

# CSI: Hogwarts

*by neelix*

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## Meet The New Boss (Same As The Old Boss)

*Chapter 1 of 2*

Auror Granger is offered a new and unexpected position, and her boss is someone she knows rather well.

A/N: I wrote this after spending far too much free time watching CSI (Gil Grissom, anyone? I KNOW, right?! ) - I'm only writing this for fun, so please, forgive me :)

Thanks to the lovely ARo, who never ceases to be honest and give me excellent guidance. I don't know where she hides her angel wings but I know they're there somewhere.

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Hermione had no idea where she was, and this in itself was disconcerting. She scanned the missive again and paced impatiently up and down the clinical hallway. The Portkey that had been included in the letter was a rusty, old key, but she had arrived in what looked a modern office building.

Regardless of her current irritation, Hermione had been intrigued to hear from Severus Snape again. The last time they had met, she was coming to end of her Auror training and had attended his lecture on the use of forensic procedures in crime investigation. He was working freelance now, although she had heard that he continued to live at Hogwarts thanks to Minerva's benevolence. Secretly, Hermione thought Minerva wanted to keep a whether eye on Snape, but she wouldn't say it out loud. Anyway, she had found the lecture fascinating and had written to Snape a number of times with her own queries over the past four years. He had answered her politely and directly, with no questions of his own and no friendly overtures, but Hermione had been thrilled to be treated as his equal.

Finally, a door opened, and Hermione couldn't hide her shock when a female Muggle police constable stepped out and greeted her.

'Auror Granger? WPC Helen Williams. It's a pleasure to meet you.' The police officer stuck out her hand and shook Hermione's firmly, while Hermione gaped at her. The officer was wearing a Muggle police uniform, and hanging from her belt was a short baton and what Hermione assumed was a standard issue police firearm.

'You weren't expecting this, were you?' Helen laughed, and her face lit up with warmth. Hermione immediately liked her and laughed along with her.

'Not really. Is Snape in trouble?'

'He *is* trouble, but then you probably know that already. He's told us all about you. Come on. The boss doesn't like to be kept waiting.'

'The boss?' Hermione paused briefly, but the police officer stepped smartly back through the door into what seemed to be a maze of hallways and glass-fronted rooms without waiting for her to ask any more questions. Not wanting to get lost, Hermione followed quickly, almost trotting along to keep up. She didn't have time to get a good look at her surroundings before Helen reached the end of the corridor, turned left and then immediately right, and then stopped before another closed door. She knocked sharply on the door once and opened it, speaking quietly through the narrow gap before opening the door and ushering Hermione inside. Hermione walked into the small office and immediately noticed shelves lined with jars of specimens and liquids of different colours.

Helen murmured, 'Good Luck,' and then closed the door. Hermione turned as she heard a familiar voice.

'I wonder if she meant that for you or for me.'

'Professor Snape.'

'Granger. Take a seat.'

Hermione couldn't stop the smile that spread across her face as she regarded her former teacher. He sat behind a desk that was almost swamped with buff files and sheets of paper, but what caught her attention was the lack of school robes. He wore a plain, black shirt with one button open at his throat, and on his nose balanced a pair of wire-framed spectacles. The hair was longer than she remembered but was still that startling black that made his skin seem paler than it really was. He looked healthier than he had done at the lecture, Hermione mused. Snape looked the same and yet so different that as Hermione slipped into the leather chair opposite him, she was at a loss at what to say.

'I'll get to the point. I'm short an operative and I need someone who can straddle both the wizarding and Muggle worlds without ruffling too many feathers. It's not an easy job, the shifts can be long depending on the case, and I have high standards, but then, you know that already.' Snape paused and peered at Hermione over the top of his spectacles, and a small smile twitched at his mouth. 'Shut your mouth, Granger. You look like a fish.'

Hermione closed her mouth with a snap and felt her cheeks flush pink. 'I'm sorry. Are you offering me a job, Professor?'

'If you continue to call me professor I will change my mind. It's Snape for now, and yes. I want you to work for me.'

'Where exactly are we?' Hermione shifted forward in her chair, ready for information as usual. Snape must have sensed this because for the first time in her earshot, he chuckled.

'Ever the student, mmm? Explanations have to wait; we have a case to get to. You are in, I take it?'

Snape stood and lifted a solid briefcase type box and shoved a pair of latex gloves into his pocket. He passed a pair to Hermione. 'Rule One. Never contaminate the crime scene. Come on.'

Hermione took the gloves without thinking and followed on Snape's heels back down the long corridor.

'I know Rule One, Snape. I'm not green, you know.'

'You wouldn't be here if you were, Granger.' Snape paused by a door that opened into a large, modern laboratory. 'George, Lavender, you're with me. You know Granger, of course. No chit chat, we haven't time.'

George Weasley grinned at Hermione as he shrugged on his jacket. 'Alright, 'Mione. Welcome to the team.'

Hermione relaxed and smiled, relieved at seeing a familiar face. She nodded briefly at Lavender Brown, wondering silently how the hell she had made the grade, and then realised that Snape had already walked off. She fell into step with George, who patted her on the shoulder.

'First case can be tough. Hope you haven't eaten, this could be a gory one.' He grinned and Hermione rolled her eyes.

'I've been an Auror for four years. I've seen my fair share of blood, George.'

'Not like this you haven't. We'd better catch him up. Severus can be a moody bugger.'

'Severus?'

Snape stepped back around the corner and narrowed his eyes. 'No chit chat. George, stop scaring her before we've broken her in. Let's go.'

Snape entered a room that contained a bank of very clean and modern Floos and stepped into the first one without looking back.

'This Floo takes you to London. I'll explain the others later, if you like?' Lavender smiled shyly in Hermione's direction.

Hermione looked at Lavender like she was something she had trodden in but muttered a reluctant, 'Thanks.'

'After you, then.' Lavender stepped aside to let Hermione Floo first, but she realised she didn't know what to say.

'Say Snape in any of the Floos and you'll be taken to where he is.' George explained.

Hermione nodded, did as he said, and disappeared with bewilderment in a cloud of green smoke.

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The house was in the middle of a normal Muggle street. A neat patch of lawn was cut in two by a straight concreted path that lead to the front door, and a small crowd of onlookers were standing behind hastily erected crime scene tape. Two Muggle police cars were parked on the verge, and two police officers were keeping things under control.

Snape stood at the end of the path, observing the gathered crowd carefully as he waited for Hermione to reach him.

'It looks like a domestic at first glance. The first thing we need to do is ascertain if the death was wizard or Muggle made. Just observe, Granger, unless I instruct you otherwise.'

'Fine, sir.' Hermione felt a frisson of excitement. She still didn't know what the hell was going on, why Snape wanted her or what her job would be. But not knowing was normal for Hermione, and as she followed Snape, it felt like coming home.

Inside the house, the atmosphere was eerily quiet. The small hallway had a steep flight of stairs going off it and two doors, one leading into the sitting room and the other into the kitchen.

'The victim is through here. Watch your step.' Snape walked slowly and silently along the hallway and into the kitchen, side-stepping a pool of blood on the floor. Hermione steeled herself before looking at the body, and bit her lip to steady herself.

'Granger, this is Robert Hughes, the Coroner. Robert, this is Granger, the new CSI.'

Hermione pulled her eyes from the corpse and realised there was indeed another man in the room. Robert Hughes was tall, with sandy hair and startlingly blue eyes. He seemed older than Snape at first glance, but then Hermione couldn't tell how old Snape was anyway, so that comparison was immediately redundant. He smiled briefly.

'Nice to meet you,' Hermione said politely.

'Time of death is approximately two hours ago, so that would be noon-ish. Stab wound to the throat, she bled to death. I can't tell you what weapon, but something with a

sharp edge, not necessarily a knife. I'll know more later on.'

'Right.' Snape bent down to look closely at the wound. It stretched from just below the victims' right earlobe and angled downwards.

'Do you want to wave your thing?' Robert said with mild amusement, catching Hermione's eye with a grin.

'Droll, Robert, as always.' Snape withdrew his wand and Hermione recognised the movement as a magic detection spell.

'Nothing. We'll assume Muggle unless we find otherwise for now.'

'Fine, she's all yours then. See you later. Granger, a pleasure,' Robert Hughes said quietly as he passed her, and she couldn't help but grin at him. She loved intelligent men, and the banter between the two in the room had been a good distraction for a time. Unfortunately she now had to focus on the reason they were there.

'A test, Granger. I know you love those. Have a good look, and then tell me your findings.'

Hermione immediately went to work. She had been head of her own Auror team until recently, so the responsibility came as second nature. All she had to do was forget it was Snape in the room and she'd be fine.

'Female, probably Muggle, late twenties. She looks after herself, I can tell by the nail polish and it looks like she's just had her hair done. By the position of her lower body, it doesn't look like she's been raped, but we should test for that anyway. She doesn't have any jewellery on. Could have been a robbery?'

She raised her eyes to Snape, who was watching her with a satisfied smirk. 'Well done. Now I'll tell you what I see. She's unhappily married. She's not wearing her wedding ring but you can see the mark on her finger where it should be. She's older than thirty. There are liver spots to the back of her hands, and there are small scars on her face where she's had some sort of plastic surgery. She's probably having an affair, hence the hair and the nails and the very expensive underwear.'

'I hadn't thought of any of that!' Hermione was impressed. Everything Snape said made sense. 'So what happened, do you think?'

'A jealous murderer, possibly the husband, possibly the lover. Or possibly,' he paused and the tip of his tongue rested lightly on his upper lip in thought.

'Possibly what?' Hermione was on tenterhooks.

'Possibly someone else, Granger.'

## Pictures of Lily

### *Chapter 2 of 2*

Auror Granger is offered a new and unexpected position, and her boss is someone she knows rather well.

A/N: Sorry about the slow updates. I'm working on my SSHG\_Exchange at the same time :) I promise another chapter soon. In the meantime, feedback is always appreciated.

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Snape rarely reflected on the past. It was a futile waste of energy, and it never really helped his mood. He was grateful, however. Life as a spy had made him into a people watcher, an observer. He did it all of the time, sometimes unconsciously weighing people up, making a mental note of expression and tone of voice. He was doing it now with Granger, but he was very aware of it this time. He could sense her excitement, but also a touch of nervousness. He hoped it was because she had been just thrown into the case and not because she doubted her own ability. Snape knew he had chosen the right person for the job. He had been following her career closely.

'Do you want me to check upstairs, Snape?' Granger asked, and he noted the touch of a waiver in her voice.

'Yes. Bag anything that might be evidence. I'll do the rest of the rooms down here.' Snape felt Granger's relief as she hurried past him and raised an eyebrow in amusement. They were all wary of him at the start, a throw back to their former relationship as student and professor, and he didn't blame them. He had not been a nice man at Hogwarts. It was the only way to keep them safe, because people close to him usually died a horrible death. But while closeness was not to be encouraged, Snape did see the value of teamwork and the need to be trusted, and that meant letting his guard down occasionally.

Realising he had been standing still for a good ten minutes just pondering his new colleague, Snape shook himself and walked into the small sitting room. The space was cosy, with a two-seater sofa and matching arm chair. The room was undisturbed, but Snape's eye was caught by the display of photographs on a shelf in the corner. Casting 'Lumos,' he peered closely at the faces in the frames. There was a wedding photograph, the happy couple smiling widely. The bride was obviously the victim but much younger, the groom tall and broad-shouldered, looking adoringly at his new wife. There were other photographs, mostly of the woman. In some she was with her husband, but the one that caught his eye was the victim and her husband with a group of friends. Snape lifted the photograph and carefully placed it into an evidence bag. He scanned the rest of the room and was about to leave when he stepped on what sounded like broken glass. He shone his wand towards the floor and the light glinted off broken shards. He lifted them carefully and examined them. They were bright blue, with tinges of gold at one end. Searching further, Snape found what remained of an earring. Bagging it, he walked back into the hallway and dusted the front door for prints. He was almost finished when Granger reappeared.

'I found her handbag. There's ID in it.'

'Who was she?'

'Well, that's the thing.' Granger bit her lip and eyed him curiously from the bottom stair where she had stopped.

'Spit it out, woman.' Snape sighed. He couldn't bear it when people walked on eggshells around him.

'According to her driving licence, her name is Lily. Lily Potter.'

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Hermione walked silently behind Snape as they walked away from the crime scene. He hadn't said another word to her, and she knew there was nothing she could say to him that wouldn't sound patronising or contrite. If Hermione had learned anything in her formative years, it was that sometimes saying nothing was the best policy.

In her heart of hearts, Hermione knew it was just coincidence. There must be hundreds of women with the name Lily, and Potter was a common enough surname, but honestly. Why now, on her first day? She was only just finding her feet with Snape, and the last thing she wanted to do was confront him with memories he had quite clearly left in the past. Hermione was starting to drift off into her own recollections of the final battle when Snape suddenly stopped and turned towards her, his face set and his eyes flashing. This was the Snape she remembered, and she mentally steeled herself for a tongue lashing.

'I don't need to remind you that my past is not gossip to be shared with your colleagues, Granger, do I?'

Hermione bristled. 'I think you should know me better than that, Snape. I have never spoken about what happened in the Shrieking Shack to anyone.'

Snape relaxed slightly. 'Thank you,' he ground out. 'You need to learn this, so watch carefully.'

Snape withdrew his wand and moved it in a large arc, murmuring 'Apirere Portus' as he did so. Hermione gasped as a Floo appeared before them, and Snape stepped into it. He said 'Base' clearly and was gone, leaving Hermione in the middle of an arable field with a magically created fireplace before her. She shook her head and laughed in disbelief before stepping into it. Her life was getting stranger by the minute.

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Back at base, Snape thundered through the maze of corridors and ignored everyone. Once he reached his office, he slammed the door loudly behind him, a sure sign to everyone that he was not to be disturbed. He hadn't felt this conflicted in a very long time, and he needed to breathe. How typical that Granger should be here now when his past, so carefully boxed away inside his mind, is rudely brought forward to taunt him.

With a shuddering sigh, Snape slumped into his chair and ran his fingers through his hair. It wasn't Granger's fault, but he felt irrationally angry with her. Yet he knew he could trust her. It was six years since the end of the war, and in those six years not one person had alluded to the memories he had so foolishly given to Potter in the belief that he was breathing his last. Had he known that he would survive, he would never have been so rash. Potter had given a wand oath that he would never share what he had seen, but he had at least had the decency to tell him that Granger and bloody Weasley already knew. He had believed him when he had assured him they wouldn't speak a word of it, and it seemed his trust was well placed. It was ironic that it should surface now, with Granger in his midst. She would be a constant reminder, if he let it get under his skin.

Snape opened the bottom drawer of his desk and pulled out a small, silver hip flask. He ran his thumb over the engraving that said 'To my good friend, Severus', and smiled sadly. Albus had always been a soft old coot. He took a long slug of the elf-made wine that it held and glanced at the clock. Almost six on Granger's first day, and a tradition needed to be upheld still.

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Hermione had followed Snape warily from the Floo room, hanging well back. She knew better than to interrupt him in a temper, but the accusing glances from her new colleagues she could have done without. She held her head high and walked on. Let them think what they liked. She was here to work and that was that.

'What happened?' George Weasley stood with his arms folded and leant against the door frame. Hermione wasn't fooled by his nonchalant stance though. It was obvious that poor George had drawn the short straw and been nominated to get the low down on Snape's bad mood.

'Nothing happened. If you want to know why he's in such a temper, why don't you ask him?' Hermione said blandly.

'I wouldn't divulge anything, that's why he doesn't ask. Isn't that right, George?' Snape had slipped up behind them so quietly that Hermione jumped at the sound of his voice. 'Granger, first day protocol dictates that I buy you a welcome drink so come on, before I change my mind. And please tell me you have a taste for something befitting a war hero. I will not buy you a Woo Woo, no matter how nicely you ask.'

George raised his eyebrow at Hermione, who shrugged and followed her new boss.

'Actually, mine's a vodka and tonic, Snape,' she said as she caught up with him.

'For gods' sake Granger, call me Severus. Everyone else does.'

Hermione looked at Snape sideways and grinned. She was starting to enjoy this new and improved version.