

Preparing To Fight

by fyiagcg

100 words that started as a parody of "Eve of the final battle and Hermione wants to get laid" fics and spiraled out of control

a whole bunch of 100-word-ers

Chapter 1 of 1

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Don't own it. Never did, never will. I can't even attribute the original concept to my warped mind.

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"Professor Snape, sir. I don't want to die a virgin."

"You won't."

Hermione's breath hitched and he scowled at her. "I'm sure you'll walk away from the battlefield only slightly wounded. Now leave."

It took several hours and two blow-jobs for her to convince him to take her innocence before her childhood was lost forever to war.

He fucked her, then he fucked her again, and again. A few hours later he made love to her ferociously as the sun rose on Hogwarts, all of its inhabitants preparing for the battle of their lives and the end of the war.

A/N One hundred words of not-quite-parody to get it out of my system. I hold a special love for the challenge of 100 word fics. To be honest, when I continued it was of complete shock to me. The first was on purpose, the second was a giggly idea I had. The rest... I couldn't stop! Each bit was written separately and in 100 words apiece. It's pretty much all one scene, but isn't it more fun with 100 word segments?

"Hermione, I'm so sorry!"

"It's alright Ron, I'll be fine, I told you."

"Yeah, but I feel horrible. That hex was aimed at Goyle! I don't know how it missed and hit you instead."

"It was an accident. Muggles call it 'friendly fire'. And it's my fault too, I should have dodged it."

"That's right, 'Mione," Harry chimed in from the bed beside hers. "What happened? You just seemed so tired. And you were walking really funny."

"Rough night, I suppose."

"What happened? Were you up all night preparing to fight?"

"No. I was up all night preparing to love."

"Granger, that was the cheesiest thing I've ever heard."

Draco smirked at her, leaning over Harry's chest to see her face clearly. The hand he placed on Harry's thigh to brace himself didn't leave anyone wondering what his rough nights consisted of.

"Mr. Malfoy, shut up," Snape's voice startled everyone. "Pull the curtain around the bed you appear to be sharing with Potter. Weasley, go... do something else. Check on your family members. I wish to have a word with Miss Granger."

Nobody moved.

All four men jumped a bit when they heard the low growl from Hermione's throat.

"Alone."

"Before you react, I'll point out that they were too busy gawking to ask for details." She threw her hands up into the air, causing a slight wince as her shoulder reacted to the sudden movement.

"And I'm on a lot of potions right now," she continued, panicking at his contemplative stare.

"And I was hit with a nasty hex!" Her voice was becoming slightly more high-pitched as he remained silent.

"And it truly was a lovely night spent in your bed...."

Silence.

"Really! I can't be held responsible for anything I say for at least another twenty four hours!"

The smirk he sent her way as she sat slightly panting from the exertion of her defense unnerved her almost more than his silence had. When he spoke there was amusement in his manner, competing with his usual bastardly tone.

"I will take all of that into consideration when I make my judgment about what I've just overheard."

"I."

He stopped any further arguments with a glare she recognized from class.

"Such sentimentality and romantic sloppiness is not the way I conduct myself or my affairs, and I cannot abide having someone I'm with describe our relationship in such phrasing."

Her mouth gaped open and shut like a fish as she tried to decipher his statement. Every time she began to speak, another response took priority in her brain.

He took advantage of her silence, quite enjoying her baffled expression.

"Don't do it again."

"Um... I won't... sir?"

Madame Pomfrey didn't even try to hide her reaction to the chuckle emanating from the dour man as she arrived to check on Hermione.

When she was through, Pomfrey patted Hermione's knee and began giving him orders.

"She's not to get out of bed." Her hesitance to release her patient was evident.

"Assuredly, I will do the best that I can, Poppy."

He turned to Hermione and pulled on her hand, bringing her out of bed and towards the floo. She was too confused to argue, and was feeling the effects of Ron's accidental hex send her head spinning and her vision blurring as he drew her to himself.

She barely noted the potion that the Medi-Witch had just given her taking effect, or the clinking of glass vials in his pockets. She was too focused only on her hand in his to even hear the giggling from the bed beside hers.

A/N Good? Satisfactory? Enjoyable? Yes? No?

calms breathing and reverts to cut and paste

I respond to every review I get. I also make a loud squeaking noise of excitement every time I see a new one. I won't insist again that I am not a writer. Instead I grudgingly admit that as long as I'm writing, I'm a writer. But I will ask for feedback.

Because if I'm going to admit to being an author, I'll damn well insist that I've no idea what I'm doing, and admit that I'm