

Potions Master

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Potions Master

by [lynngryphon](#)

Summary

You always see those stories where Harry all of a sudden becomes a potions master through some unrealistic means like A) genetics kicking in suddenly B) one summer of studying C) sudden prodigy-esque ability.

I say that's a load of bull so here is MY Harry Becomes a Potions Master fic with a (hopefully) somewhat more realistic take.

Notes

Note from SeparatriX, the archivist: this story was originally archived at [HP Fandom](#), which was closed for health and financial reasons. To preserve the archive, I began manually importing its works to the AO3 as an Open Doors-approved project in August 2016. I e-mailed all creators about the move and posted announcements, but may not have reached everyone. If you are (or know) this creator, please contact me using the e-mail address on [HP Fandom collection profile](#).

Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter or anything from the universe!

Rating: T (language), editing errors

AN: Review and tell me what you think. Possibility of a two-shot later.

Sitting down on the leather sofa before the hearth with the latest copy of "Potion Masters Monthly" Severus Snape toed off his shoes, rolled up the sleeves of his finely woven Slytherin green cotton shirt, untucked the tails from his trousers, and *lounged*. There was no other word for it. Ten years after Voldemort's defeat, eleven years since he killed Albus Dumbledore and Severus Snape finally felt comfortable enough to actually lounge with a copy of his favorite potions publication and a tumbler of brandy. Taking a sip, he set the tumbler on the floor by the sofa leg and shifted into a comfortable position. He didn't look so much like a bat at the moment as sleek black alley cat finally getting the chance to laze.

Severus picked up his "Potion Masters Monthly" and slowly started perusing the news articles, potion recipes, and potions debates (this month was which ingredient was the more potent, dragons blood or unicorn blood). This was Severus' favorite publication for one simple fact- it was exclusive. The publication was only delivered to recognized Potion Masters and Mistresses, and since he was considered one of the, if not *the*, best Potion Master in the entire UK he naturally got a subscription and had a standing invitation to have his work published.

He flipped past a particularly boring article about possible variations of the Wolfsbane Potion; considering he was the inventor of said potion, it went without saying that he knew more about it than that air head Amelia Thorowort. *'I think I might send an owl suggesting her early retirement from publication.'* He sneered inwardly. Amelia Thorowort was a 60 year old witch trying (*'and failing miserably'*) to maintain the illusion she was still in her 20s. She was the stereotypical blonde air headed bimbo disguised as a brunette; her only saving grace (*'if one dares to call it that!'*) was her extensive research into cosmetic potions. She wound up producing (*'if she wasn't so damn competent when it came to potions I'd swear it was dumb luck'*) a potent scar remover which became a staple in all wizarding medical clinics, an acne clearing potion that was what all teenage girls (*'and boys, can't forget those who try to hide the fact they use a "girly" cosmetic potion can we?'*) swore by. Amelia Thorowort was also the vainest, most egotistical, all encompassing **bitch** that couldn't keep her thoughts to herself concerning ones appearance. He had long since learned to check with the guest registrar and see if Thorowort would be attending before he accepted any invitations to conferences, balls, or special occasions hosted by the UPMMA (United Potions Masters and Mistresses Association).

He picked up his tumbler from its location on the floor and took a large swallow intent on ridding himself of the bitter, greasy taste that came to his mouth whenever he thought about Thorowort. Said mouthful was promptly spat out when he flipped to the back for the feature article on recent up and comers in the potions field. Coughing and fighting for breath, he let the magazine fall to the floor while he got his breathing back in order, flicked his wand to clean up the spilt brandy, and repaired the shattered tumbler (it took a flying leap towards the

hearth in Severus' surprise). Filling the repaired tumbler once again with brandy, he picked up the magazine from the floor and, bracing himself, flipped to the back where the "Rising Star" article was.

Smirking back at him was a photo of one Harry James Potter, ten years older, and ten years bitterer. Tall, thin but fit, a natural tan, vibrant green eyes no longer hidden behind thick black frames but flattering thin silver ovals, hair long and tied back with a green hair ribbon to keep it from his face. His eyes were jade, calculative, wiser than the world and bitterer than most on it, with a gleam that many former Death Eaters came to fear lurking deep inside. His hair was pulled tightly back revealing a widow's peak and clean expanse of forehead that no longer bore the mark of Voldemort, cheekbones prominent and a hooked nose from a fist fight he had gotten into with Draco after he ('fine, we') explained to Harry the events surrounding Dumbledore's death. It was funny in a disturbing way to see a bloody Draco and Potter collapse upon each other afterwards and start laughing hysterically until it morphed into long overdue tears. A bond was formed then between the two former ('bullshit!') rivals. From shared misery to what eventually became the most feared duo in the Light Army. Severus shook his head roughly to clear it of lingering memories and focused on the article:

"Rising Star: Harry Potter"

-Janet Sakura

Yes, loyal readers, that's right. The one and only man who defeated Voldemort has since been making a name for himself in the potions world. Mr. Potter left the UK shortly after the defeat of the Dark Lord ten years ago in order to "escape the madness that my name generated. I stayed long enough to make sure the new Minister was competent and had a strong rein on the wizarding government before leaving. I wasn't such a little shit that I would just up and leave the wizarding world to destroy itself after all the work I did to save it."

After leaving the UK Mr. Potter made his way to the United States of America where he attended the Salem University for 3 years, graduating early and with honors with a Mastery of Charms, Transfiguration, and Defense. When questioned about the lack of a Mastery of Potions Mr. Potter had this to say: "At that point in time I wasn't really interested beyond taking it as a hobby. I took the potions class as a side interest but I was never interested in the brewing process itself, I enjoyed the theory just fine though."

Mr. Potter then took up a teaching position at his alma mater in Transfiguration. "I enjoyed it well enough. There were the requisite transfiguration geniuses, the average students, and then there were the dunderheads. Holy shit, I finally managed to empathize with my old potions teacher. I only had to deal with a small handful per class while he had to deal with almost entire classes full of incompetent ninnies who were only there because attendance was mandatory until after OWLs." Mr. Potter then proceeded to grimace and mutter some unflattering comments about "idiots who couldn't tell which end of the wand the sparks came out of."

Having admitted to a skewed view on the subject of potions, enjoying the theory but not the brewing, the next obvious question was what caused him to change his mind. Mr. Potter answered before I had the chance to ask.

"I had been teaching Transfiguration at Salem University successfully for three years, almost four. What you should know is that the transfiguration and potions wing are the same. Potions is located in the underground level while transfiguration is located on the upper level. My colleague, and old Potions teacher Mr. Jackson Aconite was bound and determined to get me to see the beauty in the practical application of potions, not just the theory and so I had an open invitation to stop by anytime and make use of one of the empty labs. I had always wanted to try to brew the Wolfsbane potion because it meant so much to me and some of my friends. I figured if I was able to successfully and consistently brew it, it would save my friends time and money because the potion itself is expensive. I was about to add the shredded Monkshood when I heard something coming from the left of me. Evidently one of the potions students had come in while I was brewing and had started his own potion at the opposite end of the counter.

Now, from my Hogwarts days I know the sound of a potion about to blow sky high intimately. I quickly put a stasis on my incomplete Wolfsbane potion and went over to the student's potion. He confused Butterfly Wings for Pixie Wings in what was supposed to be the Aura Revealeo potion. I managed to add a drop of Phoenix Tears before I pulled the student under the counter. The counters in the potions department are specifically designed to fit a full grown healthy man underneath and cover him completely just in case of such emergencies. The Phoenix Tears managed to nullify the acidic properties the Aura Revealeo potion took on when the Butterfly Wings were added; however, it seemed to give the potion a sort of....magic nullifying property instead. Then, some of the potion made it to my stasis ward around the Wolfsbane I had been brewing and nullified it. The resulting explosion would make my friend Lord Neville Longbottom proud.

After the rather impressive explosion ended and nothing else seemed about to occur, I cast a quick 'Scourgify' on the mess on the floor around us and helped the student out. Not paying attention, he accidentally placed his hand over the knife he had been using while leveraging himself up, slicing his palm deeply. I attempted to heal his wound but it seemed some of his altered Aura Revealeo was on the knife and it was nullifying all the magic I sent at his wound. I ripped off a strip of my robe and bandaged his hand then, I went to the door to release the ward that automatically triggers whenever a large scale explosion occurs to protect the wing from serious damage. Because the potions labs are all located underneath the wing, a large enough explosion could, theoretically, take down the wing from its foundation. And I still swear to this day that, that explosion could have and would have done just that if it wasn't for those wards.

While I was dismantling the wards so that Jackson, the potions classes' medi-witch, and the clean-up team could enter, the student accidentally got some of the mixed potions on the bandage. When the wards were finally down, the student was seen by the medi-witch while I explained to Jackson and the clean-up team what happened. Before the clean-up team could get started the medi-witch, Mrs. Laureen Blackstone, stopped us and showed us the student's hand which had been fully healed. We, Mr. Aconite, myself, and Mrs. Blackstone thought it might be from the ruined potions and so we quickly took samples of both the altered Aura Revealeo and the mixed potions. I admit I was fascinated by the idea that there might be a potion out there that could completely nullify magic, especially when Jackson told me that there wasn't any recorded evidence of a potion being able to do that. Sure, I know you can nullify magic with Runes, and specially designed wards but a potion is so much simpler and

handier. I admit I became slightly....obsessed you could say. That is where my fascination with potions in their full glory came from.”

The potion Mr. Potter was talking about eventually became the now infamous Inversion Potion, or commonly called the ‘Other Foot’ Potion. Developed by Mr. Harry Potter, Mr. Jackson Aconite, Mrs. Laureen Blackstone, and the student that first stumbled upon the possibility, Mr. Jonathon Evans, the Inversion Potion nullifies a persons magic without actually rendering them a squib. Squibs are defined as having the barest amount of magic required to be considered magical, allowing them to take minor familiars and see through muggle aversion wards. The potion is either ingested through the mouth or absorbed through the skin and strips the afflicted witch or wizard of all their magic, rendering them in all magical senses of the word, a muggle. When the potion was first tested on convicted felons with lesser crimes, they usually said some variant of ‘the shoe was on the other foot’ afterwards.

Mr. Potter has also been credited with the creation of the “Renverser de Cicatrice” Potion, or Scar Reversing Potion. Named because of the incident where Mr. Evans’ hand was healed of an injury that would have left a prominent, and crippling, scar. It has been found to “rewind” the creation of the injury it is applied to but, has been found to only work at maximum potential for skin penetrating injuries i.e.: cuts and stab wounds. Mr. Potter is currently trying to develop a version for burn scars and a version for general minor blemishes that isn’t as irritating to the skin as Mrs. Thorowort’s.

Mr. Potter is truly a “Rising Star” in the potions field and is to be presented his honorary Mastery of Potions by the UPMMA’s main body for his ground breaking potions theories and potions. Mr. Potter had one last thing he wanted to make sure was published before he agreed for this interview.

“If there is one person who I would thank for my interest in potions, it would have to be my old Hogwarts Potions Professor, Potions Master Severus Snape. Without his constant insults, point deductions, and general greasy git attitude I would never have had the drive to at least become passable in the subject. My goal was to prove to Severus Snape that I wasn’t some pampered Gryffindor Golden Boy or the son of his school rival, but just Harry Potter. Instead, not only did I find I could understand and passably brew potions, I found a new love for something that has no connections to Voldemort in my mind. All potions have a connection to is a snarky bastard of a Potions Professor who I find I am deeply indebted to. Professor Snape, I have only two things to say to you: have fun teaching the dunderheads and better you than me!”

The picture of Har- Potter just grinned at the dumbfounded look on Professor Severus Snape’s face as he read the article. Coming to the last line the greasy git of Hogwarts started laughing, even in print he could still imagine Harry’s face as he said as much with that cheeky grin he was known for during his school days.

Seeing this, the picture Potter smirked and flipped a card on the counter up and leaned against a vial of Inversion Potion. He then disappeared from the page. The note read quite simply:

H. Potter
4 Privet Drive
Little Whining
Surrey

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