

At Random 2

by septentrion

Unrelated drabbles written for grangersnape100. Different situations and rating.

Drabbles

Chapter 1 of 1

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Nothing you recognise belongs to me.

Many thanks to Dacian Goddess who has reread all these drabbles and made them edible.

Life In Plastic

"Mum, where is Dad?" asked eight-year-old Aurelius Snape.

"Pouting somewhere in the hope of escaping your grandparents' visit," Hermione answered rather bitterly. "He's been successful in this endeavour for the last fifteen years, but not this time. Now, go to your room to get ready, young man!"

As soon as her son was out of the lounge, Hermione turned to a scowling but otherwise cheerful plastic Santa Claus that was hanging in the Christmas tree.

"I promised you that I wouldn't budge this time, Severus. You've got no one but yourself to blame for your current condition."

Back From Plastic

Sequel to "Life in Plastic."

"Where is Severus?" Mr Granger asked his daughter.

"Hanging around; he shouldn't be long."

Mr Granger's face showed the deepest scepticism.

While her guests were busy taking a seat, Hermione strode to the Christmas tree, plucked a plastic Father Christmas from it, and Transfigured it back into her husband. Her gesture didn't go unnoticed by her family, who had frozen in various stages of sitting down and were openly staring at them.

Striving to limit the damage done to his reputation, Severus straightened his spine and spat, "Am I not free to do as I will in my own house?"

Those Few Words

Seeing Han Solo being frozen in that Star Wars film Hermione had insisted they watch together, reminded Severus of that moment just before he was supposed to receive the Dementor's Kiss. The bit of dialogue between Han Solo and Leia—"Han, I love you," and Han's answer, "I know"—were the exact words he'd exchanged with Hermione as the rotting monster was already hovering above him. He'd been pardoned by Minister Potter in a last minute favour for his dear friend Hermione.

Now, he was much older; but in hard times, he was still taking comfort in those few words.

Drowning His Sorrows

Severus was considering drowning his sorrows, that is to say himself, in the elf-made wine that was being poured in the chalice in front of him.

'Someone has to carry on the fight,' he reasoned with himself. 'I need my wits about me.'

"Severus, if I didn't know better, I'd say you were brooding."

Lucius was trying to make conversation, it seemed. Well, he'd answer, he'd plaster a smile on his face, and one day, he'd kill the tyrant. He'd avenge his Hermione. Then, he'd have one last glass of that elf-mad wine she liked so much, and kill himself.

The act Of A Survivor.

Death Eater, my arse! Since the Dark Lord's defeat, he'd been more of a Death Walker, dodging the Aurors in narrow escapes. "No surrender, no retreat," had been Voldemort's last orders, but none of his followers had obeyed. At least, he ought to be safe in the Muggle house he'd sought refuge in.

"Severus, come to bed!"

Now that was an order he didn't mind heeding.

"Do you have something in mind?"

Hermione flashed him a very suggestive grin.

Convincing her that they were soul mates had been the act of a survivor, until he'd fallen in love with her.

She'd found him in her parents' house. He'd acted as if he was the hunter, the spider in its web, and he'd spun her a tale about them being soul mates. But she'd never been his prey.

"Severus, come to bed!"

His eyes glazed with lust.

"Do you have something in mind?"

Hermione flashed him a very suggestive grin. The power she held over him was heady. She very well knew his loyalties had been divided in the past; but now, he was only hers, and would ever be.

"I want you to give yourself to me," was her answer.

Retribution

Professor Snape had always belittled her friends and her, using any of their weaknesses to ridicule and insult them.

We've learnt so much in his classroom, though.

But in the end, he was nothing more than a horrible man; a traitor; a murderer.

I'd never imagined he'd kill Dumbledore.

Hermione had just heard Harry's account of the evening's events. She was crying silently, slightly apart from the others. She'd respected her DADA teacher, but she'd always wanted to get back at him for his pettiness and harsh character.

Not two hours ago, I'd have settled with fifty points from Slytherin.

Bad Sex

"Ouch! Don't tweak my nipple as though you'd want to unscrew a stopper!"

Severus looked at Hermione, nonplussed. Things were going very well as far as he was concerned.

"I'd be pleased if you could find my clitoris before breakfast. Do I need to impart some physiological knowledge to you?"

Severus felt his penis deflating as quickly as his anger grew.

"You seemed very keen on getting between my sheets, as I recall," he hissed. "You wouldn't leave me alone until you got exactly where you are."

"I've changed my mind. Fifty points from Slytherin for being a lousy lover."

In Firewhisky Veritas.

"To Albus Dumbledore, the greatest wizard of all times."

Silence fell upon the Great Hall at Severus' toast, and hundreds of angry eyes settled on him. He wavered slightly on his feet and raised his glass, then downed his tenth Firewhisky of the evening.

McGonagall stood and caught his elbow. "Severus, I think it'd be best if you went back to your quarters."

He batted her hands away.

"I don't want you to put me to bed like a naughty child. I'd rather the young, sexy Miss Granger tucks me in."

On his left, the new Transfiguration teacher blushed deeply.

Blackmail is More Efficient.

Hermione and Severus peered around the doorframe. The very first thing they saw was a great red glow. It dimmed and then went out. In front of them lay the scene of Voldemort's demise: a shabby study, a standing Harry Potter, and an unmoving body.

They quietly retreated in the corridor: it wasn't safe at all for Severus to be seen—yet. Hermione didn't waste any time and set about snogging him wildly.

"We're going to be free to love each other," she whispered between two heated kisses.

"I would not be so sure of myself, if I were you."

Hermione's eyes sought his own.

"I never thought he would do it." There was wonder and worry in Severus' voice.

"Is that so?" Hermione asked.

"I've bet on him losing. I have to leave." He was a bit annoyed by his admission, but if she really loved him, she wouldn't let him be thrown into Azkaban.

"Don't be ridiculous," she scoffed. "I've prepared proof of your 'innocence' for the Wizengamot. I plan on passing them to the Aurors as soon as we're publicly and officially engaged."

She'd always known blackmail would be more efficient than love to get the man.

Genetics Repeats Itself.

The young woman was reading *Hogwarts, A History* for the umpteenth time. Her bushy, brown hair was hanging on either side of her face, casting shadows on her book, yet she seemed unfazed by this. Her mother burst into her room and chuckled at the sight.

"Still reading that book? It's a wonder it doesn't fall apart!"

"Mum!" the young woman protested. "You know I'd never let that happen! This book has been in the family for decades."

"I know, dear. My great-great-grandmother was very fond of it. She'd read it from back to front even before she attended Hogwarts."

"Well, the more I look at her photo, the more I think I look quite like her."

"Are you sure? It's true that I haven't looked at it for ages."

To prove her point, she held the book out to her mother to show her a wedding picture of a young woman with bushy, brown hair, and a tall, dark-haired man who would have been forbidding had he not been smiling at his bride.

"It appears that you're quite right, dear!"

The photo was labelled: *The wedding of Hermione Granger and Severus Snape, held in the Great Hall in 2002.*