

Revenge: Black, No Sugar

by LivingTheDream

Trust Weasley to bugger it. For everyone.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus gazed hopelessly at the grey sludge that was supposed to be his coffee. Again.

"Two weeks. Did someone try to free the house-elves again?"

"Budget cuts, mate. The Board of Governors has slashed everything they consider 'extravagant.'"

Glaring at the red-headed flying instructor who'd, against all logic, become his colleague, he took a sip of the crime against nature and then spit it back into the cup.

"Why do you know about this and I don't, Weasley? I'm the Deputy Head—"

"Oh, shut it. We all know you're the Deputy Headmaster. Tell me something, Snape. Are you supposed to be able to read coffee leaves to tell the future?"

"Coffee doesn't have leaves."

"Gads."

"Indeed."

Severus' eyes narrowed at Ron as realization dawned.

"Granger is on the Board of Governors."

Ron stared resolutely at his sludge and said nothing.

"This is your fault. She's punishing all of us because you can't keep your trousers zipped. You buggering tosspot." Java deficit reducing him to a Neanderthal, he tackled Ron, and they both went flying behind the head table in a mess of limbs and red hair.

"Severus! Ronald! Fighting like common Muggles! Don't think I can't assign you detention just because it's summer. If you'd drink tea like proper Englishmen, you wouldn't have this problem." Minerva looked decidedly put out.

Severus disentangled himself from Ron and strode out the door.

"Snape! Where are you going?"

Severus ignored him and stormed out of the castle. One Apparation call later, he was looming over Hermione's desk at the Ministry of Magic.

"It's all well and good if you want to seek revenge on the Ginger Menace, but please, seek out an expert on revenge and leave the rest of us out of it!"

Hermione stared at him, completely vexed.

"Professor Snape, I have no idea as to what—"

"The COFFEE, Granger!"

She laughed out loud.

"Oh, dear. I'm terribly sorry. I had no idea you were as much a coffee fiend as Ron."

"Gryffindors. I'm terribly disappointed in you, Granger. Abusing your power on the board in such a way."

"While I was speaking to the Minister for Law Enforcement from China during a Ministry ball, he was caught in a broom closet with Marcus Flint. I think I deserve a moment of official retribution."

She opened a small drawer on her desk, pulled out a bag of coffee beans and a grinder, and made him a cup of dark roast the Muggle way.

He took the cup gingerly and inhaled the rich aroma. Taking a sip, eyes closed, he savoured his first decent cup of coffee in two weeks.

"Forgiven?"

"This time. But you really must start associating with a better class of people, Granger. Come to dinner with me at the Manor tonight. Draco would enjoy your company."

Hermione laughed. "I doubt that."

"Trust me, Granger. And besides, all the best revenge plotting goes on at Malfoy Manor."

A/N: Thanks to my beta, who is an absolute doll.

The prompt was: A determined search for the perfect cup of coffee leads to an even more satisfying discovery.