

# Knife Skills

*by peppermint*

Master Chef Severus and Sous Chef Hermione in the kitchen

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: I don't own Severus, Hermione, house-elves, mother sauces, santoku knives or herringbone trousers.

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"Where are my courgettes?!"

"Just finishing them up now, Seve... er, I mean, Chef," Hermione answered from the prep counter, her santoku knife a blur on the chopping board. Merlin, how she hated nights when the restaurant staff called off or went on vacation. She never would have pushed for house-elf rights had she known she'd be at the beck and call of the Wizarding world's most demanding master chef. It was indignity enough to have to wear herringbone-patterned trousers that made her arse look enormous, but to have to call her husband "Chef" and bow and scrape to his every whim was torture.

"I know I taught you better knife skills than that at Hogwarts, Madam Snape. There are orangutans at the London Zoo who have more competency with a blade. Leave the prep station to Jilly and attend the sauces. I trust you remember how to use a spoon!"

Hermione scowled and made faces behind his back as she wound her way through the skeleton crew of elves. Soon she had several saucepots going, a charmed spoon or whisk at work in each one. Just let him find fault with her *veloute* or her *béarnaise*. Orangutans with better knife skills indeed.

The evening wore on, extraordinarily busy for a weeknight. The evening's special required a white wine pan sauce with rosemary and a just a splash of cream, which kept Hermione quite busy since it could not be prepared in large batches ahead of time.

Finally, the last of the customers were drawing out their evening over espresso or chocolate *pot du crème*. Hermione sent her saucepots, spoons, and whisks to the dishwashing station and accepted a large glass of Bordeaux from the house Sommelier before dropping into the armchair she insisted Severus keep in his office.

"Who said you were done, Madam Snape?"

"I did. Why in buggering hell did you choose such a touchy special this evening? You knew you'd end up putting me on sauces because you can't resist the urge to sneer at my knife skills. Just like last week, when you couldn't resist sneering at my imperfect grill marks," she huffed, "why don't you just admit that none of the elves can keep ten saucepots going at once with proper temperature, stirring speed, and consistency?"

Master Chef Snape simply arched his eyebrow, sat back, and sipped his espresso. He'd never tell his wife the real reason he had her work in the restaurant every Tuesday evening. It had nothing to do with being short-staffed and nothing to do with her skills with knives, sauces, or charms.

He just couldn't resist the way her arse looked in herringbone trousers.

