

Hermione and Severus Go A-Drabble

by septentrion

A collection of unrelated drabbles.

Drabbles

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I own nothing in the Potterverse.

Juno Magic beta'ed the first one, Melusin the others. Thanks to you, ladies.

Predator's Instinct

Crookshanks swept the floor with the mouse he had caught. His prey managed to regain its balance and flee. Not fast enough, though. One leap was enough for the half-Kneazle to catch up. He toyed with the mouse for a while before sinking his teeth in the smaller animal's neck. Then he sought a reward from his masters.

"You're worse than a psychopath, Crooks," Hermione crooned. "Three mice in one day. Even serial killers aren't that greedy."

She offered him some milk, then grabbed her dagger and cut off a finger from the woman tied to her and Severus's worktable.

The Suitcase

"Severus, what are you planning to achieve by staring at that suitcase?"

"Didn't you tell me once that Muggle killers manage to put corpses in suitcases?"

"Indeed, but after they'd cut them up. Why do you ask?"

"Tell me, Hermione, do you think it would work with Dumbledore's portrait?"

"Er, probably."

"You see, when he was still alive, I threatened to hex him if he offered me another lemon drop. I thought I had solved the problem permanently when, you know... but his portrait has taken to carrying on that disgusting habit of his."

Her First Lover

Severus had saved her when he'd pushed Ronald Weasley in front of the Avada Kedavra destined for her. Yet she had always believed the redhead had sacrificed himself. This belief irritated Severus highly, but he never protested. On the contrary, he showed great patience when she went to cry on her first lover's tomb every year.

"Hermione, it's time to go."

He took her in his arms.

"He's been dead for thirty years," she wailed. "Because of me."

"Don't be ridiculous."

Severus led her away from the cemetery. He would make sure Hermione Snape never knew how right she was.

Better Than Speed-Dating

Phineas Nigellus was rushing through portraits; he was on his way to the bi-dimensional speed-dating organised by the Ministry portraits.

He was still in Hogwarts' halls when he heard something that stopped him dead—so to speak—in his tracks. He glanced into an unused corridor and saw the Potions professor and the Head Girl, both nearly naked.

"Oh, yes, Professor Snape, do that again!"

"Ah, Miss Granger. It feels so good to be inside you."

Phineas was going to be late, but he didn't care. Old paintings with tarnished varnish couldn't be more interesting than what he was witnessing.

Solving Problems Snape style

Zero. Nothing. Zilch.

What kind of curse was that? Severus's latest invention? Hermione touched her flat chest in case she might be wrong. Still nothing.

"You bastard! How dare you? I don't have breasts anymore! I look like a man!"

"Then, what can I do to make you satisfied, my dear?"

The look of self-satisfaction on Severus's face was utterly irritating.

She stomped. "Give me my breasts back!"

Severus sighed quite melodramatically and answered, "Really, you're an ungrateful wife. You are always complaining about your breasts. I was just trying to be helpful by removing the source of your discontent."

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When Severus had accepted the Minister of Magic's proposition, he was far from imagining that he would have to learn all this gobbledygook. Maybe he ought to have stayed in Azkaban. But no, he had chosen "freedom", even if living without magic in the Muggle world had been the condition. At the time, it had sounded better than being a post-Dementor zombie. Contemplating the series of zeros and ones, he was not so sure anymore.

"Work in the computer industry," she said. "You'll never lack work."

Never, ever listen to your solicitor, especially when she is called Hermione Granger.

Unisex Toy

"Hermione, might you be unsatisfied with my services?" Severus asked while his hands roamed over his wife's body, lingering on her most sensitive and hidden places.

"No. Why?" she moaned more than answered.

"Because of the box delivered earlier today. It contained several dildos."

Silence.

"Only unsatisfied women use that kind of toy." Severus's voice was soft and dangerous.

Hermione turned to her husband, a mischievous smile on her face. "My dear Severus, let me show you how unisex those toys can be."

Severus was thoroughly convinced by the end of Hermione's demonstration, if his missing voice was any indication.

My Lover's Friend Is My Enemy

Lucius and Severus were quietly discussing their post-war projects. Through her Extendable Ears, Hermione was listening intently to their discussion from her hiding place in Severus's bedroom.

"If we win," Lucius said, "you'll be able to publish that Dark Arts book you've been working on for ages."

The young woman realised then that the deep friendship between the two men could destroy all her efforts to keep Severus on the Order's side. Lucius obviously knew that that book was Severus's weakness, and he was using it. Thankfully he didn't know about the other one: Hermione Granger. And he never would.

Dumbledore's Last Cause

"Hermione, explain to me again why we paid thirty Galleons each to eat something that abject?"

"This is a charity dinner to support the cause of the Untouchables in India, Severus. Your attendance was specified in Dumbledore's will. You can't escape this."

"The old fart certainly knows how to hold a grudge, even from beyond the veil."

"Dumbledore knew you wouldn't feel any remorse in killing him, but he never wanted to get revenge. I rather believe he wanted you to become a better man, whether you wanted to or not."

"I've never needed anyone to take care of my karma!"

Rita Skeeter's Revenge

"My, my, this is very interesting, Mr Weasley," Rita Skeeter crooned.

George Weasley thought the journalist was a bit too close to him, but he needed her cooperation to humiliate Severus Snape. The man had come out of the war whiter than snow. That wouldn't do.

"Yes, I assure you he has a girlfriend. So far, he's steadfastly refused to reveal her name."

George used his best conspirator look to make sure his message got across.

"Don't worry, Mr Weasley. Severus Snape won't know what's hit him."

Rita winked and left. George wondered if he had done the right thing.

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Three days later, the *Daily Prophet* published a torrid picture of a half-naked Severus Snape kissing an equally half-naked Hermione Granger. That particular issue of the newspaper fed more than one solitary fantasy in Great Britain. The couple had to live as recluses for months afterwards.

At long last, Rita had her revenge for being cooped up in a glass jar, though she would never be able to savour it publicly: she wasn't stupid enough to sign the article with her real name.

As for George, he felt like he'd been hoisted by his own petard. Hermione and Snape... brrr.