

Wicked Intentions

by silverdoe

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Chapter 1

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The fifth floor bedroom of the Burrow had not changed in the years since Ron had last lived there. He had thought he would never have to live in it again. When he had left home after the Battle of Hogwarts to move to a flat in Diagon Alley, he had left everything behind and bought new furniture and belongings. He had envisioned only spending a few years in the flat before he would settle down to start a family with Hermione. They would both work for a few years before buying a house out in the country to raise their children. He had figured they would need lots of room for the children to play. He always wanted a family as big as the one he had had growing up. Once the children came, Hermione would stay home and look after them, much like his mother had done for him and his siblings.

Holidays and birthdays would be spent with Harry and Ginny, who would of course be married and live close by. Sundays would also mean large family gatherings at one another's houses. Their children would all be close in age and grow up together. They would all remain the best of friends, and things would be perfect. Only things did not turn out the way he had thought they would. Starting with Hermione and Harry saving Professor Snape.

Hermione was the one who found him stumbling around by the Shrieking Shack after the battle, confused from the blood loss. She brought him back to Hogwarts where both she and Harry insisted that he was innocent and he needed immediate medical attention.

Even though he knew the circumstances surrounding Dumbledore's death, Ron was angry over the death of his brother and the way that Snape had treated his sister during the last year. He was all for throwing the man in Azkaban and letting him suffer whatever consequences the Ministry deemed appropriate. His friends had other ideas. They petitioned for him to be taken to St. Mungo's and held there until his trial, as he would require several months of treatment before he was healed.

It was during that time that Hermione and his relationship started to falter. She spent a lot of time helping Snape recover from his injuries and clear his name. They struggled to keep their relationship going. Eventually, Ron's jealousy led to a very nasty and public breakup at the first anniversary celebration, something that he still blamed Snape for. After all, if she hadn't spent so much time with their old professor, he wouldn't have had reason to question her about her commitment to him.

When he later found out Hermione was dating Snape, he swore then and there he would never speak to her again. He was forced to change his vision of the perfect family ever so slightly. All he needed was another witch to take Hermione's place and all would be well. He could have still had his dream.

Of course that was before Harry decided he didn't want to marry his little sister and turned into a poof. Harry and Ginny dated for nearly four years. Ron and his sister had even gone house shopping together so they could find houses close to each other. Harry came home one day and broke it off, saying he had fallen in love with someone else. Ron was so angry. How the rest of his family could forgive Harry for leading Ginny on all those years he would never understand. His parents and brothers still considered Harry part of the family. Even Ginny forgave him. She accepted his decision and even continued to meet up with him a few times a month just to chat. Ron really did not mind that some witches and wizards preferred their own sex; what bothered him was that Harry was gay and another part of his dream had been laid in ruins. He blamed Harry's sexuality for ruining what would have been a perfect life, for him.

But now, he knew no part of his perfect life would ever come to be. Not even with a different witch. There would be no house in the country, no shared family celebrations with his former friends and no children running rampant. A routine arrest and a small knife wound had destroyed any chance of that. His career was ruined. No witch in her right mind wanted to date him. He had lost his flat. He would be stuck living with his parents for the rest of his life. All because some stupid infection had cost him his magic.

It was hard to fathom how something so minor could change his entire life. He had gone on a raid with a few other Aurors at a Muggle dance club. It seemed that several young wizards had begun to frequent the place. They were buying several varieties of narcotics and bringing them back to the Wizarding world to sell, leading to quite a few overdoses in the weeks leading up to the raid. The plan had been to observe the transaction between the wizards and their Muggle counterparts before moving in to bust the whole group in the hopes of stopping the illegal trafficking.

Ron had been in charge of taking down the main drug dealer and escorting him to the Muggle police. He had not accounted for the knife the man kept on him at all times. After a small struggle, during which they were both cut with the knife, he had managed to finally subdue the criminal. Ron had taken him to the police station and spent the next several hours filling out tedious paperwork and ensuring the secrecy of the Wizarding world. He had then gone back to his flat and promptly passed out from exhaustion. The next day he had noticed several small wounds from the knife. Since they hadn't seemed serious, he had used a few simple charms to close the wounds and reported to work, oblivious to the infection spreading through his body.

It was almost two years before he truly began to feel the effects of that night. At first he had thought maybe he had outgrown his wand, but a visit to Ollivanders had made him realize there might be something more to his problem. He had undergone test after test at St. Mungo's before finally being diagnosed with an unusual strain of what the Muggles term AIDS. Only instead of infecting his immune system, the virus targeted his magic. The Healers had been at a loss as to how to stop the spread of the virus or the destruction of his magic, but had been certain the disease would not kill him like it would a Muggle. It would eat away at his magic until nothing was left and then go dormant in his body.

As if losing his magic hadn't been enough, he had then had to track down every witch, and the occasional wizard, he had had sex with since the incident so they could all be tested. Luckily for them, the protection spells had held up and none had been infected.

When he was unable to cast a simple Stupefy at a fleeing suspect, he had been forced to quit the Aurors. His most recent girlfriend left him some months later. According to her, there was no reason for being with a war hero if he was not much better than a Squib. When the deterioration of his magic made it next to impossible for him to get into Diagon Alley, he had had no choice but to move home. After all, he really had no idea how to live like a Muggle.

His mum had wanted him come home, where she could take care of him and he would be protected. After all, there were several people who would like nothing better than to try and attack him now that he was unable to defend himself.

After much brooding on the subject, Ron was convinced that all of the problems in his life could be traced back to Snape. After Ron and Hermione broke up, he hadn't met anyone he could even consider a future with and they'd have never broken up had Snape not come between them. And if Harry had not become a queer, the two of them would have been still been friends and, possibly, partners during the raid and Ron never would have got a stupid Muggle disease. Of course, it was no coincidence that Harry spent a lot of time with Snape before realizing who he really was and dumping his sister.

But all of that was about to change. He had only been home a few weeks when his mum started to tell him all about the lives of his former friends. He normally ignored anything she had to say on the subject of Hermione or Harry - tuning her out in favor of reciting Quidditch plays in his head - but something she said tonight seemed to click in his head.

She was giving him the usual weekly update on the various family members when she got to Harry. She told him that he had finally found a buyer for Grimmauld Place and he was planning to move in with Snape at the end of the month.

"Snape - ? Why would Harry be moving in with that git?"

"Ron, haven't you been listening to me. I told you a few weeks ago that Harry and Snape were dating now. Honestly, I sometimes feel like I am talking to a wall," she muttered as she went back to washing up the dinner dishes.

It was from that conversation that he started to form his plan. It was perfect. He would get back at the miserable bastard for ruining everything. As an added bonus, he might even be able to finally marry Hermione.

He knew that Hermione and Snape had a son together. Ron could not imagine that Snape treated his son any better than he had treated his students at school. Ron would just insinuate himself into Hermione's and the child's lives, and then find a way to turn the boy away from his father. He still had some useful contacts inside the Ministry. Maybe he could convince Hermione that Snape was a bad influence on the boy and have his parental rights severed. He was probably doing the child a favor; what kid in his right mind would want Snape as a father anyways?

He just needed to arrange to 'accidentally' bump into her sometime. He was sure that, considering his current condition and her recent divorce, he could easily win her over. Once he did, it was just a matter of time before Snape came to appreciate what it was to lose something that meant everything to him. Heartless jerk that he was, Snape had to feel something for his son. It would be so easy to manipulate a boy as young as Galen.

Luckily, it only took a few days of watching Hermione to learn her routine. She had always been a creature of habit. His mum was not happy about having to Apparate him to Hogsmeade every day, and he was quickly running out of excuses as to why he needed her to do so.

When he 'accidentally' ran into her on the street, she was struggling to carry an armful of books and scrolls. Their collision sent them all falling to the ground. He bent quickly to pick them up, apologizing profusely for running into her like that, before looking at her as if he didn't already know just whom it was he had collided with. For just a moment or two, he stared at her with his mouth open (patting himself on the back for his acting skills) and then offered to help her up off the ground.

"Hermione. Sorry 'bout that. I wasn't paying attention. Let me help you carry these."

"Oh! Hi, Ron. That isn't necessary. Thank you anyways," she said. She sounded slightly cold, as if she were talking to someone she barely knew - which was mostly true. They had not spoken to each other in over ten years. Ron knew he needed to make amends with her in order to get his revenge. He continued to gather up the dropped scrolls and books.

"Look, Hermione, I know I was a shit to you. I cannot tell you how many times I have wanted to write to you and apologize. I probably would have, too, if I thought you might take me seriously."

She looked at him as if she had never seen him before.

"You look like you could use some help. Let me carry some of these for you." He motioned to the armful of books he had.

"Thank you, Ron. But it really isn't necessary. I can manage," she replied.

"I am sure you can. I would just really like to help. That is all." He flashed his blue eyes at her, hoping she would believe he was sincere.

It seemed like an eternity before she nodded her head for him to follow. On the way to her house, they made small talk, mostly about what various members of Ron's family were up to these days.

When they got to her door, she asked him in for tea. He declined, saying he had somewhere to be (a little lie he hoped would help his plan) and offered to owl her for lunch later in the week. She agreed, stating that Saturday would be good for her.

The following Saturday, the two of them sat down for a long lunch at Madam Puddifoot's. The two old friends began to make up for the years they had lost. She told him all about her son and her divorce from Snape. He told her about his accident. It was almost as if they were still friends. When talk strayed to Harry, she confided in him that while she was angry at both him and Snape, she still hoped that they were happy together. Ron reached over and placed a comforting hand on her forearm.

"You know, it might be for the best. Sometimes it takes distance and time for a person to realize that. Look at the two of us. If someone would have asked you a few weeks ago if you would ever be able to have a civil conversation with me again, what would you have said?"

"I probably would have said they needed to have their head examined. Now that I am here though, I wonder why we didn't do this before."

"Neither one of us was ready. Now that we are here, I can't imagine being anywhere else."

And she bought it. He could tell by the smile that spread across her face. Maybe it was wrong of him to take advantage of her. After all, her divorce had only been finalized a few short months ago. The little part of his brain housing his conscious, which was raising an objection over him using his former girlfriend, was quickly beaten into submission by the larger part that wanted revenge.

In response to Lost Magic: Someone loses his/her magic. How does he/she cope?