Can't I Just Haunt This Place in Peace?

by blue artemis

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It was quiet, just the way Severus liked it. He liked being the ghost in the Shrieking Shack. It finally WAS haunted and not just inhabited by a werewolf with no manners.

He occasionally got visitors: those few people he liked, such as Minerva and Hermione (although he had given the latter a really hard time for a while). They kept him updated on everyone's life, and he gave completely unsolicited, spot-on advice. If it was couched in Severus' special brand of sarcastic dark humor, well, if someone was visiting, he or she should enjoy that, right?

He told Minerva how to get Peeves to do exactly what she wanted. It seemed Albus wasn't the only being in the castle addicted to sherbet lemons.

He told Hermione the best way to get even with Ron for cheating on her. Since he was not physically available to do the honors, Hermione decided on the next best thing. Viktor was quite happy to have a very public snog session with the witch he had never forgotten. He did it so well and so enthusiastically that she decided to marry him. Ron still tried to get her back. The last time he tried, Viktor went to Severus for advice. Ron truly did not appreciate the tentacles that grew out of his head every time he had a thought about sex with a witch other than the one with whom he was. When Ron, rather loudly and in the middle of Diagon Alley, demanded to know what was causing the tentacles, Viktor explained, equally loudly, with relish. No witch would date Ron for quite a while after that. This was especially true after he grew a tentacle while he was, well, being intimate with Lavender. She never forgave him for that one.

Severus delighted in the bits of havoc that he could wreak through his intermediaries but for the most part he enjoyed the quiet; it was wonderful not to have to answer to whichever maniac had his ear.

And so the afterlife went for the most part quietly until that fateful day: *Valentine's Day.*

Severus knew something was up because the whispers and commotions outside the Shack grew in volume. But the thought of facing the ex-headmaster in all his ghostly glory was too much for most of the students.

But one of the students was different. Teddy Lupin had no fear of the ex-headmaster. He had grown up hearing stories from his godfather as well as from his Aunty Hermione.

So, on Valentine's Day, Teddy took Victoire by the hand, a scarf over her eyes, and led her into the Shack.

Using all his knowledge, he cleaned off the old bed and put a new blanket over it. He then repaired an old, broken table and placed the basket he had gotten from the elves

in the kitchen on it. Then and only then did he take the scarf off of Victoire.

"Ooh, Teddy, this is wonderful!"

"I'm glad you like it, love!"

The two teenagers ate their dinner, then retired to the bed.

Severus watched the entire train-wreck with abject horror. It was bad enough that he was stuck in the space inhabited by the elder Lupin. Now he was going to be forced to watch the pup mate with a Weasley, of all things. And it looked like he had forgotten his contraceptive charm. He was going to be inundated with Lupin offspring forever; he was sure of it. Unless...

Severus waited and waited. *What the bloody heck is taking so long? This kid is only seventeen. He should have been close to done by now!*

After a bit more waiting, Severus finally saw what he wanted to see. Just as Teddy was about to climax, he reached out and put his cold, ghostly hand in between Teddy's shoulder blades. He leaned forward and, with an icy blast of breath, shouted, "What the hell do you think you are doing? This is MY home!"

Victoire shrieked. Teddy, quite understandably, jumped about 6 feet off the bed, which was impressive, considering that he had started off basically prone; with his hair cycling wildly through every color imaginable, he responded, "You saw what I was doing! Why the heck did you decide to wait until *then* to say something?"

"I was doing you a favor, boy. You forgot your contraceptive charm. Veela blood or no, she's still a Weasley! Just you wait. I am going to tell your Aunty Hermione all about it!" Severus said the last with a very pleased smile on his face.

Victoire and Teddy looked at each other aghast. They HAD forgotten.

Chastised, the teens returned quite solemnly to their respective dorms.

The very next weekend Hermione walked in and said, "Your timing is impeccable, Severus. You could have quite easily stopped them before they started, considering you noticed the missing charm."

"Now, now, Mrs. Krum. What would have been the fun in that?"

Prompt from lulabelle72: 3. Severus Snape is the Shrieking Shack's grumpy ghost-in-residence. It's all right. It's nice and quiet. Until one night, a couple of dunderheads in love sneak in for some Valentine's Day festivities. Ahem. Oh, the horror...

Thank you to janus for the beta!