

Single Ladies

by peppermint

Fred and George want to date the same girl. How do they decide who gets the privilege?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It's not mine.

On a Friday night after another successful week at Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes, Fred and George were relaxing in front of the fire in their sitting room with several containers of Chinese takeaway. Friday evenings were reserved for relaxing and one other important duty – discussing the calibre of ladies that had graced the shop with their presence that week. Some weeks were better than others as far as ladies went, but this week had been especially bountiful.

“Do you remember the brunette from Tuesday?” Fred asked. “Short, swingy hair, legs a mile long, striped cloak?”

“Blue eyes and pouty lips? Cute little nose? She was in Ronnie's year at Hogwarts, I think. Oh yeah, I remember. I was going to owl her for a date tomorrow,” George replied, snagging the last dumpling.

Fred's eyes narrowed at his brother, and George blinked. “Oh, did you want the last dumpling? Here, you can have it.”

“No, George, I do not want the last dumpling, I want the girl!”

“But, aren't you seeing that one bird? The blonde from a few weeks ago? Carrie? Carlie? Cassie? Casey?” George asked, popping the tidbit into his mouth.

Fred sighed and grabbed the container of mu shu pork before George could eat all of that, too. “Clara. And no, the last date was it – her old boyfriend wanted her back, so she went back.”

“Don't think I'm going to give up the brunette out of pity. You weren't that into Clara – you thought she was a bit vapid, even for you,” George reminded his brother. “You can have Stella – remember Stella, from yesterday? Wavy, strawberry blonde hair? Gorgeous green eyes?” George winked, his hands waving in the air to approximate a lush, feminine form. “Very... curvaceous, Miss Stella.”

“If you're so keen on Stella, why don't you owl her for tomorrow night? She never talks to me when she comes in, it's always you,” Fred pointed out.

Suddenly, the Floo flared bright green, and a folded note skittered onto the hearth. They both dove for it at the same time, but Fred came up victorious. He unfolded the note and was pleased to see it was for him.

Fred,

Thanks for the advice on the presents for my nephew. I know it's your job, but you really went above and beyond. He loved what you helped me pick out, and I'm finally in my sister-in-law's good graces. She's impossible to please, so I'm amazed. Can I take you out to a nice dinner to thank you?

Pansy

Fred handed the note over to George, who skimmed it and then handed it back.

"That settles that, doesn't it?" George asked. "You really think Stella is that into me?"

Fred just shook his head and laughed.

Prompt from sunny33

George and Fred Weasley both have their eye on the same girl. In 500 words tell me how they sorted out who was to date her.