

Weapons and Daydreams

by windwings

My take on the Caught! challenge at GrangerSnape100

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: I, sadly, do not own this.

"Get the hell out of my lab!"

"Sir, but..."

"Your work days are Monday through Saturday. Get. OUT!"

"... just wanted to help, your storage was..."

"SCRAM!"

She stormed out, slamming the door shut with an eloquent bang. He dropped his barely maintained mask of fury. No, not yet. Couldn't be nice to her yet. She'd think... No, he wasn't handing her such weapons... yet.

Severus relaxed behind his desk and tried to fit his apprentice in a plausible daydream 'as is' – dirty, sweaty, hair matted, robes stained in Merlin knows what. The daydream turned out infinitely, infinitely lovely.