

# Ozoni: A Simmered Miscellany

*by Bambu*

A miscellany of ficlets, un-paired drabbles, and snippets of Snape/Granger tidbits.

## Lost is Found

*Chapter 1 of 2*

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Lost is Found

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Disclaimer and Author's Notes: Only the order of the words is mine, all the characters and this universe belong to JKR and her assignees. Written for Ferporcel at HP Con Envy's Live Journal celebration.

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Severus was napping when he heard the Revealing Spell. It was a woman's voice. "How did you find me?" he demanded. "Get out of my house!"

Holding a yellowed parchment in one hand and a wand in the other, a young woman with a truly wild head of hair stepped through the off-plumb doorway. "But, sir—"

"At once!" he thundered, gratified when she flinched.

"All right." She glanced at the parchment before dropping it to the dusty floor. "I'm Hermione Granger, sir. I was one of your students."

"I don't care if you were the bloody Virgin Mary." She stepped closer. "What the devil do you think you're doing?" he snarled. "I said get out!"

Ignoring him, Hermione cast a nonverbal spell; an instant later, a jet of blue light engulfed Severus. He squirmed, but was confined to his chair.

In a voice as frigid as the polar ice caps, Severus said, "Leave. Now."

Primly, Hermione eyed the dilapidated splendor of his bedroom, and then, tucking her wand in her hair, she reached past him with both hands. "Certainly, sir, but you're coming with me."

He spluttered with inarticulate rage as, with one swift tug, the young woman pulled his portrait from the wall, tucked it under her arm, and spun on her heel.

The crack of Disapparation dislodged two decades' worth of dust and cobwebs from the walls of his long-abandoned home at Spinner's End.

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# Ritual

*Chapter 2 of 2*

Thunder, a storm, and Hermione and Severus. Need I say more about this hundred-word snippet?

Ritual

By Bambu

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Thunder cracked. Jagged lightning strobed across the sky, highlighting roiling, crashing clouds, while rain poured from the heavens as if the gods were washing away their sins.

Inside the snug cottage below, a ritual cleansing of a different sort took place. The tub was magically expanded, its water charmed to remain *in* the tub. A wild-haired woman massaged shampoo into oily hair while rocking her hips rhythmically. Potions-stained fingers toyed with her breasts.

By the time she sluiced the bubbles from his hair, the only words they spoke, breathlessly, were, "Hermione." "Severus."

Tomorrow they would complete the ritual once more.

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