

# Here Be Pirates

*by Pearle*

Hermione's lost and isn't sure how to get back. And why does that pirate look like a certain Potions master? HG/SS My answer to the "*Passionate Trousers*" challenge by Betz on Wiktt.

**Nominated for a Round Three Multifaceted Award in the categories: Endurance ~ The Challenge Response Award and Laughter ~ The Humour Award -**

# Here Be Pirates

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione's lost and isn't sure how to get back. And why does that pirate look like a certain Potions master? HG/SS My answer to the "*Passionate Trousers*" challenge by Betz on Wiktt.

**Nominated for a Round Three Multifaceted Award in the categories: Endurance ~ The Challenge Response Award and Laughter ~ The Humour Award -**

Summary: Hermione's lost and isn't sure how to get back. And why does that pirate look like a certain Potions Master? HG/SS My answer to the "*Passionate Trousers*" challenge by Betz on Wiktt.

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.

**Nominated for a Round Three Multifaceted Award in the categories: Endurance ~ The Challenge Response Award and Laughter ~ The Humour Award -**

~~~~~ Here Be Pirates ~~~~~

*The harsh wind whipped the already-tangled mass of sun-drenched honey-colored hair around her face, adding to the matted snarls of her salt-water-soaked mane of curls. The hot noon sun dipped behind an overly cloud-filled sky, casting endless light and shadow on the shapely young witch bound tightly to the mast of the dilapidated old pirate ship.*

Hermione opened her eyes and gasped as she took in her surroundings. Where the bloody hell was she?

*The ancient weather-weary ship rocked heavily to and fro, fro and to, in the middle of the churning green foamed ocean. Vast waves of salty ocean spray soaked the already-ragged gown of the young, frightened virginal maiden, further soaking the shaking girl and rendering the remains of the thin cloth of her garment almost*

transparent. A finely-etched gold locket hung around her neck. Her back arched against the tall wood mast. Her hands were drawn behind her and lashed to the seemingly endless length of rope circling the shapely figure of the shivering maid, thrusting her full lush breasts forward. The sad cry of a flock of forlorn gulls could just be heard over the growing sound of the rising wind.

"Captain, sir. The curvaceous young witch has come awake!"

Hermione looked in the direction of the voice. She squinted, as another spray of water hit her. Was that Draco yelling?

"Aye, I see thou has joined us on our journey, wench." The Captain's strong masculine hand buried itself in the jumbled mass of riotous hair floating freely around the frightened sorceress's head in the increasing force of the wind. His deep silky voice caressed each word as he tried valiantly to whisper in the buxom maiden's ear over the now raging wind. "Tonight, I will take what no man has had before. He will learn the treacherous pitfall of crossing a brother."

Hermione's eye's widened. "Professor Snape!?! Sir?"

"A-vast, I will not have thee calling for that traitorous excuse of a brother. Cease and desist uttering that demons name or incur my eternal and vengeful wrath and know this, o-most pristine and chaste damsel, he will not be coming to save thee in time. I will be coming first."

The ship lurched and bucked as fiercely as any young lass fighting a strong stag intent on sullyng her body. The howling winds slowed to a mild gale force as the worn ship turned away from the oncoming storm.

Hermione took a good look around her. She was lashed to the mast of what appeared to be a pirate ship. The "Captain" was none other than Professor Snape. His hair was longer and he sprouted a three-day growth of beard, but it was Snape. He wore a black shirt, open to the navel, and rather tight leggings that showed off his well-toned backside as well as his obvious erection. What was it he said? Traitorous brother? Shite.

His rigid steel blade cut through the laces holding the last piece of tattered lace of her water-soaked bodice together. Her voluptuous breasts spilled forth as ripe as two melons in the tropical sun. The Captain's time-worn calloused hands cupped the generous globes with surprising care. His roughened thumbs rubbed the large dark nipples that topped the twin spheres like dollops of chocolate pudding. The Captain lowered his head to taste the tantalizing vision before him.

"Yo, Captain. Before you feast on my tantalizing twin globes, you want to tell me what this is all about? As far as I know, I'm in Gryffindor Tower, asleep. Right? Is this that banana split I ate before bed, or was I hit with some potion I can't remember?" For whatever reason, Hermione could hear the narration in her head in a voice that sounded suspiciously like Snape's. She wouldn't mind just playing along and enjoying this little scenario if it were a dream. She would even like a helping of the Captain.

Professor Snape had been a central player in her dreams and fantasies since she has seen him in the hospital. She blushed as she thought of the number of times she had come, imagining it was his steel-hardened member she was riding to oblivion as the waves of pleasure crashed around her. Damn it, now she was starting to think like the narration.

"What rebellious words doest thou seek to spew forth in an effort to divert my ravenous lips from their desired journey?" The Captain's luxuriously long, silky hair whipped in the wind. "The blush of your cheeks doth paint a comely picture, wicked nymph."

"Oh, kindest of gentlemen, I fear I will succumb to the ravishes of ill-health if I am forced to endure the hardship of these sopping garments a moment longer. Pray, good sir, is there a dry vestment on this vessel? A sheet? Someplace that I may warm up to away from this water-and wind-drenched deck?" Her soft doe-brown eyes pleaded with the hard obsidian orbs of her hardened captor.

Until she figured out what was going on, Hermione reasoned she might as well play along. While she had always been a little curious about various sexual practices, this was not her idea of an introduction to bondage. She was starting to lose feeling in her left hand. Getting out of the rain wouldn't hurt, either.

The craggy pirate sliced through the fraying ropes binding the provocative seductress to the mast. He gathered her up in his finely chiseled muscular arms as she fell forward. "You shall be mine, you saucy temptress." He strode forth with a purposeful stride, carrying the pure maiden to his chamber below.

"Uh, about all this pure and chaste business I keep hearing. How important is that to you?"

The enticing siren trembled in his brawny well-developed arms. She was crushed against his strong broad chest. The dark Captain forcefully threw open the door to his cabin and deposited the quaking maiden on his bed. His hands reached out and viciously ripped the soaked garment in half, pulling the offending fabric from her luscious body. "I shall leave you this to remember me by." His rough hand caressed the locket at her throat.

"My dark bounty, if thy had waited, I would have undressed for you!" The salacious minx raised one trembling hand toward his bulging manhood. The outline of his pulsing blade of passion frightened the innocent girl.

"Silence! If thee chooses not to fight me and give up thy chastity, our joining will be less harsh." The dark brooding Captain could feel his blood pound in his veins as he coal-darkened eyes feasted on the rousing beauty before him. Her full and luscious bosom, the dark nest of wild curls that lead to her buried treasure. His one eyed python uncoiled further in his trousers, straining the already snug garment. He quickly shed his clothing and joined the lustful enchantress on the bed.

In a daring try at taming the wild beast, the saucy siren reached out and caressed his hardened dagger. The sheer wantonness of her seductive actions spurred the Captain on. His body covered hers. His engorged staff seeking its path through uncharted waters as he parted her channel of love. Her velvet trap encased his throbbing lance. The Captain's pace reached a feverish pitch that rivaled the speed of an arrow in flight. With a strangled cry, his manhood burst forth as the enticing vixen beneath him shattered in response.

"You are now...Hermione!... the locket holds a key...Hermione, are you getting up? I would rather not be late. Hermione!" She could hear Ginny pounding on her door.

"Right. I'm up." She was back in Gryffindor Tower, in her own bed. 'That was the oddest dream I've ever had,' she thought, and one of the best judging by the state of her knickers. 'God, what a shame it's not true.' She hummed a mindless tune as she showered and dressed for breakfast and her last double Potions class.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Hermione had been lusting after the Potions Master since the final battle at Christmas. She had been helping out in hospital wing, tending the wounded after the battle ended. Containing a group of Death Eaters had kept her and Ginny from being in the front lines when Harry, Professor Dumbledore, and Professor Snape finally dispatched the Dark Lord.

Snape had been brought into the hospital and moved to a small room at the back of the ward. Hermione went back to see if she could help. She stepped quietly into the room, empty except for the unconscious form of Severus Snape lying on the bed. The very nude form of Professor Snape, lying on the bed.

Hermione stood in the doorway, gaping, as she looked at the man. Her eyes traveled past his well-toned chest to rest on his partially erect member. His very large, partially erect member. Her eyes traveled back to lock with the glittering black glaze of the owner of that very impressive equipment, evidently now awake.

"Uhm, Professor...I..." Hermione stammered.

It was at that moment Poppy reentered the room from a side door carrying medical supplies. "Good, Severus, you didn't move."

Hermione fled the room without a word. While neither one ever mentioned that day, Hermione had fancied him ever since.

xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Snape paced the room with renewed vigor. One week left and they would graduate. Today was the last class of the year. He would soon be rid of them. "You have fifteen minutes left to bottle your potions and leave my sight. I hesitate to say I will miss any of you." It was now or never.

"I believe you dropped this last night." Severus's voice startled the witch. He slid the worn gold locket across the desktop, his gaze intent as he watched her eyes for a sign.

Hermione's eyes widened as she recognized the locket from her dream. "It was you."

His voice was low, "As of now, you are no longer my student. We can travel anywhere you choose. The locket holds a key. Tonight after curfew, hold the key in your right hand, close your eyes, and think of me. Last night was an image, a taste of things to come. Tonight will be real. What do you choose, Hermione?" Severus held his breath. He was either going to get sacked when she ran screaming to Albus, or she wanted him just as much as he wanted her.

*...the locket holds a key...the same words from her dream. "Anywhere?"*

His smile was wicked and frightened one of the Slytherin girls that happened to glance their way. He whispered in her ear, *The last few remaining pieces of the battered and broken boat washed harmlessly up on the night-warmed sand of the moon-drenched deserted island. The only two survivors of the devastating wreck lay exhausted upon the sand. The young witch's shredded blouse left little to the imagination. Her voluptuous breasts, full and round, seemed to plead with the young man to reach out and touch them, to taste them...Tonight, Hermione.*

Hermione grinned, ignoring Harry's stare. "Another water-soaked top?"

Severus leaned closer to the young woman. "What can I say? I'm a breast man."

He straightened up. His voice carrying through the room, "Unless you all intend to fail, potions on my desk, now."

"Professor. You left this on my desk. We may need it later."

Severus turned as she pressed a hand full of wet sand into the palm of his hand before leaving to catch up with her friends.

He smiled as he walked back to his office. At least he had finally found a use for all those romance novels he had confiscated over the years. He eyed the over-sized oak desk that dominated his office. Maybe she wouldn't mind playing evil Potions Master and wayward student.

*The curvaceous Gryffindor witch sat trembling under the careful scrutiny of the seasoned Potions Master.*

*"Whatever possessed you to try and break into my stores?" His voice echoed through the empty room.*

*The quivering witch sat with down-cast eyes, refusing to answer.*

*"Look at me when I speak. You will have to be punished. I cannot allow such blatant disregard for the rules." His arms crossed as he thought of suitable punishments for the quaking minx.*

*"Yes, sir." Her voice timid as she looked up at him through lowered lashes.*

Yes, that would definitely work.

The end.

A/N: It turned out easier to write bad fiction than I thought it would be. I just hope it is not a true reflection of my writing. Hmm?

A grateful thank you to Nakhash, my beta, for her corrections and suggestions. Another set of eyes is always helpful, the mistakes, however, are still my fault.

Please review and let me know what you think. I love hearing from you! As always, thoughts, comments, reviews, whatever are always welcome.

Regards, Pearle

Challenge Rules: The "Passionate Trousers" challenge is a challenge based on the fictional bodice ripper that Cassandra Claire has peppered throughout her Schnoogle fic, "Draco Veritas." Yes, I have her blessings for this challenge. Create a one-shot fic in the spirit of "Passionate Trousers." No rules. Just have fun with it. Well, one rule: keep it to one-shots. This stuff will give you sugar shock if taken in large doses. Betz