

# April Fool

by CyanaWhite

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HG/SS Pairing. \*Complete\*

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Chapter 1 of 1

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**Disclaimer:** I do not own Harry Potter or any related characters; they are the property of JK Rowling. I am merely obsessed and like to borrow them occasionally, so please do not sue me. I am making absolutely no profit from this story.

**A/N:** I've been working on my new story here and there, but I've been so busy I rarely have time to even look at it. So I decided to post this one-shot in the meantime. I hope you enjoy it. And many thanks to Cindy and Vitani for the great feedback! You guys are awesome! ^\_^

**Warnings:** Book six (HBP) disregarded, sexual situations, and vulgar language. If any of these things bother you, please don't read.

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April 1st was coming fast. Just one day left. Ron was nervous. Ron was terrified. But Ron was also determined. This year she would not get him. This year he would not be the butt of every joke. It was in his fifth year that Hermione had explained the Muggle tradition called "April Fool's Day."

*"On this day it is customary to play practical jokes on people, causing them to believe something that isn't true or to go on a fruitless errand," she had quoted, that smug little smirk on her face.*

*"Muggles are so dense," he had replied with a feeling of superiority. "No one could pull that sort of stunt on me."*

*How incredibly wrong he had been. Every year since, on April 1st, Hermione had taken every opportunity to pull pranks on him. In fifth year, he had woken with flashing pink and blue hair. For two whole days she had refused to perform the counter jinx, earning him two detentions from Snape. Sixth year, Hermione had charmed a monkey tail onto his arse. The bloody thing had had a mind of its own. It had popped into the front of his robes, pushing the fabric into a bulging tent, just as he had been talking to Snape. Not only did the entire school taunt him for months about being aroused by Snape, but, to add to his misery, he had also received a week's worth of detentions.*

"Stupid Muggle traditions," Ron mumbled as he threw himself onto his thoroughly unmade four-poster bed. This year, however, everything would be different. He would come up with the best prank of all times, and he would make certain Snape was around to give Hermione a detention or two or five. *I've got to think of something. It has to be brilliant; otherwise she'll definitely figure me out. She needs to pay for everything she's put me through. What can I possibly... wait... that's it!*

Ron jumped from his bed and pulled out a piece of parchment, his quill, and a small pink bound book inscribed in gold with the title *How to Melt Your Witch with Words: A Guide to Love Letters*. Hermione had given it to him while they were dating to encourage him to be a more romantic boyfriend. Needless to say, he had never opened it. He

had been writing for several minutes with more attention and speed than he had ever shown any assignment in all his time at Hogwarts when Harry and Neville walked in.

"Hey, Ron," both boys greeted as they made their way towards Ron's bed.

"We're going out to the Quidditch field to toss the Quaffle around. Want to join us?" asked Harry.

"It's a great day out," added Neville, "and Harry's gonna show me some of his new moves. You gotta come. It'll be brilliant."

Ron, however, wasn't listening in the slightest. His quill was moving at ever greater speeds, and his brow was furrowed in concentration.

"Seriously, mate, it looks like you're doing homework," Harry laughed. "It's Friday, so you've got all weekend to do that. What's gotten into you?" Again, Harry's words fell on deaf ears as Ron read over what he had written.

"There!" Ron exclaimed, jumping off the bed. "It's done! This is so perfect, she'll never know what hit her!"

"What are you on about?" said Neville, more confused than usual. "Who won't know what hit her?" Harry, however, slapped his hand to his forehead, coming to a realization.

"You're not still obsessing about that stupid April Fool's thing, are you?" Harry queried. "I told you last night, Hermione promised she wouldn't do anything this year!"

"Ha! If you think I'm not getting back at her for the last two years, you're a bloody moron!" Ron retorted hotly. "Besides, I have a perfect plan, and you'll not stop me from seeing it through!"

"Ron, you know how Hermione gets!" said Neville, who had caught on to what was going on. "You'll be lucky if you walk away with all your limbs or no extra limbs for that matter!"

Ron just waved his hand, dismissing their comments, and shoved the parchment in their hands. "Here, take a look and let me know if that sounds believable." Harry looked at him, exasperated, but took the parchment nonetheless. It read:

*My dearest Hermione,*

*I have been looking upon you lately, often when you have not known it. I crave the intimate touch of your hands. I cherish the light of your soft brown eyes, the silkiness of your curly hair, the elegance and grace of your steps, and the beauty of your pale complexion. I am amazed at what your beauty can do to me, stir passions within me which no one else will ever be able to come close to just seeing you makes my blood tingle and my skin tighten, as though I have just witnessed a miracle.*

*Daily I pray that romantic manifestations of love would pour down in this castle, that we would whisper kind and tender things to each other, and become drunk in the wine of each other's eyes. I know you with a depth that burns my soul, but you do not know me. I am almost a stranger to you.*

*Soon your last year at Hogwarts will be coming to an end, and I fear that I may never lay eyes on you again. I beg of you, meet me in the Astronomy Tower on Saturday night at midnight. Even if for just one moment, I wish for you to know the eyes that have followed you for so long. I want you to be assured that I will not force a relationship on you, I wish for you to make whatever decision will make you happiest.*

*Do me one favor, my love, if you choose to reject me, please do not speak the words. I fear hearing them might be too much for my heart to bear. However, if you choose to accept me, simply place a small kiss on my cheek, and then I will know.*

*Always yours,*

*Your Secret Admirer*

Harry looked up with a frown on his face. "You'd become drunk in the wine of each other's eyes? Ron, this is the worst sap I've ever read. Not to mention, you sound like a fucking stalker."

"Whatever, Harry," Ron said a little peeved. "It's not like I write these things everyday; I just followed the manual. Besides, Hermione is desperate. She'll love it."

"Why are you sending Hermione a love letter?" said a very perplexed Neville. "I thought you two had broken up?"

"Nah, it's nothing like that. It's not from me, not really," Ron said, grinning like a cat about to pounce. "This is about revenge!"

"Ron, you're gonna have to explain this to us in a language we understand," said Harry irritably. "This just isn't making any sense. How is writing a love letter to Hermione revenge?"

"Okay, fine, but you two have to swear that Hermione isn't going to find out about this!" Ron said determinedly. After both had nodded, reluctant though they were, Ron continued, "I'm going to send this to Hermione, and then I'm going to make sure that Snape is in the Astronomy Tower at midnight. I'll send him an anonymous letter telling him that I know of a plan for Gryffindors to sneak up there, or something like that. Hermione will be love struck, so she'll come running. Snape will be so anxious to take points from Gryffindor that he'll be there for sure. Once they're both in the room, I'll lock them in!"

"You'll what?" yelled Harry, shocked. "Ron, you..."

"Think about it Harry!" he continued, excitement lighting his eyes. "By the time they come out of that room, Snape will have given her fifty detentions! It's brilliant!"

"That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard!" shouted Harry. "Snape and Hermione are both more powerful than you; do you really think you can keep them in there?"

"You're just jealous because you didn't think of it first!" hollered Ron as he stormed out of the room. Harry turned and looked at Neville, suddenly realizing that he was as white as a sheet.

"Neville, you okay?" he asked, concerned.

"Bloody hell, Harry," came Neville's shaky response. "Can you image being stuck in a room alone with Sn-Snape? Hermione is gonna kill Ron for sure!" Harry shook his head gloomily and looked at the door Ron had just left through. *This is not going to turn out well.*

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Hermione was lying on her bed, finishing an essay, when she heard rattling on the window. She opened the window, allowing the barn owl into her room. She released the envelope tied to its leg before giving him an owl treat and sending him on his way. She was shocked when she opened the envelope and found a love letter. *Who on earth would send me a love letter?*

Other than Viktor and Ron, she had never been one to attract attention from the opposite sex. It was never something she dwelled upon, since she had never really been interested in any of the boys she knew. Well... there was one person, but he certainly could never be described as a mere boy. No, he was definitely all man. At night she would dream of him, thinking of his deep silky drawl, the graceful yet powerful way he moved, and his nimble yet strong hands. She knew it wasn't appropriate, and she

knew it could never actually happen, but she just couldn't help it. Professor Severus Snape was the man of her dreams, quite literally.

She re-read the letter time and time again, looking for any clues as to who could have sent it. *He says that he's almost a stranger to me. If that's true, then it can't be a Gryffindor, since I know all of them too well.* Try as she might, that was the only clue in the letter. She couldn't narrow it down any more than that. *His letter is very sweet, a little cliché, but so utterly captivating. Professor Snape isn't sweet at all, so I suppose there's no chance it's from him. But you never know... maybe... maybe it is from him?*

Hermione giggled out loud at this notion, knowing how preposterous it was. *A girl can dream, can't she?* If anyone knew about dreams, it was Hermione. She laid back and read the letter one more time, trying to decide what she should do. *It couldn't hurt to go, right? He'd be hurt if I didn't show up at all. I can't do that to him!* With that she made up her mind. Tomorrow, she was going for a midnight rendezvous in the Astronomy Tower.

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In the meantime, Severus was in his office grading papers, or at least attempting to do so. He was having difficulty concentrating, as his mind kept drifting off to think of her. *Since that damned Christmas dance, the irritating chit won't get out of my head. What the fuck is wrong with me? She's a bloody student. How can I possibly be attracted to Hermione Granger?* Yes, Severus was indeed obsessed. After seeing her in that form-fitting white silk gown, he had not been able to look at her the same way. In his mind, he no longer saw her as a student, but as a woman.

His attention was suddenly diverted elsewhere, as he noticed a piece of parchment being slipped under his door. In a few swift movements he had thrown his door open, hoping to glimpse the culprit, but the hall was empty. He moved to pick up the parchment, and after a quick charm to make sure it was safe, he opened it.

*Professor Snape,*

*I overheard some Gryffindors talking about sneaking up to the Astronomy Tower on Saturday night at midnight. They were also talking about bringing some drinks to have a bit of fun. Just thought you should know.*

*Your Loyal Informant*

After reading the note an evil smirk crept onto his face. Of course a few suspicions had arisen from the note, but the Professor quickly reminded himself that no one in Hogwarts would have the nerve to pull something on him. *This will certainly brighten my weekend. Those poor, unsuspecting whelps will never know what hit them. I can only hope Potter is amongst them; now that would be pleasant indeed.* Tomorrow, he was going for a midnight rendezvous in the Astronomy Tower.

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It was 11:45 p.m. on Saturday night, and the castle was quiet. Everyone was in bed, sound asleep... that is, with the exception of three people. Ron Weasley could be found just outside the door to the Astronomy Tower, hidden under an invisibility cloak. Severus Snape could be found patrolling the halls, slowly, but surely, billowing and stalking towards the Astronomy Tower. And Hermione Granger was in her room, double-checking her outfit, making sure she looked as good as possible. She was wearing her new lilac skirt and a simple white blouse. Once she was satisfied with her appearance, she grabbed the love letter on her night stand and left for the Astronomy Tower.

At 11:58 p.m., Hermione walked through the door and into the Astronomy Tower. Fortunately, she hadn't run into anyone on the way up. Head girl or not, she was still out past curfew, and that was against school rules. She made her way into the room and found it empty. All the Astronomy equipment was magically cleared after classes to prevent them from getting damaged, leaving the room bare, with the exception of two overstuffed sofas and a small table. *Maybe I'm too early,* she thought. *He'll probably be here soon... I hope he hasn't changed his mind.* Hermione walked over to the balcony overlooking the grounds, enjoying the soothing breeze and the nighttime sky.

Severus had been waiting in the shadows around the corner from the Astronomy Tower door. He was shocked when he saw Hermione walking in. *What is she doing here? And why is she alone?* He couldn't understand what was going on. The note had clearly said that a group of Gryffindors were sneaking out, not just one student. He waited a few more minutes, just to make sure no one else was going to show, and silently moved into the room.

Severus' breath caught when he saw her standing on the balcony. Hermione was looking away from him, oblivious to the fact that she was no longer alone. Severus watched her for a few moments. Watched the way her hair flowed in the wind, the way the moon made her soft skin glow, and the way her skirt gracefully fell over her curves. He felt himself harden slightly and closed his robes around his body before talking.

"Miss Granger." The deep baritone startled Hermione, and she jumped slightly before turning around.

"Professor! I didn't hear you come in." Hermione quickly straightened herself, waiting for him to start admonishing her. To her surprise, he didn't say anything. *Why isn't he taking points or giving me detentions? Could he... could he be the one who sent the letter? It couldn't be! Could it?*

"Are... are you here because of the letter?" she asked in a shaky voice. Severus narrowed his eyes and gave her a fierce gaze. Hermione took a step back, terrified that she had made an immense mistake by talking.

Severus considered what she had just said. *Is she the one that sent me that letter? Was this whole thing a conspiracy to get me here? Why on earth would she want me to come here? Unless... could it be that she... it can't be...*

"Of course I am here because of the letter," he hissed. "Why else would I come all the way to the other end of the castle?"

Hermione's eyes widened in shock. *I can't believe it! He really is the one that sent me that love letter! Oh Gods, this is too good to be true!* As this realization set in, Hermione smiled and took a few tentative steps towards Severus.

"Well?" growled Severus. "What do you want?" Severus was still curious as to why she would have tricked him into coming to the Astronomy Tower. Hermione, on the other hand, quickly recalled the last part of 'his' letter. *Do me one favor though, if you choose to reject me, please do not speak the words. I fear hearing them might be too much for my heart to bear. However, if you choose to accept me, simply place a small kiss on my cheek, and then I will know.* She assumed that he wanted to know whether or not she wanted him.

Playing on this assumption, Hermione took a few steps towards Severus, not stopping until she was a mere inch from his body. His deep gaze met her soft eyes, but she could not decipher his expression. Before she lost her courage, she quickly stood up on tip-toe and gently grazed his cheek with her lips. When she tried to pull away, however, she found herself ensnared by his strong arms and pressed against his hard body. Severus bent his head and captured her lips in a searing kiss.

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Ron had been hiding just outside the Astronomy Tower and had seen Professor Snape hide in the shadows. He had watched as Hermione had made her way in, then watched as Snape followed her in. An evil, yet satisfied, smirk crept onto his face as he made his way out of his hiding place. He had spent all day researching wards that could keep the two locked in there all night. After three hours of looking, he finally found the perfect ward. This particular ward could not be removed unless the sun was in the sky. The ward would automatically unlock at sunrise, but no matter how hard Snape and Hermione tried, it would not come down during the night. That guaranteed that they would be locked in for at least six hours.

He quickly went over, silently closed the door, and cast the ward. *Ha! Hermione is stuck in there all night with the greasy git! I'd be surprised if she didn't have at least a*

*dozen detentions by the time the sun rises. That'll show her. No one pulls a prank on Ronald Weasley and gets away with it!*

Ron didn't wait to hear what happened; the last thing he needed was for Filch to catch him out past curfew. He grabbed the invisibility cloak and disappeared down the hallway.

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Hermione couldn't believe she was actually kissing Severus Snape. She would have thought she was dreaming, except his kisses had never felt like this in her dreams. It didn't take him long to invade her mouth with his tongue, pressing on her with a demanding hunger. His kiss filled her body with a sensation she had never felt before, and she quickly returned the hunger and passion that were welling up within her.

Severus was overwhelmed with the events that were unfolding before him. He couldn't believe that Hermione had not only kissed him, but was allowing him to kiss her. She wasn't disgusted, or repulsed, and actually seemed to be enjoying it. Their kiss kept getting deeper, so that it felt like they would swallow each other. His hands found her hips and lifted her somewhat roughly; Hermione responded by wrapping her legs around his waist.

Severus made his way to the sofa in the back of the room, careful not to trip on anything, since he couldn't really see where he was going. Finally, reaching the sofa, he reluctantly broke the kiss, put Hermione down and sat down. Once he was seated, he took her hand and pulled her onto his lap so that she was straddling him. For the first time since she had started kissing him, Hermione could look into his face. Their eyes locked, and Hermione could see the desire in his gaze. Severus gently caressed her cheek with his hand, enjoying her creamy complexion. He slowly leaned forward and placed soft kisses on her neck. Hermione closed her eyes, enjoying the sensation of having his lips on her body. She edged her body deeper into his lap, and her thigh rubbed against his erection, sending sparks through her body. *Merlin, he really wants me!*

"I want you," she whispered. Hermione's senses were so jumbled, that she had said it before she even realized what she was saying. As the words slipped from her mouth, however, she knew they were true. Severus' senses were just as muddled as hers, and the fact that she was a student was completely lost to him. He needed to have her, he needed to be inside her, and if she wanted it, he was not going to object.

Upon hearing her words, Severus moved into action. He pulled his wand out of his robes and quickly cast two spells. The first melted away all of their clothing, and the second was a contraceptive charm. Hermione groaned as she felt her bare skin meeting his. Severus' attention turned to her breasts, grasping one with his hand and the other with his mouth.

"Oh, gods, Severus!" she moaned. Hermione couldn't believe how he was making her feel. Ron had touched her breast before, but it had been nothing like what Severus was doing to her. Being with a man instead of an inexperienced boy was making a huge difference. Hermione's hands began exploring his broad chest. She was relishing in the hard feel of his muscles and the velvety splattering of dark chest hairs.

His hand suddenly left her breast and started trailing a line down her stomach and down to her sex. Severus delighted in the feel of her curls for a moment, softly tracing her slit. He could feel the heat from her arousal and could no longer resist its call. Hermione gasped when she felt his finger dipping into her folds. Severus' throat emitted a low predatory growl when he felt just how wet she was. *Good gods, she's completely ready for me.*

Severus was so hard by this point that it was beginning to be painful. He needed to thrust into her desperately, and looking into her eyes, he could see her desire for the same. His fingers grasped around her hips and lifted her to place her above his erection. Hermione braced her knees on the sofa, while his hand grasped his girth to place it at her entrance. They both leaned in for a passionate kiss, and then he plunged his length into her heat. Hermione screamed out in pain. Severus' eyes widened, coming to the realization that she was a virgin... or had been anyway.

"You're a virgin?" he managed between throbs of pleasure. It took everything he had not to pound into her, she was so incredibly tight, but he knew that he would need to be patient, since it was her first time.

"It's alright, Severus. I told you, I want you, and I want you to have me," she replied gently, trying to fight the tears that were threatening to spill from the pressure she was feeling between her legs. Severus just stared into her face for a second, but he recognized that it was too late for them to stop. Even if she had wanted to stop, he wouldn't have been able to, not now that he was buried inside her.

His hand reached down to massage her clit, hoping to relieve some of her pain, so that he could finally start thrusting. It didn't take long for her hips to start moving up and down. Hermione moved her hands up, so that her fingers intertwined into his hair. The languid movements were stimulating his shaft, and he held back as long as he could. When he couldn't take it anymore, he enforced his hold on her and began increasing her speed as he began thrusting into her.

Hermione couldn't feel the pain anymore, and she began impaling herself on him at an increased rate. The two set a pace and began moving in rhythm. Severus kept stimulating her clit, willing her to come while he was still inside of her. Hermione felt a wave of pleasure overtake her, and her walls tightened and pulsed around Severus. She screamed out his name, just as Severus felt his orgasm overtake him. They rode it out, and finally both collapsed. Hermione fell limply on Severus' chest as he wrapped his arms around her possessively.

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Ron was sneaking back into the Gryffindor common room, doing his best not to make any noise. Unfortunately for him, Harry had been worried and was waiting up for his return.

"Ron, where the hell have you been?" Harry whispered angrily.

"Hey, mate," Ron answered casually, as if everything was perfectly normal. "Want some snacks? I was just down in the kitchens, thought I would celebrate. Oh, and Dobby says hi."

"Of course I don't want a snack!" said Harry, outraged. "Where the hell is Hermione? She never came back. Don't tell me you actually went through with that ridiculous plan of yours!"

"Course I did," said Ron with a satisfied smirk as he flopped down onto the sofa. "I bet she's miserable right now too! I just wish I could see her face." He continued laughing as he popped a pastry into his mouth.

"Give me my cloak," said Harry angrily. "I'm going to get her."

"Don't waste your time, Harry," said Ron smugly. "That ward I put up isn't coming down till sunrise, no matter what you do."

Harry gave him a nasty look and stormed up the stairs to their room.

"Don't worry, Harry, I bet she's having loads of fun." Ron called after him sarcastically, as he popped yet another pastry into his mouth.

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Hermione and Severus hadn't moved for the longest time. They were simply content to be in each other's arms, enjoying the feel of their naked bodies pressed together. Hermione slowly lifted her head from his shoulder and smiled at him.

"I'm so glad you decided to send me that letter," she said softly as she brushed a strand of hair out of his face. Severus raised a questioning eyebrow at her.

"I think your brain must be malfunctioning," he said huskily. "You just said that backwards. *You* are the one who sent *me* a letter." Hermione's eyes widened, as her mind raced to try and piece together what was happening.

"I... I didn't send you anything," she stuttered. "You sent *me* a love letter." Severus roughly pushed her off his lap and stood up. He turned and stared at her fiercely.

"What the bloody hell is going on here?" he barked. "Explain yourself. Now!" Hermione wasn't sure what to say, so instead she reached into her clothes, which were in a pile next to the sofa, and pulled out the letter. She hesitantly handed it to Severus.

Hermione was terrified. *Did I make a mistake? Wasn't he the one who sent me that letter?* She watched nervously as he read the letter, his expression getting worse as he went on. *Oh, gods, I must have come to the wrong conclusion when I saw him enter the room. I wanted it to be him so badly that I just jumped him without thinking and... wait a minute. He clearly said he was here because of the letter, right?... But he just said that I sent him a letter?*

"Severus, what letter were you talking about?" she asked, not sure she wanted to know the answer. He looked up from the parchment she had just handed him, the expression on his face extremely cold. He bent over and pulled a small piece of parchment from his robes and handed it to her.

"It appears that we have both been deceived," he sneered. "I still cannot believe that you thought me to have written this horrid letter." His eyes narrowed speculatively as he looked at the letter again. Severus then grabbed the note Hermione was holding and examined it too. *These two letters were written by the same individual. I know this handwriting, but whose is it?*

"Merlin's balls!" Hermione suddenly screamed. She had moved to stand next to Severus and had been looking at the two letters. "I'm gonna kill the bastard! I can't believe I was so blinded that I fell for something so obvious!" Severus just looked at her, confusion evident on his face, so she continued. "It was Ron! That worthless piece of shite wrote both of these letters!"

As Hermione processed the discovery, she suddenly realized that she had absolutely nothing on. She was as naked as the day she was born. She started feeling very self-conscious, so she moved towards her clothes, intent on getting dressed and then running off to the common room to kill Ron. Before she could make any progress, however, Severus wrapped his arms around her and pulled her roughly to him, his hardening length pressing on her behind.

"You're not leaving," he growled into her ear. "We still have quite a few hours left before we have to leave, and I intend to make use of them... and you." Hermione blushed at hearing his comment, but she was thrilled. *He still wants me! Even though he didn't write that letter, he never pushed me away... and he never got angry. I thought for sure he would explode once I told him that Ron was behind this.*

"Before we continue, however, I want to know why Weasley would do this to you," he said in a hushed tone, his breath tickling her ear as he talked. "I can guarantee that this is not the outcome he pictured, so I can only conclude that he wished to do you harm."

"Umm, well, it's about this Muggle tradition called April Fool's Day." She was looking down as she said this, ashamed that she was actually involved in such a childish tradition, when she had been trying so hard to prove that she was a woman and not a girl. "On April 1st Muggles play pranks on each other, and Ron was... he was probably trying to get revenge on me for the pranks I played on him the last two years." To her surprise Severus chuckled slightly at this. She looked up at him, surprised.

"I remember quite well the ludicrous hair and the monkey tail you had imposed on him. I have to admit, I was quite amused." Hermione laughed at hearing this, more from relief than actual delight. "Don't worry about it, Hermione. We'll deal with the insufferable whelp later." Severus waved his hand and the sofa transfigured into a mattress. He swiftly picked up Hermione and plopped her unceremoniously onto the mattress. He then climbed on top of her and trapped her hands above her head.

"But for now, my dear Hermione, I have far more pressing needs." Before she could respond or react he capture her lips in an intense kiss.

Severus and Hermione continued all night, completely oblivious to the fact that they were warded in. Sunrise finally found the two fast asleep, wrapped in each other's embrace.

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Ron and Harry walked into the Great Hall at 8 a.m., hoping to find Hermione. To their dismay she wasn't there. They had yet to see her this morning, and they were both getting very anxious, especially Ron. Looking up at the staff table they realized that Snape was also missing. They exchanged nervous glances and went to sit down. Neither one of them said a word as they continually stared at the door, expecting Hermione to walk through any second.

It was nearing the end of breakfast when Hermione finally walked into the Great Hall. Ron noticed that she seemed perfectly normal, as if this was just another day. She sat down across from them, smiling, and reached for the plate of eggs in front of her.

"Good morning," she said casually. "I hope you two are ready for a long day of studying. We do have a Charms exam on Monday. *This must be the calm before the storm,* was the conclusion both boys came to. Harry, terrified to get caught up in it, chose to stay quiet.

"So.. umm... Did you sleep well?" Ron asked tentatively.

"I can honestly say that I haven't slept this well in ages." Hermione answered cheerfully. The rest of breakfast was spent in silence, since Ron and Harry were both afraid to speak. Their eyes closely watching their friend, waiting for her to explode.

"We'd best be going," said Hermione suddenly. The three stood up, but before they could proceed Hermione suddenly stopped and turned to look at Ron.

"You know Ronald, those two letters you sent yesterday were quite deceptive and cruel," she said smoothly, not revealing one bit of anger or annoyance.

Ron was trying to stutter an answer, but he had lost his voice. Hermione shook her head and shot him a wicked smirk. She pulled her wand out of her robes and cast two quick spells. The first caused a hundred spiders to appear around Ron, the next made his clothes completely disappear.

The moment Ron saw the spiders he squealed and jumped on top of the table to get away from them. Unfortunately, his clothing disappeared seconds later, putting him on elevated display for the entire school to see. He screamed even louder, quickly repositioning his hands to hide his genitals, and started running down the table. The entire school was roaring with laughter, while Colin snapped pictures as fast as he could.

When Ron finally reached the end of the table, he jumped off and ran towards the door. Just as he reached the doors, however, Snape walked in, causing Ron to slam right into him, full force. He fell backwards onto the ground, completely sprawled out. The entire hall broke into even louder cheers.

"Mr. Weasley," hissed Snape. "I do not believe that is proper school attire. I suggest you cover yourself up. Not that it should prove difficult, there doesn't seem to be much to cover. Twenty points from Gryffindor and two weeks detention with Filch." Ron quickly stood up and tried to cover himself as best he could. When he tried to run out the door, however, he found that Snape was still blocking his way. Out of the corner of his eyes he noticed Hermione standing near him, smiling.

"Good morning, Professor," she said pleasantly, as Snape moved to let her through the door, but before she walked out, she turned around and gave Ron the most genuine smile she could muster. "Oh, and by the way, Ronald, happy April Fool's Day."

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**A/N:** Okay, I know that was a really silly story and it was a little OOC, but it's all in the name of good fun. And I'm sorry to all those Ron fans out there (are there any? lol), I know he gets picked on a lot, but it had to be done. I hope you enjoyed it, and please leave me a review to let me know what you thought of it. I adore reading feedback, so

please don't be shy. Happy April Fool's Day!

Lotsa Love, CyanaWhite