

Different

by Seventh

Effervescence Eileen Snape is starting her seventh and final year at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry under the careful eye of her boyfriend, Scorpius Malfoy. When the Rogues come to Hogwarts, however, life seems to get that little bit more dangerous.

Slytherin Queen

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: No money being made from this! The only thing being made is pride if I get a review or two (you can take my life but yeh cannae' tak' oor pride! Or is that freedom?).

A/N: THANKS go to the wonderful beta reader for this chapter, Southern_Witch_69, for taking this even though she said she couldn't! Thanks a heap for digging me out the hole!

Slytherin Queen

I am Effervescence Eileen Snape. I'm seventeen years old and in my final year at Hogwarts. I was staying at Scorpius' home over the holidays. His father, Draco, and his mother, Luna, had invited me over for the last three weeks of our holidays. Apparently Luna said that if I stayed at Hogwarts too long, my cherunk (I have no idea) would get stuck to the castle and I wouldn't be able to leave.

Yeah, so anyhow, I'm on the train with 'Co, my boyfriend of three years. He's sitting with that idiot Potter, and I'm being bored all on my own. Oh well. I'm trying to finish my Potions homework. It was going fine, until I hit the fifth question and had to miss it out, because it just confused me, to continue on to the final 86 questions.

"Question 5: In what use does a Miserobla Mint have on a sample of Veritaserum if left to mix for 5 minutes before being introduced to the taker's body?"

I know I'm a 'natural' at Potions. Dad has said it enough. I've looked through *all* of my books that Mum gave me. None of them have the answer.

"Co, d'you know the answer to this?"

"To Wait, I didn't get that question! What was Professor Snape doing putting that in?"

"I don't know. You don't think he's trying to trick me, do you? *He knows* I made the Veritaserum over the holidays for my project, and he also knows that I love Miserobla Mints."

"What's this? Snape offspring has no idea on the answer to the question set by her own father? I'm sure the world will end." Potter smirked over at me. Ugly brute. Well, he isn't, but when he smirks, he looks rather evil. And boring. "Maybe you're not so amazing as Scorpius and your parents preach. I bet it's 'cause you've got an evil fath "

"Shut your mouth, Potter," I hissed at him, my wand now firmly lodged into the side of his throat.

"Effie, calm down," 'Co said, looking for his own wand in his pockets.

"Get away from me, Snape," Potter spat at me, then taking it from figuratively to literally, spat in my face.

"*Levicorpus*!" I yelled, jumping back into the seat opposite as Potter was hoisted roughly into the air, his foot touching the ceiling of our compartment.

"Effie!" 'Co yelled, now with wand in hand. "Put him down!"

"He called my father evil. He knows why Dad did all those things. He knows Grandad Albus released Dad from all the charges as part of the spy-work for the Order!"

"I know, Effie. I know." He looked around to James Potter, who was now unconscious. "Why is he unconscious?"

"Emotional magic combined with my apparently evil skill as a Dark Magician obviously has killed him."

'Co raised his eyebrows at me, looking slightly amused in his Malfoy charm.

"Okay, I got bored of his whining and did a wandless, speechless *Stupefy*. I've learned to control how the spell takes its effect from Dad. Y'know how, for instance, the *Stupefy* makes you unconscious and also flings you a few metres back? Well, I've learned how to control which effect I use."

"That sounds a lot more special than Dark Magic."

"Indeed."

"So... what are we going to do with him?"

"Sorry, 'we'? *I'm* going to Levitate him out the window. *You* are going to hold the window open."

"No, I'm not!" 'Co yelled, obviously taking me far too seriously.

"I'll hold it open myself then."

"Effie!"

"Okay. Okay," I said, sighing as if I were very disappointed. "I'm going to do something, and you have to promise not to stop me."

"I promise, s'long as it doesn't involve his being thrown off the train."

"I promise it won't involve that."

"Go for it then."

I smiled my lovely (evil) smile (which I picked up from Mum) at him, then proceeded to open the compartment door and use my hand to magically move Potter along with me.

I went about five compartments down, then knocked on the door.

"Ah, Effervescence! What can we do for m'gallant Lady?" James Devon, fellow Slytherin, and loving team captain, smiled happily at me after throwing open the door.

"I've brought you a present. Think of it as a homecoming present for some unknown reason."

"Ah. Lovely, Effer, lovely. Can I just ask why I would want an unconscious Potter for my homecoming?"

"Look here, James, I'm short on Galleons. No, not just Galleons, Knuts also. In fact, I got this present for free. 'Sides, it's the thought that counts!" I levitated the gift into their compartment. After I Levitated the annoying James onto the luggage rack, I then greeted each of the other Slytherins.

"Jay, Donny, Davy, Harry..." I hugged each of them.

"Harry, I swear you're looking more like your brother every day."

"Shut it, Snape, you're looking more like your father every day."

"Thank you." I thought about it for a minute, then raised my hand, flourishing my wrist fancily. "That wasn't a compliment, was it, Harry, dear?"

"No, of course not. The fact that you are more beautiful every day I see you, and that Scorpius is a lucky sod, however, is." He eyed my hand, looking around to see if anything had changed or if a group of canaries had taken to him. I had learnt my Transfiguration and used *Oppugno* more times than I could count.

"Not you, Harry, that was for Potter."

"I am Potter, you gorgeous nutter."

"Gorgeous, Harry? I think I'm gonna be sick," I heard James moan from the luggage rack.

"Gorgeous, yes, Potter. Sick, yes, but not for the reason you're so stupidly referring to." I smiled my lovely (evil, if you'll be so kind to remember that Snapes are never lovely, unless you count Tabby, Dad's cat) smile.

"Enjoy your Gryffindorian present, and please don't feel obligated to send a thank you note, as your happy faces are all the thanks I need," I said, looking at the slightly evil smiles adorning each and every one of the Slytherins in the room. Oddly enough, Harry was the one smiling the most.

"Bye, Effer!" I heard as I walked back down the corridor, walking back into my compartment to find Scorpius sitting with Martha Jennings.

"Scorpius. Jennings."

Scorpius got that look of utter horror he always gets when he knows I am angry for some reason. And he knows if I call him Scorpius, I am not the happiest snake in the pit.

I sat in the far corner, wand twisting in my hand as I tried to control each and every emotion running through my veins. The reason Scorpius got the look of utter horror was because he knew I would make his life a living hell by telling my father if he was disloyal or if he even made me upset.

"Bye, Scorpy," I heard Jennings' awfully feminine voice trill through the compartment as the door shut.

I felt the seat lower as Scorpius sat by me.

"Effervescence?" He placed his hand near my wand, and as all who are trained in the art of defence would do, I turned on him with my wand raised, left hand slung back as leverage.

"Effervescence, put the wand down." The authoritative tone in his voice did nothing but anger me more.

He knows I hate being ordered, but also knows I will take orders if I see them in the right sense. I wasn't in the right sense at that time.

"Don't call me Effervescence, you have no right to call me by my given name."

He was silent. His eyes met mine, his icy grey meeting my black ones (with use of the contacts allowing me the sight in my left eye), and I saw the heartbreak he felt and felt it myself. Then his eyes hardened as he stood, but I grabbed his sleeve and forced him back into the chair.

"Stay here." I waved my wand at the door, which locked as I stood, grabbing his wand from his sleeve as I did so. "If you move, I will attack."

I waved my left hand, and a voice came from my watch.

"Eleven minutes past two in the afternoon."

"We have eight hours left on this train, Malfoy."

"I know that, *Snape*, so let me out if you don't want me here." His voice mirrored the cold hate his eyes showed. I knew it wasn't real, but it hurt nonetheless.

I flicked my wand at him, and he was forced backwards into the seat, where his arms became stuck at his sides. I dropped his wand onto his lap and then dumped mine as well. I waved my hand and he became unstuck.

"I'm sorry, Scorpius Malfoy," I said, grabbing my trunk and leaving my silvery-white wand in his possession as I touched the door, which opened, and stepped outside with trunk in tow.

"Effer?" was the near-silent whisper I heard from the compartment as I walked down five doors. It broke my heart.

I opened the door, Levitated my trunk onto the luggage rack and took a seat in the window. I knew I looked sad, but I didn't want sympathy, so I changed it to a face showing only hatred. None of the Slytherins would talk to their Queen whilst she was in a mood. No one dared.

Other than Harry Sirius Potter, of course.

"Effer, tell me what's wrong, please."

I stood, grabbing the neck of his robes, half dragging and half leading him out into the corridor. Everyone in that carriage heard the door slam. None of the people present looked outside.

"Malfoy carriage Jennings," I choked out in my rage. I slammed my curled up fist into the window, which shattered, cutting my hand open. I groaned slightly as I healed it, then repaired the window.

"Effer, were they doing anything?"

"No."

"What were they doing wrong then?"

"It was the way she looked so happy when I walked in, and they were alone. She had that look of 'I'm letting you have him until I think it's my time' look about her. I don't trust her, and I shouldn't. I don't trust Malfoy, but I most definitely should."

"Why are you calling him Malfoy?"

"I have no right to call him by his given name."

"Oh."

"I'm stupid, Harry."

"No, you're not stupid. Far from it. The two smartest Potions masters in the world's offspring couldn't be stupid. With all your power, you're emotional, too, and what with your difference "

"Please don't speak of it here. If your dear brother finds out, Dad will have to move me. Grandad Albus has already fought too many battles over keeping me in Hogwarts." I turned away from him, leaning my forehead on the newly repaired window. A solitary tear ran down my cheek.

"I know, Effer. I know." He just stood there, rubbing my back softly as the tears kept coming. I didn't sob, nor did I make a sound. I just let the tears flow, hoping it would release some of my tension.

"I need to apologise, don't I?" I asked, just after the tears had stopped.

"If you think you do. Maybe you should tell Scor"

"I can't tell him!" I yelled angrily at Harry, whipping round to face him, hand raised slightly. "If I tell him, there's no chance he'll ever talk to me again!"

"I understood. He will, too, if he loves you as much as he claims." Harry turned from me, about to enter the compartment. "Wait a second," he said, turning back to me. "Do a Slicing Hex on my face, so I can tell them that's what you yelled about. I won't be able to pass it as nothing," he whispered.

"I'm sorry," I whispered back. I raised my hand, splaying my fingers open wide, then slashed it down the way, inches from his face. Deep gashes appeared as he muffled a yell. "I'm so sorry, Harry."

"It's okay. Devon'll fix it for me." He smiled at me as he turned back, blood rushing down his face.

I walked back down to my usual compartment. I stopped at the door as I placed my hand to the handle. I stepped back from it, leaning against the wall opposite. I raised my hand and made knocking motions. I heard the knocking sounds, which my magic made resonate off the door.

"Whoever it is, fu" Scorpius said as he wrenched the door open.

I looked down at the floor, bowing my head, baring my neck to him.

"Please raise your head, Effer. I'm not going to yell or hurt you," he said quietly, reaching his hand out to lift my chin.

"I'm so sorry," I whispered. "I over-reacted."

"I should've turned her away," he said back softly. "She was crying when she came. I should've realised it was a façade."

"I'm sorry." I didn't look him in the eye, afraid I might see the same grey hate I saw the last time I looked into them.

"You have nothing to be sorry about." He raised my chin fully, then leaned in, giving me a soft kiss. I put my arms around his waist, gently hugging him to me. "Don't ever leave, please, Effer."

"I won't. I promise I won't."

"What do we have here? Love-birds?" I heard the familiar trill of Jennings' voice ring out down the corridor.

"Excuse me a moment," I said quietly as I untangled myself from Scorpius.

"Martha Jennings, you are nothing but a nuisance and a pain," I said, advancing on her, right hand now raised into a fighting stance, left hand slightly behind me, splayed in a curse already.

"Oh, are we going to Muggle-duel?" She burst out laughing.

"Jennings, I suggest you either grovel to your Queen or run," I heard someone say behind me. I looked for her wand, which I saw sticking out from her back pocket. I grinned as I looked around at Harry, skin slightly pink from the healing charm Devon must've used.

"Why would that be, Potter? It's not like she can duel without a wand," Jennings raised her head defiantly, looking around me at Harry.

"She's a wandless caster, you idiot."

"Wandless caster my left eye!" She laughed at her pathetic joke (at my scarred left eye).

"Indeed," I said, twitching my right hand slightly, causing her wand to come to me. "Hold this, dear," I said, chucking her wand to 'Co.

"Might I add, a very skilled wandless caster." Harry smirked over at the girl.

"You don't deserve to be in Slytherin. You have no subtlety, no prevailing skills. You aren't the amazing witch you make yourself out to be. You have no respect for those above you and no pity for those below you. You disgust me." I twitched my right hand again, and she clutched at her neck as I cast a light Gripping Charm, holding her in place. I then raised my left hand, smiling as her robes ripped.

"Slytherin Queens deserve respect, wouldn't you agree, Jennings?" I heard James Devon say behind me.

"I yes!" she squealed pathetically. Her friends stood behind her, none of them daring to move forward, although one or two had drawn their wands.

"Slytherin Queens deserve the right to give no mercy, wouldn't you agree, Jennings?" I heard Jay Nott growl beside Scorpius.

"Yes!" she whimpered once more.

"Slytherin Queens deserve your undivided attention, agreed?" spoke Harry.

"Of course!"

"Slytherin Queens deserve your untarnished loyalty, do they not?" Scorpius hissed at her.

"Scorpy! Help me!" she squeaked, gaining a laugh from him.

"Slytherin Queens deserve your untarnished loyalty, do they not?" he repeated, adding some more venom to his already poisonous voice.

"Yes! Please!"

"You will apologise to Effervescence Snape, Jennings, and you will do so by bowing your neck to her, baring your mercy," Danny Crabbe said as I flicked my wrist once more, releasing the Gripping Charm holding her in front of me.

She bowed her head to me, dipping onto her knees gracelessly as she fell from fatigue and fright.

"You deserve no more chances, Martha Jennings. Thank the snake you are in my brood and not a previous one. You may have found yourself in a much more desperate situation had you been. James, Danny, please escort Jennings back to her compartment, oh, and explain the procedure to her," I said, turning to my followers. "You know the drill," I winked at them.

"Yes, sir!" They both laughed as Jennings remained on the floor.

I walked past my loyal friends, grabbing Scorpius, dragging him back to our compartment.

I locked the door and pushed him into a seat. I dipped down next to him, catching him in a kiss, then pushing myself away and against the door.

"Oh no," I whispered darkly to myself.

"Effer?"

"I'm turning into Voldemort."

"No, you're not, Effer. Voldemort was far less skilled than you."

"That's what scares me most, 'Co. I just scared the living daylights out of Jennings, and every one of the Slytherins calls me their Queen when they see me."

"That's 'cause you are our Queen. It makes us happy to have someone to look up to. You aren't protecting us, you're teaching us. You're not hurting us, apart from the cuts Harry made you give him, and yes, he told me just before he spoke up to Jennings. You're definitely our friend, and I hardly think Voldemort routinely kissed each of us on the cheek at our meetings." He laughed at the last reason, and I joined in a chuckle.

"Dad says I could be him if I so saw it. He only said that when I became Evil-Over-Lord-of-the-Wizarding-World I was to give him benefits for being blood-related," I laughed.

"Exactly. You love people, and we all know Voldemort couldn't do that. We aren't afraid to call you your name (unless you've got that look about you)." He smiled up at me as he caught my hand from the door. "And I don't think Mouldy-Voldy had an obscenely handsome boyfriend."

"Obscenely immodest boyfriend more like."

"There's a thin line between love and hate, and we're on the loving side, Effervescence Eileen Snape." He guided me onto the sofa. "Now, how about we try out the Veritaserum question?"

"Okay. *Accio Test Sample Number Four and Miserobla Mint!*" I held out my hand and caught the two items.

"Ready?" 'Co said, picking the cork off the top of the vial and holding the mint above it.

"Go. I'll take it though." I smiled as he dropped it in, and the usually clear, scentless potion turned gold and smelled gorgeous.

"Not dangerous in the Dark way then," 'Co muttered. "It smells of herbs and the stuff you put in your knicker drawer to keep them nice-smelling."

"No, it doesn't. It smells of herbs and that Italian spice that you add to your cologne wait a second, what were you doing in my knicker drawer?" I blushed at him.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" he laughed. "It's a love potion. I think it tells you who your soul-mate is." 'Co glanced up at me, eyes suddenly full of recognition.

"How'd you figure that?"

"Veritaserum tells the truth, right? And I smell all the things I could smell when we made that botched Amortentia batch! Remember, when Professor Snape told us to add one of the last ingredients wrong so it wouldn't work, but it still smelled the same! It's a Soul-Spirit Solution I think."

"Could you repeat that?" I said as I scrawled it down in my tiny handwriting.

"No."

"Mean... I got it all I think."

"Right then ... divide and conquer?"

"Of course." I wished my hand slightly, and another vial appeared, and with another quick movement, the potion divided exactly into the new vial. "Bottoms up!" I said, knocking the potion back in one as 'Co did the same.

Suddenly I felt rather woozy, but I could hear 'Co speaking normally, as if nothing was wrong.

"Co..." I said, my voice sounding like it was a thousand miles away.

"Effer?" he said, suddenly sounding serious.

"Co 'Co!" I started panicking as my body flopped backwards onto the seat. I felt strong arms wrap around my legs and my waist and had the uncomfortable sensation of being picked up.

"Hang in there, Effervescence, I'm taking you to the nurse," I heard his voice say, but could hardly see him because of the dizziness overcoming my body.

"Co..." I whispered, before I blanked out completely.

A/N: What has happened to Effer? Leave a review with your ideas!