

# Fame

*by karelia*

Severus dissolves a dilemma.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: The usual applies: It isn't mine. \*sneers\*

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Severus was fuming. It had been bad enough when this Muggle woman had published Potter's sordid teen years as a work of fiction, but the moment all the hysteria had died down over the first few books, in came the news that the stories were to be turned into movies.

"Severus, calm down. Nobody in the Muggle world knows it's not fiction!" Hermione tried to placate him.

To no avail. "I will not have some idiot play Severus Snape, Hermione!"

"So, what do you want to do about it? Unforgiveables are still... unforgivable, you know?" she reminded him.

"I don't care what I'll have to do. Have you seen pictures of that dunderhead, Hermione? He looks *nothing* like me!"

"Who?"

"His name is Tim Roth. He is not good enough to play me. He looks absolutely stupid when he grins, which is far too often, and his voice makes the sound of Muggle chalk screeching on a blackboard positively attractive."

Hermione rolled her eyes. Sometimes, her husband could be more stubborn than a mule. "Why don't you find someone better suited, darling?" she asked.

"I am going to do *exactly* that, wife." He turned and left abruptly.

*What is he up to now?* Hermione wondered and hoped he would not do something he'd regret later. She didn't understand the fuss he was making over the selection of the actor. Personally, she felt very relieved that the author of the books at least hadn't known *her* and Severus's personal lives as well as Harry's. The wizarding world would have been utterly scandalised if they ever found out just how long they'd been a couple.

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He did not return until well past midnight, looking disturbingly smug.

"What were you up to, Severus?" Hermione asked with a sinking feeling.

"I went to an internet café in Glasgow to do some research. Will you stop worrying, please? I did nothing untoward," he assured her.

Hermione nodded slowly. "Yes, love. I believe you." A trace of unease remained even when he took her into his arms and led her to bed, but she forgot soon enough when he wielded his magic on her.

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Severus looked at the time. He had an hour and a half until the next class; it was enough to accomplish his goal. He fetched his cloak and exited the castle, heading towards the gates, and Disapparated the moment he'd stepped out of the warded grounds.

In Kensington, in an inconspicuous area of the Victoria and Albert Museum grounds, he took out the parchment to double-check the address. It was around the corner, and he walked swiftly out onto the road.

Once he'd reached his destination, he rang the bell once. It opened and revealed a man quite a few years older than himself, but his sneer was perfection, and everything else could be resolved with make-up.

"Mr Rickman?" he asked. He knew it was him, but it paid to be polite at times.

"Yes. And who are you?" Mr Rickman asked, equally polite, but his face held a hint of a sneer.

The wandlessly and silently cast Imperio went entirely unnoticed; the Ministry only recorded spells cast with a wand.

Mr Rickman's eyes momentarily glazed over.

"My name is Severus Snape. You will play me in the Harry Potter movies."

"Uh, certainly. I'll inform my agent straight away."

Severus nodded curtly, turned on his heel, and Apparated back to the gates of Hogwarts.

Life was, once again, perfect.

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Lyn\_F's prompt was Severus Snape and Alan Rickman meet somewhere in Muggle London. What do they say to each other?

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