

# The Spectacle

*by rosewood*

The Defense Against the Dark Arts professor acts rather peculiar.

## The Spectacle

*Chapter 1 of 1*

The Defense Against the Dark Arts professor acts rather peculiar.

The fireplace in the Headmaster's office flared to life as Severus Snape's head appeared in the fire.

"Albus, there is a situation that merits your immediate attention," he said.

"Is anyone injured or have you merely caught a mischief maker?" Albus asked benignly.

"Define 'injured'?" Severus asked with a mock air of innocence.

Albus looked over his glasses towards the fireplace with a renewed interest.

"Pray tell, where are you, my boy?"

"I'm in Lockhart's study. Oh, and kindly ask Minerva to join us," Severus added smugly.

~~~000~~~

A few minutes later Albus and Minerva entered Gilderoy Lockhart's study only to find him prancing about the room in a decided state of undress. Severus was leaning against the desk with his arms crossed, enjoying watching Lockhart make a complete fool of himself.

"Albus, Minerva... welcome!" Lockhart said with open arms and a lopsided grin. "It's so nice of you to come to my little soiree. The more the merrier I always say."

He then proceeded to skip across the room to greet them with his dressing gown opened displaying an immodest Speedo bikini brief. Minerva stood stunned as Lockhart took her hand in both of his and made a grand show of placing exaggerated air kisses upon her both her cheeks before turning to shake the Headmaster's hand.

"Oh, dear me, I'm such a forgetful host," Lockhart said as he walked over to a side cabinet. "Allow me to get you something to drink. I have a perfectly lovely bottle of dandelion wine that I would absolutely love for you all to try."

Minerva cautiously maneuvered her way towards Severus.

"What in Merlin's name is wrong with him?" she softly asked with a wary smile.

"It would seem that the Fates have a convoluted sense of humor," Severus replied smugly.

"Here you go, my dear," Lockhart said merrily as he handed Minerva and Severus each a glass of wine. "Oh, and one for Albus. We mustn't forget the Headmaster!"

"Oh, Lockhart," Severus called out. "You seem to have something sticking out from beneath your... undergarment."

Lockhart peered down his torso and began to laugh.

"Dear me, would you look at that?" he replied in a sing-song voice while he handed a glass of wine to Albus. He reached down and pulled a pair of crumpled socks from the front of his brief. "It's not what you think."

Severus merely arched his brow in response as a small, crooked grin threatened to break across his face.

"Oh, all right." Lockhart sighed dramatically. "It's just a little something I do for the ladies. I do have an image to uphold, you know."

"Of course you do," Severus replied in a soothingly condescending voice.

Lockhart smiled brightly at Severus for his considerable understanding.

"Gilderoy, have you happened to drink or consume anything unusual this evening?" Albus asked.

"Why, yes, I did, Headmaster," he replied happily. "I received this delectable container of chocolate chip cookie dough."

He walked over to his desk and presented Albus with a small opened cardboard box with a silver spoon sticking out the top.

"Do you by any chance know who gave this to you?" Albus asked as he looked at the container.

"It didn't arrive with my usual fan mail, so I can only surmise it must be from one of my adoring students," Lockhart replied with a lilt.

"Professor, why don't you please come with me," Albus said while leading Lockhart towards the Floo. "I believe Poppy would love to hear all about this."

"Severus, do you know anything about this?" Minerva asked.

"Perhaps," Severus replied nonchalantly. "As I was coming down the corridor I happened to chance by two certain ginger-haired mischief makers eavesdropping outside the good professor's door."

Minerva closed her eyes, pinched the bridge of her nose and sighed.

"However, I could be mistaken, if say a nice aged bottle of scotch were to appear on my desk," Severus said with a slight shrug of his shoulders.

"Slytherin to the core," Minerva replied, chuckling. "Consider it done."

---

Many thanks to *slytherinlaurel* for taking the time to beta this drabble.

Prompt by *hermioneweasley1972*: chocolate chip cookie dough, padded Speedo, Gilderoy Lockhart