

# Cat and Mouse

by WaterSinger

One is the hunter and one the hunted. But what is reality and what is not? ONE  
SHOT

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A light wind blew her hair out behind her, a streaming banner of coppery-brown that signalled her presence. Her brown eyes were narrowed against the gusts to peer into the distance, a searching gaze that missed little movement.

*He's here*, she thought to herself. *Hiding from me, maybe, but he is here*. Her eyes swept the plain before her again, following the tracks of the wind almost unconsciously. The fluttering of dead grass did not interest her, nor did the ripples trailing along the length of the little stream that cut the plain in two. She was searching for the telltale fluttering of black that would denote his presence in either of his forms.

There! She was attracted to the movement, and, with an easy movement, she had her wand in her hand and at the ready. The tip twitched slightly, displaying the eagerness that her self-control hid from her face. The pure rush of adrenaline that came from being a hunter filled her blood and made her hitch one single breath. That was enough. The flash of black disappeared in an instant, and she was left without a visual reference.

She cursed under her breath at her foolishness as she Apparated herself to another ridge, ready to begin the hunt anew.

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He breathed as lightly as he could, keeping his body perfectly still even as his eyes roamed along the ridges above him. He did not think he was likely to see her, camouflaged as she was, but there was always the possibility of a lucky glimpse.

*That was stupid*, he belaboured himself, even as he was watching the heights. *She almost caught you because of a moment of incautiousness. It is not time yet, you cannot allow yourself such weaknesses*. He noted that she had moved from her previous position, and so he began to move as slowly and carefully as he could. He knew a few of the best hiding places in this field and would use them to his advantage for as long as he could.

He reached one of them safely, thanking his good luck. The adrenaline of a hunted creature ran through him, but he controlled it with a ferocity left over from his previous life. He flipped his black hair out of his eyes, moving with more freedom now that he found himself in relative safety. Moments later, he was cursing himself again.

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She had found him! She felt triumph flow through her as she caught sight of him, and, within a moment, she was standing beside him, her wand pressed gently against the back of his neck.

"Game over," she purred, her eyes warm and dancing with laughter. He looked up at her, and his black eyes softened for a moment before becoming cold again. The cold, however, was backed by warmth that she knew burned only for her.

"Indeed, my love, it seems it is. Once again, you are the victor." She dissolved the field with a wave of her wand, and they collapsed together onto the plush warmth of their sitting room carpet.

"Really, Severus, sometimes I wonder that you don't just let me win," she admonished him. Her hand ran lightly along his muscled arm, leaving a trail of goose bumps in its wake.

"Hermione, love," he protested. "I would never do such a thing!" Her grin widened, and she pushed him back onto the carpet, moving to kneel over him.

*Not for anything but such a reward*, he thought to himself, then devoted his mind entirely to his wife.