

Close Call

by *luvsev*

Ron sends a text message when drunk.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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'Throw another one back, Ron!' said Dean as he set a shot glass containing a golden-coloured liquid in front of Ron.

'I-I fink, wait, 's not righ'. I'm too pished to have another.'

'Don't be such a girl,' Seamus piped up, pushing the small glass closer to Ron's freckled hand.

Ron grabbed the glass, accidentally sloshing some of the liquid on his hand and the table before bringing it to his lips where more of the contents dribbled down his chin and onto his neck. He flipped open his mobile and then began typing slowly, hunting for each letter as he went.

Harry stood over Ron's shoulder, watching him hunt and peck with amusement.

I luv u. Come back, pls?

'Who do you love, Ron?'

His phone buzzed at him, so he opened it and read the incoming message: *Who is this?*

U kno who I am.

'Hermione. That's who it's always been.'

'And you're telling her this the night before her wedding? Why?'

Another short vibration from the phone. *It's Ron W. Who else, baby?*

'Because she needs to know.'

'You need to let her be, mate. She's made her choice, and so have you.'

'Still...'

Do you know who I am, Mr. Weasley?

What's with the form, Herms?

This is not Herms.

This is Snape, and you are in deep shite, Weasley.

'Oh, shite, Harry, I'm a dead man!' Ron said, his voice rising higher with each word.

'You got Snape, didn't you? His number is only one different than hers.'

'And you let me keep typing?'

'What was I supposed to do, take the phone out of your hand and watch you throw a tantrum? I'm not your mother, mate.'

The door to the pub opened and in walked Snape, who seemed to be radiating power and anger.

'Weasley!'

Ron cowered in his seat, hoping to escape the wrath of his former Potions master.

'Let me get this straight, weasel: you were trying to convince my fiancée to leave me the night before our wedding?'

'N-n-no, sir.'

'There's proof.'

'I didn't know—'

'That I'd find out?' Snape offered. 'If I thought it wouldn't be an issue with Hermione, you'd be forced to deal with my displeasure. A warning, Weasley: stay away from what's mine.'

Ron gulped, swallowing the fear that had lodged in his throat when Snape left.

'Close call, mate,' Harry muttered.

'Yeah, it was.'

A/N: The above story was written in response to *sempra's* prompt: After a night out, and a few too many, Ron (or other wizard/witch) decides to text a loved one using his newly acquired mobile phone - because it always seems like a good idea at the time. Who does he text, what does he say, and what does he get in return.

1000 words or under.

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