

The Elusive Potion Ingredient

by karelia

Ron is looking for a potion ingredient and needs Hermione's help.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I still don't own it.

Hermione glared at Ron. "Why did you involve me in this again, Ronald?" Ron had dragged her to the wizarding quarter in Athens, desperate for a potion ingredient he'd been unable to procure at home.

Ron did not meet her eyes. "Your translation charms are a lot better than mine, Hermione. And Bill said the only place to find it is in Athens."

"What do you need this stuff for, anyway?"

"Uh... you don't want to know, Hermione, trust me." He was still averting his eyes.

Another apothecary, another smirk from the sales wizard, another no, and Hermione's level of irritation was rising to levels unknown.

As she followed Ron out of yet another apothecary door, he stopped abruptly, and she bumped into him. "Ron, what—" She knew that booming voice.

"Sheesh. Infernal tourists! Can't you watch where you're going?" Lucius Malfoy cast a very annoyed look at Ron. Then he smirked. "Mr Weasley. What brings you to a Greek apothecary?"

Ron turned bright red.

Hermione grinned. "Lucius! What are you doing here?" Her day might yet be saved.

"Ah, Hermione. No wonder you didn't answer your Floo. I craved some decent moussaka, so I figured I might as well go for an authentic one. Then, Severus decided to come along, as he had to procure some potion ingredients. In fact," he turned his head to search the crowd, "he should be here any minute. Care to join us?"

Hermione sighed. What a temptation. But she'd agreed to help Ron. "I'd love to, Lucius," she said, her voice full of regret. "But I promised Ron to help him find essence of donkey testicles." She looked longingly around the bustling street. Having a nice Mediterranean meal in the company of Lucius and Severus was far more to her liking than chasing some potion ingredient for Ron, no matter how good a friend he was.

Lucius laughed. "Who is it, Mr Weasley?"

Ron blushed even more furiously and looked away.

Hermione poked him. "Ronald? What are you not telling me?"

"It's..." He looked away again when Lucius chuckled.

"Oh, Severus will love this, Hermione! You don't know what essence of donkey testicles is used for?" Lucius sounded incredulous and gleeful at the same time.

"If I knew I wouldn't ask," Hermione shot back, irritated. She hated not knowing something everyone around her seemed to know.

"Mr Weasley, why don't you explain?" Lucius smirked at the redhead.

Ron was still studying the ground when Severus walked up to the group.

"Mr Weasley is in need of essence of donkey testicles, Severus. Would you help him find some so he can return to England and Hermione can join us?" Lucius's grin was bordering on feral.

Severus quirked his eyebrow. "Who would've thought, eh? A Veela, Mr Weasley?"

"What—Oh..." Suddenly, the pieces fit together neatly. Hermione grinned.

Ron looked suddenly hopeful. "You're not mad?"

"Mad? Why would I be mad? In fact, I'm happy for you. And even happier for me. *You will* lay off complaining about whom I spend my time with, right?" She looked at him expectantly.

Severus handed a small bag to Ron. "Mixed with lemon juice, it'll stop her morning sickness, Weasley. Now, go home." Turning to Hermione, he said, "Wish to join us for dinner? The retsina is exceptional, I hear."

Hermione smiled. "Gladly." She stepped between Severus and Lucius, and the three leisurely walked towards the shore where culinary delights of Greece awaited, Ron completely forgotten.

Prompt given by HW72 was: Greece, essence of donkey testicle, Ron Weasley

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