

Dental Torture... Or Is It?

by savine_snape

Snape has been primed all week for something by Hermione. It's down to his daughter, Emily, to enlighten him.

What Happens If You Eat Too Much Easter Chocolate

Chapter 1 of 2

Snape has been primed all week for something by Hermione. It's down to his daughter, Emily, to enlighten him.

Disclaimer: As always, I do not own any part of the Potterverse. It all belongs to JK Rowling; I am just writing for fun.

What Happens If... ?

Snape sat with his head in his hands. Hermione had spent the last week prodding and poking him. He was aware that something was afoot, but what was his wife plotting?

He didn't have to wait for much longer as Emily walked into the kitchen and sat on his knee.

"Dadda, are you coming to Granny's with us today?" she asked innocently.

"Sorry, what did you say, poppet?"

"It's time for my check-up, and Granny's agreed to do it. Are you coming with us, Dadda?"

Realisation struck Snape like a bolt of lightening.

Fear coursed through his veins. If there was one thing Snape hated more than Crucio, it was dental visits.

Emily caught his hand and squeezed tightly.

"Dadda, please, will you come with me?"

Damn her, Snape thought. She knew he wouldn't be able to say no to Emily.

"Mmmm, you're Dadda's big girl now, Emily, aren't you? Do you really need Dadda there?"

"Please, Dadda... I feel so much braver when you are there!"

"Alright, Emily, I'll come," Snape sighed. "Now, what would my little angel like for her breakfast?"

Turning from his daughter, he let a small groan escape.

Hermione stood shielded by the door, and a small smile slid across her face. How very Slytherin of her! Her plans were working.

She had recently noticed that her husband was in pain when eating sometimes, and would never seek help on his own.

Breezing into the kitchen, Hermione brightly greeted her little family.

"Morning!"

"Mumma, Dadda has agreed to come to Granny's with us!" Emily said excitedly as Hermione sat at the table.

"Really, Hunny, that's good news indeed! Sev, are you going to let Mum check you too?" she asked innocently (she hoped).

"Maybe," was the only reply she got.

Later that morning, Snape found himself in the examination room of his mother-in-law's dental practice. He had been tricked into the chair by his six-year-old daughter, no doubt encouraged by his wife to get him into the chair first.

"Mmm, there's your problem, right here at the back," Helen Granger stated. "You need a small filling; it won't take long. I'll give your teeth a good clean, too."

An hour later, Severus Snape emerged with his daughter and a determined look on his face. This definitely deserved pay-back, and he would take his time plotting.

When they got home, Hermione innocently turned to her husband. Planting a kiss on his cheek, she smiled.

"Thank you, Severus. I appreciate what you did for Emily today."

"Mmm," he grunted. His mouth was still slightly numb from the work he'd had done.

"I'm sure I can make it up to you, later," she said as she snuggled up to Snape's side, "and I know Emily appreciated that you went first."

Snape's mind ticked over. She would definitely be making up for things later. He began to wonder just how to make her pay for his torture.

A/N: Some of this story was inspired by an AngelMischa drabble, "Grunting At Dinner".

Thank you, Lestatswife, for passing an eye over this.

Never Play A Slytherin At His Own Game.

Chapter 2 of 2

Severus has been waiting for the perfect opportunity to get his manipulating wife back. Will an evening invitation to Malfoy Manor offer an opportunity too good to miss.

Never Play A Slytherin At His Own Game.

Originally written for the GrangerSnape100 compensation or payment challenge, this set of drabbles adds to the Dental Torture realm.

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Severus Snape was, by nature, a patient man.

Heck, it had taken him over twenty years to release himself from being a pawn in the master plan of two equally deranged, yet formidable wizards. So, waiting for the perfect time to seek revenge on his wife would be child's play in comparison.

It was some three weeks since he had been manipulated by his wife and six-year-old daughter into visiting his mother-in-law's dental practice, and he had yet to avenge himself the trauma.

Emily was innocent, manipulated by his wife, who was becoming far too Slytherin for her own good.

The perfect opportunity for revenge presented itself some three weeks after the dental torture, as Severus had begun to think of it... although he would never admit eating was indeed much less painful now.

It was seven am and Severus' turn to make sure Emily had breakfast when there was a tap at the kitchen window.

"Dadda," Emily shouted excitedly, "Hermes is at the window!"

Severus gave a sigh before opening the window for Hermes to enter the kitchen.

"What on earth does your Master want from me today, Hermes?" Severus pondered whilst offering the owl toast crumbs in return for his message.

Slowly opening the message, for even now one couldn't be too careful when a Malfoy was involved, a slow smile spread across the Potions master's face.

"Poppet, run along and get ready for school. Dadda will be through in a minute. I just need to finish off Mummy's breakfast tray, and then we can take it in to her together." He planted a small kiss on his daughter's head.

Turning back to the letter, the grin on Severus' face grew wider; this was indeed the perfect chance to get his compensation. Hermione would not know what hit her.

"Darling," Severus said as he entered their bedroom, "Emily and I have prepared your breakfast for you... and there is something else I need to discuss with you."

"Morning!" Hermione replied sleepily. "What is it, love?"

"I have, or rather we have, received an invitation from Malfoy manor this morning."

"Ohhh," was the only response Severus heard.

"Come now, dearest, you know how much Cissy likes catching up with you."

"You don't need me to go with you, surely. Can't you just go have a few drinks with Lucius?"

"Oh, no, my dear! Your presence, as well as Emily's, is requested."

Hermione sat looking at her reflection in the mirror of her dressing table.

"You only have yourself to blame," her reflection stated before Hermione silenced it.

Hermione hated spending time at Malfoy Manor. She was happy for Severus to remain in touch with both Lucius and Cissy, as long as she got to stay at home for the majority of their evening events.

She had known that manipulating Severus would have some form of compensation attached. However, an evening with Cissy and Athena, Draco's slim and impossibly beautiful wife, was akin to having her teeth pulled slowly with no pain relief.

The evening passed slowly for Hermione. Severus, Lucius and Draco had retired to the Library for cigars and brandy, whilst the ladies and children remained in the drawing room.

Athena was crowing about Scorpius showing excellence on his broom. "He's sure to follow Draco onto the Hogwarts house Quidditch team when he's older."

"How is Emily coping at her Muggle school?" Athena asked coldly, as Scorpius was being home-educated.

"She is doing fine, thank you, Athena. She spends time with Severus at the weekend perfecting her potion making skills"

Hermione's spirits soared when Severus and the others returned.

"Ahhh, my dear, are you and poppet ready to return to Spinner's End?"

The three Snapes Apparated home without further discussion. Emily found herself put to bed as soon as they got home.

"Well, how were the delightful Cissy and Athena?" Severus asked Hermione innocently.

"You know exactly how much like hell this evening has been for me, Severus Tobias Snape!"

"Let this be a lesson, my dear. Never play a Slytherin at his own games, for he will eventually get his compensation! Now, stop sulking and let's go to bed," he smiled as he raised a single eyebrow.

My thanks as always to my lovely beta reader Lestatswife, who turned this set of drabbles around for me in less than 30 minutes. You are a star and I love you dearly.

I would also like to extend my thanks to angelmischa, who kindly passed a critical eye over this for me when I submitted this for posting.