For the Love of What Little is Good in This World, Please Give me Back my Greasy Git

by Lorraine Bluestar

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My answer to the SexGod!Snape Challenge?a bunny that decided it was more fluffy than funny.

one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: All characters and concepts of Harry Potter's universe belong to J.K. Rowling; I just borrowed them for a little while.

Hermione was working quietly in Severus' lab, the potion she was working on was very complex, and it required all her concentration. Therefore, she failed to notice that she wasn't alone anymore. Suddenly, she felt a hand grasping her wrist and a warm breath on her neck.

"Miss Granger, if you want to concoct this potion properly, then stop stirring right now. You're supposed to do it nine times, not ten."

"Thank you, Professor. I shall be more careful next time."

He smirked and moved to his desk. "I hope so, Miss Granger. You wouldn't want me to reconsider your apprenticeship."

Hermione hated when he did that, startle her and then tease her with reconsidering his decision to have her as an apprentice. She hated it, but she also loved it. Being surprised like that had made her jump several times previously. Some of those surprises had caused her current projects to explode or spill, which earned her long lectures from the Potions master. Hermione loathed those lectures because they were always the result of him sneaking in silently behind her to surprise her with some comment about her work. She could have easily put some kind of ward around to alert her of his presence, but she had to confess that she loved the way he whispered in her ear, startling her and caressing her senses, and the way he smirked sexily when he lectured her, enjoying his success in making her commit a mistake again.

Being his apprentice, she had learned to control her reactions to him over time, managing to stay still every time he did that. Since she was his student, she had always

found him attractive in his own way, and his voice had always entranced her during his classes. The man had never been traditionally handsome, and after a couple of months in Azkaban, his looks were even worse.

Following the end of the war, his name had been cleared after a long trial in which Dumbledore's Pensieve and personal notes had stated clearly that his life was coming to an end, and if it was necessary, Severus had the order to end his life in order to keep his position as a spy. Dumbledore's plan had been good, but it had a major flaw. Who would have believed in Severus' innocence after his murder? Of course the Pensieve and the notes were enough proof, but they were ignored for a long time. Besides, the information he had given had proved to be invaluable and the key to Voldemort's downfall.

Severus had earned a position at St. Mungo's making potions for the hospital and researching in order to develop new ones to prevent maladies. It was a hard work, and he needed assistance. Therefore, getting an apprentice was the perfect solution. Severus had decided to take Hermione as his apprentice only out of gratitude, or at least that was what she thought. She felt that he was a man of honour, and surely he felt he had to pay her back for the way she'd believed in him when he'd asked for her assistance with Harry and the way she'd vouched for him during his trial.

When her potion was finished, she methodically cleaned her worktable and her instruments. When everything was ordered to her satisfaction, she moved to his desk to place the labelled vial in front of him. He didn't raise his head to look at her, nor gave any indication that he was aware of her presence. He was in deep thought reading a parchment in his hands.

"Professor Snape, I'm done with my potion." Nothing. "Professor?"

He raised his head to look at her in surprise, as if he had never expected to see her there. "What do you want, Miss Granger?"

"I said that I'm done with my potion. Here it is so that you can test it."

"Right..."

"Is everything all right, Professor? Are you feeling unwell?"

"That, Miss Granger, is none of your business. Now that you have finished, I would like to be left alone. You know where the door is."

"Yes, Professor."

Hermione left the lab in a terrible mood. Who did he think he was to treat her like that? He was always sarcastic and unpleasant, so his rudeness shouldn't have surprised her. Since she had started her apprenticeship, he had managed to be polite around her, so why did he have these sudden changes?

Deciding it was better to drop the subject, Hermione headed to London's streets to have something to eat before returning to her flat. It was quite obvious that Snape didn't want to see her until the next day, so she simply let him slip from her thoughts.

Severus had been plotting for weeks, and that morning he had made up his mind. He was tired of being regarded as the hideous Potions master and wanted to change that. It hadn't mattered before; he had been too young to value an impeccable image when he joined Voldemort, and later, he had no time for such vanities. But now, it was different. He had already passed his forties and was feeling the need to settle down, to have something for him. Perhaps a wife to take care of him and who could give him a family. Yes, it would also be good to have someone to take care of him and be at his disposal for the other kind of needs he had.

There was an inconvenience in his plan, his not so flattering looks. He had looked bad before the war, but after it and his time in Azkaban, he looked absolutely dreadful. Women looked at him with disdain, or in the better case, they were like Miss Granger, who pitied him. Hermione Granger, she could have been a delectable wife: beautiful, intelligent, and so young. But there was no way she would agree to have anything to do with him, so what was the point in deluding himself?

Yes, there were undeniable rewards for him from a convenient marriage, but if he was honest with himself, he had to admit that he didn't want to die having lived his life alone and unloved. Years had hardened his heart, but he was just a man, and he needed to be loved and to be with others.

There was no point in delaying it, so Severus made up his mind and left for Diagon Alley. There was a fancy place that specialised in this kind of stuff that was attended by a certain Madam Jolette. Karkaroff had told him about the place he'd used it to change his appearance after he'd gone on the run years earlier. It had been easy enough to fake his death, using Dark Magic to Transfigure a corpse to resemble his original features and then making it look as if Death Eaters had killed him. Igor was currently married to a beautiful, young Italian witch who worshiped the ground he walked on. If the establishment could do something to change someone such as Karkaroff's appearance, then they could easily do something for Severus.

With a renewed image added to the other attributes and talents he had, he was sure that very soon he'd get any witch.

Hermione arrived early that morning feeling motivated about a very complex potion she had wanted to brew for a long time. After her success with the previous day's potion, she was feeling more confident and daring. She was trying to concentrate, but she found it impossible due to all the noise that came from the corridor. It sounded like a group of women chatting and giggling. Utterly annoyed, she left her worktable and decided to scold anyone who was making such scandal.

"Honestly, this is a hospital! Can't you show more respect..." Hermione's speech was cut off when she opened the door and found herself face to face with a smiling Severus Snape who looked just like the cat that had gotten the cream. Wait a minute, there was no way that the man standing there was Snape. This man had tanned skin as if kissed by the sun, shiny and soft dark hair that fell over his shoulders in soft waves, a perfect smile worthy of any Muggle toothpaste, and was wearing Muggle clothes that emphasised his lean but muscular figure.

He smirked mischievously when he saw her startled face staring at him with her mouth gaped open. "Like what you see?"

She looked away in embarrassment, cheeks burning red for being caught staring at him.

He chuckled as he moved past her toward his desk. "Good morning, Miss Granger, or maybe I should start calling you Hermione. We have been acquainted too long to keep such formalities."

"P-Professor Snape, is that you?"

"Severus Snape at your service..."

"My service? What are you talking about? What has happened to you?"

"Relax, Miss-I mean, Hermione. Regarding your first question, that was simply a pleasantry. And about the second one, well, I just decided it was time to change a little." He took a step forward and turned, showing off his clothes. "Like them? They are of an Italian Muggle designer, Armandi, if I am correct."

"I guess you mean Armani, but I don't understand why this sudden change. What happened?"

"Well, it was time to do something for me, so I decided to have a makeover done. They changed my whole appearance, gave me new clothes, and even taught me how to behave more politely. What do you think?"

"I guess it's okay if that's what you wanted. Are you sure you're feeling fine? No offence, sir, but the way you look, and even more, the way you're acting, is nothing like

vou. '

"That's the point, Miss Gran-Hermione. This new man is nothing like the old me. Just accept it. A new age with a new Severus has just begun. Now, go back to work; I'm sure you have some potions to brew."

"Fine, sir."

Hermione went back to her worktable, but from time to time, she couldn't refrain from turning to see him. Gods, he really looked hot, but something was missing, something she couldn't put her finger on. She would have to adjust to this new turn of events, but she was sure she wouldn't like it at all.

One night, after working late in a research that had turned out to be particularly difficult, Severus mused about the outcome of his project. He was simply shocked about his popularity among women. They actually invited him out, and some of them had even propositioned to him. That makeover was really paying off. Young and old women looked for his attentions, even ranging from former students to former colleagues. Maybe the more memorable ones were Miss Parkinson, who'd demanded him to shag her senseless while alluding to nonsense about former House duties, and crazy Sibyll Trelawney, who'd said something about Mars being aligned with Saturn making them the perfect match.

But not all of the women had been freaks. A couple of stunning ladies had looked for his favours. Although it was great to have the attention of so many willing women, he had already had...in his youth...his time for shagging every woman who'd agreed. Contrary to popular belief, Severus wasn't a celibate man who'd spent his life trapped in the Hogwarts dungeons. He had had his fair share of women, but never one who'd agreed to stay with him, and that was what he wanted now. After so many years, he still found the idea of bedding women just for the sake of pleasure appealing, but he was much choosier. He preferred inner beauty and intelligence over willingness and dashing looks.

He had to admit that when it came to beauty and intelligence, there was no other like Hermione. She was simply the perfect concoction. He had wanted her for a long time, but he'd always thought he was out of her league... until now. Knowing he was desired by so many women made him feel more confident about Hermione. Why wouldn't she consider him? He was a great catch after all.

The next step in his plan was to woo Hermione. He had tried to benice to her, asking her to lunch, working closer to her in the lab, conversing whenever they had a spare moment, and trying his best to seduce her mind as well as her body. Severus thought he was on the right path, but she had always seemed to be wary around him and always declined his offers. What was wrong with the bloody girl? Any other witch would die to be in her place.

The situation had reached an entirely new level when he'd realised that he not only wanted her, but he was obsessed with her. She had become a challenge, and Severus had never failed a challenge.

A knock on the door brought him out of his reverie. He stood and walked to the door, cursing whoever was there. When he opened the door, he was surprised by a young woman in her twenties, dark long and sleek hair, and hazel eyes. She was eyeing him suspiciously, as if trying to solve a puzzle.

"Can I help you?"

When she heard his question, she beamed and started giggling. "It's true. Oh, my god, when they told me, I couldn't believe it, but here you are. You look good, Professor, really good."

"Do I know you?"

She pushed him aside and entered the lab to sit on his desk, her legs crossed and her arms supporting her at her back. She was smiling in a way that Severus found quite disturbing.

"Of course you know me. You taught me for five years at Hogwarts. I'm Lavender Brown."

Brown, he didn't recall that name. He had to admit that this girl was pretty, and she was wearing tight robes that didn't manage to conceal her delectable body. He wondered what she was doing there.

"I'm sorry, Miss Brown, but I really don't remember you."

She made a pouty face while moving her hands over her cleavage.

"You hurt me, Professor. You have forgotten me. No man has forgotten me before. I guess that you need to have a better look."

Severus was about to answer her when he panicked as she started to undo her robes. "Miss Brown, I guess you shouldn't be here and especially not attempting whatever seems to be passing through your mind."

He couldn't refrain himself from staring at her body. She was now only wearing tiny, red, lacey knickers and a matching bra that enhanced her breasts. Severus had to regain control of the situation, but when a young woman was offering herself in that way... Well, he was only a man after all.

"I think I'm exactly where I want to be, and I want so much to tell you exactly where I want you to be."

"Miss Brown, control yourself..."

Lavender cut his speech off when she practically pounced on him searching out his lips, and when he felt her breasts against his chest and her tongue teasing his mouth to open, he felt the last thread of his control snapping.

It had been the worst two months of her life. There had not been a moment of peace in the lab since Snape's makeover. Everyday there was a parade of women wanting to just take a glance at him, invite him to lunch, dinner or simply to stop by their flat. The worst is that he never turned them down; he just smiled that bloody perfect smile and told them he already had plans, but that he'd love to see them on some other occasion. It seemed that flirting had become Snape's second nature.

It wasn't fair. She had always found him attractive and had attempted to get closer to him. He had always turned her down and reminded her of her position as his apprentice. Hermione had always wondered what was wrong with him and if he was really that hurt from his past. So she had tried to be gentler with him to ease things, but that had only gained her more vicious rejections. She had never considered that the one who was lacking was her. It was pretty obvious that he preferred the beautiful and voluptuous women that were looking for him recently.

How could she compete with them? She was aware of her intelligence and talents, but she had never been too confident about her looks. She wasn't beautiful by any means, but she was pretty. Average... that was the word for describing her. Average hair and eyes, both brown, average height, and average body, although she thought it was too curvy.

She wasn't very social either, preferring always the small gatherings over the great parties. Besides, she hated parties, hated to smile and endure hearing over and over the same labels she had heard for years. People approached her and recognised only the most brilliant witch of her generation, Harry Potter's friend, or simply the Muggleborn witch. Hermione was sure that it was the same with Snape, that he only saw the annoying know-it-all and former student.

Of course, he had tried to be nicer to her, even inviting her to lunch or standing closer to her at times. She had noticed the change in his behaviour toward her, but she mostly ignored his attentions, resolved in not becoming simply one of many.

Hermione was musing about the last two months when the door suddenly opened. She remembered that face; of course she did... Lavender Brown. Years had been good to her, and she looked stunning. Although, in that moment, she was a mess. Her eyes were puffy and red despite that fact that no tears were running down her cheeks. Lavender ignored her and entered the lab, looking around.

"Where is Severus?"

"Sorry?"

Lavender turned to face her, surprised, as if Hermione had suddenly appeared instead of being there the entire time.

"Oh, Hermione. Hi. You look... I guess you look good, just the same as you were at Hogwarts. Where is Severus?"

"Severus? Since when do you call him by his first name?"

Lavender blinked, looking at her, and suddenly, as if she had remembered what she was supposed to do, started crying.

"Oh, Hermione, I don't know what to do. This is so... so..." She threw herself to Hermione's arms, crying uncontrollably.

"What is it, Lavender? Why are you crying?"

"I need to see Severus. He has to know. He has to help me."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm pregnant, and he's the father. He has to save my honour and marry me."

Hermione froze in that moment. Severus and Lavender had... and now, she was pregnant.

"Pregnant... How did that happen?"

Lavender stopped crying and snorted, almost laughing.

"Hermione, even with your brains, you don't know where children come from? Do you even know what the word sex means?"

That remark made her furious, feeling a turmoil of emotions. She needed air. She needed to scream. She needed... She needed to get that wench out.

"I know what it means, Lavender; thank you very much for worrying about my knowledge on the topic. Obviously Professor Snape is not here. Now, if you don't mind, I have work to do, so get out of here."

Lavender forgot for a moment that she was on the verge of breaking down to look at Hermione curiously, as if studying her.

"My, my, Hermione, you don't have to be so rude with me. After all, I'm only a poor woman who's lost and expecting a child." She moved her hands over her stomach in what she intended to be a protective gesture, but it looked as if she wanted to undress.

"You're not a poor woman. You're obviously an opportunist who set him up."

"If I didn't know you better, I would think that you're jealous... Oh, my god, you're jealous. Poor thing, you fancy him, and from your attitude, it's clear that he doesn't give a damn about you. Well, not that he needs someone like you when he can have someone like me."

"Get out of here!"

"No need to yell, Hermione. I'm leaving. Just tell my man that I stopped by, but refrain from telling him the good news. That is for me to tell."

Lavender left, feeling as if she owned the lab and the Potions master. When she closed the door, Hermione collapsed onto a chair. It was happening again; Lavender was taking someone away from her. But this time, she wouldn't let it happen. This time, she had to fight back for what she wanted.

It wasn't long until he arrived at the lab, smiling as usual to the group of women that had walked him to his lab. He closed the door, looking quite satisfied with himself.

"Hermione, dear, how are you this morning?"

"Peachy." She hadn't intended to sound so sarcastic. She needed to be in control at the present if she wanted to make her move. She decided to start again. "You had a visitor earlier."

"Really, who came this time?"

"Lavender Brown. She wanted to talk with you, and it looked like something quite serious."

He cringed when he heard that name; so many memories came back to his mind about that night with her. He hoped that she hadn't told Hermione a thing. That wouldn't be good for his plans of wooing her.

"Did she tell you... something? Maybe... maybe what she wanted to discuss with me?"

Guilty, he looked positively guilty. It was true. He had been with her. That meant that it was possible that she was pregnant. Bloody bastard! She was sure that he had also been with many of the women who came by looking for him. Control, she had to remain cool while he was the one feeling nervous.

"Well, she wasn't here too long, but she wanted to discuss a meeting you had with her sometime ago."

"Did she tell you anything else?"

"Not really, but she looked terrible, as if she had been having a tough time. Excuse me, but can I ask what happened between you two?"

"Happened? Nothing happened, nothing at all. Now, we have to go back to work. I was thinking about a new potion for..."

"Liar!

She couldn't stop herself. She was furious with him for having sex with Lavender and for having the nerve to deny it.

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me. I said that you're a liar."

"Hermione, watch your tone. Remember, you're my apprentice, and you owe me respect as your Master."

"Master? You're nothing but an arrogant bastard who has spent the last couple of months flirting with every available woman, letting them follow you to your bed. And the icing on the cake was bloody Lavender Brown. You even shagged her, who is nothing more than an empty twit who only has clothes and men filling her mind. How could you?"

"Well, she was asking nicely and..."

"Enough! I don't need to hear more about your sexual adventures with the entire feminine population of wizarding England. Even more, you can go and shag every witch in wizarding Europe. See if I care."

But she did care. Why, from all the available witches, did he have to choose that wench? Hermione couldn't bear that. It was the second time that giggling, overemotional dunderhead was taking something from her. No, she had already promised herself that this time would be different, that she would take what she wanted, even if she had to act like those witches that she despised and he seemed to find so attractive. If that was what he needed, she could do that. Hermione made up her mind and turned to face him, a mischievous smirk on her face while she walked slowly toward him.

"Now that I think it about it, maybe I should have a taste of you also. If so many women are willing to bed you, then you must be good."

She looked like a predator cornering its prey, which now had widened eyes and was moving back slowly to get out of her reach. The expression of confusion on Severus' face was simply priceless. He stumbled against his chair and sat down on it, disbelieving what was just happening.

"Miss Gran-Hermione, what are you trying to do?"

Hermione smiled at him and moved to straddle him. She immediately put her hands to work to unbutton his cloak.

"Isn't that obvious, sir?"

She was trying her best to achieve her task, finding difficult to keep her hands steady while she unbuttoned his cloak. She was no longer a virgin. She had decided to lose her virginity to Ron when she was nineteen, when they were trying to get back what he had taken from them when he'd started seeing Lavender. But this was different from shagging your school boyfriend. Severus Snape was a man, and she was sure that he was a very experienced one. She must have had a moment of hesitation while thinking about that because his hands came to hers, stopping her motion.

"Hermione, don't do this; this is not you."

"What do you know about me? I'll tell you what you know! You know nothing. You keep on seeing the annoying Gryffindor when you look at me, but believe me, I'm more than that."

Grabbing her courage again, she started attacking his trousers, trying to appear more confident than she actually was. She couldn't do more because he stopped her again.

"Please, don't do this Hermione."

Hermione looked at him. She had been right. He didn't want anything to do with her. Why would he if he had so many women to pick from? She rose slowly from his lap, feeling defeated.

"I should have known that you didn't want me. With all those women to pick from, who would want the annoying know-it-all?"

"Believe it or not, I have more taste than you think, Hermione. I can't deny all those women are quite attractive, but no one can compare to you. I find all of them terribly boring and not up to my tastes."

"What are you talking about? I saw you. You flirted with all of them and accepted their invitations by agreeing to meet them later. Try to deny that."

"Did you actually see me with any of them? I always told them that because I didn't want to go with them. I kept on asking you out and trying to get closer to you, but you always retreated and refused me."

"What did you expect me to do? I didn't want to be just one of many."

"One of many? But you are the only one. You know why I did this, Hermione? Because I don't want to be alone anymore, because I couldn't bear to be seen as the greasy git despised by everyone... because I didn't want you to pity me anymore."

Hermione looked at him, not believing what she was hearing. He thought she pitied him?

"I have never pitied you. I admire you, your strength, your courage, your intelligence, and I have admired who you are since I was a girl."

That was all he needed to know. He stood and walked to embrace her, knowing that was the chance he had been waiting for.

"You silly girl, I have wanted to be with you for a long time, but I always thought you were completely out of my reach. When I changed, I thought I was doing the right thing, that you would like me and that I would be worthy of you."

"I have always liked you, even when you were snarky and scolded me for no apparent reason. To be honest, I hate the new person you're attempting to be. I prefer your old self. Not that I don't like the dashing way you look now, mind you."

He'd done it. He'd gotten the girl, and all he'd had to do was to... be himself. Damn it, he'd wasted his time and money with that stupid makeover. He had to kiss her. He had to make sure she was his. He lowered his head to hers, his lips brushing hers, and when he started closing his eyes, he was pushed violently from her.

"What's wrong, Hermione? I thought we had reached an agreement."

"No, we haven't reached anything. There's still something you have to know and explain to me. Lavender was here to demand you to answer her. She's pregnant, and she says you're the father."

Severus blinked at her, and suddenly, he burst in laughter. "She told you that? Obviously, the dunderhead has no idea of how women get pregnant, or she is evil enough to try to frame me with that stupid story."

"But you admitted you had sex with her."

"I didn't admit a thing. I was answering when you kindly interrupted me. Like I was saying, she did come and proposition me, better to say that she practically forced herself on me. I felt my control slipping, but I was able to regain it when I thought about you, so nothing happened. Although I received a threat from a furious, almost naked woman, I would have never guessed this nonsense about pregnancy was her brilliant idea of revenge."

"And I believed you and her... Oh, the next time I see her I'm going to hex her silly for that. I should have known better and realised that you'd never want a woman like her."

"To be more accurate, my dear, I would never want any woman but you."

He embraced her again, finally kissing her lips and knowing he had been wrong. This plan had indeed worked out, although not in the way he had envisioned. Well, as long as he had Hermione in his arms, it was fine, but he made a mental note to visit that Armandi store again.

Lorraine's Notes: This fic was almost doomed to remain unfinished, but it finally saw the light. Damn, I wanted it to be funny, but it ended fluffy. Maybe this didn't turn out like I'd thought at first, but I have to admit I love my Severus the way he's, snarky and cunning, bad looks and everything.

Before HBP, I had always pictured Lavender as a blond girl with curly hair, but now I see her as a brunette. I guess it's because I think Ron simply has a thing for brunettes. I know, I pictured her like a femme fatale that can be considered OOC, but it was on purpose, and I had fun writing her in that way. I know most of you would have loved to have my head when it seemed clear they had shagged, but there's no way and no AU in which that could happen.

Many thanks for lovely Southern Witch and CocoaChristy, who beta read this even when they had little time; you both are amazing and have helped me so much. I also want to acknowledge my good friend, Inell; my descriptions about Hermione's insecurities were inspired by the Hermione she has developed in her fics.

Southern's Notes: Good Lord! I was pulling my hair out while reading this and wanting to slap Snape and Lavender both. Hehe! Glad things were not as they seemed.

Christy's Notes: I was worried there for a minute! I am glad things worked out in the end and Lavender didn't get her revenge!