

Pygmalion and Galatea

by Clairvoyant

The artist considers how to create the perfect mate.

Part One: His Point of View

Chapter 1 of 3

The artist considers how to create the perfect mate.

Compared to his first obsession – another Muggle-born Gryffindor – she would never be considered a classic beauty.

Her hair was absolutely wretched, and her skin was peppered with too many freckles.

She was overbearing, especially to the few people she considered friends.

She was an insufferable know-it-all, who spent entirely too much time in the company of dusty tomes.

But her intelligence was unsurpassed, her thirst for knowledge unslaked.

She was brave, loyal and didn't know the meaning of the word 'surrender'.

Severus couldn't have created a more well-suited soul mate if he had moulded Hermione with his own two hands.

Originally written for LJ GrangerSnape100 modelling challenge.

Part Two: Her Point of View

Chapter 2 of 3

The apprentice plans her escape.

Pig-headed? Yes. Opinionated? Certainly. Dictatorial? Definitely.

Those were his worst personality traits.

No, wait... she forgot his frequent diatribes, liberally peppered with sarcasm, all focused on her shortcomings.

Over the past twenty-four months, she had endured endless scut work and bitter insults, meant to transform her, mould her to his ideal.

She intended to leave Hogwarts forever as soon as the ink had dried on the parchment, proclaiming her a certified Potions mistress.

Perhaps she and Ron might make a go of it again.

A gentle hand on her shoulder and a velvety voice halted her departure. "Miss Granger, I've grown accustomed..."

Originally written for LJ GrangerSnape100 modelling challenge. Part two leans more toward musical theatre, compared to part one's classic Greek mythology.

Part Three: Her Parting Words

Chapter 3 of 3

Will his apology be enough to compel her stay?

A gentle hand on her shoulder and a velvety voice halted her departure. "Miss Granger, I've grown accustomed..."

"Not another word, Professor," she hissed, knocking his hand away. "Nothing you say will make a difference. I'm leaving you and Hogwarts forever. For the past two years, you've been dreadful to me, simply to harden me, prepare me for the world outside. Congratulations. You've succeeded. But I've a young man who wants me, however ill-suited we are for each other." Uncomfortable silence followed. "So what do you have to say?" she huffed.

"I'm sorry, Hermione," he said softly, contritely. "Please forgive me."

Originally written for LJ GrangerSnape100 humble pie challenge.