

Misinformed

by peppermint

Madam Umbridge listens to the wrong people

Misinformed

Chapter 1 of 1

Madam Umbridge listens to the wrong people

Dolores Umbridge was bored. She could hardly call what she was doing at Hogwarts "teaching." Even being appointed High Inquisitor wasn't enough to keep her occupied, since she foisted off most of her duties to the Inquisitorial Squad. That Malfoy boy was eager for responsibility and was so good at intimidating Mudbloods, he did most of the hard work for her.

She was digging around in a closet in her office, full of castoffs from previous holders of the Defense Against the Dark Arts position. Mostly it held forgotten quills and parchments, old books, and other detritus of years past. Ugh! She made a note to get one of the creepy little house elves in to clear out all the junk.

She came upon a long length of purple cloth, smelling faintly of garlic. Purple wasn't really her favorite color, pink held that distinction. Still, waste not, want not. It was really quite a nice length. Perhaps she should pay Snape a visit and see if he'd be interested in assuaging her boredom. Lucius Malfoy did speak so highly of him, and he was rumoured to be interested in rather kinky games. Folding up the length of cloth, she locked and warded her office door and set off for the dungeons, her heels making a most satisfying noise on the ancient flagstones.

Severus Snape was in the student Potions storeroom, unpacking a delivery from one of the school suppliers. He was humming to himself, fairly content in his solitude and industry. He was filling the jar of dried dung beetle carapaces when he heard the tell-tale noise of Umbridge's heels echoing in the classroom. He kicked the box out of the way, put the jar back on the shelf, and flattened himself against the wall, hoping he was hidden.

"Oh Severus! Are you in here? I have a proposition to discuss with you!" Umbridge called in her saccharine-sweetest voice, poking her head into the storeroom.

'Fuck! Don't breathe, don't move, don't even BLINK,' Severus thought, wishing he had time to cast a disillusionment charm.

"Seeeeeeverrrrrrrsssss, I found the loveliest length of purple cloth, I thought you might want to . . . help me use it? I know you're in here, I can't imagine such a responsible and upstanding wizard as yourself would leave a store cupboard unlocked for any naughty student to go rummaging through."

'Damn, damn, and double damn!' He stepped out from behind the shelf. "Oh, Madam Umbridge. I assure you, my sewing skills are abysmal. Perhaps someone else can help you with your cloth. Besides, I'm dreadfully busy with these ingredients."

Then, he saw the look in her eyes. Another idiot witch who believed everything she was told. *Fuck* Lucius Malfoy *sideways* with Gryffindor's sword!

"I'm afraid, Madam Umbridge, that you have been misinformed. It isn't me who would be interested in playing with that cloth. I suggest you go and ask Hagrid for his assistance." And with that, Snape swept out of the storeroom and fairly sprinted into his locked and warded quarters.

Dolores stood there for a moment, her mouth gaping open. That filthy half-breed?!

She decided to take her purple cloth back up to her office and wait for a more worthy partner to use it on.