

Brewing Realisation

by sunny33

Remus tries to do a favour for Severus.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Remus tries to do a favour for Severus.

Disclaimer: They belong to J.K.R. I'll put them back when I'm finished. Promise.

Thud.

Snape's hand stills on the page as his head tilts. Frowning, he casts his eyes around the room for anything amiss, and finding all as it should be, resumes reading.

Another soft thud and he is on his feet, wand at the ready. Striding across to the door, he opens it and seeks the source of the disturbance. Silence greets him in the looming hallway of Grimmauld Place. He stalks down the corridor to the head of the cellar and peers into the darkness.

Thud.

His eyes narrow.

Thud.

Snape descends the stairs towards his potions lab, pained resignation augmenting his scowl as he realises no wards have been activated.

Thud.

Easing the door open, he slips through unnoticed, revelling in the startled jump the other makes as he lets it slam. "What are you doing in my laboratory, Lupin?" he snarls.

"Severus! I... er..." Lupin spreads his hands before him in surrender, dropping a book onto the growing pile on the floor.

Snape approaches the workbench and studies the small cauldron containing a clear, viscous liquid. "What *exactly* are you trying to brew?"

Lupin lowers his head, the stone floor suddenly fascinating. "Migraine tincture. I saw the way you were rubbing your temples earlier. I thought you'd appreciate it."

"And you also thought your egregious brewing skills were up to brewing a complex medical potion." Snape lifts the stirring rod and sniffs the cooling potion, now almost a gel-like consistency. "You clearly didn't mince the flobberworms finely enough, and the recipe calls for *fresh* chamomile. The best you could hope to use this mess for is as a lubricant."

Lupin's eyes meet the other man's. Chagrin slowly cedes through awareness to flagrant suggestion.

"A lubricant? Really?"

Thud.

Realisation strikes Snape as loudly as a book hitting the floor.

A/N: Written for the fifth week of the Snupin_idws on LiveJournal.

The prompts were:

Genre/Cliché: Botched Potion

Word: egregious - extraordinary in some bad way; glaring; flagrant, extremely and conspicuously bad

Word Count: up to 300