

# The Plot of the Poisoned Pudding

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Hermione, heed the hiss of your hirsute help-mate!"

"Ron, did you swallow an Alliteration Potion?"

"Nothing so noteworthy."

"Then what?"

Unfortunately for Ron, his vocabulary mostly included Quidditch and chess words, so he couldn't alliterate well enough for the potion and he fainted.

Hermione looked around the Gryffindor common room. "Does anyone know what is going on?" *I don't need this. NEWTs start Monday.*

Lavender just pointed at Crookshanks while trying to tend to her beloved Won-Won.

"Well, boy? Show me what is wrong!" Hermione exclaimed to her familiar.

Crookshanks meowed over his shoulder and headed out of the portrait-hole. He appeared to be muttering under his breath. *I'm not Lassie, now, am I? Silly human, if she didn't provide such good treats, I would have to hack up a hairball in her underwear for this indignity!*

Hermione followed the half-kneazle, uncaring of her surroundings, until she ran into Severus Snape. "Oh!" she cried as they fell in a tangle of limbs.

*Bloody hell, I hope she didn't notice I was squeezing one of her tits. How did she manage to grow those while on the run?*

*I always knew I liked his hands... I wonder what I can get away with here.*

"Sorry about that, sir. But thank you for the hand." Severus startled, but since he had held his hand out to help her up, he couldn't say exactly to which hand she was referring.

Severus composed himself. "What were you doing rushing through the hallways in such a haphazard fashion, Hermione?"

Hermione grinned at his slip. He had begun to call her by her first name in the hospital while he was recovering, but refused to do so at school. She had worried, but of all people, Lavender made her feel better, explaining that someone that uptight would be so worried about appearances that he would not feel comfortable exploring their friendship while at school, no matter that she was now an adult. Legally, he could be opening himself up to, at the least, an investigation by the Board of Governors. Even if nothing was wrong, appearances were everything.

"Someone slipped Ron an Alliteration Potion. But I don't know of any, so I figured it was a botched poison. Crookshanks was leading me to a clue."

"The same happened to Miss Parkinson. Someone must be jealous of their new romance."

Hermione realized that she had left Ron to the tender mercies of his probable poisoner. Her eyes widened, and she turned and ran back to Gryffindor Tower as though she had Fluffy on her heels.

Severus glared at the cat who sat down to lick himself in response. Giving up the idea of intimidating Crookshanks as a waste of time, he followed Hermione.

He burst through the portrait-hole just in time to see Hermione knock another bowl of poisoned pudding out of Ron's hands.

"You, you, you... witch! Why would you poison Ron just as he found happiness?"

"I could live with him wanting you, frizz-head. I figured he'd get tired of you pretty quickly and I would have a chance. But I'm never going to win against pug-faced Pansy Parkinson. I've heard what she can do with her tongue!"

Severus couldn't help it. He started laughing. *Teenagers. Hermione would never be this silly.* "Come along, Miss Brown. I am going to turn you over to your Head of House."

As the Potions master was walking out of the garishly-colored room, he turned back. "Hermione, I will be taking you to dinner next Friday night, after your last exam, in London. Wear a nice Muggle dress."

Hermione smiled, one of her room-brightening smiles and nodded her acquiescence. Then, completely uncharacteristically, she squealed. "He really wants me!"

"Why wouldn't he want to whisk you away?" Ron asked, alliteratively. He jerked his head at her, "Interesting, intelligent, intriguing, innocent."

Hermione smiled at her best friend, then threw her arms around him. "Thanks, Ron. Now tell me why my cat was trying to get you killed..."

Ron's eyes rolled back into his head and he fainted again.

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Many thanks to Pennfanna for the beta!

Prompt from Muse Amusant: 1. A philandering prat plots with poisoned pudding, but is precluded by a plucky and perspicacious pussycat.