

Revenge is a Pain in the...

by DawnEB

Draco wakes up after the End of Year party...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Can you hear me? Wake up, Draco."

Draco Malfoy drifted out of unconsciousness to feel someone slapping at his face. His first thought was that he was going to kill whoever dared to disturb his sleep like this. His second thought was to panic. Just who was that?

"Draco, can you hear me?"

"*Whaa?* Who?"

"Ah, Mr Malfoy. Conscious if not coherent, I see."

Draco's panic subsided a little at the sound of a familiar voice.

"Professor Snape? What's wrong with me, sir? I don't appear to be able to see or move at all."

"Just the effects of a potion you unknowingly imbibed last night. Your faculties will be restored fully in the next half hour with no ill effects, if I'm any judge. First your hearing, then your sense of touch, movement and finally your sight." He could hear the sound of Snape's robe as he moved beside him. "Do you have any idea how this came about, Mr Malfoy?"

Draco's mind drifted back to the previous night. There had been a party to celebrate the end of the school year and coincidentally Draco and his fellow Seventh Years' school careers. Apart from the usual selection of party items from Weasley's Wizard Wheezes and butterbeer there had been other, contraband, substances on offer, and Draco realised with horror that someone had taken advantage of the situation.

"What happened to me, sir?"

"I found you under the potion's influence in the Slytherin common room and brought you here to recover."

Draco breathed a sigh of relief. No matter what anyone's opinion was of the Head of Slytherin, he had never knowingly allowed any student to come to any real harm if he could prevent it.

"Thank you, sir."

"Don't thank me yet. Now, as I said, all your faculties should be returning soon, but there *might* be a little memory damage so I'd just like to test you. I'll mention a few dates, and you see if you can remember any significant events that might stick in your mind. Are you up to that?"

Draco was beginning to feel a tingle of sensation in his fingertips. He felt a sense of relief at this confirmation of Snape's prognosis.

"Yes, sir, ready when you are."

"Good." Snape seemed to ponder for a moment. "Let me see.... October 15th, last year. Anything come to mind?"

Draco let his mind drift back. "It was a Thursday.... I think I had an owl from home..." Suddenly a memory snapped to the fore. The owl had brought a number of items he had asked to be procured for him, including a certain something that Draco planned on using to humiliate that Gryffindor know-it-all, Hermione Granger. Her Potions scores had been slowly outstripping his, and he planned to take her down a notch or two. He had waited until she wasn't looking and tossed it into her cauldron. If everything had gone to plan, she would have turned back to her cauldron in time to take the explosive reaction full in the face and be turned a bright shade of chartreuse. Unfortunately, Professor Snape had spotted the reaction and pulled Granger to cover within his robes with the result that the robes were ruined. He had glared at Malfoy but deducted 10 points from Gryffindor.

"Umm, I believe that there was some kind of Potions accident that day, Professor."

Draco could hear the man move and felt a flutter that might have been the brush of robes against his leg.

"I believe you may be right, Mr Malfoy. So let us proceed to... January 9th of this year."

Draco wracked his brain, but couldn't remember anything in particular.

"I can think of nothing significant to me at all about that day, sir."

"I suspected as much. Very well." *

The total silence that followed this last comment stretched, and the young man began to feel uneasy. Suddenly Snape's voice sounded quietly but clearly right next to his ear.

"And do you remember anything of *significance* about May 3rd, Malfoy? "

The question did nothing to quiet Draco's unease. He needed no prodding to recall that day. Once again he had come up with an excellent plan to bring shame to Granger and had sent a hex flying her way in the corridor outside the Great Hall as she exited from breakfast. It was designed to tattoo her arse with the words 'Property of Draco Malfoy' over the image of a dragon that, being a magical picture, winked and licked its lips salaciously. Once again Fate had favoured her. At the precise moment Draco had released the magic, she dropped the bagful of books she habitually lugged around. In stooping to retrieve it, she had exposed the form of Severus Snape where he had paused to make a caustic comment on her clumsiness.

Draco could still see the way Snape's eyes widened as his hand had flown to his buttock before sweeping off in his usual billow of black fabric. Later that day Slytherin was deducted 21 points - one for each letter. It was three days before anyone noticed the even more foul tempered than usual professor sit down, and it was rumoured that Professor McGonagall had been seen running towards the Infirmary with Colin Creevey's camera after Madam Pomfrey had called on Professor Flitwick for his advice about removing the offending tattoo.

A breeze chilled Draco's skin, and he shivered as a suspicion grew in the back of his mind. Snape generally avoided the common room during any kind of celebration, on the grounds that what he didn't see he didn't have to deduct points for. Why had he changed his routine last night? Draco was still vulnerable from the effects of the potion, so weighed his words carefully.

"Professor Snape, sir, you don't usually bother to patrol us on party nights, so to what do I owe my luck for your finding me?" Draco was starting to see patterns of light and shade. The potion's effects were wearing off quickly now.

"Quite simply, Malfoy, I overheard Miss Granger with her co-conspirators plotting to exact revenge on you for all the slights you have attempted to heap on them over the last seven years."

Relief flooded the younger man at the pronouncement and then a surge of anger.

"That Mudblood bitch! Just what did she dope me with?" Draco tried to move, but although he could feel his muscles beginning to work again, he found his movement was still restricted. Snape started to speak in what all his students immediately recognised as 'lecture mode.'

"The potion is one that I know of from my past...*associates*. It's properties include making the victim somewhat *compliant to suggestion* before unconsciousness overtakes them. Until the onset of the symptoms you are at present suffering, any activity after ingestion is subject to an amnesiac episode. It is commonly used by certain types to indulge in what I believe Muggles refer to as 'Date Rape,' or to otherwise create a scenario for the purpose of blackmail."

Draco listened in horror. Snape had said that he had found him under the potion's effect in the *Slytherin common room*. Granger was highly unlikely to have taken him there, but there were any number of people present who would have good reason to use the situation to their advantage. After all, they were Slytherins. Draco shivered again and dropped his head forward where it hit something hard and slightly hollow sounding. Blinking rapidly, he realised that his vision was now a lot clearer. That wasn't all he realised.

"What is the meaning of this, Snape?" Draco yelled. His movement wasn't restricted by the potion any longer, but rather by the silken bands around his wrists, pulling his arms around a strange structure that looked like stone, but clearly wasn't. What was more, he was stark naked. "You lied to me. It was you all along."

Snape was leaning back against some kind of metal pole, his arms crossed over his chest and a smug looking smirk on his face.

"Tsk tsk, young Draco. I'm disappointed in you. You should know that I never lied, but told you the truth in such a way as to allow you to fool yourself. The truth is, I *did* come across Miss Granger as she was outlining her plan of revenge, but she was lamenting the fact that her rather fine plan had fallen at the first hurdle as she had been unable to secure a chance to administer the illicit brew. It took me a little time to convince her to leave it all to me as I had issues with you, too, but she eventually agreed and gave me the full details of the plan." Snape stalked behind Draco out of his field of view.

"Now there is only one thing left on the list to do," Snape whispered into Malfoy's ear as he came up close behind him, his robes brushing the backs of the young man's legs. Draco tried to turn, struggling against his bonds to no avail. From the corner of his eye, he saw Snape pull out his wand.

"No, I... No! You wouldn't hurt one of your students!" Draco cried out.

"True, Mr Malfoy, but then as of this morning, *you are not my student any longer!*"

Draco screamed as he felt a sharp pain at his backside.

Severus Snape grinned as he walked away from Malfoy where he rested quivering against the fibreglass reproduction of an Easter Island head and reviewed his mental check list, as supplied by Miss Granger.

Dope Malfoy and remove from Hogwarts: *Check*

Transport him to Muggle Theme Park: *Check*

Strip him and tie him up in a prominent position in said Theme Park: *Check*

When he wakes, remind him of why he is to be punished: *Check*

Apply punishment in the agreed form: *Check*

There was one last thing that Severus had added to the list for his own satisfaction. He returned to the neat pile of clothes placed just where the park staff would find them when they found Draco and picked up the camera he had confiscated the day before from Creevey. He carefully focused it on Malfoy, making sure he got both a full length shot that took in the location and then a close up of the tattoo he'd magically applied to Draco's buttock. It was Miss Granger's design and featured a roaring lion she had referred to as 'The Lion King,' above the words 'Bite Me.'

AN:

* Snape's birthday. You'd think Draco would have been enough of a suck up to have at least sent him a card. As it is, Snape is upset at this blatant ignorance of Slytherin power play :D

Like 'Going Out with a Bang', I wrote this Pre HBP for a challenge. There just seemed to be something about Draco's bare arse and tattoos that appealed to me.

HCRficgroup Challenge details -

1. Any pairing is ok
2. Up to R rating
3. The fic must be between 300 and 1000 words (This is the longer version I wrote before I checked the word count)
4. The fic must include these three items:
 - An Easter Island statue
 - A Disney character tattoo
 - Fred and George's store