

You are Impossible, Harry Potter!

by mauvemagique

The idea came from SW69's birthday challenge. I thought, instead of mine, I would write one birthday story for Hermione, another one for Severus, and maybe one for Harry. As this one is for Severus' birthday, his choice of attire, or the lack of it, is entirely his...

You are Impossible, Harry Potter!

Chapter 1 of 1

The idea came from SW69's birthday challenge. I thought, instead of mine, I would write one birthday story for Hermione, another one for Severus, and maybe one for Harry. As this one is for Severus' birthday, his choice of attire, or the lack of it, is entirely his...

Disclaimer:

None of it is mine. The idea came from SW69's birthday challenge while I was reading a story called, "I jumped on a Death Eater because I can--Voldemort said so!" from that challenge written by Shadow. I thank both of them for inspiration.

I thought, instead of mine, I would write one birthday story for Hermione, another one for Severus, and maybe one for Harry. As this one is for Severus' birthday, the choice of attire, or the lack of it, is entirely his...

But, I would humbly claim the unintentional grammatical errors.

My beta, wonderful Writermerrin, I could never thank you enough.

"Hello, Harry!"

"Don't you 'Hello, Harry' me, Ron! And you, Ginny, you should have said something; done something to—to stop me from..." Harry stood up and felt the nausea hit in full force with the pain. "Oh, God!"

Handing him the hangover potion, Ginny said, "We tried, Darling."

Her brother supported her statement. "Yeah, mate—we did. But you really have a problem..."

"Well, of course I've got a problem! Snape's pro'lly after me."

"No. He's not. Hermione calmed him down." Ginny tried to assure him, but Ron's mock whimper reminded Harry there's nothing to be assured of by that statement.

"I'm so embarrassed! I can't control myself! What will Hermione say? How am I going to face her, ever?"

"By turning around, actually." Harry turned sharply at the cold tone from the door. *'I should have warded it against bloodthirsty, vengeful best friends; then again, it would only served to make her angrier, if that's possible.'*

"Oh, Herms. I didn't mean to..." he pleaded. Ginny stayed quiet, but Ron had to chip in his two Knuts—"He really didn't, he had too many, Mione."

"Obviously!"

'Fortescue could use that chill from her tone in his business, thought Harry before saying, "Look, Hermione, I am truly sorry. I will apologize to Snape myself..."

"Of course you will, Harry Potter. You will stop drinking too." Her tone was bossy as ever. Harry once again drifted to the thought of how Snape used to love Harry's mum, and how he, Harry, didn't have a mum; now Snape loves Hermione who'd always mothered...

'Uh-oh! She's still saying something.'

"No matter how many drinks you had..."

Ginny joined her friend—"No matter how many dances you danced with your favorite divination bug instead of your own fiancée..."

Hermione nodded in assent. "No matter how many times you kissed and professed your eternal undying love to Mrs. Norris, Severus is not..."

"I—I—I did WHAT?" Harry frantically looked towards Ginny who only arched an eyebrow.

"Gin could hardly live up to that kind of competition." Ron couldn't help his lips from twitching up in amusement.

Harry gave up and sat down. "I can not believe—I kicked my best friend's lover! A few drinks and I can't control myself! Why did it have to be him?"

Ron couldn't help it; as always, he had to help Harry in need. "Maybe you thought he was a giant roll of black yarn or something, and you fancied yourself as a cat..." Everyone's head turned towards him, and Ron stammered, eying the look on Hermione's face, "Um... or something."

Harry didn't seem to notice much, he went on saying, "Why couldn't it have been you, Ron?"

Ron looked hurt. "You'd rather kick me!"

"No. But I won't mind kicking Draco's arse once in a while."

"You are impossible, Harry Potter!"

~*SW69*~

Birthday Meaning Challenge by SW69---

Pick the month you were born:

January-----I kicked

February-----I loved

March-----I hexed

April-----I licked

May-----I jumped on

June-----I smelled

July-----I made Polyjuice With

August-----I had lunch with

September----I danced with

October-----I sang to

November-----I snarked at

December-----I flew my broom into

Pick the day (number) you were born on:

1-----a phoenix

2-----a troll

3-----a wand

4-----a chalice

5-----a Hogwarts ghost

6-----a Death Eater

7-----my Floo

8-----my Crup

9-----my best friend's lover

10-----my neighbor

11-----my Potions teacher

12-----a banana

- 13-----a bartender
- 14-----a house-elf
- 15-----a goat
- 16-----a Hogwarts portrait
- 17-----Molly Weasley
- 18-----a clock
- 19-----a centaur
- 20-----a bat
- 21-----an Auror
- 22-----Voldemort
- 23-----a potato
- 24-----a bowtruckle
- 25-----a Quidditch player
- 26-----Ron's sister
- 27-----Ron's brother
- 28-----the Wizarding Wireless
- 29-----the squid
- 30-----a hippogriff
- 31-----a Squib

Pick the color of shirt you are wearing:

White-----because I can do whatever I want, damn it.

Black-----because I bloody felt like it.

Pink-----because I like Umbridge.

Red-----because the goblins told me to.

Blue-----because I'm a know-it-all.

Green-----because Professor Snape walked my way.

Purple-----because I lost my knickers!

Gray-----because Dumbledore said to and he's my leader.

Yellow-----because Malfoy offered me 1,000,000 Galleons.

Orange-----because my family were blood traitors.

Brown-----because I can--Voldemort said so!

Other-----because I'm a Death Eater!

None-----because I can't control myself!

Write away.