

# The Encounter of the Snapes

*by morgaine\_dulac*

Fanon-Snape meets Canon-Snape.

## Part 1: Hair

*Chapter 1 of 4*

Fanon-Snape meets Canon-Snape.

### Part 1: The Hair

'Oh, for heaven's sake, look at yourself.'

The man is pacing the room, black robes billowing behind him. He is scrutinising the dark figure in front of him. They resemble each other. Both are wearing dark robes. Both are tall, imposing figures. And both have shoulder-length, black hair.

Yes, they almost look alike, but at the same time they couldn't be more different. One is the Bat of the Dungeons, a greasy git with oily hair. The other is the man thousands of fan girls – and boys for that matter – are drooling over.

'Honestly, this won't do.' Fanon-Snape lets himself fall into a chair with a sigh.

Canon-Snape glares at his counterpart, his eyes narrowed, his voice cold enough to make the sun turn to ice. 'What exactly will not do?'

'Well, take your pick!' Fanon-Snape snaps, obviously running out of patience. 'Let's start with your hair. You brew potions for a living, for crying out loud. Are you telling me that you are incapable of coming up with a decent shampoo?'

Canon-Snape is still glaring at Fanon-Snape. 'I was not aware of the fact that my hair is of any importance to anyone.'

Fanon-Snape snorts as he pulls out a stack of paper from his bag.

'Read any fan fiction lately?' he asks. 'I quote:... *his hair was silky black like the feathers of a raven ... his hair smelled of sandalwood ... his hair tickled her skin as his lips made their way down her body ...*'

Canon-Snape cocks an eyebrow in surprise. 'I beg your pardon? Did you just mention my lips making their way down a woman's body?'

'Yup.' Fanon-Snape grins. 'They all want you. Women, men, wizards, Muggles, randy werewolves, ...'

Canon-Snape looks flabbergasted. 'They want *me*?'

'Well, actually,' Fanon-Snape says, 'they want *me*. You'll never get laid with that greasy hair of yours.'

## Part 2: Robes

*Chapter 2 of 4*

Fanon-Snape meets Canon-Snape.

### Part 2: The Robes

'Now, Professor Snape, may we go on to discuss your clothing?' Fanon-Snape proposes.

Canon-Snape looks down at his black robes. 'I do not see any purpose in doing so.'

'Of course you don't.' Fanon-Snape walks around his counterpart, a scrutinising look on his face.

'High-collared black robes,' he states. 'They look tailored at least. Now, would you mind striding swiftly through the room?'

'I beg your pardon?'

'Oh, come on, humour me.'

Canon-Snape crosses his arms in front of his chest. It is obvious that he is not going to move an inch.

'Well, we just have to assume that your cloak billows then,' Fanon-Snape says, accepting his defeat. 'Maybe if even swishes.'

He looks down at his own clothes and then back at Fanon-Snape. 'No frock coats?' he enquires.

'No.'

'No tight black trousers?'

'Most certainly not.' Canon-Snape looks appalled.

'What a shame.' Fanon-Snape sighs. 'The fan girls like your ... our ...*my* tight black trousers. And my frock coat. I think the buttons turn them on. Merlin, they turn *me* on. Just imagine women gasping with anticipation as I slowly unbutton for them. But then again, I personally prefer some red-haired vixen ripping my shirt open with her bare hands and then unbuttoning my trousers with her teeth.'

Canon-Snape looks like he couldn't care less, and Fanon-Snape rolls his eyes, wondering if there even is a point in continuing this discussion. But teasing Canon-Snape is fun.

'Underwear then, my dear Professor,' Fanon-Snape goes on. 'Boxers, briefs or thongs?'

'This is none of your business.' Canon-Snape is snarling now, and his eyes are glinting dangerously.

But Fanon-Snape does not care. 'Well, the cut does not matter anyway. Too many fan girls know about the unfortunate incident by the lake. I sincerely hope that *greying* underwear is not part of your wardrobe anymore. Let me tell you that the fan girls prefer black. Emerald green is acceptable. And make sure it's silk. They love it.'

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A/N: I will give you **Part 3: The Wand** later this week. So you'll have something to occupy you with over the weekend.

And by the way: it's all sevv's fault that this story is back. ;-)

## Part 3: The Wand

*Chapter 3 of 4*

Fanon-Snape meets Canon-Snape.

### Part 3: The Wand

'As we are already talking about the downstairs-area, when was the last time you got laid?'

Canon-Snape stares at Fanon-Snape with a glare that would make the Dark Lord himself wet his pants. 'This is none of your concern,' he snarls.

'Ah, five years then? Ten?'

Fanon-Snape cocks an eyebrow at his counterpart. 'You have had sex, haven't you?'

Canon-Snape's voice is cold as ice as he answers. 'I am indeed practiced in the pleasures of the flesh.'

'Then let me rephrase my question,' Fanon-Snape proposes, sneering nastily. 'When was the last time you had sexual intercourse with a woman who did not cry or want to be paid afterwards?'

Canon-Snape's Crucio hits him square in the chest, and Fanon-Snape goes down like a sack of Bludgers. When he comes around, Canon-Snape is towering over him.

'I'll have you know,' he starts in a low, sensuous baritone, 'that I have made women shudder with desire at the very sound of my voice. I have made them shiver with pleasure as I touched them through their robes. I have had them begging me to take them as I teased their flesh with my lips. And I have had them come undone before I even entered them.'

'But when?' Fanon-Snape repeats his first question. 'When have you last done *it*'?

'It has been a while,' Canon-Snape confesses. 'The woman I desired the most is dead and buried. There have been others, but alas there is no time. I am already serving two masters. I do not have the luxury to serve a third.'

'And your *wand*'? Fanon-Snape enquires. Finally, they had arrives at the most interesting part of the conversation.

Canon-Snape sneers and opens his robes, releasing his impressive erection. Thick and long, dusky pink in colour, ...

'Magnificent,' Fanon-Snape murmurs, obviously impressed by his counterpart's equipment. 'Always ready?'

'Always.'

'My, my.' Fanon-Snape smirks and his beetle-black eyes are glittering mischievously. 'It looks like those fan girls got some of it right after all.'

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A/N: Okay, I admit it: I am weak! But I like to make you guys smile, and I have been promised muffins. Therefore, I gave you Part 3 a day early - prematurely but from the heart. Hope you enjoyed it.

## Part 4: The Partners

*Chapter 4 of 4*

Fanon-Snape meets Canon-Snape.

### Part 4: The Partners

'Come on, admit it. You are interested.' Fanon-Snape is waving a stack of fan fiction in front of Canon-Snape's nose, his eyes glittering mischievously. 'You want to know all about those women, men, witches, wizards, Muggles and randy werewolves.'

Canon-Snape's eyebrow shoots up. 'Randy werewolves?'

Fanon-Snape smirks, amazed that he had to mention *that* twice for his counterpart to react. 'Oh, yes. It turns out that dear Lupin can be quite kinky at times.'

'And *wizards*'? Canon-Snape seems appalled.

'Especially dear Lucius.'

'Lucius Malfoy?' Now Canon-Snape isn't appalled anymore. He is downright shocked!

'I know!' Fanon-Snape shudders theatrically. 'I was kind of shocked myself. I mean, we know Lucius. Who knows where that cock has been? But then again, there is something called a Slytherin Sandwich. Not the worst thing you can have for breakfast.'

'Slytherin Sandwich?'

Once more, Fanon-Snape smirks, this time at his counterpart's temporary inability to form coherent sentences. 'Unlimited varieties,' he starts to explain. 'There are uncountable witches who'd love to be caught between fair Lucius and dark Severus. Especially Miss Granger.'

'The insufferable know-it-all?' Canon-Snape snatches the fan fiction from Fanon-Snape. 'Who writes this nonsense?'

'Oh, come one. Hermione is a lovely little witch. Smartest of her age, warm hazel eyes, curly silken hair. Her charms make Lucius forget that she is a Mudblood, and she has even healed *your* heart.'

Canon-Snape throws the stack of fan fiction onto his desk. 'I would never touch a student!'

'Trust me, you're missing out.' Fanon-Snape leafs through the now scattered stories. 'Let me show you. Where is it? Ah, here! A favourite of mine at the moment: The Star Sisters.' He thrusts the story into Canon-Snape's hands. 'A Ravenclaw and a Slytherin, seventh-years, both lusting for you ... me ... us. Damn, this is confusing.'

'Both?'

'Well, Lucius is desperate to shag one of them. But hey, we get to watch. And who knows, maybe we will manage to win her over in the end. Nothing like a little challenge, no?'

'We get to watch?' Again, Canon-Snape's eyebrow is threatening to disappear under his hairline.

'And a good show it is. Lucius possesses skills, you know. And the girl makes such delicious noises.'

'And the other one?'

'Oh, that one makes delicious noises, too. We taught her a lesson in lust, lately. Chapter nineteen, I believe.'

Canon-Snape looks totally impassive, but Fanon-Snape knows his counterpart well enough to know that he is making a mental note. Looks like he's finally interested.

'Well, read it or don't, dear Professor.' Fanon-Snape fastens his cloak around his shoulders and strides towards the door. 'I for one have some fan girls to please. And you, I believe, have dunderheads to teach.'

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A/N: I apologise for the shameless pimpage and offer my thanks to sevibaby, who requested a *chapter for all the different lovers Snape is supposed to have* Sorry for only having mentioned some of them. But I couldn't make this a 50'000 words chapter, could I? :P