

Sweet Revenge

by JaneceMorrighan

Ever wonder how Filch got the list of the Weasley twins' products? What did Snape go through to get that list? Vengeance can be fun, if you are on the right end.

Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 2

Ever wonder how Filch got the list of the Weasley twins' products? What did Snape go through to get that list? Vengeance can be fun, if you are on the right end.

Authors' Notes: This is a collaboration between JenKM1216 and Alauralen.

Disclaimer: Harry Potter belongs to J.K. Rowling. We are simply borrowing her characters and adding our own plot. We are not making any money from writing this story.

Beta: Many thanks to the wonderful Phoenix for her awesome beta skills!

Chapter One

The Golden Trio sat in the Gryffindor common room, having rushed back from dinner. They had been quick to notice that their second most hated teacher, next to Umbridge, Severus Snape, had not been present in the Great Hall. They had eaten as fast as they could and were the first ones back. Harry and Ron wanted to know what Snape was up to, whereas Hermione wanted to finish her Arithmancy homework.

"Do you think he's with Voldemort right now?" Harry asked angrily.

"I'll bet he is," Ron agreed, nodding his head vigorously.

Hermione looked up from her parchment and gave them both a withering look. "Dumbledore trusts Snape. Can't the two of you find something else to talk about? Like your Potions essay?"

Harry and Ron both ignored her.

"I wonder if Dobby would know whether or not Snape has left the grounds?" Harry mused.

"We could go ask him. It wouldn't hurt, you know," Ron replied.

"Right, let's go," Harry said, standing. "Are you coming, Hermione?"

"Yeah, maybe you could talk to them about *spew*," Ron said jeeringly.

"It is S.P.E.W., not *spew*," Hermione replied angrily. "I am going to finish my homework. O.W.L.s are just around the corner. If you two want to get any at all, *you* would do

well to forget about where Snape is and study." She gave them both reproving looks before turning back to the parchment in front of her.

Harry and Ron exchanged exasperated looks before turning to the portrait hole. Ron paused and turned back to pull something from his school bag. In answer to Harry's questioning look, he said, "Canary Cream. I thought that Dobby would get a kick out of it."

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Once they made their way to the kitchens, the boys were immediately surrounded by house-elves.

"Harry Potter, sir!" Dobby exclaimed gleefully as he launched himself through the crowd of elves to hug Harry's knees. "Dobby is surprised to be seeing you! Can Dobby gets you something?"

"Some of those chocolate éclairs would be nice," Ron said, looking amused.

A bunch of elves took off to fetch the éclairs, while Harry detached Dobby. Kneeling in front of the delighted elf, he quietly asked, "Dobby, do you know where Snape is? Has he left the castle?"

"No, Harry Potter. Professor Snape is in his labs working," Dobby replied in a whisper, looking nervous.

Ron, who had leaned down to listen to the conversation, said, "But he wasn't in the Great Hall for dinner."

"No, he orders dinner to be sent to his labs," Dobby replied, pointing to a plate on a tray on the table next to them. "We was just abouts to sends it to him."

Ron straightened up to accept the éclairs brought to him on a tray by a bunch of house elves. "Thanks," he said gratefully, picking one up.

Once Harry and Ron had loaded up their pockets, they left the kitchens. They were almost back to the portrait of the Fat Lady when Harry realized Ron had forgotten to give Dobby the Canary Cream.

"Oh, I didn't forget; I just found a better use for it," Ron said with a mischievous laugh.

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Severus Snape sat in his lab going over his research for a very intricate potion he was to brew for the headmaster. His dinner appeared next to him on the desk. He barely gave the plate a glance and began to eat while still reading over his notes.

He was finished before he even realized it and noticed that the elves had even sent him something for desert, some kind of Custard Cream. Absentmindedly picking it up, he took a bite. He was more than surprised when his entire body erupted in feathers. When he tried to yell, it came out as the chirp of a bird. Panic began to set in as he realized that his arms and hands had been replaced by wings. Then, as suddenly as he had changed into the bird, he changed back into himself, yellow feathers floating in the air around him.

Slightly shaken, and getting angrier each passing second, he stood up quickly, intending to go to the headmaster's office. Some student would pay for this, and he had a pretty good idea which one it would be. *Potter*. Halfway across the room, he froze. Dumbledore was not in the school, at least not to his knowledge. That damn Ministry bitch, Umbridge, had managed to force him to leave.

He made his way back to his desk, considering the possibilities. How had Potter managed to slip him that thing? It was an interesting spell. There was no way that The-Boy-Who-Vexed-Him or the Weasley idiot could have come up with it; they were just not talented enough for it. Granger would have been capable of something that complex, but he doubted that the Gryffindor Know-It-All would take the time out of her O.W.L. studies just to create something like that for Potter. It would definitely require some study.

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Snape stalked down the hallway toward Umbridge's classroom. He knew she had a class of first years right now, but he didn't care. This was the third time this week that students had left his classroom due to nosebleeds, fever, vomiting, or fainting. If the Weasley twins were still in the school, he would have sworn that they were up to both the Custard Cream and all these mysterious systems, but they had left the school in spectacular fashion about two weeks ago. Then again, that was when all these curious things had begun to happen. Perhaps they had planned all this before leaving? Preposterous, they were not all that intelligent. But that swamp had been a truly elegant bit of magic, he admitted to himself, if to no one else.

Snape paused in both his musings and his steps as a first year Hufflepuff ran out of Umbridge's classroom with blood pouring from both nostrils. The Potions master ducked into an alcove not far from the boy and watched him shove something into his mouth. The blood immediately stopped flowing. The boy smirked nervously after he cleaned himself up with a handkerchief and began walking toward the place where Snape hid.

Snape stepped in front of the startled child with his best "Bastard of the Dungeons" look on his face. The boy let out a terrified squeak and looked as though he was considering making a run for it.

"Don't even think about it," Snape said in a deadly soft voice. "What did you just put in your mouth to stop that nosebleed, and where did you get it?"

Severus Snape glared down at the quivering Hufflepuff first year with a combination of disgust and triumph. He was finally going to discover where these blasted students were getting the means by which they had been avoiding his classes. Assuming the pathetic boy didn't manage to pass out or urinate on himself first.

"I-I b-bought it from F-Fred and George Weasley, s-sir," the boy answered in a trembling voice, tears filling his blue eyes.

Snape curled a lip in disgust. Bloody Hufflepuffs--so very emotional. "Fifty points from Hufflepuff and a week of detention with Mr. Filch starting tonight at six."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, eyes downcast.

Glancing at the slight bulge in the small boy's pocket, Snape smirked threateningly. "Turn out your pockets," he hissed.

The boy shoved his hand into his pocket immediately, never once thinking to disobey his irate teacher. He produced several small squares and held them out in his shaking hand.

Picking them up gingerly, Snape examined them momentarily. "What are they, and what do they do?" he demanded. "Explain in detail."

In a quivering voice, the boy said, "They are called Skiving Snackboxes, used to get out of class, sir. This one is for nosebleeds. It is a Nosebleed Nougat." He pointed to one that was half red and half white. "You bite the red end off, and it makes your nose bleed. When you are out of class, you eat the white end and the nosebleed stops." Pointing to a brown and white one, he said, "This one is Fever Fudge. It causes a fever. The brown end is what causes the fever, and the white end clears it up."

"Are there others?" Snape said suspiciously, glaring at the trembling boy with a raised eyebrow.

Clearly shaken, the boy gasped, "Two others, sir. A Fainting Fancy, which is blue and white, and a Puking Pastille, which is rainbow colored and white."

"And do you have any of these others in your dorm?" Snape whispered menacingly.

"N-n-no, sir," the boy stammered in fear.

"Get back into your class," Snape ordered shortly.

The relieved child ran back to Umbridge's class, threw open the door, and dashed inside with one fearful look over his shoulder as though he thought that Snape would curse him. Snape glared at the boy until he disappeared. A small smile crept over his pale features. Snape turned and stalked back to his dungeons. He had some *Snackboxes* to study.

An hour later, Severus had ascertained that some of the ingredients used were highly illegal. He had enough information to send the troublesome twins to Azkaban for life. However, he wanted to know how many other products contained such illegal ingredients. They could be potentially dangerous if not utilized properly, and he knew that the dunderheaded Weasleys would probably not have done the proper research on them.

These thoughts in mind, he decided the best course of action was to enter their shop that night. If he showed up during the day, they would know he was up to something. No, he had to do this without their knowledge.

All those years of putting up with your dunderheaded foolishness. You two will regret putting me through all those years of hell as you blew up cauldron after cauldron, disrupting hundreds of classes throughout your tenure here. Oh, yes. The two of you are Azkaban bound in the morning, he thought, laughing maniacally as he prepared for the late night operation.

Just after midnight, he made his way stealthily through the halls of Hogwarts and to the gates. He Apparated with a barely audible *pop* to Diagon Alley. He thought that he might have some difficulty finding the Weasleys' place of business but found he was very wrong. The signs in the windows were fluorescent in color with flashing letters and, in some cases, moving pictures. Even in the dark, the displays in the windows hurt his eyes. He could only imagine how much worse it would be in the daytime when the sunlight was illuminating the posters to their full potential, screaming at anyone unfortunate enough to pass by.

After gaping at the shop for a few moments, he snorted in disgust. Glancing around, he made sure he was alone on the street. He cast a Disillusionment Charm on himself before approaching the store.

Alohomora, thought the Potions master, casting the charm nonverbally.

The lock on the door clicked open. Smirking, he reached out and turned the doorknob. Perhaps he had given the twins far too much credit. All they had to protect their precious livelihood was a simple locked door. How thick could they be?

He continued to gloat to himself as he stepped over the threshold. Suddenly, bars dropped down, blocking all the windows and the door he had just walked through.

"Bloody hell."

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An alarm went off in the twins' loft above their store. Both twins jumped out of bed, grabbed their wands, and met out in the hall.

"Someone's breaking in," Fred said unnecessarily.

"Better just be Dung and not Death Eaters," George replied, pale faced.

They quietly crept down the stairs to the door leading into the shop. On the back of the door hung a full-length mirror through which they could observe the shop.

"Show us who's there," Fred whispered to the mirror. Someone was in the room and they were Disillusioned. The twins could see the shimmering outline of a person. George hit a red button next to the mirror, causing bars to drop down, effectively trapping their burglar inside the shop.

As the bars fell down around all the doors and windows, the figure muttered, "Bloody hell."

Fred and George looked at each other in shock--shock that quickly turned into vindictive happiness. Large grins broke out over their identical faces.

"Well, it is a Death Eater," Fred said eagerly.

"Yes, but I think we can handle this one, don't you?"

"All those house points he took from us. I think he owes us, George."

"So do I, Fred. Did you set your traps? I set mine."

"Why, yes, George, I did."

"Brilliant! Shall we get some popcorn and watch then?" Fred asked gleefully.

"I do think we should," George agreed.

Chapter 2

Chapter 2 of 2

Ever wonder how Filch got the list of the Weasley twins' products? What did Snape go through to get that list? Vengeance can be fun, if you are on the right end.

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Chapter Two

Severus pulled out his wand and said, "*Wingardium Leviosa*."

When nothing happened, he cast it again. Still nothing. He tried every spell he could think of, but nothing worked. Severus sighed. He'd clearly underestimated the two Hogwarts dropouts.

Severus weighed his options. He could call out that he'd given up. Perhaps they would let him go then. "What am I thinking?" he muttered.

Changing his train of thought, he wondered if he called out he'd given up, would set him free? Then he could hex them. No, they were foolish, but not stupid. If they were completely void of all intelligence, they wouldn't have been able to combine the illegal ingredients to make a working product.

Shaking his head, he sat down and pondered his position further.

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"What do you reckon is going through his mind right now?" Fred asked.

George shook his head. "What was going through his mind when he joined the Death Eaters?"

"Good point," Fred said. "Let's have a bit of fun with him then."

George smiled widely. "That sounds like an excellent plan, Fred!"

Fred picked up a microphone next to the enchanted television. "I'm so glad Dad introduced us to Muggle technology, George." Plugging the microphone into the television, he said, "Hello, Severus Snape. This is God."

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Severus rolled his eyes when the voice boomed through the shop, proclaiming itself to be God. Maybe the troublesome twins were as stupid as he'd initially thought. Severus kept silent, wondering what they'd do if he refused to play their game.

"God is angry, Severus Snape. Breaking and entering with the intent to harm is a sin."

Severus was sure he heard sniggering in the background. Very likely it was the twin of "God" laughing. Taking a few deep breaths, he desperately tried to calm himself.

Suddenly, Severus smiled. "God, I have a question for you."

"God is prepared to answer," the obnoxious twin said.

"Would it be a sin for me to start firing random hexes at the products in this shop?" Severus congratulated himself as the voice stayed silent for a moment.

"Yes, that would be considered a sin. However, I'd be more worried about said products exploding in spectacular fashion."

Severus was certain he heard laughing in the background that time. "And people wonder why I hate children," he mumbled. Smiling to himself, he dropped the Disillusionment Charm. He didn't want the twins to miss a thing. Pointing his wand, he readied himself to cast a Blasting Curse.

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"Fred, I think he's going to start firing around our store anyway!" George pointed at the television screen in dismay.

"He's crazier than we thought," Fred said, quickly pushing a flashing red button next to the television.

They watched their former potions professor smile smugly.

"I think that's one of the scariest things I've ever seen," Fred said.

"If I never see that man smile again, it'll be too soon," George said, visibly shuddering.

"Wait, what's he doing?" Fred asked.

They leaned toward the monitor in unison.

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Severus watched the cage lift and disappear into the ceiling just before he cast his Blasting Curse. He smiled widely as he ambled away from the vicinity of the cage. A smirk on his face, he picked up a few random products and carried them to the window. The inside of the store was dark, but the garish signs outside provided ample light for him to examine the items.

Ton-Tongue Toffees, U-No-Poo, and Canary Creams. He frowned, thinking of his recent experience in which he became a large, yellow bird. He must have been slipped a Canary Cream. Turning the package over, he began reading the description.

Pulling a quill and some parchment from his pocket, he began making notes.

Patrolling around the shop, he noted each object, pocketing a few self-inking quills along the way. He hated to admit it, really hated it, but the twins were geniuses. The innovation put into each product was amazing.

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Fred and George watched as Snape made notes about each product.

"What do you think he's up to now?" Fred asked.

George looked at his brother and frowned. "He's making notes about our products. He's going to give Filch a list of items to ban."

"Great, there goes our business," Fred said.

"Oh, no, dear brother. Our dear, former teacher has just given us a way to charge more for the same product," George said, smiling widely and thumping his brother on the back.

"What's going through your brilliant mind?" Fred asked.

"If we have to disguise our products and mail them to our customers, we can charge twice as much," George said.

Fred could have sworn that George's eyes glistened with tears of joy at the thought of the extra money they'd be raking in soon.

"I think I love Professor Snape," George said, smiling at the television monitor.

Fred laughed. "Before you proclaim your love for the greasy git, we need to find a way to keep him from turning us in for the slightly... uncommon items we've used in our products."

"Right you are, Fred," George said.

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Severus wasn't surprised when the twins emerged from a door behind the cash counter.

"Ah, Professor Snape," one of them said. Severus never could tell the two of them apart. "To what do we owe the pleasure of a late night visit?"

"Well, 'God,'" Severus said, "we have business."

The twins took on an air of innocence that must have sent off warning bells clear to The Burrow. "God?" the other twin asked. "Were you hit in the head by the cage as it came down?"

Severus snorted. "Do you actually think you can lie to me?" he asked.

"Perhaps not," one of them said.

"I could have you both sent to Azkaban for some of these products," Severus said. He held up a case of Snackboxes.

"Ah, my dear man," one of the twins said in a patronizing voice. "If you'd like to make threats, we'll take you down with us. Last we checked, breaking and entering..."

"And shoplifting," the other interrupted, pointing at Severus' robe pocket.

"...were illegal," they finished together.

Not as stupid as I thought at all, Severus thought in what was eerily close to approval.

"We have a proposition for you," one of the twins said.

Severus silently cursed his inability to tell them apart.

"You're a Potions master. If you were to brew the potions with the ingredients, then our products wouldn't be illegal since the Ministry allows Potions masters to work with sanctioned ingredients." The twin smiled smugly.

Mimicking his brother's smile, the other said, "And we might be convinced to forget about your illegal activities tonight if you were to brew the potions for us."

"My illegal activities are nothing compared to yours," Severus said, glaring darkly at the young men. "However, I want a cut of the profits."

"No," the twins said in unison.

"I do you a favor to keep myself out of trouble. You do me a favor to keep yourselves out of trouble. That's the deal or I will turn you in, despite my activities tonight." Severus smirked as the twins exchanged looks of defeat.

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So, Severus and the twins came to an understanding. Severus still couldn't believe that he was standing at his cauldron brewing potions for the twins to use in their shop. He had been reluctant to do anything to help them; however, they did have the breaking and entering, as well as the shoplifting, on him. Therefore, he would brew their potions since he was a Potions master, and it wasn't illegal for him to do it.

Severus did indeed turn the list that he had made in to Filch. But since the twins had come up with an ingenious way to package their products, sales were not down at all. In fact, none of them had ever dreamed that the joke shop would do so well. Fortunately, the threat of making up missed potions classes kept Severus from having too much trouble with his potions students. The other teachers would just have to deal with their own problems.

Severus also got his percentage of the profits from the twins when they sold a product that contained his potions. He had to concede, in the end, that the arrangement was working out nicely. He really couldn't complain about the deal when he saw his Gringott's vault full of Galleons.