

Cat O' Two Tales

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Two unrelated drabbles written for the 'Natural Hate' and 'It's not what it looks like' challenges on GS100.

Only Chapter

Chapter 1 of 1

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Blood Issues

It was only after Severus called me 'Mudblood' in a fit of rage that I realised that hate had become so natural to me. He apologised profusely afterwards, but I waved his excuses away, lost in thought.

Being called a 'filthy little Mudblood' since the age of twelve had desensitised me. When Malfoy first hurled the slur my way, it was those who weren't Muggle-raised who objected violently. I was just bemused, thinking that while it was obviously very rude, Muggle insults were far, far worse. They actually meant something.

"What's worse, being a Mudblood or fucking one?" I asked.

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"Hermione—"

I cut him off, enjoying the appalled look on his face. "You forget your own parentage, calling me Mudblood. Ask Malfoy, anyone with any Muggle blood has dirty blood."

"I didn't mean—"

"Did we win the battle only to lose the war? This blood rubbish will never end. The cycle of hatred never ends." I laughed mirthlessly.

Severus caught my flailing arms, drawing me close.

"*Please*. I'm sorry."

"I know. Just bite your tongue next time, or I'll do it for you," I growled. Sometimes I really hated the man I loved.

"Forgiven?"

"Yes. But not forgotten."

Tattoos

"It's not what it looks like!" Hermione blurted, pulling her sleeve down, but not quickly enough to hide the tail of the snake tattooed on her arm.

Striding over to her, his teeth bared in his fury, Severus grabbed her wrist.

"You stupid girl!" Severus snarled, spittle flying. "Irreversible stupidity! How could you be so brainless?"

"Actually, there is Muggle technology that will remove—"

"Silence!" He hissed, leaning in close enough to touch his nose against hers. "It does not work on a Dark Mark!"

"But—"

He shoved her sleeve up. "Oh."

"—it's not a Dark Mark."

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"What was I supposed to think?" Severus asked.

"Huh." Hermione yanked her wrist out of his slack grip, turning away.

"It's on your left forearm, just like my Dark Mark. Anyone could have made the same mistake."

Hermione kept her back turned, but rolled up her other sleeve, revealing a similar tattoo coiling up her right arm.

"How was I to know that? I'm not Alastor Moody."

"All of my important decisions of late have involved you, *darling*. Becoming a spy for the Order would involve at least discussing it. I tend to look before I leap, unlike some people."

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"Guess where you'll be sleeping tonight."

"With you?" Severus ventured.

"I hope your sofa is more comfortable to sleep on than to sit on."

Imagining that he looked much like Crookshanks did when Hermione had taken him to be neutered, Severus eyed the dilapidated sofa in front of the fireplace.

"Take a look. It's the last you'll be seeing of me for a while."

Dragging his eyes back over from the horrors of his sofa, Severus caught a glimpse of Hermione's body just before she drew her robe closed, having turned to face him.

"How far do the tattoos go?"

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"Wouldn't you like to know?" Hermione all but sneered, turning on her heel to stalk towards his bedroom.

"Yes, actually. I would." That brief peek had tantalised Severus's curiosity. Particularly where the body of one of the snakes on her arms disappeared under her underwear at her left hip.

"Too bad." She sashayed into his room.

Before Hermione could close the door, he lunged in, pulling her close. "I could make it worth your while if you showed me," he whispered, enjoying the shudder running through her as his breath tickled her ear.

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It didn't take that much more persuasion for Hermione to disrobe entirely. The right arm snake twisted over to trail down her back, ending with the head on her arse, tongue occasionally flickering and scaly body shifting as only a magical tattoo could. The left arm snake followed a similar route, but curving down her front, head on her inner thigh, a somewhat smug expression on its face, tongue flickered out teasingly.

"I hope you went to a female artist for this," Severus murmured, tracing Leftie's path.

"No, but he was a eunuch, so technically I went to an 'it'."

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Replacing his fingers with his lips, Severus soon had Hermione arching into him.

He paused just when she was on the brink of release, leaving her begging for more.

"Don't stop... please, don't stop, you bastard!"

"Forgive my inadvertent mistake and I might."

Striking as quickly as the Slytherin mascot, Severus caught her hands, preventing her from finishing herself off.

"Well?"

"Bastard!"

Gripping her wrists with one hand, he reached down to tease her to new heights, leaving her incoherent.

"Repeat after me: I forgive you and let's both go to bed."

Hermione whimpered, speechless.

"I'll settle for a nod."

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Some time later, after Hermione had agreed not to kick Severus out of his own bed, she spoke up. "Severus?"

"Mmm?" Severus sleepily opened one eye.

"How well do you think a Dark Mark would blend in with my tattoos?"

Jerking completely awake, Severus turned an incensed glower on her.

"Just kidding."

Teeth grinding, he lifted an arm to point to the sitting room door.

"It was just a joke!"

"It's not a laughing matter," Severus growled, tugging the covers off her.

"Come on, Severus, you've made jokes in poor taste before. Usually about Harry and Ron."

"You. Sofa. Now!"

AN: Many thanks to septentrion for betaing both of these.