

One too Many

by debjunk

Ron's had a teensy weensy bit too much to drink.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Ron tried to focus his eyes, but it was incredibly difficult. His eyes narrowed. Still no help, really. He glanced down at the empty glass in front of him.

Perhaps I've had one too many...

His gaze was drawn across the room, and he struggled to find her. Ah, there she was with her back to him. *When did she get so... fat?*

The woman turned, and to his chagrin, he realized it wasn't Hermione at all; it was Pomona Sprout standing there. His eyes left her and moved along. This time he was right on the money. Hermione sat at a table across the room, chatting happily with none other than Severus Snape.

Ron grimaced. *Gotta do sumpin bout that...*

He reached into his pocket and removed his cell phone. The Ministry had just given them to all employees to cut down on interoffice memos. Flipping it open, he started to punch in letters and finally pressed *send*.

Across the room, Hermione reached into her pocket and removed her cell phone. She opened it to see a message from Ron, but when she pulled the message up, all she saw was *pealjk theuxm vuewar!*

She gave the text a quizzical look and texted Ron back.

Ron stared at his cell phone lazily. Suddenly it started making a hideous noise. It took him a few seconds to realize it was his ringtone... braying hippogriffs. He flipped open the phone to read his message.

What??? it read.

Sighing, he realized he'd have to be more blunt. He concentrated so hard that his head began to hurt. Tapping away again, the text was soon shooting over to Hermione.

Yur hair loooks lyke a mshrm cloud. Wanna run my fingurs thru it.

Hermione stared down at the message, a strong pang of hurt shooting through her. Severus leaned over and read the text. He frowned. Looking into Hermione's eyes, he saw them misting up with tears.

A bit tipsy himself, he decided to throw caution to the wind.

"Ah, he just wants to do this," he said as his hand came up and caressed her locks. Her startled look made him smirk. "I think every man in the whole room wants to, actually."

Her lips parted slightly. Of course he took that as an invitation. His mouth came down upon hers, and he slowly began to worship her lips.

Back across the room, Ron tried to focus in on Hermione again. *What... what's Snape doing? Oh, no... he's... he's KISSING her! I think I'm gonna be sick.*

With that, Ron Weasley burst from his chair in search of the nearest bathroom, his hand tightly covering his mouth.

A/N: Prompt by sempra: 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.