

At Random 3

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Unrelated drabbles written for the LiveJournal communities grangersnape100 and snape100. Different situations and ratings.

Drabbles

Chapter 1 of 1

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All drabbles had been combed by Dacian Goddess for misspelling and grammatical mistakes.

Always Listen To Your Inner Child

Rating: PG

The beast crept slowly into the dark room. It could hear the deep breathing that betrayed the presence of two sleepers in the bedroom. It stopped its advance abruptly when the woman moved and moaned in her sleep. False alarm. It resumed moving and nested among the dust bunnies under the bed.

Suddenly, the woman sat up and screamed. The man beside her spoke sleepily.

"Hermione, what's the matter?"

"I dreamt there was a monster under our bed," she said, panting.

Severus snorted. "Only children believe such non-sense. Go back to sleep."

If the Lethifold could sneer, it would have.

Wedding Jitters

Rating: PG

Harry found Draco in the kitchen.

"Couldn't sleep either?"

"Not when I'm to be my best friend's best man."

"The same for me," Harry answered. "We still have five hours before we have to be at Hogwarts."

Draco snorted. "Don't be silly. Have you ever seen newlyweds being on time?"

"Hermione and Snape are always on time!" Harry protested.

"I bet they will be late, wedding jitters and all that. Now, come here and kiss me."

Six hours later, a pale Hermione entered a silent Hogwarts Great Hall on her father's arm. Draco mouthed to Harry, "I told you so."

Mnemonic Means

Rating: PG

Once in a while, Harry would pull a number of memories from his brain and pour them into his Pensieve. Then he would begin his pilgrimage through his past...his first lesson with Snape; Snape in the Shrieking Shack; Snape and Sirius in Grimmauld Place kitchen; Snape the night he killed Dumbledore, etc.

Harry needed this to feed his hatred of the man. Unlike his enemy, the feeling wasn't natural to him. He especially had a tendency to forget he wasn't supposed to like the dark man after a day spent in the company of Severus and Hermione's sweet children.

Deer Heart

Rating: PG

"Out! Now!" Severus yelled at his class.

He stared with fury at the bloody mess spread on a student's desk.

What a waste of potions ingredients, he fumed.

He strode into his office to retrieve the device he needed. When he came back, he waved his wand silently above a soldering iron and set to work on the deer body part damaged by a teenager's lapse of concentration.

"What are you doing?" Hermione asked.

He nearly jumped out of his skin; he hadn't heard his wife come into the classroom. He answered her nonetheless.

"Trying to mend that broken heart!"

Blue Potion

Rating: PG

"Can I have some wand polisher, please ?" the customer stuttered. His ashamed behaviour left no doubt what kind of wand polishing he was alluding to.

"Of course," the shop owner answered. He handed the not-so-young wizard a vial containing a blue potion.

Severus smirked at the shy wizard's retreating back. To open his very own apothecary in Diagon Alley had been an act of freedom. To marry Hermione had been an act of love. On top of that, he was now the richest wizard in Britain.

Hermione's idea of diluting Viagra into a base potion had been absolute genius.

Untwisted Knickers

Rating: PG-13 for innuendo

"Spousal duties? Spousal duties? I'll show him spousal duties! Oh, Severus! Sorry, I didn't see you here," Hermione cried while entering the Ministry potions laboratory.

"Well, it seems someone has put your knickers into a twist."

"Ron reproached me for neglecting my spousal duties. He wanted to shag five minutes before I left. As if I'd be late for work for him!"

"Well, *he* is your husband, Hermione."

She grumbled something unintelligible.

"What? I didn't catch that."

"Nothing!"

Severus rolled his eyes and pulled her to him.

"My dear, I think you're in need of someone to untwist your knickers."

Fantasia

Rating: PG

A tagelmust is a three to five, but sometimes up to ten meter-long indigo dyed cotton combination both a veil and a turban. (wikipedia).

A fantasia is a horse-riding or dromedary-riding spectacle in Morocco and in the Sahara that includes hundreds of charging horsemen (and women) wearing traditional clothing. (goafrika . about . com)

Severus was sweating profusely under his tagelmust, and the reins of his dromedary were slipping in his hands. On her own dromedary, Hermione wasn't really faring better.

"Stop swearing, dear," Lucius shouted to her. "It's so unbecoming for the Dark Lord's right-hand lady."

She was starting to have regrets for helping the Dark Lord win the war. What was the need to establish diplomatic relations with the Tuareg marabouts? At least, the Order had been sensible enough to only search for alliances in temperate countries.

I'd better concentrate on remaining seated on the damn beast, lest I become really ridiculous.

Bellatrix and Narcissa joined them, riding elegant Arabic purebred. They'd claimed that dromedaries weren't refined enough for women of their calibre, and that Hermione, being a fighter, would be more at ease on a camelid.

She shared a look with Severus. She knew he was as annoyed as she, but he wordlessly promised her a very interesting night if she behaved. They couldn't displease their Lord.

"It's time!" Rodolphus yelled.

Hermione and Severus sighed and led their white dromedaries to where the fantasia would begin while the other Death Eaters cheered them on. They had literally drawn the short straw.

Monsters

Rating: PG-13

"*Imperio!*" Severus intoned softly, his wand pointed at Bellatrix' back. The woman stopped running.

"What are you doing?" Hermione whispered from her position behind him.

"I will not let her inform the Dark Lord that she has been right all along, that I have been a traitor."

"Are you going to kill her?" Anticipation and anxiety were vying for dominance in her voice and reverberated through the damp, stone-walled corridors.

"Yes," he answered fiercely, "but the Killing Curse is too merciful for the likes of her."

They approached the frozen woman while talking.

"Severus, what do you have in mind?"

"Come with us," he ordered the cursed Death Eater instead of answering Hermione. They walked along similar corridors until they heard a faint hissing. Hermione shivered in spite of her heavy cloak. She knew what was coming their way.

They halted. Soon, a gigantic snake appeared around the corner and slithered toward them, never ceasing to hiss angrily in their direction.

Severus was tense, ready to take action; Hermione was petrified, as if she'd met another basilisk; Bellatrix stood motionless and emotionless, thanks to the Unforgivable Curse Severus had cast on her. Face to face, each gauged the enemy's weakness.

A very nasty smile, one of the shark species, appeared on Severus' face.

"Hermione, put the snake under the Imperius Curse. It should not resist it."

Hermione could swear Severus was giddy, but she didn't have time to ponder the wonders of life: she did as bidden. She didn't even object to what he asked of her next.

The serpent advanced on Bellatrix and slowly coiled itself around her frame. When the bodies of the two monsters were securely intertwined, Severus lifted the curse off of Bellatrix. The black-haired woman screamed as her bones shattered noisily under Nagini's powerful muscles.

Overconfidence is a Sin

Rating: PG-13 for torture (not descriptive)

Severus poured the translucent liquid carefully into the aryballos. He put a stopper on the opening of the small flask, tied a thin strap around its neck and fastened it around his wrist under his shirt-sleeve. Since Bellatrix had caught him off guard all those years ago, getting him to reveal his secret tendre for Narcissa, he'd always carried a readily available Veritaserum antidote with him. Occlumency wasn't always enough.

But today, the antidote wouldn't be for him. The Dark Lord wanted to question the newest prisoner, and there was no way that he would let her spill Potter's secrets.

Granger was huddled on the floor in a poor attempt to shield herself from the outside world. He hauled her up rather brutally so that she seemed to stumble against him involuntarily. Severus gripped her hair with his left hand and used his ample robe to hide his forcefully pouring the antidote to Veritaserum down her throat.

"You will be able to lie to the Dark Lord. I hope you've learnt Occlumency or he will know the truth. Don't doubt that he would then use another and much more unpleasant way to gather information," he whispered quietly near her ear.

Hermione nodded her understanding imperceptibly. Things weren't what they looked like; Severus Snape hadn't betrayed them after all.

Voldemort interrogated her for interminable hours, alternating between straight questions, torture with the Cruciatus Curse and bouts of Legilimency. The good thing was that no Death Eater had been allowed to witness her ordeal...not even Snape, the Dark Lord's most trusted advisor. Not a human being...she didn't consider him as such and the serpent didn't count...saw her soil herself while she was lying to the most evil man she knew between harsh cries of pain or through gritted teeth.

Mudblood Granger hadn't resisted the Veritaserum. He'd tortured her, of course, and had checked her truthfulness with Legilimency, but Veritaserum had been the most efficient means of getting information from her. She said that Potter was secretly being trained in the Dark Arts by an Order member in the hope of fighting fire with fire. The fool! The boy would never match him, whatever his efforts.

Voldemort had just made a grievous mistake; he'd ignored the greatest peril Veritaserum held for its users: overconfidence.

At his side, Severus felt relief and grief for the girl now reduced to a corpse.