

Why Can't Ghosts Cast Crucio?

by blue artemis

Ghost!Bella decides to matchmake for Severus and Hermione but the results are not what she expected.

Why Can't Ghosts Cast Crucio?

Chapter 1 of 1

Ghost!Bella decides to matchmake for Severus and Hermione but the results are not what she expected.

I'm bored. I'm filled with boredom. What should I do? My snake-man has said I wore him out after that last bout of ectoplasm exchange, so I need to find something else to do. I know! I will haunt someone. But who? Hmmm, I know! One of my sisters... Bloody hell! I didn't need to see that! Narcissa, really, you want to be married to a man who wears better-looking leather corsets to bed than you do? Andi, Andi... Bugger! I didn't need to see that, either! Although, I can see what she sees in the Minister now. Bwah ha ha ha! Who else do I know? Little Drakey! AAAAAAGGGGGHHHHHHHHH! My eyes! Just how many people were in that bed? It looked like a revel gone wrong--they were way too happy. I wonder what the rest of the Wizarding world would think of their savior in bed with my nephew, that ginger girl and well, I guess that was it, but there were an awful lot of limbs. Someone else, someone else... I know! Snapey! Oooh, Snapey, what are you doing?

Severus Snape was not having a good day. He had just finished his newest scar-removing potion, and it worked brilliantly on the scars left by Nagini and various others left by his previous lifestyle. But the newest international regulations required at least three test subjects, other than the Potions master in question, to verify results and grant a patent. Who would bloody be willing to have their scars photographed before and after?

Bella blew a cold breath across the back of Severus's neck, making him shiver. Well, that was not so interesting. *Who else can I haunt? I know! That Mudblood! She was a feisty one.*

Hermione Granger was not having a good day. The glamour charm failed on her various scars just as she was about to walk down the aisle for her cousin's wedding, in a rather revealing bridesmaid dress, so giving in to the contingency plan, she switched with her cousin who was going to do the readings. Her dress looked like Minerva McGonagall picked it out. She really needed to find someone who had some potions to remove scars ready for testing; because after paying off Gingotts, she was broke.

Bella slowly ran her finger up her beautiful carvings on Hermione's arm, making her jump and look around. *Hee! Watching that glamour come off was fun! I know, I should get Severus to fix her up, then they can get together and populate the world with children who have horrible hair, too many brains and no friends! But how am I going to get Severus to do what I want? Why can't ghosts cast Crucio?*

Severus Snape had survived Nagini's bite and disappeared after accepting his Order of Merlin, First Class. He had a small mail-order potions business that kept him in the manner that he had become accustomed to, in the sense that he was busy and didn't have to deal with dunderheads. It seemed that in a fit of remorse, Albus Dumbledore willed Severus all of the patents he had turned over to the headmaster during his tenure at Hogwarts. Considering this was how Dumbledore had funded the Order and kept himself in flamboyant robes, it was a considerable amount of Galleons, both saved and as royalties. He didn't have to work, but he enjoyed it. To take his mind off of the difficulties of getting new testers, he sat down to read the *Daily Prophet* classifieds. After a couple of minutes of perusing the rather ridiculous personals, he realized that there were a fair number of ads for test subjects. Quite a few came from WWW, but Severus decided to place an ad of his own.

How do I make him get the little Mudblood over here? What is that he is writing? Let me get closer. Oooh, an ad! A little plebian like the Mudblood will certainly throw

herself at just about anything to get rid of those scars. And it was such lovely work I did. Pity. Bella danced delightedly around the lab, making the flames under the cauldron almost go out.

Hermione was starting to get desperate. No one wanted to date a girl with that many scars. She and Ron never got that far, and when she told him about Seamus's remark that he didn't find Frankenstein's monster attractive, nipping that romance in the bud, she was quite pleased when Seamus sported a black eye for over two months. If Seamus flinched any time he saw ginger hair after that, well, too bad for him. She had a great business going, creating personal wards for people and breaking wards for Gringotts, but seeing as she just finished her last payment to the bank for the damages she helped incur while breaking in there, well, it was a problem. She also needed to find a Potions master who was willing to help her finish the ward she was designing for Gringotts that would prevent anyone from doing what she, Ron and Harry had done. She figured to sell it to them for a very steep price. She was reading the *Daily Prophet*, when she noticed the small unobtrusive ad asking for test subjects for scar removal. Then she noticed that it was for HBP Potions, SS proprietor. Only she, Harry and Ron knew why that acronym was funny. She immediately sent an owl. If anyone could get rid of the scars, it was Severus Snape.

Bwah ha ha ha ha! I love it when my plans work. Too bad my snake-man wasn't willing to let me kill the boy. I might have gotten it right. Oooh, can't say that too loudly; I won't get any nookie if he hears me! Hermione shook her head. She could have sworn she heard Bellatrix Lestrange say something about snake men and nookie. It must be the PTSD her parents were worried about.

Severus received the owl from Hermione Granger and smiled. If he could get her scars off, then maybe the Weasleys would follow, then the patent would guarantee more wealth for him. He sent a reply, including a feather as a Portkey, which would activate when she touched it. He had elves that could get any of her necessities for her later.

Oooh, Snapey, I didn't know you could be so decisive and masterful. Maybe I will have to try you out when you get here! Severus was quite certain someone walked over his grave at that moment.

Hermione appeared just as Severus was shaking off the effects of Bella's enthusiasm.

"You too? Do you think maybe we need an exorcist?"

"There are plenty of spells to send a spirit off to where they belong, Miss Granger. We don't need a priest. Anyway, you can usually see ghosts. I'm not too certain what is going on with this one. You said you were willing to have your scars documented then removed. Can we get started?"

"I think if you are going to do that, you should call me Hermione. My scars are a bit intimate." Then she mumbled under her breath, "At least you will be willing to touch me, even if it is for a study."

Severus looked thoughtfully at the beautiful witch standing in front of him with her eyes downcast.

"You are a lovely witch. I don't see how a few scars can put anyone off."

"I gave up trying after the first three. That is why I want the scars gone. Not even a friend was willing to go any further than to see what I look like without clothes."

"Would that be Mr. Finnegan of the perpetually black eye?"

"Yes."

"So, Mr. Potter got revenge for you?"

"No, Ron did."

"Mr. Weasley, really?"

"Yes, he and I are good friends, and he's grown up very well since the war. He didn't mind my scars, but we never could get very far without giggling madly. We gave up. But he didn't like Seamus being such a prat, so he punched him in the eye every Friday for two months."

"Amazing."

"What is, sir?"

"Severus. And if I were still at Hogwarts, I'd be having an issue because I would take points from Mr. Finnegan for being an arse, but every punch of Weasley's would earn points, but they are in the same house, so yet another reason I'm glad I'm no longer associated with the place."

Crucio the lot of them!

"Severus, I think I have PTSD."

"Why, Hermione?"

"Because I could swear I'm hearing Bellatrix Lestrange."

"Hmm. Well, let us see what we can do about your scars, shall we?"

Hermione went behind a screen and took off her clothing. She took the wrap he had provided and wound it low around her hips so he could see the end of the scar caused by Dolohov in the Department of Mysteries. She took a deep breath, gathered her courage and walked out.

So, Snapey, do you know what real titties look like? Bwah ha ha ha ha! Bella flitted around Severus like an annoying gnat.

Severus looked up as Hermione walked out, bravely showing her scars, a large one bisecting her chest, from between her magnificent breasts, curving around her belly to her hip; of course there were the knife wounds and carvings from the torture Bella did at Malfoy Manor and just a few from being in a battle.

"Goddess."

"What?"

"How anyone could look at you and just see the scars is absolutely beyond me. You are stunning."

Hermione smiled, then walked toward him and dropped the wrap. "Why don't you show me what you mean."

Severus pulled the little witch toward him, then reverently ran his hands over all of her body before kissing her thoroughly. She went with him to his bedroom willingly, thankful that someone wanted her just as she was, and really, she had a crush on Severus since her fifth year. Severus picked her up and put her on the bed lovingly.

"Are you certain you want this, witch? I'm a possessive man. I won't be willing to let you go after this."

"Yes, I'm certain. And I don't want to share, either. That voice and those hands are going to be mine."

Severus's smile turned a bit predatory as he eased his way up the bed to the willing witch.

No! No! I don't want to see that! No! Hey! Really! It isn't fair! I never knew you were so good in bed! Damn it, where is my snake man when I need him?

Severus did manage to get rid of Hermione's scars, as well as Bill and George Weasley's. He got his patent and his witch.

Bliss! I hate bliss! Especially when it isn't mine! You were supposed to be miserable together with horrid children. This is not what I wanted! Listen to me, damn it!

Hermione walked out, pointed her wand at the cold space in the room and said, *Malum Phasmatis Genitus!*"

Oh, no! I'm melting! Mellltting...

"For Merlin's sake, Hermione. I knew we shouldn't have let Bella watch movies with the children."

Prompt: The ghost of Bellatrix LeStrange gives her point of view concerning the developing relationship between SS/HG since her death. We know Bella tortured Hermione and it would be interesting if she haunts SS/HG occasionally, or even caused SS/HG to be together.

Many thanks to my beta, Southern_Witch_69!

Malum Phasmatis Genitus: Go away, evil spirit!