

A Fanfic Reader's Unauthorized Guide to the Unconventional <i>Hogwarts: A History</i>

by *Mad_Chatters_Tea_Party*

In which Harry is somewhat indiscriminately randy, Snape struggles manfully to be completely oblivious, Hermione is a connoisseur of printed-out Internet porn, and Draco exits the closet dramatically and demands Resolution of Sexual Tension. This is your TPP chat room on crack—fic.

Chapter One: Broomsticks . . . Bludgers . . . Both?

Chapter 1 of 5

In which Harry is somewhat indiscriminately randy, Snape struggles manfully to be completely oblivious, Hermione is a connoisseur of printed-out Internet porn, and Draco exits the closet dramatically and demands Resolution of Sexual Tension. This is your TPP chat room on crack—fic.

Disclaimer: These characters don't belong to us; we make no profit and have no qualms about using them for our own slightly warped pleasure.

Authors' Notes:

What follows is a collaboration between the archly snarky Snapemylove, the coyly clever SeverusLovesUs, the energetically eloquent Potteresque_ire, and that rakish corrupter of virgin chatters, Dracontia. (No, I don't know why the Gryffindors got saddled with alliteration.) And this IS crackfic...as in, **DUDE**, if you take this seriously, you need help more than we do.

WARNING: There have been reports of keyboard damage from laughter-propelled beverages as a result of reading this story. Please adjust your snacking habits accordingly.

Chapter One: Broomsticks . . . Bludgers . . . Both?

If anyone had bothered to look in Hermione's book bag, they might have been puzzled to notice **two** copies of *Hogwarts: A History*. Granted, they might have been difficult to detect amidst her vast portable library, but there they were, as anomalous as the sheer number of books fitting into one average-sized bag. The number of books, of course, could be accounted for by a handy little spell for accessing a small, extra-dimensional storage pocket. Hermione would have been happy to explain how she'd found and adapted it to anyone who asked, which was the most likely reason no one had ever asked. Inquiring about the extra copy of *Hogwarts: A History* would be fobbed off with a vague and (suspiciously) brief excuse.

Neither situation ever came to pass. Most people who knew Hermione stayed as far away from her book bag as possible. And it was a well-known fact that the majority of

Hogwarts students simply acquired a glazed expression and wandered off, suddenly remembering some urgent task, when they so much as caught a peripheral glimpse of *Hogwarts: A History!* So there was no chance that someone would look over her shoulder and read, instead of the details of Pontius Hooper's orderly (if slightly mead-scented) tenure as Headmaster, a table of contents, which included such varied titles as 'The Quidditch Pitch,' 'Ashwinder,' and 'The Hex Files.'

Hermione sat in the library with her nose buried in her faux history book. The book was actually nothing more than a charmed Muggle binder filled with page after page of printed out copies of stories called fan fiction. This fan fiction was one of only two good things to come out of Rita Skeeter's highly fictionalized and mostly sensational little novels about Harry's school days (five in print), the other being that someone had actually managed to blackmail that horrible beetle into donating all of the royalties to charity. Hermione thought she'd definitely like to shake that person's hand if she ever discovered their identity.

The Narrator and Editorial Staff took a moment to preen silently.

The fan fiction authors obviously knew of these pitiful little novels, but vastly improved upon them. Of course, they didn't get all the facts straight either; let's face it. Professors Snape and Lupin, as well as Draco and Harry, couldn't possibly have had *that* many hook ups over the years. There just wasn't enough free time. They came up with some pretty interesting plot lines (or lack thereof) in some of the stories, too. Almost immediately after discovering the existence of these wonderful little diversions, Hermione was hooked.

Oh, sure, she'd tried to kick the habit. She really had, but they were just so much fun to read. She couldn't help herself, and before long, she found herself printing the stories out so that she could sneak in a quick read whenever she had a few minutes.

The Narrator whispered softly, so as not to disturb the tranquility of the library or the equilibrium of the librarian, "She couldn't be seen reading them, of course. I mean, really, what would Professor Snape think if he ever saw her reading a slash story featuring him and Sirius Black shagging like maniacs? Thus, the idea of the faux *Hogwarts: A History* was born. No one would think it suspicious for her to be reading her favorite book."

Harry was supposed to meet Hermione this evening to finish their essays for Defense Against the Dark Arts, but was late...probably detained by an overeager Ginny.

Honestly! Was the girl blind?

Hermione knew Harry hadn't figured it out yet, but to her it wasso obvious that the boy batted for another team altogether. While she waited, Hermione snuck in another chapter or two in her cherished 'Ashwinder' section.

I'd like to see the real Professor Snape like that sometime...

She checked the clock on the wall one more time only to realize that if she didn't leave right now, she'd never make it to the dormitories in time for her 'Girls' Night' with Lavender and Parvati. *Take that, Skeeter! I doso have friends other than two oblivious boys!*She hastily threw the charmed book into the top of her backpack.*My, time flies when you're reading lemons.*

She failed to notice the book slip out as she slung the bag over her shoulder and was oblivious to the muffled thud it made when it fell onto the rug.

"I would like to point out that, for being the 'brightest witch of her age,' Hermione was certainly not very observant at the moment," the Narrator remarked. "Doesn't bode well for the rest of 'her age,' does it?"

Draco sat in the corner of the library, watching...no, spying on...Granger as she read. It didn't matter that any effective hostilities between Houses (Quidditch Pitch aside) had ended with V...Vol...Snakeface. Draco was a Slytherin. Slytherins spied. It was a matter of principle. It had nothing to do with his inborn predilection for nosiness that rivaled Moaning Myrtle's, Petunia Dursley's and an entire Senior Witches' Sewing Circle combined.

It also didn't matter that Granger's reading material was the excruciatingly dull *Hogwarts: A History*.

"Not that Draco would ever admit to having read *Hogwarts: A History*, thus qualifying himself to say exactly how dull it was... and if he had, it was only to gather potentially useful information about the school that could be used for some nefarious purpose," the Narrator whispered, still mindful that this was the library.

Every time he turned around lately, that girl's nose was buried in it! He wondered if he was missing something, or if Granger really was that boring. No matter. Draco had overheard her and Potter talking after class that afternoon about meeting to study, and if she was here, Potter had to show up sometime.

At the thought of Potter, Draco's Inner Fangirl 'squeed' in a manner that would put Colin Creevey to shame, and his toes curled inside his obscenely expensive, custom-made boots.

Speaking of Creevey, that little bitch is going to get treated to a knuckle sandwich a la Crabbe if he raises the prices on Potter candids again.

"Draco had long since stopped questioning why said Fangirl had become so very vocal and settled for keeping her from 'squeeing' audibly," the Narrator whispered. "And, for the record, Colin Creevey has raised the price on Malfoy candids, too. Bitch."

The annoying little show-off checked the clock again, then suddenly scrambled to leave as if she had a hot date or something.

Oh, good one, Draco.

She didn't see the book fall from her overloaded school bag, but Draco did. Waiting until he was sure she was gone, he quickly and quietly retrieved the book from its resting place on the floor. It couldn't hurt to see what Granger found so darned interesting in the book while he waited a bit longer to see if Potter showed up.

As he walked back to the table, his faithful minions rolled their eyes at him. He ignored them.

They've spent the last seven years following me around. It's not as if they have hot dates, either.

"Which just goes to show that Draco wasn't any more observant than Hermione, since most of Slytherin House was well aware (to their extreme psychological discomfort) that Vincent Crabbe and Millicent Bulstrode had been in a sadomasochistic relationship featuring revolving dominance since fifth year," the Narrator said with a yawn.

"Shh! Don't!" Goyle whispered urgently. Curiously, he was actually able to hear the Narrator and preferred not to think about Vince and Millie. Not to mention that there was no telling where the Narrator might butt in next, and he preferred that his much less adventurous pursuit of Hannah Abbott remain off the public record.

"Really? You and Hannah?" the Narrator asked, evidently able to read thoughts.

"After seven years of hanging about Draco, need less drama," Greg whispered back, ignoring odd looks from Vince.

Sitting back down at the table, Draco opened the book to the page Granger had marked with a scrap of parchment. His eyes bulged, and his mouth fell open at a rather graphic description of their Potions master shagging Granger within an inch of her life. Whatever this book actually was, it didn't take an Arithmancy master to figure out that it was *not Hogwarts: A History*.

He flipped back until he reached the Table of Contents.*Hmm.* 'The Hex Files' sounded interesting. If Granger was planning to learn how to fight dirty, he ought to at least ensure that none of the curses were actually dark. If the current truce with the Gryffindor trio was about to expire, a little extra ammunition wouldn't go amiss.

'The Hex Files,' he quickly learned, had nothing to do with actual hexes. It was more deliciously detailed stories, only this time the stories were all about him! Well, him... and *Potter*.

About thirty pages in, Draco's Inner Fangirl died with a very loud and happy 'squee' on her lips.

Had Granger discovered his lust for the green-eyed Wonder Boy? Maybe Potter's friends wouldn't hex first and ask questions later, as he had originally thought. After all, if the amount of stories contained in the book were any indication, Granger, at least, obviously enjoyed the thought of him and her best friend getting to know each other much, *much* better.

Eew... I hope she didn't enjoy it TOO much!

Pushing that thought aside, another quickly took its place. This book was just what he'd been looking for! The perfect thing to get Potter to think about all the delightful possibilities. Draco hugged the book to his chest, a look of feverish excitement in his eyes.

"What? What'er you planning, Draco?" Greg grunted.

"What I plan every night, Goyle," he said, a slightly fanatic edge to his voice.

Vince let his head fall forward to slap against his massive palm. "Trying to get Potter's attention," he moaned, the sound muffled.

Snape entered his dark, creepy, dungeon office feeling characteristically disgruntled. He needed to add the last ingredient to the potion for the fourth years' class tomorrow morning before his seventh years' class began, a class he certainly wasn't looking forward to. The potion turned the perfect shade of opalescent green when the final ingredient absorbed into the gelatinous mixture. In fact, the potion exactly matched the color markings on the beetle on the wall over there, Snape noted absently as he prepared to leave the office.

Wait a minute. Beetle? The only insects found in these rooms are dead and sealed in glass jars.

The professor snapped his attention back to the bug on the wall, a bug that was increasingly familiar upon second glance. Fast as lightening, he plucked the disgusting creature from its perch, squeezing it a bit more than was strictly necessary.

"Well, what have we here? I'm sure you'll make an extremely intriguing potion ingredient. Once you're crushed and ground into a fine powder, of course," he sneered as the insect writhed and wriggled within his grasp.

He set the fat, overly glittery bug down on his desktop, only to have it transform into the plump, overly glamoured, bug-eyed visage of one Rita Skeeter, just as he had expected.

"You...you," Rita stuttered, obviously shaken. "How **dare** you manhandle me that way!"

"Manhandle? Interesting choice of words. I always did wonder if all that paint and polish was an effort to hide... something," he said, his face twisting into a smirk.

"Have you forgotten just who you are talking to?" the woman shrieked.

"I most certainly haven't. However, perhaps you have. I've already warned you not to attempt spying on me. You are NOT welcome here," he replied, his anger hidden behind a stoic mask of composure.

"I'm not spying. I'm conducting research," the beetle-lady huffed. She never saw him pull his wand, but suddenly felt the hard tip of it digging into her blossoming double-chin.

"I've read that drivel you call journalism in the *Daily Prophet*, rag of a publication that it is, and I'm well aware of that farce you are writing about the Potter prat. I will make this very clear. I will not be any part of it. I don't want to feature in the infamous Harry Potter stories, nor do I intend to stay by and allow you to besmirch my image with the 'Severus Snape and the Disco of Doom' series or whatever else you have in mind. There is nothing for you to research. Now, if you value your continued existence, I advise you leave at once before you find yourself part of my expanding potions collection."

"Don't threaten me, Severus Snape. You will sorely regret it," she hissed, regardless of the tip of his wand still pressing against her skin.

Snape laughed...a cold, hollow sound. "What could you possibly do to me? You are a dunderhead of the highest degree, whose sole magical talent is your Animagus ability. By the way, I must admit that you are living proof that one's animal form is specific to one's personality. A beetle lives its life amongst shite and filth, does it not? I'm only surprised you don't turn into a cockroach!"

In a huff, Skeeter hopped down from the desk. She flounced to the door, then turned to face the featured star of so many schoolchildren's nightmares.

"I've two more books to finish, Snape, and you've just assured yourself a starring role."

Snape blinked in confusion. "Two more books? Voldemort died two years ago, you daft slag! What more could you possibly be writing?"

Skeeter drew herself up to her full height and flashed him a saccharine smile. "Well, you've certainly provided me with plenty of material this afternoon."

Snape graced her with one of his patent-pending Snape-glares, his ire growing exponentially with each passing moment. Especially as he had not a clue what she was talking about, but it didn't sound good. "Exit my premises immediately, or face my wrath. I assure you that my displeasure will make Hermione-bloody-Granger look like an angel of mercy. I hate to admit it, but the chit did have half a good idea sticking you in that jar, her mistake being that she didn't leave you there. Now. Get. Out!"

"As you wish, Professor. I've got what I came for anyway."

After a few moments of chanting, "I will not perform Unforgivables! I will not perform Unforgivables!" Snape strode out of the office toward the classroom, completely baffled as to how the situation had gotten so out of hand. Perhaps he was losing his touch.

Harry growled as he strutted past the first years that had gathered along the corridor.

No, he mentally corrected, his dad had never strutted, and neither did he. Strutting was too poncey for Potters, who were always the epitome of manliness. So manly that they rescued their best mates from homes infested with bikini babe posters and kept them in close quarters for company.

Besides, Harry ran his fingers through the famous touse...midnight, raven black as the bottle of ink Peeves had dropped on his head this morning. His chest monster would roar in dismay if anyone checking out his arse found it only worthy of a strut. After all, it had the right tone, curvature and bone structure to hold Big-D's jeans in place for years.

He swung his hips ever so slightly on his next step and listened for the collective sigh from the girls behind him, as well as the clicks that were no doubt Colin's camera firing off. If Voldemort had found some way to take his bone structure back at the graveyard that night rather than his blood, history would have to be rewritten. Voldemort would have had all the witches at his disposal, and if they were half as vicious as Mrs. Weasley, everyone would probably be sporting the Dark Mark and a proud member of the fan club.

"Fortunately for the world, Harry was too noble to take full advantage of his... natural talents," the Narrator said sweetly. "Why, not half an hour ago, he was quite busy not taking advantage of Ginny."

Harry stopped in mid not-strut, looking around for the voice. "How does the rumor mill get hold of something like that so fast? And why do you have to bring it up?"

"It's called a flashback, dear. It's going to be important to the plot, just go along with it." The Narrator prepared to do a dazzling melt of one scene into another.

"Sorry, but to save time, we're going directly to the incident in question," the Editor interrupted apologetically.

Ploink.

"I absolutely *don't* have a fixation on arses," Harry argued. Ginny put her hands on her very impressive (and very undressed) hips, looking unconvinced.

"Of course. That's why you want me to turn around," she said archly.

"Well, how am I supposed to do this? I mean, it's a bit much to ask, staring down those...that..."

"What?" Now she sounded a bit dangerous.

"What do you call the lady bits, anyway?" he mumbled, almost inaudibly.

Ginny blinked. "You... you're acting like they're...they're *Bludgers*, or something!"

"They're not! I mean... I'll grant you... I feel a little... crushed by them when they get close, but..."

Her responding stare propelled him into an uneasy and apologetic stutter. "I don't really have anything against them...it...it's just that... I'm a Seeker, and I'm used to dealing with much smaller balls. Things! Er..."

She heaved a sigh, sat up and... chained up her Bludgers. It made him feel rather more comfortable about Ginny putting her arm around him. "So, no Bludgers. How do you feel about broomsticks?"

That topic quite excited him, enough that he began to feel inclined towards some activity of the sexual sort after all. But since that would entail unchaining things, he went on for a while about how the anatomy of broomsticks had really made a difference in his plays, how he owed his legendary ability to steer to creating a snug seat with proper and frequent polishing.

By this time, Ginny had her hand over her mouth. Harry stopped and studied her peculiar expression.

"You look as if you've just discovered an animated Pygmy Puff tattoo on Snape," he said, finding the idea oddly interesting.

"That might explain his constantly billowing robes," Ginny murmured, a little dazed.

Having no clue how (or if) he should respond to that, Harry forged on. He analyzed the broomstick-arse relationship of the other Seekers, like how Cedric's was only all right, unlike Malfoy's, which he had to admit was rather excellent but could do even better with a different broomstick model.

About then, Ginny imitated Hermione's signature face palm.

He scrambled to his knees, putting his hands on her shoulders (Bludgers be damned!) and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Harry, I'm... no stranger to broomsticks, and I certainly have a... good time with them... But Charlie is the one with extensive knowledge of broomstick care, and you should definitely hook up to discuss that. And maybe tips on dragon taming as well." Ginny peered at him intently, a sort of tentative look on her face. "Do you get what I'm talking about, Harry?"

"I still don't know how dragons entered the conversation," Harry confessed. "Granted, they're fascinating enough...*And it's still easier to deal with them than to ask a girl to a dance!*

Ginny smiled sadly at him and reached for a bottle that was sitting on her trunk. "I'll try to explain. Relax and let me put some of this lotion on you."

Harry listened as she took care of his very sensitive skin. He noticed that his scar felt much less prickly as she smoothed the creamy stuff over it.

"You like this, don't you?" she asked, lifting his glasses to smooth it gently over his cheeks.

"Mmm hmm."

"What about this?" She draped her silky little dressing gown over him.

"Soft," he sighed happily. Some part of him was a little worried that cream might muck up the nice, soft material, but he was too manly to fuss over details like that.

"You appreciate the softer, nicer sort of things that most boys don't," she said, still using that gentle voice. "With the exception of 'lady bits,'" she added wryly. "No, hold still," she said, pressing him back down to the bed and touching something to the corner of each eye. "Take a look."

He gaped at his suddenly larger, more luminous-looking eyes reflected in the small hand mirror. "Wow."

"Harry James Potter," she said, giving him a soft peck on the cheek, "you are the gayest contemporary Gryffindor, third gayest current resident of Hogwarts, and seventh gayest occupant of this castle, of all time."

He would have darted out of her room naked if not for it being late autumn and awfully cold for that sort of thing. He was gobsmacked to say the least and wanted to throw everything in Ginny's room. He settled for working his jaw until he managed to force, "How can you say that?" out of his mouth.

"I've read *Hogwarts: A History*," she said. At his puzzled expression, she clarified. "I lost a bet to Hermione. At any rate, read it. If you squint hard enough, you'll realize that you're just following the footsteps of the school's founding fathers."

"Where does it say that?"

"Subtext, Harry."

Ploink

"Ploink? PLOINK?! I had gorgeous dissolves, with music, all ready to go, and you give the readers a couple of 'ploinks?'" The Narrator was outraged.

The Editor sighed. "Quit complaining. Ginny would've been quite happy with a couple of ploinks, all things considered."

That explained why he was late for his meeting with Hermione and needed to strut, no, march towards the library... and why his magical flare was zapping everything of the small-household-pest-persuasion dead within a ten-meter radius.

He passed through the front door of the library, and the two spiderwebsful of insects gating the entrance squealed collectively in pain. Madam Pince rolled her eyes at him. She Accioed the carcasses, let him in amidst the fading buzz, and cast a Sonorus Charm. "Potterangst Alert," she said boredly, then muttered, "*Finite*."

He looked around; there was no Hermione in sight. He faintly recalled she had said something about having to tutor Lavender and Parvati tonight. He wondered how she could get those two to stop giggling...tie them up and shoot birds at them, perhaps. Another blow for a day that had been terrible thus far, he thought, now that he had to struggle through the essay himself. Not that he would fail Defense Against the Dark Arts.

Hell. He was the defense against dark arts.

He dropped his book bag with a thump on his favorite desk, behind the shelf where the sports journals were stockpiled. Magazines like *Quidditch Illustrated* were his favorite study break material, especially the issues with calendars. Hermione had objected at first, but since she always had her *Hogwarts: A History* with her, she didn't protest too much. In fact, sometimes she looked over his shoulders as if confirming an idea or two before she was absorbed in her own text again.

Speaking of *Hogwarts: A History*, wasn't that the book there on the table?

Harry normally tried to avoid *Hogwarts: A History* as avidly as any other good student. His recent encounter with Ginny made him even less inclined to explore that volume and all its 'subtext.' However, this particular copy looked oddly familiar. He checked the inside of the front cover. Sure enough... 'Property of Hermione Jane Granger' was penned in obsessively tidy script at the top of the page.

He frowned and surveyed the library once again, searching for... Well, Death Eaters lurking in the corners were a little unlikely at this juncture, since he was quite sure those who'd avoided prison sentences would much rather gather in the Disco of Doom. Still, for Hermione to be without *Hogwarts: A History* was like... like... Snape without his billowing robes. In a tutu. Which, actually, would explain his ever-billowing robes...

Either the touch of kohl Ginny had convinced him to put on had done something odd to his brain, or this was an omen worse than the Grim.

He was prepared to stuff it in his own bag until he could return it when the book chanced to fall open to a rather eye-catching chapter title.

"The Astronomy Tower II...Slash Section?" He stared at the page, mouthing the words incredulously.

They devote two chapters to the Astronomy Tower? And what does 'Slash' mean?

He would have dismissed it and returned the thing (really, who could have guessed that architectural minutiae counted amongst Hermione's fixations?) except that he also noticed something else remarkable on that page...his own name.

By the time he reached the third page, Harry's eyes were threatening to make like a pair of fresh (and not yet pickled) toads and hop out of his head. Who on earth was writing all this stuff about *him*?

A few hundred breathlessly read pages of numerous short and long stories later, Harry set the book down, completely dazed. He felt dangerously lightheaded and strongly inclined towards having a good wank. It all seemed so... so... oddly plausible.

"Blimey," he breathed, briefly thinking that life would be simpler if he could pick up heterosexuality as well as vocabulary from Ron. "Maybe ~~am~~ gay."

Nobody ever questioned Hermione's incessant habit of sequestering herself in the private bedroom that was her privilege as Head Girl. They all just assumed she was frantically and ferociously revising for the seventh years' N.E.W.T.s exams, and frankly, they thought Hermione studying alone was a collectively beneficial affair. To her housemates, it simply meant that she was no longer there to breathe down their necks for not studying hard enough or long enough. Not to mention, she was no longer exploding in little bursts of annoyance or snapping at them for taking breaks to play games of Exploding Snap. And surely she could get more studying done without all of them distracting her so thoroughly!

Good for them... Good for her.

So when Hermione lugged her book bag into her room, her fellow Gryffindors left well enough alone. After her door closed behind her, they sighed in relief and proceeded to delightfully delve into their hidden stores of Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes.

Hermione snickered to herself as she closed and warded her door. *Just in case!*

The Narrator snickered slightly as well. "If only they knew why she *really* secluded herself in her room for hours every evening!"

Hermione noted the time and sighed with relief. As much as she was looking forward to 'tutoring' Lavender and Parvati, Hermione was glad to have just enough time to indulge in a bit of solitary fun...

She snorted with amusement as she kicked off her shoes and fell back upon her bed, a copy of *Hogwarts: A History* in hand. Even if it were possible that someone should happen a glance at her, the image would deceptively imply the benignancy they'd expect!

Hermione thought she really ought to congratulate herself (yet again) for her cleverness in this matter.

Okay! So, I once saw Harry switch the covers on two different books, which gave me the idea in the first place... but, damn! Not even Harry would be clever enough to figure out my little secret!

"Really, he's smarter than he looks. Just because he's not always the most articulate bloke..." the Narrator said sympathetically.

Hermione lounged against her pillows, seeking to get comfortable before she indulged once again in the daydreams she rendered from the illicit stories in her 'history' book. *The hell with it! Might as well take care of these impediments to my pleasure before I become too... immersed... to want to have to stop to remove them!*

Hermione slipped and slid out of her robes in a fashion she imagined would make the mouth of a certain, distinctively sexy man exceedingly too dry to express his eminently dry wit.

The large mirror above Hermione's bureau quipped, "Smooth as Eloise Midgen's face! Sexy as Hagrid's hair on axle grease!"

"Shut it, damn you!" Hermione screeched back, thankful her routine warding included a Silencing Charm. Stupid magical mirrors! This one was particularly snarky. She'd have shattered it by now if not for the clandestine pleasure it provided her during 'Girl's Nights.' Having the mirror add its own shivering moans and dulcet tones to the sounds of their experiments really went a long way to enhance the entire experience...

Hermione stood in front of her mirror in only her thigh-high stockings, shortest skirt, and tightest blouse. She turned from side to side, flaunting herself and giving the mirror flirty, come-hither looks. The mirror groaned its approval.

"That's better!" Hermione snapped. Hermione had recently taken to dressing as sexily as she possibly could while still technically adhering to the uniform regulations. No one knew the difference, of course, with having to hide all her deliciousness underneath those encumbering, tent-sized robes that students were made to wear. However, it still made her feel like such a vixen to do it.

Hermione's indulgences as of late may actually have been due to the influence of 'Ashwinder' with its hundreds of sex-obsessed fanfic writers..*But hey*, Hermione shrugged innocently, *if they want to write sex scenes featuring me, who am I not to live up to their expectations?*

"How quickly she forgets the massive contingent that likes to depict her as a virginal little prude," the Narrator muttered with accompanying eye roll.

Hermione began to unbutton her blouse while smiling at the thought of the flattering moniker, know-it-all, which they always applied to her. The blushing, virgin self she was when she first starting reading her self-starring stories certainly didn't 'know it all!'

Of course, Rita was never eventhat kind to her character! But hey, that's cool . . .

Hermione feigned an unconcerned shrug. If the fanficdom wanted her to reign supreme as the Know-It-All--Must-Always-Do-Anything-Marvelously-Nervy--Helpful--Omniscient--Talented--Bright-And-Beautiful...Errorless Queen, so be it!

"Ha! Try making an acronym out of *that!*"

"I can! Oh, pick me!" the mirror piped up.

Hermione's love/hate relationship with her mirror went another round while the Narrator shook with silent laughter.

With the mirror suitably cowed, Hermione resettled herself on her bed...now significantly free of impeding clothing. Though, she kept on her seductive and sexy skirt because it was simply essential for her to wear when engaging in her favorite fantasy...

She smirked as she opened *Hogwarts: A History*, planning to hurriedly flip past that damnable Snarry section..*As if! Snape's mine! Why'd I even print that out?..to the largest* section: Hermione/Snape.

Hermione failed to find a single page with her name on it. She did, however, find the bit about the quarrel that initiated the feud between Godric and Salazar.

'Quarrel,' indeed. Why don't they just say 'Lover's Quarrel?'

"What the hell?" she muttered. "This book really is *Hogwarts: A History!*"

Seizing her bag and rummaging her hand through the pocket of extra-dimensional space failed to produce the second copy of *Hogwarts: A History*. Where was it?

It suddenly dawned on Hermione that it could have fallen out when she hurriedly stuffed it in her bag that morning. If someone were to find it! Oh, but they wouldn't know *who* the book belonged to (although they ought to notice how popular and sexy she was in the fanfic world), of course. Wait a minute... Had she penned her name on the inside cover?

*Don't think about it! Don't think about it! You just misplaced it somewhere...probably in this very room*Hermione glanced about her exceedingly tidy room in vain.

Well, now was not the moment to obsess over its whereabouts. She'd read all the Hermione/Snape ship fics numerous times by now anyway. She had her favorites, but really, just the idea of that dark and sexy Slytherin engaging in explicit, NC-17 rated activities with herself was enough to set her off... Off into endearing daydreams of two soul mates passionately making love... Or off into the wilder dreams of intense, impassioned, porn-without-plot sex...

Those fanfic authors certainly seemed to know Professor Snape better than the students here at Hogwarts! How was it that everyone else had been so blind to his salacious sexiness? Hermione took a moment to center herself with her Fangirl creed.

Let's see... We (the fanfic people and I) do declare that: Snape's prominent nose is actually perfectly proportioned, and it's sexy. His black eyes aren't cold tunnels but are glittering black jewels that sparkle in a smoldering manner, and it's sexy. His hair isn't at all ghastly or greasy...it's just shiny from all the work he does with various, random, unspecified potion ingredients, and it's sexy. His dominating, angry, dramatic, and aggressive bearing isn't scary... Okay, well it is, and it's still sexy! The sadistic pleasure he delights in when making sardonically caustic remarks about his students isn't mean...

Hermione's train of thought was interrupted by a sudden vision of Snape looming over her where she lay sprawled (where he had thrown her in the heat of his passion) across his desk in the Potions classroom, her blouse torn open, and her skirt shoved up around her hips. "*Miss Granger! That behavior is entirely inappropriate! Ten points from Gryffindor for raw, explicit naughtiness! If you seek to defy me again, it will be a spanking!*"

...it was definitely sexy.

Hermione let ripples of ecstasy flow through her in tune with her imagined snarky professor's scintillating words, which he so smoothly relayed whilst pleasuring her. The mirror mimed Hermione's whimpers, truly grateful that the Head Girl's room was *finally* occupied by someone who did not sit and revise ten hours a day with a stick-up-her-arse.

The Narrator whispered snidely, "But she has been known to revise with a vibrator up her..."

"Eeeee!" the mirror squealed.

Draco was in a right state by the time Potter set the book down. When he saw what appeared to be Potter mouthing the word 'gay,' he hugged himself and gave a breathy little squeal that made Goyle jump and Crabbe look around nervously lest anyone see him with Draco when Draco was at his pouffiest.

"I'm going in," Draco muttered ecstatically. "Watch for a couple of minutes in case he draws his wand, but if it looks like he's... amenable... you can go amuse yourselves."

Crabbe turned away as soon as Draco darted from between the stacks. "Hey, Draco said stay here," Goyle said, grabbing the sleeve of his robe.

"I've had it, Greg. For seven years, it's been nothing but Potter, Potter, Potter, Potter, Potter, Potter, Potter, Potter, Potter, Potter." Vince took a breath.

"Weasley, Weasley," Greg chimed in, not unmusically.

Vince gave him a look that said, 'What the fuck?' so loudly that Madam Pince almost came looking for whomever dared use profanity in her domain.

Greg shrugged. "Just came to me, is all."

Crabbe shook his head. He gave one last glance over his shoulder to where Draco was seated next to Potter, edging close with a half predatory, half sappy look in his eyes, and Potter... well, Potter's expression was unclassifiable. "Look, I don't know what happened, but for the last year, Draco's been pouffier than the seating in Trelawney's classroom. And the way that Potter walks ever since he started needing to shave... I'm not sticking around to see the sort of 'wand' that's likely to get drawn

here."

Greg had followed Vince almost out the door before that last statement clicked. "In the LIBRARY? Oh,*ew*," he groaned.

"Potter."

Harry couldn't quite work out why Malfoy's voice was quivering on what was otherwise a neutral word of greeting or why those gray eyes were so brightly and intently fixed on him. Granted, they'd managed to be quite civil for the past two years, but they weren't exactly bezyzy mates.

"Malfoy," he replied, trying to sound cordial through his bemusement.

"Read anything interesting lately?"

Expressions like 'Slytherin Sex God' and 'Ice Prince' from Harry's encounter with what was most certainly *noHogwarts: A History* popped into his head.

"Er... Maybe."

Malfoy's eyes sparked with something like amusement. "Are you unsure? Or just being evasive?"

Harry blamed his next words on his recent reading material. "You know, Malfoy, I was almost sorted into Slytherin."

Malfoy blinked owlishly. "Uh... What?" His expression went through several permutations of blankness before he settled on 'disgruntled.' "Wait. You mean we should have been sharing a dorm room and addressing each other by our first names for the past seven years?"

It was Harry's turn to look blank at the apparent non sequitur. Malfoy sounded almost... petulant. As if he... wanted... Harry to be in Slytherin with him. Harry found himself beaming rather ridiculously. "Well, I could call you Draco."

Draco began squeaking something. Most of it was somewhat above normal human hearing range, but Harry gathered that they were now on a first name basis.

Apparently, Madam Pince had senses such that she could detect the exuberance of bats, for she promptly marched forth to shush them.

"Do *not* disrupt my..." She broke off, somewhat flummoxed by Potter's curiously sappy grin and Malfoy's pouty yet coy expression. She stood, her jaw working uselessly, looking from one to the other.

Fortunately, Harry's recent reading material had prepared him for just this occasion. (How else was he going to figure out how to do this whole gay thing after a lifetime of heterosexual delusion?) He addressed her politely, his eyes never leaving Draco. "Since you're a bystander, we must ignore you now. Um... Because we are too busy staring at each other."

"Checking each other out," Draco corrected dreamily. He leaned closer and peered at Harry's eyes intently through the distortion of the glass. "Are... are you wearing **eyeliner**?"

"Uh, well, that is... yes?"

Draco's eyes went all soft and warm until he rather resembled a first year bonding with his Pygmy Puff, and he let out a shivery sigh.

As long as Harry was doing some checking out, he decided to notice Draco's fingers, which were quite long, slender and pretty. So pretty that he didn't object in the least when Draco wrapped them possessively around Harry's hand. Harry tentatively rubbed his thumb along the back of one pale, manicured finger, and Draco gave a breathy little squeak of joy.

The breathy squeak and smooth skin did funny things to Harry's stomach...and not the way that the thought of oncoming Bludgers did.

Um... yeah. Gay.

Authors' Notes:

Severus generally, Snape's run-in with Rita Skeeter, and Hermione's shocking carelessness in the library courtesy of Snapemylove.

Harry, primarily, and the Harry/Ginny encounter (Quidditch-as-sex...or vice versa) courtesy of Potteresque_ire.

Draco, for the most part, Hermione's Printernet Porn addiction, Draco's Pinky and the Brain moment, Harry's personal epiphany and the subsequent library encounter courtesy of dracontia.

Hermione, by and large, Hermione's daydream, and final beta read courtesy of SeverusLovesUs.

The Potter, Potter, Potter, Potter... Weasley, Weasley reference is courtesy of that thefifthdistrict video... which is now stuck in your head. Again. After you spent all year getting it out. We're sorry.

Up next:

"Snape! Snape! Oooh, It's Snape!"

Covering All The Hoops

Chapter 2 of 5

Hermione would like to have her porn back. Snape would like his sanity back. Harry would like to get back to when this all made a modicum of sense, but Draco will settle for a back rub (naked).

Disclaimer: These characters don't belong to us; we make no profit and have no qualms about using them for our own slightly warped pleasure.

Authors' Notes:

There is a chance, however slight, that you may find your Fanta exiting your nostrils rather than entering your esophagus as a result of this story. Organize your eating and drinking activities accordingly.

Harry wanted to lug his unconventional copy of *Hogwarts: A History* the way Quidditch players carried their brooms...proud and out in the open for easy access. He would brave having a reputation for being studious just to be near his new favorite diversion... if only he wasn't so worried that Hermione might see him with it.

So, he settled for the next best thing: hiding the book in his book bag. Between classes, he kept the bag squashed possessively between his chest and his arms. Other students knew better than to ask him what was hiding in there...it could be some Dark Artifact.

"Considering that it contains a fic with naked!Voldemort and some ff.net stuff tucked into the back, it probably IS a Dark Artifact," the Narrator said with a shudder.

In the classroom, the satchel leaned against his ankle like a faithful pet as he spent double Potions stewing over his recent epiphanies rather than brewing anything Potions-related.

As if it hadn't been enough to discover his gayness, Harry's week was made more difficult by the revelation that he seemed to be at his... well, most gay... around snarky Slytherins. Draco had insisted on asserting his (somewhat unilaterally declared) boyfriendly status by sitting next to Harry during Potions, which made Snape insist on glaring daggers at Harry and behave in an even more elegantly nasty manner than usual.

Which made Harry notice, more so than usual, that Snape also had very long, dexterous fingers. Which made Potions even more torturous than usual. He blamed the Snary section of that damned book (which he had yet to return to Hermione).

He made the mistake of saying this to Draco. He compounded it by saying it loud enough for Snape to hear, which caused the Potions master to stand abruptly from retrieving his dropped quill and bang his head on the podium.

"EXCUSE ME?" Draco responded, his voice rising shrilly. In keeping with his cosmically bad judgment in regards to handling Harry, he followed this up with, "What in the WORLD would HE see in YOU?"

This left Harry feeling distinctly put out. "What sort of thing to say is THAT? You're the one who started holding my hand!"

"I'm not interested in dunderheads, Potter," Snape said dazedly. Only a pronounced dizziness from having smacked his head was standing between Gryffindor and an epic point loss.

This had the unfortunate effect of arousing Harry's natural contrariness. He turned his most wide-eyed expression on Snape and dug into his recently acquired stores of fanfic knowledge. "But... I have Lily's... er... orbs."

Snape's expression went odd. He turned away with an exaggerated snuffle. Of course, considering his nose, the exaggeration was purely unintentional. "Oh... Lily..."

Draco was left feeling that this was all going very much pear-shaped. Harry was *not* supposed to be making big, stupid eyes at any other Slytherins. "You...you...and SEVERUS?" Then he replayed that statement in his mind and frowned. "Orbs?"

"I think I could look at him all day with... with my... um... myopic orbs," Harry said, borrowing the phrase from fanfic, despite not being entirely clear on what 'myopic' meant.

Frankly, Snape had suffered through many a conversation with Trelawney without hearing the term 'orbs' that often. "You need to work on that vocabulary, Potter."

"I am your meek, little dunderhead who can't utter an eloquent sentence in your presence," Harry offered shyly.

"Batting eyelashes and begging will only get you so far, Potter," Snape said dryly, then wondered why in the hell he was responding to this inanity with anything but disciplinary action. *Damn those green eyes!*

"I am an insolent little brat... but I am under your charge..."

A strangled sob finally tore his attention away from the professor. Draco was...there was no other word for it...wibbling.

Hermione was rapidly transitioning from dumbfounded to seriously cheesed off. "It shouldn't be getting him *anywhere*. I've got dibs on Severus," she grumbled. *After all, Hermione/Snape is the most popular ship for a reason!* She considered formulating a devious plot to make him hers.

The Narrator threw caution to the wind and spoke audibly. "Not to burst your bubble or anything, Hermione, honey...but most fansite statistics show that the most popular ships are, in order: Harry/Hermione..."

"WHAT?" Harry glanced over at Hermione. "No offense... but that would be almost like...like *incest*," he said, half-apologetic, half-disturbed. Then he returned to ogling Snape.

The Narrator continued helpfully, "...then the primary canon ships, then Hermione..."

"I notice that 'Hermione' seems to be the common theme here," Hermione said, smirking happily to herself. She gathered her infamous resolve and schooled her self-satisfied expression into one of a contemplative variety. Now was *not* the time to get distracted...even to delight in her own unfading popularity...not with serious devious plotting to do...

"...and Draco," the Narrator continued, completely unfazed. This roused Draco from his massive sulk, replacing his pout with an expression that looked as if he'd just been force-fed a lemon. Glancing over to see if Granger was equally unimpressed, he found her to be plotting deviously. He was particularly talented at spotting someone in the process of forming a devious plot, even from a great distance, though he himself had but modest proficiency in that particular activity.

"Yes, you'd better plot, Granger." When she turned to look at him questioningly, he folded his arms and nodded darkly at the sort of staring contest between Harry and Snape. "Need help? I don't like the way my mentor is looking at my boyfriend."

"Yes," Hermione whispered conspiratorially. "I suppose we really ought to team up on this one. There's something in it for both of us if we succeed."

The Narrator took this moment to intervene and ask, "Folks... have we hit all the fanfic clichés yet?"

"We've got to be getting close," Hermione said, only slightly bemused at the presence of a disembodied voice discussing fan fiction in the middle of Potions. This was Hogwarts, after all.

Besides, she rather hoped that this Narrator person would keep popping in to share such important information. The sooner the rest of the school learned about all the fan fiction out there, based on the bug's best-selling books about them, the sooner everyone would give her the high regard she was due.

Meanwhile, Snape must have hit his head harder than he'd thought, since he was so busy blinking curiously at Potter that he failed to notice that half the N.E.W.T. level class was checking each other out and that the other half were doing a very dubious job of distilling fresh extract of armadillo bile for the potion in progress. "Potter, what are you staring at?"

"I am staring at your long, slim fingers, sir," he replied, sounding flatteringly intrigued.

"I know! I'll get Professor Snape to give me a detention, and I'll woo him with my intelligence and charm!" Hermione was so thrilled with this revolutionary idea that she did not realize that she'd vocalized her enthusiasm until Draco turned to her with one finely-arched eyebrow raised.

"You call that a devious plot?" Draco asked dubiously. Granger had apparently gone soft since the Skeeter blackmail incident in fourth year.

In what was definitely not her finest hour, personally or academically, Hermione blew up her cauldron on purpose and awaited Snape's reaction.

"Detention, Granger! My office, eight o'clock sharp!"

It was fortunate that Snape could assign detentions out of pure reflex at this point in his teaching career. What he actually wanted to say was, 'Who the fuck are you, and what the fucking hell have you done with one of my few competent students?'

Somehow, he didn't think that an outburst of that nature would play well with old Albus.

Hermione gleefully thought, *YES! Success!*, barely able to restrain a grin as she chirped, "Yes, sir! I'll be there right on time."

She turned to Draco, giddy with joy at the prospect of time alone with her adored. "Pssst! Draco! I have detention with Snape!" She smiled triumphantly, her eyes glinting with mischief.

"So I noticed," Draco said, wondering what in the hell had happened to turn the Gryffindor brainbox into a ditzzy firebug. She'd blasted soot onto his robes, too, damn it! Although, there was some comfort in knowing that head-of-the-class Granger wasn't any better at devious plotting than he was.

The lizard part of Harry's brain processed that it would be a bad thing for Hermione to spend time... alone... with Snape. He set off Draco's cauldron, even though it didn't have anything particularly combustible in it as of yet. Harry really had a knack for that sort of thing. Perhaps it was a Gryffindor talent.

Hermione glared at Harry in such a way as to make Snape's classic stare-of-doom look jovial.

Draco did a slow burn from under a layer of purple goo.

Snape took one look at the proceedings and uncharacteristically decided that Draco was at fault. "Mr. Malfoy! Clean up that mess immediately!" He could probably be forgiven, if only on the basis of the fact that Miss Granger's... betrayal... had left him more stunned than Potter's wide, mooning, Slytherin-green eyes.

Damned distracting eyes! Who told you to clean your glasses today, you insufferable little pillock?

If outrage could kill, Snape would be dead and Harry badly injured. **ME?** Draco's voice rose dangerously. His fingers worked the air, looking suspiciously as if he were itching to draw his wand. Or strangle someone. "Clean up the mess that POTTER made?"

"What happened to first names?" Harry tore his gaze away from Snape for a moment to direct a miffed expression at Draco.

"You'll have to re-earn that privilege," Draco said. Their mutual pout caused an unimportant tertiary character to faint from the sheer sexiness of it.

With the patented 'Snape smirk' on her face, Hermione thought cheerfully, *He will be all mine tonight...chances are good that Harry and Draco are going to get detention at the bottom of the lake!*

Her conscience managed to dispel layers of hormones to protest that this would actually be a bad thing, assuming Snape would do it, and would simply muck up her seduction...detention...with a third wheel. Or third and fourth wheels.

"Draco! Don't get Harry in trouble! He wants to ditch you for MY SNAPE! You're messing up my...our plan!"

Draco was quite beyond caring what Granger-the-Detonator had to say. "Limber up your hands, Potter, because you aren't getting any as long as I'm coated in PURPLE." Never mind that they hadn't actually got to giving each other 'any' as of yet. It was the principle of the thing.

"Oh, and Potter, detention as well! With Filch!"

Somehow, the idea of detention with Filch cooled Harry's ardor for professorial types considerably. He returned his attention to Draco, sniffing thoughtfully at the mess. "I think it's fruit-flavored. Can I lick it off?"

"You ARSE! I look like an EASTER EGG!" Draco had no intention of being easily appeased. There would have to be groveling involved. And chocolate.

Harry looked over the purple mess that was allegedly his boyfriend. Then he did a very foolish thing. He sniggered. At Draco.

Apparently, the 'Snape Death Glare' was licensed for use by Slytherin students.

About this time, Snape noticed that he had definitely lost control of the classroom, and if the potions continued along their current trajectory, they would be losing a good deal more than that. "All three of you, see me at eight o'clock! I refuse to devote more class time to this idiocy!"

Harry batted his eyelashes at Snape. Both Hermione and Draco seethed to note that he actually seemed better at it than Hermione was. "Yes, sir."

Shite shite shite shite shite! I can't believe I'm competing with Harry for Snape! Hermione thought. Loudly.

Draco was a bit more direct. "You'd BETTER be straight. Very straight," he said with a pointed glare at his Head of House.

"Potter, mind your own cauldron!" Snape ordered, ignoring Draco and making himself scarce on the other side of the room.

"Is class over yet? I can't wait for my detention." Hermione fidgeted, reconstructing her destroyed potion to try to take her mind off the problem and spilling a decanter of pumpkin juice out of nervousness.

Snape surveyed the mess blankly, feeling certain that his brain had just exploded. "Why the hell is there pumpkin juice in my classroom?"

The voice of the Narrator decided to have mercy on the beleaguered Potions master and stepped in. "Think about it, Professor...love quadrangles... inter-House plots... pumpkin juice in Potions class..."

"Oh, Merlin!" Snape murmured in dismay. He decided against asking if anyone else was hearing this, especially in light of the odd, repetitive, beeping sort of music accompanying the voice.

"Clearly, we've just stepped into a crackfic." The Narrator took a deep breath and chirped out a steady and unnerving, "Deedee-deedee, deedee-deedee!" until, seemingly at random, deciding to end with a resounding, "Dah-duh-DUN!"

Hermione eyed her professor, the love of her life...if only she could get him to figure it out...with compassion. "Oh, the angst!"

Harry idly poured the remainder of the decanter into Malfoy's cauldron just for the hell of it.

Very much unnerved by the disembodied voiceover and the odd music that apparently only he could hear, Snape roared, "SILENCE! Clean up this mess, and GET OUT OF MY CLASSROOM!"

Draco decided to forgo severe irritation in favor of flirty innuendo, seeing as the former had so far served him rather ill in the area of scoring the much-desired Potter-attention. "You heard him, Potter. Clean me up."

"That wasn't what I meant," Snape groaned in agony, watching as the majority of the class scampered out of the room. Only Draco, Potter, and Granger lingered. Potter and Draco made a very slow exit, delayed by Potter's occasional tentative licks at the purple goo. Granger was the last to leave, gyrating her hips with each step. Snape was left to wonder just what was wrong with Granger's legs (she didn't usually walk like that, did she?), and he wondered if an interlude of hysterics was out of the question at this point.

With classes over and detention quite some time in the future, Harry went in search of a place where he could once again indulge in his... um... research. He felt vaguely guilty for giving Draco the slip and leaving him to deal with the goo, but he suspected that he wasn't quite... sufficiently well-read in the subject to deal with more than a few licks yet.

He ran his hand lovingly down the spine of the book, feeling its tautness through the fabric before gently cupping the rounded corner when his fingers reached the end. A curl of fingers made him realize, disappointedly, that it wasn't exactly soft or kneadable. He heaved a sigh; for once, he was reluctant to part with a something that had no instructions for proper broomstick polishing techniques. Not that his enthusiasm for this text was any less than for *Quidditch Through the Ages*, but he had so much more to learn in this... er... sport.

Seeing that the Muggle Studies classroom was empty, he veered inside.

"Hey, does anyone know the name of the Muggle Studies professor?" the Narrator asked.

"Name? Try finding someone who knows this person's **gender**," the Editorial Staff answered in frustration.

Harry dropped his satchel on the floor. His favorite book was out in no time, and sitting on the edge of the desk, he began to read.

He decided to chance a new section. It occupied a substantial fraction towards the end of the book, but its pages looked almost crisp with disuse. Hermione's neat handwriting graced the corner of the first page: "ff.net...For occasional gems."

Harry suspected it was slash... in runes. While some were perfectly readable, others looked only remotely like English, with the alphabets of every other word scrambled and randomly replaced. There was a piece that was total gibberish to him except for the note: "Crossover written in Klingon."

Must be some foreign magical city, he thought.

Evidently, this land was populated by gothic people (whatever that meant) with extremely long names. They always gave birth to twins, too.

That might explain why some of the scenes between him and Draco (he was fairly certain that they actually existed in the text) were so bloody difficult to follow. The ones he had read before were complicated enough and had almost exhausted his imagination, but these...

Harry shook his head, laid the book down, and rubbed his temples. His scar was hurting again...how did fictional Draco stick *that* into *here* while his *this* was already *there*?

It was high time for Harry to fall back on the wisdom of Oliver Wood and employ the blackboard.

He picked up the chalk and drew at the empty space adjacent to the homework description. Three circles...rather like Oliver Wood's depiction of the Quidditch hoops...represented *here*, *there*, and that elusive *over there*, the latter only found in Polyjuice and genderbender fics.

Now, the story said Draco got that in...

The door opened. "Speaking of Draco getting in..." the Narrator said.

"Draco! How... Uh, how did you find me?" Harry edged in front of the diagrams.

"It was the strangest thing. Someone handed me this bit of parchment entitled: 'Outline,' that said I needed to be in the Muggle Studies room with you. I'm not going to argue with the results."

"I had it well in hand." The Narrator sulked. "You didn't need to draw him a map."

"Listen, we have lives to deal with. We couldn't spend all day waiting for him to find Harry," the Editorial Staff whispered back.

Gray eyes, already shimmering with devilish glee, practically turned silver at the sight of the thick book.

"Put the book away, Potter. Wouldn't you rather DO explicit slash than read about it?" Draco wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.

"I... dunno." Harry wished he could have come up with a more definitive sounding answer, but those eyebrows were distracting. Sort of like watching a pair of blond caterpillars doing the cha-cha.

The Narrator sighed sadly. "McGonagall couldn't teach him that dance either."

Draco sidled closer. "You owe me a cleaning, Potter. I'm all sticky." He paused significantly. "All over."

True to form, Harry immediately built up a head of defiant steam and proceeded to vent it. "I don't owe you..." Almost as quickly as the ire built, it started to dissipate. "S...sticky? All... over?"

"And I had planned to put on my best leather trousers for tonight. Sticky and leather don't mix, Potter," Draco explained with the air of conveying something that would be on an exam later.

"Draco, you're just going to get Harry all riled up again with the thought of you sporting leather!" The Narrator was beginning to get downright interfering.

Draco soldiered on, hoping to generate a great deal of 'riling up.' Just to make certain, he fanned the flames with some judicious eyelash fluttering.

"The leather trousers... they... they would fit..." Harry trailed off, once again rather having lost track of what point he was trying to make.

"Oh, they fit perfectly," Draco asserted with a final eyelash flutter for good measure. He hoped Potter's prescription was up to detecting all this effort. He was beginning to feel a little disoriented from the strobe effect.

"Er, I mean...I don't mean..."

"They fit so well, I just can't wear pants under them. Lines, you know."

Desperately trying to recover the plot (and some sense of equilibrium), Harry came back with, "And... if it sticks... I mean, why should I care?" The measure of defiance in the last few words was almost convincing.

Draco decided it was time to take out the big guns... so to speak. He turned slowly, looking pointedly over his shoulder at his own backside...at least, insofar as anyone not an owl can do such a thing. "I can't have lines, Potter. It just wouldn't be becoming on me."

"Well, smooth it out."

"How do you propose I do that?"

"Er... Run your hand over that... that..."

Getting impatient, Draco gave his hips an emphatic toss. It was almost a flounce, a maneuver that would have earned him a place of honor in the Slytherin Vocabulary of Seductive Body Language had he been female. "Over what, Potter? You seem to be having trouble talking. Perhaps you should show me instead."

"No, I do not! My mouth is perfectly capable..."

The speed at which Draco turned, a predatory smile bursting across his face, was rather alarming. "Oh good! Then perhaps we don't need the bath after all!" His fingers fluttered to his shirt buttons, anticipatory gleam firmly in place in his eyes.

"Wedoneebath?" Harry squeaked. The whole buttons thing seemed rather sudden. He started hyperventilating slightly. "Oh, my God... I need Quidditch showers right now. Or the prefects' bathroom."

Draco's smile turned smug. "You're right. The bath would be perfect. They have the nicest foam there... You know, the kind that tingles in the heat?"

Harry's eyes were thoroughly mesmerized by the motions of those slender fingers. All he managed by way of response was a rather loud gulp.

Draco reached for Potter's hand...gleefully noting that, however myopic his love might be (in multiple senses of the word), his ideally green eyes were fixated on the movement to a flattering degree. "Shall we?"

"The smooth bubbles..." Harry murmured, as if in a trance.

Draco curled his fingers around Potter's hand and dragged him from the room, practically quivering with anticipation and triumph.

However, upon reaching the bath, Draco discovered that actual triumph would not be as easy to come by as he had supposed.

"Wait... What are you doing?"

Draco wondered whether something had struck Harry in the head during the cauldron incident. "Offhand... I'd say I'm standing beside the bath, awaiting nudity."

"Huh?" Harry blinked and attempted coherency. "Naked?"

"Yes... I fully intend on getting into the water to be washed. Do you normally bathe fully dressed, Potter?"

"But we haven't picked the right type of soap and bubbles, and I only came here for the smooth bubbles..."

"Well, I'M not getting colored bubbles on my clothes!" Draco started stripping quite deliberately, tossing the purple-stained garments aside for the house-elves to deal with.

"I mean, can't you just jump in and rub yourself clean? I'll be over on the other side...with the bubbles."

Draco whipped off his pants with a bit of a flourish and marched purposefully...with a hip wiggle that was quite possibly deliberate...to the taps.

Harry rotated violently in the other direction, nearly succeeding in chucking himself into the water.

"I was promised help cleaning up. You're not leaving me to handle the hard-to-reach places by myself." Draco attempted a coy glance from over his shoulder while kneeling to play with taps. In point of fact, he looked a bit like an albino frog in that position, but Harry was gratifyingly flustered.

"Um... I think next time. I need to go. I really need to go."

"You're responsible for this mess, Harry."

"Er, Dumbledore wants to talk to me now." Harry edged toward the door, trying not to slip on the marble.

"Yes... trying not to slip... or... trying not to pinch the erection in his trousers," the Narrator mumbled appreciatively.

Draco's eyes widened, but he decided he'd imagined the sotto voce remark out of wishful thinking. "Don't good Gryffindors clean up their messes?" Draco slid into the water slowly, trying for coy, but managing something closer to petulant.

Harry, on the other hand, was in no condition to hear much of anything except his own attempts to hyperventilate.

Draco raised his voice while still trying to keep it vulnerable and appealing. "Harry... I need help."

"What you... You don't know how to clean yourself?"

"There are some places that are just so very... hard... to reach." Draco turned and made a major show of reaching over his shoulder with the sponge.

Harry made the mistake of glancing back and swallowed heavily at the sight. "There's some place I need to 'reach' now and can't," he muttered.

The Narrator broke in with an audible comment, visibly startling Harry. "Harry, dear, if you're worried about the stripping part, do it now, while his back is turned."

"Alright... I'm coming. No, wait... I mean, I am... Never mind...just don't turn around, okay?"

Draco sighed heavily, practically twitching with the desire to turn around. "I'll just run some more bubbles, yeah?" He paddled over to the taps, trying to look alluring while listening for sounds of clothes being removed. The sound of a belt clinking to the floor had his fingers trembling on the faucet.

Meanwhile, Harry had his own problems. "Merlin, not now... Come on...!" he muttered desperately, struggling with his zipper.

"Need help?" Draco's voice rose to a hopeful squeak. He squeezed his eyes shut and hugged the sponge ecstatically at the sound of a zipper running in painfully slow clicks... as if straining...

"No... No, no, no. I need no help," Harry answered, overly loud. Still struggling, he moaned softly, "Oh**G**od."

The sound of trousers falling (finally!) brought a whimper to Draco's lips. *Remember...you need to wait for Potter to pounce...*

The rest of Harry's clothing practically exploded off. He whipped his tie free of his collar with a wild hiss of silk on cotton, then threw it backward...

...where it landed directly in front of Draco and disappeared into the bubbles.

"Eep!" Draco gasped and couldn't resist turning around.

Harry was fairly certain he would turn tail and run off down the corridor in his shirt if he thought about the completely nude blond in the bubbles any longer. Accordingly, he pulled his shirt free, kicked away his pants, and ran towards the bath...managing to trip on the little step between the floor and the bathtub...tumbling in with an impressive splash.

Draco swooned slightly, more from what he thought he could see than from any real glimpse of the goods, but it was enough for him to get a mouthful of bubbles and come up spluttering. "Help!" he coughed weakly, sure that Harry would offer some heroic comfort in response. Preferably involving lots of full body contact.

Water bubbled up directly in front of Draco, followed immediately by Harry.

Harry blinked helplessly, eyes completely unobstructed and correspondingly sightless. "Did you see my glasses?"

Draco, still coughing up bubbles, was in no condition to either respond to the question or appreciate the view.

"Oh, you're useless," Harry fretted, beginning to feel around in the water for the missing glasses. "Huh? What's..."

Draco jumped. "H...Harry! Those aren't your glasses," he squeaked, thoroughly pink in the face.

Harry's hand shot back. He raised the blushing stakes to the tune of a profoundly Gryffindor red. "Sorry!"

Now a total wreck, Draco mumbled something resembling, 'It's okay,' and promptly got lost in squinting green eyes.

The Narrator sighed. "May I suggest you try, 'Accio Harry's Glasses'?"

A good deal more blushing and a facepalm later, Harry had visual acuity again.

"So... my back?" Draco turned and offered the aforementioned body part for inspection. "I can never quite reach just... there." He wiggled his shoulders to illustrate, handing the sponge back.

Harry took it as if it might bite. "You mean... here?" He dabbed the sponge lightly and somewhat ticklishly at the offending sticky spot.

Draco giggled and pressed back. Between Harry's alternately firm and tentative dabbing and Draco's attempts to push into it, they succeeded in creating an utterly ineffectual rhythm. "It's not... not working," Harry said, frustrated in more ways than one.

"I think I need it a bit harder, Harry," Draco replied. He bit his lip, realizing the double entendre too late.

"It can't... can't **be** harder," Harry said, his mind somewhere other than on the sponge.

"Well, is it coming..." Draco coughed, going so pink he looked sunburned. "Coming off, that is?"

"No... I can't get it off..." Harry noticed that it was actually possible to sweat in the bathtub.

"Maybe you can scratch it off?" Draco whined hopefully.

"I... um..." Harry set the sponge aside with a gulp. "I guess I can..." Hyperventilating was a distinct possibility. "All right."

As soon as Harry's fingers touched Draco's skin, Draco rather melted, coming dangerously close to Harry's chest...and to other parts Harry wasn't quite ready to deal with yet.

Harry's hand flattened over Draco's back, half rubbing, half holding him up. "Draco, can you stand up straight for me?"

"I don't do 'straight' anymore." Draco sighed disjointedly.

"Draco, I need you to stretch... It seems... seems like the stuff is everywhere."

"Hmm?" Draco stretched, arching back until he could lean his head on Harry's shoulder. Each arm reached back to wrap awkwardly around Harry's neck. "How's this?"

Rapidly losing sight of any reason that this might be a bad idea, Harry ran his palm from Draco's neck all the way down his spine...being rewarded with more shivers the further down he went. Green eyes met gray. Harry sniffed appreciatively at Draco's hair. "You are enjoying this."

"Mmmhmm," Draco hummed happily. He bent one elbow to awkwardly play with Harry's damp and slightly less bird's nest-y hair. "I think there's some goo here... Let me get that for you."

"I don't think I got any..." Harry's brain short-circuited as slender fingers worked bubbles against his scalp.

"Are you sure? Feels a bit sticky," Draco whispered against his neck. *Wow! The fanfic was right about this slow seduction thing!*

"I... I... Okay."

Both continued massaging slowly, hair and back. Draco's voice was both sleepy and curiously eager. "So... ready for explicit slash?"

Harry was jolted out of the warm, bubbly haze. "What? Me? I..." He trailed off, blushing. "Can I just 'Ssss' my way through?" He cuddled Draco in what he hoped was an appeasing manner.

Draco derailed his train of thought with a well-timed nuzzle.

"Someone may be watching," Harry whispered a little weakly.

"I don't care about the mermaid. She never gossips." Draco paired nuzzling action with a light ear massage, sensing victory.

"Draco... your hands are... evil..." Harry's neck bent until his head rested on Draco's.

"Really? I thought I'd outgrown all that evil stuff... I suppose you'll have to save me from myself." He played with Harry's ear, smiling smugly. "Sort of whip me into shape... so those latent tendencies don't get me into trouble."

"Or perhaps..." Harry said, turning his face so as to nuzzle against Draco's hair, "I will be evil to you, too." He scooped up the bubbles and commenced shampooing Draco's hair. *After all, it works in Veela!fic all the time...*

The Narrator picked up the outline and used it as a fan. "Well, whatever you may think of Veela!fic, it certainly looks like Draco's scalp is a hot spot."

"Mmm... Harry..." Draco lost the plot at that point insofar as cleaning was concerned and abandoned Harry's hair in favor of serious neck-nibbling. "How evil are you going to be?"

"Wait... Draco..."

"Hmm?" It was the most articulate he could be between licks.

"Myrtle."

"Myrtle?"

"She was here before... in the bath."

Licking a soapy neck wasn't really all that, so Draco returned to nibbling. "What are you on about?" He glanced around impatiently. "I don't see anything."

"I was here once... and she... she watched me."

"Well, she can look, but not touch," Draco said possessively.

"No, she can't! I mean... she has this... this... hungry look..."

"You mean like this?" Draco straightened up and turned to face Harry with a hungry look that might well have put Myrtle out of countenance.

"Now that you mention it..."

They were so close that the least movement would bring their lips together. Draco decided that moving was the least he was willing to do under the circumstances... so he did.

It was a little softer than a 'peck' and just a tad warmer than a 'brush.' And just as they were pulling back to gaze into each other's eyes before reforming it into a really spectacular snog, it was... interrupted.

"Draco, time's up. You need to get back to your dorm and find that empty vitamin potion bottle to take to Snape."

Draco blinked. "What?"

"Hurry! There's not much time! Snape will be done analyzing the purple goo soon, and you'll have to catch him before he leaves the classroom!"

"Who in FUCK are you to interrupt my RST?" Draco practically screamed.

"I'm the Narrator! Now, get your arse out of the water and grab a robe, or you'll end up streaking back to the dungeons!"

"Oh, for the love of..." Draco pulled himself out of the tub wretchedly, practically crying as he toweled himself off rather roughly and pulled on a robe to hurry off as instructed.

Harry stared forlornly after him.

"Sorry, dear," the Narrator said, not unkindly, "but there's no RST in the outline until at least chapter three."

Harry glanced down rather desperately through the dissipating bubbles. "But... but... what about...?"

"I can't help you with that, dear. I'm scheduled to be in the dungeon scene as well."

Sensing that this Narrator person had left the scene, Harry sighed and prepared to deal with his not-insignificant-problem.

Until he heard what he was certain was a giggle and abandoned the bath half-wet, half-hard, and half-dressed... with perhaps half a hope of finding a Myrtle-free place to wank.

Snape brought a sample of the purple disaster back to his desk and set up a burner and cauldron, then fetched the necessary ingredients from the storeroom he would need to brew an Analyzing Potion. It was a task he hadn't planned on performing, but considering the fact that the damned Potter prat had been literally *licking* the unknown substance off Draco's body (did that boy even understand the concept of self-preservation?), Snape figured he should at least ensure that it wasn't poisonous if he wanted to retain his position.

Hmmm... glistening pink tongue against pale flesh... pale, dungeon-cooled flesh... That warm, wet heat would feel so incredible...

No no no, he was **not** thinking of Potter's tongue. This had absolutely **nothing** to do with licking. Boys licking. Each other. Snape groaned at the pure eroticism of the scene, then firmly pulled himself together to focus on the task at hand. He was doing this strictly to ensure that the imbecile hadn't poisoned himself in **his** classroom.

"Two explosions! TWO! One of which from Granger, of all people. All I asked was for them to brew a simple Stress-Relief Potion for the Infirmary," he muttered.

"Might I suggest you partake of a dose of it? You really are an uptight bas...," the Narrator started, only to be interrupted by a muttering Snape who was trying valiantly to pretend the voice wasn't there.

"It's really no surprise that Potter could so brilliantly bungle such a simple brew, but Granger? It's one of the most nonvolatile brews on this year's syllabus!"

"Give the girl a break for once. You're always so hard on her." The Narrator abruptly took a lascivious tone. "Ooh... is it maybe because you'd rather be **hard** h..."

"Oh, just SHUT UP! I refuse to participate in this absurdity!" Snape yelled, completely losing his infamous control. Disembodied voices popping up at random moments could not bode well for one's sanity.

Unfortunately, or fortunately (he wasn't quite sure yet), the voice's last comment seemed to embed itself in Snape's brain. An image of Granger arose in Snape's mind: quite an alluring image of a lusty, half-lidded expression and thin, fitted robes (that left little to the imagination). Vision!Hermione had a firm, young body with luscious curves. Snape couldn't resist wondering if the real Granger sported the same voluptuous physique.

Now, to devise a way to answer that inquiry.

That line of thought was forced aside as the cauldron began to bubble. The sweet smell of fruit once again threatened to overwhelm the room as he added the sample from the beaker. A few seconds later, a magical list of ingredients appeared in the air above the cauldron. The hovering words had no sooner vanished when the next phase of analysis spit out its conclusion. "Result: Very Appetizing."

Snape blinked incredulously as he realized no further revelations were forthcoming.

"Appetizing? APPETIZING? I spent all this time only to discover that Potter created a culinary masterpiece? If the potion doesn't do anything, then why the hell were the students exhibiting such brazen behavior?" Snape ranted, pacing behind his desk, his robes billowing in a fashion that might possibly be due to a certain impressively-massive something therein that happened to find such brazen behavior quite appetizing indeed.

"Sorry to say, Snape, but this is NORMAL for your students," that damnable commentator retorted.

Oh, that's just great... Now, I can't even blame their appalling behavior on Potter's 'masterpiece,' Snape thought grumpily.

Unfortunately for Snape, however, the Narrator was apparently the world's strongest Legilimens, somehow managing to break through Snape's formidable Voldie-proof shields to pick up on this thought. The voice that was rapidly becoming the bane of Snape's existence broke through the silence of the classroom, this time in a soothing, yet rather condescending tone. "It's called 'goo,' dear."

Snape crossed his arms over his chest and huffed. "I refuse to stoop to uttering such childish nonsense."

"What would *you* call it then, O Master of Potions?" the Narrator retorted.

"It is a slightly elastic, somewhat adherent matter," Snape replied in his most haughty tone.

"Do you realize that you sound just like Hermione Granger in one of her most 'I-know-everything'-type moments? It would be much more efficient to just say 'goo,'" the Narrator sniped in return.

"No, it wouldn't. It would make me sound like a dunderhead," Snape argued.

"So, you won't say it?" the Narrator asked.

"I do believe that we've already established that," Snape drawled, trying to sound bored.

"It wouldn't have anything to do with the delicious images of you licking it off Miss Granger's breasts that fill your mind every time I say the word 'goo,' would it?" the Narrator taunted.

"I've imagined no such thing!" Snape hissed through clenched teeth.

"No, but you have now, haven't you?" the Narrator said in a smirky sort of voice.

Snape glared around the room but refused to answer.

"Goo."

Snape's stance stiffened.

"Goo."

A barely audible groan escaped his lips.

"Goooooo," the Narrator drawled seductively.

"Goo," Snape repeated softly, his eyes glazed over with desire.

"Now, see? That wasn't so bad!" The Narrator's tone of unholy glee effectively snapped the professor back to reality.

"AHHH!" Snape roared. "I thought I told you to SHUT THE HELL UP!"

Before Snape could really begin a proper rant, he was derailed by a knock at the door. "Enter," he said wearily.

Looking up, Snape's eyes fell upon none other than the platinum prince of Slytherin house and lucky (*totally inappropriate!*) tongue massage earlier this afternoon. Snape didn't want to imagine just what the two boys had been up to in order for Draco to look so 'tousled.' No, really... he didn't.

"Keep it brief, Draco. As you can see, I'm rather busy," he ordered.

Draco looked a bit uncomfortable, but squared his shoulders and looked his Head of House in the eye. "I was hoping you could help me, Professor. Under the circumstances, it's rather impossible for Father to send me the vitamin tonic I've been taking for years. Mother doesn't know anything about it."

"So buy one," Snape snapped, barely restraining himself from rolling his eyes. The boy was obviously spending too much time with Potter as Potter's lack of logical thought was beginning to rub off on him.

Bad Severus! No thinking of students and rubbing!

"I've tried taking the commercial vitamin potions, but they don't taste the same, and they make me feel... um... different. I'd like to brew the original, but I don't know what's in it. Could you determine the composition from the residue?" Draco presented an empty vial and a pleading expression.

"Of course I **could**," the professor retorted, "but if you think that I've the time to..." He trailed off, taking in the boy's shrinking demeanor. "Oh, give it here," he grouched, grabbing the vial from Draco's hand.

The boy thanked him and fled the room. No doubt he was headed to rejoin Potter, who was most likely responsible for Draco's disheveled appearance.

Still, not even Potter's disruptive influence should be able to account for young Malfoy's behavioral changes as of late. Snape had never actually seen Draco as delicate, despite Lucius' nigh-unendurable whinging to that effect over the years. The boy **he** knew threw a rather mean hex, something Snape felt quite proud of on most occasions. Yet, since the end of the war, Draco seemed to become increasingly... well... poncey... especially around Potter.

Snape smirked. He could just imagine 'Daddy's' reaction to 'the licking incident.' The smirk instantly disappeared as a particular New Year's Eve encounter with a certain werewolf sprang to mind. Of course, that incident involved the use of a rather obscure potion, but the result was still eerily reminiscent of the Potter/Malfoy situation.

Snape was starting to feel uncomfortably aroused, surrounded as he was by the potion's delicious aroma and lustful thoughts of Lupin, glistening pink tongues, and the newly discovered curves of one Hermione Granger. *Her tongue certainly has plenty of experience wagging about with all those questions. I'm sure together we could find a MUCH better use for that overly active organ.*

In desperate need of distraction or a decent shag...the latter not exactly a feasible option on a school day afternoon...he started the analysis of Draco's vitamins.

Before his mind could complete another tantalizing fantasy involving the curvaceous Hermione Granger, his cauldron spewed forth its magical results. Once again, Snape was at a total loss.

Of all the mad coincidences...

The potion he had unknowingly consumed on that New Year's Eve was a rare one indeed. This even more obscure potion was its mirror image: the Sex-to-Hex Potion, whose chief effect was to convert sexual urges to violent urges.

Well... perhaps 'poncey' wasn't so surprising, after all.

Now, if Snape could just find a way to clear out these offensively scrumptious fumes and stop thinking of the way Hermione Granger's hips had moved when she'd left class that day, or the way her breasts had bounced when she'd waved her hand in class, or the way her eyes had shined when she'd looked at him...

When the door closed behind Harry, the mermaid in the picture giggled and said, "Tsk. Tsk. Draco only has eyes for that shy, young man. Doesn't he realize there are better fish..." She wiggled her fishtail seductively. "...in the sea?"

"Why don't you ever SHUT IT, you pompous slapper!" screeched Moaning Myrtle, who had flitted out from the tap she was hiding in.

The mermaid turned a wry grin on Myrtle. "Jealous, Myrtle? I suppose you don't fancy having *tohide* when the good-looking boys come in. You know they don't want to see fat Myrtle! Ugly Myrtle! Miserable, moaning, moping Myrtle!"

"Hah! They may not see me, but when I'm hiding in the tap, I can almost, *almost* feel Harry touching me when he turns the bubbles on!"

"Draco is much more beautiful to look at than your Harry," remarked the mermaid smugly. "He is graceful and elegant...just like me."

"Sure, but he does not have Harry's hot arse!" Myrtle sighed dreamily. She then shot an evilly gleeful look at the mermaid and said tauntingly, "You are just a PICTURE! You could NEVER actually GET Draco!"

"What if I were to tell those boys how you watch them like a depraved, disgusting peeping-tom? I'd like to see what you'd 'get' then!"

"Then Draco would know you were a gossip after all, YOU TWATLESS SNOT, who still manages to SMELL LIKE FISH!" Myrtle screamed back triumphantly.

"Me?" The mermaid gasped in pretend disbelief. "A gossip? I can't very well gossip to someone who saw the show herself, now can I? And you're the only one who comes in here...the only one twisted enough to come and spy on the boys!" The mermaid's face split into a wicked grin. "Girls, too, I've noticed. Although you don't come out and talk about *them* afterwards; you just slink back down those pipes to your own toilet where those girls of yours will never...EVER come!"

The mermaid decided to turn her attention to someone much, much more pleasant. She turned away, flopping her tail frenetically and successfully drowned out Myrtle's angry retort by crooning, "Oh Draco! Draco! Drac-O!"

Myrtle, in a fit of offended rage, took a running leap off the diving board, plummeting into the bath. The subsequent splash was titanic in size, coating the walls, including the mermaid's picture, in the colored-foam filled bath water the two boys had left behind. She emerged from the water wearing a triumphant grin as she took in the view of the mermaid dripping with rainbow-colored globs of frothy bubbles.

The mermaid gave Myrtle a look that would have killed, if Myrtle hadn't been beyond all that, before submerging herself in her own pool of water to rinse away the bubbles. She rose with practiced grace and, wearing the official smirk of the vain and self-adoring, looked down upon herself. Clearly having expected to see her usual shimmering, golden, ethereal beauty, she let loose a few choice, high-pitched expletives in her own tongue when she saw her splendor had been marred by the same purple, gooey substance that had plagued Draco.

Little miss mermaid gasped in horror at the mess. "Oh, I wish Draco were here to lick this goo off me," the mermaid whined.

Myrtle smirked. "Harry's the one who does the licking. I wish his tongue was on my..."

The mermaid realized that the goo didn't appear to be going anywhere, even with repeated splashes. "You squat, frog-eyed, toad-faced, lanky-haired, socially-repugnant... **hideous** freak!" she shrieked.

Myrtle flew towards the mermaid's picture, fury in her goggly eyes, fists clenched at her sides. She didn't stop until she found herself ghostly-skin to painted-skin with the mermaid.

The mermaid gasped, "Cold!" She shivered.

Myrtle had been searching for something good that she could yell back at the mermaid. Yet, for some reason, their close proximity silenced her like nothing else had ever been able to do. Something about the feel of the mermaid's scales when they shimmied against her like that. The mad fury in her eyes turned into an insane glint.

The mermaid raised her brows, goose-bumps spreading down her arms as she quivered from Myrtle's touch. A strange look crossed her face. "Care to lick this goo off me, Harry?" she asked Myrtle, a brow raised suggestively.

"Oh Draco! I thought you'd never ask!" Myrtle began to do just that.

"Oh Harry!" screamed the mermaid.

"Oh Draco!" moaned Myrtle, the words slightly muffled due to all the purple goo in her mouth.

The goo gone in a most expert fashion, not a single drop (or glob as it were) left behind, Myrtle and the mermaid stopped to look intently at each other.

"Er, this role-playing thing isn't exactly working," one of them said. The other nodded.

Myrtle applied her Ravenclaw wit. "I'm going to try something..." She proceeded to melt into the canvas...without passing through the wall.

The Narrator entered in anticipation of the next scene, only to find the mermaid writhing in a cloud of ghostly mist. "Wait a minute! What are you doing? This has nothing to do with the plot! And who said that the story could move along without ME?"

"Don't look at us," said the Editorial Staff. "The secondary characters got out of control, and we were too busy with the main characters...to say nothing of real life...to rein them in."

The Narrator sighed. "That's all very well, but shouldn't I at least know how this story goes if I'm the one who has to tell it?"

Everyone pointedly ignored the incongruous 'Oh Harry!' and 'Oh Draco!' chorus from the wall.

"Unfortunately, none of us can say how the story will go. The characters keep diverging from our prescribed outline. Clearly, they are on a mission to RST as soon as possible and are refusing to comply with the totally plausible and absolutely believable way we wanted to bring them together."

The Narrator bravely soldiered on. "The afterglow following the only RST in this chapter (and our apologies for the squickish nature thereof) found Myrtle and the mermaid curled up together."

"Binns really missed the boat," Myrtle remarked. "He only walks through chalkboards."

"No kidding! Perhaps biting the dust once wasn't satisfying enough for him?" The mermaid caressed Myrtle's pimple-covered cheek gently, as if they had always been lovers rather than rivals.

Myrtle cackled with glee. "Guess not, since Binns does it daily!" She turned to face the mermaid, sliding her hand down the fishy scales. "I know what I want to do daily."

The mermaid giggled.

Suddenly, the door opened. At its first creak, Myrtle zoomed out of the picture and into one of the taps. Hermione Granger entered. Myrtle settled into her chosen tap to watch as the grinning girl removed her bathrobe and began to refill the tub.

The Narrator heaved an exasperated sigh. "Screw it. There's no RST scheduled for this scene, and I refuse to run all the way to the Head Girl's room for the next one. I'm out of here."

Authors' Notes:

The chaos in the classroom (which actually started this whole mess) courtesy of SeverusLovesUs, Snapemylove, Potteresque_ire, and dracontia in a diabolical collaboration in the good ol' TPP chat room.

The music that the Narrator is beeping out during said scene is...obviously...the Twilight Zone theme song. (Ask a convenient Muggle if you don't know what we're talking about.)

The Harry/Draco not-quite-slash courtesy of Potteresque_ire and dracontia during several chat sessions with welcome pithy comments from Snapemylove.

Snape's chemical analysis courtesy of SnapeMyLove.

Myrtle and the Mermaid RST-ing courtesy of SeverusLovesUs, who is also our lovely beta for this fiasco.

Up next: Chapter 3. If you want lemons, clap your hands three times and say, "Resolve Sexual Tension!"

(This may not GET you lemons, but I guarantee your coworker/spouse/roommate/small domestic animal will sit up and take notice...)

Something Vaguely Quidditch-Related

Chapter 3 of 5

Detention Madness! (But first, a word from our Sponsor--Fanfiction Makeovers...) NOTE: The sicFic warning is for an 'excerpt' that Hermione reads at one point.

Dear Chapter 3,

We were going to say something about 'scoring' in your title, but that's beginning to look a little premature. Rest assured, we'll think of something vaguely Quidditch-related to call you. Yes... that's it.

Love,

The Writers

Disclaimer: These characters don't belong to us; we make no profit and have no qualms about using them for our own slightly warped pleasure.

WARNING: Presumably you've read the first two chapters. You know that it's unwise to attempt to drink and read.

Hermione wanted her book back. Now. It was dreadfully cruel to be made to suffer from fanfic withdrawal. Bath time just wasn't the same without charming her book to hover above her while she leisurely stroked...soaked.

Hermione knew that *someone* had to have taken her 'unofficial edition' of *Hogwarts: A History*. As she headed back to Gryffindor Tower, her keen eyes surveyed and assessed the 'exposed-to-fanfic' potential of passing students.

If any of them had read fan fiction, there would be at least one bold soul asking her for advice on love and sex and all other important matters upon which she was so well-equipped to elucidate. Or at least a wide-eyed fangirl impressed with her seductive prowess.

Hermione gave the Fat Lady the password and climbed through the portrait hole. Examining the state of the Common Room, she noted that everything and everybody was in order. The students were putting on a show of studious concentration, shooting furtive glances her way to see if their Head Girl was going to pester them with her presence after all. As if she didn't have more important things to do...

Well, no tell-tale signs of the book snatcher amongst them. She'd just have to stave off her search until later, then, because she had a dat...detention tonight with Professor

Snape. And she really ought to do a little primping first. Hurrying was a must because, after all, she had only four hours left.

Hermione reached the warded door of her room and whispered, "Mrs. Hermione Snape."

She hoped the door would respond despite the ambient noise. The fact that she jumped about ten feet upon realizing the noise was a conversation taking place *side* her room did not at all contradict her inherent courage as a Gryffindor. She carefully entered her room, wand at the ready.

"What in the name of Merlin is going on in here?" Hermione stared around the apparently empty room.

Her mirror let out a sinister chuckle. "Do you really have to ask that question? We were simply getting to know each other a bit better, is all. I was just inquiring about position preferences when you so rudely interrupted."

"Quidditch positions!" the Narrator clarified a bit stridently.

Hermione snorted. *Same thing.*

"And just what have YOU been doing?" the Narrator demanded. "You were scheduled to arrive quite some time ago, dear! I even left the bath scene early so that I could make sure I was here, ready to roll on time, and not breathless from trying to keep up with you randomly roving characters."

"You seem a bit breathless, nevertheless," Hermione remarked. The mirror chuckled knowingly.

"I was bored waiting... The mirror started talking... Never mind. Get on with the primping!"

Hermione stood in front of her bureau, fervently admiring...no...objectively evaluating her appearance. She was already dressed sexily enough for tonight under the robes she would definitely be discarding before she headed to the dungeons.

On impulse, she tore off the tent-sized robes and Vanished them. "There's only one tent I want to see tonight, and it hasn't anything to do with school robes... or camping," she murmured.

Hermione returned to her self-appraisal. Her hair wasn't too frighteningly frizzy these days. She turned her head from side to side. It was passable... Next, Hermione focused on her eyes. Should she try eyeliner? Ginny was always raving about it, but Hermione didn't care for makeup. Would it really help get Snape's attention? He didn't really seem the sort that was attracted to such superficiality. Better to look natural, she decided.

Wait... That was a decision that Rita Skeeter's Hermione would make...the one who was only ever able to attract freckled-faced Won-Won and duck-footed Krum.

No matter how often I get to ride Severus like some sort of rodeo bull in fan fiction, I can't help wanting some sort of divine retribution for the fans who call the bug's books 'canon.'

No, this was a job for fanon!Hermione. *She* would be much more likely to appeal to Severus Snape.

Hermione could glean the sage advice she needed for this project from her book... if she had it! Well, there was only one thing for it... She'd have to dig through the collection she'd sworn she'd only ever touch in a time of greatest need.

Hermione repressed the shudder that threatened to rise. She needed to be very brave right now. Desperate times called for desperate measures. She lifted up her mattress and retrieved a manila envelope labeled with large red letters:

WARNING: This fan fiction may contain offensive material. If you are easily squicked, do not proceed. Go elsewhere. Now.

Hermione tentatively pulled out the stack of papers and cringed when all the horribly misspelled words seemed to jump off the page at her. This was the "dirt" she had once dug through in order to find ff.net's rare gems.

Hermione's eyes watered just looking at the offensive abuse of the English language, 'Lucious,' 'the Griffyndor head girl,' 'snoging.' Hermione did a facepalm when next she read, 'She thought he is well indowed and it's head was a was chery red and so she just couldnt wait to suk it like it was a sukker cuz itd be so delishus. Delishius Lucius! (A/N me bf got me chery lipztick today YOWZA LOLZ) .'

Hermione held the corner of the first page between her thumb and index finger and set it aside in what was now the 'to Incendio' pile. Somewhere in this mess were some stories she'd actually printed from a moderated archive... or so she had thought.

She'd been very confused about that at the time because she'd noticed they had *spelled her name wrong!* And that had been completely unacceptable. So, Hermione had thrown them in with the ff.net rubbish until a time came when she could sort them out.

Any page with the header: 'Welcome, IamADamnHotBabe69' was discarded into the growing rubbish heap. Finally, she found what she was looking for...a collection of stories under the category: 'Ho!Mione Makeover Challenge.'

Hermione shook her head in disappointment. She'd always been able to count on quality from the moderated archives. "Well, I really need the makeover tips, so this will have to do...."

Many surprisingly well-written and self-flattering stories later, Hermione was well over her annoyance at seeing her name misspelled. In fact, she was rather impressed at the ingenuity of the authors. Thanks to them, she finally had a good idea of what look would be sure to get the Slytherin Sex God's attention...

Two hours later, Hermione emerged from the Head Girl's room with every intention of making a Cinderella-worthy grand entrance to the common room. In her eagerness to see how effectively jaw-dropping her primp session had been, she instead tripped over a third year's bag and nearly won herself a trip to the hospital wing for her trouble.

She braced herself and stood bent over at the waist, staring at the floor and blinking furiously. *You're a Gryffindor! Fight back those tears of pain, or your mascara will run!*

Hermione made sure her arse jutted out far enough so that the sliver of skin between the tops of her stockings and the edge of her short mini-skirt (and the hint of arse curvature) were just visible. She arched her back and pressed her chest forward. As she rose, she swung her head one direction and then the other, letting her soft, luscious waves flip around seductively.

To her delight, the entire common room was enthralled.

"Appalled!" corrected the Narrator.

Hermione beamed at all the people staring because they adored her.

"Staring at her in horror..." said the Narrator.

Hermione saw Harry sitting in his favorite chair by the fire and sauntered over to him. "Hello, Harry," she said brightly.

"Er, um, hi." Harry's eyes travelled upwards from the stiletto shoes, following the thigh-high, black stockings and catching the tiniest glimpse of a suspender belt that

disappeared underneath a tight, little skirt. His eyes were then rather unfortunately confronted with blossoming Bludgers that were peeking out of a tight, red tube top. Was that a navel piercing? Harry's eyes snapped back downwards in confusion to check out the strange glimmer, grateful, at least, for the change of scenery.

Hermione tensed under his stare. Harry's approval wouldn't necessarily constitute a welcome endorsement of her new look...unless, of course, he couldn't handle her sheer heterosexuality. Otherwise, she'd have to change her wardrobe all over again, and eight o'clock was fast approaching.

Finally, Harry raised his head (strategically ignoring anything below her neck level) to look at the new girl. Hermione was relieved to note he looked away again rather quickly.

"I'm looking for Hermione... Are you her American cousin?"

American cousin? Hermione found his inquiry strange and yet oddly familiar. Like any good student, her brain cells waved their axons frantically and screamed, "Me, me, me!" But... there were more pressing concerns to deal with...

Speaking of pressing... To test her hypothesis that Harry was merely confused by her hyper-femininity, she leaned closer, letting the beautiful swell of her bosom brush against his arm.

"Gah!" Harry looked like he'd just swallowed a Snitch. Though, if he really did get his mouth on a Snitch, he might react a little differently.

I must look fantastic! Hermione decided.

With that burning question out of her mind, the love and concern for her best friend returned. She sat up straight and infused herself with the usual air of confidence and knowledge.

"In other words, became her bossy self again," the Narrator explained dutifully.

"It's me, Harry." She wiped off the drop of sweat rolling down his scar and sighed internally. *Thank heavens that Voldemort never found out that the war against the Light could have been won by mastering the fine art of crossdressing, thus hopelessly befuddling our one hope.*

"Voldemort could have looked rather convincing as a woman... No large, manly nose, and he had the slithering shimmies down pat," the Narrator mused idly.

Harry was still clearly troubled by something. His fingers rummaged through his hair, and his face was uncharacteristically red. It was several seconds after he opened his mouth that a barely audible request tumbled out, "Hermione, can you help me with something?"

"Of course, anything," Hermione replied. *Unless you want me to set you up on a date with my professor. Or let you beat me in any class. Or...*

"I'd like to... You know... tidy up."

Hermione gave her friend the most understanding look. She knew Harry and his episodes of self-pity. "Harry, you know it's a lost cause. You'll have to accept yourself for who you are."

"Please, Hermione?"

"Why?"

"For detention tonight. I want Snape to change his opinion of me. I want him to see all of...er...who I really am."

"But, Harry... the bird's nest *is* you, and Professor Snape sees that everyday." *And fortunately doesn't seem impressed by it. I'd like to keep it that way.*

"Please? If you can straighten your hair, then..."

Hermione detected a hint of a backhanded compliment there, but since she could not stand to see her friend in distress, she went along with it for the moment. "What do you want, then?" she asked soothingly.

Harry swallowed and frowned while he searched for the right words. His shyness gave way to courage as his hands felt the back pocket of his jeans. "I want my hair... sexily tousled."

That description was definitely familiar. After filing it in row 8, block 3, tier 5 of her wondrously organized mind and securing it with the overexcited neurons afterwards, she took Harry's hand.

"Let's go to my room and see what we can do."

"I thought the Head Girl's room was off limits to boys, just like all the girls' dormitories." Harry was bewildered.

"Trust me. It will open for you." Hermione led him up the stairs and opened the door of her room.

For a second, Harry felt a force pushing him away. Then, he felt it narrowing and smoothing into an invisible band that caressed his skin like fine silk. He sighed happily at the touch and watched in awe as a shadow appeared in its place...its reddish tint becoming more visible as the sensation continued its spiral down his body. It ended as a beautiful pink ribbon that feathered against his hips for one brief moment, reminding Harry of Madame Malkin's measuring tapes. The air around it tapered into a whistle of approval before the length segmented into dozens of rainbow-shaded butterflies, which flapped their wings and disappeared into the air.

"In you go." Hermione pulled the still-mesmerized Harry into the room.

"I **love** magic!" Harry exclaimed. "What was that spell?"

"*Gaydarus*," Hermione replied. "Even the Head Girl needs certain types of advice sometimes."

"But, I'm the one who needs help today." The feeling of inadequacy once again surged inside Harry. If only he had not lost so many of his loved ones. His godfather could have definitely answered some of the questions he had at the moment.

"Let's sit you down here." Hermione saved him from wallowing further in his sorrow by beckoning him to her dressing table. "Sexily tousled, you said?"

"Uh huh."

Hermione's mind turned quickly. She needed to figure out a way to make Harry thoroughly undesirable to her professor and yet beautiful in his own right. *Well, Malfoy seems to like Harry just fine as he is. All I need to do is make him... more so.*

She realized that her silence didn't go unnoticed by Harry, who was looking at her wide-eyed...his brilliant, green eyes innocent as those of a doe grazing peacefully in a forest.

"What she means," the Narrator interrupted, tapping a quill impatiently on the RST scene many pages later in the script, "is that he looks like a deer in headlights."

Hermione sighed. How could she even think of doing anything remotely terrible to her friend? She returned her focus to the job at hand.

"Is it your 'after-the-shower' look?" she asked. Harry considered for a while.

That could be it, Harry thought at first. There were many tales that involved action in the shower, but his other body parts were usually the focus after the soaping and toweling dry were done. Besides, if it was indeed his shower hair...Harry's mind brought up the image of his reflection as he shaved after shower every day...then 'sexily tousled' would have meant 'looking like a shitake mushroom.'

Harry had nothing against mushrooms (he could not do that to Neville, who would take his dislike as a personal offense), but he could not fathom how to tousle mushrooms.

Well, morels, maybe, but definitely not shitakes. He shook his head.

"Okay. What about..." Hermione frowned. "... after Quidditch games?"

Oh, that might be it. Quidditch was the theme of many stories he'd read, and Malfoy always noticed his hair when they shook hands after a game.

He nodded happily.

Hermione thought for a while and conjured some canaries. The yellow birds were overjoyed to see the apparent bounty of nesting material below them and were about to fetch some twigs before Hermione spelled them to circle right above Harry. The little wings fluttered, each like a Golden Snitch just beyond Harry's reach, the soft winds causing his hair to lift.

Ten minutes later, Hermione spelled the birds to stop. Harry looked as though he'd been enjoying an all-Britain tour in the front row of the Knight Bus with windows wide open. "Is that what you had in mind?"

Harry checked the mirror and marveled at the unlimited imagination of fanfic writers. *No one could have possibly attempted this hairstyle* he thought, striving to remember the look for later.

"I think that's it! Now, I need to do something about my glasses."

Hermione frowned again. "Yes, well... While wizards have potions and spells that grow bones and split souls, I've yet to find so much as a mention of any magic that can perform simple vision corrections."

"Could you Transfigure my glasses into contact lenses?" he asked hopefully.

"I don't want to wreck the prescription," she said mostly honestly.

"All the while thinking that if Severus got a load of those gorgeous eyes unobstructed, she wouldn't stand a chance," the Narrator whispered to the mirror. The mirror hummed in agreement as they both gazed dreamily at the aforementioned eyes.

"Oh. What about new frames? Maybe something classy and powerful looking." Harry was secretly relieved that the 'myopic orbs' were his to keep. After all, they seemed to be quite the darling of fan fiction writers.

"I'll see what I can do."

Several Transfigurations and a near-realization of Hermione's fears about the prescription later, Hermione finally resorted to changing Harry's clunky plastic frames into gently geeky wire ones.

"Do you think these are it, then?" he asked anxiously.

"Very classy," Hermione assured him.

"If by 'classy' you mean that Ben Franklin would have considered them a real fashion statement..." the Narrator said with a snort.

"Anything else?" Hermione asked, trying to be subtle about glancing impatiently at the clock.

"Clothes," Harry said firmly. He actually had a fairly good idea in mind for this one. "I need a tight, black T-shirt."

"Okay..." There was something *really* familiar about that, and Hermione would have to sit down and have a nice talk with her buzzing brain once she was done with this little project.

"You know... uh, something to show off my lean muscles...toned and hard from years of Quidditch practices," he continued earnestly.

"Right... something that would stretch over the rippling of his biceps, triceps and all the other miscellaneous 'ceps that he has," the mirror said before breaking off with a nasty snicker.

"Your muscles don't really... ripple," Hermione whispered almost apologetically.

Harry pouted...no...frowned virily at this. "Just because they don't bulge..." Because their contour was smooth and elegant. *Right*. Fluid as the magic that coursed through his veins and would cause everything around him to crash and fall at the 'moment of release.' Harry resolved to keep a few safety helmets handy or at least be quick with a Cushioning Charm at that much-anticipated moment.

Hermione just handed him the black T-shirt he wanted without further comment.

He put it on. "So, what do you think?" Harry felt both weirded out and reassured that his friend seemed to be ogling him. That had to be a good sign.

"The shirt's rippling all right," muttered Hermione. "Harry, how much do you eat every day?"

Harry ran his hand down his chest and felt the undulation under his fingertips. It was definitely very hard... True, it was his ribcage... but details, details...

"Enough." He shrugged. Harry didn't like people deploring how thin he was. Their worries made him **angst** over dead parents and dead friends and dead pets and dead many things...

Luckily, Hermione could read his various mournful expressions. She distracted him by swinging him away from the oddly squeaking mirror and smiling. "Now, are we done?"

"I just need jeans...black, very fitting, very low," Harry chimed in, positively glowing and obsessed at the thought of the article's effect on Draco...no, Snape...er... and everyone else.

"That's... not fashionable," Hermione barely suggested before she was treated to the 'sad orphan look' again.

"All right." She gave in and Transfigured a pair of her jeans to fit her friend.

"Lower," Harry suggested as he looked into the mirror, trying to recall how fanfic described this piece of clothing. After getting the waist level to something almost indecent, he then asked Hermione to shrink the fabric around his hips to make it cup his arse perfectly.

"You'll have to go without pants then," Hermione said, sounding doubtful.

Harry squirmed just at the thought of the accidents that could happen with the zipper of a pair of very tight trousers, but ever the Gryffindor, he responded with his signature courage and spelled away his pants.

Then again, he had a Slytherin side to appease as well. "On second thought, make them just a little looser."

"Harry, you look great. Now, do you mind letting me finish getting ready? I still have my nails to do."

"Oh, right, sure. Thanks, Hermione!" He smiled brilliantly at her, ran one hand nervously through his hair (pitching it all back to exactly where it was when they started), and headed out the door...a little awkwardly owing to the unaccustomed tightness of his jeans.

Hermione stared at the closed door of her room for a long moment afterward, entranced by the memory of Harry's departing backside.

Wait... sexily tousled hair... randomly restyled glasses... tight, black T-shirt... low-rising, arse-hugging jeans... Well, if those weren't the biggest Makeover! Harry clichés in all of slash fandom...

"Harry James Potter! **You** have my book!"

Snape glanced up at the clock as he paced before his desk. Seven o'clock. He only had one more hour before they would arrive for detention.

He forced himself to stop pacing. He was a former spy. He was a very talented Occlumens. So, why the hell couldn't he get these images out of his head?

Pull it together, man!

An image of Potter's pink tongue flashed through his mind, causing him to groan.

No! Not going to think about that...

Again, his mind provided an image...this time of pert, full, bare breasts. He whimpered.

"Argh," he cried, resuming his pacing.

Clear your mind... Clear your mind...

"This is going to stop, right now," he told himself. "You are Severus Snape, Hogwarts Potions master and terror of the dungeons. You are mean. You are cruel. You are feared. When the little swot and **those two** enter this room, you are going to glare, sneer, and terrify them into submission. This is your domain! Make them regret the hell they've put you through today!"

With a nod of his head, he stopped pacing and seated himself behind his desk. He closed his eyes and forced all thoughts other than his pep talk behind the black door of his mental barriers, then locked and warded the door. Opening his eyes, he felt a surge of the cruel pleasure he usually reserved for publicly ridiculing...that was, evaluating...Longbottom's assignments.

A knock on the door echoed through the empty classroom.

Snape smirked. Yes, they would pay for toying with Severus Snape. He was ready.

"Enter," he intoned in his best horror-film-ready voice.

Unfortunately for Snape, as in a horror film, what emerged from behind that door was a sight so shocking that it threatened to dismantle his entire persona.

"What the...What are you w...What are you playing at, Miss Granger?"

An increasingly familiar (and detestable) disembodied voice stepped in to complete the wrecking job with one seductive word.

"Goo..."

"Professor, I must apologize for blowing up my cauldron earlier. It was not representative of my... skills," Hermione said, sashaying up to the Professor's desk.

This is NOT happening. Just like that voice. One of my only tolerable students did NOT just arrive for detention dressed like an advert for the sort of personal lubricants commonly sold in Knockturn Alley. Tune it out, Severus, until you can get to Poppy and have her check you for inadvertent exposure to hallucinogens.

"I daresay it wasn't, though it was disappointingly representative of the usual level of student achievement." An apology wasn't going to go very far, considering that Snape was still very much put out by the whole affair.

Severus, you will henceforth avoid words like 'affair' as part of your program of re-asserting self-discipline.

Hermione failed to notice Snape's internal conflict, having tuned out after the word 'wasn't.' *He recognizes my academic talent even if he can only bring himself to acknowledge it indirectly!*

"My skills are actually much more... satisfactory. I hope I can show you just how good they really are," Hermione added, hoping her innuendo wasn't too crude. *After all, my Sevvie-wevvie possesses such a fine appreciation of subtlety!*

"The only skill you will be demonstrating tonight, Miss Granger, is the strength of your right arm."

Guess I don't have to worry about being too crude! SQUEE!

"Sir! Are you asking me to..."

"Clean every one of these cauldrons without magic? Yes."

Well, shite. Hermione flipped her hair back and crossed her arms in sulky frustration. "Wouldn't you prefer a more... productive use of my abilities?"

"Perhaps you should have thought of using your abilities more productively earlier," he said dryly.

Believe me, I would have liked to. "Sir, my abilities have *always* ensured I receive 'Outstandings' on *all* of my... uh... tests. Dare I endeavor to receive an... 'O' from you, Professor?"

Ah, Miss Granger and her obsession with her marks. I was beginning to wonder if I should look for evidence of Polyjuice. Snape thought with a sigh of relief. "I doubt that YOU are capable of such an achievement, Miss Granger."

"Oh, I am quite capable of receiving many an 'O,' I assure you. But, I admit I'm rather curious as to how many 'O's you've been given?"

"I assure you that my academic record still exceeds yours, Miss Granger," the professor said sternly. "Now, I believe you have a detention to serve."

She IS talking about marks, isn't she? he thought after seeing a flash of disappointment cross her previously hopeful face.

"For someone who claims to detest dunderheads so much, I'm really beginning to think that you're their king, Professor. Honestly, you git, she's talking about org..." the Narrator started, only to be interrupted by the room's newest arrivals.

Harry skidded into the room just barely on time with Draco hot on his heels and determined to chaperone the detention. Hermione saw her opportunity slipping through her fingers.

"Sir? Professor? I saw it all happen. Harry didn't mean to blow up Draco's cauldron! Punish me... *Please? Pretty please?*" but, please, leave them out of it."

"You impertinent girl! If you think that arriving early to argue that walking irritant's case will improve my disposition towards either of you, you are sorely mistaken!"

Draco stopped short in the doorway, regarding Granger with an expression usually reserved for stray dung beetles, complete with dung, camping in one's shoes. "Granger... did you run into Peeves on the way here, by any chance?"

"No," she said, sparing him a puzzled glance before refocusing on Severus.

Snape, for his part, was focusing on anything but the three students who looked suspiciously as if they were dressed for some sort of communal debauchery. He was discovering that his intimidation factor seemed to drop significantly without the aid of his piercing stare centered on the victim. "Social hour is over. All three of you, scrub!"

"I didn't do anything to deserve this," Draco said with a sniff. Glaciers could have scoured the cauldrons faster than he was walking towards the sponge.

"Well, not today..." Harry trailed off.

"I'm not speaking to you, Potter. You fly into jealous rages over nothing, you flirt with older men, and you generally toy with my affections. On top of that, I must insist that you stop pawing off your capital letters on me. I've made FOUR consecutive statements containing all-caps words today, and it must stop!" With his best pout, Draco added, "This is going to take a HELL of a lot of chocolate to fix!"

Fed up with subtlety, Hermione unleashed an impressive huff. "Honestly, Harry! You are completely in love with Draco, and you know it!"

"He might try telling me sometime." Draco continued to sulk massively.

Harry glanced plaintively between the palely pretty Slytherin who wasn't speaking to him and the darkly intriguing one who was valiantly pretending that he didn't exist. He took a moment to have a quietly angsty crisis.

In a pained voice, Snape said, "Mr. Malfoy! Slytherins do NOT pout!" However, Draco was not to be distracted from his relationship troubles with Harry.

"Swallow your Malfoy pride, and tell him first! That's how it always works." Hermione advised him sensibly.

Draco turned curious eyes on her. "That reminds me, Granger... I've been meaning to ask... Since when do you read slash?"

Hermione blushed fiercely and declined to comment...until she remembered her book. She glanced at Harry and said in a fallaciously friendly tone, "Speaking of slash... So, you finally read *Hogwarts, A History*? I am so proud of you!"

The Narrator piped in cheerfully to point out, "Considering Dumbledore's relationship with Grindelwald, *Hogwarts: A History* probably *is* slash..."

I refuse to be the only person in this room who is feeling completely off-balance. Snape decided. "Incidentally, Mr. Malfoy, I thought you should know that you are unlikely to find your **vitamins** in any apothecary. The Deep Sublimation Potion is almost as difficult to brew as it is illegal."

"Deep Sublimation? Someone's been giving Malfoy 'Sex-to-Hex' Potion?"

"Miss Granger! Five points to...from...Gryffindor, for... being crude!" *And for saying 'sex' when I really didn't need to hear it!*

"You mean... all these years... we could've?" Draco stared at Harry as the pieces fell into place with an audible click.

"It's actually more of a clack," one of the Editors said fussily.

"I don't care if it's a snap, crackle, or a pop! Let's move on!" the Narrator complained.

Draco finally succumbed to extreme frustration and began to cry.

Harry melted into an instant wibble. "Draco? Are you... are you all right?" He tentatively put his hand on Draco's shoulder.

Ohmygosh-he-sounds-so-concerned-and-sensitive-SQUEE! Draco's inner fangirl made a triumphant return at the gentle touch.

"Fine time to ask, Potter," he said rather waterily.

"Draco! Don't get defensive! Harry is a complete sucker for 'fragile and needy!'" the Narrator hissed...then abruptly frowned (although being invisible, no one could see it). "Is 'waterily' a word?"

The Editor-on-duty rubbed her eyes and yawned. "Hell if I know. It's two A.M., and the kids are coughing. Word didn't reject it, and that's good enough for me."

"I shouldn't have to swallow my pride all the time," Draco whispered...a little too tearily to have proper conviction.

"It's not about pride. It's about getting into Potter's pants. Now, show the fanficdom why you can't spell 'Draco Malfoy' without 'Drama,' and pour it on!" The Narrator paused and turned to the Editor-on-duty. "Do I get paid double for being a cheerleader as well?"

"Seeing as we're getting paid the square root of sod-all for doing this, sure," the Editor said.

After a moment of further wavering, Draco took a deep breath, steeled himself, and looked Harry straight in the eye.

"Oh Harry!" he whimpered, letting himself be pulled into a comforting embrace. He snuck an arm around Harry's waist with pretended timidity and shivered vulnerably for good measure.

Hermione covered her face with her hands to hide her triumphant grin. If Harry was back on the right track, all that remained was for her to swoop in and claim her Potions master.

Snape took advantage of her distraction to sneak up silently behind Hermione. He heard her emit the softest sound of glee. "Is there something you wish to share, Miss Granger?"

"Yes! All of...Er, uh... that is...no, sir."

The Narrator, getting bored, yelled, "At what point does all this UST get RST'd?"

"I'm working on it!" Hermione hissed back.

Picking up a feather duster, she addressed the professor. "Sir? Is it all right if I just dust these bookshelves?" She dropped the duster. "Oops," she said sweetly, pointedly bending over to reach down for it... slowly.

Harry peered over Draco's shoulder in confusion. "Wait... I thought Hermione was going to seduce Snape with wit and charm? *Wasn't that how she did it in all those stories where Snape/Hermione was a secondary pairing?*

"Cue an appearance by Crude!Draco," the Narrator said, looking boredly at the clock on the wall (which read: 'For fuck's sake, RST already!').

"He's being intractable, so she's decided to make a tactical switch to seducing him with tits and arse. It saves time." Belatedly, Draco remembered that he was supposed to be sweet and vulnerable. He followed it up with a longing look into Harry's eyes.

Tits and arse appeared to be a rather effective tactic as Snape's black eyes went comically wide at the sight. Snape shook his head to clear it, oblivious to the byplay between his favorite student and his perpetual thorn-in-the-side. It didn't help. He remained somewhat overwhelmed by the chit's uncharacteristically provocative behavior. "Miss Granger, I believe I told you to clean those cauldrons. The ones stacked in front of my desk!"

The byplay went unnoticed by Draco as well. He was lost in Harry's eyes like a bit of fruit entombed in green jell-o *Mmm... So warm... So...well, not soft...his arms are a bit scrawny, but still...*

Draco's eyes acquired a soft, faraway look, reminding Harry of vacuuming the dust bunnies in the Dursley household without the cough. Harry worried his lip with his teeth in confusion. What if Snape was the wrong snarky Slytherin to fixate on after all?

After all, only another Seeker could truly be expected to fully understand and empathize with his intense discomfort around Bludgers.

"One way to find out," he muttered. "Let's get clear of Snape and the... um... Bludgers." Harry dragged a startled but compliant Draco into a conveniently located broom closet.

"Bludgers?" Draco followed Harry's quick glance towards Hermione. "Oh. Right." They shuddered in unison and yanked the closet door shut.

Hermione continued her seduction efforts with the same dogged persistence she normally reserved for house-elf liberation and for equal rights for cute, sexy werewolves. "Don't you know the effect your ire has on me, sir?" She fluttered her eyelashes at him, cursing internally for not having made a closer study of Lavender's technique.

"Excuse me, Miss Granger?" Snape felt a strong urge... to check if she had something in her eye.

The oddly placed broom closet rattled a little ominously.

"I told you I had many... abilities, sir. They would be quite wasted cleaning those cauldrons. Why don't I do something else? I could help you with **anything** you need..."

There was a loud gasp from the closet. Whether it was in response to Hermione's brazenness or to the actual activities therein was unclear.

Snape was reduced to blinking again. "**Anything**, Miss Granger?"

Soft moaning sounds issued from the closet, which might have included comments like, 'Mind the clasp,' and, 'Is that really in the shape of a snake?' but they went unnoticed.

"As long as you talk to me while I do it, yes, I will do anything to...for you, professor!"

"Iss ssa Ssssnake... Ssss... Ssss."

The Narrator paused in the midst of laughing to the point of stomach pain to ask, "Hey! Why doesn't Snape deduct points for all this outrageous behavior? Granted, he doesn't deduct **that** many in canon, but still..."

The Narrator was interrupted by a shriek from the closet, which rattled alarmingly.

"What **is** that?" Hermione puzzled, also sparing a modicum of gratitude for the fact that Draco had been keeping Harry out of her way.

The closet resounded with 'Mmms,' 'Ahhs,' and persistent hissing noises.

"Do you have a Boggart in your closet, sir?" Hermione asked.

Snape stalked over to the closet in a towering bad mood. He was unenthused about dealing with Boggarts. His occasionally took the form of Voldemort in a frilly pink dressing gown, and really, where do you go from there in terms of casting 'Riddikulus?' Add bunny slippers?

The closet was rocking slightly now, resonating with soft 'Oh! Oh! Oh!' sounds that were gradually gaining volume.

Snape threw open the door dramatically.

Harry promptly tumbled out...sans shirt.

"Do you mind, sir? We're Resolving Sexual Tension here!" Draco's eyes were positively icy to match his tone of voice.

Well, I expect it is rather chilly standing in a broom closet wearing nothing but what appears to be a silk hanky held together with string and... one of Narcissa's blouses? Snape thought in a burst of misplaced logic.

Her eyes riveted on the same place as his, Hermione said, "Professor, that's a good idea. You should try it sometime."

Well, shite. Maybe I'm wasting my time with Severus, considering what those two look like... Oh. Right. Gay.

Draco closed the closet door angrily without accounting for the fact that Harry hadn't got back in.

"I... I..." Harry pulled on the Slytherin tie draped over his neck, wondering where all the lovely pale skin had gone to.

Snape contemplated his instantly tented trousers with dismay. *Damn. I thought I'd got those thoughts out of my system for good with Lupin at that New Year's Eve party.*

Draco reopened the door briefly to pull Harry and some random articles of clothing back in.

"See, Potter? I told you that you'd enjoy having your back scratched. Now, finish doing mine."

Hermione once again had eyes only for her professor. She sported a cheeky grin, her brain having once again gone slightly out to lunch. *Could that tent be for me?*

The Narrator noted, "Despite the use of italics, Miss Granger actually spoke that last bit."

Snape was normally peevisish. Being embarrassed tended to make him livid. He considered the potential effectiveness of excessive point deduction. *Well, it works for McGonagall.* "Ten points from Gryffindor, Miss Granger, for poor tactics!" he barked.

Hermione stifled a yawn. *Big deal... I gain an average of a hundred points each day for Gryffindor.*

Also displaying poor tactics, Harry reopened the closet door and yelled, "IT WAS FOR ME!" before shutting it again.

"A resounding slap was heard from within the much-abused piece of furniture, which was still a very curious item to keep in a Potions classroom," said the Narrator.

"Bloody hell, save that energy for ME."

Snape frowned at the closed door. "Ten points from Slytherin, Mr. Malfoy, for poor choice in partners. And twenty points from Gryffindor for shagging in my closet, Potter."

The Potter in question yelled, "I disagree!" through the door.

Which was clarified by Draco grumbling, "Yeah, as we've yet to get to any actual shagging..."

"Shut up! Slap more!"

"Oh, and five points for the absolutely brilliant slap!" Snape turned to find Miss Granger seated in his chair.

"Sir, this is a remarkable Potions article you're reading!" Hermione said in a desperate attempt to reclaim the attention of her life's love.

For the first time ever, the professor focused on Miss Granger rather urgently. He was rather hoping to drown out the all-too-distinct murmur of, 'Oooh... time for the rough stuff, is it?'

"Miss Granger, I am never going to get any work done in here with all that racket." Assorted crashing noises punctuated his statement.

"Well, sir, if we made our own racket, then we could assume that we'd no longer hear theirs, right?" Hermione asked hopefully.

Before Snape could respond, they heard Draco say, "You know, it's really about time we come out of the closet anyway."

"May I point out the utter lack of irony in Mr. Malfoy's tone whilst making that statement?" the Narrator asked the Editorial Staff.

"You really shouldn't. Then again, you shouldn't be addressing the characters directly or making snide little comments," one of the Editors responded.

"Assist me in the Potions storeroom... Immediately!" Snape demanded before he got carried away...before *Potter and Draco* got carried away.

Upon receiving a look dry enough to spike martinis, Hermione hastened to follow.

Harry destroyed the closet door with uncontrolled magic, rendering the discussion of whether or not to exit the closet entirely irrelevant.

"Another twenty points, Potter, for destroying my property," Snape said wearily, trudging to the storeroom.

Draco surveyed the wreckage, unsure whether to clutch Harry or the remains of his robe to cover himself. "Well, that's one way to come out of the closet."

"Good grief, find another joke, people," the Narrator said.

Draco shrugged into his robe, grabbed Harry, and headed for the classroom door.

They could hear Snape's commands clearly from the other room. "Granger, organize that top shelf! The ladder is over there!"

Hermione slammed the door to keep Harry and Draco the hell out of her seduction scenario.

"Well, shit," the Narrator said, looking back and forth between the closed doors of the classroom and the storeroom in frustration. "Where am I supposed to... narrate... now?"

Author's Notes:

Hermione primping courtesy of SeverusLovesUs.

Harry in search of advice courtesy of Potteresque_ire.

Snape's vain yet valiant attempt to get In Character courtesy of snapemylove.

Draco's, the Narrator's (and Editors') relative lack of courtesy by dracontia.

No one will admit to having written the so-called 'ff.net excerpt' that Hermione reads.

The "You can't spell Draco Malfoy without 'Drama'" line comes from an LJ icon. I have no idea whose LJ icon, so if it's yours, give us a holler so we can properly credit you!

Everything else resulted from the waves of chaos generated by the four aforementioned miscreants chatting together.

Up next: To heck with the outline...let's just screw someone already.

On The Scoreboard!

Chapter 4 of 5

Hermione and Snape defy the laws of physics, magic (and possibly someone's definition of age-of-consent, somewhere). Harry and Draco merely defy credulity (but they look adorable at it!).

Disclaimer: These characters don't belong to us; we make no profit and have no qualms about using them for our own slightly warped pleasure.

WARNING: To avoid potential damage to your electronic equipment, mucous membranes, and interpersonal relationships, please use discretion with regards to eating or engaging in other activities while reading this.

Chapter 4: On The Scoreboard!

"Where... are... you... taking... me?" Harry's words came out a trifle mangled between his resisting heavily and Draco's dragging him along insistently.

"Look, the sooner Snape gets laid, the sooner his mood gets... less rotten," Draco explained, avidly looking around the corridor for the Convenient Stereotypical Abandoned Lounge that *had* to be around there somewhere. "And he's not going to do any shagging with us around."

Despite their recent broom closet exploits, Harry managed a faint blush.

"Alas, Draco was far too busy talking to notice said blush and make embarrassing Virgin!Harry remarks," the Narrator noted wistfully as the pair rounded the corner.

Pulling Draco purposefully into a deserted corner of the corridor, Harry assumed the Convenient Stereotypical Dominant Gryffindor approach. "Now, Draco."

"It's WallSex!Potter!" Draco gasped as he was pushed roughly against the stone.

Pleased that they seemed to have found the script, if not the plot, Harry kissed his approval onto Draco's neck. "As a matter of fact, yes." He hazarded a quick glance over his shoulders for Filch or Mrs. Norris. "Keep an eye out...I don't want that creepy cat watching us!"

"I don't want to do it on a nasty, hard wall," Draco whined. "Let's find the room that's always around here somewhere. You know, the Alternative to Shagging on the Potions Bench room." Draco was a bit vexed at Harry for getting ahead of the schedule. In fan fiction, WallSex was supposed to happen *after* the alpha and omega of Fantasy Shags in the room with all the pretty velvet couches.

"Right. Okay, you take that side of the corridor. I'll take this one."

Draco opened what felt like the millionth door that night.

"It was the fifth, but who's counting?" the Narrator said with a yawn.

"Just another empty classroom!" He practically grit his teeth in frustration and started to close the door.

Harry pushed past him and looked around hopefully. "Hmm... I see walls...lots of walls for support."

Draco blinked at Harry. "Walls? Again?"

However verbally shy Harry may have been feeling, his hands were not shy in any way. Draco managed to emit a single, muffled, "Meep!" as Harry rather unceremoniously grabbed the other boy by the backside and planted him firmly against the door...slamming it shut in the process.

"Walls... You... I... Hump," Harry gasped once he'd recalled his tongue from its little spelunking expedition amidst the natural wonders of Draco's tonsils and upper teeth.

"Not that I was expecting poetry..." Draco began, then found his airway blocked again.

"No poetry..." Harry trailed off into a muffled sound that bore a suspicious resemblance to another iteration of 'hump.'

"But, if you want this to continue, I'd better not hear 'hump' again unless there's a camel in the room!"

Harry made some sort of sound that might be interpreted as agreement and continued with the heavy snogging and groping activities.

"Potter, no! I don't want my fi...I'm not doing this against a door!" Draco reverted to surnames in irritation at the possibility of splinters marring the perfect occasion of his deflowering and fiercely attacked Harry's neck to underscore his argument.

Harry, to his credit, at least managed to process the gist of the complaint. "I... Hmmpf." He kissed Draco rather loudly in the hope that stalling would yield an actual thought. "The chair... desk..."

Sensing that a major concession was within reach, Draco allowed himself some serious savoring of Harry's earlobe. "Want to lie down..." He paused to nibble and lick. "Somewhere comfortable..." He worked his way down, trying to figure out how to access that spot just behind the earlobe that all the fanfics talked about in hopes of bolstering his argument.

"Ooh, that was a nip... and a really hard kiss. That should leave a mark," the Narrator said, watching in fascination. And taking notes.

Harry, being situated more or less on Draco rather than on a deceased section of oak, was focused on the long, slender line of neck stretched out in front of him. "I'm comfy here."

"Something more civilized than a slab of wood."

"I... like... wood... Wild..."

"I'm not going to roll around on a desk. This is the dungeon. You don't know what's been on the desks in here. Potions desks have seen more sex than a French whorehouse. Doing it there would be too clichéd." Draco shuddered, and it didn't necessarily have anything to do with Harry's attempts to create a hickey. "Besides, not everyone cleans their counters after."

"They don't clean them up after shagging on them?" Harry couldn't decide whether he was mildly disgusted or intrigued at the thought of lots of sex happening on desks in the dungeons.

"No! I meant after making potions! You really don't want some of that stuff on bare skin!"

"Are there cockroaches squished on here?"

Draco shuddered, and it definitely had nothing to do with necking. "That's the least of it."

"This could take a while," the Narrator said in frustration, then went to see if anyone else had got to the nudity yet.

"Meanwhile, back in the Potions store room," the Narrator began, then stopped for dramatic effect (and breath recovery). "Hermione had just reminded her Professor, once again, how atrociously her Potions accident had misrepresented her skills and sweetly asked if she could be given the opportunity to display the raw talent she truly possessed. And don't complain about the summary...this chapter is never going to end if we play all of that out in dialogue."

Snape covertly eyed up the young woman. *I don't know about talent, but you've certainly got assets*, he thought before snapping himself back to reality.

"Care to explain these so-called skills you possess, then, Miss Granger?" Snape asked, crossing his arms over his chest with a scowl.

Hermione batted her eyes at her beloved. "Dear, oblivious Professor, you'd have had to ignore me completely in order to not to have noticed."

"I ignore you? Regardless of how much I try, Miss Granger, it is impossible to ignore the bouncing, babbling, bundle of eagerness that is you when trying to flaunt your so-called knowledge," he replied scornfully. *Especially the bouncing breasts... Hmm, wonder if I can get Naked!Hermione to imitate that process for me* he added silently.

"Oblivious, indeed. You big dunderhead, the girl is coming onto you. Now, stop wallowing in your Naked!Hermione fantasies and make it happen," the Narrator scoffed, tone of voice replete with unseen eye-rolling.

Naked!Hermione fantasies? Hermione's mind repeated in elation. "We can make your dreams a reality, Professor."

Snape frowned at the revelation that the pesky voice that could tear down his otherwise impenetrable defenses with one single word was apparently a verifiable part of reality. *Damn! Definitely losing my edge*, the professor thought as he regarded Hermione's smug, sexy little smile.

"No, not losing your edge, but she might be losing something soon if you play your cards right," the Narrator said.

Acting as if he hadn't heard the Narrator's interruption, he continued, "You've no idea of what I dream," he purred, thinking that it might warn the girl off the dangerous path they were beginning to tread.

However, Hermione's sexy smile only grew bigger, and her eyes glowed brightly. Far from being put off by suggestiveness, she seemed... pleased.

"You've no idea of *my* wildest dreams, dear sir."

"You and all your studies, Granger. How 'wild' can you honestly be?" Snape scoffed. Yet, he was starting to wonder if he wasn't losing the battle here.

Hermione let out an unlady-like snort, "I have had all the help I need to know how to be wild. I read it in a book, of course... And memorized it as usual."

Well, that was much more like it, Snape thought. "You probably think that sneaking a mediocre snog in a dark corner is wild, you silly girl!" But, I could definitely show her that there is more to life than sloppy snogs. If she was of age. And not a student. My student. Good God, is she wearing lace knickers?

"Yes, you could, yes, she is of age, granted, she is your student, but you could always overlook that in the light of the-oh-yes-they-are-lace-knickers," the Narrator said helpfully.

"Well, then, why not give me a *test*, Professor?"

"Be careful what you wish for, Miss Granger. You might not like such a test," Snape warned.

"I think I would like seeing you give me an 'O' on the test," Hermione replied with a smile.

"Oh, I'll give you an 'O'...an 'O' for org..." Snape drew out the syllable "...anize! I believe I said to organize those top shelves!" He shoved the rolling ladder her direction, which she caught with a look of surprise on her face.

"Ahh, a ladder. Thank you, sir."

Snape grunted a noncommittal acknowledgement while surreptitiously admiring Granger's exposed legs as she climbed the ladder and stre-e-etched upwards.

"I can't quite reach, sir." Suddenly, the surprisingly shaky ladder caused her to stumble and fall. Snape, with rather Gryffindorishly heroic reflexes, caught her in his arms.

"Hermione! Are you alright?"

She gasped. "You called me 'Hermione!'"

Severus failed to reply, lost in the thought, *She feels so perfect against my body*.

Taking advantage of the position, Hermione batted her eyes. *I fit so perfectly into his arms!*

With a slavish adherence to fanfic cliché, Snape pressed his raging erection against Hermione's thigh.

What's that? Oh my goodness! He wants me! Yeeesss!

"Hermione, how could I have missed the woman you've become?" he asked breathlessly, feeling the weight of her full breasts against his chest.

"I dare say, sir, you've been so occupied with hating Harry that you haven't looked at the rest of us." Hermione gave him an odd look. "That's why you look at him, right?"

"Why else would I look at that imbecilic fool?" Snape said, conveniently forgetting the Lupin/New Year's incident. He gazed longingly at the bare, naked flesh before him.

So entranced he hardly noticed that he was now naked as well.

The Narrator interrupted. "Wait! Wait just a damn minute, here! How did he get naked? And WHEN did SHE get naked? Aren't we missing something?"

The Editor took the Narrator aside. "Yes, as a matter of fact, we ARE missing something here. It's called a plot. Please, sit back and enjoy the naked people and try not to think too much."

With no further interference from the fic support staff, Hermione gazed at Severus' pale, slender body, which was actually quite muscular *I will make him forget he ever looked at Harry!* she thought before melting at his kneading of her breasts and his kisses on her neck.

"Professor? Can you please talk to me? Your voice..."

He continued to nibble and suck until he marked his claim to her.

"It's like honey!"

"What should I say? Hermione, you are more beautiful than I could ever have imagined!"

She pushed Snape back onto his desk. "No, talk dirty to me in your velvet tones," she said, straddling his lap.

The Narrator, a bit peeved, said, "And now, back to the classroom... evidently by Portkey, since they didn't walk and..."

The entire reading audience chimed in with, "You can't Apparate within the castle!"

Hermione looked around the room for the crowd responsible for the sudden noise but saw nothing.

"I am more than willing to talk dirty, Hermione, my pet," he rasped, flipping the bird at the entirely too noisy reading audience. "Now, back to you, me, and my impressively massive... desk," he said, drawing Hermione's attention away from the disturbing interruption.

Potions Desk! Sex! Just as I've always longed for! Just like it's always done in fanfiction! Hermione thought as the eager and excited reading audience chimed in with wolf whistles.

Abruptly, she pushed him away and stood up. She moved to straighten her skirt (such as it was) only to realize it was gone. *Juh? When did that happen?*

"What?" Snape asked frantically. He surreptitiously checked his breath. *No, that's fine. Shit! If she's got cold feet, I have no excuse to let my glands carry me away in an entirely unprofessional manner. Bugger!*

"I can't believe I almost forgot!" Hermione exclaimed. "Before we have sex, I have to tell you how I respect you and all that crap. Then I need to fulfill my role as Head Girl!"

The Narrator snorted. "Oh, yes, phrase it just like that...I have to tell you how I respect you and all that crap."

"Hmm... bring on the Head Girl!" Snape muttered, hearing only the pertinent part of her statement.

"Don't you want to hear about how I respect you? I practiced the speech and everything. I've practiced it in every story I've been in. I've said it a million ways. You have to hear it. You just have to."

"I'd be honored," he said, then muttered, "As long as I get the head too."

"Excellent!" She gave him her most I-am-so-thrilled grin. "I'll make sure it's worth your time."

"You always were a conscientious student."

"Professor, look at my eyes when I'm talking to you, not my mouth."

"Honey, it's not your mouth he's looking at," the Narrator remarked.

"I am looking at your eyes. Occasionally."

Hermione folded her arms under her breasts and stuck out her bottom lip in a beautiful pout.

Snape fought the urge to roll his eyes. *And she called me oblivious. How the hell am I suppose to concentrate on her eyes with her full lips just begging to be filled and her breasts served up like a feast on a platter?* Still, he quickly dragged his gaze back to her eyes before he could get caught staring again and tried to pacify the young woman.

"I am looking at your eyes, pet. In fact, I don't think I've noticed before just how beautiful they are, like richest molten chocolate and flecked with caramel," he said, hoping like hell that all of this food talk would remind her of her Head Girl promise.

"Chocolate and caramel? They're brown, you sap, and certainly not edible! That's it! I give up. One of you Editorial lot can narrate the het; I'm going back to the slash." With that, the Narrator flounced off, leaving the Editors to scramble for someone to adequately cover Snape's angst and the wonders of the Respect Speech.

"We need a bed, Harry. Harry? Damn it, Potter, NO DOOR!SEX!"

"Push chairs together... Malfoy, don't go all capslocky on me. Hurry!"

"Potter, you have a wand."

"Yeah, I have wand, and, Malfoy, I need to use it right now."

"Merlin's Arse...I mean, Transfigure something! Rumor has it that you are, in fact, a wizard." Draco pushed Harry just far enough away to use his silvery come-hither glance to good effect. "Transfigure a bed for me, and we're back to first names... Harry..."

"I..." Harry's brain short-circuited slightly, leaving only two clear images: lying down and Draco using his first name...repeatedly and in an increasingly loud voice. "Here!"

"Amazing. He managed to find his wand...the magic one," the Narrator said with a snort.

"No laughing at your own jokes," the Editorial Staff said sternly.

Draco stared in mild trepidation at the fruits of Harry's Transfiguration efforts. "That's not a bed." *What happened to Shy-And-Snuggly!Harry?* he wondered anxiously.

"It's a place to lie down," Harry argued, pulling Draco towards the black leather couch.

"I expect that someone wants to RST before they lose N-E-R-V-E," the Narrator said, needing to use up the snarkiness that had been allotted for the Snape/Hermione scene and slightly annoyed at the reprimand from the Editorial Staff.

Draco balked, sensing that the deflowering scene of his daydreams was rapidly disappearing down the nearest sub-castle cistern. "Is that the best you can do?"

"**You're** the best I can do," Harry said a little desperately.

Draco blushed a shade of pink that Lavender would have found a bit too much. "Ooh, poetry after all." He melted all over Harry, quite boneless (with one notable exception).

Slender build aside, over one hundred pounds of boy was not easy to hold up. Harry tried to steer them towards the couch, staggering slightly. "Please, Draco... There's a couch... You can lie down."

"But, we do need a bit more space, I think." He licked down the front of Harry's chest, oblivious to the fact that he was in some danger of being unceremoniously allowed to fall to the cold, stone floor.

"No... little space... tight and hot... good..." Harry had processed that much quite thoroughly from his recent reading marathon. He pushed Draco against the couch, flopping beside him and panting.

Draco snuggled in against Harry's neck, forehead against the leather. Suddenly, he sniffed...inhaled the leather-and-boy-scent more deeply...then pulled back, looking at Harry with silver eyes gone cloudy. "Amortentia," he sighed deliriously.

Failing to grasp the significance of what Draco was saying, Harry settled for grasping Draco's hair. He stared at his potential lover, green eyes dark with desire, then squinting with confusion. "Wait... Draco, are you getting cataracts?"

"I could tell you what you'll be getting," Draco moaned, more from frustration than arousal. He began squirming his way down Harry's body, licking all the way. "But, I suspect that you'll stop saying stupid things if I SHOW you."

One of the Editorial Staff bustled into the Potions classroom, squeeing quietly.

"It looks like Harry and Draco are finally going to RST!"

"Same here," a fellow Editor said, pointing out Snape discreetly trying to keep his erection alive during Hermione's speech.

"Is it Head Girl time?"

"Just about."

"Simultaneous blow jobs in two different ships! We are fanfic goddesses!"

"Simultaneous? Really? YES! We so rock..."

Hermione was finally wrapping up her speech. "So, in short..."

"In a very loose definition of the word..." everyone mumbled to themselves.

"...that is why I respect you, sir, and want to shag the daylights out of you. Now that the Obligatory Respect Speech is out of the way, we are officially allowed to RST."

Snape popped awake, relying upon all of his finely-honed instincts as a teacher subject to endless staff meetings and a former Death Eater subject to endless mad ranting to respond as if he'd been paying attention.

"The phrase 'shag the daylights out of you' probably helped," one of the Editors observed.

"Yes, absolutely! Now, Head Girl duties?"

Realizing how pathetically eager that sounded, he added, "If you can, with your limited experience, accommodate me in that regard." He cleared his throat and glanced downward meaningfully. Normally, he would have to make some show of ethical angst at this point, but Hermione's Obligatory Respect Speech had been so damned long and boring that he lacked the will.

"Now that is one impressively massive... cliché," one of the Editors said with a snort.

Hmm... What to placate... Strident feminist principles or intellectual pride? That was the sum total of Hermione's internal struggle before she tossed her head (causing all loose parchment in the room to go flying in the equivalent of propwash from her impressively massive hair) and insisted, "My experience has nothing to do with this. I've read all I need to know on the topic and can perform expertly!"

While Snape gazed at her with something between awe and horror, she cast a Cushioning Charm and settled into position. "I did well with the banana, but now I really see that I should have gone for the cucumber instead."

Snape was thoroughly put out. "A banana!"

"Well, how could I have known, sir? Be that as it may, your cucumber is perfectly ripe for devouring."

*Get ready to receive those O's!*he thought.

Hermione tried...and failed...to deep-throat and defaulted to using a helping hand.

"That's all the detail we get?"

"It is with just an 'R' rating," the chief Editor said ominously.

"Come for me, Professor! Come on!" she said in an effort to speed things along with aural stimulation. She resumed sucking, hoping to get it over with.

Moaning filled the air. Some of it was from Snape.

Hermione moaned at the sound, increasing sensation for professor.

Snape grabbed a handful of curling locks as his moaning deepened to an almost growl, "Oh, yes, Hermione," and failed to restrain his bucking hips.

"Mine!" moaned Hermione and sucktastically increased suction.

The professor threw his head back as he growled out, "Oh Hermione!" through gritted teeth.

Hermione smiled in self-satisfaction and wiped away a dribble of goo, then licked the goo off her finger on second thought.

Watching Hermione devour his essence was too much for the professor. He quickly picked her up and laid her out on his desk, her arse balanced on the edge. While she busied herself trying to get comfortable on the hard, flat surface, he surreptitiously scooped a small vial of blue potion from his drawer and downed the liquid before his young lover could notice it. His erection immediately sprang back to life.

"Your turn, my dear," he said, looking down hungrily at her form spread out upon his desk. "Now, every time I sit at this desk, I'll imagine you like this... sprawled out wantonly, whimpering and writhing your want of me."

"Ooh! Oh yeah! Talk dirty to me, Sevvie."

"With lots of alliteration, since that's so sexy," an Editor muttered.

"But, of course, you'll have to be punished properly for daring to call me 'Sevvie.'"

"Go ahead and punish me. I am more than willing to accept the... consequences of my actions! As Head Girl, I must set an example after all. But... no 'Sevvie'? Can I call you 'my sweet Sev,' then?"

"Absolutely not! When you call out my name in your passion, I want to hear every sibilant!"

"That can be arranged, sir," Hermione replied with a knowing smirk.

Snape started thrusting into her with wild abandon, hoping to see if she really could attain an 'O' for wildness.

Draco reflected that it was really handy that he knew Harry had washed recently. Licking a navel without fear of lint was sort of liberating.

Harry giggled. "Draco, that tickles."

Too far gone amusing himself with Harry's belly button, Draco ignored the laughter. However, he did notice another sound. Harry kicked out, giggling uncontrollably at the same moment as Draco jumped. Draco slid off the couch so fast he all but crashed to the floor.

"Potter!"

"What are you 'Potter'-ing me for? I told you it's ticklish!"

"No, not that! Use the loo, or something!"

"Wha? You want to clean up already?" Some very lurid possibilities ran through Harry's mind, all of which would preclude any possibility of kissing Draco on the mouth in the near future no matter how well he cleaned up beforehand. He re-situated himself on the couch, noticing that Draco made a face as another objectionable noise met his ears. "Wait, you thought... Come on! This is leather! It does that!"

Draco stood and rubbed at the surface of the couch with his slightly sweaty palm, grimacing at the resulting sound. "I think I've changed my mind about leather being sexy."

Harry was mesmerized by Draco's thong, which may not have been leather, but was now at eye level and thus occupying the entirety of Harry's mental faculties. "But it IS sexy..." He reached out, never once taking his eyes from the thong. "May I?"

Draco smirked, but also blushed slightly. He was so busy preening at the compliment that he utterly ignored Harry's question. Harry took his silence as an affirmative. "Oh!" He swayed, leaning against the leather for support. Said leather predictably made further noises.

"I can still see lines... You know... one big..." Harry gulped, "line." He winced at the noise. Draco giggled as the couch continued to add its own uncouth form of commentary. "I think maybe we should just... you know, use the wall."

"What is it with you and the wall?" Draco whined.

"I'd like to... to push you against it... and my hand... roam the planes on your chest." Harry proceeded to demonstrate, not sure whether he was disappointed or relieved at the absence of nipple jewelry. Fan fiction never talked about how bloody painful that must be to have put in.

Draco pushed Harry's robe the rest of the way off, leaving it against the couch so that Harry could slide back without prompting further commentary from the leather. "Somehow, I was expecting more... color," he mumbled, returning to nuzzling Harry's chest.

"I didn't have any goo on me." Harry wondered if confusion would be his natural state as long as Draco kept talking and if that didn't mean that his boyfriend was actually somehow related to Luna.

"I meant... a tan."

"I'm still a shade darker than your porcelain white." Personally, Harry thought that any reference to 'porcelain' sounded like it had something to do with toilets, but it seemed to be considered quite poetic by fan fiction writers.

"You make me sound like some sort of plumbing fixture," Draco complained, of a similar opinion on the use of 'porcelain' as an adjective. "That's it...no more walls, no more talking, no more obnoxious noises from the furniture!"

"Er... Okay."

Draco dived for Harry's jeans, unfastened them, and reached in.

Harry responded with the most manly sound he could manage at that juncture.

"EEEEEP!"

Draco answered in kind.

"Eeep! Potter, you...you!"

"I... Don't stop!"

Draco looked down at a handful of completely unencumbered Potter-cock, completely dumbfounded at the sight. "R...right." He scooted back, still mesmerized, ignoring the farting couch.

"What? Draco you can't leave me hanging like this!"

"No pants." He sounded almost awed.

"Dudley's really didn't fit."

"Gah...where's the brain bleach when you need it?" the Narrator wondered.

"From where I'm standing, it's hardly 'hanging.'" Draco blinked admiringly.

"Well... I'm... I'm... hung."

Draco leaned forward, lips quivering. "I see." He squeezed his eyes shut and licked.

"Wait a second! WHERE did he lick?" The Narrator squinted at the jumbled mass of boy-limbs and mussed hair, trying to figure out where everything was, then gave up in frustration, fumbling with the outline to figure out if the characters were anywhere near accomplishing their prescribed activities.

A stray member of the Editorial Staff, who was watching in glassy-eyed fascination, said, "Judging by that sound Harry just made, there's very little doubt as to where Draco licked."

"No, wait...stop," Harry gasped, pushing Draco away. Draco found this something of a relief because contrary to reports, pre-cum was NOT exactly nectar. Of course, it was all a small price to pay to actually (squee!) have **real** sex, especially when Harry obviously wanted Draco to be inside him when they both came (SQUEEE!).

But, Harry sat up, which Draco found as confusing as it was noisy. "Harry, what are you doing?"

"Erm... pouncing?" He struggled against the friction of the couch, attempting to make truth of his declaration.

"But, why?"

"So I can, um, be inside you before I come in your mouth and ruin everything," Harry explained, blushing clear down his neck.

"But, I thought you've been reading slash. Everyone knows that whoever gives the blowjob gets to top!"

"I **have** been reading slash, and I always top."

"Excuse me? You do not!"

"I do too!"

"That's not always how it happens!"

"Yes, it is!"

"No, it's not!"

"Almost always. Check the book if you don't believe me."

"Love to, but it's not here."

"Well, get it then."

"Get it yourself!"

"Like someone said earlier, if you want to be 'getting' any, you can start by 'getting' that book."

"Merlin in a Speedo! Look, if I go get the sodding book, will you two stop bickering and get to the RST already? We're losing readers here!" the Narrator interrupted.

"Fine."

"Fine."

The Narrator whisked away invisibly, leaving them to the couch and an awkward silence.

Inside the Potions store room, one might have heard a very strange, Mysterious Ticking Noise. The sounds of sweaty, thrusting bodies moving to the rhythm of a ticking clock might quickly account for the noise... if any of the SS/HG shippers could have focused on something other than the long-awaited unfolding of the RST scene.

The thrusting continued at a steady beat. Every time Snape would push in his impressively massive... Well, you get the idea... Hermione would yell out his name.

thrust

"SNAPE!"

thrust

"SNAPE!"

thrust

"Severus!"

thrust

"SNAPE!"

thrust

"Heeerrrmione!" Snape groaned out as he thrust into her again.

One of the Editors began snapping her fingers in time with the thrusting. "Kinda catchy."

The Narrator entered, purposefully looking for the book but stopping short at the curious ménage a trois between Hermione, Snape, and the sliding desk. "Well, I'll be damned, They finally got to it?"

"Shhh," a fanatical shipper whispered.

The Narrator noticed that there were more people in the room than could be accounted for by the Editorial Staff. "Say, where'd all these other people come from?"

An Editor shrugged. "Someone mentioned The Petulant Poetess. That's all I know."

thrust

"SNAPE!"

thrust

"SNAPE!"

thrust

"Severus!"

thrust

"SNAPE!"

thrust

"Heeerrrmione!"

"Bloody hell, this is repetitive. Has anyone seen the book?" the Narrator announced loudly.

"SHHHH!"

The volume in question was finally spotted beneath the derrière of a diminutive fan, who squawked indignantly at having her vantage point literally pulled out from under her.

Hermione and Snape forged on, oblivious.

"Speed it up, will you? Or do some laving! Licking! Something to break up the monotony!" an audience member begged.

"Right. Let me know if anyone survives this," the Narrator said.

The Editor sighed as the Narrator abandoned Snape and Hermione once again to see what Harry and Draco were up to. "After seventeen rounds, I'd say... not so catchy."

"Is... is whoever that was gone?" Harry looked around the room nervously. He still didn't have friendly feelings towards disembodied voices, even if other people *ould* hear them.

"Yes, but I'm still here," the remaining Editor said.

"Oh. Um, is that really necessary?"

"Yep. There's no story unless one of us is here. Don't worry, y'all haven't got anything we haven't seen already," the Editor chirped.

"Well, could you at least turn around for the, ah, intimate... parts?" Draco tried to semi-hide behind Harry, which wasn't really working as Harry was attempting much the same thing.

"Okay," the perky voice responded, cheerfully and pretty much entirely untruthfully.

"I suppose we should be ready for...you know. Just in case."

"Uh, right. Wouldn't hurt to be all cleaned up and whatnot." So saying, Draco found his wand in the clothes pile and directed the only cleaning spell he knew of at the pertinent part of Harry.

"EEE...YIPES!" Harry jumped, peeling too quickly and somewhat painfully away from the leather. "Fuck! Draco, what was that?"

Draco colored slightly, taking in Harry's wide-eyed stare and squirming. "A Cleaning Charm?"

"Somehow, I don't think 'Scourgify' is supposed to be used THERE," Harry said, making another odd face.

"Does it hurt?"

"Er, not exactly... It's... um... different, and... Well, here..."

"WHAA! Oooh... Um, I see."

"Yeah. I mean, it's..."

"Bubbly?"

"Right."

"All right, one bloody book delivered. Can we get this show on the road?"

Harry grabbed the book eagerly and flipped to the Table of Contents. "See? There's a whole Bottom!Draco archive!"

Draco snatched it away from him. "That doesn't mean anything! Look, I get to top here... and here... and look, we take turns in a bunch of these. But, no matter what, whoever blows, tops! And I already did it."

Harry skimmed sex scene after sex scene and made a quick check of the index.

"All this organization for a bunch of cheap internet porn. Does anal-retentive have a hyphen, Miss Granger?" the Narrator murmured, reading over Harry's shoulder.

"Good grief. It's almost as ritualized as the one, two, three fingers thing," Harry finally said, defeated. "Fine. You do it, then." He flopped back on the couch, pouting slightly.

Draco tried to smirk, but found it difficult to do so when he was trembling all over and practically giggling with joy. "Okay, right, um..." He scooted closer and slid one hand tentatively down the back of Harry's thigh. Harry jumped. Draco pulled his hand back as if it had been burned. "Ah, I think maybe you should turn over. So I can see what I'm doing, you know?"

Harry grumbled a little, but complied. Now, they were both shivering, and Draco was shaking like a leaf and whispering, "Ohmygodohmygodohwow..." until he finally broke

off and whispered something that Harry couldn't quite make out.

"What's going on back there?"

"*Lubricus!*" Draco finally gave up on whispering and said it aloud. "It's not working!"

"Maybe you're saying it wrong?"

"How are you supposed to say it?"

"Um... How the hell should I know? I've only ever read it."

Draco bit his lip and contemplated Harry's squee-worthy backside and the relatively useless book in turn. "Me, too."

"Translation: aside from a couple of kisses with girls, which were considerably impeded by irrational fear of 'Bludgers,' they're both utter and complete virgins," the Narrator said.

"You don't need to sound condescending," Draco said with a scowl in the direction of the voice.

"I think it's adorable." The perky Editorial Voice sighed.

Harry beat his forehead against the arm of the couch. "Just kill me now."

"Oh, and '*Lubricus*' isn't a real spell," the Narrator added.

"Great. So, now what?"

"You wouldn't happen to have any lube, would you?" Draco asked the Narrator hopefully.

"Nope. And before you ask, I'm not getting any."

"Please?"

"I'd have to go back to the Potions classroom, and last time I was in there, I heard... ticking."

"They use spit in some of the stories," Harry offered.

"Right. Yeah." Draco sucked on his fingers cautiously, looked askance at the seemingly inadequate moisture, then tried to spit on them with relative delicacy and accuracy. Harry gasped as the wet digits came into contact with his bum and left a cooling trail as they moved closer...

"Oh, very well! But, I insist on at least TWO orgasms as a condition of acquiescing to this!"

Harry turned around, blinking in puzzlement. "Huh?" Draco was lying back on the couch, pink-faced, his arms crossed sulkily over his chest.

The Narrator sighed. "He means he's too squeamish to stick his fingers in your arse, so you get to top...but you're going to have to work like hell for it."

"Oh. Um..."

"You want to top, you know what comes first."

"Right." Much as Draco had a while earlier, Harry closed his eyes most of the way, leaned forward, and began to lick.

Draco emitted a high-pitched gurgle last heard in the throat of an expiring Plimpy.

"Speaking of coming first... relatively little suction later..." the Narrator said, trying to stifle a laugh.

Harry coughed and spluttered through Draco's half-audible apology. "Well... at least this answers the question of what to use for lube."

"Oh... it's time for that, is it?"

"Yes, please." Harry whimpered slightly, having been waiting an awfully long time for some...any...RST. "One, two, three, and in, right?" He collected the mess on Draco's stomach and tentatively felt for the area in question.

"O...okay. Aren't you going to... Gah!...saysomethingabouthowyou've... Eee! Careful!...always been attracted to me?" Draco squeaked and squirmed, eyes improbably wide.

"Um..." Harry groped for something to say other than, 'I've always thought that you were a complete and utter git,' and worried that if Draco was squeaking in response to one finger, it was going to be an awfully long trip to three. "Er... Well, there's your hair. I can always spot you... It's really shiny." Harry decided to kiss him before he could ask any more trick questions.

"Anything else?" Draco gasped, looking thoroughly snogged and a bit more relaxed.

"You smell wonderful," Harry said, hoping this was enough stretching, because Draco really did smell wonderful and Harry was going to absolutely die if he didn't get in him now.

"EEEH! Yow! Harry!" Draco screeched.

The claws practically piercing Harry's shoulders in no way detracted from the excess of euphoria that suddenly pervaded his being via the excess of tightness clamped around his cock. "Ohmydeargod, Draco, you are the most exquisite, perfect, gorgeous, beautiful being in the known universe."

Draco blinked... trembled... slumped over, his eyes rolling back. "Yes, Harry!" Apparently, ego-stroking was the ultimate analgesic/erotic stimulant. Within seconds, the couch was alive with a writhing ball of pale and paler skinny limbs clamped around each other in an earnest attempt to merge into a single entity.

"Wow," the Editor-in-attendance breathed. "It's... like watching a rubber band ball mate with itself."

The rubber band entity in question suddenly erupted into a series of not entirely un-rubber-like groans and squeals and collapsed into a slightly leaky mass.

"What was that?" the Narrator asked.

"Offhand, I'd say the prostate," the Editor said a bit archly.

"Oh, for crap's sake," the Narrator mumbled. "It took how long? After all that angst?"

"Hush. They look so happy." This was accompanied by a happy sigh from the Editor in question.

Harry reverently wiped the mess from between them with his discarded shirt. "Perfect," he said, gathering his less sticky love against him.

"And I was afraid you'd always thought I was a complete git," Draco whispered through his cloud of slightly achy ecstasy.

What? Git? Where? "My beautiful snuggle-Dragon," Harry mumbled blissfully.

"My cuddle-bear," Draco cooed, then followed Harry into his sated snooze.

A 'Pop' broke the silence, but the boys were not disturbed.

"Whoa, crap! What the hell?" The Narrator, on the other hand, was somewhat startled.

Three house-elves labored under the weight of a huge, fluffy blanket. One of them gestured, and the blanket spread itself over Harry and Draco, who snuggled cozily under the mountain of fluff. "Dobby is not letting Harry Potter get cold," the elf said primly, and he and his companions popped away.

"And to all, a good night," the Narrator said and wandered off dazedly to the kitchens to see if house-elves would pour straight whisky on request.

thrust

"SNAPE!"

thrust

"SNAPE!"

"Who votes we throw a **real** ticking pipe bomb-thingy at them?" one of the weary Editors asked. An ominous-sounding clock decoy had already been deployed to no effect whatsoever, aside from the happy couple using it as sort of an obscene metronome.

"It's either that or call a Naked!Dumbledore alert," another suggested.

"Like calling 'Fire' in a crowded theater, that is," the Narrator said, peeking in on the way to the kitchens.

thrust

"Severus!"

thrust

"SNAPE!"

thrust

"Heeerrrmione!"

thrust

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

"Miss Granger, that's more 'O's than there are courses at Hogwarts," Snape panted as he rolled off Hermione and lay at her side.

"I hope you enjoyed that as much as I did, Professor. Can we do it again, sir? Sometime soon?" Hermione said, cuddling up beside the suddenly sweet and handsome Potions master.

"You have my word, Miss Granger!"

Author's Notes:

Thank you to the Potter Puppet Pals for the ticking pipe bomb (which one of your writers still insists should really be called a time bomb). No thank-you to them for Naked!Dumbledore. The writing and editing staff of the Mad Chatters are not responsible for any residual negative effects on your intimate relations as a result of reading crackficcy sex. We will, however, happily accept any credit for finally writing the doggone RST.

Trying to sort out writing credits for this chapter would be a bit like untangling a bowl of spaghetti. Generally speaking, the SS/HG is in the department of SeverusLovesUs and snapemylove, and the HP/DM is property of dracontia and Potteresque_ire. But the term 'capslocky' and the rubber band ball belong to Potteresque_ire and dracontia respectively. Neither of them will take credit for the other.

Dracontia apologizes for the ellipsis infestation.

Finally, thank you to Angel Mischa, for elevating "Meep!" to the status of dialog.

Up next: This Epilogue Does Not Suck.

This Epilogue Does Not Suck

Chapter 5 of 5

...but the Head Girl might.

Disclaimer: If this were written by the owner of these characters, you would be reading interminable camping scenes right now. Aren't you glad we don't make any money off them?

WARNING: You know the drill. Don't drink and read crackfic. It's not the law, but it's a good idea.

EPILOGUE

Not nineteen years later, but a mere week after the climactic RST we so kindly wrote for you.

A cloud of billowing, blue smoke preceded the NEWT-level Potions class out into the corridor.

"Sev...sir! Are you all right?" Hermione patted at a few portions of the professor's clothes that were still smoldering. She most definitely **was not** copping a feel in the hallway.

"Yeah, right," the Narrator muttered.

"I'm feeling better already, Miss Granger." He craned his neck in an attempt to look at his back. "Are you sure that ALL of the fire is out? It feels like it might be returning."

"Oh, good grief. How transparent can you..."

The Narrator was cut off by a screech from Draco. "Sir! Your robes!"

The smoldering spot flared, sending several students shrieking down the corridor.

"We'll decline to speculate on whether those were shrieks of fear or shrieks of joy at Snape being on fire," the Narrator said.

Hermione whipped out her wand. "*Epivestis Evanesco!*"

"Wait...how many languages was *that* spell cobbled together from?"

No one bothered to answer the Narrator because they were too busy staring at Snape in shock.

"No... Please tell me those aren't... He's not wearing..." Draco was far too traumatized to complete the thought.

"They are called 'bell-bottoms,' Mr. Malfoy," Snape said, entirely put out.

Harry heroically placed himself in Draco's line of sight to spare him the ghastly vision. "Don't look! Just don't look, love!" He cuddled Draco's head to his chest, shuddering as he glanced at Snape's trousers. "Sequins... They're not fit for human eyes..."

Appalled that he had just been 'unveiled' in the middle of the corridor, Snape folded his arms across his chest and glared at the surrounding witnesses, daring anyone of them to comment further.

"Actually, Draco, your father has a matching pair. You should ask him about the Disco of Doom sometime. Perhaps he'll show them to you."

Draco choked back a sob. "No! I refuse to believe he would have worn those willingly! It must have been," he subsided to a whimper, "You-Know-Who's work."

Harry traced his fingers along the dense, artistically coiffed hairline. "It's okay, snuggle-dragon. I mean, presumably your father was mostly straight. Doesn't that make him entitled to the occasional fashion mistake?"

"These were the height of style at the time, and the shirts with butterfly collars sold the look," Snape countered rather vindictively. "When they caught on, all Death Eaters had to start wearing black robes over them so as not to be mistaken for the hoi polloi."

Hermione gave Draco a quizzical look. Granted, the style was a bit dated, but ooh, the scintillating dark prisms that all the pretty sequins painted on the stone walls! "It's okay, Draco. I'm sure they were... expensive," she said, trying to come up with something he might find comforting.

"Enormously for the time," Snape huffed. "And quite fashionable as well."

"Of course," Hermione said, lost in the play of sparkling candlelight on the Disco of Doom Couture. "But, they were merely part of your cover, right? You would have chosen something different to wear otherwise..."

"Yes, it was just part of my cover!"

Hermione plowed on. "I mean, you would have chosen earth tones or tie-dye, right? Sir? Maybe flowers on your shirts?"

Snape was so appalled that he missed her hopeful tone of voice. "Do I look like a Dumbledore-wanna-be? I assure..."

"Because I always thought that all of that peace and love stuff was very... romantic. Sort of sexy, even." She blushed slightly.

Never missing a beat, Severus picked up somewhere altogether different than where he had originally left off. "I assure you that if things had been different then, if I had been more free to express myself, of course I would have been much more inclined to promote peace and love..."

The Narrator interrupted, "And that which encourages flowers to grow, namely, bullshit..."

"Unfortunately, I was unable to express such desires, uh, openly." Snape glared in the general direction of the disembodied voice.

The mention of tie-dye did nothing for Draco's equilibrium. "This is what you saved us from, my love! Kiss me, you hero, you!" Which was completely gratuitous on Draco's part because for the past week, Harry had spent approximately half his waking hours kissing Draco and really needed no prompting.

"Plenty of free love in this corridor," the Narrator said with a snicker.

Hermione gazed at Snape admiringly.

"I would have said 'lustfully,' but no one asked me; I'm just the Narrator," came the petulant remark.

"I knew there was more to you than just Fanon or Canon!" Hermione said excitedly to Snape.

"Fanon...?" Snape repeated in a murmur.

Hermione gave Harry and Draco an admonishing look, which was totally wasted given that they were enthusiastically polishing each other's tonsils at the moment. "So, really, that explains them. There was no need to claim the influence of..."

"Hermione! No You-Know-Who references. You'll only upset my snuggle-dragon more," Harry warned before returning to coo over his traumatized beloved. And petting him.

"And petting and petting and..." the Narrator trailed off.

"Twenty points each from Gryffindor and Slytherin for engaging in FOREPLAY in the corridor!" Snape bellowed.

"Foreplay? Really?" Luna's all-too-interested voice piped up. "Can we watch?"

"Luna sort of drifted around the corner, Ginny in tow. Walking was far too ordinary for Luna," the Narrator said.

"That's very poetic, but I really do walk. As far as I know, only You-Know-Who gets to 'drift.'" Luna addressed the general direction of the voice.

"Will everyone stop with the You-Know-Who-ing?" Hermione said in frustration.

"Hermione, give it up. It's the most feared name in our world. You're just not going to convince people to let it drop in ordinary conversation that easily," Ginny said with an admonishing shake of her head.

"What's all this about You-Know-Who 'drifting?'" Harry asked.

"Oh, it was all over the book that looked like *Hogwarts: A History* but wasn't," Ginny said helpfully.

"So, now YOU have my book!" Hermione turned on Ginny accusingly.

"No, I read it through and gave it to Luna."

"Well, where is it?" Hermione demanded.

Luna was oblivious, being completely transfixed by Snape. "This definitely explains the billowing. Those things are so wide, they probably create their own weather system," Luna said, studying Snape's trousers with the sort of fascination she usually reserved for new species.

"If you could summon the monumental effort necessary to focus for just one second, Miss Lovegood, I believe that Miss Granger requested the return of her book."

"Oh, did you want the book back? I think Ron has it."

"Never mind." Hermione shrugged. *Finally, the word was out!* "Anyway, I have all the material I need regarding my OTP," Hermione said a little smugly.

"No points to Gryffindor for subtlety," the Narrator remarked, observing the lascivious look she directed at the Potions master.

"It had a lot of other interesting pairings," Ginny said, glancing sidelong at Harry and Draco.

"Back off, Ginger! He's mine." Draco wrapped around Harry possessively.

Ginny gave him a quizzical look but addressed her comment to Harry. "So, how is the whole 'out' thing working for you?"

Draco blinked. "She knows?"

"She told me," Harry said.

"Oh. Well, that's all right, then. But, are you sure you won't look at Severus again?" Draco asked pleadingly.

"Of course. One, I have the most gorgeous Slytherin in history already. Two, if I were seen with a man wearing bell bottoms, my ranking would slip further," Harry reassured him.

"I think she should have mentioned it sooner," Luna remarked. "I can think of any number of examples from the natural world. Black swans. Penguins. Certain bands of Crumple-Horned Snorkacks, which would actually help explain their dwindling numbers..."

"Ranking?" Between Harry's apparent non sequitur and Luna's, Draco was confused.

"Ginny, I've been meaning to ask you...if I'm only the third gayest current inhabitant of the castle, who are the top two?" Harry was dying of curiosity about the rankings and rather hoping to cut Luna off at the pass.

"Well, number one is Dumbledore, of course," she began.

"Wait...Dumbledore is GAY?" Draco's eyes went wide and Luna-like with incredulity.

"What is there to miss?" Harry and Hermione wondered aloud.

"And you're actually a close second, Malfoy," Ginny finished, looking slightly apologetic.

Draco blinked a few times. Then, a smile spread slowly over his face. "You mean I've... beat... Potter...?"

"You git! Don't rub it in."

"I won! I finally won!"

"This is not helping our relationship." Harry sulked in a sort of also-ran gay manner.

"SQUEE! I'm the gayest!" Draco embarked on a weird happy dance right in the middle of the corridor.

Snape watched in horrified fascination, fervently wishing he could summon the Sorting Hat and have his usually favorite student transferred to Hufflepuff for the embarrassing display.

"Second! SECOND gayest!" Harry argued.

"CLOSE second. And Dumbledore isn't going to last forever!"

"Especially if he doesn't come up with a pay rise for us teachers for dealing with this shit," Snape muttered.

"Floo me when you stop being INSUFFERABLE." Harry turned his back with a very dignified pout.

"If Draco could see it, he'd probably claim copyright infringement," the Narrator remarked.

"Granger! Harry's abandoning me out of overcompetitiveness!" Draco's wibble, under control since the incident in Potions last week, returned in full force.

Hermione ignored Draco. "Harry... Harry used 'insufferable'... correctly... in a sentence." Hermione began to sniffle from a slightly warped sense of maternal pride. Within moments she and Draco were crying on each other's shoulders for very different reasons.

"Ron chose that moment to walk by. Surprisingly, he was not in the dungeons as a random act simply to further the plot...he'd actually arranged to meet Luna there," the Narrator said.

"Oi! What are you doing all over Hermione like that, Malfoy?" He looked over at Luna and hastened to add, "Not that I'm dating her or anything...it's the principle of the thing."

"It's really, really, not what it looks like," Harry said.

"Yes, it is," Draco sobbed. "Harry's being an insensitive bastard to me, and she's comforting me in my hour of need. So, sod off."

Hermione patted Draco on the shoulder for good measure and offered a clean hanky. "Harry won't leave you over this. If he's finally mastering an advanced vocabulary, he'll work out that it would be foolish to ruin things now."

"HE'S SMARTER THAN HE LOOKS," the Narrator, Ginny, Luna, and Ron all said in exasperation.

"Too right, I am," Harry said petulantly.

"No comment," Snape grunted.

Luna stepped in at that moment because it looked as if she had the best shot at being the Voice of Reason. "Look, Harry, there's nothing wrong with being third. I mean, someone should really be the more masculine one in the relationship. Otherwise, you'd end up all out of balance because there was no yang in your yin."

Ron rubbed his face. "Let me get this straight..."

"And he uses the term loosely," the Narrator muttered.

"Harry is dating Malfoy. They've just had a fight because Ginny is keeping statistics on the relative gayness of everyone in the castle for reasons I really don't want to know. So Hermione is comforting Malfoy, Harry is sulking because Hermione insulted him again and because of the rankings thing, and Luna is giving you advice on what to do with your yin-yang."

"That about sums it up," the Narrator said brightly.

"Don't forget the disembodied voice," Luna said.

Ron sighed. "Some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed."

The Narrator glanced at the clock on the wall impatiently. "Say, can we pair Ginny off with Neville and Ron with Luna and get to the part where everyone has lots of oddly named babies? I have to go to work in the morning."

"If you mention mpreg, expect Crucio. Really," Draco said, glaring ominously in the direction of the voice.

"Or, in Harry and Draco's case, adopts?" the Narrator picked up again without missing a beat.

Harry sighed. "All that Potter-Malfoy, Malfoy-Potter naming trouble... It's almost always worth three chapters of fighting."

Draco pouted sorrowfully in Harry's general direction. "Not that we'll ever get to that point, now."

"Oh, Draco, Luna was right. One of us has to be the more masculine one. And since you're so pretty, I suppose it has to be me," Harry said in the best conciliatory tone he could manage.

Draco's pout quivered into a coy little smile. "I am the pretty one, aren't I?" he said, admiring his hair in a hastily conjured mirror.

"Gorgeous. And I wouldn't ask you to bear a child with those slender hips of yours, anyway. Though, we'll have to work at keeping them slender when you're done with all the chocolate I'm going to get you this weekend," Harry cooed at him. Draco giggled happily.

"Wow, somebody's mastered the art of 'making up with the boyfriend to ensure the continuing shag supply,'" the Narrator said in an almost-admiring tone.

Draco was still caught up in relationship issues. "Are you sure my ranking won't slip from being seen with you?"

"No...look at all the fan fiction. My scruffiness complements your polished look," Harry explained.

"Oh, good," Draco said.

"Thoroughly relieved that there was no principle in play which might oblige him to sacrifice constant sex," the Narrator said, barely able to refrain from laughing.

Hermione was royally ticked off that she couldn't indulge in public play with her 'shag supply' and felt more pedantic than usual as a result. "This is ridiculous. Even with magic, male pregnancy is impossible. Pregnant males in fan fiction are just another manifestation of Ma..."

"Don't say it!"

"MARY SUE!" Hermione shouted, fed up.

A collective shudder ran through those assembled.

Snape's expression was thoroughly disgruntled. "My lo...Miss Granger...it is not appropriate to go about tossing around references to She-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. You never know what might happen."

"Oh, honestly. Who believes in the sort of super powers these M..."

"You-Know-Whos," Ron said warningly.

"...are vested with, anyway?"

"Who would want some of those 'powers'...especially having color-changing hair or looking like you're a half-cat?" the Narrator said, then snickered a little naughtily. "Oops."

"All right, that's it. Who the bloody HELL does that disembodied voice belong to, anyway? And don't say, 'The Narrator,'" Ron demanded.

An expectant silence fell.

"Well?" Snape asked, drawing the syllable out until it stretched into a sort of anticipatory infinity that no ellipses could hope to convey.

"Ah... well... Just call me 'Mary,'" the voice called out as it receded rapidly down the corridor.

Snape pulled Hermione protectively close lest she get any absurdly heroic Gryffindor ideas about chasing after the evildoer. Fortunately, everyone was too traumatized to notice.

Rita sat in an overstuffed, garishly decorated armchair, her plump feet resting on a matching ottoman. She was chewing on the end of her glasses, her face crinkled in concentration. A scroll of parchment and her favorite acid-green Quick-Quotes Quill floated about the side table, which was currently adorned with a half-empty glass of wine and an open compact mirror.

"I said I'd get even with the snide bastard, and I will," Rita said, her nose wrinkling ferally. "But, killing him off is too easy. No, this has to be a total loss of dignity."

A hissing laugh emanated from the mirror beside her.

"We need to make him out to be an utter marshmallow," Voldemort hissed malevolently. "Something cloying... sappy... pathetic. Imagine his reaction if those wretched students of his suddenly saw him as a sentimental ninny! I still owe him for being such a half-arsed Death Eater. You know, I think he only joined so that he could get free admission to our disco. It was the place to be back in the day."

Rita laughed...a high, grating sound not unlike nails on a chalkboard.

"Oh, Voldie, my dear, you are an inspiration," Rita gushed, looking down at the mirror. "Now, I just need to create the proper scenario."

"You've written us into a corner, picturing Snape as ugly as he actually is. A torrid love affair would be perfect, but in his case, completely unbelievable," Voldemort grumbled.

"You are such a wizard, Voldie ol' boy. As I'm sure many a witch would attest, Severus Snape simply oozes sexual appeal," Rita replied, her voice edged with longing.

"Rita, you are one twisted individual if you fancy Snape," Voldemort scoffed.

Rita gasped.

"Fancying... You evil genius, you!" Rita exclaimed.

"Yes, I am, but perhaps you can enlighten me as to how I've demonstrated my brilliance this time," Voldemort said, clearly puzzled.

"In my sn...investigating...I came across evidence that Snape had a teenage crush on his childhood best friend that lasted years, even through her marriage to another. That friend," she said smugly, "was none other than Lily Evans, Harry Potter's Mudblood mum!"

"Oh, that's superb!" Voldemort hissed in pleasure.

"Now, all we've got to do is play it up a bit," Rita said, bouncing with excitement. "Let's see... Something that could take care of the dungeon bat and the old codger in one fell swoop... AHA!"

"Please, do continue," Voldemort urged quickly.

"Okay, first, we have Snape kill Dumbledore in front of Harry Potter, making everyone think Snape's in league with you and further idolizing the manipulative old coot. Oh, how I've longed to find a way to finally use one of my numerous...and gruesome...'Dumbledore Dies' scenes," she said with vicious glee. "Then, in the last book we change around everything everyone thinks they know about the characters and the Wizarding World in general!"

"I like it! But, let's not stop with the old man. We must kill off all the annoyingly fluffy characters," Voldemort suggested, the pitch of his voice raised slightly in excitement. "Those 'isn't life grand' Weasley twins have to go slowly...piece by piece, even."

"Yes... Better yet, in the end kill off just one of the twins, leaving the other alone and mourning..." Rita said, her voice turning husky.

"And Malfoy's old house-elf too. If he'd just followed the rules and kept his mouth shut five years ago, I'd be ruling the world rather than stuck inside the mirror of Rowena Ravenclaw's nose powder compact. I can almost hear the weeping already."

A shudder of sadistic pleasure ran down Rita's spine. "Yes! Yes!" she shouted, her breath starting to come in shallow huffs. "And that mangy werewolf, who actually turned down a night out with me in order to spend it with that pink-haired, shape-changing freak!"

"We'll kill her too. SSThhSSAH!" Voldemort lapsed into Parseltongue from ecstasy. "And... and orphan their illegitimate mongrel offspring!"

"Oh, you evil monster," Rita purred, her hand slipping under the waistband of her skirt to stoke the fire her companion's words were building inside her.

"And use every speck of dirt you can dredge up on Dumbledore. We'll track him back to when he was in nappies, if we must, to find something incriminating. Just cram it in willy-nilly; we can reconcile it with something like the plot later," Voldemort huffed, the edges of his mirror starting to fog.

"Don't forget Snape! We'll have him die a long, torturous, and meaningless death...at YOUR command."

Voldemort's loud, lusty moan interrupted Rita and allowed her to catch her breath.

"But... first, he'll pawn off a Pensieve-load of memories on our 'hero'... Snape's childhood with his mum, Lily."

Rita was out of breath, but Voldemort quickly continued the idea.

"And of how much he lurved her, always and forever, how his undying and unrequited love for her made him renounce evil and injustice. How he tried to repent for the one half-arsed act he actually managed to perform for me, relating the prophecy that led me to look for them," the snake-man continued, the sound of scales rubbing together echoing out of his mirror like background music.

Rita, who had finally regained the ability to speak regardless of her voice's moan-like quality, picked up the thread again.

"And of how much he respected Dumblyshorts and did everything just like the old loon told him, even killing him upon his order like a silly marionette on a string. And how it pained him to have to kill the only man he'd loved like a father... He'll be the fantasy of every doomed, loser-loving, soap opera-watching housewife on Earth, to his utter mortification!"

Another throaty groan ripped through the room before Rita could continue.

"And at the very end of the book, we'll write a ridiculous epilogue showing how utterly pointless the whole war was because nothing will have changed. We'll fix everyone

up with their first or second-year crushes and pop out a few look-alike kids!"

Rita's words were coming fast and furious now.

"Oh, Merlin, yes. Rita, my dear, you are wondrous. Such a twisted... wicked... warped little mind you have," Voldemort panted.

"But, the true icing on the cake..."

"Tell me, Rita! Tell me, my fetching little Eris," Voldie pleaded.

"The icing... will be... Potter's youngest kid... He'll name... him... Albus Severus!"

Another moan exploded from Voldemort's mirror.

"After the... bravest men... he ever... knew!" Rita finished with a shout as she writhed in her chair.

Voldemort's shouts mingled with Rita's, his exclamation of, "You, demon, you," so loud that it rattled his mirror.

"Damn it, I knew I should have made more than one Horcrux. I've nowhere else to go while this place airs out," Voldemort grumbled once the shouts and panting finally slowed and he'd recovered enough to speak.

"You know, 'love of the fandom' just doesn't quite cut it when I have to deal with this shit. Wrap it up, you two sadists. Everyone else has gone on with their lives...get one of your own, and do the same." The Maryator (formerly known as the Narrator) yelled in the direction of the authors, "Same goes for you four!"

Four female voices responded with variations on the theme of, "Look,**we** aren't the sadists who get off on imagining naming innocent children badly. We just write about them."

"What the bloody hell was that? I can't see a thing," Voldemort's voice demanded from his position within the foggy mirror.

Rita shrugged, still slumped over. "Haven't a clue. I didn't see anyone." She picked up the mirror and wiped at the fog with the hem of her untucked blouse.

Voldemort looked up through the now only hazy mirror to Rita's face.

"The only problem is, who would believe such a trite ending?"

Rita smiled.

"Trust me. They do it in fan fiction all the time," she said, pulling what appeared to be a worn copy of *Hogwarts: A History* from under the side table. "I know what the fans read!"

"Can I put in just one more ellipsis for the road?" an Editor asked hopefully.

"No. Have a drink, luv," another said.

"And they all lived cracktastically ever after," the Maryator concluded.

Authors' Notes:

Draco's fritzing gaydar inspired by Red_Rahl, whose "Discussing Albus" cartoon provided the line that Harry and Hermione paraphrased. (Dracontia's note: It still has me LMAO.)

Snapemylove is the genius behind the majority of the Rita/Mirror!Voldie scene. We punks just pawnd off the ebil images on her and told her to make them happen.

The term 'Maryator' is SeverusLovesUs' brilliant inspiration.

Eris: a demi-goddess from Greek mythology who delighted in promoting discord. Hey, we may be whack-jobs, but we're well-read whack-jobs.