

Bliss

by morgaine_dulac

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Exhaling slowly, Professor Severus Snape closed the door of his classroom and carefully warded it from the inside. No one, not even the Dark Lord himself, would be able to get through that door now. And should someone manage after all, they would face a quick but very certain death by the hands of the Potions master.

Which lunatic had come up with the asinine idea of scheduling fourth-year Potions for Slytherin and Gryffindor at three o'clock on Friday afternoon, Snape wondered for the umpteenth time that term. It was a recipe for disaster, to say the least. The students were all tired, unfocused and giggly. In short: a downright pain in the arse! And the fact that the two Houses hated each other did not help either.

But now, after an excruciating double-lesson, three melted cauldrons, a severe burn and a poisoned rat, the classroom was finally quiet. And thanks to a well-placed Ventilation Charm, even the stench of burnt potion had disappeared.

Snape picked up a wet sponge and started wiping the chalk off the blackboard. He could have done it by magic, of course. One flick of his wand would have sufficed to remove every last trace of his handwriting, but he was in no hurry.

When the blackboard was clean, he Vanished the sponge and sat down behind his desk. He would watch the blackboard dry, he decided, leaning back and casually putting his feet up. Not for all the gold in Gringott's would he leave the haven of his empty classroom. He knew that the corridor on the other side of the door was filled with yet more chattering, giggling, obnoxious dunderheads.

On this side of the door, however, there was only him. And blissful silence.

This is for all the teachers out there.

Thanks to star_girl for beta reading.