

Drabbles...

by hp4freek

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I play with them as I like, but alas, they are not mine. Neither these characters, or this world in general belongs to me, or anyone not named J.K. Rowling. No copyright infringement is intended.

Title: **The Hunt**

Word Count: 100

Rating: G

Challenge: Fancy meeting you here...

Characters: Hermione/Severus

Authors Notes: The hunt is on, did you hear that?

He hunted. Oh, yes it was a hunt. And he was the best. It was always the thrill of the chase. They were arrogant. They thought they could hide from him; they thought they were sly.

No one could hide from him.

There it was, the clue he was looking for, the whisper in the dark. One more, and he would have them. Ah, the closet, how original.

He threw open the door to find a bushy haired, ink stained Gryffindor Head Girl surrounded by books, quills, and ink, wand tip ignited. Was she *studying*?

"Fancy meeting you here, Professor."

Title: **Disregard**

Word Count: 100

Rating: PG

Challenge: First Kiss

Characters: Hermione/Severus, and the elements

Authors Notes: For the ones who love the rain...

The sky was grey, cloudy, and heavy. It was dark. It was damp. But mostly, it was forbidding.

But the rain pat, pat, pattered on, with disregard for who was or wasn't listening, or who did or didn't care. The thunder rolled with disregard for who could or couldn't be listening. And the lightning flashed with disregard for what it did or didn't reveal. And it revealed much...

It revealed two lovers, embraced, loving, caring, *caressing*, with as much disregard for anything or anyone around them as the elements themselves.

"I love the rain." Soft words lost in the storm.

Title: **Disregard II**

Word Count: 100

Rating: PG

Challenge: 2nd Person POV

Characters: Hermione/Severus, and a very upset Harry.

Authors Notes: For the ones who love the rain, but need confirmation that it is indeed Hermione and Severus...

Alone, soaked, and more than a little bitter, Harry sat at the edge of the lake, watching as Snape lovingly smoothed Hermione's dripping hair from her face. And although he wasn't close enough to see her clearly, he could imagine how flushed her face must have been from both Snape's ministrations and the cold rain. He'd known that she fancied him for quite some time, but certainly didn't think he would ever fancy her back. It figured the traitor would get the girl. Disregarded and enraged, Harry trudged back to the castle to the sound of thunder in the distance.

Title: **Gryffindors**

Word Count: 100

Rating: G

Challenge: Confessions

Characters: Hermione/Severus

Authors Notes: Gryffindors, as told from a Slytherin point of view.

I hate Gryffindors. Their boldness, their brass, but it's their so called 'courage' that really gets me. For some inconceivable reason, they think they owe the world something. Or maybe it's that the world owes them something.

They lack subtlety. They lack finesse. Where's the ambition?

The only ambition they have is to meddle in other people's affairs.

Loyalty. Maybe that's the worst trait of all. They're all determined to get themselves killed.

Honey brown eyes turn seeking my onyx ones. Complete understanding, respect, honesty, trust, and love are revealed in those depths. She's an open book.

I love Gryffindors.

Title: **Ecstasy**

Word Count: 100

Rating: PG 13

Challenge: Smut

Characters: Hermione/Severus

Authors Notes: Hermione's almost there...

"Mmm... Harder, right there, yessss..." Hermione was breathless. It felt so good, she could hardly move. If this was heaven, she could only hope she was dead.

With each stroke, she slipped further into the abyss, the darkness of her tightly closed eyes blinding her.

"Severus, that's so good... just a little more... I'm almost there..."

She began moving with him, pushing herself further and further, until her skin burned where he touched. She was so close; she could feel the end was near.

"Hermione, I can't believe you've never had the chicken pox, but I really shouldn't be scratching you."

Title: **Alternate Ecstasy**

Word Count: 100

Rating: R

Challenge: Smut

Characters: Hermione/Severus

Authors Notes: An alternate Ecstasy

"Mmm... Harder, right there, yessss..." Hermione was breathless. It felt so good that if this was heaven, she could only hope she was dead.

With each stroke, she slipped further into the abyss, the darkness of her tightly closed eyes blinding her.

"Severus, that's so good... just... little more... I'm almost there..."

She began moving with him, pushing herself further and further, until her skin burned where he touched. She was so close; she could feel the end was near.

"Hermione." He whispered her name with so much love, even her orgasm couldn't compare to the bliss she felt.

Title: **Crookshanks' Search Party**

Word Count: 100

Rating: G

Challenge: Crookshanks

Characters: Hermione, Severus, and a happy Crookshanks

Authors Notes: Hermione's searched everywhere for that darn cat...

"Crookshanks, where'd you go?" Hermione whispered, trying with all her might not to be heard by anyone else. She may be leaving Hogwarts tomorrow, but it was still after curfew.

She finally spotted an orange hair, in the light from a cracked doorway, and heard murmuring. Inching closer, she finally made out, "I'm gonna miss my favorite fur ball, yes, I am. Who's the best cat? Yes, you are."

Thinking it was some errant child with her Crookshanks, she peeked around the corner and promptly fainted. She had the perfect timing to see Professor Snape kiss Crooks on the nose.

Title: **Confrontation I**

Word Count: 100

Rating: PG

Challenge: War

Characters: Hermione/Severus

Authors Notes: This is the first in the Confrontations series (short series).

She looked at him with all the coldness he felt. There was no turning back; there was no giving in.

He was the traitor they all knew, the bastard Head of Slytherin House, biased and cruel. He had killed Dumbledore, and now he was here to kill her as well.

But when he had pictured this confrontation before, it was never Hermione who was there. Sometimes it was the too proud Weasley, and more often than not, it was the vengeful Potter, but never her, never the one who actually stood a slight chance against him.

They aimed their wands.

Title: **Confrontation II**

Word Count: 100

Rating: PG

Challenge: Movie Quote

Characters: Hermione/Severus

Authors Notes: This is the second in the Confrontations series. The quote is from 'Sweet Home Alabama.'

Both were wary and weak from battle. They were damaged and dirty, scared and scarred. The lightning had long ago left both their eyes. For one so young, Severus was appalled by the pain in her eyes.

"Who are you fighting for, Snape?" she screamed, wand hand shaking, but deadly none the less.

"You made up your mind about me long ago, Hermione. What do you care who I fight for?" Severus didn't realize the confusion flashing across her face was from the use of her given name.

"You're right, Severus," she said, dropping her wand. "You have my trust."

Title: **Confrontation III**

Word Count: 100

Rating: PG

Challenge: Traitor to the Light

Characters: Hermione/Severus

Authors Notes: This is the third in the Confrontations series.

The only other person who had given complete, unconditional trust in him, had been the one he had killed on the Astronomy Tower that faithful night, nearly eighteen months ago. He sneered.

He needed her Gryffindor bravery as much now as he needed Dumbledore's then. Kindness wouldn't win this war, wouldn't or couldn't stop the bloodshed tonight. Only Slytherin cunning could survive this massacre, and survive he would.

Without remorse he pointed his wand at the clearly surprised Hermione, enunciating the words perfectly, *Avada Kedavra*."

Title: **Alternate Confrontation III**

Word Count: 100

Rating: PG

Challenge: War

Characters: Hermione/Severus

Authors Notes: This is an alternate third in the Confrontations series.

The only other person who had given complete, unconditional trust in him, had been the one he had killed on the Astronomy Tower that faithful night, nearly eighteen months ago. Even thinking of that now, he nearly broke, trying to remember it was ordered. Thinking of mistakes and journeys, youth and age, he allowed himself one more look into her eyes, a moment of loss clearly showing on his worn face.

Lowering his wand, he said, "Don't be silly. Pick up your wand. This is war."

Walking away, leaving her to peace, he almost didn't hear the whispered, *Avada Kedavra*."