

The Hogwarts' 'Girls' Night' Slumber Party Gone Wild

by The Girls of Hogwarts

What happens when a bunch of girls decide to play Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes, Truth, Dare and Consequences? A lot of mischief, some mayhem, and loads of heart pounding fun – just ask them. The dares all come from the YouTube, '101 Ways To Annoy Snape,' and were written by a double handful of very talented authors. I hope you enjoy this more than Severus Snape did. Well, some of them he didn't seem to mind – much.

The Slumber Party

Chapter 1 of 27

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Thanks to my wonderful betas, MadBrilliant and Pookah, for helping me make this presentable, to all the girls who not only agreed to play in my Round Robin but gave me lines and support to put this first chapter together, and to my boyfriend for the oxygen and chocolates. Without you this romp with Severus Snape would never have happened. To all of you who took the chance to read this thank you as well. I hope you enjoy the pranks.

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The Hogwarts' 'Girls Night' Slumber Party Gone Wild

Chapter 1. The Slumber Party

*I've been asked about house rivalry...frequently, and to answer those who ask...we are all friends, regardless of house, heritage, or blood. Yes, we sit in our own house stands during Quidditch games, rooting for our house teams, and yes, we sit at our house tables during meals...I mean its tradition, it's expected. But to say that after knowing each other for six years that different girls from different houses wouldn't become friends, well that's just preposterous!*

*The fact is, we are friends, all nineteen of us, and if anyone saw us well, I have to admit, we are the popular girls of Hogwarts. I like being with my friends in class, or revising in the library, or hanging out together in the courtyard. And Hogsmeade weekends are the best, all of getting together, and in truth, I wouldn't want it any other way. We all get along great! Ok, maybe not all the time. Occasionally there are disputes, all right disagreements, hurt feelings, and the occasional guy problem, but someone, or several someones, will step in and help resolve the problem. That's what friends do. But I love my friends, and I wouldn't give any of them up, not just for some silly house rivalry.*

Five girls from Gryffindor scrambled through the portrait hole and out into the corridor. It was a Friday night, and the girls had been granted permission from Professor McGonagall to sleep out of their dorm room for an old fashioned slumber party in the Room of Requirement. What made this extra special was that they knew that their friends would be joining them, girls from the other three houses, if it all went according to plan. "Oh this is going to be so great! A girls' night slumber party," Bernise Bedsworth, a shy seventh-year Gryffindor said softly, scurrying along in her bunny print pajamas and bunny slippers after her friends.

Sadie Fawcett, a Ravenclaw seventh-year, was waiting in the corridor and hurried over. "Can you believe it, our Head of House even said yes!" she said excitedly.

Margarite Black, Bernise's dorm mate, in blue satin lounging pajama shirt and pants that managed to show off her "Gryffindor" tattoo on her lower back, laughed. "Please! Flitwick is such a soft touch! That's no achievement."

"Well, he did give us permission to sleep out of our dorms," Sadie said, walking down the corridor with a bounce in her step.

"The way I heard it, Domina and Phyllis had no problems talking Professor Flitwick into granting permission," Sally Locke, a Muggle-born from Gryffindor, said. The glow-in-the-dark frogs on her pajamas were glowing whenever the light faded between sconces as they walked. "Separate, they're so quiet and unassuming, but when they want something and decide to tag-team their poor victim... watch out!"

"If you ask me, McGonagall was a bit distracted, but a yes is a yes in my book," Austrina Lamia, a perky, mischevious Gryffindor, with long, thick, dark hair and brown eyes, said slyly, walking along in her white knee socks and favorite long, red nightshirt.

Margarite grinned and nodded. "Abso-bloody-lutely!"

Beatrise Bedsworth, Bernise's more outgoing twin, shook her head, making her green streaked hair swing, as she retied the sash on the green silky dressing gown. She loved wearing green, which was quite unusual for a Gryffindor, but she didn't care: the color looked good with her long, honey-colored hair. "Boy, I'd have loved to be in on that discussion. When those two really get going they could talk a Malfoy into buying a frigidator!"

"Tracie came running up to me first thing this morning, grinning like she heard that we'd have a second Christmas hols this year, telling me that Professor Sprout thought it would be a grand idea," Austrina said, mimicking the girl's voice. "I asked Emma and Carlie how they were going to get Professor Snape to agree, and they both smiled at me and said that it wouldn't be a problem. No telling what those witches are planning."

Catherine Smith and Jemima Wilkinson from Slytherin arrived, both smiling with excitement and dressed in their pajamas and dressing robes. As would be expected, Robin Banks, a stylish girl from Ravenclaw wearing a cute penior set with matching shoes, walked down the corridor, waving at everyone.

Domina Arcanum, a pretty Spanish Ravenclaw, came running up in a fluffy, dark blue velveteen dressing gown over a lighter blue nightgown with fuzzy blue slippers, followed by two Slytherin seventh-years, Carlie Cohen, wearing neon green pajamas with black and silver "S"s on them, and Emma Whitby, in cute, green velvet lounge pants with a Slytherin House crest on her T-shirt and slouchy thick socks with cauldrons on them. "Ladies," Domina greeted the girls in the corridor in her somewhat-formal style, then peered around and smirked.

"Lo there, you lot," Emma greeted everyone as Domina added, "... what, no gents?"

Carlie walked over next to Margarite and Austrina and leaned against the tapestry, a dancing troll towering over her head.

Bernise shook her head, saying, "You know this is for girls only," as she paced in the corridor where she knew the door should be.

Carlie laughed. "You can't fault us for hoping!"

"Can't wait for the snacks...I skimped at dinner just to be ready for goodies tonight," Emma cheerfully glanced around quickly and murmured, "Phyllis isn't around yet? Good..." A pleased smirk spread her lips as she said, "Carlie and I both talked to Professor Snape to get permission to come. No worries." Her brows quirked in a mischievous look, and she chuckled.

The door appeared and Beatrise opened it, bowing to her friends to enter with a dramatic wave of her hand

The Room of Requirement was a huge spacious lounge, complete with a thick shag carpet and huge cushions and beanbag chairs. A record player sat on a side table, and there was a bookshelf with various games and baskets of hair accessories, and tons of record singles. On two long coffee tables there were large bowls of chips and various dips, marshmallows and candies sat next to platters of cheese, fruit and crackers, mugs of hot cocoa, and two large buckets of butterbeers sat on the floor. The fireplace had a large fire going, and there were nineteen purple sleeping bags scattered about, each with a fluffy pillow and a blanket with the school crest.

Sally entered the door and started to laugh. "Oh, purple. Gotta love the room's sense of style."

Emma crossed the room, unceremoniously dropped her stuff on a sleeping bag and made a beeline for the refreshments followed by Domina, as Vera Sappleton, the seventh-year Hufflepuff prefect, entered behind them. "Oooh! Crisps!" Emma exclaimed, her grey-green eyes shining. Once she had a plate--and mouth--full of treats, she spun to gaze wide-eyed at the other girls laughing at her single-mindedness. "What?"

Vera pushed one of her thick braids over her shoulder before she grabbed something to eat and then sat down next to Emma. Vera was a fun girl, friendly and kind, although she usually just let the others shine. She was a good listener and an appreciative audience most of the time.

Bernise sat down on one of the beanbags, shaking her head, and reached for a butterbeer, watching Sally, Vera, and Beatrise set up the phonograph. The sounds of a rock band blared a few seconds then became background noise.

"I'm famished!" Emma continued, her speech muffled by a mouth full of food, as she flipped her waist-length, mid-brown hair over her shoulder, "Sbetter than blood sausages..."

The door opened and two more girls from Hufflepuff entered. Marianne Branstone, quiet and shy, entered with Fern Freebush, another shy but playful girl. Marianne just waved and smile slightly, her cheeks tinged pink as she said a simple, "Hello."

Fern, who could usually be seen in the thick of things when it came to her friends, joined the girls gathered around the tables and plopped down one of the cushions, waiting for everyone to arrive.

The door opened again and two girls, one from Slytherin, Anghard Marchbanks, sauntered in, followed by Tracie Davis, a petite Hufflepuff. "Look who I found lurking around in the dungeons," Anghard teased, looping her arm with Tracie's. Robin and Emma looked up and waved to new arrivals from over by the table of snacks.

"I wasn't lurking," Tracie replied, smiling as she shoulder bumped Anghard and waved to her friends across the room, "I was waiting for you!"

"In the dungeons? You know you get lost down there," Catherine said, laughing. "Oh, cool, butterbeers!"

The girls all clustered around the snack table, talking about guys, a few combing and braiding each other's hair.

Vera suggested charades, excitedly talking the girls into playing it. "Com'on its fun!" She divided the girls into two groups and nudged Marianne to start while a few girls

settled around the tables.

Marianne blushed and shook her head. "No, you go on."

Beatrise stood up. "I'll go...but you had better guess. I'm not going to be made a fool of."

The game progressed, the girls laughing at the gestures and guesses of their friends. When Beatrise mentioned makeup, the room provided several makeup kits with loads of fun eye shadows and lipstick colors and an array of brushes. Some of the girls began playing with the makeup, while others talked in clusters, lounging around on the cushions and beanbags. Eventually the game of charades dwindled down as they all began gossiping about boys, fashions, who was doing what in their respective houses, who was crushing on whom, who had just thrown who over and for whom, and general discussions about the lessons, spells and their professors.

"Well we all know who Phyllis is pinning away for," Margarite teased as she painted her toenails black to match her fingernails. "She was such a fairly normal girl before she developed that crush on Professor Snape."

"Oh, Margarite, that's not fair," Vera said in Phyllis' defense. "At least she isn't crushing on Dumbledore!"

"Or Hagrid!" Emma said, laughing.

Phyllis Steek, a clever and humorous girl from Ravenclaw, tossed a chip at her. "Can I help it if I think he's dreamy?"

Several girls giggled, a few shrieked and others shook their heads.

Margarite jumped up and stretched. "Hey how about a game, what do you say? Let's check out some of the games that appeared on the wall!"

"Sure, why not," Austrina said, scrambling to her feet, taking Beatrise's hand to help her up.

Emma pushed herself away from the snacks and rose. "Sure, let's see what's over there."

The four girls gathered over by the shelf, looking at the stack of game boxes. Austrina set aside Chutes and Ladders, "Good grief. This looks boring. Maybe Dumbledore might enjoy that one."

Emma rifled through the pile, shaking her head. "Clue, Chess, Checkers... What's with all the games that begin with C? Oh, wait, Candyland... Here's another one Dumbledore would love," she said sarcastically.

Beatrise picked up a large yellow game that seemed to have something to do with magical creatures. Austrina picked up the box which had been underneath. "Oh, good lord, its Fred and George!" she exclaimed, looking at the large white box. 'Wizarding Wheezes' was written in white on a red stripe on the lid with the upper halves of the twins 'popping up' from between the words, and the words 'Truth, Dare and Consequences' inscribed in thick black print underneath as if added as an afterthought when the box cover was designed. Over the twins' heads, in case you had no idea who they were, was a red ribbon that had the name Weasleys' in white letters. Various pictures of famous wizarding businesses, including Gringotts, the Leaky Cauldron, The Three Broomsticks, Ollivanders, the Quidditch Shop, Zonko's Joke Shop, Gwendy's Gadgets and Gismos, the Greengrass Pub, and Dragonmarth Fine Collectables, all crammed together as if they were all in one location.

"What in the world is that?" Vera asked over her shoulder.

Emma leaned in closer to check out the box. "Looks like this was homemade or it has been Charmed..."

"I'm not too sure about this one. Have you ever met Fred and George? They are always pulling stuff," Beatrise said.

"Did you say Weasleys? Oh, yeah, now that looks promising," Austrina said, taking the box and examining it. "Looks like something they made all right."

"It's just a game, how bad can it be?" Margarite asked.

"Famous last words," Beatrise warned.

"Sounds risky... I like it!" Emma said, grinning.

"You would," Margarite teased her and Emma stuck her tongue out at her.

"Ok, Bea, Sally, Weasleys'... aren't they those twins in your house that knows every secret place in the school?" Emma asked.

Sally looked up, "Yes, the Weasley twins. Why?"

Bernise had walked over and was standing over her twin sister's shoulder. "Good gracious you can't really be thinking about playing this?" she asked.

Margaret flipped the box over. "To open the box each one of us has to tap the top of the box with our wands and say, 'I solemnly swear that I am up to no good.' We then roll the dice and take our card. The orb in the center of the board will glow, and the card will change colors indicating that you've done the prank and the next person's card will glow indicating that they are up. Yellow your turn. Green you've pulled it off. Red you failed. 'Play out the dare or suffer the consequences.' Sounds easy enough."

"Remember, Fred and George invented the game. I don't think I'd choose to fail... but that's me," Sally warned everyone.

"That's it?" Phyllis asked.

"That's all it says," Margaret said, checking the box again before setting it aside.

Vera grabbed the box, setting it in the middle of everyone, and tried gently to bully people into playing, bouncing around saying, "Oh come on, it'll be fun!" and was supported by Margarite, Emma, and Beatrise encouraging everyone to play.

Domina removed the lid and a game board opened up, a large square, with squares in the corners and rows of rectangles labeled with the familiar names of various shops.

Marianne crossed her legs and looked at the lid of the box apprehensively. "Well, it might be interesting... but keep in mind, Fred and George do well enough in class, but they are always in detention for one thing or another."

Bernise tilted her head as Beatrise grabbed another butterbeer. "They just like pulling pranks, getting into mischief and causing mayhem, how bad could it be? Besides, it's just us!" Beatrise said, popping the cap off.

"Famous last words!" Sally teased her.

"Azkaban, Gringotts, go to jail, the Leaky Cauldron," Domina read aloud. "Look! The shops of Diagon Alley, The Promenade and Hogsmeade... but I don't recognize these?"

"Knockturn Alley," Margarite stated. "There are decent shops there; you just have to avoid the shadier ones."

"And the shadier wizards," Robin chided her. "Oh, look, Neufields with a gold ring, a wand for Ollivander's, a Floo, and the Hogwarts train. This looks like fun." All around

the board in the colorful rectangles were little silver game pieces, all different shapes of creatures and magical items. "Oh, I want to be the hippocampus!"

In the center of the game board was an opaque orb and two rectangle impressions holding small cards. The game also had two dice. The backs of the cards had really fancy, difficult to read, calligraphy that read, '*101 Ways To Annoy Snape*.' Only the dice looked odd. "It's Monopoly!" Vera exclaimed, happily. "I love this game."

"Monopoly doesn't have an orb in the middle of the board," Fern pointed out.

Margaret Pritchard, a quiet and rather unassuming Slytherin, tried to pick one up pieces but it was apparently glued to the board. "So much for choosing game pieces. Why won't these things move?"

"So, what do we do?" Phyllis asked, looking around the group for directions.

"I dunno, I've never seen this game before, and my little brother loves Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes," Tracie said.

Carlie picked up one of the dice. "There are runes on the dice, not numbers."

Domina leaned over examining the dice as Carlie rolled them in her hand. "The one die has symbols for numbers and the other has... the symbol for dare or do, say or truth and one side has the symbol for consequence!"

"So, go on then, roll them and let's see what happens," Austrina said, smirking at her. Taking a big breath, Carlie dropped the dice and scowled at the runes. "That makes no sense."

"What doesn't?" Phyllis asked as three cards shot up off one of the stacks of cards at Carlie and the dice shot across the board stopping in front of Emma.

Emma eyed the dice warily. "Ooookay, guess it's my turn, eh?" she asked. She tossed the dice and a card shot up to her. "Holy--take my nose off, why don't you? Hang on a tick! It's a dare. I never said which I wanted! Cheeky game..." She scowled at it indignantly.

The dice shot across the board again, landing in front of Robin Banks. "Oh, this can't be good," she said, tossing the dice for her turn. A card flew toward her and she caught it. "Oh, I can do this with my hands tied around my back," she jokingly said, and another card flew up at her. "Hey, what the... Why did I get two?"

Vera shrugged as she tossed the dice that had rolled to her. "Dunno, I don't read runes. Does anyone?" Two cards flew at her. "Oh, no! But..." She made a soft gasp. "My mother always told me never to play Truth or Dare, and now I've got to ask Snape to marry me. I've never even had detention before."

Catherine sighed as the dice rolled over to her. "Well, it's my turn," she said, grabbing the dice and tossing them. Only one card flew up at her. "So who's..."

Bernise groaned. "Apparently me." She waited until her card rose and snatched it. "Well, this isn't too bad."

"Did you get a truth card?" Tracie asked, tossing the dice next. As soon as the dice stopped her card flew up into her outstretched hand. "It's a dare. Oh, I'm going to have to do *what*?"

"Damn. How bad is it?" Austrina asked, and Tracie showed her the card. "It could have been much worse."

"Tracie, you'll be fine," Margarite Black encouraged her. When she rolled the dice and two cards flew up to her, she read them and smiled wickedly. "Excellent!"

"So you say!" Austrina said and realized she was next. When the dice finally stopped bouncing, three cards flew at her. "Three! Dare, draw on Snape's face, bring him breakfast in bed! Shite, you've got to be kidding!"

Sadie Fawcett cringed as she picked up the dice. "I'm gonna regret this." She smiled when she only got one card. "Whew, Oh, great! How am I going to get the sword?"

"What sword?" Margaret asked, watching the dice she'd thrown bounce, crossing her fingers. "One card, only one card please", she whispered, relieved when only one card flew at her.

"Gryffindor's, the one rumored that Potter found," Sadie said. "Is anyone getting a truth card?"

"So far no," Margaret said as Margarite shook her head, but it was apparent that she was totally loving watching everyone getting their dare cards.

Austrina smirked at Margarite. "Looks like everyone's getting dare cards," Austrina stated.

"Maybe there aren't any truth cards in the box. Did anyone check before we started playing this game?" Fern asked, grimacing as the dice rolled over to her. "Well, what if I don't want to?"

Domina tried to pick up the dice and they wouldn't budge. "Intriguing," she said, giving the dice the same sort of analytical look she gave her Runes homework. She turned to Fern with a quirk of her eyebrow. "I don't think you have a choice."

Fern rolled the dice and her card flew up to her.

The dice rolled right back, landing in front of Domina. "Ok, my turn." Her brow creased when two cards flew up at her, then she started to smile slowly and muttered almost to herself, "This... I can definitely do," as she read them. She looked strangely pleased, almost smirky, and turned to Jemima, politely waiting to see what her reaction would be.

Jemima rolled the dice next, obviously relieved when she only got one card. "Oh, thank Merlin!"

"Intriguing... everyone seems to be getting a Dare card," Domina said. "Did someone smear something sticky on the dice, or should I go off and interrogate the twins?"

Sally smirked as she said, "If you and Phyllis interrogated them together, you just might get some secrets out of them!"

Catherine joked, "Can we sell tickets and watch?"

The dice rolled over to Angharad who, sat up, took her turn and sucked in her breath before she read her card. "In a crowded hallway or corridor-half the school is going to think I'm pregnant! Okay, Bea, Sally, I think I am going to need an introduction to those twins in order to learn all their secret hiding spots." "Think you can introduce me to them?" she asked. "I'm going to need to know some really good hiding place for this one. It says so on my card."

Sally looked up. "I am sure they would be happy to aid in the corruption of a Slytherin."

Vera looked concerned. "What happens if we simply don't play?" she asked. "That seems the wisest course!"

Catherine picked up the box. "It doesn't say, but I'd assume that everyone who touched the box with their wand is in like it or not!"

"You've got to be kidding me?!" Robin exclaimed, alarmed.

"I'm sure we'll be fine," Beatrice said. She was all grins as she tossed the dice. "Can't be any worse than any of the others." Her card nearly hit her in the face. She read it and grimaced. "Well, I do recall a kid in my house with a camera. But how am I gonna pull this off...I'm not taking Potions!"

"You are NOT impersonating me!" Bernise said with a defiant sweep of her hand. "I need my Potions grade! No, no... Bea... I said no."

"We'll see," Beatrise said, grinning.

"I'm not going to like this, am I?" Bernise said, sighing.

Phyllis sighed after receiving her cards. "Not too bad. I may only get a detention for this."

"Twice? Why did they stop in front of me again?" Robin nearly shrieked when the dice stopped in front of her again.

Vera shrugged sympathetically. "They like you?"

"Did you tap the box twice?" Emma asked. "I think you did, you know, instead of touching it like we did. You were tapping it a bit hard. It may have thought you were doing it twice."

Marianne Branstone rolled the dice as Robin looked at her second card and groaned, realizing that two were stuck together. "It isn't that bad, is it?" Marianne asked, her eyes wide as she leaned over to read. Robin showed her the cards. "Oh, dear. Ok, maybe it is. You have to sing to him?" Her card flipped in the air and landed on her lap. She cringed and then blushed as she looked at her card. She swallowed nervously. "I have to tell him I'm his daughter! And call him daddy."

"That's not so bad," Sally voiced her opinion. "If I have to slip him a lust potion, I will murder the next Weasley I see." The dice bounced across the board and stopped right in front of her. "Oh, no, one... only one," she pleaded as the dice stopped. She looked relieved as only one card flew at her. "Oh, is good. This I can do."

Everyone turned and looked at Carlie as one of her cards began to glow a bright yellow. "Carlie, it looks like you're first!" Sally said, grinning. Carlie picked up her pillow and playfully swatted Sally, who quickly grabbed her pillow, instigating pillow fight.

And so the fun begins....

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Author's Notes:

The cast:

The twins, Beatrise and Bernise Bedsworth (G) by beaweasley2

Carlie (like car-lee) Cohen (S) by The Mistress Snape

Emma Whitby (S) by Good_Witch

Robin Banks (R) by Sinbad

Vera Appleton (H) by Pookah

Catherine P. Smith (S) by Rdholmantx

Tracie Davis (H) by Angel Mischa

Margarite Black (G) by Livvy

Austrina Lamia (G) by Southern_Witch_69

Sadie Fawcet (R) by Soulbound

Margaret Pritchford (S) by Charmed Force

Fern Freebush (H) by Cocoacchristy

Domina Arcanum (R) by Ladyofthemasque

Jemima Wilkinson (S) by Madamsnape

Angharad Marchbanks (S) by Heather Love

Phyllis Steek (R) by Subversa

Marianne Brandstone (H) by Shug

Sally Locke (G) by Silverdoe

Desperate for Detention by The Mistress Snape

Chapter 2 of 27

Thanks to the Weasley Twins, getting detention will never be the same...

Desperate for Detention by The Mistress Snape

Thanks to my loving husband for being my beta. Sadly, none of this is mine. But the idea, thanks beaweasley2 for planning the fun.

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I looked down at the card that glowed in my hand. My first dare. I read over the flowing print several times before what I was supposed to do finally sank into my brain. I couldn't help but groan as I realized I was probably going to have to give up my night for this one. I was going to get into so much trouble! Or, if Snape were in a generous mood, I'd just get sent to the psych ward at St. Mungo's. Maybe he'd go easy on me anyway, seeing as how I was a Slytherin after all.

"Okay, Emma, I'm going to need your help. You sit next to that Gryffindor, Drew Latham, in Advanced Potions, don't you?" She nodded, looking at me warily. "Just drop something in his cauldron when Snape's not looking. If I'm gonna pull this off, I've got to make Snape mad," I said, running through all the ways to accomplish my dare.

"What do you have to do?" Margerite Black asked, trying to sneak a peak at my card.

I cleared my throat and rolled my eyes. Then, I read the dare from the glowing card. "Whenever Professor Snape begins to give out detentions in class, jump up and down, waving your arms wildly, while yelling, 'Pick me, pick me!' Consequence for failure: Having the word *coward* written on your forehead in zits for an entire term.' Oh, God," I groaned. "I really *hate* Fred and George."

A giggle ran around the group. I could see Phyllis trying not to spew butterbeer across the game board as she laughed. Emma shook her head and smirked. "You're so gonna owe Drew big time."

The girls began joking about my sanity...although I was quick to point out that they were playing this damned game, too...at purposely causing trouble in Snape's class. Sleep began to creep up on us, and I felt the butterflies beginning to go berserk in my stomach. We began drifting off in twos and threes, and I made my way to a sleeping bag next to Margaret Pritchford.

It was hard to go to sleep that night. I was sure I had to be going crazy, willingly deciding to provoke Severus Snape. But, I didn't want to walk around school with the word *coward* written on my forehead for an entire term. I vaguely wondered if Hermione Granger had anything to do with this stupid game.

The next morning sped by, as time is wont to do when I was dreading something. The girls flashed encouraging smiles when we passed in the hallway, and Beatrice asked if I had my card in my pocket. That was the only way I'd know if I'd succeeded in fulfilling the dare, anyway. I told her that I did and to pass the word around that we'd meet in the Room of Requirement after dinner.

N.E.W.T. Potions was there before I was ready, and I was taking my seat beside a seventh-year Ravenclaw before I knew it. My heart was thudding against my ribs and my palms were sweating as the door slammed shut and Professor Snape stalked to the front of the room. He was flying between the desks, his wand grasped in his hand in a white-knuckle grip. *Great*, I thought, *he's already pissed!*

"Your instructions are on the board," he said, an edge in his voice. His wand twitched to the chalkboard where the directions for today's potion appeared. The wand flicked again, this time to the storage cupboard. "The ingredients you will not find in your kits may be found in there. You have one hour. You may begin."

The potion was testy. If everything wasn't added exactly right, the whole thing would turn into a useless pile of gunk. I could see Emma out of the corner of my eye and was terrified to see that she was holding a clump of dandelion root over Drew's cauldron. Did she realize what she was doing? If the potion didn't kill me, I'm sure Snape would. Drew was staring at the directions on the board, oblivious to what was going on around him. It was a good thing he never paid attention, or else this was never going to work. It was an even better thing that he was a Gryffindor, because that was sure to really send Snape into a tizzy.

Emma winked at me and dropped the root in Drew's cauldron. It hissed and popped, turning acid green and billowing thick, gray smoke. Drew sputtered and coughed as Snape nearly leapt from his desk and rushed to Drew's table, casting Bubble-head charms on us as he went. The bubble around his own head distorted his face, but it was easy to tell he was livid.

"What the *hell* have you done, Mr. Latham?" he hissed, towering over him and scowling. Professor Snape cast a cleansing charm on the green liquid in Drew's cauldron. Snape stared into the gunk, prodding the sludge aside with the end of a glass stirring rod. The blood rushed to his face when he saw the boiled dandelion root at the bottom of the cauldron. His eyes nearly bugged out and he clenched his teeth to keep from snarling. "You could have killed us all, you brainless fool!"

The cloud of smoke had disappeared, but there was a faint odor of burnt gym socks that permeated the room even with the Bubble-head charms. Snape was glaring at Drew with a look that spoke clearly of murder. He leaned over, clenching the edge of the desk with his long fingered hands. He was almost nose-to-nose with Drew when he spoke. "Detention, Mr. Latham. Tomorrow night in my office at six o'clock sharp. If you are one *second* late, you'll be cleaning cauldrons and pickling frog guts until you graduate!"

A group of sixth-year Slytherin boys at the front table started laughing at Drew's misfortune. There was a shocked look on his face as he tried to go back through what he'd done so wrong. I felt sorry for him, knowing it was all because of me that he was going to have to suffer detention. Me, and that stupid game. I'd make it up to him, but I didn't have time to think about how right now. Professor Snape turned with a hiss and stalked back up to the front of the room. Emma looked at me behind Drew's back, wagging her eyebrows as if to spur me on. I knew I'd never get another chance when Snape started in on the boys at the front table, issuing both of them a detention with Madam Hooch cleaning the school brooms.

"This is no laughing matter," Snape hissed, a look of disgust on his face. "If you think nearly killing the rest of your classmates is funny, you are welcome to join Mr. Latham in detention. Would anyone else like to join him?"

I felt the blood rush into my cheeks and my palms beginning to sweat again. I was glad my table was at the back of the classroom; at least I'd get a chance to run away before he got back to me. I drew a deep breath and began bouncing up and down on my stool. Snape's eyes were sweeping through the room when I started waving my arms over my head.

"Ooh, ooh," I hummed, determined to get this over with, no matter how embarrassing it became. I began wiggling my fingers and waving, trying to get his attention. God, I felt like an idiot. "Pick me, Professor! Pick me! *Please, pick me!*"

Snape's eyes froze on me as I continued to wave my arms like an idiot and plead with him *tpick me, pick me, pick me!* I knew I was blushing, both from the embarrassment and the sudden adrenaline rush, and the top button of my shirt was coming undone from all the bouncing. I'm sure that would draw his attention, too. His eyes got really big, and his mouth dropped open slightly. I'm sure no one ever *asked* for a detention like this before, let alone a girl bouncing so much there was no way he could miss her (even if he wasn't looking at her breasts!).

"What are you doing, Miss Cohen? Are you insane?" he sputtered, unsure of himself for the first time I could remember. I could tell he couldn't believe what was going on.

Maybe I was insane. Insane for agreeing to play this suicidal game, but I went on with it anyway. The look on his face and the adrenaline rushing through me was enough to keep me going. "No, sir," I said, pasting on an innocent smile and trying to make my eyes look sultry. He was a man after all; maybe appealing to his libido would shock him enough to not kill me. "I just *really* want a detention with you, sir. I'll clean cauldrons and pickle frog guts as long as you want, sir."

Professor Severus Snape, bastard bat of the dungeons, stood in front of the class, and his jaw actually dropped open for a split second before he ordered his features once more. His brows knit together as he folded his arms over his chest, shifting uneasily. "Nonsense, Miss Cohen. The fumes must have gotten to you. Go up to the hospital wing. Madam Pomfrey will give you something to clear your head."

I nodded, inwardly relieved that he had neither killed me nor given me detention. I gathered my things, thankful that my tablemate said she'd clean everything up for me. I was pretty sure Professor Snape wouldn't send someone after me, so I waited outside the door for class to be dismissed.

Drew Latham was the first one out the door, still looking confused. I grabbed him by the arm and pulled him off to the side. "Listen, Drew. I'm so sorry you got detention. Can I make it up to you?"

"It's not like it was your fault," he said with an impish grin. "But, yeah, sure."

I smiled, liking his gray eyes and tousled brown hair. "Meet me at the Three Broomsticks on the next Hogsmeade trip. We'll hang out."

Drew smiled back, nodded, and ran off to lunch. The rest of the class filed by, Emma the last one out the door. We walked up to the Great Hall, laughing at the memory. I pulled the card out of my pocket, relieved to see it glow green. I felt sorry for her, knowing her card would be glowing yellow any minute.

We reconvened in the Room of Requirement that night after dinner, slipping in the room in groups of twos and threes so Filch wouldn't catch us. Emma and I were still laughing at the memory of the look on Snape's face as we sat down on the cushions on the floor. Robin pulled out the game board and set it up in the middle of our circle. The orb that floated over the board glowed green as I lay my dare card face up in front of me. I tried to rush through the story of what happened, but Emma kept tossing in details I'd missed. We were both laughing again by the end of the story, although I stopped when she mentioned my "date" with Drew.

"Okay, okay," I said, picking up the glass of pumpkin juice the room provided in front of me. "You guys do realize that Snape will bust a vein before we're even halfway through this game, don't you?"

There was a round of giggles. None of these dares were harmful, unless you counted the Potions master's pride. I looked across the circle to where Emma sat, holding her card between her palms. "This one better be good," I mumbled. "I guess you're up, Emma."

And the fun continues...

~~~~~

Author's Notes:

My prompt is: Whenever Snape begins to give out detention in class, jump up and down (waving your arms wildly) while yelling, "Pick me! Pick Me!"

Emma Whitby's Risqué, Daring, Risky Dare by Good_Witch

Chapter 3 of 27

Emma Whitby never thought such a wicked Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes dare could be so provocative...

Emma Whitby's Risqué, Daring, Risky Dare by Good_Witch

Thanks go out to beaweasley2 for organizing this whole caper and doing all the grunt work. As always, deepest gratitude to my beta, Ladyofthemasque, for helping me figure out how to curb this to a PG-13. LOL Hope you lot enjoy our romp, and I hope our dear Potions master doesn't end up insane or kill us all in frustration before the end.

~~~~~

I opened my hands to show the card, already knowing it was glowing yellow. Every eye was on me as I lifted it to read the dare aloud.

"All right, you lot. If you thought *Carlie's* dare messed with ol' Snape, you're gonna' love this one. *Slip an Erection Enabler Potion into his bag and charm the bag to rip open during a staff meeting.*" I couldn't help but smirk at the ripple of gasps around me. With a wicked grin, I added, "Hmm, I daresay he wouldn't need one, but..."

I laughed at the various expressions of disgust in the group, but stopped short at the look on Phyllis's face. If looks could kill, her eyes would be shouting "*Avada Kedavra!*" I know she's got a big *thing* for the good professor, but she's not the only one who can appreciate his brand of tall, dark, and menacing. Besides, she's not even *in* his House!

Focusing back on the task at hand, I said, "Well, you know I can't do mine immediately, since I have to wait till the next staff meeting. Plus, I need to get my hands on that potion first!" I cast a sidelong glance at the game board. "Say, does anyone have a Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes catalogue?"

Austrina perked up and grinned. "I've got one!"

"Can I borrow it?"

Austrina smirked and tilted her head, closing her eyes and wrinkling her nose in concentration. After a long moment of expectant silence, there was a faint "pop" and the catalogue appeared on the carpet in front of her. Opening her eyes, she cocked a triumphant eyebrow and said, "I do love this Room of Requirement!" With a chuckle, she lobbed the catalogue at me.

"Thanks. I'll get it back to you after I place my order tomorrow. As long as I get the delivery before next Monday's staff meeting, I can do my dare then. Otherwise..." I trailed off with a sigh, eyeing the card's yellow glow with no little trepidation.

Domina piped up, "You never said what your consequence was."

Once again, everyone's attention was on me, and I grimaced as I recited the second sentence on the card. "*Consequence for failure: suffer from impotence (you and/or your partner in any endeavour) for six months.*"

Carlie clapped a hand over her mouth to stifle her little shriek of dismay, but several others didn't bother to hide their amusement. I glared at them in my best imitation of Snape.

"That is decidedly *not* funny!" Still, I was surrounded by giggles and dancing eyes. Only a couple showed even a hint of sympathy for my possible plight.

Margarite drawled, "*That* might put a kink in your *kink*..."

My eyes narrowed and I clutched my wand, wanting to throw a little hex her way, but Bernise saw me and gripped my arm, shaking her head in warning. "Now now, you know better than that."

Rolling my eyes and huffing in petulance, I crossed my arms over my chest and growled, *Fine*. Since we have a while before I can try my dare, why don't we adjourn for the evening?"

Trying to maintain my dignity, I stalked off, Carlie trailing after me, her eyes full of pity. When we got back to the Slytherin common room, I parted ways with the rest of the girls in my House so I could place my order.

*I'll send this form tomorrow morning. I'll bet those twins planned it this way so they could benefit from people like me having to buy that sort of stuff to complete their dares! I still can't believe they were Gryffindors...*

\*\*\*\*\*

Saturday morning, the post arrived with a package for me. The vivid purple wrapping paper announced to all and sundry that I had made a purchase from Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes. Glancing furtively around, I saw several of the girls from our slumber party group smirking at me. Looking at my House mates, I mouthed, "Monday." A couple of them scattered to relay the message to the girls at the other House tables.

Stuffing the package in my bag, I turned my gaze to the High Table, watching Snape. *Poor fellow. I hope he doesn't completely lose his mind with all these shenanigans*. Then, as he tossed his head to fling his hair out of his eyes to glare about the Hall, a small smile tugged at my lips. *Who knows, perhaps I can manage to swing this in my favour, even after mortifying and enraging him in front of his peers. I mean, if I get detention, I can keep trying my wiles...*

I continued with my breakfast, pondering my preferred outcomes of this lark, when it suddenly hit me... *Shite! I have to get this bloody bottle into his bag before that meeting!* Blinking rapidly in consternation, I wilted into my toast with a groan.

*Looks like you'll just have to beard that lion...wait, that's too Gryffindor...um, how about: skin that snake in its den...*

\*\*\*\*\*

That evening, I made sure I looked my best before trekking out of the Slytherin common room toward Snape's office. *It could only help if he's distracted*. Patting the bulge in my bag, making sure the bottle was secure, I tugged my collar open further, accentuating my cleavage in my purposefully-tight blouse. Instead of the usual pleated school skirt, I wore a short, straight skirt, and I chose heeled shoes to shape my legs. It was the weekend, after all, and we were allowed to wear what we wanted. And I wanted to wear something that would get my point across to my dear professor.

Knocking lightly on the doorjamb of his office, I watched him look up through his hair, scowling at the interruption.

"Yes, Miss Whitby, what do you want?"

I bit my tongue to stop myself from answering "You!" and instead sidled up to his desk, gripping my bag in front of my waist and leaning against the desk behind me.

"I was hoping you might be able to tell me about what it takes to pursue a Potions mastery, sir. I'm trying to decide what I want to do after I leave Hogwarts." I managed to hold his perplexed gaze, hoping he wouldn't use Legilimency on me.

He sat back in his chair, passing a hand over his face as he sighed. He rubbed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose before smoothing his fingers along his eyebrows and tossing his head again, flicking his hair back. My stomach gave a little lurch. *I love it when he does that*.

Blinking at me suspiciously, he murmured, "What are you on about?"

I let my bag drop at my feet, keeping the flap open. Then, I perched on the desk, crossing my legs and allowing my skirt to ride up my thighs. Bracing my hands on the edge of the desk, I locked my elbows and leant forward, my arms framing my chest and thrusting it forward. A flare of triumph shot through me when I saw his gaze drop from my face to my chest, then down my legs before snapping back up to my eyes.

I tossed my hair back, baring my throat. "I'm of age, and this is my last year here."

I could see his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed before he rumbled, "Your point?"

Dropping my lids to peer at him through my lashes, I said, "Like I said, Professor, I was hoping you could... teach me... things beyond what we learn in class. I remember your speech from first year. I want you to teach me how to 'bewitch the mind and ensnare the senses.'" My voice dropped to a throaty purr, and I heaved a deep sigh, making my breasts strain my buttons even more.

I was rewarded by the sight of Snape's jaw throbbing as he clenched his teeth. "You want to pursue a Potions mastery?" His scoffing incredulity *did* give me a pang of wounded pride, but I brushed it off and smiled seductively...I hoped.

Licking my lips and thrilling to his sharp intake of breath, I breathed, "You...*inspire* me. I was hoping that perhaps you might even be available when the school year is over...to teach me. I'd love to learn *under* you... sir."

There it went again. His jaw kept throbbing, and there was more swallowing and blinking! *I must really be getting to him!*

He pinned me with a fierce glare before shooting to his feet, startling me and making me gasp as I sat back, gripping the desk tighter in a desperate bid for balance.

His lips barely moved as he ground out, "I daresay I have an informational programme somewhere. I'll not be long." He whipped out from behind his desk and fled, giving me the chance I had been hoping for.

Slipping my wand from inside my sleeve, I whispered, "*Wingardium Leviosa*," and levitated the bottle from my bag into the satchel propped against his desk. Focusing even harder, I added a Do Not Notice charm. It wouldn't do for him to find it before Monday! Glancing over my shoulder at the door, hoping he hadn't seen, I exhaled on a long note of relief that the doorway was empty.

*Now I just need to get into the staff meeting Monday morning!*

I heard the clipped staccato of his footsteps echoing on the stones as he marched back into the room. Resuming my pose, I beamed at him in adoration as he awkwardly thrust a faded pamphlet at me.

"Here. You may keep it. It outlines everything you need to do to prepare. Now..." He ducked quickly behind his desk, dropping into his chair and clutching a stack of papers as if for dear life. "You may return to your common room, Miss Whitby." He averted his eyes as I made a show of stretching before sliding off the desk.

Pressing the pamphlet to my chest as if it were the key to existence, I said, *Thank* you so much, Professor. I can't tell you how much it means to me to have something from *you*. I'll treasure it...and read it thoroughly, of course." I nodded in earnest, catching his eye as he looked at me warily.



Bending forward, making sure to be at the best angle for him to peer down my blouse, I picked up my bag and slid the pamphlet into it. His expression looked almost pained, and his eyes widened in near panic when I stepped closer to his desk.

"Oh! I forgot to ask you: will there be a staff meeting as usual Monday?"

Drawing back into his chair as much as humanly possible, he uttered a short, "Yes. Why?"

Beaming again, I leant forward with a confidential air, propping my hand on the desk bare millimetres from his. "Well, while I'm *mostly* interested in knowing what it takes for a Potions mastery, I reckon it would be only proper to get information on a variety of career paths, don't you think?"

A curt nod was all the response I got, so I continued, "And since all of the teachers are there in one spot, I thought it'd be the best way to ask them for help, too."

Brow furrowing, Snape voiced a strangled noise of exasperation and said, "Then why didn't you wait till then to bother *me*?"

Ducking my head, I backed away, chewing my lip and shrugging my shoulders. Flicking a coy glance at him, I murmured, "Oh, sir... I'll take *any* excuse to see *you*." With that, I covered my mouth to muffle a giggle as I turned and hastened to the door. I stepped through, then paused and spun on the threshold, smiling as I lilted, "Good night, Professor. Sweet dreams..." Then, before the stunned man could bellow at me, I dashed off, eschewing returning to the Slytherin rooms in favour of hiding in the library until Madam Pince chased me out. If Snape were to recover from my brash flirtation enough to come after me with revenge on his mind, it behoved me to make myself scarce.

\*\*\*\*\*

Monday morning found me nervously paused at the staff room door. I could hear the murmur of voices within, including the baritone rumble of my Head of House. Swallowing hard, trying to still the fluttering in my guts, I knocked on the door.

Professor Sprout opened the door, her brows rising as she said, "Oh! Miss Whitby, what a surprise. What are you doing here?"

She backed away and I crossed the threshold, gazing about at the varied expressions of surprise and consternation. Except for Snape. He was glaring at me suspiciously.

I flashed a winning smile around the room, pausing just a bit to flutter my lashes at Snape, then said, "I'm surprised Professor Snape hasn't said anything. I was hoping I could get more detailed information from you all about pursuing more specialized studies after I finish this year. Professor Snape already gave me a programme about attaining a Potions mastery." I ended on an up note, glancing around eagerly.

Several teachers were blinking and scowling, muttering to themselves about the awkward timing of my appearance, but they all seemed to buy my ruse. A couple of them even went so far as to make a note in their planners to send me information while the others seemed to be musing on where they had put such similar programmes.

It was my best chance. Fingers trembling, I slid my wand down my sleeve and clutched it against me, trying to keep it as inconspicuous as possible. I edged around one of the armchairs to get a better angle to charm Snape's satchel. Fortunately, another teacher was asking him about what sort of information he had already given me, so he wasn't looking at me. Praying that my nonverbal spell-casting was up to snuff, I concentrated, pointed my wand at his bag, and thought, *Finite Incantatem. Diffindo!*

The sound of ripping fabric and snapping threads hissed through the room, causing everyone to spin and search for the source of the noise. Snape's reflexes were faster than I would have imagined, and his wand was out, pointing at his bag even as the now unconcealed potion bottle rolled out of the great tear and across the staff room floor.

His spell stopped its rolling, giving him and the rest of the staff a chance to see the brightly lettered "Erection Enabler" label. I think the shock of it was what gave him just enough pause for everyone to gasp in astonishment before snapping their wide eyes to his horrified face. The moment seemed to last an eternity before his strangled "*Evanesco!*" sent the offending bottle into oblivion.

A spate of choked snorts and stifled gasps followed his spell, and his eyes were wild as he glared around the room. I glanced at the staff and saw a mixture of amusement, surprise, and even pity. Then, I jumped as Snape shot to his feet, his cheeks flushed and his eyes bright with fury. Snatching his ripped satchel, he whipped his gaze to mine, and I flinched.

I think that was what sealed my fate. His eyes narrowed dangerously, locked with mine. Someone started whispering urgently in the room, and Snape snarled, "Get out, Miss Whitby!"

Stumbling in my haste to leave, I backed away, turning to dash out of the room, glad to make my escape.

I rejoiced too soon. I was only a few steps away from the staff room when I was startled again by a fierce pincer-like grip on my arm, hauling me around to stop face-to-face with a livid Snape. I think it was only through sheer force of will that I maintained control of my bodily functions. Even still, I felt like my stomach had fluttered right out of my body, and my heart raced in fear.

Snape's lips barely moved as he hissed, "*You* did that! *You* set me up to humiliate me in front of everyone!"

Frantically, I shook my head in denial, but even I knew it was weak.

Snape spun me around, never releasing the grip on my arm, and nearly frog marched me down the corridor and stairs to the dungeons, where he led me to his office again.

Releasing me with a final push forward, he slammed the door shut, and I heard the lock click. Dread chilled my blood, and I wilted, shivering, against the very same desk I had perched on previously in my attempt to seduce him.

Snape stalked past me and stepped between me and his desk. Eyeing me with icy intent, he growled, "Give me your wand, Miss Whitby."

My eyes widened even more. What was he going to do to me? And I wouldn't even have my wand to defend myself? Shaking even more, I held my wand out.

Snape ripped it from my nerveless fingers and held it in his palm, pointing his wand at it. A low murmur of, "*Prior Incantato*," nearly made me faint.

The damning evidence of my *Diffindo*, followed not much later by my Do Not Notice and Levitation spells wafted between us. As the shades of my spells faded, Snape and I locked eyes, my guilt and remorse writ plain on my face.

Before he could say anything else, I choked, "I'm sorry, Professor. Really, I am!"

A short, "Explain yourself immediately," followed my apology.

"It was a prank... a dare. I had to do it, or face the consequences. I didn't want to! I know it was childish and stupid, and I know it must be ridiculous to even *think* you'd ever need a potion like that..."

His eyes had narrowed even more as I spoke, but they shot open wide again and he cut me off, saying, "What do you mean?"

*May as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb...* I could feel heat creeping up my face as I said, "Th-the potion... I know it's preposterous to think you'd ever need

something like that."

His brow furrowed in confusion as he murmured, "*You've* thought about... *that*?"

There was a charged silence as I gazed up at him. Sucking in a deep breath, I barely whispered, "Yes."

He blinked at me, astounded. Reckless now, I continued, "I just *know*... deep down... that a man of your...*pro*wess wouldn't need such a ridiculous potion." His eyes narrowed again and snapped to mine, calculating. I licked my lips, and a pang of excitement surged through me when I saw his jaw clench in response. I stepped further out on the limb.

Straightening off the edge of the desk, I inched closer to him, peering up into his face where he still towered over me. Dropping my voice to a sultry low, I said, "Of course, that's my *theory*. I still don't have any *physical evidence* to back it up."

Snape sucked in a breath, and he went rigid, gazing down at me in amazement at my brazenness. My heart was still racing, but in more than just fear now. My breathing was quick and shallow as I teased even more, "Care to prove my hypothesis, Professor?"

Snape's hand snapped up to grip my arm again, and I gasped, startled, but my next gasp was of a different sort as he dragged me around him and trapped me against his desk, pressing his body against mine. A wave of heat drenched me from head to toe and back again as I felt his erection gouging my belly through his robes.

His eyes glittered with a manic light as he growled, "Proof enough for you, Miss Whitby?"

I felt light-headed, and my eyes were threatening to roll back in my head as I gasped, "Definitely... a start."

An incredulous snort met my ears, followed by a voice oozing with dangerous promise that said, "Detention, Miss Whitby. My office. Tonight. And, depending on whether I am... *satisfied* with your performance, I may choose to schedule other detentions in the future." My mouth went dry at the thought. Then, as he growled, "Don't be late," his hips pressed harder when he adjusted his stance. I barely suppressed a moan.

"Yes, Professor. I'll take my *punishment* for as long as you care to dish it out." With that, I dared to meet his gaze again, biting my lip as his erection pulsed against me. We stayed that way for a long moment before he finally eased back, releasing me and proffering my wand.

I took my wand and straightened my robes. Snape stepped back, toward the door, which he unlocked. Cutting a dark glance my way, he murmured, "Off with you."

I nodded, hurrying to the door, but when I grabbed the knob, I was stopped by his hand wrapping around mine and his body pressed against my back. His lips were almost against my ear as he purred, "I'll be waiting for you to come tonight."

Another jolt of fire raced over me and I faintly queried, "To detention?"

A wicked chuckle sent shivers from my ear down my spine as he said, "That, too." Then, he opened the door with his hand over mine and gently pushed me through, shutting it behind me.

I stood there, overwhelmed with the unexpected success of my dare, trembling in the wake of so much terror and desire. Taking shaky steps back upstairs, I drew the card from my pocket, noting that it was a definite green.

*Slytherin green, thank-you-very-much.*

I had to take a detour to the girls' toilet to cool my flushed face with some cold water, but as soon as I saw someone from our party, I flashed the green card at her, smirking archly in triumph.

I'd tell them about the staff meeting and him figuring out it was me, and me getting detention, but I would definitely keep ~~that~~ type of detention to myself!

\*\*\*\*\*

Carlie plopped down by me at lunch and said, "So, I heard your card is green now. Shall we spread the word to meet after dinner?"

I cleared my throat, suppressing the secretive smile that wanted to surface, and said, "If we meet, we have to meet early and be quick about it, since I have to go to detention tonight."

Carlie's eyes flew wide open and she gasped in sympathy. "Oh no! With Snape?" I merely nodded, flicking a glance at the High Table to watch Snape eating. Carlie patted my shoulder and said, "I'll let the others know right now. We'll come to dinner straight off and then head up to the Room of Requirement at 5:30, okay?"

"Sounds like a plan to me." I nodded again as she shot up to race around to the rest of the girls. I looked back up at Snape, only to find him watching me, his eyes glinting through his hair. A shiver of residual fear and growing excitement pimpled my skin, and I ducked my head to hide my reddening cheeks.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was almost 5:30, and our group had tried to flee the Hall in pairs or individually, so as not to draw attention to our departure. Finally, everyone arrived, breathless with anticipation.

Sitting where I had previously been when my card had glowed yellow, I gazed around, seeing all eyes on me, and smacked the card down on the game board, its green glow announcing my success.

Phyllis immediately said, "Carlie said you have detention? It's because of this, isn't it?"

I nodded and proceeded to tell them the whole tale of my plan and its supposed success. At least, until Snape caught me out and gave me detention. Of course, I made no mention of exactly *why* I got detention or what we might end *updoing* during said detention. Some things are better savoured alone.

Glancing at the time, I gathered my things, preparing to head down to my fate in the dungeons. "At any rate, I have to get going. You lot can always go back to dinner if you like. But, my work here is done. And, with that, it looks like the next dare is..." I gazed about and saw Robin's cards glowing a tell-tale yellow "...Robin's!" As I crossed to the doorway, I flashed her a rueful smile and said, "Good luck, mate. I'll hear all about your tasks later. Ta!" And, with that, I slipped out into the corridor and began my trek to what I could only hope would be the beginning of some very instructional detentions.

And the fun continues...

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Author's Notes:

The original prompt was: Slip him an Erection Enabler Potion into his bag and charm the bag to rip open during a staff meeting.

Those Voices by Sinbad

Chapter 4 of 27

Everyone knows how much Snape likes being interrupted and having students act up in class, which is exactly what Robin Banks has to do. One thing is for sure; this is going to be an exciting class...

Those Voices by Sinbad

Many thanks to the following:

Jo Rowling, who graciously allows us to play in her world; beaweasley2, for setting this up; my dear friend Robin Banks, who allowed me to use her screen name for this project; and special thanks to MadBrilliant for the beta read. I appreciate you stepping in to help me out.

Hope you enjoy this installment and please review!

~~~~~

Seventh-year student Robin Banks was contemplating her 'girls night out.' It was a silly game to be sure, and she couldn't quite fathom how the hell she had gotten involved. Tormenting Severus Snape was the equivalent of poking a sleeping dragon with a stick.

She wasn't a coward per se, but bravery wasn't her strong point either. She helped Madam Pomfrey in the hospital wing occasionally, assisting the Healer in taking care of students who were injured. She was seriously considering entering the medical field. Eventually there would be a war. Voldemort would go after Harry sooner or later, and she knew there would be plenty of skirmishes. The medical field would need more qualified personnel.

She would never admit it, but she admired Hermione, who had been in the thick of things. She may have been a Muggle-born, but she was smart, studious, and could fight quite well. Robin wondered what she'd think of this game. Shuddering and wishing they'd never opened that dratted Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes's game, she thought about what she would do while she dressed for the day. Her cards from the game were on her bed. She had been given two cards instead of one, because she jokingly said she could do the first joke with her hands tied behind her back. Both cards were giving off a yellow, signaling she was up next. Her moment of bravado certainly bit her on the butt. She had wanted to fit in and be popular instead of being the odd duck of the group with a studious nature, never quite fitting in.

Her one weakness was shoes. Like most teenage girls, she enjoyed nice clothes, makeup, and looking her best, but her weakness was shoes. She was a half-blood, and on holidays she would often go to the mall with her Muggle friends, hang out, giggle at the boys, and do some 'retail therapy.' At the moment, however, she was thinking about which shoes would go best with both her school robe and the outfit she had on beneath it. Suddenly, she smiled. She had a solution to her Snape problem. She slipped on a pair of black and turquoise, low-heeled shoes and went to the owlery, hurrying so she wouldn't miss breakfast.

She had to send her father a note.

A secret smile on her face was the only clue that she was about to set her classmates on their respective ears.

The day progressed normally with the exception of her doing as much of her homework between classes so her evening would be free. She was really eager for her dad's response.

That evening during dinner, the owl post arrived. A large, tawny barn owl arrived with a decent sized package wrapped in brown paper. She gave the owl a piece of her dinner roll, took the package, and sent the owl on its way. She would open it after dinner where she wouldn't have so many prying eyes to deal with.

With the day done, Robin changed into a comfortable sweat suit and opened her package. She was happy that her father sent her his books on psychological abnormalities. She told him she was researching Muggle mental health issues for a paper in her Muggle Studies class.

It didn't take too long to find the perfect illness...

After a good night's sleep, Robin was more than ready for breakfast. Potions class was today and she would be playing it by ear.

She waited for Potions class to begin on tenterhooks, ready to do the prank. It wouldn't be long now as she saw his black robes billowed in front of her. Robin took a deep breath and waited for Professor Snape to speak. One thing was for sure; this was going to be an exciting class...

"Open your books..."

Robin suddenly screamed. "NO! NO! It's those voices again! Not again, please!" She dove under the table, landing hard on her knees. She was sure they would bruise. She stayed under the desk, shaking, grateful that was something she didn't have to fake. *The man is going to kill me!*

There was a deadly silence that lasted only a minute but seemed like forever. Robin practiced breathing. In through the nose, out through the mouth.

"What in Merlin's name are you doing, Miss Banks?"

"Not again, no, no, not again." She felt a hand grab her robes near her neck and she was unceremoniously dragged out from her hiding spot. *No need to fake panic now.*

Her teacher's face was white with rage, a vein throbbing at his temple so violently she thought it would burst. "What is the meaning of this display, Miss Banks?" he hissed in a cold, deadly voice.

Before she could answer, Lorraine, who was a Hufflepuff sitting next to her, threw up and then fainted. Poor Severus had to pull Robin away from her to avoid being decorated with this morning's breakfast. *Well, she may be almost as stupid as a flobber worm and as clumsy as Neville, but her sense of timing is impeccable.*

Severus was so furious he was literally speechless. He loomed over Robin, clenching his fists and working his jaw for a minute. The smell of fresh vomit must have affected him because he banished it as he snarled, "Twenty points from Ravenclaw, and for Circe's sake get that... Hufflepuff to Madam Pomfrey." He released Robin, making her stagger, and stalked to the front of the room. Robin could only guess that Professor Snape was so angry that he forgot Lorraine's surname was Flighty.

Today they were working on the Draught of Living Death. Robin decided she was not going to drag this out. She looked quickly at her cards, sighing with relief that on one the writing had turned green while the other still glowed annoyingly bright yellow. The sooner she was done with her part, the sooner she could lick her wounds (and never

play this game again).

They were almost to the middle of the preparations for the draught, and the Frostyeye Eggs were being passed out. They had to be kept cold until they were ready for use, as they became explosive if allowed to warm. This was perfect timing.

Professor Snape gave the class their eggs and let them add the ingredient to their potions. So far, no one had managed to blow up his or her cauldron. The class was totally silent. So far, so good. When Robin's eggs were placed on her desk, she quickly said, "Professor, may I ask a question?"

"What, Miss Banks?"

"Well, sir, I was diagnosed Bi-Polar with Schizo Affective Disorder, and I ran out of one of my medications. Could you please brew me an anti-depressant?"

The Potion master blinked as if he had never heard such a thing. She could only imagine what he was thinking: Was the female population losing its mind? Several female students had been acting strangely lately. His classes had been in shambles.

Just as he was going to bark at Robin, he noticed the Frostyeye Eggs had begun to smoke. Before she knew it, he'd cast a containment spell. The eggs exploded. The desk was splintered. *Thank Merlin no one was hurt.*

Snape looked like he was in a fit of rage. He snarled at the class, "Get out! All of you! And Miss Banks, another fifty points from Ravenclaw and detention with Filch! Now get out of my sight!"

Severus pinched the bridge of his nose. He definitely had a world-class headache.

The students scurried away, and Robin thanked any and all gods listening that her part was done and over with. She only paused when she heard a faint thud, like someone banged his head against a wall. She didn't dare go back to investigate.

Once she was out of the room, she took her cards out of her pocket. Both were green, showing that she had successfully completed her turn *Vera Sappleton from Hufflepuff is next in line. Hopefully she will be able to do her part without a detention.*

She scurried down the hall and ran into Vera. Laughing hysterically, she told Robin that she did a great job, to which Robin muttered, "Thanks... and good luck on your prank."

Robin could not wait until the next meeting. They would be swapping stories about how their pranks went.

And the fun continues...

~~~~~

Author's Notes:

Prompt used: #6 When Snape starts speaking to the class, start yelling, "NO! NO! It's those voices again!"

and #7 While handling a potentially lethal potions ingredient, walk up to Snape and ask him if he has any anti-depressants.

Tintinnabulation by Pookah

Chapter 5 of 27

Vera Sappleton has to hide alarm clocks in Snape's classroom. What will happen when they go off during class?

Tintinnabulation by Pookah

Thank you to my invaluable beta, sweetflag!

~~~~~

As she watched the end of Robin's 'performance' in Potions class, Vera Sappleton felt a vibration in her pocket where she had been carrying those horrible truth or dare cards since the pajama party. She knew what that meant; it was her turn. She surreptitiously pulled the vibrating card out of her pocket. It stopped vibrating, and she peeked at it.

Glowing yellow letters read: **Hide a bunch of alarm clocks in the Potions room. Set them to go off at five-minute intervals during class.**

*Okay, she thought, I can do this!*

Vera slipped the glowing card back into her pocket for the time being. She would think about this after class. After all, she didn't want Professor Snape catching her with a silly glowing card telling her to sabotage his classroom!

~o~

At dinner that evening, Vera asked Marianne Brandstone to do her a favour. After the meal she caught up with Jemima Wilkinson and Sally Locke. Vera liked the red streaks in Sally's hair that showed the girl's Gryffindor pride.

All three of the girls had agreed to go to Snape and ask him some questions the next lesson day during his office hours. Vera would use the time to set up the prank.

Two mornings later, all went as planned. Right after breakfast, Vera's friends hurried to the dungeons to ask Professor Snape some questions in his office while Vera let herself into the Potions classroom with a handy, "*Alohomora.*"

The alarm clocks had already been wound and set. She had spent part of the previous evening, transfiguring clocks until she found one that had the most irritating sound. Then, she had made twenty-four more just like it.

Now, she hurried to stick the clocks under desks, hid them in cupboards; she even stuck one under Snape's desk chair. This was going to be great! It was a funny prank that wouldn't hurt anyone, and they would all go off while she was in class later that day.

Locking the classroom door behind her with a locking charm, Vera walked swiftly past Professor Snape's office. Outside his office door waited Jemima, who fell into step with Vera as she walked past. Marianne was inside, and when she left the office to see that Jemima had gone, she'd know that Vera had finished her work.

After they were beyond earshot of Snape's door, Jemima said, "I hoped you'd finish before I had to go in. When Marianne comes out she'll know you're done because I will be gone.

"Marianne was going to knock on the classroom door and tell me to hurry," Vera explained. "I had it all planned out."

Jemima nodded approvingly. Vera might be naïve, but she was organized.

"Gosh! It was terrifying!" Vera said. "I'm not cut out for adventures and such. I hope he doesn't catch me. I think he won't unless I do something stupid... like confess."

~o~

That day in Potions class, as the students were about fifteen minutes into their brewing, a ringing began in the classroom. Margarite Black grabbed her bamboo sprouts and tossed them into her cauldron, thinking the noise was her timer.

"NO!" shouted Professor Snape as he almost flew across the room to Banish the contents of the cauldron before it had a chance to explode.

"Your potion must simmer for twenty-one minutes before you add those! Turn that thing off."

"It's not my timer, Professor," Margarite said boldly, holding up a timer that still had fourteen minutes on it.

Meanwhile, another alarm clock went off, and Domina Arcanum, whose chair the offending alarm clock was under, reached for her bamboo sprouts before jerking back her hand when she realised it was not her timer.

There were now two alarm clocks going off in the room. Snape found the first one (stuck under Miss Black's table) and tried unsuccessfully to turn it off. Finally, he blasted it to pieces with his wand.

"Continue brewing!" he demanded. "You will be graded on today's work!" He headed over to Domina's table, following the sound of the ringing.

By the time he had found and destroyed that clock, two more were ringing. He spent several minutes like that, finding and destroying clocks until *finally*, no more noise intruded on the blessed silence.

He stalked angrily to his desk and threw himself into his chair, closing his eyes against the headache that was threatening.

Quiet reigned; the students were too frightened to laugh. For five minutes nothing happened except students carefully chopping and stirring. Only the quiet ding of school-sanctioned timers (and an occasional giggle) broke the silence – until the alarm clock stuck under Professor Snape's desk chair went off with the mother of all irritating rings.

Snape bounded out of his seat like a madman, turning to blasting the entire chair into kindling. The alarm clock gave a feeble, final ring and went silent. Snape's eyes were blazing with anger – and perhaps a little insanity – when another alarm, this one muffled, started in the back of the room.

One nervous giggle (no one ever knew who from) started up, but one nervous giggle became two and then three and then seven. Then, someone guffawed and stuffed a fist into his mouth to keep quiet. Another alarm clock went off as Snape opened each cupboard in the back of the classroom, searching.

He found one clock that wasn't ringing. When it went off in his hands, he dropped it.

It was too much; all the nervous gigglers began laughing, and soon, the entire room was roaring.

All that time, Vera had waited in fear, and all that time, Snape had not looked her way once. She was never any trouble; why would he suspect her? Vera was laughing now (she had been one of the nervous gigglers, truth be told). But now, most of the class was laughing, and a furious Snape glared bootlessly at them.

"Finish your potions, bottle them and get out!" he hissed furiously. "You will be counted off double for any mistakes!" He turned and left the increasingly noisy room full of laughter and hideously ringing alarm clocks.

As he slammed the classroom door, he comforted himself with the thought that someone would pay!

~o~

"I thought I'd die if he looked at me!" Vera said as she ended her tale. "But he told us to finish up and bottle our potions and he left." The girls who had not been there were laughing as hard as the ones who had witnessed it. The Room of Requirement was ringing with the sound of happy, girlish laughter.

"Slammed the door like a madman!" added Bernise enthusiastically.

"I felt terrible when it turned out I almost caused an accident. Sorry, Margarite!" Vera said.

"No worries, Vera," Margarite replied. "It's worth being in Potions class to get to see this stuff!"

"I'm grateful I didn't get caught, thanks again to my helpers, Marianne, Jemima, and Sally!" Vera said. "And good luck to you, Catherine. You're next."

And the fun continues...

~~~~~

Author's note:

I wanted to write about this prank because in the 1940s, my father did something similar in his high school auditorium with only one hidden alarm clock. He knew an assembly was scheduled, so he hid an alarm clock, set to go off as the adults prosed on. He and his friends in the student audience were delighted to see the teachers running about on stage, looking for the hidden clock.

The Ways of Slytherin by rdholmantx

Chapter 6 of 27

Not many people understand the ways of Slytherin. And no one ever expects the truth.

The Ways of Slytherin by rdholmantx

This chapter is dedicated to Avi, whose favorite word is, "Ewwwww." Yes. With all the W's. Mmmm... W... where's my W action figure with Word-Invention-Action... Oh. There he is. "Strategy!" Wait, what was I saying? Oh. Right. Avi. Yes, this is dedicated to him. Special thanks as always to my betas: ladyinthecloak and sunny33.

Catherine looked at her card with a sense of dread. While she enjoyed the camaraderie that she had with the other girls, she was not a fan of a game that purposely tried to annoy Professor Snape. Truth be told, she was rather fond of Professor Snape. Not like *that*, but people from other houses just didn't understand. They didn't understand his dry wit and acerbic humor. What they saw as favoritism of his own house was really his fierce protection of those under his care. They'd never seen him comfort a homesick first-year crying their eyes out. She sighed. The words on the card glowed yellow, taunting her.

"Go on, then. Tell us." Bernise nudged her.

"*Tell Snape that a Death Eater wants to have a threesome with him and You-Know-Who*" Well, that wasn't so bad. No, not far from the truth, actually. Not that she could tell the others any specifics.

A chorus of, "EWWWWWWWWW," went around the Room of Requirement. Catherine inwardly smirked. To the others, she said, "Bugger. All the Death Eaters are supposed to be locked up. He's never going to believe me, and he's going to put me in detention for the rest of the year."

"How hard could his detentions be? He likes you Slytherins," this from Vera.

"He'll put me in detention with *Filch*. Creepy little Squib..."

Another chorus of, "EWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW."

"Well, I guess I'll give it a go. Maybe I'll tell him it was McNair. Everyone knows he was a Death Eater. I don't want to find out what Fred and George Weasley have planned for those who don't complete their tasks."

After breakfast the next morning, Catherine put her plan into action. As a seventh-year Slytherin, she could set an appointment with Professor Snape to discuss her post-Hogwarts career options. He would think it was odd since they'd already done that and he'd agreed to write a recommendation on her behalf for a Charms fellowship at Oxford, but she'd just tell him she was having second thoughts.

She wrote a quick note and threw it into the Floo, then began rummaging around in what she affectionately called her *Box o' treasure*. Finding what she thought would be needed (besides a bottle of Ogden's), she caught the Floo reply.

Fifteen minutes. My office. Do not be late.

She chuckled, reading the note. As if he had to tell Slytherins not to be late. It was ingrained in them since first year to always arrive one minute prior to the appointed time.

Arriving at the appointed time (well, one minute before), she heard him shout, "Enter," before she even knocked. Not for the first time did she consider how much it must suck not to be a Slytherin.

"Good morning, Professor Snape."

"Good morning, Miss Smith. I must tell you that I'm disturbed that you are having second thoughts about the Charms fellowship at Oxford. You are quite talented in Charms, and Oxford is a fine program."

"Actually, sir, that's not why I wanted to talk to you," she said. She blushed a bit, hating to deceive her head of house.

"This had better not be a school-girl-crush confession."

"What? Oh, no, sir! I mean, I respect you, and I appreciate how you always stick up for us, but it's not like that at all! It's just... something I heard when I was home last. I thought you might like to know. Aunt Bella came by for a visit."

Snape went still instantly.

"I... see..."

"She and Father were drinking in the parlor. You know how Aunt Bella gets when she's been drinking. After she curses all the Muggle-borns and comes up with a scheme to kill all the Weasleys, when she starts waxing poetic about the Dark Lord? A bit mad, I think, ever since Azkaban."

"She was always a bit mad, yes. But she's definitely worse now."

"Well, she'd got to the point where she was talking about how he was her only lord and master and how much she enjoyed pleasing him..."

She noticed Professor Snape was starting to look green.

"And she saw me walk past the parlor. She asked me if you were still as sexually repressed as you always were. I didn't know what to say, sir. Then she said, 'What I wouldn't give to get both the Dark Lord and Severus in a room and have my way with both of them at the same time.' At that point my father chastised her for being so forward with me, since you're my professor and head of house, and sent me from the room." Professor Snape was definitely green. And sweating. Profusely.

He made a sound that sounded a bit like, "Mibble."

"Professor Snape, sir, I'm sorry. I just thought you should know. In case the situation came up where you were in a room with the both of them. I mean, she's kind of creepy anyway, and then I hear the Dark Lord has gone all serpentine lately..."

Professor Snape shuddered and gagged. It seemed the more he thought of the prospect, the more disturbed he became.

“*Accio Firewhiskey*,” he croaked out. Catherine caught the bottle and conjured a glass. Pouring him three fingers, she also handed him a bar of chocolate.

“I brought you some chocolate from America. I thought you might need it, after hearing that. It’s called Godiva. I think it’s much better than Cadbury’s Dairy Milk.”

Professor Snape downed the whiskey and shuddered again.

“Ew.”

“Yes, sir. I know.”

“Ew, ew, ew. You’re absolutely sure she said that?”

“Yes, sir. You can look into my mind, if you wish to verify. Perhaps I misunderstood, but I don’t think so.”

“Nooooo... then I’d have to see her. Ew.” Catherine poured another whiskey and pushed the chocolate towards him.

“Well, sir. I’ll just be going. Sorry to burden you with that. I just wanted you to be prepared.”

“And it’s appreciated, Miss Smith. Ew. Tell the prefects not to bother me this afternoon. I’m going to try to figure out a way to Obliviate myself without causing permanent brain damage. On second thought, perhaps permanent brain damage is preferable. Maybe I could find a Pensieve...”

Professor Snape, still talking to himself, drank the whiskey, took the bar of chocolate and disappeared into his chambers. As she left, Catherine slipped the card out of her pocket. The letters now glowed green.

Mission accomplished. And all before lunch.

As she passed the Gryffindor table on her way to eat with her fellow Slytherins, she winked at Bernise, flashed her card so she could see the green glowing letters, and whispered, “Good luck.”

Not that she thought Snape would go easy on Bernise. Not at all.

It must suck not to be a Slytherin.

And the fun continues...

Bernise’s Giggle Fit by beawasley2

Chapter 7 of 27

All Bernise has to do ask Severus Snape, the most feared professor at Hogwarts, for a cookie each time he asks a question and giggle each time he sneers – when she’s not grinning at him like an idiot. If she lives through this, she’s going to hex Fred and George.

Bernise's Giggle Fit by beawasley2

First, thank you to all the ladies who agreed to go on this romp with me. This wouldn't have happened without you, and I'm so grateful you all said yes! Secondly, thank you to my beta, MadBrilliant, who agreed to help me once again to find my errant commas and typos. You're just too good to me. And to those of you brave enough to follow along with this story I hope you enjoy the ride!

~~~~~

Bernise had the card from the Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes, Truth, Dare, or Consequences, propped up on her inkwell as she revised. Robin and Vera had already finished their dares, and Catherine had pulled off hers. She smiled, remembering Vera's prank with the alarm clocks, which had had Bernise in stitches because of the trouble it had caused in Potions.

She knew that she was next; she was just waiting for her card to glow, which frustratingly enough, it wasn't.

Bernise groaned, nearly audibly in the quiet of the library. She hated breaking the rules. She didn't cause trouble or misbehave, not if she could help it. Of course, having an identical twin like Beatrise wasn't always conducive to leading a quiet, rule-abiding life. Not all of the time. Beatrise liked adventure, excitement, and heart-pounding fun. She thrived on it and usually liked coercing Bernise into going along with her.

Bernise preferred the library to sneaking into the forest, walks along the lake instead of broom races, or star gazing on the Astronomy tower instead of wild parties. Bernise felt that revisions and essays came before boys and playtime. She liked going to Kaleidoscope Books Shoppe and Honeydukes instead Zonko's, and she liked having butterbeers in the Three Broomsticks over drinks in the Hog's Head. Therefore, it was no wonder that Bernise was nervous about her dare. At least she didn't have to do anything too bad or reckless. All she had to do was ask Severus Snape, the one teacher Bernise feared, well, wished with every fiber of her being that she could earn the respect of, for a cookie. *A cookie! Each time he asks a question. Each time! And giggle like an idiot every time he sneers for one entire Potions class. Professor Snape the wizard with a perpetual sneer, or at least he is when he isn't smirking or snarling. With my luck, I'll be stuck doing this dare during a double Potions day!*

She leaned her head on her hand and tried to concentrate on *Modern Alchemy of Eternal Wisdom* for her five-foot essay on the four elements and their manifestations of matter in alchemy. But all she could think about was that little card sitting benignly in front of her. *Why isn't it glowing?* Bernise hated the wait, wondering when her turn would be up. *Clue, Parcheesi, Zondoland, Haven's Gate, Searchers, or Risk would have been preferable to Truth or Dare! Heck, even Chutes and Ladders or Candyland were safer choices. What possessed us to choose a game left in the Room of Requirement by Fred and George Weasley - Hogwarts most infamous and notorious pranksters!*

Her straight, naturally honey blond hair was twisted up in a clip, although several strands had escaped, falling into her face. She tucked a strand behind her ear and,

flipping the page in her book back, checked the chart. She picked up her quill and tapped the feather on her lip as she reread the opposite page. She just couldn't concentrate.

From the corner of her eyes, she saw Randal Blaine and his cronies walk up beside her. "Hiya, Bernie," he said softly enough not to get Miss Pince's attention. He jerked his head up as one of his two friends gave him a wave. Thankfully, both of them went to sit down at another table, but Blaine apparently was going to stay and bother her.

"Miss Bedsworth to you, if you don't mind," Bernise said, keeping her focus on her book. "I've got too much work to do, please go away."

"Ah, c'mon, Bernie, we can be friendlier than that. After all we..."

"We?" Bernie turned to look at him, daring him to say it. "We? As I recall, you cornered me and wouldn't let me go until I kissed you!"

His short, dark hair was standing up in front in the style guys were all wearing, the wind-blown I-just-got-off-my-broom look, and his blue eyes matched the blue of the jumper he wore under his Ravenclaw robes. Even with the loose fit of his robes, she knew he had a good build, muscular and strong. She supposed he was cute; her friends all thought so, and she had to admit that at one time she'd thought so too. But that was before his stunt three days ago.

"And what a kiss, as I recall," he said with a smirk. "Admit it, you liked it."

"I didn't kiss you you kissed me!" she hissed. "Pressing your mouth against someone you trapped against a portrait doesn't count as a kiss."

"You kissed me back, tongue and all," he replied jovially.

As Bernise remembered it, she had opened her mouth to protest, and he'd tried sucking her tonsils out and then groped her. She glared back, still angry with him.

He was trying to use his Witch Weekly's Most Charming Smile Award candidate grin on her. "Admit it, you like me."

"I admit that you are barely tolerable," Bernie said, turning back to her book. *What did I ever see in him, besides good looks and a rakish...? Okay, he's a bit of a lad, a really good-looking lad.* "Was there something you needed, Mr. Blaine?"

He leaned forward and placed a hand next to hers on the table. "Rand. It's okay; you can call me Rand. After all, you and I are destined for each other."

She brushed her fringe back in frustration and sighed because the action only made the loose strands of her hair fall in her face again. She tucked one side of them back behind her ear. "Mr. Blaine, you and I are *assigned* to work together in Alchemy, and for some reason you always try to sit next to me in Charms and Ancient Runes. But besides that we are not an item. So, please, leave me be. I have an essay on the practice and principles of human transformations, and one on the manifestations of the four elements due next week..."

"What's this?"

She saw him move his hand, swatted at it as he reached for her dare card, but wasn't fast enough to stop him from picking it up. "Give me that!"

His smirk grew into a smile as he read the card aloud, "Each time Snape asks a question in class, reply by asking, 'If I get this right, do I get a cookie?' Then grin like an idiot. Constantly grin like an idiot the rest of the class. Giggle uncontrollably when he sneers..." He looked at her with a puzzled expression. "You? What's this all about?"

She had jumped to her feet when he'd started reading and drew her wand. "Give it back."

His mischievous smirk was reflected in his royal blue eyes. "What do I get if I do?"

Bernise looked him in the eye and squared her shoulders. He was tall, but she was nearly his height, only three inches shorter, which was why she supposed he favored her. It certainly wasn't because she was a raving beauty; she was too thin and plain for that. She formulated at least six hexes in her mind, any one effective, but was equally ready to cast a curse if he didn't give her the card back and leave her alone.

\*\*\*\*\*

Bernise entered Potions class, wishing that she'd splurged and bought the extra Billywig stingers last Hogsmeade weekend or a Giggling Goober or some Tickle Tangies. She was going to have to grin like an idiot all lesson, or giggle at Snape, and was really wishing she had some kind of magical assistance. Her stomach was so tied up in knots it felt like she'd swallowed a whole handful of Peppermint Toads, which were just starting to jump around in her gut.

Jemima, Carlie, and Emma were already at the worktable since they'd come straight from the Slytherin common room. Bernise walked over, dropped her bag, and sighed. Emma and Carlie, standing on either side of her, both asked what was wrong. Bernise pulled out her brightly glowing card. "It's my turn. I'm going to get hexed! I just know Snape is going to hex me by the end of Potions."

Marianne, Vera, Robin, and Domina were walking past on their way to their worktables. They gave her various grins, grimaces, and a thumbs up from Robin, in support when Beatrice flashed them the card. Margarite hurried over to whisper to both Phyllis and Sally who always worked in the front row, which was not surprising as Phyllis liked being as close to Snape as possible, and Margarite and Sally were brave enough to take the front row with her. Now everyone knew that Snape was about to be pranked again. Well, almost everyone; the guys didn't know and neither did Snape.

As luck would have it, Professor Snape chose this particular day to begin class with a lecture. Bernise suppressed a groan and tried to fix the least goofy grin on her face that she could manage. "For the next few lessons, you will be brewing Transmute and Excrescence Potions. Transmute Potions either change the drinker's nature, form, or physical state into another or, in some cases, into its opposite." He looked up for a minute, and Bernise forced herself to grin as happily as she could muster. Snape continued as if he hadn't noticed. "While some potions can and will affect the drinker's personality, form, or character the effects are not generally permanent. Potions that change the drinker's physical state vary some are permanent most are not."

Bernise tried to maintain her grin and take notes while Snape continued talking about the various potions and their effects, but it was hard to write and be looking up at him at the same time. "The Polyjuice Potion is probably the most well-known Transmute potion created. The effect, as you well know, only lasts an hour at best if the potion is brewed properly."

Bernise struggled to write everything he was saying, but each time she glanced down, her notes looked like an atrocious mess *Why didn't I borrow Beatrice's Quoting Quill?*

"The Polyjuice potion will transform the drinker's outer appearance into the identical appearance of the person they intend to impersonate. However, the drinker does not gain any knowledge of the person they are masquerading as." Beatrice looked up, grinning foolishly as Snape listed off the active ingredients and the specifics of brewing the potion as well as the precautions. "Likewise, the Mimicronate Elixir will give the drinker the voice of another and is frequently used for sole purpose of impersonating someone."

She jotted down the name of the elixir then glanced up again and realized that Snape was looking right at her. Her grin became even wider as she nervously stared back at him. He turned his head, apparently ignoring her as he lectured on the specifics of the elixir.

"The Anathema Elixir..." Snape turned and looked directly at Bernise, his eyes narrowing slightly as he continued, "can benefit a person who has been hit with a curse..." His voice faltered a moment as his eyes locked on Bernise, who was still grinning at him with rapt attention. "...a person or thing cursed, but will not make someone who is intensely disliked likable..." Snape stopped right in front of Phyllis as he talked about the effects, brewing timing, and precautions, glowering at Bernise, who was still trying



to grin at Snape while trying to write down everything he was saying. It was proving to be really difficult.

"You can copy from my notes later," Emma whispered, and Bernise gave her a thankful nod.

Snape had, thankfully, turned to walk over to the blackboard, so she let her mouth relax. "The Dilatory Potion is believed to reverse the nature of someone who procrastinates." He turned back to face the class, and Bernise grinned up at him again. He narrowed his eyes at her as he continued, "However, it is only a temporary solution, and Healers disagree whether the potion actually makes the drinker stop procrastinating, or if the drinker becomes productive simply because he or she believes the potion's reputed effects and stop procrastinating on their own..."

Bernise sighed, knowing her attention was more on grinning at Snape than taking notes, praying that between Emma and her housemates, she'd get all the information Snape was covering later. "The Forlorn Elixir... can make someone who is lackadaisical, melancholy, or lugubrious feel livelier..."

Try as she might to keep grinning like a fool, Bernise knew that her notes would be undecipherable.

"Enervate... Miss Bedsworth, I would encourage you to start writing this down."

Bernise groaned as she tried making a better effort of taking notes, while still grinning at him like a Clabbert.

"Excrescence Potions make something grow out from something else, or are used to regenerate body parts, such as: a fingernail on a finger, a toe on a foot, or replace a missing nose or an ear on the side of one's head... If brewed incorrectly, they can also cause a disfiguring or unwanted part... to... appear." He turned sharply and glared at Bernise. "What is the problem, Miss Bedsworth?"

Bernise looked up and cringed inwardly. "If I get this right, do I get a cookie?" she asked in what she hoped was a jovial tone, but her voice sounded weak to her.

Snape's eyebrow arched upward, either from disbelief or because he hadn't heard her properly. "Pardon me?" he snarled.

"Ah, nothing Professor, there's no problem, sir," she quickly replied, checking the card tucked just under the edge of her parchment, to make sure it didn't turn red. It stayed a bright, glowing yellow. "I'm sorry, sir." She forced herself to grin and hoped he'd just go back to lecturing.

"Maybe you'd prefer writing me an essay on both Transmute and Excrescence Potions providing both the various types and their uses five feet of parchment each instead of listening to me?" he asked with a sneer.

Bernise swallowed and giggled softly, hoping that she could consider what he'd said as a statement and not another question.

Snape glowered at her and crossed his arms. "Well, since it's apparent that you find writing me the essays more humorous than listening to me lecture, Miss Bedsworth, you and your classmates will write out said essays with *nine* examples of *both* Transmute *and* Excrescence Potions, giving me a *thorough* explanation of their primary active ingredients *and* their uses." Half the class groaned as Snape continued to glare at Bernise. "Include the steps and the necessary precautions to be taken during the brewing process of *each* potion and which cauldron type would be optimal. Ten points will be deducted from Gryffindor for your disruption of my lecture, Miss Bedsworth."

Bernise kept repeating, *glowering isn't sneering*, as she wrote the assignment down. She looked up and clearly saw Snape sneering at her. She giggled nervously, and Snape's eyes narrowed dangerously. "Well, you all heard me, put your notes away, and set up your work area."

"Well, I'm certainly going to be popular this weekend," Bernise groaned as she put her parchment, ink, and quill away.

"It's okay, you're doing great," Charlie whispered encouragingly.

Emma nodded, "Yeah, so far. I just hope he doesn't get really ticked off."

"Quiet!" Snape snapped, turning from the blackboard. "The directions for the Mimicsonate Elixir are on the board. After you complete the potion, you are to take a hair from the person next to you and bring your final product up to my desk. If you've made the potion correctly, your voice will mimic the person whose hair you used; if you do not follow the directions precisely, you'll be spending the night in the hospital wing. Regardless, your essays are due on Friday. You may begin."

Everyone scurried for the supply cabinet to get his or her ingredients and get started. Bernise had no difficulty grinning now. She had made the Mimicsonate Elixir before, for her sister in fact.

"Well, at least that means you didn't ruin everyone's weekend," Charlie said with a groan. "Four days to write all that in a five foot essay."

"Two five feet essays," Bernise corrected her. "I'm sorry. If you want, we can work on it together in the library."

"Or the Room of Requirement," Emma suggested. "Let the room give us the necessary books, then we don't have to go look them up or search the entire Potions section."

Snape roamed the room while the students all ground their bicorn horn and Billywig stingers as the potion base of murtlap essence, spheremint oil, and distilled water was brought up to the proper heat in their cauldrons. Snape passed by Bernise's and Emma's worktable as the girls were dicing their Jarvey livers and sneered in response Bernise's grin. She giggled, this time actually sounding like a real laugh. "Miss Bedsworth, stop grinning like an idiot, and pay attention to your potion!" he snapped at her, glowering angrily.

"Yes, Professor," she said, her grin widening uncontrollably. Emma tried to hide her smile by lowering her head as she shredded her aconite, and Charlie snickered as she counted out her planthopper wings.

Bernise stirred her potion, relaxing her mouth as Snape moved on down the row of worktables. With Snape now behind her, she was finally able to concentrate on her elixir, instead of her grinning. She was just finished stirring in her hoverflies wings when Snape asked, "Mr. Perkins, are you unable to distinguish between sodium and potassium?"

Bernise inhaled, looked back at Snape and quietly asked, "Oh! If I get this one right, do I get a cookie, Professor?"

Snape looked up at her, his expression murderous. "Miss Bedsworth! No. You will *not* get a cookie you'll get a detention," he sneered.

Bernise giggled. "Make that two," he said, sneering again.

Bernise forced herself to giggle and lowed her head, feeling her face flush hotly.

"I suggest you get back to your own work before I lose my patience with you. Five more points from Gryffindor." He turned back to Terry Perkins, and Terry actually cringed. "Well, I suggest you get to work!"

Charlie leaned toward Bernise and Emma. "Snape's really in a bad mood."

"I know, and we're only half way through Potions," Bernise grumbled. "I wish the card would turn green so that this would all be over!"

"Patience, it's not so bad," Emma encouraged, stirring her potion as it turned a brownish-orange.

Bernise knew she was only trying to be supportive. "I have two detentions this week and lost Gryffindor fifteen points, and you're saying it's not that bad!"

"It could be three detentions; and fifteen points isn't too bad it could be much more," Carlie said.

"Miss Cohen, it would behoove you to pay attention to your *own* potion unless you want to join Miss Bedsworth for her detentions!" Snape snarled right behind them, making Bernise jump and dump her seventeen ash borer thoraxes on her thinly sliced barnyard grass. Bernise pulled out her wand and levitated her thoraxes, using the spell to drop them in her cauldron. However, Snape saw the move. "What are you doing, you stupid girl? Do not wave your wand around an active cauldron!"

"Yes, Professor, I'm sorry, but I wanted to prevent an accident with my rye seeds and didn't have enough time to pluck them out individually," she tried to explain, indicating her timer.

"Have I not stated that there is *no foolish wand waving in my classroom*? Twenty points from Gryffindor," Snape sneered.

Bernise muttered, "If I get this right, may I have a cookie," as softly as she could and giggled, starting to feel as imbecilic as she must seem to everyone else in the class.

"Miss Bedsworth, another twenty for your inappropriate giggling." He turned to look at Emma and snapped, "Miss Whitby, pay attention to your own work."

"Yes, Professor," Emma said, turning her head so Snape couldn't see her smirk.

"Are you incapable of following directions?" Snape asked, nearly yelling at two Ravenclaw boys in the back of the room. "Look at the board and tell me which ingredient precedes the rye seeds?"

"If I get this right, do I get a cookie?" Bernise asked softly, not bothering to turn around.

Unfortunately, Snape heard her clearly. He stormed over to stand directly in front of her. "What is your preoccupation with cookies, Miss Bedsworth? Are you *that* hungry this soon after lunch? Well? Go on then, since you feel the need to interrupt the class with your lunacy, answer the question I posed to Mr. Sunda which ingredient, and why that particular variety."

Bernise mumbled, 'If I get this right, do I get a cookie,' under her breath as she made the last three turns with her stirring rod before looking up at his irate face. "That would be the orange Jubilee tomato, Professor, chosen because the non-acidic nature of that particular tomato variety will not throw off the pH balance of the potion at this late state of the brewing process."

Snape glared at her and walked off, not even acknowledging that she'd answered correctly, and Bernise actually sighed in relief.

"Well, at least you didn't lose more house points or get another detention," Carlie said with a chuckle.

"Oh, I think I've done Slytherin quite well this lesson," Bernise grumbled, and Emma stuck out her tongue at her. "I've lost fifty-five house points, effectively dropping Gryffindor behind Slytherin, and got two detentions! I'm doing just great." She looked at her dare card and sighed. "The letters aren't green yet. Why aren't they green?"

Thankfully, her potion was nearly complete. It was the correct consistency and orange-yellow color. She glanced up at the clock *Half an hour to go* As was the unjust nature of the universe, the last twenty-nine minutes seemed to tick by at a Streeler's pace. Bernise finished her potion, set it to simmer for the required fifteen minutes and pulled out her potions book. She tried to focus on reviewing the chapter on Transmute and Exorcism Potions until it was time to bottle her Mimicsonate Elixir. Each time Professor Snape walked into her line of view, she looked up at him and grinned, giggling when he sneered at her. In fact, the whole giggling thing was actually getting easier because of the absurdity of the situation. When her timer went off, Bernise poured some of her elixir into a flask and bottled the rest in two vials, one for her grade and a larger one for herself. She pulled out a strand of hair and turned to Emma to ask for her for one in exchange.

"Oh, no, Miss Bedsworth, you will be using *my* hair, and you had best be careful about what you choose to say to demonstrate your potion's viability," he said with a sneer. Bernise looked over at him and giggled nervously as she handed Emma her hair. Snape turned and walked to his desk, demanding that the class line up, add the hair in front of him and then demonstrate affect of their elixir. When Bernise stepped forward, he motioned her to the side. "You will wait. Next." Snape made Bernise wait until last.

She watched in horror as eleven of her classmates were sent to the hospital wing with grossly swollen necks and damaged vocal chords.

Finally, Snape turned to her and plucked a hair from his head. "Miss Bedsworth, you will demonstrate your potion to me now."

Bernise smiled nervously as she accepted the hair. "Thank you, Professor." She dropped the hair in her flask and watched the potion fizzle as if she'd carbonated the liquid. She took a swallow, surprised at the flavor, which reminded her of a V-8 Splash her cousin had given her once.

"Now, what have you to say for yourself?" he snarled. "Why have you been so inattentive and disruptive during my class?"

Bernise groaned, Snape's rich voice growling in her throat. "It's just that I have to grin at you like an idiot in class today, and every time you ask a question I have to say, 'If I get this right, do I get a cookie,' or I'll be covered with bark and have large leaves like a tree for a month. I'm so sorry, Professor," she said in Snape's melodic, velvety voice.

"And that is your reason? You disrupted my lessons with your cheeky insolence and obnoxious giggling all because you didn't want to be covered with bark and leaves. Is this some sort of a joke?"

"If I get this right, do I get a cookie," she said as quickly as she could, in Snape's rich, masculine voice. "Yes, sir well, not really but sort of. I'm so sorry; I'll never do this again ever!"

He sighed, his dark eyes boring into hers. "You are dismissed. I expect that this is the end of your insolence and that you will not behave in such a manner again. Am I clear on this, Miss Bedsworth?"

"Yes, Professor," she said in his silky drawl. "I promise that I will not ever be so disruptive in your class again."

"Now, get out. I'll see you tonight," Snape said. "And if I find out that you are misusing my voice, taunting or taking the Mickey you'll live to regret it."

"Oh, no, sir, I won't! I swear, I won't," she said, turning and hurrying for the door. All her friends were waiting in the corridor as Bernise exited the classroom.

"Well?" Emma and Margarite asked at the same time.

"He demanded to know the reason for my behavior." Bernise's voice was still mimicking Snape's melodic drawl. She started walking with everyone toward the stairs. "I still have two nights of detention, but at least he didn't deduct any more points. And the letters on my card are now glowing green! I'm done with that mess but I'm going to sound like Snape all afternoon!"

"More like all night, too," Vera said in a compassionate way. "At least when you are talking, you make him sound nice."

"I think she sounds right sexy," Phyllis said, and Emma laughed at her.

"You would!" Bernise exclaimed, although sounding like Snape made it sound like an accusation.

"Well, she does!" Phyllis said to the other girls. "Can you imagine we could have her say anything, in his voice, and actually get to hear what he'd sound like if he were being charming, romantic humorous!"

"We could disillusion her and really give the first-years a treat Professor Snape giving compliments or telling jokes!" Margarite said, laughing.

Bernise stopped in her tracks, making her friends slow down and stop as well. "Oh, great just what he warned me *not* to do! I'm going to be a laughing stock! This won't wear off until..." She counted out on her fingers, "*well after midnight!* And I still have Charms today! Phyllis, you have to help me I'll even read to you if you think so you can run buffer for me in Charms," Bernise pleaded smoothly, making Phyllis grin and the other girls laugh. "Emma, Vera, Sally... I'm going to need your help, too. It will be up to you guys to make sure no one and I mean *no one* takes the Mickey on me!"

"Sure," Phyllis agreed. "Oooo, I know, how about reciting one of Shakespeare's sonnets?"

"Oh, yeah, that would be hilarious!" Emma smirked.

Carlie laughed. "Might be entertaining and when would we ever have a chance like this again? The velvety melodious voice of Severus Snape reading Shakespeare! Or Wordsworth, Coleridge, or Blake. Oh, or Byron or even better Keats!"

"I vote for Byron, I love his stuff," Vera said, and then looked at Bernise sympathetically. "Unless, you'd be uncomfortable doing this."

Phyllis hooked her arm with Bernise's. "Oh, say you will. We won't tell. Please?"

"Fine! Tonight in the Room of Requirement," Bernise caved in, hoping that Snape never found out. "But if Snape hears about this I'm telling him you put me up to it!"

"Oh believe me he'll never know!" Phyllis promised.

And the fun continues...

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Author's Notes:

My Prompts for this chapter were:

#14 Each time Snape asks a question in class, reply by asking, "If I get this right, do I get a cookie?" Then grin like an idiot. Constantly grin like an idiot the rest of the class.

With:

#55 Giggle uncontrollably when he sneers during class.

Many of the potion ingredients mentioned in this chapter mimic something: Aconite has three names, which could be interpreted as mimicking, okay, that's a bad example.

Planthopper's wings resemble the leaves of a tree from which it lives. An ash borer is actually a moth that resembles a wasp, but doesn't have a stinger. A hoverfly is a fly that also resembles a wasp. A predator that has learned to avoid a wasp would likewise avoid an ash borer or a hoverfly. Barnyard grass is a weed that resembles rice, and rye resembles wheat.

Snacking with Snape by themistresssnape

Chapter 8 of 27

Giving Snape an afternoon snack he'll never forget...

Snacking with Snape by The Mistress Snape

Thanks: My loving husband for being my beta and beaweasley2 for coming up with this zany idea!

~~~~~

"*Me? Again?*" I grumbled, picking up the card that vibrated and glowed yellow on my bedside table. Bernice must have finished her dare. I stuffed the card in my pocket, wondering where we would meet up that night.

Austrina got to me before the others did, telling me where we'd be meeting after dinner. Well, at least I had another twenty-four hours before I had to go through with this dare. I was sure that this one would totally get me killed.

I listened to Bernice tell her story, nearly rolling with laughter as I thought of her going up to Snape and hugging him. I wish I'd have seen it, it would have been priceless. "So, I guess you're next, Carlie," she said, looking over at me.

I picked up the card and looked at it for the first time since I'd gotten it when we started this suicidal game. I read the flowing text and felt the blood drain from my face. "Oh, good Lord!" I mumbled, horrified. "Are you *serious?*"

"You have to do it, Carlie," Vera said. "Really, how bad can it be?"

"Shut up," I spat, staring at the provision and consequences of the dare. "I have to do this in front of ~~everyone~~?"

Jemima laughed and nudged me with her shoulder. "So what does it say?"

"Go up to Professor Snape in front of everyone and ask him if he is a vampire. Offer to let him have a snack. Tell him that you are 'prime, virgin (insert blood type).'" Consequence for failure: Having the compulsion to sing sappy love songs to Snape every time you see him.' Where do they come up with this stuff?" I asked, staring into the orb that glowed yellow over the game board.

"So dinner tomorrow night is probably your best bet," Angharad and Sally said together.

Tomorrow was a Hogsmeade day, so everyone would be back in time for dinner in the Great Hall. Maybe I'd be able to screw up the courage for this one in that time.

The more I thought about this suicidal game, the more I realized we were all going to be Hogwarts legends if we survived. "Dinner tomorrow, it is then," I groaned.

I was distracted as we made our way back to our common rooms, moving in small packs to keep Mrs. Norris off our trail. Even though we weren't technically doing anything wrong, I was sure Filch wouldn't hesitate to throw us all in detention. Getting to sleep that night wasn't as bad as the first time I had to do a dare, but it was bad enough. I was sure I looked like crap when I woke up the next morning after too few hours of sleep. Poor Drew Latham, he would have to put up with me, distracted and fidgeting, all day today.

I was tempted to cheat and do my dare at breakfast since so many people would be gathered out in the entrance hall, waiting to be cleared to head down to the village. I could hear the other girls snickering at my discomfort as I fidgeted at the end of the Slytherin table. But I was out of luck. Snape didn't show up for breakfast since he was chaperoning the trip today.

Emma, Fern, and Tracey were waiting at the doors to the Great Hall as I made my way out to meet Drew by the front doors. They laughed and winked at me, clearly having too much fun at my expense. They followed us out onto the lawns and drank butterbeers with us at the Three Broomsticks. I felt so sorry for Drew, having to sit through all the jokes and stares as they dropped hints about my little episode that was planned for that night.

The end of the day came too quickly for me as I trudged up the lane back to the school. Drew walked a little ahead of me, uncomfortable with all the giggling. "Go on," Tracey whispered in my ear, pushing me forward with her hand.

"Listen, Drew, I'm sorry about today. They don't get out much," I said sarcastically, throwing a warning glance over my shoulder. Emma and Fern smiled innocently. "Maybe we can hang out again on the next trip. Or we could sit together at the match next weekend."

Drew smiled a crinkly smile and nodded, taking my hand. "Sure, I'd like that."

I said goodbye to Drew at the head of the Gryffindor table and trudged slowly toward the front of the Great Hall, feeling like the death march should be playing in the background. I sat at the end of the Slytherin table, as close to the staff table as I was willing to go. He was there, still wrapped up in his black cloak and scowling at his empty plate.

Sadie leaned over from the end of the Ravenclaw table. "Oh, go on, Carlie. What's the worst he can do, kill you?" She giggled and snapped me with her napkin.

I grinned back uneasily, then turned to look up at him. His skin was pale, especially when considered with his dark hair and clothes. He never smiled, not really anyway, so you could say he was trying to hide his fangs. That voice of his and those dark eyes were enough to make anyone...especially someone of the female disposition...do whatever he wanted. Time slipped by as I watched him, aware of the eyes of my friends on me. Dinner would be over soon, and I wasn't going to walk around bursting into cheesy love songs every time I saw him. Damned Weasley twins!

I took a deep breath and backed away from the table with my uneaten plate of food. My stomach was in knots as I nearly stumbled up to the staff table. None of the teachers were really paying any attention to me, for which I was grateful. Before I realized it, I was standing in front of Professor Snape and the usual roar of the Great Hall had faded to a faint whisper.

"Yes, Miss Cohen," he said quietly, eyeing me with suspicion. God, we had really put him through the ringer.

I just stood there, already feeling the compulsion to sing sprouting through me. "Um... I was wondering... um..."

"Spit it out, Miss Cohen. I have a bit of a headache just now." He looked paler than usual. I wanted to hug the poor man. I was going to throttle the Weasley's next time I went to Diagon Alley.

"I was wondering if you were hungry?"

"What?"

"Are you hungry, sir? You look like you could use a snack." He grumbled at the way our conversation had drawn the attention of the entire Hall. I could hear my friends snickering and felt the adrenaline start to rush through me again. I tried to smile.

"I have no idea what you are talking about, Miss Cohen."

I pulled my brown hair over one shoulder, exposing my throat. I tried to smile seductively. "I know your secret, sir. And I don't mind, really."

He looked at me with a blank stare. He twisted his napkin in his fist until it looked like the threads were about to break. "What secret?"

"C'mon, sir," I said, trying to make my eyes sparkle the way women did in those Muggle romance films. "You haunt the dungeons, we hardly ever see you outside, and you're always so pale. We've studied vampires in Defense Against the Dark Arts. I'm no Hermione Granger, but I'm not stupid."

What blood there was in his face drained away. He couldn't believe this was happening to him in front of the entire school. They listened with rapt attention as they waited for me to say something else.

I leaned my elbows on the table in front of him, sure he could see down the front of my tank top. I was shameless. "Are you sure you don't want a snack, sir? I think you'd like me. I'm prime, *virgin* AB positive," I said smoothly, stressing the word *virgin*.

Professor Snape gasped at the audacity of it all. I could hear Catherine suppressing a guffaw and saw McGonagall muffle her chuckle in her napkin. I locked my eyes with Snape's, trying to stare him down. The adrenaline was pumping, and it felt pretty good.

"What is *wrong* with you girls lately?" he said in a stunned voice. He got up from the table, throwing an absent minded glance down my shirt, and swept off through the side door.

I turned around, stunned to see the entire student body staring at me with wide eyes. My friends continued laughing as I went back to my place at the Slytherin table and stuffed a boiled potato into my mouth.

"We'll meet at the oak by the lake at eight o'clock," I told Sadie as I leaned across the aisle. "Pass the word along."

The twilight sun was glittering off the water as we met by the lake. Beatrice set up the game board as I pulled my card from my pocket. The letters glowed green as I sat it face up in front of me. The orb over the game board did the same. And, even though everyone had been there, I had to relive the entire embarrassing event. No one could believe that he'd just walked out without saying anything else.

"Two down, Carlie," Margaret Pritchard said with a smile. "I bet Snape would have blown a gasket if you hadn't flashed him!"

"I didn't mean to," I said, ducking my head to avoid the blush rising in my cheeks. I looked across the circle as the orb glowed yellow, matching Tracey's card. "Oh, thank God. Well, guess you're up, Tracey."

And the fun continues...

Author's notes:

The original prompt is: Ask him if he's a vampire. Offer to let him snack. In front of everyone. Tell him your 'prime A virgin (insert your blood type).'

## Sympathy and Sarcasm by Angel Mischa

Chapter 9 of 27

If you thought melting a cauldron in Snape's class got a reaction, try walking up to him and hugging him!

Sympathy and Sarcasm by Angel Mischa

*Thanks first and foremost must go to beaweasley2 and all the other lovely ladies who are joining me on this adventure! A close second, however, are all of you who read our little quests and make it worthwhile! I hope you enjoy. AM*

~~~~~

That yellow glow quietly hummed behind my eyelids for *hours* while I tried to get to sleep last night. I normally liked yellow...I'm a Hufflepuff, after all...but when my card had glowed yellow, I suddenly felt queasy. Now, as I took the last few steps down the staircase from my dormitory and into the common room, yellow scarves and hats and all sorts of other sundry yellow things I hadn't even noticed before assaulted me. Every single black blazon just reminded me of that Great Black Bat, and I had to keep myself from grimacing.

"There you are!" Fern cried out, leaping up from a chair across the common room and hurrying towards me. "What took you so long? It'll be ~~an~~ *afternoon* before we get down to breakfast!"

It was Saturday, which was something of a relief. I didn't have classes with Snape, having fled the Potions dungeon as soon as I was able, but he was always around in the corridors more during weekdays. I wanted to... ease my way into completing my dare. Of course, I'd likely see Snape in the Great Hall at mealtimes, but what were the chances he'd look at me?

The very thought now made the idea seem even more likely, and I blanched and took a step away from Fern.

"*Tracie*," she said in a dangerous voice. "Come on! I said I'd wait for you, but *Merlin*, I'm famished!"

"I... I've just remembered an assignment... I really should be going to the library. No time for breakfast!" I tried to squeak, but Fern raised an eyebrow. She was a Hufflepuff, but she wasn't stupid.

"Don't worry, Snape's not going to be sitting there waiting for you to walk in to glare at you. You won't have to run up to the High Table and hug him in front of everyone...although that *would* be funny!"

"No, it wouldn't," I muttered, a little annoyed at her making fun of me, but she was right. I was being silly.

Fern, knowing she had won, linked her arm with mine now and began leading me out of the common room. "Your card's not even that bad, really. It's not as mortifying as mine is going to be, although I suppose you *do* have to touch him!"

I poked my tongue out at her amiably. "I suppose it'll be over fairly quickly, at least!" I said. "And even if he gives me detention, I doubt I'll have to clean out any cauldrons." Snape tended to only personally punish those who were in his class.

"You might get Filch, though!" Fern retorted with a certain amount of glee in her voice. I grimaced at this.

"I've got *soooo* much to do this weekend, though. I don't have time to spend hours cleaning the Trophy Room," I groaned.

"Oh, poor you," Fern replied with a smirk. We had reached the Great Hall now, and she steered me in the direction of our table. At least half our House was still at the table; Vera was there, sitting amongst several fourth-years, probably helping them with Herbology or Care of Magical Creatures, as usual. She turned to smile at us as we moved past her, one of her dark brown braids whirling out and almost flicking one of the fourth-years in the face. There was a fit of giggles and a muted apology, and we didn't stop to try and interrupt. Instead, we slid into a vacant space further down, opposite Marianne and Daniel, a clever sixth-year who had a quiet talent for Potions.

"*There* you two are!" he let out as Marianne murmured a quiet 'hello'.

"Sorry. Lazy-bones here took forever to get up." I turned to Fern to roll my eyes at her and caught her winking at Marianne. I supposed we were keeping quiet about our dares, at least when other people were around.

"Well, it's alright for some, but *I* have another foot to add to Monday's Potions assignment on mixing aconite and tarantula blood!" Daniel proclaimed, rising before we'd even sitting down. It was obvious he'd been sitting with Marianne politely while she finished her orange. Daniel was sweet, and I flashed him a smile as the other two girls bade him goodbye. If only he'd been good at Ancient Runes, rather than Potions, I was sure I'd have seen more of him.

"Last night was fun, wasn't it. It's your turn now then, Trace," Marianne said with a smile as she peeled off a single orange segment from the fruit and set to picking off the largest pieces of pith from its surface.

"She's already stressing about it!" Fern remarked. "Tell her not to worry so much, Marianne," she added as she reached out to grab the pumpkin juice jug by the handle. "Want some?" she asked, beginning to pour a cup for me before I'd even had a chance to answer.

Marianne and I exchanged smiles. "I'm anxious about mine too," she confessed, "but I've got ages to go yet. I think I'll be ~~awreck~~ when my card finally glows yellow!"

"I know," I responded sympathetically. "It's almost put me off yellow altogether!"

"Well, it's not as bad as *red*," Fern retorted. "*And* you have to put up with the 'consequences'!" Marianne laughed nervously and popped the piece of fruit in her mouth so that she wouldn't have to try and make any sort of answer. I could tell the idea of a red card had been on her mind; maybe she was having second thoughts? I was too, but

there was no way I was really going to throw in the towel. I just needed some toast and some scrambled eggs to steel myself!

*I'm just walking through the corridor. It just happens to be near the dungeon. **That** is all.* I tell myself this reassuringly. I couldn't quite tell whether or not I was hoping to find Snape around each corner or not.

Not being a Slytherin, I wasn't entirely sure how to approach my dare. I would have preferred ~~to~~not perform my dare in the Great Hall if I could absolutely help it. I had considered going to the library to try and find Angharad, who might have been able to fake some sort of reason to go to the Potions dungeon and thus get me swiftly to Snape to get my dare over with. I'd thought to try my own luck for a little while first. Of course, this meant prowling the corridor. A few younger Slytherins scurried past me, so I knew I was hovering on the Slytherins' territory. They were probably all heading to the library, too. Everyone seemed to be laden with work, and I knew that I should have been doing my Ancient Runes homework.

I stopped in the corridor and considered my options. If I wanted someone to try and take me into the Bat's lair, the Potions dungeon, Daniel sprang to mind. He would probably have been easier to find than Angharad, as he usually did all his work in the Hufflepuff common room. Still, I didn't really want to involve anyone else. This was a *girls' night*; a really long one, admittedly, but these dares were still a girls' only thing.

I continued on my little patrol of the dungeons. Rounding a corner, I ran into the one group of people who could ~~definitely~~ help me: Carlie, Emma, and Margaret. The grin on Carlie's face when she saw me told me instantly that she would be willing to help.

"Tracie! You better be down here looking for Snape. It's your turn," she said cheerfully, wagging a finger at me playfully.

"Well, if you fancy watching, do you think you'll be able to help me out?" I asked. "I've been racking my brains trying to figure out how to find him; just my luck that it's a Saturday!"

"Well, you know, I know just where he is," Emma declared triumphantly. "He just told me off five minutes ago for my robes being 'too crumpled'. I think he suspects that that Erection Enabler was something to do with me, you know," she added in a hiss, looking behind her a little anxiously. "He's been sniping and snapping at me for all sorts of stupid little things lately."

"I'm surprised he hasn't started taking points off Slytherins, yet!" Margaret added with a light chuckle, although I saw a little nervousness in her face. If Snape ~~was~~this annoyed now, when we weren't even half-way through our 'game', I could only imagine how irritated he'd be when it was Margaret's turn...or Carlie's again! This could all work to my advantage, however, given my task.

"Well, where is he?"

"He stormed off into his private office. It's just down a side corridor, near the common room. Why, what have you got planned?" Emma asked, looking curious. The girls all knew my task, and they were obviously curious about how I was going to accomplish it.

I pulled a little grimace. I hated trying to navigate the dungeons. While it wasn't true that ~~always~~ got lost, like the girls said, if I got in too deep, that is, if I got anywhere near the common room, I found myself getting hopelessly confused. "Well, if you three'll take me there, I'll show you what I'm going to do," I said, feeling a little more daring, now. It was easier to feel bold when I knew some of my girlfriends were behind me, even though they'd only be hiding around the corner and giggling.

Emma and Carlie exchanged looks while Margaret grinned in an excited-but-nervous sort of a way. "Well, as long as we're out of sight," Carlie said quickly. "I'm really not flavour of the month with Snape right now!" she continued, snorting a little.

Emma snorted too as she threaded her arm through mine and the three turned back the way they had came. "You know, Carlie, after that stunt you pulled... I've got to say, I'd be keeping out of his way, particularly as you've already got one more to go!"

Carlie sighed. "I know, I know. I get all the luck, eh? Do you think I peaked too soon?" We all laughed at this, and then, somehow, we had already reached our destination. The three Slytherin girls slowed to a stop, and I had to wonder *how* we could have been so close all along. It normally took me *ages* to find things in the dungeon! If I'd lurked around in the corridor for a while longer, I might have caught Snape himself stalking around, although this was infinitely better.

"So, it's just that door there. The second on your left," Emma said, lifting her arm to point half-heartedly. "The other one's just a store cupboard."

"Ah," I said, although that meant nothing to me. "Well, go on then, you three. You'd better go hide! I'm not quite sure ~~what~~ he'll do!"

For a second, all three gave me curious looks, and then they hurried back down the corridor. I could already see Emma's back beginning to shake in mirth, and I grinned to myself. Sure, this was scary, but I was glad to be entertaining my friends, and they were all doing the same for me!

I waited a few more seconds until I saw that the girls were well hidden around the corner, and then I turned, striding purposefully towards the second door on the left that Emma had indicated.

Taking a deep breath, I lifted my arm and then hesitated. This would require *precision*. I closed my eyes for a moment, and then let my half-closed fist fall onto the door. Once, twice, *that's enough!* Quickly, I leapt to the right, making sure I was moving in the *opposite* direction to my friends, and I spun on my toes about three yards down the corridor and began walking *oh-so-casually* back towards his door. I was about a yard and a half away when the door jerked open and Snape just stood there, looking highly irritated. I continued walking and said brightly, "Good morning, Professor Snape!"

The Potions master turned his head slowly to look at me.

"Miss Davis, *what* are you doing?" he snarled. I tried my best to look innocent.

"I don't know what you're talking about, sir."

He stared incredulously at me. *Are you serious?* his look seemed to say. "What are you doing in this corridor?" he questioned obliquely. He obviously thought that he was going to trick me into some sort of confession by 'logically' beating me down. Even Hufflepuffs know Snape's tricks.

"I'm just stretching my legs, sir. I just always seem to get lost in these dungeons. I don't know how you manage it, sir," I replied as calmly but deferentially as I could accomplish.

He glared again. "Some of us have a memory better than that of a goldfish, Miss Davis. How else can we explain that you have ~~forgot~~knocking on my door and interrupting me in my work?"

"Oh, sir, is *that* what happened?" I cried. "I wonder if it's Peeves who's tormenting you so?" I continued as if I were thinking aloud. "We've all heard about what happened in the staff meeting, sir. I'm so sorry. Why would anyone want to upset you?" I was beginning to ramble, but it wasn't important; I'd reached the end of my speech, and now it was time to *pounce*.

As I darted towards him, I had the horrifying image of what would happen if he quickly sidestepped the hug, letting me tumble to fall. Luckily, he was so dazed...maybe

even embarrassed...by my rambling that he stood stock still as I wrapped my arms around his waist and nestled my head against his breastbone. For a terrifying moment, I thought he was going to return the hug, as I could see his arms rising, but then his hands clamped down on my shoulders, and he began to pry me off him.

"Sorry, sir," I gasped a little breathlessly as I lifted my eyes daringly to meet his. "I just thought you could use a hug!"

Snape stared at me for a minute, forgetting to even glare. "Miss Davis, I suggest you continue on your ramble and do not bother me again," he finally growled lowly.

I waited a beat to hear the words, 'Oh, and a hundred points from Hufflepuff,' but they never came. Instead, the door of Snape's office was abruptly slammed in my face, missing my nose by merely an inch. I flinched, leaping backwards, and then had to stuff my hands to my mouth as dazed laughter threatened to erupt from my lungs.

Turning, I dashed up the corridor to where I had left my friends. At the corner, I found them, slumped against the wall, their hands raised just like mine.

"Oh, Merlin," Emma gasped. "I think he actually *believed* your sympathy!"

"It's because she's a Hufflepuff," Margaret replied. "I would *never* have gotten away with a trick like that!"

I grinned a little now, flushed with both mirth and pride. I hadn't actually thought I'd be able to pull it off with such aplomb; I'd imagined my dare might be the disappointment of the group, but no. I couldn't wait to spread the word to the girls tonight.

"Come on, you guys!" I said, laughing after a moment as they started trying to clamber their way back up the wall into standing positions. "I need you lot to guide me out of this place before he thinks twice and comes to find me!"

Emma started laughing again. "You're right; come on. *Snape* doesn't have the memory of a goldfish! I think we'll be lucky if he ever forgets any of us after this game!"

Word spread amongst the girls quickly about just how I'd completed my dare, and we all converged upon the Room of Requirement that night after dinner, sneaking in in dribs and drabs. It wouldn't have done for us all to leave the Hall en masse: that would *certainly* have tipped Snape off, and I'd caught him glaring at me at least once over dinner that night.

Emma and Margaret were the last to arrive, and they immediately insisted on a dramatic recounting of the story, even though they and Carlie had witnessed it and everyone else had already heard about. Bashfully, not thinking I could do justice to it, I insisted they tell the story from *their* point of view, jumping in to add other little details, like the fact that I'd thought he was going to hug me back.

"*How* did you manage to escape detention?" Robin muttered finally amidst all the appreciative laughter. "You might be the *only* person to survive hugging Snape unscathed!" Then she leapt up to grab the board game, and I pulled my dare card from my robe pocket. The letters upon it were glowing green, as they had been since that morning. That it was the Slytherin colour seemed sort of appropriate, given the game's nature.

"Okay, who's next?" Sadie finally demanded. I could tell she was getting a little impatient for her turn, but that was still a way away yet. We all looked to Margarite, who a little reluctantly pulled her card from her pocket now.

"I guess it's me..." she said a little hesitantly, and who could have blamed her. Snape was already in such a snit, performing a dare *safely* was getting increasingly difficult.

And the fun continues...

Author's notes:

Tracie Davis? you may ask. *Who the hell is she?* Well, although she never appeared in canon, someone rather similar, **Tracey** Davis did appear in JKR's early drafts, as a Slytherin in Draco and Harry's year. I have a peculiar love of Hufflepuffs, though, and yet I rarely write them... I thought it was time to give it a go, feigning some sort of canon compliance on the way!

The original prompt is: #15. The next time he glares at you, walk up to Snape and hug him. (200 Galleons says it freaks him out)

Margarite's Turn by Livvy

Chapter 10 of 27

Margarite Black has waited to do something like this for ages. Now she gets her chance!

Margarite's Turn by Livvy

~~~~~

Professor Snape truly hates me. I found out recently when all of us seventh-years from all the houses got together for girls' night. We were gossiping about who likes whom, and who fancies whom, stuff like that. I always felt on the periphery, being a 'love child.' Perhaps that's the reason why I work so hard at being popular. My mum is Mary MacDonald. She had a secret romance with a Death Eater, before he actually 'became' a Death Eater, named Regulus Black. I never met my father's family, just knew that I had an Uncle Sirius that had been in Azkaban. My mum said she was proud that my father tried to leave Voldemort, even if it got him killed. She insisted I wear the Black name. I would have rather been a MacDonald, but my mum put it on my birth record. My name is Margarite Black. At least I'm a Gryffindor. Honestly, after this night, I will never think of myself as paranoid again. The Slytherin girls confirmed it: Professor Snape truly hates me.

They said it's because of my Uncle Sirius, but no one really knows the whole story. They had been sworn enemies all through their years at Hogwarts. He used to call Professor Snape "Snivellus." Even the Slytherin girls laughed when they told that tidbit. They said it's because I'm a Black. My mum always said I looked more like my father's side of the family: tall, black hair, nice-looking. I always thought Mum meant that I took after my dad, although Snape must think I take after my uncle since I'm in Gryffindor like Uncle Sirius was and my Dad was a Slytherin. But my Mum was in Gryffindor. Maybe I am more like my uncle. All I know is that it's not fair to be prejudiced against a person because they happened to be related to someone who was a bastard in their youth. As if anyone could ever claim they had never acted stupid or had been a prat sometimes growing up!

Well, at the slumber party we all gathered for a game of Truth or Dare. I got a dare card like everyone else. I don't mind...another inheritance from my father's side. My mum says I just can't resist a dare. She always said I was a bit like my Uncle Sirius. They had been in Gryffindor together. She said he had a flair for things and never passed up a chance to show off.

I've got one day to pull it off, and there has to be a witness...at least one...to make it valid. So, I bide my time. Oh, I'm going to get Snivellus and how! I'm going to humiliate and embarrass the sneer right off his face! And I will love every minute of it. No one gets the right to piss on me because of my parents!

\*\*\*\*\*

I was in the library with a bunch of Gryffindors and Ravenclaws, studying for our NEWTs. We were working hard, making study notes and looking information up in our books. Today, we're working on making our study notes to help us prepare. We were settled in near the rear, by the Restricted Section, so we could chat a little while we work...Miss Pince is a bit of a nutter when it comes to "proper library conduct," as she puts it...the old cow! Also, if someone needed something from the Restricted Section, I'm the one to do it. I am not scared to do daring things or afraid to get into trouble. As it is, I hardly get caught, and if I do, I can always talk my way out of it...unless it's Snape.

Domina whispered to us, "Hey, who's got the next dare?"

Carlie laughed quietly and said, "It's going to be Margarite."

"That's right," I said as I look around at all of them proudly, "laugh it up. I'm not fussed."

"You can't say you're not scared!" hissed Bernise.

"Honestly, no," I said matter-of-factly. "I've been *waiting* for something like this to happen."

Carlie leaned back in her chair. "Well, Mar, looks like your wish has come true. Check out your bag."

I looked down at where Carlie gestured, and sure enough, my card in my backpack was glowing yellow. "Well, I'll be buggered," I mumbled. "Looks like Tracey did the old boy already."

Phylis' 'Snape' radar went off, and she glanced up with that look on her face she gets whenever Snape is in the room. "No one better be 'doing' anything with Severus!" she snapped, pointing a finger playfully at me and Carlie with a grin.

I rolled my eyes towards Austrina, who smirked and shook her head.

"Hose down, Phylis," I retorted. "No one's after your bat."

We got back to work, and Austrina nudged my arm and jerked her head to the side. "Psst! There he is," she said in a quiet singsong voice.

Bernise looked down at her essay, obviously getting nervous. "Please don't do anything *here*, Mar!" she begged.

"Oh, old pinched face isn't even around. She's probably snogging Filch in the backroom," I said in irritation.

Emma lifted her head up from her book and said, "Ugh! That was totally uncalled for. No one needs that visual in their heads."

Everyone laughed softly. I watched to see where Snape was going and could see that he was in fine form today, smacking a third-year in the back of the head for talking, taking points away from a couple of second-year girls for giggling over *Witch Weekly*. I wondered if he'd already made a first-year Hufflepuff cry today. Snape flicked his hand to make a seventh-year boy's chair land on all fours with a thud while snapping at another boy for having his feet on the table, putting the second boy in detention for not removing his feet fast enough and the first boy for not sitting properly in his chair. When they mumbled, Snape deducted ten points from each for their cheek and another ten for their infraction as he walked away.

I watched him head for the Restricted Section not too far from us. "Perfect," I whispered. '*Snivellus*.'

"Can I just say that it's so creepy when you say that?" said Carlie out of the corner of her mouth.

"Please don't get into any more trouble," pleaded Bernise in a hiss. "You could get suspended!"

"Remember," whispered Vera, as she shook a finger at me. "You can not antagonize him. He has to be mean to you *first*."

"Ladies," a deep, smooth voice washes over us. Bernise looked as if she was going to pass out. Austrina bit her lip, trying hard not to laugh. Snape can only see my profile, so I winked at Carlie.

"Is there a reason for all this whispering?" he asked with a softly spoken sneer as his eyes roved over us.

"We're just studying and helping each other out for the NEWTs," Vera said in her mothering tone.

"You all need to work more quietly," he snapped softly. "Although, I shouldn't be surprised; wherever Miss Black is, trouble is never far away."

My mind started whirling, and I jumped at the opportunity. I start flipping through my Potions book and said, "Professor Snape? May I ask you a Potions question?" I placed my most innocent look on my face, and he sighed impatiently.

"I highly doubt it. However, go on," he said in a bored tone as he began to become very interested in the state of his fingernails.

I took a deep breath and said rather loudly and quickly, "I am studying up on Strengthening Solutions, and I wanted to know are-you-on-your-RAG-WEEK?"

I listened as the girls started ducking behind their hands, books, anything to hide the fact that they all wanted to burst out laughing.

I kept a straight face as his grew increasingly pale. A nervous twitch near his mouth started moving. I would love to take credit for that twitch, but it was there long before I ever began to be a burr in his backside. My Uncle Sirius probably gave it to him.

He was silent for nearly a minute until he said in a murderous whisper, "I want you to repeat exactly what you said, and say it *early* this time."

His black eyes bored into mine, and I said, "I was asking, sir, about Strengthening Solutions, and I wanted to know how many *rat spleens*? I can't seem to locate the number in my book."

He looked at me in disbelief, as if he knew exactly what I had said, and knew that all the other girls knew it too, although he'd never be able to prove it. Nevertheless, he wasn't going to let it slide by. "Twenty points from Gryffindor, Miss Black, for being disruptive in the library and another ten for your belligerence. I will also be seeing you tomorrow in my office for detention. Since you have such an interest in rat spleens, I'm sure I can do something about it." Without looking away from my eyes, he flips the pages in my Potions book and points a long finger on the page. "There, Miss Black, is your answer. Next time, try actually looking at the text and not the pictures. Good day."



And with that, I watched him as he swept away back into the Restricted Section. Soon he was out of sight.

I turned to the girls. "Ah, bless him. Every bat has his day," I said in mock defeat.

"Oh, my God, he is so hot," said Phylis longingly.

I exchanged glances with Austrina and Carlie and said, "Phylis, I think it's time that we took you into St. Mungo's for shock therapy."

The other girls snickered and someone snorted. Soon we were doubling over in silent laughter.

"Rat spleen?" asked Vera. "I can't believe you, Mar."

I look at the card in my book bag, smiling at the glowing green letters. I flipped it over to show the girls. "One down, one to go!" I said enthusiastically.

I turned to Austrina, whose card would soon be glowing yellow, and patted her on the back. "Good luck, mate!"

~~~~~

And the fun continues...

Author's notes:

The original prompt is: The next time he is mean, ask him if he's on his period.

Forehead Graffiti by Southern_Witch_69

Chapter 11 of 27

What happens when a bunch of girls decide to play Weasleys Wizarding Wheezes, Truth, Dare and Consequences? A lot of mischief, some mayhem, and loads of heart pounding fun – just ask them.

Forehead Graffiti by Southern_Witch_69

Thanks go to beaweasley2 for putting together this round robin and for all the authors who've participated!

~~~~~

As I walked down to the Potions classroom in the dungeons, I felt the card in my pocket vibrate slightly. I pull back from my friends slightly and peek inside, seeing the yellow glow. "Bugger," I mutter darkly, knowing that it's now my turn to try my prank on Snape. I look around for Margarite to let her know that it's finally my turn but don't see her among us. We'd thought something had gone wrong when a whole day had passed and saw no change in my card.

"What's that, Austrina? Something wrong?" asks Sadie Fawcett, a Ravenclaw and friend—one who is also in on the game we girls are playing.

"My card's just gone yellow."

"Better you than me," she sympathizes. "I heard Snape's in a right foul mood today."

"Thanks so much, mate," I say dryly, flipping my long dark hair off my shoulders and swatting her with it as I do so.

"I kept wondering if it was going to skip you and be me instead."

"I wouldn't be so lucky. Blast, there's the bat now. Look lively."

Sadie giggles and enters the classroom ahead of me. We all settle into our desks and quiet down as my prey glides across to the blackboard.

"Instructions can be found," he flicks his wand, "here. You have exactly one hour. Get what you need and begin."

We quickly gather what we need and set out to work, not wanting to call attention upon ourselves. I watch as he leaves us to our work and enters his storeroom. After he doesn't return for nearly twenty minutes, I pretend to be missing the flobberworm mucus needed to thicken my potion.

On shaky legs I make my way to the storeroom and peek in. To my surprise, Professor Snape is sitting in a chair, leaning back against the wall, with a phial in one hand. His eyes are closed!

*Bloody hell, he's asleep!*

This might be my only chance to complete my prank! It would be right hilarious to see him entering the Great Hall for luncheon and have everyone snickering about the lightning bolt mark drawn onto his forehead! I mean, his hatred for the Potter boy is legend. The irony would be delicious.

The trusty pen filled with indelible ink is in the same pocket that I've been keeping the card in. I slide my hand into it and slowly creep forward: *Harry Potter Wanna Be Professor Snape, here we come!*

I lean forward, so close I can feel his hot breath hitting my cheek, and click the pen open, holding my eyes closed tightly as I do so, cringing in fear, and thinking: *He's going to wake, he's going to wake, he's... not waking?* His breathing hasn't changed. I crack an eye open and see that he's still asleep.

Biting my lip in concentration, I bring the pen up, ready to begin my graffiti upon his face, when I notice the lines about his eyes and his expression. Why would Snape simply fall asleep like this? That's not something he's ever done before! He has been looking a bit ragged lately and has been even more foul than usual. Something's got to be going on that we don't know about.

And here I am wanting to make things harder for him, make him the laughing stock of Hogwarts because of some stupid dare. Well, I won't do it. Poor sod. Guilt floods

through me as I straighten and scurry back to my desk. I'll leave this childish nonsense up to the other girls.

Of course, as soon as I think this, I feel the card vibrating in my pocket again. Shite! It fucking knows, doesn't it?

One look shows that it's glowing red, signaling my failure. I'm almost afraid of what might happen next, for failing shall bring about some horrid Weasley prank. When nothing happens immediately, I shrug and finish my potion. I'll just have to tell the girls that I couldn't go through with it and that there were no side effects.

Before the end of class, Professor Snape appears again, looking rested, and I feel much better about myself for some reason. It feels as though I've done something good, which is very odd for me. I rather like being naughty when I can. As we begin to turn in our samples and file out of the class, his silky voice calls out and caresses me.

"Oh, Miss Lamia?"

"Yes, sir?"

"Come here."

Once we are alone, he looks at me and says, "What have you done with yourself?"

"Sorry?"

"You've got donkey ears growing out of your head. They're elongating even now. Did you not just see the way Miss Fawcett was making hand gestures at you?"

Shite! "No, sir, I was bottling my potion." How had I not felt these ears? My hands are drawn to the top of my head where, sure enough, I feel the furry blighters.

"No ingredient should have caused this. Were you hexed in my class while I was... rearranging my stores?"

"Not that I'm aware of," I reply shakily, though I have a feeling the Weasley prank—punishment for not fulfilling my card's instructions—is starting.

"And you—what the...? Look at that!"

I turn around and see nothing in the room behind me. He's pointing and gawping at me. "Er... you've a donkey tail!"

Turning and turning, trying to reach behind me to catch sight of my supposed tail, I feel my face heat horribly in my embarrassment and wonder if I look very much like a cat or dog that chases its tail.

"What's going on here?" I ask, panicked, finally snatching it with my hand.

He holds back laughter admirably and holds out a small, jagged mirror for me to glance into. My face that was heating from embarrassment? It wasn't embarrassment at all. It was magic etching three letters across my forehead: A-S-S.

"Ass!"

"You'd best hurry to the infirmary, Miss Lamia, before you start growing a donkey's snout and teeth—or start hee-hawing!"

I leave my booksack behind as I make a run for it. As the door bangs against the wall, I finally hear his voice explode in laughter. Though I'm humiliated, I wonder if he's had much to laugh about lately and figure it's all right that he's found amusement in my situation—so long as nobody but Pomfrey sees me this way!

"Hee-haw!ways comes out on top, doesn't he?" I mutter and nearly faint as I hear my voice—the first words sounding much like an ass's call.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Sadie,*

*I've failed at my task! I can't meet with you lot to give you all the details just yet, but just let them know that I'm being thoroughly punished and am residing in the infirmary until tomorrow or so. I'll explain all when I can. Madam Pomfrey wants me to rest and will only allow this one short note. I mean, you saw that start of what was happening in Potions, right? It's ghastly!*

*Cheers, my friend, and good luck, for I think it might be your turn next.*

*Austrina*

~~~~~

And the fun continues...

SW Says: Not very long, I know, but I felt this was a fun solution—one that gave Snape a little well-deserved break. Anyone know why I chose Austrina and Lamia for my first and last name? LOL

My prank was to draw a lightning bolt shape on the good professor's forehead with indelible ink.

Margaret Pritchard Pulls It Off by CharmedForce

Chapter 12 of 27

Margaret Pritchard is a quiet, observant Slytherin until her turn at the Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes Dare game forces her to go against her instincts and challenge her Head of House.

Many thanks to AngelMischa, who stepped in to beta this for me, and beawesley2, the leader of this rabid pack. She is the creative genius behind the round robin and gathered all the conspirators together.

~~~~~

Several girls sat quietly at a table in the Room of Requirement. Without warning, one gasped and bounced in her seat. The group turned to look at Margaret, who was reaching into her pocket. She pulled out a glowing yellow card, vibrating steadily, and set it on the table. With wide eyes she glanced around at her friends.

"This is going to be bad. I can feel it," Margaret whined.

"Isn't Sadie supposed to go now? Why did your card activate, Margaret?" Robin asked.

"I don't know! We had been going in order before," she said. "Maybe the game knows Sadie is stuck in the hospital wing for a few more days. That wizarding flu got her good."

"Do you at least know how you are going to do it?" Angharad asked.

With her elbows on the table and her hands on her cheeks, Margaret nodded. "But that doesn't make it any easier. I'm just glad I've got a relatively innocent dare compared to the others. Professor Snape must be halfway to a heart attack by now, and this is sure to do him in."

Hers may have been harmless and simple for a Slytherin, but some of the dares issued by the game were not so easily completed. Most of the tasks were humiliating for her friends, Professor Snape and the innocent classmates caught in the crossfire.

"I plan on stopping by his office tomorrow evening at the end of his office hours, if you want to wait for me here. At least mine doesn't need to be in public. I don't think anyone would get away with being the bearer of this bad news if that was the case." Margaret picked up her card and read the script once again: *Tell Snape that you overheard Professor Trelawney give a prophecy about him. Then tell him she wants to snog him. Consequence for failure: An entire term spent emulating Trelawney bangles, sequined shawls, thick glasses and heavy patchouli.*

"I don't even take Divination!"

\*\*\*\*\*

"Enter!" he called a moment after she knocked on his office door. Stepping quickly into the room, she left the door open for propriety's sake. She stopped just inside the door, waiting for him to invite her to sit or send her on her way quickly. His head was still turned down as he marked the essay in front of him. Knowing better than to interrupt further, she quietly stood in place, eyes focused on the wall behind him. Several minutes later, he set his quill down and looked up at her.

"Miss Pritchard, I do not believe we had an appointment or detention this evening. You must have something of great concern to bring to my attention," Professor Snape said smoothly.

"Yes, sir. There was an incident several days ago that I was instructed to not inform you of. However, after further developments, I think this information is critical for you."

"I see. And who instructed you to not tell me?" There was an edge to his voice that showed his displeasure, though she was unsure why he was so annoyed. Was it because information had willingly been held from him, or was he already aggravated and expecting her to do something just as outrageous as the other dares?

"The Headmaster, sir. He said that whether you knew or not wouldn't change the situation, so there was no point bothering you. However, since that time I have learned more and feel it is crucial you be made of the situation."

Margaret was starting to get nervous, though she fought against showing it. Her Head of House would jump on that weakness. She hoped she wasn't miscalculating by approaching him not as a joke or prank, but as a serious problem. She thought he might be less likely to give her detention if he thought she was serious.

"And why do you feel you should be the one to share this information, Miss Pritchard? Do you really think the Headmaster would keep such important information from me?" Professor Snape's tone of voice showed the mounting anger she had predicted he would feel.

This was the part she had thought she would have the most trouble with. How to convince him to accept the information without making him too suspicious?

"Forgive me, sir, but as you are my Head of House, I feel it is more important that all of my information, including what the Headmaster is not privy to, be shared with you to prevent any ..." Margaret stumbled over an appropriate word to use, "...problems from occurring within the House. It is in my best interest that you be allowed to handle this yourself. If you would permit me to speak with you in private and explain the incidents I witnessed, I am sure you will understand why I felt it appropriate to approach you."

Margaret stood still for several moments, wondering if this was when her dare failed. She liked being unnoticed, able to watch her schoolmates without them realizing she was there. If she failed now, they would all be able to smell and hear her coming.

Professor Snape pulled out his wand, and with a quick flick, his office door slammed shut. Another swish, and Margaret heard him mumble something that sounded like *Muffliato*. She assumed it was some sort of privacy spell and made a mental note to look it up. She didn't recognize it, and any little known spell could come in handy.

"Take a seat, Miss Pritchard, and begin your tale."

"Yes, sir." She moved quickly toward the chair in front of his desk, noticing the shelves and bookcases scattered throughout the room, with a mysterious blank gap on the wall that looked to have scratches and other marks. Taking a moment to collect herself, she straightened her back and looked her professor straight in the eye. "Last week I was making my way from the sixth floor corridor to the Common Room when I met with Professor Trelawney. She had just come down the staircase and was walking unsteadily. When she saw me, she ran to me and thrust her Tarot cards at me, shouting something about the Devil and the Lovers. When I touched the cards, she grabbed my wrists and then froze. It was like someone had Petrified her. I looked around to see who had hexed her, but there was no one there."

Professor Snape took Margaret's pause for breath as a chance to jump in. "Miss Pritchard, I fail to see what anything Sibyll Trelawney does has to do with me. Get to the point immediately!"

"But, sir, it has *everything* to do with you! As I was looking around, I heard this deep voice start speaking. Professor Trelawney's eyes had glazed over, and she was speaking in this horrible manner. She started talking about 'the Devil who holds back the one who stoppers death, and the Lovers who seek to match this brewer of fame to the one with the True Eye.'" She sniffled loudly and dropped her eyes to her hands. "I didn't understand what she was saying; I kept asking her to repeat herself, but she just repeated it and then went silent. I tried to pull my arms free but she collapsed." Margaret was making sure she stuttered appropriately and was overcome with tears. Giving another big sniff, she looked up through her lashes at Professor Snape.

*It should not be possible for a man to pale so severely* Margaret thought. Confident that he was buying her story and had figured out her clues, she continued.

"Professor Dumbledore found us just after Professor Trelawney passed out. He asked me to go to his office and wait for him there. Once he had helped Professor Trelawney, he had me explain exactly what I had heard her say. He said she has given true prophecies before and that I was lucky to have seen one. I played dumb when he asked me what my opinion was on the subjects of the Prophecy. I mean, 'one who stoppers death' and 'brewer of fame' has to be you, sir! It's your first-year speech."

"I am well aware of what the content of my own speech is, Miss Pritchard. I've been giving that speech to first years for longer than you have been alive!" he shouted. His hands were clenched into tight fists, his knuckles white from the pressure. Seeing how deeply he was breathing, Margaret presumed him to be very, *very* angry. Not

wanting to press her luck, she decided she had best wrap things up before he killed the messenger.

"Certainly, sir. I apologize for my words." Clearing her throat, Margaret began again. "I did not let on to Professor Dumbledore that I suspected the Prophecy involved you and Professor Trelawney. He instructed me to keep the incident to myself and to tell no one, especially not you, what had happened. When I questioned why *especially* not you, he gave me this wink and said that one cannot escape his fate, regardless of whether one knows what that fate is, and he felt confident that Professor Trelawney would explain the situation when you needed to know. As there was no life-threatening harm described in the Prophecy, he thought it could wait."

Snape jumped up, sending his chair crashing behind him. He threw his fists again the desktop, knocking over a jar of ink. "~~Not~~*life-threatening?* Being paired with Sibyll Trelawney is extremely life-threatening!" He grabbed the jar and sent it flying into the blank gap of wall across the room.

Margaret flinched, automatically ducking her head, then sat up straight again. "Sir, please! I've not finished."

"I think we are very much so finished here, Miss Pritchard. Get back to your dorm!" he shouted as he reached for the stack of essays and threw them toward the blank wall. Suddenly he turned to her and called out, "No, wait! That's two points from Slytherin for hiding this from me. Now, get out!"

"No! Sir, I understand you are upset, but you are missing the most crucial information," she protested. She had only completed half her dare, and if he kept throwing her out, she was never going to finish it.

"I don't care what else happened. Nothing could be worse than Trelawney! Another three points from Slytherin!"

Desperate to complete her task, Margaret had no further options. "She wants to snog you!" she shouted at the top of her lungs.

Professor Snape froze in mid-swing. He turned back to Margaret with a wild look in his eyes. "What did you say?" he hissed.

"Professor Trelawney said she wants to snog you. I passed her in the corridor earlier today, and she was talking to herself, making plans on how to get you alone to... to..." The words failed her. What was there left to say? The dare was complete, and Margaret was just praying to get out of the office alive.

The crystal paperweight he had been in the process of throwing dropped to the floor. He reached with one hand for the edge of his desk, leaning against it as the other hand grabbed his abused chair and pulled it forward. He sank into it, putting his elbows on the table and his head in his hands. He wiped his face once before throwing his head down onto the desktop. The loud thud that reverberated through the room made Margaret jump. He lifted his head to look at her, opening his mouth to talk before dropping it back down for another thud.

"Surely I have suffered enough in life. I don't deserve Sibyll Trelawney, do I? Dear Merlin, please just keep me from her. Almost anyone but that old fraud!" His voice was most pitiful and not at all what Margaret was used to hearing from him.

Deciding discretion was the better part of valour, Margaret quietly moved closer toward the door, hoping to make a quiet escape. No need to draw more attention to herself.

Another thud on the desk had her moving faster. Just as she reached the doorknob, Professor Snape picked his head up and lifted his arm to point at her. "Halt! I have not dismissed you yet."

Nodding quickly, Margaret stepped back toward the center of the room. He reached for his wand and waved it at the door, mumbling, *Finite*."

"Ten points to Slytherin for assisting the well-being of the House," he said, punctuating the end of the sentence with a bang of his head on the desk. "Now you are dismissed. Go."

"Yes, sir," Margaret said as she darted out of the room. She moved quickly through the dungeon corridors, not stopping or slowing until she reached the main floor. There she stopped in a shallow alcove to catch her breath.

She could not believe she had just done that. Her Head of House looked so defeated at the prospect of a Prophecy pairing him with Trelawney. Reaching into the pocket of her robes, she pulled out her card, the lettering now a telling shade of green.

"Oh, thank Merlin," she sighed.

"Thank Merlin for what?" Angharad asked as she walked up.

Margaret showed her the green letters on the card before frowning slightly. "What are you doing here?"

She smiled and winked at Margaret. "I came to make sure you made it out alright. I was ready to hit you with a Disillusionment Charm if I saw Snape chasing after you."

"Then thank you instead of Merlin. Come on; let's get to the Room of Requirement. I can't wait to tell everyone what happened."

The two made their way quietly and joined the rest of the girls.

"How did it go?" Sadie asked. Margaret took the open seat near the board and explained what had happened.

"It's just cruel to force Professor Trelawney on anyone, let alone my own Head of House. I actually felt guilty watching him. I was so surprised when he began throwing things. We are obviously getting to him if he is losing control in front of students like that. At least we know why he has the blank stretch of wall," Margaret finished. "He uses it as target practice!"

The girls laughed at how angry and annoyed Snape had been, commenting on how Margaret even managed to earn her House points for her prank, and the conversation soon turned to the next task.

"I am very glad to have that over with. As long as Professor Snape doesn't ask the Headmaster about it, I should get away with it." Margaret paused and frowned. "Though I doubt he will just let it go. He will eventually confront the Headmaster. I just hope it is after we've finished Hogwarts!"

A few girls murmured their agreement, and for a moment, they were all lost in the potential consequences of the game.

Margaret cleared her throat and cast a smile at the group. "Well, since I have successfully completed my dare and received my green letters on the card, it is time for the next dare!"

The girls all turned to look at Fern, whose card began glowing yellow and vibrating. "Good luck, Fern," Margaret said.

From the back of the room, a voice was heard singing a Funeral Dirge. "Shut up! It won't be that bad!" Fern cried as she threw a pillow at the singer. The room descended into chaos as the girls all laughed and joyfully attacked each other.

~~~~~

And the fun continues...

Author's Note: The prompt I followed was *Tell Snape that you overheard Professor Trelawney give a prophecy about him. Then tell him she wants to snog him.*

Fern's Midnight Stroll by cocoachristy

Chapter 13 of 27

What happens when a bunch of girls decide to play Weasleys Wizarding Wheezes, Truth, Dare and Consequences? A lot of mischief, some mayhem, and loads of heart pounding fun – just ask them. The dares all come from the U-tube, '101 Ways To Annoy Snape,' and were written by a double handful of very talented authors. I hope you enjoy this more than Severus Snape did. Well, some of them he didn't seem to mind – much.

Fern's Midnight Stroll by cocoachristy

A/N: Many, many thanks to Southern_Witch_69 for her awesome betaness!

Fern lay in her bed and sighed heavily. It had been a very long and frustrating day. It was already past midnight, but it had taken her that long to finish both her Potions and Transfiguration essays.

Her only bright spot had been when Seamus Finnegan had smiled at her. She had the most desperate crush on him, though she was sure he wasn't aware. *One day*, she thought dreamily, *I just might get up the courage to let him know*.

Just as she settled in, imagining herself snogging Seamus and began drifting off to sleep, she saw her card lying on the little stand by her bed, still glowing. "Bloody bugging hell!" she cried out. Throwing her covers aside, she jumped out of bed.

She'd completely forgotten that Snape was patrolling tonight. *If I had remembered that, I would have been more prepared*, she thought to herself as she frantically threw her robes on over her pajamas and then slipped her feet into her slippers. She'd known it was her turn before she'd come up to her room, for Merlin's sake!

Taking a deep breath, she grabbed her card, put it in her pocket, and tiptoed down the stairs and into the common room. She loved her common room colors, yellow and black, the colors of her House. As she looked around, she noted that only a few other seventh years were still up. *Good*, she thought.

She'd almost made it to the door unnoticed when Justin called out to her. "Oi! Where do you think you're going, Fern?"

"Er... Just a quick trip to the kitchens. I'll be back straight away."

"No, you can't! Hufflepuff can't afford to lose any more points, you know!" Justin sternly told her.

"Oh, no worries," she tried to assure him. "I'll keep a low profile. I'll not be caught, I promise!"

"Why? Why do you need the kitchens at this late hour?"

"Well," she rubbed her belly, "I'm terribly hungry, not having eaten any supper. I had to finish my essays and got caught up in the library. By the time I surfaced, supper was over."

"Fern, *Snape* is patrolling tonight! You know nothing nor no one gets by him—"

"No worries!" she called again as she slipped out the door too quickly for him to stop her.

After taking a moment to calm herself, she began walking quietly down the hallway, watchful of any other professors patrolling. When she got caught, *that* had to be *Snape* who caught her.

She nearly choked when Mrs. Norris came meowing and sniffing

around her legs. "Shoo, you loathsome beast!" Fern hissed as she kicked at the cat. If Filch caught her now, she'd fail her dare! "Go on, now! Go!"

"Kitty, kitty, kitty," she heard Filch murmur. "Where are you now, lovey? Mrs. Norris? Come now."

"Go! Scoot!" she harshly whispered.

Mrs. Norris stood stubbornly staring at her for a moment and, then with her tail raised, sauntered off as if Fern was not worth a moment of her time.

"Where did you go? Did you see a student, my pet?" Filch asked her.

Mrs. Norris let out a very loud meow of annoyance and then turned in Fern's direction.

Holding her breath, Fern quickly and as quietly as possible disillusioned herself as Filch narrowed his eyes and looked in her direction. He stood there for what seemed like hours, but was only minutes, before turning abruptly and scurrying off.

Letting out a sigh of relief, Fern removed the spell. She stood where she was a moment to calm herself and then started for the kitchens once more.

Just as she rounded the corner, she almost walked into Professor McGonagall, who, thankfully, had her attention to the other side of the hall.

She quickly hid behind a suit of armor, once more holding her breath so that she'd not make a sound, not breathing again until McGonagall had walked past her.

Once she was in the clear, Fern wasted no time getting to the kitchens. Her lack of sleep and stress over assignments was causing her to be jumpy and nauseated. She wanted to get this over with—now!

Fern sighed with relief as soon as the pear came into sight. Just as she raised her hand to give it a tickle, she heard the menacing voice behind her that she'd been both wanting and fearing to hear at the same time.

“Out for a midnight stroll, Miss Freebush?”

“I... um... I was just, er...” Fern knew she was fumbling her sentence, but she was suddenly too scared to talk. He looked so tired and angry.

“Yes? You were just what?”

Taking a deep breath, Fern decided to get things over with and face the consequences. “Well, sir, you see, it’s that time of the month for me. You know, my period?” she asked as she waved her hands in a circle for emphasis.

Snape paled. “Yes, I know what—”

“Well, this month has been really, really bad! It’s been a right pain in the arse, let me tell you, what with these really bad cramps I’ve been having!”

“Miss Freebush!” Snape said, appalled. “There is no need for language such as that! As it is, I will be—”

“You wouldn’t happen to have any Midol in your stores, would you, sir? I know that there are potions for this sort of thing that Madam Pomfrey provides, but really, I think that Midol works much better! It not only eliminates the pain, but the symptoms too!

“That’s why I came down here, you know. My period makes me crave chocolate! I felt like I would ~~die~~ if I didn’t get some straight away! Anyhoo, would you happen to have any Midol, sir?” she finished with a big whoosh, as she had to take a deep breath.

Snape stood perfectly still, eyes closed, pinching the bridge of his nose with his thumb and first finger. “Are you quite finished with your pitiful explanation, Miss Freebush?”

Fern hung her head. Now that she’d actually finished rambling, she felt nervous and a little ashamed to be pulling pranks on this man who looked so worn and tired. “Yes, sir. I’m sorry.”

“Mmm. Sorry, are you? Well, let’s see how sorry you’ll be after I remove... ten points from Hufflepuff, and you serve two days detention with... I think Hagrid will suffice.”

Fern tried not to smile. He was hardly punishing her at all. Nodding enthusiastically, she simply said, “Yes, sir!”

“Oh, and one last thing, Miss Freebush. If you require *Muggle* products, I recommend you bring them from home and check them in with Madam Pomfrey upon arriving with them. This is, after all, a school for *wizards and witches*. Do I make myself perfectly clear?”

“Yes, sir. Perfectly. Thank you.”

He nodded. “You may go now.”

She didn’t need to be told twice! She nodded and walked quickly past him, not stopping anywhere until she reached her dorm room.

After undressing and getting into bed, she jotted a quick note to Domina, warning her that it was her turn and that she’d be on her guard.

Glad it was finally over, Fern laid down and went instantly to sleep. She slept better that night than she had in weeks!

~~~~~

And the fun continues...

The prompt I followed was: - Ask him how he’s feeling. Proceed to go into a rant about how you’re on your period, and it’s a Grade-A pain in the ass because you have really bad cramps. Then ask him if he has any Midol.

## Domina’s Tale by Ladyofthemasque

*Chapter 14 of 27*

Ravenclaws may be clever, but Domina Arcanum will have to armour herself just to succeed at *this* particular prank...

Domina's Tale by Ladyofthemasque

~~~~~

Fascinating.

Strolling through the halls of the school, Domina studied the card that had flown toward her, back during the slumber party. The game was rigged, she was sure of it, but her card glowed yellow, and the consequence of ignoring it was not something she wished to face.

Yellow meant it was that particular girl's turn to perform her dare, or face that particular card's consequences. Green meant the dare had been successfully completed, and a red glow, appropriately sanguine, indicated the dare had failed and the girl in question had to suffer the consequences.

That her own card now glowed a sunny hue meant that Fern's dare was complete. They'd all meet in the Room of Requirement later on to see whether or not the Hufflepuff's card glowed verdant or crimson; right now, Domina had a more pressing problem. From the tolling of the school bells in the distance, she had only a short period of time in which to complete the required task of her Dare card, or suffer the card's chosen punishment. Tucking the card back into her book bag, she headed for her goal.

Luckily, she wasn't the first one in line to play out her dare. Everything was almost ready to go. All she had to do was...yes, avoid that clutch of giggling Gryffindor second-years, duck into the side-hall that led to the non-functional lavatory on the second floor, wave perfunctorily in the direction of Moaning Myrtle's stall...thankfully the dolorous ghost was elsewhere at the moment...and open the supply closet.

And then, somehow, extract the full suit of 16th century German tournament armour from its amorous embrace with the equally 16th century Turkish lady's gown, replete with headdress and veil. Vestigial traces of the wizard and witch that had once worn these outfits remained, infused throughout the magic animating both garments. The

dress hadn't been easy to find, either; the North Tower Fraud hadn't even known the dress had been locked up in her very own attic, attributing its mournful rustlings and humming, lonely sighs to the occluding of her "inner eye" of all things.

Personally, Domina couldn't stand Professor Trelawney as a teacher. The art of Divination wasn't an art, it was a science. Admittedly one that functioned best when allowed to process under the complex interactions of minimally-guided chaos theory applications, but it was still a science, a knowledge that could be grasped and learned by a sufficiently educated and practiced mind. Anything else was twaddle, stuff and nonsense.

The reason why she had gone in search of the dress, which had required two full days of rooting through old in-school memos and staff correspondences instead of working swottily on her Arithmancy and Runes homework, was not because she needed the dress to complete her dare. She needed the armour, which had refused to cooperate with her request until she had reunited him...er, it...with the original owner's long-lost love's dress.

Really, she thought, rolling her eyes as the armour and the dress did a passable version of a certain lecherous Slytherin coupling with a certain risk-taking Gryffindor in a certain other storage closet she had encountered just last year. *It's not like they have those parts, nor would a lady of her standing in her day and age throw up her skirts so high...and he should've been more of a gentleman in taking off his armour, first. If that were a real girl, she'd have been screaming in agony from the bites and bruises of all that fancy, hammered fluting against her inner thighs...*

"A-hem."

Veil and helm continued to twist and press together, as though they were lovers exchanging passionate kisses.

"Excuse me...?"

Silk rustled and metal creaked with a centuries-old passion that could not be denied. Domina dragged her hand down over her face. *No wonder milady's gown was locked up in the bloody attic all these years, if they were putting on this sort of a show for the students all those years ago...*

"If you don't mind...?"

No response. She didn't have time for this. *Fine. I didn't want to do this, but seeing as you're not paying any attention to me, I have no choice but to pull out my cruelest weapon.* A pause, a flutter of her fingertips at the base of her throat, and she made a delicate, high-pitched noise.

"Mrrau?"

The dress squeaked in fright and the tournament armour clattered loudly, scrambling loose of his lady-love's sleeves. It banged against the edge of the closet door, helmed head twisting frantically as far as it could turn, searching for the menace to its lady-love's hem. In the next moment, the stiff, frightened armour wilted in relief, seeing only the dark-haired Ravenclaw student, and not the yellow-eyed visage of Mrs. Norris, the scruffy cat that patrolled the school halls as an adjunct to Mr. Filch, the caretaker. Mrs. Norris had a very bad habit of sharpening her claws on the hems of floor-length gowns, and the Turkish gown was quite old.

Seeing that it was only her, the gown brushed itself off, smoothing its skirts, and the armour tugged at the metal collar of its gorget.

"It is time," Domina stated simply. Her tone brooked no argument and no resistance. Her only threat had been the mimicry of clearing her throat, but it was enough.

Slumping in defeat, the armour started releasing its catches. Setting down her school bag, Domina stepped into each piece of armour that floated her way. She had to remove her outer school robe and transfigure the pleated folds of her school skirt into a pair of slacks so that it would fit comfortably inside the tassets protecting her thighs, but at least the stout, dark grey protected her tender skin from the cold metal as it enclosed her body, the same with her school jumper.

She did have to shift her grip on her wand as the gauntlets slipped over her fingers one hand at a time, and the feel of the helm, with its tiny visor slit and right-side ventilation grille, made her slightly claustrophobic when the suit automatically lowered the faceplate, but that was alright; this was the one suit of armour that actually fit...squashed breasts aside...and the terms of the dare were simply that she had to wear the armour, not necessarily wear it with the faceplate down.

Still, it wouldn't do to be recognized while she was in the corridors, so for now, she left the faceplate down. Swishing her wand...adjusting for the fact that the armour did weigh her down and interfere a little with her movements...she shrunk her school bag and levitated it into the cuff of her left gauntlet. Then clanked her way back out of the abandoned girls' lavatory, heading for the front hall and the narrow stairs down into the dungeons.

The other students, finished with their lunches and milling about, gave her cursory looks. Most seemed to mistake her for an actual enchanted suit of armour, and a few muttered that it was odd to see one of the suits on the ground floor, never mind creaking and clanking its way toward the basement. But this was Hogwarts, where the unusual was the usual. Had this been, say, Marks & Spencer, it would've been another matter entirely.

Not that she had gone into Marks & Spencer very often; that was a rare treat, saved for when her family came to England to visit with her mother's relatives. They were Muggle folk, and her nana and papa took great delight in introducing the studious young witch to all manner of Muggle things.

Thinking about her maternal grandparents did make Domina wish the stairwell was an escalator. Even a non-functional one, given how Muggle technology didn't work very well in the presence of a great deal of wizarding magic. *At least the steps wouldn't have been quite so narrow*, she thought, wincing as she slipped on the second-to-last step, landing on the last one from the bottom with a thump of her armoured heel. Stepping cautiously onto the flagstones at the bottom, Domina made her way to the queue of students waiting outside the Potions classroom door.

Now she got stared at. And prodded by one of the Slytherin students, who first traced the curlicue etchings on the pauldrons covering her shoulder, then poked at her shoulder, trying to knock her over. Tempted to lift her armoured knee into his unarmoured groin, Domina refrained. Thankfully...for his sake...the classroom door swung open, admitting the Advanced Potions class to the laboratory.

Clanking up to her lab desk, Domina ignored the wide-eyed looks, curious stares, pointing fingers and snickering voices. Extracting her bag with a flick of her wand, she resized it, shrunk the robe stuffed into the top, and used a few judicious spells to extract her notebook and writing quill. The quill she would enchant to start taking notes for her once class actually began, since wielding a wand was about as fancy as she could get in this attire; her gauntlets had a great deal of articulation in the finger joints, but not quite enough for the finer movements required for legible penmanship.

Only then did she glance toward the Potions Master's podium. He wasn't there. Icy-hot apprehension prickled down her left side...cluing Domina as to *where* the Potions Master had gone. Unable to successfully peer out that side, but knowing she had to see anyway, she shifted her wand so it wouldn't poke her armour accidentally, and pushed up the faceplate of her tournament helm.

A long, sharp, sallow nose loomed next to her left eye. "*What* is the meaning of this, Miss Arcanum?"

Quiet-spoken though he often was, she did admire his crisp diction. It was one of the things she tried to emulate from him. All of her teachers...except the North Tower Fraud, and a few of the flakes that had come and gone through the Defence position...had admirable qualities worthy of emulation.

As much as the other students admired her and Phyllis' ability to tag-team a target, extracting information, permissions, and anything else they desired, it wasn't about nattering their victim to death with enthusiasm, pleading, and even whinging. It was all about a careful mixture of logic, fact, and *subtle* applications of emotion. Well, somewhat subtle, at least on her own part. It was with that same level of logic, fact, and subtle manipulation that she addressed her professor's concerns in the same quiet but crisp manner he had used.

"Having entered into a magically binding contract, I am obligated to perform my choice of one of two tasks: either wear armour to Potions class...or give Argus Filch a *pedicure*."

Most of her tone was neutral and factual, save for that last word. Into that last word, she dripped about three-quarters as much venomous disdain as she figured Professor Snape himself would have used.

This was her secret weapon. Both she and her friend Phyllis had learned long ago that if they echoed their targets in emotions and mannerisms, mirroring the traits their targets liked best in themselves, it made the other person instantly, subtly more sympathetic. With that firmly...and successfully...in mind, Domina glanced over at her teacher, arching one brow.

The look was one she had observed Professor Snape himself using a time or two, when non-verbally communicating with his colleagues over some potentially unpleasant event afflicting the smooth running of the school. It invited him to contemplate the unpleasantness of her alternate choice, versus the milder consequences of her current predicament.

Thankfully, it worked. "How long?"

She didn't dare check in her bag for the status of her card. "One presumes for the entire period, since it specified Potions class. Particularly as class has not yet begun, and will not be complete until the period is through. I apologize for the disruption, but given my choices, I would far rather suffer your wrath than pumice *that* person's calluses."

"Ten points from Ravenclaw for inappropriate attire." He started to straighten away from her, then swooped back in, hissing in her ear. "*Plus* ten more, if you fail to complete a perfect potion by the end of this period, Miss Arcanum."

"Understood...*muchas gracias*," she added under her breath as he whirled away. She meant it; some of the other girls hadn't fared nearly so well as a mere ten points lost and another ten flimsily threatened. Domina hadn't failed to make a perfect potion since her fourth year. True, she had never made one while weighed down with German tournament armour, but it was a minor inconvenience.

Needing her ink jar on the desk so that she could enchant her quill to take the requisite notes on today's potion, Domina discreetly peered into her bag, looking for her card. A green glow met her gaze, letting her know that her task was complete. She could have taken off the armour, but...no. *No, I'd rather try for the challenge of crafting a potion in full plate*, she decided, smiling as she extracted the jar and set to work. *It's quite amusing, really. Particularly as I'd thought I'd not run across anything truly challenging in this class for this half of the year.*

Still, I'd have thought he would be a lot more upset than that...

Fascinating.

It wasn't until that evening, sitting on her bed after supper, methodically laying out her school books and scrolls on the tea-tray stand her mother had thoughtfully given her for studying on, that Domina discovered that her card no longer glowed green. When she fished it out of her Runes book, stuck halfway into the text from having been shoved around, it was now glowing...*blue*?

The possessor of this card...identified as the lovely Miss Domina Arcanum...is hereby Dared to the following task: Wear armour to Potions class for the rest of the current school year.

The card flared yellow.

Domina narrowed her eyes. Anger flooded her senses, as did visions of her enacting vengeance on the presumptuous Weasley twins. She *had* thought they were cute, but there was *no* way she was going to put up with having to wear that bloody suit for the rest of the term! Despite the thickness of her sweater and transfigured slacks, the metal had been cold, clunky, and uncomfortable, digging into soft-fleshed spots, and configured all wrong for her feminine torso. A single hour of wearing it had been more than enough, particularly as the professor had warned her at the end of class to leave the plate mail out of his potions lab from now on.

There was more text on the card. Staying her wand-hand, Domina read on. She almost tossed down the card in disgust at the next part.

Should Miss Arcanum fail to fulfil this Dare, she will be forced to endure an all-day double-date with Messrs. Vincent Crabbe and Gregory Goyle...being compliant to their every request.

Instantly her mind raced into what she knew of Auror crime-scene investigation techniques...and which among her many tomes might contain enough spells to hide all traces of what would have happened to a certain pair of redheaded imbeciles.

The last section on the Dare card, when she finally read it, sent her wildest imaginings careening off in an entirely different and unexpected direction.

However, should the Delectable Domina complete this Dare, she will be given an all-day double-date with Messrs. Fred and George Weasley...who do indeed find her absolutely delectable, and who are willing to be her abject love-slaves for the entirety of said day.

A slow smile, wicked and wild, curved her lips. *It just says 'armour' on this card...it doesn't specify a whole suit of armour, now does it? Not to mention the thought of having both of those idiots magically bound to obey my every command for a full day...*

Setting aside thoughts of all the horrible, mean...perverted, passionate things she could make them do...what young, red-blooded woman attending Hogwarts in the last few years *hadn't* dreamt of being in the middle of a Weasley sandwich, to be honest...Domina quickly started jotting down ideas for various interpretations of the word *armour*. If she had to wear armour for the rest of the school year, she would have to find *some* variation that would be both comfortable and maneuverable, as well as utterly discreet.

A week and a half later, the chain maille shirt was the first to be noticed, but only because the black sleeve of her school robe clattered against the table top at the wrong moment, just as Professor Snape passed behind her in his circuit around the room. He frowned at her, then plucked at the black finespun wool, twitching it up her forearm. Baring the interlaced metal rings.

"Miss Arcanum..."

"...The terms of the contract were unexpectedly extended, Professor," she interrupted, speaking under her breath as she focused on sweeping the minced bits of mushroom into her cauldron. "However, if I complete them...I will have, by contract, the persons responsible firmly under my control for a full twenty-four hours. I *fully* intend to make them pay for their foolishness. In the interim, as it clearly does *not* interfere with my capacities in your laboratory, I see no reason to discuss the matter any further. Particularly as it would be a waste of your valuable time and energy, sir."

He withdrew his fingers from her sleeve, but stayed at her side, eyes narrowed thoughtfully. Finally, he leaned close. "*This* has something to do with your plot to drive me mad, *doesn't* it?" Professor Snape hissed. "You, and the other girls. Well, it *won't* work!"

Not by a single twitch of her expression did Domina reveal the fact that he had hit the nail almost on the head. It wasn't her and her fellow female students' goal to drive him mad, but the game's goal, a game invented by the Weasley boys. She contented that corner of her mind with a mental image of flogging a pair of upturned, freckled bums clad in heart-scattered undershorts, and continued with the next step of her potion.

"It *won't*," he repeated firmly, before whirling and stalking away.

She felt a little sorry for him, but it was just as well he thought she was wearing chain maille these days. He'd missed the day she wore the Warrior Princess leathers, though it had been so cold that the figures of the other students had looked equally bulky, albeit due to extra layers of jumpers and anoraks under their robes, and not from an ornamental bronze breastplate over Grecian leathers. *I'd also better be very careful when the weather warms up enough in June for me to try the...fully lined...chain maille bikini. A pity I can't wear the Japanese lamellar, but he might actually notice that one. Not to mention this hauberk is awfully heavy...*

I think I'll go back to the studded leather after this class is over. Given how they worded that Dare card, I think Fred and George just might have a thing for leather-clad dominatrixes. She smirked as she added shredded salamander scales to her brew. *The only questions remaining are, how much of this second Dare do I reveal to the other girls...and which armour variants am I going to wear on our date?*

The latter prospect was something worth contemplating.

Fascinating, in fact.

~~~~~

And the fun continues...

Author's notes:

The original prompt is: 32) Proceed to wear armor to Potions. For the rest of the year.

## Woody Awakening by pookah

Chapter 15 of 27

There is no way Vera can get through this prank without Snape knowing who did it; she has to ask him to marry her! He who laughs last, laughs best.

Woody Awakening by pookah

*I have borrowed all the characters for this little opus from JKR and the other writers in this Round Robin. Except for Vera, and I even borrowed her name!*

*Thank you to my beta, sweetflag. Any particular clever turn of phrase was probably suggested by her. The charming chapter title, for example, is hers!*

*Thank you to beawesley2, who not only organized this Merry-go-Round-Robin, but who has encouraged and helped me personally.*

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As Vera Sappleton left the potions classroom, the card in her pocket began to vibrate. No one was looking at her; they were all looking at Domina Arcanum (poor thing!) who was wearing a full suit of armour.

Vera slipped the card out of her pocket and read the glowing yellow letters: *Walk into the Great Hall and confess your undying love for Snape in front of everyone in attendance. Kneel, propose, and then wink at him.*

Shuddering, she crammed the card back into her pocket. She was not going to be able to escape this time; she would get detention. Her parents would be disappointed. Oh, she was in trouble now!

Professor Snape sat at the High Table, conversing with Professor McGonagall. He looked angry, and she looked sympathetic. Vera imagined he was complaining about the students who were playing tricks on him. The latest had been just that day; Miss Arcanum had worn armour to Potions class and clanked around all the period, making a racket and a nuisance of herself. Vera could imagine Snape's comments: *Dangerous! Disrespectful! Outrageous!*

Vera slowly walked between the Hufflepuff and Gryffindor tables towards the Head Table. She knew none of the teachers would think she was one of the pranksters. She had always had such a goody-two-shoes reputation. Well, they were about to be surprised, and disappointed, in her.

Vera approached nervously. She was going to get detention, but that would be better than having green skin for a year. She couldn't have green skin; she wanted to go to Muggle university. She'd already made her plans. She'd passed her entrance examination, and her faked transcripts from a Muggle school had been accepted without question. She couldn't spend her first semester at Uni with green skin!

I should have refused! she thought. *Mum always told me not to play truth or dare! I should have refused to play. What kind of role model am I for the younger students? I let myself get suckered into this! I am so dead! I hope they don't take my Prefect's badge. I hope they don't write to my parents. I've never had detention before!*

Several of the teachers smiled at her as she approached. No doubt, they expected her to speak to Professor Sprout or the Headmaster, but she walked past the High Seat and stopped in front of Professor Snape. *He probably thinks I have something to tell him about one of the Hufflepuffs,* she thought.

Professor Snape was looking at her expectantly. *Soon to be dead,* she thought. No good to put it off any longer.

The professors were all looking at her benignly. Vera could see every one of them expected that she had some legitimate errand concerning Hufflepuff house. Not a one of them, not even Professor Snape, expected her to tease him with a public prank.

"Professor Snape!" she declaimed loudly. It wouldn't count if people couldn't hear her. "I love and admire you so very much." She dropped to one knee.

"Please honour me with your hand in marriage!" She looked up and winked irreverently at him. Then, she sneaked a peek at the card in her hand. The lettering had turned green, which meant her skin would not!

All of the teachers at the table looked utterly shocked, unable to equate the respectful Hufflepuff with the cheeky girl kneeling before them.

"I wouldn't have believed it of *her*," whispered Professor McGonagall to Professor Snape, "if I hadn't seen it myself!"

"I'll show these miscreants!" he whispered in reply. "I'll teach them all a lesson!"

He stood, glaring furiously at Vera, who rose nervously and began to back away from the table.

Vera had for several years suspected that she was a favourite of Professor Snape's. She'd always been kind to his house as well as the others, and she had turned in more than one Hufflepuff for teasing Slytherins. Now, all the trust and respect she'd earned was gone. He was beside himself with anger, and she was the cause.

The terrified girl burst into tears and bolted the length of the Head Table, towards the doors of the Great Hall.

"Stop right there!" Snape said in a voice as calm as it was deadly. The glare was gone from his face now, replaced by a smile that was not entirely benign.

Vera stopped, unable to disobey a direct order from a teacher. She was in front of the Gryffindor table, so close to her objective, the doors leading away from the terrifying Potions master.

"Where shall I go for Detention, sir?" Vera asked humbly.

Professor Snape walked swiftly around the table, stopping only briefly to seize a silver spoon and tap it once with his wand. It turned into a ring, set with an enormous, clear stone; the sight of it set her gasping for breath, her mind unwilling to fathom what that garish and unsightly ring hinted at. Severus Snape was approaching with a calm that was somehow more frightening than a temper tantrum would have been.

"I accept your offer of marriage, Miss Sappleton," he said in a clear, carrying voice as he approached her.

"Severus!" protested Dumbledore.

Professor McGonagall leaned towards the Headmaster and whispered, "He's doing it to scare the lot of them, Albus. Who can blame him?"

Dumbledore's face broke into a wide smile.

"Wonderful, Severus!" he exclaimed in a booming voice. "We'll have the wedding here at Hogwarts!"

Professor Snape captured Vera's left hand and slipped the transfigured ring onto her ring finger.

"We shall be married after you leave school," he announced loudly and brought her hand to his lips.

Vera tried to snatch her hand away from his, and he allowed it after she struggled a few seconds. She pulled at the ring, but it would not budge.

"I can't get it off!" Vera cried, tugging harder at the ring.

"This ring will not leave your hand, Miss Sappleton, until you have wed me or I have released you from our betrothal."

Vera stared at him, aghast. He was looking at her with a smile that was in no way comforting.

That smile! It might pass for kindly, if one merely glanced at Snape, but the more she looked at him, the more she saw in it. There was smug amusement at her discomfort, and something other than kindness or affection was sparkling in his eyes anger.

"But...but...but..." she stammered out, tugging in vain at the atrocity on her finger.

"Let us discuss this in private, my dear," he said. He marched her slowly across the front of the Head Table past every student table. As Professor Snape forced her along, she heard the comments of her fellow students.

At the Gryffindor table, Fred Weasley whispered to his twin. "That's the game we made. That girl will kill us if she has to marry Snape!"

"Nah, I know her," replied George. "She wouldn't hurt a fly."

Vera glared at the miscreants before turning a startled look towards Snape. Had he overheard them? Did he know it was their game? The terrifying man gave no sign.

"I think Vera Sappleton ought to be made an honorary Gryffindor for having the courage to propose to Snape!" declared Angelina Johnson, raising her pumpkin juice high.

"Not to mention the courage to want to marry him in the first place!" added Alicia Spinnet merrily.

A number of goblets were raised to 'Vera Sappleton: honorary Gryffindor.'

Vera's co-conspirators were not as amused about the situation, since they knew Vera did not actually want to marry Snape.

"If she *does* end up married to Snape," said Austrina Limia, "you younger ones need to hold to this honorary Gryffindor thing and give her a place to hide out when her husband gets crabby."

"That's a great idea," agreed Bernise Bedsworth. "He'd look for her in Hufflepuff. Someone could transfigure an extra bed in one of the Gryffindor dormitories so she'd always have a bolt hole."

"She could use my bed!" leered Cormac McLaggen. He was surprised by the smack he received from Margarite Black.

Many at the Hufflepuff table cheered for the 'happy couple'. The most delighted were the youngest students. "Vera will be staying at Hogwarts next year!" they rejoiced. "I bet she'll come to the common room and help us with our homework while Professor Snape prowls the halls at night!" "She'll never have to leave Hogwarts! We'll have her with us 'til we leave school!"

"Maybe Professor Snape will be nicer once he's married," mused the older Hufflepuffs. It did not strike them as odd that their feared professor would love Vera. When they considered it, the affectionate, gentle peacemaker seemed like the only type of wife that would be right for the fearsome Potions master.

Vera's friends rolled their eyes.

"Oh no!" wailed Marianne Branstone. "She's going to marry Snape!"

"I don't believe that he'll really marry her," replied Fern Freebush in an anxious voice that belied her optimistic words.

"He can't be serious," said Tracie Davis. "He's just trying to scare her."

Marianne still looked doubtful.

Vera looked longingly at her friends, hoping Tracie was right, that he was only trying to scare her, to scare all of them.

As they passed the Ravenclaw table, Phyllis Steek looked crestfallen. "I'm sorry," Vera mouthed to her friend, who had long cherished a crush on their Potions professor.

"I think he must be doing it to scare Vera, and the rest of us," reasoned Sadie Fawcett.

"But he could be taking the very logical view that this is the only chance he has to get married, so he will seize it," countered Robin Banks. "That would be sensible of him if he wanted to marry."

"If she does marry Professor Snape, at least she'll be able to obtain a nice untraceable poison for Fred and George Weasley," said Domina Arcanum with a wry smile.

"That may be a good wedding present for you, my dear: poison for those imps." Professor Snape whispered in Vera's ear.

Oh, God! Snape heard them! she thought. She looked up at him in alarm and was surprised to see genuine amusement in his face.

Now, they were approaching the Slytherin table to a mixture of applause and a few jeers. There was one whispered, "Mudblood!"

Vera didn't care, but she felt Snape freeze in his tracks. He turned to search out the culprit.

A number of Slytherin students hung their heads, unwilling to let their Head of House see that they were in agreement with the lone student who had had the courage to call that upstart a Mudblood.

Vera was distracted by movement at the Head Table. It appeared as though a game of 'telephone' was going on. Each teacher received some message from the centre of the table, grinned madly, and was suddenly bursting to speak to the person on his other side.

Professor Sprout was shouting angrily at Dumbledore when Flitwick quieted her with a few whispered words, upon which, she turned and waved gaily to Vera, throwing a kiss to the dumbfounded girl before whispering excitedly to Professor Sinistra.

Meanwhile, Professor Snape had ended his perusal of the Slytherin table and begun his harangue.

"Miss Sappleton is my choice," he said to his students. "I have known her for years, and she is well worthy to be the consort of a king, let alone the successor of Salazar Slytherin.

"She has always been fair and generous with you, and you will show her all the respect due her, not as my betrothed, but as a fellow student, as a Prefect, and as a Witch, which she is, in spite of her Muggle parents."

"If Professor Snape decides to marry Vera, he will be doing very well," said Emma Whitby, who caught Vera's eye and gave her a sign that Vera took to mean, 'not gonna happen!' "She may be Muggle-born, but she's a fine person."

"And our friend, so lay off!" added Angharad Marchbanks in a no-nonsense voice. The other co-conspirators nodded in approval.

"Really, if he's going to get married, he could hardly do better than Vera," whispered Catherine Smith rather loudly. "She has the temperament to put up with anything."

Quite a few Slytherins nodded at that. The woman who married their Head of House would need to be able to tolerate a fair amount of disagreeable behaviour.

Thomas Higgs raised a finger. "You know," he said, "even if a man is looking out for his own best interests, he wants his wife, the mother of his children, to be doing what's best for him and the kids. So it would be in his best interest to marry a woman like Vera Sappleton. Someone like that wouldn't turn you in if you broke the law. Not even for a reward."

Several young men looked thoughtful at that. "And she's not bad looking, either," added Blaise Zabini, "though, not pretty enough to tempt me."

By this time, Professor Snape had begun to drag his unwilling fiancée behind the Head Table, the denizens of which burst into delighted applause, much to Vera's chagrin.

"Thank you," Vera managed to get out as Snape pulled her through the door behind the Head Table and into a comfortable room with a warm fire.

"Thank you for defending me. And I'm so sorry." Now that Vera had recovered the power of speech, she was making up for lost time. "Please let me explain..."

"Yes, please do, Miss Sappleton," Professor Snape said, his eyes glinting with malice. Vera was struck silent again and could only gape fearfully at him.

"No doubt some busybody will follow us before long to chaperone," said Professor Snape. "Now, what did you have to say to me, my dear?"

"It was a joke, sir," Vera said piteously.

"I do not enjoy such jokes, Miss Sappleton. Or may I call you Vera? I hear you cried up as motherly and affectionate. You will make an excellent wife and mother."

"It was truth or dare, and I couldn't live with the forfeit," Vera explained feverishly. "I would have turned green for a year. I can't go into the Muggle world with green skin!"

"I had not ever thought to marry," he continued, as though she had not spoken, "but I think you are wise in choosing me. I can be very loyal, and we will have highly intelligent children."

"I won't marry you, Professor Snape. You're mad!"

"Yes, I am mad," he hissed angrily. "And you have foolishly placed yourself not only in the path of my ire, but in my power as well."

"As a Muggle-born, you are obviously not aware of all our laws. But the breach of promise law is very strict in the Wizarding world. You asked me to wed you; therefore, I am the only one who can break the engagement."

Vera stared at him in shock.

"You are eighteen, are you not?"

She nodded numbly.

"Then, I believe you could end up spending a year or three in Azkaban for breaking troth with me."

Vera looked horrified.

"Dementors!" she whispered in terror.

Professor Snape put his arms around her and hugged her to him.

"Don't worry," he said in a soft and reassuring voice, hugging her tightly as she attempted to escape. "I won't prevent you from pursuing an apprenticeship or a career. I even know some people who could be instrumental in helping you. Being married to me will not be as bad as you think."

The door opened and closed. They both looked over to see Dumbledore coming towards them, beaming happily.

Vera pushed Professor Snape away from her and ran to the Headmaster. "Please don't let him send me to the Dementors!" she begged, tears filling her eyes.

"Really, Severus, threatening the girl with Dementors is no way to woo!" the Headmaster said cheerfully.

"I do not need to woo Miss Sappleton; she has wooed me," Snape replied smugly.

"Professor Dumbledore!" Vera cried. "He can't force me to marry him, can he?"

"Professor Snape has every right to insist upon a marriage between you two, since you asked him to wed in front of witnesses, even declaring your love for him," said the Headmaster. "He would certainly win in a court of law. If you were a minor, your parents would have the right to object; but you are eighteen years old: an adult in both the Wizarding and Muggle worlds."

Vera burst into tears.

"There, there, Miss Sappleton," Dumbledore said cheerfully, "I know this is all very sudden, but you did ask him, so you must love him, after all. I am certain you thought he was so far above you that he would never consent, but this is a happy surprise for you. And you need not marry immediately. I would discourage Severus from holding the wedding before you finish school. And perhaps even a year or more of betrothal would not be amiss, since you are so young."

"I am not unreasonable, my dear," Snape said. "There is no reason why you may not have a few years to pursue some apprenticeship, or even Muggle university, before we consider children. You will be very happy at Hogwarts; I am certain."

"And the house-elves will be delighted to have a baby to care for, if you wish to work after the children come," added an ecstatic Dumbledore.

"I saw the perfect robes in Madam Malkin's," the Headmaster continued. "Pale gold with an under-robe of green brocade. Perfect for a Hufflepuff/Slytherin wedding, and it would suit your colouring beautifully."

"And some shoes that add several inches so she doesn't look so small and young," added Professor McGonagall, who had just entered with Professor Sprout.

Vera threw herself into Professor Sprout's arms.

"Help me!" she cried. "It was a joke; it was truth or dare! I didn't mean it! I'm sorry. Make him see I'm sorry!"

"I think a dark forest green for you, Severus," said McGonagall, seemingly unaware of Vera's outburst. "With a touch of gold embroidery. And I'm sure Filius will be happy to decorate the Great Hall for the wedding. Oh, Albus, I'm so excited! A wedding at Hogwarts!"

"Now, Vera," Professor Sprout said soothingly, "Severus is a good man under that forbidding mask. You always see things so truly. You've seen what Severus truly is, or you'd never have proposed to him."

Vera noticed that Professor Snape was suddenly interested in their conversation.

"Would you say Miss Sappleton has a true eye, Pomona?" he asked almost eagerly.

"Yes, I suppose I would," Professor Sprout replied thoughtfully. "Miss Sappleton sees past the facades people present to the sterling qualities hidden inside them."

"Miss Sappleton possesses a 'True Eye', Albus," Professor Snape said, giving Dumbledore a pointed look, which seemed to confuse the Headmaster.

Vera had heard that phrase recently, but could not place it.

"I got here as soon as I could after I talked to Dumbledore and Snape. And Professor Sprout says she will do her best to help me," Vera said to the assembled group that evening. She had missed part of Domina's story about the armour, but she had seen it in Potions class.

The girls were all ears, wondering what had happened to their friend after Snape had dragged her through the door behind the Head Table.

"Dumbledore wouldn't listen to what I had to say," Vera complained. "He kept going on about what a good wife I would make and how wise 'Severus' was to accept me. He's obviously more gaga than anyone thinks! He simply couldn't comprehend that I don't want to marry Snape!"

"Then, Professor Sprout came in; boy, was I glad to see her! And she said she would do her best to find a loophole, but that Professor Snape was within his legal rights to insist on a marriage. And then, *she* told me he is really a splendid fellow and not to worry; he'll make me happy.

"And Professor Snape said something about a true eye," Vera continued with a shrug. "He asked Professor Sprout if I had a true eye. And she said yes, I always saw the good side of people. I don't know *what* that was about."

Margaret Pritchford gasped aloud. She knew.

"Well, did he break the engagement? Was he just trying to scare you?" asked Phyllis Steek hopefully.

"No," Vera said. "He didn't break it." She couldn't bring herself to look Phyllis in the face as she delivered the disappointing news.

"He is enraged at us for playing tricks on him," Vera continued. "But every time I'd think he was just trying to scare me, he'd say that Professor Sprout always brags about what a motherly person I am with the younger ones, and he thinks I'd be the perfect mother for his children. He can't be serious, but he didn't sound like he was joking."

"And maybe he'd like being married," said Carlie Cohen. "I mean, Vera's very easy to get along with. And this might be the only chance he'll ever get. No one would want to marry him!" Several girls murmured agreement, while others disagreed.

"I think he'd like being married to her," Jemima Wilkinson added.

"Oh, no!" Vera said, looking at her friends in horror. "I *almost* certain he's only trying to scare me and will break off the engagement, but Professor Sprout says if he doesn't break it off, magical law requires me to go through with it, or I could go to prison."

"Professor Dumbledore says the Breach of Promise law hasn't changed in centuries, and I might even be legally married against my will and forced to move to Hogwarts and stay here. Only, he kept *smiling*, as though it would be the best thing in the world. He told me what a wise choice I have made in going for substance and good character rather than flash.

"He said these laws are mostly used to keep men from abandoning women and children, but they can apply to the witch as well."

"I think that Professor Snape must be trying to scare you," said Emma Whitby. "He can't want to marry you. I mean, he doesn't know you."

"Oh, I don't know," replied, Jemima, who was ready to discuss it rationally. "He might know her better than we think. All teachers talk about their students to each other, and Snape has had her in class for over six years. So he observes her in class ... kind and well behaved ... and hears about her from the other professors."

"Yes," said Beatrise Bedsworth excitedly. "In September, I went to pick up a jacket I'd left in the greenhouse and overheard Professor Sprout telling Professor Snape that Vera ought to have been chosen as Head Girl."

"Snape said, 'Miss Sappleton doesn't have enough drive or ambition to be Head Girl'," Beatrise continued. "But Sprout said that Vera was a natural mother and loved the young students and cared for them. She went on to say that Vera would be a great mother and have intelligent, talented, happy, well-adjusted kids... Oh, Merlin! That's where he got the idea!"

Vera looked stricken. "He *did* say I'd make a good mother for his children," she repeated glumly.

"But I haven't told you all of it," Vera continued. "This is the worst part, the part that really makes me scared that he might actually go through with it." The girls looked at Vera expectantly. What could be worse?

"I ran into Professor Trelawney on the stairs as I was coming here," she mumbled. "She hadn't been at dinner, but she said she'd felt a disturbance in the ether. And then, she'd read the Tarot cards and come downstairs and heard the news about my betrothal."

"I always thought she seemed sort of crazy," said Sally Locke.

"I'd never even spoken to her before," Vera said, "but she seemed kind. She could tell I was upset.

"She told me I was the Page of Cups and Professor Snape was the King of Pentacles and she was the Queen of Wands." Vera shrugged.

"Professor Trelawney said not to worry because *she* would do her best to win Professor Snape's affections towards herself, so that he would be happy to break the betrothal with me."

"If that's your greatest hope, you're doomed!" Margarite Black volunteered almost cheerfully.

"But he knows it's truth or dare. Surely he would never marry someone who didn't want to marry him," Vera asserted.

"I'm not so sure about that," Margaret Pritchford said solemnly. "I saw how he reacted to the idea of marrying Trelawney. He was beside himself.

"And that business about the 'True Eye', that was from the Prophecy I made up!"

A murmur of dismay swept the room. No man in his right mind (and very few madmen) would marry spooky Professor Trelawney if they had pleasant Vera Sappleton as an option. All the girls stared silently at Vera.

Vera gulped after looking around at the faces filled with sympathy and concern. "Well, I guess you're next, Jemima," she said as bravely as she could manage. "I hope he doesn't get too angry with you."

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And the fun continues...

Author's notes:

The original prompt is: #26) Walk into the Great Hall and confess your undying love for Snape in front of everyone in attendance. Kneel, propose, and then wink at him.

## School Uniform Has A Multitude Of Uses by madamsnape/JTBJAB

Chapter 16 of 27

Jemima decides to use her dare to aid her in a bid to make some Galleons...

School Uniform Has A Multitude Of Uses by madamsnape/JTBJAB

*Beta acknowledgement: Jessica, you are my saviour!*

*Disclaimer: Canon characters not mine. Canon world not mine. OC's ... only Jemima is mine. (Took inspiration from my photos at Portus for this one! ;p Thank you, Droxy!)*

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Jemima settled back in her chair. The library was quiet, and as far as she could tell, there wasn't another student in there to disturb her peace. She was in the process of perfecting a spell that she had found in one of the advanced charm books.

Three weeks, and she still couldn't get it to work properly. Furrowing her brows, she glared down at the stubborn drawing. An arm or a leg occasionally twitched, but there wasn't the full motion that she required. That she wanted. That she desired.

Her side project was to create figures that moved like photographs ... she had even convinced Professor Flitwick to aid her in her studies ... using it to gain extra credit, but really it was so she could sell them; whilst reading about this particular spell, she had noticed those wizards that had been credited with its creation. And her background research on them had revealed they had been play wizards. Or rather, the founders of the biggest Wizard Pornography magazine.

It was an ingenious spell really, and the result would have her rolling in Galleons before the end of term. She already had two wizards backing her in secret, one who was more interested than the other, but still, they had the Galleons, and as a team, they were allowed access to her progress reports.

Hearing footsteps, she closed the book she was working on slowly and folded her current drawing so that all it showed were some hurried notes scrawled across it. Glaring at the flashing yellow card, she slipped it under her notes.

Glancing up, she grimaced at the beaming face of Ronald Weasley.

"So have you finished it yet? I've already been asking the lads, seeing who would be interested... got you at least fifty Galleons for your first issue in Gryffindor alone!"

"Weasley, you're not meant to be telling anyone about it!"

"Jemima, come on! You said you wanted the Galleons, and that you were making progress... I could always convince Hermione to help you!"

Pushing her chair back slowly, Jemima scowled. "If you dare tell that bookworm what I am doing, I will be forced to do something that you won't like."

Ron shrank back against a bookshelf, his face no longer showing eager excitement. "I'm s-s-sorry, Jemima."

"I'm fed up of your sniveling after my progress. Next time the two of you want a progress report, send Potter. I'm in this for the Galleons, not to entertain your infantile dreams of being a porn star. Maybe I'll rethink who will be starring " Stopping, an evil smirk crossed her features. "No, no, I'll just rethink how *big* a star they are." Rolling her eyes as Ron looked at her with a confused expression plastered on his face, she grabbed her books and threw her bag over her shoulder. "I don't expect to see you again, Weasel." Flicking her long hair as she passed him, she stifled a laugh as he whimpered. Waiting until she was clear of the library doors, she let a small giggle surface. "Stupid Gryffindors."

Three weeks of no sleep, and three weeks of little progress. Groaning, Jemima resisted the urge to crawl as she made her way to Madam Pomfrey.

"Now, dear, what seems to be the problem?"

She cleared her throat before speaking, "I'm having ever so much trouble sleeping, Madame Pomfrey, and I can't seem to concentrate at all. I keep working on my assignments, and being so close to some kind of conclusion, and then 'poof', it's gone."

Madame Pomfrey nodded, a grim smile on her face. "Studying too hard, you need a break. Off you go."

"No!" Jemima lowered her head, and let her eyes fill with tears. "Please!" Lifting her eyes to meet the concerned gaze of the older woman, Jemima allowed her lower lip to tremble. "I need to solve this! I need to get this right."

"Okay, dear, okay. I'll sign you off from classes today, and I expect you to sleep, young lady. If I see you moping at dinner tonight, then I'll summon you here, and I'll force you to sleep. Do you understand?"

"Oh, thank you so much, Madame Pomfrey. You don't know what this means to me." Jemima blinked and her tears were gone, a small smile playing at the edge of her lips, only ruined by the yawn which stole her free will.

"I'll give you a vial of Pepper-Up Potion for when you wake up. Now, sit here for a moment."

Jemima watched the older witch bustle off, her robe swishing on the cold stone floor. And a light seemed to peer through the cracks in her mind. "That's it." Mumbling to herself, she only just managed to straighten in time to meet the spoon hovering in front of her.

"Drink this."

"Wha?" As her mouth opened, the spoon was shoved roughly into her mouth, and Jemima spluttered as the thick sludge worked its way down her throat.

"That was to make you sleep. It's got extra vitamins, to help you recover... I saw you mumbling, you've figured something out, and then I know there'd be no sleeping for you. Now, onto the bed."

Jemima scowled at the crafty witch and jumped up onto the bed. Yawning, she stretched and fell back onto the pillow.

"Sleep well, dear. I'll wake you in time for dinner."

Jemima scowled into her lamb roast. She didn't like being forced into things, and she certainly didn't like being tricked. But Madame Pomfrey had helped her solve her problem, albeit without her knowledge. Glancing up at the Head Table she saw the mediwitch watching her; straightening hurriedly, she tucked into her meal and started to join in with the conversations around her.

Eager to get back to her break-through, she swallowed down a good portion of dessert just in case, and as soon as the first student rose to leave, she grabbed her bags and made a quick exit from the Great Hall.

Rushing towards the library, she skidded around corners and up stairs. There was only two hours until curfew, and if she got this to work, she did not want a single teacher to discover it and her out and about.

Sliding into her favourite studying table, she smiled. Pulling her books out of her bag, she slid into their normal position, and then she got to work. Chewing on her lower lip, she concentrated hard on her drawing. The pencil scratching became mesmerising to her, like the ocean crashing on the rocks, slipping up on the shore, and rushing back out again. The teasing strokes left wave upon wave of lines.

It had to be perfect this time, because if she got it to work, she wanted them to see how well it could be. Her vague stick men wouldn't do for this. She needed full figures, their clothing shaded and laying properly, their body parts in proportion... their features unmistakable. It had to be obvious to all who saw it, who was who and what was happening, and not just those that knew or had been told.

That weekend had been the longest weekend since she'd first received her Hogwarts letter, and all because she'd been waiting for the next Potions lesson. She had been sure that somehow Snape would find out what she was planning, what she had been doing... and who was involved, so she had been avoiding the dungeons until today.

Leaning against the wall, she tried not to let the tension thrumming through her body show; keeping her back stiff and her eyes alert, she tried to stop the tapping of her fingers on her thigh and the nervous biting of her lip, sighs and foot tapping. *Where is he? Bloody Potter!*

Eventually, Bernise snapped, "Will you stop fidgeting! He's not even here yet!"

"Sorry." Jemima giggled nervously. "It's just, it's good. Really good."

A girl with long black hair nudged her and laughed. "I'll say..."

"Margarite!"

"What? Bernise? Give the girl some credit; she went the extra mile... I mean the tie... oh, it just finished it off!"

"Shhh..." Jemima shuffled back against the wall and pulled her bag closer to her.

The swishing and snapping of material made its slow progress towards their group, and what had been childish giggling became hushed chatter about potions. "Quiet! Single file. Your instructions are on the board." His thick baritone washed over them, and Jemima blushed, stroking the pocket which held her very special experiment.

Rushing towards the door, she pulled out her note, and dropped it into Harry's hand as he passed by. She glanced nervously up at Snape and breathed a sigh of relief that he didn't appear to have noticed.

Harry grinned at her and gave her the thumbs up, sliding the note into his pocket and rushing off to his first class of the day. Jemima's attention was quickly refocused on Snape as he snapped about copying down instructions before swooping into his office.

Although the room seemed to have been settled into a silence, the anticipated hush that hung in the air as Jemima's note flew through the air into Snape's office was thick and suffocating. Jemima grabbed her things and shoved them quickly into her bag; preparing to run if she needed to.

A couple of the boys from Gryffindor stared at her in wide-eyed terror, clearly having been told about her project and figuring out that was what her note had been.

"It'll be okay," she mouthed at them. "Deny all knowledge."

The slamming of the door to Snape's office brought their attention back to the front.

"When I discover that students have time on their hands for..." he glanced down at the piece of paper in his hand, the slight fuchsia that had touched the edges of his cheeks flushed a shade deeper, "extra-curricular activities, for something as un-academic as this..." Snape waved the paper around, not appearing to notice the way the students in front of him were following it like it held the answer to life. "It makes me believe that you'd all rather be in detention." He drawled out the last few words, snapping them all back into focus, their eyes on him instead of the note. "Jemima Wilkinson."

"Yes, sir." She smiled eagerly at him.

"Thank you for providing me with a class of extra hands for scrubbing cauldrons tonight. Detention!"

His gaze dropped to his desk as he gathered a few papers, and Jemima took her chance to slip her card out of her bag slightly, breathing a sigh of relief at the lack of flashing and the finally green lettering. Glancing at Margarite, she gave her a tight smile and a wink. She'd need all the luck she could get for her turn, especially as her skin took on a slightly greenish hue.

It seemed that all the strange events suddenly happening in Potions were getting to him, and he didn't even make eye contact or glance back at Domina and her clinking armour when he went to swoop back into his office.

As soon as his back was turned, she took her chance and summoned the note back to her. It had taken her over three hours to complete. He could hardly expect less of her.

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And the fun continues...

*Author's Notes: I took the liberty to alter the prompt slightly; the idea of Jemima drawing animated pictures enthralled me more than a note could.*

*I hope everyone is enjoying the story!*

*Original prompt was: #28. Pass a note to Harry or Ron right when Snape walks by, and wait for his face to turn beet red when he starts to read it ... out loud. Make sure the note is (cough cough ahem) inappropriate, so Snape's face turns really red. Make it blatantly obvious that the note is about you and Snape. Then smile at him suggestively.*

# A Very Thin Line by Livvy

Chapter 17 of 27

Margarite is ready to pull the prank of all pranks on her favorite Slytherin to hate. Instead, the tables get turned on her.

A Very Thin Line by Livvy

*Thanks: My deepest thanks and gratitude to beaweasley for her ideas and helping me along as I suffered to write comedy. Angst, I know. Comedy, not so good! So, she was a real inspiration! Not to mention a great beta! Also, my deepest thanks to WriterMerrin who is always so patient with my many errors.*

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When my card glowed yellow, I braced myself for the biggest day of my life! I was going to hold off until morning so that I could plan the perfect prank. Plus, those damn Weasleys placed a gag within a gag, so I now had to re-think my master plan. So, I went to bed early in order to be ready in the morning for my day of attack!

I woke up bright-eyed and bushy-tailed the next day, ready to face the bat in black. I whistled my way down Gryffindor tower all by my lonesome since I didn't want anyone to discover that I was to be the perpetrator of a great deal of deviant behavior this day. I cracked my wand upon the top of my head and Disillusioned myself once I reached the main stairway going down to the Great Hall. I walked across the way and slipped inside the door, which lead down into the dungeons.

First, I had to know what the wizard's schedule was. Sure, I could have done myself a favor and had this part done days ago. However, the git is as uneasy as a long-tailed kneazle in a room full of rocking chairs. It wouldn't be out of character for him to "mix it up" so no one could know where to find him or attempt to stalk him in order to assault him unawares...as I was planning!

I had to wait until an opportunity came to sneak inside Snape's office. I knew he was in there. I could hear the shuffling of papers and the scratching of a quill. I waited until he had opened the door to leave for breakfast and took a deep breath. With one swift movement, I mirrored his action by placing my back as close as possible to his, pivoting around him, and slipped inside the door just in time before it slammed in my face. I strode to his desk and found it immaculate. I carefully navigated my way through the complex structure of various sizes of parchments. I took my wand and levitated each neurotic pile, pushing each page apart and up to see where he kept his timetable.

With breakfast nearly shot, and each minute growing closer to his return, I tried to open the desk drawers with trepidation. Merlin only knew what disgusting curses and evil hexes he had placed on them. My patience was now at an end. I didn't care if he knew anyone had been in here or not. I needed to get on with things!

"*Accio Snape's Schedule!*" An explosion of the middle desk drawer forced me to dive for cover as the schedule, including his ledger of grades, sailed onto my stomach. I snatched it and, with my wand, turned each page with a blur. Finally! There it was.

I made a quick copy onto a spare bit of parchment I had brought with me for this very purpose. *Too bad about the desk, though, I thought. But bloody hell... what a schedule!*

Well, it's for a good cause, I thought as I returned the ledger into the blasted-open drawer and left the office.

I made my way to breakfast, just in time to slip in quietly and melt into the sea of Gryffindor girls.

Bernise passed me a fixed plate of food.

"Ta," I said as I tucked in. "Okay, you lot, I will need a bit of assistance. For me to do this, I am going to need to know which of our Slytherin friends would be ideal choice to break into Snape's stores? I need Polyjuice Potion, and we all know he always keeps a vat of that shite in there." I shivered. "I don't even want to THINK about what he does with it!"

"Why do you need it?" asked Sally, confused.

I turned to her, irritated, and said, "Because I harbor a secret desire to look like Hagrid so I can finally fulfill my dream of shagging the Giant Squid!"

"Bit-chy," she muttered.

"Oh, you all know how shirty our little Mar gets when she hasn't had her kibble," sneered Austrina.

I snorted in my oatmeal.

"Okay," I said, now in a better mood after getting some "kibble" into my tummy. "I've got a two-fer."

"What?" they all asked.

"I got a two for one," I explained. "Get this...you all know about the rose petals at his feet all day long thing, right?"

They all nodded.

"Well, when my card activated, a prank within the prank popped up. I swear, if I EVER get my hands on those two fuckers, I'll kill 'em! I have to not only stalk the git, I have to follow him into the bathroom and ask him if he needs help..."

Beatrice and Bernise sprayed out their pumpkin juice at the same time.

"Will you two get a grip?" I snarled in disgust. "Pardon the pun, but *that's* not the bad news..."

"You gotta admit," interrupted Austrina. "That's pretty bad fuckin' news."

"Well," I continued, "I also have to ask him if he needs help holding it up."

Four Gryffindors looked at me like a bunch of stunned hippogriffs.

I sighed. *This is going to be one long effing day!*

"Come on," I prodded. "Give over. Who is the sneakiest of the sneaky?"

"Well," said Sally. "Emma is the most intelligent Slytherin, and she's always up for a good dare. If she were to ask for a harmless ingredient and instead got you the Polyjuice, it could work."

"Although," said Austrina, "Angharad is the bravest and boldest of them all. Emma could refuse simply because she doesn't want to get in trouble."

"Right, just my luck," I grouched. "The Hermione Granger of Slytherin. I swear, I think the Sorting Hat has lost its touch."

"So who are you going to be?" Beatrice said with wide eyes.

"Well, that's where you lot come in. I need hair from someone he wouldn't expect: someone that would just scare the hell out of him OR someone that would backfire on him later. I actually like the second idea, myself," I said thoughtfully. I snapped my fingers. "Professor Sinistra!" I looked hopefully in Austrina's direction. She had Astronomy later that morning.

"Merlin, you are evil!" breathed Bernise.

Austrina snickered. "Okay," she said with a smirk playing around her lips. "I will get you your hair by lunchtime. This should make a very interesting part of the day."

As I entered the Great Hall where a large portion of students were milling about before breaking away to class, I Disillusioned myself and cast a Sonorous Charm. I waited in an alcove that would ensure echoing, and just as Snape came out to walk us down to his dungeons, I blared out, "ALL HAIL, SEVERUS SNAPE! THE MIGHTY KING OF POTIONS!"

He stood frozen as his eyes darted around him. I aimed my wand and muttered "*Dilabor Rosarius!*" Rose petals shot out of my wand and landed in front of Professor Snape's feet. The Hall was full of titters, sniggering, and guffaws.

"Who did this?" Snape whispered quietly.

Everyone fell silent. I looked on from the alcove and Undisillusioned myself, slipping into the line of innocent-looking Gryffindors. He looked at the row of seventh-year Gryffindors, each one of us harboring faces of angels, with a distinct sneer.

We followed him silently and obediently down the spiral staircase that led into the Potions classroom. Now, I will admit, I am not the smartest witch in the world. I'm no scholar. But what I do know is how to aim and fire. I'm good at my wand-waving and am damn proud of it. I stepped back as far as I could and took aim. I cast the spell again, except this time, the roses didn't appear until they had fallen at his feet.

He stopped walking and glared at all of us. "I will ask one more time. WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS?" he shouted, his voice reverberating in the stairwell.

"It's probably Peeves having a go at you, sir," said Catherine

Thadda girl! I thought happily.

He stormed off again, and I decided it would be prudent to wait a bit before striking again. I couldn't have him stroke out on me before the day was done, and that vein on his forehead was pulsating a bit too much for so early in the day.

As we milled inside, Snape hissed at me as I passed him, "I shall be keeping a close eye on you, Miss Black."

"Yes, sir," I replied, without my usual cheek, which I'm sure placed him off-kilter even more. I watched as Sally whispered covertly to Emma, and Austrina mouthed something to Angharad.

Potions just dragged on and on. Yet no one had gone to ask permission for the storeroom. I nudged Austrina and whispered, "Well?"

"Wait for it," she said quietly as she continued to work.

I saw Emma out of the corner of my eye. She was speaking with Snape, and he gave her a small, twisted smile. I smirked and shook my head as I worked on my ~~potio~~
the is such a soft touch whenever it's a Slytherin!

After the potion had been procured and dispatched to me while Angharad distracted Snape with questions, I decided the time was ripe for one last poke at the bat.

He made his final walk around the room, saying, "Ten minutes are left. Place your samples on my desk and remember to label them!"

He walked down the main aisle way, and I sent another tuft of petals to land at his feet. He bent down to pick up a couple of the petals and placed them in a secret pocket in his many layered clothes.

"When I find out who has done this, I shall make sure that person is expelled," he spoke in a deathly whisper.

I gathered my sample and labeled it. I walked up the aisle and placed it on his desk. I was returning to my table when Snape halted me.

"You don't fool me for one second, Miss Black. When I find out that you have been the mastermind behind this, I will have you expelled," he said smoothly with a glint in his eye.

I was released and went back to my desk. The bell rang, and Austrina said, "Well, Mar, it's been real nice knowing you."

I had my other classes to attend, so I enjoyed a nice break from "Snape-baiting." However, Gryffindor seventh-years have a lovely mid-morning break each day. The other girls were either studying or relaxing in the common room, but I skived off studying to ready myself for phase II of my plan.

"Okay," I whispered to the girls, "I'm off to go Snape-hunting!"

"Don't get expelled," Austrina said quietly as she worked on a paper for Astronomy.

I walked along, in my Disillusioned form and found him walking towards the staffroom. He looked in a right thunderous mood, and I cringed a bit, thinking about the blown-out desk in his office. At that moment, I saw Peeves humming along aimlessly high above Snape.

This is just too easy, I think.

BAM! A downpour of rose petals rained down on Snape. He looked up and shouted, "PEEVES!"

He took out his wand and hexed the poltergeist. Peeves tried to protest, but he had been silenced. Now, Snape had him stuck to the ceiling and unable to call for help.

Snape stood there and yelled at him, "You will remain there until I am sufficiently assured of either your guilt or innocence. I've always wanted to use you for one of my potions experiments. Think on that!"

He stalked into the staffroom, and I could hear his bellowing from the outside. *Oh, man, he is mad as hell* Even I didn't want to stick around and enjoy the moment. I got out while the getting was good.

I laid low until lunch and silently took my place amongst the others, but sat near the aisle way. If he came around the aisle, I'd have to blast him again with another bunch of roses. I was starting to get a bit nervous. I think I was starting to press my luck with this bit. I was growing antsy as I thought of the second half of the dare.

Carlie stomped over to our table and with a hand on her hip said, "All right, which one of you did it?" she asked with a smirk.

"Did what?" asked Bertrise.

"Blew the bloody hell out of Snape's office!" she hissed.

Heads went down, and I pursed my lips as I glared at each of their bowed heads. "Cowards!" I hissed.

I looked straight at Carlie and explained. "I had to. It was time for my dare."

"Have you completely lost your effing mind?" she asked me with her eyes boring into mine.

"Hells bells, Carlie!" I said angrily, just above a whisper. "What was I supposed to do?"

"I don't know, but every Slytherin is in the shitter. Snape's paranoia has skyrocketed, and now he thinks his whole house is out to get him!"

"Well, we've really been putting him through a lot, you realize. I'm just doing my dare...no more, no less."

Sally guffawed. "You are such a liar," she said as she laughed. "When it comes to Snape, you never do anything 'no more, no less!'"

I crossed my arms and waited for Carlie to continue.

"You are a breath away from expulsion. You have garnered the wrath of every Slytherin at Hogwarts. Pray tell, when shall this 'reign of terror' end?"

"Oh, later today, not much longer. In fact, I think you should inform your house that soon Snape will be off your backs and shall be preoccupied in something far more disturbing!" I told her with relish.

Carlie rolled her eyes and stalked off.

"So," Austrina said as she ate her crisps. "When shall Aurora make her appearance in Snape's loo?"

"I got it all figured out!" I said confidently. "Just wait for a nervous and bug-eyed Snape later at dinner."

"You watch it, Mar," Austrina warned. "Of all the women...why her? She's what...ten years older than Snape? And not to mention she is beautiful? How do you know she and Snape haven't already... *you know!*"

"Because if Snape had been getting any... *you know*, he'd be in a far, far better mood than he is now!" I snapped.

"Okay," agreed Austrina. "Suppose that were true. How do you know he hasn't been DYING for such a chance to shag her? You could find yourself at the receiving end of an amorous Snape!"

"Oh, gross," moaned Sally.

"Ugh!" said Bernise.

"See what you've done?" I told Austrina as I gestured to the other girls. "You've made them ill with your conjectures. Look, if I go in there as Filch, I will get shit-kicked. If I go in there as Pomona, there may be a momentary upside; he might scream like a girl. However, if I go in as the sultry Aurora Sinistra...then the potential for weeks of tension and gossip would be more than what I could ever hope for! It could mean the highlight of my whole career!"

"Of Snape-baiting?" interjected Sally.

"Well, yes," I answered, affronted. "After all, it is a family tradition."

"Just don't end up hoisted on your own petard, my dear," Austrina said with a smirk.

"Look," I said to everyone. "Sinistra is tall, black-haired, and pale. That's ME! I'm not about to screw around and turn myself into a person vastly different from myself...not to mention another gender. No one's going to say that I died and gave my all for the whacked and wicked Weasleys' Wizardly Wheezes!"

I waited and kept my eye out, and after an eternity in the dungeons, I saw Snape head for the bathroom. I took the Polyjuice hurriedly and waited painfully, willing it to work quickly. I rushed to transfigure my robes into something a bit alluring. I snuck into the loo and saw him at the urinal. I looked into the mirror and did a quick check. I looked perfect.

I walked in confidently and sidled up behind him.

"Hello, Severus," I whispered in his ear.

"What the..." he blustered as he turned around.

He let out a breath and resumed his... *activity*.

"Aurora, I have students down here...why are you staring at my penis?"

My eyes shot upward. I smiled and shrugged. "I thought maybe you needed or wanted someone to hold it for you," I said, trying to mimic her sultry voice.

In reality, I was just shocked at the enormity of its size! I'm no virgin, but if he's the norm... well... I've been getting the short end of the stick around the Wizarding world...so to speak.

He buttoned up and washed his hands. "Aurora, it's been a while. I had thought you had lost interest."

"No, Severus. Sometimes a witch just needs her space. You can understand that sentiment, correct?"

Snape gave me...or her...an appraising look. "So, you're not writing me off then?"

"Never, Severus," I replied softly.

He started to walk closer to me, and I stepped back with each advance. His hand went up my side, and I swallowed.

Damn you, Austrina! Why do you have to be right?

I found myself backed into a bathroom stall with his hands all over me, kissing and touching me intimately.

"Do you want me here?" he whispered softly in my ear as he started to pull up my robes. "I know how you like it dangerous."

"Uh, no," I whispered. "I just wanted to let you know that I was now free. Perhaps this weekend we can get together."

I tried to nicely extricate myself from his arms. He had a steel grip that made my efforts difficult. He finally released me, and I turned my head just enough to see that he was watching me as I walked calmly out. I waited in the ladies' until I had regained my true form. I transfigured back into my Gryffindor robes and slinked back upstairs. I got out my bag and looked at the card. The letters were glowing green. I had done it. *Oh, boy, but what have I done?* I thought to myself.

I met the girls at dinner and showed them my card with the pretty letters all glowing green.

"So," said Austrina. "You seem to be all back together again. All's well that ends well?"

"Something like that," I muttered.

I kept my head down and concentrated on my food for the rest of dinner. Later that evening, Austrina came in and found me sitting on my bed cross-legged in my silk

pajamas, staring at the glowing green letters on my card.

"You know," she said as she started to turn her bed sheets down. "I was told once that there is a thin line between love and hate."

I had placed my card behind my back as soon as noticed her looking at me. "I don't know what you're talking about!" I said as I stretched out on my bed with my nose in the air.

"Oh, I think you do. Your usual bragging and boasting over how you've gotten Snape's goat was absent from tonight's discussion. I'm confused...especially after all you went through to ensure the highlight of your twilight career of 'Snape-baiting.'"

"It went fine," I tried to say lightly. "It just didn't go as exactly as I had hoped, so I am a bit disappointed. But, the letters on my card turned green, so I did my bit. We just have to wait to see if there are any fireworks later."

"Oh, I'm sure there will be," Austrina said as she took a nail file out of her nightstand and started filing her nails. "Especially after tonight, when I passed Snape and Sinistra talking in the garden."

"What!" I gasped as I sat upright in bed. "What happened?"

"Oh, nothing very important. She was talking to Snape about her lover is all."

"Her what?" I shrieked.

"Apparently, Professor Sinistra has a lover, and *she* is quite close to making a formal arrangement," she reported as she smiled knowingly. "So, what really happened this afternoon? You're still here and not packing, so I assume that you aren't expelled. So... what happened?"

I struggled to find my voice. "Nothing. I said what I needed to say, and he had a laugh. I was a bit confused, but it must have been a gag between them, so I went along as best as I could to complete the dare and then got the hell out of dodge," I said offhandedly.

"I see," she replied. "Well, just so you know, I didn't know she was a lesbian. I do like to take the mickey out of you, sometimes, but I wouldn't do anything like that."

"I know that," I said irritably.

I got under the covers and pulled the sheet around me. *Dear Merlin, what have I done! But he doesn't know it was me. He can't! All he knows is some girl in the school did this. We've all been playing him. It'll be all right. He won't find out!*

But I made a solemn promise to myself right then and there that I would never, ever tell a soul about what an incredible kisser Severus Snape was.

~~~~~

And the fun continues...

Author's notes:

The original prompt is:

#29) Follow Snape wherever he goes... except the bathroom. Well if you must. But if you do, offer to help hold it for him.

And #30. Scatter rose petals in front of him wherever he goes.

## Angharad's Risky Business by Peppermint

*Chapter 18 of 27*

Poor Professor Snape – now accused of false paternity!

Angharad's Risky Business by Peppermint

*Thanks to ScatteredLogic for looking this over for me, and ladyinthecloak for the late-night pep talk.*

~~~~~

We were all sitting down at supper when Jemima and Carlie started snickering in my general direction.

"What? Did I spill gravy on my tie? Ugh, you'd think I'd learn to cast a repelling charm on it, with breasts like mine..."

Jemima laughed and pointed at my shirt pocket. "No, Angharad, dear – your pocket is glowing. It's your turn!"

"Do I really have to do this one? I'm going to be scrubbing toilets with my toothbrush until N.E.W.T.s for this!! Well, that is if he doesn't kill me first..."

"Nobody forced you to play, Ang," Carlie pointed out. "Although, I'd get the card out of your shirt pocket – the boys are beginning to stare."

"Ooooooh, and did you hear about Sadie Fawcett?" I asked, stuffing my card in my robe's inner pocket. "She apparently didn't succeed with her dare – she's stuck in hospital, covered with scales!"

Returning to the Slytherin common room from the library later that night, I saw Professor Snape wading his way through a crowd of fourth-year Astronomy students who were on their way up to the tower to take a look at some constellation or another. I insinuated myself in front of him and just stood there. This has to count as a crowded hallway, right?

"Miss Marchbanks, what is the meaning of this?" he snarled. "Move yourself!"

I bit my bottom lip and looked up at him. Must. Not. Laugh. Or smile. Or waggle my eyebrows. Merlin, he smells nice! Who would have imagined? What was I doing again? Oh, yes. The dare. Right.

The last of the fourth-years trickled by, and he took the opportunity to sweep around me and stalk away.

I turned around. It was now or never, or nobody would hear.

"Why are you doing this, Severus? YOU KNOW THIS IS YOUR BABY!" I yelled, throwing in a few dramatic sniffles for good measure.

I heard a collective gasp from the troupe of fourth-years that had just passed. Sodding little gossipmongers. They had their mouths gaping open, and I knew this little scene would be all over the school by breakfast.

Did you know that Snape can get even paler than he is? I swear I saw all the blood drain from his face. He just stood there. To be honest, I felt kind of bad. Then I remembered the rest of the dare, and I took off running. There was an alcove behind a statue of Peregrine the Portly that I'd hidden in a few times before. No doubt the Weasley twins know better hiding spots, but this one was close. I squirmed back there and held very still, which was difficult with the adrenaline skittering through my veins.

"One hundred points from SLYTHERIN!" I heard him bellow. Well, I can settle any wagers on Snape and House points; he's perfectly willing to take points from us. Did he just say a hundred? Blast!

He came by the statue and stopped suddenly. No! I've hidden from Filch, his stupid cat, Professor McGonagall, Professor Flitwick, and Draco Malfoy (the horny little git) in here! This is one of the best hiding spots in the castle! He can't possibly know I'm here! I flattened myself against the wall of the alcove and held my breath, closing my eyes. If I can't see him, he can't see me, right? I heard the rustling of robes and felt another body near mine in the alcove. He's going to kill me right here and nobody will know. Circle! Merlin and Morgana! Nimue's satin shreddi...

"Miss Marchbanks," he intoned, "I am not going to harm you. I'm not even going to give you detention."

I opened one eye. "Um, all right, sir?" I whispered.

"I can only deduce that you're playing some kind of adolescent game; you don't strike me as the type of young lady to have a death wish. I have been the recipient of so many odd comments, conversations, and gifts that I can only hope it's a game, and the girls in your year haven't gone round the bend completely," he wryly quipped. "You and I both very well know we are not acquainted... *intimately*; however, should you wish to explore such an avenue, I suggest you wait until after you sit for your N.E.W.T.s – it would be a shame to expel you when you're so close. Regrettably, the lost points must stand – unless, of course, you'd like to... spill the beans."

I shook my head in the negative, inching toward the corridor. One does not betray the group. It's uncouth.

"Pity. How I hate to remove so many points *from my own house*. Oh, and Miss Marchbanks?"

I turned back toward Professor Snape, against my better judgment.

"It was not so long ago that I was a student here, and I do know most of the "good" hiding spots. Next time you attempt mischief, do choose a different alcove."

I nodded and squeezed past the statue, taking off running back toward the common room. I grabbed the card out of my pocket and was overjoyed to see the letters were glowing green – apparently the game thought my choice of hiding spot was "really good", even though I got caught!

I sure feel sorry for Beatrise. Professor Snape has about lost his mind.

~~~~~

And the fun continues...

Author's notes:

The original prompt is:

#31) On the off chance that you actually see Snape in a crowded hallway/corridor, go up to him and stand in his way until he storms off. When he storms off, cry and yell, "Why are you doing this, Severus? YOU KNOW THIS IS YOUR BABY!" Run and hide before he has chance to kill you. Make sure you pick a really good hiding place.

# Beatrise’s Sexy Snape T-shirts by beaweasley2

Chapter 19 of 27

What if you had to make Snape take an Orgasm-Inducing Potion, take his picture, then make posters and T-shirts with the picture on it and then blackmail Snape... and not get expelled in the process? Sounds easy, right?

Beatrise's Sexy Snape T-shirts by beaweasley2

I want to give a great big thank you hug to MadBrilliant for combing through this to point out my numerous errors and help me make this presentable for reading. You're the best, thank you!

~~~~~

Beatrise Bedsworth was as different from her identical twin as they come. For one thing, she liked to change her hair to outrageous colors. She was more carefree, liked gardening, small animals, and cooking, and wanted to have a bakery after she left Hogwarts.

Bernise wore her honey-blond colored hair natural, usually in a clip, ponytail, or braided. She was the studious one, efficient, quiet, and never left her essay for the last minute like Beatrise did. Not that Beatrise didn't get her essays in on time, but she was always up the night before finishing them. Both girls were tall and thin, plain but somewhat pretty, Beatrise supposed. Beatrise relied more on her personality with the guys rather than her looks; Bernie was generally too busy to notice them much.

Besides, Bernie still repined for Charlie Wentworth, the Slytherin prefect who graduated last year. *Not that she had any hope of that panning out. She would have better luck with Randal Blaine or even Terrance Blackhall. But Bernie always liked the older guys. Oh, well.*

Beatrise sat on her bed and reread her card again, idly rolling a strand of hair around her finger. *Anonymous send Snape a box of chocolates filled with Orgasm-Inducing Potion. Make sure you take pictures next Potions lesson.' I recall a Gryffindor who has a camera, that little tyke, Greely... Creely... something like that. 'Develop it in photo shop at school so the pictures move. Proceed to blackmail Snape with said photographs.' Great and get expelled! 'Make posters of the best one for everyone playing. Have everyone in the group wear a T-shirt/shirt that has a picture of Snape on it.' That's easy enough. I can mail them from home... after I'm expelled!* She closed her eyes and then groaned, again, for the third time. *Take pictures during Potions lessons? I don't have Advanced Potions, Bernise does.* She fell back against her pillows and covered her eyes with her arm. *Unless I get some help, and Bernie agrees to switch places with me, I'll never pull this off.*

There is that little tyke in Slytherin house that has a camera, and he takes pictures of everyone, all over the place. That bucked-toothed kid, what's-his-name... He's an option. Surely I could get him in on the first half of the prank, well... the second part. First, she had to get the Orgasm-Inducing Potion, or brew one, and find some way to make Severus Snape, the most feared professor in the castle, scowling, sneering, git of the dungeons, take the potion. *Oh, yeah, that will be a snap! Like giving a dragon Cough Potion with a baster! Why couldn't I have had 'hit Snape over the head with a rolling pin' and be done with it?*

At least she had some time. The card wasn't glowing...yet. Beatrice decided she'd appeal to Emma about the potion. Bernise may have Potions, but talking her into doing something against the rules was too much aggravation, unless she could get both Emma and Bernie to agree. *So, first step, the library to find said potion, then figure out how to give it to Snape so he'd eat it. Eat it! Oh, Circe, I'm brilliant...fudge! No, something hollow that can be filled with a potion... truffles! I make the world's best truffles! Orgasm-Inducing fudge truffles. Delivery system solved! I can charm them to be irresistible and put them in a Honeydukes box. And just leave them on his desk before class, he'll eat one before the class is up, and I'll have that kid take a few pictures!*

Beatrise felt like flying.

Actually, she felt like running down to the dungeons and trying to find Emma.

Too bad it was midnight.

Beatrise was never an early riser; she was a night owl. So she'd made a note hover over Bernie's bed, asking her twin to wake her when she woke up. Bernie woke her by yanking her pillow out from under her head, plopping it down on her face, and crying out, "You said that I was to wake you, so get up, you lazy git!"

"Wa-what?" Beatrise asked, pushing her pillow aside.

"It's dawn," Bernie said, softer than her wake up.

"Oh, yeah, right,"awn," Beatrise yawned as she stretched. "Thanks." As soon as Beatrise was able to think coherently, she smiled at her sister and hurriedly dressed so she could send owls off to a few shops and one to Emma.

"So, are you going to tell me, or am I to guess?" Bernie asked, already starting on her revision.

Beatrise sat on the side of her bed. "It's my dare. Okay, look, I have to slip Snape a potion and take pictures of him."

"You what?" her sister asked, surprised.

Beatrise summoned her card and handed it to Bernie. "I will have to impersonate you in Potions..."

"No."

"Yes, I have to! Please."

"No, I'll get a zero for the day!"

"You sit next to Emma! She can help me!" Beatrise pleaded. "Besides, one zero won't hurt *your* grades!" Bernie was about to refuse again. "Think about what Fred and George would dish out as a consequence and then picture that in our family album...me, purple, with an elephrant trunk for the rest of our lives. Of course, then everyone would be able to tell us apart... or I could just make myself look like you for the week and follow Randal Blaine around, leaving him love notes and making puppy eyes!"

"You wouldn't!" Bernie screeched, and Beatrise knew she had her sister...she'd be in. There was no way Bernie wanted Randal thinking she had changed her mind and would go out with him. "Okay, you would. One day...one! You'll have only one shot at this, so it better be good!"

Beatrise hugged her sister. "You're the greatest!" She jumped up and hurried to the owlery with her letter, telling Emma that she wanted help brewing her potion and impersonating her sister in Potions class when it was her turn.

At breakfast, the owls swooped in and the great horned owl Beatrise had chosen landed right in front of Emma. A few minutes later, the owl swooped over to her. 'Okay, sure,' Emma had written down. *Yes! Phase one, check!*

Beatrise sat next to Austrina and Sally in the common room, revising. Emma had been more than happy to help her make the Orgasm-Inducing Potion as long as she got a few of the truffles. Beatrise didn't have to be asked twice. Her half of the truffles was upstairs in her trunk, six boxed and ready for Snape with an Irresistibility Charm on them for good measure. She only hoped that Snape liked chocolates. Now she was second-guessing herself. She'd noticed that Snape hadn't eaten any of the desserts this week and couldn't be sure if he ever had.

Bernise looked up and scowled at her. "You're being very industrious about this prank aren't you?"

"I do not want to have an elephrant trunk for the rest of my life!" Beatrise answered, trying to finish her essay that was due in the morning.

"So who's taking the picture for you?" Austrina asked.

"I've two lined up, Colin over there and that Archie kid," Beatrise said, checking a fact in her book.

"Archie?" Austrina asked, apparently not sure who he was.

"Slytherin, third-year, bucked-toothed," Beatrise replied, checking a fact in her book.

"What?" Sally asked. "The one that is always trying get a picture of all the girls topless?"

Bernise looked up, her eyes going wide as saucers. "Bea, you didn't!"

"I said I'd take off my top; I never promised to remove my bikini," Beatrise said, not looking up at her sister on purpose. No point, she knew her sister wouldn't approve.

"You didn't!" Bernie gasped as Sally exclaimed, "*Your bikini!*"

"The green one or the red?" Bernie asked. "Well, either one is as good as topless: they don't cover you!"

"They do too! Well, enough." Beatrise looked at Bernie, hoping to drop the subject of her string bikini. "Right! Okay. My card is glowing yellow, so tomorrow, we switch. I'm you for Potions; you're me in Magical Hearth and Home."

"I'm so going to regret this," Bernie groaned, picking up Beatrise's magical cooking book for Magical Hearth and Home class.

Beatrise had checked her image in the mirror three times before class. Archie and Colin had stood in the girls' loo, looking for all the world as if they'd been invited into no man's land. They were currently both Disillusioned, and they would earn five Sickles each if they got the picture. Bernie had been hexed by Carl Wolt just yesterday and was actually glad to spend the day magically cooking since her left hand was still numb. Emma had waited patiently as Beatrise checked her braids, giving Beatrise all kinds of instructions about Potions, not that it was going to help any. She wasn't any good at Potions.

Thankfully, all the other girls knew about the switch, so at least there was back up if a distraction was needed. Carlie, Robin, Margarite, Domina, still in her armor, Sally, and Marianne were all milling around as Beatrise opened the door, allowing the two Disillusioned boys to walk in with the girls so they could hide near the door and sink. The girls all walked up to the front to leave their essays on Snape's desk, Beatrise depositing Bernie's essay on the growing pile. Margarite asked Snape if she could borrow a stirring rod because she'd accidentally snapped hers, and Beatrise slyly left the box of truffles on the corner of his desk, next to his inkwell, when he'd turned to withdraw one from the cupboard near his desk. Beatrise deftly activated the Irresistibility Charm, then doubled the charm just in case, and hurried to follow Emma and Carlie to their places before Snape had returned to hand Margarite the rod.

Vera eyed Beatrise speculatively and turned her head. Of the lot, she was the only one reluctant to help, but only because she was afraid that Snape wouldn't let her out of her engagement. Robin and Domina were standing next to Vera, so it was really down to Margarite, Sally, Carlie, and Emma to help Beatrise fake it well enough so that Snape didn't know Bernie and she had switched.

As luck would have it, Snape was teaching Horner's Solution for Horner's Cutaneous Horn Syndrome. "A hard, horny outgrowth from the skin, or... A common side effect originating from a cursed scar tissue..." Beatrise read over the instructions as her Quotes Quill wrote down every word Professor Snape said.

"He's looking at you!" Emma hissed. Beatrise kept her head down as she pretended to be writing away.

"Miss Bedsworth, what are the main active ingredients for the potion?"

Beatrise swallowed. She scanned the directions quickly. "Carrot juice for the keratin, and Hippocampus skin for the... er... collagen, sir."

"Incorrect," Snape sneered. "Miss Whitby, would you please enlighten her?"

"Hippocampus *cartilage* for the collagen and millweed milk for the calcium," Emma said, "but she did get the carrot juice right, sir."

"Correct, ten points to Slytherin," Snape said, then looked at Beatrise again, "and ten points from Gryffindor. Miss Bedsworth, what is the ingredient we will be using that must be handled with care or you'd kill us all?"

That's easy. Beatrise inhaled before answering. "Spindle tuna, sir. The oil of the fish reacts badly with any ingredient that has sugar or fructose."

Snape nodded and turned his attention on another student. "Good guess," Emma whispered.

"Favorite dish," Beatrise answered. She looked inside her cauldron. The base was slowly simmering, and she was ready to begin the potion.

"Your bases should be ready now; you may begin," Snape said as he sat down at his desk.

Beatrise crossed her fingers and began adding in the first ingredient. Carlie, on her other side, hissed when Beatrise picked up the pepper seeds, and she looked down at the directions. "Pypher seeds, not pepper seeds," she mumbled. "Thanks." She picked up her seeds, about to dump them in.

"Uh uh," Carlie whispered, barely audibly. "Ground."

Cringing, Beatrise quickly grabbed her mortar, barely grinding the seeds properly before they had to be added.

Emma snickered at her, "So far, so good."

Beatrise sliced up the Hippocampus cartilage with ease and set it aside as she prepared her anise. She almost added the cartilage too late if it hadn't been for Emma's cough.

"Quiet," barked Snape. Beatrise looked up and noticed that the box of truffles lay untouched on his desk. She swore softly *This isn't going well. He needs to eat them!*

Taking her wand out, she slyly nudged the box on his desk and quickly dropped her hand. Snape looked up just as she was exchanging her wand for her stirring rod. She noticed Emma's raised eyebrow and the slight jerk of her head. *Oops, the cartilage!* The potion frothed and sputtered, and Beatrise held her breath as she stirred.

"Anise...now!" Emma coughed, and Beatrise simply dumped it in, rather than gently laying it on the surface. The potion frizzled, and the froth rose higher.

She was trying to figure out how to keep the froth down when she was only allowed three turns of the rod when Carlie said, "He did it."

"Did what?" Beatrise asked, now worried. The potion was still frothing, nearly rising to the rim of the caldron.

"Add more juice," Emma suggested as Carlie said, "Get your rod out!" Beatrise tried to do both, dumping in the carrot juice as she yanked her rod out.

"Is there a problem, ladies?" Snape asked, swallowing as he approached the worktable. The timer indicated that the pepper seeds should be added, so Beatrise set down her rod and dumped in the pepper seeds. "Miss..." he said as Beatrise grabbed the glass and dumped in the spindle fish oil. "Add the milk, you idiot girl!" His wand was out in a second as Beatrise grabbed the glass and dumped in the milk.

Snape staggered backwards, landing against the worktable behind him. His face was in a grimace, almost as if he was in pain. Beatrise's potion seemed to calm momentarily, then a huge bubble formed, popped, and reformed. "Sir?" Beatrise asked, far more worried about the huge bubble in her cauldron than the fact that Snape was having difficulty standing. Neither Emma's nor Carlie's potions were making huge bubbles!

Small clicks of a camera could be heard as the bubble burst again, making a belching sound, this time splashing Beatrise, Emma, Carlie, and Snape with dark orange goo. Vera whipped her wand out and vanished the mess on Snape and her friends. But it was Snape's expression that had the girls entranced. There was no mistaking that look. Snape was having an orgasm. A flash of light, well, possibly two or three went off and there was a general scurrying sound as the potion in Beatrise's cauldron made a loud belching sound again. Thankfully, the belch covered the clicks and distracted everyone from the dual flashes of the two cameras. Once again, Beatrise's potion grew a huge bubble that popped with a loud belch and splashed on everyone standing near.

"Scourgify!" Vera managed to cast as the potion sent up another wave of the potion. She deftly cleaned up herself, Beatrise, Emma, Carlie, and Snape by the time Snape had managed to gain his feet again.

"You, detention...tonight!" he growled out angrily. "You three, clean this up. Miss Bedsworth, you will receive a zero for today's potion, and I want a four-foot essay of what you did wrong...by Monday! Now. Get. Out!"

Beatrise started to clean up her workspace. "NOW!" snapped Snape and she turned and scurried away, almost tripping on a small form that was hurrying out the door in front of her.

"I got it! I got it!" Colin's voice rang out in the corridor as soon as the door to the Potions classroom closed.

"Thank Merlin!" Beatrise said, ending the charm on the boy.

"I did too!" Archie said, the pats of his trainers sounding like he was jumping with excitement.

"Hold still so I can find you!" Beatrise snapped, aiming for the sound his voice.

The boy's grin was huge when the spell was removed. "So I get my picture, right?"

"Yeah, you get the picture...exactly as we bargained," Beatrise said, crossing her fingers behind her back. "Let's go develop the thing, shall we?"

As it turned out, both boys got excellent pictures of Severus Snape, in mid-orgasmic bliss, but truthfully, it was the semi-euphoric, post-coital expression that must have happened just before Snape had put her in detention that Beatrise liked best. Somehow, Colin had captured a nearly happy, content looking Snape. It was perfect. The picture was sent out to Elladora's Shirt Magic by owl that very day. The other pictures, the ones that were the best of the lot, were blown up into poster size, one for each of Beatrise's friends and both boys.

When Beatrise knocked on Snape's door that night after dinner, Mr. Filch answered, saying that Professor Snape was unavoidably unable to oversee her detention. Beatrise had to stifle a laugh at the realization that she'd forgotten to remove the Irresistibility Charm on her Orgasm-Inducing fudge truffles, as Filch led her to the third floor corridor where a mop and bucket awaited. She knew the truffles with her special chocolate fudge filling, which she'd used to hold the potion in the chocolate egg-shaped shell, were awesome, and few could resist her truffles once they'd had one, but to think of Snape eating all six nearly made her giddy. *Wait until Margarite and Sally hear about this wait till I tell everyone! Oh, Phyllis is gonna hex me!* Needless to say, her back and shoulders were aching by the time she finished the corridor.

The next morning, thankfully, a Saturday, bright orange packages from Elladora's with the T-shirts arrived at breakfast. Snape was suspiciously missing as he was at lunch. Rumors abounded that Bernise Bedsworth had poisoned the Potions professor, making Bernie quite angry with her twin. Beatrise sent word out to all the girls to meet up at the Room of Requirement to get their shirts. Vera was nervous about wearing hers and carefully concealed the shirt under her robes.

By dinner, Snape made an appearance, looking tired and cranky, well, crankier than normal. So much so, even the other professors left him alone. A few of the girls wore their T-shirts with their jeans under their robes; only Vera kept her robes closed tightly to cover the picture of Snape. As dinner concluded, Beatrise headed to the library to work on the essay Snape demanded of her. It wasn't fair to dump it on Bernise after all, even though Bernise insisted on helping. What was unexpected was the number of students who wanted a Snape T-shirt. Somehow word got out that the shirts were for sale, and by the next morning, owls were dropping several dozen orange packages around the Great Hall. By lunch, more owls appeared, and dozens of students were sporting Snape T-shirts.

Beatrise wondered how she was ever going to blackmail Snape about the pictures now. She was sitting next to Margarite, Austrina, and Sally in the Great Hall for dinner, worrying her thumb as she told them about her plan to try and blackmail Snape.

"Are you nuts?" Sally asked, laughing. "The shirts are a hit! Snape with a goofy expression! Who knew they'd be such a smash! Marianne was saying that a dozen girls in her house have asked her where they could get one! And Emma and Carlie were asked by dozens in their house! Phyllis and Robin said that they were asked as well in Ravenclaw! I heard several kids asking about them in the library."

"Actually, I was thinking about the posters," Beatrise said. Bernise gave her a glare from across the table. "The T-shirts don't move much. But the posters...well, you have one! He's actually coming down from the orgasm, smiles briefly, has this content happy look on his face, and then snarls. But the look on his face!"

"I know! Phyllis is delighted with hers!" Margarite said, laughing. "Sadie told me she hung it in her bed so she could watch him every night."

"Okay, that girl needs help!" Sally stated.

"Oh, it's not so bad. Colin hung his on the door so all the boys in his dorm could see it!" Beatrise said. "I think they are using it as a dart board."

Austrina had to cover her mouth so that she didn't burst out laughing.

"That's got to be stopped. I'll have a word with the prefect," Bernise said and then froze, her jaw dropping open slightly.

All three girls looked over their shoulder to see what had caught her attention. Professor Snape, a very angry Professor Snape, was standing right behind them. "You four, follow me."

Wordlessly, Beatrise, Bernise, Sally, and Austrina rose and followed Snape out of the Great Hall. As the doors closed, he rounded on them. "Which of you is responsible for the T-shirts?"

Beatrise swallowed as she prepared to confess.

"Do not deny it! I know it was a Gryffindor!" he said, glaring at each one of them in turn. "One of you four, you were pointed out by a second-year in the library."

Beatrise looked at the floor. She couldn't get her dorm mates in trouble for her prank. "I suppose you could say it was me," Beatrise admitted, her body stiffening as she waited to be cursed.

Snape crossed his arms. "You three...*leave*," he snapped, his dark eyes never leaving Beatrise's face.

She swallowed nervously.

Sally mouthed, 'Good luck,' and Austrina gave her arm a squeeze as they both hurried back into the Great Hall.

When the door closed, the silence could be cut with a spoon. "Now you will tell me where you got the T-shirts and how."

"Am I going to be expelled, sir?" Beatrise managed to croak out. Her mouth so dry her lips stuck together.

"That depends," he said, his eyes narrowing dangerously.

She was on thin ice and knew he was ready to throw the book at her. "On?"

"Answer my question!" he snapped irritably, his hands falling to his sides in fists.

"If you don't expel me, I could hook you up with a good wizard barrister who could make sure you receive royalties for the shirts... sir." Her voice cracked as he glared at her. "He's an uncle... of mine... really good one... Elladora's Shirts Magic, sir." He crossed his arms as his scowl seemed to become more dangerous. "They sell for four Galleons each, two additional Sickles if you want overnight delivery. By right you should make at least fifteen percent of the sales and have reproduction rights..."

"Where did the picture come from?" he asked, his voice soft and arctic cold.

Beatrice swallowed again and shrugged. "I have it, sir," she admitted. *Oh, Merlin, I have to bribe him with the picture to meet the requirement...* "If you don't expel me, I'll give it to you...and the negatives..."

A tick showed in his jaw as he clenched his teeth together. "You *will* give me the negative *and* destroy the picture! *And* you will be spending your nights, every night for a week, with me in detention."

"And the royalties, sir?" she asked, trying to sound hopeful and failing miserably.

He inhaled deeply and Beatrice felt her heart fall into her stomach. "I have a barrister, girl. I will be pursuing this matter. Now get out of my sight!"

Beatrice nodded and turned for the doors to the Great Hall.

"No," he barked.

She whipped around.

"Go to your common room."

She hurried past him and headed for the stairs. It didn't matter; she'd slip into the kitchens as soon as he was inside. At least she wasn't expelled over this! *Oh, gods, Charlie has to do another one... or is it Phyllis who's next? Phyllis I think.* She pulled out her card and was relieved to see the letters had finally turned green! *Whew. Okay. Merlin be with you, Phyllis. But I'm done. Thankfully!*

~~~~~

And the fun continues...

Author's notes:

*The uses of elephrant is intentional. An elephrant is smaller than an elephant, has little tusks, and are usually confused with a baby elephant by Muggles. Their skin makes good gardening gloves, but they are difficult to hunt. Elephrants have exceptional hearing, great eyesight, and can sense predators, Muggles, and wizards from great distances, often warning the herd they travel with. The larger elephants also confuse the little elephrants as their young and become really quite protective of them. Okay, yes, I made that all up.*

My prompt was:

# 22 Anonymously send him a box of chocolates filled with Orgasm-Inducing Potion. Make sure you take pictures next Potions lesson. (I recall a Gryffindor who has a camera) Develop it in photo shop at school so the pictures move. Proceed to blackmail Snape with said photographs. Make posters of the best one for the girls. Have everyone in the group wear a T-shirt/shirt that has a picture of him on it.

## Bouncing Baby Snape by themistresssnape

Chapter 20 of 27

Charlie thought that her last dare would be easy. Just give Snape a list of baby names and tell him she wanted to have his baby... yeah, right!

Bouncing Baby Snape by themistresssnape

*Thanks: My loving husband for being my beta and beaweasley2 for coming up with this zany idea!*

~~~~~

"Last one, Charlie," Emma said with a grin. After my last dare, I was sure Snape would kill me this time. My last game card glowed yellow, my final task illuminated. I sighed with relief.

"Oh, this one won't be half bad at all!" I squealed. I arched one eyebrow and passed the card around the group. "Who knows, maybe he'll take me up on the offer!"

A loud giggle ran around the group, and I'm sure I wasn't the only one imagining what that would be like. We dispersed for the night, wondering how many more of these pranks Snape could withstand.

Angharad and I sat in the Slytherin common room with a piece of parchment and a quill. *Baby Names* was written at the top of the page with a column for boys on the left and girls on the right. We sat up long into the night thinking up names for the list. By the time we went up to bed at three o'clock, we were laughing so hard that we were crying.

I wasn't sure when I was going to spring the list on him. My first dare was perfect for the classroom; the second could only be done in the Great Hall. Beatrice suggested interrupting class again, but I wasn't going to press my luck there again. Ambushing him in the hallway was my best option.

Professor Snape usually hung back in the entrance hall before lunch, making sure there weren't any stragglers sneaking off. I figured I could give him the list then, where there'd be enough witnesses to fulfill the dare but not so many that he'd be really embarrassed. My friends and I had already put him through so much.

I kept the list of baby names in my bag and my game card in my pocket. The dare itself wasn't so bad, but the consequence for failure was motive enough to want to succeed. I wasn't waddling around school for a month with a baby bump and a t-shirt that said *Severus Snape was here*.

The insanity must have finally taken hold, because the day seemed to drag by. I couldn't wait until lunch, but it seemed like time was moving extra slowly.

Phyllis, Marianne, Fern, and I raced down the stairs from the fourth floor. My list was crumpled in my hand, soft with sweat, as we reached the entrance hall. Professor Snape was leaning against the wall by the points glasses, his dark eyes sweeping the hall. I felt like his gaze was purposefully jumping over us, and that set the adrenaline pulsing. I don't know why, but it did. It made my face burn with a blush and my breath quicken.

Was it the game or Snape himself that set my heart pumping so feverishly?

I threw a smile over my shoulder and walked across the entrance hall as gracefully as I could. His eyes were still avoiding me, but I could see his breathing pick up and a muscle in his jaw begin to tick.

I was finally standing in front of him, aware for the first time of how tall he was. Anxiety rolled off him like heat waves. It made me shiver. "Good afternoon, Professor Snape," I said happily, flashing him a genuinely friendly smile.

His gaze was focused on something over my left shoulder. "Afternoon, Miss Cohen," he grumbled, shaking his hair over his face.

I cleared my throat lightly, my fingers worrying against the parchment in my hand. "Do you have a moment, Professor? I need to tell you something." I made my smile as wide and welcoming as I could.

There was no reply, but his eyes finally settled on my face. He seemed unnerved by my smile, like he knew something was coming. The entry hall was quickly emptying, and I had to get through this.

"I just wanted you to know that you've always been my favorite teacher. I admire you because you're so intelligent. And... well, I have to admit I think you're really handsome, too. In your own way."

One of his raven brows quirked up in surprise. He folded his arms across his chest and looked at me with a smile in his eyes. "Really?"

The blush came back with full force. "Yes, really. You're a wonderful man. A man who I think would make a great husband and an exceptional father." I waited for him to laugh or hex me, but he just stood there. "My mother was young when she had me, and I am of age. I'd like to think I would make a good mother."

"Get to the point, Miss Cohen." His lips were beginning to twitch up in a smile.

I smiled again. "I want to have your children, Professor Snape. I even have a list here of some names," I said, handing him the crumpled list. "I like Renesmee for a girl and Gabriel for a boy."

Snape looked over the list with a smirk on his face. He looked up after a while, gazing around the entrance hall. Unfortunately for me, it was deadly empty. The smirk on his face widened as he folded the list and slipped it into the pocket of his robes. "Do you know what you're saying, Miss Cohen?" he asked, taking a determined step forward.

I looked up into his wide black eyes and felt something flutter in my stomach. His hands latched onto my waist, pulling me forward. I could feel the heat coming off him, smell the sweetness of his breath. My heart began pounding in my chest. "... uh... I," I stammered, unable to keep my thoughts straight.

He grinned and released me. "I didn't think so," he mumbled. He turned me around with gentle hands on my shoulders. I felt his breath as it ruffled my hair as he leaned down to whisper in my ear. "Come talk to me after you graduate, Miss Cohen."

Before I knew what had happened, Snape had slapped my arse and then swept gracefully into the Great Hall. My head was spinning and my breath came in quick gasps. My stomach twisted and turned so much that I couldn't even think about eating lunch. I nearly ran to the bathroom and splashed water on my face.

With shaking hands, I pulled my game card from my pocket.

"Oh no!" I groaned, watching the card change from yellow to red. Beneath the consequence for failure, the words *too few witnesses* appeared. I felt like I was going to be sick.

The girls had all made it to the Room of Requirement by eight that night. I was sitting against the wall, a cushion held over the bump that appeared during NEWT DADA. I was silently thanking every deity I could remember for the roomy Hogwarts robes.

Bernise began setting up the game board as the room provided snacks. Robin came to sit next to me, taking in my worried expression.

"Oh my God, Carlie," Sadie said from across the room. The orb over the game board was glowing bright red, matching the text on the card in my hand. "What happened?"

I sped through the story, skipping over a few of the more private details. There were suppressed giggles as I finished, tossing my card toward the board. "Thank Merlin that's over," I mumbled.

"Well..." Maragrite said impatiently. "Stand up and let's have a look."

Reluctantly—and with difficulty—I stood up, letting my robes fall open. I looked like I was seven months pregnant. My stomach was covered with a sickly pale, baby blue t-shirt with the words *Severus Snape was Here* written across the chest. A black arrow pointed downward from the words to the bulge that was my belly.

There was a moment of shocked silence before everyone burst out in giggles. I sank back to the floor, wiping the tears from my eyes and waiting for the next card to light up. I leaned over to Robin and whispered, "He did say to come back to see him after graduation."

Robin's jaw dropped, and I laughed, mentally calculating how long it was to graduation.

The orb over the game board glowed yellow, and I looked over to see who's card was glowing. "Good luck, Phyllis."

And the fun continues...

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Author's Notes:

My Prompt for this chapter was:

#50) Tell him you want to have his children. Hand him a list of baby names.

# Tea at Madam Puddifoot's by Subversa

Chapter 21 of 27

Some of her friends enjoyed bedevilling Professor Snape, but Phyllis Steek of Ravenclaw House truly fancied their Potions master. How could she possibly pull off her dare?

Tea at Madam Puddifoot's by Subversa

*Thanks to beaweasley2 for her hard work in putting this project together, and to Shug, who beta-read for me.*

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Phyllis Steek stared at the glowing yellow card in her hand, nervous and unhappy. Why in the world had she been so stupid as to tap on the silly game box with her wand and say, 'I solemnly swear I am up to no good'? Now look where it left her! She had been enjoying a perfectly lovely Saturday in Hogsmeade, chatting with her girlfriends and eyeing up the boys, and *now* she was going to have to curse her Potions professor without him noticing!

As if that were even *possible*.

And she had so been enjoying her life ... it would be sad to die so young. And imagine how Professor Snape would feel when he realised he had turned on and cursed one of his own students. He would be devastated! For a moment, Phyllis drifted off into a dream, wherein Professor Snape fell to his knees beside her lifeless body, raising his fists to the sky in tormented anguish before snatching her up and cradling her to his chest, recalling how he had always secretly admired her ...

'Phyllis!'

She jerked around, hastily stuffing her game card back into her pocket, before realising it was her friend, Domina Arcanum. 'What?' she demanded rather crossly.

'It's your card,' Domina said shrewdly. 'Don't deny it...I saw it glow.'

Phyllis sighed heavily. 'Yes,' she admitted.

Domina raised her eyebrows. 'You *adore* him...why wouldn't you want to draw his attention?'

Phyllis half-heartedly returned a wave to the Bedsworth twins and began to trudge along the High Street. 'If he really noticed me, it would be brilliant,' she said, glancing up at her taller friend. 'But this is just going to annoy him, if I can even manage to pull it off.'

Domina shrugged philosophically. 'Well, he was really perfectly civil to me, all things considered,' she said.

'And your prank is still on-going,' Phyllis pointed out. 'You're still wearing armour to Potions class.'

A secretive smile crossed Domina's face. 'The pay-off will be well worth it,' she assured Phyllis. 'Just get it over with...the girls will be gagging to hear about it.'

'I suppose,' Phyllis said fatalistically.

'Aren't you coming to the Three Broomsticks?' Domina asked, stopping in front of Scrivenshaft's and looking back over her shoulder at the pub. 'We're meeting for Butterbeers.'

Phyllis shook her head. 'I'm not in the mood,' she said. 'You go on; I'll see you at dinner.'

With a cheerful wave, Domina strode away, and Phyllis stared after her, mentally reviewing the incantations for Memory Charms. Drawing her wand, she traced the proper movements through the air, murmuring, *Obliviate!* No, no, that was far too dangerous...what if she erased Professor Snape's memory the way poor Professor Lockhart had done to himself? She needed something much simpler...a short-term memory alteration spell. Turning aside, she hurried into the tiny Book Nook, a new book shop recently opened in Hogsmeade. She might as well see what sort of spell books they had on offer.

Half an hour later, she was completely absorbed with *In Charm's Way: A Witch's Guide to Wizards and Ways to Woo Them* People at Hogwarts had often commented on the bookish ways of Hermione Granger, that swotty Gryffindor with the ridiculous hair...but those people had never seen a Ravenclaw communing with the written word. Phyllis was so engrossed, she even failed to notice when a tall figure cast a shadow on the pages of her book.

Sprawled on the rug before the hearth at the back of the shop, Phyllis read over the Mimicking Memory Spell again, committing the incantation and wand movements to ... well, to memory.

'Miss Steek.'

'...*Memoria Simulus!*' she murmured, waving her wand gracefully, unaware of the black-cloaked and booted figure beside her.

'Miss Steek!'

Phyllis jumped, her wand-arm jerking wide, and stared in disbelieving horror as Professor Severus Snape, whose forbidding glare had accompanied his barking utterance of her name, went muzzy-eyed and confused before her very eyes.

'Sir!' she exclaimed, leaping to her feet, the spell book clutched in one hand.

Professor Snape blinked at her. 'What are you reading?' he inquired in completely different voice.

Phyllis gaped at him. She had *never* heard him use that tone of voice! Not even when he was speaking to his Slytherins, or that time she had hidden herself in the coat cupboard in the staff room and listened to him chatting with the other professors over tea.

'N-nothing!' she said, sheathing her wand hurriedly and clutching the book to her chest with both hands.

Professor Snape smiled in a friendly way. 'But you were so immersed,' he said easily. 'I enjoy a good book, as well...let me see it.'

Phyllis felt her heart turn over in her chest. Dear Merlin, he was *smiling* at her. Yes, his teeth were rather scary, but his eyes were crinkled at the corners in such an engaging manner. It was much nicer than she had ever imagined to have him smile at her...and she had imagined it *often*. Domina and the other girls teased her about it, but she couldn't help it: She fancied her teacher.

Helplessly, she offered the book to him, and he read the title with a chuckle. 'You're out to woo a lad, I see,' he said, accepting the tome and flipping through the pages.

Phyllis stared at her fingers, which had brushed his as he took the book. He had *touched* her. She would never wash that hand again. Never!

Soon enough, he tired of skimming the chapter headings and returned the book to her. 'I suppose it's fairly harmless,' he said, smiling again, his eyes meeting hers, and with a start, Phyllis realised why he was acting so oddly.

She had actually cast the memory charm on him! She hadn't meant to...she had only been practicing, and probably would never have had the nerve to actually do it!...but the deed was done, and his mind was open to her. If she was going to plant a false memory, now was her one and only chance, while he was vulnerable to her. Careful not to blink her brown eyes and interrupt the flow of magic, she projected an image into his mind, of the two of them having tea at Madam Puddifoot's, holding hands beneath the table whilst glittering pink confetti hearts rained down into their untouched teacups.

As she completed the deed, a faint crease appeared between his eyes. Hastily, Phyllis stepped away from him.

'Wh...' he began, sounding suspicious...and suspiciously like himself...but Phyllis whirled from him and scurried away.

'Enjoy your browsing, Professor,' she called over her shoulder as she fled.

That night, Phyllis endured a perplexing array of nightmares, interspersed with vague, heated dreams in which she spent interludes with her professor. She awoke from one of the interlude dreams in a tangle of sheets, sweaty and confused. Why had she and Professor Snape been in a sheik's tent in the desert, reclining on colourful rugs? What had he been saying to her that made her tummy feel so odd?

Perhaps it would be better not to try to work it out.

Rising from her bed, she crossed quietly to the ewer stand and splashed icy water on her face, taking care not to disturb her dormitory mates. The sun was rising higher in the sky outside the dormer window. Today, she had to finish the dare she had been given or suffer the consequences of failing. With a shudder, she remembered poor Sadie and the horrid, slimy scales which had required a long stay in the infirmary under Madam Pomfrey's disapproving care. Phyllis didn't want to end up with scales...or whatever other disastrous thing the Weasley twins might visit upon an unsuspecting girl who failed to accomplish her goal.

Snatching up her clothes, she yanked her jumper over her head and did up the zip on her jeans before stuffing her feet in her trainers. Professor Snape always came to breakfast...she ought to know, considering how long she had been watching every move he made...so this morning would be the perfect time to finish her task.

She ought to have been pleased at the fabulous opportunity served up to her like a lolly on a stick, but instead, she felt unexpectedly nauseous when she reached the bottom of the marble staircase, only to see Professor Snape sweeping out of the Great Hall in his billowing black robes, his glittering eyes fixed on the staircase down to the dungeons.

Do it! she goaded herself, watching him stalk past. *Do it now, before the charm wears off!*

With less Ravenclaw forethought and rather more Gryffindor bravado, she thrust herself from the last step into Professor Snape's path.

'Good morning, sir!' she chirruped brightly.

He scowled at her, his nostrils flaring. 'There are several square feet of entrance hall for you to occupy without impeding my progress, Miss Steek,' he snapped peevishly. 'Remove yourself to one of them and get out of my path!'

Phyllis's heart thundered in her ears as she fought the urge to flee from his annoyance. She forced herself to step close to him, looking up into his irritated face with guileless brown eyes.

'I really enjoyed our time together, yesterday,' she said softly.

She watched him draw breath to shout at her, but then confusion touched his eyes. 'Tea ...' he said, studying her face.

Steeling herself, she touched his fingers, and he jerked away from her as if she had shocked him. 'My favourite part was *pudding*,' she said and winked.

'*Pudding*?' he whispered, horrified.

'With a cherry on top,' she added and walked away, hearing him turn as she passed him by.

'Wait,' he said, but she continued across the entrance hall, pulling the hateful card from her pocket as she went.

The letters on the card glowed green.

'Well done!'

Phyllis's head jerked up, and she saw Domina coming across the entrance hall, her eyes on the card.

Phyllis grinned, feeling relieved. 'Thanks!' she said, accepting her friend's high-five as they passed one another.

'Stop!'

Phyllis and Domina looked over at Professor Snape, who watched them with fierce dark eyes. 'I know what you're doing,' he hissed. 'I told you: It won't work!' And with a sneer, he spun away and disappeared down the dungeon stairs.

Domina frowned. 'That was a bit unreasonable of him,' she commented mildly.

But Phyllis watched his wrathful retreat with a heavy heart, remembering the genuine smile she had received from him the day before as their fingers brushed. 'He can be really nice,' she said, full of longing.

But Domina seemed not to hear. 'It'll be fun telling the girls how it went,' Domina said, tugging her toward their breakfast.

'I suppose,' Phyllis said, wishing it could be different. "I do hope Robin has good luck with her dare."

~~~~~

And the fun continues...

*Author's notes:*

*As you can see from the prompt below, I altered it slightly, in accordance with the demands of the Muse.*

The original prompt is: 52) After the Yule Ball, (or Hogsmeade weekend), sneak up behind him and hit him with a temporary memory charm... the next day after class, tell him you had fun after the ball, (Hogsmeade weekend), then wink and walk away.

## A Surprise From Someone Else by beaweasley2

*Chapter 22 of 27*

Someone must have found out about the pranks and decided to join in on the fun... Is word getting out?

A Surprise From Someone Else by beaweasley2

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Austrina, Sally, Margarite, and Bernise walked down to Potions together, still giggling about the prank Phyllis had pulled the day before. As they turned the corner, they were surprised to see a crowd of students milling around outside of the Potions classroom. Several bangs, followed by screams and crashes could be heard from inside the classroom as well as the angry voice of Professor Snape telling everyone to calm down and stay put. Domina, Jemima, Emma, Marianne, and Carlie hurried over and pulled the four Gryffindors aside.

"Whose turn is it?" Domina whispered.

Bernise leaned toward her with a quizzical expression. "It's Robin, I think. Why?"

"Her card hasn't turned yellow yet," Marianne said. "I talked to her just after Herbology."

"So what's going on?" Margarite asked. All the girls glanced at the door at the sound of another bang coming from the classroom.

Emma looked over her shoulder at the other students gathering around and then turned back to her friends. "The Potions classroom door is jammed or sealed...there is some kind of creature in the classroom."

"Wicked!" Margarite said with a huge grin.

"No, it's not, Mar! The second-years are all stuck in there!" Domina exclaimed worriedly.

Bernise and Austrina leaned around their friends, and Bernise saw Randal Blaine nudge Drew Latham, grinning like a Clabbert. "But Professor Snape, he's in there, right?" Sally asked, picking at the strap of her bag.

Suddenly, the door opened, and the entire class of second-years came running out screaming as if running away from the apocalypse.

Randal Blaine smirked at his friend Thomas Florian, who was laughing heartily at the frightened second-years.

Professor Snape appeared at the doorway, his robes singed and a strange gooey substance on his pants and left boot. He looked around, wand drawn, and pointed to Sally. "You," he snapped as if she'd done whatever caused the goo and scared the second-years. "Go get Hagrid. Tell him to come get this...this...whatever the bloody hell it is, out of my classroom! NOW!"

Sally went white as a sheet, dropped her bag and took off running instantly.

"The rest of you, sit in a row against the wall and pull out your books," Professor Snape ordered.

No one said or asked anything, but quickly scrambled to comply. Bernise slid to the floor next to Emma under a wall sconce and pulled out her book.

"Open your books to page one hundred-and-seventeen and read quietly," Snape demanded, turning his attention to whatever it was that was still in the classroom.

"Quite a change from the usual Potions lesson, isn't it?" Randal asked with a wink as he sat down next to Bernise.

Bernise looked up at him in shock. "Did you do this...this...whatever it is?"

Thomas leaned around Randal and winked at Emma. "Now why..." Thomas started to say, then fell silent at Snape's glare.

Emma turned away from Thomas in disgust.

"Pipe it," Randal snapped. "Now what would give you the idea I had anything to do..."

"Mr. Blaine, I did not give permission for individual discussions!" Professor Snape snapped as both girls stared at the page in their books. "Twenty points from Ravenclaw. You are supposed to be revising for the Langiliers Potion on page one hundred-and-seventeen. Unless you have something to say to me?"

"Eh, no, sir," Randal stammered and opened his book. He turned and winked at them, smirking like the Kneazle that had caught an imp. Emma turned back to her book to ignore him.

Minutes later Sally arrived, running behind Professor Hagrid. "You wan'ed to see me, Professor," Hagrid asked Snape.

"Yes," Snape said and indicated his classroom door with his hand. "Someone has let loose a creature in my classroom."

"Er, what kind of creature, Professor," Hagrid asked cautiously, looking at the door, his black eyes shining.

"If I had any idea what-so-ever what that thing is, I would have told you. However, I have never seen...nor read...about anything like it," Snape growled irritably, and Gabriela Sanchez, who was sitting right across from the door, tried to scurry into the rock behind her back.

Harold Waters patted her knee to try and reassure her.

"If ANY of you so much as moves, leaves or otherwise does ANYTHING other than to sit here*quietly* and read your books, I'll give you detention with Filch in *his* private dungeon room for a *week*," Snape said as he glared at the class. "Hagrid, if you'll come with me, please." With that he turned and led Hagrid into the classroom.

No one moved for a few seconds. Then whispers of speculation and a few startled exclamations, followed by hushed voices, filled the corridor. Suddenly there was another loud bang, and Hagrid cursed. Snape swore, and there was a crash, as if something exploded, followed by what sounded like a spell blast and another explosion. "Watch it, Professor!" Hagrid's voice could be heard over the racket inside. "There he is. Hold on there, little fellow."

"Little!" Susan Talbot gasped as Miss Sanchez scooted closer to Mr. Waters.

"Oh, my gods, it's going to kill em!" someone exclaimed down the corridor.

"Did you hear that?" someone said as one of the boys said, "Nah, not Snape...he'll turn it into a potions ingredient."

Bernise pulled her knees up and repositioned her book as another loud explosion followed by a spell blast could be heard again.

"It's blowing up the classroom!"

"Nah, that's Snape zapping it."

"You want me to protect you?" Randal asked Bernise.

"I SAID QUIETLY!" Snape bellowed through the closed door. Everyone quieted down.

Suddenly the room beyond the door went quiet, and everyone looked at the door expectantly.

"Do you think he got it?"

"Is it dead?"

"Maybe."

"Oh, I hope they're all right?" Phyllis asked, worrying the corner of her book.

"Maybe it ate him?"

"Hush," Emma hissed. "It didn't eat Snape, and Hagrid is too big." There was a rolling of hushed laughter at her declaration.

Suddenly the door flew open, and everyone lowered their heads to their books. Snape eyed the students as he let Hagrid out of the classroom. Hagrid was carrying a cage with a really disgusting-looking three foot long creature with grey, shiny armor, and multiple legs sticking out at odd angles. Sparks and fire shot out of one end, making it bang its other end into the cage. It also had a stinger that it was using to try and poke at Hagrid's hand as he held onto the handle of the cage. "Nothin' to worry about, yeh see. Professor Snape is puttin' yer room righ', and yeh'll be back to yer studies in a minute," Hagrid said jovially as he turned to walk away.

The creature, whatever it was, fired off another blast of sparks and fire that scorched the wall and made its cage swing toward the students, who tried to scramble out of the way. "Now, tha' wasn' nice, Petard," Hagrid scolded.

"Petard?" Bernise asked, and Emma snickered.

"Well, yeah, it has ta have a name, don' it. Right, Professor?" Austrina said, leaning around Margarite and Carlie as she mimicked Hagrid.

"Righ' ya are!" Hagrid said, smiling at her, oblivious to the joke.

"If you are all done gaping at Hagrid's new *pet*, I suggest you gather your things and set up your work areas. I'm sure you've all reviewed the directions for the potion sufficiently by now," Professor Snape said smoothly, moving aside so everyone could enter the classroom. Everyone quickly scrambled to their feet, grabbing bags and books as they hurried into the classroom.

Bernise looked around, amazed at how little damage there was to the room, considering all the noises they'd heard. She tried to ignore the scorch mark and the portion of new wood on the corner of her worktable as she set up her cauldron.

"We've wasted enough time," Snape barked, and several people hurried to the supply cupboard.

Later as her potion simmered, Emma leaned over to Bernise and Carlie. "So, do you think it was Blain who let that thing in here?"

"I don't know," Carlie said as Bernise shrugged.

"Very well could be, the way he's acting," Carlie replied.

Bernise chanced a glance at Randal, who was whispering to Thomas next to him, smirking and looking rather smug. "I'm not sure, but I have a suspicion you're right... but..."

"But what?" Carlie asked.

Bernise shook her head. "Nothing. Just a feeling... I don't know for sure, really, but I'd bet my new quill it was him."

And the fun continues...

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Author's notes:

*We have a bit of a snag, so I just thought I'd wing one in there.*

*A huge thank you goes to DutchesOfArcadia for the quick beta read. You're amazing.*

The original prompt is: #53. Hide a blast-ended Skrewt under his desk.

# Love Makes the World Go Round by Sinbad

Chapter 23 of 27

Robin sings a song while Severus is abused by a teddy bear.

Love Makes the World Go Round by Sinbad

*Many thanks to Beaweasley, my dear friend Beth and Phoenix for whipping this chapter into shape.*

~~~~~

Robin's two other cards turned yellow. She studied them with a feeling of dread. The ominous yellow pierced her brain like the imagery of a train out of control bearing down on her. Of course, she mused, most of the student body would not be able to relate to that feeling. At least not in the way it was dreamed up by her.

Breakfast was uneventful and less than inspiring for her next prank. Some of the other girls grinned at her and silently wished her well. Her food tasted like sawdust in her mouth.

She ran into Margarite and Bernise as she left the Great Hall. "Hon, you don't look well. Are you feeling well?"

Robin showed them her glowing cards. "Wicked," Margarite said, grinning.

"I'm glad you think so," Robin said while frowning. "I'm not familiar with this potion."

"Oh, I do! I'll be happy to brew it for you. It is a bit tricky," Margarite said, smiling at her.

"Thanks," Robin said, visibly relaxing. "That would be very helpful, and I really appreciate your help. That's one worry solved..."

"It will be fine; if you need help just ask," Bernise said.

Waving bye, Robin thanked her friends and headed for the stairs.

First period today was Transfiguration. She listened to McGonagall's lecture on human transfiguration and allowed her mind to drift. Inspiration struck with the speed of a lightning bolt, and a slow smile appeared on her lips. Good thing for her that her next period was a free one. Perhaps she wouldn't get a gods-awful consequence from playing that stupid game after all.

When class dismissed for the day, she scurried to her room and found her old teddy bear in her trunk. The toy had seen better days long ago, and she really didn't know why she still kept it. As a young child she slept with it and told it her most private secrets. She suspected it would end up blasted to bits. That wouldn't do either though. She was loathe to admit that she still was fond of the toy. Well, it can be fixed. She thought about the incantations she needed to do, and she swished and flicked her wand.

Clutching the well-loved toy of her youth (she suspected Severus would kill her by this evening and that made her feel old), she went to the dungeons. Lucky for her the Potions class was empty. Luck was on her side. She spelled a quill to take dictation and had it write a note. It read: *To the least understood teacher, a bit of love and affection. Be kind to this teddy and it will be kind to you.*

She left the room to catch up with her friends. She may have Potions next, but she didn't want to be caught early in this room. *This prank should go over well* was her last thought as she covered her tracks.

Robin saw Vera and Margarite, smiled and winked. She felt confident this time around, perhaps because this part of the prank was anonymous.

"Robin," called Margarite. "That potion will be done for lunch and cool enough to drink by dinner."

"Thanks, Margarite. I figured out the first half of my prank, and the show will begin when we go to N.E.W.T.s Potions. Thanks for brewing that for me. I'm glad you had the first period free." The Singing Potion had to be used fresh; if it sat overnight, it wouldn't work.

Austrina had an almost maniacal gleam in her eye. She was done with her prank, so she could afford to enjoy the show with no fear of her head being on the proverbial chopping block. "So what's in store for our dear teacher?"

Robin, starting to feel guilty again, replied, "I'm spreading the love around." She saw that the hallway was filling up with students again, a sure sign to head for class. They'd better get going.

Snape billowed into his classroom. He started to tell the class to shut up and open their books when he saw what was lying on his desk. He stared for a moment. A small, brown stuffed bear with patches, a faded ribbon and glass brown eyes was sitting in the middle of the desk with a piece of parchment propped up on it.

Severus, in his usual display of temperament, hexed the bear. That was a mistake as the bear jumped up and immediately screeched at him. For those who had heard Molly Weasley's voice from Howlers that she'd sent to her sons over the years, the voice was recognizable. "Severus Snape! What would your mother say?" Then it started throwing dung bombs at him. The room stunk to high heaven in moments. Poor Snape was trying to avoid being pelted and was doing an odd dance-like movement trying to avoid being hit. Needless to say, it didn't work. The bear then started making sobbing noises and cried, "I need a hug," before commencing to chase Snape around the room until it caught up with him. The bear jumped into his arms and said, "No one loves you except me," and quieted down while clinging to Snape's neck.

The class was so shocked you could hear a pin drop, until someone in the back row giggled. It was followed with someone else's snort, and then the whole room exploded into laughter.

Severus Snape, the world's meanest teacher, was being hugged by a stuffed toy. His face blanched fish-white as he told the room to shut up. The teddy bear admonished him and said, "Sev, be nice." It was enough to make the class laugh again. He tried to pull the bear off of him. His eyes were watering from the fumes as the bear simpered, "Don't cry. I love you."

He tried several spells to destroy the bear attached to his neck, but nothing worked. And when the bear did let go of the Potion master's neck it was to chase him and throw dung bombs at him, for Snape hexed the bear whenever he could. In a tired and almost defeated voice, he dismissed the class with the admonishment that they could expect a test on the missed material. "I love you, Severus," was stated by the bear as the class escaped, leaving Snape sitting at his desk in a state of panicked dismay.

The rest of the day went quickly, with rumors about the Potion master being molested by a stuffed toy flying about like Cornish pixies. It seems that the bear was a companion for the rest of the day's classes.

About fifteen minutes before dinner, Margarite caught up with Robin. "Here's the potion. The teddy bear was funny. Great job!" Robin nodded mutely. "You better drink this

now and try not to talk until you are ready. This won't last long once you open your mouth."

The Great Hall was filled. As soon as everyone, including the teachers, was seated, dinner began. Robin was too nervous to eat; her stomach was rolling from nerves. There was only one song she knew all the words to. Merlin help her. She stood up, walked to the head table, shaking all the way. Severus glared at her while the headmaster smiled slightly. The teddy bear was sitting on the Potion master's lap, quiet for the moment and ignored by Severus. Most of the teachers were trying to hide their amusement. The teddy bear was the talk of the staff, any one of whom would have tried to help, but Snape was so furious no one wanted to offer. Quaking in her boots, Robin walked up and stood in front of Professor Snape, cringing slightly at the disapproving glare she was graced with. The headmaster asked if Robin needed something. This was her cue...

"*Sir, did you know you were my hero? Everything I'd like to be?...*" Robin sang. Her arms dramatically folded over her chest. She looked like she was a star singer in a play, arms waving, singing her heart out.

Severus looked like he would explode. His nostrils flared, fists clenched, breathing rapid. Robin continued singing *Wind Beneath My Wings*. The whole hall fell silent. Not one of the other students had ever witnessed someone signing their own death warrant before, especially by singing it.

Robin's voice cracked slightly when she tried to hit the high note for *fly so high, touched the sky...* The other teachers stared at her like she had lost her mind. She ended on bended knee on the last line "*Thank you, thank you, thank God for you, the wind beneath my wings*."

By this time Severus Snape's jaw was clenched so tightly he was grinding his teeth when the headmaster interjected, "Severus, I told you that you made a difference in the students' lives."

That was when all hell broke loose. Severus yelled, and the teddy bear jumped into action, screaming at him to be nice, tugging at the teacher's hair before jumping to the floor to beat on his ankles. Snape loomed over Robin, no doubt ready to kill her when the teddy bear started to chase him again. Shocked, everyone looked on as the bear made throwing motions. Apparently it had run out of dung bombs, but was still trying to throw them. It kept screaming to be nice and chased the abused teacher out of the hall, demanding, screaming for a hug. You could hear the Potion master yell, "One hundred points from Ravenclaw," just over the toy's admonishment to be nice.

Vera gave Robin a 'thumbs up,' signaling her card had turned green. Fern, on the other hand, was ash white with her hand covering her mouth and her eyes huge with shock.

At the Slytherin table, Emma and Carlie were laughing, Margaret had her hands pressed together against her lips, trying to smother her laughter, and Jemima was staring at her with a look of total terror in her eyes as she mouthed, 'I'm next.'

Robin, for the first time, and hopefully last time, of her life, fainted.

And the fun continues...

~~~~~

*Author's Notes:*

*Original prompts were:*

*27) Ask Snape if he knows the Song That Never Ends. Swallow a Singing Potion then proceed to sing the Song That Never Ends for him. (Or while drunk works too.) In the middle of Potions class. During a test. When Snape tells you to stop singing, reply by saying that you cast a Charm on yourself (of course you could actually have done this) and you won't be able to stop unless he kisses you. It has to be a real kiss. Casually mention that the kiss has to take place in front of Hagrid, Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall.*

*58) Send him a teddy bear that attacks someone if they curse it. Beg him not to curse it. Laugh at him when he shows up at class the next day with a teddy bear that won't stop pelting him with Dungbombs.*

## Snape-In-The-Box by madamsnape

*Chapter 24 of 27*

Jemima, having accidentally knocked the dice, has to perform another dare...

Snape-In-The-Box by madamsnape/JTBJAB

*Jessica, I would die a painful, badly written death without you!*

*Disclaimer: Canon characters not mine. Canon world not mine. OC's only Jemima is mine.*

~~~~~

Jemima waved her wand, eyes narrowed in concentration. The jack-in-the-box in front of her bounced on and on, which was fine and a bit of a laugh... the first few times.

But now, now it was perfect.

The scowling face of Severus Snape stared back at her, his eyebrow raised in disdain. The eyes narrowed in return and glared with the threat of detention. Laughing, she quickly closed the box and settled it under her bed, placing a few concealment charms on it. She didn't want any of the girls in her dorm to discover it by accident.

Lying back on the bed, she pulled her duvet around her. The next day's Potions lesson was going to be an interesting one to be sure. Though she wasn't looking forward to even more detention either she or the whole class were going to get. Their sleepover dares game had caused a record number of detentions, and she was beginning to feel a little persecuted against. Not all the girls had Potions as a subject and so only had to suffer the one detention. Placing a glamour over her second yellow flashing card, she settled in to sleep. *I can't wait until it's all over!*

Glancing nervously around her, she sighed in relief as not a single student in the Great Hall turned to look at her. Her bulging bag felt as suspicious to her as it must have looked, and she had been dreading this part of the day more than any other. Sitting down next to Carlie, stroking her bag, she placed it on the floor next to her and started loading up her plate.

Carlie grinned at her. "What's in the bag?"

"You know very well what's in the bag. So I would appreciate if you would let me eat my breakfast in peace without you nattering on about it."

"Can I see it?"

Not sparing her even a fleeting look, Jemima continued to prepare her breakfast. "No, you'll have to wait until class, like everyone else."

"Jemima!" Carlie whined, doing her best 'puppy-eyed expression'.

"No." Glancing up and down the table, making sure no-one appeared to be listening, she started eating her scrambled eggs. "Now shut up before you draw too much attention. You know what Professor Snape is like! Just stick to the plan."

Ignoring her friend as she sulked, Jemima finished her breakfast quickly and left the table; she had to get down to the dungeons before anyone else did and prepare her dare.

Standing quietly outside the Potions classroom, she sighed in relief when Carlie showed up.

"Where have you been? You know that I asked you to get here quickly. I didn't want to look like I came down here early for a purpose."

"Calm down, Jemima, the common room is just down there, everyone else will just think you forgot something. If, that is, they think you had a reason to leave early, anyway."

"You're right. I'm just nervous, that's all. The last dare really set me up, and if it hadn't have been for him being so embarrassed, I think I would have been dead! I can't believe I knocked the stupid dice and ended up with another card. Just my luck!"

"I told you to send it back with your wand."

Jemima nervously brushed her hair behind her ears. "I was in a rush. I wasn't thinking." Looking up the corridor, she listened out for the footsteps of the rest of their classmates.

Snape was due any minute, when Margarite came bounding down the corridor grinning like a madman. Coming to a stop in front of Jemima, she looked at her eagerly. "He'll be here any minute. I started running when I saw his foul mood. I double, no, triple dare you to tell him you'll give him a cookie if he smiles and his face doesn't break."

"What!?"

"Come on! I'll... um... I'll owe you one, and Carlie can be your witness. Whatever you want, I'll find a way of doing it for you."

Jemima smiled sweetly. "How about you ask him?"

"Obviously, my owing you would start after you've asked him." Margarite smirked back, gave a nod, folded her arms and started tapping her foot. "Go on! It will be a laugh."

"For you, maybe. But not for me. I'm going to die *every* painful death."

"Not, Miss Wilkinson, if you have completed your homework to a satisfactory level." Jemima spun round slowly and gulped at the glaring eyes of Severus Snape. She dropped her gaze and waited for him to take in the prattle of the rest of the class. "Silence! Today's lesson is up on the board, I expect you to write it all down, and get to work immediately." He paused, waiting for everyone to move from the stunned rigor. "Now!"

Jemima couldn't help but look at the box sitting on his desk. Twice she had been saved from putting the wrong ingredients in her cauldron, and twice Snape's waspish words had cut at her. But nothing could distract her from imagining the explosion that would really happen when he finally noticed the box on his desk.

It was only when she had finished putting in the initial ingredients and the noxious smell filled her senses that she calmed down. He was obviously not going to notice it this lesson. Grabbing her quill, she settled down to write down her observations thus far.

She was so engrossed in her writing that she didn't notice Snape sliding behind his desk. Or him looking suspiciously at the box sitting quite innocently there. Or even him tapping it gently with his wand and starting to cast a few spells to see if it contained a hex of some sort.

Jemima was so into her writing that when he released the latch, her first notion was his silky smooth voice echoing around the classroom from the miniature bouncing head of Professor Snape.

"...bewitch the mind... ensnare the senses..."

Jemima froze, her quill leaving a quickly expanding pool of black ink on her parchment.

A loud bang, an explosion and screaming filtering through the now smoke-filled room brought Jemima to her senses. "Shit."

"I'll say." Margarite was by her side, her wand lit with the Lumos Spell. "Wasn't quite expecting that!"

Shaking her head at her grinning friend, Jemima waved her back to her seat. "Quickly, before everyone recovers."

"It was brilliant, Jemima, didn't get more than a couple of bounces in though."

The smoke slowly cleared, and a disheveled Potions master stood at the front of the room, his wand hanging limply from his side. "Who. Put. This. Here?" Each word was slow, deliberate, and filled with poison. Nobody said a word. "Detention for all of you. For a week!" He looked around with a mad look in his eye.

Lifting her wand slowly, she flicked it first at her throat and then at the door before moving her lips. The two second delay should be enough to keep her from being targeted, but she gripped onto the table till her knuckles turned white as she started to whisper. "I'll give you a cookie if you smile and your face doesn't break."

Shooting a glance at Margarite as the high-pitched squeaky voice filled the room, Jemima grinned. Oh, she knew what she'd ask all right. Margarite was going to regret that.

"Get out!" His normally smooth voice was thick with anger, and Jemima grimaced as she walked towards his desk to fulfill the rest of her dare. "Sir, can I have what's left of it? I might be able to figure out who left it."

"Thank you, Miss Wilkinson, but I'm sure I can figure it out for myself. I'm quite capable. Now were you deaf when I asked everyone to leave?"

Shaking her head, Jemima quickly returned to her desk. "No, sir." The charred remains that lay on his desk had shocked her slightly, having known he wouldn't react well to the prank, she hadn't quite expected that, and she almost felt sorry for him. Grabbing her bag, she ran out of the room, her robes just managing to clear the door as it slammed closed behind her. "Thank Merlin that's over!" Rushing up the stairs, she grinned; her card had stopped flashing, and the letters were now green signaling the end of her dare... and it hadn't really turned out as bad as she thought it might have. *At least I didn't have to call him Daddy...* She cringed. *Poor Marianne!*

~~~~~

And the fun continues...

*Author's Notes: I added #59 in as a bonus, so it technically wasn't part of the game, but I couldn't resist after it was dared to! ;p*

*Original prompts were: #56. Transfigure a Jack-In-The-Box's head to look just like him. Wind it up and leave it on his desk. Ask him if you can keep it when he asks who left it on his desk.*

*#59. Tell him you'll give him a cookie if he smiles and his face doesn't break.*

## Daddy's Little Princess by Shug

*Chapter 25 of 27*

Marianne fears that her dare will be near impossible to pull off, but a bit of unexpected help saves the day.

Daddy's Little Princess by Shug

*Thank you to DeeMichelle for beta reading!*

~~~~~

Marianne Branstone was sitting by the fireplace in the Hufflepuff common room, chatting with Vera, when the card in her pocket began to vibrate. Her blue eyes widened in trepidation, and slowly, she pulled out the card which would invariably lead her to her doom. She turned her gaze to her friend as, with a trembling hand, she held up her glowing yellow card.

"Oh, Marianne!" Vera exclaimed sorrowfully. "I'm so sorry! This is all my fault...I'm the one who introduced you to everyone. You wouldn't be involved in this at all if not for me."

"Nonsense," Marianne stated, hoping that her shaking voice would not belie her words. "You were being a good friend. You had no idea it would turn out like this."

That was true. Marianne was part of the group of popular girls only by association. The other three Hufflepuffs had befriended her and often invited her along to parties and study groups and the like. She'd been happy to make new friends, and so she truly didn't blame Vera at all for the predicament in which she now found herself. After all, she hadn't been asked to do anything the girls hadn't been asked to do, as well.

Still, she had to admit, she was terrified.

Vera smiled tremulously, her eyes upon the betrothal ring which still resided on her finger. Marianne took a shuddering breath. This whole affair was turning out to be quite the mess. It had been pure chance that her turn had ended up so close to the conclusion of the game. Professor Snape was certain to be at the end of his rope by this point, and now she had to ... had to ... Oh, it was too awful to even contemplate!

"Oh, dear. It's your turn, is it?" Fern asked as she and Tracie entered the common room, obviously having noted the card still held in her hand.

Marianne nodded morosely.

"Well, go on then. Tell us what you've got." Fern and Tracie plopped down on one of the sofas and looked at Marianne expectantly.

Marianne swallowed...hard...and then read the card. As with the first time she'd read her task, she blushed a fiery red. "I have to tell him that I'm his long lost daughter and show him a paternity test confirming it. And I have to call him 'Daddy.'"

"That's not too bad," Tracie said supportively. "At least you have dark hair...he might even believe you."

Marianne shook her head. "That's not all. I have to ... I have to ..." Tears filled her eyes, and she looked up at her friends, her expression bleak. Her face crumpled as the enormity of her task dawned. "I have to crawl into bed with him, ask him to sing me a lullaby, and then cry when he says no!" she wailed, bursting into tears. "I can't do it! It's an impossible task. How in the world am I supposed to climb into *his bed*? I don't even know where his bloody chambers *are*, not to mention how to get inside! I'm going to be green for a year, I just know it!"

For a few moments, the other three girls could do nothing but stare at her, their eyes round with disbelief. The task did indeed appear impossible. Then, as if in tandem, they surrounded her, wrapping her in their arms as she sobbed.

"What am I to do?" Marianne choked out, sniffing as her tears finally slowed.

"We'll figure something out. We just need to work together. Let's just think for a bit and see what we can come up with. If nothing else ..." Fern paused for a moment, an idea forming. "You know, I think I know just the people to talk to." She jumped up and pulled Marianne to her feet. "Come on, everyone, let's go!"

Marianne had waited for the signal from Fern and Vera before slipping down the corridor. Their Slytherin friends had been reluctant to tell them the location of Professor Snape's private chambers, but after an hour or so of negotiations...and half of Marianne's supply of Honeydukes chocolate...they had been more than happy to help. Not only had they provided the location of the secret entrance to his chambers, they had agreed to create a diversion in the Slytherin common room so that Marianne could slip inside.

Honestly, Marianne thought it had been a wasted effort. Even though they had succeeded in getting him out of his rooms, how was she to get in? Now that she stood outside his chamber door, she had no idea what to do. Her whispered "*Alohomora*" had done nothing, and she knew full well that the professor's door would have any number of jinxes and hexes should she attempt to open it by any other means. In fact, she was surprised that the spell she'd already cast hadn't landed her in the hospital wing.

Marianne gnawed on her thumbnail as she paced in front of the door and considered returning to her common room and forgetting the whole blasted thing. If she'd had a choice, she wouldn't be here at all. In addition to her own trepidations about what was required of her, she felt sorry for Professor Snape. She was an observer by nature, and her observations told her that the professor, whilst acerbic and more than a little frightening, genuinely cared for the safety and well-being of his students. So in truth, she felt rather bad for participating in the game...not that she'd been given a choice. However, Hufflepuffs were loyal above all else, and it was her loyalty to the girls who had befriended her that was her sole reason for not rushing back to her common room and forgetting this entire mess.

Well, that and the threat of being green for a year.

She almost felt sorry for the Weasley twins when the game finally reached its conclusion. There was no possibility at all of them escaping unhexed. The Gryffindors would be obvious yet daring in their attempts at retribution, the Ravenclaws, witty and wise, and the Slytherins, cunning and ruthless. Marianne smiled deviously. She would bet the last of her chocolate that the twins would completely underestimate the Hufflepuffs, which would be their downfall. After all, there were few things as dangerous as an angry badger.

Oh, what was she doing? She was supposed to be figuring out how to get inside the professor's chambers, not plotting! She turned to face the door, and with a newfound determination, she drew her wand. She'd just have to try to counteract whatever hexes and jinxes were on the door.

Dear Merlin. She was in so much trouble.

With a gulp, she raised her wand and prepared to cast the first spell.

"I do hope you're not thinking of attempting to open my door, Miss Branstone. The result would be quite ... messy."

Marianne spun around to see Professor Snape storming down the corridor toward her, his robes billowing behind him in a dark, angry cloud. Oh, no. She was too late, and now he was here, and he had seen her trying to get into his rooms, and he was going to *kill* her, and then she was going to be green for an entire year!

All of the blood drained from her head, and she swayed on her feet.

"No, you don't," snapped the professor.

She frowned. It wasn't like it was her fault she was feeling faint. It was his! She attempted to take a step back but wobbled. She was about to pitch forward when he caught her by the arm.

"Pull yourself together, girl," he said with a sneer.

Marianne was surprised that he continued to steady her while she gathered her bearings. When she felt as if she could stand unassisted, she nodded, and he released her arm.

"Now then," he drawled, crossing his arms over his chest and staring down at her with narrowed eyes. "I take it this has to do with that ridiculous game. Correct?"

Marianne couldn't find her voice; she nodded her agreement.

"And how many more of these fun little pranks are left ... in your estimation?"

She swallowed down her fear and hesitantly replied, "One. Perhaps two?"

He pinched the bridge of his nose between his index finger and his thumb. "I suppose that you telling me of your task would violate the rules of the game."

Taken aback by her professor's unusual demeanor, she slowly shook her head. "I don't know, sir, and if it's all right with you, I'd really rather not find out." Knowing the twins, they'd both end up green for a year ... or two.

He nodded, seemingly resigned to his fate. "Well? What are you standing there for, girl? Get on with it."

"Erm ... I-I'm afraid I have to be in-inside your q-quarters, sir," Marianne stammered.

Professor Snape heaved a sigh. "Of course you do. Well, out of my way, Miss Branstone. I don't have all night."

She scurried to the side of the door, not wanting to do anything that might cause the professor to lose his temper. So far, he'd been almost pleasant...for him, anyway...and she didn't want to tip him over the edge.

The professor performed a quick series of complex wand movements, muttering an incantation under his breath before the door opened.

"Inside, now," he ordered tersely after glancing down the corridor, ostensibly to see if anyone was coming.

Marianne entered his chambers, fully cognizant that she was probably the only student ever to have seen where Professor Snape lived. She wasn't sure what she had expected, but it certainly had not been the small, comfortable, if a bit austere, sitting room in which she found herself.

"Well, girl? Let's get this over with."

With a deep breath, Marianne turned to face her professor and plastered a saccharine smile upon her face. "Hello ... Daddy!"

Call him 'Daddy' ... check

The professor's face turned a violent shade of red, and Marianne hastened to pull the piece of parchment from beneath her robes. "I'm your long lost daughter?" she said, her statement sounding more like a question as she thrust the 'paternity test results' that Carlie and Emma had forged for her into Professor Snape's hand.

Paternity test results ... check

He gave the parchment a cursory glance and then returned his gaze to her, one eyebrow arching in query. "Is that all, Miss Branstone?"

Marianne thought the professor was really taking the entire episode quite well, especially compared to how he'd reacted to the others. She began to hope that she might make it out alive after all. But then she remembered the next part of her task, and her face fell.

Death might be preferable to what was in store for her after what she was about to do.

Her knees knocked together, she was trembling so. *Just get it over with*, she admonished herself, and then, gathering her courage with both hands, she turned on her heel and made a break for the door she assumed led to his bedchamber.

"Miss Branstone!" Snape bellowed, his thundering steps quickly following behind her.

She threw open the door, almost sobbing in relief when she saw the bed, similar to her own four-poster in Hufflepuff tower, only a tad wider and with black curtains instead of yellow. Without a backward glance, she leapt on the bed and turned frightened eyes to the now livid wizard behind her.

In his bed ... dear Merlin ... check Oh, she hoped it didn't matter that he wasn't in the bed with her!

"What is the meaning of this..."

Wanting nothing more than to finish her tasks and leave as quickly as possible, Marianne interrupted, blurting, "Won't you please sing me a lullaby, Daddy?"

Ask him to sing you a lullaby ... check

A muscle in his jaw clenched as he stared at her. "No?" he said, as though questioning whether or not his response was the correct one.

Marianne sagged in relief and gave a sharp nod before bursting into tears...those she did not have to fake.

Cry when he says no ... check

Hurriedly, she pulled out her game card, breathing a sigh of relief when the letters on the card began to glow green.

She was so busy congratulating herself on making it through alive and in one piece that she neglected to notice a very irate, angry Professor Snape stalking toward the bed until he was so close she could feel his breath upon her face. Terrified, she lifted her gaze to his until they were all but nose to nose.

"Are you quite finished, Miss Branstone?" he asked, his tone deceptively mild.

"Erm ... y-yes, sir."

"Excellent," he purred. His face inched impossibly closer as he murmured dangerously, "Get. Out."

He stepped back, drawing himself to full height, his expression apoplectic. "NOW!"

Marianne did not have to be told twice.

She jumped from the bed and ran from the chambers as fast as her legs could carry her, exiting into the dungeon corridor. She was halfway to the Hufflepuff common room when she realized that she'd done it. A wide grin spread across her face; she'd completed her task and lived to tell the tale.

Thank Merlin.

Good luck, Sally. It's up to you now.

And the fun continues...

~~~~~

Author's notes:

The original prompt is: Tell him you're his long lost daughter. When he doesn't believe you, hand him the 'results' of a paternity test. Call him daddy. (Get your mind out of the gutter!) Crawl into bed with him and ask him to sing you a lullaby. Cry when he says no.

## Sandy Claws by Silverdoe

*Chapter 26 of 27*

It's Sally's turn, but will her Gryffindor courage fail her when she needs it most?

Sandy Claws by Silverdoe

*Thanks to Kyria, who helped make this readable, and beaweasley2 for putting this all together.*

~~~~~

Sally was nervous. She had been trying for a few days to figure out how to perform her task. She could put it off no longer; her card had started to glow yellow just that morning to inform her it was her turn. She decided to set herself a deadline; this had always worked in the past when facing difficult tasks. By end of classes today, she would have either performed her task or suffer the consequences the twins had in store for her. A quick peek at the card sent shivers down her back as she reread what would happen to her if she failed.

She began to work out a plan. First, she would need to find out if he was even familiar with the American movie director. If he wasn't, well... maybe it would be best if he hadn't heard of Tim Burton before, then she could at least live to see graduation. She could only hope that he wouldn't be too upset with her. After all, her prank was relatively minor compared to some of the ones the other girls had done.

She had heard rumors that he was a half blood. It was possible then, that he would at least know what a movie was. A smile spread across her face as she finally realized the perfect way to work on her plan. It was even more perfect in the way that it was almost Slytherin.

Feeling better, she began to eat her breakfast while keeping an eye on the professor. She would need to be near him as much as possible, if this was going to work.

She glanced up and realized he was preparing to leave. She took a final sip of her pumpkin juice before gathering her books. As she fell into step directly behind him, she noticed the encouraging smiles on the faces of her friends. All the girls knew that it was her turn.

When they reached the doors to the great hall, she softly began to hum. After a few bars, her Gryffindor bravery kicked in and she began to sing the words quietly to herself as she followed behind the man.

Jack said we should work together.

Three of a kind.

Birds of a feather.

Now and forever.

"Miss Locke, stop the infernal singing. You are disturbing the peace with your warbling, and get to class. What are you doing down here? I seem to recall that your Potions class isn't until this afternoon."

The man seemed to be becoming increasingly paranoid since the game started. Students were absolutely forbidden to be in the dungeons unless going to or coming from class.

"Oops, silly me," she said, glancing around the dungeon corridor she was in. "This isn't the way to Care of Magical Creatures."

"Five points from Gryffindor, for your stupidity," the professor sneered. "If I see you down here again, it will be a week's worth of detention with Mr. Filch, is that understood?"

"Yes, sir."

She turned and headed back up the stairs. When she was sure she was out of sight, she pulled her card from her pocket, curious to see what would happen to her if she failed to complete her task. She was starting to think that facing the consequences was preferable to facing the wrath of that man. He was positively radiating anger the last few weeks. Of course, it was probably the fault of all the pranks played on him.

She looked at the card.

Failure to complete: You will only be able to speak in iambic pentameter for a period of three days.

Sally glared at the card in her hand, trying to decide which was worse, a week of detention or reliving that horrid summer when her mother insisted she learn Shakespeare. The shiver that crept down her spine at the mere thought of Shakespeare was enough to force her focus back on the task at hand.

Lunch time could not come soon enough. Sally was becoming increasingly more nervous as the day wore on. She was beginning to think the Sorting Hat had been wrong when it placed her in Gryffindor. There was just no way she had the courage to perform her prank. Bernise had offered to get her a calming potion. After a pep talk from her fellow conspirators during charms, Sally had declined. She was going to get through this.

She forced herself to eat a few bites of a sandwich at lunch, glancing every so often at Professor Snape. Snape seemed to be in better mood today than he had been for the last few weeks. At least he was eating again instead of glaring at the student body over a cup of tea.

It was then she realized just how silly she was acting. If the other girls could perform their pranks with minimal harm, there was no way Professor Snape was going to chop her up and use her as potion ingredients over hers.

It was time to get her plan back on track. Following him around should be the best way to accomplish this. She waited for him to finish his lunch and moved to follow him out of the hall once again. Perfect. He was heading towards the library. He couldn't take off points if she was also going in the same direction.

What's this?

In here they've got a little tree, how queer

And who would ever think

And why?

They're covering it with tiny little things

They've got electric lights on strings

And there's a smile on everyone

So, now, correct me if I'm wrong

This looks like fun

This looks like fun

Oh, could it be I got my wish?

"Miss Locke, is there some reason you insist on following me, singing silly little songs?"

"No, sir," she answered.

"No. So you are just trying to find yourself in the detention for the rest of the semester."

It didn't sound like he expected an answer, but she was not about to let him trick her into revealing her purpose.

"No, I am not following you. I had some essays to write, and I thought I would use my free period to research them. I am sorry if my singing has disturbed you. Lately, I cannot seem to get these songs out of my head."

"I am aware of the little game you and your year mates are playing, Miss Locke. I am not stupid. This childish behavior needs to stop. I will warn you now; you may want to think carefully about your actions before you attempt anything. Do I make myself clear?"

He obviously did not expect an answer because he turned around quickly and began stalking away. Watching him walk away must have woken the Gryffindor in her. Before she could stop herself she blurted out, "You are absolutely right, sir. It was wrong of us to try to make fun of you." Shaking her head, she glanced back up at him. "You really are Tim Burton's idea of the perfect Santa Claus. I guess that's why we love you so much."

Without even waiting for him to respond, she turned and headed in the direction of her common room, singing as loudly as she could.

You're jokin', you're jokin'

I can't believe my eyes

You're jokin' me, you gotta be

This can't be the right guy

He's ancient, he's ugly

I don't know which is worse

I might just split a seam now

If I don't die laughing first...

Her sudden outburst and departure must have stunned the man. She noticed he didn't follow her to take points or assign detentions. When she got back to her common room, she pulled her card from her bag, happy to see the words were glowing green. It was only then she realized what she did and laughed at herself. She somehow managed to complete her dare and get away with it. She couldn't wait to tell the girls about it later. It was such a relief to be done. Maybe life would go back to normal. Well, as normal as life was at Hogwarts.

~~~~~

And the fun continues...

Author's notes:

The original prompt is: 'Tell him you love him even though he is Tim Burton's idea of the perfect Santa Claus.'

The song lyrics used in this chapter are all from Tim Burton's 'Nightmare Before Christmas' (Kidnap the Sandy Claws, What's This, and Oogie Boogie's song).

## The Last Dare of the Game by themistresssnape and beaweasley2

*Chapter 27 of 27*

Finally the last dare of the game, only it's the worst one! We have to give him the list of who did what! I hope the Weasleys have life insurance on Fred and George!

The Last Dare of the Game by themistresssnape and beaweasley2

*Thanks: to everyone who participated in my insanity of tormenting dear Professor Severus Snape. Pookah, thank you for your suggestions and the alpha read, themistresssnape for her suggestions in co-writing this final chapter, and beta kudos slot! And to the creators of the '101 Ways To Annoy Severus Snape' video on U-tube for inspiring the idea.*

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Many of the girls were in the library, spread out in small groups, revising or working on their essays. With the pranks all done, everyone was feeling a sense of relief. With few exceptions, most of the girls had managed to pull off their pranks without repercussions. A few detentions, but only two of them actually failed to complete their dares... well, and Vera. She still sported a rather unusual engagement ring made from Professor Snape's spoon. Carlie was still rotund with the immaculate conception of Snape's not-a-love child. Poor thing. And Domina was still sporting the latest in 'armour' fashions, as she called it.

Suddenly chaos erupted. Sadie shrieked, Marianne jumped as if someone had goosed her, and Sally almost stumbled off the ladder between the bookshelves! She would have fallen if Wade Johnson hadn't been there to steady her. Bernise jumped up yelping as she turned around looking for her twin, and Fern stood up so fast her chair fell over as she reached for something in her pocket.

Margarite gasped as she yanked a glowing cards from her pocket and shouted, "Oh, yes!" loud enough to make the first-years behind her jump.

One by one, each of the girls who had been involved with the prank were slipping small cards from their pockets, each pulsating with a red glow, each girl clearly confused and apprehensive as to what was going on. Emma and Carlie, followed shortly by Angharad and Jemima, bolted into the library and ran up to the twins, all four holding their cards in their hands.

"I was on my way to the common room," Angharad stated, her face going pale, "when this just...I dunno...went off! How? It...I...it wasn't in my pocket..."

"Like I'd be carrying around this..." Jemima said with a slightly panicked expression.

"The cards simply appeared in my shirt pocket," Carlie stated, holding her cards in her fingers.

All the cards had seemed to have materialized in the pockets of the girls who had drew them, vibrated or caused a static shock to gain the girls attention, and started glowing red, pulsing like a heartbeat, growing faster as each girl's anxiety went up.

"Let's not discuss this here in the middle of the library! Everyone's staring!" Emma tugged on Angharad's sleeve and motioned for Carlie and Marianne to follow her.

The others, seeing the girls slipping into the Potions section, casually strolled into the aisle as quickly as possible.

"This can't be... I left my card in my trunk!" Robin declared, staring at the card in her hand.

"Me, too," Jemima said anxiously as Tracey hissed, "So did I!" too nervous to whisper.

"I did, too! There was no way I was going to carry it around in my pocket all this time! What if he'd asked me to turn them out!" Catherine hissed, trying to keep her voice down and failing.

Emma looked at her with one hand on her hip and her card glowing fisted in her other. "You think I've been carrying mine around all this time?"

"How did it get into my pocket?" Fern asked, gazing at the letters through the red glow. "The words haven't changed. 'Ask him how he's feeling and rant about my period, then ask him if he has any Midol...' so it's not giving me new directions."

"Oh, *Merlin's tits*! Does that mean we have to do the prankover?" Robin asked, leaning against the bookshelf.

"I wouldn't put that past Fred and George," Sally said sarcastically.

"Does everyone have theirs?" Beatrise asked, looking around at the faces of her friends. Two more girls slid into the aisle, each holding their cards and just as confused as the others.

"Apparently," Carlie said waspishly, glaring at her cards. "But how it got in my pocket is a mystery."

"By magic, apparently!" Margarite said with a grin and nudged Sally playfully with a wink.

"Let's not get hysterical," Vera said as if trying to calm everyone down. "We just have to figure out what's going on."

Margaret held her card up, her hand shaking slightly. "But this means that the game isn't over!"

"Let's get back to the Room of Requirement and take a look at the box. Maybe we missed something," Austrina suggested.

Carlie looked at Austrina. "Austrina's right! It could simply mean that we haven't all gone back to the Room of Requirement to *finish* the game."

"What more can it want of us?" Sadie asked nervously.

"Maybe we have to return the cards," Bernise said, looking around the gathered faces. "Well, it is possible!"

They separated, each going to collect their things to meet up in the corridor. They tramped off to the seventh floor, many of the girls still speculating on how the cards found their way from their trunks into their pockets. Bernise reached the door first and quickly paced the required three times, willing the room to appear as it did the night of the slumber party.

"You could have simply asked for the game and a large table," Sadie said with a grimace at purple sleeping bags, huge cushions, and beanbag chairs that cluttered the thick, brown shag carpet as if the girls had never left. Although, this time the bowls on the coffee tables were empty. The latest tune of the Weird Sisters was coming from the record player, and in the middle of the floor was the game board, all nineteen of the silver game pieces, in different shapes of creatures and magical items, had moved as if someone had been playing the game. Most of the pieces rested on various rectangles representing magical shops. Domina's sat on the space for Hogwart's Express, Carlie's on the space for the Floo Network, and Vera's piece sat on the space for Neufeld's Jewelers on top of the wedding ring. Austrina's and Sadie's pieces were in the Azkaban square in the corner.

"Okay, here goes nothing," Carlie said, placing her cards on the game board. Nothing happened. The card still pulsed with a red glow in time with her heartbeat.

Margarite picked up the lid of the box and began scanning the directions with Emma trying to read it over her shoulder. "There. After the card glows, return it to the center of the game board on the Sickle..." Emma said.

"What Sickle? There isn't any Sickle?" Bernise stated, looking up, alarmed. "There is a Knut!"

"Maybe that's where the Truth cards were supposed to be," Jemima stated.

"You think?" Sally said sarcastically.

"According to the box, we have to say, 'mischief managed' and then place the card down," Margarite said, looking up, "on the Sickle."

Carlie reached out and picked up the stack of cards. "There is a picture of a Galleon under the rest of the dare cards."

"I wouldn't have picked those up! Hopefully that doesn't mean you have to do all of them!" Jemima screeched from beside Carlie, pulling her hands to her chest so as not to be near the cards just in case.

"My card is changing!" Sally said, grasping Emma's arm as her eyes grew large. "'Return tonight to place all cards to the board and finish your turns. Be warned, it must be before midnight. Consequence: Weasley's Wizard Wheezes written on your forehead in purple permanent ink for a month!' Does everyone's say this?"

"Why don't we just do this now! Why do we have to return tonight?" Beatrise asked, confused.

Vera crinkled her brow in confusion. "I don't understand why we can't return the cards now either, instead of coming back later. Unless Sally's card read something like 'at the end of the day.' I find it strange that the card specified at night, but before midnight," she said, turning to Sally.

"Nope, 'return *tonight* and finish...' but it does say we have to do this all before midnight," Sally stated. "I suppose because at midnight it'd be another day or something. This is really weird."

"Looks like we're having another slumber party!" Margarite said excitedly.

"But we'll have to get permission," Robin said with a huge sigh.

Bernise sank back on her heels. "We can ask our head of house... or just meet back here after dinner...that classifies as tonight to me. Worse case, we stay until here until just before curfew..."

"Then what?" Tracie asked.

"You're asking me?" Marianne answered her, her eyes wide and brows arched.

"There has to be some way of ending the game," Bernise said, practically a whine. "If we can't, I'm all in favor of killing Fred and George."

That evening, everybody hurried up to the Room of Requirement after dinner. The girls all huddled around the game board, once again trying to figure out how to end the game, but none of the cards would stop glowing red. "Oh, just give them to me," Emma finally stated.

"Maybe they need to be in the order in which we did the dares?" Phyllis stated. "Carlie, you were first, put your card down on the board."

"Face down," Emma stated firmly.

Shrugging, Carlie laid down her card, "Okay that one was for my first dare, what now?"

Robin held up a hand to stop Emma from putting down hers. "I think you might have to tell us what the dare was, you know, like it said in the rules."

Carlie did, and the glow began to fade. However, the orb developed a mist that separated into the words, 'Congratulations, Carlie Cohen, for successfully completing this dare.'

"Well, now we know what the orb is for," Beatrise said with a grimace. "This will take all night!"

Robin ignored her and turned to Emma. "All right, Emma, your turn."

Each girl took turns, laying down their card and briefly stating what their dare was and that they'd pulled it off. Each time the orb in the middle of the board, formed the words 'congratulations to,' with each girl's name, followed by 'you have completed your dare.' Until Austrina's name came up.

After she laid down her card and admitted that she'd just didn't have the heart to do her dare, the mist swirled, reading, *Austrina Lamia You paid for your failure and cowardice and are known now and always as a shirker.*

"So that's it, right?" Tracie asked. "You're done?"

"Thankfully," Austrina said, sitting back with a sigh. "Who cares what a game board calls me."

Margarite and Fern each took their turn and were both congratulated by the orb.

As soon as Domina placed her card down, the orb began forming words. *Domina Arcanum Congratulations to the delectable Domina for completing her dare. As a reward, she will be given an all-day double-date with Messrs. Fred and George Weasley...who do indeed find her absolutely delectable, and who are willing to be her abject love-slaves for the entirety of said day.* "Well that's not surprising, my card said that ages ago," she admitted. The other girls looked at her in shock. "It was either them or Crabbe and Goyle! I'd pick the twins over those two thugs any day."

Vera looked at her remaining card. "Okay, my second card, right?" she asked, placing her card on the board. Like with Domina's, the orb started forming words right away.

Vera Sappleton Your dare is fulfilled, however, congratulations on your engagement. Too bad the bat didn't let you off.

"So, I suppose I don't have to confess to you lot," she said with a mirthless laugh. "You know how it went."

"Buck up, Vera, Snape has to let you go at the end of the year," Tracie said encouragingly.

Jemima, Margarite, and Angharad were congratulated by the orb when they each took their turn. However, the orb read: *Sadie Fawcett You paid for your failure and cowardice and are known now and always as a shirker,* after Sadie finished admitting that she'd failed to do her dare.

"The same thing it said for you, Austrina," she said with a sad smile.

And then Beatrise's name appeared. *Beatrise Bedford You used you dare for financial gains. You owe us money! We'll be in touch* She set her card down. "Bugger."

"Well, this is for my last dare," Carlie said, laying a hand over her swollen abdomen as she leaned forward to add her card to the small pile. The mist started to form words before she started her confession. *Carlie Cohen You've been pregnant with Severus' not-a-love child, waddling around bravely, nine months pregnant. You paid for your failure with dignity and pride, so now you're released without a stain on your honor or stretch marks on your belly.* Carlie grasped her abdomen as her stomach made a belching sound and began to shrink with a rude sound, similar to air being released from a balloon, coming from her navel.

"At least you're not going home with a distended belly," Margarite pointed out.

"Thanks," Carlie said sarcastically. "But I've never had my navel fart before. Sorry."

"It's all right," Margarite said, stifling a laugh. "Better than the alternative, I suppose."

"Yeah, like explaining a false nine-month-pregnancy bulge to your Dad," Austrina said, smirking.

The rest of the girls laid their cards down and were congratulated by the orb. When they were done, all thirteen stared dumfounded as the pieces all flew back into the box, followed by the game board, and the lid flipped into place.

"Now that was truly enlightening," a cold voice said as Professor Snape stepped out from the shadows. All the girls jumped, the ones with their back to him turning at the sound of his voice. "Oh, don't bother getting up on my account," he added coolly, holding his wand casually in his hand. "It's so convenient, having you all here, gathered around the game."

Beatrise quickly closed her robes to hide her Snape T-shirt.

"No point covering up, Miss Bedsworth, I'm well aware of your T-shirts," he said smoothly. His eyes swept each of their faces before he spoke again. "I cannot understand why all you would want to spend a month's detentions with me this close to the N.E.W.T. exams. *This...all of this,* because you wanted to play that idiotic game! You all decided to embarrass and harass me simply because you were more afraid of a few consequences than facing my wrath?" Professor Snape hissed.

A few of the girls hung their heads, several nodded, but Margarite looked him square in the eyes. "Robin would like her teddy bear back..." she started to say.

"SILENCE!" he roared. "Those twits never did give me my cut of the profits, and, yes, I'll be receiving my cut of the T-shirts. But I'll deal with them later."

There was a ringing sound and Professor Snape smiled, a cold, mirthless grin. "You will all remain right where you are." He turned and opened the door. "Mr. Latham, Mr. Blain, enter and take a seat." Drew Latham and Randal Blain walked into the room, nervously looking around. "Sit," Professor Snape snapped as he indicated that they sit on the floor with the girls.

They complied quickly. "Why are we here?" Drew asked, looking at Emma and Carlie suspiciously.

"You were told to come here for letting that Skrewt-thing into my classroom," Professor Snape replied, glaring at him intently. "Well, you knew I'd find out who let that creature into my classroom, didn't you?"

Randal stared at Professor Snape for a few seconds, then looked down at his boot and plucked at his bootlace. Likewise, Professor Snape stared at Drew, until Drew

started to squirm.

"I want to know why you, all of you, didn't consider the fact that there isn't anything Fred and George Weasley could devise that Madam Pomfrey or I could not reverse? What have you to say for yourselves?" he snarled. "Why did you choose to be disruptive during my class and assault me in front of everyone, rather than ask my assistance or that of your professors? I can assume that none of you has gone completely mad nor do any of you have a death wish. I will have you know that I did not appreciate being the brunt of these rude and insinuating comments, humiliating and inane conversations, and numerous *gifts*."

He glared ominously at each astonished face, Tracie, Angharad, and Carlie in particular, stopping to glare at Beatrice. "How could you think to get away with embarrassing me in front of the entire school with these pranks, T-shirts, and posters. Yes, Miss Bedsworth, I know about the posters!" he snarled as he turned his gaze to Catherine and narrowed his eyes. "You, Miss Smith, I am disturbed to see you here among the group and very disappointed to find out that your *visit* to my office was part of this game."

Catherine nodded, blushing and unable to meet his glare. "Yes, it was," she replied.

"Very cleverly executed, Miss Smith, however, quite the display of your lack of judgment. Miss Whitby, I assume that's *why* you set me up to humiliate me in front of my colleagues, and you, Miss Banks, as much as I did *not* appreciate your serenade, your insufferable toy is in the Headmaster's office. He insists that I return it to you. I had rather thought to give it to the Grindylows!"

Robin inhaled sharply, rubbing one hand over the other against her stomach. "Thank you, sir, for not..." she started to say bravely, and then faltered.

"Miss Lamina, Miss Fawcett, since neither of you chose to humiliate or torment me to amuse your peers, fifty points to each of you and my thanks. You may leave," he dismissed them with a glance in their directions. "You will not discuss this with anyone. Go."

"Yes, sir," they both said, scrambling to their feet and scurrying for the door.

"Mr. Latham," Professor Snape said with a glance in his direction that would freeze any first-year, "since you were simply an unsuspecting pawn in these shenanigans, you too may leave." Drew scrambled to his feet and walked to the door as Professor Snape turned on Domina. "Miss Arcanum, I expect you to be in the regular school uniform by dinner. I don't care *what* your consequences are. You are to cease wearing that ridiculous outfit. If I see you in anything other than the approved school robes, you will lose twenty points from Ravenclaw each time I see you, and I will be looking. Am I understood?"

Domina nodded in assent, obviously relieved, as Vera asked, "So does that mean that you'll end this farce of an engagement and..."

"No. You I will deal with later," he said, his lips curling into a smile that did not erase the hard coldness in his eyes. "Leave."

Vera rose and walked to the door, turning to wave to her friends in encouragement before exiting the room with Drew.

"Miss Steek, you will bring the game with you, and all of you will follow me," Professor Snape said coolly.

He made Randal and all the remaining girls follow him to the Headmaster's tower to turn the game over to Dumbledore, and to announce his decision for their detentions. Dumbledore thought Severus' proposal was harsh, but Severus would not relent, so Randal and the girls had scarlet letters cursed onto their foreheads until the end of the term, appropriate to their sins in his opinion, like 'L' for liar, 'T' for tease, 'D' for disturbing his class, and 'S' for being a scold. However, Dumbledore did reduce the amount of time to be served each night to only two hours so they could revise for their N.E.W.T.s. Every evening, they had to line up along a corridor, scrubbing the floors and loos with their toothbrushes, under Professor Snape's sneering or Filch's malevolent supervision.

As for Vera, Professor Snape insisted on making her sit next to him at meals in the Great Hall and to sit with him in the staff lounge, chaperoned by one of the female professors, each evening before he escorted her to her common room before curfew.

It was a pleasant morning in June when Vera Sappleton and Severus Snape's breakfast was interrupted by a magenta-banded, grey barn owl that dropped a scroll by his plate. Magnanimously, Severus handed the owl a sausage before picking up the scroll as Vera feigned disinterest. He unfurled the scroll and scoffed at the contents. "An itemized financial statement plus a renewed contract proposal with a revised profits sharing offer," he said softly, barely a whisper in Vera's direction. "Not as profitable a proposition as the existing arrangement, I assure you."

She quirked an eyebrow at him in confusion. "A potions contract?"

"No." He laughed as he rolled the parchments and held one end in the flame of the candle before him.

Professor McGonagall leaned over and asked, "Bad news, Severus?"

"A dissatisfactory proposal and a pathetic attempt to weasel out of an agreement," he replied, setting the offending item on his bread plate to watch it burn as he ate his eggs. He picked up the last remaining charred fragment of parchment when he'd finished eating and wrote, 'no' before he handed it to the owl. "My reply. Safe flight."

The owl bobbed once and took off graciously.

"For someone who received bad news, you're in a good mood," Professor McGonagall replied.

"Indeed," he replied with a smile.

Fred and George Weasley arrived up that evening in the staff lounge with a big bag of Galleons and dropped it on the small table next to Snape saying, "You're not going to renegotiate are you?"

Vera turned to Severus as he replied, 'Nope,' while casually turning the page in his book.

"You'd be surprised how many of those we've sold!" One twin stated, Vera couldn't be sure which.

"But it's the darnedest thing, they keep blowing up!" the other replied, frowning.

"We haven't figured out why," the first one stated.

The first twin pointed at the bag of money. "Anyway, here you go, greasy git, a third of the profits like we promised."

"And the two hundred Galleons for the twenty students who played the game?"

"There were only nineteen who played the game," one twin stated firmly.

"So the *ninety-five* Galleons are included," the other said, crossing his arms. "The boy wasn't a player."

"Probably only pulled a prank..."

"Enough." Severus closed his book, one finger between the pages to mark his place. "Nineteen then."

"So, what happened to the game?" one twin asked.

"We'd like to finish the board..."

Severus scowled at the twins as Vera held her breath waiting for the answer. "It seems to have vanished," Severus sneered, his eyes narrowing and a tick appearing in his cheek. "I tossed it in the fireplace, and it seemed to have Flooded itself somewhere."

Fred and George both grinned and nodded, turned and smiled at each other. "So, we're even."

"Until next month or some fool plays that ridiculous game," Severus replied as he reopened his book. "You may go."

Vera slumped in her seat as she watched the twins bristle and exit the room while mumbling to themselves, leaving her to ponder exactly what arrangement Professor Snape had with the twins, and where the game had sent itself.

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Finite

Author's notes:

The original prompt is: Finally the last one we have to give him the list! Or, in this case, confess our dares.

*Yes, this is the end. I want to thank each and every one of my cohorts for their participations. You ladies came out with gusto and really made this a fun experience.*

*To everyone who has followed along, thank you so much for reading, the pretty stars you gave us, and the wonderful reviews.*

*And to all the admins of TPP for putting up with this nonsense! You really were very supportive, and I appreciated it very much. Thank you.*

If anyone wants to add to this Round Robin, feel free to ask, but be warned, Professor Snape will know what's up if you do!