

# Cookie Time

*by sunny33*

Someone has left spiked cookies lying around at the Burrow.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: They all belong to JKR, although she may disown them the way they are behaving.

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“Arthur! What on earth are you doing?”

“What does it look like, Mollywobbles, my darling? I’m getting ready.”

“Ready for what, exactly?”

“You know.”

“Don’t get all cute with me, Arthur Septimus Weasley. And for Merlin’s sake put some clothes on; the dinner guests will be here any minute!”

“Oh, come on, beloved wife. You know you want to.”

“Not on the dining room table I don’t. And not now! Have you been smoking some of those funny Muggle cigarettes Fred and George brought home?”

“No, of course not. I’m not bereft of a brain. I did eat some delightful cookies though.”

“*What* cookies?”

“*Those* cookies, in the jar there. They were very tasty. Now, why are you still dressed, my passionate wench? Don’t run away… Molly!”

“FRED AND GEORGE WEASLEY! GET YOUR SCRAWNY NECKS DOWN HERE THIS INSTANT BEFORE I COME UP THERE AND WRING THEM!”

“Mum? What’s wrong?”

“These cookies are what’s wrong. What did you put in them?”

“Molly, sweetheart. My loins burn for you. Please come back—”

“Eww, Dad! Put some clothes on! That’s more than we ever needed to know about you.”

“Er… George. I think Dad’s been into our cookies.”

"About those cookies. What. Did. You. Put. In. Them?"

"Nothing much, Mum. Just a little...er... special ingredient."

"What special ingredient?"

"It sort of enhances the libido. As you can see."

"COME TO ME, MY VESSEL OF LOVE!"

"And makes the imbiber more... poetic."

"I see. Well, you two created him. *You* deal with him. I have dinner to cook!"

"But, you see, Mum, the only way to fix him is to... you know... do what he wants."

"I'M READY. MY THROBBING LOVE ROD IS DESPERATE FOR YOUR TIGHT TUNNEL OF LOVE!"

"Mum! Please! Just go and do whatever it takes. For our sanity's sake!"

"Right. I will go and have *sex* with your father on the dining room *table* as he wishes. Oh, so *now* you're cringing, Fred Weasley. Give me five minutes, and you two are responsible for guarding this bloody door!"

"Just use a Silencing Charm, we beg of you!"

"I've a good mind to make you boys suffer. It might make you think twice before you leave your experiments where people can find them."

*SLAM*

"George."

"Yes, Fred."

"We did it!"

"We sure did. Dad'll stop moaning about not getting his share now."

"It was a dirty job, but someone had to do it."

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A/N: Saturday Night Drabble prompt from Hermione Diggory: Someone decides to raid the cookie jar at the Burrow, unaware that the tempting goodies in question contain a few... unorthodox ingredients.

Thanks to KingPhilipsWench for the beta.