

And This Too Shall Pass

by cocoachristy

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Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The Harry Potter universe belongs to JKR.

A/N: Many thanks go to my awesome beta, Southern_Witch_69.

This is my response to Southern_Witch_69 and Plaidpooka's SexGod!Snape challenge on Potter_Place. For complete rules, please see the end of the chapter.

And This Too Shall Pass

The first thing Helen MacDonald noticed when she walked in the door from a double shift at the hospital was Severus Snape, sitting on the couch in his boxers and a t-shirt, feet propped up on the table, with his hand in a bowl of crisps, watching the telly. Helen frowned as he absently scratched below his navel.

Severus had been tortured by Death Eaters right before the final battle and left for dead in Muggle London. When he'd woken up, he was being treated in a Muggle hospital. Helen had been his nurse and had taken very good care of him. He had used what little charm he had on her and ended up living with her in her flat when he had finally been released. That had been six months earlier.

Sighing, she said, "Severus, what are you doing? I thought you were going to try and find a job today?"

Absently pointing toward the paper while never taking his eyes off of the telly, he told her, "I did. There is nothing in there that interests me."

"That's it! I have had enough! You sit in this flat all day watching that blasted thing," she accused as she pointed towards the television. "You don't cook, clean, do laundry, or contribute in any way shape or form to the bills! And what do I do? Work myself ragged, sometimes pulling double shifts, to come home to this, that's what! You don't even have any skills in the bedroom. I have to do all the work in that area, too...when you can get it up, that is! I don't know why I have kept you around this long, but no longer. I want you gone."

Unfazed and looking at her, Severus simply shrugged and said, "Done. I will be gone when you return from work tomorrow."

Hurt, she asked, "You don't care at all, do you?"

"Not particularly."

Now fuming along with feeling hurt, she informed him, "I am going to change my clothes and leave for a few hours. When I return, don't be here."

After she had left, Severus looked around the room. He wrinkled his nose in disgust *Perhaps Helen is right. It's time I headed home and faced things. Especially...her. She told me she understood that I did what I needed...had...to do, but do I understand it myself? No matter. It's time to move on and out of here.*

After the death of Albus, Severus had lost all hope and faith in himself and the way the war would end. When he had returned to the Dark Lord's side, he'd felt as if he wanted to be tortured...killed even...as a punishment to himself.

After making sure Draco was safely hidden, he stopped trying to block the Dark Lord's looks into his mind. It didn't take long for him to discover that Severus was working for both sides. Voldemort had immediately ordered a slow and painful death for his unloyal servant.

After several hours of torture, it had been assumed that he was dead, so his *brothers* had taken his body and dumped it in hopes that the Order he so loved to serve would find him, not even bothering to take or destroy his wand.

Muggles had found him instead.

Sighing, Severus got dressed. After getting his things together and casting a few Cleaning Charms, he headed for Spinner's End.

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Returning to his family home had been bittersweet for Severus. It was familiar, but the memories were mostly bad. Even the memories he'd had of his mother, who had always loved him, saddened him because she was no longer there, thanks to his Muggle father.

Putting those unwelcome thoughts in the back of his mind, he decided to settle in before he went to Hogwarts to face Minerva...and his own inner demons. Deciding that going the first thing the following morning would be best, Severus started unpacking his meager belongings. As he did, his mind wondered.

I suppose Helen was right. I simply cannot continue this way. He winced as he remembered her harsh words about his abilities in the bedroom *Perhaps she is the reason I have problems there! I never had problems before her!* Sighing, Severus knew he could not really blame Helen. He knew it was partly his depression that had caused him to be unable to hold an erection, and it was likely also partly because he was simply uninterested in actually having sex with her. He'd just felt unworthy of the pleasure.

"Albus, you old fool! It should have been me! You should have just let me face the consequences of breaking the Vow!" Suddenly angry, Severus heaved the closest thing he could get his hands on, a crystal vase, across the room and watched it shatter against the wall. Not bothering to fix it, he went to his bedroom and laid down on the bed, fully clothed.

He'd done quite a bit of reading in a few of Helen's medical books and realized that he was suffering from something called *survivor's guilt*. It was true; he did feel he should have died during the war. *Bloody Death Eaters! Can't get anything right! How could they fail so miserably in killing me?*

Severus groaned and decided to try to stop feeling sorry for himself. He couldn't sleep because he was dreading seeing Minerva, but knowing he must. She'd owed him several times once she had learned that he had actually survived, but he'd never owed her back. *Something else to feel guilty over.*

Sighing, he rolled to his side. *Forgive me, Albus, for I cannot forgive myself.* Soon, he fell into a fitful sleep.

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When Severus arrived at Hogwarts, he went directly to Albus'...no, Minerva's...office. He wanted to get this first meeting over with quickly.

Minerva was startled to hear a brisk knock on her door. Her staff knew that she was in the middle of a meeting and not to be disturbed. School would be starting in only a month, and she still had two positions to fill. She needed both a Charms and Potions professor.

Not bothering to hide her aggravation, she called out, "Enter!"

Her eyes popped out of her head when Severus Snape walked into the office. "Hello, Minerva."

Putting her hand over her mouth, she stuttered, "S-Severus! Oh, my! Come in, come in! Oh, how I have missed you!" Suddenly, tears started flowing from her eyes.

When Severus had first killed her former boss and lover, she'd wanted retaliation. However, after reading all the journals Albus had left and viewing his pensive, Severus had been cleared of all charges...and everyone had seen the reasoning behind what had been done. She'd been trying to convince him to come back ever since she'd learned he had survived, but to no avail. Until today, that is. *Perhaps I can kill two birds with one stone today!*

Minerva stood and held her arms open. Severus reluctantly went to her and allowed her to hold him, never noticing Hermione Granger sitting in the chair in front of the desk. He looked up and saw Albus' portrait and then quickly looked away. It hurt too much to see those twinkling eyes and kind smile.

"Severus, it's about time you returned. I have missed you," she told him again.

"I have missed you as well, Minnie." He patted her back and turned to sit down, suddenly noticing Hermione.

"Miss Granger, excuse me. Had I known you would be here, I would have waited to come."

"Oh, nonsense! You have waited too long as it is! Tell me, what have you been doing all this time?" Minerva demanded. "Where are you working?"

"I am currently unemployed, as I am sure you know. I just recently went home to Spinner's End. I don't know what I am going to do yet." He looked back at Hermione, who had not spoken a word, uneasily. He didn't want to talk with her in the room.

Clapping her hands, the headmistress said, "I know what you are going to do! I need a Potions professor! Come home, Severus."

Raising an eyebrow, he asked, "Oh? What of Slughorn?"

"Well, he ran off when the war started," Minerva said, waving her hand in a nonchalant manner, "and I haven't heard from him since. I need you, Severus. You would of course be the Slytherin Head of House again. What say you?"

"Well, I hadn't thought to come back here. I just felt it was time to come and see you."

"Well past time, I say!" she agreed. "Look, I have just hired Hermione to replace Filius, God rest his soul, and I need you as well."

"I don't know..."

"Excuse me," Hermione interrupted. "Professor McGonagall," at said professor's stern look, Hermione corrected, "Minerva, I am going to go home and get my things. I will be back later today." She felt as if she was intruding on Professor Snape's private time with Minerva and that he clearly wanted her to leave.

"All right, dear. I will have Filius' old chambers prepared and ready for your return." As the new Charms professor headed to the door, Minerva added, "And Hermione, thank you."

"No, thank you! I have always wanted to return here, you know." With a shy smile towards Severus, Hermione opened the door and walked out.

What was that about? Severus wondered. Why was she looking at me that way? And when did she grow into that body?

"Severus! Are you listening to me?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Minnie. What were you saying?"

Sighing, she repeated herself...something she hated to do. "I wanted to know what it would take to convince you to come back. I need you."

"That's playing dirty, woman! However, considering my prospects, I will accept." When she started smiling, he quickly added, "At least for this year. What do you think Scrimgeour will say?"

"I don't think he will have much to say about it; you were cleared of all charges! Besides, with Voldemort dead, he doesn't worry too much with the goings on here."

"Very well then. May I assume I am to have my old chambers?"

"Yes. Oh, Severus, I am so happy you have returned. Albus did not mean for you to suffer or for you to torment yourself this way, you know. He loved you, as do I."

Weary, he said, "I know. I don't wish to discuss Albus. I will go to Spinner's End, collect my things, and then return to my dungeons. If you need me before the evening meal, that is where I will be."

After he had left, Minerva turned to Albus' portrait. "He's returned!"

"Yes, he has. I am glad he is back where he belongs."

"Indeed. Now, I must get ready to go visit all the Muggle-born students. I am behind schedule!"

Albus sat quietly as Minerva took out her list of names and addresses. He worried for Severus more than he wanted to admit.*The boy needs someone in his life to care for him. But who?*

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School had been in session for three months. Severus was back in his old routine and glad he had come back, though he would never admit it. He was even talking to Albus' portrait some.

It was during dinner one evening when an idea came to him. Remembering the accusations that Helen had thrown at him concerning his bedroom skills...or lack thereof...he'd decided to make a potion similar to the Muggle pill, Viagra, that he'd read about in another one of Helen's medical books.

He'd been noticing the sideways glances that Hermione had been giving him during the past weeks. It wasn't that he was especially interested in her, regardless of how mature and pleasant she seemed lately. Nor was it her womanly figure, not that he had particularly noticed, but he felt it was time to start living his life. Her glances had made him think of finding a woman, which was something he had not wanted to do in a long time.

Excusing himself from the table, he started to rise when he heard a timid, "Professor Snape?"

Looking down at the Charms professor, he asked, "Yes? What is it?"

Gathering her courage, Hermione said, "Um... I was just wondering..." She paused at his glare.

"Wondering what?" he snapped. Now that he'd decided to definitely brew the potion, he was anxious to get on with it.

Sighing, and loosing her nerve, she simply said, "Nothing, sir," and looked down at her plate of barely touched food. She had wanted to ask him to join her for a drink and possibly some intelligent conversation, but she could tell he would never have any interest in her.

"Very well. Good evening."

"Goodnight, sir."

Severus hurried to his personal lab, anxious to get started. It just happened to be his weekend off.*What is that girl up to? Oh, well, I haven't the time to find out now. That will have to wait until Monday.*

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The potion was surprisingly easy to brew. It had only taken him two hours. He had debated on taking it right away or waiting until he actually had a woman with him. The only problem was, as it had not been tested, he didn't know how long it would take for the potion to take affect. He most definitely didn't want to be embarrassed by not being able to get an erection. No, it would be best to take the potion now.

As soon as he downed the potion, there was a knock at his door.*Damn! Not now! Who would be coming to my private chambers? Must be Minerva*Sighing, he went to answer the door.

Hermione had stewed in her room an hour before she'd mustered up the courage to go to talk to Professor Snape. Once her decision had been made, she'd decided to make herself a bit more presentable. After a quick shower, she'd changed from her teaching robes into a pair of comfortable Muggle jeans and a jumper.

Her attraction to the professor had come as a surprise to her. Not once while she was in school did she ever even consider him the least bit attractive.

When she'd learned of his spying for the Order, she had begrudgingly started to somewhat understand and respect the man; however, after he had killed Albus, she'd all but hated him. Until she had learned all the facts, that is. Hermione had to admit, if only to herself, that she considered what Professor Snape had done to be braver than what anyone else in the entire Order, save Harry, had ever done.

Knowing that only made her want to get to know him even more. She'd been watching him for weeks, but to no avail. He'd ignored her at every turn. When she'd started to ask him to her chambers for a drink during dinner, the way he'd glared at her had caused her to lose her nerve. After a sturdy talk to herself, she'd gotten her nerve back.

Once she had actually gotten to his door, she almost backed out.*NO! You're here, just knock!*Steeling herself, she knocked and braced for rejection.*If he does reject me, at least I will know without a doubt..*

Slinging the door open, desire hit him in the gut like a fist. There stood Professor Granger, who he had convinced himself that he had not been noticing, in a pair of very tight jeans that showed her every curve and a low cut, *green* jumper that showed her slight cleavage beautifully.

He had been trying to avoid her longing looks for weeks now. He could not fathom why a girl such as she would be sniffing in his direction. He'd ignored her, been rude to her, and had even presented her with his most vicious glare; this was all because it simply would not do for someone like him to share an attraction with someone like her. They just didn't fit. Yet, here she was, causing desire to flow in his veins. *No, not her! It's the potion!*

Trying to bite back his sudden arousal, he growled with annoyance, "Is there something you need, Professor?"

Yes, I need you! "Well, um, no, not need. I just thought you might like to share a drink with me."

His arousal was becoming intolerable, to the point of painful, and he knew he would never make it out of his rooms to go to any pubs hunting for a woman. Glaring, he opened the door wider and motioned for her to go inside. "Yes, now that you mention it, I believe we have something we need to discuss."

Confused, Hermione entered his rooms. *What have I done?* "Discuss, sir?"

"Yes. I want to know what you think you are doing."

"I don't understand." She looked alarmed at the pained expression on his face. "Sir, are you okay?"

Well, I know the potion works. I now know I can bloody well get an erection directly after I take it! "I am fine!" Taking a deep breath to calm down, he demanded, "I want to know why you suddenly seem to want to share my company."

Blushing profusely, she simply said, "I find you interesting. I would like to get to know you better." Gathering up all the courage she had, Hermione boldly said, "I was just wondering if the attraction was mutual." When he scowled, her face fell. Sighing, she told him, "I see that it's not, so I will go now. I am sorry to have bothered you; it won't happen again."

When she turned to leave, he grabbed her arm. "Did you just say that you are attracted to me? *How long will this blasted potion last?*

"Don't do this. Don't humiliate me further." She had to get out of there. Those black eyes stared into her brown ones, giving her chills.

"It is not my intention to humiliate you, Hermione. I just wanted to see if I heard you correctly."

I wonder if he realizes he just called me Hermione? "Yes, you did, Severus." She deliberately said his first name to gauge his reaction. When she didn't get yelled at, she continued, "I am attracted to you. I think you know that I have been for a while now. I needed to come here to see if the feeling was mutual. Is it?" she boldly asked.

"Indeed." He gestured towards the sofa. "Have a seat, and I will get us a glass of wine."

Hermione went to sit and noticed him walking stiffly. "Are you sure you are okay? You look like you are in pain."

"It's nothing. Here. I hope red is to your liking."

"It is; thank you."

They sat on his couch talking for about an hour. His erection never went away, if anything, it only got worse. His need for her was consuming him, so when there was a lull in their conversation, he took her glass from her and set it on the table along with his.

Cupping the back of her head, he pulled her face to his for a kiss. She immediately responded. She had wanted those lips for weeks.

Feeling emboldened by her response, he deepened the kiss and gently caressed her breast over her jumper, causing her nipple to harden. Hearing her moan, he left her mouth and started nibbling on her throat.

Forgetting her shyness and feeling brave, Hermione fisted her hands in his hair and pulled him even closer. Before she knew what was happening, he had her lying on the sofa under him.

As he went under her jumper and bra to cup her breast, she briefly wondered if she should stop him, but she knew she didn't want to. The truth was that she wanted him just as much as he seemed to want her. She began to unbutton his shirt as he started to pull her jumper over her head. They both laughed when they got tangled.

"Hermione, I think you know where this is leading. I want you, and if we continue this way, I won't be able to stop myself. What do you want me to do?"

"Don't stop. If you do, I think I'll explode."

Very relieved, he chuckled while he simply took his wand and spelled the rest of their clothes off. "Better."

"Most definitely."

He had wanted to take his time to savor her. He wanted to be gentle, giving, and generous. He was none of those things at the moment. His need had come to an all-time high, due to the potion of course, and he had to have her then.

He cupped her to make sure that she was ready for him, and her wetness only aroused him further. "Now, Hermione! I have to have you right now!"

"Yes!" she agreed and arched into him, willing and ready. The wine and the seductive tone of his voice, added with the closeness of his body to hers as they had sat on the sofa, had already made her want him long before he had kissed her.

He plunged into her, holding nothing back. She cried out with pleasure from the way he filled her and wrapped her legs around his waist to get him closer still. Soon, she was matching him thrust for thrust.

He bent his head and started to gently nibble on her breast, causing her to shiver with excitement. "You... are... a... tight... little... vixen!" He stopped his thrusts and looked down into her eyes. "Do you know how good you feel to me?"

"It can't be any better than you feel to me."

He slowly began to move again, rocking them to bliss. "It's coming... I'm almost there..." she stammered, trying to achieve her goal.

Severus began thrusting a little harder, enjoying the feel of her inner walls tightening and trembling around him. He gently began caressing her, and soon she stiffened and called his name.

After a few hard thrusts, he joined her in orgasmic bliss. They laid together in sated contentment. When a few moments had passed, she began kissing his chest and rubbing his back.

Looking down at her, he decided, "We had better take this to the bedroom. I find myself wanting you again."

"As soon as I am able to walk," she said as she giggled.

"I can help you there," he said as he picked her up and carried her to the bed. He made love to her three more times that night before he let her get any rest.

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Four months later

Hermione sat in what were now her and Severus' chambers. She had moved her things into the dungeons after their binding a week earlier, as it was more practical for him to be near his lab and his Slytherins.

They'd had what everyone had called a whirlwind romance. Hermione didn't care what they'd called it; all she knew was she was the happiest she had ever been in her life. Suddenly, she heard the door open and a surly voice say, "Dunderheads! The whole lot of them! Why did I ever agree to come back to this dreaded place?"

Laughing at his sour expression, she said, "Hello to you, too, love. Bad day?"

"Typical day." Bending down to kiss her, he asked, "How was your day? I wager better than mine?"

"Everything was fine. How about a soak in the tub...and stuff...before dinner? You game?"

"Always game for that," he smirked.

Severus had decided to make a supply of the Viagra Potion and keep it on hand in case of emergencies. Thankfully, he'd not needed any since that first night. His Hermione had never failed to arouse him and keep him that way.

He never would have guessed six months earlier that his life would have turned out as it had. He still had bouts of depression at times, but nothing like he'd had before. The survivor's guilt he'd been experiencing had also lessened, as the weekly chats with Albus' portrait were helping.

And if anyone had told him that he would have ended up married, and to Hermione Granger no less, he likely would have hexed them to oblivion, but here he was...happily wed, content, and loving every second of it.

Just as they started for the bathroom, there was a desperate pounding on the door. "You go ahead, and I will take care of this," Severus told Hermione."

"All right, but please hurry!"

After she had gone into the bathroom and shut the door, he went to answer the pounding. "What is it, Lupin? Must you break my door down?"

"Snape! You told me this potion lasted for hours!" Remus angrily said, thrusting an empty vial into Severus' hand.

"It does."

"No, it doesn't!" Remus shouted. "It only lasted thirty minutes, tops. Same for Kingsley. You need to adjust it or something." Both Remus and Kingsley had been subjected to the Cruciatus Curse for a long period of time, and it had affected their performance. After discussing it with Severus, he'd agreed to let them try his Viagra Potion.

"Curious. When I used it that time, it lasted all night."

"It must have been you after the initial... um... you know. After you got an erection, the rest must have been you!"

Clearing his throat, he told him, "I see. Well, I will work on it this weekend and make some adjustments. I will get back to you. *Thirty minutes? For both Lupin and Shackbolt? How can that be?*

"Thank you."

After Lupin left, he began pondering the problem, but then he heard a splash in the bathroom.

"Severus! I am naked and wet! Any ideas?"

Grinning, he started towards the bathroom, undressing as he went. "Plenty, and I intend to show you each one."

Yes, life is good indeed.

Christy's Notes: Well, here's my little contribution to the Sex!God Snape challenge! Hope you enjoyed it.

Southern's Notes: Great take on the challenge. I like that he was able to get over his problem with help from the right woman.

Rules:

One-Shot story only (at least 1000 words is only limit)

The pairing must be SS/HG (to be archived at Ashwinder or

the Petulant Poetess in special folders created specifically

for the challenge)

Post or Pre HBP (either acceptable)

No intentional errors / author's notes this time (whew!)

Any genre allowed (We adore parodies.)

Any rating allowed

After the deadline has passed, we will have a vote on the stories.

The deadline will be April 1st since we are "fooling" around.

Tentative Premises (Not Mandatory...for ideas only):

1. Snape has shagged someone (We don't care who it was.) and now feels a bit lacking after his performance (for whatever reason).

He creates a potion to make him into a Sex!God (be it for endurance, looks, lust, anything). No woman will be able to deny his skills at the art of shagging after that. He decides to practice on Hermione.

2. The war is finally over, and Voldemort has been defeated. For the first time in years, Severus has the time to take a good look at himself...inside and/or outside, and he doesn't like what he sees. What does he decide to do about it, and how shall he accomplish it?

3. Severus has just created a Viagra Potion, but bloody hell...

He shouldn't have tested it on himself.

****Remember to post your links at our Yahoo!Group, Potter_Place, to let us know so that we can come have a read and later vote on it. ****

Group Link: <http://www.potterplace.com/>