

A Lesson in Humility

by rosewood

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"You bumbling idiots," Hermione hissed. "You just had to mock him."

"How were we to know he was behind us?" Harry grouched as they made their way through the corridors leading to the dungeons.

"The greasy git must have ears as big as his nose," Ron replied.

"Listen to you two," Hermione said incredulously. "I warned you something like this would happen sooner or later if you kept this up. The only reason I'm here is guilt by association."

Soon the Golden Trio stood at the front of his desk aghast.

"You can't be serious," Harry stammered.

"Oh, but I am," Severus Snape smugly replied.

An hour later...

Ron shifted uncomfortably on his hands and knees upon the carpet.

"Mr. Weasley, must I remind you that ottomans do not move or grumble incoherently under their breath," Severus chided as he adjusted his feet upon the young man's back.

"Yes, sir," Ron glumly replied.

"Mr. Potter, that's enough work on my shoulders. You may now move on to massaging my feet."

"Yes, sir," Harry replied through clenched teeth.

Hermione adjusted the frilly lace doily on the side table before setting down the tea tray.

"How do you take your tea, Professor?"

"Two sugars, please."

She handed him a gold-rimmed cup along with a small plate of sandwiches.

"Thank you," he said. "Carry on, please."

She sat down upon the facing arm chair, picked up a book and continued to read Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* aloud.

Severus smiled inwardly. This was the most pleasant detention he had overseen in a long while.

A/N: Based on *00sevvie*'s prompt: Something involving Severus and frilly lace other than the french maid smut cliché. Involve at least three of the following: calendar, guitar riffs, carpet, Narcissa Malfoy, squid, gold or gilding, books.