

Bottoms Up

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter and I don't make any money with this.

A/N: Set during HBP, shortly after Christmas.

Written for the prompt-a-thon at nosmutforyou. My prompts were: bubbles, liar, liquid, remedial and success.

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Arms full of books, Hermione struggled to keep her balance while rounding a corner at breakneck speed. She vainly tried to adjust the pile without slowing down. She was going to be late...late for detention with Snape...and she could only imagine the amount of points he was going to deduct from Gryffindor for that.

Completely out of breath, she arrived at the Potions classroom four minutes later, her arm muscles protesting as she finally lowered the books onto the closest desk and then took a look around.

Snape hadn't arrived yet, thank Merlin for that. However, in the corner farthest from the teacher's desk, four first-years were standing close together. According to their yellow ties, they were Hufflepuffs, and judging by their wide-eyed expressions, they were also scared out of their wits. Hermione couldn't blame them. She was in her sixth year and had faced Death Eaters, and still she felt slightly nervous about serving detention with Snape.

Hermione was startled to see another student from her own year in the classroom, Draco Malfoy. As far as she knew, Malfoy had never gotten into detention with Snape, as the Head of Slytherin frequently chose to look the other way whenever his favourite pupil broke the rules.

Malfoy was currently lounging on one of the chairs, feet up on the desk in front of him. Hermione tried to smile encouragingly towards the scared Hufflepuffs, gave a curt nod in the general direction of Draco in order to at least appear civil in front of the younger students, and then took a seat at one of the empty desks, trying to catch her breath.

All too soon, Professor Snape's hurried steps could be heard in the hallway, and moments later, the door flew open with a bang.

"I do not intend to waste any more time on completely hopeless students than absolutely necessary," Snape bellowed the moment he entered the classroom. The Hufflepuffs in the corner shrank back against the wall, visibly shaking.

"The Anti-Confundus-Potion is a perfectly simple concoction that even the most simple-minded imbecile should manage to brew correctly," Snape continued, sneering at

the first-years. "However, you four seem to be unable to master even this most basic skill." Snape looked at the four Hufflepuffs disdainfully.

"While I am thankfully not your Potions professor, I do require my Defence Against the Dark Arts students to know this remedy against the Confundus Charm. Since you are so obviously in need of further teachings, Professor Slughorn was kind enough to lend us his classroom."

Hermione sincerely doubted that Slughorn had allowed Snape the use of his classroom out of kindness. Slughorn would never have been brave enough to refuse Snape, even if he wanted to.

"Does anyone know the effect of the Anti-Confundus-Potion?" Snape asked.

Out of habit, Hermione's hand shot in the air.

"Miss Granger, you received this detention due to your inability to keep your mouth shut in class. Do you really want to continue to show off your abundance of random knowledge?"

Hermione took her arm down.

"Anyone else?" Snape asked again, glowering at the Hufflepuffs.

"The Anti-Confundus-Potion protects the drinker from the Confundus Charm," one of the Hufflepuffs mumbled shyly.

"And why are we not all drinking this potion in order to be immune?" Snape continued asking.

Hermione didn't bother raising her arm this time and Draco only seemed bored. The Hufflepuffs, apparently, didn't know the answer.

"The Anti-Confundus-Potion only lasts for a few minutes at the most, making it quite impractical to use, as you would have known, had you bothered to study for my class properly," Snape answered his own question.

Apparently feeling that he had belittled his younger students enough for the moment, he turned towards Hermione.

"Since Miss Granger has continuously demonstrated her desire to bedazzle her peers with her supposed wit, she will be teaching this remedial potions class." Snape fixed Hermione with a withering stare, and Hermione willed herself not to blink. She had long been used to Snape's insults, and tutoring first-years was actually not that bad.

Snape didn't seem fazed by Hermione's lack of response to his taunts.

"Mr. Malfoy," Snape turned towards Draco instead, "Professors McGonagall and Slughorn have informed me that you have missed several of their classes. As your Head of House it is my duty to see that you make up the lost time. You will, therefore, assist Miss Granger.

"You two will divide these imbeciles up in pairs and have each couple brew the potion correctly. You are only to offer advice and guidance, not brew the potion for them. Two hours should be sufficient."

Hermione was surprised that Snape actually required Draco to do some work. He usually favoured him, and she had completely expected that Draco would be allowed to spend his detention any way he pleased. Draco seemed to have expected the same, judging by the startled look he gave Snape.

"Miss Granger, Mr. Malfoy, if you please," Snape ordered mockingly. Then he took a seat on the teacher's desk, a stack of scrolls in front of him. While he began to grade third-year Defence Against the Dark Arts essays, Hermione walked over to the Hufflepuffs, doing her best to smile encouragingly at the scared pupils. Draco remained sitting where he was.

"Mr. Malfoy," Snape called without looking up from his papers. "You and Miss Granger will sample the potions at the end of this detention, so we can determine if you two tutored those dunderheads with any measure of success."

Draco stared at his Head of House disbelievingly, but Snape ignored him. Hermione suppressed a grin. She had no idea what Malfoy had done to get on Snape's bad side, but it was obvious that Snape was not willing to give him an easy way out of this detention.

Draco reluctantly got up and joined Hermione and the Hufflepuffs, muttering a few choice curses under his breath, which Snape chose to overlook.

"Okay," Hermione began when Draco had reached them, "I think we should start by going over the instructions step by step..."

"Granger, every idiot knows the instructions for the Anti-Confundus-Potion. They aren't exactly complicated," Draco interrupted.

"Well, Malfoy, if you are willing to take the risk to rush this along, be my guest. But considering that we are going to be the ones to sample the potion, maybe we ought to be a little bit more thorough," Hermione replied forcefully.

The Hufflepuffs were staring wide-eyed from Draco to Hermione, obviously terrified to upset either one of them by following the other's orders.

"Time is ticking," Snape remarked from his spot at the front of the classroom. Hermione suspected he rather enjoyed tormenting them like this.

"Okay, let's assume you are familiar with the instructions. Does anyone have any questions about them?" Hermione finally compromised in order to save time, looking at the four Hufflepuffs expectantly. They shook their heads mutely.

"Then go and get the necessary ingredients," Hermione instructed. The Hufflepuffs immediately hurried towards the students' cupboard.

"Well, Granger, you must just love this detention," Draco sneered, low enough so Snape wouldn't overhear.

"Shut your mouth, Malfoy," Hermione hissed in reply.

"My, my, the Mudblood is quite touchy today," Draco shot back. Hermione glared at him.

"You might want to be careful with what you say; Snape doesn't seem to be your biggest fan right now."

"Oh, please, he still likes me better than you," Draco taunted mockingly.

"Whatever did you do to make him give you an actual detention?"

"I slept with all the good-looking girls in Slytherin above third year and now he's jealous," Draco replied, smirking.

"You're such a liar." Hermione rolled her eyes.

The Hufflepuffs returned, arms laden with potions ingredients. Hermione and Draco commenced with instructing them on the correct way of brewing the potion, trading insults in between.

The Hufflepuffs were quite relieved when the potions were finally nearing completion. It seemed that Hermione and Draco had managed to scare them even more than Snape ever had.

"I sincerely hope you've been able to finish," Snape remarked when the allotted two hours were up. Hermione didn't doubt for a second that he hoped the potions were wrong. He'd probably get a perverse pleasure out of seeing them suffer.

The Hufflepuffs bottled their work and reluctantly brought them up to Snape's desk. Hermione and Draco trailed behind, both of them feeling decisively apprehensive about sampling their tutor group's results.

"Can one of you name the most common side effects of this potion when brewed incorrectly?" Snape asked expectantly, and when the Hufflepuffs shook their heads, he continued, "A wrongly brewed Anti-Confundus-Potion can cause nausea, hiccups and even short-term memory loss.

Hermione and Draco grimaced. Snape handed them each a vial containing the first batch, a gleeful smile contorting his face.

"Bottoms up!" he instructed almost cheerfully.

Hermione and Draco took the vials from Snape, both of them hesitating to drink the potion. They shared a brief look, and for a fraction of a second Hermione felt a weird sense of camaraderie with Malfoy. For once they were in the same boat.

Then Draco raised the vial to his lips and swallowed the greenish liquid. Hermione quickly followed suit, screwing her eyes shut in trepidation.

The potion tasted bitter, but it was supposed to do that, so even as she was scrunching up her nose in distaste, Hermione sighed in relief. This batch seemed to be alright.

Snape immediately cast *Confundo* on them, but the potion adequately protected Hermione and Draco from the charm. Seemingly disappointed, Snape made them wait until the effects of the potion had worn off before handing Hermione and Draco each a vial containing a sample of the second batch of potion.

They both downed the contents of the vial quickly, eager to be done with the detention. To Hermione's surprise, this potion didn't taste nearly as bitter as the first one. As a matter of fact, it tasted almost sweet. Hermione licked her lips; there was a weird aftertaste to it, one she couldn't quite place.

Confused, she looked over at Malfoy, wondering if he had noticed the difference, too. Draco was already staring at her, and there was an intensity in his gaze that caused Hermione to swallow convulsively. Her heartbeat began to speed up, and the blood was rushing loudly in her ears.

Suddenly, the need to get closer to Malfoy was overwhelming. Before she had the chance to think about her actions, Hermione had already taken a few hurried steps towards Draco.

He met her half-way, but with no distance between them the urge to get closer only intensified.

Draco grabbed Hermione's hips roughly, pulling their bodies flush against each other. When he wordlessly bent down to capture her lips in a heated kiss, Hermione let her eyes flutter closed, moaning into his mouth. Her hands came up to Draco's shoulders, drawing him even closer as their kiss deepened.

Severus Snape didn't show it, but he was as eager for this detention to be over as his students were. Bored, he watched Hermione and Draco down the contents of the first batch. He was fairly certain that the potion had been brewed correctly. The colour was right, and there were no bubbles, which would have been evident were the potion any danger of actually causing memory loss.

Judging by Granger's face, the potion also tasted as bitter as it was supposed to. Snape carelessly flicked his wand at his two sixth-year students, already knowing that his *Confundo* would be ineffective.

"What a pity," he announced, and the Hufflepuffs behind Draco and Hermione breathed a collective sigh of relief.

When he was sure that the effects of the first batch had worn off, Snape handed Draco and Hermione the second set of vials.

This potion seemed to be as flawless as the first one, even though the colour might have been a bit lighter...but no two potions were ever exactly the same colour. Snape wasn't worried.

Hermione and Draco unscrewed the vials and quickly downed their contents. For a second Snape thought he smelled vanilla, a scent usually not associated with the Anti-Confundus-Potion. Then he noticed the flushed faces of Draco and Hermione and their laboured breathing.

Snape's eyebrows shot up in surprise. Before he could ask either one of his students if they felt any side effects, Draco and Hermione rushed towards each other.

Years and years of working in the Dark Lord's service and spying for the Order had not prepared Snape for this. His mouth dropped open in sheer surprise when Hermione and Draco began their passionate snogging, and Snape's only condolence was that nobody had witnessed his slip in composure as Hermione and Draco were entirely engrossed with each other and the Hufflepuffs were gaping at them wide-eyed.

For a minute Snape could only stare at his students in shock. Hermione and Draco's tongues were duelling for dominance while their hands were roaming over each others' bodies freely. Only when Draco began to untuck Hermione's blouse from her skirt and their performance altogether turned into something even the most lenient freethinker would not label *Approved for All Audiences*, did Snape remember that there was currently a group of eleven-year-olds in the classroom, who apparently were being educated for life.

"Mr. Malfoy, Miss Granger," Snape boomed, "would you desist!" But he might not have said anything for all the effect his words had on the snogging couple. They didn't even remotely seem to have heard him.

Rounding on the Hufflepuffs instead, Snape shouted, "What in Merlin's name did you idiots put into that potion?" His students looked at him, terrified, shrugging their shoulders.

"Get me the ingredients you used," Snape ordered impatiently, and the Hufflepuffs scampered off to the back of the classroom where they had brewed the potions.

Snape, at that point, realised that if he didn't do something soon, he would be the unwilling witness to Hermione and Draco copulating on the classroom floor, and while he was reluctant to cast any spell on someone under the influence of an unknown potion, he rather thought that it was a small risk compared to the emotional scarring the execution of the aforementioned act would cause them all.

Pointing his wand at the snogging couple, he separated them by a good ten feet, adding a Silencing Charm when they began to loudly vocalize their displeasure of being kept apart and, in Draco's case, in rather colourful language. Magically separated and muted, Hermione and Draco could only struggle to break free to resume their earlier activities. However, Snape's spells held, and all their attempts remained fruitless.

The Hufflepuffs returned to the front desk, carrying all the ingredients they had used for the potions. Snape sieved through them quickly, trying to figure out what could have caused the potion to have this particular effect on its consumers. He immediately identified the source of the problem when he picked up a glass of brownish powder.

"Which one of you idiots used the powdered horn of a Romanian Longhorn dragon instead of that of a Graphorn?" he asked slowly.

The Hufflepuffs continued to look wide-eyed at him, none of them volunteering an answer...not that Snape had expected them to. For one, Hufflepuffs were known for being notoriously loyal to each other, and secondly, the powdered horn of a Romanian Longhorn was an ingredient not commonly covered in class below the fifth year.

The powder was ridiculously expensive, easily confused with Graphorn if one couldn't be bothered to read the label and highly potent, having a disastrous effect on even the most innocent potion when added incorrectly. These were three excellent reasons why Snape had never even bothered to stock the students' cupboard with Romanian Longhorn powder in his time as Potions master, but a measure of precaution his Amortentia-loving idiot of a successor had apparently deemed unnecessary. Snape made a mental note to have a word with Slughorn.

The only good news was that the aphrodisiacal effect of the concoction his incompetent students had brewed up was just as short-lived as the Anti-Confundus-Potion.

"You will all serve detention with me until the end of the school year," Snape said menacingly to the Hufflepuffs, "and each of you will write me a five foot essay on why illiterate imbeciles such as yourselves should never be allowed to enter Hogwarts."

"Professor, sir," one Hufflepuff spoke up, looking over at Hermione and Draco timidly, "Are they going to be alright?"

"Yes, in just a few moments," Snape answered. "Although, if you value those pathetic lives of yours, I suggest you leave this classroom before I release them from my spells."

The Hufflepuffs didn't need to be told twice, hightailing it from the Potions lab at once. If they had even one brain cell between them, Snape thought gleefully, they'd hide in that cellar of theirs until Hermione and Draco had graduated Hogwarts. Although, Snape highly doubted that even that would be enough to save them from the wrath of the two sixth-years, once they were back to normal.

Snape settled behind the desk, keeping a watchful eye on his two inconvenienced students, who were still fighting tooth and nail to break his bonds and reach each other.

He didn't have to wait long. Just a few minutes after the first-years had left the classroom, Hermione and Draco abruptly stopped struggling. They also had identical looks of sheer horror on their faces.

"So good to have you back to normal," Snape remarked dryly before releasing them from his bonding and silencing spells. "I should give you detention for spending your time insulting each other instead of controlling which ingredients the first-years had selected for their potions. However, I think that the consequences of your negligence were punishment enough."

Both Hermione and Draco were squirming uneasily. Snape almost smiled at the obvious discomfort of his students. Draco looked positively green, and Hermione had her hand pressed to her mouth, making Snape wonder if she was going to vomit. He hoped she would wait with that until she had left his presence.

"Dismissed," he finally said, and Hermione and Draco fled the classroom.

Snape flicked his wand, cleaning up the workplaces and banishing the Defence Against the Dark Arts essays. Then he left the classroom in the direction of the Headmaster's office.

While Snape was sure that neither Hermione nor Draco would voluntarily tell anyone what had happened at this detention, they hadn't exactly stopped to fix their rumpled uniforms before dashing from the classroom. Running around in dishevelled clothing was bound to raise awkward questions. And Snape was sure that the Hufflepuffs would never keep their mouths shut. The whole house probably already knew what had happened.

Snape hurried along the corridors, intending to be the first to tell Dumbledore about the incident; although he had the nagging suspicion that the Headmaster was rather going to enjoy the tale. He was always trying to promote school unity, and if the prince of Slytherin and Gryffindor's head-lioness snogging each other senseless wasn't the epitome of inter-house unity, then Snape didn't know what was. He might even get a pay raise.

The End

A/N: Reviews are love.