TickleFehthr

by Nom de Plume

Prompt from Mia Madwyn at HPCon_Envy. Wile awn puhtrol wun nite, Snaypes encownterz Mizz Graynjer wif a duck. Der lifes will nevr bee teh same. A Duck!LOL!Fic cross. Warning: long fic is looonnggg.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This is a lol!fic. (Fic done in LOL!speak.) Not only that, but it is of epic porporshunz. But, while it's long[er than usual], I hear it's worth it to make it to the end. So I hear. :D

***The Prompt:** "fucking hell," a duck, and smut.*

Enjoy. And maybe take a Tylenol afterwards.

TickleFehthr

Snaypes: [iz walkin' down a hallwayz, den stops] Mizz Graynjer? Wtf, ai mean, what iz yoo dewin wif a duck in a hallwayz?

Hermyuhnee: O' hai, sir. Dis is a speshul deck, an Iz gonna taeks him up tew mah dorm an studey him.

Snaypes: [a liddle thunderstruck] Mizz Graynjer, ai mean dis in teh mos' delikut uv wayz, but, haz yew bin hanging owt wif Luna Luvgud?

Hermuhnee: No sir.

Snaypes: K. Wul, yu can't haz a duck at skewl, as I'm sure you know. Yew can only has an owl, a kitteh, or a toad. And dat duck iz nun of deh above.

Hermyuhnee: [bytes her lip liek usual] But, sirz, does we naught breed other animulz for the saykes of usign dem for magikul studies an poshun's ingreedyants?

Snaypes: Give me teh duck.

Hermyuhnee: [pouts]

Snaypes: And forty-nine pointz from yer Howse tew, nao move along.

Hermyuhnee: [powts moar, but doesn't move]

Snaypes: Ai sed tew move along, Mizz Graynjer.

Hermyuhnee: I just wants to maek shure dat you has teh duck safely, iz awl.

Snaypes: [glayrs] Teh duck is fine, put him down, an' go away, omg.

[Teh duck stayrs up at Profezzor Snaypes and Hermyuhnee.]

Snaypes: Mmk, come on, duck.

[Teh duck doezn't move.]

Snaypes: [huffs] Ai, sed, let's go, *nao*, duck!

Hermyuhnee: [smug]

Duck: [quacks]

Hermyuhnee: O' hay, did yew know dat a duck no has an echo?? Kewl huh?

Snaypes: [stayrs at Hermuhnee] .....Ten moar pointz. Good day, Mizz Graynjer.

[Snaypes bends ovar and picks up teh duck, tew deh lil ducky's not-happy, an sturgles tew keep it under controlz, den quickly walks away.]

-Laterz dat nite-

[Hermyuhnee's is sleeping and den ther is a lowd POP an she wakes up.]

Hermyuhnee: Wot is going on?! Dobby? Geezusomg, what's wrong?

Dobby: Hi, Haree's only reel gurl friend, um, Profezzor Snaypes, iz wunting me tew tell yew dat yer needed in his dunjen.

Hermyuhnee: [snickers] Dats whut he sed....

Dobby: Iz jest a howse elf and doesn't understan Muggle innyooendo, miss.

Hermyuhnee: Oh.

-Down in deh Dunjens-

Snaypes: [opens teh doar in secksee black sleepy-bottums] Mizz Graynjer, o' thank Merlin, plz tew git in here nao, kthx. [pullz her inside]

Hermyuhnee: [awlso in sum kind of neglizhay that's totully OOC] Sir! What iz teh matter?? Iz it Voldymoldy??

Snaypes: Whut?

Hermyuhnee: Whut?

Snaypes: ....k, iz sorree to has to wayke yew up n awl, but dis stoopid mutherfucking duck won't stawp sayign yer name! I has tried evertheeng, so nao iz yer turn. [he crosses his arms and glayrs, cuz that's whut Snaypes does.]

Hermyuhnee: It can talk?? An it says *mai* name...?

[They go over to teh duck, who iz sitting on a nice plushy pillow in front uv deh fireplays.]

Hermyuhnee: O' he has a bed, dats sew sweet.

Snaypes: [tense] Yez, well, dey are used tew nests...anyways, jest maek it stop, plz.

Hermyuhnee: [tryes nawt to look at her profezzor's bare chest. Srsly, cudn't he put on a shirt or sumthing? I mean, yes, it's hawt, but, rly?] Ok, duck, iz here nao, whut?

Duck: [goes to sleep]

Snaypes: Are you serius??? I has been trying for hours tew do dat!!!

Hermyuhnees: [suddenly nervous] Uh, sir, are yoo sertin dat teh duck sed MAI name?

Snaypes: Are yew calling me a liar? Yoo theenk dat I jus wunted yew down heer foar deh plezure uv yer company?

[Snaypes den notices dat she's standin in frunt of deh fireplays...in a cotton nitegown and can basically see all deh guds.]

Hermyuhnee: [blushes] No sir, iz jes dat...dis duck...iz a Luv!Duck, sir, and sew iz vry inaprup..eenapro..iz kinda taboo dat he told yoo mai name....

Snaypes: I begs ur pardon?

Hermyuhnee: Dis duck only speaks deh name uv yer True Luv.

[They stayr at each other as if seeing themselfs foar teh frist tiem.]

Snaypes: But, dat iz impossible...

Hermuhnee: Rite?

Snaypes: [has a sad] Ai mean...yer just a studunt, and awlso...ai alredy had mai true luv....

Hermuhnee: [upon lerning dis informashunz iz a bit jellus] Well, did teh duck say *her* name or *mai* name?

Snaypes: Yoor name. Don't be impertinent!

Hermyuhnee: [sighs] Wull, der is anudder way tew see if I rly iz yer true luv.

Snaypes: [looks up] How??

Hermuhnee: If a fethr of teh Luv!Duck is rubbed 'gainst teh skin uv yer True Luv, they has an almost vilunt reakshun of lust come up awl over dems. Its crayzee.

Snaypes: [quirks dat famous eyebrow] ....O' rly?

Hermuhnee: Yez. See if teh duck will giv yew a fethr.

Snaypes: [goes to teh duck and pats its hed] Hey there, duck. Plz to has a fethr?

Duck: [opens wun eye. Den goes bak tew sleep]

Snaypes: Yew little shit! [he pulls a fethr owt of teh duck anywayz]

[The Duck is mortally greevd and quaks a mightie, wrathful quak den bites Snaypes on teh arm.]

Snaypes: *Fucking hell!!* I thot I wuz supposed tew get a fethr, not git bit!!

Hermyuhnee: [smirks] Well, who wunts to has a fehther pulled owt of tehm? That was rude.

Snaypes: [glarez] Whatever. So, if I rubs dis fether across yer smooth ... wait, how old are you?

Hermyuhnee: Eighteen, almost nineteen, thx.

Snaypes: K, gud. So, if I rubs dis fether 'cross yer silky, jus' barely of-age, luscious skin, an yer mai True Luv...

Hermyuhnee: [lustily] Den wer gonna hump liek donkeyz, sir.

Snaypes: [stares, as if unsure] Hermyuhnee...yoo shud know...I has only had secks once, and dat wuz cause I went back in thyme and got Lily drunk. On accident, ai mean.

Hermyuhnee: Who?

Snaypes: Nowun. She's dead to me nao.

Hermyuhnee: Oh.

Snaypes: No, rly, she's ded. She died.

Hermyuhnee: I'm sorree...

Snaypes: Iz fine. It's like brandy off deh back of a duck.

Hermyuhnee: Are you drunk, sir?

Snaypes: No.

Hermyuhnee: K, so, are yoo gonna do me or whut?

Snaypes: Whut?

Hermyuhnee: Ai mean the fethr thing?

Snaypes: O' yes. But, dis rly is against all kinds of rulez an' nawt to menshun I'm sposed to have honor or sumthing ...

Hermyuhnee: OMG hurry up.

[Snaypes slowly reaches owt his hand wif teh magic Luv!Fether to Hermyuhnee. It whispers cross her skin, and he gently drags the tip down her arm, leavins gooseflesh (maybe DuckFlesh iz moar appropro heer tho, huh?) in its trayl. He holds hiz breth.]

[Hermyuhnee shivers and closes her eyes.]

Snaypes: ...so...did anything happ ...

Hermyuhnee: [growls from liek, her soul, den pounces on teh professor.] Clothes off NAO!

Snaypes: [vry much surprised] Ok, well, you've got dat owt uv ur system, so, lets just tawk theengs over, mmk?

[Hermyuhnee growls again and pushes Snaypes onto teh bed. She rly shudn't know how tew do this rly, cuz, she's a Vrigin! but she red these books that Ginny keeps in a box in her trunk, and rly they were vry edukashunal.]

[She quikly straddles him and he starts to freak owt a little bit, but itz awl gud, cuz soon he feels his little poshuns master git awl excited and he knows that this will just be much easier if he relaxes an' lets her have her way wif him.]

[Which she does.]

[Foar like, 2 hours.]

[And it wuz gud, cuz it wuz awl swetty, and hawt, and filled wif lots of difrent pozishuns.]

[In teh after-glo of teh hawtness, Snaypes holds his new True Luv tenderly in his pale arms.]

Snaypes: [whisperz] Iz sew lucky.

Hermyuhnee: [sleepily] Mhmm.

Snaypes: [frowns slightly, but lets dat pass]

[He luks ovr to where the Luv!Duck is laying on hiz cushy perch.]

Luv!Duck: [in a very deep voice] K, nao y'all gonna let me go? I gots other bitches to hook up.

Snaypes: [eyebrows shoot up liek dis- ^_^] Um, shoor.

[Snaypes releases teh wards and watches as teh Duck waddles owt of hiz dunjenz.]

Luv!Duck: [as he's leaving Snaype's kwarterz] An' if yoo ever try to pull owt anuther fethr, I will fuk yoo up sew bad...I'll taek ur firstborn. Rumplstiltzkin ain't got nuthin on me, fool....

[And sew dey lived happily ever afters.]

Teh End