME you got the lead out, Professor," Hermione half-purred, half-snarled having no idea what her tone and her garb were doing to the unfortunate man who was now rapidly revising his misfortune to good fortune.

"Lara, er, I mean Hermione! You are a vision, a veritable GODDESS." He then fell at her feet, clutching her camo-clad legs in adoration.

"But, Sev, you SAID it was time," whined his Goddess, starting to quiver as he nibbled on her inner thigh through the camo pants.

"Darling, it IS time, but I cannot go into battle without Making Love To You One Last Time (registered of all HG/SS fan ficcers everywhere). He fervently bumped his large, worshipful nose on a particularly sensitive spot located between those camo clad legs he adored.

"Oh, sweetheart," Hermione crowed, quickly kicking off her boots, one flying with a solid bounce onto the bed, the other caroming off the spot on the headboard where Snape had earlier hit his head. She stripped off her pants and started for the bandoliers of bullets slung across her generous bosom.

Snape, delighted that his Goddess had, er, gone commando under the pants, stopped her striving hands. "Leave the belts on, my beautiful Morrigan," he murmured in a silky voice that caused Hermione's already weakened knees to completely give out. She fell to the floor, and Snape, himself no dummy, quickly took advantage of her recumbent position. Their delighted cries rose into the night air as their bodies slammed together...

Voldemort gaped in horror, beholding Death staring him in the eye. Dimly, through the roaring of blood in his reptilian ears, he heard the voice of his nemesis Harry Potter shrieking something about, "He's Mine."

'Daft twit,' Voldemort thought, 'does he WANT to attract the attentions of Death?'

Death looked at him and smiled gently as only a skull's head can. "Tom, it's time."

The voice of Death chilled Voldemort through and through, worse than the winter winds, nay, even worse any Dementor's frigid kiss.

The Slender Scythe Bearer took its eyes from Voldemort's and looked down at the large snake coiled up near the Dark Lord's feet. "Nagini," it murmured to the snake. "You're on."

He Who Must Not Be Named looked down at the snake in horror as she sank her teeth unbidden into her master's leg. The icy hot chill of a different venom than what he was used to began cruising through his veins.

"Nagini!" he gasped. "How COULD you? How could you BETRAY me like this..." Voldemort groaned and slid to the ground, his lifeless eyes staring at the night sky...

"How COULD you?!?" exclaimed the dark-haired Potter manchild, railing at Death and the snake.

"Wha?" gasped the Death Eaters, suddenly grasping their arms and falling to the forest floor in a big black untidy lump of fabric, stone cold dead.

"How COULD she, he, IT!!!! AUUGGHHHH!" roared Snape, full well realizing what had just transpired. Distance protected him from the full blow of his Master's death. So he succumbed to the Loveliest Little Death he had ever experienced between the soft thighs of his Goddess and collapsed.

"OOOOOFF!! Um, Sev... Sev?" muttered his Goddess, poking at him with her wand. "Honey," she whined, "that was over rather quickly and your Sweetie Snookums didn't get to cumcum..." She sighed, tsked, and ceased poking at the snoring Potions master.

"He finds a new fetish, and it's all over before it really began. Men!" she muttered, trying to find a comfortable position beneath the dead weight that had fallen upon her to sleep. "Oh well, he'll live to, er, fight another day." Gently snickering at her own double entendre, Hermione also succumbed to Morpheus's Lure (not to be confused with Orpheus's Lyre).

Harry Potter strode into the clearing, brandishing his wand at Death as if it were a sword.

"Why?" he whined at Death who had restored its hood upon its head. "Why did you kill him, he was miiiiinne." He parsssselled at Nagini, who was once again coiled up neatly, this time on Voldie's throne.

"It's ssssssimple," lisped the snake. "He was a crazy fuck and had to goooooo." She uncoiled and slithered down to the black pile of Death Eaters to nibble on an exposed hand.

Potter, finding he had lost her attention, turned to glare at Death."

Death shrugged. "Well, YOU, of all people, should know he had it coming..." It picked up its scythe, polished the fell gardening implement with its sleeve and strode away, back into the forest.

"Blimey, 'Arry," yelled Ron The Thick. "What the fuck just happened?"

--- The End ---