

What I'll do for Love

by snapeophile

Snarky Severus at Hermione's baby shower. Response to "Snape Needs a Bath (Shower) challenge on GS100

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Severus, first person. Dummy=baby pacifier. This is a response to the "Snape Needs a Bath (Shower)" Challenge on grangersnape100. Thank you to everyone who reads and reviews!

Disclaimer: JKR owns all but my ideas.

I.

Potter had lied. The prat said we were attending a seminar called, "Baby Basics, 101" in a Muggle meeting hall. A bloody drinking lodge, to be truthful.

Potter maneuvered me first through the door. Deferentially, I thought. What a fool I was.

Forty women, Muggles and witches, shrieked, "Surprise!" as I entered. Multicolored metallic confetti shaped like a baby's dummy nearly blinded me. I'm still picking the blasted stuff out of my hair and clothes.

Hermione's baby shower. I'd do anything for her, you know. Except this.

I had to collect the bows. No Death Eater revel was more excruciating.

II.

My face hurt after five minutes. Hermione whispered, "No smirking, Severus. These women are all here to celebrate our baby. Genuine smiles!" I tried. Potter got me a large plastic cup of what was supposedly red wine. From a box. What will those idiot Muggles ruin next?

Hermione was glowing. And crying, laughing, hiccupping, all at once. "Pregnancy hormones!" one of the harpies shouted. Another one (I couldn't tell which one or I would have hexed her) asked if I'm enjoying the "second trimester hornies."

I felt sullied when it was over. Why are these bloody things called 'showers'?