

# Stranded

by sunny33

Hermione told Severus she hated flying on brooms, but he wouldn't listen.

-

Chapter 1 of 1

Hermione told Severus she hated flying on brooms, but he wouldn't listen.

Disclaimer: They belong to JKR. I just took them on a wee outing.

**51°30' 26" N 0° 7' 26" W Department of Magical Law Enforcement, Ministry of Magic, London.**

*Auror Potter. My office in ten minutes. Bring Auror Lovegood.*

*Head Auror Gawain Robards*

"Hey, Luna, it's a summons from the boss. Wonder what he wants. He's usually still busy inhaling coffee at this hour."

"No idea, but it sounds urgent. Perhaps he's found a lead on that illegal breeder of Heliopaths reported in the *Quibbler*."

"Er... I don't think so. More likely some two-bit wizard selling charmed trinkets to Muggles, knowing our luck."

"You wanted us, sir?"

"Yes, come in, come in. I have a very important task for you two. Now, do you recall the Potions conference at Easter Island we discussed last week?"

"Yes, sir. We're on standby for any problems the Chilean Magical Law Enforcement can't handle. Have they had an incident?"

"No, Lovegood. They need us to track down a pair of our delegates, who have not arrived as scheduled. As far as the convenors are aware, they left Britain as planned, taking an International Portkey to Santiago, Chile, then another to the capital of Easter Island, Hanga Roa."

"So, what's the problem?"

"The problem, Potter, is that they left on a broom from Hanga Roa to fly to the conference site at Cape O'Higgins, a journey of a mere thirteen miles, some twelve hours ago. When they didn't arrive, the convenors checked with the Hotel O'Tai where they were staying. The concierge remembers seeing them leave shortly after they'd Portkeyed in, but no-one has seen them return. Their rooms are both empty, and there is concern something untoward may have occurred."

"But why did they fly to the conference site? Couldn't the organisers have provided enough information to the delegates to enable Apparation?"

"Unfortunately, due to the 1949 Accords, magic on the island is limited to government sanctioned Portkeys and brooms and the small magical site at Cape O'Higgins. Apparently, the powerful intrinsic magic of the island responds badly to excessive use of individual magic."

"Why on earth did they plan a conference there then?"

"Because the flora of the island is unique. It has one of the largest collections of rare magical plants known to wizardkind, presumably due to the very intrinsic magic which makes it difficult for any wizard to live there permanently."

"So, they need us to go and find the missing potioners. Without magic, I take it?"

"Yes, Lovegood. Without magic."

"Fuck! That'll be impossible!"

"Language, Harry!"

"Sorry, Luna."

"Here's your Portkey to Santiago. You'll be met by a Chilean Magical Law Enforcement representative, who will have your Portkey to Hanga Roa, detailed maps of the island, and brooms. You'll need to take Muggle clothing and good walking boots. And see my assistant for a pair of those special Muggle binoculars we purchased last year."

"Cool! The ones with the night vision and thermosensitive capability?"

"Potter, they're not a toy. I expect them returned in one piece."

"Yes, sir!"

"Head Auror Robards?"

"Yes, Lovegood?"

"Exactly who are the missing potioners? You haven't told us yet."

"I was wondering when you'd get around to asking that. They are Severus Snape and Hermione Granger."

"Hermione? Hermione's missing, and we're messing around here still? Why didn't you say?"

"Because I knew you would want to rush off immediately. It's nine o'clock here, Potter, which means it's only three in the morning over there."

"If they've had an accident, they'll freeze! It's the middle of the night, and it's winter!"

"Harry."

"What?"

"Easter Island is in the Southern Hemisphere. It's subtropical and summer over there. I don't think they'll freeze."

"Oh."

"Right. Off with you both, then. And I'll expect a report within the next twenty-four hours. Just give a message to the Hanga Roa contact. He'll forward it on."

**27° 7' 26" S 109° 17' 10" W Volcano Rano Raraku, Rapa Nui National Park, Easter Island.**

"Dammit, Snape. I told you I hated flying on brooms. Why couldn't we have taken the Muggle bus? Too mundane for the great Potions master, was it?"

"I've told you several times already, Granger. The closest the bus comes to Cape O'Higgins is still a two-mile hike, around the slopes of a volcano, for Merlin's sake. And how would you have proposed to explain to the bus driver why you wanted to be dropped off in the middle of nowhere? Think, woman!"

"Two miles isn't so bad. I've done worse."

"How long ago? I haven't seen you so much as strolling down to the corner shop lately."

"That's only because your idea of an apprenticeship is pure slave labour. I spend all my time in the lab, and you know it."

"You're the one who hounded me for the job. It's too late to complain now you've almost finished your time. I warned you I'd expect a full commitment to your duties."

"You didn't say you wanted a twenty-four hour commitment."

"And would that have made any difference?"

"No, I suppose not... I don't suppose anyone is out looking for us?"

"In the dark? With no magic allowed? What do *you* think, Granger?"

"I think the anti-magic rules are ridiculous. Surely this counts as an emergency?"

"We are unharmed, in a safe position, and we even have food and water. How does that constitute an emergency?"

"I'm stuck here with you. That's pretty dire."

"And if you hadn't panicked on the damned broom, we wouldn't have crashed here and ruined our only means of transportation."

"That reminds me. Why are brooms allowed, if magic is so bad for the island?"

"They're closely controlled and have built-in dampening devices which lessen the impact of their magic on the environment. You'll probably get a huge fine for breaking one."

"There's no need to be so bloody cheerful about it, Snape. I swear you only ever smile at other people's misfortune."

"Schadenfreude."

"Shadywhat?"

"Schadenfreude. Obtaining pleasure from others' misfortune. And I'll get my kicks wherever I please, thank you."

"I wouldn't put it past you to have engineered this whole thing, hoping I would go all damsel in distress on you and succumb to your heroic charms. I've seen you ogling my arse when you're supposed to be brewing. Oh, don't give me the Snape glare. It wasn't your wand I felt jabbing me in the bum while we were on that broom. I can recognise an erection when I feel one."

"Is that so? Well, perhaps if you weren't squirming around so much, I wouldn't have responded. And if you were so averse to a little ogling, you would have desisted from wearing those obscenely tight jeans in the lab."

"They're practical. They're not an invitation. Your trousers aren't exactly loose fitting either."

"I've noticed you noticing. And you say /ogle. You practically drool whenever I bend over to pick up something."

"Do not."

"Do so."

"Do not! Okay, I look. I *don't* drool... Snape?"

"What?"

"Why do you have a bulge in your pants now?"

"It's involuntary, I assure you. Besides, if you weren't standing so close, you'd never have noticed it in the dark."

"There's nothing involuntary about it! You're turned on by us arguing, aren't you? Bloody pervert."

"Granger, if you don't move away this minute, I might do something we'll both regret."

"Like what?"

"Like this..."

...

...

"Luna?"

"Yes, Harry?"

"How long are you going to watch them? It's not really... you know... polite."

"I know, but I'm getting some really good ideas."

"Give me those binoculars! Oh, yes, I see what you mean. How on earth does he do that?"

"I don't know, but I think we should try it some time."

"Luna! Are you propositioning me?"

"It depends how flexible you are."

"Er... very?"

"Well. Let's just go and drop the spare brooms somewhere they'll find them in the morning and go back to the hotel to report in. Then you can show me exactly how flexible you are, Auror Potter."

\*\*\*

A/N: Saturday Night Drabble prompt from Hermione Diggory: A nervous Hermione agrees to ride with Snape via broom to a Potions conference on Easter Island. When neither arrives to check in at their hotel, Aurors Potter and Lovegood are dispatched to locate the missing duo.

Thanks to KingPhilipsWench for the beta.