

# All Fluffed Up

by Mint Stick

A set of drabbles written in response to the GS100 'Unforgivable Curses' challenge.  
Pure fluff.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I do not own these characters. They belong to JKR. I make no money.

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'Why did I let Hermione talk me into this?' wondered Severus, not for the first time, nearly slipping while dodging yet another hex from the determined trio.

Surely those two fools could have found someone else to spar with. Oh yes, right, they had wanted *the best* to prepare them for their Auror exams.

Severus supposed he should be feeling flattered, but in truth, he was tired, hungry and bored. And the weather was too sunny to be enjoyable. Why had they chosen a meadow for this? Why not find a cool dungeon with no insects buzzing around his head?

\* \* \*

'*Rictusempra!*' bellowed Potter.

One single moment. Just one moment of inattention or, rather, attention directed at avoiding something a cow had left behind, and the blasted boy had got him.

Unable to keep his balance, Severus landed on his back, right in the middle of a large cluster of dandelions, giggling helplessly. 'I'll kill the boy with my bare hands if I have to,' he thought, mortified.

'You know, you look absolutely adorable like this,' remarked Hermione, once she had ended the spell. She knelt down next to him, picking something out of his hair. 'Dandelion fluff. It suits you.'

\* \* \*

'Just kill me now,' Severus muttered. 'Or tell me that this is a dream. This cannot be happening.'

'Oh, it's not a dream.' Hermione smiled. 'And I'm not going to kill you!'

Leaning closer, she whispered in his ear. 'All that fluff ... it's quite, well, exciting. So soft and ... fluffy.' She let her fingers trawl through his hair, gently massaging his scalp while picking the fluff out.

'Ah yes,' thought Severus, hoping that Potter's successful hex meant this interminable torture session had finally come to an end. 'Now I remember why I let her talk me

into this.'