

The Sad Tale of Ronald Bilius Weasley

by kyriaofdelphi

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Almost five months after the fall of Voldemort, a group of friends were sitting in the Leaky Cauldron discussing the latest headlines in the *Daily Prophet*.

Ronald Weasley was nursing a pint, trying to understand why the girl he had always thought of as his girl was marrying someone else.

"I just don't see what she sees in him. I've known her a lot longer. It was always the three of us, right, Harry? You thought we'd wind up together, didn't you?"

Harry, who had been snogging Ginny Weasley, looked at Ron and asked, "Why ever would you think that? From second year onward, all you did was ask her to do your homework and say she was mental. I hoped she'd find someone to make her happy, and I guess she has."

"That is not true. I was just shy. She knew how I felt. She went to the Yule Ball with him to make me jealous."

Ginny snapped at her brother, rolling her eyes, "She went to the Yule Ball with Viktor because he asked her right away. He fell in love with her that year, and all the tantrums you threw telling her not to write to him only made her see how immature you are."

"Well, I wasn't the only one who asked her for help with homework." Ron was getting defensive.

"I only asked her to explain Snape's instructions to me," Neville Longbottom said, looking up from his pint.

"And I looked at her notes, but did not copy her homework," Harry replied.

Luna Lovegood looked up from her Butterbeer and said simply, "I think your fling with Lavender may have done a lot more damage than you thought, Ronald. Hermione and Viktor have been corresponding regularly since your fourth year. The fact that you did nothing except whinge constantly after the Yule Ball was, I think, the deciding factor. Viktor has always been more mature and a much better match for her."

Draco Malfoy had to add in his two Knuts worth as well. "And I can tell you from personal experience that he does not hesitate to defend her against any slurs. I almost couldn't talk for a week after he hit me for calling her a 'Mudblood'."

Harry added in the most damning comment. "And you did run out on us during the Horcrux hunt. Your performance in the Ministry when we went to get the locket from Umbridge wasn't exactly outstanding, either. She is well shed of you, mate. I'd think you were happy for her instead of whinging about how she was supposed to be yours like she was a piece of Quidditch gear."

The rest of the people at the table looked at Ron and nodded their heads in agreement with Harry's words.

Ron looked at his friends' faces and said, "I guess I blew it. I do want her to be happy; its just that I thought it would be with me. What are you all looking at me like that for? Don't tell me, they are standing right behind me. Bloody hell!"

Hermione and Viktor stood three feet in back on Ron's seat. They were holding hands and grinning at his words.

"It is okay, Ron. You were always more of a little brother than a boyfriend. Thanks for wanting me to be happy, though."

"Yes, Veasley, thank you for giffing her an example of vhat she did not vant."