

# Sex Sells

by Aurette

Embroidered memoirs reap a painful reward.

## Sex Sells

Chapter 1 of 1

Embroidered memoirs reap a painful reward.

*"After everything we'd been through and all the suffering we'd faced together, this delicate straw broke her camel's back. It was too much. My comfort turned into something else as she twisted in my arms and locked her lips against mine. She wanted it, and she needed to be wanted."*

*"Take me," she whispered. "Make me a woman."*

*"I laid her down as gently as I could—she was like a tigress, writhing in my arms—and together, we found solace in the harsh cries and panted breaths. She was an animal."*

The acidic voice cut off, and the book snapped closed with an abrupt thump before being slammed down onto his coffee table.

"Have you lost your *mind*?" she screamed. "I never slept with you! And I don't have a hump! What the bloody hell have you been smoking?" She eyed the book again, as if it might come to life and attack her. "I could sue you! Why would you *do* this!"

He rolled his eyes. "Oh, come on, Hermione. Sex sells! The truth about those months in the tent was so boring. 'Day thirty-two: no food, no Horcrux, no clue.' My editors told me to spice it up. Besides, I thought you would be grateful. Everyone thinks you're just another in a long list of frigid Hogwarts librarians. Now they'll rethink that, won't they?"

With a squeal of rage, she violently shoved the book across the low table and straight into his testicles. He yelped and cradled his bits, collapsing onto the sofa.

"You'll be hearing from my solicitor!" she snarled before stomping out the door.

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Ron sat ramrod straight, red-faced and wounded. He kept opening and closing his mouth, but nothing would come out. He finally dropped the book on the table with a soft thump and looked his former best mate in the eye.

"Why would you do this?" he gasped. "I can't believe you told everyone I slept with you!"

Harry waved a languid hand in the air and crossed his legs before replying, "Sex sells..."

With a squeal of rage, Ron launched himself at The-Boy-Who-Wrote.

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Prompt: Someone takes creative liberties when writing their memoirs, royally ticking off the other "characters" in the story.

