

Memoirs of a Lady - What Really Happened in the Shrieking Shack.

by sunny33

How did Snape survive Nagini's bite? Here is the REAL story. No THATs were harmed in the writing of this fic.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: None of them are mine. Pity.

Warning: This story contains naughty words. If you are of a delicate disposition, hit the back button now!

I was young once. Young and naïve. Who would have thought the simple act of answering an advertisement in the Daily Scale would have changed my life? And not for the better. Before I knew it, I was locked into a ten-year contract with the lousiest job description I had ever seen. The pay was pants, and the hours were crap. I suspect *Imperio* was involved somewhere along the line. I mean, eating people, for fuck's sake! I am a vegetarian!

I had just left the most exclusive educational institution available to serpentdom. Ahh, those were the days. Studying towards my MV Masterate in Venomosity. Sort of like Potions without the cauldrons. Hanging out with my friends, although there were some right aspholes around in those days, not to mention one or two viperous sluts who flashed their underbellies at anything in a python skin. Those South Americans were all jocks anyway I prefer a snake with a brain. Yeah, I know, mine's only the size of a walnut, but you know the saying, *It's not how much you have, it's how you use it.*

Anyway, where was I? Oh, yes, vegetarianism. I had been one of the so-called radicals back then. We believed eating flesh was not the true destiny of snakes, especially human flesh. Apart from the dreadful taste and smell, the constipation was bloody terrible. Our mission statement was, *People are Friends, not Food.* Give me a tasty bundle of asparagus or some falafel any day. I nearly blew it one day when we had to raid a Muggle restaurant, and I was sidetracked by the delicious falafel.

So, back to my stellar career as the right-hand serpent to the asphole in the fake snake suit. What a crock of shit! Spent all day holed up in a dusty, dark shack or a cold, damp dungeon never thought I would get warm again. Snakes are cold-blooded; didn't the fucking asphole ever listen in Care of Magical Creatures Class? Then brought out to perform as if I actually liked the jumped-up prat of a wannabe serpent. I mean, red eyes, has the fucking dork no sense of *style*? And the diet when it wasn't half-dead, terrified Muggles or smelly Death Eaters, it was disgusting rats and mice. Although, I nearly got Pettigrew once or twice when he was in rat form. I would have put up with the taste just to get rid of the bastard. If it weren't for the damned Horcrux thingie shit-face had stuck in my head at the start, I would have bitten his scrawny arse long ago after I had shoved a watermelon down his fucking throat to see how he liked the feeling!

One day, there I was, wrapped up in my misery, when along came Snape. At first I just ignored him another bloody boring Death Eater but one night he found me hiding in a dark corner when everyone else was asleep and did the most amazing thing. He transformed, right there in front of me. Should have guessed, I suppose. Snape. Snake.

Not too big a leap, is it? And what a sexy serpent he turned out to be. Lovely silver and green stripes and such a long... thick... tongue. We spent hours chatting; it was heaven. I think I fell in love right there and then.

After the first wonderful night, he was always sure to bring me some tasty titbits broccoli, pears, truffles... and falafel. They always said the way to a snake's heart was through her stomach. Not only a source of food, the precious man brought me potions to help with the headaches the cursed Horcrux had wrought. He had me; heart, body, and walnut-sized brain. Unfortunately, my soul was still unwillingly tied up with the asphole. I was devoted to my darling Snapey. Yes, I know, it was pretty adolescent of me, but I was young and in love for the very first time.

Snapey used to be responsible for brewing the potion the asphole used to maintain his strength. My venom the damned cheek of it various herbs, and my milk. Once again, his attention must have been sadly lacking in Care of Magical Creatures. Do I look like a fucking mammal? However, if the idiot really wanted to drink my piss, well, who was I to object? Snapey and I derived a great deal of amusement from his ignorance, not to mention my skill in venom production which enabled me to create a special mix just for him. I mentioned my Masterate, didn't I? He thought he was drinking a potion which would enhance his powers and longevity. As if snake's piss and a nasty little poison which was slowly weakening his bones would help. I was so bloody proud of us.

Perhaps the hardest times were when I saw my Snapey under the effects of *Crucio*. How I wanted to wrap my coils around the scaly bastard's neck and squeeze the life out of him. I would slither up to Snapey's curled-up body and flick my tongue over his face to let him know I was there before wrapping myself gently around to comfort him. Asphole thought I was helping add to the torture; little did he know Snapey could hold out a lot longer whenever I was there beside him.

Then came the final night of my servitude. The power-crazed maniac who thought he was my One True Master was ranting and raving to Snapey while I was trying to make myself inconspicuous. There were nasty flashes and shouting going on outside, and I, for one, did *not* want to get involved. Being held in some whacko bubble didn't help the attempt to hide, I can tell you. Suddenly, I was summoned to the asphole's side. He wanted me to do WHAT? Bite my beloved Snapey. As if!

I'll fucking bite you and take the consequences, you great, red-eyed tosser! I thought. But I had no choice. Luckily, Snapey had told me he suffered from haemochromatosis and regularly had to have a pint or so of blood removed to keep him well. I knew he was due for a *withdrawal*, so I figured I could let him bleed a bit and then use some of my patented coagulant to seal the wound. I'm a clever snake, did I tell you? Sure, it would hurt a bit, but Snapey was tough; he would get over it. Better than an AK from old loony-tunes.

It was spectacular, even if I do say so myself. Lots of blood splashed around, a love bite in his neck the size of a hippogriff's hoof, cleverly sparing anything vital, and a convincing dying act from my hero. I kissed him goodbye, hoping desperately he would understand and dutifully followed the asphole off to the forest. Nasty, damp place full of scary creatures, it was, too.

Before I knew it, the Potter twat was dead and then alive again. Weird, but who was I to complain as long as he did the deed and offed the obnoxious millstone around my neck. Just when I thought things were looking up, along came the Longbottom kid and tried to kill me by cutting off my head. Did me a favour, really. Got rid of the damned Horcrux once and for all, and then they left me alone, concentrating on turning the asphole into particulate matter. Finally! Little did they know part of my advanced course at university included the famous Hydra-taught *Regeneration 401: Tails are for Tadpoles*. I aced the course. I could regenerate myself from virtually nothing, as long as the walnut they called my brain was intact.

While they were congratulating themselves, deservedly I must add, I quietly grew back enough of a body to slither silently away into the sunset. Note: alliteration without excess sibilants. The fake snake accent the asphole used to put on was *really, fucking* irritating. By the time I had found my Snapey, I had a fabulous new set of scales in the latest colours and a decorative rattle like I had seen on the exchange students from North America. I had always wanted one, but mum said they were trashy and wouldn't allow it. She could go suck eggs!

Now, I live with my Snapey. I have always known he cannot be mine in the fullest sense of the word. After all, he is only an Animagus, not a real snake, but he loves me in his own way. Even the bushy-haired female he lives with is nice to me, so I suppose I'll let him keep her. I think all the hair would stick in my throat anyway. He may have been right sexy as a snake, but in his human form all the pale skin and hair in places it has no right to be is just... ewww. And the things he does with the only snake-like part of him... I think I need a truffle and a lie down. Bye, now.

The End

A/N: This story was inspired by PajamaPants, whose use of the word "fuck" is legendary. She also contributed to various aspects of the plot, such as it is. Haemochromatosis is a real disease. The patient develops iron overload and needs regular visits to the hospital to get rid of an excess unit or two of blood. Many thanks to rdholmantx, who waded through the expletives to beta this.