

The Missing Ingredient

by magalena

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I do not own HP, it all belongs to JKR. I make no money here.

AN: Many thanks to my beta losille2000 for all her help!!

Hermione scrambled frantically through the potions ingredients in Severus' storage room. "Where is it... where the hell is it? He can't be out; he just can't."

"What is the meaning of this?" he roared. "What are you doing in here? How did you get through my wards, you insufferable chit?"

"I'm sorry, Severus, but it's an emergency. I need an ingredient to finish a very important potion."

He reached for her hand to pull it away from his supplies. "No!" she cried. "Don't touch me!"

Too late, he grabbed her hand anyway and immediately found their two hands stuck tightly together.

"Damn it all, Severus. I told you not to touch me."

"What is this about?" he asked angrily, trying futilely to pull his hand away.

"I'm working on a freelance project for the MLE. It's a new potion to secure suspects without restraints."

"Well, apply the antidote immediately," he demanded.

"Errrm... there might be a slight problem with that."

His eyes widened; before he could explode, she rushed to explain. "I was in the process of brewing the counter potion when Crookshanks knocked the window open, and a gust of wind blew in scattering the last of my moonweed pollen."

"So, just let me borrow some pollen, and we'll be separated as soon as it's brewed."

Thinking quickly, he assessed their situation. "I'm out."

"Out! How can you be out? You're the Potions master. You're supposed to have things in stock. Now what are we supposed to do?"

Rubbing his chin and looking at her suggestively with a wink, he purred, "Hmmm... as you well know, Hermione, the pollen must be gathered on the night of the waning moon, which is not for another four days. It looks like, until then, you and I will be keeping very close company indeed."

He sighed in resignation. "We'd best inform Minerva. She'll need to get someone for our classes."

The rest of the afternoon proved awkward; he would move one direction, she another. She would sit as he tried to stand. Eating was difficult with both of them being right handed. With a growl of frustration, he finally just pulled her down into his lap.

"Just sit there and no wiggling about."

"I wouldn't dream of it, sir."

"Are you being impertinent?" he asked while feeding her a tidbit off his plate.

"No," she replied with a sly smile and a little wiggle.

They got a bit better at the Siamese twin act as the day wore on, more in sync with each other. While sitting together on the couch, he noticed her squirming about.

"Would you kindly be still? I'm trying to read and your twitching around is most distracting," he complained.

"Ithnklnethloo," she mumbled, her cheeks reddening with embarrassment.

He eyed her questioningly. "Come again? I have no idea what you just said?"

"The loo, the bloody loo. I have to go," she practically shouted.

"Well, why didn't you say so? It was bound to happen sooner or later, after all."

"I can't go with you standing there."

"Well, I can't leave, so what do you suggest? Just go."

"I can't"

"This is going to be a long night, then."

"I can't believe this doesn't bother you. Have you no modesty?"

"Did you not live with two boys in a tent for months on end?"

"Well, I certainly didn't have to pee with them in the same room, now did I?"

Finally conjuring a screen and putting Severus behind it, she commanded, "Now sing or something."

"What... ?"

"I can't go if you're listening."

"Oh, for... bloody hell..." He began loudly reciting Shakespeare.

She made him turn his back while she transformed and dressed herself in pajamas to sleep in. Severus usually slept nude, but didn't think Hermione's modesty quite up to that, so he donned boxers.

They started on their left sides, his front toward her back keeping as much distance between them as they could manage with their right hands attached. By morning, they were spooned together with his arm wrapped possessively around her middle, his chin resting on her shoulder, his nose buried in her hair, and his rock hard cock nestled in the warm, soft curve of her arse.

By the beginning of day four, their routine was like a well choreographed ballet. Using a combination of Muggle and Magical means they shared breakfast duties, Hermione pouring tea while Severus (who was practically ambidextrous) buttered and cut the toast.

They read on the couch, sometimes sharing a book. Hermione would sit on Severus' lap, and somehow each seemed to know when the other was done reading that page, before one of them would turn to the next.

They worked together in his lab like a well-oiled machine, preparing the rest of what they needed to create the antidote potion.

When they finally separated, it all seemed rather anti-climatic, a bit of a let down, almost depressing actually.

"Well, that's settled then."

"Yes, finally."

"Hmmm..."

"Err... uhhh."

"So... I guess it's back to normal then, tomorrow."

"Right. So then, I'd best be off to my own room. Well, goodnight, Severus," she called, trying to sound cheery when she was actually feeling somewhat bereft.

"Goodnight, Hermione," he said, softly shutting the door behind her. He placed his palm against the cold wood and leaned his forehead against the door, feeling suddenly very alone. *Shit, why didn't I stop her... ask her to stay...*

He ripped the door open, meaning to race down the hallway in pursuit of her, only to find her standing in front of his door with a wide-eyed look of disbelief on her face.

"I don't want to leave..."

"I want you to stay..."

They spoke simultaneously, then burst into laughter when they realized that after four days of being stuck together, they were thinking each other's thoughts. He reached out for her and pulled her close, leaning in to kiss her. She wrapped her arms around his neck, threading her fingers through his hair.

He jerked her into the room, slamming the door, roughly pushing her up against it. His hands and mouth were everywhere at once, she stroking him and pulling eagerly at his clothes at the same time. They couldn't seem to stop themselves: against the door, on the couch, the chair. Finally... finally ending up snuggled tightly together in

Severus' big bed.

"Severus, I have to tell you the truth. I have wanted this, wanted you, from the very start."

"I, too, have a confession, Hermione."

"What is it, Severus?"

"I actually had plenty of moonweed pollen in my stores all along."

~fin~