

# Not the Buttons!

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Severus wakes to a major wardrobe malfunction.

## Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

Severus wakes to a major wardrobe malfunction.

Severus sat up groggily and rubbed his eyes. Another day of teaching dunderheads was upon him. Could his life get more mundane? Day after day, the same thing over and over again. Exploding cauldrons, misused ingredients, stupid questions. Would he ever have an intelligent conversation?

Swinging his legs over the bed, he rose and readied for his day. Entering the bathroom, he disrobed and stepped into the shower. The hot water beat against his body, awakening him a bit more. He stood there for a while, letting the water course over his back, then turned to let it pound his chest. *Do I really need to get out of here? Would the dunderheads really notice my absence?*

He reluctantly exited the shower a minute later. He ran a comb through his hair and quickly shaved. His mind ran over the lessons for the day. His thoughts filled with Potions ingredients, he wandered over to his wardrobe. Reaching into it, he pulled out a white, high-collared shirt. Glancing down at it absentmindedly, he gasped. The pure-white buttons that ran along the shirt had been replaced with... rhinestone buttons.

"What the devil?"

He replaced the shirt and pulled out another one. His eyebrows furrowed as this shirt displayed the same atrocity. Shiny, glass-like rhinestones dotted the shirt where his usual plain white buttons sat. He placed it back into the wardrobe with a slam.

"Not my buttons! Not my plain, white buttons!"

Grabbing his frockcoat, he pulled it out. His face fell. His perfectly black buttons had also been replaced with the garish atrocity known as rhinestones.

"Not my buttons! Not my drab, black buttons!" The frockcoat dropped to the floor as Severus clenched his fists. A sneer came over his face.

"Who would have done this! Who would have had the unmitigated gall to turn me into some lounge singer?"

A sudden call from his fireplace distracted Severus from his rant. He wandered over to see who was disturbing him so early. Albus Dumbledore's face shone from the flames.

"Ah, Severus. I need to speak with you immediately. Hurry and dress so we can... chat."

Severus narrowed his eyes as the form of Dumbledore disappeared from his fireplace. *What can that garrulous, old coot want now? And why does he want to discuss whatever it was so early in the morning?*

Rushing back to his wardrobe, he grimaced as he gingerly extracted a white shirt and black frock coat. he dressed quickly. His fatal error was glancing in the mirror.

"For the love of Merlin! I'm hideous!" He shook his head and scowled. "No time to think about that." He spun around and hurriedly left the room.

As he quickly made his way through the hallways, he got some strange looks. *When I find out just who did this to me, there will be hell to pay!*

He made his way up the spiral stairway and entered the Headmaster's office without knocking.

"What is it, Headmaster?" he asked.

Albus took one look at him and smirked. Severus saw his lips quiver. He began to glower as Dumbledore's smirk slowly turned into giggles which then emerged into gales of laughter.

"I find nothing humorous about this situation, Dumbledore. Someone obviously is looking to end their life before it's time."

Albus stifled his laughter. "You wouldn't dare kill me, Severus!"

Snape growled. "You! What... what is the *meaning* of this?!"

"April Fool's, Severus!"

Severus furiously made his way to the edge of the Headmaster's desk. He bent over so he could look Dumbledore in the eye.

"It's September, you daft excuse for a wizard! Have all those lemon drops gone to your head?"

The smile dropped from Albus' face. "Oh..." He gazed off into the space beyond Severus' left ear. "I suppose it is..."

Severus' fist hit Dumbledore's desk. The resounding bang made the old man jump.

"Change. Back. My. Clothes," Severus said in a murderous tone.

"Ahem... Quite right. Sorry about that, son."

With a flick of his wand, Severus' clothes were returned to normal. He looked down and nodded his approval. Looking back to Albus, he glared at him.

"I'm not your son!" he growled before wheeling around and exiting the office. The door slammed so hard that some of the portraits in the room rattled.

Albus gazed at the door for a minute before muttering to himself. "He didn't even have a lemon drop..."

The End

*A/N: Prompt by peppermint: Snape is getting dressed one morning and finds that all his plain buttons have been swapped for rhinestone ones. Who is responsible? Why did they do it? What does he do about it?*