

The Sweetest Revenge

by pokeystar

She. Could. Not. Take. It. Any. More.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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If another of her meticulously compiled reports returned to her inbox with so much as a smear of red ink... If he told another inappropriate joke involving a wizard, a penguin and the Sorting Hat at the Friday department meetings... If he changed the colors on the coded filing system again, and really, were polka-dots a *color*? If he ran his fingernails lightly down the inside of her forearm while passing her a signed document, causing her to shiver with *d... isgust*... If he stared at her backside as she left his office with a smirk on his face... And she *positively knew* he was smirking... If he called her "Pet," in that sexy drawl, just one more time...

"Pet, could you get me some coffee?"

She would kill him. Or jump his bones. She was appalled to realize the second option was slightly more appealing.

"Isn't that Colin's job?" she asked as calmly as possible. Which meant that her fists were clenched and her voice was tight. And she was three seconds from ~~pro~~*pouncing* strangling him.

"Colin?" He appeared to recognize the name of his assistant. "Ah, yes. Colin is busy retrieving my dress robes for a function tonight."

"A work function?" she enquired pointedly.

"No. Coffee, Pet? Don't forget the Skinny'n'Sweet," he returned smoothly and oozed back into his office.

She grumbled to herself all the way to the break room. Stupid prat. She was not attracted to him *At all*. He was pure evil. Well. Perhaps only partly evil. The smirk was definitely full-strength evil. And that drawl. She entered the break room and made herself a cup of tea. The partly evil prat could wait until doomsday for his coffee.

She hoped he got a caffeine-withdrawal headache.

Twenty minutes later, she was still morosely blowing on her lukewarm tea when Colin breezed in.

"What's up, buttercup?" he asked cheerfully.

"The demon seed requested coffee," she muttered, getting up, only to sit down again as Colin waved her off. She eyed him speculatively. "How do you do it, Colin? You are in direct contact with that... entitled, depraved ponce for *hours* everyday. He's drained the will to live from others. Macmillan is still on medical leave. How come you're still so cheerful?"

Creevey poured his boss some coffee and said, "Most days, I remember I'm glad to be alive, glad to smell the flowers, glad to have a job, glad not to be fighting true evil anymore. Working for Malfoy isn't nearly as bad." He paused at the break room door and looked Hermione in the eye. "Course, it helps that I don't want to jump his bones."

Her mouth fell open in shock.

"And every once in a while, I flavor his coffee with a little U NO POO. Tastes just like Skinny'n'Sweet."

~*~*~*~*~

A/N: Skinny'n'Sweet courtesy of the movie *Nine to Five*

Originally posted at the Live Journal [dramione_idws](#) community.

Round 1, Challenge #6: Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes (must include a WWW product, canon or made up).

New challenge responses are posted every Thursday. Everyone is invited to read and vote!!!