

Ogling

by astopperindeath

Severus is guilty of sarcasm and eyeing Hermione's assets.

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own a thing; Jo, Scholastic, and WB are making gobs of money. Which is unfortunate because I'm not making any money off this venture and I could use the money to pay off my student loans...

She sat across from him in his chambers in a wing chair opposite his own. They had been fighting for at least an hour over which of them had the worst students. Luckily, they each had a glass of Firewhisky to dull the worst of their enmity towards each other. After all, the students themselves were bad enough, without having to resort to sniping against each other.

"My students just don't seem to get that Muggle Studies is actually *important!* Especially in light of the War! It seems they're only taking the class because apparently I'm a 'war hero!'" she exclaimed, twisting her hands around her wand in frustration.

Severus loved her rants. Her frizzy hair stood up on end, much like his friends' that time he'd gone on a science field trip in grade school when they had visited a museum with a static electricity generator. He'd loved watching his classmates' hair stand up on end as they touched the machine.

In addition to observing her hair, he loved watching her breasts heave as she sucked in deeper breaths, her cheeks coloring and her assets outlining most appealingly against the fabric of her robes.

"Well, if you didn't enable your students so much, especially the male ones, and if you didn't allow them to skive off so much during class, maybe they'd not ogle you so blatantly," Severus stated, eyeing her amply rounded breasts.

"How dare you, Severus!"

"Sarcasm is just another free service I offer, Hermione. Along with ogling. After all, how do you know if I'm being candid or facetious? There's a fine line between intentional misdirection and deliberate inspection."

"Are you implying that my breasts aren't fabulous, Severus? Because, I'll have you know they are more fabulous than you could ever imagine!" she said, slurring the last bit slightly. Apparently, their Firewhiskys had been poured more generously than he'd realized.

He snorted, almost as if daring her to prove him wrong.

When she ripped open her robes to show him exactly how wrong he was, he gawked at her just as obnoxiously as any sixth year.

Written in southernwitch69's response: There's a phrase that I adore. I'd like to see a short drabble (no more than 500 words please) where Snape says the following to someone, "Sarcasm is just another free service I offer."

Also, thanks to ladyinthecloak for being so awesome on these drabble nights!