

# Paparazzi

*by emerald\_sparrow*

Hermione will do anything to make Severus Snape hers, even if she has to go to extremes and become his personal paparazzi. A songfic with slightly dark humor.

## Paparazzi

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione will do anything to make Severus Snape hers, even if she has to go to extremes and become his personal paparazzi. A songfic with slightly dark humor.

**Disclaimer: I do not own anything from the Harry Potter series by J.K. Rowling, nor do I own the song "Paparazzi" by Lady GaGa. I'm not looking for any profit from this madness I call a story.**

*Author's Note: Yes, I'm fully aware not everything about the song translates well, but I just had this funny idea for a songfic this weekend and couldn't resist writing it. Many thanks to my Beta, Cheryl, who was a godsend!*

*\*~~\**

*We are the crowd, we're c-coming out*

*Got my flash on it's true, need that picture of you*

*It's so magical,*

*We'd be so fantastical*

It was the annual Grand Feast for the war heroes, but this one was special. It was the tenth anniversary of the defeat of Voldemort, and the Ministry of Magic had gone full-out with everything from the decorations, right down to the red carpet lining the walk up the stairs into the venue.

Hermione, of course, was accompanying Harry and Ron on the red carpet. Though Ginny was married to Harry, the Ministry officials wanted the original trio to go in last, in spectacular grandeur, complete with golden sparks above their heads as they made their way down the long red carpet. While they sat in the limo awaiting their moment, Ron speaking rapidly about how his severely good-looking date hadn't been able to attend, Hermione only had thoughts of one man.

Severus Snape.

He was to enter right before them, for Harry had spread the news of his heroism throughout the entire Wizarding community, and he was a relative rock star, second only to the Golden Trio.

Hermione couldn't wait to see him, to ask for a dance, to flirt with him outrageously. This was her chance to make her fantasies become reality, and damned if she was leaving the event without his heart held captive.

*Leather and jeans, garage glamorous,*

*Not sure what it means, but this photo of us*

*It don't have a price, ready for those flashing lights,*

*'Cause you know that baby I...*

The door opened, and Hermione exited the long Ministry car that had been provided for them. Out behind her came Harry, and then Ron, as a hundred flashes blinded them. Hermione tried to keep her smile up as she craned her neck around to search for the elusive Snape. Through the blinding flashes she could see the outline of a tall figure in black, and she smiled mischievously.

Of course he was wearing his usual black. And he was so delicious that way. Hermione had never seen him in anything but the color black, and she wasn't sure she wanted to, unless he was wearing nothing at all.

Harry's arm slipped around her waist, and they all posed prettily for the picture before Hermione started moving forward, people taking individual pictures of her. An idea suddenly formed in her head, and she grabbed the nearest camera man, whispered something in his ear, and she broke away briefly from her two best friends.

She tapped cautiously at Snape's shoulder, and he turned with a scowl, which didn't ease as he spotted her. She didn't pay attention, but pointed to the camera man she'd whispered to, grabbed his forearm, and smiled brightly at him. The picture was taken, and she dropped her former professor's arm, gazing up at him with hunger in her eyes.

Snape turned away, still scowling, and Ron stepped up to her side, waving at other flashes as he put an arm around Hermione's shoulders. She smiled, and smiled some more, and yet they still had half of the red carpet to go. She looked longingly up ahead, watching Snape stop at certain points as a Ministry official begged his attention, taking pictures with important people lined up on the side of the walkway.

*I'm your biggest fan I'll follow you until you love me,*

*Papa-paparazzi,*

*Baby there's no other superstar you know that I'll be your*

*Papa-paparazzi*

She'd thought about him for so long. She wanted him, wanted him more than she'd ever wanted anyone or anything in her entire life. Every day she sat next to him at the Head Table, telling him about her Charms work, the projects she thought Potions might play a prominent role in, and every day he sneered at her. Minerva had even confessed that he'd begged to sit elsewhere, or take his meals in his private quarters. Hermione smiled with satisfaction when she remembered Minerva's refusal to allow him to move.

This night, things would change. It was a special day. Ten years of peace in the Wizarding world... ten years of war in her heart. Tonight, she wouldn't take "no" for an answer. His eyes begged her to touch him, even if the derision he showed her was a complete rejection.

*Promise I'll be kind, but I won't stop until that boy is mine,*

*Baby you'll be famous chase you down until you love me,*

*Papa-paparazzi*

Her mind reeled as she took yet another picture with Harry and Ron, her face feeling numb. She'd rather be taking pictures with Snape. He was the biggest hero of them all in her eyes. Harry had defeated Voldemort, yes, but only with Snape's generous and most dangerous help.

Vaguely, she thought of hexing him and giving him no choice in the matter. But she wanted it to be his choice, wanted him to choose to love her, wanted him to accept that he would be hers.

Snapped out of her thoughts by Ron as he offered her his hand at the foot of the steps, she ascended into the building the Ministry had created in a secret place for the huge event taking place. She grasped the fabric at her thighs so her feet were unrestrained.

Upon entering, her eyes sought the Potions master out again. He was holding a glass of wine with one hand while his other was behind his back, and he was talking to Minerva with an unhappy expression on his face.

*I'll be your girl, backstage at your show,*

*Velvet ropes and guitars, yeah 'cause you're my rock star,*

*In between the sets, eyeliner and cigarettes,*

Soon enough, he would be talking to her, those black eyes boring into hers. And she would tell him, then. She would let her heart free and tell him how much she loved him, even if he was a mean bastard with bad teeth. She would tell him how she'd picked out this dress to entice him, and tamed her hair for him, and she intended that he show her how much he liked it.

*Shadow is burnt, yellow dance and we turn,*

*My lashes are dry, purple teardrops I cry,*

*It don't have a price, loving you is cherry pie*

*'Cause you know that baby I...*

And she wouldn't accept his rejection tonight. It was out of the question. Though, if he did reject her, and if she had to go to drastic measures, at least she had remembered to wear the magical mascara that doesn't run and keeps her lashes dry. He wouldn't see her weakness tonight, only the hard, courageous Gryffindor inside of her.

Feeling rather in control of the situation, she joined Ginny over at the square table the ministry had set up especially for them on the opposite side of the dance floor than the rest of the linen-covered round tables. The placeholders said, "Ron Weasley," "Ginevra Potter," "Harry Potter," "Hermione Granger," and "Severus Snape." Hermione started at the placeholder next to hers. It was perfect. It was a sign Fate was in league with her tonight.

*I'm your biggest fan I'll follow you until you love me,*

*Papa-paparazzi,*

*Baby there's no other superstar you know that I'll be your*

*Papa-paparazzi*

*Promise I'll be kind, but I won't stop until that boy is mine,*

*Baby you'll be famous chase you down until you love me,*

*Papa-paparazzi*

Snape sat down beside her, but didn't once look her way. She knew he was uncomfortable; she knew everything about him. Severus Snape hated the spotlight. He didn't feel he was a hero, and he didn't understand why the Wizarding world viewed him that way. They would all be dead if not for his heroics. And Hermione wanted to thank him so powerfully he wouldn't doubt it... with her heart, and with her body.

Glancing at him from out of the corner of her eye, she used her elbow to knock his fork from the table as the food appeared on their plates.

"Oops," she said by way of apology, and by his scornful look she knew he didn't appreciate it. She didn't care, though. His dark head swooped down in between their seats, and she bent over him just a tad, so that when he came back up he found her whale bone-accentuated breasts in his face. She smirked when his eyes widened, pausing on his way up as his eyes caressed them. He was a man, and all heterosexual men were the same in not being able to resist a pair of perky breasts, even if this man pretended to be a prude.

Harry decided to ask Hermione a question then, and she sighed as the moment was broken and she turned toward him to answer. Ginny then took her attention by complimenting her dress for the third time that evening, stating how black certainly suited her. Hermione didn't think it was the black as much as it was the back. It was low cut not only in the front, but in the back as well, and the sequins scattered across it glittered in the low light of the room. In fact, they resembled a certain man's glittering black eyes.

Hermione ate in silence, but she glanced at Snape whenever she could. She could feel the heat radiating off his body in waves. He was so close, yet so far away it seemed. But not for long. No, she would have him tonight.

*Real good, we dance in the studio,*

*Snap, snap to that shit on the radio*

*Don't stop, for anyone,*

*We're plastic but we still have fun!*

The aging, but still-talented Celestina Warbeck came to stand in front of their table, her voice magically amplified as she began singing a song for the heroes. Harry took Ginny's hand and led her to the dance floor, and Ron looked at Hermione expectantly. She didn't meet his inquisitive gaze if he couldn't be a man and ask her properly, she wasn't going to give him the pleasure of dancing with her and instead turned to Snape.

"Dance with me," she said, and even though her voice was gentle, the command in her tone was like steel, a mixture Snape didn't seem to be able to oppose.

They rose, and he held her hand as they strolled to the dance floor. With a small smile, Hermione wrapped her arms around his neck and, following her lead, though somewhat puzzled, he placed both his hands on her waist. Their bodies molded inch for inch, and they simply swayed in place.

*I'm your biggest fan I'll follow you until you love me,*

*Papa-paparazzi,*

*Baby there's no other superstar you know that I'll be your*

*Papa-paparazzi*

Others joined the dance floor after that, but Hermione only had eyes for the man whose arms she was in. Her fingers lightly massaged his nape, and she beamed up at him, even though he refused to look into her eyes.

As the song came to an end, Snape tried to disentangle himself from her, but she refused to let him go.

*Promise I'll be kind, but i won't stop until that boy is mine,*

*Baby you'll be famous chase you down until you love me,*

*Papa-paparazzi*

"Unhand me, Hermione," he forced out, his hands like steel bands prying her arms away from him.

Hermione frowned. It wasn't supposed to be like this, but she would do it the hard way if she had to.

"I'm afraid I can't do that, Severus," she murmured. She briefly thought of casting the Imperius Curse on him and, for a second, couldn't believe she was considering Unforgivables just so she could ensnare Snape. No. There were other ways.

The crowd around them was so large now; no one would notice wand work. She extracted her wand quickly from inside her dress, where it had rested against her side.

"*Tarantallegra*," she said in a low voice, and Snape was forced to keep dancing. As an important afterthought, she added, "*Silencio*." She put her arms around him again and led him in the direction of the door, dancing until they reached the foyer. She cast the counter-spell to stop his dancing and pushed him into an alcove.

"*Incarcerous!*" she exclaimed as he reached for her in anger, and his hands became bound. She pushed him back in the darkness of the niche she'd chosen, breathing heavily.

"Severus," she said breathlessly, looking into his eyes as she held onto one of his shoulders. "I love you. I want you so badly." She leaned against him and slid her hand down his front, cupping the semi-hardness she found there. Somewhat relieved that at least his body wasn't adverse, she continued, "I'm sorry, but I can't let you go this time. You're mine. And I won't release you until you acknowledge it. I love you so much."

She was pressing kisses to his jaw now, her fingers working at the fly to his trousers. His breathing was rapid now, as was hers. She looked up at him just before she grabbed hold of his velvety shaft, stroking him up and down and back again as she began sucking on his neck.

He bucked then, and Hermione stopped her ministrations, her eyes imploring.

"You have something you wish to say?" she asked lightly, innocently, her eyes sparkling. At his curt nod, she counter-spelled her Silencing Charm and waited patiently.

He breathed heavily for a few moments more, but when his eyes met hers, they were filled with ferocity.

"Dammit, woman. If you wanted a marriage proposal so badly, you could've told me this morning in bed, instead of going to these extremes." His voice was slightly amused, but censure rang clear in his tone.

Hermione's answering impish grin and innocent shrug caused him to shake his head and smirk.

With a heavy sigh, he held up his bound wrists. "Release me, then, and I'll get on one knee and do it properly."