

# Advanced Potion-Making

by broomclosetravenclaw

Hermione uses Snape's dungeons for a little research.

## One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

Hermione uses Snape's dungeons for a little research.

Green flames licked the bottom of the cauldron as his black eyes watched her methodically stir. He had agreed to let her use his dungeons and tried to keep his curiosity at bay. But his inquisitive nature had him watching her from the shadows. He was impressed with how precisely she chopped and measured the ingredients—how exact her timing was.

Snape knew which potions Hermione was brewing just from watching, but he couldn't figure out why. He was so entranced with watching her, that he almost missed the quick change in direction of her stirring. He began counting: one clockwise, seven counterclockwise... The familiarity struck him. The only way she could know how to brew the potion that way was if she had his copy of *Advanced Potion-Making*. He hadn't thought of that book in years—not since Potter had had it. And now he had allowed Hermione access to his private stores, *for research*, she had said. But if she was following *his* instructions... He thought about what this could mean.

Snape watched as Hermione finished the Draught of the Living Death and moved onto Euphoria, including a sprig of peppermint. He noted that she was working alphabetically through his old text as she began on the Everlasting Elixirs. His patience worn very thin, he fully entered the room.

"What sort of *research* requires you to brew potions that any sixth year could brew?"

Hermione thought about the best way to phrase her response. "As enlightening as Liabatus Borage's text has been over the past fifty-five years, I think some things are outdated and that improvements could be made."

"And just where did you get the inspiration for these improvements?" Snape raised an eyebrow.

Hermione bit her lip, the idea of toying with him too much for her to resist. "From Harry; he was really good at Potions in our sixth year."

"What?" Snape barely restrained himself from yelling.

Hermione couldn't suppress a giggle, her eyes alight with mirth.

"How long have you had it?" he asked.

"Just this term, I got tired of hearing you call your students dunderheads. I thought that maybe it wasn't just them, but the text. I thought that if we rewrote some of the Potions textbooks, that it might improve your temperament. I remembered what Harry had said about hiding your copy of *Advanced Potion-Making*, so I retrieved it."

"We?" he asked.

"Yes, I thought I would start with your notes from the sixth year text, since I had some familiarity with it. We could write a whole series of books for first through seventh

years, by *The Professors Snape*.”

“Have we really been spending so little time together that you needed to come up with a project for us?”

Hermione leaned into him, feeling his arms wrap around her. Enveloped in his warmth, she kissed him with the promise of more to come. They spent the rest of the evening brewing potions, but the night was spent in more ardent activities.

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**A/N:** A big thank you to the lovely JenKM1216 for beta reading.

This was written in response to the Evening with Severus Snape 500-word Challenge on the Live Journal community Romancing the Wizard.