

Peer Pressure

by peppermint

Snape behaves badly.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I don't own Hermione, Severus, Harry, OR Smithwicks.

Thanks to pyjamapants for betaing.

"Hermione, you know I can't resist peer pressure!" Severus slurred, leaning heavily on his wife for support.

"I suppose you ought to have considered your proclivity for drinking pitcher-fulls of Smithwicks with Harry before inviting him to join us on our first night out in ages!" Hermione snapped, gripping him solidly and turning on her heel to Apparate them home.

Hermione dismantled the wards with her wand in her free hand and dumped Severus in the closest armchair with a huff. Debating for a moment on making him more comfortable, she decided against it and stalked off to bed.

This drabble may or may not have been inspired by real life events and may or may not have been written on the back of a beer mat in a pub while the author's husband may or may not have cavorted without her.

You know, if such a thing were possible.