

Unprepared

by Stefdarin

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus Snape was relaxing in his chambers and listening to Vivaldi. He had received his most recent copy of Playwizard and had patiently waited all day to set the right mood, sit back, and enjoy the moving images of the witches dreams were made of.

He had heard about Muggle photographs and how they didn't move. He could not imagine looking at such deliciousness without movement. *But the images are not the only reason I subscribe to the magazine*, he thought to himself. *I read the articles too.*

A mind such as his craved constant stimulation, both visual and mental. Earlier, he had been agitated about being unable to read the *Daily Prophet* at lunch because of a conversation about Dittany the Headmaster had lured him into with Professor Sprout.

But, had he read the *Prophet*, he would have been prepared for the sight he encountered when he first opened the book. The revealing image of his colleague in Herbology with a Creeping Tentacula was more than Severus could fathom. His body jarred involuntarily from the shock, and the chair fell back, causing glass and wood to shatter.

Outside, the Headmaster was almost to Severus' chambers when he heard a giant crash from inside. Pausing briefly, he sighed. "Oh, dear."

Prompt: Snape opens up a Playwizard and who does he see?

Thanks to Southern_Witch_69, WriterMerrin and ladyinthecloak for admining during our Saturday night drabbles.