“Stubborn child!” the hat suddenly boomed out with exasperation dripping his tone. “Better be Slytherin!”

Don’t know why I’m writing this. Need a break from studying and also from finals. Besides, Ron doesn’t get nearly as much love as he should. Hope you like it!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

“Slytherin!”

Everyone burst into whispers as the Boy-Who-Lived numbly took off the hat and gave it to a thin lipped McGonagall who looked just as shocked and disapproving as everyone in the room. Harry avoided Malfoy’s smug crowing whose eyes said ‘you-should’ve-picked-me’.

He picked the end of the table and sat down, shoulders slumped and wanting to disappear. The hat didn’t listen to his plea and now he was going to be all alone in a house that probably detested his very existence.

In the crowd, Ron Weasley narrowed his eyes at Harry’s downtrodden form, the chess master’s mind whirling.

Names were called, the Houses settled down until the youngest male Weasley’s name was called. Unlike the other previously shuffling nervous children, Ron’s steps were steady and resolute like a general’s march. He snatched the hat from McGonagall’s hands like he had a grudge, and plopped it over his signature red head.

Nobody payed attention, all anxious for the feast to begin. Ron was one of the last ones on the list and everyone was impatient for the obvious sorting to be done.

But that’s not what happened.

Few intense minutes ticked by, Ron furiously muttering under his breath in a low tone. People looked to each other in confusion and a pair of red heads were leaning into each other with a suspicious glint in their eyes. Even the staff was puzzled over this development, for no Weasley’s sorting has ever went beyond the fifteen second mark.

“Stubborn child!” the hat suddenly boomed out with exasperation dripping his tone. “Better be Slytherin!”

Chaos erupted.

Shouts of ‘traitor’ and ‘blood hell’ scattered all around the room. If the situation wasn’t so outrageous, the Hufflepuffs probably would’ve gleefully taken pictures of the gobsmacked, horrified expressions on the Slytherins’ faces at the idea of a Weasley being sorted in Slytherin. Malfoy looked ready to commit suicide.

Harry didn’t care though. Because Ron was grinning triumphantly and whipping off the hat to hand it back to a speechless headmistress before dashing off to where Harry was sitting. He smacked himself down next to him and bumped his shoulder in a friendly, camaraderie manner.

“Sorry it took so long.” Ron made a contrite face. “The bloody hat wouldn’t take no for an answer.”

Harry couldn’t stop grinning even if he wanted to.

“It’s okay.” And it was. The boy who was undeniably his best friend was here. He wasn’t alone. “Thanks.”

“Like I could’ve left you alone in this snakepit.” Ron snorted. “Oooh, pass the turkey leg, would you? I’m starved.”
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

“Why don’t you make sense?” Marcus blurted out incredulously, giving up all pretense that nobody was eavesdropping. It was almost shameful how far the Slytherins have fallen in the face of Potter and Weasley’s insanity.

Chapter Notes

Oh my god. I had so much fun with this chapter, you have no idea. I’m just cackling away at 5 in the morning and just couldn't let this idea go, hahaha!! Please enjoy and comment your opinions!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Nobody got it. At least, not at first.

It was a slow realization, a sinking settling sensation in their stomachs that sat there in stunned stupor as if denial would save them from the truth.

A Weasley was in Slytherin.

Let it be repeated.

A fucking Weasley was in fucking Slytherin.

The pureblooded families frothed in repulsion as their horrified screeches reached the abyss of nothingness. Needless to say, they all acted like drama queens whose world views have been bludgeoned by raining bludgers that repeatedly bashed against their skulls to get the message through.

There was a rumor that Lucius Malfoy had burned his son’s equally mortified letter before throwing himself out of the Malfoy Manor’s highest window in the wake of his wife’s wailing screams.

Of course, that’s not what actually happened. There would’ve been hospital bills if that was the case.

(What really happened was Lucius going comatose for nearly three hours in the midst of a mental breakdown, feeling like he’s been walloped in the head a thousand times over. Narcissa screaming her head off though was true.

And when he snapped out of it, what the Daily Prophet didn’t know was how he rashly used the floo powder and sent himself to the Burrow. Wild eyed and usually perfect hair frazzled beyond belief, he slunk up to a startled Arthur and demanded to know what the hell the Weasley was thinking. Was this some sort of play against him? Was he trying to humiliate him or sabotage the Slytherins and turn them into a mocked house? Because in Lucius Malfoy’s furious mind, the remote possibility that a penniless, stupid Weasley could ever get into Slytherin through his own merits wasn’t even an
Because then he would have to admit that he and the Weasleys’ might have something actually in **common**. It was an attack on his pride and against everything he’s ever thought of the blood traitors.

Arthur Weasley stared at the other pureblood’s hysterical state and uncontrollable rage, before finally saying slowly, “What are you talking about? What do you mean Ron got into Slytherin?”

And that’s how Ron’s parents found out about their youngest son’s sorting.)

Back at Hogwarts, equal pandemonium erupted among the staff members that night after the sorting.

“What the **fuck**.” Rolanda Hooch snapped out the moment they were all seated around the round table. “What in Merlin’s **saggy balls** just happened?”

It was a testament to Minerva’s shocked state that she didn’t reprimand the Quidditch coach’s language for once.

“Well, Potter and,” Aurora Sinistra had to pause as if preparing herself to say it out loud. “Weasley have been sorted in Slytherin.”

“How?! Why?!”

“It’s Mr. Weasley.” Minerva finally spoke, face grimacing. “He said something to the Sorting Hat. He actually seemed to be, well, arguing with it.”

“Are you saying,” Filius said slowly. “That there’s a high possibility that Mr. Weasley actually **wanted** to be sorted in Slytherin? To follow Mr. Potter, who he’s barely known for a day?”

The whole room fell silent at this new piece of baffling information.

Severus sat languished in his chair, stuck in anguished apathy that would better befit a funeral. Probably his own.

“There’s a Weasley and Potter in my house.” Severus said dully, looking completely disturbed. “How is this my life?”

Pomona sighed and patted the younger professor’s shoulder, putting as much sympathy as she could into the gesture as Severus would allow.

“I need a drink.” Minerva said uncharacteristically, though understandably.

Unanimous agreement met her words.

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Blaise Zabini observed his new housemates with trepidation and fascination. It was like watching a train going beyond speed limit and waiting for it to crash into a spectacular, larger-than-life heap.

Because that’s what the pair was. A disaster just waiting to happen.

It’s been a week since the first day of school, since Molly Weasley’s howler came two days later and hollered at Ron Weasley for being so reckless to land himself in Slytherin. It was hysterically hilarious how contradictory and ironic that sentence was.
While the redhead did cower at first, a piercing stubborn glint that people would later learn to be wary of grew in his blue eyes, unyielding as stone and against everything a Slytherin was. He hollered back at the howler (probably due to being overemotional, seeing how the howler couldn’t answer back at his retorts), shouting that no, he doesn’t regret what he did and would damn well do it all over again if it meant not leaving Harry behind.

The look on Potter’s face at the Weasley’s declaration of loyalty would’ve made a puppy break its heart over how astonished and happy he looked.

This morning, the heinous twins plopped themselves down at the Slytherin’s table in front of their brother and his best friend, matching grins that promised hell put into full force. Blaise had been only a table down so he heard the whole exchange.

“Hello ickle Ronnikins. Looks like you’ve made yourself real popular.” One of the twins commented cheerfully.

It wasn’t a hard observation to make. Potter and Weasley have been eating alone at the end of the table at every mealtime, probably to get away from the staring and the whispers that followed both of them, though mostly Potter. They were isolated, alone in the pit of snakes. Neither seemed to really mind.

The younger Weasley grumbled, though his eyes were sharp and suspicious as if he could see right through them.

“You here to tell me I’m being an idiot too? Percy already told me yesterday.” The Weasley kid muttered, stabbing a piece of pork viciously.

One of the twins snorted and casually flicked his hand.

“Please. As if. Like they say, if you can’t beat them,” a predatory grin took over the redhead’s features. “join them and destroy them from the inside.”

Potter looked surprised by the twin’s words, but Weasley curiously enough actually looked contemplative.

“True.” Weasley admitted, before a hint of the calculative look that Blaise got a glimpse of before the redhead got sorted flashed in his cobalt eyes. “I don’t really feel like doing it though. Besides, I’m here for Harry.”

Both twins shared a look before they started to snigger, seemingly finding something funny for some bewildering reason. One of them ruffled Weasley’s head, causing the eleven year old to yell out in indignation at the treatment. Potter looked amused by his friend’s plight and did not help in any way.

“Good.” The twin nodded firmly. “Guess there’s nothing to worry about after all. Though,” a gleam of something close to a challenge burned in his brown eyes. “looks like we have ourselves some competition Gred.”

“Agreed dear old brother of mine.” ‘Gred’ said, looking just as excited. “Though we have the advantage for the time being. Being on familiar turf and all.”

Blaise has no idea what the hell they were talking about, though Weasley and weirdly enough Potter seemed to understand. Both looked just as determined as the twins.

“You’re on. I heard the stories.” Potter said and what? What stories? What the hell?
All four grinned, the words, “Game on” visible in the atmosphere.

Blaise shivered. He had a feeling this was the beginning of the end.

Newflash: It was.

The war between the twins and Potter/Weasley was considered legendary, on par with the Marauders against Snape. There was a struggle at the beginning for Potter and Weasley, though more on the fact they didn’t have a big arsenal compared to the brothers that were mischief reincarnated.

Their dodging ability and incredible paranoia however was most impressive.

“Don’t use the book.” Ron snapped at Dean Thomas at Potions, having been paired off with the kid through Snape’s sadistic machinations. Seeing the Gryffindor’s offended and slightly scared look, Ron sighed and carefully prodded the book open with his wand as if dealing with a bomb. He breathed a sigh of relief when nothing happened.

Seeing Dean’s bewildered look, he explained.

“There might’ve been a chance Fred jinxed it to do something. I left my book open in the library alone for five minutes.” Ron said. He looked like he was inwardly berating himself for such a mistake.

Dean blinked.

“They could get away with something that fast?” Dean sounded astonished.

Ron looked puzzled.

“Can’t anyone?”

Dean didn’t really have an answer for that.

Harry was the same and always brought his bag wherever he went, looking left and right in the hallways when crossing, as if expecting to be attacked at any second.

Now, one would think that a kid who got bullied for so many years might’ve wanted to avoid situations where he always had to have his guard up.

When asked, Harry would shrug and say thoughtfully, “I actually feel better if I know for a fact someone’s after me. It’s actually really annoying when people say, “you’re safe” or “nothing bad’s going to happen.”” Harry would then give this look, as if questioning the stupidity of the human species. “Because seriously, have you seen my luck and history? Anyways, it’s probably better to be prepared in the long run. This is great practice for that.”

Needless to say, Potter was pretty fucked up in the head.

Ron was, well, an entirely different matter altogether.

The youngest Weasley was surprisingly very knowledgeable in curses and charms. And he could get very creative with them. Flitwick has all but given up on the notion of the redhead remaining silent in his class. The kid couldn’t seem to help but question every usage of what spells they’re practicing are
capable of. And while this would normally excite the short professor, it was the context of the
questions that murdered Flitwick’s eagerness in having such a willing student.

“So does accio pull an object towards you physically? Like, is it able to maneuver whatever it’s
moving towards you or does it just go straight to where it needs to go no matter what?”

“Well, the former. It all depends on a wizard’s will and their own location.” Flitwick answered
warily, a bit of dread coloring his tone. “And Mr. Weasley, the summoning charm is a third year
charm. We’re currently discussing wingardium leviosa today.”

Ron scoffed and Flitwick almost wanted to wince at the sound.

“Yeah, but wingardium leviosa and accio should be in the same category seeing how both spells
bloody well moves things around according to how you want. They’re a lot more adaptable than
most spells that only serve one purpose. So shouldn’t you put accio in the curriculum too? And by
the way,” Ron jumped into another tangent and Flitwick all but wanted to bang his head on his high

“And Ron? Well, Ron stayed completely oblivious to everybody’s disbeliefing looks. After all, he
should know what exact spells to put in his arsenal against the twins in their prank war of the ages.
And a strategist must always know which weapons would be useful in battle. He’s been waging
frontal and undercover attacks against his five older brothers for years. (It’s been agreed that Percy
was the most brutal and sadistically humored when he got particularly annoyed. It’s always the quiet,
restrained ones. Gives them too much time to plan for pent-up revenge.)

“How do you know so many spells?” Lucian demanded in the common rooms with a few Slytherins
listening in on the conversation because the curiosity was too much for them.

Ron blinked up at the older Slytherin and Harry raised an eyebrow.

“I have five older brothers and a little hellion sister whose craftier then the twins combined on a good
day. I picked up a few things. Kinda have to to survive.” The redhead said nonchalantly, like that
was perfectly normal. Worst part was how Potter only looked merely thoughtful for a second before
nodding along in easy agreement, like anything what the blood traitor said made sense.

“Why don’t you make sense?” Marcus blurted out incredulously, giving up all pretense that nobody
was eavesdropping. It was almost shameful how far the Slytherins have fallen in the face of Potter
and Weasley’s insanity.

Weasley’s eyebrows furrowed in honest confusion.

“Aren’t most wizard families like that? I mean, sure, not as many siblings probably, but still. All
siblings are like that.” Weasley said confidently, as if this was a natural fact in life.

It suddenly dawns on the petrified, dismayed Slytherins what the Weasley was implying. The eleven
year old actually thought people live in constant war against their siblings their entire lives in a constant battle for survival. And not even out of maliciousness, but out of good humor and to train for real life situations.

No wonder he was so messed up.

And Potter, oh god, probably didn’t know any of this.

The boy-who-lived was an only child. He hasn’t interacted with much kids in the first place in the Muggle world, let alone the wizardly one. He probably had been convinced through Ron’s craziness that it was normal too.

The Slytherins could only stare at the clueless Weasley completely aghast, their life views shattering and at this new world-flipping revelation.

Merlin. They all thought in dazed terror. Are all Weasleys like this? How did nobody ever notice?!

“Why are the Weasleys in Gryffindor?” someone from afar commented hysterically. There was distant crying in the backdrop. “Are all Gryffindors like this?”

Because if that was the case, holy shit.

That’s fucking terrifying. If the Weasley’s were considered the most Gryffindor people in their entire house, what the bloody hell does that mean for the rest of the lions’ population? An army of mad people gathered together and tricking everyone else into thinking they were idiots?

(In James Potter’s fucking grave, he was rolling around laughing his fucking ass off from the rising conspiracy theories that the Slytherins were rapidly creating based on one crazy family of redheads. Evans wasn’t too far from her husband doing the same.)

Few of the Slytherins fainted from shock and the rest felt their minds break at the seams.

Much to the other houses utter bewilderment, the Slytherins no longer mocked or dangled their superiority in front of the Gryffindors’ faces. Instead, the moment they spotted anyone with a red and golden tie, they paled drastically and fled for their lives. It didn’t even matter if they lost points when they dashed out of classrooms every time they accidently brushed against a Gryffindor. Even Snape in all his terrifying bat-like glory couldn’t keep his own house in the dungeons during Potions.

Hell, the Slytherins were even beginning a petition on having all their classes being completely separate from the Gryffindors and nearly pleading to switch for the Ravenclaws and (gasp) the Hufflepuffs instead.

It was becoming commonplace for the Professors to meet every night to share drinks in the teacher’s lounge.

“Fucking Potter and Weasley.” Was the most common phrase in their slurring as they drank their fill until morning with the mother of all hangovers.

It was damn lucky they had magic. Poppy was a gift from god.
“Hey Harry.” Ron nibbled at the end of his fingernail in concentration as he read the spreadsheet. His blue eyes were sharp as ever as calculations whirled in his mind and battle plans slotted into place.

“Yes?” Harry glanced up from doing his homework. He knew better than to ruin the redhead’s attention when he was in the mood. “What’s up?”

“I think we need another person in on this.” Ron declared solemnly. “Don’t think we could beat Fred and George on our own. Most of the curses I know are above my level and Flitwick’s not answering any of my questions for some reason.”

Both boys shared a look and nodded decisively.

“Granger.”

And that was the start of another beautiful, chaotic friendship.

Chapter End Notes

Please review on the way out! And check out my tumblr page, aerialflight.tumblr.com

I'm putting this chapter on my tumblr page too.
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

“I think I’m in love.” Ron said dazedly, struck by lightning.

Chapter Notes

Okay, first, I am so happy that so many people loved this fic and am very flattered by it all. Seriously, thank you so much for the encouragement and comments, I love that this makes people laugh. Writing private headcanons that just keep extrapolating is my life now, haha. Anyways, I hope you enjoy, cause chaos I literally this fic’s agenda and I’m gleefully taking advantage of that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hermione Granger has the bushiness of a raccoon’s tail for hair and an air of ‘I’m-judging-you’ surrounding her. It felt like facing Molly Weasley when she’s in the right, except in a perpetual state.

It was intimidating as hell for an eleven year old girl and Ron Weasley already knew this was going to be a challenge.

The whole school already knew the Slytherin duo’s agenda by now – bringing the second reckoning of the prankalypse since the Marauders and Snape, who currently is drinking his way to sweet oblivion, fuck Dumbledore and his ‘plans’ – and all the students practically sprinted themselves out of the library to get away from the crossfire.

Which is a mistake and someone should’ve stalled the Weasley in his tracks and made sure to never let these two particular first years meet, but oh well. They’ll know soon enough.

So Ron sat down on the chair across from Hermione, the setting innocuous and peaceful. Hermione’s brown eyes flickered upwards and went back to her alarmingly giant sized book and snappishly flipped a page. Her shoulders hunched inward, as if bracing herself for an attack.

“Is there something you need?”

Ron heard the impatience in her tone and laid down his cards without hesitation.

“Harry and I need your help in beating Fred and George.”

Instantly, she looked suspicious and interested all at once. A raven, eyes caught by the shiny object Ron was offering her. The audible slam of her book closing shook the table, nearly spilling the inkwell.

“Why?” she narrowed her eyes, sharp as an owl. “You don’t seem to need help.”

“We do.” Ron countered, unashamed. Pride has no place on the battlefield. “Fred and George are a year older than us and they know every inch of Hogwarts. They have the advantage, and are going
to keep having the advantage if it drags on.”

She raised a surprisingly thin eyebrow, the expression eerily similar to a certain transfiguration professor. “I’m just hearing reasons why you’re going to lose. Why do you need me?”

“Cause you’re smartest person in the school and you’re not in Ravenclaw.”

Surprise and curiosity has her asking. “Why does it matter if I’m not in Ravenclaw?”

Ron grinned, looking delighted that she’s asking all the right questions.

“If you’re the smartest person in the room and your bravery is even more recognized that that, it can only mean you’re bloody amazing.”

Hermione, for the first time since coming to Hogwarts and realizing that she’s as alone as ever in such a magical place, giggled. It rang in the empty library and was high pitched from childish youth that was rare coming from the mini-adult.

Later, after Ron stumbles out with all the grace of someone who has just escaped being windswept by a hurricane, he plopped himself in a chair next to Harry and tried to breathe.

“I think I’m in love.” Ron said dazedly, struck by lightning.

“Can’t wait for the wedding.” Harry responded idly, going through his transfiguration homework like a madman.

Years later, nobody was even fazed by Ron’s declaration of marrying one Hermione Granger-Weasley. Only the fact that it took so long and that they hadn’t been married from the moment they met at all.

How can they, when the sixth time they played chess together in the Gryffindor Common Room (nobody dared to kick Ron out) a few weeks after they met, Ron reverently asked, “Marry me?” after she finally toppled his king?

“Maybe.” She responded politely. “Mom always says I should keep my options open.”

The fact Mrs. Granger was referring to her school subjects and career, not her love life, was probably the case. But Hermione was precocious as they come. And Ron Weasley wouldn’t have it any other way.

“Okay then.” He agreed, another business transaction occurring without either realizing it. It’s how they work. “I’ll ask once every year then until you give me a straight up yes/no answer.”

“Sounds fair.”

(It took until their early twenties and a war to have her break the agreement and outright tell him she wanted to get married. Ron didn’t really mind much.

Harry was both their best man and bridesmaid. It made for an interesting set of clashing green and red robes for him to wear, though he wore the heels on a dare.)

When the Golden Trio, as they were now being called these days, snatched up unassuming Neville
Longbottom, people had the sense to be wary except for idiots like Draco Malfoy who mocked their chosen person.

They didn’t realize as Harry did that Neville had the toughest skin you’ll ever find in the Gryffindor house. Anyone else would’ve collapsed under the personality of Augusta Longbottom who even Black family members were cautious of when she’s in a flurry. Temperamental, snappish, and always judging Neville with close scrutiny that it was suffocating.

Put Neville in a quiet, tense environment and he’s a nervous wreck. The Dungeons were cold and entirely too silent, not a word spoken under the sharp eyes of Severus Snape. Neville is prepared to work under constant nagging and deprecating words shouting in his ear. Snape’s smooth, cutting remarks were a complete contrast to Augusta’s loud fury that it threw Neville off more than enough times.

But when everything is loud and rowdy, chaos surrounding him on all sides, Neville was a diving duck in water.

His awareness narrowed down, ignoring all sounds and mocking insults once he gets absorbed in the things he’s good at or focused on. The greenhouse was full of screaming, demanding plants that required constant diligence. The greenery were visibly colorful in both behavior and looks. Nobody seemed to understand that it was a minefield, not a set of instructions put on a board but bartering trades with sentient creatures. A give or take relationship Neville instinctively had a knack for with unpredictable, magical plants. He was a master at working under pressure with a hundred living things demanding for his help and attention.

He’s not good with words. His hands, on the other hand, speak another language entirely with coaxing actions befitting for negotiators and caretakers.

And Harry, who’s been gardening since he was six with dull flowers who can’t talk back, noticed it all.

So one day, he separated himself from Hermione and Ron arguing at the other side of the Gryffindor table and slithered in the seat facing Neville. The round faced boy paled at the sight of him, Harry’s reputation proceeding him.

“You’re Neville Longbottom, right? The one who’s really good at Herbology?” Harry started earnestly, green eyes shining.

Neville looked completely taken aback by the compliment and blushed furiously.

“Um, yes?” he squeaked uncertainly, glancing behind him as if it was possible the raven haired boy was addressing someone else.

Harry grinned cheerfully. It was terrifying.

“Excellent.” He rubbed his hands gleefully like an evil mastermind. Which wasn’t true. That’s Hermione’s job. “Because I wanted to ask you for help.”

“Help?” Neville repeated, sounding more like an actual plea for escape than imitating a talking parrot.

“Yeah, do you want to be our dealer? Since Professor Sprout likes you so much.”

Neville choked.
Of course, what Harry Potter meant was for Neville to provide dangerous plants and maybe even ask for some assistance in experimenting on them for any short-term affects that could be slipped into the twins’ drinks or food. But out of context, the eleven year old was completely unaware how it sounded in very different contexts.

Neville, however, surprisingly did.

The conversation spiraled from there until it finally clicked what exactly Harry was offering, much to Neville’s staggering relief that he wasn’t getting involved in criminal activities. His Gram would kill him if he did.

But, well, this was for The-Boy-Who-Lived. The Savior of the Wizarding World. And she said to make friends, so she would understand.

Right? Right.

So against his better judgement, Neville Longbottom became part of the group in not so legal ways.

“Professor Snape?”

Severus absolutely refused to admit how close he was to jumping three feet in the air by the haunting nightmare that was Harry Potter. Denial was a long, long river.

“Mr. Potter.” He said curtly, betraying nothing when everything in him wanted to hide beyond a desk and hiss, ‘What do you want from me? Leave me to die alone and away from your insanity!’

But he was a professional professor. And so he stayed where he was and tried not to stare at familiar green eyes that were gleaming all too familiarly for comfort.

“What’s being used to guard the third floor?” was Harry Potter’s upfront, absurd question that broke the stereotype that Slytherins didn’t know what blunt was until it hit them. Politics ruin people.

Clearly they’ve never met The-Boy-Who-Lived.

His mouth went on autopilot because sarcasm was an addictive habit that won him the title of being an asshole/favorite character (for some reason).

“Are your ears just decorations Mr. Potter? Or were you too busy congratulating yourself and Mr. Weasley for grabbing the ranks of the Slytherin House in the sole purpose to ruin other people’s reputations and time?”

And sanity he wanted to add, but didn’t. It would feel too much like admitting defeat.

Potter frowned, cocking his head to the side as if trying to impersonate a rather curious bird. Just looking at him gave Severus a crick in the neck.

“No, it’s not that.” The boy began, blatantly disregarding his words and striding in without any censorship. “I figured since you hate me and want me to get in trouble, you’d tell me.”

Severus stared at the boy’s backflipping sense of logic and tried to find where he came up with such an abysmal train of thought. And then he took in the expectant, completely oblivious look on Potter’s face that mimicked Lily’s whenever she had asked uncomfortable questions to older students into attempting to explain how such prejudice and close-mindedness is allowed in the Wizarding World.

The Slytherin Head of House wistfully recalled how gleeful he had always been from her pointed
questions that left people stuttering and ashamed, and felt like this was karma kicking him back in the arse.

“It doesn’t matter if I don’t like you Mr. Potter.” He gritted out, shoving the redheaded girl in a box and burying it with a mental shovel. “You’re a student, I’m a professor.”

James’s son dared to shoot him a bemused look.

“Yeah, exactly.” He said slowly, as if he has the thought capacity of a slug. “Which is why I asked you since you know.”

Severus wanted to futilely argue against that inane point, but screeched to a stop when something finally occurred to him.

“Why do you want to know in the first place?” he demanded suspiciously.

Potter lit up. A spike of agonizing pain shot through the Potion Professor’s skull.

“Because if it’s dangerous, we can have point of references to use in beating other people at their own game.” Potter was just barely not implicitly stating the blasted Weasley pair’s names. Severus wanted to thunk his head against the walls until he had a concussion even Pomfrey couldn’t fix immediately. “And other than Fluffy, we don’t know what the other protections are-”

“How do you know that?”

Potter blinked, confused. Severus resisted the urge to shake him.

“Well, it was sort of implied we’ve already tried going in there,” which Severus probably would’ve noticed if he had been paying more attention instead of covering up his wariness with bullshit fronts. “Hagrid told us that Fluffy was his and there was a trap door he was sitting on. So, it’s kind of obvious once Hermione pointed it out. If Hagrid left his own kind of protection, then that means there must be other tests and stuff guarding whatever it is it’s guarding.”

“Why were you on the third floor?” he struggled out, half-impressed and half-bitter that some parts of Lily actually seemed to have transferred to her son from how he had been able to work it all out.

“For fun. And we were really bored.” His tone heavily implied the feeling ‘Duh’ rather accurately.

Severus narrowed his beady eyes at the Potter.

“So the only reason why you’re asking this is for academic reasons and to win your petty little war against the school menaces? You have no interest in what the school’s guarding?” he enunciated slowly, incredulous.

Potter shrugged.

“Not really.” His voice was drier than Severus’s nearly-empty glass attitude. “I’m kind of too busy trying to win a war.”

Maybe the absurdity of it all was finally getting to him, because Severus Snape burst into hysterical laughter and couldn’t find it in himself to stop.

Chapter End Notes
Thank you for reading and please comment or kudos at the end! Much appreciated!

I posted this on my tumblr page aerialflight.tumblr.com too, so check it out!

End Notes

I just had to, okay? I just love this idea a lot. Ron Weasley, no matter how flawed, at his core is loyal to the bone. True Gryffindor, right here. He does not get enough damn credit.

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Works inspired by this one

To Those with Cunning and Ambition by Mysana

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!