



"What, exactly, are you two doing here? Planning to cause more trouble, Potter?"

"We, uh, just wanted to make sure you were all right. Poppy said it took more than an hour to remove the horns and tail." Harry looked sheepishly at his companion, though between the two of them, he was the only one with enough sense to blush guiltily at the joke that had backfired on the man. He and Ron had set a trap, never imagining it would be Snape to walk into the middle of their April Fool's joke. As usual, they had not thought the consequence through. Truly, the pair had meant no harm; evidently the dour Potions master did not see it that way.

Severus reached for the door. "If that is all? I know I promised I would control my desire to speed you two dunderheads on your way to the Veil, but I refuse to be held accountable for my actions if you do not remove yourselves from harms way. Now."

"Okay, we're sorry. All right?"

"The only thing that is keeping me from blasting you two to bits is the young woman lying in my bed at the moment. I don't think she would be receptive to my attentions if she knew you were dead. So, before I tend to other ... more ... pleasant matters, I will tell you for the last time: Leave. Now. Before I do something I will not regret."

"A woman in your bed..." Ron broke out in uncontrollable laughter. "Good one, mate"

"There's no need for violence," said Harry, trying to control his own amusement. "As long as you're all right, we're going."

The click of a door opening and the sound of a very familiar voice shocked the pair into silence, as did the appearance of the young woman standing in the bedroom doorway. "Severus, you're late! You were supposed to be here an hour ago. You know how I feel when you disobey me." Hermione, clothed in a sleek leather bustier, thigh high boots, and brandishing a ridding crop smiled wickedly at her lover before addressing the pair standing dumbfounded in the hall. "Hello, boys. I'm a bit busy at the moment. Maybe we can get together later?" Hermione glanced languidly at Severus. "Much later."

"Blimey."

"Hermione?"

"These two are the reason I'm late." The light in Severus' eyes told Hermione he was enjoying the little scenario a bit too much. "And I believe, pet, it is my turn to top?"

"Is it? I lost track." Smiling, she handed him the riding crop. "Is this all right, or would you rather me naked and tied to the bed?"

"Oh, I think I can come up with a more ... creative idea than that."

Ron's freckles stood out in sharp contrast to his now pale skin. "Hermione?"

"This is a joke, right? You two planned this to get back at us." Harry had turned an odd shade of green as he looked from Hermione to Severus and back again. "Right?"

Gravely, Severus shook his head. "Whatever shall I do with you, pet? You seem to have forgotten your place?" He gently flexed the crop across Hermione's backside.

"About later, boys? I don't think I can make it. I plan to be tied up tonight."

Ron looked decidedly ill. "You can't be serious?"

With a slight nod, Severus smiled evilly. "Potter. Weasley." He started to laugh as he shut the door in their faces, their expressions worth the trouble they had caused him.

Ron stared wide-eyed with shock at the closed door. "It's an April Fool's joke. Please tell me they're joking?"

Harry felt Snape's wards fall back into place. The sound of Severus' laughter ending abruptly as the silencing spell reactivated. "Do you really want to know?"

"No, I don't think I do."

Harry looked warily at the door before turning away. "I don't know what's worse: the thought of the two of them together or Snape laughing?"

Ron shook his head. He had no answer to that question.

~Fini~

A/N: A quick response to an odd challenge ... grin. If you haven't done so already, check out the link for "Snape's Laughter" by whysnapesmiles. The story and rules for the challenge can be found here: [Click me.](#)

My undying thanks to my beta, the wonderful SW69 for checking this bit of fluff for me. The mistakes, as always, are all mine folks!

~Pearle