

The Tumbler

by Southern_Witch_69

Harry learns that sometimes anger masks one's true emotions.

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not my characters, not making money, etc.

This was written for luvsev in response to a three-word prompt that she issued in Potter Place's Saturday Night Drabbles chat. You can find the three words at the end.

Thanks go to ladyinthecloak for the read through!

Harry walked into the kitchen of Grimmauld Place, still shaking with rage. Snape had gone and done it again, the bastard! No matter what the subject matter or who was around, the man always pushed his buttons—purposely it seemed. All Order meetings ended in an explosive argument between the pair.

Flicking his wand angrily, he extinguished the lamps, then stared at the table where a lone beam of moonlight settled. The sparkle of a glass—Snape's firewhisky tumbler—drew him closer. Smirking, he brought the glass to his lips and drank from it, savoring the intimacy of the act.

According to MSWord, this is exactly 100 words. I hope I conveyed what I wanted to.

luvsev's prompt: harry, moonlight, glass