

# The F Word

by madqueenmab

My answer to the "Creative Cursing" Challenge. Snape's in recovery post-snakebite; Hermione's swearing like mad. Snark and sexiness occurs.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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*I'm proud, honored, grateful and giddy to learn this piece has been nominated for The New Library Awards. If you're looking for good reads, check out their multi-category, multi-ship, multi-faceted and wholly enjoyable recommendations at [http://community.livejournal.com/the\\_new\\_library/](http://community.livejournal.com/the_new_library/)*

"Fuck, fuck, fuck. He's *alive*."

"Can't be, Hermione."

"We all bloody well thought you were dead, too, and surprise, surprise, you weren't."

"You don't have to sound so disappointed."

"Of *course* I'm not disappointed, but, oh, crap, Harry. We just *left* him here, alone..."

"Juno's jugs, give it a rest. Heat of battle..."

"Fuck the heat of battle, Ronald. What if he never wakes, just because we couldn't be arsed to check his pulse?"

"It's only Snape."

"Don't be a prick, Ron."

"Hermione--"

"No, she's right, mate. Best get him to St. Mungo's."

Severus feels himself lifted.

\*

Severus shifts: fuzzy pain to sharp pain and back.

A rotation of someones stand guard. Making sure he's safe? Making sure he doesn't escape?

There's one Voice he likes best.

"Ron! You can't sleep on duty. I don't care if your eyelids sprout bollocks."

And: "Someone'll *tell* you when he wakes. You'd best look sharp when he does; he's going to want to castrate you with a spoon."

"Hermione!"

"You're the one who told his secrets to fuck knows who."

The little foul-mouth. If she'd talked like that at Hogwarts he would've (secretly) respected her more.

\*

Time passes. Severus rediscovers the versatility of *fuck*.

She says: "Fuck off, Ron. I'm not going to snog you beside Snape's sickbed."

And, later: "I'll be just fine, Gin. Your brother's a lousy fuck anyhow."

"An interview? Go fuck a Nargle, Skeeter. He's fucking brilliant at potions, remember, and I'm sure he could find use for beetle bits."

"He's been loyal all along, Minister. You've got to pardon him. Trust the Pensieve; Harry's not going to fuck you over."

Then, whispered, her breath warm in his ear: "It's been three-fucking-weeks, Professor, won't you please wake?"

\*

Severus wants to wake.

He remembers her mouth. Pink. Well-shaped.

Such a pretty mouth to say such nasty things.

Good thing he'd never noticed before; there'd be trouble. Different trouble. More pleasant than the current kind.

He fights the fog. Things get sharper, clearer, with her every *arsehole*, *bastard*, *fuckwit*, *cockbreath*.

When he finally wakes, Arthur Weasley is sitting beside him. He tells Severus about his pardon, about the battle.

All good news, but he wishes it were Hermione's voice.

Ahh, the pouty shape her mouth would make if he threatened to take points for language.

\*

They take him to Grimmauld Place to recover.

She's under the same roof.

She stubs her toe. "Fuckadee fuck fuck fuck."

Weasley's attempt at reconciliation is met with "bugger the hell off."

Umbridge's trial triggers rants about "that toad-titted bitch."

Potter's indiscretions with the Weasley girl earn him the title "walking hard-on."

Lily swore like a witch: famous wizard plus anatomy equals curse. Well, Lily always cared too much about fitting in. Not Hermione. Hermione stands out. What would she call him if she knew how glad he is he's (finally) got strength enough back to wank?

\*

Hermione's revising for her NEWTs. Something's frustrating; she shifts in her chair.

"Oh, fuck me," she says, and slams the book shut.

Oh, he'd like to. Very much. She meets his eyes. She blushes.

"Sorry, Severus. I'm a bit on edge. I know my language is appalling."

"I... don't mind."

"You're the only one. Mum and Dad are more pissed about the habit than the whole Australia thing."

"Fuck the complainers." The word, *her* word, rolls, delicious, off his tongue.

She laughs. "You know what? I could use a break. You up for a drink?"

Fuck, yes.

\*

A small table in a Muggle pub. Their knees touch. Severus asks, "Why do you swear--"

"So much? You try living in a tent with Harry and Ron for months."

"No, thanks."

"I barely felt like a girl by the end of it. Best moment of my life so far was finally having a chance to shave my legs once the battle was done."

He was going to ask why she swears with Muggle words. That question's gone, replaced with: shave? With a spell? A razor? How high? He brushes his leg against hers.

\*

She doesn't pull away. She smiles. That mouth!

"I was actually going to ask why you swear like a Muggle."

"You mean no Prospero's Prophylactic or some such? Because I actually paid attention in Binns' class. It just seemed so disrespectful to Circe, Merlin, whoever. After how they shaped our world. It'd be a bit like saying Einstein's Excrement."

"Einstein?"

"He's fucking brilliant!" She begins to explain, and Severus knows he's fallen. Hard. Permanently. And he thought she was sexy when she swore. That's nothing, nothing, on the flush that comes when she explains the Theory of Relativity.

\*

Later: she's here, naked, in his bed. Moaning *fuck me, fuck me, fuck me*, and she means it.

"Gladly," he says. So gladly.

She sleeps in his arms after.

Morning comes and he drinks in the sight of her. Rubs his hands over her skin. The answer to the shaving question appears to be: all the way up.

She wakes. Sweet, sleepy smile. "I think I'm going to stop saying nasty things," she says.

"Oh?" He kisses her, hoping his disappointment doesn't show.

Hermione arches against him, wriggles, and whispers, "I think I'm going to *do* them, instead."

The End

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Not mine. Never will be. Still fun to play.