

With A Little Drop of Poison

by Danu

A love potion + the Weasley twins = trouble for a certain Potions Master and new Transfiguration Apprentice

With A Little Drop of Poison

Chapter 1 of 8

A love potion + the Weasley twins = trouble for a certain Potions Master and new Transfiguration Apprentice

A/N: Much thanks to my wonderful betas Gemma and Kat.

Disclaimer: All characters belong to J.K. Rowling

In response to LJ's community do_me_profsnape's challenge. Details at end of chapter, story is now AU with the release of HBP

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Hermione settled into the plush chair in the library. For once in her young life, she hadn't come to the library to study, but to escape. She had thought that her apprenticeship with Professor McGonagall would be filled with excitement over the new knowledge she was gaining and of what was in store for her future, especially with the recent demise of Voldemort. But no, so far it had only been filled with a sense that something was missing, that something wasn't quite right.

She smiled faintly as she thought about Harry and Ron, though her smile faded slightly as her mind conjured up the image of the redheaded boy that up until very recently had been her boyfriend. Ron had been one of her best friends, and it had seemed predictable that they would go from friends to something more, inevitably ending with the pair of them marrying. *Except, I don't want predictable*, she thought as she brushed a bit of hair away from her eyes. And that had been the problem. While Ron had kissed her and felt excitement, she felt only a sort of lukewarm feeling coupled with an awkwardness, as if she were kissing her brother. He hadn't taken it well. Demanding to know why, if it were over some other boy. He even had the gall to ask if it was Harry, though thankfully it wasn't. It had never been her intention to hurt him, but she felt she had owed him the truth, and to let him be free to find someone who would feel the way she was supposed to feel about him. *If only life were easy*. But life wasn't easy; she had learned that the hard way from the war, if nothing else. Both sides had lost members, though thankfully the losses for their side had been kept to a minimum.

Usually it was easy to avoid Ron since he normally only came during the weekends with Harry to visit Ginny. However, ever since the last confrontation with Ron, when he had cornered her in a corridor and demanded in a very loud and angry voice an answer as to why she had broke up with him, Hermione had taken to hiding out in various locations. It irked her to a degree that she couldn't spend time with her other best friend, but thankfully Harry seemed to understand. Though he seemed confused about her and Ron's break-up as well. Surprisingly Ginny had been very understanding and had told her that even though her and Ron had broken up, she still very much considered Hermione a friend. Whether Ginny actually meant it or not was something else altogether, but it felt nice to have someone understand. Yawning slightly before giving her shoulders a roll, Hermione picked up one of the many books in her stack and began to lose herself in a book about folktales from different places in the wizarding world.

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Two pairs of footsteps could faintly be heard walking around the library. "Are you sure she's in here?" Fred asked George.

"Quite sure; the Map has never ever been wrong," George replied. The pair quietly wandered the labyrinth that was the library 'til they finally found Hermione softly dozing, a book lying face down in her lap.

"She looks very peaceful for someone who broke a person's heart," Fred noted.

"Indeed. But that'll change, won't it, brother?"

"Oh yes, that will most definitely change," said Fred as he drew back Harry's invisibility cloak and placed the water pitcher and glass down on the nearby table. "We should also remember to thank Harry for the lend of his cloak and the map."

"We should, but then he doesn't know we borrowed them, does he?"

"True. Where are Harry and Ron?"

George looked at the Marauder's Map. "It would seem that Ron, Harry, and Ginny are outside on the Quidditch pitch."

"Maybe we should go out and cheer him up."

"Indeed. After all, what are brothers for?"

"Exactly. Look alive, Gred, she's starting to wake up." Fred and George quickly scooted under the protection of Harry's invisibility cloak and proceeded to walk out of the library. Smiling to one another, they watched the map and noted as the dot named Hermione moved a little before once again going very still.

"Well, that takes care of that," Fred said with a smile. "Now, we just need to direct Ron down here before she wakes up."

"How long do you think the potion will last?"

"Well, she shouldn't be asleep that long, but as for the other part, we never did get a chance to fully test it out."

"True. Maybe once we know how it works on her, we could start to fix it up and sell it at the shop."

"Capital idea, Gred. But first, let's go find Ron and see how the trial run goes."

"Right. Lead the way, Gred," said George as they meandered down the hallway away from the library and toward the exit.

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**A/N:** The challenge is simply to use the song "Strange and Beautiful (I'll put a spell on you)" by Aqualung. Any pairing and circumstance(s) are allowed. The song will eventually be featured in the story, this is just the first chapter were everything is established.

## Bloody Hell

Chapter 2 of 8

A love potion + the Weasley twins = trouble for a certain Potions Master and new Transfiguration Apprentice

**A/N:** Much thanks to my wonderful betas Gemma & Kat

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"Fred? George?" Hermione called out as she shook herself awake, yawning softly before pushing herself up in her chair *Could have sworn I heard them. I wonder how long I was out*, she thought. Looking around the library she estimated that she had been asleep maybe twenty minutes at the most *If I had been here too long, Madame Pince would have found me and tossed me out*. As she looked about, she spotted a pitcher and glass. *That wasn't there before, maybe one of the house-elves put it there. Though if Fred and George were really here, maybe I shouldn't be so quick to drink it*, she thought with a slight frown.

Picking the pitcher up, she looked inside only to find water. *Well it doesn't have any odor, and it certainly looks like it's just water* she thought as she sniffed the contents of the pitcher carefully. Noticing that her mouth did indeed feel dry, she poured herself a glass and sat back down with her book. Draining the glass of its contents, she set it down as she picked up where she had left off in her reading.

Slowly her eyes began to get heavier, her head dropping to her chest as she started to fall asleep again. Struggling, she lifted her head, blinking her eyes several times in an attempt to wake up. *Maybe I should just go back up to my room before...*, her thought was left unfinished as she soon fell asleep once more.

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"Where in Merlin's beard is that bloody book?" Severus groused as he wandered down yet another aisle in the library.

"Sssh!" Turning around his robes flaring out, he spied Madame Pince at the end of the aisle with a finger against her lips. Giving a slight nod of her head, as if she had just made a note in her head about Severus, she then continued on her way.

"Bloody vulture," he muttered. Stalking down the isle with a slip of parchment in his hand, he kept steady track of the call numbers on the book bindings, but the number he needed just never appeared. *Probably some dunderhead took it out and never returned it. Or worse, reshelfed it incorrectly.*

Taking yet another turn, he found himself in one of the more private corners of the library. With the back of an armchair facing him, he took in the scene from the pile of books on the table and the soft snoring sounds. Pursing his lips together as he wondered if he could take House points for students sleeping outside of their dormitories, he approached the sleeping figure. Turning to the stack of books first, his eyes quickly scanned the titles. *Little twit has my book!* Wheeling around now, fully intent to deduct House points, he came face to face with a sleeping Hermione Granger.

His features almost softened, turning from a deep and angry scowl into a simple grimace. *No doubt, studying herself to the point of near exhaustion again.* Sitting down in a chair, he was almost at a loss of what to do. *Obviously I should wake her and send her on her way... but she does look so peaceful. Most likely it's been the only amount of sleep she's gotten in awhile if she's taken to falling asleep in the library of all places.* Watching her sleep, he suppressed a slight smile as she softly sighed in her sleep and twisted to try to find a more comfortable position in the chair. *I really shouldn't be doing this* he thought with a quick frown. *She's Minerva's apprentice for Circe's sake. Not to mention she's practically betrothed to that dunderhead Weasley.* As he continued to watch her, his thoughts turned even more towards Hermione.

He wasn't quite sure when he had first actually noticed she had grown from an annoying know-it-all child into an intelligent and attractive young woman. It hadn't been that great of a shock when he had learned that she was to become Minerva's apprentice. The pair had a close relationship, especially after Hermione's parents had been murdered during the war. *Don't you wish you had offered her that apprenticeship now?* a voice in the back of his head goaded.

*Nonsense. If I had offered, and she had accepted, it would have made things even more awkward.* While he did regret that he missed the chance of once again teaching her, he was glad to be out of the student/teacher dynamic. It made him feel less guilty about the erotic daydreams he had been having lately. *Best not to start thinking about that,* he admonished himself. His thoughts took another turn: *Actually if she's here, where is Weasley?*

As he thought about it, he was surprised that she wasn't at the Burrow for the weekend. Earlier in the semester, he had seen the pair together over the weekend or she would be away. Minerva always bragged that even through she was seeing that annoying prat, she never let her work suffer. *Perhaps all is not well in paradise,* he thought with a quirk of his brows before he scowled again. *What business is it of mine, who she's seeing? Doesn't matter one whit that I think she could do better.*

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Almost as if Hermione were able to hear Severus lecturing himself, she began to stir. "Severus?" she murmured softly before stretching languidly. Giving a soft yawn as she woke up, she opened her eyes to find a surprised Potions master. Smiling warmly at Severus, Hermione moved to sit up straighter in the armchair. "Afternoon, Professor Snape."

"Good afternoon, Miss Granger," Severus replied an eyebrow quirked upwards at her warm reception.

Looking at Professor Snape, Hermione felt her insides turn hot as his low voice ran silkily over her skin. *Merlin's beard, what's come over me?* Staring at Professor Snape, it took all of her willpower not to lick her lips, as images of her and Severus cavorting in bed swam through her mind. She wondered just what she might find underneath all the buttons and fabric that he covered himself with. Hermione finally found her voice again. "Professor Snape?"

"Yes?" Severus felt most perplexed. *The girl looks like she wants to devour me whole.*

"I think I love you."

"Bloody hell!" bellowed Ron Weasley as he rounded the corner to the pair, his face flushed from running to the library from the Quidditch pitch.

Where Do We Go From Here

Chapter 3 of 8

A love potion + the Weasley twins = trouble for a certain Potions Master and new Transfiguration Apprentice

A/N: Much thanks to my betas: Gemma & Kat

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*I'm in love,* Hermione thought with a silly smile. She knew both Severus and Ron didn't seem pleased by her declaration in the slightest, but for some reason, that just couldn't make the smile on her face disappear. Lowering her head so a curtain of bushy hair fell over her face, she raised her eyes to look at the two men who stood across from her. The pair seemed to be arguing in hushed tones, both stopping for a moment to glance over at her. A slight wrinkle marred her forehead as she tried to reason why Severus and Ron would be trying to keep their conversation from her. *They've argued in front of me before. Why are they trying to keep it quiet now?*

She continued to watch the pair as they grew more animated in their gestures, though they were keeping their voices down lest they attracted Madam Pince's attention. Pursing her lips, Hermione's mind continued to try and work out how she could politely ask Ron to leave, so she and Severus could continue their talk. *Not to mention dragging Severus down to his rooms to find what he's been hiding under all those buttons,* she smiled impishly.

Her brows came together as another thought wandered through her head. *Wait... why do I suddenly love Professor Snape? Yesterday I would have barely admitted to having fancied him during seventh year. What's suddenly changed?*

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"What do you mean she's taken a love potion?!" Severus growled out from between clenched teeth.

To his credit, Ron only flinched slightly before looking Severus straight in the eye. "Just what I said, Professor. That Fred and George planted a love potion here in hopes that Hermione would drink from it."

"Ah, and just why, pray tell, would they do that, Mr. Weasley? Aren't you practically engaged to the little chit?"

"Don't call her that," Ron said with a warning. Severus sighed.

"Just where is this supposed love potion anyways?" Ron pointed to the water pitcher.

"It's in there."

Both turned to look at Hermione, noticing the out-of-character smile on her face. Taking charge, Severus asked her while pointing to the pitcher, "Miss Granger, did you drink anything from that?"

"Please, call me Hermione," Hermione said with a flirtatious smile.

Severus sighed in asperation, "Very well. Hermione, did you drink anything from that?"

Hermione smiled brightly as he said her name, "Yes. I thought the house-elves had put it there. Why?"

Severus pinched the bridge of his nose. "Because, we think Fred and George might have given you something other than water," he explained like one would to a small child.

"Like what?"

"That's what we're trying to find out, Miss Granger."

Severus looked over at Ron who had been quiet during this whole conversation. *You'd think the prat would show a bit more concern about her as her beau* Frowning, he barked at Ron, "Hand me the pitcher, Mr. Weasley."

Ron glared daggers at Severus but moved to pick up the pitcher and hand it to Severus without making any retorts, as Hermione watched from her chair. Severus looked in at the liquid inside before moving the pitcher under his nose. Sniffing the contents carefully, he set the pitcher back down.

"Well?" Ron asked looking rather impatient.

"Ah, further tests should be done to check but it would seem that this is no ordinary water. There seemed to be a very faint aroma of Belladonna and Ashwinder eggs. I trust you remember what those ingredients are capable of, Mr. Weasley?" Severus sneered at him.

"Ashwinder eggs are used in most love potions, where as Belladonna is used in some sleeping draughts," Hermione promptly answered.

"Indeed." Running a hand through his dark hair, Severus sighed. "I believe it would be in Miss Granger's best interest if we bring this before the Headmaster. *Let him decide what to do with the love-stricken chit*, he thought before continuing. "Also, both Mr. Weasleys should be found. The sooner we find out what they used to brew that, the sooner an antidote can be made."

"Yes, Professor. I'll go find Fred and George," Ron offered.

"Very well. Please take Miss Granger to the Headmaster before looking for the dunderheads."

"But, Severus, I want to stay with you," Hemione pleaded.

"Miss Granger, haven't you heard a word we have been saying? You are under a love potion. Whatever feelings you might think you have for me, are nothing but an illusion. Now please, go with Mr. Weasley." Ron leaned closer to Severus.

"I'd be careful, Professor. She can have a bloody awful temper."

"I heard that, Ronald. And I do not have a temper."

"Yeah, and those canaries just flew at me for no reason," he quipped.

"Oh for Circe's sake," grumbled Severus. "Very well. Mr. Weasley, inform the Headmaster what is currently going on. Then proceed to track down your errant brothers. Miss Granger and I will proceed to my office where I will try to formulate the appropriate antidote." Looking unsure, Ron shuffled his feet.

"Are you sure I should leave, sir?"

Leveling a look at the boy, Severus answered, "I can assure you, Mr Weasley, that I won't take advantage of Miss Granger's condition. Now please go."

As Ron left the library, Severus looked at Hermione. "I would suggest you gather what books you need and then follow me."

"Yes, Severus." Hermione smiled as she gathered her books together.

Severus made a face. *No use correcting her, she thinks she's in love* he reminded himself. Picking up the water pitcher, he began to make his way out of the library

Sod It

Chapter 4 of 8

A love potion + the Weasley twins = trouble for a certain Potions Master and new Transfiguration Apprentice...

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Hermione followed Severus as he led her down into the dungeons and toward his office. *I don't know why Severus is insisting that I'm under the effects of a love potion* Hermione groused to herself. Biting her lip as her brows drew together, her mind began to work apart why the love of her life would insist on such a ridiculous idea. *Not*

even insist it, but to go so far as to tell Ron to inform Dumbledore about it. Watching Severus as he walked ahead of her, a small smile graced Hermione's lips. *Maybe this could work to my benefit. After all, it will just be the two of us alone in there, no annoying Ronald or Madam Pince with her pinched, disapproving face.* Scenarios of what could happen raced through her mind and skated down her skin. Severus taking her up against a wall or from behind on a lab table swam in front of her eyes. *I'll just have to convince him to love me back,* she thought, smiling wickedly, licking her lips.

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Severus was lost in his own thoughts as they walked to his office. *What the bloody hell am I going to do with her?* He knew tracking down the makers of the potion would help immensely with figuring out what to do with the lovesick Hermione, but whether or not Weasley would turn in his brothers so easily was a whole other matter. Severus walked into his office with Hermione trailing behind him, her hips swinging to and fro. Turning she batted her eyes and smiled sweetly up at him.

"Where should I sit, Severus?"

"That is Professor Snape to you, Miss Granger," he said, frowning slightly. Hermione pouted.

"Please, I told you in the library to call me by my first name."

"Miss Granger, while I know you believe that you harbor some actual affection for me, you must realize that you are under a love potion. And by the looks of things, a love potion that most probably also contains components of a lust potion as well." Hermione waved her hand in dismissal.

"Nonsense. You just don't want to believe that someone could feel anything for you." Turning to stand directly in front of him, she raised her hands to trail her fingertips down his robes. "Now, why don't we do something more pleasant with our time before Ron comes back?" she suggested.

Sighing, Severus put raise his own hands and held her at an arm's length.

"What about Mr. Weasley, Miss Granger? Have you given any thought to how your current actions might cause him to feel? *Bloody hell, did I just express concern for that redheaded prat?*

Hermione moved to try and cross the short distance between her and Severus.

"Why would I be concerned about him? We're not dating anymore."

"What?!" Severus was definitely puzzled now. A break-up between two of the golden trio would definitely have spread through the castle.

Giving up on getting any closer for now, Hermione walked away and plunked down into a chair in front of his desk, sulking.

"We broke up last weekend." Dipping her head slightly, a bushy curtain of hair slid forward, making her look vulnerable. "It just didn't feel right. It was like kissing my best friend or my brother. It felt nice, but I just want more. I wanted to feel something powerful, something shattering." Looking up at him, he noticed the serious look on her face and was amazed at how fast her mood had changed. She smiled a sort of half smile as she tucked some of her unruly hair behind an ear. "Shouldn't love be more than that?"

Talk of love and feelings normally caused all of Severus's defenses to go up. Yet, something about the look on her face, the open vulnerability she presented caused him to feel a wave of sympathy for her. Walking to stand behind her, he put a comforting hand on her shoulder.

"I suppose that it differs from person to person, Miss Granger."

"Ron said I just wasn't giving it a chance, that after we were married I'd feel different."

"And would you have felt differently, Miss Granger?"

"Yes. I would have felt more trapped."

"Then perhaps what you did was for the best."

"I suppose." Looking up she smiled again at him noticing that the distance between them was once again very small.

Noting the look in her eye, Severus took a step back and cleared his throat.

"Now, I'm going to begin seeing what I can do with what's left of the potion you ingested. I think it would be best if you stayed seated and out of my way." Bustling around his office, Severus began to gather what he would need to use.

Later as he began performing the spell that would reveal what was in the potion, Severus was fully aware of Hermione's watchful gaze. He noticed that a few times she had even squirmed a few times in her chair. *It would be so easy to slip into her mind and see what she's thinking* he thought. Frowning he turned back to his work trying to resist the temptation of catching her eyes with his own. Catching movement out of the corner of his eye, he saw her squirm again. Muttering a stasis charm on what he had accomplished so far he moved towards the small bookcase. Under the pretense of looking for a book, he concentrated on looking into Hermione's mind knowing it could be harder to peer into her thoughts without any eye contact.

He was reminded of the instance that Arthur Weasley had told him about the Muggle contraption called television. The way Arthur had described it, it was a sort of box that showed entertaining programs that the Muggles could "tune in" and watch. Severus hadn't been paying attention to Arthur very well at the time, but he did remember Arthur excitedly chattering on about how you could "flip" or change the channels that the contraption had at will. Arthur had said the Muggles called it "channel surfing" or some nonsense like that. Looking into Hermione's mind made him think that's what her mind was doing. The rapid fire of the images changed sometimes from some incredibly erotic fantasy to the more mundane activities that couples did. Mesmerized he stayed there at the bookshelf as her mind kept producing one lurid daydream after another. *Gods... I should stop,* he thought feeling the confines of his trousers diminishing. Taking a deep breath, Severus pulled away from her mind and turned around to find Hermione was standing right behind him.

With his back against the bookcase, Hermione's hands fisted into Severus robes as she boldly raised up on tiptoes staring into his eyes. Just as her lips were a hair's breath away from Severus' he heard a husky murmur, "Did you like what you saw?" before Hermione's lips descended on his own.

Feeling his insides clench at the feel of Hermione's body against his own, not to mention what her lips were doing, his nostrils flared as he took a deep breath and pushed her away. Looking into Hermione's glazed-over lust-filled eyes, staring intently into his own, a moment passed as Severus' internal debate raged. Just as suddenly as he pulled away, his hands twisted into Hermione's robes, and she heard him murmur a quick "sod it" before he covered her lips once more. Lost in a tangle of lips and tongues, the pair was entangled in a fury of lust 'til the door banged open to reveal Ron, Fred and George.

Caught Red Handed

Chapter 5 of 8

A love potion + the Weasley twins = trouble for a certain Potions Master and new Transfiguration Apprentice

A/N: Much thanks to my betas: Gemma & Kat

Also many thanks to those that have read & reviewed

I am so horribly sorry that it took this long to get the chapter posted. I had it all done by Monday, but one of my betas had things going on in her life so she just couldn't get to it till today. Still, I hope everyone enjoys it, and remember to leave reviews. Consider them a nice b-day gift to me since it's my birthday today :o)

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"Professor!?" Ron exclaimed as George and Fred stood fixed to the ground with their jaws on the floor.

*Shite*, Severus thought. Untangling his hands from Hermione's bushy hair, he tried to look as dignified as one could when caught snogging a former student.

To her credit, Hermione shot the trio a look that was a mix of being peeved at being interrupted and sheepish at being caught. Straightening her robes, she fixed the three redheads with a look and calmly greeted them.

"Hello, Ron, Fred, George, poor timing as usual."

"Mr. Weasley," Severus intoned as he leveled a look at all three Weasleys, "if you could please help your brothers close their mouths before anything flies in, that would be most productive."

"Well, that was something I never thought I'd see." Fred said, turning to George as he recovered.

"That was something I never wanted to see," George replied, making a face. "But, it does prove that the potion works."

"Indeed it does, mate," Fred replied brightly. "Though I do think more research is in order before we sell it at the shop."

"Oh, of course."

"Will you two stop nattering on like two deranged loons?" Severus bellowed.

"Now, Professor, there is no cause to be nasty," George said with a false pout before turning once again to his twin. "You'd think he would be in better spirits after just having a bit of a snog."

"Maybe he didn't like it," Fred suggested.

"He did too bloody well like it," Hermione insisted sharply. "And I could have finally gotten to shag him, if you dung-for-brains hadn't barged in," she finished in a huff, crossing her arms.

Ron took a decidedly green tinge at the mental picture of Hermione and Snape shagging. Both Fred and George looked at one another slightly aghast as Severus sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Perhaps we shouldn't have put the additional lust part in," George suggested undeterred.

"Perhaps, though we did want Ron and Hermione back together."

"Oh, no doubt about that, but--" George was cut off by an enraged Hermione.

"What do you mean, 'we did want Ron and Hermione back together'?!"

"Um, well, you see," George began to fumble as both he and Fred started sliding back toward the doorway.

Hermione drew her wand, pointing it at the now-terrified twins. With a muttered spell, a small group of group of bright yellow canaries began to fly around Hermione as if awaiting her command.

"Not this again!" shouted Ron, diving behind Severus's desk for protection.

"Miss Granger, though it would give me much pleasure to watch these two excuses for wizards fall prey to your anger, perhaps it would be better to do something that would have a more lasting effect," Severus said calmly. Hermione turned to look at Severus, her lips pursing together.

"What would you suggest?" Severus's lips turned into something resembling a smile.

"Oh, I believe using a love potion with intent to manipulate a wizard or witch is at least a misdemeanor, if not a felony, according to Ministry law. I would be especially curious as to what would happen to their precious shop if this was brought before them. Beyond that, I could only imagine what their mother might want to say about this. Especially when faced with the idea of two of her sons in Azkaban."

"Oh, indeed, I hadn't thought about that, Severus." Hermione smiled.

"But we could lose our shop!" a terror-stricken Fred exclaimed.

"And we didn't mean any real harm," pleaded George.

"Didn't mean any harm? What exactly did you expect would happen to Miss Granger once she drank that potion?" Severus demanded, his eyebrow quirked upwards as the twins began to look at one another guiltily.

Finally Ron broke the silence as he poked his head up.

"Is it safe to come out?" Hermione sighed.

"Yes, Ronald, it's safe to come out. I'm not particularly angry at you, as long as you didn't have anything to do with this." Ron held up his hands.

"I swear, 'Mione, I would never do something like that. I admit I'm not happy about us breaking up, but I wouldn't force you to love me either."

"I do believe, Mr. Weasley, that's the first intelligent thing I've heard you say all day." Severus remarked. "As for you two," he said turning to face Fred and George, "I believe a trip to the Ministry will sort things out. After, of course, you help me brew an antidote for Miss Granger."

"But, Professor," Fred began to sputter.

"No excuses, Mr. Weasley. Both of you knew what you were doing was wrong on some degree, and you must face the consequences of your actions."

"'Mione, Hermione, please, believe us; we didn't mean any harm," George pleaded.

"You know," Hermione said, putting a finger to chin, thinking, "I do have an idea for an alternative."

"We'll do anything," Fred and George echoed one another.

"Make me a partner at the shop." Hermione looked at the newly stunned twins and continued in a more serious tone. "I would be a silent partner. I don't want my name included in the name of the store or any of that nonsense. I don't even particularly care about the money. However, I would have the ultimate say in whether or not something is put into the shop for others to purchase. And I would have complete access to your notes for any of the products that you make. I don't care that I'm in love with Severus. I don't regret what happened before you three idiots barged in. But what if you put this potion in the store? What then? Neither of you two thought what could have happened, and that is dangerous. Voldemort may be dead, but that doesn't mean there still aren't unsavory characters out there."

As Hermione finished her small lecture, Severus looked at the twins as they processed what she said.

"I believe Miss Granger gave both of you quite a bit to think about. Perhaps we should get to work on the antidote before you give her your decision." Hermione turned to look at Severus questioningly.

"But, Severus, I don't need to be cured."

"Miss Granger, we have gone over this before. You are under the effects of Mr. and Mr. Weasley's potion. And while I'm sure there is a time limit on it, I think it is in your best interest if we found an antidote now instead of just waiting out the allotted time period."

Hermione pouted as she moved to sit near Severus's desk again.

"Fine," she said sullenly before flicking her wand to disperse the canaries that had been fluttering near the twins. Severus rolled his eyes at her attitude.

"Mr. Weasley," he said to Ron, "I think for now you are no longer needed. Please inform the Headmaster of the current situation, and then you are free to go."

"Yes, Professor." Ron disappeared out of the office, looking slightly relieved to be removed from the office that held not only a tired and slightly annoyed Snape but also a sullen Hermione.

"Right, then. Let's get back to work," Severus said, turning to face Fred and George.

## What Dreams May Come

*Chapter 6 of 8*

A love potion + the Weasley twins = trouble for a certain Potions Master and new Transfiguration Apprentice

**A/N:** I am horribly sorry in how long it's taken me to update this. I normally get most of my writing done on the weekends and with finals coming up, not to mention the opening of Goblet of Fire, I just haven't been able to write anything. But I've finally had some time to write this and the last chapter, so don't worry, there'll be no more disappearing acts from me :o)

Thanks again to my wonderful betas: Kat & Gemma.

Also many thanks to all the wonderful people who read and review.

**Disclaimer:** All characters belong to J.K. Rowling

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The steam wafted off the water in the tub as Hermione gingerly sank down into the water. Softly hissing as she lowered herself, her wild mane of hair piled sloppily on top of her head. A soft sigh escaped her lips as she leaned against the back of the tub. Inhaling the sweet fragrance of lavender and vanilla, she let out another sigh.

"Why?" she softly asked herself. "Why him? Of all the people in the world, why did I have to fall in love with him?" Only the silence of the room answered her; a single drop of water abandoning the safety of the faucet the only noise.

Lines showed in Hermione's forehead as she thought back to the past two weeks, the whole love potion debacle being at the forefront of her mind. She remembered everything that she had done while under the influence of the potion. Some things in more vivid detail than others, but she remembered; the kiss between her and Professor Snape being the cause of the lines marring her forehead. At first she had thought the daydreams and residue feelings were aftereffects of the love potion. However, both Fred and George assured her that she wouldn't be feeling any more effects of the potion since taking the antidote. Knowing that Fred and George weren't always the most reliable when it came to potions, she also tried consulting Professor Snape. *A lot of good that did me*, she thought ruefully.

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Upon entering his office, he stayed on the opposite side of the room from her. Every time she had tried getting closer to him, he would immediately back up.

"Professor, what is the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter, Miss Granger."

"Professor, if nothing is the matter, then why do you keep walking away every time I come near?" she asked as he rounded to put his desk between them.

"It would be most convenient, Miss Granger, if you could get to the point of what brought you to my office."

Hermione sighed and dropped into a chair near his desk. Severus had his back to her, perusing the very bookshelves she had backed him up against earlier. Tucking a piece of hair behind her ear, she cleared her throat before speaking. "I had been merely curious, Professor, if there would be any possible side effects from the potion or the antidote."

Severus stilled his motions at the mention of the love potion and the antidote. "No, Miss Granger, there wouldn't be any side effects." Turning to face Hermione, he seemed to be thinking, before turning to face the bookcase again. "In the case of research, why are you asking, Miss Granger?"

Hermione pursed her lips before finally standing up with the need to do something. "To get straight to the point, Professor, I've been having these feelings...about you."

"Feelings?" Severus asked with the arch of an eyebrow.

"Yes. And, well, to be perfectly honest..." She felt herself start to falter as he turned those onyx eyes on her own chocolate ones.

"Please, do go on, Miss Granger. Either that or please stop wasting my time with talk of your feelings."

Anger flashing in her eyes, what she was trying to say burst out. "To be perfectly honest, Professor, I think I'm in love with you."

Severus took a step back, bumping into the bookshelf behind him. "Get out," he growled.

"But Professor..." Hermione said.

"I said get out, Miss Granger. I do not take kindly to having my time wasted."

"But Professor," Hermione tried again, lost at what had caused him to be so angry.

Severus rounded the desk and took Hermione by the arm. "Good day, Miss Granger," he said, giving her a push out of his office.

Turning to try to ask what she had done to upset him so, she was only greeted by the door slamming shut in her face.

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Hermione shook her head slightly to clear it of the memory. No, talking to him hadn't done any good. Now it seemed he was actively trying to avoid her. Occasionally she would see the tail end of his signature robes fluttering down a side corridor, as if he had suddenly changed direction. She was half-tempted to ask Harry to borrow the Marauder's Map to try to trap him into talking to her again, but knew it most likely wouldn't work.

As she lay in the tub pondering what she should do now, her fingers seemed to move on their own to the damp tiles on the wall to trace a heart. Scowling, she caught herself as she had begun to trace her and Severus' initials. "I can't believe I'm acting like some bloody love-sick first year," she muttered. *Well, that's what I am though, isn't it? Love-sick?* Fishing for the plug and finally giving it a tug, she watched as the water began to swirl down the drain. Standing, she wrapped a towel around herself, walking into her private chamber. *I wanted to find love, and now I'm in love with someone who doesn't even want to be in the same room with me* She gave a sad half-smile as she dried and got into her pyjamas. *It's almost sort of ironic.*

Getting into bed, her thoughts took another turn as she settled down into her covers. *But he'll have to be in the same room with me on Friday* Since the fall of Lord Voldemort, Dumbledore had reinstated the Halloween Ball. A ball that every staff member was required to attend, whether they wanted to or not. Filch and Madam Pince normally stood as far away from the students as possible, while Severus always stood near the punch bowl to make sure nobody tried to spike it with anything. The three of them always looked like they would rather be Crucioed by Lucius or Bellatrix, but they were always there. *He'll be there*, she thought with a smile as she laid her head down. Her last thoughts as she fell asleep were of being waltzed around the room by an out-of-character Severus.

I'll Put A Spell On You

Chapter 7 of 8

A love potion + the Weasley twins = trouble for a certain Potions Master and new Transfiguration Apprentice

A/N: So I think I may have vaguely sort of lied. I know I had said this would be the last chapter, but I'm thinking that I might do an Epilogue after this chapter. Or at least that's what my beta Gemma suggested to prevent me getting lynched from leaving the ending open ended. I figure I'll leave it to you, dear reader. So, who wants an Epilogue?

And let's not forget my wonderful betas: Kat & Gemma.

Also many thanks to all the wonderful people who have read and review.

Disclaimer: All characters belong to J.K. Rowling

"Strange and Beautiful (I'll Put A Spell On You)" belongs to Aqualung

And while they aren't mentioned directly, the wonderful band DeVotchKa who helped inspire me while writing this section.

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The Great Hall was all aglow with the floating jack o' lanterns while artistic spider webs decorated the four corners before running down the walls in elaborate patterns. Tables had alternating black and orange tablecloths, the centerpieces being preserved colored leaves and gourds.



On the raised dais where the High Table normally stood was a live band. Hermione thought the band, in and of itself, contributed to the dark atmosphere of the Great Hall. The quintet played a mixture of music that while she couldn't put her finger on what it was, it had a definite Old World Western European feel.

*The gypsy costumes certainly help,* Hermione thought with a smile as the dark haired violinist winked at her. Feeling her cheeks heat, she turned to survey the scene from against the wall, as she nursed a glass of punch. Dumbledore had insisted that everyone must dress up, much to the chagrin of some of the staff. Hermione chuckled as she spied McGonagall dressed in a medium shade of charcoal-grey robes, a pair of cat ears peeking through her hair.

*Everyone is having such a wonderful time,* she thought with a smile as she watched several of the students dance around the room in various costumes. *Well, not quite everyone,* she corrected herself as she glanced at a dour-faced Filch and Madame Pince. Though, judging by the way Madame Pince kept swaying to the music before catching herself, maybe she was enjoying herself just a little. Hermione smiled as she caught Filch giving Madame Pince a look out of the corner of his eyes.

"Don't they make a cute couple," Madame Hooch cracked, sidling up to Hermione. She had come predictably dressed as a Muggle referee.

"Oh, I don't know. I think it's sort of sweet," Hermione answered.

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How much longer do I have to endure this bloody ball! Severus groused to himself while he watched from the punch bowl as Hooch tried to draw Hermione into a conversation. He hated these things. He would much rather be prowling the corridors and deducting points than having to stand here listening to music that he hated.

Bloody Albus and his sodding balls. Severus glanced over at Hermione yet again. He hadn't been able to take his eyes off the insufferable know-it-all all evening. His mind kept going back to the last time she had been in his office, confessing her love for him.

'I think I love you,' she said. Love. Bollocks. The mask he was wearing slipped again, and he cursed under his breath. *Damn Albus to hell and back.* The infuriating man had taken it into his head that he should supply Severus' costume for the evening. Thankfully it was almost identical to what he normally wore, except for the wolf mask Albus had insisted he wear with it. He had flat-out refused to wear the accompanying tail. *Circe only knows what Albus is trying to get at with this ridiculous outfit.*

His attitude turned melancholy as he heard the lilting strain of piano coming from the raised dais where the band was stationed.

I've been watching your world from afar,

I've been trying to be where you are,

And I've been secretly falling apart,

I'll see.

The crooning male voice seemed to strike at something in Severus. He softly smiled as he watched Hermione laugh at something Hooch had said.

To me, you're strange and you're beautiful,

You'd be so perfect with me but you just can't see,

You turn every head but you don't see me.

She really does look beautiful tonight he thought, taking in the ruby-coloured dress robes that made her skin seem like porcelain. She had even somehow tamed her wild mane of curls into a single plait with wispy tendrils. The only thing about her outfit that confused him was the silly straw basket she had with her.

I'll put a spell on you,

You'll fall asleep and I'll put a spell on you.

And when I wake you,

I'll be the first thing you see,

And you'll realise that you love me.

"You know, Severus, you'll never get her by simply standing on the sidelines." Severus sighed as he recognized the quiet voice of Albus.

"Ever the bloody matchmaker." Albus chuckled as he adjusted the grey bowler perched on his head. The grey pinstripe business suit looked so very out-of-place on the colorful old wizard.

"Not this time, no. I believe Mr. and Mr. Weasley are the culprits."

"If they've been using that love potion again--"

"--On the contrary," Albus interrupted. "I do believe all Mr. and Mr. Weasley did was to bring things to a head."

"I don't know what you're prattling on about, old man," Severus said, crossing his arms and glancing over where Filch and Madam Pince stood. "And why do those two get out of having to wear costumes?"

"They are wearing costumes, Severus."

"Then just what, pray tell, are they?" he asked with a sneer.

"Why, I would think that's obvious, my dear boy. They're Death Eaters..." Dumbledore paused for a beat before continuing. "They look just like everyone else." Severus sputtered slightly. Smiling over his glasses, Dumbledore continued. "And if you want to have a dance with her before this song is over, I'd go and ask her now." And with that he left to go back to Minerva's side before asking her to dance.

Sometimes, the last thing you want comes in first,

Sometimes, the first thing you want never comes,

And I know, the waiting is all you can do,

Sometimes...

Looking up to pray to whatever gods might still listen to him, Severus straightened his shoulders before crossing the room to Hermione. As he walked up, Hooch scuttled away, leaving him and Hermione alone. Clearing his throat, he looked into the wary chocolate eyes in front of him.

"Miss Granger, would you do me the pleasure of having this dance?" Steeling himself for rejection, he was stunned by her smile.

"I'd love to have this dance with you, Professor Snape." As they stepped onto the dance floor, the couple fell into step and seemed to almost float on air.

I'll put a spell on you,

You'll fall asleep 'cos I'll put a spell on you,

And when I wake you,

I'll be the first thing you see,

And you'll realize that you love me, yeah...

As the last refrains of the song began to die away, Severus and Hermione slowed to just moving in time to the music, unaware of the pair who were watching them.

"I told you, Minerva, that they would make a good couple. I do believe you owe me twenty sickles." Professor McGonagall's lips twitched.

"Really, Albus, dancing around a room hardly qualifies as becoming a couple."

"My dear, you know Severus as well as I do. Dancing in front of a room full of people is as good as him declaring it."

"Still, he wouldn't have if you hadn't given him a push," she said sulkily.

Dumbledore smiled as he saw Severus and Hermione out of the corner of his eye make their way to leave the Great Hall.

"Well, Minerva, that proof enough for you?" nodding at the pair as they exited the room.

"I suppose," she huffed. "But that boy better treat her right, or I will hex him to oblivion."

"He will, my dear, he will."

Epilogue

Chapter 8 of 8

A love potion + the Weasley twins = trouble for a certain Potions Master and new Transfiguration Apprentice

A/N: I am **very** sorry about taking so long to update. Not only did I work most of my Christmas break, but then my beta Kat took literally forever getting this back to me. So please, forgive me and enjoy the epilogue.

As always, thanks to my lovely betas Gemma & Kat.

Not to mention, the wonderful people who R&R.

Disclaimer: All characters belong to J.K. Rowling

Also the line "you have bewitched me, body and soul" came from the new version of *Pride & Prejudice*

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The sun shone through the charmed windows, illuminating the dust motes dancing in Severus' chambers. Severus looked down at the sleeping woman in his arms before softly smiling. *I still can't believe she stayed the night... I still can't believe she said yes.*

It hadn't taken Hermione long to convince Severus that she loved him even without the potion. It took her a little longer to convince him that he could love her without the fear that she might one day desert him for a younger and more personable wizard. Finally, after two years of the infamous love potion debacle, Severus proposed, and Hermione, of course, accepted.

The wedding had been small, close friends and family only, due to both Severus' private nature and Hermione's desire to not have the whole of the wizarding world at the wedding. The reception afterwards had been Severus' own personal idea of what hell would be like. Not ever being one to really socialize, he simply wanted to go home with his new bride and begin his wedding night. Hermione, Minerva and Mrs. Weasley, however, insisted that the couple have a celebration dinner along with dancing.

"A girl only gets to be a bride once," Molly quoted countless times during the planning.

The one surprise Severus had for Hermione was their first dance together. He knew she recognized the song as soon as he took her into his arms. "I'll put a spell on you..." the singer crooned as the pair waltzed around the dance floor. Hermione looked up into her husband's eyes and smiled.

"Our first dance... you remembered."

"Hermione, you have bewitched me, body and soul, how could I not remember?"

Feeling Hermione begin to stir, Severus shook himself from his reverie and looked down as she slowly opened her eyes. The happiness shining back at him from the chocolate depths answered any questions he might have had on whether she had any regrets about last night.

"Good morning," Hermione softly murmured.

"Morning. I trust you slept well?" Hermione made a contented noise in the back of her throat.

"Oh, yes. Very well, or at least with what little sleep I got," she teased. Severus smirked before leaning down to cover her lips again.

"I wouldn't have minded getting some sleep, but you were most persistent the last few times." Hermione giggled.

"I was trying to make up for lost time, thank you very much."

"Well, in that case," Severus drawled before rolling her onto her back and kissing her senseless. Leaving her lips he trailed down her neck to nip at the base causing Hermione to moan softly.

Where last night had been heated and at some times moved very fast, this morning the pair moved leisurely, at an almost lazy pace. Before long, Hermione had managed to wriggle out from under Severus and was soon straddling him, mimicking his earlier actions, making him groan loudly as she ground against him. The pair continued to move and tease one another until it was finally too much. In the end, Hermione had managed to flip Severus once more to his back, causing them both to gasp and murmur praises to one another when he was finally embedded. Breathless whispers, low groans and soft moans were all that could be heard and were really all that was said. As the pace increased, Hermione began keening as it felt like the sun had burst and consumed her. Severus soon followed, and the pair finally were quiet once more, nestled in one another's arms.

"I love you," Hermione whispered as her arms tightened around him.

"I know. I love you, too," came a sleepy reply.