

The Intern

by Miztiry

Not totally Deathly Hallows compatible. Only the Epilogue and the Death of Snape are different. Hermione has been out of Hogwarts for three years and begins a potions internship at the Ministry of Magic...under Severus Snape. At first it's horrible and Hermione hates it, but after awhile, her and Snape soften towards each other and begin an affair that may ruin both their reputations, but is more amazing than anything they have ever experienced before. HG/SS, and a little HG/RW. Rated M for sexual content in later chapters.

How It Began

Chapter 1 of 1

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Chapter One: How It Began

Well, here I am... I've already survived a week of this, and I hope I can get through the other fifty-one that await me Hermione thought to herself as she placed boiled eye of bat onto the 'B' shelf, carefully, so her advisor would not bark at her again. Just two days ago she had dropped a jar of poisoned dragon's liver. Which went sprawling all over the floor, ruined forever, she was yelled at for an hour while she cried silently, wiping up the contents with a rag. She worked as swiftly and silently as she could so that she could get out of the lab and back home without speaking to her boss.

Hermione had been so excited when she found out that she had gotten the yearlong Potions internship position at the Ministry of Magic. She had spent all summer preparing to leave her parents' house, ready to move into a flat in London. What she hadn't known though was whom she was to work under.

The day before her job started, she couldn't hold down her anticipation. Then the fateful day came. She Apparated to the visitors' entrance of the Ministry of Magic, walked into the red phone booth, pressed 62442, and a cool female voice answered, "Name and purpose of visitation, please."

"Uh... um... Hermione Granger. Ministry's Summer Potions Intern," she stuttered into the mouthpiece. A badge then shot out of the slot where money usually appeared with the inscription, "HERMIONE GRANGER. POTIONS INTERN".

She pinned the badge to the front of her cloak and felt the booth begin to rumble. It had been five years since she had last taken this way into the Ministry, and she waited anxiously as the booth began to lower into the ground. When it finally stopped, she stepped out and glanced around the very large atrium that she had remembered from her first visit there in fifth year.

It had not changed much, except that the name "Kingsley Shacklebolt" was everywhere instead of Fudge or Scrimgeour. Hermione was happy with the new Minister because not only was he a man that she could trust, he was the main reason she had gotten this internship in the first place. Kingsley had owed her one day with the suggestion that she accept the position, seeing as she had had the highest scores in Potions in her year. She had accepted happily, knowing that it would be a great

experience to work under an expert Potions master. It had never occurred to Hermione to ask whom she was to work under, because she had thought it wouldn't matter.

She walked into the main area of the entrance hall and spotted an information desk on her right. She strolled over to the counter and asked the elderly witch behind it where she was to go.

"Ah, the Potions intern. The Minister wants to speak to you first before you go to your duties, you will go to his office directly. Take the elevator to the twentieth floor and walk straight down the corridor until you reach a golden door. Knock eight times and then state your name. Do this exactly, or else a security wizard will hit you with a petrifying spell, and you will not be awoken for at least three months. Understand?" the old witch stated.

"Um, yes. Of course," Hermione muttered as she walked away from the counter.

She moved over to the end of the hall where she waited for the next elevator to appear. As she stood there, she felt a small shiver come over her body, one that gave her the feeling that someone was watching her. She turned around suddenly, only to find that no one was looking at her, and the only people there were busy witches and wizards bustling all around.

"Oh, god... It's just all in my head," she said to herself. She realized she was wrong as she heard a familiar voice right behind her.

"Alone today, Ms. Granger?" said the familiar voice.

Hermione turned around to find no one there.

"Harry? Harry, where are you? I know you are under your cloak!" she said softly as she reached out to feel around for him.

"If you can find me then I'll tell you," he said jokingly.

She groped the air more violently until she felt solidness. She grabbed at the cloak and pulled it off of Harry's body.

"Now there you are, you bloody idiot," she said as she embraced him powerfully. "I've missed you so much. You have no idea how much I've missed you, Harry," she murmured as a tear ran down her face.

"I've missed you too, Hermione," he said as he embraced her in return.

They held this pose for what seemed to Hermione like hours, but in reality was only a couple minutes. When they stepped apart, Hermione noticed that the elevator had arrived.

"Uh, well... I don't want to keep it waiting, Harry. Um, owl me? Please? We can catch up on old times, and you can tell me what you and Ronald have been doing," she said as she backed up into the elevator. "I have to go now, but we'll talk, huh? Right. See you later."

"Good-bye," Harry simply said as he watched the doors close on the elevator.

As the elevator went up into the Ministry of Magic, Hermione stood back against the wall, thinking rapidly about the event that had just taken place. She hadn't spoken to Harry or Ron for two years. After Voldermort's defeat, Hermione and Ron had finally gotten together like she had always wanted, but she realized some time later that what you want isn't always the best thing.

Ron had become a successful Quidditch player for the Chudley Cannons, just as he had always wanted. But along with fame came temptation, and Ron couldn't control himself among his pretty array of female spectators. Hermione had suspected him to be unfaithful, but kept quiet about her suspicions because she didn't want to be right.

One day she had gotten back early from work to surprise Ron with a one-year anniversary dinner, only to find him in bed with an attractive blonde girl... most likely underage. It had taken only that to convince Hermione that was the end of their relationship.

Hermione was broken-hearted and slightly bitter towards the idea of love after that. She had thought that she could turn to Harry in her moment of sadness, but he wouldn't choose a side. She figured that if her best friend couldn't even see that Ron was wrong, she didn't need either of them anymore.

She severed ties with them and went on with life, trying to console herself with other friends, such as Luna and Ginny. But Ginny had married Harry, and Luna had married Neville, so they were busy with their own lives, while Hermione was just waiting. She was waiting for something miraculous to happen, and this internship was exactly what she needed.

Before she knew it, she had reached the twentieth level and stepped out of the elevator into the hall. It was a beautiful passage painted gold and jade, and at the end of the corridor, there was the golden door that the aged witch had spoken of.

Hermione walked down the hallway, which took awhile, seeing as it was very long. She finally reached the door and knocked eight times then recited her name.

Immediately, a door to her left appeared right out of the wall. It was taller and more elegant than the golden door. It opened, and she heard a deep voice tell her to enter.

She stepped into the Minister's office and looked around, it was nothing special. It looked like any other office in the building, except it had more pictures on the walls and a huge window overlooking the city of London.

"You asked for me, Mr. Shackbolt?" Hermione said to the tall, black man standing by the window.

"Yes, I did, Hermione," he replied. "And you must not be so formal with me; we are old friends please sit."

Hermione took a seat in the big, red chair in front of Kingsley's desk. The chair was comfortable and seemed to mold to her figure. She let out a sigh of relief and relaxed into it more.

"So, you must be wondering why I have called you here first, instead of letting you go straight to work. Well the answer is simple. I must prepare you for what you are about to experience, Ms. Granger," he said in a more serious tone.

"What do you mean, Kingsley? Prepare myself for what? I thought I was just going to be interning in the Potions area," she asked him.

Kingsley was silent for a moment before he spoke again.

"I am surprised you haven't asked whom you were to work under, Hermione. Anyone else would've been interested to know. But you did not ask. Why is that?" he inquired.

"Well, I didn't think it mattered. Anyone would be fine, I suppose. Besides, I didn't think I'd have known who it was anyways," she answered.

"Hmm. Interesting," Kingsley responded. "Well it doesn't matter now. Do you wish to know whom you are going to be working under?"

"Well, I kind of wanted it to be a surprise. Why does it matter so much that I know, Minister?"

"It matters because I don't think you would've taken the position if you had known beforehand," he answered.

"But it doesn't matter to me who I work under! As long as I am learning from a great Potions master, then what does it make a difference? I don't see why we must have

this conversation!" she exclaimed.

"I guess you are right." Kingsley said in a calm tone. "But I shall tell you that if you wish to stop this apprenticeship at anytime, just owl me, and it will be worked out, OK?"

"OK, I shall. Uh, thanks for this meeting, Minister," Hermione said as she got up to leave.

"Anytime," the Minister replied.

Hermione left the room and walked back down the corridor to the elevator. She took it back to the entrance-level floor and stepped out into the foyer. She went back to the information desk and asked the same witch where she was to go for the internship.

"Take the elevator down to the Department of Mysteries and walk to the left until you see a door marked "Potions Laboratories." That'll take you precisely to where you need to be, and, honey... Good luck," she grumbled.

"Thanks," Hermione said before she raced to the elevator again.

She took the elevator down to the Department of Mysteries, just as she had in her fifth year at Hogwarts. She stepped out into the cool, stony passageway and shivered. She turned to the left and started to walk down the chilly corridor until she reached the door she had been told about.

She opened it slowly, keeping in mind what Kingsley had warned her about. She could hear his voice in her head warning her, but she tried to ignore it. She stepped inside the door, only to find that there was another long hallway inside. She closed the door quietly behind her and looked around. It reminded her very much of the dungeons of Hogwarts.

She started down the passageway until she came to another door to her left. It was open, and she peered around the corner to the inside. Something in her stomach dropped as she looked at the scene. It wasn't the excess of fumes or the dangerous chemicals that she recognized. It was the person who was occupying the room... Severus Snape.

She quickly pulled her head back from the doorway.

"Bloody hell!" she muttered under her breath. She glanced around the corner again into the room and then pulled her head back.

She saw her old professor from Hogwarts standing there. Snape. The one Harry and Ron had always hated, but the one she had always admired for how brilliant he was. She couldn't believe her eyes. Kingsley wasn't joking about this. She should've asked in advance whom she was to work under.

Her stomach dropped to a depth that she didn't think was possible. She felt an odd sensation take over her body, though she didn't know why. Random, unrelated thoughts were running through her head. She couldn't interpret them though, because nothing made sense in that solitary moment. Everything was a blur as she tried to pull herself together again.

She glimpsed around the corner once more to make sure her eyes weren't playing tricks on her. They weren't. There was the man who had tricked Voldemort and helped Harry defeat him. This man was brave and honorable, but still hated by many.

She stood there against the wall for a couple more minutes thinking things over until she heard a voice call out to her.

"Ms. Granger, you may wish to come in, as waiting out there all day won't make this job any better," Severus Snape said in his drawling voice.

Hermione obeyed and entered the room.