

Creative Cursing

by imhilien

When Snape decides he wants Hermione, no one will stand in his way... For the 'Creative Cursing' challenge at grangersnape100

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"By Merlin's moth-eaten beard," Snape growled as he stalked back into his quarters.

He had made it clear when that wretched Granger girl had returned as a teacher that he had not welcomed her.

He had sneered at her spirited offer of a truce, ignoring too how... pleasing to the eye she was.

So why had he become bothered when Granger befriended the new Charms teacher... why had he been irate just before when he accidentally spotted them kissing?

Why had 'irate' turned to 'furious' now?

"Merlin's pox-ridden skin!" he hissed.

A jar exploded. But Snape didn't feel better.

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Hermione ate her breakfast in the Great Hall slowly, her mind still in shock over the recent death of William, the Charms professor she had recently become closer to. Too young to die in his sleep... 'a weak heart' had been the sorrowful diagnosis.

Hermione noticed Snape glancing her way with barely veiled concern in his glittering black eyes, and she gave him a sad smile. How ironic that a death had brought about a truce between them.

Snape smiled to himself. Hermione would soon be his... Sadly, the heart was all too easy to weaken with a wordless, undetectable spell.

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