

Deductions

by Keppiehed

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione rushed into Potions and skidded into her seat. Her hair was even bushier than normal, her cheeks flushed and her robes were askew.

"Hermione!" Harry hissed at her. "Where were you? You were nearly late for class! You know how Snape gets. It's just lucky that he is running late, too. That would have cost house points for sure!"

"I know, sorry," Hermione murmured guiltily. "Time just got away from me, I guess."

Harry eyed her skeptically. Something was up.

"Do you smell wet dog?" Ron piped up, sniffing the air with a look of disgust on his face.

Hermione blushed bright red. "The wolfsbane! It must've gotten broken when we... I mean, I..." Hermione broke off, whispered a quick *Scourgify* at her robes and fell silent.

The boys stared at her uncertainly. Their reverie was broken by Snape, who strode into his classroom in a swirl of dark robes.

He looked around at his students, his obsidian gaze resting on Hermione. "Take out your books and begin mixing the base for the Elixir of Youth, part one," he said silkily. "Oh, and twenty points to Gryffindor for the most... *imaginative* use of the Incarcerous Charm I have seen in a long while."

"Hermione, it looked like Snape was looking at you! What were you using the rope-tying charm on?" Harry was agog.

Hermione hid a smile. It was worth a little spilled wolfsbane on her robes for an afternoon spent in the Potions Master's storeroom. "Nothing, Harry, I'm sure you were mistaken," she said innocently.

"But, Hermione-

"Mr. Potter, that's five points from Gryffindor for talking in class," Snape warned.

Harry just groaned. Maybe he didn't want to know after all.