

# Muggle Music

by *tinytexans*

Hermione has returned to Hogwarts as the new Muggle Studies professor. She decides to teach Severus a thing or two.

## Welcome Back, Miss Granger

Chapter 1 of 5

Hermione has returned to Hogwarts as the new Muggle Studies professor. She decides to teach Severus a thing or two.

A/N: Eek! Please accept my meager offering for what it is. I know this chapter is short. We will get to the good stuff in the next chapter! This story is actually finished in five chapters and needs only to be posted. Many thanks to my beta, the amazing Charmed Force, for sticking with it to the end and encouraging me to not delete the thing.

Severus Snape was positive Albus was joking. Surely there was someone else, anyone else, who could be teaching *Muggle Studies*? How hard could it honestly be? But Albus had insisted that Hermione Granger was his choice, she wanted the position, and the matter was closed. While Severus had appreciated the girl's intellect when she was his student, he was honestly surprised that she had chosen this course of study. The fact that he would have the girl as a coworker was a bit exasperating. Shouldn't she be somewhere saving people or something? At least he didn't have to speak to her if he didn't want to. And he really didn't want to. Then Albus had sprung on him that the girl would have to stay in the dungeons—HIS dungeons—until a suitable room was made for her elsewhere. The Headmaster assured Severus that it would only be for a short time and that she would keep to herself. Severus was dubious.

So it was that he was making his way down the corridor to his quarters when he heard very loud Muggle music coming from somewhere up ahead.

'Miss Granger, no doubt,' he sneered to himself, as there was no one else around to sneer it to.

He came upon an open door and peered inside. Severus was speechless. A woman stood with her back to the open door, unpacking a suitcase and swinging her hips very provocatively. It was Miss Granger's hair but where was her body? This couldn't be the girl he had taught just a few years ago. He was just about to open his mouth when the girl—no, the woman—began to raise her arms in the air slowly and shake her hips in his general direction, raising her shirt, and Severus' eyebrows, in the process. A line of skin, just above her low riding jeans, was conveniently revealing itself to him. For a moment, Severus was tempted to reach out and smack the bottom that was so temptingly wiggling itself at him. He fought the urge.

Suddenly the music began keening wildly, and the brunette beast bent slightly at the waist, swirling her massive hair in all directions, spinning her body at the same time. Severus was sure she was going to break something. He made sure that something wasn't him and took two steps back into the corridor. He was astounded... He couldn't look away as she jumped and wiggled all over the tiny living space, completely oblivious to his presence.

"Ahem!"

"Oh, Professor Snape! I didn't see you there."

"And if you had? Would you have been less inclined to act as though you had been imperioed by someone with epilepsy?"

She crossed her arms in front of her chest. *Clearly a defense mechanism*, Severus thought to himself.

"Speechless, Miss Granger? Who would have thought?"

"*Professor* Granger, sir, and I'm just trying to catch my breath."

"Indeed, you do that. And in the meantime, close your blasted doors. Not everyone wants to hear that noise. I expect you'll learn to respect the fact that other people prefer to keep their eardrums intact and not be exposed to vagrant gyrations and mass chaos when simply walking the corridors."

With that, he left, closing her door behind him.

"Nice to see you again too."

## A Gift

*Chapter 2 of 5*

Hermione has returned to Hogwarts as the new Muggle Studies professor. She decides to teach Severus a thing or two.  
(Interactive Music)

A/N; Okay, so this is where the story becomes somewhat interactive. Throughout the story you will be given a link that will take you to a blog where the music for this story is located. The songs aren't labeled as to which ones you play, but are in order by the story. I know it's tempting, but try not to "listen ahead"! Enjoy! Also, in my mind, this Albus sounds like the Dumbledore in Potter Puppet Pals. [Click Here](#) Sorry if that's disturbing! Again, many thanks to the fabulous Charmed Force for her fabulous beta skills!

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Severus actually managed to avoid Hermione Granger throughout the week. She did, in fact, keep to herself, for which Severus was grateful. He could often hear raucous music coming from her quarters, but gratefully she kept the doors shut and her wiggling arse out of his way. The last thing he needed was an over active, excitable bookworm on his hands, begging for use of his personal potion stores or library. Not surprisingly, Minerva had been praising her ex-pupil relentlessly. Severus had to admit he was curious to see how her classes were going as he had only heard positive things from the students and the other staff. He decided that during his break that day he would go and "observe" her teaching methods.

He made his way to the hallway outside her classroom and peered in the half open door. The classroom was dark and all he could hear was a woman's voice.

"Josephine in my flying machine and it's up she goes, up she goes..."

*What the bloody...*

"Jack... Jack... Jack, there's a boat, Jack... Jack... Jack. There's a boat, Jack. Jack.

Come back. Come back. Come back! Come back!"

And then a man's voice, "Hello, can anyone hear me?"

"There's no one here, sir."

"Come back! Come back! I'll never let go, I promise." Then there was a lot of splashing.

Severus couldn't hear much over the sound of, what he recognized to be, a Muggle motion picture, but he thought he distinctly heard the sound of female whimpering. He would have called it sniveling but that brought back too many unpleasant memories. *Wonderful! She's teaching them something useful I see* Severus thought derisively. He snuck in the back of the classroom and made his way to the corner of the room. He could clearly see several female students wiping their snotty little noses and even a few male students, Hufflepuffs no doubt, coughing gently. He had no idea what this particular film was about but was sure it was useless and a complete waste of time. The film ended and Professor Granger brought the lights up. For a brief moment, their eyes met across the room but she chose to ignore him and began questioning her class. She went on and on about costumes and things called sink tanks, motion capture, green screens, and Academy Awards. Severus was certain none of these students were ever going to need this nonsense and that she was wasting both time and money teaching it.

Hermione dismissed her class, who were all talking quite animatedly amongst themselves about *Titanic*. Briefly, Severus remembered something from Muggle history about a sinking boat but shrugged it off as the last student left.

"Granger." Snape nodded at her.

"Snape." She nodded back.

"Interesting choice of lesson, *Professor*."

"Thank you, Professor. The students seemed to enjoy it," she said.

"Is that what teaching means to you, Professor Granger, covering only information that the students will...*enjoy*?"

"No, but I do choose to teach them things relating to the Muggle world that they may actually find interesting."

Severus snorted. "Do you not think they would find the idea of, say, electricity interesting? Or perhaps the study of Muggle money, as perhaps they may actually need that information someday?"

"Professor Snape, I assure you that I know what my students will need to know. Many of the students in this particular class are very familiar with those topics already as quite a few of them are Muggle-born. I would ask you to kindly respect the fact that I am no longer a student and do not wish or need to be instructed by you in regards to my own syllabus."

"I suppose the next thing you will be doing," Severus continued as if he hadn't even heard her, "is teaching them about that horrid Muggle music, the likes of which I found you listening to the day you arrived. Certainly that would be terribly useful information for them. And I imagine you will follow that with the study of 'how to dance like you

have been cursed with an Unforgivable'."

"Professor!" Hermione flushed and Severus was quite enjoying the sight. He decided to continue, to see just how deep that flush actually went but he was interrupted before he could speak.

"Professor Snape, I do not know what I have done to warrant being treated in such a way. I should have known not to expect decent manners from the likes of you, even if I am fully qualified to teach this class and you, sir, are not. I ask you to keep your boorish comments and disrespectful opinions to yourself."

Severus considered himself to have mellowed quite a bit since the defeat of Mr. Gloomy by the-boy-who-managed-to-pull-it-off and was affronted at her assumption that he was still a snarky bastard, even if he was.

"Miss... excuse me, *Professor* Granger..."

"That's it, isn't it," she interrupted. "You simply can't get over the fact that I am now a teacher here as well, is that it?"

"Honestly, Granger, that has nothing to do with it."

"Oh, well, what is it?"

"Well," he paused. There was something else that was bugging him, wasn't there? "I simply think that you should not waste the students' time teaching them about horrid Muggle pop culture and focus on things of import. Merlin knows your choice of music is debatable, and I can only hope you won't be sharing any of that racket with them. The last thing we need are hallways filled with the sounds of Muggle pop music."

Hermione considered herself to be quite savvy and took a great deal of pride in her taste in music. Thus, she was highly offended by his remark. "Hmph! You and your hypercritical attitude; will it ever end? I am no longer your student, Professor. I'm not even an apprentice. I am a teacher, and while you may still have some seniority over me here, I do not appreciate your harassment. I put up with enough of it in my time as a student but not now. I have had it with you!"

With a mighty swish and flick, flick and swish, a small white box appeared terribly close to Severus' right ear.

"Miss Granger, what is this?" he asked, rolling his eyes.

"My present to you, Professor. They're quite expensive in the Muggle world but I thought you might appreciate it."

"But what is it?" He was losing his patience. The box was hovering terribly close to him and he tried to swat it away. It evaded his swat and began bobbing in circles around his head. At that moment it began to issue forth whiny music. At least Severus assumed it was music. [Click Here For Music By Audioslave](#)

"It's an iPod, Professor. I do hope you enjoy it." She turned and stormed away. Severus was too busy to notice she had gone as he was still swatting at the evasive I-thing. He took out his wand and tried blasting the damned thing, but it seemed to have some protective charm around it.

"Miss Granger, I insist you take back this ridiculous nonsense this moment. I don't have time for this! Miss Granger?" He looked around and finally noticed she had gone. "Bloody hell!" He stormed off towards Albus' office with the white box hovering and wailing close behind him.

(End Music)

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"Why Severus, it's an iPod... and a very nice one too. These are quite expensive in the Muggle world. I suggest you go and thank Professor Granger for this lovely gift."

"Albus, I don't want it! I don't need this thing floating around my head blaring noise at me and disrupting my classes. I don't have time for this. I insist you make her remove this spell."

"Well, it doesn't seem to be causing too much trouble at the moment, Severus. How do you turn it on?"

"I don't." He sighed. "It no doubt chooses the most inopportune time to come on. Just to aggravate me, I'm sure. I suspect Miss Granger put no thought at all into what she was doing. I just want it gone!"

"Now, now, Severus. We both know *Professor* Granger puts a great deal of thought into everything she undertakes. I personally think it is ingenious. How wonderful! You can enjoy Muggle music at any time of the day. Here, Severus, think very hard about turning it on and let me see what happens."

Severus sat glaring at the twinkling fool.

"Come along, Severus. Don't spoil the fun. I just want to see what happens. Try hard now."

"No, Albus."

"Severus, don't be such a spoil sport."

"No." Severus pinched the bridge of his nose and shook his head.

"Now, why not?"

"Albus, you are not helping!"

Dumbledore stepped back to his desk and stood twirling his beard through his fingers. Severus recognized the brief glint in the headmaster's eyes before the man spoke.

"Miss Granger certainly is quite a pretty young thing. And so bright. Quite lovely, indeed. She has matured quite nicely, don't you think? I should think you would be grateful for the opportunity to see her again after so many years. Perhaps you and she might..."

"Albus!" Severus roared and stood. But it was too late, the white box began to vibrate and a man's voice began to chant [Click Here For Music by Gary Puckett](#)

Young girl, get out of my mind

My love for you is way out of line

Better run, girl

You're much too young, girl...

The two men stood there gaping at the box. Severus began swatting. Albus began to clap.

"AHA! Severus, that's it! You did it! It's playing you a song. Ha Ha! Truly wonderful. Oh! Like a Muggle soundtrack." The Headmaster was practically bouncing at his own discovery. Severus kept swatting.

Albus sat down and tapped his foot along with the music. "Ah, Severus, young love. She is no longer a student and you have my blessing."

Severus ignored the Headmaster and just glared at the box.

"Wonderful, wonderful! Hmm... now let's see what happens if I say...VOLDEMORT!"

Severus had been quite glad to see the Dark Lord defeated years ago, but surely there are some things that one never fully recovers from. For Severus, hearing the name of the Dark Lord could freeze the blood in his veins. And it did, especially as the pervert stopped singing that lecherous song and instead was replaced by an eerie sound.

[\(End Gary Puckett. Begin Disturbed.\)](#)

The two men stood there gaping at the box yet again as it began screaming.

Fear is on thee again

Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh

Reject

Are you no one

Feel you nothing

You know I'll bet you think

You have a good reason to be living

In the limelight of the fortunate ones

You're too weakened by the poison

That they feed you in the living lie

They don't believe you

Call to no one

Trust in nothing

Little impotent one

"Wow, Severus."

Severus took out his wand and began foolishly waving it at the offensive box.

*"Finite! Finite Incantatem! Silencio! Evanesco! Incendio! Reducto! Quietus! Riddikulus! Desino! Desiit! Quiesco! Turn off! Bugger!* Don't you see, Albus? I can't have this!"

"Ha ha, good show, my boy!" Albus said, clapping. "However, I don't believe any amount of Latin you decide to spout will stop this particular charm from running its course."

"Argh!" Severus grabbed his head in his hands and sank down into the nearest chair.

"Now, now, Severus. Perhaps Professor Granger simply wishes you to gain a better appreciation for Muggle music." He smiled to himself and Severus knew what he was really thinking; the infuriating woman wanted to teach him a lesson. Well, Severus could control his emotions. He did not need some chit teaching him anything.

"Albus, you aren't going to do anything about this, are you?"

The Headmaster simply smiled back.

"Fine. I can deal with this." Severus stood and made his way to the door with the box still screaming. It was time for class.

## Hot and Bothered

*Chapter 3 of 5*

Hermione has returned to Hogwarts as the new Muggle Studies professor. She decides to teach Severus a thing or two.  
(Interactive Music)

A/N: Again, many thanks to Charmed Force for being awesome! Please follow the links for music/mental imagery. I only wish I owned this stuff.

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Severus stood at the front of his class, daring the students to make one single comment about the white box bobbing around his head. To his dismay, not one did. In fact, other than a few curious glances, they didn't even acknowledge it was there. Lucky for them. This did not mean that he did not remove a fair share of points for sneezing, blinking, or standing too close to their tables. He was certainly glad, however, that the box had chosen to remain silent, especially after the last song.

As the students worked on their potions, Severus stood there brooding over how he could convince the witch to remove the stupid thing. At that moment, a very Neville-esque Hufflepuff tipped his cauldron, and a whole mess of green goo splattered the table and melted it straight away.

"Mr. Jones! While your mother may love you, I do not appreciate your inability to ..."

The box began to bounce and vibrate.[Click Here For Music by Ozzy](#)

"Oh, no." Suddenly the sound of drums was blaring out of the box. Severus froze.

The whole class stopped what they were doing and stared at the box. Severus stared right along with them. Then anger overcame distress and he could feel his blood beginning to boil. Briefly Severus realized this could be bad for his health. His hand grasped his wand inside his robes and squeezed. A man's voice began to sing, and Severus could hear whisperings from some of the male students.

I don't know what they're talking about

I'm making my own decisions

This thing that I found ain't gonna bring me down

I'm like a junkie without an addiction

"What is that?"

"Hey, it's an iPod."

"Cool."

"Man, that's Ozzy!"

"Who?"

Severus turned slowly and looked at his class. A few of the Ravenclaw boys were nodding their heads in time to the music. Severus just stared at them.

Why don't they ever listen to me

It's just a one-way conversation.

Nothing they say is gonna set me free

Don't need no mental masturbation.

With that Severus shook his head, coming to his senses.

"Dismissed! Everyone out, now!"

The students quickly Scourgified their stations and gathered their things to leave. Severus could hear a few of the students murmuring as they left.

"Aww, that was a cool song."

"I didn't realize that was an iPod."

"Figures he would like Ozzy."

"Who's Ozzy?"

"Yeah, I bet he even bites the heads off of..."

"Out NOW!" The students picked up their pace. Severus was livid. He had to find that woman and stop this. (End Music)

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Severus made his way to the Great Hall with his new little buddy bouncing happily next to him. Miss Granger had proven elusive, and now he was hungry and tired and had a terrible headache. *Is there at least some way to turn the damn thing down?* He wondered. He was anxious to confront miss I-am-a-teacher-now-and-I'm-so-clever.

He was marching through the corridors creating a nice billow when the little box began to issue forth again[Click Here For Music by The BeeGees](#)

Severus glared at the box briefly but continued walking, so as not to disturb the billow. He ignored the box. And kept walking. And walking. He passed through a group of fifth-year Gryffindor girls, who immediately burst into fits of giggles. He glared.

Well, you can tell by the way I use my walk,

I'm a woman's man: no time to talk.

Music loud and women warm, I've been kicked around

Since I was born.

He passed a group of fourth-year Slytherins who stared at the sight. He stared back. He passed the Ravenclaw Quidditch team, several of whom began to nod their heads in time to the music. He kept walking. And billowing.

Whether you're a brother or whether you're a mother,

You're stayin' alive, stayin' alive.

Feel the city breakin' and everybody shakin',

and we're stayin' alive, stayin' alive.

Ah, ha, ha, ha, stayin' alive, stayin' alive.

Ah, ha, ha, ha, stayin' alive.

He walked right through the main doors of the Great Hall and towards the High Table.

Well now, I get low and I get high,

and if I can't get either, I really try.

Got the wings of heaven on my shoes.

I'm a dancin' man and I just can't lose.

You know it's all right. It's OK.

I'll live to see another day.

We can try to understand

the New York Times' effect on man.

He took his seat next to Albus, grabbed a glass of pumpkin juice, as there was nothing stronger readily available, and began eating. The entire Hall was silent except for the song coming out of the box and Severus' scraping fork. Eventually the music was quiet as well. (End Music) Everyone sat gaping at Professor Snape, who continued enjoying his shepherd's pie as if nothing was amiss.

"That was quite an entrance, Severus."

"I'm so very glad you enjoyed it," he grumbled through a mouthful of mashed potatoes.

"In fact, I think you should make that your theme song, Severus."

Severus made a noise that sounded peculiarly like growling.

"I wonder if perhaps Miss Granger could conjure me one of those."

More growling.

The students went back to devouring their meals, unsure of what to make of what they had just seen. At that moment Professor Granger came through the staff room door and took her seat at the end of the table. Severus threw down his napkin and began to stand when Albus reached out and touched his arm.

"Severus, perhaps the best course of action in this case just may be to let it go. I imagine that if you give Miss Granger some time, she will either remove the charm or it may simply run its course. Consider, possibly, not giving her the satisfaction of seeing you upset."

Severus stared at the man next to him. He was right and Severus knew it. And he hated it. He'd like nothing more than to take Miss Granger out in the hall and ~~discuss~~ the situation. He stood and noticed that Miss Granger was watching their exchange. He tried to smile at her, he did, but his face simply wasn't accustomed to that kind of muscle movement and what he produced was more of a grimace. Which, all things considered, was more appropriate to how he was feeling anyhow.

He stood and made his way past Hermione, never once looking down at her, and out the staff room door. He was tired and going to bed. Hopefully by the time he woke tomorrow, the charm would have worn off.

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[Click Here For Mental Image](#)

Severus stood in his sitting room in an ill-fitting, sleeveless, bright pink t-shirt and immodestly short grey shorts with half of his black locks up in a topknot, spinning his wand in his hand and regarding himself in his full-length mirror. He began moving his hips in time to music that was coming from the white box. Suddenly the music got very loud, and Severus began to throw his body around the room, smashing into the chairs and throwing books off their shelves. He found the large mermaid painting on his wall and began serenading it. Then he ran into his bedroom and threw himself across the bed and began kicking his legs in the air and... playing air guitar.

"ARGH!" Severus awoke with a start. The box, still floating near his head, was silent. It was just a dream. This bloody curse was affecting his sleep. He had to talk to Granger and he had to do it now. It was only 4 am.

"Sod it. If I can't sleep, neither will she."

Severus got up and threw a green dressing gown on over his black boxers and white t-shirt. Cautiously, he looked out the door of his quarters. The last thing he needed was for some Slytherin early-riser to catch him in his undies creeping to Miss Granger's quarters. He silently made his way down the hallway to her door and persistently began knocking, quietly but firmly.

It took her some time, but finally Hermione hesitantly opened her door. Her sleepy eyes widened to see Professor Snape standing there in his robe, which he had not bothered to tie shut, and boxer shorts. Not that it was an entirely unwelcome sight. In fact, if she were to be totally honest, it was a sight she would have paid good money for.

Severus's eyes widened as well. Miss Granger, uh, *Professor* Granger stood there wearing a thinly strapped nightgown that went just past her hips. Granted, it was pink, but Severus could think of no superior color at the moment. They stood there gaping at each other for a minute before she spoke.

"Yes, Professor, is there something you wanted?"

"Um." Severus swallowed. He could think of about a thousand things he wanted right at that moment but he was snapped out of his reverie by the inconvenient box.

[Click Here For Music by Foreigner](#)

The song that came out of it had the two of them speechless as they stared at the noisy bouncing box. Hermione's eyes widened even more. She immediately recognized the song. This couldn't possibly get better! Severus began quickly glancing back and forth between the box and Miss Granger as the song went on.

I'm Hot Blooded, check it and see

I got a fever of 103

He could feel his face begin to flush, something that hadn't happened since he was fourteen. It was embarrassing. Hermione noticed his discomfort and began to smile brazenly at him. Severus began to scowl deeply at her. "Miss Granger, this box is a nuisance and I insist you end the charm. It has disturbed my sleep, my class, and Merlin knows I don't have time for this bloody rubbish!"

"Honestly, I don't think I can do that."

The song momentarily distracted him, "Wait, what, why not?"

Now you move so fine

"Well, I didn't really give the charm much thought," she replied. Severus knew it. Despite his better judgment his inner git was pumping his hand in triumph at having been right. That is, until it realized what she was saying.

"Wait, you didn't give it much thought? Well, what the bloody fuck am I supposed to do now?"

Now it's up to you we can make a secret rendezvous

"Professor, I am sure it will wear off in its own due time."

I'll show you loving like you never knew

"Am I to believe that you, the know-it-all-extraordinaire, can't even control her own charms? You don't know when it will wear off?"

"Professor, you caught me in a bad temper and I ..."

"A bad temper! You haven't seen bad temper!"

Come on, baby, do you do more than dance?

"Professor, honestly I don't imagine it will last that long, and besides, in the meantime you get to enjoy some brilliant music. This song is a classic."

"This whole fiasco is classic Weasley-Potter-Granger stupidity."

If it feels alright, maybe you can stay all night

"Severus, grow up! I am not a child. Just enjoy what you've got and I'm sure it will go away soon."

But you've got to give me a sign, come on girl

"Not a child? You sure have a funny way of proving it!"

Are you, hot Momma? You sure look that way to me

"Honestly! You're the child, Severus!"

Are you old enough? Will you be ready when I call your bluff?

"I..."

Is my timing right, did you save your love for me tonight?

Severus was sidetracked momentarily by the boldness of the song. He snapped out of it quickly when the chorus began again and took a deep breath.

"Miss Granger," he said quietly, "This drivel had better end soon or you'll be sporting a charm of your own. Trust me. I don't always play nice." He stepped closer to her.

"Really, Severus, is that a promise?" Hermione stepped closer to him and put her hands on her hips, looked down at his black boxers and then smiled coquettishly back up at him. They were only inches apart now, having come close to yelling in each other's faces. She glanced from Severus' eyes to his lips and back up.

Severus noticed the move, raised one eyebrow and leaned his head back, looking her scantily clad body up and down. She was toying with him, and he was about to tell her just how much he was promising when he heard the sounds of timid footsteps and he looked up to find a few of his seventh-year Slytherins in their pajamas watching the two of them closely; the girls taking in the sight of their loosely clad Professor caused Severus to realize just where he was and what he was wearing. The boys, obviously distracted by their other loosely clad Professor, caused Severus to realize just what she was wearing in front of all of them and what was coming out of the box.

"Good night, Professor Granger," Severus said as he stepped back and tied his robe shut with a jerk and walked off to usher his students back to bed.

She stood there watching him go, long white legs poking out from under his green dressing gown. Shutting the door, she chuckled to herself.

## Wake Up Call

*Chapter 4 of 5*

Hermione has returned to Hogwarts as the new Muggle Studies professor. She decides to teach Severus a thing or two.  
(Interactive Music)

A/N: It's not my stuff, just my crazy idea. Charmed Force is the world's greatest beta. You know the drill... Follow the links. There will only be one more chapter after this, folks!

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It was a beautiful Saturday. Severus, however, would have much rather been spending the day working on his Potions research in the dungeons instead of escorting a bunch of dunderheads to Hogsmeade. He hadn't been able to go back to sleep after his run in with Miss no, Professor Granger the night before. He'd had a good talking to his Slytherins that morning about not mentioning any of what they had seen, or heard, to anyone else. It was a private matter, and anyone wishing to share it with the uninvolved was risking detention with Mr. Filch for the remainder of the school year, and it was only September. He'd hoped that was enough of a threat. Honestly, he expected it to be around the school in a matter of hours.

In the meantime, however, he found himself walking the path to Hogsmeade with a talkative Hooch and Sprout to keep him company. They were going on and on about the latest Rita Skeeter article and some nonsense about a player on the Harpies team sleeping with her coach. He was hardly interested and found his mind wandering to the vision of Professor Granger in her pink nightgown. He could just imagine running his hands down her body, over the soft fabric to the hem where he would find skin. Then, slipping his hand up under the hem to see if her knickers were the same color as ...

"Severus, honestly, can't you keep your mind on a conversation?"

He looked up suddenly and realized what he had been thinking about. He quickly glanced at the box. It would not do for it to begin playing anything remotely like that song last night. Thankfully, it kept quiet. That would have had Hooch going. He blinked quickly and could utter only a quick "Sorry." Too distracted was he by the thoughts he had been entertaining and the fact that he was no doubt destined for more embarrassment if he didn't get it together.

The women rolled their eyes and continued chatting.

"Come on, Severus; let's get a drink," Hooch said as they steered their way to the Hog's Head. Severus just followed along thinking about as little as possible, counting footsteps and thinking he could really use a good hard shot of firewhiskey.

They found a booth close to the bar and ordered. Severus wasn't too sure why Albus even made the staff chaperone these Hogsmeade trips when it was a known fact they spent all their time in the bar. Perhaps if he were in his own dungeons, he could let his little fantasy play out a little further in his mind, bouncing white box be damned. As it turned out, he found himself having to control his thoughts with Occlumency-style strength. Try as he might to keep involved in the conversation with these two chatty women, for distraction's sake, he managed to let his mind slip back to what might have happened had his students not shown up at that very moment. Would he have kissed her? Did he really want to? Where the Hell did that come from? Did *she* want to? She sure seemed like she did, eyeballing him like a randy vulture. The more he thought about it, the more he realized that maybe he did want to. It didn't have to be anything serious or lasting, just a fling. But damn it all, he was getting tired of games. He was too old for this nonsense...stupid Muggle music boxes and saucy little females. She was too young, and he was too old, and he had been her professor for crying out loud! This was Hermione Granger of all people! She was intelligent, he couldn't deny. She was beautiful, that was obvious. She was way out of his league and had her whole life in front of her. He was old and bitter and... well, he wasn't really that old, and he had lost a lot of his bitter edge with the demise of the bad guys.

He was just beginning to think that perhaps it might be worth a go to see if anything could happen between them when the door opened and in walked a pink cheeked Hermione Granger on the arm of some large, handsome, older man. *Well, we know she likes the older men*, Severus thought to himself. *Dirty tease. She would have had a go at me last night and here she is on the arms of another man. No, I think not.* Suddenly, the box did its thing.

[Click Here For Music By Maroon 5.](#)

I didn't hear what you were saying.

I live on raw emotion baby

I answer questions never maybe

And I'm not kind if you betray me.

So who the hell are you to say we

Never would have made it babe.

He ignored it for the first few moments, despite the looks coming from around the bar, and then the chorus began. "SHIT!" Severus slammed his glass down and jumped up, thoroughly frightening the women at his table as he practically knocked it over in his haste to leave the bar. "Severus?" Hooch asked. He was not answering any questions. Especially questions as to why a song like this would be coming out of the box at that moment.

He quickly brushed past Hermione as she said, "Hello, Severus." But he ignored her and quickly left with his little box playing the silly song to which he could hardly stand to listen. It was stupid. She wasn't his. Why was he acting this way? Why was the box playing this damn song? He passed through Hogsmeade quickly, ignoring the curious glances he was receiving from the various Slytherins and the dancing heads of the various Ravenclaws. He wasn't in the mood. He marched his way back up to the castle, being sure to step on every bug he saw. Once in his dungeons, with the box silent again, he was able to think more clearly. This was irrational. Stupid. And done. He would not pursue Hermione Granger, sexy pink nighties or not.

(End Music)

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Thankfully, Severus' sleep was undisturbed that night, and he awoke Sunday with a firm resolve to not even think about Miss Granger and to simply ignore the existence of the box. He went to breakfast early to be sure to completely avoid her. He sat down at the table and was pleased to see that there were crumpets that morning. He reached for one, smeared it with jam and dispatched it quickly. He reached for another, and the box began to spout profanity.

[Click Here For Music By Britney Spears](#)

Severus froze. Who the bloody hell was Britney? He dropped the crumpet and looked around. Minerva was snorting into her napkin. "Minerva, care to share what's so damn funny?" There was an annoying giggle that came from the box and from most of the females in the room.

"Come, Severus, even most pureblood Wizards know who this is!"

Severus stared blankly at her. He said sourly, "I'm sorry, Minerva, I tend to have higher standards than ~~most~~ wizards. Do tell?"

Minerva looked at him sharply and then glanced up at the box. "Britney Spears, Severus, honestly!" He just stared at her blankly. *Ah*. Severus did know the name only because he had confiscated various pictures of the girl from certain students...highly inappropriate pictures. No wonder the boys in the room were staring at the box so intently. Great, just what he needed, *Britney bloody Spears*. He could have handled a dose of that Ozzy person, but this was too much.

"Well, Severus," Minerva said, chuckling again, "apparently the box thought it amusing that you wanted *more* crumpets." She then began laughing openly, along with Flitwick and Sprout, who were seated next to her.

Severus heard the chorus at that moment. "Oh, for fuck's sake!" He threw his napkin down and put his head in his hands. "I can't even enjoy a quiet breakfast!"

Just then, Hermione walked through the staff doors and stopped. She smiled very broadly and walked over and sat next to Severus, who still had his head in his hands, rubbing his temples. "Why, Severus, I never took you to be a fan of Britney Spears! Who would have guessed?"

He slowly turned to her. "You. This is your fault."

His voice was not angry, but somewhat devoid of emotion. Hermione was taken aback. She looked around the room at the various students sniggering and even the professors sharing their table. They were obviously enjoying his discomfort, and Hermione realized then that he had good reason to be mad...no, livid...with her. But he wasn't. His face was a blank mask. Stoic even.

"Severus, honestly, I am sorry. I had no intention of it coming to this. I didn't know when I cast the charm how long it would last. Honestly, I am sorry."

Severus stood and looked around the room and then down at her. "Save it, Granger." With that, he turned and left in a flourish of black robes and pop music. Hermione just sat there and watched him go, ashamed that she had caused him so much trouble. She stood and left after him, but not following him. She needed to think.

(End Music)

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Hermione knew she had to make it up to Severus. She truly didn't know when the charm would end and was almost certain that there was no way of knowing. When she had cast the charm, she was well and truly upset, remembering all of the times he had berated her and her friends when they were students. Now, she was regretting her rash move. She had always respected him. When she was a student, she developed a sense of curiosity about Professor Snape, Man of Mystery. One might have even called it a crush, though Hermione would disagree. Now her temper had gone and bugged it up. How was she ever going to win his respect? How was she going to win anything from him now? She had briefly thought that perhaps he could forgive her, that night he had come to her. Even in his anger she saw flashes of...well, what exactly? It must have just been the music affecting him. She knew she was hoping for too much. She was no longer a naive school girl but a woman. She knew what she wanted,



but did not know how to get it. And Hermione hated not knowing. She figured she would just have to give him time. Perhaps the charm would wear off and he would forgive her. Perhaps.

# Truce

Chapter 5 of 5

Hermione has returned to Hogwarts as the new Muggle Studies professor. She decides to teach Severus a thing or two.  
(Interactive Music)

A/N: If this was a movie this first scene would be cut; it is simply to satisfy an incorrigible little itchy muse, and... because I thought it was a funny idea. This is the last chapter. I don't own it, I just play with it. Charmed Force is my beta... neener neener...

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Severus had made a pretty penny after the war by brewing and distributing the Wolfsbane potion under the alias S&R Potions. His primary salesman in all this was also his first client. Severus would be nowhere without the R in the equation. Many people, even werewolves, as if they had any room to talk, were cagey when it came to Severus Snape and would have been wary to actually buy anything he had brewed. So it was that Remus Lupin became his number one associate. Remus had just arrived to pick up the week's batch of Wolfsbane to be distributed to the local apothecaries.

The door to Severus' office flew open. "Severus! How's it going, mate?"

Severus rolled his eyes. "Do come in, Remus. Have a seat and I'll get the potions." Severus stood from where he had been seated behind his desk as Remus took a seat in front of the desk.

"No rush, Severus, I have a while before Tonks expects me home, and the potions don't actually need to be delivered until tomorrow. I was just out in Hogsmeade picking up some sweets for Tonks' ridiculous cravings and decided to drop by early. Uh, Severus, what is that?" he asked, pointing to the white box. Severus stopped and turned to face Remus. "That? That, my friend is a little *gift* from Miss Hermione Granger, bane of my existence."

"Oh, that's right. I heard she had come back here to teach, uh, what's it, Muggle Studies? A perfectly good waste of perfectly good talent if you ask me," he said. Severus snorted.

Remus continued, "I would have thought she'd be a Healer at St. Mungo's or something by now." Severus nodded his agreement.

"I, too, found it a strange occurrence, but perhaps Miss Granger's talent, as you call it, extends less deeply than we thought."

"Oh, come now, Severus. There's no mistaking she's brilliant. She always was."

Severus turned and went into the storeroom off his office.

"A mind to rival your own, I'd say," Remus continued louder. "Perhaps we could use her help here, as an assistant to aid you in the brewing process. You're busy enough as it is it with all your classes and other duties. I'm sure you could use the help."

Remus could hear banging and muttering coming from the storeroom.

"Really, though, Severus, think on it. We could up our inventory, perhaps even extend as far as distributing to St. Mungo's, or an Owl-Order service. Think about it! You might not even have to teach anymore."

There was a loud bang and "Bloody monkey..."

"Severus? Everything alright."

"Humph" was all the response he got.

"Alright," Remus said warily. He sat deep in thought for a moment as Severus returned, scowling, from the storeroom carrying a large box.

"Seriously though, mate" Remus began again, leaning forward in his seat towards Severus, "Think about all the people out there who were affected by Greyback's gang during the war. There's no way to keep track of how many cases there are. The Ministry has only begun to scratch the surface, and the idea of a registry scares some people. These folks prefer anonymity to having to be registered and tagged like a pet. There is still a huge prejudice against them, innocent victims though most of them are. We could help them preserve their privacy and dignity."

Severus stood there with a box full of potions, deep in thought. "Perhaps, Remus, you have a good idea. I would not be adverse to helping more of these victims" He was interrupted by the box, which gleefully began its tune. [Click Here For Music By Warren Zevon.](#)

"Severus, what in the world is that?" Remus asked, gobsmacked.

"That, my friend is, apparently, an iPod, a Muggle music device lovingly bestowed upon myself by an irate Miss Granger." He set the box of potions on his desk and sighed. Then the verse began.

I saw a werewolf with a Chinese menu in his hand

Remus sat with his mouth hanging open, looking back and forth between the man and his Muggle music box.

Walking through the streets of Soho in the rain

He was looking for a place called Lee Ho Fook's

Going to get a big dish of beef chow mein

Ah-oo, Werewolves of London

Suddenly Remus burst out laughing, though to Severus it sounded more like a bark. Severus just shook his head.

"Severus, that's bloody brilliant! Har Har!"

"I'm glad you are enjoying it, Remus." Severus sat down in his chair, propped his black booted feet up on his desk, crossed his arms and scowled.

"You say this was Hermione's doing then?"

"Yes, Miss Granger was the master mind behind this lovely little charm," Severus replied and pursed his lips.

"Really? Har! That's brilliant. We have to use her, mate. She's a genius. Can you turn it on and off at will? What other songs does it play? Not that I don't terribly mind this one. Damn, Tonks would love this!"

"I shall inform Miss Granger of your approval; however, we will not be needing her assistance. I am perfectly capable of brewing without an assistant, and if I did require one she would be my last choice."

"Come, Severus..."

"No, Remus, I will not discuss it further. As I said, if I require assistance, I will find it elsewhere," Severus practically yelled.

"Alright, Severus." Remus shook his head, exasperated. "Just promise me that you will think about it. We really could help a lot of people, you know." Remus stood as the singing ended and picked up the box of potions. "Think about it and we'll talk again later."

Remus looked up at the box one last time and chuckled, shaking his head. "Brilliant." He began to walk to the door, stopped, and turned, "Severus, you know, those three Hermione and Ron and Harry they saw a lot of dreadful things during the war. They were never really given a chance to have a normal adolescence, any of them. Perhaps the reason why Hermione chose to come back here and teach has more to do with a desire to recapture what she lost than a lack of talent."

Severus glanced up at his old friend. They shared a moment of understanding before Remus turned and left Severus to his musing and his music.

(End Music.)

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Severus sat at his desk Monday evening grading essays and enjoying the silence when suddenly, his silence was interrupted.

[Click Here For Music By Depeche Mode.](#)

Severus sighed deeply and put down his quill. He sat there for a moment staring into the empty classroom, hands splayed on his desk. He decided to just listen to what the box had to say. He hadn't been thinking about anything terribly interesting and was curious to hear what the box would play. It was a catchy beat. Briefly he thought he might not mind keeping the box around permanently. If, that is, there was a way of controlling it's timing and emissions. He found the beat of this particular song quite appealing and the tone of the man's voice wasn't unpleasant.

Words like violence

Break the silence

Come crashing in

Into my little world

Painful to me

Pierce right through me

Can't you understand

Oh my little girl

All I ever wanted

All I ever needed

Is here in my arms

Words are very unnecessary

They can only do harm

The words captivated him and he took a deep breath and lowered his head. Suddenly there was a gentle knock at the door. *Figures*, he thought, *when I finally find a moment of peace, someone decides to interrupt.*

"Enter," he barked. Hermione had stood outside the door listening to the song being played, immediately recognizing it. *How appropriate*, she thought wryly as she took a deep breath, opened the door and quietly entered.

Severus sat back in his chair and crossed his arms, watching as Hermione entered the classroom. As much as Severus wanted to hex the woman, he decided to sit and hear what she had to say.

Hermione walked up to his desk, feeling oddly like a first year that'd been sentenced to detention.

"Severus," she began. But she didn't know exactly what to say. She didn't know exactly what she could do to make up for the humiliation and trouble she had caused him.

"I..." she stopped and took a deep breath, looking into his dark eyes. "Severus..."

Words are meaningless and forgettable

"Yes, that is my name, we have well established that fact. Did you have something else you wanted to say, or are you just going to keep telling me something I already know?" He continued to sit there, arms crossed and scowling.

"Fact is, *Severus*, I don't know exactly what to say. I am sorry. That's all I really came down here to say but I can't help thinking that's not enough. I know that this charm has been a nuisance. I just..." she trailed off. She lowered her head and looked down at the fingernail that she had been worrying since she entered the room.

Severus looked down at the fingernail as well, at her small hands, then at her slender wrists. Then up her arms, covered by a dark green jumper. Her delicate, pale neck. His gaze made its way up to her lowered eyes. *Damn*, he thought, *she plays this game well.*

"Hermione..." he started, and she looked up suddenly. It startled him. The expectant look she was giving him was making this more difficult than he had intended it to be when he first spoke her name. He took a deep breath.

"Hermione..." he tried again, and she began a small smile.

"Yes, Severus, that is my name." She stepped closer to his desk.

"That'll be enough cheek from you, Miss," he said as he stood and walked around to the front of his desk. There was no venom in his words.

He crossed to stand in front of his desk. He was mere inches from her. She looked up into his eyes, those dark eyes that she felt she could drown in. "Severus, I..."

All I ever wanted, all I ever needed

Is here in my arms

"Yes?"

"I..." she said breathily moving closer, looking at his chest and raising one hand to place on it.

"Hermione," he stopped her. "Tell me one thing."

"Yes, Severus?" she answered, looking back up at him.

"Who was that man you were with on Saturday?"

"Whwhat?"

"The older gentleman you were with at the Hog's Head, who was he? Tell me, does your persuasion always run to older men?"

"What!?"

"Do you enjoy playing the tease?"

"Severus!"

"You certainly were entertaining the notion that I was worth toying with the night I came to your door. Answer this, if my students hadn't shown up, would you have stopped me? Or would you have led me on, thinking that we might have had something?"

"I"

"I am too old for games, Hermione. I have never played games and I don't intend to now."

"It was my FATHER, Severus!"

"You expect me to believe... wait, what? Your father?"

"Yes," she said completely exasperated. "He came to visit so we could celebrate my appointment here at Hogwarts."

"Oh."

"Oh, indeed, you big prat. Honestly, do you think so little of me? And since when I have I belonged only to you anyway?" Her hands were on her hips, and Severus could see she was on a roll. "I give you a few come hither glances in the hall and you are ready to claim me as"

He shut her up the best way he could, all things considered. He grabbed her shoulders and attacked her lips with his. Yet, she still continued moving her lips and mumbling against his. She hadn't quite finished what she had to say.

"Mmmph. Mmph. Mmmmmmm."

(End Music.) Eventually he convinced her. She allowed him to deepen the kiss. Slowly his hands moved down away from her shoulders to her hands, which he took and brought up around his neck. She was putty in his arms. He slid his hands back down to her shoulders, then one hand down to the small of her back, the other caressing her neck. The room was silent. The song had ended when he kissed her. Now the only sounds were Hermione's little moans, which, quite frankly, were driving Severus mad. She finally decided to move more than her lips and brought both hands up to tangle in his hair, scraping his scalp, which produced what could only be described as a purr from Severus. She smiled into his kiss. Slowly, he pulled away from her, eliciting a little unhappy whimper from Hermione. "Bastard," she said.

"Is that for ending the kiss or for starting it?"

"Both," she answered and grabbed the back of his head and brought him back to her eager lips.

The box began to play quietly.

[Click Here For Music By The Beatles.](#)

Severus moved his ministrations to her neck and was busy working on a particularly tasty piece of flesh just along her jaw line when she said, "Oooh, I love this song."

"Me too," he said and set his mouth back to work.

"You what?" she asked, startled, moving her face to look at him.

"Hermione, I was enjoying that."

"What did you say?"

"I said, me too. Now, come back here." He began nipping at her collarbone.

"Severus, you know who this is?" He stopped undoing her buttons to look at her.

"Of course, silly woman, everyone knows who the Beatles are."

"Oh. Well, I just... oh, Severus. That's so good." He was now busy burying his face in her cleavage and massaging her bum with his hands.

"You do realize that we just agreed on a song. Mmmm, so nice."

"Mhmm."

"Severus," she whispered.

Reluctantly, he raised his head to look in her eyes.

"See, I really do have good taste in music."

He held her close and chuckled softly into her hair. In the back of his mind, Severus Snape rolled his eyes.

The End!