

“You’re just handing me a fortune in rare creature parts?” The Slytherin looked skeptical, and a little nauseous. “What do you want in return for such a gift.”

“Buy Remus a decent pair of robes,” came Harry’s immediate response, a smile crossing his lips. “Seriously, Snape; take whatever you want. If it really makes you uncomfortable, just take the useful potions’ ingredients and we can put the money from the scales in a vault for the school, or something.” Once Dumbledore was long gone and unable to get his greedy hands on it, of course. “You’re risking your neck *and* your job trying to keep me alive long enough to take down Voldemort. The least I can do is make sure you have plenty of money to live on if it all goes tits up.”

The Potions Master shook his head, incredulous. “I could live a dozen lifetimes on the money from the fangs *alone*.”

“Brilliant. Remus won’t have to worry about keeping a job.”

Harry was still grinning, even when Snape narrowed his gaze at him. “I know what you’re doing, Potter,” he declared. “Trying to sway me into accepting by using Remus. As if he would be any more likely to accept such a fortune from you.”

“Then it’s a good thing I’m giving it to you instead.” Harry didn’t back down. “We can argue all day if you want, but I’ve made my mind up. Whatever you can harvest, you can keep. I’ll be over there practicing the Evaporation charm.” He jerked a thumb at the pool of water, already on his way over. For a moment, he thought Snape might continue arguing — then there was a quiet sigh, and a call for Ceri.

The little elf appeared, and squeaked in fright at the sight of the snake. “Don’t worry, it’s dead,” Snape assured her. “I’m going to skin it. I need you to bring me a large chest, something I can add an Expansion charm to.”

Ceri nodded and vanished. From the other side of the chamber, Harry watched as Snape set down his satchel and began to remove various tools and jars from within. Then, to his surprise, the man shed his robe, revealing worn jeans and a threadbare black long-sleeve t-shirt. That was only for a moment, however — out of his satchel, he pulled a protective over-robe, shrugging it on.

Harry thought about offering to help. But, watching the way Snape began to cut into the snake’s gums, carefully avoiding the sharp points of the fangs, he figured it was probably best left to the experts.

Knowing Harry’s luck, he’d stab himself on another fang entirely by accident, and then where would they be?

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At last, with a bit of assistance from McGonagall, the Gryffindor quidditch team was given the High Inquisitor’s permission to reform. Angelina was so delighted, she scheduled a practice for that evening, determined to make up for lost time.