

The Cure

by Dreamy_Dragon

Snape's Sunday takes an unexpected turn

One

Chapter 1 of 1

Snape's Sunday takes an unexpected turn

Severus Snape was not having a good day.

Which in and of itself was not particularly remarkable. Even though the war had been over for eleven years and he was no longer at the beck and call of two megalomaniacs, he still found plenty of things to be annoyed about: the weather (too warm or too cold), Granger, the students (too daft or know-it-alls), Granger, the continued mistreatment of Slytherin house (with condescension or contempt), Granger, the never-ending stacks of essays to be marked, the good mood of his colleagues and his lack of female company. Especially the latter two had caused him to scowl and grumble frequently – oddly enough increasingly so since the arrival of the new Charms teacher.

Had anyone dared to point out this connection or mentioned that perhaps, maybe a bit more of a social life would help, they would have found themselves sneered at and being sent on their way – if they were particularly lucky, there would also be a couple of choice remarks about the general idiocy of other people.

Minerva had been brave enough to try a couple of times, but in the end decided it was better for her own mental health to limit the topics of conversation to Quidditch and school affairs.

Yet, even by Severus' standards, this was not a good day.

It had started rather ordinarily by waking too early on a Sunday, and then not being able to go back to sleep again, a shower that was too cold, clean robes that were only found after a thorough search of his wardrobe and the castle corridors being as draughty as usual in late autumn.

Things started to go downhill at breakfast when Snape opened his mouth to inform Granger –*Professor* Granger – what exactly he thought about her habit of spreading her *Prophet on Sunday* over half the High Table. What came out instead was, 'Hic.'

Everyone pretended not to notice anything until...

'Hic.'

Covert glances turned his way, some amused, some with a tad of worry.

'Hic.'

Now he had the students' attention too. Bugger.

'Hic.'

A glass of water appeared in front of him.

'Drink. Quickly,' Minerva, sitting next to him, ordered.

His glare in her direction got lost in another "hic".

What the hell? He picked up the glass and downed its content in one large gulp. The water was icy cold. The relief however was only temporary. It lasted only a couple of seconds. 'Hic.'

At which point, Severus decided that a strategic retreat was called for and fled the Great Hall in long strides.

An hour later, he was ensconced in his office, sipping the tea the house-elves had thoughtfully provided and perusing the latest edition of *Potions Monthly*. It would have been a perfect Sunday morning if it hadn't been interrupted by the occasional "hic". And the dunderhead knocking at his door.

'What?' he bellowed.

Pomona Sprout marched in, a small pot in one hand. 'Severus, I was wondering if you could take a look at these. I was thinking of adding them to the ingredients' garden, but wanted your opinion first.'

She put the pot down in front of him.

He poured a few of the seeds into the palm of his hand. They looked perfectly ordinary to him. He ground one between the tip of his thumb and forefinger and sniffed at it. Suddenly, his eyes narrowed. Hang on, were these—

'Achoo!'

He glared at Pomona. 'These are common – hic – Puffapod seeds. And they induce sneezing.'

Pomona looked a bit sheepish. 'I know. Sneezing is supposed to cure hiccups.'

'Yes, that didn't work – hic – so well. Did it?'

He'd never admit it, but he was oddly touched by her concern.

'Perhaps you should go and see Poppy?' suggested Pomona.

'Nonsense.' Severus picked his magazine up to indicate that it was time Pomona left.

'If you're sure...' she said.

'Hiccups – hic – are best left alone. They'll just stop.'

They didn't, though. Long after Pomona had left, and he had finished both the newest issues of his subscriptions, marked the stack of essays on his desk and started to go over his lesson plans for the next week, the hiccups were still there.

He skipped lunch. Around teatime, he decided to make a quick trip to the hospital wing. Only to check if Poppy had all the potions she needed, of course. Pepper-up tended to be especially in demand in Autumn.

Poppy's stores turned out to be very well-stocked. The only potion missing was the anti-hiccup potion, which took a week to brew – or 166 hours to be precise – and had an extremely short shelf-life. A reason why he had had none in his personal stores, either, as he had found out when he had relented and checked earlier.

Poppy had steadily ignored the occasional "hic" that accompanied their conversation until Severus was about to take his leave. 'Have you tried to hold your breath in? It's an old Muggle cure, but it works wonders.'

'I'm fine. Good afternoon, Poppy.'

'See you at dinner, then.'

'I'm not hungry,' he answered and marched back downstairs.

For some reason, a plate of sandwiches appeared in his quarters at dinner time. Severus ignored it for about half-an-hour before he tucked in. The tea that came with it was particularly tasty, too.

He had just finished his meal when there was a knock at his door. 'Come – hic – in.'

Hermione Granger was standing in his doorway. Severus nearly dropped his mug. She'd never come to see him privately before. Well, not after their argument about the intelligence of some of the Gryffindor students a couple of weeks ago when he had made it very clear that he didn't want her company any longer. It seemed the feeling was mutual because she had restricted her conversations with him to meal times and staff meetings since then. He'd sort of missed her. Not that he would ever tell her that.

'Yes?'

Hermione didn't say a word. She closed the door, walked over to him, put her arms around his neck and drew him down for a kiss. Severus couldn't have said how long it lasted because he became completely lost in the feeling, taste and scent of Hermione, but by the time they broke apart, they were both severely out of breath.

He raised an enquiring eyebrow.

'I thought it was time we kissed and made up,' Hermione said. 'Besides, holding your breath is said to be a good cure for hiccups.'

'In that case we should try again. Just to be sure.'

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