

A Practice in Glamours

by ellebell

Whilst practising for her Transfiguration OWLS, Hermione has an unexpected encounter with the Potions Master.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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A Practice in Glamours

She wrapped the invisibility cloak around her body, keeping the chill of the classroom from permeating her bones. Despite its welcome warmth, Hermione knew that she must remove it to see herself properly in the mirror propped in front of her. So with a sigh and an inward curse at her own stupidity for leaving her robe back in her dormitory, she let Harry's cloak fall from her head to pool around her feet.

Focusing her attention on the image in front of her, she released a steady breath and aimed her wand at her bushy mane, muttering the incantation *Imfecto*. Hermione's hair changed from its normal chestnut brown to a translucent blonde, but almost as quickly as it changed, it swiftly reverted back to her usual riot of curls and frizz.

"Drat!" Hermione slammed her palm onto the desk, the mirror teetering precariously before settling.

With only days until her Transfiguration OWL, she was still struggling to maintain the Glamour Charm that Professor McGonagall had hinted would feature in the exam. No doubt, her problem had little to do with the charm itself and more to do with the ever-escalating odd incidences around Harry this year. So much of her time had been spent worrying about him that she hadn't been giving her studies the full attention they deserved. Shaking herself, she took a deep breath, closed her eyes and focused all her energy on the task at hand. Failing wasn't going to help anyone, so with that in mind, she settled her resolve – and tried again.

For almost an hour, Hermione stood repeating the incantation with building success, managing to change her hair for longer durations until finally, with a whoop and small jig, she had altered her hair to a shimmering blonde that Malfoy himself would envy.

Giddy from her triumph, Hermione decided to have a little fun with her new abilities. Picturing Ron and Harry in her head, she cast the charm, watching closely – with a spreading smile – as her hair changed to flowing, deep red curls that fell around her shoulders. And again, to see her eyes change to a striking green.

Completely absorbed in her new appearance, Hermione failed to notice the imposing figure reflected in the mirror behind her until the sound of swishing robes startled her from her reverie. Gasping, she spun round to be met with the intense gaze of the formidable Potions master.

"Professor, I... Sir, I was just..." she stuttered out, then drifted off as she realized that the expected storm of abuse and reprimand had yet to come. Instead he was looking at her rather curiously. More emotion was flashing over his features than she had ever witnessed in the years he had taught her. One, however seemed to be settling more so than the others, and if such looks could burn, Hermione was sure there would be scorch marks on her very being.

Snape closed the gap with a few determined steps, standing toe to toe with the young Gryffindor. Hermione could smell the lingering scent of potions ingredients mixed with the aroma that was purely him. Waves of heat rolled from the body so close to her own. Hermione stared at the swathed black chest rising and falling. Broken from her trance by the feel of a cold calloused hand cupping her cheek, Hermione inhaled sharply. As she tilted her head up to meet his dark glare, she was struck by the fact – that still not a word fell from his lips.
