

Her Majesty's Service Secret

by Keppiehed

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: This all belongs to J.K. Rowling.

Prompt: historical/period, "And that, Harry, is how you bottle fame, brew glory and stopper death."

A/N: Written for SnarryLDWS.

"Queen Elizabeth requests your presence in her private chambers. Again," the messenger said.

"Only if I may bring my... apprentice," Snape said.

"At your inclination," the messenger replied, then exited.

"Why must we do this sort of job? It's so... degrading. We can do better," Harry complained.

"Do better? Harry, we have the best position here," Snape said. He started packing up vials and extracts to take to the Queen's chambers, all the while extolling the virtues of a court position. He ended with enthusiasm. "And that, Harry, is how you bottle fame, brew glory and," he tied the bag up with a flourish, "stopper death."

"But, sir. We're merely providing her cosmetics. How is making blusher 'brewing glory' and 'stopping death'?" Harry asked, slightly bored. He picked the hem on his robe.

Snape looked down his nose at his pupil. "A little respect from you, young Potter, wouldn't go amiss. The Queen likes her face paint, and none of these Muggles can manage the right formula. We are stopping our own deaths by providing what others cannot. If you haven't noticed, we're living in a heretical society. Did you see what the French just did to Joan of Arc? What do you think they would do if they knew we were *actual* wizards?"

Harry grimaced. "Er, point taken. So, did you get the shade of red lipstick she likes?"

Snape patted the bag. "Right here."

"Let's go, then. The Queen awaits! But, sir? What do you think they would do to wizards who were also lovers?" Harry looked nervous.

"Probably best not to find out. Now, after you." Snape held the door.

"No, always after you. I insist." Harry grinned at his mentor and master.