

# The 'Just Call Me G' Series

*by duniazade*

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## Just Call Me G

*Chapter 1 of 2*

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To the run-of-the-mill Unspeakable, the Butterbeer distributor on the ninth underground level was just a disappointment. To Severus Snape, who tugged thrice on the "Out of Order" sign, it was the door to the obscure den of his most disliked colleague.

Q's inventions, while uncomfortable at all times, had taken a wilder turn lately. Last year, he had come up with that ridiculous paraglide cloak, though Severus had to admit that the double-shell collar filled with dragon blood had saved his life while allowing him to fake death.

Severus could recognize the scent of Muggle ideas, and he was worried.

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As Snape stepped into the workshop, his worst fears were confirmed. No more strange junk littering the room. Everything was tidy, and the figure that rose to meet him was unfortunately familiar.

"Why am I not surprised, Miss Granger?" he growled.

"Just call me G, if you please, Agent S. And now it's time to try on your new outfit."

She gestured to the set of Acromantula silk garments on the coat-hanger. They were dark burgundy.

Snape closed his eyes and swallowed convulsively as he felt her fingers brush his throat and begin to unbutton the top of his robes.

# So Many Buttons

*Chapter 2 of 2*

"The first button was already undone, and the second half disengaged."

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The first button was already undone and the second half disengaged.

Now or never.

Snape took a deep breath.

"One moment, Miss... G. Allow me to do this myself."

"I don't think so, Agent S. Under paragraph *Cter* of the article 214 *quinties* ruling Unspeakable procedure, every replacement of obsolete equipment must be performed by the Head of Special Magical Artefacts in person, to ensure that no piece of equipment has been tampered with."

She undid the third button.

Snape flinched. He had indeed tinkered with some of the buttons. Officer G's hand was hovering ominously above one of them.

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The fourth button, which had contained an anti-vampire garlic mini-bomb, was filled with concentrated Firewhisky. The fifth, a Portkey to the Ministry, directed now to a beach hotel in the Bahamas. The sixth, instead of the complete aphorisms of Albus Dumbledore, hid a cyanure sherbet lemon.

"...though," she continued, "if you have serious objections, an exception could be granted. You will just need to fill in a request. Seven copies on the A-352 form, only forty-two pages per copy."

Snape's silence was eloquent.

"I see that we have reached an understanding, Agent S. We shall do this by the book."