

# Hothouse

*by HermioneMalfoyFan*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Sometimes Hagrid hated his job, especially when it was raining like this. It was the kind of weather that made him feel like he would never be dry again. The moisture would invade every crack in the walls of his hut and inevitably render the sheets of his bed damp and his clothes clammy. He definitely needed to talk to the headmaster about that problem. He wasn't getting any younger after all.

He shouldered the large bag of soil he had promised Pomona Sprout for her new patch. It was enriched with fresh unicorn muck and should keep her plants happy. Hagrid only hoped that she wouldn't need his help with the repotting. While he was normally happy to help, today he was looking forward to a nice cup of tea and a couple of rock cakes.

When he approached the greenhouse, the half-giant frowned. It was fogged entirely, not a single glass panel remaining clear. This was unusual: Greenhouse Four only held local plants and was not supposed to be steamy...

"Pomona?" Hagrid called out when he reached the greenhouse in question.

Professor Sprout had told him she needed the soil in the greenhouse, so he put the bag down near the entrance. He opened the door to the glasshouse with care; only last week he had broken one of them because he had been a bit, well, overenthusiastic. He smiled proudly when he realised that the door didn't even creak anymore. To appease Pomona after the little accident, he had had to take care of the little things she had asked him to do for so long including oiling all of the doors.

At the other end of the greenhouse he could hear rustling, then a loud bang followed by a swear.

"Language..." a voice he identified as Pomona's admonished with a giggle.

"Woman!"

"You're not doing it right! You have to put it in deeper, Severus!"

"It's as deep as it will go! How am I supposed to..."

"Oh for Merlin's sake, is it the first time you're doing this? Just push a bit harder!"

Hagrid stilled. By the sound of it, the other wizard did as he was told because the half-giant could hear Professor Sprout sigh contently.

"Yes, yes... That's good! Now a bit harder..."

Severus grunted, but seemed to follow her instructions once again, if the now creaking workbench was any indication.

Red faced, Hagrid turned around, trying to leave as silently and quickly as possible. He doubted very much that they were interested in soil and unicorn muck right now... He closed the door silently; his appetite for tea and rock cakes vanished. No, he needed something much stronger; the bottle of *Ogden's Old Firewhiskey* he had received as a Christmas present would definitely meet its fate tonight.

In the greenhouse Pomona Sprout smiled dreamily.

"That wasn't bad at all for a first time, Severus! With a bit of practice you'll become even better!"

"Oh no, Pomona! I promise you that this was the first and last time I helped you out with this."

"But you put it in just the right way!"

"Nevertheless, next time you will have to find somebody else to help you with this infernal repotting!"

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AN: Writing this was fun! I hope you enjoyed reading it, too... As always I'd love to get some feedback!

I used **HermioneDiggory's** prompt number 12: Hagrid stumbles across a seemingly incriminating scene involving two of his colleagues.

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