

Knuts To You

by Pennfana

Severus remembers why being careful with his words is a good idea.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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One evening at dinner in the Great Hall...

Severus stepped into the Great Hall and groaned. *I knew I shouldn't have stayed in the lab for so long. The only seat left at the High Table is the one at the end beside Lupin, of all people!*

Sighing with resignation (though he made it sound like impatience), he claimed the seat and glared at his despised companion. He must have miscalculated the location of the chair's arms, though, because he felt the one on his left side rub in just the *right* way against the weakened seams of the pocket of the old robe that Severus wore when he was brewing.

ClinkleTinkleClatter! As the seam split, all of his spare change fell onto the floor. Immediately, Severus bent down to pick up the coins.

"Would you like some help with those, Severus?" Lupin inquired, making Severus jump in surprise.

CRACK! His head made painful contact with the table. "Let me clean up my own mess, Lupin," he growled, rubbing the spot where he was fairly certain he'd have a fair-sized goose egg in the morning. "What happens to the contents of my pockets is not your business."

"No, honestly, Severus, I'd be pleased to help you!" the werewolf insisted, dropping to his knees in front of the Potions master and gathering up some of the small brass coins.

"REMUS JOHN LUPIN! GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF MY KNUTS!" Severus roared. Immediately, he felt the eyes of a thousand stunned students and twenty-odd scandalized staff members staring at him.

"It's not what it sounds like," he muttered, as Remus, blushing, made his way back into his seat.

They very carefully avoided each other for the rest of the week.

Author's Notes: I've been wanting to have a character shout "Get your hands off my knuts!" at another character for years. Today it finally happened. I hope it's as amusing to you as it is to me. :)