

Herovillainy 3

by ladyofthemasque

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Dubious Content

Challenged myself with this one: Ethnic foods.

This is based off of what I was eating when this latest 100-word challenge series began. Mmm, leftovers...

That thin black brow arched upward, displaying a silent, dubious skepticism as only Severus Snape could. Long fingers deftly used the tip of the wand in their grip to probe gingerly, warily at the...thing...lying in in a steaming, colourfully strewn pile before him. Whatever it was, clearly the reinstated Defence professor was treating it with all the wary care one would use on an unhatched basilisk egg.

The nostrils of that hooked nose sniffed once, twice, a little deeper the third time--

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" Hermione snapped at her husband. "You're acting like you've never seen a burrito before!"

Any Weapon Is A...

Challenge: stale baguettes

To understand why we chose this challenge, you have to be a Mob of Irate Torch-Wielding Fans member...

"--Why! Won't! You! DIE!!" *Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!*

Shrapnel went flying as her hastily improvised weapon broke. She scabbled for the broken end and started pummeling the unconscious Death Eater with both pieces, until hands grabbed her wrists, hauling her off of the unconscious wizard's body.

"Enough--*enough!* Control yourself, Miss Granger!" Severus Snape snapped at his Order contact. Hermione struggled for a moment more, then slumped in his grip, panting heavily. "Not even a baguette as stale as these ones are can actually kill a man," he muttered. Then amended, "Although yours might be the first to succeed..."

Dubious Quality

We all assume that Potions-making is similar to other activities; that if you can make a perfect potion, surely you can make a perfect...

Hermione tried. She really tried. Her eyes weren't watering that badly. Her nose twitched a couple times, but she was taking shallow breaths, not deep ones, so that shouldn't set her off. The colour was bright yellow, with orange, green and white specks. At least it wasn't soft in the middle.

A few moments later, she realized soft was far better than so rubbery, it resisted her fork, making her work to cut into the slice. A tentative bite, a bit of chewing--she spat it on her plate. "Gaahhh!"

"What?" Severus demanded defensively.

"Quiche shouldn't have this many onions!"

The Duel

AU, SS/HG, 1,000 word challenge. DA training session in seventh year, everything is going nice and smooth, though the gents are fooling around; Snape is asked to step in and train the DA properly. He decides to start with a duel, and picks the person he thinks would be his toughest opponent. That person is...

The door to the Room of Requirement banged open, startling the members of the DA club. Harry stopped chatting with Ginny, Ron dropped the books he was juggling, and Hermione ceased nagging him about disrespect towards valuable tomes. Neville swallowed audibly, Parvati sidled closer to her sister Padma, and Luna smiled serenely at the intruder. The sneer he gave them as he closed the door with another bang was enough to make half the occupants blanch and a quarter more cringe.

"You *think* you know how to defend yourselves, because of this little club?" Professor Snape scoffed as he strode further into the room, stopping when he was intimidatingly close to Harry Potter, the Boy Who Annoyed.

"No one invited *you!*" Harry retorted bravely, his expression almost as hard as Snape's.

"On the contrary, Potter," Snape all but spat. Flicking open a folded sheet of paper, he displayed the handwriting within. "The Headmaster has decreed that I am to take over the training of this little..." his lip curled, "...*organization*. You may be in your seventh year, for most of you, but most of your Defence teachers until now have been almost as imbecilic and purile as you. We will start by testing the best among you in a little wizard's duel, and then the worst among you, to see how poorly you have trained yourselves. Clear an aisle!"

The students scrambled back out of his way, most of them seventh years, a few of them sixth and fifth years. As if conjured by the flare of his teaching robes when he stepped to the side and swirled, a long, narrow dais rose up into the empty space they had created. Once again, the Room of Requirement had created what one of its occupants strongly required. Mounting the steps at the near end, the Potions Master slid his gaze over the wide-eyed crowd.

"Granger!"

She separated herself from the group, moving over to mount the steps at the far end. Ron jostled Harry's elbow, asking audibly as their curly-haired friend stepped onto the dais, "Oy! I thought he was going to test the best of us first, not the worst! She's getting downright pudgy!"

Laughter greeted his statement from the others. Hermione, mouth in a tight, grim line, glared at her so-called friends. It was true she wasn't as physically fit as her Quidditch-playing friends, but they didn't have to be so cruel! Ron was a total prat, and if it had been him she was facing, she'd have shown him a 'slimming' trick or two!

"Ten points from Gryffindor, Mr. Weasley...for failing to look beyond physical flaws. While it is true Miss Granger's figure has filled out horizontally more than vertically in this last year," Professor Snape stated bluntly, letting his dark gaze slide down over the breasts and hips visible through the folds of her school robes--robes which usually obscured the fact that she had a nice, hourglass waistline-- "...it is more critical to note that while you have spent most of your time flying mindlessly about, failing to catch half the Quaffles flying past your clumsy grasp, she has spent most of her time researching spells of all sorts in the school library."

Hermione flushed at the compliment. His gaze slid over her body again, and she felt for a moment as if he saw more than just the folds of her robes. In fact, it almost felt like his hand had slid over her curves, not just the ephemeral weight of those black irises.

"I still say she's too flabby to take on someone like Snape," she heard Ron mutter.

"I'll say," she heard Harry agree under his breath. Not enough under his breath, though. Tightening her jaw, Hermione stalked forward, facing Professor Snape at the midpoint.

"Non-lethal, non-maiming hexes, Miss Granger," Snape murmured. For a moment his gaze flicked to the side, towards a certain tall redhead. "But feel free to be both swift and creative."

His gaze dropped for a moment as she nodded, and she felt the touch of his eyes again. This time on the swell of her black-draped breasts. He lifted his wand in salute, making her match it quickly. Turning, they both paced out the requisite distance. This wasn't like the duel he'd played against that poppinjay, Lockhart, nor the equally miserable duel of Harry versus Draco, all those years ago. This was her against a former and current--if double-agent--Death Eater. Silently, she counted the last few steps. *Three...two...one--*

Whirling to face him, Hermione lashed out with her spells. She didn't shout the commands, for she had practiced her wordless magic as their current Defence teacher, Professor Frejne, had insisted. Neither did Snape say anything, just cast his own magics her way. For a long moment, there was a lob-and-return volley of light and sparks as they parried each other's energies. Three things happened at the end of about five seconds of very fast and furious hexing:

One, the Potions Master's underclothes jumped five feet to his right, where they hung in midair. Two, one of his own jinxes got through her defences, turning her school robes a lurid shade of orange-pink. And three...all of Ron's *outer* clothes jumped five feet to his left.

Smirking, Hermione studied her wide-eyed professor. Translocation of clothing *wasn't* taught at Hogwarts. It was too much of a risk for hormonal, lecherous, teenaged prats to attempt it on whoever they fancied. Of course, while it was winter and the loss of his long-sleeved undershirt might make him a bit chilly, it was his boxers that Snape clearly didn't want anyone to see. They were black, and had been painted with a large yellow smile-face over the groin-flap.

Ron's underthings consisted of a dingy white tank shirt, and pale blue-and-white striped boxers that were tatty at the hems...and a balled-up pair of socks that fell out.

"Bloody hell!" Snatching his clothes, the redhead ran from the room, chased out by the others' laughter.