

# Scent of a Woman

by sunny33

Snape wakes up after a Potions accident with no sense of smell.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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*Gods, I feel like I've been run over by a hippogriff. What the hell's going on? Am I dead? Did Longbottom finally do the deed? Would be ironic after he killed that damned snake. I was a bloody fool to allow him back into my Potions class. I knew nearly dying had addled my brain.*

*Oh, what do they want? Bloody women!*

"Severus? Severus? Can you hear us? You've had a nasty accident."

*You think I missed that? I was there, woman! Why do mediwitches always talk to you as if you're still eleven years old? Go away, I'm sleeping.*

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"I think he heard you, Poppy."

"I know he heard me, Minerva. I've been dealing with that young man for twenty-seven years. He can't fool me."

*Dammit. She knew? I suppose I'd better face them then.*

"Ah, that's better. How do you feel, Severus?"

"Ecstatic. Wonderful. In top health. What do you think, Poppy?"

"At least his tongue isn't affected."

"Did you have something with which to enlighten us, Granger?" *What did she mean?*

"No. Nothing, sir."

"Severus, I need you to pay attention."

*Anything to get out of here.*

"I need to run some tests. Lie still for once."

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"What do you mean, I've lost my sense of smell? How can a potion intended to promote memory recall destroy my olfactory sense? What the hell did Longbottom put into that cauldron?"

"Miss Granger is working with Mr Longbottom to analyse his actions yesterday. You need to be patient."

*Patient? While my entire career hangs in the balance, dependent on the skill of a mere assistant and the memory of an imbecile? Not bloody likely.*

"I'm quite capable of dealing with the matter myself, Minerva."

"You need to rest, Severus. Poppy has given strict instructions that you remain in bed."

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"Professor, we went over Neville's memory of the accident in the Pensieve. I'm fairly sure the problem was caused when he used a zinc stirring rod he'd picked up by mistake."

"Zinc?"

"He didn't notice the difference. Don't worry. I'm working on an antidote now. You'll be right as rain in no time."

*I'll believe that when I see it, Granger.* "I just want a decent cup of coffee. Can you organise that, at least?"

"You know coffee has no real flavour. It always tastes awful if you can't smell it."

*Superb. My one pleasure in life denied. Firewhisky, perhaps?*

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*What the hell is taking so long? Doesn't she know it's torture eating food rendered tasteless by the absence of any aroma? Even that sickly perfume Granger wears would be preferable...*

"Sir? Sir! Wake up. I have the antidote."

"You have?" *That revolting looking sludge? Is the girl serious?*

"I know. It looks awful. Just be grateful you can't smell it. Come on, trust me."

"Very well. Just remember, I know where you live, Granger."

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"Well? Why are you frowning, sir?"

*How do I tell her she smells divine? Why haven't I noticed before?*

"Sir?"

"Hermione... I..."

"You're welcome, Severus."

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A/N: This was my last entry into the Snape\_idws on LiveJournal. I wrote two and then had trouble deciding which to post. I'll the other one next. The prompt was the sense of smell, and had to involve a memory. This one is 5 x 100 words.

Thanks to KingPhilipsWench for the beta.