

# Wishful Thinking

*by blue artemis*

A few friends get together for some drinks.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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It was supposed to be a fun night out. Those pairs that survived all the trauma after the war, that found each other, or stayed together, or bounced from person to person until finding the right one and settling down, had become friendly and would meet every once in a while. Sometimes tempers, house affiliations or just plain stubbornness would cause some heated discussions, but wands had never been drawn. Hermione was starting to think that maybe they never would, but that was just wishful thinking.

"Hermionee, love, are you ready to go?"

"Yes, Viktor, I am. What do you think?" Hermione was wearing a new cocktail dress which was modestly cut, but clung to all the right places.

"I think I will have to punch Ronald before the night is out."

Hermione and Viktor left their home and went to The Leaky Cauldron, where Neville was there with Hannah, Ron was with Lavender, Harry was with Pansy, Draco was with Ginny and Luna was with Severus. Although, Luna did insist on calling Severus, Rolf.

"Luna, why do you call Snape, Rolf?"

Everyone at the table rolled their eyes at Ron. It almost caused a breeze.

"Everyone knows that Severus Snape died in the Shrieking Shack during the Battle of Hogwarts. But Rolf Scamander is alive, well, and really good in bed."

"Bleargh! Luna, I did not need to know that."

"Well, why did you ask me if you did not need to know?"

"Just because you are Looney, doesn't mean you need to tell us all about your life. I just wanted to know about the names."

Luna's eyes welled up. She had not been called Looney in years. And Ronald, being himself, took her back to those years when she was friendless.

Before Ron could blink, Severus/Rolf, not having lost any of his reflexes, had his wand between Ron's eyes.

"You are a bombastic, ignorant cretin. You are not allowed to make my wife cry."

"You are as crazy as she is!" Ron had obviously imbibed just a bit too much.

Before Severus/Rolf could obliterate their idiotic friend, Harry, Hermione and Viktor pulled out their wands. Each of them whispered a different spell. In seconds Ron was

Silenced, Bound and hanging upside down from the ceiling.

Luna and Lavender smiled at each other, relieved that there would be no deaths this evening.

"Why would the three of you attack your friend in defense of me?"

"Well, Rolf, first of all, you are our friend too. Secondly, even though he is an idiot, we love Ron, and you were about to kill him, even if it was justifiable. Lastly, friends do not allow friends to drink and duel." Harry smiled at his former professor.

Severus/Rolf looked perturbed but pleased all at the same time.

He turned to Viktor and Hermione. "Does the same go for you?"

Hermione nodded her assent to Harry's statement.

Viktor shrugged. "Ronald has spent most of the evening trying to look either up Hermionee's skirt or down her cleavage. I just wanted to hang him upside down from the ceiling. You gave me the excuse. Thank you!"

Everyone else looked at each other, then started to laugh.

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Prompt from lyn\_f, inspired by Stefdarlin in the TPP chatroom: "Friends do not let friends drink and duel." Incorporate that quote into your drabble.