

Snape And The Beasts

by septentrion

Seven years, seven species, seven drabbles written for snape100.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own anything of this.

Many thanks to my dedicated beta, Dacian Goddess.

This series was written for the LiveJournal community snape100.

Fluffy

Potter had seen him...

"Nosey prat!"

Severus was venting his rage and frustration at Potter while Filch was helping him bandage his now mangled leg.

"I wouldn't be surprised if the boy reveals himself to be as much trouble as his father," Filch grumbled.

"Ouch!" Severus cried. He had applied too much pressure on his wound. "I believe this is enough. I don't need to remind you to keep your quiet about this?"

"Of course not, Professor."

I'm not sure I'll last seven years here with that little prat in the castle, Severus thought while limping back to his quarters.

The Basilisk

Ron slid down onto the wardrobe floor, still having in mind what he'd read about basilisks. He vaguely noticed the teachers' reactions to the news that a student had been taken into the Chamber of Secrets, yet paused on Snape: the man's knuckles were positively white so strongly he was gripping the back of that chair. Could it be that the man really cared? Or was he just afraid of losing his job, should the school close?

Whatever the answer was, Ron couldn't miss the glee on Snape's face as he sent Lockhart to face the beast on its territory.

Buckbeak

"Severus! I thought you might be here."

The man invited himself into Severus's office.

"Walden. What nefarious deed are you here for?"

Macnair grinned.

"For an execution of course. A dangerous hippogriff I was told."

"Ah, yes, Hagrid's beast. I believe Lucius is behind the sentence."

"What would you expect? The animal nearly killed his son."

The two men exchanged pleasantries for a while before Macnair took his leave.

"Duty calls," he joked, mocking the authority that had pardoned a real Death Eater.

If only he could rid me of the real beast that's teaching Defence Against The Dark Arts.

The Skrewt

Severus was checking the traps in the right half of the maze that awaited the four champions while Moody was in charge of the left one. He smirked; the lame wizard would have to deal with the Acromantula.

Suddenly, he heard a blast coming from behind him and dove aside just in time: Hagrid's Blast-Ended Skrewt flew over him. Obviously, that trap wasn't malfunctioning.

Not waiting for the beast to renew its attack on his person, Severus exited the maze as quickly as his legs would permit it.

"Everything's fine," he told Dumbledore before he strode back to the castle.

The Thestrals

"Where have those moronic children gone?" Severus grumbled while searching the Forbidden Forest for Potter and his gang.

He spotted something looking suspiciously like a pool of blood and rushed to examine it. It was indeed blood, and Thestrals were licking it, but there was no body attached to the blood. However, there were traces of a fight: broken branches, crushed grass, non-human footprints. Only the small herd of Thestrals look serene.

Severus did a double take; he knew how many Thestrals Hogwarts owned, and if he wasn't mistaken, three of them were missing. Cold sweat ran down his spine.

The Canaries

The tale had first been told by a portrait to another, to another, to another, until it reached the ghosts' ears. The ghosts told the teachers, though the students were, as always, none the wiser; it wouldn't do to let them know that their respectable teachers had fun at their expense.

Severus smiled genuinely.

"I don't recall ever seeing you this cheerful," McGonagall teased him.

"Setting canaries on Weasley.... She should have set condors instead."

"That would have been a bit harsh," she protested.

He seemed to ponder her remark.

"I see your point. One canary would have been sufficient."

The Doe

Severus could kill without batting an eyelash. In the past, he had tortured people for hours without being bothered by remorse, though far away, locked in the back of his mind, he could hear Lily's voice saying, "*Evil, Sev.*"

He was praised by the Dark Lord, and yet still doing Dumbledore's bidding.

While musing on his dreadful personal history, he reached the place where he knew he could find the beast he could never harm, even to save his miserable skin. For hours, he gazed at the doe that was so like his Patronus and wished he'd be a stag.