

Smart Went Crazy

by navigate

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I own none of these, unfortunately. Well, aside from Raie, but, not *really*. However, I do manipulate them, which, mind you, I thoroughly enjoy.

Chapter 1 "Awkward."

Hermione would only allow herself, and Raie for that matter, to put off their homework for so long. Raie was snuggled into a large-armed chair, the hood of her jacket upon her head, and the headphones of a cassette player to her ears. She tapped her foot along with the anonymous beat playing in her ears, and Hermione absent-mindedly tapped the quill in her hand along with Raie's.

She caught Raie's gaze and pouted. The short girl sat up in the chair, pulled off the headphones and sighed exasperatedly. She got up, running her hands through her short bob of a hair cut, adjusted her black-rimmed glasses, and slid into the chair next to Hermione.

"Yeah, yeah," she groaned. "Let's finish this."

Hermione nodded, pulling the books, spare parchment, and handbook close to them. Both of the girls were finishing an extra term at Hogwarts, a requirement that the Ministry had oddly demanded of the pair. Raie excelled tremendously at Potions (no doubt courtesy of her prior affair mid-sixth year with Professor Snape) and did terribly in Transfiguration. Naturally, Hermione surpassed expectations in the two aforementioned classes, along with another round of Ancient Runes. They were a decent pair together, though under additional circumstances, they would have despised each other. Raie was heavily involved with the luring of Voldemort, and one would find her just about as lucky as Harry in situations involving the Dark Lord. Of course, it's common knowledge now in the wizarding world that Raie was the only person that brought forth pity, or any form of emotion, period, from the Riddle.

Hermione edged closer to the table, and began writing furiously upon the parchment. How she had let Raie convince her to leave their Potions essay to the last minute, she did not know. It was definitely something both Harry and Ron had tried to do, but failed. Harry and Ron. The end of the War was soon approaching, and she had yet to hear from either of them. She wanted to say she was angry with them for their lack of communication, but she couldn't hold it against them that they were busy following leads and collecting information. She was happy Raie never pressed the subject of the status quo of their relationship, and remained grateful for her lack of interest.

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but I don't understand this," Raie said, only managing to scribble her name and house on the parchment in the bright pink ink she preferred to use.

Hermione nodded and silently agreed. This felt odd as well to her. She was the "know-it-all" of her seven years nestled in Hogwarts, and now, even with the extra classes,

the only one she found herself struggling with was Potions.

"This is absurd. The potions and chemistry of this formula don't even make sense! What the hell is Severus trying to pull!" Raie grumbled, running her bangs smooth over her forehead and stomping her bare feet on the carpeted floor.

Hermione smiled. She knew Raie well enough to know the first name basis she held with the resident Potions master. Though the situation held between the pair was quite done and over with, the companionship she had managed to pry out from it was outstanding. Hermione couldn't believe the things that came out of Snape's mouth anytime Raie was struggling, frustrated, or hell, even catty. This, for some odd reason, made Raie admirable to her, and Snape even more endearing than necessary.

"I'm going down and harassing him. Fancy coming?" Raie said, slipping on her ballet flats and stuffing her necessities into her shoulder bag.

"Naturally," Hermione answered, gathering her own things neatly and following Raie quickly out the portrait.

As they approached the dungeon wing, Raie was nearly running. Whether or not this was just a chance for her to speak with Snape, Hermione had no idea. But she was glad that at least she could nit-pick questions at the professor and not have him retaliate with some snide remark that would virtually leave her in tears, as he had managed to produce those seven years. Another plus of Raie's friendship: an inkling of respect that she had desired all those previous years from the infamous Master. Not that she was using Raie in any way, shape, or form, but it was definitely a perk she took careful advantage of.

"Severus, goddamnit!" Raie swore bitterly, pounding on the door to the dungeon classroom.

The scraping of a chair on stone flooring echoed loudly, followed by loud footsteps. The door flung open with great force, and Raie stepped back, finding herself almost smacked in the face with it. She crossed her arms smugly and added an equal expression to the smirk playing across her face.

"Oh, it's *you*," he said dully, which proceeded to add a larger grin to Raie's face.

"Who else calls you Severus that has the voice of a 10 year old? Honestly," she answered, pushing past him, patting him on the shoulder, and tossing her bag on a random desk at the rear of the room.

Hermione remained in the doorway shyly, and Snape pseudo-bowed her into the classroom. She jaunted quickly over next to Raie and set her things down as well.

"What was it you wanted anyway?" Snape asked, walking back to his desk and leaning on the front of it, letting his black hair fall over his face, perhaps without his notice.

"This damn potion you assigned us doesn't even make sense! The ingredients in it don't form chemical reactions with any of the others. What the shit are you trying to pull?" she raged, her own hair flying in front of her face.

Snape laughed. Hermione was taken aback. She knew the man laughed, but that was just about as much as a surprise to her as when she learned he actually held emotions and contained a heart. She figured he would be a lot more tolerable if he laughed more often. Not a pressing subject in her book, but something Raie should make mention of to him.

"You've known me long enough to know that I indulge --no, no, *wallow* severely in the frustration of my students. The potion wasn't intended to make anything. The main purpose of it was to make you use your vital analytical skills when it comes to applying knowledge of ingredients in a recipe. I'm surprised you didn't catch it earlier. I assigned that weeks ago," Snape said, returning to the black chair behind his desk.

Hermione shot Raie a warning glance, which caused her to smile. 'Maybe if we had started it sooner, we would have,' Hermione thought to herself, but she couldn't remain upset at Raie no matter the circumstance. Well...

"Hell, you know me, I put things off until the last minute," she shrugged honestly.

"I'm surprised Miss Granger didn't have you on your knees and at the mercy of her schoolwork ethic whip. She never would have put up with such conduct from Potter or Weasley."

Hermione turned beet red and felt the heat rising to her cheeks. Though Raie may have added an upper hand to the treatment she received from the Potions master, he still managed to throw insults and insinuations at her that made her oddly uncomfortable and in need of retort.

"You know I'm not into that whipping stuff anyway," Raie added smugly, gathering her things yet again and motioning for Hermione to do the same.

Snape chuckled. Hermione was finding herself going crazy. Why, out of nowhere, was Snape's laugh so charming? She was convinced it was post-partum depression from Ron, or something. Ron had been the last of the male attention she had received, and perhaps she was getting desperate.

"Oh gods, please let it be desperation," she muttered out loud.

Snape, who had risen to show the girls out, stopped unexpectedly along with Raie, who had her eyebrow cocked to a ridiculous extent.

"Let what--" Raie started.

Hermione grabbed her hand, tossed a curt smile in the direction of Snape, readjusted her bag, and dragged Raie out of the dungeon, like a child on a leash by her mother.

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A/N: REVIEWS RULE. PLEASE. THANKS.