

Drabbles, Drabbles, and More Drabbles – Round 15

by Pearle

An even Baker's dozen of drabbles, raging in rating from G to R.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Current challenges and recent posts to grangersnape100:

Title: **Perception**

Rating: G

Challenge: Little black dress

"Hold still. I've a few more adjustments to make. I can't believe we're the same measurement from shoulder to hip."

"Ouch! Be careful with those pins. Why aren't you using magic?"

"You want the hem to stay, don't you?"

"I don't like it."

"I thought you liked my little black dress?"

"Yes, on you. Not on me." Annoyed, he tugged at the hemline again, still not sure how he'd ever agreed to attend the Potter's costume party.

'Oh, my God,' he thought catching sight of himself in the full-length mirror. 'Did his bum look that big in his robes, too?'

Title: **Priceless**

Rating: R

Challenge: Little black dress

Their clothes lay pooled together on the floor, one seemingly a darker shade of black than the other. It was hard to tell where one garment ended and the other began. The

same could be said of the two individuals in the bed, their bodies joined as one as their desire spiraled out of control; the sound of the witch's moan a balm to the dour man's soul.

Sleekeazy's Hair Potion: \$25 pounds sterling

Little black dress: \$100 pounds sterling

Bribing the clerk in Transportation to approve a 'last minute' portkey: \$200 pounds sterling

Severus Snape shagging her senseless? Priceless.

Title: **Envy?**

Rating: PG

Challenge: Age challenge

Lucius glanced at the couples dancing, his eyes straying to the trio laughing in the corner. His status as a reformed 'hero' hadn't hurt his ego any. "Tell me again how you two met?"

Severus glared at his companion. "At a potion's conference in Zurich. Why?"

"No reason. I just thought you would've gone for someone...older."

"Beyond the fact that's she's a powerful witch, she has a brilliant mind. We have quite alot in common."

"And she's not hard on the eyes."

"Yes, there's that, too."

"Of course, it goes without saying the sex must be earth shattering."

"Of course."

Title: **Age**

Rating: G

Challenge: Age challenge

While it was true wizards were long lived, he'd never felt his age so keenly as when he watched his young wife laughing with her friends. Yes, when he was 150 and she was 131, there'd be no difference, but even that rational didn't help. Nor did Hermione's constant reassurance that their ages meant nothing to her.

Smiling, Hermione dropped into the empty seat next to her husband. "Thank God I married you. Those two never grow up; they're like big two-year olds. I don't know how Lavender and Ginny put up with them."

Evidentially age was just a number.

Past drabbles that were hiding on my computer and not gathered here:

Title: **A Matter of Perspective**

Rating: G

Challenge: Week 3/2007 - "Tucking In Challenge" and Week 6 - "Snape Has It All Challenge"

Severus surveyed the lab with a critical eye. Everything as it should be. There was nothing evident to mark yet another failure at finding a cure for Lycanthropy.

He felt her presence even before her arms encircled his waist, her touch a balm to his soul.

"Don't be so hard on yourself. It's only a matter of time before you find the answer."

Wearily he nodded, knowing she was right. "Alexander?"

"Tucked in and on his way to dreamland as we speak. Come to bed, it's late."

A loving wife, the miracle of a child he truly had it all.

Title: **The Situation Is Fluid**

Rating: G

Challenge: Week 2/2007 - "50 points from Slytherin Challenge"

"That will be 50 points from Slytherin, Professor."

"I beg your pardon?" Severus stared at the new librarian in disbelief.

"Surely, even you are not exempt from the rules?"

"Rules, Miss Granger?"

She pointed to the sign hovering overhead:

"All books must be returned on time. No exceptions.

A 50 point penalty will be imposed for tardiness."

"They're not late."

"They were due yesterday."

"You can't be serious." Severus studied the witch. "And what would it take to earn back the lost points?"

"Are you trying to bribe me?"

"Will it work?"

"Pick me up at eight and we'll see."

Title: **Game, Match, and Set**

Rating: PG13 (for imagery-of a sort)

Challenge: Week 3/2007 - "Tucking In Challenge"

Roughly, he thrust one leg than the other into his pants. With a deft turn of his hand, his bits were securely tucked into place before hastily pulling on his trousers.

"You're leaving?"

"Class started ten minutes ago." A freshly pressed shirt flew into his waiting hand. "God only knows what state I'll find my classroom in."

"Do you really think you can just come and go like this?"

"Just come and go? If I recall correctly, the score is three to one. It would appear you're the one who came. And came. And came," he said with a smirk.

Title: **Trouble Comes In Many Forms**

Rating: G

Challenge: Week 11/2007- Challenge "Dirty Limericks & Poetry"

A/N: All right, maybe not dirty, but a limerick nonetheless.

"There once was a witch named Granger,

Who captured the heart of a tall, dark stranger.

Being your friend is fine,

But I will make you mine,"

He said with more than a hint of danger."

Hermione stared at parchment in front of her lost in thought. He who?

"Problems, Professor Granger?"

She looked up into the black eyes of the Potions master, the tall, dark Potions master. "Problems? What could be wrong?"

"Trouble comes in many forms, Hermione."

Hermione's eyes slipped shut as he whispered in her ear, a quiet shudder running through her.

Severus smiled at the possibilities.

Title: **Trouser Snake?**

Rating: G

Characters: Severus/Hermione, Harry

Challenge: Week 19- It's not what it looks like Challenge

Harry raised his hand to knock on the office door when he noticed it slightly ajar. He could hear voices murmuring quietly inside.

"I can't believe how long it is; almost as thick as your arm."

"If you stoke the end firmly, he'll grow another six inches when straightened out."

"Like this? The skin is so smooth."

Fearful of what he'd find, Harry braced himself as he threw open the door. The sound of the door suddenly hitting the wall startled the pair, causing the large snake Hermione had been holding to drop to the ground with a soft thud.

Title: **The Coldest Winter**

Rating: G

Challenge: #47 "The Coldest Winter"

Hermione watched the snow coming down outside her window. He was out there, just an Apparation away if she put her mind to it.

She pulled her shawl closed, shivering as her mind filled with thoughts of their last night together. The promises they'd made to one another; their plans for the future; dreams that would never come true now. She wondered if he ever thought about her.

Had she only known what task the old fool had charged him with she might have altered the outcome, given them a chance at a future together.

It was too late now.

Title: **Perhaps Somewhere In The Middle Might Suit Better?**

Rating: PG (For suggestiveness)

Challenge: Week 19- It's not what it looks like Challenge

A/N: "Inspired" by a comment by Southern_Witch_69 at Potter Place (quite a while ago) when discussing email etiquette.

"I don't believe it," she mumbled. "Now they want to know if I prefer the top or bottom."

"I beg your pardon? You're discussing our sexual practices with...whom?" Severus' eyes narrowed in annoyance.

"What?"

"Exactly whom are you discussing out private life with?"

Hermione glanced questioningly at her enchanted computer. "Our private life?"

"What...position you prefer?" he prompted angrily.

"Don't be ridiculous, I wouldn't discuss our sex-life with anyone. Top or bottom refers to email cuts." Her smile, however, turned predatory. "I'd never tell anyone you prefer I Top you, but you will pay for that assumption later, my pet."

Title: **Happy Whatever**

Rating: G

Challenge: Family visit

Severus breathed deeply, the tantalizing aroma of roasting turkey enticing his taste buds. He found it odd that Hermione would celebrate a holiday whose sole purpose was dedicated to glorifying England's defeat, even if her visiting grandparents *were* American.

"Don't think I'll ever get used to see those photographs moving. You'll need to hide the paper before Hermione's grandparents show up." John Granger said, gesturing toward Severus's copy of *The Daily Prophet*.

Severus barely restrained his anger. He doubted his wife would appreciate him hexing his father-in-law before dinner, but the turkey wasn't the only thing Severus would've liked roasted!

Title: **Assuming the Obvious**

Rating: G

Challenge: Week 19- It's not what it looks like Challenge

A/N: You may blame the English/Latin translator for my sad attempt at a spell at the end of the drabble.

"Ow. My foot!"

Severus stared at the closed door. *Was that Hermione's voice?*

"Sorry."

And...Lupin?

"Move your hand."

"Here?"

"No, lower. That's it. Either you tell Tonks, or I will."

"Hermione, please.

Didn't last night mean anything to the witch?

The door opened to reveal Hermione and Lupin...dancing?

"Severus?"

"You're dancing?"

"Trying to."

Lupin blushed. "I never learned. I'd rather not cripple Tonks at our wedding."

"I see. Well, carry on." Severus snickered, Lupin clumsier than Tonks. "*Abeo-ut-chalybs-pedis.*"

It wasn't until Remus stepped on her foot again that Hermione figured out what Severus had whispered when leaving: 'Change to steel-toed'.

A/N: Random scribblings from 'then and now'. As far as I can tell, not posted anywhere other than their original drabble communities, and before you ask, yes, I'm working on finishing 'Dances'. Time (altered by RL health and family issues) seems to be conspiring against me, but it shouldn't be too much longer before it's finished (keeps fingers, toes, and other bodily parts crossed in the hopes of infusing a bit of luck and magic into the promise).