

Sweet Indulgence

by DawnEB

Three related Drabbles I wrote a while back which I blame entirely on pregnancy cravings, plus an additional three I've been meaning to post for some time.

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Chapter 1 of 2

Three related Drabbles I wrote a while back which I blame entirely on pregnancy cravings, plus an additional three I've been meaning to post for some time.

"Miss Granger, what is that?"

"A Muggle chocolate bar, sir."

"Do you *have* to eat it like that?"

"Mmmm.... What? Oh... yes, sir. You see, it's very crumbly and—"

"Very well, I don't need a Muggle Studies lecture on the thing."

"Can't you eat it any *faster*, Miss Granger?"

"Well, sir, I'm trying to make it last, savouring it. You wouldn't want me to gobble it down like—"

"Mr Weasley?"

"Precisely!"

"I quite agree."

"Do you have to eat it *now*, Miss Granger?"

"Chocolate is a wonderful substitute, Professor."

"For what, may I ask?"

"Sex."

"Oh."

"Miss Granger—Hermione?"

"Yes."

A/N 'Sweet Indulgence' was written as the direct result of my own cravings (I was pregnant at the time). It was meant to be a one off, but continued to run through what passes for my brain, and here are the results. The second piece shares the theme of, and refers to, the first, but sets the scene for the third piece. Contains implied slash.

"What have you got there, Potter?"

"Nothing you'd want, Malfoy."

"I'll be the judge of that."

sigh "It's Muggle chocolate Hermione gave me."

"Why are you eating it like that?"

"Dunno. She said to come out here, eat it like this, and I'd *find the result most enjoyable*."

"Hah."

"Well, she's smiling a lot since she brought some back, I thought I'd give it a go."

"Well, feeling better, Potter?"

"A bit, but I can't see what the fuss was about."

"I think I can. You missed some."

"Where?"

"Let me get it for you."

"Mmmmpffmmmmmm."

"A word in private, Miss Granger."

"Yes, Professor Snape."

"Miss Granger, just what do *you* have to do with Messrs. Potter and Malfoy having a bucket of water tipped over them by Filch?"

snigger "Oh dear. Where were they?"

"Under the Quidditch stands. You don't seem surprised."

"Only about the location. I gave Harry one of my chocolate bars."

"*What?* You wasted one on *Potter* but won't even give me a single bite?"

grin "Give you a bite? I thought you preferred me to nibble... lick...*suck*...?"

Gulp

"Still want to talk about *the boys*?"

"Mmmm?"

smirk

A/N And Snape still hasn't got a piece of the chocolate.....

Previously archived on Ashwinder, newly Betaed by NotSoSaintly.

It's All A Game

Chapter 2 of 2

It's how you play the game.

It's All A Game

** Hangers rattle**

"Severus, there's nothing in here but black and... what's this?" **gasp**

"Hermione, what are you doing in my wardrobe?"

"More to the point, what is *this* doing in there?"

"Well, aren't you going to say something?"

"I'm... a little shocked."

"Hermione, I never expected anyone to see this; it was an impulse buy, years ago."

"Is that your excuse?"

"I need no excuse. I understand that it's not that uncommon; role-play I believe it's called."

"Yes, but... Severus, this is just *perverse*."

"It's just a fantasy. I've never actually *worn* them."

"Severus, these are *Gryffindor* Quidditch robes!"

"Stop that. We'll get caught – again!"

"Don't pretend you don't like it, Harry, especially as it's conspicuously obvious you do."

"Drraaacoo..."

"Very well. Have you ever made out in the Quidditch changing rooms?"

"A little."

"Want to make that 'a lot'?"

** Groan**

"What was that?"

"Shush – probably students putting in some 'extracurricular anatomy research'."

Gods!

Moan

"Let's go."

"Are you kidding? Old Prefect's trick; wait until the time's right, then burst in."

"When's the right time?"

** Rhythmic thumping**

"Now!"

Crash! *Squeal*

"Hermione!"

"Harry!"

"Draco!"

"Snape?!"

Slam!

"My eyes!"

"Harry, were those *Gryffindor* robes round Snape's ankles?"

"Well, that was an embarrassing evening."

"I couldn't agree more, Hermione. Those two—"

"I didn't mean *them*, Severus. I meant *you*."

"How dare you! I wasn't the one making comments about '*beating the Bludger*' or '*slamming the Quaffle through the hoop*' all through dinner."

"No, you were the one who lunged across the table to throttle Draco."

"I was provoked. You didn't hear his last comment, did you?"

"No, but I can't see how it would make a difference."

"He *winked* at me and then he said, 'It made a change to see you *almost* wearing some colour for once.!'"

A/N I've been searching for the scraps of paper I wrote the original versions of these on for over a year. I finally decided rewriting was less frustrating :)

Thanks to NotSoSaintly for the Beta work, I really appreciate it.