

# Tequila Makes Her Robes Fall Off

*by MsTree*

A songfic of potions and tequila and Ladies' Night at the local pub.

## Tequila Makes Her Robes Fall Off

*Chapter 1 of 1*

A songfic of potions and tequila and Ladies' Night at the local pub.

**Disclaimer:** Nope, still not JKR and making no money off this either. I do really enjoy the song, however.

**Author Notes:** Thank you to [linlawless](#) for the beta of this one-shot. She very graciously volunteered when I asked. This is part of the "Heaven or Hell" universe and takes place the summer after the original story ends.

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### Tequila Makes Her Robes Fall Off

Severus Snape was minding his own business and concentrating on a particularly irksome part of his current potion project when his fiancée of seven months came into the potions lab.

"Severus?" she called out. "Can I talk to you?"

"Hmmm? Yes, Hermione?" He scanned his notes and added some dried doxy wings to the cauldron, then stirred it counter-clockwise three times.

"I'm meeting up with some of my friends tonight. Hannah's instituted a Margarita Night at the Leaky Cauldron. I'll see you later, okay?"

"Very well. Have a good time. Wait! What?" The swoosh of the Floo came before he was halfway to the door. "Dear Merlin! Tequila makes her robes fall off."

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Robes billowing, Severus finished his headlong rush into the sitting room, only to find it empty of said fiancée. He paced rapidly back and forth as he recounted what he knew would happen.

"First, she'll slide out of her shoes," he grumbled. "Then she'll lose an earring and find it in her drink. Her cloak will be left in a bathroom stall..." Grabbing a handful of Floo powder from the box on the mantelpiece, he cast it into the flames and called, "Twelve Grimmauld Place," as he stepped into the green flames.

At the other end, a very confused Harry Potter was waiting. "What's going on, Snape?" he yelped as the older man burst out of the fireplace. "Is Hermione all right?"

"She's not here?" Snape snapped, glancing hastily around the drawing room. "Where's your *wife*, Potter?"

"She went out with some of her girlfriends," Harry answered easily. "Why?"

"Because Hermione said she was meeting friends for something she called *Margarita Night*," Severus answered with a sneer. "I would assume she meant your wife?"

Harry paled. "Merlin!" he said. "Tequila makes her robes fall off!"

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"Ginny does okay with the Ministry's champagne brunches," Harry muttered, watching the older wizard pace his drawing room. "She was fine with the Firewhisky punch served at Hermione's bridal shower. The jello shooters made with vodka that Hermione's parents served at their last party went down fine. But tequila? Oh, Merlin!"

Severus and Harry finally narrowed down the pubs to two because Hermione had mentioned somebody named Hannah to Severus. Since the only Hannah Harry could think of was Hannah Abbott-Longbottom, and as she happened to own the Leaky Cauldron and the Three Broomsticks, they were the logical places to look. About the time they reached that conclusion, the Floo flamed up and Ron's voice came through. "Harry, you there?"

"Come on through, Ron," Harry called. "Is Lavender with you?"

Ron slid out of the Floo feet first and stood up, rather unsteady on his feet. "Naw," he said with a grin, "she's out with Hermione, Ginny, Angelina, and the Patil twins." He laughed, the smell of firewhisky strong on his breath. "George says come on over and we'll have a stag night. You can come too, Snape," he grudgingly offered, finally realizing the Potions master was standing in the room.

"Wait, Ron," Harry said as his friend turned back towards the Floo. "Did Lavender say where they were going?"

"Yeah, the Leaky," Ron said. "Why?"

"It's Margarita Night, Mr Weasley," Severus said dryly.

Ron's eyes lit up. "Oh boy! Tequila makes her robes fall off!"

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Ron rolled out of the Floo at the Leaky Cauldron as if he'd been booted through. He might have been, as Harry followed close on his heels. Severus followed with a dignified stalk. The patrons at the pub that evening watched, mouths agape, as the two men picked up their maniacally laughing companion under his arms and hoisted him to his feet.

Hermione stood up on the other side of the room and, flanked by Ginny and Lavender, watched a boyfriend (Lavender), fiancé (Hermione), and husband (Ginny) weave through the crowd towards them. She crossed her arms over her chest and tapped her toes impatiently.

Harry took note of her body language, familiar from school days, and cringed. He nudged Ron in the ribs and tilted his head towards Hermione. "Why don't we let Snape go first?" he suggested to his best friend.

Ron wasn't so drunk that he failed to take note of the signs of an incipient explosion and gulped. "Yeah," he said, sotto voce, "good idea."

"Severus, what are you doing here?" Hermione asked peevishly. "And why did you bring *them*?"

Well informed on Hermione's various moods, he hesitated to answer without risking a hex. Glancing at Harry and Ron, he took note of the fact that they too were hesitating to approach their best friend. In confusion, he said the first thing that came to mind. "You're still wearing your robes."

"Yeah, what gives?" Ron asked Lavender drunkenly. "I thought this was Margarita Night."

"It *is*, Ron," Ginny said, her hands fisted on her hips. "What have *you* been drinking?"

"Stag night at George's, according to Ron," Harry said. "We—" he indicated himself and Snape, "—were apparently invited as well."

Ron sniffed the air near Lavender, who swayed away from his alcoholic stench. "I don't smell any tequila. Why not?"

"We've been drinking non-alcoholic margaritas, Ron," she said in exasperation.

While their men looked perplexed, the three ladies looked at each other and said in unison, "Because tequila makes our robes fall off!"

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**A/N:** With apologies to Joe Nichols who sings this charming and very funny song, and Gary Hammon and John Wiggins who wrote the words and music. I own nothing but the plot monkey, who stayed on my back until I wrote this story.

JKR, Warner Brothers, and Scholastic own the rights to the people and places mentioned. I just brought them out for a little ladies' night.

Linlawless volunteered to beta this conglomeration, and was a great help in corralling commas and making sure everything made sense. Thank you!

The recipe for virgin margaritas came from ehow.com. I make no guarantees on how they turn out because I don't drink alcohol so I wouldn't know if these taste right or not.

### Virgin Margaritas

Yields: approximately eight servings.

Difficulty: Moderately Easy

#### Instructions

#### Things You'll Need

Sugar, Small saucepan, Lime zest, Lemon zest, Fresh lime juice, Fresh lemon juice, Orange juice, Agave syrup, Drink pitcher, Small, rimmed plate, Margarita glasses, Ice, Lime wedges

1) Combine ½ cup water and ½ cup sugar in a small saucepan over medium heat. Add two tablespoons each lime zest and lemon zest.

2) Bring the mixture to a boil. Stir constantly until the sugar has completely dissolved. Remove it from the heat and allow the mixture to cool to room temperature. You should have a semi-thick syrup consistency.

3) Combine the lemon-lime syrup with 1 ½ cups lime juice, ½ cup lemon juice, 4 cups orange juice, and ¼ cup agave syrup in a drink pitcher. Place the entire container in the refrigerator and allow the virgin margarita mixture to chill thoroughly, for at least 30 minutes.

4) Combine 1 teaspoon lime zest with 2 teaspoons salt on a small, rimmed plate. Mix the lime salt well. Rub the rim of each margarita glass with a lime wedge to moisten. Dip the rims into the lime salt.

5) Add a few ice cubes to each of the salt rimmed glass. Pour the margarita mixture into the glasses. Garnish it with lime wedges and serve the margarita immediately.

#### Tips & Warnings

Bottled lemon or lime juice can be substituted for fresh, if necessary. Use fresh orange juice, if available. For a sweeter drink, replace the salt used to rim the glasses with sugar.