

# What Was That Spell?

*by blue artemis*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Ron chooses the worst possible way to get something from Hermione.

"Quick! Throw a towel over the horrid beast and let's get out of here!"

"Are you sure this is going to work?"

"Of course! If I can't have her, at least I can get something out of this!"

Crookshanks recognized the voice of one of his kidnappers. If they hadn't thrown a towel over him, they would have truly feared for their lives; Crookshanks had one heck of an evil smirk.

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"I am so going to kill Ron and Lavender." Hermione was pacing back and forth in the sitting room at Malfoy Manor.

"Oooh, can I help, oh, stepmother mine?"

Hermione turned to look at Draco, intrigued by the light of revenge in his eyes. "Why?"

"You mean you aren't going to tell me no?"

"Not unless I have a good reason. There are many, many ways you can make Lavender Brown-Weasley miserable, oh stepson mine."

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Lucius Malfoy walked into the room in search of his wife, and when he saw the unholy light that lit both her and his son's eyes, he walked right back out. *If my son wasn't madly in love with Harry Potter, I'd be worried about an affair with all that energy racing around that room, but I believe I'm best off not knowing anything at all.*

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"Was that Father?"

"I didn't see anyone, Draco." Hermione was too caught up in her plans. "So, do you still have an in with Blaise and Pansy?"

Draco smiled. This was the first time he felt truly included by Hermione in anything. He could see how much she meant to his father, and she had brought happiness back to the Manor. "I'll call them right now."

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Harry walked into the sitting room in search of his lover, saw the unholy light that lit his and Hermione's eyes and said: "Can I help?"

"Only if you are willing to crush Ron and Lavender."

"What did that idiot do this time, Hermione?"

Draco smiled appreciatively at his lover. The day when Harry had chosen him over Ronald's protests had been the best day of his life.

"He and that potion-enhanced pneumatic blonde kidnapped my cat!"

Harry got an evil look on his face, one that ensured Draco would have a memory to drool over for months, "Let's call Ginny."

The three of them smiled.

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"My idiot brother has your cat in Fred's room in the flat over the Wheezes."

"Why, Ginny?"

Ginny just held a note out to her friend. Ron never realized that once Ginny figured out that Harry's interest in Draco was more than a way to make sure he wasn't going dark again, she was the one who had pushed them together. Love meant wanting Harry to be happy. It was why she was the woman carrying Draco's heir.

*I will give you your cat back if you give me one million Galleons. Ron.*

Hermione took one look at the note and burst out laughing. "The idiot steals my familiar and signs the ransom note? Didn't anyone ever explain the penalty for that?"

"Apparently not, oh stepmother mine. Let me get that to our solicitors. After that, I will go to Blaise and Pansy's to buy out Lav-Lav's contract. I'm sure she will just love being the calendar model for Hagrid's Thestral Manure." Draco walked out chuckling; he just loved calling Hermione his stepmother. It made his father crazy, so he used it at every available opportunity.

Ginny, Hermione and Harry looked at each other after Draco walked out.

Ginny grinned. "I've always wanted to be part of a Golden Trio adventure. Do you mind that your token Weasley is a girl this time?"

"Not at all!" chorused Harry and Hermione. They both wrapped their arms around the one Weasley who had never held their personal choices against them, then headed for the Apparition room to go to Diagon Alley.

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The three stood outside WWW. George took one look at the three, shooed out the customers and closed up the shop, setting the strongest wards he could. Then he waved at them, pointed up at the flat and disappeared.

Harry looked up at his former friend, who was glaring at them out the window. "Ron, just give us the cat back. If you give him back unharmed, your stint in Azkaban will be reduced."

"Harry, you aren't even an Auror anymore, you poofter. How do you know anything?" Ron sneered.

"Ronald, not everyone forgets what they learned the minute they leave school."

"Speaking to me again, are you, Hermione? Not too good for me now, right?"

"Have you lost your mind, Ron? You kidnapped my familiar! You are going to go to Azkaban."

"Well, then, I might as well go for something, right?" Ron yelled over his shoulder to Lavender, telling her to bring him the cat.

"I don't know where he went, Won-Won!"

Ron turned to yell at her for losing their cash cow when he was suddenly hit by about fifteen pounds of hissing, scratching cat. "That is it!" He fumbled for his wand, aimed it at the hissing cat, and started to yell; meanwhile, Hermione started to cast a *Silencio* when Ginny told her to cast a Bat-Bogey Hex. Undecided, but needing to do something to protect her familiar, the spell came out *Silencimucosa!*

Ginny turned to Hermione wide-eyed. "What do you think that spell will do?" Hermione just shook her head.

The trio on the ground watched as a bright pink spell left Hermione's wand and hit Ron just as he started to yell. "*Avara Kinkara!*" Crookshanks jumped out of the window, onto the awning and into Hermione's arms. Lavender saw the neon purple spell and ducked; it reflected off the mirror and hit Ron between the eyes.

A few seconds after that, Ron Apparated down into the street and started asking random witches and wizards for money. "I'll do anything, anything you want. I just want some Galleons."

Shortly after that, he was arrested by the Aurors for soliciting money for sexual favors. When the Wizengamot were approached by the Malfoy attorneys regarding the kidnapping of Hermione's familiar, Ron was told he would be sent to Azkaban for fifteen years.

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Molly stopped speaking to Bill, Charlie and George after they laughed at her recounting of the story instead of feeling sorry for Ron.

After the Malfoy heir and his twin were born, Ginny replaced Lavender as the spokeswoman for Quality Quidditch Supplies, and with her ties to the Holyhead Harpies, she more than doubled their sales.

Draco and Harry very happily raised their children, their son Scorpius and their daughter Pandora.

Lucius and Hermione, of course, lived happily ever after; he would have it no other way.

Crookshanks left a long legacy of part-kneazle kits. The Malfoy peacocks were never the same.

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Prompts from LaMuseAmusant:

1. A series of unfortunate events leads to a Weasley being publicly busted for prostitution.
2. A grievous wrong is righted, ironically, by a simple spell gone wrong.
4. Crookshanks is catnapped and held for ransom. But the perpetrators are unaware of just how clever and resourceful their feline captive can be.

Many thanks to Pennfanna for the beta. My grammar is worse than usual late on a Saturday.

