

Meet the Beetles

by Subversa

Severus Snape and Hermione Granger, blessed with the Enchantment, are married at Hogwarts. This is the tale of their wedding, as well as a brief glimpse of their honeymoon. This story is a sequel to Master of Enchantment, Bast: Operation Kitty, Meet the Parents, and Meet the Boys.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: The beginning of this story represents drafts of a newspaper article covering the wedding of Hermione Granger and Severus Snape. Each newspaper article is a revision of the one before; the location of the writer is listed at the beginnings of the articles, which is also part of the progression of the story.

Potterverse, in all its glory, is the property of the divine JKR.

Meet the Beetles

SCANDALOUS "MARRIAGE" ROCKS THE WIZARDING WORLD

by RITA SKEETER

Hogwarts Castle, Hogsmeade *The wizarding world was horrified on Friday night as the notorious Death-Eater-turned-spy Severus Snape was apparently joined in marriage to Hermione Granger, the unfaithful former girlfriend of the Boy-Who-Lived. As previously revealed by this reporter seven years ago, Miss Granger was the paramour of Harry Potter at the time of the last Triwizard Tournament; the disgraceful young harlot broke the heart of the eventual Triwizard Champion by abandoning him in the middle of the competition for the international Quidditch star, Viktor Krum.*

At the end of the War, the barefaced Miss Granger left these shores to spend three years as the live-in fancy piece of the handsome Mr. Krum, this reporter has discovered. Viktor Krum, the 25 year old Seeker for the Bulgarian Quidditch team, said, "Granger annoyed me for the best part of three years, but I finally got rid of her. I mean, she's pretty enough, but I never wanted to marry her or anything. Professional Quidditch players get all the most beautiful women. I certainly am not ready to tie myself down to just one girl!"

Upon being repudiated by the stylish Mr. Krum, the shameless Miss Granger returned to Britain, where she immediately set in motion her plans to ensnare the elegant Severus Snape, age 41, who received the Order of Merlin, First Class, for his heroic efforts in the War. Professor Snape, who has been the Potions master at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry for twenty years, became one of the most sought-after bachelors in the country when his part in the struggle against He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named became public knowledge. Granger arranged to be installed as the professor's assistant, then contrived to have herself compromised by Professor Snape during a mini-break at the seashore with colleagues.

According to Draco Malfoy, age 21, who is a close family friend of the dashing Potions master, "Granger has always been such a tart. She knew that if she could make Severus believe that her reputation was ruined, he would do the honourable thing and marry her. All of the professor's friends are heartbroken for him; none of us could even bear to attend the ceremony. We know that he has tied himself to a hussy who probably won't bother to remain faithful through their honeymoon."

The marriage, which was arranged with unseemly haste, took place last night in a secret room hidden within the Hogwarts castle. Professor Albus Dumbledore, the obsolete dingbat who is currently the Headmaster of Hogwarts, performed the marriage ritual.

The bride wore a horrendous Muggle creation called a "wedding dress."

The groom wore traditional wedding robes.

The bride and groom each had only one attendant; Professor Remus J. Lupin acted as best man, while Miss Nymphadora Tonks was the Maid of Honour. It will no doubt be of interest to readers to know that both Lupin and Tonks are registered by the Ministry of Magic: Lupin, as a werewolf, and Tonks, as a Metamorphmagus.

"They couldn't find anyone respectable to stand up with them, could they?" reported Pansy Parkinson Malfoy, age 21, a pretty and vivacious member of the Junior Witches League and chair-witch of the St. Mungo's Charity Ball for 2002. "It's not as if Granger has any female friends, and none of Severus's friends could bear to take part in such a sham. I heard that the so-called best man and maid of honour were paid for their services."

The proceedings were interrupted when one of the wedding guests, a Mr. Ronald Weasley, age 21, of Ottery St. Catchpole, fainted and had to be removed before the ceremony could continue. Further information on this occurrence was received by this reporter from a house-elf by the name of Kreacher, who told us, "The Weasley brat is a blood traitor, and he loves the Mudblood girl. That is why he faints at the wedding."

The small reception was catered by Madam Rosmerta of the Three Broomsticks; refreshments consisted of wine, butterbeer, and wedding cake. There was no dancing or further evidence of true celebration at this sad mockery of an authentically festive marriage bonding ceremony. The bride and groom departed a scant fifty-five minutes after the end of the ceremony, leaving behind many questions in the minds of their friends and family; the bride's family is no doubt relieved to see her respectably settled while the groom's family are shocked and horrified by this travesty of a marriage.

After honeymooning in Wiltshire, the couple plan to make their home at Hogwarts, in the Dungeon, where the brave Professor Severus Snape will serve his life sentence as the unknowing dupe of a heartless wench.

July 27, 2001

WAR HERO WEDS MUGGLE-BORN NONENTITY

by RITA SKEETER

Locked Room at the Hog's Head Inn, Hogsmeade The wizarding world was shocked on Friday night as the war hero, Severus Snape, was allegedly joined in marriage to the virtually unknown Hermione Granger. Miss Granger was rumoured to have been the girlfriend of Hogwarts Triwizard Champion Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived, though she attended the Triwizard festivities in the company of Viktor Krum. Krum, the Seeker for the Bulgarian International Quidditch Team, was then the Durmstrang champion; although he is said to have learned many helpful spells from Granger, he was not able to defeat Harry Potter for the title of Triwizard Champion.

After leaving school at Hogwarts, Granger joined Krum in Bulgaria, where she was seen in his company at all of the nightspots enjoyed by the International Quidditch set. After three years and no success at becoming Mrs. Viktor Krum, Granger returned to Britain.

Professor Snape, age 41, who has been the Potions master at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry for the last twenty years, became reacquainted with his former student when she was hired as his "assistant" by Headmaster Albus Dumbledore (see corresponding story below, "Albus Dumbledore: Is He Losing His Grip on Reality?"). Granger reportedly contrived to have herself compromised by Professor Snape during a group mini-break at the seashore.

The wedding, which was arranged with unseemly haste, took place last night in a secret room hidden within the Hogwarts castle. Professor Albus Dumbledore, the obsolete dingbat who is currently the Headmaster of Hogwarts, performed the marriage ritual.

The bride wore a horrendous Muggle creation called a "wedding dress."

The groom wore traditional wedding robes.

The bride and groom each had only one attendant; Professor Remus J. Lupin acted as best man while Miss Nymphadora Tonks was the Maid of Honour. Professor Lupin and Miss Tonks are both rumoured to be registered with different divisions of the Ministry of Magic.

The proceedings were interrupted when one of the wedding guests, a Mr. Ronald Weasley, age 21, of Ottery St. Catchpole, fainted and had to be removed before the ceremony could continue. It is rumoured that the young man was overcome with emotion due to his unrequited love for the indifferent bride.

The small reception was catered by Madam Rosmerta of the Three Broomsticks; refreshments consisted of wine, butterbeer, and wedding cake. The bride and groom departed soon after the end of the ceremony. It is rumoured that the bride's family were relieved to have successfully placed her in a respectable marriage while the groom's family were saddened at the sacrifice made by the poor professor.

After honeymooning in Wiltshire, the couple plan to make their home at Hogwarts, in the Dungeon, where Professor Snape will continue to selflessly train the youth of the wizarding community while his wife is rumoured to be anticipating a life of ease and leisure.

July 27, 2001

SEXY SARCASTIC BASTARD WHO IGNORED MY ADVANCES MARRIES BITCHY TART WHO RUINED MY CAREER

by RITA SKEETER

Harry Potter's Kitchen at Number 12, Grimmauld Place, London This reporter was titillated to discover, barely in time to Apparate there and shift into my Animagus form, that the enigmatic and beastly Severus Snape, age 41, was to be married to that horrible, scheming, all-knowing cow, Hermione Granger, age 21, in a private ceremony on Friday night. I have written stories full of lies about Granger before, saying that she was Harry Potter's girlfriend and implying that she was shagging Viktor Krum through the sheets, back when she was 14 years old and the Triwizard Tournament was going on at Hogwarts. What else could I do? I had to write articles that would sell papers, and that obsolete dingbat, Albus Dumbledore, would not allow me onto the Hogwarts grounds well, not after I had already written some nasty lies about the Boy-Who-Lived-to-tee-me-off.

I heard about Granger going to University in Bulgaria on full scholarship, and later I saw reports in the gossip columns that she was seeing Krum in Bulgaria. Everyone said Krum was begging Granger to marry him, and the daft bint turned him down, more than once. (This reporter would not turn Krum down, not even if all he wanted was a

hand job under the table in the middle of the Leaky Cauldron. Have you seen those centrefold photos in Playwitch? What a wand!) So what if I made up a quote from Krum? How was I supposed to know he would show up at the wedding and help Potter put me in a pill bottle?

I have fancied that snarky git, Severus Snape, ever since he was awarded the Order of Merlin, First Class, for being a bloody war hero. Who cares if he's a greasy bat with a huge ugly nose when he's a certified war hero with an interesting package in his trousers? Did you **see** the artist's drawing of his private bits, based on the description in that interview with that tart who works the upstairs room at Madam Mai's Maison in Knockturn Alley? I thought it would be easy enough to get the hideous prick between the sheets, but he actually went out of his way to avoid me! Then that foul slag, Granger, came back from Bulgaria, where she could have had Krum, and immediately went to work on getting Snape! My sources tell me that it only took her two weeks to get him off on a weekend jaunt to the beach, where she proceeded to shag him through the sheets until he agreed to marry her.

Yes, I made up the Malfoy quotes, but you can just ask Draco he'll never deny he said it he still loathes Potter and his friends, even if ~~they~~**did** end up on the same side in the war. And that stuck up wife of his will do as she's told.

I managed to get into the Room of Requirement in my Animagus form, as a beetle, and I hid in the posy that Tonks person was carrying. The room looked so beautiful, like some sacred place, and all lit by candlelight. Dumbledore performed the binding ceremony. Why is it that some pig-ignorant nits get everything they want, like thoroughly shaggable husbands and beautiful weddings, while the rest of us just have to make do with their leavings?

The bride wore an amazing Muggle creation called a "wedding dress," which made her look like a fairy queen. The tiara in her hair was twined with flowers, and that horrid mop of hair she used to have is now styled so that each long, separate corkscrew curl hangs from her head perfectly. Do you have any idea how much I would have to pay to get my hair to look like that? Severus looked a treat in traditional wedding robes in forest green. They were looking at each other in such a way I will wager there wasn't a dry eye in the house until that Weasley kid passed out from sheer nerves over his own wedding, which is still in the planning stages, if rumours from Gilderoy Lockhart, Wedding Planner Extraordinaire, are to be believed. It broke the mood a bit while Kingsley Shacklebolt and Mad Eye Moody used Mobilicorpus to move Weasley to the hospital wing. Severus was looking pretty angry about it, but that gorgeous best man of his said something to him that made him almost smile, and then Dumbledore began the vows, so things settled down again.

I'll tell you this much: I would give my eyes to have a man look at me the way Severus looked at that Granger cow when he put his ring on her finger.

The bride and groom each had only one attendant; Professor Remus J. Lupin acted as best man while Miss Nymphadora Tonks was the Maid of Honour. People have been whispering for years that Remus Lupin is a werewolf, but if he is, it might be worth it to learn to howl. Did you see that dip in his lip? It looks like a scar. Wouldn't you like to just kiss it all better? But that Tonks chit was looking at Lupin like he was the main course **and** pudding, and I've heard she's an Auror. Maybe I better do a bit more investigating of those two before I make my move.

The reception after the wedding was a very small, intimate affair. Only the family and closest friends of the bride and groom were there, and they all seemed to know one another very well. I heard from more than one person that Severus and Granger have the Enchantment. Dear Merlin, but I hate that Granger hag, and I wish with all my heart that I could put **her** in a glass bottle and carry it around in my bag for weeks at a time. I wish I could keep her locked up until Snape forgets all about her and wants to look around for some consolation.

It wasn't until Nymphadora Tonks abandoned her bouquet of flowers on a table and dragged that divine best man into a dark corner to snog him senseless that I made my big mistake. I just wanted to get close to Severus and Hermione, to find out what was being said about their plans. I flew over and hid in the folds of Ginny Potter's robes, but she saw me and started to shriek, and that bloody Potter caught me in his hand and wouldn't let me go. From the talk I could hear, Snape said something to Granger about getting out of there **now** and something about how the person who thought it was a good idea for them to spend the last two nights before the wedding in separate quarters should be hexed into oblivion. Then they were gone, and Potter carried me down to Snape's lab and put me in a pill bottle.

Potter and Krum took me to the Hog's Head Inn and locked us into a room and forced me to shift back to my human form. They took my report away from me and made me rewrite it. Then they still weren't happy with the report, and they grabbed me and forced me to Apparate with them to Potter's house, where they poured Veritaserum down my throat and said I was to write "the truth." I hope they're happy, now that I've written all this "truth."

I've heard them talking while I've been writing this; they're sitting over there drinking Ogden's Old Firewhiskey, without offering any to me. They say that Severus is taking Granger I should call her Madam Snape now, I suppose to his home in Wiltshire for their honeymoon and then they'll go back and live at Hogwarts. That lucky chit will have Severus Snape to shag while she sits about the house deciding what she wants to be when she grows up. I **HATE** Hermione Granger Snape. I will never forgive her for ruining my career, and I will do her any injury I can, at every opportunity I have, for as long as I live.

Krum is reading over my shoulder, and he and Potter have their wands out and are looking at me in the strangest way. What are they planning to do with that big glass jar full of leaves and twigs? I hope this Veritaserum wears off soon.

July 28, 2001

Severus Snape lounged against the pillows on the four poster bed in the master bedroom of his Wiltshire home and watched his bride reading through the packet of papers she had received through owl post that morning. He had been able to identify Potter's bird, the great snowy white owl, as the carrier of the letter to Hermione; the bird had also delivered the package now sitting unopened in his lap. At first he thought Potter's owl had made a mistake, until he saw his own name scrawled on the package, in the deplorable handwriting he still remembered vividly from seven years of marking Potter's school papers.

As he observed her, his wife's face reflected indignation, anger, confusion, fury, amusement, and finally, indecision. When she finished reading the last page, she lifted her eyes to the package he held, then held the papers out to him mutely. Severus took the papers and began to read Potter's letter, then Skeeter's articles, while Hermione crawled up to cradle her head on his chest.

"Am I to understand that this abominable woman has succeeded in accompanying us on our honeymoon?" he demanded at last, poking the box with his finger.

"I think Harry wanted it to be our decision what to do with her, since she admitted, under Veritaserum, to wanting to spend her life getting revenge on me."

Severus placed the papers and the box on his bedside table before turning to face Hermione, pulling her closer to him. "Are you aware of the number of beetles I have crushed into a fine powder in my lengthy career as a Potions master? I could wield a pestle in my sleep, Pet."

Hermione shuddered. "Are you actually suggesting that we should squash her like the bug she is?"

Severus pressed a kiss to the top of her head. "I am merely saying it is one of many options." He paused for a moment, then spoke again, his voice strangely taut. "Make no mistake, Hermione. While I draw breath, no one will threaten you with so much as a hang nail. Potter and Mr. Krum have placed me in their debt by their handling of this situation, and I will convey my thanks to them. No, Skeeter has seriously overstepped herself this time, my Pet, and her punishment must be commensurate with her crime."

Hermione pushed herself into a sitting position, pulling her knees up to her chest and wrapping her arms around them. She surveyed her husband's forbidding mien with misgiving. "Severus, I don't think I can bear to kill her."

The Potions master cupped her cheek with his hand, one corner of his thin mouth quirked up in the expression she had come to know as a smile. "I have a suggestion for you. Let us keep her in the luxurious glass jar provided for her by Potter and the inestimable Mr. Krum, at least until the end of our honeymoon. During that time, we will reflect on possible solutions to the Skeeter problem. We need take no action now. I think a fitting answer will come to us, given enough time."

Hermione wrinkled her nose at him. "All right, but I don't want her in the bedroom."

The Snape eyebrows rose humourously. "You don't think she deserves to see the actual bits?"

Hermione slugged him in the arm with an impetuously thrown pillow. "No! I have no intention of letting that cow become acquainted with any portion of my husband's bits!"

Severus uttered one of his rare belly laughs, then slipped into his dressing gown and carried the box out of the room. Hermione donned her own dressing gown and was sitting at the mirror, attempting to restore some order to her hair, when a brown barn owl flew through the open bedroom window and dropped the *Daily Prophet* on her vanity. She slipped a coin into the bag on his leg and gave him an Owl Treat before moving to a wing chair and opening the paper.

On the society page, she found the write up of her wedding.

WAR HEROES SEVERUS SNAPE AND HERMIONE GRANGER WED IN PRIVATE CEREMONY

by Luna Lovegood

Hogsmeade Friends and family of Severus Snape, age 41, and Hermione Granger, age 21, gathered together Friday night to celebrate the wedding of this hero and heroine of the war to defeat He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. Snape, Order of Merlin, First Class, and Granger, Order of Merlin, Third Class, were active players in the careful planning which led to Harry Potter's eventual triumph over the Dark Lord in the cause of the Light.

The ceremony took place at Hogwarts Castle and was presided over by Albus Dumbledore, chief Warlock of the Wizengamot and Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

The bride wore an ivory coloured duchess satin sleeveless Muggle wedding gown with a softly pleated A-line skirt and standard length train. The front bodice was lightly embroidered in silver and trimmed with glass beads, fastening at the back with tiny covered buttons.

The groom wore traditional wedding robes.

The bride and groom were attended by Professor Remus J. Lupin, best man, and Miss Nymphadora Tonks, Maid of Honour.

The small reception was catered by Madam Rosmerta of the Three Broomsticks; refreshments consisted of wine, butterbeer, and wedding cake. Following the reception, the bride and groom left the castle in a horseless carriage which was lavishly adorned with lovely summer flowers from the Hogwarts gardens; the carriage was provided for their use by Professor Rubeus Hagrid.

After honeymooning in Wiltshire, the couple plan to make their home at Hogwarts.

July 27, 2001

Severus came back into the bedroom and found Hermione with tears on her cheeks. Taking the paper from her hands, he scanned the page, then pulled her into a gentle embrace. "Why are you crying, Pet? It seems as if Miss Lovegood correctly conveyed the details of our wedding."

Hermione chuckled damply and twitched the paper out of his hands, pointing to the article below the account of their wedding.

"See? After we left last night, Remus and 'Dora announced their engagement."

Severus followed her finger and read the engagement announcement. "What a pair of lay-abouts. We didn't even have *time* to announce our engagement before our wedding."

Hermione dropped the newspaper on the chair she had recently vacated and unbelted her husband's robe, flipping it from his shoulders and running her hands from his pectorals in straight, parallel lines, down to his hip bones, luxuriating in the feel of the skin, the hair, and the muscle beneath her fingertips.

"Perhaps the absence of the Enchantment allows more time for reflection and forethought," Hermione purred at him, stretching up to press her lips to the pulse in this throat, first kissing, then licking, then sucking his warm skin with her warmer mouth.

Severus stood completely still, naked in spirit as well as body before the hunger and need in his Hermione's kiss. He watched as her robe puddled on the carpet about her feet, then he closed his eyes as he felt the latent magic within him seek out, then join with, the latent magic within her. In another instant, the power coalesced, and they were once again in the midst of the maelstrom that was the essence of their physical union.

His voice, utter velvet underlain with pure forged steel, sounded in her ear and echoed through her being as he said, "Reflection and forethought are highly overrated." She was unceremoniously jerked against him, half dragged and half carried the few feet back to their marriage bed and thrust amidst the bedclothes, his body following hers past the boundaries of thought or reflection, into the territory newly discovered and reverently explored, where lived their passion in the Enchantment.

A/N: Once again, I must thank my ever-so-Slytherin husband for the notion of telling the story of the wedding through different drafts of articles written by Rita Skeeter. The story title is ever-so tongue-in-cheek; after *Meet the Parents* and *Meet the Boys*, I could not resist this title, which is an *homage* to the title of the first Beatles album released on the Capitol label in the United States, *Meet the Beatles*. Rock on, y'all.