

Just Like my Men

by Lady Whitehart

Female members of the Hogwarts faculty discuss the correlation between men and coffee.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Professors Sinistra, Burbage, and Sprout relaxed in the Madame Puddifoot's Tea Shop after the first day of classes, indulging in an amazing Ceylon when the door slammed.

"Why, Wilhemina! Splendid to see you," Burbage said. "How did your first day of classes go?"

"Not so bad. Would've been better if I wasn't contending with Portkey-lag." She pulled out her pipe. "Mind if I smoke?"

Sprout wrinkled her nose.

"Tea, dear?" Madame Puddifoot offered.

"I'd rather have a coffee."

With an offended look, Madame swept from the room and returned bearing a steaming cup. Grubbly-plank took a sip and sputtered something that sounded like 'troll piss'. "If that was a proper cup of coffee, I'm a Bowtruckle."

"How can you stand coffee?" asked Sinistra. "It's disgusting!"

"Coffee is like a good man; it can keep you up all night."

"Really?" the witches asked in unison.

"Absolutely! I bet I can guess the type of man you fancy just by how you like your coffee," Grubbly-Plank said with a smile.

Twenty minutes later, Grubbly-Plank returned with a pot of coffee, cream, and sugar. She expertly mixed several mugs and and passed them around. After all had been sampled, she asked, "Favorites?"

Sinistra's was a cup of mild brew with lots of cream and sugar.

"Ah, light and sweet. You like a sensitive, shy bloke."

Burbage giggled. "Remus Lupin!"

Sinistra blushed.

Sprout selected a cup with just a touch of cream and a sprinkle of sugar.

"You, my dear, love a man with an appreciation for the finer things in life."

"Who could that be?" asked Madam Hooch.

"Flitwick?" Sinistra suggested. "Wait, Professor Slughorn!"

"Sadly, dirty nails and dragon dung aren't the finer things," Sprout replied with a sigh. "Your turn, Charity."

Burbage held up a plain coffee. "Strong and black! Just like..."

"Kingsley Shacklebolt, the Auror!" laughed Sinistra.

Sprout pointed at Grubbly-Plank's cup, strong coffee with cream. Her companions had to think for a bit before they came up with Professor Kettleburn.

"What about this?" Madam Puddifoot asked. The last cup was pale and bitter, and no one liked it much.

"Look at the time!" Burbage gasped, glancing at her watch. "And I have late rounds. I'll need that bitter cup to keep me up."

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Later as Burbage wandered the corridors sipping her coffee, she had to admit the flavor grew on her. She rounded the corner and crashed into professor Sanpe.

"Oh, Severus, I'm so sorry!"

He straightened his robes in annoyance. "Honestly, Professor Burbage."

"Severus, You've know me for six years. Would you please call me Charity?"

"I'd rather not."

She looked at his harsh profile shining in the faint light, pale and bitter as ever.

Like the coffee, she thought. Maybe he could grow on me too.

She swallowed hard. "Severus, would you care to join me for a drink at The Three Broomsticks tomorrow?"

His eyes stared suspiciously into hers for a moment. He hesitated. "I believe that would be rather... enjoyable."

So, dear reader, how do you like your coffee?

Prompt: A determined search for the perfect cup of coffee leads to an even more satisfying discovery.