

The Severus Doll

by ancientgirl

Severus suffers an interesting accident and it's all Neville's fault.

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 1

Severus suffers an interesting accident and it's all Neville's fault.

Many a night when I have wanted one of these for my very own. This is a two chapter story but I am posting them at the same time in this one chapter.

All canon characters are the property of JKR. I am just playing with them.

Thanks to June, my ever diligent beta.

Chapter one

To say Severus Snape was not a lucky man would have been the understatement of the millennium. Not only had he spent the last twenty years putting his life on the line spying for the Order, but he also spent the last six and a half years having to keep watch over Harry bloody Potter. So it was no surprise to him, that just after his last class of the week, he was the victim of a Transfiguration accident. And yes, it had naturally been at the hands of the one, the only, Neville Longbottom.

Severus was walking to the Herbology greenhouse to gather some ingredients for a potion he had been working on. The ingredient was nothing special, really ... just some baby's breath. Little did he realize that the minute he came round the corner, he would encounter the Golden Trio and Neville Longbottom, who were practicing a spell needed for their Transfiguration quiz that afternoon. The students were to change a hard object into something soft. Harry had managed to turn a pine cone into a rose with soft petals. Ron hadn't fared too well in turning a twig into a lump of clay. Hermione, of course, easily changed a rock into a ball of cotton.

It was now Neville's turn. He pointed his wand at his book, but ... at the exact moment he was uttering the spell ... Ron bumped into him; and as Neville fell his wand pointed straight to Professor Snape, who had at that moment rounded the corner. The Trio had been so caught up in picking up poor Neville from the ground and laughing at Ron's clumsiness, that they did not notice the object on the ground. After Neville tried the spell on his book several more times, he finally managed to turn his book into a pillow. As the Gryffindors congratulated each other, they decided they were ready for their quiz and began to walk away. Hermione decided to stay for a while longer, wanting to enjoy Madam Sprout's small garden and bid the boys goodbye. It was several minutes later that she noticed something odd out of the corner of her eye. She rose and walked towards what looked like a doll.

She looked down at the doll on the ground and smiled. It was the most adorable thing she had ever seen, and it looked just like Professor Snape. She bent down and picked it up. She cradled it in her arms like a baby. Unbeknownst to her, it was not a doll, but the very man she thought it looked like.

Severus couldn't believe his luck. There he was, minding his own business. He was quite eager to get to his private lab and begin working on a new potion he was developing for headache relief, when he was hit by Longbottom's wayward spell. He was lying on the ground, looking up at the sky, thinking how he had never wanted to kill anyone as much as he wanted to kill the boy.

'And to think, here I expected I would have at least died a gallant death in service to the Order. Now, I'll probably be trampled by these dunderheads on their way to class. Can this day get any worse?' Severus immediately thought. After several minutes of lying on the ground, he noticed Hermione walking towards him. He tried to move and talk, but realized in his present form there was nothing he could do, except simply lie there. Hermione stood over him, and he noticed her smiling. Could it be that she knew it was really him? He had been listening to the four students, just before the boys left, and they had apparently not even seen him. It had taken Neville several tries to get his spell correct, so he gathered they had not seen him to begin with. No, he thought, she didn't know it was him.

"What a lovely likeness," said Hermione, as she traced the outline of Severus' doll head. She then brought him to her face and cuddled his small body. "Oh, and you're so soft, too. I think I'll keep you for myself. I wonder if you belong to someone?" Severus hated to be touched, much less cuddled. But when she brought him to her face and snuggled him into her neck, he began to feel lightheaded.

'If I'm going to die,' he thought, *'I may as well die in the arms of a soft, wonderful smelling, sweet...Ahh, no, bloody hell!'* Had he been able to, he would have thrown his arms in the air and stalked off, with his robes billowing behind him. But now Hermione had him tucked against her breasts, as she walked up to her room.

'If I can't have the real thing, I may as well have a doll Severus,' she said with a smile.

'What did she just say?' thought Severus. *'Well, this may not be so bad after all.'* He allowed himself to take in her scent, and inwardly smiled at the wonderful view he now had. *'No, not bad at all.'*

Chapter two

Hermione walked to her room. She was glad to have been given the Head Girl title in her final year. It meant privacy, which she valued almost as much as learning. When she arrived in her room, she placed her book bag down and sat on the edge of her bed. She lovingly combed back the black hair of her new Severus doll. She noted the softness of it, and wondered how the real Severus' hair would feel. She then noticed it was almost time for her to get to her Transfiguration class, so she carefully placed the Severus doll on her pillow. Crookshanks immediately jumped on top of the bed and began hissing at the doll.

"Oh no you don't, mister!" she picked up Crookshanks and placed him inside her bathroom. "Now you will stay in there until I get back." she told her familiar as she shut the door, and placed a barrier around her bed, just in case Crookshanks got out. She didn't want him tearing apart her new doll. She then picked up her book bag and left.

'Fucking furball,' thought Severus. He was glad she had placed the cat inside the bathroom. Now that he was alone, he decided to see if he could at least do some wandless magic. He tried to move his arms and his legs but could not. He was, however, able to levitate himself enough to set himself higher up on the pillows that Hermione had placed him upon. He could better see the room as well as the door. Her room was decorated quite nicely, he noted. He half expected it to be the horrendous color combination of red and gold. But, to his immense surprise, it was mainly decorated in very tasteful shades of green and burgundy. He decided he liked it very much.

As he lay there, he pondered on Hermione's earlier comment. She had said that if she could not have the real thing, then she would have a doll Severus. He had no idea she thought of him in that manner. She obviously had some feelings for him, that much he could tell. He would certainly take advantage of that information once he was back to normal. Then again, who knew if he ever would get back to normal. Egads, he hadn't thought of that. What if that twat Lonbottom fucked up the spell, and it never wore off? Severus had spent some time thinking about the spell the students had been practicing. It was apparently a form of the *Conlabefacto spell*. What he was not sure about was whether it would wear off on its own, or would someone have to perform the reverse spell.

He wondered how long it would take for anyone to realize he was missing. The war had ended before the school year began, so there were no Death Eater meetings at which he could have been killed. He also never left the Hogwarts grounds without at least informing someone, a habit he had picked up during all those years of spying. He always wanted someone to know that if he was not back in a reasonable amount of time, that meant he would not be coming back at all. So what would everyone think now? His head was beginning to hurt. What if he had to spend the rest of his life in this form? Before he could think more on the subject, Hermione walked through the door. Apparently, he had been thinking on his current situation longer than he thought, since it seemed she had finished with her day's classes.

She waved her wand towards the bed, and brought down the barrier she had placed when she left. She then let Crookshanks out of the bathroom, only to open the door of her room and usher him out unceremoniously. She walked to the bed and looked at her new doll.

"That's odd; I was sure you were lower on the bed than that." She shrugged her shoulders and kissed the tip of his little nose, then took off her robe. As she slowly began to remove her clothing, Severus wondered if there was any other part of his body that couldn't be moved. It would prove to be severely embarrassing if she turned to look at him and saw he had a raging erection. He managed to move his eyes down slightly to the area in question, and was relieved to find no protruding doll-sized penis.

'Thank the gods for little favors. Well, maybe not so little,' he thought.

He could now settle back and enjoy the show in front of him. She had taken off her robe, and he was quite surprised to find that Miss Granger had filled out quite nicely. Never in a million years would he have imagined she looked like that underneath those robes. Next came her tie, followed by her shirt.

'Merlin help me, I may just have a heart attack right here,' he thought. She didn't have huge breasts, but he gathered they were quite an ample handful, and those nipples would fit into his mouth nicely. *'Stop it, Severus. She's your student,'* he berated himself.

Just before Hermione took off her skirt, she turned around and faced the Severus doll. She smiled wickedly, and had he been able to, Severus would have been sweating bullets about that time.

"Hello, Professor," she said seductively as her fingers played with her waistband, "Do you like what you see?"

'BLOODY HELL YES!' he thought.

She laughed, and took hold of her zipper and slowly pulled it down. She then turned around and bent over as she slid the skirt down her body. She wore the tiniest panties he had ever seen. She turned around and reached behind her, and unhooked her bra. She licked her lips and leaned onto the edge of the bed as she caressed one breast with her hand.

"Mmm, do you know what you do to me? Every time you open your mouth, that voice of yours makes me wet." She then stood up and lowered her panties, giving him a view her thick patch of curls. "I wish you were real, I wish you were him. What would you do if you knew how much I wanted you?"

'If I could take a flying leap right now, I would dive into that and not come up for air for two days' Severus was going crazy. He wanted to crawl all over every inch of her and worship her body. He decided at that moment that, if he got out of this, he would make her his. He was already one up on any competition he might have, in that she already wanted him.

She crawled towards him naked, and he burned the image in his head, just in case he never saw it again. She reached out to him and took hold of him. She turned onto her back and held the doll Severus over her briefly, and then turned onto her side. She placed him next to her on his back, as she began to examine his little outfit. She was awed at the workmanship of his clothes. Whoever made this small doll certainly did a fabulous job. The robes, the frock coat, the pants with the buttons at the bottom, even the small boots ... all an exact scale replica of the real Professor Snape's outfit.

After playing with her new toy for several minutes, she got up and went into the bathroom to shower. She decided that, instead of going to the Great Hall for dinner, she would stay in her room and get all of her homework done. As she sat studying at her desk, she wondered what Professor Snape was doing. *'Probably working on some research,'* she thought. It was normal for him to disappear after his last class on Fridays. He would regularly spend most of his weekend inside his private quarters. After the war ended, Dumbledore stopped insisting he be present at all the meals. Severus had earned his private time.

* * * * *

As he lay on his back, he also noticed that there was a very warm and very naked Hermione Granger sprawled on top of half his body. He then decided to throw caution to the wind and began to run his hands up the arm she had thrown across his chest. He felt her stir slightly, and she began to move her leg slightly across his now growing erection.

Realizing the object of his attentions had woken up, Severus lifted his eyes. They stared into each other's eyes for what seemed to be hours, yet was only several seconds. To his extreme surprise, she remained quite calm, even after he had released her nipple from his mouth.

"Why Miss Granger, you carried me here. Did you forget?" he asked, as he arched his brow and quirked his lips.

"But, how?" she asked, deeply curious now as to just what the hell was going on.

"We were practicing a spell for Transfiguration," she said as she thought back and remembered Neville being tripped accidentally by Ron, and realized he had done so in the middle of Neville's spell.

"Oh, no. You saw me, um..." Hermione wished for the ground to open up and swallow her, when she realized he had seen her flagrant display of her naked body the evening before, as well as heard all she had said.

With that, Severus proceeded to show Hermione just how much he wanted her as well. They were not seen nor heard from for the rest of that weekend. They secretly spent their weekends together for the rest of the year.

The End.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

Conlabefacto - means "to soften up"