

Drabbles, Drabbles, and More Drabbles

by Pearle

Fourteen 100-word drabbles in all, ranging from G to R in rating and a variety of subjects. Enjoy!

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The characters, settings, etc. of the Harry Potter series are not mine they belong to J.K. Rowling and Co. I promise to return them when I am through. Well, most of them anyway.

Originally posted to grangersnape100:

Title: **Things Are Not Always What They Seem**

Word Count: (100)

Rating: G

Challenge: #3 Broken

Characters: Hermione/Severus

"Broken?" Hermione gazed at the limp shape.

"It only bends so much before it breaks."

"Maybe a splint." She tentatively poked the flaccid object.

Severus batted her hand away. "Stop that. You're not helping."

"It's more bent than broken, try straightening it out."

"No, that's not helping. A transplant would seem to be the only answer."

Hermione's eyes went wide. "Can you do that? Will it work?"

Severus shook his head, his prize Orchid - the stem broken in half. Even if he transplanted it into a new pot, it would never be ready for the Hogsmeade Flower show tomorrow.

Title: **Homework of Different Nature**

Rating: PG13

Word Count: 100

Challenge: #2 writing

Author's Note: X-posted to hp100 for the challenge late

Severus was so focused on the parchment in front of him, that he never heard her enter the room until it was too late. He jumped as her arms encircled him from behind.

"Come to bed, Severus, you can finish marking the essays tomorrow," she said kissing his cheek before glancing down at the desk.

He had covered the parchment he was writing on with his sleeve, but the tail end of a sentence jumped out at her.

"...her breathless moans echoed in the small room as he laved the hardened peak. "

"Hermione..."

"Severus, what exactly are you writing?"

Title: **Severus Exposes Himself**

Word Count: (100)

Rating: G

Challenge: Challenge #1 Exposed

Characters: (Hermione/Severus)

"Come on. It's for a good cause." Hermione tried to cajole him into consent.

Severus crossed his arms, tightening his hold on the photograph in his hand. "I've no intentions of opening myself up to ridicule."

"The entire staff agreed to participate. It's not everyday Hogwarts celebrates eleven hundred years as an institute of higher learning."

Severus snorted. "Higher learning?"

"Please?"

Rarely had he been able to deny her anything. Reluctantly, he relinquished his hold of the photo.

The new commemorative edition of Hogwarts: a History now carried baby pictures of the staff members.

Severus had never felt so exposed.

Title: **What A Difference A Day Makes**

Team Name: Death Eaters

Word Count: (100)

Rating: PG

Challenge: #4 - Valentine's Day

Characters: Hermoine/Severus

Authors Notes: Originally written for the Wiktt unbelievable challenge, but definitely fits here. *G*

Valentine's. He hated the day.

His office door burst open.

"Is this from you?" She was waving a card in his face.

"What difference does it make?"

"It's signed, Your Secret Admirer. Is this from you?"

"You weren't supposed to see it. Surprised the greasy git is human after all? That the bat of the dungeon might have a heart?" His tone was harsh.

"It's hard to tell under all that black." She slipped around the side of the desk and captured his lips in a passionate kiss.

Severus smiled and looked at her in wonder. "Hermione, you are unbelievable!"

Originally posted to hp100:

Title: **Leaving**

House: Slytherin

Word count: 100

Characters: Severus/Hermione (who else!)

Challenge: Late

Severus surveyed the empty room, her note clutched in his hand. She had called his bluff.

He flew out the side door of the castle, intent on reaching Hogsmeade before the train left the station. Left with her on it. He almost broke his neck running down the hillside, robes billowing out behind him.

The mournful sound of a whistle signaled the train's departure. He'd missed it by mere minutes.

Breathless, he watched it disappear. A voice to his right cut through his heartache.

"You came. Better late than never I suppose." Hermione smiled; maybe he did care after all.

Title: **The Error of His Ways**

Rating: R (To be safe)

House: Slytherin

Pairing: SS/HG

Word Count: 100

Rating: R for content

Challenge: Late

Author's Note: Warning- mild BDSM. I must be more tired than I thought for this to have taken shape.

Sweat rolled down the side of his face to fall on his bare chest as he strained against the bonds holding his wrists together behind his back. His legs ached from kneeling on the cold stone floor of the dungeon for so long.

He jumped as the whip cracked next to him, distracted as he tried to track her movements.

"What did I tell you I would do if you were late again?"

"I am sorry, Mistress. It will not happen again," his voice was low, remorseful.

"That's not an answer, is it? Whatever will I do with you, Severus?"

Title: **When Fiction Imitates Real Life**

House: Slytherin

Word count: 100

Characters: Severus/Hermione (who else!)

Challenge: Late

Author's note: Late at night, Hermione answers a challenge. Originally posted as an answer to a Wiktt challenge - The Unbelievable Challenge in exactly 100 words. [Numbers count as one word]

The shadows were long, indicating the lateness of the hour. Severus lounged in the doorway watching Hermione.

"96, 97, 98. Damn. It should be 100." Hermione was chewing on her lip, lost in thought.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"It's one of those writing challenge, 100 words and the last word of the last line has to end in the letters 'nd'."

"And?"

"And I'm at 98 words. Any idea I have takes more than two words."

"Come to bed love, it's late."

"I'd like to finish this first."

"Let me see. Try The End."

"Severus, you are unbelievable!"

Title: **When Is An Explosion Not An Explosion?**

House: Slytherin

Rating: G

Pairing: None

Word Count: 100

Challenge: Quills Gone Wild

"Northern Scotland suffered an earthquake registering 4.3 on the Richter scale today. The center of the quake was traced to an overlooked fault line running under an ancient ruined castle. Miraculously, no injuries were reported."

Hermione glared at Harry and Ron. "I can't believe you threw fireworks into all three cauldrons. You could have seriously hurt someone with those explosions."

"They weren't supposed to explode, Fred said they would just give off a light-show."

All three jumped when a voice interrupted them.

"I believe, Weasley, six months of detentions will give you ample time to find out what went wrong."

Title: **Not Exactly Wearing Her Heart On Her Sleeve**

House: Slytherin

Word Count: 100

Characters/Pairings: Severus Snape/Hermione Granger

Challenge: Quills Gone Wild

Author's Note: Feel free to groan at the title after your read the drabble. *G*

Severus ran the moment he heard the explosion.

There in the middle of the smoking ruins stood his assistant of two years, Hermione Granger. An almost nude Hermione Granger.

Unable to look away, he asked. "Would you care to tell me what happened?"

"I was working on a new spot remover. I added chopped nettles and suddenly... ka-boom."

"And it removed your robes instead? Is there something you would like to tell me?"

He found her blush most becoming, all the way from the tip of her nose to the top of her knickers. Knickers that said, "I Heart Slytherins".

Title: **Severus Snape and the Orbiting Mistletoe**

House: Slytherin

Word Count: 100

Characters/Pairings: Severus Snape/Hermione Granger

Challenge: Quills Gone Wild

Author's Note: Loosely based on the short story of the same name (Shameless plug: Links on my LJ). Interestingly, this is my third drabble based on a cauldron explosion.

Severus stood amid the ruins of a cauldron explosion. Several sprigs of mistletoe circled his body. Other than the odd decorations he appeared unharmed. "The containment charm and the adhesive potion interacted to form a shield around my body. The mistletoe seems to be stuck in the shield."

Hermione tried not to laugh. "It's tradition to kiss under the mistletoe, you know."

Severus looked down. The mistletoe followed the path of his concentration and circled his member.

"I suppose I should follow tradition and plant a kiss under the mistletoe."

She didn't mean what he thought she meant. Did she?

Title: **Rooms Gone Wild**

House: Slytherin

Rating: PG13 (for implied actions)

Count: 100

Pairing: Severus Snape/Hermione Granger

Challenge: Quills Gone Wild

A/N: Time turner and seventh year a 19-year-old Hermione for this drabble.

NEWT's in two days, graduation in a week. Hermione needed a break almost as much as a quiet place to study away from everyone. She found herself standing outside the Room of Requirement.

The contents of the room shocked her.

Nude, tied spread-eagle to a large four-poster bed was Severus Snape.

"Hermione, what is going on here?"

"I...uh...needed a place to study."

"Study what S&M? Untie me. The room must be malfunctioning for some reason."

She smiled while removing her robes. "I don't know, Severus, maybe a break right now wouldn't hurt."

"Hermione?"

The bed dipped under her weight.

"Hermione!"

Title: **You're Always Gone Too Long**

House: Slytherin

Word Count: 100

Challenge: Miss

Characters: Severus/Hermione

A/N: Severus and Hermione have been apart.

"I do not bathe with bubbles."

"But I do."

A wave of her hand and the bubbles turned green and silver, before rising in the air and forming the words 'Slytherin Rules' over the bathtub.

"It's a variant of the skywriting charm. Instead of smoke and clouds, I used bubbles. I can charm pretty much anything," she said with a shrug.

"Yes, you can."

"I didn't mean it that way."

"I know."

He spent the rest of the evening and into the night showing her just how much he missed her, and just how charming he thought she really was.

Originally posted to snape100:

Title: **When Is A Spoon Not A Spoon**

Words: 100

Characters: Severus Snape, Hermione Granger

Challenge: There is no spoon

It was bitterly cold out. They stopped in a small shop to warm up and have a quick bite.

Hermione looked at him over the top of her bowl. "You're not eating your soup, is there something wrong?"

"There is no spoon," Severus said with a scowl.

"Of course there's no spoon, they have sporks." Her smile was bright as she returned to her meal.

'This would be the last time he let her drag him into Muggle London,' he thought, as he picked up the plastic utensil with the bowl of a spoon and the tines of a fork.

Title: **The Sweet Smell of Success**

Word count: 100

Pairing: Severus/Hermione

Challenge: Shampoo

'Strawberries,' he thought, hot water cascading down his back.

"Tell me, do you wash your hair with whatever ingredient or fruit is closest at hand?"

Hermione looked up at him, one brow raised in question. "You don't like the way my hair smells?"

"On the contrary, I do. But the other night I smelled lemon and before that, vanilla. Tonight, strawberries. I just wondered how you decide."

"I just use whatever is in season. Though watermelon does not work well, too many seeds in my hair."

Severus laughed as Hermione poured her special blend of shampoo on his black locks.

A/N: Just random scribbles over the last month, hope you enjoyed them. ~Pearle