

Fucking with Severus

by Titania

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The git! He will pay, oh yes, he will pay! He will rue the day he fucked with me!

Tiny Bubbles

Chapter 1 of 2

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The nerve of him, to sit up there at the high table eating, as if he hadn't a care in the world. I can't even look at the food on my plate without my stomach churning.

Bastard.

Whew! Glad I got that out of my system! I must rant and rave before I can think properly. After all, I must have a clear head to plan my revenge. My honor depends on my getting him back, and I am willing to face anything, even detention with Filch.

What to do, what to do? It must be unique, as I am sure I'm not the first student, who has tried the revenge bit. It must be torturous and more vicious than anything Voldemort was ever capable of.

So, that rules out singing the Brady Bunch over and over. I don't know about you, but that song drives me crazy! I mustn't think of that song, because it will repeat it's self over, and over, and over again in my head.

No to whoopee cushions, exploding cigars, or ink filled gum. The bastard can spot a Weasley product from a mile away so that's out. I don't think he showers, so Rit dye in the showerhead is pointless. Pity, I think Snape would look good all blue. I could hex a kilt on him and tell him to do his best William Wallace.

Ewww! Snape in a kilt. Best not go there, too frightening.

The fluttering of wings, announcing the post, interrupts my thoughts. Well, what have we here? Oh, Mummy sent my favorite sugar free biscuits! Goody!

I can smell them through the box, and judging from the puppy dog "I'm starving! Feed me!" look that Ron is throwing my way, so can the others.

I look at Ron and smile. Yes, Ron, I have biscuits. What are you willing to give me for one?

I slide my finger under the tape, and slowly open the box, savoring the looks of longing I am receiving from my classmates. Oh, yes, I have the biscuits. Mine. All mine. My precioussssss! Their scent wafts across the room. Oh shit! Professor Dumbledore has smelled them, and now he is twinkling at me and smiling! I know I will have to share with him! Damn Dumbledore and his sweet tooth!

Ah! Even the bastard has perked up at the smell. He'd have to use an Unforgivable to get me to share my cookies with him. Prick.

But wait! What is this I see? Mum and her anal-retentive packing. Let no biscuit be broken in transit, for heavens to Betsy they are packed in, oh yessssss! I am grinning maniacally now, and my cheeks are beginning to hurt. My heart is pounding in anticipation. Revenge will be mine!

I run from the Great Hall, box in hand, giggling maniacally! I'm sure everyone thinks I've finally gone crackers, but I don't care!

I can't wait for Potions class.

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Right, so here I sit. The hour has finally arrived! Thank Merlin.

Grinned through all of my classes this morning and I'm sure Professor McGonagall thinks I'm a loon. Professor Binns just smiled back and then started droning on and on and on. The poor soul needs speech lessons or something. At any rate, the day crawled to its conclusion, and here I sit in Potions, my quiet demeanor belying my intentions. I just have to pick the right time.

The pompous ass has flicked the ingredients for today's potion onto the board whilst giving his usual lecture about not messing up the potion as it could have dire consequences, blah blah blah. We all gather our ingredients and return to our seats. The room grows quiet as we diligently work on our assignment.

Soon, we are past the point where any cauldron can explode. It's all watch and wait now. Perfect. You could hear a pin drop.

POP!

Pause. Glance around. Look bewildered.

POP! POP!

Snape looks up from the pile of parchments in front of him.

"What was that?" he growls.

There is a collective shrug, which makes him scowl.

POP! POP! POP!

This feels soooooo goooood!

Careful! Don't get snared by your own trap now! Resist, Hermione! Stay away from the light!

The bastard has hopped up out of his chair.

"What is that!" he hisses.

I must not grin!

"What ever that noise is, do not let it happen again!"

Sweeping the room with his eyes one more time, he resumes his seat behind his desk.

POP! POP! POP!

Oh, good, I can giggle now, since the class is beginning to.

"STOP THAT NOISE!"

Oh my, he is almost yelling, and the vein in his temple is throbbing. Yay.

Now for the kill, so to speak. My time has arrived.

POP! POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!

I can't help it. I'm giggling madly now as I twist the offending object in my hands.

Oh, shit! He's coming toward me, and he looks madder than I've ever seen him! Be brave! Be strong! You can do this!

POP! POP!

"Hand it over," he orders with a hiss.

A small shiver runs down my spine. I've never heard him speak this calmly before. Not even when he was well and truly angry with Harry. I must be brave, for there is no backing down now.

"I can't."

I am amazed at how calm I sound, for my heart is pounding with fear. My mouth is unusually dry.

He holds his hand out, eyebrow cocked. "Now."

"But, sir!" I cry. "It's too dangerous!"

His hand does not waver.

Okay. Once more with the reluctance. "Please, don't make me give this to you, sir."

"Hand it over. Now!"

His voice is almost a whisper, and the hair on the back of my neck is standing up.

I slowly hand him the offending object. He takes it from me, holding it as if it were a bag of Hippogriff crap, and examines it for a minute. I hear nervous giggles from odd places around the class, and find myself trying to suppress the urge to giggle at his bewildered expression.

"Its bubble wrap," I volunteer, and he cocks his eyebrow at me once more.

"Bubble wrap?" he sneers, his mouth twisting as if he had bit into a Vomit flavored bean.

"Yes, sir," I answer contritely. "It's very dangerous, sir."

He gives me a disbelieving look. I nod my head vigorously.

"Whatever you do sir. Don't. Pop. A. Single. Bubble. If you do, you won't be able to stop. It's worse than the Mirror of Erised!"

"Rubbish!" he scoffs.

I'm smiling inside. He is a bastard and he deserves this. I hold my breath, certain of what is to come next. His long fingers squeeze a bubble and...

POP!

He smirks at me.

"Detention, for disturbing my class and wasting my time. Tonight. Eight o'clock."

I look downcast. He smirks at me, turns on his heel, and strides back to his desk.

"Get back to work!" he snaps, flinging the wrap onto the surface of his desk.

We all stare at our cauldrons for a few minutes, ever the dutiful students, pretending to work.

Time ticks by. Fuck! His resistance is wonderful! Then suddenly...

POP!

I dare not glance up, nor let out the laughter simmering in my stomach. I pity the fool who titters now.

POP! POP!

Somewhere behind me there is a giggle.

POP! POP! POP!

I dare a glance up at the bastard. He looks horrified, yet his fingers grab and squeeze again.

POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!

The room explodes in laughter. Snape jumps up from his chair, shouting, "OUT! OUT! NOW!"

We gather our books as fast as we can as our laughter echoes off of the walls. As we run from the room as a group, the sound of popping following us out of the doors.

I stop and linger, walking slowly, savoring the sound of his voice as he shouts "NOOOOOOOOOO!" over the popping of the bubble wrap.

*AN: This is an edit of the original fic, which BTW had over ten thousand hits on AFF before the server crashed and deleted all of the stats. Wahhh! Anyway. It's my first really well received work, although upon a re-read, I've spotted all sorts of grammatical and punctuation errors. Hence the edit. It's still my favorite work, since it was so fun to write. I like to share my perverse sense of humor. I hope you like it still, and if you are a first time reader, I hope you like it as well! Let me know... just press that little review button. See it?*

## Paybacks are a Bitch, or, Revenge is a Dish Best Tasted Cold

*Chapter 2 of 2*

Sneaky Slytherin Snarks

Disclaimer: Not mine. Not making money, just having fun. We all have to have a little fun, right? With massive thanks to my beta, Pandora, whom is hereby rewarded with a vial of Felix Felicis!

Part Two

Paybacks are a Bitch

or

Revenge is a Dish Best Served Cold

If one more student leaves a sheet of that damnable bubble wrap in my office or at my seat at the high table again, I will no longer be responsible for what I do.

That little bitch has made me a laughing stock. I have never, in my sixteen years at this blasted school, handed out this many detentions or deducted so many points. Even the students in my own house have laughed at me. The worst of them are Albus and Minerva, making those popping noises whenever I walk into the staff lounge. The

doddering, old fool gave back all of the points I took away, too.

"She did warn you, Severus," Dumbledore said to me, his eyes twinkling. Damn his eyes!

Very well, then. Two can play at that game, little miss know-it-all. Make me a laughing- stock will you?

I, Severus Snape, am no laughing stock. I am a Potions master, a powerful wizard and a former Death Eater. I have seen and done things you could never comprehend. I have access to places you will never see. You have no idea who you are dealing with, no idea at all.

I have waited two months for my revenge. I've used this time to plan my revenge on you, and I am very much looking forward to seeing the expression on your face tomorrow morning in the Great Hall. I am almost too excited to sleep.

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I don't think that I have ever slept so well as I did last night. Perhaps I need to plot revenge more often. There are so many things I'd love to avenge that I could conceivably sleep well for two years straight. Potter alone could promise six months.

But... I must concentrate on the task at hand, which means I must attend breakfast in the Great Hall.

Gods, how I hate children in the morning! There is Albus, looking disgustingly chipper and twinkly in spite of the noise level; and myself, grinding my teeth, which will lead to a headache. I must stop this and put on the practiced scowl.

There, that's better. Now make eye contact with a student and gaze coldly at him. Potter is this morning's recipient. Very, very good, Severus. Now sip your coffee and ignore the odd popping noises coming from the vicinity of Albus and Minerva. They don't know it, but they are next on my list.

Ah, here she comes, right on time too. So dependable that girl is. I resist the urge to smile; after all, I don't want anyone fainting. I want as many people as possible to see her humiliation. That's it; sit down, my prey, all is well. Eat your breakfast, chat with your friends, today is nothing but another ordinary day here at Hogwarts.

Oh good, here comes the post. I am actually rubbing my hands together under the table. Pick up fork, Severus. Take bite of eggs, Severus. DO NOT stare at the owl that has just landed by her plate.

"Oh!" she squeaks in surprise as a popping noise echoes in the hall. I glance up at the noise and resist the urge to laugh.

Her mouth is hanging open. Her face is flushing red as the leprechaun standing in front of her bows deeply, straightens up and clears his throat. The silence from her table is almost deafening, but it is nothing compared to the song that the leprechaun is now warbling at the top of his wee voice.

'Lovin' you is easy cause you're beautiful

Makin' love with you is all I wanna do.

The entire hall is silent now; all eyes are fixed on the leprechaun and its recipient. I will not smile. I will not smile. I will not smile. I will not laugh at the horrified expression on her face. I will not laugh at the students that are climbing onto the tables to get a better view of the spectacle.

Lovin' you is more than just a dream come true

And everything that I do is out of lovin' you.

Oh, here it comes! I will not smile. I will not smile at her beet red face, at the giggles from the Slytherin table, or the Ravenclaw table or the Hufflepuff table or the Gryffindor table.

La la la la la la... do do do do do !

The note the little creature hit was so high that Minerva's glass has actually shattered!

Scowl Severus, scowl.

No one else can make me feel

The colors that you bring

Stay with me while we grow old

And we will live each day in springtime!

She is trying to crawl under the table now; trying to crawl away from the outstretched hands offering her a hideous bouquet of flowers as he continues his serenade. Not so fast, my dear! Well, I'll be damned! Potter is actually helping me along here by restraining her from doing so.

Cause lovin' you has made my life so beautiful

And every day my life is filled with lovin' you.

Most of the students at the Slytherin table are actually bent double in laughter. Malfoy is in a state of near collapse as tears stream down his face. I don't think he understands the Muggle song, but I know he appreciates the humiliation that is now apparent on her face.

Lovin' you I see your soul come shinin' through

And every time that we ooooooh!

She has covered her face at these words and the implication of them. So she is a virgin, eh? Interesting. Brace yourself, Sev. Watch out for flying glass.

I'm more in love with you

La la la la la la... do do do do do

The glass in front of Poppy has shattered, and Albus is chuckling along with the rest of the high table and student body. I think that I've actually out done the Weasley twins with this one. I permit myself a smirk as she runs from the hall, the echoing laughter chasing her out the doors.

Yes. Revenge is a dish best tasted cold.

A/N Song is "Lovin' You" sung by Minnie Riperton (1947-1979). Lyrics by Richard Rudolph.

