

Deadly Truth

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Written for the 'Perils of Veritaserum' challenge on GS100.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: JKR owns the Potterverse.

AN: Many thanks to septentrion for betaing.

How Ronald Weasley had done it was beyond Severus, but the fact was the brat had broken into the Potion master's personal stores and stolen a vial of Veritaserum. Rumour had it that Weasley was trying to gain Miss Granger's affections, although why he would use a truth potion for that was a mystery.

In his anger, Severus hurled the nearest vial at the wall, only to realise that he'd just spilt his most lethal poison. Fortunately, it was a corrosive contact poison, only active when outside the enspelled glass. Yet there was no damage to the wall or floor...

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Stepping closer to double check the label on the shattered vial, Severus shook his head, perplexed. It appeared to be the poison, but if it really was, the colourless liquid should be eating into the stone. There was no way of telling by scent as whatever it was that had been spilt was just as odourless as the poison.

Eyes widening in consternation, Severus swore viciously, dashing over to the shelf holding various antidotes. He grabbed the relevant remedy, turned on his heel, pausing to secure the door before sprinting to the Gryffindor Tower.

Miss Granger was in mortal peril.

*

It was sufficiently late for the Gryffindor common room to be almost empty. Weasley was alone with Miss Granger by the time Severus managed to persuade the Fat Lady to let him in.

Potter, the only one in Gryffindor besides Miss Granger who would have known what a victim of Veritaserum looked like, had presumably gone to bed.

Weasley was standing over Miss Granger, watching her convulse on the floor, a broken cup next to her.

"You don't love me? But Ginny told me you're in love with someone. Who is he? TELL ME!" Weasley yelled, his fists clenched tight.

*

"S-S-Sev—"

"*Who? Snape?!*"

Severus almost dropped the antidote in his surprise that his feelings were returned. However, the sight of Hermione coughing up blood galvanised him into action.

"Hermione?" Although understandably angry, Weasley sounded horrified.

"Out of the way, Weasley," Severus snarled, brutally shoving the idiotic boy aside. Severus knelt beside Miss Gr—*Hermione*, removed the stopper from the vial and gently tipped the antidote down her throat. Holding his breath, he prayed that the poison Weasley had inadvertently given her was what he thought it was... and that Hermione wouldn't vomit – if she did, she was a goner.

*

With Weasley fretting behind him, Severus breathed a sigh of relief when Hermione relaxed, her colour improving, although she would be ill for days.

Unable to speak, her throat raw, Hermione squeezed his hand in thanks. Conscious of Weasley's presence and the fact that any relationship between teacher and student was prohibited, Severus just squeezed back, the edges of his lips curling into an unfamiliar smile.

Hermione fainted. Severus thought that it was due to Weasley's misguided drugging and subsequent poisoning of her rather than the shock of seeing him smile.

"Weasley."

"Y-yes, s-sir?"

"Detention. Tomorrow night, harvesting Acromantula venom."