

Amortentia for Dummies

by PersephoneVerte

Assistants can be a little stupid. But then again, so can masters.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I own nothing from the Harry Potter franchise and am making no money from this.

A/N: Just a few drabbles thrown together, taking place over the span of a few days/weeks/however long it takes to correctly brew Amortentia. Many thanks to my beta, Mandy/ScarletWitch.

"What are you brewing, Miss Granger?"

"Amortentia, Professor."

"Amortentia? That's highly illegal, Miss Granger."

"Really? I had no idea. Suppose you'll just have to lock me away then."

"False innocence does not become you, Miss Granger."

"Neither do jail cells. Now, kindly go away so I can concentrate."

"Tut, tut, Miss Granger. When I said you could start your own project, I didn't mean for you to waste your time on such a potion."

"It's my time to waste, Professor."

"Yes, but at the end of your apprenticeship I get to decide whether you become a Potions mistress or not, Miss Granger."

"You wouldn't dare fail me. Dumbledore would have your skin, sir. Besides, I think you've grown rather fond of me."

"I suppose you could say that, yes, Miss Granger, just as I have grown fond of double Potions with the Gryffindor/Slytherin class."

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"I have not grown fond of the Gryffindor/Slytherin double Potions class, Miss Granger."

"Of course not, Professor."

"Miss Granger, honestly, you could be spending your time perfecting potions that are actually worth your time and effort."

"And honestly, Professor, this potion is worth my time and effort."

"I highly doubt that, Miss Granger."

"And I highly doubt your sanity sometimes, Professor."

"Still working on the Amortentia, then, Miss Granger?"

"Still working on being a git, then, Professor?"

"Fine, Miss Granger, I give up."

"Sorry?"

"What in the bloody hell are you using up my ingredients for?"

"Er, Amortentia, sir. I told you that when I began."

"No, you impertinent twit, that is not what I meant-"

"Then perhaps, you insufferable bastard, you should learn to be more articulate."

"Hello, Professor. Glad to see you sulking in the corner."

"I am not sulking, Miss Granger. Potions masters do not sulk."

"Silly me, I forgot. I wasn't sure you'd be back too soon after yesterday."

"Someone has to make sure you don't destroy us all, Miss Granger."

"Yes, yes, that's exactly why you're here, Professor."

"Miss Granger."

"Professor?"

"Would you please enlighten me as to whom you are going to use this tripe on?"

"The Amortentia, sir?"

"Obviously, Miss Granger."

"Why, you, of course, Professor."

"I- What?"

"Oh, look at the time. Late, late, late! Evening, Professor."

"Miss Granger, for the love of Merlin, please tell me why you're planning on distributing your potion to me."

"Because, Professor, I'm madly in love with you. But, alas, you are not in love with me."

"I- Miss Granger- That's-"

"Oh, time to go again! I must start getting here earlier. G'night, Professor."

"Miss Granger, are you aware of the fact that you and your friends have been the bane of my existence for the past ten years, Potter for even longer than that?"

"Certainly, Professor. Harry and Ron pride themselves on it."

"Ah."

"Out of curiosity, Professor, why do you ask?"

"Just making sure you know how absolutely intolerable you are, Miss Granger."

"Miss Granger, are you aware of the fact that I'm nearly twice your age?"

"Age shows experience, Professor."

"Age shows wear and tear, Miss Granger."

"We've been through a war, Professor. We all show wear and tear."

"Miss Granger."

"Sir?"

"You are aware that I am a cantankerous, sarcastic bastard, are you not, Miss Granger?"

"I don't see how anyone could miss such fine qualities, Professor."

"Good. Then you know how difficult I am to get along with."

"But I also know how, well, I wouldn't call it nice, per se... Oh, I've got it! I know how impartial you can become when you don't particularly hate someone or something."

"Impartial. Right, Miss Granger. If that's what your infinite wisdom calls it."

"Oh, hello, Professor. I was just getting ready to bottle the Amortentia."

"There will be no need for that, Miss Granger."

"Well, I can't just let it sit here!"

"Oh, Miss Granger, toss the lot of it."

"But I've worked hard on this!"

"Miss Granger, it's high time I tell you that you do not need a love potion to wrangle the dreaded Potions master."

"S-sir?"

"Perhaps you should try to be more articulate, Miss Granger."

"Bastard."

"Yes, but you apparently love me."

"And you apparently love me back, sir. Seems like I know quite a lot."

"Shut up, Miss Granger. Now come here so I can kiss you properly."

"Of course, Professor."