

Tattletale Cat

by Lady Dragonsinger

There are no secrets from your cat!

None

Chapter 1 of 1

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Crookshanks had gone hunting soon after they arrived at the small country town where Hermione had agreed to meet Ron for the weekend. He had caught the tasty morsel in the back of a rather large fenced in a group of buildings not far out of the edge of town. Crookshanks hadn't paid attention to the sign on the building that indicated this was a Muggle research facility, so it never occurred to him that this rat had escaped from there only to come to an early end of a different kind, as the cat's dinner. The prey had tasted rather good with a bit of a different flavor than any others the cat had dined on. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary.

Which is why none of them suspected the turn that the evening would soon take as Ron arrived shortly after the cat's return at the inn where the couple had booked a room. Everyone knew the pair would be marrying soon and Ron had suggested the weekend getaway to his fiancée to give them a break from both the pressure of their respective positions at the Ministry of Magic and the stress of organizing their wedding.

With a knock on the room door, Ron announced his arrival, and Hermione happily opened it to let him in. "Evening, Hermione," he greeted her, giving her a long, lasting kiss.

"I thought you'd never get here," she told him.

"Which means she is horny as Hades, and its about bloody time you showed up," a third new voice joined in. Crookshanks looked around in surprise because he was absolutely sure he had only mewed. The couple looked around and then down at the cat, equally surprised with Hermione now turning a rather light shade of red.

Ron raised and eyebrow and grinned. "Oh really?"

"No, no... I mean – I've missed you... and well..." The usually articulate woman was rather at a bit of a loss to both explain what just happened and try to defuse the strength of the cat's sudden vocalization.

"Not kidding she missed you. If I hear 'Oh I sooooo wish Ron were here' one more time, I'm going to cough up a hairball," the cat added, now really wondering what was happening as he had only opened his jaws to make a hacking sound. "And wait till you see the sexy nighty she'll almost be wearing. Bloody hell what they charge for such a tiny scrap of lace."

Hermione was now as red as any Weasley's hair.

Ron just grinned. "Going to be an interesting night. So, Crookshanks, what else do you know?" he asked the cat as he set down his suitcase, and Hermione wondered if locking herself in the wardrobe would be an option.

The cat just smiled and began talking. Yes, it was going to be a long night, in more ways than one.

Based on a prompt from MuseAmusant: Crookshanks dines on an escapee lab rat and develops an entertaining new ability. Well, entertaining for some, bloody inconvenient for others.