

# Ynys Môn

by Persevero

Professor Snape and his apprentice are collecting geological potions ingredients

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Originally written for Portus Envy in 2008 and inspired by torino10154's question on *Snapedom*: 'What did Professor Snape do on his summer hols?'

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'Are you sure we should be doing this, Professor?' Hermione involuntarily ducked a little; her first field-trip alone with Professor Snape and she was questioning his judgement.

'Of course, Miss Granger. The Muggles do far more damage on a weekly basis.' He adjusted his grip on a small stainless steel hammer and swung neatly at the exposure. A chunk about half the size of her fist cracked free, and she caught a drift of the unexpectedly sweet smell of broken hard rock.

'Wrap this please.' Hermione extracted a folded square of white silk from her field case and wrapped the specimen before sliding it into a Muggle polythene bag and carefully writing 'Blueschist. SH 535 715' in ballpoint pen.

'You need to note the hammer material, Miss Granger. There is a slight chance of an effect from the chromium in the steel.'

She added the information and tucked the rock into her case. 'What now, sir?' She looked hopefully at the column.

'You would like to climb the Monument?' To her surprise, he seemed to be smiling faintly.

'Yes, sir.'

'Very well.' He re-holstered the hammer and fastened the strap that held it in place. 'I suggest we remove our cloaks – they will be inconvenient when climbing the staircase.'

They left their cloaks and Hermione's field case Disillusioned by the door of the tiny shop, which was closed up in the middle of the working week. Professor Snape unlocked the gate with a whispered *Alohomora* and ushered Hermione ahead of him.

'I will relock the gate so that we can use our wands.' He did so, and they simultaneously and wordlessly cast *Lumos*. Their eyes met suddenly, and he gave a quick smile of acknowledgement of her skill. Hermione's breath caught. *Two smiles in five minutes*. She allowed herself to smile back before swinging round and starting to climb.

After that smile she felt a little flustered, but it faded after a couple of minutes' brisk climbing to be replaced by an odd conviction that he was looking at her backside rather than at the stairs. *Honestly, woman, keep your hormones under control. Otherwise this year will be torture. Just colleagues. Just colleagues.* She hoped that he would attribute any unevenness in her breathing to exertion.

After they had climbed in silence for a few minutes, the light began to brighten above them and they emerged onto a platform surrounded by uneven metal railings, below the statue of the Marquess of Anglesey.

'He's overlooking one of the most important potions collection sites in the UK,' Hermione said somewhat breathlessly. She leaned carefully against the railing and looked at the stunning view of the Menai bridges and the Snowdonian mountains.

'Be careful of the broken spikes, Miss Granger.' Professor Snape was standing right behind her, apparently gazing right over her head. The platform was hot in the June sun, and Hermione suddenly felt stricken into stillness by his nearness and by the surroundings. She heard a slight grating as he stepped even closer, then hands settled very gently on her shoulders. He held them there completely motionless, but she sensed his extreme tension. After a few seconds, she relaxed her own tense muscles and settled back slightly, conveying her acceptance of the gesture. She heard his breathing speed up, and his hands started to move outwards on her shoulders and down her upper arms. She leaned back fully against his chest.

'Hermione?' he said, his voice resonating against her back. She twisted her head up and around and felt his long black hair flicking against her cheek. She smiled. *Kiss me.* One hand left her arm, and he moved her hair aside before bending his mouth to her neck, holding his lips to her skin without moving. She could feel his breath against her neck and the thudding of his heartbeat against her. His arms wrapped around her, and they stood together unmoving apart from slight movements of their hair in the minimal summer breeze, both listening to a skylark singing from its invisible station above them.

A small cloud crept across the sun, and Hermione shivered a little before twisting round in Snape's arms and bringing her own around his waist. She pressed her head to his chest and breathed in: he smelled of clean clothes and the faintest touch of warm male. She felt a sudden wave of simple lust and had to suppress an urge to bite or growl. She lowered then tightened her arms and tilted her head towards his.

'Severus?'

He brought up one hand to the side of her face and placed his thumb at the corner of her mouth before bending down and bringing his lips very gently to hers. His thumb pulled her bottom lip down a little before his tongue slid into her mouth. Now Hermione did not suppress a growl, and she gripped his backside and pulled his hips firmly into her. She deepened the kiss, their tongues still exploring and gentle, before pulling back to kiss and lick his lips. He was groaning quietly, and his hips flexed so that she could feel his hard erection against her stomach. She rubbed herself slightly from side to side against it, and he flexed harder, panting.

'Merlin. Oh Merlin. Hermione!' His kissing began to feel desperate, and both his hands reached down to pull her hard against him, thrusting his hips as he now placed kisses blindly around her face.

Hermione released her arms and pulled back, reaching down to his arms. 'Where can we go?'

'My flat.' They broke apart, panting frantically, and he seized her right hand and pulled her to the garden side of the tower. '*Accio* cloaks. *Accio* case'. He successfully fielded their Disillusioned possessions and tugged her back into his arms. 'Ready?'

They Disapparated silently from the top of the Monument.

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A/N The Marquess of Anglesey's Monument is just outside Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwl'llantysiliogogogoch and (inadvertently) marks Britain's best outcrops of blueschist, a remarkable rock that forms when ocean crust is dragged several kilometres into a subduction zone but then exhumed again before it gets too hot. It doesn't look like much in hand specimen but it is quite beautiful in thin section.