

Black Coffee, Blackmail

by HBAR

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Coffee, now!" Ginny bellowed.

"Patience, love. Ron is working on it." Harry rubbed his wife's back as she lay in bed with forty-one weeks' worth of pregnancy bulging in front of her. He relaxed upon hearing Ron on the stairs.

"Here you go. Black coffee, just how you like it."

Ginny took a sip and nearly spit out the offensive brew. "Ugh, Ron, this is rubbish. Where did you get this?"

"From your kitchen. It's what you alw—"

Harry frantically shook his head, warning Ron to quit while he was ahead.

"I mean, I'm sorry. I'll get you something else."

"Café Mocha," Ginny said. "Extra whipped cream."

"Sure thing, Ginny," Ron said.

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Harry met Ron and Hermione at the bottom of the stairs as they were putting on their coats.

"Should she really be having coffee this close to the birth?" Hermione asked.

"Both boys were born on day three of labor. We are currently in hour six." Harry laughed. "St. Mungo's won't even accept her through their doors until she has at least twenty-four hours under her belt."

"Can you blame them?" Ron asked.

"We'll be right back, Harry," Hermione said, shoving Ron out the door.

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"Here you go, Gin. One Café Mocha, extra whipped cream."

"I said *Iced* Café Mocha!"

"No, you didn't," Ron said.

"Yes, she did," Hermione insisted. "Our mistake, we'll be right back."

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"This could go on all night," Ron said as they walked to the corner cafe. "The saying 'third time lucky' is a lie."

"We'll just get drink carriers and bring home as many as we can. She's bound to like something," Hermione said.

They stopped short at the closed sign in the window.

"Now what will we do? Nothing is open at this hour," Hermione said.

"Starbucks is always open."

"Not within walking distance."

"So, we'll Apparate," Ron said

"With armfuls of coffee?"

"Sure. What is it ... destination, determination, decaf?"

"Real cute, Ron." She grabbed his arm and they spun out of sight.

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Harry met them at the front door. "Thanks for putting up with her, guys. If she rejects this, I'll go out next."

"No, mate, we're in for the night," Ron said, kicking off his shoes.

"We've got it covered, Harry," Hermione said, grinning. "It's lucky I came prepared to take pictures of your daughter." She grabbed her camera and showed him the souvenir shots taken at the coffee counter.

"Is that ...?"

"Oh, yeah. Crabbe and Goyle work at a coffee shop," Ron said.

"A *Muggle* coffee shop," Hermione said. "So we made them a deal."

Ron stood as the doorbell chimed. "Our silence for their delivery truck."

A/N-Just a shout out for my fabulous beta, who, surprisingly, I actually remembered not to name here.

Prompt: A determined search for the perfect cup of coffee leads to an even more satisfying discovery.