What Was He Thinking by Python

Summary: silly little piece of fluff -- answer to everyday events challenge for bad haircut over at sexyoldmenslash yahoogroup
Rating: FRT - young teen
Fandoms: Midsomer Murders
Characters: Detective Chief Inspector Tom Barnaby, Detective Sergeant Gavin Troy
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Chapter 1: Chapter 1
Sergeant Troy was ten minutes late for work but he knew his boss well enough to know that an offering of good coffee would guarantee him a fifteen minute grace period. He smiled in greeting when he saw Barnaby sitting behind his desk, looking over a file. He set the tall paper cup next to Barnaby's right hand. “Good morning, Sir.”

“Morning, Troy,” Barnaby greeted absently. He smelled the coffee and smiled. “Very well. I’m willing to overlook the fact that you’re late.”

Troy stood straight at the side of Barnaby’s desk. “Thank you, Sir.”

Barnaby grabbed the cup and sat back. He took a sip at the same time he took a good look at Troy. He hissed and put the cup down.

Troy frowned. “I got it black.”

Barnaby pinched the bridge of his nose and shook his head. “No, that’s not it,” he grumbled.

“What?” Troy asked at a loss.

Barnaby sighed in exasperation. He nodded in Troy’s direction. “What were you thinking?”

Troy looked down at himself. He was immaculately dressed as always, a dark suit, purple silk dress shirt (a gift from Barnaby), purple and black tie, and shined black boots. “What?”

Barnaby folded his arms across his chest. “Try a new barber?”

“Yeah. My cousin recommended her.” Troy blinked. “And?”

Barnaby winced. “No.”

“No,” Troy repeated at a loss. He shrugged. “Okay,” he said amiably. “Next time I’ll go back to the old one.”

“I would be ever so grateful,” Barnaby replied dryly.

Troy smiled and went to check the messages left on his desk. He didn’t bother to look up. “Am I still invited to dinner tonight, Sir?”

Barnaby grinned and grabbed his coffee. “Of course you are.”