

Punkin' with Punch

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A double-dog dare has unexpected consequences for Scorpius...

A Drabble

Chapter 1 of 1

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"I dare you." Albus Severus grinned wickedly, holding up a small bottle.

Scorpius glared at his two erstwhile best friends. "No! He'll kill me!"

"No, he'll think it's funny," Rose chimed in. "You know he never punishes you for anything."

"But this is his *hair*! You have no idea—it's practically an *obsession*."

"I double-dog dare you," said Albus Severus.

Sighing, Scorpius glanced at his grandfather and then back to his friends. "Fine. Give it here."

He could hear his friends sniggering behind him as he crossed the garden. He stopped for two cups of punch, adding some of the potion to both.

A few minutes later, he neared his target. "Grandfather!" he said, trying to sound mostly innocent. "I brought you some punch. It's really good! Want to toast my birthday with me?"

"Of course, Scorpius," Grandfather said, just as Scorpius had known he would. Handing him a cup, he raised his own when Grandfather said seriously, "Here's to my favourite grandson's twelfth birthday. May it bring you everything you could wish for."

Scorpius pretended to sip. "Thanks, Grandfather! See you!" He hurried back to his friends, who weren't even attempting to hide their giggles anymore.

Grandfather's blond hair began glowing in all the hues of the rainbow. To Scorpius's surprise, when Grandfather caught his eye, he smiled as he tossed a particularly bright violet lock over his left shoulder and raised his cup in another toast.

Rose laughed harder. "I told you he'd think it was funny!"

Inspired by MuseAmusant's SND prompt #4: An unsuspecting Lucius is "punk'd".

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