

# Out of the Frying Pan...

*by Keppiehed*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A/N: This was written for SortingHatDrabs. The prompt was "Snape/Ron and 'the story begins here...'" . Many thanks go to my beta, MystressXOXO.

Fred hid a snicker. "That's right. It only counts if you bring back a trophy, little brother. We want the full story and proof. Got it?"

Ron swallowed. "What kind of trophy?"

Fred pondered. "Maybe his boxers? Yeah, then we'll know for sure!"

Ron paled. "Then you'll give me the potion? The one I need?"

George elbowed Fred. "Sure, sure, just like we promised. Now, get going, and don't come back without the proof that Snape has a thing for boys."

Ron left the Gryffindor common room for Snape's private quarters with a sinking feeling. As he got closer, his palms started to sweat, and he felt his nervousness spike.

He knocked on Snape's door, feeling out of sorts.

A silky voice rang out. "Enter."

Ron felt his knees knocking as he went in.

Snape turned, an expression of distaste crossing his features when he saw who was standing there. "Weasley! What do you want?"

"Um. Well, I was wondering... that is... I wanted to ask..." Ron stammered. He didn't have a plan! How was he going to do this?

"Eloquent, as always," Snape sneered.

Ron drew himself up indignantly. A flash of anger gave him courage. "Are you a poof?"

"What?" Snape narrowed his eyes. He considered Ron for a moment before he regained his composure. "Why? Are you offering something, Mr. Weasley?"

Ron felt his face flame bright red. "NO!" he shouted. "I was just wondering." Now he wanted to make as fast an exit as possible.

Snape tilted his head. "I suppose you came for a tale to tell, hmm?" He leaned down and licked his lips, letting Ron watch him. Ron's eyes went as wide as saucers. Was Snape coming onto him? Strangely, the idea wasn't as terrible as he might've imagined. In a seductive whisper, he said in Ron's ear, "The story begins here..."

Ron felt hypnotized. He couldn't look away from the sight of Snape bending down, nearly touching him... Ron wanted to lean in and brush his cheek. Dear Merlin, what was happening to him?

Snape snapped his spine straight, the spell broken. "... and ends with you in detention. Tomorrow, after Potions class. You may leave."

Ron turned on his heel, ready to leave as quickly as he could. Damn Fred and George! Now he would never be able to think of Snape in the same way again!

"Oh, and Mr. Weasley?"

Ron paused at the door, miserable.

Snape waited until their eyes met. "You may tell your brothers that I do not give up my trophies easily. If they have a question for me, they can come and ask me themselves."

Ron saw that smirk in his mind long after he had turned and fled the Potion master's classroom. He groaned, knowing the face in his dreams tonight would be none other than that of his teacher's.