

# Wonder Witch Love Potion 69

by beaweasley2

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## As If Flying on Firebolts

Chapter 1 of 7

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*I want to give a great big thank you hug to MadBrilliant for combing through this to point out my numerous errors and help me make this presentable for reading. You're the best, thank you!*

As If Flying on Firebolts

Hermione stood with her head against the window, watching the rain as it pelted the paned glass panels, and looked out at the cloudy skies. The dark grey clouds over the oaks matched her mood perfectly. Below, her garden was taking a beating, the magical herbs and plants as well as her ordinary ones. She thought again about running downstairs and putting up a few tarps to protect her plants or casting a magical shield. *But rain is supposed to be good for them, isn't it?* Still, they were going to need fresh dragon dung and Stem-Strengthening Potions to revive them if she didn't go down and set some kind of protection. *I'll entice Neville over for lunch in the garden, then make excuses. Besides, he's much better with them than I am. He'd have them right in a flick.*

Her wedding gown hung on a hanger on her new wardrobe across the room. It was an old gown, an antique really, that she knew fit her perfectly. It was very flattering to her figure, but she hardly had the desire to look at it. Her wedding to Ron was only month and a half away, everything set, the invitations sent, and the reservation cards were already arriving. *It's just wedding nerves, nothing else. But the ceremony is too grand, much more elaborate than I wanted, and there are so many invited... It's like a circus... Still, anyone who is anyone wants to attend. Two celebrated heroes of the wizarding world unite in holy matrimony...and all.* Hermione sighed, turned and walked back to her writing desk.

She picked up her quill and finished the report she was writing. Her job at the Ministry in the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures had been taxing but rather enjoyable, and she felt like she was finally making a difference in the lives of the creatures she served. People wanted change. Minister Shacklebolt wanted changes. Unfortunately, those working under Hermione were afraid of what changes she would suggest, especially since Newt had been asked to return as interim department head. Newt Scamander had gladly come out of retirement temporarily, as a favor for Minister Shacklebolt, to help get the department back into shape. He'd appointed Hermione as his right hand witch almost immediately upon meeting her.

It was devastating in the Ministry lately, after so many had been killed, injured, or ill after the war, and those released from Azkaban were still feeling the effects of their confinement. Too many of them needed Mind-Healers and potions just to function. Actually, when Hermione had been suggested as the new Assistant Head of the Department, she had been accepted unanimously, as long as several key persons retained their jobs. Cuthbert Mockingridge had been reinstated as Head of the Being

Division with Mandy Wellright appointed as his assistant. Mark Pagett, who worked in the Dragon Research and Restraint Bureau, requested that he be able to keep his post. Newt was amazed, and not the least bit amused, at the changes, subdivisions, and reorganization that had been created because of the new laws, which had been passed since his retirement. Thus, his first act as department head was to hold meetings with each division head and review what exactly the division did. However, it was Hermione that began to chart out the department structure, examine protocols, and create organizational flow charts that ultimately ended up looking like a pureblood family tree.

Newt discovered from her chart several conflicts of policy, many laws and by-laws creating protocols that made no sense, and many creatures falling into overlapping divisions. Hermione's report was to announce the new changes Newt wanted in the department. She knew that she and Newt were going to ruffle many feathers, but changes needed to be made. One of the biggest was to make the Being Division split into new categories: the Centaur Liaison Office, Goblin Liaison Office, House-elf Liaison Office, Vampire Liaison Office, Hag Liaison Office, and the Werewolf Liaison Office. All other creatures in the book *Fantastic Beasts And Where to Find Them* were now under a new Beast Division, which would have three subdivisions: the Dangerous Magical Creatures office, for creatures triple-x or higher, and a Common Magical Creatures office for all other classifications, which would have the Pest Advisory Board in the same office. The Dragon Research and Restraint Bureau and the Dangerous Creature Research and Restraint office was staying as the Dangerous Magical Creatures Division since they were very effective and managed their own international interactions with other countries dragon preserves. Trolls and giants were now classified under the Dangerous Magical Creatures office, but Hermione figured it was a compromise of sorts for her other suggestions, especially the House-elf Liaison office. Many of the recent anti-creature laws were being suspended or rewritten.

The Committee of the Disposal of Dangerous Creatures and the Creature Capture Unit both had to have strict new guidelines regarding creature termination, encouraging the preference of capturing over killing them, especially where the werewolves and vampires were concerned. It would give those beings, such as the werewolves, who agreed to registration and monthly confinement, a fighting chance for protection and help against some discrimination. She sighed knowing that Remus would now have a job again as a Werewolf Liaison officer and would be heading up the recruitment of getting the other werewolves to trust the Ministry and comply with the new rules. Hermione was hopeful it would make a big difference in their lives and cut down the number of new infections and casualties.

Hermione finished her report, the article announcing the new laws and departmental reorganizational changes, and walked over to her new snowy owl to have them sent. "Merc, I need these to go to Newt for approval. Stick around until he either rejects the proposal or decides to make any changes and sends you back home...or approves them. If he approves, he will have to endorse my proposal and sign it, and then I'll need you to take it to Kingsley. If Newt sends you to Kingsley, he will undoubtedly have a response for me, so please wait for his reply."

Merc hooted softly, bobbed once, and held out his leg.

She cast a Warming Spell and Impervious Charm on her owl and then held up the twine, binding her proposal, report, and article for him, making sure he had a good grasp in the knot. "I know I'm asking a lot, but I'm really counting on you. I promise to save the chicken liver, gizzard, and heart for when you return." She gently stroked the soft plumes and whisked the window open with a wave of her hand. "Have a safe flight," she said as Merc flew out the window.

Hermione watched her owl soar away through the rain. Hagrid had given Harry a new snowy owl for his birthday the summer after he defeated Tom 'Voldemort' Riddle. The new female owl had been confused and hurt when Harry had just turned his head, tears falling down his cheeks when he'd unveiled her, and walked away. The gentle bird had tried everything to impress him, but Harry could hardly stand to look at her. Finally, Ginny had confessed to Hermione that the owl was becoming so depressed and admitted she was thinking of giving the owl to her. Instead, Hermione had tried another approach. She'd told the beautiful bird about Hedwig, with Ginny adding in her memories as well, and had showed the bird the pictures she had of Harry and his first owl. The owl had listened to every word, and several months later, the beautiful Hedwig-two laid five eggs. Harry gave Ron, Hermione, Luna, Neville, and little Teddy Tonks each one hatchling. Ron had immediately named his owl Ohkool, when she knew he'd wanted to name it Asteros. Hermione was still waiting to hear how Ron had fumbled that one up.

Thinking of Ron, she wondered how he and Harry were faring on their S.E.C.E. maneuvers. She knew that the Auror Search Evasion and Capture Exercises could be really challenging and that, on occasion, fatalities and severe injuries happened. The thought made her uneasy. He would be gone for another three weeks of training, but having this time alone was rather nice. Besides, Ginny popped in frequently, often staying overnight, so she rarely got bored or lonely.

Hermione returned to her desk and pulled out her essay parchment on the blending of violet-leaf fern tinctures to asphiral spears sap and myrrh she'd been writing, after having finally found a way to make these three seemingly incompatible substances blend. She'd seen the article in the quarterly journal of the Most Extraordinary Society of Potioneers about the infusion being impossible and felt the urge to disprove the statements. Minerva had been most accommodating when Hermione had asked to use the Hogwarts library for her research since she'd spent so much time helping the new librarian, Miss Penley, reorganize, restore, and repair all the books and rearrange the library in order to have it ready for the school year.

In her last year with him as her Potions professor, Snape had assigned homework regarding the introduction methods of either asphiral spears sap or myrrh with violet-fern oils, but none of the potions mixed the three together. She knew the three main constituents of asphiral spears, myrrh, and violet-fern were the resin, the gum, and the volatile oil, and all three did not normally mix well in potions. Due to the gummy nature of the products, combining them was tricky at best, but most potions only used two of the three mixed together and not all of them because they repelled many ingredients and reacted strongly against each other or combusted. During her sixth year, when they'd tried brewing three of these potions in class, nearly everyone had come close to melting their cauldron and half the class actually did. Hermione, Harry, and Draco alone had managed to keep their cauldrons intact.

Hermione had remembered reading about potions that combined asphiral spears or myrrh with other oily plant resins in her sixth year and could easily retrace her research on the decoction and analgesic she'd made in her seventh year after the war, using asphiral spears and myrrh under Professor Slughorn. So far, she'd only found references and potions that combined two of the three ingredients, not all three together, but she clearly remembered that she'd seen a potion that had combined all three...once.

Both asphiral spears and myrrh resins were used in medicinal decoction preparations for periodontal diseases, ulcerative canker and cold sores as a mouthwash, in combination with sage, peppermint oil, menthol, chamomile tincture, expressed juice from Echinacea, clove oil, and caraway oil. The volatile oils of these two plants were also combined with the same ingredients to make an analgesic potion and remedy for the common cold and sore throat. The resins of asphiral spears and myrrh were used in a making the thick liniments as a remedy for numerous infections, including leprosy and syphilis. She suspected that the key might be to add the violet-leaf fern tinctures to the potion's base before brewing, and if at all possible, it would strengthen these healing potions if the right formula could be determined.

Several days later, Hermione was back in the Hogwarts library, searching for the elusive Potion book. She knew that she had seen asphiral spears and myrrh combined with violet-leaf fern tinctures in at least two potions, which challenged the statements in the article. Actually, the project had another advantage. It gave her something to do while Harry, Ginny, and Ron were off in the Devonshire, watching a Chudley Canons game, again.

Finally, after hours of searching, she found a very thin book and two very obscure and dusty volumes in the Restricted Section that held the confirmation she needed.

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Severus relaxed in his sitting room enjoying a sniffer of fine elf brandy while reading the newest quarterly journal of the Most Extraordinary Society of Potioneers. Salis Oldenburg had a ridiculous article in the last issue regarding the impossibility and incompatibility of blending violet-leaf fern tinctures with the substances of asphiral spears and myrrh. He had wanted to write a contradictory article condemning the suppositions Oldenburg presented, but refrained. However, a very well written article had been submitted regarding the very question. The extremely well thought-out, well-researched, and well-supported response definitely piqued Severus' interest. He'd no idea who Jane Greenger was, but the woman had obviously attended Hogwarts, which also sparked his interest. He couldn't recall teaching a Jane Greenger, but the books she quoted in her article he knew well. Very well. Two of them had belonged to him and had been professionally copied, as per Dumbledore's request, for the Restricted Section of the Hogwarts library.

Severus knew of the other source she'd quoted, a very old, very thin book that held the ancient Love-Drawing Potion that used all three of the ingredients as well as the Mooning-Dream Potion. *Mooning-Dream Potion. Volatile to create, and particularly touchy in its timing. The potion had been forgotten ages ago...thankfully. Violet-leaf fern tinctures were generally infused with a natural, heavy mineral water base only found in the ancient springs in Pompeii or Bathe, occasionally with natural wells. The myrrh resin and asphiral spears oil were added with the Glumbumbles, and Streeler secretions, and if the measurements were not exactly precise, the potion was quite deadly.*

*Lovage, bleeding heart, lavender, hellebore, larkspur, digitalis, cocoa bean, ginseng, and cyclemen tubers... the potion mixes both poisonous and love herbs.*

*Then there was the other one... It's base used Augurey and kelpie tears added to the violet-leaf fern tincture, which could then be mixed with asphiral spears oil and myrrh resin. Add asparagus root, ground cayenne peppers, lavender oil, myrrh oil, quince, yarrow and stevia root, cinnamon, clove, damiana, and the Ashwinder egg yolks... the ingredients of the Love-Drawing Potion, he recalled, if memory serves me, and you have a very powerful attraction potion.*

The old potion had been used on several occasions to draw one's soul mate to the one who had taken the potion. However, the affections that occurred never lasted, unless there had been attraction before the potion's use. *Bella had asked me to make the potion to make Lucius fall for her. The potion backfired, and she was betrothed to Rodolphus before the potion wore off. Still, both potions proved Salis Oldenburg wrong in his assumptions, Severus mused to himself. Only I hope that this Jane Greenger has better sense than to reintroduce this potion...either potion...back into common knowledge.*

Severus had made sure the three books, which mentioned the methods of using the violet-leaf fern tinctures to the potion's base before brewing to strengthen the potions efficiency, had been placed in the most difficult and obscure hiding place he could conceal them, on the topmost shelf of the Potions section. Every year, he perused the card to see if anyone had requested to check out either of the books from the library. No one had since he'd donated the copies.

His own copies still stood in his own private bookcase, and only one other wizard that he knew of had copies of the books. Lucius Malfoy. Although, Severus doubted that his friend could understand the obscure ancient runes and complex arithmantic formulas necessary for the potions.

Severus called for Peeper, his house-elf and asked her to place the journal on his desk in the potions lab.

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Hermione checked the Love-Drawing Potion before she sat down to eat. It would be exactly twenty-three minutes before she added the shredded quince, then another two minutes before stirring the required seven times as she slowly blended in the ground cayenne peppers. Time enough for lunch. Ron still was away. *He and Harry were spotted in the stands by the Seeker of the Chudley Cannons during the last match and had been invited to join the team in their practice...again.* So, Hermione had the weekend to herself, again.

At precisely twenty-one minutes, she rose and waited, ready to add the quince. The potion frothed immediately from the substance, and she had to control the urge to stir quickly or too much to calm the foam down. Finally, the potion quieted somewhat, and she carefully added the next ingredient. The potion turned into a clear broth as she finished the last rotation of her spoon. She checked the copy of the potion directions. *Assess again in five hours and dribble lavender essence oil by rolling down thy rod... Easy enough.* She set the timer and headed to the loo to brush her teeth.

The next morning, Hermione checked her potion. The soft golden peach color was perfect. She carefully spooned in the myrrh oil and amber, waiting for the steam to begin to curl the other direction before she could add the stevia root. Once the myrrh and amber had fully blended, she would add more lavender oil and set the potion to the side.

The other sample sat on her worktable, finished ten days ago. The Ancient Runes and Arithmantic equations of that potion had been difficult, and the Augury tears and natural spring water from Pompeii to make both potions were expensive, but the potion had come out exactly as the book described, although she was finding it hard to translate the runes that made up the potion's name. *Missing morning... or absent moon... new moon possibly. But the symbol of dream I know well enough, unless it's supposed to mean preoccupied. The first symbol was translated as preoccupied in later dictionaries....* Still, it meant nothing to her. Nevertheless, the swirling fumes of the pale, blush peach potion were delightful and smelled divine, filling her workspace with its incredible fragrance.

The third potion she found was a very complicated and difficult concoction that would make a thick analgesic liniment, which was great for severe joint pain. But because the potion was so dangerous to brew, even the more skilled brewers avoided making it, thus it was not readily available and almost completely unknown. The book Hermione had found the third potion in hadn't ever been checked out of the Hogwarts library. In fact, neither had the other two. Anyway, between the two potions she'd finished and the third she wanted to try, she now had proof that violet-leaf fern tinctures and asphiral spears and myrrh *could* be blended together in potions.

Hermione had woken up several times in the night for the last ten days or so, having erotic dreams of Severus Snape. In one of the recurring dreams, she saw him rise and walk out of the Shrieking Shack and seek her out to make love to her. In her most erotic dreams, he simply entered her home or her bedroom and began to make love to her in her own bed, or on her chaise lounge, the kitchen table, the drain board, the loo sink, her bath tub, or simply against the wall. In other dreams, she saw him open the door of a semi-detached house in an old industrial mill town, beckoning her inside and into his arms. But the room in the house was dark, and the only thing she could see were shelves of books, a fireplace, and Severus. And for some reason her mind couldn't stop imagining her one time professor standing before her in casual robes, or jeans and a shirt, or nude, his skin finally flushed with a bit of color with strong, lean muscle on his slender frame. But Merlin, he looked good, really good, in her dreams. So unlike he had at school.

The hurtful retort by Salis Oldenburg was still tacked up on Hermione's corkboard along with her opera tickets. Master Oldenburg was still insisting on the impossibility and incompatibility of blending of the violet-leaf fern tinctures and asphiral spears and myrrh together, stating that her claims were preposterous. Well, she'd simply send him a vial of each potion with a copy of the directions for the third one, and go enjoy an evening with Luna at the opera. Besides, she was really looking forward to seeing *Magicus Venenatum Noctis, Acredulae Cantionis, The Magical Enchanted Night of the Nightingale Song.* Wizard opera was so fascinating to watch with the way the sets and costumes changed magically right before one's eyes. It was always amazing.

Luna was a due at her door at six-thirty sharp. She had been delighted when Hermione had asked to go with her, and her friend's enthusiasm completely made up for Ron's groaning when she'd purchased the tickets, especially since Ron would never have consented to go. So, she was going to the opera while he was off in Belfast to watch Quidditch.

By a quarter to six, Hermione ladled the shimmering pale amber potion into vials and carefully wiped some spillage off her worktable. *Professor Snape would have been furious with me for being so careless in class,* she laughed to herself. She carefully placed the sample potion in a box with the sample of her other potion and sealed it, addressing the package to Salis Oldenburg, care of the Most Extraordinary Society of Potioneers quarterly journal. Crookshanks jumped up on her worktable to present her with his latest present, a freshly caught ground squirrel, accidentally knocking one of the vials of her first potion to the floor. Hermione laughed, picked up her cat, and deposited him on the floor. Grabbing the same rag she'd used to clean up her worktable, she sopped up the potion, wrung the excess potion in the sink, and dropped the rag into the rubbish bin. Merc screeched on his stand when Hermione picked up the squirrel to deposit it into the rubbish. "Okay, you may have it," she replied, skinning and cleaning the animal deftly, and then tossing the squirrel to her owl, laughing as he caught it before it hit the ground. "Just don't eat it in the sitting room, eat it in the kitchen so you're easier to clean up after."

Hermione then carried her cauldron to the sink to clean it out. Her rubber gloves were on the floor again, obviously having been toyed with by her cat. "Crookshanks, you really must stop chewing up my gloves," she admonished her pet.

He just rubbed against her legs as she turned her attention to her cauldron.

Hermione turned to look at the clock, checking to see how much time she had to get ready for the opera, wondering if the Chudley Cannons had lost their game yet. Ginny was at the Harpies versus the Cannons game with the boys and was expected to come by later tonight. Hermione made a fortune betting against the Cannons Quidditch team and had a few rows with Ron about her winnings. Ron and Harry frequently had the same discussions, but Ron never yelled at Harry for supporting different teams or betting against the Cannons.

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So far, the Opera performance was breathtaking. The balcony seats she'd purchased were excellent. The costumes were incredible, and the singing performance completely enthralled her. The story was easy to follow because the music was so very powerful and the choreography was very well done. She and Luna were having a

wonderful time. At intermission, Hermione and Luna sipped on a few flutes of champagne as they talked about the arias and the sets. She hadn't had so much fun in a long while. When the lights flashed, indicating that the second act was about to start, Hermione and Luna downed the last of their drinks and headed back to their seats. As the music started, Hermione felt a little light headed, as if she had become drunk on the champagne, but she closed her eyes and let the music sweep her away.

Hermione stumbled slightly as she exited her box, and she felt a strong hand reach out to steady her. The man in black pulled her to him in a warm and comfortable embrace, whisking her into the dark corner at the end of the corridor, instantly kissing her. Her head swam, and she felt like she was floating on air. His kiss was firm, demanding, and deeply passionate. His fingers seemed to glide over her body like the notes of the violins. In the background, the soft twitter of a nightingale's song mixed with soft sounds of the flute and soprano in perfect rhythm with his kisses and caresses. His cloak enveloped her, and his masculine scent carried to her senses, making her even more lightheaded with each breath she took.

The tenor began to sing, but Hermione hardly cared, completely giving into the man's sexual advances, desiring this more than anything she'd ever wanted before, feeling completely safe in the dark corner. Her gown parted and fell to the ground as his body pressed against hers, and she felt the searing heat of skin on skin as the oboe played. He lifted her leg to rest at his hip and slid into her as the base drums and trumpets sounded, his penis thrusting into her as she tangled her fingers into silky hair, pulling him to her so she could kiss him. She swayed with the music, enraptured by the melody, moving in rhythm with the lean strong body in her arms. She could feel the music, feel it swell up inside her, and she wrapped herself tighter around the man holding her. Her breath caught and she groaned. The rolling building within her turned and seemed to pour from her core as if she were melting within his embrace. Soft, pleading cries issued from her, and his mouth claimed hers as she shattered into infinite pieces in her lover's arms.

He continued his lovemaking as the performers sang and the music surrounded them, feeling him thrust deeply into her with each plunge. She arched into him, trying to sink down onto him each time he pushed into her. She was insatiable, and he was incredible. She was reaching another peak as the soprano began her arias, gasping and grabbing onto him as her body reached another orgasmic release. He was pounding into her, pinning her roughly against the wall as he thrust in, murmuring her name in a deep throaty drawl as he came, filling her.

They stayed that way, pressed tightly together in the dark, languidly kissing, savoring the shared post climatic bliss, his softening penis still twitching inside her as she clung to him and willing the moment to last forever. He shifted, his penis slipping out, and he kissed her, tenderly and sensually. As if by magic, her dress covered her, her own cloak was wrapped around her body, and she leaned against the wall for support, her knees and entire body relaxed, weak, and spent as the last of the arias died into thunderous applause. And then, as though it were a dream, he was gone, lost in the crowd of faces, furs, and robes, filling the corridor.

"Hermione? Oh, there you are," Ginny said, touching her arm. "Hey, are you all right?"

"Yes, I'm fine, I think. Where am I?" she asked, looking around the living room in a dazed stupor. She was lying on the chaise by the window. Her favorite chair.

"You're home, in your lounge." Ginny looked at her curiously. "Are you all right? Boy, you missed a good game. Harry, Ron, and I got to fly the new Firebolt II's. Merlin, they're fast. I know we shouldn't have had those green drinks. I'm still feeling lightheaded myself... Hermione? Are you sure you're okay?"

"Yeah. Yes, I'm all right. I suppose I just fell asleep," she replied. "I think I'll go to bed. I must be really tired. Where's Ron?"

"The guys were invited to fly with the team tomorrow, so they stayed in Belfast. I've got to go back to the shop tomorrow... Hermione, are you sure you're okay? You look like you just woke from an erotic dream."

"I think I have...weird though," she said, trying to rise and feeling stiff and sore, especially her legs. "The dream was so surreal and yet it felt real... I'm just tired. You want to spend the night? I can go with you to Diagon Alley tomorrow. I need a few supplies."

"Sure, thanks," Ginny said sarcastically, still grinning. "I thought that was what we planned on doing. Geeze, some dream if you forgot I was coming over. Let me know if you have a repeat of your dream...or better yet, let me have some of the potion you used to have it."

Hermione looked at Ginny gobsmacked. "A Mooning or Preoccupation Potion... and Love Drawing Potion. I just finished them today."

"What do they do?" Ginny asked.

"I'm not sure," Hermione admitted sheepishly. "The Love-Drawing Potion is supposed to connect you with your soul mate so you can find each other. The other one I don't know anything about. I didn't make them to use, I made them to prove that certain ingredients could be used together in a potion. But I didn't take them..."

Ginny started laughing. "Hermione, you work too hard. Either that or you miss my brother. Good night. I'll see you in the morning. Thanks for letting me stay."

"No problem," Hermione said as she made her way to her own room. *It was only a dream? A vivid exotic dream...? I didn't even see his face; it was too dark... but one thing is for sure, it wasn't Ron in my fantasy.* Hermione froze, suddenly aghast. *Merlin's balls! It wasn't Ron!*

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*Author's Notes:*

*This was the article I used for my owl facts: <http://www.sandiegozoo.org/animalbytes/t-owl.html>*

*The number of eggs that are laid depends on the food supply. If prey is scarce, only two or three eggs may be laid; if food is easily available, then six or more eggs may be laid. Chicks generally hatch two days apart, with the oldest chicks getting the most food. This ensures survival of at least a few chicks if food is scarce.*

*I borrowed the ideas of the Ministry reorganization and Hermione's position in the department from 'The Potions Master's Amalthea' with permission of the author, as well as the moniker Tom 'Voldemort' Riddle, because I liked it.*

*The Prompts I chose and I am weaving into this mess are:*

#63Hermione likes to experiment with potions and has offered to help George when he reopens his new shop. However, so does Ron and they are having problem in their relationship. A mishap in the workroom produces disastrous results of the Wonder Witch Love Potion, effecting George, Ron, Hermione and Ginny. What truths are discovered, who falls for whom, and why is Hermione pinning away for Snape if he is dead? (No incest and must still fit in plausibly with DH)

#1. Hermione and Ron are married. What would she do if she came home unexpectedly and found him in bed with another woman?

#34. AU: Lupin and Tonks aren't killed in the final battle. What does Lupin do for a living now that he's not needed in the Order any longer? (Include Teddy or not, your choice!)

#35. Firenze has thrown his lot in with the wizards and witches, becoming an outcast. What does he feel? How does he cope? Does he have any new friends?

#70. Fred & George Weasley's newest invention (from Ron) has interesting/ horrific/ comedic side effects. What happens? Who is affected?

#100. There are people who believe that Ron and Lavender did the nasty during sixth year. What if Lavender got pregnant during their canoodling and after the Final Battle Lavender informs him that he's the father of her child or if you feel Lavender dies in the battle, leaving the child behind for him to take care of.

*Yep, I really am going to pull all of this together.*

# The New Wonder Witch Love Potion

## Chapter 2 of 7

Hermione has her hands full between work issues, private life issues, and her personal obligations. On top of everything else, she had offered to help George keep up with product production when he reopened his shop. However, so does Ron, and thanks to his brilliant bumbling, George and Hermione have a huge problem on their hands. Ironically, the answer is out there, pretending to be dead...

*I want to give a great big thank you hug to MadBrilliant for combing through this to point out my numerous errors and help me make this presentable for reading. You're the best, thank you!*

The New Wonder Witch Love Potion

"Ginny, grab the potions by the kitchen sink, will you?" Hermione called out from the loo. She was running late, having overslept, again, from vivid dreams of Severus Snape. *Not Ron, Severus Snape. Why am I pining for Severus Snape? He's dead. I saw him die.*

"Sure thing," Ginny called back.

Hermione vanquished the steam from the loo with a wave of her wand and tried to comb out her hair, using handfuls of Detangler Solution, and running the details of her dreams over and over in her mind. *It's like my bloody schoolgirl crush on him all over again! Why now? Why him of all wizards? He's dead...I know he's dead* She'd been completely enamored of him in school. *His voice, the way his robes billowed as he moved... Heck, they practically billowed when he stood still* Hermione tugged her brush through her hair to try, unsuccessfully, to dispel any more thoughts about Severus Snape. *His hands, the way he wrote on the backboard, the way he prepared ingredients with such precision, the way he held his quill, tapped his lip as he thought... and those eyes! Circe, those eyes! They were so black you could get lost in them, even when he was glaring at me, which was all the time...get a grip, Granger! The man is dead! You love Ron. You are marrying Ron!* she reminded herself as she braided her hair. *In a little over a month, you're marrying Ron. You love Ron.*

"Hermione, are you ready?" Ginny called from the hall.

"Yes," she yelled back, grabbing her work robes and running to join Ginny at the Floo. In a swoosh of green flames, she was walking out of the Floo of Cortkey's Café and struggling to balance her box as she purchased a large cup of breakfast tea.

"No pasties today, dear?" the elderly shop keep asked.

Hermione smiled. "Only if you deliver them for me to Weasleys' "

"Wizards Wheezes," the woman finished for her, grinning back. "If I send my grandson with the pasties, do you promise to send him back?"

"I solemnly swear," Hermione replied, laughing as she exited the shop. "Without warts, pustules, or feathers."

She struggled at the door to George's shop, until little Roderick Maggantay showed up with his grandma's delivery, and opened the door for her, eager to be first in the shop. Hermione laughed as he set the bag down on the counter and turned to look at the items on display. "Fifteen minutes and I have to kick you out," she said, and he nodded, heading for the trick wands.

"You know, I should hire that kid," George said, opening the bag. "He knows the products as well as I do and far better than my own staff."

"Considering you're always letting him test the candies, I doubt his grandmother would give him to you," she replied. "Roderick, how would you like to help me put this stuff up?"

Roderick turned, grinning. "Usual payment?"

"Sure," George said, laughing. "Just be sure to stick around here until you molt."

Putting away the Charmed and Transfiguring trick items went so much faster with Roderick helping, and within minutes, the little tyke was sprouting feathers and beaming up at George.

Ginny entered carrying a pile of Wonder Witch boxes and stacked them on the shelf just as Susan Bones, Hannah Abbott, and a third girl, another Hufflepuff from Ginny's year, entered the shop and hurried over to say hello. Hermione walked over to greet Susan and Hannah and was introduced to Megan as Ginny tore open the last box, offering her friends a sample. Each girl took one, exclaiming over the divine taste of the truffles. "Go on then, Hermione, give it a go," Susan coaxed her, grinning. "So, when do they take effect?"

"Sorry, I have to pass. I've got to be in the office in less than an hour, and I can't be daydreaming while renegotiating Goblin rights," Hermione replied as she shook her head, laughing. She turned, walked to the back workroom, and then suddenly froze in the doorway. "What are you doing?" she screeched, eyeing the empty bottles on the worktable next to Ron.

"Making Wonder Witch Truffles," Ron answered back, looking at her as if she'd cracked her nut as he stacked bright pink boxes aside.

"Where did you get those vials?" Hermione shrieked, running forward and grabbing an empty vial, praying that it wasn't one from her kitchen worktable. Unfortunately, it was.

Ron shrugged. "I dunno. From you, I suppose, since the box had your note inside and the vials were labeled in your handwriting. Ginny gave them to me." He turned and levitated the flat holding the boxes to float them into the shop.

"Wait!" Hermione said, turning. "You can't! It's a mistake, the potions...they're not for the shop!"

"What's not for the shop?" George asked as he licked his fingers. "Hey, Ron, these are delicious. The girls like them too," he said, jerking his head at Susan, Hannah, and Megan, all standing next to Ginny, looking at her, wondering what was going on.

Hermione grabbed Ron's arm and pulled him back into the workroom. "Didn't I include a list of which potions were which?"

"Yes, Hermione," Ron replied. "You always do."

"And did you actually read it?" she snapped back.

"Of course I read it! Do you think I'm an idiot?" Ron snapped back, agitated. "You said to use the pale pink for the Romantic Dreams, the soft gold for the Luscious Lips, and the peach ones for the Romantic Daydreams."

"I said to use the soft golden pink, and warm peach ones," she asked, looking at the workspace with a sense of dread. "What about the shimmering pale amber and pale blush peach ones? You didn't use them, did you?"

"Yes, I did!" he snapped angrily. "All of it!"

"How?" Hermione nearly stumbled as her mind whirled. "In which?"

"In the Wonder Witch Romantic Interlude Truffles...just as we decided," Ron spit at her. "And The Daydream ones."

Hermione was going to be sick. "Oh, my, gods, Ron! Tell me you didn't mix them?"

"Mix which ones?" Ron asked, glaring at her, and Hermione suddenly felt a panic coming on. "I put the peach colored ones in the truffles. What's the problem?"

She wanted to strangle him for his sloppiness. "They are different potions, and two of them are not for the shop! One...I don't even know what it does!" she said a bit louder than she'd intended.

"There was a difference?" he asked, obviously flabbergasted by her remark.

"The shimmery pale amber and soft golden pink potion were a near match in color, especially for someone who really doesn't pay attention to colors!" she snapped, frustrated at him and growing more worried by the second. "The other was a blush peach tone, and the fourth would have been a warm peach hue. Geeze, Ron, if I don't spell it out...things could get really bad...and you don't even realize how bad you've goofed things up!"

"I didn't...you didn't tell me there were four different potions...you only listed three!" Ron yelled back.

"You didn't think that maybe you were only to use the three I indicated?" Hermione shouted.

"What's going on in there?" George shouted over them.

Hermione rounded on George. "Your idiot brother may have used an untested, unknown potion in your truffles!"

"It's not my fault," Ron yelled at them. "She didn't label them right!"

"I didn't label them right!" she screeched. "So, unless they are in a potions book with a swatch sample *off-should-look-like-this* in vivid magical color hues that even a color blind wizard could see, you couldn't figure out that the other two were not for you?!" Hermione snarled. "The potions I brewed for George was a soft golden pink and a warm peach! Completely different from the shimmering pale amber and blush peach, and I even marked the ones you were to use with a WWW in bright fuchsia on the labels. What part of WWW in fuchsia pink are you unable to recognize?"

"There were only a few that didn't have the labels...any labels!" he shouted at her. "How was I to know? I thought you'd missed a few. You're not perfect you know!"

"But I am careful!" she shouted as George tried to pull them apart before they really started fighting. "At least with something that could be dangerous, unpredictable, or deadly!"

"Hermione, you had best tell me what happened and what the hell you're talking about," George said furiously, although he looked afraid.

"Your idiot brother used an unlabeled, unknown potion in your new truffles, that's what!" Hermione said angrily.

"Oh. My. Bloody hell!" Ginny gasped, turning to look at her friends and back to the scene in the workroom.

"What?" George and Hermione said at once.

"I ate them...oh, bloody hell! We all ate them! Are the ones you just finished the ones with...oh, my..." Ginny stammered. "Ron, you idiot! How could you?! What's going to happen? Hermione?"

"Let's calm down," George said, trying to be rational. "Let's have the four of you come up to my flat, and we'll figure this out. Hermione, tell me what those potions were and what was in them. Maybe we can work this out?"

"Let me owl work first," Hermione stated.

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A very thin, pretty woman, possibly a model at one time, walked out of Wallace Widdingsworth's office with a smug smile on his face and Apparated home. The woman dropped his coat and shopping bag on the sofa and waited for his body to return to normal as he scanned the neat, tiny script of the original piece. Copper-flaked brown eyes began to darken as the change started, and the long nails and delicate fingers took on a much more masculine form. He removed his now tightly fitting dress in favor of proper men's robes before the costly thing tore at the seams. He knew that the name Jane Greenger was unfamiliar, but the article was just too well researched, and the writing style too familiar. He also knew with absolute certainty that the supporting material had come from the Hogwarts library, which Miss Greenger had quoted perfectly. *Again, a style of writing that is all too familiar.* Now, staring at the proof in his hand, Severus felt triumphant. *This article was written by none other than Hermione Granger! Although, why she had submitted it under a pseudonym... Unless she wanted anonymity, to have her article acknowledged by its context and not by her fame as one of the golden trio.* Severus smiled. *Good for her.*

Severus walked through the house to his lab and sat down at his desk to look at his find *Hermione*. Severus couldn't get the girl off his mind, especially since he'd seen her at the opera. He had only meant to walk up and say hello. *Well, that's a lie. I wanted to kiss her the moment I saw her.* When he'd taken her hand to help steady her after she'd tripped, feeling her cling to him as she'd gained her footing, he'd been unable to resist. *What I hadn't expected was such a passionate response to my kiss and the way she reacted to my touch.* It was unlike any encounter he'd ever had, imagined or real. Her passion had stroked his, igniting a lust deep inside him he'd long buried and thought had died along with Lily. But then, no witch had ever earned his attention like she had. There hadn't been anyone worthy enough to challenge the unrequited love and desperate regrets that he'd had for Lily. Not until the little girl had entered his classroom, who raised her hand to every question he asked in class, rhetorical or not, giving textbook answers with perfect recollection. *Oh, I'd noticed all right. How the bushy-haired prepubescent with large teeth grew into a stunning beauty the other boys*

took for granted. The intelligent, kind, and witty girl who'd saved Potter's arse over and over again. She's the true hero of the war...Hermione. Potter would have been lost...or dead without her aid all those years.

Her unrestrained passion in the corridor, the sensual responsiveness to his touch, the way she'd kissed him...he couldn't have restrained his own reactions to her, his own response to her, if he'd tried. Only her refusal, which had never been uttered, would have stopped him from having her. His dream had come to fruition, although not like anything he'd imagined his coupling with her would be like. He knew she'd tried brewing the Love-Drawing Potion the moment he'd gotten home and had woken up, stiff and sore from what had seemed like only a fevered dream, except he could still smell her perfume and the scent of their sex on his clothes and hands. He knew why she had brewed it, but had no idea what would have possessed her to try it, unless she was having doubts about her engagement to Weasley. *Unless she's finally come to her senses and seen how inadequate, how beneath her he really is.*

He pulled out the folder with all her clippings, carefully placing the article inside and slipping it into a safe place in his desk *Who am I kidding here? She'd never want the likes of me. She has everything she always wanted.*

Still, the Love-Drawing Potion had drawn him to her, like a rutting alley cat to a female cat in heat *And I responded to her in just that manner. It had to be the potion* It didn't surprise him in the slightest that Hermione could be his soul mate. She was his match in nearly every way. *Look at everything we share in common, not that she could possibly know it. I never gave her the opportunity to get to know me. Except for the twenty-year age difference, and considering the fact I insulted her in every conceivable manner I could devise. But I had no choice. I was still maintaining my cover, and Dumbledore had been right all along. With Potter returning to the wizarding world and attending Hogwarts, the Dark Lord began fighting his way back as well. I couldn't have shown her favoritism as a child. Besides, if I am being truly honest with myself, it wasn't until I saw her at the Yule Ball that I really took any real notice of her. She was a stunning beauty on the arm of that Bulgarian, Krum. He looked so much like I did at his age...it was like watching a vision of her and me. Then at Dumbledore's funeral, I saw the incredible young woman I knew she would grow up to be already beginning to bloom. She had changed so much that year. No, not that much...it's just that I simply finally looked at her differently...that's all.*

*Then there was that night, in the Forest Dean when I'd been waiting to try and see Potter, to give him the sword. Hermione had come out of nowhere, a dark apparition, her porcelain skin aglow in the moonlight, and I had simply stared at her enthralled. She was a vision. Even when I realized she was out there in the snow to relieve herself, I couldn't turn away. Oh, I couldn't see much, watching her back draped in her long cloak, but she'd been so beautiful, her face so delicate in the moonlight, and the way the light danced in her hair. Hermione Transfigured a leaf into a cup, rather than squat on the ground. Vanquishing the cup and contents when she'd finished, then Transfigured another leaf to wipe herself. For some reason the image had stayed with him. I loved her ingenuity, her cleverness.*

He also remembered the tears she'd shed for him in the Shrieking Shack. *Real tears, which had filled her eyes and ran down her cheeks before she had wiped them away on her sleeve, leaving a tiny trace of blood on her face. My blood. She had cried over me. I never knew she would have ever shown me any remorse, would have been sad at my demise, but I saw the proof. For the first time ever, a woman had shown real caring for me.*

He wasn't stalking her, but he did had seen her several times in Diagon Alley and occasionally around London. He'd even sat next to her in a café across from Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes and watched her having lunch with her friends. *She has truly come into her own: successful, accomplished, even at such a young age, respected and brilliant.* She was in his thoughts all too frequently, and recently she'd been haunting his dreams as well as having been the object of his fantasies when he relieved himself. But he knew they could never come true. *Still, that night at the opera, that was real. Surreal...but real.*

Severus absently rubbed the scar on his neck from Nagini's bite. The antivenin had worked, saved his life, and the Hyperthermia Elixir, although slower acting than he'd anticipated, had bought him enough time for Aberforth to find him. How he'd ended up in Malfoy manor was a mystery, but Narcissa had helped him heal, and Lucius had kept him hidden.

Severus pulled the flask of Polyjuice Potion from his pocketbook and placed it in the larger drawer of his desk. He'd made a batch of Polyjuice Potion so he could do his shopping anonymously, allowing him to move about freely, either as the tall woman he'd used today or as a tall, dark, handsome man who wasn't too dissimilar to his own build.

Now he questioned his decision to remain dead. *I think it's time I paid Kingsley a visit.*

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Hermione buried herself into her work, still waiting for George's Patronus. So far, the girls hadn't shown any signs from the errant chocolates, which was not really a good thing. Ron was completely unsure which batch contained which potions, and Ginny clearly remembered seeing him mix them, but couldn't remember which bottles he had used or in which combination. Ginny also confessed to bringing all the potion bottles and vials from her kitchen, which meant Ron had obviously used almost a whole cauldron of both of her experimental potions.

Regardless of how much Hermione had wanted to stay and observe her friends to make sure nothing horrendous happened, she had to get to the office. She had made George swear he'd contact her the moment the potions did anything, which alleviated her concerns on a milligram. Hermione kept glancing at the clock, deeply worried and anticipating the worst.

Lupin stopped by her office and sat down in the chair, looking as ragged and haggard as he'd ever looked, only even more so with a questionable stain on his left shoulder. "I'm supposed to give you an invite to Teddy's teething party," he said jovially.

"Teething party?" Hermione asked looking up, smiling. "Well, that's a much better reason than the last time you stopped by my office."

"Still no luck?" he asked, handing her a tiny, rattle-shaped invitation.

"No, we tried unsuccessfully to have the law changed to allow the old orphanage to be bought and given to St. Mungo's as a werewolf clinic. Nevertheless, the suggestion is still being considered even if it's been frozen in committee. What I need is a benefactor, a wealthy patron who'd front the money, and then I know I could get approval from the Ministry, and then St. Mungo's would gladly sanction the clinic idea." Hermione pulled out her date planner from her briefcase. "I know the building would be ideal. It even has private rooms and the primary dormitory would be ideal as a recovery room. Also, Minerva was thrilled with the idea of having teachers on staff for the kids and even offered Hogwarts' support. I just can't get it off the ground."

"At least the Wolfsbane Potion is available," Remus said with a warm smile. "That alone is making my job of recruitment easier."

"If I ever get this clinic up and going, would you consider teaching again?" she asked. "If you say yes, it might make things easier to sway my superiors."

Remus looked positively awed by her request. "Hermione, I'd be delighted to teach again."

"Good, that's one more reason to have the clinic," Hermione said, smiling. "Magic tutorial for the young ones. Can't have untrained witch and wizard werewolves doing random emotional outbursts of magic all over England, can we? I wonder if I should talk to the Greengrasses or the Montgomerys..." she said, making a notation to give both families a visit. "I'll take Harry along."

"Merlin help them," Remus stated.

"Remus, how is Tonks doing?" she asked.

Remus looked down a moment and took a deep breath. "She's the same. Not too sure what hit her. The Healers don't think it was a new spell, but possibly several at once

that reacted badly together. However, they haven't been able to unravel it. She's unconscious most of the time, thankfully, so I don't think she's in pain."

"Oh, Remus, I'm sorry," she said, taking a deep breath herself. "I was hoping... If there is anything I can do...for you or for her..."

"Thanks, but I already owe you so much," Remus said, smiling again, but it didn't quite reach his eyes this time. "Thanks to you, I have a job. A career if this clinic opens up, and people like me are actually getting a chance of a normal-ish life. But still, I appreciate everything you do for Teddy. You and your friends are going to spoil my son!"

"We're going to spoil him?" she laughed. "Who is it that's throwing him a teething party?"

"Touché."

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Anxious about what effects the truffles had on the girls, Hermione went to George's shop immediately after her last meeting, which, of course, ran late. Oddly, the closed sign was in the window. Nevertheless, since she was an unofficial employee as an extra Potions brewer for George, and needed to keep her own hours, she had a key! She entered the shop, furious when she saw that the new boxes of Wonder Witch Romantic Interlude Truffles, Romantic Dreams Creams, Luscious Lips lip-gloss, and the Romantic Daydreams chocolates were still on the shelves.

She wanted to scream! She ran to the backroom and collected crates, carrying and dragging them to the Wonder Witch section to pull the possibly contaminated products from the shelves. The Romantic Interlude Truffles and Romantic Dreams Creams were stacked magically into one crate, and she was Levitating the Romantic Daydreams into another when George showed up at her shoulder.

"What are you doing?" he asked, making her jump.

"What does it look like?" she asked, catching her breath. "These have to be tested and checked for contamination."

"They're fine," George stated, crossing his arms.

Hermione turned around to face him. "Oh, really. And just who tested them? Oh, yes, Ginny, Hannah, Susan, Megan and, oh, yes, you!"

"And Ron and Angelina," he said. "No one had any bad side effects."

"Angelina had one?" she asked, gobsmacked.

"Sure, she tests stuff all the time. Angelina came by just after you left, hung around for a few...well, a while, and then went up to Hogsmeade to check on the progress on the new shop," he said, surprised that she didn't know it.

She did, of course; she was only astounded that he'd had Angelina test a contaminated product.

"Oh, and Neville apparently showed up and started a conversation with Hannah. He may have had one... although, I'm not sure. They both seemed fine when they left. Ron offered to take Megan home, and Susan, well, Susan, she's still kind of here."

"What do you mean *she's still kind of here?*" Hermione asked stunned.

"She and I, well, we, er..." he stammered. "I dunno if it's the potion, but we sort of..."

Hermione covered her mouth in shock. "Oh, my...you didn't take advantage of her, did you?"

"Not exactly, more like she took advantage of me," he said, grinning. "Who knew that she'd always had a crush on me? Anyway, it isn't too bad, no one is upset or anything."

"Where is Ginny?" Hermione asked, worried.

"She went home," George stated. "Why?"

"Okay," Hermione said, trying to get a grasp on what happened. "So, except that Susan confessed that she's harbored an infatuation for you for years, shagged you, and is apparently waiting on you to go back upstairs, nothing happened?" she asked incredulously. "Are you daft? It's the potions! It has to be!"

"Hermione, if it was the potions, they seemed to have worn off hours ago. We've been sitting up there talking." George looked up at the ceiling as if he could see Susan waiting for him, then looked at Hermione's angry expression and grimaced. "Okay, snogging and talking...but there is something there. I dunno what yet, but she's adorable, really fun, easy to talk to, and likes me. If this potion makes people want to come together, what's the harm?"

"Sure, okay. But I'm pulling the Wonder Witch Truffles from the shelves and brewing another cauldron of the potion. We're starting from scratch!" she insisted.

"Sure," George said, looking at the boxes in her crates with a sorrowful look. "I, er, need to go. Talk tomorrow?"

"Oh, yes, we'll talk tomorrow." She shrunk the crates and picked them up. "After I find and talk to everyone who ate these truffles."

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*Author's Notes:*

*I wish I could give thanks to my beta, (you-know-who) to say thank you for fitting me into her/his/their, busy life and helping me fix this up!*

Prompt #34. AU: Lupin and Tonks aren't killed in the final battle. What does Lupin do for a living now that he's not needed in the Order any longer? (Include Teddy or not, your choice!) *Answered! One down, five more to do!*

And for Prompt #70. Fred & (Sorry, no Fred. He's dead). George Weasley's newest invention has interesting/ horrific/comedic side effects. What happens? (*It'll be getting that all spelled out eventually.*) Who is affected? *Neville/Hannah Abbott, Ron/Megan Jones, George/Susan Bones, Lee/Angelina, Ginny/Harry, and Hermione/Severus...*

*The rest of the prompts I'm working with:*

#63 Hermione likes to experiment with potions and has offered to help George when he reopens his new shop. However, so does Ron and they are having problems in their relationship. A mishap in the workroom produces disastrous results of the Wonder Witch Love Potion, effecting George, Ron, Hermione and Ginny. What truths are discovered, who falls for whom, (*Neville/Hannah Abbott, Ron/Megan Jones, George/Susan Bones, Lee/Angelina, Ginny/Harry, and Hermione/Severus. Duh! But I said that already, didn't I?*) and why is Hermione pinning away for Snape if he is dead? (No incest and must still fit in plausibly with DH)

#35. Firenze has thrown his lot in with the wizards and witches, becoming an outcast. What does he feel? How does he cope? Does he have any new friends?

#1. Hermione and Ron are married. (*Is engaged good enough?*) What would she do if she came home unexpectedly and found him in bed with another woman?



#100. There are people who believe that Ron and Lavender did the nasty during sixth year. What if Lavender got pregnant during their canoodling and after the Final Battle Lavender informs him that he's the father of her child or if you feel Lavender dies in the battle, leaving the child behind for him to take care of. *Sorry I have Lavender alive and kicking in this story. However, yes, she and Ron have a child together. I'll explain more later...*

## The World Comes Crashing Down

Chapter 3 of 7

Sometimes your life simply turns upside down when you least expect it to. Hermione thought her life was all mapped out and going according to plan. Nevertheless, one night at the opera and a mysterious romantic dream may have changed things for her forever.

*I want to give a great big thank you hug to MadBrilliant for combing through this to point out my numerous errors and help me make this presentable for reading. You're the best, thank you!*

The World Comes Crashing Down

When Hermione entered Diagon Alley to go to the Apparation site, she collided into a woman who was apparently going to try and enter the shop. Stepping back as she regained her balance, she realized the woman was Lavender Brown. "Oh my, hi!" she said, regaining her composure. "Lavender, hello."

Lavender looked just as surprised to see her. "Hermione, hi!" She looked nervously at the door behind Hermione as if trying to see inside.

"The shop is closed. George had to...close up early," Hermione said. "Is there something you wanted or are you here to see George?"

Lavender looked at her, nervously, and shook her head. "No, it's all right. I wasn't looking for George."

"Do you know Verity?" Hermione asked.

"No. Well, yes, but only by acquaintance," Lavender said, sighing and turning to face Hermione. "I was looking for Ron."

Hermione didn't miss the disappointment on the girl's face. It wasn't a casual disappointment, but a regretful, really wanted to see him kind, she had seen on Lavender's face many times in their sixth year when Ron was ditching her. "Ron apparently had to take Megan, Hannah and Susan's friend, home." Lavender shot her a quick look full of daggers and incredulity before schooling her expression into a feigned indifference that wasn't really all that believable. Having to say it out loud, it sounded rather odd to her, as well, and Hermione suddenly felt a sick sensation in her stomach and a momentary distrust in Ron.

"Who's Megan?" Lavender asked, sounding a little more incensed than would be expected.

"I just met her, briefly," Hermione said, distracted by thoughts of concern and wonder, although she did clearly recognize Lavender's reactions. "I don't know her last name. Pardon me, but I need to get home. I'll tell Ron you were here inquiring after him."

"No, don't bother; I'll stop by tomorrow," Lavender was saying as Hermione walked away.

She Apparated in the middle of the street, disregarding the klaxon anti-Apparation warnings that were in place on the shop fronts, arriving in front of Grimmauld Place. Hermione slipped inside, quietly crossed the hall, careful not to wake Mrs. Black in her frame, and hurried silently up the stairs. She didn't know why she'd come here first, but couldn't turn back now. She pushed open Ron's door and stood in shock the moment she did, watching the scene before her.

Ron was kneeling in front of Megan who was teetering on the edge of the bed, her hands behind her as he pushed his penis into her. Ron pulled her hips closer, penetrating her while he knelt, apparently grasping her bottom for easier access to enter her. Megan leaned back, thrusting her hips to meet each of his thrusts, her legs clasped around his back. His pale, freckled buttocks were squeezing and flexing with each forward thrust as he held her close to him, obviously in order to drive more deeply into her, making Megan gasp in pleasure, grasping onto him, as if to encourage him to push even harder. Hermione was amazed at the control, speed, and rhythm of the sex she was watching in mute shock from the doorway.

Megan suddenly lunged forward and wrapped her arms around Ron's neck, and he scrambled to his feet, holding her up in his arms as he lifted and guided Megan on his penis. Hermione was amazed that Ron was strong enough to comfortably support her, although Megan was likewise lifting and pulling herself on Ron as she clung to his neck. In a swift move, Ron climbed up on the bed, still inside Megan, and dropped her shoulders on the bed, kneeling under her, with both her legs still around his hips as he leaned forward so that his whole body pressed against her chest, and their bodies rocked together as he penetrated her roughly.

It was clearly obvious that Megan, who was completely oblivious to Hermione, was thoroughly enjoying being fucked by her fiancé and was about to reach her climax. "Pardon me for interrupting, but we have dinner reservations, Ronald," Hermione said coldly. "So, when you're through..."

"Oh, fuck!" Ron said as Megan screamed.

"Exactly," Hermione said calmly, although she could feel her raw energy begin to build in anger, and there was a ringing in her ears. "How much longer will you be?" she asked, fuming, as the lights began to flicker and the bed frame was began to rattle, but not from either Ron or Megan, who'd gone quite still.

"Hermione?!" Ron exclaimed as he desperately tried to untangle himself from Megan, who was grasping onto him as if for dear life.

"Because if you aren't through, Ronald, I'd be more than happy to wait until you are finished," she sneered, shaking in anger. Behind her the doors in the hallway were rattling while in the room the wardrobe doors were shaking, and the bed frame looked as if it was about to buckle and the mirror on the wall was shivering.

"Megan, let me go," Ron uttered, frightened. "Hermione, no, please, calm down!"

"Miss, you is..." Kreacher said from the doorway behind her.

Ron shouted at the elf, "Get Harry and Ginny, quick," as the wardrobe door and bedposts began to splinter and the mirror began to crack.

"How could you?! You sodding wanker!" Hermione yelled at him. "We were supposed to be getting married!"

"Supposed to? What? Megan, let go," Ron said, trying to push away.

Megan was white with fear. "NO! She'll kill me! Look at her!"

"You get out...now!" Hermione snarled at Megan. The wardrobe door shattered, and two of the bedposts and the mirror cracked. Megan finally let go of Ron, scrambling to the far side of the room as the canopy fell. Hermione turned all her focus on Ron. "You...you...how *could you?*" She raised her wand and shrieked, "*Oppugno!*" as a flock of small golden birds shot into the room, half diving for Ron and the other half for Megan, diving, pecking, and clawing at the pair.

"*Gerremoffme!*" Ron growled, swatting at the birds. "Her...ouch...mione!"

Megan was faring no better at trying to protect herself from flying wood splinters and attacking birds.

"I can explain!" Ron shouted.

"There is no explaining!" Hermione yelled back, and the mirror exploded into a thousand pieces, the edges of the frame impacting with the ceiling, floor, and two walls simultaneously. "I saw what I saw, and you cannot tell me it wasn't what I think it is!" She turned, adding another "*Oppugno!*" as she did so and stood in the hall, tears streaming down her face. She could hear Harry calling out as he started running up the stairs, and she felt another wave of anger. Three doors blew off their hinges as Hermione spun on the spot and Apparated to the entryway.

"Hermione?!" Ginny exclaimed when Hermione appeared.

"Tell your mother we are through!" she snapped as she ran from the house into the street, Ginny following closely on her heels. Hermione Apparated home, unconcerned if anyone, Muggle or not, saw her.

As soon as the squeezing sensation of Apparation ended, Hermione found herself standing in a mess. The pink boxes in her pockets had enlarged, spilling out and were falling on the floor, many of the boxes having been split open. Hundreds of truffles and chocolates were falling at her feet and coated her clothes, having burst open when she'd Disapparated, creating a huge mess. *Well, I was going to get rid of them anyway* Hermione summoned the waste bin and began tossing the mess into it. After all the pink and most of the chocolate had been deposited, she removed her soiled clothes, tossing them aside to deal with later, and summoned a cleaning rag and pail to clean the floor.

Once on her hands and knees, sopping up the mess of the liquid centers, cursing Ron as she worked, she finally felt her raw energy ebb *Stupid, cheating sack of dragon dung! How dare he! How could he? I thought he loved me! Two weeks! We were to be married in two weeks, and he's banging that Megan in his bed...and he's probably shagging Lavender as well, if I read her right!* She could have cleaned the floor magically, but her mum had installed the idea that nothing beat good ol' elbow grease when it came to the hardwood floors, and the scrubbing was actually calming. Besides, it didn't take long and gave her ample time to curse and defame Ron to her heart's content.

Not that she felt anywhere near content. *He never fucked me like that. The only position we ever did was head-to-head, him on top! Excitement for him is when I'd top him, but he still flipped me over to top me! He stood up with her! Still shagging and toppled...the frenzy in his... Geesh!* She finally wrung out the rag for the last time and sat back on her heels. *I should have murdered the wanker! I should have blasted his bollocks off!*

Hermione covered her face with her hands and began to cry. The smell of the potion mixed with the chocolate scent only made her cry harder. *can blame the truffles for Ron shagging Megan, but Lavender? That look on her face could only mean one thing...he's shagging her, too. Still!* Hermione practically curled into a fetal position and cried harder.

After the tears seemed to slow down and her knees started to throb, she rose and went to the sink to wash her hands.

A soft knock on her door made her cringe. *No, not tonight. "Go away! Leave me be!"* she yelled at the door, hurried to her room, and slammed the door closed. Seeing her wedding gown hanging on the wardrobe doors only made her start crying hot, angry tears all over again. *Well, if that wanker can...so can !!* Hermione pulled open her doors and scanned the dresses inside. *I don't want to be in a wizard's...anywhere! Not tonight* She would go out, find a nice respectful bloke, shag like she'd seen Ron shagging Megan, and probably had with Lavender, and forget him.

She pulled out a black cocktail dress she had bought on a shopping trip with her mum and threw it on the bed. After a quick shower, she dried and fixed her hair. She chose her black lace thong and uplifting demi bra, slipped on the dress, magically altering the neckline and making the modest slit on the hem much higher, then put on her black pumps. Checking that her appearance was good enough, she selected her favorite perfume...the one Ron disliked, and left.

She Apparated near a pub she remembered going to with her father near Manchester University. The dark wood and warm atmosphere was familiar enough for her to feel comfortable, and Hermione walked casually inside, choosing a seat at the center of the bar. Ordering a Wall-Banger, she scanned the patrons slyly, contemplating her choices.

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Severus had no idea why he felt compelled to go play darts. It wasn't that he was bad at darts, being a wizard his aim was quite true, but he usually didn't feel like being out around Muggles unless it was the middle of the week when the pubs were less crowded. However, on a Thursday the likelihood the pubs would be crowded was fairly high. Nevertheless, he'd felt drawn to go. At least he didn't need the Polyjuice Potion if he were slipping into the Muggle world. The simple Glamour and Unrecognizable Charms he'd cast would suffice.

He'd dressed in a casual shirt, black of course, and black wool trousers, then had Apparated just down the street from a pub he'd been in a few times in Manchester. With the right Avoidance, light Repelling Charms, and his Glamour in place, Severus had slipped into the pub, relatively unnoticed.

To his surprise, he saw Hermione Granger sitting on a barstool, sipping a peach-colored drink through a straw and slyly watching a few Muggles play pool. She was not dressed as he might have expected. The short dress, which had a scooping neckline front and back, fit her curves seductively, if not a bit too snugly, and the slit in the hem showed off her strong, shapely legs. It was also apparent that she hadn't bothered with stockings, but her skin looked silky-smooth regardless. A momentary thought crossed his mind that she might not have bothered with knickers either. She was obviously alone; one tiny purse lay on the bar in front of her. *Interesting.* It wasn't difficult to slip into her mind and see what had brought her here. The scene with Mr. Weasley and Miss Jones flashed quickly before she shoved the memory away, forcing her thoughts on watching the young men in the pub as she sized each one up as a potential sex partner. So far, she hadn't seen him.

Severus took a seat in the pub where he could watch her but not be easily seen from her position at the bar. A waitress in a thin white shirt and black miniskirt came up to him to take his order, and he requested his usual single malt scotch. It was easy enough from his advantage point to magically dissuade any male who approached Hermione to simply buy a drink and return to his previous activity.

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Her second drink and, although she knew that she was attracting attention, none of the men in the place had approached her. A few had walked up to the bar next to her chair, said hello, then ordered drinks and walked away. There were several guys looking her way, some even seemed curious or interested, but no one approached to meet her.

It was disconcerting.

By the time she finished her third drink, Hermione knew the quest for great animalistic sex was fruitless. Heck, at this point she'd accept any kind of sex, as long as she got to have an orgasm. She ordered her fourth drink, ignoring the raised eyebrow of the man beside her and the sympathetic smirk of the bartender.

As she sipped on her fifth drink, she realized she was snookered. She sighed and tried to rise off her stool, only to lose her balance and stumble, finding herself assisted to her feet by strong masculine hands. She looked up at him and was surprised to see a man who very closely resembled Severus Snape. *I must really be drunk if I'm seeing him...think he is him. But the resemblance is really uncanny.* "Take me home," she said softly as his arm went around her waist to support her.

His look of shock on his face was quickly suppressed into a small smile. He nodded, handed her her purse and guided her from the pub.

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"Kiss me," she purred when he'd pulled her into the alley with him so they could Apparate.

He should have said she was too inebriated. He should have simply taken her home, but he wasn't certain he could get into her home, and he wasn't about to take her to his. There were a thousand of should haves that went through his mind as his lips touched hers. Hermione kissed him back, sensually responding to him, making all coherent thought vanish from his mind.

Her arms gripped him so tightly as she pressed her body against his, forming a perfect fit to his lean frame. He crushed her against the wall of the alley and savored her soft lips. Her hands slid over him, and he did the same, feeling her breasts though the fabric, hoping that the bra she wore was lace. Her hand slid around his back, slowly working its way down as it explored, as her other hand slid into his hair, crushing his lips against hers, and she opened her mouth to allow him access. He was lost in her.

She ground her body into him, her groin rubbing on his stiff penis, and he shoved back, the friction between them nearly enough to drive him wild. He had to have her. He knew already what she wanted: sex. *Wild, animalistic sex in various positions. She wants to have an orgasm. Merlin's balls, I can give her orgasms, as many as she wants* He didn't care any longer that his great aunt's house, which she had recently left to him upon her death, still looked like a matronly collect-o-holic lived in the premises and grossly reminded him of Umbridge's office. He was not taking Hermione to his father's house. *Not for my first...no, second time with her. But I'm going to have sex with her against the wall of the alley either.* He wanted to undress her, to see her body under him, and feel her skin.

"Will you come home with me?" he said slowly, forcing his voice to remain even.

"Yes, anywhere," she groaned in his ear, her hand sliding down to grab his bum. "Anything you want. Just please, I need you."

"Oh, Merlin, girl, you'll undo me," he said and Apparated her to his home.

As soon as they arrived, he lifted her up and carried her upstairs to the master bedroom. He knew the way, so lights were unnecessary, but Hermione had snuggled against him, her mouth teasing the side of his neck just under his ear, making him stumble and bang into the wall twice. He set her on her feet and lit a glow globe so that the soft light illuminated only her, diffusing the sickening decorations of the room.

He took his time undressing her, even though her hands were eagerly tearing at his clothes. He allowed her to kiss him as they undressed, until he had to kneel to remove the tiny bit of lace she was wearing as knickers. He could smell her excitement, and he knew that no matter how much she pleaded, he was going to savor her, take as much time as she'd allow him, and enjoy every minute. He gazed at her body, gently caressing her, amazed at how truly lovely she was. He picked her up again and laid her gently on the large canopy bed, continuously exploring her body. Her round breast fit perfectly in his hand. Her stomach had just a slight roundness and her skin felt as silky as a baby's with a satiny softness that was all feminine. Her pubic hair was natural, but not bushy, and her legs were smooth. Hermione moaned under his touch, and he smiled at her reaction. As his fingers stroked her folds, she undulated, trying to make him press harder, to make his finger enter her, so he complied. He leaned down to kiss her breast, suckling her nipple.

He felt her shudder, her moans growing louder, and he watched the expression on her face with a sense of awe. *One.* He lowered his body, trailing his mouth on her, still manipulating her, and watched as she started to reach climax again. He suckled her nipple as the tremors started and she made soft mewling noises, rolling her head from side to side. *Two.* Her hands reached up to touch him, and he moved lower, trailing a path of soft nips and tiny licks as he worked his way to her wet core. He tasted her, cleaning her up with his tongue and savoring her taste as his finger worked inside her. When his tongue touched her clitoris, she nearly lifted her hips off the bed, grinding her groin to his face. He took his time, teasing and sucking on her swollen flesh, keeping her straining for her release, and not letting her peak until he was through enjoying her.

Suddenly, she cried out in ecstasy, bucking wildly, and he had to pin her down, as he finished off her third orgasm.

Feeling smug, he rose, kneeling between her splayed legs, watching her face as he pulled her hips to meet his, and slid into her heat. She was divine, hot, wet, tight, still throbbing slightly and clenching down on him as he entered her. He leaned forward and began to move, keeping his movements as long and slow as he could. He caressed her with his hands and watched her face. Her warm amber-brown eyes stared back, watching him as she tried to stroke him in return. He smiled. She was trying to be as giving a partner as she could, and it amused him. She was inexperienced, although not a virgin, but still so naïve. He leaned down even more and flicked her nipple with his tongue, his thrusts grinding against her, stimulating her clitoris with each inward plunge.

As she began to gasp, moaning again as her body reacted, he wrapped his arms around her and pulled her up onto his lap. With the aid of magic, he rolled back, keeping himself inside her as he cradled her on his lap, his knees still bent under her, allowing her to slide on his legs as she topped him. Her hands roamed over him now, tracing his pecks and abdomen, fingering his chest hairs as she rode him. He leaned up as much as he could to kiss her and pulled her with him as he lay back down on the bed. She seemed to love this, topping him, and controlling their coupling. He only had to guide her hips, direct the tempo, and press up into her each time she lowered herself on him. He watched as she neared orgasm again and reached down to touch her, to help her over the edge. She came, gasping and crying, collapsing on top of him, and he felt his own body tense. He rolled her over, thrusting into her as his own climax peaked, shuddering against her as wave after wave rolled through him, and he felt himself empty into her in hot spurts.

As his orgasm ebbed, he braced himself over her, watching her face with a sense of smug satisfaction and accomplishment. He'd given her the multiple orgasms and positions she'd desired, and she actually looked sated. He collapsed, lying on top of her body, slightly shaky and sweaty, before rolling off to stretch out by her side, pulling her to lie against his chest, cradled in his arms. Her curly hair tickled his face, but it smelled like her, like a meadow in the warm sunshine. *I wish I could stay like this forever with her. Waking her up each morning with a kiss to initiate sex every day. Being able to come to bed with her every night.* But he doubted she would want the same. *Still, if Weasley is cheating on her, possibly...* He kissed her head and realized she'd fallen asleep. Within minutes he was asleep as well, holding her tenderly.

Severus woke up the next morning with an arm across his chest and a leg tangled in the sheets with his. He smiled and blew the strand of curly hair away from his face. Levitating her slightly, he maneuvered out from under Hermione so he could lie on his side and watch her sleep. He squinted when the light from the window grew brighter, and he remembered how much she'd had to drink the night before. He rose reluctantly to go brew her a Hangover Potion.

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Hermione woke up with the bright light of the sun streaming in through the window. Her mouth was dry, her head pounded, and she felt sick. She tried to sit up and suddenly realized she was not in her own bed. The pink sheets and cabbage rose print quilt matched perfectly the pink and cabbage rose print bed hangings, all the drapes, the tablecloths on the bedside tables, and even the chair in the room. Lace doilies graced every flat surface except the bed. China plates of frolicking kittens hung on the walls suspended by silk ribbons. Even the carpet on the floor was pink with a rose trellis design. It was as if she'd woken up in Dolores Umbridge's bedroom.

Hermione began to panic, trying to remember whom she'd met last night as the events from the previous evening came crashing down on her. She thought that she'd been with Severus Snape's doppelganger, not someone related, obviously, to Umbridge. Hermione groaned as she scrambled from the bed, slipped into her dress and shoes, scrounging around for her knickers, and all while her head throbbed horribly. Giving up, she ran from the house, totally convinced Dolores Umbridge lived there, and

Apparated home. Given her state of mind and her hangover, Hermione was quite pleased to make it home unsplined.

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*Author's Notes:*

*I decided to introduce another Prince family member, posthumously of course, and will explain this better later.*

*Now for the prompt countdown.*

Prompt #1. Hermione and Ron are married. *(Nope, only engaged.)* What would she do if she came home unexpectedly and found him in bed with another woman? *think I did a fairly good job answering that one.*

Prompt #100. There are people who believe that Ron and Lavender did the nasty during sixth year. What if Lavender got pregnant during their canoodling and after the Final Battle Lavender informs him that he's the father of her child *Okay, bet you never saw that coming. Well, Hermione didn't! Nevertheless, I planted the suspicion anyway!*

*The other prompts I'm working through or haven't finished yet are*

#63Hermione likes to experiment with potions and has offered to help George when he reopens his new shop. However, so does Ron, and they are having problem in their relationship. A mishap in the workroom produces disastrous results of the Wonder Witch Love Potion, effecting George, Ron, Hermione and Ginny. What truths are discovered, who falls for whom, and why is Hermione pinning away for Snape if he is dead? (No incest and must still fit in plausibly with DH)

#70. Fred & *(Not Fred, sorry, he's dead.)* George Weasley's newest invention *(screwed up by Ron)* has interesting/horrific/comedic side effects. What happens? *If you haven't guessed by now, I'll be making it clearer later on. Who is affected? Neville/Hannah Abbott, Ron/Megan Jones, George/Susan Bones, Lee/Angelina, Ginny/Harry and Hermione/Severus duh!*

#35. Firenze has thrown his lot in with the wizards and witches, becoming an outcast. What does he feel? How does he cope? Does he have any new friends?

## From a Dream Into a Nightmare

*Chapter 4 of 7*

Hermione's life takes another tumble as she wakes up to realize she made a huge mistake, changing everything she was certain about and everything she counted on completely around on for her forever. At least she has work to fall back on and a place to go to find answers.

*I want to give a great big thank you hug to MadBrilliant for combing through this to point out my numerous errors and help me make this presentable for reading. You're the best, thank you!*

From A Dream Into A Nightmare

Hermione went straight to her pantry to find anything to ease her hangover. After taking several aspirin tablets, she walked to her loo to take a long hot shower. Whoever that man was who had resembled Severus Snape so remarkably was last night, their marathon lovemaking had not only left her exhausted, and still throbbing down there, but also stiff and sore all over. The problem was it had been mind-blowing great sex! He had really taken an extraordinary amount of time touching, caressing, and savoring every part of her body that Hermione simply couldn't call it sex. He'd made love to her, and he didn't even know her name. *At least I don't think he did* They hadn't spoken. Not one word, not one question, except for a few hushed words in the alley when he'd asked her to come home with him. *Home? That couldn't have been his home! It had to be his mum's, aunt's, or some female relative! And he was a wizard; he'd Apparated us to that house.*

The entire house, what she remembered of it, had looked just like Dolores Umbridge's office at Hogwarts. Hermione didn't know she had relatives, certainly not sexy male ones. Hermione gave up on extending her shower. She dried off, applied lotion, and dressed. She needed Hangover Potion in order to think clearly. She Flooed over to Grimmauld Place, falling flat on her face, groaning in agony from the trip, and rolled over to see Kreacher looking down at her. "Is Ginny or Harry home?" she moaned softly.

Ginny showed up as Hermione was trying to rise up off the floor. "Oh, my goodness! What happened?" she exclaimed, rushing over to help her up.

"I'll tell you if you promise to whisper and can spare me some Hangover Potion," Hermione groaned softly, clutching her head.

Ginny said something over her shoulder as she assisted Hermione to walk toward the kitchen. As soon as Hermione sat down gingerly at the kitchen table, Kreacher handed her a cup of the potion.

Hermione never felt more gratitude toward the elf in her whole life. "Kreacher, when your time comes, I will personally get the nicest wall plaque I can find for your head."

Kreacher looked at her with the second most pleased expression she'd seen him have, then he turned to Ginny, and his gleeful expression fell as he bowed and left, mumbling. Hermione turned to Ginny, confused.

"Harry's decided that the long honored tradition of cutting off the house-elf's head and mounting it on the wall is not going to be continued," Ginny said softly. "I think Kreacher is crushed. So, how about a spot of breakfast and tea, and you tell me what happened?"

Hermione looked up at the doorway. "First, is Ron here?"

"No."

Hermione turned back to Ginny. "Okay, but this has to stay between us. I'm not ready to tell Ron anything yet."

"Gryffindor's honor," Ginny said with her hand on her heart. Hermione began telling her what happened, as much as she could remember, about everything that had

happened since she'd stormed out of the house the night before, glossing over the sex parts with Severus Snape's doppelganger in the most basic of explanations. "No! You? You did, didn't you?" was about all Ginny could say after.

"The thing is, Ginny, I keep dreaming about Severus Snape. It's really weird," Hermione confessed. "I think it's guilt. If I had done something for him that day...tried to help him...but I didn't. I just waited, watched, and... Oh, Gin it was awful!"

"What could you have done?" Ginny asked. "We all saw the memories, and Harry told me how he died."

"It was the horror of what I saw in the Shack that really got to me. All that blood, and to have died so senselessly. I never even got to thank him," Hermione said, finally telling someone what had plagued her all this time. "Okay, he would never have sat down and had drinks with me, talking about our parts in the war, but I never really thought he'd die by a bite to the neck."

"What surprised me were the memories he gave Harry," Ginny said. "Not the ones that told Harry the truth about his life, what he had to do. It was the ones about his love for Harry's mum. How beautiful and endearing they were, his pining away like that for her. I can't even imagine."

"But *you* did, Ginny, over Harry for years until you finally let him go and started living for yourself." To Hermione's relief her hangover was finally going away. "The problem is that I...I found them to be a little creepy. It was almost possessive and obsessive, the way he used to look at her when they were children."

Kreacher set toast, fruit, and cheese on the table. Hermione began to eat, suddenly realizing she was famished. "Although, that one memory in Grimmauld Place when he'd found the picture of Harry and his parents, seeing him crying like that with such despair, really drove home just how alone he was in all this mess. I mean, he had no one to turn to, obviously, or to confide in. And Dumbledore! I had always thought he'd cared...but did you see that one memory? He was simply using Severus exactly like he was using Harry...as a means to an end. And then after Snape killed Dumbledore, he was totally cut off. Dumbledore hadn't even told his plans or explained anything...to anyone! He didn't even confide in Professor McGonagall. Or Flitwick! He just left Snape cut off and alone. Snape had no friends, the members of the Order turned against him, and of course, his colleagues completely distrusted him. He was hated by everyone. He was considered a traitor and murderer...except by the very people he was working to bring down and destroy...and they never knew he'd turned on them. He must have been so afraid all the time, and so lonely having to carry such a burden, dealing with all that mistrust and having to constantly be on guard all the time. He simply bore it all alone without any support at all. It's just so depressingly sad."

Kreacher walked in carrying the mail and copies of the *Daily Prophet*. Hermione flipped the paper over searching the last few pages to see if her article made it into the edition.

"Oh, my gods!" Ginny exclaimed, suddenly going quite pale. She looked up at Hermione in shock. "He's alive!"

"Who?" Hermione asked, confused.

Ginny seemed to ignore the question as she finished reading the article in the paper with her mouth agape. "Severus Snape!" she finally stated. "He went to the Ministry...after all this time...he just walked right into the Minister's office!"

"No!" Hermione turned over the paper and stared at the picture of Severus Snape, looking exactly as he had in her dreams, standing next to Minister Shacklebolt, shaking hands. "Bloody hell!"

"No, wonder he never showed up in his portrait at Hogwarts. Harry was really upset about..." Ginny said, then looked at Hermione and reached out to touch her arm. "Hermione?"

"Oh, my gods! It *couldn't have been him!*" Hermione's mind was in a whirlwind. "He looked so much like *him!* But his voice...it wasn't the same...not smooth or silky. Rough. The snakebite. Oh. No. I couldn't have!"

"Hermione?" Ginny asked worried.

"I think I shagged Severus Snape in Dolores Umbridge's bedroom!" Hermione gasped, feeling like she was going to faint.

"No!" Ginny exclaimed, gobsmacked.

"At my dad's favorite tavern...he looked similar...but different. Transfigured? Glamoured!" she said covering her mouth. "Could he have used a Glamour Charm? But the man at the opera... His voice...I hadn't recognized his voice, but it was the same as... and his hair was shorter... But it was dark...I couldn't really see him. Same build... It might have been him...but why would he," she stammered incoherently.

"Hermione you're not making any sense. You think it was Snape?" Ginny asked.

"I have to go to work. I'll have to try to sort this out somehow," she replied, still gobsmacked. "I have no idea how to owl him, or how to find him... Circe! Do I even want to?" She looked at the clock on the wall. "Shite, I'm really late. Come by after dinner?"

"Okay," Ginny said. "We'll talk more tonight!"

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Kingsley wasn't in his office. Hermione didn't know what to tell his receptionist except that she wanted to speak with him on a private matter.

Harry wasn't in the Auror office. Ron was, but Hermione quickly told him she wasn't ready to deal with him and if he followed her or pushed her to speak with him, she'd assail him with gold finches again. Wanda Swansen, one of the biggest gossips in the world, who was delivering some files at the time, overheard their brief fight and watched Hermione storm out of the Auror office. *Great! Now everyone will know! At least every clerk, secretary, and receptionist in the Ministry! I should just take out an ad in the Daily Prophet. Hermione Granger dumps Ronald Weasley because she caught him shagging Megan Jones* Now the last place she wanted to be was in the Ministry of Magic building.

Back in her office, she saw letters on her desk, the first with her name on it and urgent written in huge letters underneath. Hermione groaned. She knew George's writing and knew that it couldn't be good. When she picked it up, the second letter was obviously from Mrs. Weasley and the third was from Bill. Quickly scanning her interdepartmental memos, she saw two that made her cringe: one from Percy and the second from Mr. Weasley. *News in the Weasley clan travels fast!*

Apparently, everyone had heard about her dumping Ron, although Mrs. Weasley called it a *lover's quarrel*. Everyone heard she had nearly destroyed Ron's bedroom with him in it, although Percy comically referred to it as she'd *simply damaged a few doors in a tantrum*. Everyone heard that she hadn't been at home last night, and the various speculations on that were astounding.

Hermione dumped all the letters and messages in the rubbish bin, except George's. Apparently, he was finally questioning what Hermione had put in the truffles. She wanted to scream, "I didn't...Ron did," but refrained. She drafted George a note, telling him what she knew, reminding him pointedly it was Ron who'd used unlabeled potions and caused the mix up, not her.

If she was going to find out what the mystery potion was, she was going to have to go to Hogwarts. At least now she had more than one reason to go.

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When Hermione entered the Hogwarts gates, she was surprised to see Firenze waiting for her. "Just the very centaur I wanted to see," she exclaimed happily.

"As I was told of your coming, I chose to come to see you," Firenze said. Standing in the sun, his golden palomino body was glossy, and his blond hair and tail shone.

"You are looking very well," she said. "How have you been? Are the others treating you all right?"

He turned his gaze to the castle. "Most all of the other professors are tolerant of me and have been accepting; nevertheless, Professor Trelawney still refers to me as *Dobbin*. However, I judge her not," he said patiently.

"Is she giving you any trouble? Should I speak to her?" Hermione followed him as he began walking.

"It is inconsequential," Firenze said as he shook his head and his tail swished. "She cannot see the true messages presented in the stars and planets since she focuses on trivial nonsense. She is blinkered and fettered by her own limitations, rather than truly understanding the unfolding events that are marked upon the universe for us to see. She is incapable of understanding the subtleties apparent to us centaurs. Still, I feel I threaten her in her own mind."

"I remember...I always thought her wonky," Hermione said. Firenze looked at her with his intense blue eyes, his face furrowed in confusion. "I mean, so much of what she says is nonsense. I don't know much about centaur divination."

"We centaurs have studied and watched the heavens and have unraveled the mysteries of their movements for centuries," he said in his calm voice. "We are sworn not to set ourselves against the heavens. I have read what is to come in the movement of the planets, their moons, and the stars' progress, and it is good."

"That's good to know," Hermione said, smiling. She saw something shift in the shadows from the corner of her eye and saw two more centaurs standing in the trees. "How are things with your own kind? The last I heard from Hagrid was that your herd is still annoyed with you."

He was looking at the two centaurs in at the edge of the forest as well. "My herd has acknowledged that my sympathy for humans is not shameful," he said calmly. "I have convinced them that I was right, that Dumbledore and Harry were pivotal, symbolized in the stars as necessary in the unfolding events of our world. They have allowed me back into the fold."

"So, even though you are still living in the castle you are not an outcast anymore?" she asked.

"I am not living in the castle," he said, his hooves thudding loudly as he walked. "I come here to teach the foals, even though few are able to comprehend and understand the subtleties apparent in the stars."

"I didn't mean to offend you. I'm sorry," she quickly apologized. "I'm fallible, and my understanding of centaurs and your ways is limited."

"No, I am sorry. I realize that you are also fettered by the limitations of your kind, although your mind is open," he said. "Hagrid told me of why you have come. My herd allows me to teach as long as I do not give away our secrets but encourage the young ones to open their minds and learn for themselves. Much like we teach our own young. I teach my class here on the grass now. Although, when the weather is bad for humans, I still have my classroom. But I live in the forest."

He turned again and nodded at his friends. "They continue to argue about our responsibility when reading portents of the future in the stars and whether it is correct to intervene in the unfolding of that future. Many do not trust humans, and few are still angry that I still honor my promise to Dumbledore. Nevertheless, we do agree that what the stars and Mars had been showing us has come to pass...the war between the great good and a great evil, which was fought here, even within our very wood. We could have possibly helped swayed that fate, given warning, but it is against our nature to intervene."

"I wonder if Wizardkind would have listened to you any more than they did to Dumbledore and Harry?" she asked him.

Firenze smiled knowingly at her. "I have my doubts, Hermione Granger."

Hermione stopped as they neared the stairs. "I would like to ask you if I could meet with the leader of your herd. We in the Ministry are trying to have better relations with our magical brethren, and I want to establish better relations with centaurs."

Firenze smiled and bowed his blond head. "You have already done your part, and we thank you. If you want, ask Hagrid to lead you. He knows how to find us."

"Would you like to have Hagrid as a Liaison Officer for you?" she asked. "I can easily arrange that."

"Hagrid would be pleased," Firenze said. "I must leave you now. They wait for me."

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Hermione had spent her entire day in the Hogwarts library, stopping only to have lunch with Hagrid and asking him if he'd mind being a Ministry Liaison Officer for Firenze's herd. As Firenze had predicted, Hagrid had been deeply honored by her suggestion and very pleased to be able to 'help' them. Hermione doubted they'd need much help, but he did have a good report with the herd now that Grawp was living in a huge shack-like structure in the mountains.

Hagrid had also told Hermione that the other professors were tutoring him. Apparently, Harry had petitioned Kingsley to reopen the allegations of Hagrid's involvement in the horrific events in the castle his third year. Hagrid told her that between Harry's memories of what Tom Riddle had said to him and his own, he'd been cleared all allegations. So, Hagrid was being given the opportunity to study for his O.W.L.s. Harry had even taken Hagrid to buy his new wand. Hagrid proudly showed Hermione his new eighteen-inch oak wand with an ebony handle with a huge smile and glistening eyes that had made even Hermione want to tutor him for his exams.

Still, although Hermione was able to find the book in which she'd copied the potions down, she'd been unable to learn very much about the strange potion written in ancient runes. All she could deduce was that it was a Pining Potion of some kind, also referred to a Mooning-Dream Potion in another book. So all she could deduce was that the potion gave the taker dreams of someone he or she was pining over. Not much help at all. And nothing told her what would happen if one mixed the Love-Drawing Potion with the Mooning-Dream Potion, so again, all she could do was speculate.

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When Hermione finally decided it was time to go home, she Apparated to her usual site, a phone booth tucked in between two very large, overgrown camellia bushes in a park only three blocks from her flat. When she moved away from her Apparation site, about to stroll through the park toward home, she saw none other than Severus Snape, sitting on a bench as if waiting for something. Hermione stood still, staring at him, before deciding to approach him, feeling a tight knot of apprehension in her gut. He sat calmly, simply waiting for her.

"Hi," she said, crossing her arms as if suddenly cold and looking at him.

She looked around at the park as he answered with a slow, "Hello."

She looked back at him, realizing he'd not even moved, still sitting on the bench as if he did that every day of his life. Baffled by his presence, she finally asked, "What are you doing here?"

"Waiting for you," he said smoothly.

Her heart seemed to leap uncontrollably under his intense stare. "What? Why? I don't understand why you are here. Why have you come looking for me?" she asked, fighting down a surge of feelings from just watching him.

"Because now that you have come to your senses and left Weasley, I am hoping that you and I... I would like to see you on a social level," he explained.

Hermione was stunned to hear the usually self-controlled smoothness in his voice falter slightly. "You what?" she asked in disbelief. "You can't be serious! You despise me! You hated me as a student."

"I never hated you," he replied, smiling, before his expression became more serious. "Okay, I was awful toward you. I was hurtful and malicious, and for that, I am sorry. But I had to be. Bloody hell-ocks, if for one minute I thought that I'd...you and me..."

Hermione was stunned. This wasn't the self-assured, arrogant man she remembered. He wasn't sneering at her or being the least bit condescending. Instead, he seemed slightly unsure himself. "Let's start from you never hated me," she said, watching him carefully for any sign of deceit. "Explain that to me."

"Hermione, may I call you Hermione?" he asked.

"Yes, Severus," she said, rolling his name pointedly as if she dared to have him refute her or sneer at her for addressing him so informally.

He smiled as his name rolled off her tongue. "First, for years I have watched you, watched you grow up, and become the exceptional witch I knew you would be. For six years, you have continually amazed me, constantly demonstrating the very beliefs I have always held, even when serving the Dark Lord. Blood purity doesn't matter. Just being a pureblood does not equate superiority. How can it when the best, brightest, and most promising I have ever known were not purebloods but Muggle-born. Even when I was a student, I noticed that blood did not equate to superiority and had questioned even then to what the purebloods claimed as their right."

"I don't believe you," she said, her eyes narrowing slightly with suspicion. "Why me? All of a sudden you claim you want to see me socially. You've never given me any indication of...and I..."

"Hermione, what I have always admired most is skill, competency, knowledge, intelligence, wit... You are the brightest witch I have seen in nearly twenty-three years. I know of only one witch who has ever been equal to you, and I truly believe..." he tried to explain and faltered again. If she didn't know better, she'd believe he was actually being sincere. "Look, I know something is going on. I cannot forget you. I saw you recently and I admit, you've grown into a remarkable woman and I am deeply intrigued. It's almost as if you have me under a spell. I can't get you off my mind, and after that night at the opera..."

"*That was you?!*" she shrieked.

"I thought you knew?" he asked, surprised. "Shite. I...and you...but you didn't protest?"

"No, I, er, didn't..." she stammered incoherently as all thought seemed to mix in her mind, a hundred questions rising at once. "Oh gods! At first, I thought it was a dream! But Luna said I'd left my seat, and the next thing I remembered I was in my sitting room..." She covered her face with her hands. "Oh, gods! That was real!" She dropped her hands, steepling them in front of her lips. "And what about the night after I found Ron... and we had that fight...when we broke up...in the Crabbe and Tavern? Was that you as well?"

"Yes," he said, his eyes narrowing with suspicion. "You didn't know? Then why did you allow...you came with me willingly."

"Yes, I did," she confessed. "I could say I was too drunk to know what I was doing."

He turned his head for a moment then looked back at her, his dark eyes hard. "Is that why you ran away?"

"You took me to Dolores Umbridge's house...to have sex...in her bedroom! Okay, great sex...but *why* her house of all places!" He started to laugh and it angered her. "What is so funny? I...gods, it was like waking up from an incredible dream into my worst nightmare!"

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#### *Author's Notes:*

*Hermione's speech regarding the memory of Severus at Grimmauld Place was inspired by a response in a Potter\_Place discussion. I'm sorry to say I can't remember who made the comments I used in Hermione's speech, I'd like to give her credit, but I had read it just before writing this and the sentiment really moved me, so I borrowed it. Whomever you are, I hope you don't mind.*

#70. Fred & (Not Fred, sorry, he's dead.) George Weasley's newest invention (from Ron's goof up) has interesting/horrific/comedic side effects. What happens? Who is affected? (I think I covered the who's effected fairly well. Any explanations needed, ask me in a review! As for the rest of it, I'm getting there..)

#35. Firenze has thrown his lot in with the wizards and witches, becoming an outcast. What does he feel? How does he cope? Does he have any new friends? *Okay, I realize I didn't get into all the emotional feelings stuff, but I see Firenze as somewhat aloof and supercilious, like the others of his herd, even though he is more sympathetic to Humans than the other centaurs. But things seem to have worked out well for him, don't you think?*

*The other prompts I'm working through are*

#63 Hermione likes to experiment with potions and has offered to help George when he reopens his new shop. However, so does Ron, and they are having problem in their relationship. A mishap in the workroom produces disastrous results of the Wonder Witch Love Potion, effecting George, Ron, Hermione and Ginny. What truths are discovered, who falls for whom, and why is Hermione pining away for Snape if he is dead? (No incest and must still fit in plausibly with DH) *(I'm still working away on this prompt, give me a little while yet.)*

#100. There are people who believe that Ron and Lavender did the nasty during sixth year. What if Lavender got pregnant during their canoodling and after the Final Battle Lavender informs him that he's the father of her child or if you feel Lavender dies in the battle, leaving the child behind for him to take care of. *(Lavender lived so the died part isn't a factor, and I'm still considering whether to stick Lavender and Ron together in the end or possibly with Megan Jones. Hummm?)*

## Resolving a Misunderstanding

### Chapter 5 of 7

Hermione finally gets answers, but they only lead to far more questions. And then there is that little problem of the mess she and Ron made in everybody's lives and the complete toss up of her relationships... Oh, gads, what is she to do?

*I want to give a great big thank you hug to MadBrilliant for combing through this to point out my numerous errors and help me make this presentable for reading. You're the best, thank you!*

## Resolving A Misunderstanding

Hermione stood there, watching him laugh at her, feeling the sudden urge to jinx him.

"It is my great grandfather's house on my mother's side. My great aunt recently passed away, and the house was left to me," he said, shaking his head. "I didn't wish to take you to my father's... It was the better of my two options, really."

"You own that house?" she asked, completely stunned.

"Yes, I own property. I have the house I grew up in, my father's house, which I use primarily as a potions lab, and my great aunt's home, where I have been living since her recent death." He indicated she should sit down with a subtle wave of his hand. "As for your other questions, I think we really need to talk."

"My other questions?" she asked suspiciously, crossing her arms again.

"Yes, about us," he said smoothly. "I believe you have brewed the Mooning-Dream and Love-Drawing Potions, and I also know why you have. I'm rather impressed that you were obviously able to do so, by the way, as they are very difficult to brew. However, I also know you have taken them...twice...for reasons I can only speculate. And as per the effect of the Love-Drawing Potion, I am and have been drawn to you both times."

"You know about these potions?" she asked, suddenly relieved to be talking to him. She sat down, hoping he'd give her the answers she needed and not resort to his old acerbic self.

"Yes, of course I do," he said, his eyes narrowing again. "The Love-Drawing potion will draw you toward your soul mate, allowing you to meet. The Mooning-Dream Potion creates dreams and fantasies of someone who you have an infatuation for, deeply admire, and have always wanted to know in an intimate way. You have apparently taken both."

"Oh, my, you and me...we're...you're telling me we are soul mates?" she stammered, aghast, although it clearly sounded like a question. He nodded. "We...you and me...we were drawn together by... But I didn't take the potion, Ron did! So did Ginny, George, and the girls... How did it affect me?"

He crossed his arms, looking at her intently as if she were lying to him. "I clearly felt the effects of the Love-Drawing Potion. I was at the opera performance of The Magical Enchanted Night of the Nightingale Song that night, and when I saw you... Well, I had no intention of seeking you out, but I was completely compelled to do so. I didn't even have to follow you; I simply knew where you'd be. That is the effect of the potion; it enhances your magical signature so that it acts like a beacon to the one you're meant to attract. Likewise, I felt it very strongly the night you went to Manchester, only at first I thought it was an urge to go play darts. The facts of our meetings clearly indicate to me you were under the Mooning-Dream Potion as well."

"I didn't take the potion." Hermione was racking her brain trying to remember. She quickly mentally retraced her actions the last few days, starting when Ron had screwed up and mixed the vials, remembering the afternoon brewing the potions, bottling them and cleaning up her mess, then the next morning... and she remembered the exploded boxes in her lounge, the mess it made of her flat. "I never ate a truffle. I'd remember if I had..." She shook her head to try and clear her thoughts, so she could focus. "You must be mistaken."

"All right, if you say so," he said although his tone was slightly sharp.

She didn't like his accusation that she was lying and looked at him angrily. "I did not take the potions! I admit to making them, to prove a point to someone, but I never tried experimenting with them." She suddenly realized the time. "Oh, gods! I'm suppose to meet with George to tell him... Okay, let's say I did take the potions, both of them. What would happen?"

Severus lips curled up into a subtle smirk. "Reason it out."

She looked at him and gritted her teeth. *So, you are going to start acting like the professor, are you?* All right, if the Love-Drawing Potion brings you and your soul mate together and the Mooning-Dream Potion creates fantasies of someone... who you've wanted to be intimate with, only now you're faced with your soul mate, drawn together, and you are in a heightened awareness of... you'd act on your fantasy with the person you are...drawn to! Oh, Merlin's balls! That means, that George and Susan are...soul mates, which would explain Ron shagging Megan, and Neville mysteriously arriving and leaving with Hannah Abbott! I have to go!" Hermione sprang to her feet.

"Go where?" he asked, apparently miffed with her, rising as well.

"Diagon Alley, to see George and everyone," she turned to face him as she spoke, and started walking backwards. "He said that everyone who'd eaten the truffles would be there. I now know what happened! I have to go and help sort this out!"

"Sort what out?" he asked as Hermione Apparated next to the phone booth.

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Hermione Disapparated into the alleyway known to many as the Apparation site of Diagon Alley. Well, one of five such sites for the street. She moved forward to exit, before someone could Apparated onto her, causing an accidental convergence, and realized someone was having a fight just beyond the borganvilla bush.

"It cannot be mine."

"He is yours," a female voice answered with the unmistakable inflection of someone who was obviously crying. "I just never had the chance to tell you."

"He's *two!* We weren't together three years ago!" The male voice stated, and Hermione froze as she realized it was Ron.

"He's a almost sixteen months! We were together two years ago!" the girl snapped back, and Hermione distinctly identified her as Lavender Brown. "I conceived the night of the Ministry's Victory party."

*That was the night Ron and I started dating. He told me he wanted to marry me and I thought he was just drunk... Oh, Merlin!* There was another soft pop behind her, but Hermione was riveted to the spot, too incensed to care.

"I used a Contraception Charm that night, so it's not mine," Ron stated firmly.

*That night...after that party! Wait...He's not denying they'd had sex, only that he isn't the father!* Hermione was finding it hard to breathe. *First Megan and now I find out he's been shagging Lavender!*

"Apparently your charm didn't work," Lavender said accusingly. "Or did you only cast it that one time? Because as I recall, we had nearly three rounds that night...and the next morning! You couldn't get enough of me. You said you loved me!"

"I was drunk that night," Ron snarled angrily.



And you said you loved me...so we started dating seriously...and I believed you..."You fucking bloody wanker." Hermione moaned, tears now streaming down her cheeks. "How could I be such a mug?"

"You weren't drunk the next morning when we had at it again!" Lavender shrieked. "It's just like you did me in school!"

"Calm down," Ron snapped.

"I won't calm down! You have me shag you your sixth year for your birthday, then turn around and start ignoring me...throwing me over for Hermione Granger. Then at the victory party you do the same thing...shag me, and then the next edition I read in the *Prophet* you're engaged to Hermione Granger! Well, Ron, he's yours, and I have the proof filed at St. Mungo's, so this time you have to own up to your responsibilities!"

Hermione felt strong hands turn her, pulling her into an embrace against a firm chest. "You don't need to be hearing this," Severus said softly in her ear. "You deserve better."

Hermione's mind was in too much of a turmoil to wonder if he meant himself, but he was absolutely right. She deserved better. She hugged him, once again needing comfort from Ron's actions. Severus moved as if to Apparate them away, and she jerked back. "No, I do need to hear this. I don't want...I will have to face him, and now is as good a time as any."

"My brave little Gryffindor," Severus said, sliding his hand down her hair.

The action was soothing and gave her strength. "You're about to see a Gryffindor roar." Hermione kissed his cheek, and then turned away to go face the couple and tell Ron off.

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Everyone stood around George's shop talking at once. Severus stood patiently in the background with his arms crossed and a scowl on his face. Megan was trying to hide from Hermione behind Ron and George. George was holding Susan's hand and trying to get everyone to quiet down. Susan was talking to Ginny and Harry. Angelina and Lee were talking with Neville and Hannah, explaining that they were unwitting participants in a product testing that went really wrong. Neville looked really confused. However, the noise level was steadily climbing with everyone talking all at once.

Harry finally ended the chatter by setting off sparks with his wand. "All right, Hermione, what exactly is this Love Potion you made?"

"I didn't make a Love Potion! It was a potion mishap! Potions which were not intended for the shop were mixed together and inadvertently used in a product," Hermione stated for the seventh time, although she'd looked pointedly at Ron as she said 'mishap' and 'used in a potion,' making Ron scowl and his ears turn red. She listed off the potions she had made for the shop, stating that she'd clearly labeled them, and wrote out a list of which potion were for which product. "I had also brewed the Mooning-Dreams Potion and the Love-Drawing Potion as an experiment for an article I wrote...but I *never* intended them to be used in the shop!"

"So, what exactly do they do?" Harry asked.

"And which ones did we test?" Angelina asked.

"We were supposed to be making Romantic Daydream Potion for the Wonder Witch Romantic Interlude Truffles, which induce a fifteen minute daydream, and Wonder Witch Romantic Dreams Truffles, which give you a dream fantasy that can last for an hour. I think that Ron...the potions were mixed up, and the ones I made for an article I was writing got mixed in," Hermione explained, nearly blaming Ron, but catching herself in time, not really wanting to start a fight. "The colors of the potions for the dreams products are really close in color to the two potions I was experimenting with."

"So, what do the ones you *didn't* mean for us to test do?" Angelina asked, crossing her arms.

Hermione tried to explain what Severus had told her in the park.

"But the potion didn't affect me at all," Ginny stated.

Severus stepped forward and everyone looked at him. "When you went home, who came to see you?" Severus asked, patiently.

"Nobody!" Ginny stated.

"Nobody? You didn't see anyone for the first five hours after taking the potion?" Severus asked as if she were his student again.

"Five hours! It only lasted two," George said stunned.

"No, if you consume the potion it will last five to six hours," Severus stated firmly and turned to Hermione. "Yours lasted only four because you absorbed the potion through your skin and inhaled the fumes."

Hermione looked at him, stunned. "Absorbed through my skin...and inhaled...? I didn't... Oh, I could have...but I didn't tell you that! How did you know that?"

"Easily. I saw it in your mind," he said smoothly. "You may berate me later." He turned back to Ginny to avoid a scene. "So Miss Weasley, whom did you see that night?"

"I only saw Harry. We were going to dinner that night and..."

"Precisely," Severus said smoothly. "Apparently you and Potter are soul mates. Congratulations."

"That means I am soul mates with Hannah?" Neville asked, looking stunned and pleased at the same time.

"Apparently," Severus stated. "Live long and prosper; only please, Miss Abbott, if you procreate, try and instill *your* capabilities into your children."

"What about us?" Lee asked before either Neville or Hannah had a chance to retort. He was still standing behind Angelina, his hand lovingly on her arm.

"I believe it was you, Miss Johnson, who tested the errant truffles?" Severus asked, and Angelina nodded. "So where did you go after taking the potion?"

"Hogsmeade," Angelina stated, obviously thinking rather hard by her expression.

"Hogsmeade?" Severus asked as if expecting more information from her. "And did Mr. Jordan approach you in Hogsmeade?"

"Ah, no," Angelina said. "We met at the graves for the fallen of the last battle."

"And whom were you pining for?" Severus asked pointedly.

Angelina looked confused. "Pining? I wasn't... I went to see Fred's grave."

Severus took a deep breath. "Let me ask this again; why did you go to see Fred's grave."

Angelina crossed her arms again. "I was thinking about him and how much of life he'd missed out on. I usually stop by to see his grave when I go to Hogsmeade. Lee was...he was standing next to Fred's grave giving his respects too."

"And what happened next?" Severus asked, obviously trying to draw her out.

"We went to the Three Broomsticks, had a few drinks and talked," Lee stated.

Severus arched one eyebrow at him. "Really? Is that all?"

Lee looked at Severus, offended, but Angelina suddenly looked up, her mouth open as if she'd just caught on. "No. Okay, think this out like a product evaluation. I went to Hogsmeade because I was supposed to check on the new premises, but I felt compelled to go see Fred's grave. That would be an expected affect, right?" Angelina asked.

Severus shook his head. "Possibly, but unlikely. What happened next?"

"Lee saw me and walked over, and he said hello. I started crying, and he hugged me while I cried on his shoulder. But I didn't feel anything but sadness, sorrow for the loss of Fred. After a while, we walked back to Hogsmeade together, and yes, we went to the Three Broomsticks, had drinks and talked, reminiscing about Fred. No, I don't think I felt any pull, unusual attraction, or odd urges...just the normal feelings of friendship and familiarity. We ordered more butterbeers, and we just started talking about school, all the pranks our last year, and well, it grew late so we went to dinner." She looked at Lee and smiled. "Nothing untoward, but I did discover that we have a lot in common."

"It could be that you were drawn to Fred's grave because he was your soul mate, but the potions don't normally work when one partner or soul mate is dead. It's also possible you and Mr. Jordan were drawn to each other, but the sequence isn't right," Severus amended, seeing Lee's scowl. His statement started a buzz of conversations. "QUIET. One at a time. Mr. Jordan, why were you in Hogsmeade?"

"I wanted to get some of my mum's favorite chocolates from Honeydukes. It was her birthday... and I had this urge to see Fred's grave...again," Lee replied. "I was standing there when Angelina walked up."

"Then your relationship with Miss Johnson came about naturally," Severus stated. "If it was the potions, she would have been there before you. It's possible, Miss Johnson, did not eat a contaminated chocolate, or you hadn't had any previous infatuations for each other."

"What about me?" Susan asked. "And Megan? Does that mean that we are...we're supposed to be with George and Ron?"

"If that is who was drawn to you, then yes, you have met your soul mate. If you acted on lust, it's possible that you had a long unrequited infatuation for each other," Severus said, as if lecturing her, and Susan looked incensed. "Miss Bones, with whom did you end up in their company? Was it George or Ron Weasley?"

"It was George," she admitted, blushing.

Severus smirked at her. "Then, it is safe to assume that if he was drawn to you, inexplicitly and without any previous reason to do so, then it's quite possible that yes, you are soul mates," he said calmly. "If, in fact, you simply copulated due to raging hormones heightened by the effects of the combination of the potions, then I suggest you spend more time to get to know each other and discover for yourselves if you are compatible."

He tilted his head to look at Megan, who was still trying to distance herself from Hermione behind Ron, Susan, and George. "Miss Jones, the same would apply for you and Ronald Weasley, since I presume you were with Ronald, considering that you two are the only other obvious couple present. If that is the case, I wish you well."

Severus turned to go. He glanced at Hermione with a look of longing and dejection as he walked away. Hermione, feeling torn between following him and staying and aide her friends and, not wanting to be in the same room with Ron any longer than she had too, opted to follow Severus.

However, Ron had the same idea, and he'd bolted for the door to follow Severus, managing to get out of the door ahead of her. "And you?" he asked, as if a challenge. "What about you. Why are you here?"

Severus inhaled sharply then turned to face him. "I was drawn to Hermione. And since she combined the potions, I was mooning for her as she was for me," he said. "Besides, you don't think she would have stayed with you, your love child, and your new love interest, do you? You don't deserve her."

"Severus!" Hermione admonished him as she sidestepped Ron. "Look, Ron, we were poorly matched. Right now, I am still so vexed with you I simply want to curse you into next week! You were cheating on me, and there is no way you can deny it, not now! You even got Lavender Brown pregnant, the very day before you asked me...it doesn't matter. Even if I did take you back, which I seriously just can't do, I could never trust you like I had ever again. Well, maybe I could learn to a little, but it would always be on my mind each time you worked late or went anywhere. I'd wonder, and I'd think the worst. It's not fair, and I know I can't live like that. It will have to be this way. Besides, I...if these potions match you to your soul mate, then why weren't *you* drawn to *me*? Why were you shagging Megan instead? Eh? Yet, according to Severus, he was attracted to me...*twice*! What that means, Ronald, is that if I was affected by these potions it is Severus, not you, who... I suppose if I believe that the potion did what it was supposed to do, then I am soul mates with Severus, and I should see where this will go."

Severus looked at Hermione in shock. "Don't be like that, Severus, we still have to talk about this. I'm not saying it will work out with you either, but I cannot deny what happened and what it means."

"So, we're through?" Ron asked, his shoulders slumping.

Hermione turned to Ron, placing her hand on his arm. "You have to find out what you want, Ron. You and Lavender are not through yet, and you have a child with her. You also have Megan to consider, and truthfully, I think she may be better suited for you than either Lavender or I am. Although right now, I wouldn't wish you on anyone! Someday, in the future, I hope we can be friends again, like we used to be. But putting this behind us...I don't know. You really hurt me, and I hurt you. We will need to work this out eventually, but not now. I need time away from you. But I think we will be okay. I've known you too long." Ron hugged her tightly, burying his face in her hair. His action angered her, and she wanted to shove him away, but she could feel his anguish, which tugged at her heart. Still, she tried to shove him off, but he hugged her tighter, and she had no other option than to simply pat his back until he let go. "It'll be all right, it'll take time."

"I know, but I still love you," Ron confessed.

"I love you, too. That's what *really* hurts," she said softly. "But, in time, I think we will both realize it's a brother-sister kind of love, like long time best friends. At least, I hope someday when the pain goes away and I can stand... I hope it will become that way again."

When Ron let go and turned to go back inside, Hermione turned to try and find Severus.

He was gone.

She ran down the street, turning and running the other way, Apparating to the far end of the street before realizing he was simply gone. She felt a sudden panic, a deep fear that he'd given up on her after seeing Ron hug her.

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Severus went home and sat down, staring at the empty grate. He was right, she had absorbed the Love-Drawing and Mooning Potions through her skin. He smirked at the memories he'd seen in her mind, the carelessness that would have infuriated him except that this time such imbecilic actions actually worked in his favor.

However, she had just broken up with Weasley, right there in the doorway to his brother's shop, and they still had to resolve that breakup.*Hermione needs time. I can wait*

a day or two for her to think this out. She did say she likes me, but then told me she didn't think we would work out. She is confused, that's all it is.

His great aunt's house-elf, Peeper, peeked around the chair next to him. *Still afraid of the big bad Death Eater, are we, Peeper?* "Yes?" Severus asked slowly.

"Is the miss coming to dinner, sir?" she squeaked.

"No, Peeper, she will not be joining me tonight."

The house-elf turned her head to look in the direction of the kitchen, then at him, and then at the dining room.

Severus watched the young elf's distress in his peripheral vision with a sense of amusement. "You may fix me a plate and set the table in the kitchen, and clear the dining room. I'll be in in a moment."

The elf actually looked relieved. "Yes, master, sir; Peeper will make you a plate."

*And it will be heaping full too. That elf thinks I'm too thin and undernourished* he thought, amused. Still, it was nice to have a house-elf. He remembered hearing some bloody nonsense of a Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare, which Hermione had tried organizing as a student. *I wonder how she will react to Peeper? It seemed that every house-elf in Hogwarts was afraid of her at one point, over hats. I will have to devise an order for Peeper regarding any article of clothing Hermione gives, hands, or leaves around for Peeper to be given to me. If she doesn't accept the item, it's not the same...*

*But I want Hermione here, with me, eventually.* He looked around the mantel and side table, bookshelves and endtable, seeing the moving faces of his ancestors *At least none of the portraits hate me or make disparaging remarks.* His grandfather had never really hated him, but had disowned his mum for her choice of husband. However, his great grandfather had apparently been more reasonable, leaving the house to him, since his own sons had died at forty-nine and sixty-three. Still, his great aunt had been afraid of him, even though Severus had placed every ward he knew for her protection and set the house under the Fidelis Charm. Now the Charm had been broken and reset, making Peeper the current Secret Keeper.

He looked around the room as he rose to go eat. The deep rose carpet, elegant antique furnishings were upholstered to match the drapes and linens *All with this cabbage rose print my great aunt must have loved so much to have used it everywhere!* She'd even put lace doilies on every surface, including the armrests and backs of the chairs and sofa. Then there were the kittens: figurines, plates, pictures, pillows... when he'd come to see her, he'd always expected to see a dozen stray cats living in the house. *Thank Merlin, she was allergic to fur!* In addition, there were vases of ever-lasting roses on every table *Merlin, I hate those roses!* He just hadn't gotten around to disposing of them yet.

*Still, between this house and my father's, this is the one I will live in with Hermione.*

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Author's Notes:

Prompt #100. There are people who believe that Ron and Lavender did the nasty during sixth year. What if Lavender got pregnant during their canoodling and after the Final Battle Lavender informs him that he's the father of her child *Oops! Ron is really screwing up, isn't he?*

#70. Fred & (Not Fred, sorry, he's dead.) George Weasley's newest invention (from Ron) has interesting/horrific/comedic side effects. What happens? Who is affected? *Just wrapping up the 'what happened' part.*

*The prompt I'm still working through is:*

#63 Hermione likes to experiment with potions and has offered to help George when he reopens his new shop. However, so does Ron, and they are having problem in their relationship. A mishap in the workroom produces disastrous results of the Wonder Witch Love Potion, effecting George, Ron, Hermione and Ginny. What truths are discovered, who falls for whom, and why is Hermione pining away for Snape if he is dead? (No incest and must still fit in plausibly with DH)

## Things Are Starting to Look Up

Chapter 6 of 7

With her personal life in a complete upheaval, Hermione focuses on work, and tries to pull herself together, getting quite a lot of support from her friends. However, even through the turbulent twist of fate, something really awesome happens in her favor.

*I want to give a great big thank you hug to MadBrilliant for combing through this to point out my numerous errors and help me make this presentable for reading. You're the best, thank you!*

Things Are Starting To Look Up

Hermione went home and headed straight to her loo for a nice long soak, but as soon as she was chin deep in the bubbles, she started to cry. In just the last few days, everything around her had suddenly turned completely upside down. Ron had cheated on her in spectacular fashion. The memory of watching him shag Megan, his freckled bum, the way he'd moved her around, the aggressiveness of it, replayed over and over in her mind, and it was all she could do to think of anything else. "I wonder if he shagged Lavender that way too?" she asked no one.

A soft mewling followed by a very loud purr announced that Crookshanks, now a very old cat, was in the loo with her. Hermione turned to watch him try and jump up on his favorite pedestal, the bench seat of the vanity. It pained her to see him hesitate, and she knew it was getting harder for him to manage even that simple jump. Hermione held her wand ready and as Crooks made his attempt, she assisted him magically. He turned to look at her as if triumphant, settling down carefully to get comfortable.

"How are you doing, love?" she asked him. *Oh, I'm fine. But you know, the arthritis kicks up, my back and joints all hurt. I sleep all day, and when I get up, I can hardly move. My teeth are becoming sensitive and weak, so I can't chew very well, and my stomach bothers me when I eat some of my favorite treats. But other than that, I'm fine,* she imagined he was telling her, if he could actually talk, when Crooks simply made a long meow and resumed purring at her.

"I'm not doing so well myself," she told him. "Ron's...he's a father. Did you know that? In addition, he's shagging Megan What's-Her-Name, and we broke up. He's not going to be moving in here after all."

Crooks actually perked up at that, and Hermione laughed, reheating her bath with a Warming Charm. "So, yes. You are still king of the ottoman! And you may still have the chair closest to the fireplace."

He mewed again as if to say he was pleased and readjusted his feet.

It pained her to see him getting old.

Hermione closed her eyes again and tried very hard not to think about anything, which unfortunately only worked in books. Her mind drifted, either to Ron or to Severus Snape, both with equal emotional upheaval. In the end, she decided on concentrating on work. It was safer and didn't make her cry.

Finally, as the water cooled again, and Hermione felt like a prune, she climbed out, dried off, and followed Crooks into her bedroom. In the bedroom, her eyes immediately focused on the wedding gown hanging on the wardrobe door. She started to cry again, walking over and shrinking the gown down. She quickly hid it away in the back of the wardrobe and out of sight. She threw herself on the bed, still wrapped in the towel with her hair still wet, and cried herself to sleep.

Crookshanks managed to climb up on the bed and lay down next to her, purring, trying to comfort his friend and provider.

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"Do you really think they might actually consider helping? I know that the orphanage would be an ideal place. It's been abandoned for years, but with magic, it could be put to rights in no time," Hermione said, standing in Diagon Alley, right next to the bougainvillea, which marked the alleyway for the Apparation site. A wizard and two witches walked past them, entering the street.

"I think you explained your idea really well. You have me convinced," Harry said. "Of course, if you need start up money..."

Hermione paused as a couple walked past them into the alleyway, arms loaded with packages. "It's not that I don't need money, Harry. You and Ginny have already committed to helping me, and you've already done so much. You've agreed to fund the production of the potion and books for the kids. However, buying the orphanage and grounds will be really expensive, and I think I'll need more than one patron to get the premises. Besides, having you helping and being on my committee is already making things easier in the Ministry, getting the laws changed, getting St. Mungo's to sanction the project, and all. I know that people are willing to listen to you. I still need to figure out containment issues, and I don't want to use cages."

"How are you going to get around using cages?" Harry asked. "I know you plan on using the individual rooms, but with the numbers Remus told us about, there isn't enough."

"Remus said that with the potion, the rooms will be fine. I could use the large dormitories even. But people want them locked up when they change, and I don't see a way around that," she explained. "Your point of the fact that with the new clinic, werewolves would have a safe, contained environment to transform, and no longer be transforming in the parks or cities was a good one, though." She was distracted momentarily by a sharp pop in the alleyway. "A bit too direct, maybe. Mrs. Greengrass looked positively ill and Mrs. Montgomery looked ready to faint. Still, I think it went well. I really hope they actually consider helping!" Hermione gave Harry a hug. "Thank you so much for coming with me," she mumbled against his cheek.

"Umph, oh, yes. You're welcome. Glad to help." He returned the hug, albeit uneasily. "Hermione, are you okay? You don't come around anymore."

Hermione felt the happiness of her hopefully successful meeting with the Greengrass and the Montgomerys fade instantly, and she sighed.

"Is it Ron?" Harry asked, his arm across her back tightening up a little bit.

"Ah, yeah," she admitted. "I just can't face him right now. Or Kreacher. I practically destroyed your house!"

"Four doors, two mirrors, three windows, the glass in four picture frames, one wardrobe, a huge antique bed frame, a nice crack in the hallway wall, and I had to get rid of two dozen gold finches, but who's counting," he said. "Actually, all considering, I think Ron got off easy."

Hermione started to cry again, and Harry held her tightly, stroking her back. "Maybe you shouldn't go to the shop tonight. I don't mean that Ron will be there, George has worked out a schedule so you don't have to cross paths, but do you really think you can brew potions in your state?"

Hermione let him go and wiped her face. "No, I'll be fine. Brewing gives me something to concentrate on, and if I do more than one at a time, I have to really concentrate. If you like, would you and Gin come by tonight for dinner at my place?"

"Kreacher cooks better," Harry suggested, and Hermione gave him a playful swat.

"I'll bring take away. Your favorite," she said, forcing a smile. "It will be nice to have you both over."

"Sure," he replied.

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Hidden behind the bougainvillea, Severus watched the scene and sighed. *Okay, maybe she will need another day.*

He wished he dared use Legilimency on them to find out what she was up to and why she thought the Greengrasses and Montgomerys would help. *Help what, I wonder? I've heard rumor of a werewolf clinic. Is Hermione trying to start a... Lupin. Of course she is.*

A smile spread on his face. *Be interested in what she is interested in, Narcissa had said at dinner. Good advice. If Hermione is trying to set up a werewolf clinic, she'll need Wolfsbane Potion. I was going to the apothecary anyway.* He slipped into the street and nodded at a surprised Potter. "Good evening, Potter. I trust you and Miss Weasley are well?"

"Yes, thank you," Harry replied, more out of courtesy, Severus supposed. "And you, sir?"

Severus stopped and turned, facing Harry properly. "I'm doing well, thank you. Please forgive my imprudence, but I couldn't help overhearing you speaking to Miss Granger," he said as amiably as he could muster. "Are you and Miss Granger considering setting up a werewolf clinic?"

"Since, as you say, you overheard us," Harry replied, looking both surprised and a little offended, but maintained his cool, "yes, sir, we are. She works in the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures, and she is trying to establish a clinic for them, in order for them to have a safe place to transform. Hermione also wants a Healer on staff, teachers for the kids, and a job referral services for the adults. Help make them viable citizens instead of outcasts."

"An excellent idea." Severus smiled. "And does she intend for this clinic to be at St. Mungo's?"

Harry looked at him suspiciously. "No, it's not planned to be at St. Mungo's. She found an abandoned orphanage facility that suits her needs, and if she can get the building, St. Mungo's has agreed to sanction the clinic as a satellite facility. But the Ministry is too stretched at this time to get it started."

"I see. Thank you," Severus said with a small smile, deep in thought. "Good day to you, Mr. Potter." *Perfect. I now have a reason to call on her, and get on her good graces.*

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George was closing up when Hermione walked into the shop. "Oh, just the girl I wanted to see. I didn't know if you were coming in or not."

"What did you need?" Hermione asked, walking to the back room to set down her stuff. "Did Ginny bring the trick ink samples?"

"Yes, and the other charmed items...look I need to ask you about the potions in the truffles."

Hermione turned around and crossed her arms. "What about them?"

"Okay, how do I know if what happened between me and Susan was real or not? Snape said that the potions last six hours, right?" George asked. "He said that if we were drawn to each other, then we are soul mates, but that it could've just been lust because of the combination of the potions. So, how do I tell?"

"Why are you asking me?" Hermione asked, stunned.

"You brewed them!" George said, raising his voice slightly. "You're the Gryffindor know-it-all! So, tell me!"

Hermione sighed and looked away, then faced George, dreading the conversation. "Okay, reason it out. Did you or did you not feel an attraction to her you might not have had otherwise?"

"No, well yes," George said. "She's cute. I was...am attracted to her. I just never saw her as a possible girlfriend before."

"And Susan, how does she feel?" Hermione asked. "Have you asked her?"

"Yes, she said she had a crush on me in school, but that I never gave her the time of day," he answered.

Hermione didn't know what to say. "Why did you take her up to your flat?"

"To sh...get her alone, so we..." he stammered.

Hermione held up her hand and raised her eyebrows.

"So, you don't know, do you?" he asked.

"No, I don't," she admitted. "All I can say is that if after finding out you're attracted to her, regardless of the reason you were drawn together in the first place, maybe you should give it a go. It's like your other love potions, they wear off, and then you either have this sickening regret or an attraction, right? I am to assume you still feel something for Susan?"

"I dunno, I suppose so," George admitted. "Okay, blimey, yes."

"Then there is your answer," Hermione stated.

George's expression changed to one of seriousness. "What about Ron?"

Hermione crossed her arms. "What about him?"

"You and Ron?" he repeated.

"As far as I'm concerned, we are over. It wouldn't have worked out anyway," she replied, a bit defensively. "Besides, he ate a truffle, didn't he? And he took Megan home...not me! I saw him with her. Not to mention he shagged Lavender Brown while we were dating, and he has a child with her. Not only that, but all we do is fuss, argue, and disagree about everything! I mean, I do love him, but I could never again trust him as a boyfriend and certainly not as a husband."

"I figured, but I was told to ask," he said, nodding in understanding.

"You can pass on the word, Ron and I are through," she said, grabbing her things and turning for the door. "I need to... I'm sorry. I'll brew the stuff you asked me to do, but I think I'll do them at home."

"It's okay," he replied. "I understand."

When Hermione left the shop, she saw Lavender across the street, crying. Although she was furious with her for cheating with Ron, she felt a twang of pity for her as well. *Merlin's balls, can things get any more screwed up?* She hurried to the Apparation site to go home.

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Severus sat in the library sipping on a fine cognac, after a wonderful dinner. Lucius Malfoy sat comfortably in the chair across from him, eyeing his friends speculatively. "So, what is it that you want?" Lucius asked, nonchalantly, belying the true nature of the question.

"Are you implying I want anything other than your company?" Severus responded smoothly.

"Severus, being a wealthy man, I have always known when I am being approached for money. No matter how subtle a person is, their true intent is always there, like a tension in the air." Lucius rolled the cognac in his glass in a deceptively lazy manner, watching the amber liquor. "However, I have never known you to ask for anything. You even loathed asking me when you needed funds for our late master's wishes. So, give. What is it, and how much?"

"It's not for me," Severus said, choosing to be blunt.

"It never is," Lucius said with a smile.

"It's for a werewolf clinic."

Lucius looked at him, actually surprised. "A what?"

"You heard me. Hermione Granger is trying to set up a werewolf clinic, and the Ministry doesn't have the funds," Severus stated. "She has a site in mind, an orphanage, which will suit her needs." He handed Lucius a photo of the old building in an overgrown field, surrounded by groves of trees.

"You have got to be kidding?" Lucius said, handing it back. "It's dilapidated."

"So you can get it for cheap," Severus stated. "She will get the support she needs to fix the place up and make it livable. All she needs is the building and the grounds. I believe that such a donation to the Ministry would count greatly towards your restitution."

"It would at that," Lucius said. "But I don't want my name associated with a werewolf clinic."

"Then may I make a suggestion?" Severus asked. "Donate the building and grounds to the Minister personally, anonymously, and suggest that it be named after the war hero, Remus Lupin, a werewolf who was in Dumbledore's Order."

"Lupin, the one Nymphadora Tonks married?" Lucius' lips curled up into a smirk. "Didn't she save Draco from being killed during the war by casting a Slicing Hex on Faulkner?"

"She cut Faulkner down to save some Slytherin students from his curse. The students were fighting against the Dark Lord," Severus said, sipping his drink. "I believe she said there were three of them."

"But that's not how Narcissa heard it," Lucius said thoughtfully, rolling the glass in his hand as he stared into the amber liquid. "Draco told her she'd saved his life during the fighting. I think I'll have a word with Narcissa. This clinic building would be a nice way to repay Nymphadora and honor her husband's part in the war. Anonymously, of course."

"Of course, and win some favor with the Ministry again," Severus added.

"Indeed."

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As it was, Hermione received an owl from Neville the moment she got home, asking if he could see her. Hermione sighed and responded with a, 'Sure, when?' on the bottom of the parchment.

Within minutes of the owl leaving her window, he returned, dropping the same piece of parchment in front of her. Along the left margin Neville had added, 'When would be convenient?'

Hermione turned the parchment over and wrote, 'Where are you?' The owl was back in exactly two minutes. Under her question Neville had written, 'The park with the phone booth.'

Hermione started laughing as she wrote, 'Harry and Gin are coming over for dinner. Would you like to join us?'

She waited by the window for the response. The owl took four minutes this time. 'I really don't mean to impose on you, but may Hannah come to? We would like to, and she is with me.'

Hermione chuckled. She grabbed her purse and headed for the park. Neville was pacing in front of the bench. Hannah, in contrast, was sitting on the bench, fingers laced together on her lap, trying to reassure him. Both looked up in surprise when Hermione showed up, briefly greeted them both, and sat down next to Hannah. "Okay, what did you want to see me about...or should I guess? You have questions about the potions that got mixed up."

"No, I don't," Hannah said calmly. "But there is something that we'd like to ask you, if you don't mind."

"Hermione, I'm not any good with potions, and well, Hannah didn't get into N.E.W.T. level Potions, so we," he said, suddenly going quite pink in the cheeks. "I was wondering if maybe you could help us out."

"Neville, I'd be glad to, but I have no idea what you're talking about," Hermione said, confused. "Are you two okay about what happened? I mean, the effect that the errant truffle caused?"

"Oh, I couldn't be happier!" Hannah said, smiling warmly. "In fact, I'm seriously thinking of asking you to be my Maid of Honor!" She held out her hand, showing Hermione a tasteful engagement ring. "Thanks to you, Neville and I are going to get married, although his gran insists on a long engagement."

"And I don't want to get her pregnant before we do," Neville blurted out. "I mean, before we are properly married. Actually, I don't...I mean...I do, but we don't want kids right off. Can you maybe help us?"

Hermione tried to fight back a laugh at his expense. Her answer, "Sure I can," was interrupted when Neville added, "I don't have a lot of extra right now, since I'm still a journeyman apprentice. I can get the ingredients, but I can't brew it."

Hermione held up her hand. "Neville, I said yes. I remember how you struggled with Potions, but it was only because you were so intimidated by Severus. Hannah, did you get an O.W.L. in potions?"

"I got an Acceptable, Merlin only knows how," she admitted.

"Okay, I'll work with you, and teach you how to brew it. It's not hard, you just have to be real careful with the timing," Hermione suggested. "But after a few times with me, you'll get it. Now, I have to go into Muggle Surrey to the Fish n' Chippy to get dinner. I promised Harry. Would you like to come, or do you want to wait until I get back?"

Not surprising Neville wanted to go, and Hannah was apprehensive. In the end, both accompanied her, standing wide-eyed behind Hermione as she ordered five full dinners and extra chips.

Back at her flat, everyone scrunched together around her enlarged kitchen table, all talking and laughing. Hermione, for the first time in ages, felt like things were right in her life. Hannah conversed easily with everyone, although every now and again, she looked at Hermione with a look of awe and a touch of fear in her eyes, but Hermione simply figured it was because of what her friend Megan had told her. Still, it was the most enjoyable evening she'd had in a while.

Although that night in her bed, as she'd endured during the last few nights before, Hermione had a very restless night, tossing and turning from exotic dreams involving Severus Snape and Dolores Umbridge's house...especially Umbridge's bedroom.

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Hermione walked into her office, running a tad late, and was nearly blinded as an urgent interdepartmental aeroplane from Kingsley hit her in the face, requesting, in a very firm tone, that she come up to his office immediately upon arriving at work. His assistant ushered her into his office as soon as Hermione arrived. "Good, you got my memo. Sit down," Kingsley said, looking as if he'd caught the Snitch.

"Okay, what happened?" she asked suspiciously. "I came as soon as I read your note."

"The orphanage you wanted has been sold," he said, "and the new owners are donating it to the Ministry for the purpose of a werewolf clinic."

"No!" she gasped, not sure she believed him. "The Greengrass or the Montgomerys?"

"Neither, although both have given your project a considerable sum for start up, and the Montgomerys have indicated that there will be a stipend donated monthly in their son's name. I have also been given assurances from a Potions master that the Wolfsbane Potion will be donated each month and facilities for research will be provided as well." Kingsley handed Hermione an official Ministry file. "Here are the specifics regarding your funding and the contract regarding your building and the surrounding grounds."

Hermione quickly scanned the contents, gobsmacked. "I...will the Ministry now approve the clinic now?"

"I already have," Kingsley stated. "It's to be known as the Remus Lupin Werewolf Social Services Building, as per the request of the contributor, and will be a satellite of your Werewolf Liaison office and St. Mungo's."

"Oh, my gods! They even hired a contractor and architect for the site!" she exclaimed, reading the file in her hands, amazed. "But I...who? How? Why?"

"They insist that they wish to be anonymous and do not want their name associated with the clinic," Kingsley stated and then smiled. "It's for personal reasons that they wish to do this, and also likewise have their reasons for to remain anonymous. But I assure you everything is in order. The facilities are yours. St. Mungo's has already been notified, and we have a meeting in five minutes to hear your proposal."

"Five minutes!" she gasped.

"Actually, three," he said, checking his clock. "You are the first subject on the agenda since this is going to be such a large endeavor. However, I intend to back you completely and make sure that you retain complete control of the construction and development of the clinic. You will have to assign a committee, so consider quickly who you want to work with."

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*Author's Notes:*

*I hope I have sufficiently explained the extra Prince family member. If not, I'm terribly sorry.*

*This is the primary prompt that started it all.*

Prompt #63. Hermione likes to experiment with potions and has offered to help George when he reopens his new shop. However, so does Ron, and they are having problem in their relationship. A mishap in the workroom produces disastrous results of the Wonder Witch Love Potion, effecting George, Ron, Hermione and Ginny. (*and I added a few more for extra fun!*) What truths are discovered, who falls for whom, and why is Hermione pinning away for Snape if he is dead? (No incest and must still fit in plausibly with DH) *Sorry, I think I completely threw the epilogue out of the window. And it's a long way down from here! Of course I never liked the epilogue anyway.*

Prompt #70. Fred & (*Not Fred, sorry, he's dead.*) George Weasley's newest invention (*which, as you know, was all messed up by Ron's inattentiveness*) has interesting/horrific/comedic side effects. What happens? Who is affected? *I think I covered this well enough. If not, you may leave me a review and chew me out.*

Prompt #100. There are people who believe that Ron and Lavender did the nasty during sixth year. What if Lavender got pregnant during their canoodling and after the Final Battle Lavender informs him that he's the father of her child *Okay, I still have to wrap this up in a nice little package. Or not!*

## Everything Is Coming Out Right

*Chapter 7 of 7*

Severus makes his move for Hermione, and we find out how the story ends for all the other couples effected by Ron's blunder.

*I want to give a great big thank you hug to MadBrilliant for combing through this to point out my numerous errors and help me make this presentable for reading. You're the best, thank you!*

Everything Is Coming Out Right

Severus was getting tired of waiting. The new facilities for the werewolf clinic were underway, and the building had a lot of support, what with Minster Kingsley Shacklebolt, Caroline Montgomery, Harry Potter, Ginevra Weasley, Neville Longbottom, and Hermione Granger at the helm. Remus Lupin had encouraged several werewolves to attend the meetings so that they would know firsthand what the plans were and to voice their concerns and opinions. As per his promise to the Minister, Severus brought the first dose of the Wolfsbane Potion to the clinic, surprising everyone. He'd barely made enough, and his presence made several of the werewolves skeptical at first. However, it was Lupin and Hermione who assured the beasts that the potion was perfect. Hearing such confirmation coming from Hermione had made Severus smile, although he maintained his serene composure the entire time.

After the last werewolf consumed his dose, Severus Scourgified his cauldrons and sent Peeper home to clean them. He walked over to Lupin to confirm the need for a second dosage and verify the numbers of those who would be taking it.

Hermione walked over to him as he was preparing to leave. She looked very lovely in her blue robes over her work clothes and her hair confined in a barrette. So much more mature than the student he'd watched grow up. "Severus, I wanted to say thank you," she said, looking up at him with a warm smile.

"You're welcome," he said smoothly. "I must prepare another dose for those who've been suffering from Lycanthropy for a long time, to assure optimum results, and to assure your safety."

"My safety?" she asked, confused.

"Yes," he said, looking at her, wishing she would accompany him home.*Do I dare? Is she ready?*"For whom did you think I did all this?" he asked with a sweep of his hand.

Hermione's eyes grew wide. "You! You had a hand in...you know who bought the facilities, don't you?"

Severus merely gave her an amused smirk. "I did my part in this for you," he said, reaching out to brush back a strand of her hair, barely touching her face, suppressing the longing he was desirous to show her. She blushed under his stare as she tucked the offending lock behind her ear. He looked up at the others mingling around. "I have much to do. I'm very proud of you," he said softly before turning to leave.

"Severus," she called after him softly, walking up and touching his arm.

He looked at her hand, so delicate on his sleeve, then looked at her face, so trusting and imploring. "If I take you with me, I will want to make love to you."

Her eyes grew wide but her fingers curled tighter on his arm. "But you hardly know me!"

"I know you well enough," he said slowly. "And now, thanks to a little mishap, I know we are suited for each other, although we have never explored that before. Do you trust me, Hermione?"

"Yes," she replied.

He smiled, clasped her hand on his arm with his, and Apparated them to his house in Spinner's End. "This is Spinner's End, my father's house, and my potions lab," he said, watching as she stared at his books in opened-mouthed wonder. He opened the concealed door that led to his potions lab, which had once been the kitchen, eating area, and main room of the small house. The space had been reorganized to suit his purpose of an efficient potions lab with plenty of work area and the original kitchen modified to accommodate the standard potions sink for cleaning cauldrons and preparing ingredients.

Peeper was busily cleaning his cauldrons at the sink. She turned and bowed low before returning to her task, humming happily as if this was the greatest chore in the world.

Hermione watched her a moment and turned to face him, her expression neutral. "You have a house-elf?"

"Yes," he replied simply, then indicated the open doorway in the wall beside her. "There is my study, which also leads to a box room I use for my supplies, and a loo."

"This is where you grew up?" she asked, looking at him. "Is there an upstairs?"

He smiled. "There is: another box room and two bedrooms. It is unchanged. However, I have made many alterations to this floor." He stepped closer to her and hesitated.

"Sir, why did you bring me here?" she asked, and he cringed inwardly at the slight edge of unease in her voice.

"I wanted to show you where I live and work," he said, moving closer to her. "You have seen where I live. This is where I work." He reached out and touched her hair, sliding just his fingertips through her curls. "I cannot stop thinking about you, Hermione." His thumb brushed her cheek, barely making contact. "I know that the Love-Drawing Potion confirmed that we are soul mates, and I would like to possibly see if there is any merit in pursuing you."

"You do?" she asked, swallowing, and he hoped her reaction was from his casual feather-light touch, not because she was nervous due to his proximity.

"Yes, I do." Severus moved even closer as he cupped her face, pleased that she offered no resistance. "I would like very much to see where this could take us," he said silkily as he lowered his mouth to hers. He kissed her slowly and leisurely, savoring the feel of her lips and the taste of her mouth, keeping his kisses soft and sensual. Hermione made a soft mewling noise before wrapping her arms around him to steady herself, and he encircled her waist with his arm, still gently cupping her face with the other. Slowly the kiss became more heated, far more passionate, and Severus felt his self-control slipping. "Merlin, I want you," he groaned, crushing her to him, wanting nothing more than to completely possess her.

"Oh, Circe! I don't know how much of this I am ready for," she stammered against the assault of his kiss.

"Say yes or say no," he urged her.

"To which part?" she asked as his mouth moved from hers to her neck, making her head tilt in response to the intense feelings he knew he was giving her.

"Any of it...all of it. You choose," he said, loving the way her body was reacting to him. If he wanted to truly have her, he could so easily push her self-control off the battlements and take her right here, right now, on his worktable. The thought alone made his penis so hard it nearly hurt. However, he was determined to make her his wife, not a short time fling. Forcing her was not an option.

"I need more time to think about this," she moaned, and he wanted to swear at her indecision.

"Expect me to pursue you," he said silkily, kissing her firmly and suddenly letting her go, watching as she had to steady herself upright. "So, how would you like to learn how to brew the Wolfsbane?"

Her eyes lit up, just as he'd expected they would. "I'd love to!"

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Severus was a most persistent suitor, showing up like clockwork to walk her home from her Apparation site each night and frequently offering for her to brew her potions with him at his lab in Spinner's End. From their first day in his lab, he had begun teaching her how to brew the Wolfsbane Potion, and by the third full moon, she had become quite proficient at it.

He had also been quite gracious regarding the lending of his personal books, frequently engaging her in a discussion of the books she borrowed when she returned them. Twice a week he took her out for dinner, although he seemed to prefer a packed dinner in a secluded spot, as opposed to a restaurant. It amused her to see him conjure up a table and chairs and pull out two full formal table settings, complete with linens and candles from his picnic basket and enough food to make them feel stuffed and leave her with extra to take to work the following day.

Each night when he kissed her goodbye, he seemed able to curl her toes, take her breath away, and make her swoon, but he never pressed her for anything more, much to her regret each night as she lay in bed, touching herself while fantasizing about him.

On more than one occasion, Hermione arrived at work to see a single flower lying on her desk without any note as to its sender, although she knew with absolute certainty it was from Severus. In fact, Hermione was growing increasingly distracted at work, occasionally thinking about Severus at her desk, frequently making the gossips at the Ministry delighted in speculating on who her paramour could be. Still, it had been the most wonderful two months she'd ever had.

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The invite to Neville and Hannah's wedding came as no surprise. Hanna had still wanted Hermione to be her Maid of Honor because she felt that she wouldn't be getting married if it weren't for Hermione's potions. Hermione had turned down Hannah's request, telling her that it was really Ron who'd caused the potions mishap that had brought them together. Hannah had been disappointed until Hermione added that Ron looked terrible in pink, so she should choose her best mate for the honor. Both girls laughed themselves silly at the thought of Ron wearing dress robes with pink ruffles and lace, getting strange looks from Severus and Neville, who were talking about Herbology across the sitting room.

When Hermione and Severus arrived at the wedding together, they received their fair share of stares, especially from the old aunts and elderly witches. George showed up with Susan on his arm, smiling at her as she walked down the aisle in her pretty, pink bridesmaid gown. Ron showed up and spent the evening dancing with Megan, who was also one of Hannah's bridesmaids. Nevertheless, the two times Hermione and Ron had crossed paths, there had been a bit of tension, usually eased by the arrival of either Harry, Ginny, George, or Susan. Mostly they had seemed to reach an uncomfortable truce, opting to keep things friendly, although Ginny confided to Hermione that Ron still harbored deep feelings for her. Nevertheless, things did seem to be healing between them, albeit very slowly as the hurts were slowly ebbing away. The friendship that had started their first year of school still maintained a tie that had been severely strained, but had never totally been broken. At least she was able to talk to Ron in public and surrounded by their mutual friends.

Severus had been a perfect gentleman all afternoon and evening, conversing amiably with her friends and dancing with Hermione most of the night. Even Ginny, whose hair clashed with her pink gown, had a good time and danced with Severus more than once. By the time the reception was winding down, Hermione was feeling slightly tipsy, and her feet hurt terribly, even more so when she'd removed her shoes to stretch her toes. "Severus, please take me home," she pleaded, finally hoping he'd had



enough as well. She was leaning her back against him, his arms around her, watching Neville dancing with his Gran, and Hannah dancing with her father.

"I'd be delighted to," he said softly in her ear. "Go make your goodbyes." He took her hand, following her as she wished both Neville and Hannah well and said bye to all her friends as they made their way from the room.

Severus pulled her to him, embracing her tightly, and asked, "Where to? Your home or mine?"

"Mine," she replied softly, hugging him and allowing him to Apparate them to her phone booth. They sat on the bench in the park for a while as Severus massaged her feet.

"There, do you think you can walk?" he asked, transfiguring her shoes into slippers.

Hermione giggled. "Who would have thought that the greasy git...the bat of the dungeons would ever massage my feet, let alone make me slippers!" she said, grimacing at his scowl. "Oh! Sorry! I always hated hearing Harry and Ron calling you that."

"Most students did," he said softly. "It was an image I carefully maintained to keep my distance."

"Why?" she asked as he pulled her to her feet.

"Hermione, I was only twenty-one when I first started teaching and not at all interested in schoolgirl infatuations, which I had plenty to deal with," he explained as they walked. "Students who were in third-year when I was in my seventh were now in my N.E.W.T. level classes, and only five years younger than I was. In the wizarding world a twenty- or even thirty-year age difference in marriages is not uncommon, so you can imagine. I perfected the aloof, indifferent, brooding, sarcastic image for self-preservation, and my reputation quickly grew. I was an acquitted Death Eater, dark, mysterious, and broody...a babe magnet. Merlin only knows why women like the sort, but they do. The more I shoved the students away, the more I had to deal with schoolgirl crushes. Finally, I perfected the image so well that it took on a persona all of its own, and one I maintained."

"I had a crush on you." Her confession just slipped out, and she immediately covered her mouth.

He laughed. "Somehow, I'm not the least bit surprised. Let me guess: your first through third years?"

"Second through fifth actually," she replied with a grin. "I completely gave up on you sixth year."

"And here we are," he said.

"Yes, here we are," she repeated, amazed.

"I meant your door," he said, smirking.

Hermione blushed as she unlocked and unwarded her door, inviting him in. However, after sitting with him on the sofa, her head on his chest, listening to his heartbeat, she grew even more tired. "Severus, why is it you only ever kiss me?" she asked.

He sat up straighter and looked down at her. "Considering everything you have been through, I didn't think you'd welcome my advances..."

Hermione cut him off by pulling his head down to hers and kissing him. She turned in his lap, smiling when he groaned from the way her hand slid up his leg as she maneuvered her body so she could take full advantage of his lips.

"Merlin girl, if you expect me to be a gentleman, stop that!" he snarled throatily, pulling her with him as he shifted on the sofa.

"And if I don't want you to be a gentle anything?" she asked, sliding her hand up his leg.

"Be careful what you wish for," he growled.

Hermione laughed and struggled to her feet. Using a wandless spell, she unzipped her gown, allowing it to fall at her feet. She stood apprehensively in her strapless brassiere, thong, stockings and fuzzy slippers, as he simply stared at her, his eyes darker than she'd ever seen them. She took a step back, unsure of what to do. He wasn't reacting like she'd expected. He rose slowly, standing before her, his eyes searching her face and sweeping her chest. In one swift move, he embraced her, kissing her so deeply her head swam. He lifted her up and carried her across her flat, kicking open her bedroom door.

He set her on her feet, his fingers gliding on her sides, making her shiver. "Hermione, if I come in, I'm going to make love to you. I will not be able to..." He was effectively silenced as she once again pressed her hand on his penis and leaned up to kiss him. He scooped her up again, carrying her to the bed and throwing her down on top of it.

In seconds, he was tearing off his robes, coat, waistcoat, shirt, vest, and trousers, climbing on to the bed and staring at her. His hands roamed her body as if she was the most amazing thing he'd ever seen, removing the last of her clothing with slow deliberate movements, kissing her all over in the most sensual way, making her wet and excited as he did so. He left very little of her body untouched, unsavored, or ignored. When he finally touched her between her legs, she was so wet she thought he'd be put off. But he smiled, lowering himself to her core, taking his time as he licked her, suckling her clitoris and quickly bringing her to orgasm. He moved up, placing himself at her opening, and Hermione tried raising her hips up to meet him, eager to feel him inside her. The feeling of his slow entry was nearly enough to make her orgasm a second time, and with only a few long slow strokes, she was gasping out his name, pleading him for more, and clutching onto his arms.

He continued to pull and slide in her in long agonizing strokes, the pubic hairs on his groin raking against her clitoris in the most delightful way. She arched her back, crying out as her second orgasm rippled through her. He was watching her, smiling smugly as he continued to pump in and out of her. As she began to relax, he increased his tempo, and Hermione moved her legs up on each side of his hips. Severus smiled, moving first one then the other leg to his shoulders, and Hermione gasped as his penis seemed to enter her even deeper. Severus kissed her legs, his hands roaming all over her, and Hermione tried to reciprocate touching him, sliding her fingers on his skin and following the trail of his chest hair down to where they joined.

His breath hitched, and his thrusts became more aggressive as she stroked his shaft as it slid under her fingertips, enjoying the slick feel of his skin. "Oh, gods, Hermione stop," he growled deep in his throat.

"Stop what? This?" she asked as she touched herself, enjoying the feeling of teasing her clitoris as he rode her. His eyes widened, and she grinned, feeling his penis slide through her folds into her. Hermione masturbated herself as he moved within her, knowing he was staring at her, and felt her own excitement build. She began to whimper as her body reached another climactic surge that rippled through her. Severus pounded into her, growling, again and again, finally holding himself deep inside her as she felt her own orgasm ebb.

He finally pulled out of her, rolled her to her side and pulled her tightly against him, cradled in his arms. "Will you stay with me?" she asked softly, hoping he'd agree.

"Just try and get rid of me," he purred silkily in her ear.

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It was only a month after Neville and Hannah were married that Hermione and Severus attended the wedding of Harry and Ginny.

The following Sunday, Ginny owed Hermione.

*Hermione,*

*I'm sorry you didn't want to come today, but I understand why you're still uncomfortable with our family gatherings at the Burrow. You were missed, and Mum, Dad, Bill and Fleur all said to give you their love. Whenever you feel like coming, you're always welcome. You know that, right? Ron isn't the only Weasley who cares about you, you know.*

*I don't know if you've heard, but George announced his decision to marry Susan Bones. Can you, believe it! I'm so happy.*

*Oh, and Angelina and Lee are officially together. George said that they are going to run his shop in Hogsmeade, and they are apparently going to live there. Lee's bought Angelina a cottage! Some engagement present, isn't it!*

*Ron said that he and Megan are going to take things slowly. She didn't come today. However, I think his relationship with Lavender, because of his son, Walter, is putting a strain on Megan. I don't see them lasting, unless Ron starts to wisen up. He still lives at home, but I think he's saving to buy a flat in London. The good news is that I think he's finally over you. At least he no longer talks about how you threw him over for Severus. I love him but he can be such a git.*

*How is Severus?*

*Will the two of you come to dinner on Friday? Please say yes.*

*Ginny*

Hermione wrote Ginny back, telling her she'd ask Severus about Friday and let her know, but to count on them showing up.

She was so happy for George and Susan and very pleased that things were working out for Lee and Angelina. She wished Ron well, but she was still keeping her distance, only seeing Ron occasionally whenever they were both invited to large parties and Ministry functions.

Hermione was still brewing her potions in Severus' lab in Spinner's End. More so because she loved brewing with him, and his lab was so well laid out. That and it gave her an excuse to spend her evenings and many of her nights in his company. He had adjusted the wards on the house to allow her access whenever she needed to, although she was rarely alone in the house for long. He always seemed to know the exact moment that she'd arrive. She was quickly finding out that Severus was a masterfully creative lover, and he seemed all too pleased that she was opening up to be an uninhibited partner.

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Severus brought her to his home again, this time bringing his fiancé to the grassy slopes in front of the house so she could see it properly. The two-storey house was a simple structure from the outside, with five windows on the upper floor and a very large bay window and one smaller one flanking both sides of a simple wood door on the first. The house was nearly covered by climbing ivy, surrounded by rose bushes and tall waist-high grasses that stretched from the small front lawn to the river that gently swayed in the breeze. "Shall we, or should I just Apparate us up directly to the bedroom," Severus said as he hugged her tightly and kissed her. Hermione felt like she'd lost her footing as he squeezed her, until she realized he'd Apparated them to the bedroom as he'd suggested.

"If you expect me to shag you here in your aunt's house, you will have to make it look a lot less like Dolores Umbridge's bedroom!" she protested at the sight of the décor.

"It's my house and soon to be yours," he snapped, although without any of the vinegar it used to carry. Severus pulled out his wand, making rapid swishing flicks at the various drapings, curtains, upholstery and even the quilt, turning all the cabbage rose print black. "Better?"

"Did you have to choose black?" she asked amused, running a finger down his front, stopping at his belt.

"If I use blue or green, the roses would all still show through," he said, sounding disappointed, sucking in his breath as her finger tailed lower. "I tried...something about the fabric...Merlin, witch!"

Hermione smiled at him, taking a step away. "For the record, I prefer blue and green," she said

He covered the distance she made, pulling her into his embrace, capturing her arms with his, and kissing her. "Oh really?" he said lustily. "Green?"

"Definitely green," she replied playfully, trying to worm her arms free of his arms. "I had too much of red living in school."

Severus held her arms pinned down quite effectively, amused by her struggles. "I'd never suspect you of being a closet Slytherin," he said, releasing her as his hands slid down her body, caressing her every curve.

Hermione grinned as he removed her top, exposing her pink bra. She eagerly removed his shirt as he unhooked her bra, finally feeling skin on skin. "I never thought that the bat of the dungeons would fall for the Gryffindor know-it-all."

He scooped her up and tossed her playfully on the bed, pulling her skirt up and ripping her knickers. "When I'm done with you, witch, we can go shopping for new linens and draperies," he said lustily, undoing his trousers and leaning forward so he could slide his penis into her. "And have the furniture all reupholstered...or replaced. Whichever you wish." He pushed into her heat, and Hermione leaned back on her hands, pushing herself up against him.

"I'm hoping that you are never *done* with me," she groaned as he thrust into her roughly.

"Oh really?" he said, grinding his groin against hers, making her body react and tighten. He lifted her hips slightly, pulling her down so that she was literally pinned under him. "I fully intend on keeping you."

"The feeling is mutual," she said, gasping as her body began to tremble.

"Are you certain?" he asked, leaning forward to kiss and nibble on the underside of her breast as he continued moving inside her heat. He knew her every sensitive spot by now and could play her body like a finely tuned instrument.

"Oh, yes, well...oh, God...yes!" she exclaimed as her orgasm hit.

"It's Severus, but I don't mind being called a god," he said smugly.

"Arrogant...oh, yes, like that," she cried out, her body still rippling as another wave rolled through her.

"One. Shall I try for two?" he asked smugly, pushing her back on the bed and pulling her skirt down.

"Oh, don't stop!" she exclaimed.

"As you wish," he said, removing her skirt and divesting himself of his trousers and boots.

*Fin*

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*Author's Notes:*

*Okay, this is the end. I think you all know that they lived happily ever after from here on out. Right? If not, let me reassure you, Severus and Hermione do. Oh, but I'm not sure about Ron, Megan and Lavender. I'm pretty sure Megan threw Ron over and he ended up with Lavender... poor girl. I do want to say thank you to everyone who left me a review. I'm so flattered by the responses I've been getting and all the compliments. Even the simple ones mean the world. Thanks.*

*Thank you to XX who took this story on as my beta. Thank you so very much. I really appreciate it. You know who you are, but I can't tell anyone else yet. After the voting I will!*

*This is the primary prompt that started it all.*

Prompt #63. Hermione likes to experiment with potions and has offered to help George when he reopens his new shop. However, so does Ron, and they are having problem in their relationship. A mishap in the workroom produces disastrous results of the Wonder Witch Love Potion, effecting George, Ron, Hermione and Ginny. *(and I added a few more for extra fun!)* What truths are discovered, who falls for whom, and why is Hermione pinning away for Snape if he is dead? (No incest and must still fit in plausibly with DH) *Sorry, I think I completely threw the epilogue out of the window. And it's a long way down from here! Of course I never liked the epilogue anyway.*

Prompt #70. Fred & *(Not Fred, sorry, he's dead.)* George Weasley's newest invention *(Which, as you know, was created by Ron's inattention and blundering)* has interesting/horrific/comedic side effects. What happens? Who is affected? *I think I covered this well enough. If not, you may leave me a review and chew me out.*

Prompt #100. There are people who believe that Ron and Lavender did the nasty during sixth year. What if Lavender got pregnant during their canoodling and after the Final Battle Lavender informs him that he's the father of her child *Okay, had to wrap this up in a nice little package. Not!*

*And thrown in for good measure.*

#1. Hermione and Ron are married. What would she do if she came home unexpectedly and found him in bed with another woman? *Well, as if I'd have her marry Ron. Geeze. The closest I came was engagement, but that sufficed, didn't it?*

#34. AU: Lupin and Tonks aren't killed in the final battle. What does Lupin do for a living now that he's not needed in the Order any longer? (Include Teddy or not, your choice!) *I not only gave him a job, but he's going teach again! And he has a new Werewolf clinic and the Wolfsbane Potion every month. Course, Tonks is still in St. Mungo's...*

#35. Firenze has thrown his lot in with the wizards and witches, becoming an outcast. What does he feel? How does he cope? Does he have any new friends? *And I covered this one, sort of.*

*So the task is done, and the story is told. Thanks to everyone who read this story and to everyone who left me reviews. I can't tell you how much your support meant to me.*