

Seeing His Way Clear

by dracontia

Hugo intervenes. Set in the 'AI and Scorp Show' universe, circa fifth year—fits both the Gen and Slash story arcs.

ficlet (AI & Scorp show, both arcs)

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Neither they nor their cousins nor the bleedin' castle are mine. But try telling THEM that.

Notes:

This is (for convenience's sake) the eighth episode in the AI & Scorp show; though it doesn't really contain spoilers for episodes 1-7, it makes far more sense if you've read all of the previous installments!

"Weasley! You bastard!"

An acidic, angry hiss startled Hugo. He looked up from his Ancient Runes project in alarm. Scorp hadn't 'Weasley'd him since second year. "Fucksocks, Scorpius! What in hell are you on about?"

"You've utterly ballsed up my life, that's what I'm on about!" He yanked his hand out of his robe pocket and jammed a handsome pair of wire-rimmed spectacles on the end of his nose.

"Oh, you finally decided to get your eyes checked, then?" Hugo smiled shakily.

"No, it was decided for me when SOMEONE owed my father that AI's been reading the board for me and helping me with Charms."

Hugo was a lousy liar. As a Ravenclaw, he was wise enough to know it. "Scorp, come on—you were struggling!" He kept his voice low and reasonable, glancing around to make sure Madam Harkness wasn't in the vicinity. "AI couldn't read off to you during tests, and while he's all right at Charms, he's not good enough to get you up to par for OWLs. You were about to muff the subject altogether! I mean, there's such a thing as taking 'Slytherins take care of it in-House' too far!"

"I could see well enough to play Quidditch!"

"That's because one, you're eyes are probably weakest in middle distances for some obscure reason—" Scorpius' thunderous scowl confirmed Hugo's deduction "—and two, you're all but doing Legilimency with AI during the games. I've kept the statistics—you hardly ever pass long to McCutcheon; you mainly score from insanely close, and your biggest stat is the number of assists you've made to AI." Hugo spread his hands in an apologetic gesture. "I'm sorry if your dad went mental about it. I just wanted to help!"

Scorpius seemed to almost trip over his own anger. He swallowed and rubbed at the back of his neck in an awkward, fidgety way. "Well, actually, Father was pretty calm about it. There was a bit of 'You ought to have told me so that we could get you sorted sooner,' but nothing harsh."

"Well then, I'm sorry they're uncomfortable."

"Um... actually, they aren't."

"Al can't be upset about it. I mean, he's been trying to convince you for a year or better—"

"No, it's not that, either! He said it was about time. It's the—"

"Hi, Scorpius!" A gaggle of approximately fourth- and fifth-year girls sidled past, thoroughly invading Scorpius' personal space. A flurry of batted eyelashes and almost birdlike cooing sounds surrounded him. A Ravenclaw slipped a note into his bookbag, and he jumped, giving an undignified squeak as a particularly saucy Gryffindor passed behind him. Hugo had a pretty good idea of what *she* had done.

Scorpius turned an unflattering shade of fuchsia, which only seemed to fuel his fan club as the giggling mass drifted off in a cloud of perfume to continue to ogle him from a distance. "See?" he said pleadingly to Hugo.

"Yeah... I see," Hugo replied. He stared after the girls, who were still casting come-hither glances at Scorp from across the room. He stood, dried his parchment, and quickly and carefully put it away with his books. Then he turned toward the stacks with alacrity.

"Hang on, where are you going?"

"To find a book. There's got to be some sort of spell I can use to make it look as if I need glasses."

FIN

Thank you to SeverusLovesUs, who keeps my punctuation within the realm of reason!