

Deadly Vegetation

by imhilien

Snape and Hermione discuss an unusual plant...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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For the 'Fornicate or Die' challenge at grangersnape100 (4 x 100)

As an apprentice to the Potions master, Hermione knew only too well that many ingredients had to be harvested regularly. But some plants were actively... hostile to harvesting and had developed various nasty defences, as the book she was currently reading explained.

For example, there was a plant that cured lung infections, but would emit a defensive mist that made you dizzy if breathed in.

Then there was a vine that helped upset stomachs, but if its thorns pricked you, they would stimulate the body's hormones so that you were forced to...

Hermione blinked.

"Fornicate or die?" she exclaimed aloud.

"I beg your pardon?" Snape said testily as he scowled at Hermione, spots of colour appearing in his sallow cheeks.

He had only left her in his private library for ten minutes, and she had gone and found this particular book!

Hermione flushed. "I... um... there's a vine mentioned here... its thorns excite the um, libido if they prick you. Which is dangerous. Sir."

Snape said curtly, "Only two people in a relationship are allowed to know where that vine can be found and gathered. In case of... difficulties. I will never require such a thing of you, Miss Granger."

He was definitely blushing, Hermione thought.

"Of course. Thank you," she said hastily.

A part of her that persisted in having foolish fantasies over Snape was wistful, though. It liked the thought of being swept off her feet by Snape in vine-induced passion. But he would be revolted and horrified afterwards, she thought sadly. She could never put him in that situation.

Snape wondered why a look of sadness had passed over Hermione's face. He only called her that in the safety of his mind, one of the few luxuries he permitted himself.

Shouldn't she be relieved at being safe?

"Don't we need to go next week to search for potion ingredients?" she questioned.

"Yes," Snape said. "But these plants will be safe... you will be quite safe," he stressed, "when we gather them."

He realised he had reached out to touch her shoulder and he pulled his hand back quickly.

"Miss Granger... I..."

Hermione couldn't bear to see the wariness she had seen in his black eyes.

"It's all right," she said softly.

She reached out and gently touched his hand before daring to hold it. His hand trembled then calmed, slowly entwining with hers.

"Yes," he said huskily.

FINIS