

# The Wizard and the Sneak

by mia madwyn

In which Marietta needs pimple cream and Fred is, well, Fred. (Written for Romancing the Wizard)

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Chapter 1 of 1

In which Marietta needs pimple cream and Fred is, well, Fred. (Written for Romancing the Wizard)

She'd never hated her curls until she needed fringe to cover the word "SNEAK" on her forehead.

Curly fringe simply didn't work.

With hat tugged low, she entered the Weasleys' shop and grabbed a violent pink package.

"Now, why's a pretty girl like you buying Guaranteed Ten-Second Pimple Vanisher?"

Just her miserable luck, to be waited on by a twin.

Damn cocky twins.

She wanted to slap somebody, and he seemed handy.

But she kept her head down. "Ten seconds, guaranteed?" she muttered.

"Guaranteed, if you read the fine print." He took the package from her and muttered, *Explanationes Affligo*." He returned it with a grin.

She paid him and left without another word.

Ten seconds didn't work.

Ten minutes didn't work.

She wanted to thrust the pink tube up that twin's nose.

Whichever twin it was.

His annoyingly cocky voice spoke in her head: "If you read the fine print."

She picked up the box. "*Just add—*"

They couldn't be serious!

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Dawn.

It was too cold for a spring day and too early for a sane witch.

But here she was, stomping through bluebells, looking for dawn-dew gathered during the springtime pixie dance.

Fine print, her arse.

She was going to find the damn dew and add it to the cream and give it ten seconds, and if it didn't work, she was going to make a certain annoying Weasley twin pay.

Whichever twin he was.

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An hour later, the sun had burned off the dew, there were no springtime pixies to be found, and she collapsed in the grass and burst into tears.

"I know I deserved it. But do I have to be the sneak for the rest of my life?"

She looked up.

He sat there, cross-legged, by her, looking almost... kind.

"You're punishing me, too," she sobbed. "I ruined everything!"

"If you had it to do over?"

"I'd cut off my arm first."

"*Explanationes Affligo*," he whispered into her ear, even as he wiped his hand down the violently pink tube, then returned it.

In even finer print:

"*In case of emergency, combine with the kiss of a devilishly handsome rogue*"

"Surely," she began, "you don't expect me to—"

"Ah, so you admit I'm devilishly handsome," he said, and before she could stop him, he kissed her.

And it was a testimony to that kiss that the blood singing in her veins, the pulse throbbing at her throat, the tingles dancing up her spine almost distracted her from the burning on her forehead.

When he pulled away, he stroked her satiny smooth skin and smiled. "Guaranteed."

"But, how?"

"I could teach Hermione Granger a thing or two." He smirked.

This time, she was the one who kissed him.

And it didn't occur to her for a very long time to finally ask, "Which twin are you?"

"Do you like me?"

"Yes."

"More than a little bit?"

"Oh, yes..." she said most fervently.

"I'm Fred."

And then, nothing else was said for an even longer time.

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**Author's Notes:** Many thanks to Juno-Magic for the Latin incantation, "Explanationes Affligo" which means, "I stick instructions (to something)." And much forgiveness begged for "branding" Marietta on her forehead rather than on her cheeks and nose, as in canon. Finally, kudos to somigliana for her exemplary work as proof witch!

This was originally written for Romancing the Wizard. The assigned pairing was Fred Weasley/Marietta Edgecomb. The prompt was "springtime pixie dance," and the story was supposed to be exactly 500 words and include an original spell!