

Happy Halloween from the Potions Master

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Chapter 1 of 1

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'Oh, for heaven's sake!'

Professor Snape rolled over in his bed and wished he had never woken up. Five thirty. October thirty first. Could it get any worse?

He seriously hated Halloween. What was the point of a day when people were officially allowed to scare the living daylights out of their fellow human beings? As if the world weren't a scary enough place already.

And of course, Headmaster Dumbledore would expect his Potions master to take part in the inanities. He had made that very clear in the staff room the previous night: 'Do wear a costume, Severus. Do come to the dance in the evening. Do have a Chocolate Pumpkin.' The man was getting nuttier by the day. At least this year, he hadn't gone as far as to suggest that Snape wear a pumpkin costume.

'Oh, sod it.'

With a groan, Snape got out of bed and made his way to the bathroom.

Wee, shower, shave. Check.

Black underwear, black socks, black robe, black scowl. Check.

Now, wait a minute! Snape smirked as the little devil on his left shoulder whispered an idea into his ear. Yeah, that sounded like fun!

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'Not bad, dear Severus. Not bad at all.'

Snape couldn't help but grin as he examined himself in the mirror. As usual, he looked immaculate. Collar starched, buttons buttoned, boots polished. Perfect.

He had to admit that he had for a moment considered that he was overdoing it as he had put on his socks. But no! Style is style, and everything had to match. Even the socks. And the underwear. Although he very much doubted that anyone would lay eyes upon his socks or underwear today. He would, of course, hex anyone who even had the thought of trying to sneak a peek.

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'Good morning, Draco.'

The boy spun around, and his already pale face turned ashen. His eyes widened.

'Pro.. Professor Snape! Good ... um ... good mo... um ...'

Snape strode on and left the boy standing in the semi-dark dungeon corridor with his jaw on the floor. Tut, tut, if Lucius knew that his son was so easily shocked, he'd be very disappointed.

Ascending the stairs that led to the entrance hall, Snape allowed himself a smirk. If one of the toughest Slytherins was turned into a stuttering idiot just because his Head of House bid him good morning, then that certain Head of House was unquestionably doing something right.

This was going to be a piece of cake.

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'Good morning, Minerva.'

'Good morning, Se... Severus?'

McGonagall's otherwise very composed voice rose about one and a half octaves, closely followed by her eyebrows, which threatened to disappear under her hairline.

'Happy Halloween to you,' Snape said in his most silky tone and then just walked past the Deputy Headmistress. Breakfast was waiting.

When he reached the door that led to the Great Hall, he glanced back over his shoulder at his colleague who was still standing in the exact same spot where he had left her.

Another one petrified. Ha! Brilliant!

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Snape chose his normal route to get to the staff table, right down the corridor between the Slytherin and the Ravenclaw tables. In his wake, he left twenty-seven open mouths, nine people that almost choked at their pumpkin juice, a shrieking Pansy Parkinson and a snorting Morgana Belakane.

Good, Snape thought. At least one of the students in his House had a sense of humour. He would, however, have to deduct points from Miss Belakane if she happened to laugh once more that day. She mustn't give his plan away.

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'Good morning and a Happy Halloween to you, Severus.'

'And to you, Headmaster,' Snape answered with a little bow before he took his seat at the table.

Twenty points to Gryffindor! At least, First Chief Gryffindor Albus Dumbledore was able to understand and appreciate a good Halloween prank when he saw one.

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'Mr Longbottom, that was a foolish thing to do. Adding the powdered root of Sillyweed while stirring counter-clockwise was bound to make the cauldron collapse into a fit of giggles.'

Longbottom looked terrified, and Snape wondered if he was doing something wrong.

But no, he was doing everything right. He wasn't yelling nor scowling. And his hand on the boy's shoulder must certainly count as an assuring gesture. Still, Longbottom looked as if he were about to shit himself.

Oh well, this was probably the boy's natural expression, Snape thought.

Granger, however, had him worried. The little know-it-all had certainly never looked that dumbstruck in her life!

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As much fun as that Halloween day had been, Snape was relieved to shed his façade in the privacy of his quarters in the evening. He had not felt thoroughly comfortable, he had to admit that. And his jaw was aching, too.

But the outcome had been good! He had counted one hundred and twenty three pairs of eyes widening in shock and ninety seven paling faces. He had also rendered forty six people speechless, and Poppy had reported that thirteen students had come to see her because they thought they were hallucinating.

The only failure had been the Belakane girl. Well, not exactly a failure. She had actually understood his point. And when she had handed in her Potions essay, she had stuck a note on it. 'Best prank ever, sir!'

But he had just cocked his eyebrow at her as if he had no idea what she meant.

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'I can't believe he did that! He seriously scared the shit out of people!'

Morgana smirked at her best friend and helped herself to another piece of pumpkin pie. 'I think it was a brilliant prank. Never before have so many people in this castle been that thoroughly scared on Halloween. And you have to admit that Snape actually looks good in light pink. Who would have thought?'

Charis grinned. 'Yes, who would have thought? But I seriously hope he will never wear pink again. I rather like him in black.'

'You'd like him in any clothes,' Morgana commented dryly. 'Or without.'

'Look who's talking.'

'Touché.'

Charis was right, of course. It was their sixth year at Hogwarts, and as they were blossoming into young women, the two girls had realised that none of the male inhabitants in the castle made their hearts beat as fast as Severus Snape did.

Maybe one should set out on a mission to seduce the dear Potions master? They were about to come of age next summer, after all. Wouldn't it be a fun competition for

their last year at Hogwarts, to see who first managed to get under the Potions master's robes?

Morgana's Slytherin mind set to work at once. Anything to succeed, she thought. But her plotting was interrupted by her friend.

'As unsettling as his pink robes were, I think they were not what scared people the most,' Charis pointed out. 'I'd say it was his smile.'

Morgana nodded. She could only agree. Seeing Severus Snape smile all day had been a very scary sight indeed.

A/N: Forgive me for my silliness. But I'd like to think that Snape is a prankster at heart.

And if you're curious whether Morgana and Charis manage to get under his robes in their seventh year, check out *Star Sisters* by sevs_starsisters.