

Slytherin Tactics

by sunny33

Lucius decides Severus needs a makeover.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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“Severus, we need to talk.”

“Now, Lucius? Can it not wait until I’ve finished this?”

“Now. You have plenty of opportunity to read my books. Merlin knows you spend all your time in the library when you visit anyway.”

“I wouldn’t need to if you hadn’t placed that damned charm preventing anyone removing the books from the room.”

“It was necessary at the time. And still necessary or half of my collection would be in the Hogwarts dungeons by now.”

“What are you implying?”

“That some people prefer their property to remain in their possession. Never mind, that’s not what I wish to discuss.”

“Very well. Do enlighten me, Lucius. What has ruffled your coiffure today?”

“Is my hair out of place? Where? Why didn’t you say anything before?”

“Calm down, man. It’s just an expression.”

“Oh. That’s a relief. For a moment there—”

“Lucius! What do you want?”

“Ah, yes. It’s somewhat delicate, but Narcissa and I have decided something needs to be done.”

“About what, exactly?”

“About you, my friend. Look at you, all lank hair, pale skin, and dreary, black garments. And your teeth, dear boy, are appalling. How can you possibly expect to attract a suitable witch if you don’t make an effort?”

“I don’t suppose it ever occurred to you I may not be interested in *asuitable* witch. Of course, you have yet to define suitable.”

“Suitable for a wizard of your standing in the community, Severus. A witch from a respected family with the appropriate connections... and attributes.”

"Respected? I assume you mean pureblood. I thought you had realised that attitude was no longer tenable in the current political environment."

"Of course. I'm not entirely without intelligence. However, some families are still superior to most, with solid bloodlines and financial independence. It's not to be sniffed at."

"So, Ginevra Weasley is out then. I'm sure your son will be pleased not to have the competition."

"Draco? What are you suggesting?"

"Only that you should tend to your own affairs before interfering with mine."

"I shall take the matter up with Draco later. But you will not distract me. The ball we are hosting next weekend will be crucial to our acceptance back into society. And what better opportunity for you to seek a witch to warm your bed?"

"Or perhaps a wizard?"

"Severus! I know perfectly well you don't incline in that direction."

"Perhaps I just don't incline in your direction, Lucius. Oh, don't pout; I was only amusing myself at your expense, which is surprisingly easy to do. No, I'm not interested in men. Happy?"

"So, back to the issue of your appearance. Narcissa has engaged the services of a very reputable and discreet style-wizard. He is prepared to see you at nine tomorrow morning."

"And should I prefer not to be *styled*?"

"Severus, I implore you. Give the man a chance. Narcissa would be mortified if she had to owl the man and cancel after the effort she made to obtain his attention. For her sake..."

"Oh, for Merlin's sake. If it will stop you whining, I'll go. Just don't expect me to enjoy it."

"Who's that over there?"

"Where?"

"That dark-haired wizard talking to Granger. I don't remember seeing him anywhere before."

"Oooh. He's tasty. In a dark, brooding way. Far too sexy for that dried-up bookworm. Let's go and rescue him."

"Lead the way, Daphne. What's she doing here anyway? Hardly the right type for a Malfoy soiree."

"I heard she and Draco work together at the Ministry. Mind you, his choice of friends has been a little dubious since you broke up with him. It's a wonder his father allows it!"

"Hello there, gorgo— um, Professor Snape? Is that you?"

"I believe it is, Miss Parkinson. Is there a problem?"

"No. No problem. We... um... just... um... wanted to say hello, didn't we, Daphne?"

"Yes. That was it. Hello. Must go. Come on, Pans!"

"That was odd. Do women often do that to you?"

"Only when I'm teaching, usually."

"That goes without saying. Your teaching style was always... abominable."

"I prefer unique. But these women are somewhat annoying. They seem to have lost the ability to formulate complete sentences."

"Wouldn't have anything to do with your newly silky hair, dewy skin, or form-fitting, rakish clothes, by any chance?"

"Et tu, Hermione?"

"Don't worry; you'll have to do better than that to fool me, Severus. I know you're still a foul-tempered, sarcastic bastard."

"Thank Merlin for that. But will you stop ogling my arse? It's quite disconcerting."

"It's not a bad arse. Pity you cover it up with those robes all the time. Doesn't make up for your personality though. Oh, look out; here comes another one!"

"Oooh, Severus, you look... I didn't realise... Must catch up sometime... Do owl me."

"See what I mean?"

"You know what you need to do, don't you?"

"Indeed. I'll be back in five minutes."

"That's much better. Now your looks match your demeanour. A quick glare around the room should see off the rest of them. There you go; worked like a charm."

"I'm not sure the amount of satisfaction you're taking in that is appropriate, Hermione."

"Let's discuss what's appropriate in the library, shall we, Severus? After I investigate that fine arse of yours further."

"If you insist. I've always admired your thoroughness in research."

"I think our work here is done, Lucius."

"Severus was always blinded by his own assumptions. He only needed a nudge in the right direction."

"A dozen or so unwanted admirers certainly provided the right encouragement."

"You always have been as devious as you are beautiful, my love."

A/N: Saturday Night Drabble prompt from RoseoftheWest: Lucius decides Severus needs a makeover.

1) What was the precipitating event?

2) What was the actual makeover like?

3) What happened next?

Many thanks to my beta, karelia.