

# The Duck

*by Nom de Plume*

Snape, Granger and a duck.

## The Duck

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A/N: This was written in reply to machshefa's ficlet, *Brandy*, and was part of the hpcon\_envy Duck!fic Challenge. Thanks to machshefa for the beta.

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He could feel his heartbeat in his head.

"Uuugggh."

Raising a shaky hand, he tentatively massaged his temples. This would be a hangover for the books.

Severus stretched his stiff back and warily opened his eyes. The sight before him was shocking.

He sat, legs splayed over the arms of the chair supporting him, in boxers and a half-buttoned white shirt, covered in feathers and tasting of stale alcohol.

His room was in much the same state. Furniture was knocked over, paintings tilted on the stone walls, a bed sheet was trailing out of his doorway into the hall... and more feathers. Why are there feathers?

*QUACK!*

Severus started, jerking in his chair with alarm.

He looked to the adjacent wingback beside him and met the accusing glare of a white duck. Severus blinked. The duck ruffled its feathers.

He eased out of his chair-turned-bed and cautiously stepped around the beast, whose gaze followed him across the room.

How he loathed that goddamned duck.

Entering the bathroom he leaned against the sink and stared numbly at his reflection. There were lipstick marks smeared across his cheeks and lips, and his hair was knotted six ways from Sunday with yet more feathers poking out.

He sighed.

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Thirty minutes later, showered, dressed, and a little agitated, he plucked the pissy, white pest from his reading chair and tucked it gently under an arm.

"If you protest, I will roast you," was all he said.

The duck was still.

When he arrived outside her quarters, he knocked three times and glared.

The old oak door quietly snicked open. Hermione, clad in a matching white button-up, buttoned incorrectly, cautiously peeked out and promptly blushed.

"I believe *this* is yours," he clipped. He thrust the animal into Hermione's arms and swore when it nicked him viciously with its beak.

She held the duck tightly and looked down to the floor in shame.

They stood before each other awkwardly.

"We really must get a handle on this."

"Yes," she said a little too quickly.

Another pause.

"Same time tonight, then?"

Severus nodded once and, with an impressive swish of black fabric, turned and strode off down the hall.

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