

Herovillainy 4

by ladyofthemasque

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Chapter 1 of 1

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My dear friend, Herovillain, insists on challenging me to write 100-word drabbles, vignettes, tableaux, whatever you want to call them. Here is the fourth installment in this series of let's-torture-Lotm's-imagination-and-writing-skills...

Interrupted

"When everything is accusing severus of killing a student, there is one person that can save him...Of course, that would start a hell of a scandal because she is 18 and his student...You tell me what was he doing at the time of the crime..."

"Harder! Lick me harder!" Her voice hissed like tearing silk.

"Yes, Mistress." His was muffled by her flesh.

Thump.

Both froze. Severus knew his lover would punish him for stopping...but neither of them wanted to be discovered in the potions storeroom. Certainly not like this. A whisper and flick of her wrist, and she released the Transfiguration that had turned his clothes into leather bonds. A tap of her own bushy brown hair, and she blended into the angled ladder.

Rising from his knees, Severus gripped his wand and opened the door.

And saw Theodore Nott. On the floor. Dead.

It's Not Really True

*"Write me a prophecy...about our favourite couple...and please speak it through Ron." ...Herovillain added a smilie-grin, too...*dirty look**

The Bludger had hit him very hard. That was what Hermione told herself over and over, afterwards. It was what Professor Snape reminded himself, too. Of course, the fact that the redheaded Keeper had crashed down practically on top of them in the teacher's stands while Hermione was trying to chat with Professor McGonagall about getting Harry reinstated as Seeker for the last game of the season ensured they were both on hand to hear his gravelly, disjointed mumblings.

"...Child of bushy-hair and beaky-nose...shall defeat the Heir of Death-Eaten Power...Child of brains...born of restricted desire.."

Hermione flushed. So did Snape.

Make Love, Not War

An exchange with the following lines: "Make love, not war!" "What's the fucking difference?"

Hermione jammed her fingers through her curls, sweeping them off her face. "God, Severus—can't we just, for once, not fight all the time?"

"What do you *suggest* we do?" Severus snarled at his apprentice.

"Make love, not war!" she retorted, wanting him to be nicer to her for once.

"What's the fucking difference?" he snapped back—and found himself grabbed by the neck by strong Gryffindor arms, pulled into a hard, breath-stealing kiss.

When it ended, they were both breathing heavily. Severus stared at her, then grabbed her and pulled her back into his arms. *That* was the difference.

Ego Stroking

Use the lines, "Why can't you stroke my ego for once?" "Why should I, when I could stroke your...inner kitten, instead?"

"I'm not saying I don't think you appreciate me, Severus," Hermione complained to her husband. "I'm just saying that you never *say* that you appreciate me!"

"Why should I tout what we already know is there?" Severus challenged her, barely glancing up from his stack of second-year essays.

Hermione draped herself over his back, wrapping her arms around his shoulders. "Why can't you stroke my ego for once?"

Twisting, he nuzzled her ear, breathing in the scent of her shampoo. "Why should I, when I could stroke your...inner kitten, instead?"

Pulling her into his lap, he quickly made her purr.

Britain's Terror Alert Level

I can't even repeat what she asked me to write. I'm just gonna write it...sorta. I'll imply it. That's as far as I can go. Now, if you'll need me, I'll be whimpering in that corner over there...

The most dangerous creature in Severus's life—following the demise of the Dark Lord and his own subsequent redemption—was not to be found in one of Hagrid's classes. Or in Azkaban.

It was Hermione Granger-Snape, Potions Mistress. Somehow, she managed to get him drunk during the victory celebration, Apparated the two of them to Gretna Green, and got them officially married over the anvil. When he woke the next morning, he was greeted by the mirror-reflected sight of a delirious grin stretching his lips past all endurance, while his young wife did her best to slay him with fellatio.

Perspective

Use the lines, "It's all a matter of perspective..." "Whose? Yours? Or the rest of the world?"

"I really don't think people are going to accept this," Severus muttered sourly.

"It's all a matter of perspective," Hermione reminded him, reaching for the potion she had made especially for him.

"Whose?" he challenged her, wincing as she poured the liquid over his head. "Yours? Or the rest of the world?"

"Severus, washing your hair, straightening your teeth, and wearing anything*but* black—or Slytherin green—isn't going to kill you!"

"Says you," he grumbled, sinking lower into the bathtub as she continued to scrub the shampoo through his hair.

"Hush," she ordered. "You'll look stunning in sapphire blue."