

At Random 4

by septentrion

A collection of unrelated drabbles written for ayerf, grangersnape100, snape100 and adventdrabbles. Mostly fluff and humour.

Drabbles

Chapter 1 of 1

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I don't own the characters, I'm only playing with them.

Thanks so much to my beta, Dacian Goddess.

No Daughter

"Severus, there's no need to be so harsh on the students," Minerva chided sternly.

"Why, Professor McGonagall, I happen to think that they are here to learn."

She snapped, "Of course they're here to learn, but they're here to live too. Last night, I found Miss Granger in the library, asleep on an essay you've assigned to her class. The poor girl has put her health in danger from fear of you. What would you think if your daughter was pushed beyond her limits by her teachers?"

Severus smirked. "It is very lucky, then, that I don't have a daughter."

It's Like Breathing

Severus was furious. "Your son borrowed Potter's broomstick without permission!"

"I wasn't aware that I was the Virgin Mary. I believe Aurelius is your son as well," Hermione snapped.

"But he has inherited your most annoying habits. I remember you 'borrowing' Potions ingredients at school."

"The situation was dire!"

"Is that how you justify pilfering? Indeed you're no Virgin Mary; your morals are too low."

"My apologies. I wouldn't want to intrude on your territory, Lord Snark," Hermione sneered.

Around them, people carried on their conversation as if nothing were amiss. Bickering was as vital to the Snapes as breathing.

La Crème De La Crème

"My dear Mrs. Snape, welcome to our home," Lucius Malfoy purred after having greeted her husband. "Narcissa will take care of you."

Narcissa led them to an elegant room where the *crème de la crème* of wizarding society already stood. There, she endeavoured to introduce "Mrs Snape" to the other distinguished and very pure-blooded guests. She had been a perfect hostess, making sure that Hermione felt at ease, until Mr Parkinson asked, "Good Lord! Have your standards become that low, Narcissa?"

"This is Severus's wife, Jeffrey. You know that I would not let a Mudblood attend a party of ours."

Severus's Real Secret

Severus had watched Granger and Weasley tiptoe around each other for months. Actually, he had noticed the boy long ago: as soon as he had stepped into the Great Hall for his Sorting. He had noticed Granger only by extension. Why didn't she give in and show the boy she reciprocated his affections? Why did he spend so much time thinking of them? He didn't like the answer and ruthlessly shoved it to the back of his mind.

Ron Weasley had to be the most freckled boy he had ever met, and Severus had always so wanted to have freckles.

Wet Memory

"I think we should propose alternate activities for the students who can't go to Hogsmeade," Pomona Sprout insisted.

"And how do you suggest we do that when nearly all the teachers go to the village?" Filius Flitwick piped in.

The same endless, pointless debate was launched in the staff room. Shrill voices, 'dulcet tones' and heated arguments washed over Severus's ears, prompting him to block the outside noise and retire within himself. There, he sought out the memory that would soothe his hurt hearing: water falling along tiled walls and onto the enamel floor while Hermione sang under the shower.

La Bûche

This is set in the universe of my one-shot "French Culture".

"I'll have you know that I have the utmost respect for the French culture," Severus answered.

"Are you seeking a position at Beauxbâtons?" inquired McGonagall. She couldn't get over the fact that her colleague had preferred *Bûche de Noël* to pudding. She cast a disgusted glance at the rolled cake heavily covered with chocolate cream.

"No, Minerva, I am not. But I've learned to appreciate the finer points of certain French traditions." His gaze didn't leave his personal secretary for the International Board of Potions Masters' face; Hermione was licking custard from her spoon as if she was licking his tongue.

Christmas Shopping

"Here, darling, here's the list. I'm sorry I can't go with you, but..."

"I know," Severus answered. "An emergency. Go, Hermione!"

"I love you!" She gave him a peck and Apparated to her office.

Severus picked up the shopping list Hermione had hastily scribbled down before she'd departed and eyed it warily: a Christmas tree, garlands, tinsels, mistletoe, holly and... a wraith. He knew that most of those things were essential to give their home a Christmassy feeling, but a ghost? Well, if she said so...

"You mean a wreath!" exclaimed the saleswoman to whom Severus had handed the list.

Joining The Stars

When Hermione woke up on Christmas morning, she found only stars in her stocking above the fireplace. A fiery red star: Ron. A twinkling star: Viktor. A wooden, hand-carved star: Hagrid. It was as if all her friends had conspired to fill her house with stars of all shapes, colours and brilliance. The last star was dark. When Hermione looked at it, she felt as if she'd fallen into blackness, both void and bliss, never to emerge again, and she relished the feeling.

"Oh, Severus!" she whispered. And she kissed the star.

She never noticed her body shimmering into nothingness.

Fly Casual

Severus heard heartbreaking sobs coming from the bedroom he shared with Hermione. He found her crying her eyes out on their bed.

"Hermione, what's wrong?" He was worried. He sat near her.

"Ron told me he thought I was better at polishing brooms than flying on them because I kept falling from my Comet. He said I glided so much along my broomstick that it was blinding him by too much arse-polishing."

"You know this was a lie. It may be true it is not your greatest strength, but you can fly."

Sitting up, she threw herself in his arms.

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"He told me: 'fly casual'. How am I supposed to fly casual? There is no such flying technique." Her sobs intensified. Severus felt his own heart clench at the sight and feel of her distress. He rocked her until she calmed down. His wife had always had insecurities, but they seemed to be brought out more than usual since she had become pregnant.

She raised her head and looked at him through her tears.

"You don't think that I'm lousy?"

Severus swore under his breath; there would be a Weasley missing by tomorrow morning.

"You can never be lousy, Hermione."

The Raid

"Yes, my sweet. This is the last time we visit this corridor. Tomorrow morning, we will leave this castle forever. We both deserve to retire in our cottage."

Mrs. Norris mewed her assent.

At that moment, Argus Filch heard a noise coming from the dark corridor before him and his cat. It was the kitchen door being closed. Two voices chuckled and two pairs of feet shuffled along the corridor toward the ageing caretaker.

"Who's there?" Filch called, raising his hand to cast some light into the shadows with his lantern. He could make out two forms, male and female.

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"A pity I won't be there to supervise your detention," Filch sneered. "Stealing food like vulgar thieves! Headmaster Snape might have let me use the thumbscrews for my last detention."

The two offenders had stopped dead in their tracks, their arms laden with food. Filch advanced on them, but froze when he saw who he'd "caught".

"A pity, indeed," Severus Snape drawled. At his side, Professor Hermione Granger smirked.

"Headmaster? I didn't... I'm sorry..."

"Enough. I don't need to spend the night hearing your excuses. Go!" Severus ordered him. Filch left without further ado, his skeletal cat in his trail.

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Filch had barely turned round the corner than Hermione burst out laughing, dislodging some of the chocolate cake that topped the food lying in the cradle of her arms.

"Did... you... seeeee... his... face?" she managed to say between bouts of laughing.

Severus's lips twitched violently. "I did. I believe he will remember his last patrol at Hogwarts for a long time."

They both started to walk and climb the stairs leading to their rooms above Severus's office, not bothering to be quiet this time. The castle's portraits watched with benevolence the couple who had celebrated their twentieth anniversary today.

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As soon as they arrived at their flat, they put the food down on the table: pudding, chocolate mousse, lemon pie...

"Thank you for this wonderful evening, Severus," Hermione said. "It was one of our best anniversaries. All this sneaking around, trying to avoid Filch, has made me feel young again."

I certainly hope so, Severus thought. I didn't ensure for us to be caught by Filch for nothing.

He grabbed Hermione's waist with one hand and a bowl of custard cream with the other and led her to their bedroom. "Come, my dear. Our celebration is far from over."