

# Herovillainy 1

*by ladyofthemasque*

These 100-word drabbles were previously posted all over the place here at PetulantPoetess. I've added them as a collection so that you can read them all at once, if you like (the individual ones are still somewhere around here). The warnings are for minor stuff, but I didn't want anyone truly conservative to squawk needlessly...

## Herovillainy 1

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Herein lies the text of my drabble-challenges from my friend, *herovillain*, combined to save bandwidth for Ashwinder, and now compiled for PetulantPoetess as well. (Pearle already stole the title 'drabbles drabbles and more drabbles', darn her creative pre-emptiveness!) Included is an HG/LM and an RL/OC ficlet as well, as it was a part of the original series of challenges, though the rest are predominantly SS/HG, hence their being posted here.

Anyway, enjoy!

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### **Launch a Thousand**

100 words of name-calling, SS/HG

*Dedicated to my very good friend, herovillain, who insisted I entertain her with a 100-word challenge, RL/HG, post-coital name-selection. Written in 2 minutes flat, with no corrections whatsoever...except I insisted on making it SS/HG... ;-D ~Lotm*

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The heavy sound of panting still filled the air when he spoke.

"Hortense."

Hermione scrunched her eyes, her nose wrinkling in distaste. "...*Hortense?*"

"Why not?" Severus enquired, caressing his wife's sweat-damp belly. He adored how soft her skin was to touch after lovemaking. Especially rounded slightly with child. "It's no worse than Hermione."

"Urgh...and there's a good reason why I struck *that* name off the list, too! We'll call her Helen."

"Well, her face might launch a thousand ships, but her hair would launch a thousand barbers."

Somehow, Hermione found enough strength to attack her husband with the nearest pillow.

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### **Flinching**

100 words of what happens when you flinch, SS/HG

Herovillain, *again, has challenged me...* ~Lotm

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Hermione wanted desperately to be elsewhere. Trapped by a pair of Death Eaters, her wand knocked from her fingers, she was seconds from probable rape, torture, even death...

One of the masked figures chuckled and raised his wand. She braced herself, closing her eyes. And flinched as the fatal words were hissed by a furious voice.

"*Avada Kedavra! Avada Kedavra!*"

She was still alive. Unscrunching her body, Hermione pried open her eyes just in time to fumble her hands around a package being thrust into her hands...by none other than Snape.

"Here. The Hufflepuff cup," he hissed. "Destroy it!"

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### **Only a Little Death**

100 words of feeling the tension, SS/HG

Herovillain, *again, is responsible for this 100-words of SS/HG, post HBP, feeling the tension at wand-point...* ~Lotm

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Explosions rocked Diagon Alley in the distance, but not in this cul-de-sac. Bleeding from a cut on his cheek, Severus Snape let his gaze drift down over the torn blouse of Hermione Granger, and the grown-up curves lurking underneath. They held each other at wand-point, forearms crossing.

"Well? Aren't you going to kill me?" she panted, trying to ignore the scent of soot, blood...and that third thing. Something she hadn't smelled since the start of her sixth year, she realized. The scent of *him*.

"...Only a little death." Catching her wrist, he pulled her unresisting body close enough to kiss.

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### **Much in Common**

100 words of Lucius' opinion... HG/LM

*I'm still blaming herovillain for this series! Challenge #3, HG/LM, 100 words, exchange of a rose, and a glimpse into an unseen part of his nature...* ~Lotm

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She still didn't trust him. Turncoat for the Order when his wife was slain, instrumental in feeding the Order critical information that allowed their side to win...Hermione did *not* trust Lucius Andrei Malfoy any further than she could've punched him.

But the deep red rose in her hand...

"Why?" she finally asked the pale-haired wizard. He hadn't joined the raucous celebrations of the others. Instead, he had vanished for a while, then returned with this flower. For her.

Grey eyes met brown with unfathomable steadiness. Elegant shoulders lifted, then settled. "Because..."

"Because, what?" Hermione pressed.

"...You have much in common."

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### **Red Riding What?**

100-words of what-did-you-just-say? RL/OC

Herovillain *did me in again. Remus Lupin & Kathleen Frejne (an OC from my SS/HG story, For Someone Special), 100 words, confession of love...* ~Lotm

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Remus finished whispering in Kathleen's ear and pulled back, his eyes gleaming with mischief, a hint of vulnerability lurking in his hazel gaze. "...Well?"

A blush stained her cheeks.

"It's not too...too kinky for you, is it?" he asked in a worried tone.

Blushing harder, Kathleen shook her head. "No, it's not too kinky. I'd, um, be rather honored to play Red Riding Hood to your Big Bad Wolf. It's just..."

"What?" Remus asked, crouching next to her chair.

Taking a deep breath to steady her nerves, Kathleen blurted out, "—I just realized that I love you, that's all."

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### **Careful**

100 words of carelessness, AU, SS/HG

*And for now, the last one in the herovillain-has-poked-me-into-doing-this series... 100 words of what happens when she drops a bottle, both of them are affected, and others are forced to watch the consequences. ~Lotm*

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"Careful, sir—!"

Professor Snape turned back to retort *he* was the Potions Master, not her. His elbow jarred her forearm, and she dropped the bottle she was holding. It smashed into the table even as her hand closed around the fragmented glass. Gasping, she snatched her hand away.

His fingers clamped around hers in the effort to get her clear of danger...and he gasped as well. One of the potion-soaked splinters pierced his skin. Blood and potion intermingled. Magic seared through their veins.

As Harry and the other seventh-year students watched, aghast, student and professor embraced passionately...and kissed.

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*Well, there you have it... My attempt at combined drabbledom!*

*Enjoy!*

*~Lotm*