

# An Afternoon in the Broom Closet

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## One shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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I own nothing. I am just borrowing these characters for now.

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He could not believe his luck. Of all of the people to be stuck in here with... Even the bushy-haired know-it-all would have been better.

"I'm quite sure this broom closet is full of nargles. Maybe we can catch one. I'm quite sure that Remus would like to have one for his classroom."

*Remus.* That insufferable werewolf was back at Hogwarts. Things has gotten better between the two of them, but they would never be friends. He glanced at his forced roommate and grimaced. He would have to kill Peeves later. Or torture him. He would decide which would be better if he ever got out of here.

"Wait!"

He glanced sharply toward her and raised his wand. No matter how he felt toward the Ravenclaw, he didn't wish her harm. He just wished she'd shut up!

"I think I found one!" The blonde apprentice pounced and then sighed as she got back up. "It got away."

Hours later, the door to the broom closet opened. The site which greeted Remus and Flitwick was Luna Lovegood on the floor, the apparent victim of *Petrificus Totalis*.

Without a word, Severus Snape swept past them. If he ever caught Peeves, he was going to turn *him* into a nargle, whatever in blazes that was. Perhaps then he would know the torture that he had suffered in those five hours he would never, ever get back.

Remus looked at Filius and said, "Wonder what happened?"

Filius looked down at his apprentice and said, "Nargles. No doubt."

Prompt from blue artemis: Headmaster Snape gets stuck in a broom closet with Flitwick's apprentice. (Luna or Hermione or Ginny)