

# May the Best Team Win

*by imhilien*

In which Professor Snape & Professor Granger argue through letters over who will win the Quidditch Cup. (For the 'Epistolary' challenge on grangersnape100. 3 x 100)

## 1

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Professor Granger was eating her breakfast one morning and thinking about the upcoming Quidditch Cup, when a letter was dropped by her porridge.

The letter was of fine parchment and tied with a green ribbon. She grimaced. Snape wrote more than he deigned to talk to her.

*Professor Granger,*

*No doubt you anticipate your precious Gryffindors winning this year's cup. However, my Slytherins will prove themselves the superior team, naturally.*

*You will have less to smile about at breakfast time.*

*Professor S. Snape*

Intolerable man, Hermione thought darkly as she looked at a smug looking Snape. She smiled sweetly at him.

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Snape's eyes narrowed when he noticed a letter on his desk, tied with a scarlet ribbon. No, he would not try to detect the perfume of the maddening Professor Hermione Granger on the letter. Professor, pah.

*Professor Snape,*

*I'm sure the best team will win this year's cup. Of course, Gryffindor House cannot help having many superior players at the moment.*

*How sweet of you to notice my smile.*

*Professor H. Granger*

Intolerable woman, Snape growled as he ripped the letter into tiny pieces, even though the paper had smelt of apricots.

He turned the pieces into ash, and sneered.

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*Professor Granger,*

*I cannot imagine how the cup result was a tie of all things, but no doubt you had something to do with it.*

*Please refrain in future from dousing your letters with the pond water you call perfume.*

*Professor S. Snape*

He received the reply at breakfast the next day.

*Professor Snape,*

*If I can accept the tie, I am sure you can be an adult and do so too.*

*I will wear my perfume more often.*

*Professor H. Granger*

Snape glowered at Hermione. This isn't over, his gaze promised.

Hermione smiled. I've just begun, her smile signified.

FINIS