

A Night at the Green Turnip

by magalena

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Written originally for a challenge at hpcon_envy by Aleysiasnape, the prompts were:
drunk, in a room, and chocolate.

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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.

Many thanks go to my wonderful beta, sweettiff_14.

In a grubby little dive of a pub on a backstreet in a rather dicey part of Muggle London, Hermione Granger and Draco Malfoy were drunk, quite drunk indeed. Hermione pounded her fist on the table and hollered at the barkeep, "Another round fer me an' my friend here!"

The bartender ambled over and stood next to their table, his arms crossed over his beefy chest. A huge hulk of a man with an eye patch and numerous scars that made him appear to have been on the wrong side of a knife fight or two, he eyed them seriously before speaking, "Don't ya think you an' yer friend have had enough already, deary?"

Draco could barely hold his head up; he was a lightweight when it came to the hard stuff, at least in Hermione's opinion. They'd only had a few drinks, three at the most...well, maybe it was four or seven. Possibly nine, but surely no more than that. She gazed up at the bartender belligerently. "Are you refushing... reshuing... ferush... Oh fuck it! Are you saying you won't serve us? Do you know who this is?" she asked, pointing at Draco, who in turn smiled up at the goliath stupidly. "Tha's Drago Mafloy... Drakie Flamoy... Draco Maflie... shit... Molfie, MALFOY! Yea, tha's it, Malfoy, an' his father was a big, bad Death Eater, so you jus' better get us another drinkie an' forget you ever saw us, or his daddy might jus' hex you. Or wer' gonna leave and take our business to another eshtablick... esterbl... place!"

The burly barkeep glanced over his shoulder at the old drunk at the end of the bar. Unseen by Hermione the shadowy shape of a Patronus flew from the corner and out of the pub. The bartender ambled back over to the bar and pretended to be making their drinks, but instead he just watched them closely.

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Lucius and Severus sat in the library at Malfoy Manor, enjoying a late night brandy and a game of wizard chess when a Patronus in the shape of a hyena slunk into the room. "I think young Malfoy may be in a bit of a tight spot. He's at The Green Turnip, a little pub in a seedy part of London. Him and his lady friend are three sheets to the wind; barkeep's threatening to cut them off and she says they're gonna leave. Not a good neighborhood to be wandering around in their condition, sir."

"Whose Patronus was that, Lucius?" inquired Severus, curious.

Lucius replied, "Mandigo Fletcher, a cousin to Mundungus; he works security for Malfoy Industries. Come along and help me, will you, Severus? It appears Draco has gotten himself in a bit of a bind. I don't know who his lady friend might be or what they may have said or done, but we may need to cast a few Obliviates before the Ministry

interferes."

The two formidable wizards arrived at the pub and entered in a swirl of black robes. Luckily, it was late and the only other occupants of the pub besides Draco and his friend were the bartender and Mandingo. "Thank you, Manny. I appreciate you contacting me. Does the barman need to be Obliviated?"

"No, sir. He's a Squib friend of mine. Pub's been pretty quiet for the last couple of hours. You just need to get them safely out of here. I'm pretty sure his lady friend's a witch, she made reference to hexing the barkeep's balls off if he refused to serve them. She looks a bit familiar, but I really didn't get a good look at her face."

Severus and Lucius approached the corner table. The girl now had her head laying on her arms, and she was crying quietly. Draco was rubbing her back and speaking consolingly to her.

"Draco!" barked Lucius. "What is going on here?"

"Father!" Draco jumped to his feet, then swayed dangerously. "Severus." Draco looked confused. What were his father and godfather doing here in Muggle London?

"Someone notified me that you and your friend might be in a bit of a bind here, Draco. Severus came along in case I needed assistance cleaning up your mess. Really, son, you should know better than to get inebriated in a Muggle area." Severus pulled a vial of sober-up potion from his pocket, handing it to Draco, who swallowed it down with a shudder. He lost his befuddled haze and looked sadly at his drunken friend.

"Hermione didn't want to be seen tonight in a Wizard pub. She was feeling pretty badly. She got into a big, screaming confrontation with her supervisor at the Ministry and got fired. I thought I could take care of her, but that girl can drink. I couldn't keep up with her. She drank me under the table," he admitted.

Severus groaned. *Granger, I might have known*, he thought. "Lucius, you take Draco home with you. Side-Along's probably best, even with the sober-up. I'll take care of Miss Granger. I didn't bring any more of the potion, so I'll have to take her with me to get her sobered up."

Bending down, Severus scooped Hermione up into his arms. Her eyes popped open. She gazed into his obsidian orbs and sighed, "Perfessor... what'er you doin' here? Am I haloosin... hulacey... haluyeee... Am I seeing things?"

"Most assuredly not, Miss Granger. I am entirely real," he replied gruffly.

"Wow!" She wrapped her arms around his neck, the fingers of her right hand threading through his hair while her left hand caressed his cheek tenderly. She suddenly lunged forward to kiss him hard and deeply. Taken by surprise, he didn't pull away. "Wow," she said again. "I've always wanted to do that, Severus." Laying her head on his shoulder and closing her eyes, she sighed. "This is a really nice dream." Then she began to snore softly.

"Oh, for goodness' sake!" exclaimed Severus.

"She's had a bit of a crush on you for quite a while, Severus," confided Draco. Then thinking of the situation his friend was in, he added, "Maybe we should take her home with us, all things considered."

"Don't worry, Draco. I'll take care of her, and I promise not to take advantage of the situation."

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Hermione woke up in a strange bedroom, and not knowing where she was frightened her. Lifting the covers revealed that her clothes were gone, and she was wearing just her knickers and a man's white undershirt. She couldn't quite remember how she came to be in this position. Shit!

Looking around, she saw a vial of what appeared to be hangover potion on the nightstand. Sitting up and uncorking the vial, she sniffed it carefully, then tasted a tiny bit on her fingertip. Determining that it was, indeed, hangover potion, she gulped it down greedily. Then she slid back down in the bed, pulling the covers up to her chin and waited for it to take effect.

While she waited, she tried to remember what had happened and how she had ended up here. And where in hell was here, anyway? She remembered being with Draco at a Muggle bar, The Green Parsnip or Radish or something like that. They'd both been pretty wasted. She remembered she had started crying about losing her job. She thought she remembered Mr. Malfoy and Professor Snape showing up, for some reason. Then she kissed the professor...wait, she'd dreamed that part, right? That didn't really happen. Did it? Oh, Merlin...what had she done?

Just then, the door opened and Severus entered, floating a tray behind him into the room and setting it on the nightstand. "Oh good, you're awake, and I see you found the potion."

Hermione couldn't bring herself to meet his eyes, she was so embarrassed. "Yes, sir, Professor. Thank you very much," she said softly.

"Hermione, it was Severus last night. I'd like it to remain so," he said, leaning forward to lift her chin with the tip of his finger, forcing her to look him in the eyes. "It is my understanding that you had a particularly bad day yesterday?"

She nodded in reply.

"Well, it's a new day today. I've brought you some toast and a cup of hot chocolate. Finish this up, get dressed and come downstairs. I have some ideas for finding you a new job." He stood to leave, stopping at the door when she called his name.

"Sir, er... that is, Severus. Did I... I mean, I think I remember... I... Did we kiss last night?"

He smirked at her before replying, "You mean you don't remember our first kiss, my dear? How very disappointing."

"Oh, no, Severus. I do remember, but I thought perhaps it was a dream or figment of my overactive imagination."

"No, sweet. It was definitely not a dream, nor a figment. But I guess I'll have to make very sure you don't forget the next one. Won't I?" He left the room, closing the door softly behind him.

Hermione stared in disbelief for several seconds at the closed door before she whooped in joy. Grabbing the hot cocoa from the tray, she sipped it as she grinned goofily to herself. Yes, it was the dawn of a new day, and all things considered, it looked to be the beginning of a very good day indeed!

~fin~