

G is for Glamour

by peppermint

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Just one more dash of powdered unicorn horn, and I think this hair conditioner will be perfect!" Hermione crowed, moving to shake a few more grains of the substance into her potion. "Now, it should turn from lavender to dark, shimmering indigo," she muttered, stirring constantly. She glanced away from the potion for just a second to replace the lid on her unicorn horn, but it was long enough that she didn't notice the now black and glittery potion forming into a giant bubble. Before she could react, the bubble burst, spraying hot liquid the consistency of nail varnish all over Hermione and her workspace.

She immediately grabbed her wand and cast a cooling charm on the potion, saving herself from burns—but not from the potion's effects. Since it was just a simple hair conditioner she was trying to improve, she didn't think the tacky substance would harm her in any way, but she wanted to get it washed off before it started to dry. Besides, it was Sunday, and she was expected for dinner at the Burrow in a few hours. It wouldn't do to show up covered in black glitter.

Later that evening, Hermione Apparated to the Burrow. It was a pleasant summer evening, and she was wearing her favorite sundress with a blue and green tie-dyed spiral on the skirt. She hadn't made any special effort with her appearance, so she was very confused when all the males in attendance kept staring at her, and in Ron's case, practically drooling. His current girlfriend didn't seem to like that much and kept shooting Hermione dirty looks.

After dinner, Hermione hung back in the kitchen to help Molly and Ginny with the dishes.

"Ginny, do I have something on my face, or in my hair? Why was everybody staring at me during dinner?"

Ginny looked Hermione over carefully and shook her head. "You look the same to me, except your hair isn't frizzy. New conditioner?"

"Sort of. I was working on improving my current conditioning potion, and I added too much powdered unicorn horn. It turned the wrong color and the cauldron belched all over me. There wasn't anything dangerous about the mixture, so I didn't worry too much after I washed it off."

Molly clucked, shaking her head. "You should have gone to St Mungo's, dear. You never know with potions."

Just then, Teddy came barreling into the kitchen and wrapped himself around Hermione's legs, his hair changing colour to blend in with her skirt. "Auntie Hermione, I love you! You are so pretty! Will you marry me?"

Hermione gave Ginny a look that clearly said 'do you see what I mean?' before gently prying Teddy away from her legs. "Oh, Teddy, you sweet thing. I love you too! Thank you for the offer, but I think you're a little young for me."

Teddy frowned for a minute. "Oh. So you're going to marry Unca Charlie instead? Or Unca George? Cause they're all in there saying that you're hot, which I think that means pretty, and they want to take you home. I think that means you have to get married, right?"

Hermione hesitated for a moment, but Molly stepped in. "Yes, dear, that means you have to get married. Now take this biscuit and go back in the other room. Tell the boys

that we'll have dessert on the table in a few minutes."

Teddy scampered out of the kitchen, calling, "I got a biscuit and Auntie Hermione loves me!"

Suddenly, the lounge erupted with noise. Shouts of "That's not fair!" (Ron—although Hermione wasn't sure if he meant the biscuit or the love), "I've known her since we were eleven!" (Harry) and "I got her V-card!" (George) carried into the kitchen.

Ginny's jaw dropped. "Was that... Harry? And GEORGE?"

Hermione's cheeks flooded with colour as she nodded silently at Ginny, and they both began to giggle.

Molly scowled, before she joined in laughing. "It's like when Bill was dating Fleur, except worse. I don't blame you, Hermione dear, but I think you'd better go – for your own protection!"

"I'll come with you," Ginny said, through her giggles. "You might need help warding your door!"

"I know! I wait twenty-three years for a decent man and ten show up at once!"

"For Merlin's sake, you two! You had better Floo, you'll splinch yourselves from laughing!"

Hermione and Ginny composed themselves long enough to call out Hermione's Floo address, and then they were spilling out onto the hearthrug at Hermione's flat in a giggly pile.

"Oh, my, I think that potion made me silly, too," Hermione said, catching her breath as she scooted over to lean against the sofa.

Ginny whipped out her wand and deactivated the incoming-travel option on the Floo. "Otherwise, they'll all be coming through here," she explained. "I wonder what was in that potion that gave you such Veela-esque powers?"

"It had to be one of the beautifying or enhancing ingredients. The extra unicorn horn must have magnified the properties of something in there. If I didn't think I'd have got a lecture, I'd have asked Snape to come back here and suss it out for me."

Ginny pulled a horrified look, but couldn't hold it for long. "He's not too bad now that he's started, oh, washing his hair. And his voice is yummy."

"Uh-huh, like dark chocolate. Melty dark chocolate. I can't concentrate on what I'm doing at work if he's there. He's all 'And are you finding your sojourn in the Ministry Library to your know-it-all satisfaction, Miss Granger?' and I'm all 'guh.' He's so different now that he's not our evil Potions master."

Suddenly, the Floo flared green with an incoming call. Snape's face appeared in the flames.

"Good evening, Miss Granger," he said, by way of introduction. "Molly explained that you had a potions incident earlier. The excess unicorn horn seems to have given you a glamour, making you exude radiance on top of being your usual attractive self. It should not have any adverse side effects. The gentlemen here have been taken to task for their poor behavior. Young master Teddy is quite put out that you won't marry him, but he'll recover in time, I'm sure."

Hermione blushed, considering what she and Ginny had just been discussing. "Thank you, Mr. Snape."

"I shall leave you ladies to it, then—but Miss Granger? The next time you feel like... experimenting, allow me to extend the use of my home lab and my expertise. I know you are capable, but it's safer to brew with a partner."

"Your expertise is very welcome, thank you for the offer," Hermione said with a smile. Snape said good-bye, and she doused the connection.

Ginny waggled her eyebrows and had a pillow thrown at her for her trouble.

A few days later, Hermione received a letter.

Dear Miss Granger,

I find myself in want of a permanent brewing partner. I should like to court you as a means to that end, should you find the idea suitable.

S. Snape

And they brewed happily ever after.