

Service with a Smirk

by janus

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Goyle came into Potions class with porcupine quills stuck in the end of his nose. "Crabbe tried to turn it into a pin-cushion," he whined.

Severus cut the tips from the quills and removed them with pincers.

An hour later, Goyle upset his potion over Crabbe, who immediately erupted in scaly greenish warts. "I was just trying to stir it backwards," he complained.

"Do you by any chance mean *counter-clockwise*?" Severus spelled his skin back to a regular, if somewhat parboiled, pink.

Near the end of the lesson, there was a shower of sparks from their table and a terrible high-pitched metallic shriek. "He tried to steal my potion," Crabbe tattled. "It set off my cauldron-alarm."

Severus peered into the muck and sickly orange smoke. "Which is worth stealing because it is so terribly valuable, is that it?" He sighed, washing Goyle's scorched hands and applying his trusty and ever-present Orange Burn Paste.

"I'll just be over here at the Head Table," Severus said as they sat down to dinner. "If you think you can keep your pudding out of one another's hair."

"Sarcasm does not become you, Severus," Albus chided as he passed.

"Sarcasm is just another free service I offer."

Author's Note:

Prompt by southern_witch_69: There's a phrase that I adore. I'd like to see a short drabble (no more than 500 words please) where Snape says the following to someone: *Sarcasm is just another free service I offer.*

Thank you very much to debjunk, who was my beta.