

Courtesy of Your Fairy God-Jarvey

by dracontia

Snape is getting a makeover. Why, you ask? Well, wouldn't you, if offered one by a Fairy God-Jarvey? Inspired by the SexGod!Snape Challenge. (The original Fairy God Jarvey story!)

1: Infernal Intervention

Chapter 1 of 4

Snape is getting a makeover. Why, you ask? Well, wouldn't you, if offered one by a Fairy God-Jarvey? Inspired by the SexGod!Snape Challenge. (The original Fairy God Jarvey story!)

Disclaimer: Not mine by any stretch of the imagination-just nicked 'em quietly from JKR's purse when she wasn't looking, and I'll lick them clean and slip them back in at the first opportunity. Gotta claim some responsibility for the critter, though I'm not paying anyone she's bitten. She's had all her shots.

Thank Southern_Witch_69 and PlaidPooka for issuing the Makeover SexGod!Snape Challenge over at Potter_Place and for inspiring this fic. (If you like it, that is. If you don't like it, forgive them. It's not their fault I can resist everything but temptation.)

Hugs and kisses to all those who voted it into second place! Reggie loves to toss out snarky epithets whilst gazing at the Snape banner that was the prize!

Chapter 1: Infernal Intervention

When Voldemort was finally exterminated like the oversized vermin he was, it would have been difficult to find anyone in the Wizarding world who thought "good riddance" more vehemently than Severus Snape did.

That is not to say he was exactly in a position to **rejoicing**. After all, there was the not inconsequential matter of killing dear old Albus. Which resulted in a trial, surprising acquittal (Dumbledore persisted in saving his arse, even from beyond the grave), followed by a monotonous existence of being haunted by guilt, roundly despised, and generally mistrusted. In other words, déjà vu.

One thing had changed, however. There was no job, teaching Potions to incurable dunderheads, awaiting him this time. Minerva McGonagall, as the new Headmistress of Hogwarts, had tried. But she was no Albus Dumbledore; neither the Board of Governors nor the Ministry was interested in giving Snape *that* much of a second chance based on her good word.

Fine. Bloody *fantastic*, even. The last thing Snape needed was another few decades inhaling the wafting fragrance of 'Eau de Overripe Teenagers' in the morning. Life could only be much better when the air wasn't redolent with angst and pheromones every day.

The only problem was... the air still was. Redolent of angst and pheromones, that is. And because he was essentially alone in his derelict home, he couldn't blame the odor on anyone but himself. Draco came by often, to be sure, but he exuded an air of abject affection and gratitude unbecoming a Malfoy, rather than anything resembling

angst. And he was far too fastidious to go around sporting evidence of his latest conquest in the form of ambient fragrances. Minerva dropped in to see him once in a blue moon, but to her, angst and pheromones were just words in the dictionary.

He would like to blame Miss Granger. She came by at least once every month to pick up the potions he made for St. Mungo's. That reasonably lucrative subcontract (carefully arranged by Narcissa to obscure the actual identity of the brewer and thus circumvent lingering prejudices) kept body and soul together at least. Especially since they had been able to enlist Healer-in-Training Granger as a discreet go-between, obviating the need to pay for someone else's discretion.

He wondered how they had convinced her. Considering their mutual history, he doubted Draco had been able to win her over with charm. Had he or Narcissa made an appeal to her Gryffindor sense of fair play, perhaps? Had they taken advantage of the innate compassion that shone from those luminous, cinnamon brown eyes? Those lovely, honest eyes that never betrayed the least trace of contempt or pity when she arrived at his deplorable residence to retrieve the latest order, then stayed a while to talk intelligently and stimulatingly with a bitter, ugly (and increasingly old) man about the latest journal articles and advances in the field of medical potions, in that sweet, clear, voice of hers...

Yes, he could blame her for the unfortunately familiar aroma in the air...if he were perfectly honest with himself...for inspiring rather than importing it.

But perfect honesty on the subject was hard to come by. Whenever he began pursuing that line of thought, it inevitably resulted in profound depredations against his supply of firewhisky, followed by a halfhearted attempt at undressing (in which he might get as far as removing his shirt, if lucky). It would culminate in a blurry retreat to bed in a decidedly maudlin mood, which is where he was dozing and inwardly bemoaning his fate when a subliminal buzzing alerted him to the presence of an intruder in the house.

Evidently, old habits...as well as the corresponding reflexes...die hard. Within seconds of his wards being tripped, Severus Snape was awake and aiming his wand at...a silver weasel? Wearing... a... pink... tutu?

"What the bloody hell is this?" he snarled, although he suspected excessive alcohol consumption could well have something to do with the bizarre vision on his bedroom rug. At least he wasn't seeing two of them.

The slender creature bristled at him and began berating him in a coarse, snide voice. "Put that wand down, you greasy wanker! I'm your Fairy God-Jarvey. Regina Fletcher's the name, but call me Reggie or I'll bite your scrawny ankle. What the bloody hell did you *think* I was? A hyper-pileous house-elf?"

"There's no such thing as a Fairy God-Jarvey," Snape scoffed. "And you have an...advanced...vocabulary for a Jarvey, in any case."

"Clean out your fucking ears, you old tosser. I...am...your...Fairy...God...**Jarvey**. Journeywoman, First Class, no less. All the powers of a fairy godmother without the poncy pink wings, although the stupid tutu is mandatory when on duty. You plainly don't know shite about the International Fellowship of Fairy Godmothers and Related Gooding Beings. They stopped limiting membership to female fairies about a century ago," she lectured.

"I must have missed the *Daily Prophet's* commemorative issue regarding that momentous decision," he remarked dryly.

"Obviously, considering my capacity as such a very special creature, I am not your gardenvariety gutter mouth," the beast said, preening a little and ignoring his interruption. Rather than sporting a solid bandit's mask of color, Reggie's eyes were surrounded by thin diamonds of pewter fur against her silvery face. Paired with her glittering black eyes, it gave her expression a level of unholy mischief the Weasley twins would envy. And it was all focused on him.

"Oh gods and Merlin...what did I do to deserve this? Wait, don't answer that..." Snape groaned, trying to bury his head in the pillow. "If I'm lucky, you will turn out to be a nightmare. Or an hallucination."

Reggie scampered up on the scuffed headboard and began worrying the pillow with her teeth. "As if a fucking hallucination would trip your wards. The vibrations are really irritating, you know? Why the bleeding hell don't you stop being an ungrateful bastard, and start taking care of that damned noise?"

He peered up at the sharp-eyed creature balefully. It had a point. The hallucination hypothesis wasn't looking promising, and he couldn't very well go back to sleep with the alarm buzzing in his head. Though how the infernal beast could hear his silent alarm was beyond him at that booze-addled moment. He flicked his wand and mumbled the necessary spells to reset the wards.

Reggie uttered a sigh of relief, which turned to a frustrated growl as her quarry rolled over and tried to go back to sleep.

"No, you don't! Listen, arsewipe, you did something...I can't for the life of me imagine what...that convinced the stupid sods in management that you are worthy of our intervention. Maybe it's some sort of post-war issue, but there seem to be a lot of fairy god-thingies getting new assignments lately.

"I don't question it; I pay my union dues, collect my wages, and shift my arse wherever it's assigned. In exchange, I can tap into the amazing powers that are part and parcel of 'the Magik of Faerie.' Right now, my arse is assigned to improve your sorry excuse for a life." She looked him over critically and sniffed. "Looks like I've got my work cut out for me."

"My life would be considerably 'improved' if you would get the hell out of my bedroom, you foul-mouthed rodent," Severus retorted with a sneer. "Besides, life is as good as it gets for me. No Dark Lord, no pending criminal charges, and with the loss of my late, unlamented teaching job, no more students. Everything is just *peachy*."

"Your standards are too sodding low, and sarcasm won't help one damned bit," Reggie scolded.

Suddenly, her face broke into a toothy grin. If she had had fingers, she would have snapped them. "That's the ticket! We need to embark on a program of adjusting your attitude, which absolutely honks in case you weren't aware." The Jarvey circled the wizard on the rumpled quilt, eyeing him as if measuring him for a new frock coat.

"If you don't absent yourself from my rooms in sixty seconds or less, I will adjust *your* attitude with a few well-chosen hexes," he snarled.

"Oooh, anger management is definitely somewhere on the horizon," she simpered. "All right, wanker, perhaps attitude adjustment is a little ambitious at the moment. We'll start with something smaller, like image. Though with that nose, I'm not sure that image qualifies as the 'smaller' problem..."

"OUT!"

The Jarvey was incredibly agile. Not only did she successfully dodge everything that issued from the end of his wand, but she also managed to keep up a steady stream of persuasive patter.

"Now, now, mate, think this through. Are you quite sure there is not one damned thing more you want from life? Are you going to chuck this chance in the bin so quickly? I could do a great deal for you if you'll pull your head out of your arse long enough. Why, I could help you present a completely different face to the world...literally! A face that would ease your way through daily life. You could have a smile that would open doors more surely than that 'Alohombra'...thingy you wizards use, and any pretty little piece of tail you fancied groveling at your feet..."

Evidently this last comment scored a hit, since Snape's next volley was rather poorly aimed. Reggie squealed as she correspondingly miscalculated her dodge and had the hair neatly shaved off the tip of her tail.

"Hit a nerve, did I?" she squeaked. "Some bird in particular you fancy?"

"I have no idea what you are talking about," Snape lied smoothly. Well, pretty smoothly, considering he was still partially pickled and felt as if he'd just been punched in the solar plexus.

Reggie gave him a hard look. "Shite," she said, slowly. "You're fucking well in love already!"

It was too much for him. A tulle-wrapped fur-ball had invaded his closely guarded personal space and was now analyzing his innermost emotions, the ones he hid even from himself. The damned thing had been as unsporting as to do so when he was drunk, maudlin, and at less than optimal cognitive capacity, no less. Snape threw down his wand and rolled back into bed. A muffled moan issued from the pillow. "That's it. I give up. I realize now I didn't survive the war. This is hell, and Satan is a Jarvey in a tutu."

Reggie wasted no time pressing her advantage. She nimbly scrambled back up into the bed and scampered onto his back, bouncing from paw to paw. As Snape stiffened in shock, she growled at him. "Relax, Sir Snark-a-lot. I'm giving you a massage. Your shoulder muscles are a bleeding Gordian Knot."

"WHAT? I don't... Oh! Ohhh... ohhh, right there... mmmph..."

Snape was torn. He really, really needed this. He needed to relax. He needed to be...well, kneaded. But it was profoundly disturbing to feel this good beneath the paws of what was essentially a tapdancing ferret with a filthy mouth.

"That's it," she crooned, as she padded her little paws intensely over a particularly bad spot, "relax, and tell Godmum Reggie all about your troubles. We'll figure out how to win over your lady love."

"It's no use," he moaned indistinctly, his will weakened by the strangely conflicting sensations of exquisite pleasure and deep anxiety. The firewhisky probably had a hand in it as well. Was it perverted to let an animal induce such lovely sensations? "I'm too old, too ugly, and too cranky for her."

"Nah, women like older men," Reggie practically purred. "You know, experience, maturity, flatteringly pervy tendencies, all that. Does she know you well?"

He considered the question calmly, having decided he didn't care whether or not he was a pervert. This felt too damned good to tell the little fur-ball to stop now. He could always blame the alcohol. "Umm... as well as anyone does, I suppose. We converse on a regular basis."

"Then she doesn't have too large a problem with what you so euphemistically term 'cranky,'" Reg retorted, though she kept her voice soothing. "So, it's just looks, then. And really, only from the neck up. Your body's not too bloody bad, gramps, what I can see of it. Leave it to Reggie! I'll make you so handsome, women will be drawn to you like iron filings to one of those big magnets in a Muggle junkyard."

Snape wanted to make some appropriately acidic rejoinder. However, between the relaxing sensations elicited by the Jarvey's magical little paws and a wave of alcohol-assisted hope, his brain quietly surrendered to sleep.

"One last thing, mate...how do you *know* she objects to your bottom-of-the-barrel-mug?" Regina asked. A snore almost seismic in magnitude was the only answer she received. Sighing, she flopped onto the bed beside him and stretched. Taking a moment to study his slimy hair, ghastly complexion, and prodigious proboscis (which evidently made an excellent resonating chamber), she remarked, "Okay; damned stupid question, Reg."

Severus Snape was having a nightmare.

He couldn't move or breathe. Strong hands held him down as taunting voices hurled snide gibberish at him. He was certain he could hear Voldemort laughing maniacally, as Nagini was coming at his face. Someone was holding his mouth open so that the hideous serpent could strike at his jaw. The pain was intense.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHH!" Snape yelled as he rolled out of bed, clutching his jaw. The pain was no dream. What in the name of...

"Sorry, mate. I figured fixing those teeth would be easiest while you were still sloshed and sleeping. I guess the expression 'feeling no pain' is just a bloody expression, after all," a voice squeaked apologetically.

His blurred vision focused and came to rest on the speaker. Silver Jarvey... pink tutu... oh, no.

"It wasn't all a dream," he groaned.

"Of course not, Hippogriff-dung-for-brains. I'm here, I'm real, and I'm going to make you gorgeous," Regina said, with a grin twice as toothy as a shark's, and half as warm.

"I'd settle for you retrieving my hangover potion," he moaned pitifully, head in hands. "Blue vial, second shelf, bathroom cabinet."

He must have emptied more than one bottle from his liquor cabinet. Not even that infernal beast could single-handedly cause this much pain. "Oh, and the green vial, for pain...same shelf," he yelled, wincing at the sound of his own raised voice.

Reggie muttered something about not being a 'fucking golden retriever,' but sauntered off and returned with the appropriate vials, anyway. "Down the hatch, dog breath. Oh, speaking of mouths, why don't you wander over to the mirror and check out the progress I've made, hmm?"

"Progress?" he asked warily.

"I've started straightening those buttercup-colored travesties you call 'teeth.' Honestly, I don't know where the vampire rumors come from. No self-respecting vampire mistreats the tools of his trade like that. Here, let me whiten them a bit..."

"What? Don't point that thing at me!" he warned, dodging as the Jarvey wiggled her hips and whipped her tail in his direction.

"Damn you! Don't move next time. Now I have to fix it."

"Fix what? What have you done?" he asked in alarm, scrambling for the bathroom and a mirror.

"Wait! Wait till I undo it, you tosser..."

Snape wanted to bellow, rage, throw a tantrum that would have done a three-year-old proud, at what he saw in the mirror. But he was a little too gobsmacked at the moment. After all, with such a snow-white, gleaming head of hair, he looked far too much like his own grandfather.

Cursing vehemently, Reggie swarmed up his leg to the basin, then leapt to his shoulder. Murmuring something in a language other than profanity, she restored his jet-black locks.

Fully restored. The untidy wisps of gray that had been intruding were all gone, and the effect would have been impressive had his hairstyle been something other than 'sodden black haystack.' "Full hair repair needs to wait until after eats," the Jarvey grumbled. "I'm not tackling *that* disaster on an empty stomach. Now, just hold still a bit and I'll finish straightening your teeth."

"You're not getting near my mouth again...not if I've been poisoned and you've got the last bezoar on earth. They're fine. Much improved. I'm ever so grateful," Snape said. False simpering was one of his seldom-used but amazingly well-developed talents.

"Would you like a dish with which to catch that sarcasm? Seems a damned shame to let it drip all over the basin when you could bottle it and stick it somewhere," she replied nimbly.

They glared at each other mutually for a few moments. Finally the Jarvey sighed. "All right, you stubborn sod. At least they don't look like a queue what was hit on both ends by Bludgers, anymore. But you have to let me put an enchantment on your toothpaste. It won't work as well as the whitening charm, but it should improve the color from 'putty' to 'ivory.'"

Snape merely grunted at the Jarvey. His teeth were straighter. Maybe he would try the toothpaste, after all. But she blocked his hand as he reached for his toothbrush.

"After breakfast, pendejo," she insisted. "Or lunch, since it's damn near noon."

"Oh, joy. Just what I needed; a furry bilingual barm-pot to save me from myself," he quipped. It would be his luck to run across a Spanish-speaking Jarvey; why had he ever thought it wise to have a working knowledge of the romance languages?

"I appreciate the compliment to my accomplishments, hijo de puta grasosa. It's so much fun to swear in more than one language. Now, you sodden slug. I want to find out how you're abusing those poor should-be-pearlies, so I know how to best counteract it." She scampered to the door, then turned around to stare at him impatiently.

"I am not doing anything in the kitchen bare-chested," he sniffed, rigid with dignity as he began fastening buttons.

"Not even if that hot little bint you're gagging for asks you to?" Reggie queried, suggestively. Some very foul language and at least one hex followed her giggling silver form as she undulated swiftly down the stairs.

Fortunately for Severus Snape, Regina Fletcher's powers did not include an ability to talk with her mouth full. If he squinted towards the corner of the table opposite where the Jarvey was bolting chip butties, he could almost pretend she wasn't there. Unfortunately, she finished decimating her share of breakfast with alarming speed and was soon scampering all over the table, making a very audible and invasive survey of his eating and drinking habits.

"Blech! This tea is so strong, I'm surprised it hasn't swum out of the pot on its own. And do you brew the sodding coffee for a week or just over the weekend?" she asked, grimacing at the beaker.

"A little astringent for you, Reggie?" he purred, silkily. He was beginning to feel more himself. Hail, powers of caffeine. He was quite equal to cutting this nasty little rodent down to size without resorting to gratuitous jinxes.

"Alum is 'a little astringent,' arsehole. This stuff is a fucking liquid black hole. Merlin's hairy arse in a G-string, it's a wonder your face hasn't collapsed on itself. Of course, it goes a long way to explaining your teeth, your expression, and your cheery outlook on life."

"You get out of bed every morning to try teaching generations of genetic miscues on anything weaker than this, and see how far you get," he grouched.

"Seeing as how you don't have to *do that* for a living anymore, that excuse sucks donkey cock. Look, I'll adjust your toothpaste to counteract the worst of this; but long term, you need to seriously cut back on the tall, dark, and staining beverages. Lose the booze too, while you're at it. That hangover relief potion isn't exactly a dental beauty treatment."

With a minimum of profanity (on either side), they managed to ascend the stairs and deal with the toothpaste charm. But a fully-caffeinated and minty-fresh Snape once again felt sufficiently rebellious to balk at the idea of further improvements.

"You can't do a damned thing with my hair. Don't you think I've tried for the better part of three decades? How is a trained stoat supposed to surpass a Potions master, hmmm?" He was feeling and sounding downright waspish...mainly because he hated that the Jarvey had been at least half right, and had gotten his hopes, ever so slightly, up.

Regina sighed, sagging like a limp sausage in a silvered casing. Foolishly taking this as a sign of acquiescence, Severus turned from her and prepared to shave.

The world suddenly shifted. Snape realized it had been very, very stupid to underestimate this Fletcher beast. Flitwick was small and squeaky too, but that didn't mean he couldn't jinx you into the middle of next Thursday.

Snape glared at the Jarvey with his best death-ray stare, set to 'incinerate with extreme prejudice.' Only Regina's amazing fairy powers prevented her from becoming a small, faintly steaming, furry smudge on the bathroom tile.

"This wouldn't be necessary, you colossal prick, if you'd only cooperate," she said, casually. It was really amazing how calm the creature could be, considering she had just disarmed, gagged, and forcibly restrained one of the most dangerous wizards alive beside his own bathroom sink and would, therefore, die messily once he figured out how to escape and retrieve his wand.

In her best Kindergarten teacher voice, she said, "Now, Godmum Reggie is going to take this slimy heap of stable muckings you call your hair and introduce it to lovely new friends, like my Amazing Claws of Magical Combing, patented fairy de-greasing formulas, shampoo buildup removing charms, conditioning potions, and enchanted scissors that trim away years and years of boring hairstyling! Won't that be so much fun?"

Snape was having trouble thinking of fun. The veins throbbing in his forehead were really making it hard to concentrate. They were making his face twitch unpleasantly and giving rise to such disquieting thoughts, such as, *'If I have a stroke, will the satanic rodent remove the bindings and Transfigure this sadistic barber's chair back into a towel? I'd really rather that Draco didn't find my body looking as if I died in some sort of kinky bondage situation.'*

He was going to kill the Jarvey. He would kill the Jarvey. It would be ever so easy to use every Unforgivable in existence on the beast. Maybe he could make up a few new ones, for good measure. This was his incentive to survive long enough to get out of this situation.

The problem with that plan was that those little claws, which had felt so divine on his back, were positively orgasmic on his scalp. A sensation of bonelessness more complete than the results of a deboning jinx possessed his body. Muscles he never knew he had went limp with pleasure. Veins on Snape's forehead relaxed, and he concentrated his efforts on not letting too much of the redirected blood flow into one central area. Hmmm, falling blissfully asleep sounded like a lovely idea now...

'Ohhh, Hermione! How ever did you know I liked being wrapped up in womblike, comforting bindings? I didn't even realize it, myself. This is so exquisite... the combing, washing, trickling rinse water sensually over my hair and scalp, scrubbing with those wonderful little...claws?...'

He was awakened from his lovely dream by the crash of a falling bottle. "Blimey! Did you just **propose** to me?" Regina squeaked incredulously. Evidently, sufficient shock could cause her profanity to fail her.

Snape's eyes quickly transitioned from closing in happy oblivion to widening in alarm. With the little range of motion available to him, he shook his head vehemently in denial.

The Jarvey breathed a sigh of relief. "Okay, that's the last of it. The scissors were amazingly restrained; they only brought your length a little bit above your shoulders. I guess you weren't entirely bugged off the pitch with your style, after all. Now, a little drying charm, and..."

Regina stopped cold. All speech, all motion, ceased utterly. She was so shocked, she failed to maintain the enchantments binding him to the chair. She was exceedingly lucky that the sensations of grooming had so thoroughly effaced Snape's ire.

Severus sighed. He was relieved to have the use of his mouth back, but he was pretty certain he knew exactly why the Jarvey had lost the use of hers. He stood, straightened to his full height, and looked down at her. His expression of contempt was as exquisite, in its own way, as the Mona Lisa's smile. If it hadn't been for that face,

the sight of his hair would have been hysterically laughable

"Now do you see why I have to weight my hair down with sufficient oleaginous material to send Vesuvius sliding into the Bay of Naples?" he asked Regina, in his best 'you-are-irreparably-mentally-deficient-Mr.-Longbottom' voice.

"Bugger me with a racing broom," she breathed in awe. "It's like an afro without any curl. At least, until the ends start bowing to gravity at the top, turning it into the most heinous pompadour known to wizardkind."

Snape shook his head sadly, evoking comparisons to a plantation of black palm trees being whipped by the wind. He reached for the tub of pomade in his bathroom cabinet.

"Wait!" Reggie exclaimed. "I can fix it! Honest to fuck, I can fix it!"

"With what?" he snapped. "A Muggle weedwhacker?" He was debating whether hexing the Jarvey would be considered cruelty to animals or come under some sort of rule regarding self-defense versus a dangerous magical creature. The former would bother his conscience; as to the latter, a wizard had a right to defend himself, after all.

"Have you ever cut it very short?" she asked.

"Once. It was awful. My nose looked huge," he responded, with no irony whatsoever.

Regina scurried back up to his shoulder again. "Man, oh man, you got completamente chingado when it came to your genes, amigo. But seeing as how I am a modern fairy god-jarvey, I can tinker with those follicles until el pelo peligroso behaves itself."

It was a measure of Snape's lifelong desperation and despair regarding his hair that he did not reach for his wand (which he finally spotted on top of the medicine cabinet) with an Unforgivable on his lips, at hearing the word 'tinker' being used in connection with his follicles.

She peered through the dense overgrowth at his scalp, murmuring the incantations which would reveal his hair's miscreant cell structure. She immediately saw the problem and prepared a spell to correct it. "Yes! Sure as shite, that'll do it! By the way, mate, have you got any hair re-growth potion on hand?"

"Yes...why?"

Suddenly Snape's scalp positively vibrated with powerful magic. Just as suddenly, his head felt very, very, cold. And very, very, light. Reggie flicked her tail and employed the fairy equivalent of *'Evanesco'* to remove the stiff, black pile of hair from the bathroom floor.

"I don't want to look," he muttered, avoiding the mirror as he searched for the hair re-growth potion.

"Well, your head has a lovely shape to it," Regina commented, trying to sound hopeful. She decided against making any comparisons between Snape with a naked scalp and vultures...or Nosferatu. Reg may have been ungodly cheeky, but she wasn't suicidal.

Before he had time to reflect or retort, she was helping to massage the thick goop into his scalp. Snape could feel the strange, strong fairy magic working as well as the potion.

"Just speeding up the re-growth process a little," she reassured him. "See, it's starting already. WOW! Oh, wow. Fan-fucking-TASTIC, even!" she squealed.

Severus hesitantly raised his face to the mirror. His eyes widened into two sunny-side up eggs with black yolks. Was that...was **that** his hair?

Yes! ...he could feel it attached, quite naturally and firmly, to his scalp. Ooh, feeling it was nice. It was...it was...soft. Even silky. And shiny, in a healthy, lustrous, very non-greasy way. It was as black as it had ever been, with the faintest hint of glowing, beetle-blue highlights. It didn't hang; it *cascaded*. His very thoughts were stammering because of it. It was absolutely gorgeous.

"You're preening, you daft peacock," Reg chided him, but there was a hint of admiration (and no little pride), in her voice.

If he could have mustered sufficient irritation, he would have told Reg to sod off. Who would have guessed primping could be such fun?

A familiar voice broke through Snape's happy reverie. "Severus? Severus, lad, are you home?"

He sighed. As usual, his pleasure was short-lived. "Yes, Minerva," he called. As he descended to the sitting room, he contemplated the mystery of why the woman persisted in calling a man technically old enough to have grandchildren, 'lad.' It certainly didn't imply anything flattering about *her* age.

When Minerva caught sight of him barefoot and in shirtsleeves, she began tsking. "Don't tell me you've been drinking again," she scolded, shaking her head as she twitched the ashes from the skirts of her robe. "Keep at it and you'll be in St. Mungo's, talking about pink unicorns."

Hmmm, Snape reflected, as he waved her onto the sofa and settled into his own favorite wingback. Pink unicorns... Jarveys in tutus. Pink unicorns... Jarveys in tutus...

"Severus? Are you all right?" she asked, beginning to look alarmed at his slightly lost expression.

He shook his head. "Sorry, Minerva, just...thinking about something. What was it you wanted?"

She pursed her lips and huffed at him. Despite his rumpled clothing, he was looking fairly well groomed. Perhaps he was using a different shampoo. "Now, you promised me that you wouldn't forget. Tonight is the ball at the Ministry. You agreed to come months ago, when I told you that my old friend Sophie Grissig would be there. She is one of the editors of *Eire Elixir*, that Irish Potions publication, and I'm sure she would be very interested in your research. If you make a good impression, you stand a chance of being published again," she finished cheerfully.

Minerva's sincerity was mind-boggling. No one could successfully feign enthusiasm over such a remote chance at the decidedly meager honor of being published in an obscure second-rate journal. Not that he'd had any offers better than that since it all went pear-shaped about six years back, mind...

Severus tried to frown apologetically. He would have succeeded admirably too, had he not run his fingers through his hair just then. The unaccustomed luxuriousness of the sensation caused his lips to quiver fractionally upwards at the corners. "Why, Minerva, I would be delighted to honor that promise. But sadly, my invitation seems to have been lost in the owl post," he purred contritely.

"No, it wasn't," she said, smugly. "I had it sent to me at Hogwarts, for the express purpose of preventing unfortunate accidents of that nature." She produced it with a flourish from the sleeve of her robe. "So, now you can have the delight of honoring your promise."

Snape's shoulders sagged. He was doing quite well not to put his face in his hands and groan, all things considered. Sobbing a little might be nice, too. When, oh when, would he ever learn to stop making promises? When would Minerva stop trying to rescue him from his reputation? Her constant attempts to fully reintegrate him into Wizarding society were like a series of very bad blind dates.

His slumping shoulders lit up her face like an *'Incendio'* taking hold on dry grass. It was really slightly sadistic of her, Snape thought, to take so much satisfaction from his tacit admission of defeat. "That's settled, then! I will see you tonight, at seven o'clock sharp. Don't be late, my lad." She pressed the invitation into his hands and smiled like a matchmaker hearing wedding bells, before she disappeared back through the Floo.

Regina undulated down the stairs in the wake of Minerva's departure. The living streak of quicksilver flowed over to his feet and began worrying the leg of his trousers. "C'mon, u..." here she made a sound, most likely an insulting epithet, muffled to incoherency by material, "an' gig 'uddy. Im's 'astin'."

"Unmouth my clothing and enunciate, ferret face," he snarled. Sinfully silky hair could only go so far towards improving one's mood. "Bite anything that remotely constitutes an extension of me again, and you'll be a *flying* Fairy God-Jarvey."

She released Snape's pants leg. "Ugh, wool," she spat. "I said, 'Come on, you sorry sod, and get ready! Time's wasting.' You have a party to attend, and I'm going to have to finish your makeover with temporary glamours. We haven't got time for the full regimen needed for lasting changes, nor to get you new clothes."

He was fairly certain she had originally said something other than 'sorry sod,' but he decided to let it pass. "I am going to bathe and dress in my usual manner, suffer through exactly as many minutes as it takes for this Grissig woman to make her excuses and lose me in the crowd, and then I will make my most welcome escape through the nearest possible exit," he said, slowly and methodically, as if explaining something to a particularly thick student.

"Oh really, Snarkarse? What if your love-a-licious little bint is there, hmmm?" Reggie asked, smugly.

Severus froze. Seeing him at that moment was like watching a small animal holding preternaturally still, in hopes of avoiding a nearby threat. Even his eyes just barely glittered in the gloomy, dusty room.

She would be there. She always was. For a member of the Golden Trio to beg off one of these functions, they would need a note from a Healer at St. Mungo's assuring all and sundry that said member was in a coma and completely non-responsive. The only other acceptable excuse would have to be provided by a mortician. Did he really want to face her as his old self, when the promised transformation was within his grasp?

"What's wrong with the clothes I have?" he asked, stalling.

"Oh, I don't know. How do you say, 'Old prune with his wand up his arse,' hmmm? Let me count the ways..." Reggie clambered up to his shoulder and began counting the buttons down the front of his shirt. "One, two, three, four..."

He plucked the Jarvey from his shoulder and deposited her unceremoniously in his chair. "I can't let you change me drastically. The invitation has my name on it. I have to show up looking more or less as expected to get in," he said a little lamely.

Regina shrugged. "So, I go with you and apply the glamours once you're inside. Problem solved."

"I am NOT going to be seen in public with *anyone* or *anything* that wears a pink tutu!" he fumed. "I'll break my ankle and have the Healers at St. Mungo's make my excuses for me, first!"

She fixed him with a feral glare. "That's what you think. Snarkarella, you WILL go to the ball," she pronounced. "And I will come with you to ensure there are no casualties. Give me a little credit, Snarky-arse. I can redesign your hair at the fucking molecular level. Don't you think I can become invisible, if necessary?"

First Minerva had gotten around him, and now he was losing ground to an over-articulate house pet. If he'd had a day one quarter as bad as this when he was a spy, that would have been the '*Finite Incantatem*' on his miserable existence. Which wasn't looking like such a bad idea, at the moment.

He gave her a queer look. Finally, he said, "You get an incredible amount of exercise."

Regina was puzzled. "Where the hell did that come from?" she asked.

"Well, in the short but painful time we have been acquainted, you have had more than ample strength training..*pushing your luck*," he said, silkily. He even used his extra dangerous silky voice, the one he saved for annoying company. And Potter.

"I suppose *you* stay in shape by flying off the handle," she retorted.

Snape made no reply to this as he whirled about, stomped up the stairs, and made ready for the event. But before Apparating to the Ministry, he picked Reggie up and stuffed her unceremoniously into the pocket of his frock coat. She was cut off in mid-profanity by their Disapparation, but made up for it handsomely upon arrival.

Author's Notes:

Regina's Spanish Profanities/Comments:

pendejo: general unflattering term; more or less synonymous with jerk, asshole, or perhaps git (thanks to all the folks who helped me with my spelling on this one!)

hijo de puta grasosa: son of a greasy whore

completamente chingado: completely fucked

el pelo peligroso: the dangerous hair

Three cheers for LariLee! With Samson-like strength of beta-ing, she keeps this fic from collapsing under the weight of my errors.

Up Next: Snarkarella goes to the Ball. Whatever will he wear? More importantly, what will Hermione think?

2: Snarkarella at the Ball

Chapter 2 of 4

Snape and Hermione are both at the ball. But will they find each other? And what, pray tell, are the words 'purple' and 'iridescent' doing in the same sentence?

Disclaimer: Second verse, same as the first. (And I truly hope you don't wind up with that song stuck in your head!)

Thank Southern_Witch_69 and PlaidPooka for issuing the Makeover SexGod!Snape Challenge over at Potter_Place and for inspiring this fic. (If you like it, that is. If you don't like it, forgive them. It's not their fault I can resist everything but temptation.)

Chapter 2: Snarkarella at the Ball

Severus idly wondered if the wizard checking invitations at the door was an angry former student or a thoroughly cowed former student. The pathetic lackey refused to meet his eyes and mumbled the requisite welcome nervously and indistinctly. Hmm. The latter, then.

True to her word, Reggie entered invisibly, clinging to his shoulder. She refused to risk being trampled (accidentally or on purpose) by following at his heels, and he had objected to the unsightly bulge she made in his coat pocket. He ducked quickly into the gent's lav, luckily vacant at the moment. The evening was young. No one was hiding, nor was anyone vomiting or otherwise relieving themselves of one too many drinks, as yet.

As soon as the door swung shut behind them, she leapt to the edge of the nearest sink and revealed herself. "All right, brace yourself--here comes Severus 'The Sex God' Snape!" she yelled, giving a particularly lewd wiggle of her hindquarters and whipping her silver tail at him.

The glammers were as powerful as they were garish. Severus literally didn't recognize himself.

The man in the mirror was still tall, but that was about all that seemed immediately familiar. His face was tanned and framed by waves of his newly silky and now slightly curling, raven-black hair. His eyes had a nice chocolaty glint that kept them from being too formidably black. Where the hell had his nose gotten to? That perfectly proportioned right triangle in the middle of his face sure as shite wasn't his, and he was dressed in... What the fuck was he wearing, anyway?

Damn, he was using copious mental profanity. This was always a sign of extreme nerves. No, nothing to be nervous about. No reason to be nervous. Just going to talk to the lovely Miss Granger, dressed like a refugee from a Mardi Gras parade. If anything went wrong, just blame it on the Jarvey. Blame everything on the Jarvey.

"You have truly warped tastes, Reg," he finally managed, fingering the convincing illusion of a dragon hide opera coat in iridescent purple. He had to admit, it did complement the reddish gold silk tuxedo shirt with the emerald buttons--in a Louis XIV's royal pimp sort of way. And the shimmering dark purple trousers with the reddish gold stripes down the sides dementedly held it all together.

He was glad he couldn't see his feet from this angle. He feared they might be encased in something sparkling.

The Jarvey was babbling again. "Thanks, Sev. Oi! No need to be so quick on the draw with that wand, you damned berk." She watched as the sink upon which she had been perched crashed to the ground, split in two. Water bubbled merrily from the broken pipes. "You know, that might have left a mark, had you hit me."

"Call me 'Sev' again and you'll find I can be even quicker, you mangy mustelid," he grouched. The past twenty-four hours had taken their toll. It was the best he could come up with at the moment, as he considered whether to attempt to cast '*Reparo*' on the sink or just slip away and pretend he knew nothing about it.'*Reparo*' was notorious for not having the intended effect when applied to plumbing.

"Nyah, nyah, smartarse--Jarveys are NOT mustelids. We are genetically distinct from weasels, ferrets, stoats, and all manner of shoddy little vermin-kin. So there," she finished petulantly, sticking out her little pink ribbon of a tongue.

"Oh, I *am* sorry. Jarveys are more like skunks then, I take it?" Hmm. Better. He was recovering.

"Okay, I give up on improving your personality. I suspect that if the snark were removed, there'd be little left save a pile of bitterness, rage, and a couple of empty Cockroach Cluster bags. I'm going back to calling you Snarkarella," she grouched.

"Not if you value your fur. There is no way in hell I am letting her see me like this," he grumbled threateningly. His voice sounded odd in his own ears, for some reason. Perhaps it was shock. Definitely not a good time to attempt plumbing repairs, then. A strategic withdrawal was in order.

"You are letting **everyone** see you like this. You're gorgeous. You're glowing with confidence--"

"--Yes, definitely 'glowing.' I can be seen from the moon, if the light hits this coat just right--" he interrupted sourly.

"--The lady won't be able to take her eyes off you. How about it, Snarking Beauty?"

"When were you born, Reg?"

"What the hell does that have to do with anything?"

"I want to know if there's any chance you're a reincarnation of Albus Dumbledore. That might explain your unholy fascination with clothing loud enough to wake the dead and tormenting me under the pretext of having my best interests at heart," he sniped. But his tone was resigned.

Reggie sniffled. "That's the nicest thing you've ever said to me. Give me a hug, you big lug!"

Snape activated his death glare, and the Jarvey subsided slightly. "Right. No hugs. Come on, let's go."

Regina resumed her invisibility and her perch on Snape's shoulder. He was agitated and wary, but he couldn't very well hide in the lav all evening like a nervous schoolboy at his first dance. Also, Merlin help him, he couldn't quite bring himself to attempt to Stupefy the Jarvey and stuff her behind the nearest potted palm. Reg had been strange, but undeniably efficacious up until now. He squared his shoulders and exited carefully, minding the increasingly slippery floor.

Their escape was just in time, as it turned out. A portly wizard in genteel plum-colored robes entered seconds later to quite a nasty shock. The poor chap slid wildly all the way across the swamped floor before managing to catch himself on the Endless Warm Towel Dispenser. He clung to it desperately, yelling for help a good three or four minutes before being rescued.

Hermione Granger was anxious. She had overheard Minerva McGonagall gloating about how she had cleverly roped Severus into attending this function, and it worried her. All the isolation in that ramshackle house of his (and Hermione imagined it was only still standing because the termites were enchanted to hold hands) must be seriously dulling the edge of his instinct for self-preservation.

She couldn't really ask anyone she knew whether or not they had seen him arrive. Her friends had a nasty habit of interpreting any inquiries she might make regarding someone of the opposite sex as evidence of a deep romantic attachment and tease her unmercifully. Hell, they were still bringing up that Lockhart idiot after a decade. She had developed quite a complex with regards to him, to the point where she flinched inwardly if introduced to anyone bearing the initials 'G.L.'

It was bad enough when she had no romantic interest whatsoever in the person in question. But in the case of Severus...

She really had resented Draco asking her to be a delivery witch--for at least a full thirty seconds. He had been so polite and earnest that she had known he was angling for a major favor, which was supremely galling in light of all that had passed between them. If he hadn't caught her at the exact moment she happened to be inwardly fuming at the injustice of how Snape had been so utterly shut off from Wizarding society, even in the wake of being completely exonerated, she probably would have fallen back on old habits and added one more tally to her 'Slapped Draco Malfoy Today' record.

Of course, her lofty acquiescence to his request had left her with a slight dilemma. How now could she thank Draco for the chance to acquaint herself with Severus--without

losing her hard-won position of moral superiority and the lovely sensation that the Lesser Malfoy Prat believed he owed her?

Yet she felt she really must thank him. She had come to look forward to her monthly appointment at Spinner's End, spiders notwithstanding.

Outside of the classroom, Severus (It was so hard to call him Mister rather than Professor Snape that in the privacy of her own mind, she never bothered.) was still predominately prickly as a hedgehog. But without the need to constantly project intimidation, he was more of a dignified hedgehog. It was a measure of how desperately he needed the work--and the human contact--that he not only suffered her to be his St. Mungo's liaison, but also actually invited her in each trip for tea and a discussion of the latest academic news. Little by little, he had relaxed sufficiently to even toss out snide witticisms and caustic observations on life, the universe, and generally, everything.

It was nice, to talk to someone who was truly interested in having an intelligent discussion. Not that she was without intellectual acquaintances. Eventually, however, every one of them wanted to turn the topic of conversation to the war (which she would dearly like to forget) and to Harry 'The-Boy-Who-Whipped-Voldy's-Arse' Potter (whom she dearly loved, but in whose shadow she was feeling a little pale and piqued. Or even peaked). No danger of that with Severus.

On a superficial level, he could have been talking about the weather, and she still would have eagerly anticipated her next chance to visit him. The man's voice was like a full-body hot oil massage. She would even tolerate sipping her way through an entire cup of his wake-the-dead tea, just to have an excuse to look down once and a while during the conversation; she was fairly sure it kept him from noticing that she was secretly perving on his voice. She didn't think he would keep inviting her back, if he knew.

Hermione could only just dissemble convincingly to others; she was therefore stuck in the unenviable position of being perfectly honest with herself. She really enjoyed Severus Snape's company and was hoping for more of it. Especially tonight, when she was wearing an incredibly flattering new turquoise robe with the perfect just-this-side-of-slutty sweetheart neckline and had reaped the rewards of a hairstylist who knew perfectly well how to turn untamable frizz into a close approximation of classical curls.

She had to find Severus. But what soul of discretion might answer her queries without broadcasting them to the entire room?

"Have you seen Severus Snape?" she asked the bartender.

"Snape? Long nose, short fuse, wears any color so long as it's black?"

Hermione brightened. "That's him."

"Not tonight, Miss. Sorry."

So much for that.

Hermione wondered how long it would take for enough people to register her presence at the event so she could make her escape with good grace. The last time she had slipped out early, evidently the Social Stigmatization Network had sent representatives to her supervisor by noon the following day. She had been put on the night shift for two weeks straight in retribution.

Disgruntled at the thought, she ambled back to the table where Harry and Luna were sitting with Ron and his flavor-of-the-month. It was far from the ideal situation, but she could either sit with her interfering but well-meaning friends, or she could sit with someone who only wanted to talk about her interfering but well-meaning friends. It had begun to be quite nerve-wracking, being around them at events like these. Everyone was either securely paired up or happily dating around, and their only hobby, save snogging each other, seemed to be setting her up with someone or bemoaning her single state.

Ron's date was babbling loudly and announced that she was going to visit the loo, plainly expecting either Hermione or Luna to join her. Neither of them bothered to take the hint. It was clear this one was never going to be Mrs. Ronald Weasley and would, indeed, be lucky if he kept his patience with her long enough to dump her on her own doorstep at the end of the evening rather than making his escape whilst she was distracted.

Hermione wondered idly if Harry and Luna would ever get married. They seemed to get along better than any two people she had ever met. Luna was like the calming goat to Harry's high-strung thoroughbred.

Suddenly, there was a commotion at the other end of the room. Hermione turned, but could see nothing beyond an increasingly large and excited throng of women.

"I haven't seen anything like that since the moment Neville's bride threw the bouquet at their wedding reception," Luna remarked serenely.

"I didn't know there were any mega-celebrities here tonight--besides you, Harry," Hermione quipped. The evening might have some entertaining qualities, after all.

Ron, the tallest of the group by nearly a full head, stood to get a better look. "Blimey! There's some bloke dressed like a Knockturn Alley pimp coming this way!"

The cause of the commotion managed to break free of the press about mid-room. Hermione frowned. There was something vaguely familiar about him, though the clothes were absolutely impossible.

"Hey, look 'Mione! It's a brunette Gilderoy Lockhart!" Harry teased.

Hermione felt blood rushing to her face. She had initially thought the man rather handsome, if you ignored the clothes. (She had heard intense colors were the rage lately, but really!) The suggestion that there could be a single atom of her being capable of finding anyone resembling *Lockhart* even superficially attractive was appalling. That couldn't have been what was appealing about him--could it?

"Don't look now, but he's coming our way," Ron observed. "And that look on his face! You've made a conquest, 'Mione!"

Oh, Circe's girdle. The man was coming this way. And since his eyes were glued to her, she couldn't even pretend that his intentions might be to talk to Harry. She was glad Ron's date was in the loo. She didn't need any further witnesses to her humiliation. With Harry and Ron choking back hysterical laughter, and even Luna's almost perpetual smile showing a hint of amusement, she would really rather crawl away and die than do anything else at the moment.

It was not very Gryffindor of her, but Hermione had been out of school some time now and didn't give a damn what anyone thought. She made a run for it. "I'm going to the loo," she muttered, almost knocking over her chair in her haste to get as far away as possible from anyone who would want to remind her of this incident later.

Unfortunately, tall, dark, and haute couture was also quite agile. He dodged milling bodies and awkwardly placed chairs with the grace of a dancer until he had her cornered near the back wall.

She would have appreciated watching him move under other circumstances. She would have even been flattered at the fact that he was clearly seeking her out, despite all the women obviously throwing themselves at him. But once her friends got on the subject of Lockhart, the nightmare could continue for weeks. If she didn't shut him down now, she would suffer later. And suffer, and suffer, and suffer...

"Miss Granger," he began, slightly out of breath and sounding a little uncertain.

He knows my name, she thought, blanching inwardly. *His voice sounds as blank and uncertain as his face looks. Get him away, get him to go far, far away.*

"Oh, excuse me, I've been looking for someone all evening!" she gibbered brightly, the words popping out in a patently insincere rush. "A Mr. Severus Snape. Do you know him? Have you seen him? Can you find him for me?" Sweet Nimue, she was babbling like an absolute idiot.

The handsome man's face shut down, like all the lights in a skyscraper turning off simultaneously. While he stood as if under Petrificus Totalus, emotions flickered wildly through his eyes, including hints of anger. Hermione was beginning to worry that the man wasn't merely vapid, but actually slightly unhinged.

In a flat and hollow, almost lifeless voice, he said, "I will find him for you, Miss Granger. Good evening." He spun around and stalked away, deftly deflecting grasping women as he went.

Harry had been watching the byplay avidly. He became alarmed at the slightly panicked look on Hermione's face and hurried over just in time to hear the stranger's response to her apparent babbling. He wasn't sure whom Hermione had asked the man to find, but he was relieved that she had managed to rebuff him so easily.

As the flustered man retreated, Harry could be heard laughing. "Come on, 'Mione. Do you think that garish git could find his arse with both hands and a 'Lumos' spell?"

The walk across the room was a nightmare.

What was it with women, anyway? Was a remotely handsome face all that it took to efface any vestiges of their self-control? A man who did to a woman what these harpies had done to him would be chucked into Azkaban!

Snape had barely entered the main ballroom when the first woman accosted him. She had begun fluttering her eyelashes and simpering at him, and he hadn't the first idea how to put her off with any sort of good grace. It wasn't exactly a situation that he faced on a regular basis. He was busy deflecting her when another woman took advantage of his distraction to sidle up and grab his arse! He would have hexed her, except that by then, a third woman had cooed up to him and was hanging very inconveniently on his wand arm.

It seemed as if every time he turned around, there was an unfamiliar hand trespassing somewhere upon his person. It would have been rather flattering had he not been uncomfortably certain that all these women would run away shrieking if they knew at whom, precisely, they were throwing themselves.

Where in the bloody hell had the Wonder Weasel and all these (apparently) sex-starved women been when he was a hormonal and slightly unethical teenager?

Reggie was no sodding help at all. She had clambered up on top of his head to avoid groping hands and was now clinging to his hair, quivering slightly. He couldn't be certain, but he strongly suspected that she was sniggering silently at his predicament. Oh, fuck--was that a **man** eyeing him, now? Wonderful. His internal dialogue was becoming peppered with profanity again, always a sign he was losing his grip. He had to find Hermione and *fast*!

"What's all this about, then?" A sultry, throaty voice with an Irish accent penetrated the shrill babble around him. An older witch--tall, blond, busty, and (in a slightly tawdry way) rather attractive--strafed the women around him with her quelling expression. Then her eyes lit on Snape.

"Well, well, well, what have we here?" she practically purred. "Come to Sophie, gorgeous, and let her show you a thing or two."

This was the Grissig woman?

"Madam Grissig?" Snape asked, somewhat faintly.

Her face broke into a smile of amazing brilliance and ferocity. She advanced on him until she was within murmuring distance. "Good, you already know who I am. Maybe we can skip the formalities and get right to serious playtime. Why don't we--"

The fairy glamour Reggie had used was an excellent one. It changed his features without in any way impairing his ability to convey facial expressions. And so it was that his disguised face went quite blotchy in an effort to both blush and turn as white as a sheet simultaneously at the things Madam Isgrig was whispering in his ear.

Role-playing was one thing--but there were certain objects that should never, ever, approach certain portions of anyone's anatomy. His own, in particular.

"Excuse me, I just saw the person I am to meet tonight," he squawked and scrambled away with very little semblance of dignity.

Gods and Merlin! Had Minerva any idea that her friend was a sexual sadist who would make Lucius Malfoy look amusingly kinky by comparison? And did he truly want to know the answer to that question?

For once, Regina had no clever comments to add. "Faster," she murmured in his ear, and he had the distinct feeling the Jarvey was peering nervously behind them. "If that's her idea of what to do with a nice big bloke like you, I'd hate to see what she'd have in mind for little bitty me."

Blessed relief! There was Hermione, looking absolutely divine. He hurried towards her, his eyes never leaving her lovely face. He wondered why she looked so worried. Wait a minute... Where was she going?

Without miles of corridors to prowl every night, Severus was getting a little out of shape. Between rushing and sheer nerves, he was breathing a little harder than he ought to have been by the time he finally managed to corner Miss Granger. The frightened look in her eyes jarred him so that his voice came out as a fragile shell of its usual richness. Then, when she said she was looking for him (and obviously lying, at that) his heart absolutely froze in his chest. What was going on here?

Had his voice been responding properly, he likely would have been recognized immediately (which might have had a properly quelling effect on the hormonal masses). If one considered his altered face in conjunction with his unmistakable baritone, clear evidence of Severus Snape could be seen. However, he just didn't seem to be able to conjure that infamous vocal magic. Whether it was emotional stress, the many and varied layers of intense fairy magic to which he had been subjected over the past twenty-four hours, or some unknowable third factor, he was sounding uncertain, slightly nasally, and not at all, well, Snapely.

Obviously, Hermione didn't recognize him at all, either. What purpose could she have for asking a man she believed to be a perfect stranger--and in her eyes, evidently, a frightening one--to go looking for **him**? Was she using his name as a diversion, hoping to either intimidate the man or waste his time looking for someone who wasn't there?

Regardless, the Jarvey's machinations had failed him miserably. There was no way he could attempt to explain himself now. He was back to square one. Less than one, since he now had the humiliating memory of Miss Granger trying to escape him in a blind panic, to fortify him during their next encounter. Assuming there was a next encounter.

He hardly knew what he said to her before turning away. He only knew he had to get back to looking like himself, get back home, get back to the way things were before Regina Fletcher started manipulating his life into an even sorrier mess than it had been.

And of course, as he turned to leave, Potter had to blunder along and put the maraschino cherry of misery on his mortification sundae.

Fairy magic was powerful. Even through the roaring of blood rushing furiously in his ears, Severus could still hear the invisible Jarvey on his shoulder hissing a quelling mantra. "Do NOT turn around. Do NOT hex Harry Potter. Do NOT hex Harry Potter. Head directly for the gent's lav. I will undo the glammers. I fixed your teeth, I fixed your hair, and I can fix this. Do not, do NOT, DO NOT hex Harry Potter..."

Moving mechanically, Snape negotiated the obstacle course of dining tables and milling people. It was fortunate the dancing hadn't begun yet because he likely would have blindly thrust anyone aside who got in his way at this point.

They re-entered the gent's, and Snape grabbed at his shoulder, finding the invisible furry mass there and flinging it across the room. Regina screamed a particularly choice obscenity as she managed to catch the Endless Warm Towel Dispenser (which was really having quite a heroic night) and thus avoid an unfortunate meeting with the far wall.

"Okay, I guess I needed to add 'Do not hex, jinx, or otherwise molest, Regina Fletcher' to that chant," she gasped. "STOP TRYING TO KILL ME, YOU BLOODY BAD-TEMPERED WANKER! I'M ONLY TRYING TO HELP YOU!" Her voice rose to a screech and mirrors cracked. Judging by the new trickle of water on the floor, a toilet tank may have cracked, as well. This was unfortunate; Maintenance had only just contained the mess from the broken sink, and the new leak threatened the floor's restored traction.

Angry fairy god-things were evidently not only hazardous to anything remotely breakable; they also forgot to maintain invisibility. Her silver fur stood on end, snapping electrically, and she practically foamed at the mouth.

"The nerve of you!" he hissed, quivering with rage. "Help me? Is this what you call *helping* me? I could have cocked up approaching her in a social situation all on my own, thank you! I hardly need any 'help' from you to exponentially aggravate my complete and utter humiliation!" His voice intensified until it seemed likely that more fixtures would be cracking in the near future.

The effect of his impassioned speech would have been far more impressive were it not for the glamour. There is only so intimidating one can appear while wearing the latest from the 'Liberace Out For an Evening Stroll' collection.

A stall door slammed open, and a wizard in spangled blue robes shot out of the tiled room and into the hallway (serving to underscore the point that it is vital to check for feet first, if planning to have a battle royale in a public lav).

"Do you want the fucking glamour gone or not?" she yelled back. This did not even slow down his tirade, much less garner an acknowledgment that she might have a reasonable point.

She didn't have time for this. The escapee from the end stall could be alerting Security, or at least Maintenance, at this very moment. With a wild snarl of frustration, she whipped her tail at Snape viciously and thought the magic words.

It's never a good idea to do any complex or potentially dangerous task when very angry.

Fortunately, there was a choice of empty stalls for Snape to duck into, once he realized that her spell had taken off more than just the glamour.

"Give me back my clothes," he demanded. Quietly. Not only was it a tactical error to widely broadcast the fact of being trapped in the loo wearing not a stitch, but a wizard with no wand (except in the anatomical sense) was not exactly in a position to insist on anything too boldly.

Well... there *were* very specific conditions under which he might, but they were not in effect at the moment.

Regina's reply was equally quiet. If she was laughing her furry little arse off right now, she was doing an amazing job of hiding it. "Your personality is impossible. Your face was an unmitigated disaster before I came along, and despite my amazing talents, there is only so much I have been able to accomplish towards mitigation. You're smart as hell, though no one can stand being in the same room with you long enough to appreciate it. But, below the waist... Holy Merlin," she solemnly pronounced.

It was difficult to be very hostile towards a female so obviously in awe of his endowments, even if the female was of a different, smaller, and far too furry for his tastes species.

"I'd like you to note that down for my eulogy. Now, my clothing, please. And no more Mardi Gras colors," he insisted.

She sighed. "Okay, but I'm not returning your wand until I get some assurance you won't try to separate whatever may pass for my soul from my cute, fuzzy little body again," she warned.

He supposed that was a mild enough condition to insist upon, given the situation. "Agreed."

"You'll also need to open the stall door, at least a little," she said. "I can't guarantee the desired results if I can't see where I'm directing the spell."

After a thoughtful pause, the stall door opened--approximately one inch--to reveal a bare back. The hand holding the door placed very strategically.

She concentrated carefully. With a stylish swish of her tail, he was once again dressed and armed. This was a good thing because it was now time to panic.

"I'm telling you, there's a fight going on in there! And one of the voices was definitely female!" The voice, undoubtedly belonging to the rudely interrupted occupant of the end stall, was approaching rapidly. It was a foregone conclusion that he had brought reinforcements.

Regina raced along the tops of the stall dividers and took her place on Snape's shoulder, just in time for him to Disillusion them both.

It wasn't as if the unlikely duo couldn't explain everything in perfectly logical terms. They could probably even evade any potential adverse legal action. It was just that they both much preferred a clean getaway.

They eased away from the tell tale swinging stall door and were almost in position to escape as the blue-robed wizard burst into the room with two burly security guards. "I'm going to create a diversion," Reg whispered. "When all hell breaks loose, run for it!"

That last bit could be the title of my autobiography, Severus reflected, as Regina provided enough diversion to mask the retreat of an army. Sinks fell from the walls, stall doors exploded from the force of jets of water, and the Endless Warm Towel Dispenser (either indirectly stimulated by overwhelming waves of fairy magic or having developed a modicum of sentience and, with it, a savior complex) enthusiastically shot a stream of warm towels across the room at the drenched security guards. Severus and Regina had absolutely no problem escaping completely unnoticed, even with the Jarvey laughing hysterically at the sight of her three collateral victims sliding wildly on the slick tile as they attempted to dodge towels.

The noise and confusion began to draw a crowd, making it easy to reappear discreetly once clear of the lav. Regina, her giggle attack finally contained, ducked behind a potted palm and whispered, "Hey, Snarky! Cute little bint at five o'clock!"

Snape whirled to find himself face to face with the inspiration for all his image-reshaping travails.

She was transcendently lovely. Her eyes were bright, her décolletage was low, her hair was under some semblance of control... He was so flushed with adrenaline, he wasn't thinking at all. This proved to be excellent tactics on his part. With no voluntary input from his frontal lobe, he smiled and said, "It's good to see you, Hermione."

She smiled back at him--a shocked, but lovely smile. Wait. He had spoken aloud. Had he actually called her Hermione?

"It's good to see you, too. You look wonderful tonight, Severus," Hermione breathed.

Oh, very good. It appeared they were on a first-name basis, after all.

He glanced quickly down at his clothes. Rather than return his couture completely to normal, Reg had taken the liberty of Transfiguring his usual ensemble slightly. His frock coat was enhanced by pencil-thin lines of dark, green silk piping along the collar, cuffs, and buttoned front. The buttons were tastefully antiqued silver. She had tweaked his waistcoat as well, changing the material into deep, green velveteen, almost black, with a subtle design of arabesques in shorter pile. Shoes and trousers were also normal, aside from looking a little sharper and newer. He breathed an internal sigh of relief.

And of course, there was that delightful hair the Jarvey had conjured for him *Must resist the urge to keep smoothing it...*

"Thank you," he replied, feeling more confident than he had in ages. He ventured another smile, and was rewarded with a dazzlingly breathtaking grin from her. "Are you intent upon staying here for the duration, or can we escape to someplace where it is possible to obtain a decent dinner?"

"There's a nice Chinese takeaway around the corner from my flat," she offered shyly.

"I think I wouldn't mind eating at your place," he said, trying to sound casual.

Perhaps he hadn't succeeded in sounding casual. But, in light of her next words, this was a good thing. "If we do, I think I could manage something nice for pudding," she said, giving him a suggestive glance from under her eyelashes.

By way of reply, Severus grasped her firmly by the arm and began escorting her to the exit. He felt that he exercised admirable restraint in not reacting to that innuendo by tossing her over his shoulder.

"Incidentally, do you have any idea what's going on back there?" Hermione asked, inclining her head towards the disaster that was the gent's lav.

"Poltergeist in the plumbing, I believe," he answered gravely.

As they walked out the door, arm in arm, people gaped. Severus Snape was walking with Hermione Granger. He was smiling; she was smiling. They were smiling at each other, and the sheer joy of it rendered both their faces radiant. No one would have noticed if they both had pink hair and were wearing matching tutus. With those reciprocating smiles, all that anyone would perceive was that they were beautiful together.

"Well, bugger me," Regina said, agog. "All that work... and all *hereally* needed to look completely different was a new accessory..."

Author's Notes:

Hmmm. One more chapter, shall we say? After all, our heroes, having skipped the banquet, need their supper. Raise your hands if you want lemon pudding! (With appropriate upping of the rating.) And don't worry--Reg will have a (four-letter) word or two to add before it's all over. In more than one language.

I hate to admit it, but I was thinking of Zaphod Beeblebrox when I invented the 'pimp outfit' (though it really would be a little restrained for him). And I strongly suspect the towel dispenser would feel quite at home in 'The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy' universe.

LariLee beta'd this. She is a warm, wonderful, and possibly semi-angelic being. Don't let the 'canon Nazi' rumors put you off. She's more like the Countess of Commas.

3: Recipes for Lemons

Chapter 3 of 4

Okay, we're done with the bathroom humor, por lo mas. Ahoy! Be that citrus I smell? How do y'all feel about silly smut?

Disclaimer: Not mine. No gano ningun dinero de esto. Unless someone wants to bribe me to stop.

Thank Southern_Witch_69 and PlaidPooka for issuing the Makeover SexGod!Snape Challenge over at Potter_Place, for inspiring this fic. (If you like it, that is.) If you don't like it, forgive them. It's not their fault I can resist anything but temptation--or that I wrote something so long it could only be considered a one-shot if being fired from a WWI railway cannon.

Chapter 3: Recipes for Lemons

Together, they Apparated to an alley near Hermione's place. Hermione was evidently one of those who experienced a certain degree of post-Apparation nausea. She took a great deal of time clinging to him, her legs trembling, before they were ready to proceed. He put the time to good use, enjoying the ideal manner in which her curves conformed to his person. Taking in the fragrance of her hair wasn't too bad, either. Although, he was certain he could formulate something more perfectly suited to her own personal chemistry than the pleasant, but pedestrian, fragrance of French lavender. He inhaled again, analyzing the olfactory input for the underlying scent of Hermione. Hmmm. More research would be required. Happy thought, that...

Hermione didn't particularly notice how intently the tall, strong man holding her was sniffing at her hair. She was too busy reveling in the combination of clean laundry, bittersweet herbs, and warm, slightly musky male that was eau de Severus. Not to mention calculating how long she could get away with holding him, under the pretext of feeling shaky after Apparating. Hmmm. Those were some really nice muscles in his thighs and chest, and the warm, lean back she was clutching felt promising as well. Research was such a pleasant pastime...

Eventually, someone's stomach grumbled. Hermione pulled away from Severus and giggled. He tried another small smile, and was rewarded with one of those fetching glances from beneath her eyelashes. Mental note: when in doubt, smile at her.

"Shall we see about that takeaway?" he asked, offering her his arm again.

"Definitely," she answered, taking his proffered arm and snuggling against him slightly. This was really quite easy to get used to, they both thought.

In fairly short order, they had dinner in hand and made their way to Hermione's tiny flat. The food on the small, round table crammed into the corner could have been anything; they were too intent on each other to bother about tasting it properly. Conversation and a modest but respectable bottle of wine were flowing freely. They had progressed through Hermione's apprenticeship, Severus' research, the latest issue of *Ars Alchemica*, a bit of gossip (saved from awkwardness due the mutually acknowledged psychological neon sign hanging over them both, reading "Don't Mention Potter"), to Severus ruefully recounting his uncharacteristic failure to escape Minerva.

Hermione grinned at him mischievously. "Don't tell me your evasion technique is faltering in your old age," she teased.

If that earlier remark about 'pudding' hadn't been burned into his brain, he might have taken exception to that. "I'm not *evermiddle-aged*, for a Wizard," he snorted. "Perhaps I merely allowed her to believe she was maneuvering me into attending the function. I have been known to have the odd ulterior motive." There. He had simultaneously saved face and stuck his neck out. Hermione could not be so obtuse as to think that the ulterior motive was anything other than seeing her, not when he was favoring her with his most sultry smirk.

It was very tempting to drag out the banter, which had been quite enjoyable thus far. But Hermione's brash side was asserting itself, and she felt like upping the ante a bit. "Either way, I'm glad you came," she said, opting for sincerity. Her glowing cinnamon eyes locked with his.

Before he could formulate a reply (verbal or otherwise), her face was split by a yawn. "Sorry," she said, coloring sheepishly, "it must be later than I thought."

Severus felt a moment's uncertainty. Had they been proceeding too quickly? Was she trying to give him a graceful out? "Perhaps I should call it a night," he said nonchalantly, standing and lifting his coat from the chair.

Hermione stood as well and walked around the table to stand before him. *Must* you go?" she asked. She stood just at the border of personal space and licked her lips. If he was at all inclined to head to the next level, she had just given him the perfect opening.

"I think I could be persuaded to stay," he said, dropping his coat as if it were on fire.

Evidently, this was a sign in some sort of secret language, reading, 'You May Now Invade This Man's Personal Space and Snog the Living Daylights Out of Him.' How unsurprising, yet welcome, that the lovely young knowitall should be literate in that language.

The coat may not have been on fire, but Hermione certainly was. And he was damned if he were going to drop her, even if it meant being reduced to ashes. Had he been thinking with any organ above his neck, he might have jealously wondered on whom she had been practicing her kissing technique. Her lips were like agile fingers, massaging his lips millimeter by millimeter; and her actual fingers, five of which were sensuously twining into his hair and five of which were caressing his arse, were not bad little masseuses either. He threw subtlety to the wind and began to devour her mouth ravenously.

She was warm, soft, and absolutely delicious. Judging by the soft moans vibrating from her throat to his tongue (which in and of itself was a spectacular sensation), his contribution to the kiss was entirely to her liking. And just in case the moaning was insufficient to convince him, she hooked one leg over his hip and began wantonly grinding against the length of his erection, which was absolutely flourishing in the face of her enthusiasm. Hmm, mustn't let her lovely little leg do all the work. A helping hand cupped under that nicely curved bum would not be amiss. Yes, subtlety was overrated.

So, this was how to make takeaway sweet-and-sour and mid-priced wine taste much, much better the second time around. Next time, perhaps they could skip the wine. He was certain they could intoxicate each other much more quickly without it.

Speaking of getting rid of wine... Damn.

He managed to ease his mouth from hers, and she promptly fastened those talented lips to his throat. She was not making this any easier. "Hermione," he gasped.

"Ohhh, Severus," she moaned indistinctly against his neck. The vibrations from her voice shot a line of electricity from his earlobe straight to his cock.

"Hold... hold that thought, darling," he stammered throatily. "I have some business to, umm, attend to-- "

Clever girl that she was, she hardly required him to draw a picture. "That door," she panted, pulling away from him to gesture. "I'll be in the bedroom," she called over her shoulder, stepping through the other doorway.

"I'll be quick," he promised fervently. That was a promise about which he felt no qualms.

He was washing up when a familiar voice accosted him from the tub.

"Pssst... Sev! How's it going?" A whiskery nose peered around the shower curtain. Ahhh, Reggie. He supposed he should feel a little wary, considering his history with this particular creature and lavatories, but he was far too elated at the moment.

"Swimmingly, Reggie," he said, quickly drying his hands. "I'd love to chat, but I have an urgent appointment with, as you so eloquently put it, a 'love-a-licious little bint.'"

Reggie cautiously peered a little further from her hiding place. He seemed sincere, but it could be a ruse to get her within jinxing distance. "So... do you have your heart's desire?"

Severus' hand snaked out at her. Before Regina could escape, she was frozen in place--by shock. It was understandable, really, because she was having her ears scratched... very... very... nicely... by Severus Snape.

"More so by the minute," he positively purred. Giving her a final pat on the head and whispering, "Thank you, Regina Fletcher," he slipped out the door.

The Jarvey was glassy-eyed. "Yummy, yummy, yummy. Ooooh, he gives yummy ear scratches. Hermione Granger, you sure know how to spot the clever-fingered diamond in the greasy dung heap, don't you?" she mumbled. "Lucky bitch."

Severus entered the bedroom to find a dresser, a bed, a nightstand with Hermione's wand on it, walls full of overflowing bookshelves, a rather ugly ginger cat asleep on its own chair in the corner, and Hermione herself, lounging on the bed.

What he did not find was any trace of that lovely turquoise gown she had been wearing.

Not that he found that cause for complaint.

Hermione smirked at the expression on his face. "See anything you like?" she asked.

"From this angle, I see everything I like," he replied. It was absolutely true. She was posed rather like Manet's painting 'Olympia,' looking every bit as self-assured, youthful, and casually sensuous. Except that Hermione's breasts and hips were much, much nicer than Olympia's.

Saucily, she queried, "Well, let's have a little more talk and a lot more action then, hmm?"

She rolled onto her stomach. That was an excellent angle; it showed off the dip of her lower back and arch of her lovely little arse perfectly. Severus considered himself a connoisseur of female arses, and Hermione's easily met his standards.

"Isn't the expression, 'a little /ess talk and a lot more action?'" he inquired.

"Yes, but I want to hear that sexy voice of yours as much as possible tonight," she breathed, angling up onto her side to fix him with a sultry stare.

"I'll see what I can do," came his silkiest purr. This was the nice silky purr, the one reserved for most welcome company of the witchly persuasion. It looked as if he might be getting to use it more often.

Severus shook his wand from his sleeve with a flourish and ran it along the front of his waistcoat from bottom to top, each button popping open as he went. He then proceeded to repeat the process with his shirt, this time from the top down, continuing to the buttons of his fly.

Hermione chided him. "Foolish wand waving from Severus Snape? Who would have guessed?"

"My dear Hermione, I have not yet begun to wield my wand," he said, leering. He dropped his ebony wand beside her vine wood one and toed off his boots.

Later, he would reflect that it was very domestic, seeing the two wands side by side on the nightstand. At that moment, he was much more interested in finally getting to that incredibly satisfying moment where their two bodies were side by side on the bed, pressed together as if by permanent Sticking Charm.

Hermione was pleased to see that her initial hypothesis was correct. Severus' body was long, lean, and palely muscular. Especially long.

The first naked kiss was always the best, she reflected as they both exhaled heavily, melting into each other's arms. The first time bare breasts pressed against bare chest, the moment when the promising bulge in his trousers was revealed for the silk coated steel rod it was, perfect for grinding against...

"Hermione, love," Severus rumbled warningly, "If you keep that up, I may be too distracted to talk."*Make this good, old man,* he thought. *You don't want this to end up a one-off. Not with the lovely handfuls those darling breasts of hers make...*

"You just keep *that* up, and we'll manage," she gasped. Hermione's mind wandered. *New long-term research project: determine which is more stimulating, his sexy baritone voice or his long, nimble fingers,* she thought distractedly, grinding faster.

Suddenly, she felt the tell-tale tingling warmth washing from the juncture of her thighs, down her legs and up her belly. *Already?* She managed to think, before the minor orgasm stole the breath from her throat in a surprised shriek. Her arms and legs tightened on him convulsively, and as was her habit at the moment of climax, she bit him.

With a yelp, he rolled her to the side. His anger abated slightly upon seeing the starry-eyed look on her face. Granted, it was flattering that she was so responsive to him that he could elicit such a reaction with a bit of fondling; but damnit, his nose hurt. "Ferocious little thing, aren't you?" he finally managed. "You know if you don't like my nose, that's still no reason to bite it off."

"I happen to adore your nose," she replied, kissing said appendage. At his disbelieving snort, she laughed and caressed his offended nose again. "I do! It's very masculine. I don't have any use for pretty boys."

"Fortunately for you, I am neither pretty," he said, drawing her close again, "nor am I a mere boy."

"That is patently obvious," she said with a sultry smile and pulled him into another kiss.

They had really both intended to draw out the foreplay. But about five kisses and seven or so assorted gropes into Severus' lurid description of what he would like her to do when they played Naughty Hairdresser and her Studly Customer, they tossed buildup into the nearest bin. She wrapped her legs around him and impaled herself on his shaft as he buried his face in her breasts as if he were a starved cat faced with two scoops of Florean Fortescue's finest.

"Fuck me, Severus, fuck me, Severus, fuck me Severus fuck meSeverusfuckmeSeverusfuckfuck," she chanted, faster and faster and more breathily, until she was gasping in ecstatic incoherency. With a shriek, her eyes rolled backwards, and her walls clamped around his painfully hard cock.

"Her-MIII-o-nee," he moaned, as she twisted and bucked beneath him, clawing and biting (at his shoulders, this time).

Slow and subtle would have to wait until the next round. He needed to pump into her as fast as possible, pump until the friction seemed likely to burn out all that lubrication from the sheer heat, at which point his head would fly back, his face would seize up, and he would he would--

"Uh uff YES UHHHHHN."

Pure bliss.

His final coherent thought (surfacing somewhere along his descent from the heights of their mutual orgasm to the enveloping depths of sleep) was admiration for her ability to remain articulate for so long... His vocabulary had been reduced to "ohhh," "YES!" and a few polysyllabic groans for the last ten minutes.

Hermione was content just to stare at the ceiling for a bit. It was a plain, off-white ceiling with a hint of cobweb in the corner and a few slight cracks. There was nothing special about it, which made it a perfect counterpoint to the sensory overload of the past hour or so.

The kisses alone were mind blowing. Where the hell did he learn to kiss like that? His thin, agile lips could tickle hers like a passing butterfly. They could also attack her mouth as fiercely as a shark, trying to devour her from the inside out. And everything between those two extremes, from the tickle of ignition to the devouring inferno, was red hot and absolutely to die for.

Then, there was his voice. It must have undertones detectable only by elephants and seismographs. It was not only sexy; it seemed to have the effect of gently vibrating all of her internal organs. It was too bad he had trouble articulating during orgasm, but they could work on that.

As for the rest... Well, not only was he an incredibly skilled lover who could make her toes curl at just the memory of his touch, but beyond doubt he could brew up something to deal with the residual fatigue, soreness, stubble burn...

It's good to be shagging the Potions master.

Severus was snoring beside her now, having definitely earned his rest. Were it not for his virtuoso performance, Hermione might have been a bit put out that he didn't remain awake for a nice post-coital chat and cuddle. As it was, she was sufficiently satisfied that she decided to regard the blissful smile on his face as a most flattering compliment. As long as he was sound asleep and not entangled with her, she might as well take the opportunity to use the loo.

Hermione caressed his hair briefly, luxuriating in the softness of it. *I wonder why it always used to look so greasy?* she thought, idly. Finally, she gave him a kiss on the cheek, whispering, "Severus, love, you are an absolute sex god."

He made a slightly smug affirmative sound in his sleep as she slipped out of bed and into her robe to fend off the chill.

If she hobbled slightly as she walked, no one was awake to see it but Crookshanks. And he wasn't telling.

Having attended to business, Hermione was at the sink when a familiar wedge-shaped head popped out of her bathtub.

"So, missy," Regina said with a grin, "how did things work out between you and your Greater Large-Nose Wanker?"

Startled, Hermione hurled the soap in the general direction of the sound. When she saw the ferret-like face, she relaxed. "Reggie! What are you doing here?"

"Damn! One little shag together, and already you're sporting matching hair-trigger tempers!" Reg exclaimed, leaping to safety on the shower curtain. Regina was in the business because she liked to help, her vocabulary notwithstanding. But sometimes, constant assaults from the beneficiaries of her services took the warm glow off her instinct for selflessness.

"It was more than just a little shag," Hermione corrected smugly.

"Bleeding, fucking hell, woman, spare me the details. Although I have to say, he certainly has the equipment for it..."

Hermione's eyes narrowed to slits of suspicion as she studied her furry benefactor. *Why* were you looking at his 'equipment?'"

"Calmate, brujita. I assure you, it was purely incidental, in the course of my professional duties as your Fairy God-Jarvey," Regina replied, in a voice that would prevent butter melting on an afternoon in August.

Hermione snorted. "Riiight. But I have to know... How did you get his head out of his arse long enough to actually see that I enjoy his company and wanted more of it?" Her brows drew together in worry. "You use any sort of, um, mind-altering substance?"

Regina bristled. "That's bloody well uncalled for! The Code of Conduct for the International Fellowship of Fairy Godmothers and Other Do-Gooding Beings clearly states that no mind control device, spell, or drug, may be employed at any time, for any reason, during an assignment. Not even to save one's own arse."

No rule against getting around someone's overly conservative judgment with a little well-intentioned psychological warfare, though, Reggie added internally. This could very well qualify as her Master project. Gaining her godchild's desire by pretending to be someone else's Fairy God-Jarvey had to be worth several points for creativity, at least.

Hell, pretending to be *Snape's* Fairy God-Jarvey should be worth a medal for bravery in the all-too-literal line-of-fire. Though it had been a bit of fun as well, dealing with the prickly bastard. Never before had she actually been given good cause to use her naturally flowing profanity.

"I'm sorry, Reg. I didn't mean to call your ethics into question. But tell me--did that inarticulate fop at the ball have anything to do with it? You know, inspiring Severus to jealousy by evoking L-Lockhart--that sort of thing?"

"*Something* like that. I can't reveal trade secrets, after all. I strongly recommend you don't ever mention that bloke to Sir Snark-a-Lot, though," Regina said seriously, trying to envision herself at the mercy of a famished Acromantula in an effort to restrain a fit of laughter.

"Fine by me. I'd just as soon forget 'Gary Garish' myself," Hermione replied with a grimace.

"So, are you satisfied with the results of my efforts on your behalf? Did I deliver the opportunities you requested, do you now have your heart's desire, etc., etc., etc.?" Reggie asked. "I gotta go through the motions of administering the survey, otherwise I catch hell from management."

Hermione gently placed one hand on either side of Reggie's silky little head, leaned forward, and kissed her right between the ears. "Yes, to all those questions," she said softly. "You're the greatest, Reg."

Goodbye, Regina Fletcher, FG-JJ1; Hello, Regina Fletcher, MFG-J, Reggie thought giddily.

Reggie grinned, whiskers wriggling happily. The odd glow to her face strongly suggested she was blushing under her fur. "Aw, bugger it, I'm just your fairy god-Jarvey," she scoffed. "Hell, even those brain-dead tossers in management were able to figure out **you** deserved your heart's desire, after being so instrumental in assuring that the bloody Chosen One and his chuffing sidekick survived the war intact. You're practically an honorary colleague. Yell for me if you have any trouble with old Pain-in-the-Arse, okay?"

After Hermione promised to do so, Regina Fletcher vanished in a puff of silver smoke.

And they all lived snarkily ever after.

Not quite FIN

Author's Notes:

Regina's (and the Summary's) Spanish Comments:

Por lo mas: For the most part.

No gano ningun dinero de esto: I don't earn any money from this

Calmate, brujita: calm yourself, little witch.

Technical Stuff:

FG-JJ1: Fairy God-Jarvey, Journeywoman (First Class)

MFG-J: Master Fairy God-Jarvey

A/N: LariLee is SuperBeta. I will be burning little incense interrogatives in her honor to remind me how to punctuate properly. Little known fact: she is Executive Director of the National Comma Relocation Project.

Everything you have just read is entirely fictitious-with the slight exception of Snape's hair problem. Although I have exaggerated (substantially) for comic effect, this is rather similar to what happens when my husband grows his incredibly stiff hair out. Only copious quantities of slimy, disgusting, styling substances keep it under some semblance of control past a certain length. Not having a fairy god-Jarvey to rewrite his follicular DNA, he keeps it cut to half an inch long or shorter to avoid the bother.

If you remember what Hermione's Patronus is, you can figure out why she bites her mate on the nose during sex! *grin*

There is a short (for me) epilogue, if LariLee is willing to beta it. May God and Douglas Adams have mercy on my soul.

Epilogue

Chapter 4 of 4

Here is a final taste of lemon and one last gag for the road. I am so far past 'one shot' it doesn't bear mentioning. Enjoy the epilogue!

Disclaimer: If I owned it, they'd probably have to cast John Cleese in the movies, somewhere. ;-) Not to mention Rowan Atkinson.

Epilogue

"Madame Mab, we've got a problem," said Pip, intern at the offices of the International Fellowship of Fairy God-Mothers and Other Do-Gooding Beings.

Mab pushed her gold framed glasses up on her tiny nose and frowned down at her intern. Pip was always dramatic, but he seemed a little more agitated than usual. "What problem is that, Pip my boy?"

"It's this requisition for a fairy godmother," he said, placing the paperwork (which was almost as large as his boss) on the desk. "Pooky in the Identification of Worthy Projects Department found a... being... which apparently qualified for some sort of reward in the aftermath of the Granger Case."

"Holy Titania! Not the one -- Fletcher's Godchild?" Mab asked, flying from her long-legged chair to the top of the desk to begin perusing the file. That Regina Fletcher had made Master was one of the great mysteries of life, as far as Madam Mab was concerned. Her and her psychology! Barmy overly-literate ball of fur.

Mab's jaw dropped as she read the request. "Is this some sort of joke?"

He swallowed. "Um, no, Ma'am," he said, apologetically. "Any sentient being with a pure, noble heart and a reasonable heart's desire is, under the guidelines of the Blanket Non-Discrimination Policy of--"

"All right, all right, I know regulations!" Mab shouted, stamping her small foot on the blotter. Her wings quivered with agitation. She flipped through the few pages of the file, her lips pursed in concentration as if searching for an out somewhere in the paperwork on the latest deserving client. Finally she sighed.

"Send Blueleaf to do it," she said heavily. "And make sure it never gets back to Fletcher. It's bad enough she's giving the young recruits strange ideas by recounting all the havoc she wrought, getting that Granger witch together with her wizard. We'll never be able to contain her if she knows that she sparked another sponsorship with her reckless actions."

"Right away, boss," Pip squeaked.

"Don't call me 'boss,' you wanker," Mab growled at the youngster's back. Her wings drooped. "Sod it, I've been spending too much time around that damned Jarvey!"

Blueleaf, Fairy Godfather (Journeyman First-Class, Pixie division) cautiously entered the gentlemen's lavatory at the Ministry of Magic ballroom and banqueting space. Everything was clean, gleaming and in excellent repair this day. There was no sign of the reported damage in the wake of Regina Fletcher's (by now) legendary case of matching Hermione Granger, famously brilliant witch, with her puzzling heart's desire--Severus Snape, infamously disagreeable wizard.

He had to confess, he was glad it had been Fletcher's turn in the rotation when that case came up.

He slowly approached the wall at the end of the room. His eyes focused on the Endless Warm Towel Dispenser. To the average wizard or witch, it still looked quite ordinary, if perhaps a little shinier than one might expect. But Blueleaf knew his business, and this thing had the undeniable air of That Which Can Think and Feel. However, it had no apparent means of communication.

Well, here goes nothing, he thought.

"Greetings, Endless Warm Towel Dispenser. I am Blueleaf, Fairy Godfather (Journeyman First-Class, Pixie Division). Due to your recent heroic actions and acquisition of sentience, I am here to grant your heart's desire," he recited dutifully.

The Towel Dispenser tingled with a sense of wonder and gratitude, as it wordlessly conveyed its request.

One year later, the Midsummer's Eve Ball at the Ministry was in full swing, and so too was the romance between Severus Snape and Hermione Granger. Snape found it rather fun to once again be on the receiving end of Potter's and Weasley's intensely focused ambivalence. Especially since he was now free to hex them back in self-defense, should they be foolish enough to think they had caught him unawares. Or better yet, step back and watch Hermione jinx their arses off. She tended to be in the mood for a great deal of 'comfort' after such incidents, and he was more than happy to oblige.

As for Hermione, it had become perversely enjoyable to attend Ministry functions, now that the obligatory invitations carried the palpable though unwritten message, ***'Please don't bring him as your date!'*** Not to mention she had found an entirely new pastime to enjoy at said functions. Slipping out for a snog during the course of such an event had become, for the two of them, the equivalent of a nicotine addict rushing out for a much-needed smoke.

They were deeply engaged in said activity when Hermione was overcome by one of her more randy moods.

She slipped her hands into Severus' robes and began to caress him. Disengaging her lips from his, she whispered ticklishly against his neck, "Mmmm, Severus, the hallway is empty... Why don't we--"

"Hermione, love," he muttered warningly against the rim of her ear, "you'll lose the little social standing you have left if we're caught shagging in the halls."

"What can I say--I love living dangerously," she breathed, slowly sliding her belly up and down against what was threatening to become a most impressive erection.

"You've spent too much time in bad company, you naughty little Gryffindor thrill-seeker," he said. His lascivious smirk belied the reproof in his words.

"So, take away house points, you nasty old pervert," she giggled. Her eyes still glowed with mischief, but her voice lowered seductively as she hooked her knee around his thigh and said, "but do it quickly so we can get to the shagging."

Glancing up and down the hallway, he pressed a helping hand against her pert little bum and she obligingly hopped up, wrapping her legs around his waist. He backed awkwardly towards the door of the gent's lav, quickly casting a spell to detect whether or not it was occupied. Finding it empty, he slipped his wand back into his sleeve and ducked in.

Hermione fastened her lips to his again, one arm firmly seated on his shoulders so she could play with the ends of his luxurious black hair, as her other hand slipped between them to free his erection. With a few expert movements, he worked the hem of her robes up over her hips, then seated her pretty bare arse on the edge of the sink to free his hands (and spare his back).

"Eeek! This sink is cold!" Hermione squealed.

Suddenly, they heard a soft click, almost like an apologetic cough of interruption. Severus turned, noticing (for the first time) the most unusual Towel Dispenser. A particularly thick, soft and warm-looking towel descended from the device's aperture.

Hermione's tongue on his earlobe brought him back to more important matters than the disquietingly bizarre yet familiar appearance of that bathroom fixture. With a flourish, he snatched the towel from the machine and lovingly tucked it under her bum with a bit rolled up behind her, so as to protect her from the cold porcelain and the protruding taps.

"Naughty minx," he said with a smirk, "you planned on something like this tonight."

"I didn't notice you wearing underwear either, darling," she gasped, as his hand found its way up under her robes to her breast.

"We'll have to make this quick," he murmured, ducking down to push his face between her thighs. Hermione squealed ecstatically as he began lapping at her warm,

fragrant nether lips. Encouraged by her fingers twined in his hair, he pumped his tongue into her welcoming channel and rubbed her clit with his nose, teasing her with short exhalations of breath. As her thighs and fingers tensed, heralding her climax, he quickly stood up and shoved his cock into her.

As he pumped madly, she exploded in his arms, biting him forcefully on the neck. (He had long since learned to turn aside quickly if he wanted to keep his nose intact.) Reveling in the twitching, tight slickness in which he was embedded, Severus let go, allowing himself a moan of profound satisfaction.

For a scant moment they rested, his forehead against the cooling glass of the mirror, her curls trailing down his back as her head hung over his shoulder in happy satiety. Knowing, however, that enjoying the afterglow would have to await the privacy of either his bed or hers later that night, they reluctantly moved apart enough that Hermione could slide down from the sink. Rather than toss the towel in the laundry chute, Severus covertly *Reducio'd* it and slipped it into his pocket. He couldn't resist keeping a little souvenir of their more adventurous amatory exploits.

A quick Cleansing Charm and they were both presentable again, if a little too flushed for propriety. Severus peeked out the door, determining that the coast was clear before escorting his wanton witch out into the hall again.

"Oh, love, that was exhilarating," Hermione whispered, as she smoothed her robes carefully. "But I have to say, I found that iridescent purple, ruby and emerald encrusted Endless Warm Towel Dispenser just a little distracting."

FIN (This time for sure!)

A/N:

That's all, folks--I hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it! My ambition is to make the world a better place, one punch line at a time.

Towel-y sends lots of love and kisses. As a professional courtesy, he kept his eyes closed the whole time. Unlike us rather less couth souls.

;-)

I have it on good authority that Regina Fletcher celebrated her promotion to Master Fairy God-Jarvey by sidling over to The Plaid Pooka Pub and getting absolutely plastered with some snarky little bloke named Turpin. If Reg hadn't created one of her 'diversions,' someone would have had to post bail for them.

It's all done, LariLee! The good little punctuation marks of the world are safe from me, for now. Thanks for everything!

Finally, thanks to Lotm, for the 'epilogue bunny.'