

Braggart

by Southern_Witch_69

Ron's got a big mouth. Uh-oh.

Only Chapter

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not mine. No money.

This was written for ApollinaV during the Potter Place Saturday Night Drabbles Chat. The prompt can be found at the end.

No beta was harmed in the making of this fiction.

"All right. I'll tell you," Ron said quietly, looking around to make sure nobody else had come in the room. "Swear you won't say anything?"

"Of course not," Dean said, grinning broadly.

"Just got shagged," Ron confided, beaming brightly and puffing out his chest. "Used an empty classroom."

"Way to go, Ron!" Dean said, also grinning. "Lavender, right?"

Ron nodded and startled when the dormitory door opened. "Oh, Seamus, you scared me."

"Who'd you think I was? Lavender? Hiding out from her again, are you?"

"I don't think he is," Dean said with a snicker.

"Oh?"

Ron's faced turned bright red, but he then beckoned his friend over, whispering, "I just shagged her!"

"Wow," Seamus said. "Thought you didn't like her though?"

"Well, I wasn't going to turn that down, now was I?"

Seamus said, "Suppose not then. Harry's on his way up. Just saw him on the stairway."

"Oh, good. I wanted to let him know. Just in case she mentions it to him. Rather him hear it from me." He shrugged. "She corners him sometimes and asks him questions."

"How was it, Ron?" Seamus asked, sitting close.

"Felt way better than I thought it would." The door creaked open as Harry entered the room behind him. "Lavender must have been around with other blokes before because it wasn't as tight as I heard my brothers talking about, but it was still real hot and wet." He lay back on his bed, arms behind his head as he settled onto his pillow and sighed. "Right nice, sex."

His eyes widened as he took in the expression of one of his closest friends—and it hadn't been Harry who'd entered the room.

"Her-Hermione, er... Where's, uh, Harry?"

"You... you..." Her face was red with anger, and her wand-hand shook as she lifted it.

Dean and Seamus dodged away and jumped over the nearest bed for cover.

"NOOOO, WAIT! HERMIONE!"

She flicked her wand menacingly, and a jolt of white light shot from its tip. Whatever plans Ron had had about revisiting that classroom with Lavender were gone, for he felt a tingling sensation in his groin and knew that she'd placed some sort of impotency spell on him. He only hoped it was temporary. He'd have asked, but she'd already fled.

"Bloody hell!"

AN:

ApollinaV's prompt was:

Woo-hoo! Ron got laid. Unfortunately, he was overheard bragging about it by _____.