

One year and twelve stone later, things were better. As Poppy had said, the weight gain potion never wore off, but eventually, Snape figured out how to control it. All that Snape had to do to maintain it was generally eat healthy. As long as he avoided really fattening foods, he stayed the same.

Of course, if there was a feast, or a special event with lots of food, Severus would gain weight quickly. But overall there were not that many such events, so it came down to putting on twenty or thirty pounds a year versus a hundred and fifty.

Harry, for his part, was fine with this, if only because the fact that there were holidays and feasts still gave him something to look forward to. It wasn't like Severus would be the same FOREVER. Harry would've been upset at that.

The staff had been treating him better, too, and for that Snape was secretly grateful. Perhaps they'd felt bad when they'd heard that the potion would not wear off, or perhaps they'd just gotten used to seeing the near-400 pound potions professor waddling around the halls. Either way, they treated him with more respect. None of them had even laughed that time he broke his chair during dinner in the Great Hall.

The students... well, they were the same. The older ones quickly learned not to say anything, lest they end up in a week's worth of detention, but occasionally the younger ones would come up with an insult. "*He keeps looking at me... he must think I'm a meatball sandwich!*" was one that Snape remembered, as well as the time one particularly ballsy second year begged Snape not to sit on him or eat him when he'd brewed his potion wrong. Both incidents had greatly amused the classes, and Snape had deducted 5 points for each person who laughed.

Much to Severus' relief, he no longer had to chaperone trips to Hogsmeade, either. Poppy had written a statement excusing him from such trips, as they posed a threat to his health. Walking long distances made his heart beat erratically, and he often had a hard time breathing. The staff took it at face value and again no one had said anything.

Finally, everyone was generally happy. During the Summer, Harry proposed to Severus (while they were out to dinner of course), and they were married in the winter. Despite his 64 inch waist, Snape looked dashing in his dark green tuxedo, with his hair for once washed thoroughly. Harry couldn't take his eyes off of him.

After the wedding, and in the years to come, Harry always proudly introduced his husband to others, ignoring any odd stares and standing up for Severus if there were insults, being the chivalrous man that he was. And so, the two had a wonderful life together, complete with frequent, totally awesome sex.

The End.