

At Random 5

by septentrion

Unrelated drabbles mostly written for grangersnape100 or as gifts.

Drabbles

Chapter 1 of 1

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All of them has been betaed by Dacian Goddess.

I don't make any profit by writing this.

Published Author

Lucius tossed a stack of parchments at Hermione's feet. '*Demon's Slave*, the newest success of the Harlequin editions' was written at the top.

"I believe this belongs to you."

"You're mistaken..." she retorted, but Lucius interrupted her.

"You know that I am not." He leaned menacingly toward her. "Does Severus know you're *apublished* author?" he asked, emphasizing 'published' as if it were a filthy word. "However, my mind is open to an arrangement. If you two could be convinced to take part to some... activities... in my bedroom, I'll probably forget I ever laid my eyes on such drivel."

A Slice To Lick

It was there, sitting alone in the middle of the plate, taunting them with its dark brown coat. Who would win the race and get to it first?

The tension in the room was palpable. Severus's eyes darted ceaselessly from Hermione's hand to the last slice of chocolate cake, calculating how to thwart her. Hermione was probably going through elaborated Arithmantic equations in her mind to determine the shortest way from her hand to the cake.

They struck at the same moment and smashed the slice of cake. They had to settle for licking the crumbs off each other's hands.

The Vengeful Plot Bunnies

Hermione, Severus and Lucius were gazing at the dead plot bunny.

"At least we got it before it got us," Lucius remarked.

“Thank heavens,” Hermione echoed. “It was the sappy story plot bunny.”

“It’s a pity that this particular plot bunny reproduces faster and more than the others. Its progeny might want to get revenge,” Severus said.

His two companions shuddered. They’d rather meet the depressing story plot bunny than be trapped in another disgustingly sugary story.

“Let’s not linger here,” Lucius suggested. “We have yet to find the threesome plot bunny and ask it to give us political asylum.”

Miss Bubbles

“Miss Bubbles, would you please be a good little girl and drink your bottle without making a fuss about it?” Hermione asked, annoyance clear in her voice.

“Hermione, I’m sure calling our daughter that stupid nickname is the reason why she deems fit to protest,” Severus said from his armchair.

“It isn’t stupid! And I’ve called her that even before she was born!” Hermione protested.

Severus’s only answer was a snort.

“Besides, dear husband,” she continued, “you speak too much in your sleep.”

Severus blanched at her words.

“I remember hearing you singing lullabies to ‘Miss Bubbles’ two nights ago.”

A Bird in her Belly

Hermione gazed down at her belly, wondering how it was possible she had swallowed such a thing: a tiny bird’s head was protruding from the surface of her belly, where her stomach was supposed to be. She could clearly see the beak, the grey-brown feathers and the black eyes. Yet she knew—how she knew she couldn’t explain—that the skin of her belly encased the bird. This was defying all logic: how could she see something that was covered by skin? Her mind couldn’t wrap itself around the concept, and gazing at the intruder obviously didn’t grant any answers.

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And there was that strange sensation as well: the bird was flapping its small wings against its fleshy cage. She couldn’t see them—they were buried in her stomach, unlike the head—but the feeling was unmistakable. It was a bit weird, but not painful nor disagreeable. And the mystery of the bird’s presence was no more resolved now than it’d been a couple of minutes ago.

Hermione opened her eyes; it was dark and she was in bed. Beside her, Severus was breathing deeply in his sleep. In her round belly, their daughter was moving her little feet near her stomach.

What Makes An Accident

“It was an accident,” Severus bellowed. “How could I guess that my glass contained Polyjuice tainted with Weasley’s essence instead of pumpkin juice? And that Miss Granger would mistake me for her paramour and ‘jump’ me before I could protest?”

“And you were unable to protest for an hour?” Dumbledore retorted.

Severus blushed and averted his eyes.

“I should probably suppose that the Polyjuice found its way into your glass by mistake too?”

“You very well know…”

“I know, Harry and Malfoy admitted to committing the prank. Now, I’d like to know what your intentions are for your unborn child.”

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“It was an accident,” Hermione yelled. “How could I have known it was Snape Polyjuiced into you?”

“Do I ever wear billowing black robes?” Ron replied.

Hermione blushed and averted her eyes.

“I didn’t really pay attention to the clothes,” she whispered, remembering how quickly they’d been discarded.

“Tell me, what did you pay attention to?”

It should have been physiologically impossible, but Hermione got redder. As an echo, Ron’s ears took a similar shade.

“You’re just a scarlet woman!”

Hermione’s right hand left a permanent mark on the young man’s cheek. He should never have insulted a pregnant woman.

Hairy Torture

“Tell me, Severus,” Voldemort said, “what kind of torture have you planned for your prisoner?”

“One that will humiliate her beyond anything else, my Lord,” Severus answered.

Silent but quite obviously wary, Hermione was sitting on a chair in the room where the two men were discussing her fate as if she weren’t there.

Voldemort’s red eyes alighted on the young woman. “You think she’ll answer better to this than to physical torture?”

“Without a doubt, my Lord. She is very touchy on the matter,” Severus replied with a smirk. “I’ve heard her prattling about it enough.”

“Well, then, proceed.”

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Severus walked to the array of instruments displayed on a cloth on a table behind Hermione's chair and selected a razor blade after he'd rattled the instruments a bit to make them clang. Hermione's loud intake of air showed that she'd heard.

"I believe I'll start with this," Severus stated coldly. He passed the blade under the girl's nose; her eyes grew as big as saucers. She bit her lip to prevent herself from begging.

"I suggest you get seated, my Lord. The proceedings are likely to last some time."

Without further ado, Severus started to shave Hermione's hair methodically.

Payback in Hot Blood

Warning: this drabble's content might be disturbing to some.

He was holding her against the wall using only the sheer intensity of his gaze.

"Didn't I promise you I would bring you food?" he snarled.

"I... I was hungry, I couldn't stay put," she stammered.

"You're still too young to hunt for yourself. Here, take your dinner."

He shoved a bundle into her trembling arms.

"I know that baby. It was mine," she remarked emotionlessly.

"And giving birth to it would have killed you, had I not intervened. Consider this as compensation for your present condition."

Without another word, she greedily planted her elongated teeth into the tiny body.