

# The Picture

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*Sequel to Snape After Midnight. So, what happened to that exposing picture?*

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**Chapter 1 - The Picture**

**2**

# 1 - The Picture

Disclaimer- I don't own Harry Potter. That belongs to JK Rowling

It had been two days since Harry had taken Ron and Hermione up to Gryffindor tower to show them the picture of Snape. Ron had laughed himself silly while Hermione had sat in rigid shock. Ron insisted that the Gryffindors all had to see the picture, and Harry agreed. They showed it to everyone. Gryffindor Tower shook with the laughter.

"You shouldn't do that," Hermione had protested, rather feebly.

"Cheer up, Hermione. All of us have seen it, there is only one thing left to do," Ron said.

"Destroy it?" Hermione said hopefully.

"Nope," Ron said. "What do you think we should do with it, Harry?"

Harry grinned. He knew where Ron was going with this.

"Well, Ron, I think we should do our duty as the good students-" Hermione scoffed. "of this school and find a way of informing everyone about our dear potions master's hobby. I mean, come on, if he'll do this, no telling what he *really* wants to do to one of the first years," Harry said.

Ron nodded.

"How should we do it, then?"

"This is utterly uncalled for!" Hermione said, stamping her foot.

About that time, Fred and George appeared beside the table at which they sat.

"Hello, all. What's 'utterly uncalled for', Hermione?" Fred asked.

Ron smiled and said, "We want to show off this picture to everyone. How do we go about doing that?"

George laughed. "You do us proud, little brother. The Yule Ball."

The Yule Ball was being held again this year to lift some of the students spirits.

"What do you mean?" asked Harry.

"Yeah, what *do* you mean?" Hermione put in.

“Leave it to us,” said George, taking the picture from Harry.

“Yeah, we’ll make sure this gets around,” Fred stated.

“But, apart from this being so wrong, Harry could get in big trouble,” Hermione said, trying to snatch back the picture, but George held it far away from her.

“She’s got a point this time,” said Harry.

“Don’t worry. We’ll take all the credit for this one,”

And with that, the twins left.

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The next night, the students were all enjoying themselves at the ball. No one even suspected what might be happening. Harry was going with Ginny and had filled her in on what Fred and George were trying to do. She advised him that that might not have been such a good idea. Ron and Hermione had finally gotten together, though this night was not going to be good for them. Hermione was angry at Ron’s excitement over whatever it was his brothers were planning.

It was a good two hours into the ball when something finally happened. They were all sitting quietly, enjoying that evenings dinner, when an amplified voice from nowhere said, “Ladies and Gentlemen, put your hands together for the one, the only, Professor Severus Snape!!”

Everyone gasped as the horrible picture of Snape in that sundress appeared, magically magnified to be a thousand times its original size, in front of the whole school. The Slytherins were trying their best to decide whether to laugh or to look angry on their favorite professor’s side. The other three Houses were trying laughing. Dumbledore turned to Snape.

“What is the meaning of this, Severus?” he asked.

Snape turned brick red and said, “It is obviously some sort of prank,”

“No, it’s not, Severus, and you know it,” said Professor Sinistra quite suddenly.

“What?” Professor McGonagall asked.

Sinistra ignored this and continued to talk to Snape. Harry was hearing all of this at a nearby table.

“So, Severus, you finally found someone, did you?” Sinistra said.

Snape was glaring.

“What do you mean by this?” Dumbledore asked of her.

“Well,” she replied, “Severus approached me about a month ago and asked me if I would like to take pictures of him. He knows photography is a hobby of mine.”

Dumbledore nodded. Harry was trying his best not to let his jaw drop in shock.

“I said, ‘what will I be photographing?’ He said, ‘me.’ So we set up a date for the next night, but when I arrived...He was wearing that!”

She pointed at the picture. Dumbledore stared at Snape. “Is this true?”

Snape, defeated, nodded. Dumbledore sighed.

“Severus, you will accompany me to my office, please,”

And Dumbledore and Snape stood and left.

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“See! I told you we did a good thing!” whispered Ron to Hermione.

Ron, Harry, and Hermione had decide to follow Snape one evening a couple of days after the Yule ball. He had been leaving at regular times and go up a certain corridor, going into a room, and not coming out for hours. There was no music to be heard.

The trio shuffled away from the room Snape was in under the security of the Invisibility Cloak.

“Yeah,” Harry said, giving the room one last backward glance. “I always thought Snape could use a good psychiatrist!”