

Peeved Peeves

by Southern_Witch_69

Peeves decides to wreak havoc at the castle.

Muahahahaha!

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: J.K. Rowling created all characters pertaining to Harry Potter. I own nothing here except the plot. Happy reading

Thanks go to my original beta, Charmed Nay, and cheers go to CocoaChristy for checking it out for me this time around.

I wrote this last year at some point, and it's just a bit of silliness. I hope it makes you smile. Peeves is such a blighter at times.

Peeves looked down into the Great Hall! How dare they not allow him to come to the Halloween Feast? It was time for a little payback. They had to run and tattle to the Bloody Baron to make him stop wreaking havoc in the kitchens. Well, the Baron was now at Nearly Headless Nick's Death Day party. He could do some mischief and disappear before they could even find him!

It was time to break out the secret weapon...the special experimental potion that he had nicked from a group of sixth years just last week. One drop of it would make someone do whatever he wanted them to do. It was sort of like the Imperius Curse...except it was in the liquid form...according to what the kids had said. The two students responsible had been expelled of course, but that didn't stop him from taking the potion to save for a rainy day. And Sniveling Snape thought he'd disposed of it.

Muahahahahahahahahaha!!!!!!

"Damn!" he said, remembering them saying that it only lasted ten minutes. No matter. The damage would be done by the time they figured out what was going on! Peeves zoomed to his personal space in the attic of an unused tower to get his stash. Once he retrieved his booty, he bounced back to the Great Hall. "Ah, yes. The brats are just coming in! Goody, Goody!"

He sang cheerfully when he saw his first victim. "LOONY LOVEGOOD... MIGHT KISS A BOY IF SHE COULD... GO AND GET YOUR MAN OVER THERE... THE ONE WITH THE FLAMING RED HAIR!" He sprinkled a few drops on Luna and off she went to Ron as if mesmerized.

"Hello, *my* handsome Weasley King," she told Ron.

Ron gaped at her as she began running her fingers through his hair. He had been pouring punch into his cup and was now missing the cup entirely. "Harry..." he mumbled to his friend, requesting help.

Harry looked up and blanched. *What the hell?* He didn't know Luna liked Ron.

Peeves saw that Harry looked miffed. *Time to do something to him as well.* "POTTER, YOU ROTTER... ALWAYS GIVING IN TO DOUBT... IT'S TIME YOU FONDLED PROFESSOR SPROUT!" He sprinkled a bit of potion on Harry and off he went in search of Professor Sprout.

"Oi! Professor Sprout!" Harry called. Professor Sprout waved to him and went back to talking to Professor Snape. Harry walked boldly up to her and tapped her on the bum soundly. "You have a nice arse."

She blushed deeply and giggled. "Oh, my Potter! What's gotten into you?" *"A young man taking interest? Hell yes."*

Snape glared at Harry. "Fondling professors, Potter? The headmaster will hear about this. I believe House points should be taken."

Harry just grinned while Professor Sprout said, "Oh, no indeed, Severus. He was just joking." She was quite proud to be noticed by him to be honest.

Peeves knew that Snape was his next victim just about the time Granger walked up to see what in the world Harry was doing. "OI THERE, SNAPE... KISS THE BRAINEY ONE ON THE NAPE." He sprinkled a few drops on the Potions master.

"Well, Miss Granger, I have been wanting to do this for so long," Professor Snape said silkily. He brushed her wild hair back and bent over to lick the nape of her neck.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed, jumping back. "Professor!"

Harry cackled and imitated Snape's voice to the best of his ability. "Licking students, Snape? The headmaster will hear about this. Perhaps a few points from Slytherin will be taken." Snape made a move to push Potter, but Hermione got in his way.

"Er... could you... would you do that again?" she asked. Snape grinned wickedly, potion kicking in, and pulled her out of the Great Hall through the teacher's exit.

And so it went. Before long, Ron and Luna were snogging, Harry was hugging Sprout as if his life depended on it while she sang songs about planting flowers, Snape was ravishing Hermione in a deserted corridor, Seamus was running about acting like a chicken, Draco was trying to kick Mrs. Norris, Filch was trying to kiss Draco, McGonagall and Dumbledore were fast dancing to a slow song, Crabbe and Goyle were sniffing each other's armpits, Ginny was stripping seductively for Neville who was panting like a dog... and the list continued.

Muahahahahahahahahaha!!!!!!

"Ahhh... the mayhem!" Peeves loved it. No one need know that it was he that orchestrated it all. He simply drifted to the ceiling to watch his victims until their juice wore off. One by one, they came back to their senses. The first to stop was Luna.

The girl blinked in confusion. "Uh, Ron, I don't know what came over me just then. I'm sorry," she said, completely embarrassed that she'd thrown herself all over Ron.

"Hey, don't you think on it. I kind of liked it. Wanna... go... er... someplace else?" he asked, grinning wickedly. She wasn't all that bad, not now he'd taken a few minutes to check out her assets.

"Yes," she breathed, eyes glazing dreamily. They ran from the hall, hands entwined.

Damn! They were supposed to be miserable about this! Oh, well, surely Sprout would tear into Potter.

"Harry," she was saying, as Peeves floated over. "Are you all right? You went temporarily mad just like everyone else! I'd say the punch has been tainted, it has!"

Harry blushed. "Sorry 'bout that, but uh... I do fancy round bums like yours!" With that said, he took off. Madame Sprout grinned and never felt better about herself. After all, the Boy Who Lived had just paid her a very nice compliment indeed.

Damn! Another plan gone awry. He floated through the wall to see how Snape was dealing with reality. "Hermione... Miss Granger, I apologize. I didn't mean to... Damn, your kiss begs for me to take more," he said huskily. He pulled her back to him roughly. Hermione continued to let him snog her senseless. Peeves wanted to pelt them with rocks, but yelling in the hall caused him to float back there to see what was amiss.

He cackled in delight as Filch was now holding his cat and trying to catch Draco to beat him *Oh, joy!* thought Peeves.

Draco was running and trying to hide behind his two cronies, Crabbe and Goyle, but they were simply grinning impishly at each other. "I'll have you for this, Malfoy! I'll have you!" Filch was yelling.

Seamus seemed rightly embarrassed by his outburst, but everyone seemed to have enjoyed it. As they were also enjoying the lap dance that Neville was still getting. The dolt was still panting, though not like a dog. Dumbledore and McGonagall stepped away from each other and were slightly embarrassed that they had been dancing somewhat erotically. "Meet me in my chambers later, and we'll finish our dance," the old wizard told her, winking. She winked back.

One by one, they all came to their senses, and Peeves' joy diminished greatly. Why was it that nobody was angry or upset by the foolishness that they had just committed? They had been acting like imbeciles, fools... yet they dared laugh about it? *Damn! The other ghosts are arriving.* He knew that they could see through his cloaking disguise.

The Bloody Baron drifted straight to Peeves. "I sensed what you were about, Peeves, and you will pay." With *pop*, Peeves became visible to all under him, and then, they realized who had caused the problems.

Dumbledore summoned the potion and flipped the last of it onto Peeves, saying, "Peeves, you have been very naughty indeed. You must quickly go onto the grounds and weed." Within the next ten minutes, every weed that grew out of place on the grounds had been plucked.

Damn! Peeves thought bitterly. That ended up being the sourest Halloween party ever! "I'll not be coming back to your party next year!" he bellowed at anyone he passed. He screeched other obscenities as he sailed back in through the entrance. However, he did take pride that he had led to the corruption of four innocents! "Yes, Four! Four students have lost their innocence this Halloween night."

One case of innocence lost was Miss Granger with her snarky Potions master. Neville had lost his innocence to the fiery Miss Weasley. The last two losing their innocence were Miss Lovegood and Mr. Weasley. He was also responsible for the headmaster and deputy headmistress having a much-needed shag. "HaHaHa!" he cackled all the way up to his secret place. This would be an event that would go down in history.

Yes, I had to sneak some Snape and Granger in there. HaHaHa