Herovillainy 2

by ladyofthemasque

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Yep, all of this is still Herovillain's fault! Her challenges are in italics, and my comments are not, btw...

~Lotm

Blame Him

100 words, Hermione spends a night with a glamoured stranger, recognizing him only by a scar she sees 2 months later; it's you-know-who...and she's pregnant.

****

Two months ago. The best night of her life, in the arms of someone she had thought was a stranger. So much for her ability to pierce the veil of illusions he had cast over her.

Now, sitting on his left, seeing the scar her fingers had felt, though her eyes had not seen, Hermione Granger knew who was responsible for her current plight.

"Nibbles?" Pomona Sprout asked, passing her a tray.

"Thanks." She made a sandwich out of chocolate biscuits and a pickle, eating it absentmindedly.

"Professor Granger!" Minerva gasped.

"Blame him!" she retorted, pointing at Snape. "It's twins!"

Beautiful Isn't It

One night, Hermione walks the corridors when she sees a creature much like a black angel...wings and all, landing on the top of the Astronomy tower...Waiting in the dark

to see more, she figures out that the creature is....*you chose* but the last line must be "Beautiful, isn't it?" said by Dumbledore.

****

Professor Snape mounted the stairs to the Astronomy Tower. Perhaps a glimpse of the moon through one of the telescopes might soothe the restlessness chasing away sleep. But the Tower wasn't abandoned.

Hermione readied herself to give a detention to the miscreant who broke curfew...and saw the ghost of Albus Dumbledore. He joined her as a dark-winged being landing on the balcony. She knew that figure, the tangle of messy black curls, the scar forevermore a part of his face...a face she hadn't seen in nearly fifteen years. But he was...

"A guardian angel," Albus murmured quietly. "Beautiful, isn't it?"

We've A Problem

Ginny collapses in the middle of the Great Hall in her seventh year... Madam Pomfrey has the shock of her life when she finds at the girl's neck a pendant indicating that she was married...not only married, but to whom also...

****

Poppy directed the Defence teacher to lay the unconscious girl on the bed. Shooing the man away, she drew her wand, casting diagnostic spells. Magic glowed at the girl's chest-level, indicating some sort of magical artifact. Since the youngest Weasley was unconscious, she reached under the collar of Ginny's uniform and pulled out a necklace.

The serpentine pendant shocked her. She hadn't seen one of these...since her very first year as the school nurse! Crossing to the hearth, Poppy used the Floo. "Minerva? We've a problem! Miss Weasley married Draco Malfoy!"

"Impossible!" the Headmistress retorted. "Malfoy died in the war!"

When I Want To Be

Hermione meets a very young version of Lucius Malfoy, say around 18, from having taken a youthening potion; not knowing who he really is, she finds herself liking him.

****

"Who are you?" Hermione asked the young man in the back corner of Flourish & Blotts; he seemed to be about eighteen, and rather familiar. "You look like a cousin of Draco Malfoy's."

"Something like that," the platinum-haired male returned. He flashed her a charming, boyish grin. "But I hope you won't hold it against me. I can be much nicer than the average Malfoy, when I want to be."

Hermione blushed. She wasn't used to having someone this cute flirting with her, Malfoy or not. "Um...would you like to have a cup of tea?"

"Definitely," the disguised Lucius purred.

Look Before You Leap

Post HBP: One night, a girl wakes up at the HQ of the Phoenix Order and runs to the adults in the kitchen, yelling "I know why he killed Dumbledore"(must have line)... They don't seem surprised by this...You tell me why.

****

Ginny bolted out of her bed, staggering as the urgency of her dream-riddled thoughts argued with her sleep-muddled limbs. Stumbling down the back stairs, she burst into the kitchen. It was late, but McGonagall was still chatting with Moody and Lupin at the kitchen table.

"I know why he killed Dumbledore!" she gasped.

The three adults looked at her askance. Moody's magical blue eye swiveled all around, as if making sure they weren't going to be overheard. "Why?"

"The...the Headmaster was already poisoned, and it kept him in the Death Eaters!"

"Correct," a familiar voice praised from the shadows. "*Obliviate!*"

Who I Want To Be

Herovillain challenged me to this one, next:

The morning Hermione turns 18, she wakes up only to hear a voice in her head saying "Welcome back, love..." She thinks right back at him, "We made it, didn't we..." Looking in the mirror, she sees someone else. You tell me why she is someone else.

I had to make it an FSS future-bunny, evil, wicked author that I am...

****

She awoke disoriented, but only for a moment. Hermione recognized the white-washed walls of the hospital's recovery ward. A quick examination showed her body to be fit and youthful, as it should be. It felt good to be eighteen once again, she decided. Even if she was blond and tanned, and her nose wasn't the same.

[*Welcome back, my love,*] a voice whispered in her mind.

{*We made it, didn't we?*} she returned. {*The new 'Dark Lord' will never recognize us, now that we've had plastic surgery.*}

[*We can reverse this, right?*] he asked, fingering his shortened nose.

Hermione laughed.

All I Ever Needed To Know I Learned From My Cat

A 30 year old Hermione confesses her love for Snape, while talking to a cat... at the end of her confession, the cat turns and the cat turns out to be.(Btw, this is the title of an actual illustrated book that I bought. Good book. Lurve the pics! *purrrrrrrrrrs with happiness*)

****

"...And I don't care if he's still social anathema, even though he was exonerated for his crimes!" Hermione paced in her sitting room, rumpling her unruly curls back from her forehead. The black cat on her couch followed her movement with those indigo-midnight eyes, tracking her pacing as if she were a catnip mouse. Ruffling her hair, Hermione sighed. "All I know is...he's the most fascinating, exasperating, intelligent, humorous--yes, as in funny--man that I know! And...

"...I love him with all my heart," she finished quietly. Then faced the cat.

The cat wasn't there, anymore. But Severus was.

His What?

At the end of the last game of Quidditch of the year, in their seventh year, the Gryffindors have won, again... Ron takes Hermione on his broom for a victory tour... She is afraid, struggles and falls... Ron isn't fast enough and she takes a good fall... She never hits the ground because Snape saves her by casting a strange protection-by-blood spell that only McGonagall hears...

****

"Ron, put me down!" She couldn't, daren't struggle hard despite her hatred of brooms. They were already up above the lowest tiers of the Quidditch stands.

"C'mon, 'Mione!" Ron yelled over the roaring of the red-and-gold banner-waving crowds. "Isn't it about time you got over your fear of heights? Voldie's dead, we're about to graduate, and you and I will be getting married--"

"--We'll be *what?*" Twisting violently in her shocked outrage, Hermione screamed in the next instant, plummeting.

"*Propius infans tueri!*" Snape shouted.

Hermione jerked to a stop. McGonagall gasped. That spell--it protected *his* unborn child!

Train of Thought

Hogwarts Express, 20 years after Hermione's graduation... A seventh year girl stumbles into a compartment only to find Draco Malfoy's son sitting there, recently transferred from Durmstrang... when they look into each other's eyes, a spell is completed... The last line is "It took 20 years, but it is done... The lovers are reunited..." Tell me who the girl is.

****

"You...you're Draco Malfoy's son, Dominus, right?" Daria asked, balancing her body against the sway of the train. This was the first time in seven years she'd seen this particular platinum-haired, grey-eyed youth. But she'd heard stories...

"Yes, I am. And you're Hermione Snape's daughter, Daria." He paused, then added casually, his voice hinting at the Eastern European accents of Durmstrang, "And it's Dom. My mum was a friend of yours. Ginevra."

Daria shivered as the other occupant, Professor Trelawney, muttered in a strange, raspy voice, "The Houses are Healed. It took 20 years, but it is done...the Lovers are reunited..."

Observing the Obligations

Head Girl, Hermione, has to dance with all of her teachers; when she gets to Snape, he takes her hand and places it on his shoulder, something happens to them... The last line belongs to the most unlikely person, saying, "It has begun...Beware!" Tell me who says it.

****

Of all her obligation dances at the Yule Ball, Hagrid was the worst, Hermione decided. She should've saved him for last, to spare her poor feet. Limping over to the Potions Master, she held up her hands. "Well, Professor?"

"Miss Granger," he acknowledged, sliding one hand around her waist, the other supporting her palm. She shivered with a sudden, strange awareness...and felt him shiver, too, just before they began moving. This wasn't like how Ron made her feel when they touched!

Smiling blue eyes behind half-moon spectacles watched the pair. "It has begun," Albus muttered, thinking of their Enemy. "Beware!"

Yes, Consequences

Write whatever you wish as smut, but it has to have this line in it: "Never call for ancient magic if you are not ready to take the consequences."

****

"Sev...Sev...Severus!" Hermione cried out, clinging to his sweat-streaked body with her arms and her legs. "Oh, sweet gods! Make me your fertile goddess!"

"--*Fuck!*" Severus swore, shuddering as magic burst from her climaxing body, sweeping up over his skin and draining him in a powerful orgasm. It took him a few moments before he could think again, then he braced his elbows, glaring down at her. "Dammit, wife, *never* call for ancient magic if you are not ready to take the consequences!"

Dazed, Hermione asked, "...Consequences?"

A wave of his wand produced two bright pink glows. "*Twins!*"

"--*Fuck!*"

Voila!

~Lotm