

Herovillainy 5

by ladyofthemasque

Yet another collection of 100-word drabbles in challenges foisted on me by my friend,
Herovillain...

Herovillainy 5

Chapter 1 of 1

Yet another collection of 100-word drabbles in challenges foisted on me by my friend, Herovillain...

...She's torturing me again. Now it's a series of integrated quotes from whatever movie or show she deigns to select... I'd exile her somewhere far away...but that would be redundant, and she does know (approximately) where I live...

**Hugs Herovillain, to be on the safe side* ~Lotm*

C4

"Let's take things one step at a time. This is a charge of C4. I can tell because there's 'C4' written all over it." (Replace C4 with whatever magical nasty thing you like.)

Hermione stared at their giggling son in dismay. "...You didn't even look at the package, when you opened it?"

"Hermione, I was in a hurry! You try changing one of these things between classes without letting your students see!—Arguing doesn't get his diaper changed," Severus reminded his wife.

"Let's take this one step at a time. This is a WWW diaper. I can tell because there's 'WWW' written all over it," Hermione pointed, irony lacing her voice. "Now, why is our son giggling, when he should be cranky and wet?"

"...Maybe the twins came up with something actually useful?"

See You

"Not if I see you first, love." Hmm...so many choices, so many possibilities for this one...

He was the most aggravating, arrogant man on the planet. No, in the whole solar system. Not *quite* the whole universe—Ronald qualified for that, the non-committal prat—but Severus Snape came pretty damned close.

Glaring at him as he pulled back from that unexpected kiss, she watched him smirk and step out of reach.

"I'll see you in hell, before I'll see you at the altar!" she snapped, annoyed at how easily he could make her respond to him.

"Not if I see you first, love." A quirk of his brow, and he Apparated.

...Love? Hermione's eyes widened, shocked.

Sound Familiar?

"I can't tell whether he's brilliant or nuts." "...Sound familiar?"

Harry and Ron watched the newlywed couple dancing together. Ron was still gaping and slightly greenish, while Harry kept slowly shaking his head, trying to deny it. Severus and Hermione Snape. It was sooo wrong.

"How could she?" Ron moaned. "I thought she was brilliant, not nuts!"

"How could *he*?" Harry countered. "He doesn't know what she's like! If you thought her study schedules were mad, think of her chore schedules!"

"He does make her happy...and quiet," Ron observed reluctantly. "She's not nattering at us anymore, just him. I can't tell whether he's brilliant or nuts."

Harry grinned. "...Sound familiar?"

Hell

"You know what they say. 'You lie down with the Devil, you wake up in Hell'."

I didn't want to believe it. He warned me. He *warned* me he would do this to me, if I chose to go to him. If I chose to stay with him. But, fool that I am, I thought my love for him would overcome any barrier. Any obstacle. Any torture.

Yes, I said torture. There's a saying: *'You know what they say: "You lie down with the Devil, you wake up in Hell".'* It certainly applies here. I bound myself to Severus Snape in holy marriage, 'til-death-do-us-part.

I *never* would've said, 'Yes,' if I knew how badly he snored!

He Is

"He is a liar. I just don't know what the lie is, yet."

I narrowed my eyes, watching them together. They sat together on the sofa at Headquarters, red locks mingling obscenely with curly brown. Somehow, Granger had allowed the dimmest Weasley to convince her to get engaged. There is no way Ronald Weasley is her intellectual equal. No way that he could stimulate her mind sufficiently for a lifetime of interactions.

Somehow, the freckled git had lied to her, to convince her that they could love each other forever. Unworthy git. He *is* a liar. I just don't know what the lie is, yet.

Once I do, they're through.

She is *mine*.

The Time Has Come

"The time has come to tell the tale..." and the situation is the following: Harry Potter, talking at someone's funeral... You decide whose funeral.

Everyone had it wrong. Trelawney, McGonagall, even Dumbledore. Especially Dumbledore. Even Lord Voldemort had been wrong. And Harry... had been wrong. Wrong about Snape, who had secretly colluded with the now-revived Headmaster, still fighting for the Light. Wrong about not wanting to trust Hermione as Snape's chosen liaison to the Order. Wrong about thinking it would be easy to leave Ginny behind.

But mostly, he was wrong about Neville Longbottom. The *true* hero of the war. Glancing one last time at the casket, he addressed the crowd. "The time has come to tell the tale...of the Boy Who Fought."

Risks

"Wait. If that's the wrong substance..." "I thought you liked risks." "I also like my body. And as I recall, so do you."

Hermione gently lifted the musky, matted strands from the cutting board. Before she could get them into the cauldron, Severus' hand on her forearm stopped her.

"Wait. If that's the wrong substance..."

"I thought you liked risks," she murmured. She had paid a lot of money to get her hands on the mojo-hairs of a satyr, even tricking Harry into using his fame for her sake.

"I also like my body. And as I recall, so do you."

"I *do*. We *have* to cure that Impotence Spell Ron cast on you." Determinedly, Hermione dropped the mojo-hairs into the bubbling brew...
