

# Dumbledore's Bequest

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Drabble series for LJ's grangersnape100  
Challenge: Through the Keyhole.

## one

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Challenge: Through the Keyhole.

Due to war, an indifferent next-of-kin and the forgetfulness of a junior clerk, the last will and testament of the late Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore lay forgotten, gathering dust under a pile of equally dusty scrolls and parchments in the vault of Dally and Filch, solicitors. Until one day...

'It really is a mess down there, you know.'

The quill's scratching stopped. Jeremiah Probert looked up and into the over-eager face of his articulated clerk, but remained silent.

'Needs sorting out,' she continued. 'I could... I mean...'

'Be my guest, Miss Granger.' Anything. *Anything* for some peace and quiet.

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Snape prodded the parcel with his wand, checking for curses, then gave it a good shake to be on the safe side. Satisfied, he removed the outer wrappings and read the note accompanying it:

*In accordance with the wishes of our late esteemed client, Mr Albus Dumbledore, please find enclosed his bequest to you...*

Severus' eyebrows rose almost to his hairline as he peeled back the last of the tissue paper and the contents were revealed.

Keyholes. A box of keyholes.

Well, he'd always suspected, of course, but this confirmed it. The old codger had been completely and utterly bonkers.

There were round ones, square ones, silver ones, bronze ones--valuable perhaps? They were certainly old. Curiosity getting the better of him, Severus put his hand inside the box and withdrew a silver one at random, bringing it up to his eyes to examine the intricate metal-work. Magic sparked, drawing his gaze to a tiny light in the centre...

'What the f—'

He'd recognise that bushy head anywhere. Hermione Granger, looking about sixteen, sitting in Hogwarts' library, nose buried in a book. Suddenly, she looked up and around as if sensing she were being observed. Severus dropped the keyhole hurriedly.

He selected another, rubbing the smooth metal until it warmed under his fingers. The same thing happened. This time, the girl had his back to him, standing at the bar of the Hogshead, flanked on either side by Weasley and Potter, so he relaxed a little as he watched the scene unfold. Weasley squeezed her arse, and she gave him a stare that could freeze nitrogen. Severus chuckled; he'd seen that incident in real time. Weasley had ended up red-cheeked for his trouble. But then she'd looked at *him* longingly, across the smokey pub, and something had shifted inside him.

In the next one, she was more mature, at work, absorbed in whatever she was writing: chewing on her lip, a blot of ink on the tip of her nose and a forgotten quill stuck in her hair. Severus watched, enchanted, until she stiffened and looked up, reaching inside her sleeve.

'Who's there? Show yourself.'

Again, Severus dropped the keyhole like a hot potato, but quickly reached for another. He paused, wondering if there was some way of hiding his presence.

'Hmm...' He tapped his fingers against his chin. Perhaps if he Disillusioned himself first? It was certainly worth a shot...

A herd of Centaurs in rutting season couldn't have torn him away from the sight before him, Disillusioned or not. A naked Hermione Granger slid into her bath, sighing as the hot water engulfed her body, a small smile on her lips as she closed her eyes. Severus moaned and adjusted himself through his robe, praying to Merlin that no sound could travel as he did so. He stared at her breasts, just visible through the surface of the water, swallowing hard as she began to languidly wash herself and wishing himself there, just so he could scrub her back.

All too soon, she stood and reached for her towel, briskly drying herself before leaving the bathroom. Severus held his breath, the keyhole obligingly allowing him to follow her wiggling naked bottom to the living room. He was a voyeur: he couldn't deny it, and right now, he couldn't care less.

Hermione glanced over her shoulder before picking up a round crystal object and inspecting it. Then, she looked straight at him.

'If that's you, Snape,' she said. 'You'd better get your sorry arse over here, this minute.'

The box fell from his grasp, scattering its contents on the floor.

Severus' heart was pounding in his chest as Hermione, after hearing his explanation, silently examined the evidence. She had at least donned a bathrobe in the time it had taken him to Apparate, but it still was hard to forget what was underneath.

'Oh,' she said, eye glued to the selected keyhole. 'I, um see.'

'What? What do you see?'

Hermione grinned. 'A rather damp, well-endowed wizard towelling his hair after taking a shower. Big nose, too.'

'Give me that.' He tried to snatch it, but she was too quick.

'I think we may have to share this one, Severus.'

They were sitting on the sofa, comparing notes and discussing Albus' never-ending desire to meddle.

Establishing that the keyholes portrayed specific moments in their lives, Hermione had arranged them in order on the coffee-table. There was one left to examine.

Severus went first. The two of them, much older, side-by-side on this same sofa, holding hands while engrossed in their respective books.

'I see... contentment.' Severus passed the keyhole to Hermione.

'Contentment is... good. She sighed. 'Shame there's not one with red-hot sex, though.'

'I'm sure we could fashion one,' he replied, smirking. 'If we put our minds to it.'