

Slime For Sale

by TempestOfDreams

Neville's daughter ruins Hermione's day. A 100 x 2 response to the grangersnape100 "Hermione's Bad Day" challenge.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I own nothing that you recognize. JKR is the goddess, but she lets her friends down off Mount Hogwarts occasionally for us mere mortals.

The door to their quarters slammed open with a bang.

"I cannot believe Neville's daughter is worse than he was!" Hermione screeched, gesturing at her ruined robes. "Look at this! It's like something from a bad horror film!"

Severus cocked a brow at her. "Is it poisonous?"

"No," she snarled, stalking toward the bedroom, "but it smells horrific."

"Well, that's a minor point, all things considered. Actually, the vivid green reminds me of that slime that our darling children enjoy playing with."

Hermione paused and glanced down, then back up at him. She snorted. "I suppose it does, at that."

Hermione returned to the sitting room in fresh robes. Falling onto the sofa next to her husband, she grumbled, "They're imbeciles. How did you stand this job?"

"I insulted them, gave detentions, and took house points."

"Right. I've resorted to those myself," she confessed, sighing.

One corner of Severus's lips went up. "I also spent a lot of time day-dreaming about creative ways to get even. Perhaps you could start a toy business with Soleil's failures?"

"I wonder if it would be productive enough to replace all the cauldrons she destroys." Her shoulders relaxed as she smiled at him. "Thanks."

Many thanks go out to Ellie for beta reading!