

Glass Pyramid

by Bellamar

This is my response to the Make-Over SexGod Snape challenge By
Southern_Witch_69 & PlaidPooka.

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 6

This is my response to the Make-Over SexGod Snape challenge By Southern_Witch_69 & PlaidPooka.

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Chapter 1

Glass Pyramid

The majority of the female staff of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry was currently gathered in the faculty lounge, kicking their feet up and getting a little tipsy in the process.

"Ha! I told you I could do it, Hermione!" exclaimed a very inebriated Rolanda Hooch, as she attempted to add the very last shot glass to the top of her pyramid. Once she was sure it was in place, she leaned back in her chair and let out a very unladylike belch.

The school's latest intern, Hermione Granger, crinkled her nose in disgust at the flight instructor. "Really, Rolanda, that is disgusting. Where are your manners?"

"One has to have manners to begin with in order to use them, my dear," said the Deputy Headmistress, Minerva McGonagall, while she poured herself another glass of wine.

This earned a few smiles and snickers from the other ladies sitting around the room.

"Oh, you two are just being spoilsports. I won the bet fair and square. I mean, look at the pyramid," Rolanda said as she pointed at her masterpiece for the evening. "All she has to do is answer my question, Minerva. And besides, she hasn't been one of your cubs for the past five years, so don't get your knickers in a twist. I'm sure she can hold her own just fine."

This comment caused the rest of the ladies to break into a fit of giggles. Well, almost all of them. Minerva looked as if she was sucking on a lemon, and Hermione's cheeks turned bright red.

"Just let her ask and get it over with, dear," said Pomona Sprout, the school's Herbology professor.

"Yeah," giggled the school nurse, Poppy Pomfrey. "She probably won't remember in the morning anyway."

"That may very well be true, but we will," Professor Sinistra added with an evil smirk.

"Oh, fine," said Hermione with a twinge of resignation in her voice. "Let's just quit making such a big deal about it and get it over with. What do you want to know, Rolanda?"

A broad smile crept across the flight instructor's face as she tapped her index finger on her chin and pondered how to word her question just right, so she could make the young woman in front of her as uncomfortable as possible.

"I find it very hard to believe that a young woman such as yourself, well, any young woman really, would want to spend your sexual prime holed up in this school like a nun. All you do is work, work, work down in the dungeons day in and day out with that big bat hanging over your shoulder. Don't you have wild oats or something that need to be sown?"

"I happen to care about my education and future as a Potions mistress more than a quick shag, ROLANDA! I'll have plenty of time to catch up with all of that once my career has been started," Hermione said angrily.

Rolanda looked dumbstruck. "Aren't you worried that it'll dry up if you don't use it, girl? I mean, take a look at Snape. You spend all day with him, you see how he is, and if his anger isn't sexual frustration, then I don't know what it is. He started working here when he was younger than you. Do you see what happens when you don't get shagged regularly in your youth?"

"You mean you turn into the most unshaggable man on the planet," replied Sinistra.

"He can't help it if he isn't attractive to the ladies," Poppy said with a bit of sympathy in her voice.

"Oh, but he can help it if he is a sarcastic arse, now can't he?" retaliated Rolanda.

"He could also clean himself up and quit looking as if he is the walking dead. Oh, and wash his hair for Circe's sake," Sinistra added.

"Would you all please stop making personal attacks against Professor Snape since he isn't here to defend himself? You all know you most certainly wouldn't be saying these awful things about him to his face, so I see no reason why you should say it now," said an irate Hermione. "Now, I refuse to let you pick my personal life, or lack thereof, apart for your personal entertainment. Keep your nose in your own business and out of mine. And for that matter, out of Professor Snape's as well while I am around. He is a brilliant man and a hero of war, and he deserves your gratitude and respect. You would each be lucky to have such a relationship with a man of half his character."

With those final parting words, Hermione stormed out of the staff room straight into a chest full of black buttons.

"Professor Snape, I'm sorry. I ... They were just ... It's not what you think ... What I mean to say is that ... Oh, God ... I'm so sorry ... I would never ... You're fine just as... I mean who cares ... Oh ... Excuse me, please," exclaimed Hermione before she brushed past him and ran as fast as she could to her chambers.

Severus Snape, the Potions professor of Hogwarts, had been heading to the faculty room to retrieve a book he had left prior to dinner that evening. When he'd arrived, the door was slightly ajar, and he could hear a very drunk Rolanda babbling about some kind of pyramid before putting Minerva in her place about her over-protectiveness of his intern. He should have known better than to listen in on the women, but it sounded as if his young intern was about to be forced to reveal some kind of interesting secret, and his own curiosity got the best of him. Intent on finding out what the secret was, he leaned against the outside wall beside the faculty door and listened as the entire conversation unfolded, proceeding to change from Hermione as the main topic to himself and his undesirability.

He was beyond furious at the older women of the school. Not only had they attacked him personally, but they had also demeaned him in front of his intern. He could deal with their banter, but he would not accept it when it might influence the working relationship he and Hermione had established and the respect that he demanded from her. When he had finally heard enough, he pushed away from the wall and prepared to enter the staff room. Before he knew what was happening, he'd had the wind knocked out of him and his arms full of his

bushy-haired intern.

It only took a minute for her to realize who she had bumped into, and her face turned stark white as she began to babble incoherently. Before he could utter a word, she had simply turned around and ran as if her life depended on it.

The thought crossed his mind that that had been very un-Gryffindor of her. Collecting himself, he stormed into the faculty room. He simply glared at the remaining occupants, half of whom were doing rather life-like impressions of goldfish, while the other half were simply hiding behind anything convenient that they could use to avoid making eye contact. He didn't speak a word as he walked gracefully to the far end of the room, snatched up his book, and retreated to the door. Just as he reached the door, he turned to face the women again and spoke in a dangerously deep tone. "I hope you all realize that I have forgotten more about curses and untraceable poisons than the lot of you have ever known, combined." With that last statement, he left, letting his trademark robes billow dramatically behind him.

As soon as Snape left the room, Rolanda either fainted from fear or passed out due to the amount of alcohol she had consumed. Regardless of the cause, she had managed to knock over her pyramid, sending smashed glass everywhere, which caused the rest of the women to let out multiple strands of obscenities and shrieks that could be heard throughout the entire castle.

To be continued

Challenge 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/>

Chapter 2

Chapter 2 of 6

This is my response to the Make-Over Sex!God Snape challenge by Southern_Witch_69 & PlaidPooka

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Chapter 2

Glass Pyramid

When Hermione entered her chambers, she was so out of breath that she flung herself down on the closest piece of furniture that she could find. This ended up being a small settee and shouldn't have been a problem in most cases; however, on this particular evening her familiar had decided to settle down on said settee for his evening nap. This, of course, caused quite a stir, and inevitably caused the poor girl to start babbling again to her nearly crushed to death Kneazle.

"Oh, Crooks, I'm so sorry! Are you alright?" she asked as reached down to pick up her angry familiar. "Don't look at me like that, Crooks. It was an accident. I just had the most awful five minutes of my life, and all I want to do now is crawl under my bed and die."

Crookshanks turned his head to the side and gave his mistress a calculating look. Something was definitely wrong with his mistress. Now if he wanted to find out what was wrong, he would have to behave himself. He made a dramatic swish with his tail, which seemed to say the incident was forgotten. He then jumped into Hermione's lap and proceeded to rub his fluffy, orange body against her chest in what he hoped was a comforting manner.

This action did give Hermione some comfort, and she began relax and take some soothing deep breaths. However, once she began to calm down, she began to remember why she was so upset in the first place.

"Oh, my God, Crooks! He must hate me. I mean, what were they thinking saying such horrible things about him? And then to find out that he'd heard. Oh, God, how much did he hear?" Hermione jumped up and began to pace around her quarters and vocalize her thoughts about the recent events in the staff room to her familiar.

"It's one thing to pick on me, but for them to insult him in such a thoughtless manner, and then to have him hear it is quite another! He might not always be the most pleasant person to be around, but look at what he has had to put up with all his life. It's not like his life is a big secret. The *Daily Prophet* posted his life story all over the papers, along with the rest of the Order of Phoenix when we defeated Voldemort. He's had so much to deal with all these years, and all they can think to do is speculate about his sex life." With that thought, Hermione began to slightly tremble, and her skin began to get a little clammy.

"Oh, no," she whispered under breath as she brought her pacing to an abrupt halt.

Her mind was rapidly realizing that she may have given her feelings away during her speech about Snape. No, not Snape--*Severus*, she thought to herself. *How could I have been so stupid? Maybe they won't think anything of it; he is my mentor after all, and it is only natural for an intern to want to defend someone they respect, isn't it?* Yeah, right, Hermione, you keep telling yourself that. You respect him so much that you can't seem to get him out of your mind whenever you have a spare second, and your respect is so great that he haunts your dreams. You respect Minerva, too, but she doesn't occupy your daily thoughts and dreams.

"I'm in so much trouble, Crooks. I can't imagine what he must be thinking right now, and I'm sure he blames me for what those old ninnies said. I don't understand what has possessed me to become so infatuated with him. It started so gradually that I'm not even sure when it began. I've always respected him as a professor and scholar. He is just so brilliant, and then when he helped Harry destroy Voldemort, I couldn't help but to think how brave he was. I was terrified that he would turn me away when I sent him the request to become his intern, but I knew I had to at least ask before I accepted defeat. Then when I received his owl that he would accept me as his intern on a probationary period, I just knew that I had to be perfect so that he wouldn't change his mind and turn me away. I think he was a little surprised that I stuck around and did everything he requested of me, no matter how asinine the assignment was. I always thought that that was one of the reasons he kept me around in the end. And now, just after a year of peaceful study, this had to happen."

Hermione's eyes began to tear up as the next thought came to her mind. *He's never going to see me as a woman anyway. I was just kidding myself by thinking that he could see me as anything other than a little girl. I just need to apologize for this evening's events and then hope that he will allow me to stay and study under him for the duration of my internship. Then I will leave and learn to forget him. Yes, that is the logical thing to do. Just complete this part of my life and move on. It will only be another two or three years, and my studies are what's really important.*

"Right!" Hermione exclaimed as she tightened her jaw and nodded her head, as if to silently agree with her decision. With that last thought, she walked to her desk and began to quill an apology to the injured professor. Once she had completed what she believed to be a suitable apology that would explain and apologize for all of the things said during this evening's events, she summoned an owl and sent it without delay to Professor Snape's quarters.

Well, I guess that is all I can do for now she thought to herself. With that last thought, she turned in for the evening.

To be continued

Chapter 3

Chapter 3 of 6

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Chapter 3

Glass Pyramid

Snape stormed through the castle, hardly noticing his surroundings. He was livid, and at this particular moment he wanted nothing more than to be in his chambers. He soon found himself deep in the bowels of the Hogwarts dungeons, standing in front of a stone wall. The wall itself was just like every other wall in the dungeons, with the exception that it had the impression of a large serpent carved into the center. Snape muttered quietly under his breath and the serpent disappeared while a wooden door materialized. Without hesitation, Snape opened the door and entered into a comfortable sitting room. Without giving the room a second glance, he continued through to a door on the far end, which led to his bedchambers. He angrily slammed the door behind him.

With a quick wave of his hand, the fireplace came to life and began to cast a warm glow about the surprisingly spacious room. As the flames flickered back and forth, they sent dancing shadows across the walls of books that lined every bit of free wall space. Besides the bookshelves, there was also a large mahogany bed covered in a deep blue duvet. Mahogany nightstands sat on each side of the bed. They were covered with piles of papers and books. The last piece of furniture in the room was a mahogany wardrobe. It was placed on the wall opposite of the bed, between the bookshelves and the door which led to the bathroom. Without hesitation, the professor walked straight into the bathroom and slammed that door behind him as well.

With a barrier now between him and the rest of the world, he let out a deep, calming breath. He was angry, his muscles already bunching up with tension, and he had the beginning of what promised to be rather painful headache. He knew that the best thing he could do at this moment was to take a long, hot shower to relax his muscles and relieve the tension in his body.

He wasted very little time undressing before he stepped into the shower. The hot water immediately started to pelt down on his skin, and in no time his muscles began to relax. As the tension began to leave his body, he started bathing himself. While he was lathering himself, he thought back to what he heard the women say in the staffroom. He was extremely furious at the witches, but at the same time, he wasn't surprised to hear what they had to say. It was just infuriating to know that they would actually talk about him so openly amongst themselves, and not only that, but in front of Miss Granger as well. It was just another one of the many reasons he chose not to socialize with the other staff members at Hogwarts.

And yet for some reason, Miss Granger had defended him. That was a surprise, though not an unwelcome one. He couldn't remember anyone, besides Albus, standing up for him for any reason.

She must want something, he thought to himself. *Why else would she have done it?*

"Gryffindor stupidity," he said with a snort. *No*, he thought, *she had no idea that I would hear her. That was evident by the way she reacted when she bumped into me on*

her way out of the room. And what did she say? She was babbling so incoherently that I doubt anyone understood.

She really isn't at all what I thought she would be. There is just so much more to her than meets the eye, he thought. She had really surprised him when she sent him her request to be his intern. He had only said yes because he believed that he could scare her off in matter of days. When that hadn't worked, he tried giving her trivial, brainless tasks, and yet she'd never complained. She did everything he asked without question, and to the best of her ability. Now that she had been studying under him for over a year, he could hardly imagine what it would be like without her.

The more he thought about her, the more he realized that he had long since stopped thinking of her as the annoying little know-it-all. She had somehow become a young woman with her own thoughts and opinions, which she inflicted upon him daily. Not that he really cared. He liked that she could think for herself. Her thought process showed that she had great potential in becoming a great Potions mistress one day. He had very little doubt in his mind that she wouldn't succeed. She was one of the most focused people he had ever known, let alone taught. Her studies came before everything else in her life.

"And those stupid women had the audacity to question her about her personal life," he muttered as he stepped out of the shower and reached for a towel.

Once he had the towel securely wrapped around his waist, he stepped up to the vanity. The mirror was charmed to repel steam, so he had a very clear vision of himself. He had no illusions about his appearance. He already knew that he was repulsive, and he could see it for himself as he stared at his reflection. He had a ghostly, pale complexion and greasy, black hair, which clashed against his skin. His other features seemed to have been scraped from the bottom of the family gene pool as well. His eyes were black and beady, and the size of his nose would rival any house elf. The build of his body was probably the only redeeming feature he possessed. He still remained lean and muscular at the age when most wizards were sporting a few extra stones. However, he would never want to show his body to anyone, as it was covered with numerous scars from his time as a Death Eater, and later on as a spy for the Order. He knew that if he even thought about having a physical relationship with a woman, it wouldn't be possible because of those hideous scars. He could hardly look at himself without disgust, let alone let another person look upon him.

Perhaps that was why he never really tried to go out and shag the world. When he felt the need, he would simply take care of himself or take a trip to Knockturn Alley. The women there had no scruples with the way he looked, as long as he was willing to pay. They had no memory of him as well since he cast a mild Obliviate when he was finished. This was how he had been living his life since he became a spy, and he just continued with it after Voldemort had been defeated. The system hadn't failed him yet. Besides, most of the women he knew held the same opinion as the female staff at Hogwarts. Why should he put forth the effort if no one was going to take notice anyway?

"Take notice!" he exclaimed as a thought flashed through his mind. He immediately turned and walked into his bedroom. He approached a bookshelf that was in the darkest corner of the room. He bent down and peered at the bottom shelf. He pulled out a red, medium sized, hardcover book. He then stood up and began to inspect its cover.

He remembered when Albus had given this to him as a Christmas present. At the time, he had thought that Albus had just sucked on one too many lemons. He had no use for a book on this subject, regardless of how rare it might have been. He had only kept the book because of its rarity. Perhaps now it just might be useful.

He carefully opened the book and found that Albus had left an inscription he hadn't noticed before. *Or perhaps I wasn't meant to notice until the right time* he mused. It read: 'Don't judge this book by its cover, my boy. I'm sure you will find something in this one that might peak your interest.'

Severus shook his head as he closed the book and read he title aloud.

"Beauty Divine."

To be continued

Chapter 4

Chapter 4 of 6

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Chapter 4

Glass Pyramid

"Beauty Divine," Snape read aloud as he shook his head.

The book was not something he would typically read, let alone own. It only remained in his possession due to its rarity. Well that and the fact that he knew a great number of witches and wizards whom would pay a great deal of Galleons for some of its creations.

Severus began to thumb through the pages and read over the names and descriptions of the potions. Some were very innocent while others were down right disturbing. And yet it, all seemed to revolve around the same thing. Enhancing a person's beauty, or for someone in his case, creating it all together.

What was Albus thinking when he gave me this book? Severus thought to himself as he read over an elixir that would give a person fresh breath for month with just one dose. The next potion he read about caused your pores to shrink. He kept reading on the same page and found a very complex potion that allowed the person who ingested it to grow new skin that would be as soft as a baby's bottom. *I can't believe I'm even considering this* he thought to himself as he reached up to brush some of his

greasy locks out of his face.

After reading through the book for about an hour, he came across a potion that seemed to hold some promise. The potion was named *Eye of the Beholder*, and it basically allowed whomever ingested it to become physically appealing to the first person they saw after they had taken the potion. As an added bonus, the potion also caused the appearance of the drinker's features that the beholder found most desirable to become even more appealing. Up until that point, Severus hadn't been very impressed; however, as he kept reading, he found that the potion never actually changed the drinker physically. It more or less just made the beholder view them in a new light.

A smirk, which can only be described as evil, began to appear at the corner of the Potion master's mouth. He could just imagine someone seeing him in a... What did they call it? Oh, yes, new light. To think that someone could see him as handsome just the way he was. *Hell, forget someone! How about everyone!* he thought to himself. An image of Albus offering him something other than lemon drops came into his mind. The thought was accompanied by a complete head to toe body chill and followed up with a strong case of nausea. "Perhaps I'll just make it affect the opposite sex," he spoke out loud to himself while he tried to get rid of all thoughts pertaining to Albus.

With the last thought and mental image completely wiped from his mind, he marked the page in the book before standing up and heading towards his wardrobe. He removed a set of older black robes and boots and began to dress himself. Once he was completely dressed, he picked up the red Potions book and walked through his chambers to his private lab. As he was entering the hallway, he was accosted by a grey owl flapping around the doorway. It began to squawk at him and showed him its leg with a letter attached to it. Once he removed the letter, the owl let out a loud screech and flew away. He placed the letter in the pocket of his robes without even seeing whom it was from and continued on his way to the lab.

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Some eighteen or so hours later, Severus Snape peered intently at two very different vials. In his right hand, he held a vial filled with a murky blue liquid. In his left hand, he held a vial filled with a chalky white paste. He carefully placed a stopper into each vial and placed them on the lab table before he began cleaning up the lab station. Once he had organized his notes that he had taken throughout the past eighteen hours, he neatly placed them inside the back of the Potions book. After checking to make sure the lab was back to its normal order, he tucked the book under his arm and picked up the two vials. He carried all of the items into his bedchambers and placed them on top of the stacks of books on one his nightstands.

He disappeared into his bathroom, quickly took a shower, and dressed for bed. As he gathered up his dirty clothing, he heard the crinkle of paper and remembered the letter that was delivered the evening before. He carefully pulled it out of his cloak pocket before he deposited his dirty clothing in the hamper and carried it with him into the bedroom. When he reached his bed, he placed the letter on the nightstand and picked up the vial filled with the murky blue liquid.

Without ceremony, Severus pulled out the stopper, tilted the vial filled with the murky blue liquid upside down into his mouth and swallowed. The Potions master then sat the vial and stopper down on the same nightstand and barely had enough time to slide into his large bed and under the comforter before sleep overtook him.

*** ** *

When Hermione awoke the next morning, she found herself staring into two large, yellow eyes. She smiled at her familiar and reached out to scratch him behind his ears. "Good morning, Crooks. Are you hungry?" she asked.

He began to purr and nuzzle his head against her hand in response to her question. She took this as a yes and got out of bed to find her familiar a bowl of food. As she made her way across the room, the memory of last night decided to come to the front of her mind.

"Oh, shit," she said to the empty room, stopping mid-step and causing herself to fall down into a pile of pajamas and messy brown hair.

I don't think this is going to be my day she thought to herself as she got up and limped off in search of her kneazle's food and a good pain potion.

To be continued

Chapter 5

Chapter 5 of 6

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Chapter 5

Glass Pyramid

After Hermione fed Crookshanks and ingested a rather large dose of pain potion, she began to get dressed and ready for the rest of the day. It was Saturday, so she didn't have any classes or projects scheduled with Professor Snape. Therefore, she decided to go to breakfast, see what type of mood said professor was in, and determine what course of action would have to be taken if her apology wasn't enough to rectify the situation. Well, that's what she would have done, except when she showed up to the Great Hall for breakfast, he wasn't present. She leisurely ate her food and attempted to wait him out, but when she discovered that she and Hagrid were the only two occupants at the table, she understood that he just wasn't coming.

Maybe he just slept in; it is Saturday after all, she thought to herself. With that thought in mind, she decided to go to her rooms and immerse herself in a book until lunch was served.

"It's no use," she said aloud as she slammed her book shut several hours later. No matter how hard she tried, she really couldn't get her mind off of what had happened the evening before. "I just need to clear my head; maybe a walk around the grounds is what I need. Yes, that's it," she said as she placed her book on a nearby table and headed towards the door.

While she was setting the wards to her quarters, she was startled to feel a tap on her shoulder. She wildly swung around and found herself standing face to face with Minerva McGonagall.

"Are you all right, my dear?" she asked in a very concerned tone. "I didn't mean to startle you, but I called out your name, and you didn't seem to hear me."

Hermione let out a deep breath and looked into Minerva's eyes. Here was a woman who had treated her as if she were a daughter since the moment she stepped into Hogwarts as an eleven-year-old little girl. If there was anyone that she could talk to, it would most likely be her. "No, Minerva, I'm not. I ... Well, I was wondering ... do ... do you think we could go somewhere and talk?" she asked.

"Of course, my dear," she said with a knowing smile. "I actually came to talk with you as well, and by the way you just reacted, I'll assume I was correct in coming here to begin with. Why don't you follow me to my office? We'll have some tea while we chat."

Hermione smiled at Minerva and nodded her head in agreement. "That sounds lovely. Let me just finish setting my wards, and I'll be ready," said Hermione. Once her wards were set, the two women began to walk down the hall together towards Minerva's rooms.

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"So then I decided to send him an apology last night, but I still wonder if that will be enough, Minerva. What do you think?"

"To be honest, Hermione, I believe you overreacted. I'm sure he appreciated the apology. However, the apology should not have been sent from you. You are only to blame for standing up for him, and that is something that a man like Severus will not forget. I know he may not seem like it at all times, but he really is very reasonable when he chooses to be, and I'm sure he has placed the blame with the rest of us rather than with you. To be honest, I fear what he may think of me at this particular moment."

"But, Minerva, you didn't say anything about him."

"I know, and that is the problem," said Minerva as she took a small sip of tea. After lightly dabbing her mouth with a napkin, she continued. "I'm afraid I failed to say anything, either good or bad. As far as Severus is concerned, I could have said everything. He and I are friends of sorts, and as such, I should have reacted like you instead of being a coward and saying nothing at all. It's kind of strange for the Head of Gryffindor to react that way, but I am only human. I plan to apologize to Severus in person, and I will just have to hope he forgives me."

Hermione was speechless. Minerva had not only admitted that she had made a mistake, she had also given Hermione a whole new line of thought to follow. Her feelings for Severus were really beginning to cloud her judgment.

"I think I'm going to leave you for a while. It appears we both have some thinking to do."

"Yes, I agree, dear. I'm sorry I wasn't more helpful. Here you were, coming to talk with me, and somehow our roles were reversed."

"No, Minerva, you really have helped," said Hermione as she stood up and prepared to leave. "Perhaps I have been looking at this situation all wrong. It's just that sometimes, my feelings tend to make me jump to the wrong conclusions. I should stick to the logical part of situations, seeing as how it's what I'm good at."

"All right," said Minerva. "I'll see you this evening in the Great Hall."

As the door clicked with Hermione's departure, Minerva couldn't help but wonder what feelings could have possibly made such a bright, young witch overreact so much. It only took a moment for her thoughts to lead her to the correct assumption, and then a knowing smile began to tug at the corner of her mouth. Perhaps there was a woman willing to take on Severus Snape after all.

To be continued

Chapter 6

Chapter 6 of 6

This is my response to the Make-Over SexGod Snape challenge By Southern_Witch_69 & PlaidPooka.

Authors Note's : This story is Pre-HBP. It is my response to the Make-Over Sex!God Snape challenge by Southern_Witch_69 & PlaidPooka. I'm not following the rules very well, as it is late, and I am going to have a couple of chapters, so please forgive me. I've been out of the fan fiction loop lately due to work, so please forgive me and take this little piece of fiction as my peace offering. This is my first attempt at posting anything, so please be kind if you decide to review (which I would really appreciate). Challenge rules are posted at the bottom of the first chapter page. I'd like to take this opportunity to thank my wonderful beta, Cocomochristy, for wading through all my mistakes and errors. If any other mistakes are here, then they are completely and totally my fault. I'd also like to thank my dear friend, Anijade, for being at my beck and call whenever I need her.

Disclaimer: This all belongs to JKR. They aren't mine. I'm just taking them out to dinner and a movie. I promise to bring them back as soon as the houselights come up and the credits begin to roll.

Chapter 6

Glass Pyramid

Hermione spent the rest of her Saturday evening in her quarters alone, reading and relaxing. Her conversation with Minerva had been very insightful, and she now knew that she had completely overreacted to the events the following evening. She had even gone so far as writing a letter, apologizing for something that was completely out of her control. She only hoped that the professor saw it the same way. Seeing as how he was a logical man, she was sure he would.

These thoughts allowed her to find some peace of mind, which allowed her to relax and move on to more pleasant thoughts involving the Potions master. Like how

attractive she found him when he was walking through the halls, robes dramatically billowing behind him, and causing the children to scatter about like paper in the wind. The man was terribly intimidating, and for some unknown reason, she found this to be one of the main reasons she found him so appealing. This thought, as well as countless others, floated about her mind as she lay in bed waiting to find slumber.

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It was around seven-thirty on Sunday morning when Severus Snape woke up from a long and peaceful night's sleep. He took a few minutes to stretch and move about in bed before finally stepping out and walking across his chambers to bathroom. After he relieved himself, he went and stood in front of his mirror. He took a good long look at his appearance. He finally turned and looked away when he was sure nothing had been altered. He wasn't expecting there to be any change, but one could never be too sure when it came to experimenting with a potion from a beauty enhancement book.

I guess the only way to be sure if it works is to go and test it out on the general public he thought to himself. Well to be more precise, the female staff of Hogwarts, who had the nerve to insult him the other evening in the staff room.

"They deserve this," he said out loud to himself.

It was going to be fun to see them wiggle and squirm about when they saw him. The best part would be that they wouldn't be able to understand why they suddenly found him so appealing. It would be their own mind working against them. He had the antidote ready and waiting for him on his nightstand. He would wait and take it whenever he decided that they had had enough. And also when he had the chance to hurt or humiliate each and every one of them.

With that last thought, he began to prepare for the day. He wanted to look his best when he arrived at breakfast that morning. He had a feeling it was going to be a good day.

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Most of the staff and students were already in the Great Hall by the time Professor Snape entered on Sunday morning. It wasn't unusual to see him enter for breakfast, so there weren't too many people who took notice. Those few who did notice his appearance were the older female students. They took in his appearance and decided that the professor had changed something about himself. They couldn't quite put their finger on it, but something was different, and it was having a positive effect his appearance.

A seventh-year Hufflepuff named Saddie Thomas was taking a bite of toast when she saw the professor pass. She was so shocked by his appearance that she choked on the small bite and caused quite a scene at her end of the table. Later that morning when she was sitting with her study group for advanced Transfiguration class, the girl would be completely distracted by thoughts of her Potions professor and his gorgeous Roman nose instead of listening to the others around her discuss the proper wand movements and pronunciation used to turn a thimble into a writing table.

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As Severus made his way to the table, he noticed a few odd stares from the corner of his eye. He wasn't too concerned about the students. He decided that he would not only want to remove the effects of the Potion on men, but also on women who had still maintained their innocence. He knew that there were many young sixth- and seventh-year girls at Hogwarts who could be considered young women when it came to the identifying compounds in the Potion. By allowing only those who had lost their innocence, he could be sure and remove the majority of female students from the Potions' effects and leaving only the female staff affected.

As he sat down at his usual spot at the end of the table, he noticed a disturbance at the Hufflepuff table. One of the seventh-year girls was being patted on the back by a concerned friend. And yet, she was staring at him. As he caught her gaze, she looked away, her face turning red from something other than her choking incident.

"Well, I guess they don't all still have their innocence intact," he said to himself. "At least I know it works."

"What was 'at, Severus?" asked the half giant, Hagrid, sitting beside him, thinking that Severus was talking to him.

"Humm? Oh, nothing, Hagrid. I was just thinking out loud."

"All right. I was just checking."

Severus began to fill his plate and ate slowly as he attempted to listen to the many different conversations going on around him at the head table. He didn't usually participate in the everyday banter, and he wasn't about to start today just to see how the women reacted. So far, he hadn't heard anything or noticed any difference in the women around him. He knew that they would have to actually look at him for the Potion to take affect, so perhaps they had not seen him yet. Time would give him the results he wanted, and he was patient enough to wait. He was a Potions master after all, watching things come to a boil was his specialty.

Little did he know that all of the women at the head table were already feeling the effects. Each one was currently fighting some kind of mental battle with themselves and the feelings he was invoking them. Well, all but one: Hermione Granger.

Hermione's head was already filled with thoughts of Severus Snape before coming to breakfast that morning. In fact, it had been filled with thoughts of him for quite some time. Therefore, his appearance this morning had no effect on her whatsoever besides the usual pulse of desire she felt when she saw him, and she was quite accomplished at hiding that by now.

No, Hermione didn't notice anything different with Severus Snape. What she did notice was the difference in the rest of the women when he entered the Great Hall that morning. She wasn't sure what it was, but she new she didn't like it. Somewhere deep inside, her female intuition was kicking in. It was kicking in big time, and a knot of jealousy was beginning to form in the pit of her stomach.

To be continued