

Fool's Gold

by Pearle

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Written in answer to **Southern's Potter Place Spam Drabble Response...or Something Challenge**. Details of the Challenge follow the story.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The characters, settings, etc. of the Harry Potter series are not mine; they belong to J.K. Rowling and Co. I promise to return them when I am through. Well, most of them anyway.

[illegible]

Fool's Gold

Severus glanced curiously at the Muggle newspaper Hermione had left on the side table in the staff room.

An ad, "The Snap-on Calendar of Power Drills For Real Men" screamed the caption, caught his attention. It showed a nimble young woman caressing a power drill, her bikini-clad body posed suggestively as she leered at her unseen audience. The ads on the next few pages were not much better.

"Women love men with big lovesticks--is yours big enough?" The ad hawked some type of lotion promising male 'enhancement' if used regularly over the next six months and weekly thereafter.

"Increase your stamina. Turn that tool in your pants from a hand-held into a power drill with Dr. Woody's new miracle pills. A revolutionary new formula turns you into the stallion you always wanted to be."

'How foolish,' he thought. 'Some men are just large boys who never really grow up.' He idly wondered why a witch of Hermione's obvious intelligence would read such trash, the images and articles on the cover of the periodical not much more newsworthy than the ads had been.

A sudden gust of cold air ruffled the pages as the witch in question burst through the staff room door.

"Looking for something, Professor Granger?" One brow rose questioningly to complement the sneer that now graced his lips as he contemptuously held up the weekly paper she'd left behind.

She blushed when she realized what he was holding. The magazine was one of the few truly useless indulgences she allowed herself. Every so often, when she ventured back into the Muggle world to visit her parents, she would pick up one of the 'gossip tabloids' that seemed to endlessly line the newsstands and have a good laugh over its contents, normally in her room, alone. She couldn't imagine what had possessed her to bring it into the staff room to read this afternoon during her break.

"I didn't see any articles on new charms techniques, but then I haven't read the entire newspaper yet." Severus enjoyed the look of abject horror on the witch's face. He had nothing against Granger; he'd even spent a fairly enjoyable afternoon with her discussing the integration of charms and potions techniques when he'd been partnered with her while chaperoning the last Hogsmeade weekend. Even now, during the times he sat next to her at the High table for meals, he could usually count on the conversation to be of a more interesting and intelligent nature instead of the usual dribble he was forced to endure from the other staff members. Still, she'd left her self open to ridicule if she left this type of rubbish lying around.

"A, uhm, friend sent it to me as a joke," she answered, somewhat embarrassed by his comment.

"I see. And the products advertised in this fine periodical, do they work?"

Hermione laughed. "Hardly, but someone must be buying them. The same ads are in every edition."

"Every edition, imagine that." Severus leafed through the pages, aware of Hermione's discomfort. "If Muggle men pay good money for such useless products, they deserve what they get. A simple stamina draught or an adjunct potion would be much more effective. Less costly, too."

"Not everyone has access to a Potions master of your caliber, Professor. They're forced to suffer with what they can get. May I have my magazine back, if you're through with it, that is?"

"Power tool? Lovesticks? Really, Granger, thankfully, wizards are much too mature to indulge in such idiotic expressions."

"Oh really? Well, power tools and lovesticks may be Muggle euphemism for the male... member," she said with a blush. "But how different is that from wizards who talk about their broomsticks or polishing their wands?"

Severus had heard it all--riding your broomstick, stirring your cauldron, taking your wand in hand.

Time to turn the tables on the witch. "I'll show you my wand, all right. Would like to see it magically grow with barely a wave of my hand?" he asked with a leer. The sudden lust in Hermione's eyes made his mouth go dry.

"Perhaps, I would," she said, wetting her lips at the thought of Snape's 'tool.'

"Hermione," he said with a gulp. "I just meant... Well, the childishn..." The remainder of his comment was lost as her lips covered his. It took a moment for his brain to process the kiss before he pulled her down into his lap, his lips never leaving hers. Her tongue, gently licking along the seam of his mouth, drew an anguished moan from the dour man. His mouth opened to hers, tongues battling for dominance as they tasted one another. He held her tightly in his embrace, afraid the moment was some sort of potion-induced hallucination.

"Hermione, I..."

"Shh, I've wanted to do that for a long time." Her finger at his lips stilled any further apology he might have offered her.

"You have?" he asked, his eyes wide with surprise.

"Mm hmm." She wiggled a bit, trying to get more comfortable in his lap, smiling as she felt his erection prodding her bum. "Is that a wand in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?" she asked with a grin.

"I'll show you a wand." Leaning in, he claimed her mouth once more.

Neither one made it to dinner in the Great Hall that evening or to breakfast the next morning either.

Hermione laughed uproariously when he gifted her with a yearly subscription to the tabloid for her birthday, commenting that he'd said the newspaper was a waste of money.

"On the contrary, it brought you into my life, and for that alone it's worth its weight in gold."

They missed dinner in the Great Hall that night, too.

~Finis~

AN: This started out as a drabble, then a series of drabbles in answer to a challenge Southern_Witch_69 had posted to Potter Place, but the story seems to have developed a mind of its own and refused to be kowtowed into submission; thus, it turned into what you see above.

As always, my undying thanks to the wonderful Southern_Witch_69 for her beta skills and endless supply of commas, and a thank you, as well, for the nudge to my brain for suggesting the challenge.

Obviously, I have trouble following the rules since the story now runs just over 950 words (and is therefore not drabble length). Consider it nine and one-half drabbles if you like.

~Pearle

Southern's Potter Place Spam Drabble Response... or Something Challenge

Trolling through my bulk folder has me in peals of laughter.

Email Title #1: Women love men with big lovesticks--is yours big enough?

Email Title #2: Turn that tool in your pants into a power drill.

I'm still laughing. So, let's play with these and make some drabbles. Anyone? Any pairing. Anything goes. However many words you can do, but you can keep it around 100 if you'd like.

Keywords?

1. Either the entire phrase 1 or 2, or both
2. big lovestick
3. power drill
4. tool in your pants