

# Weasley is Our King

*by LivingTheDream*

Finally, the day belongs to Ronald.

## Weasley is Our King

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Finally, the day belongs to Ronald.

Ronald Weasley stood in front of the wildly flashing cameras, dopey grin plastered to his face.

*This is it. The moment I've been waiting for my whole life. They're here for me. Not Harry. Not Hermione. Not Ginny. Not dad.*

A hand caressed his buttocks and he glanced to his side. Rita Skeeter leaned into him.

"This is your moment, Ronald. Let the people finally see *you*."

She stepped in front of him and announced, "Mr. Weasley will now be taking questions."

"Is it true you challenged Victor Krum to a duel over Hermione Granger's honour?"

"No, actually he kicked my ass after she dumped me because I was stalking her trying to get her to take me back."

As the words came out of his mouth, he looked horrified and his face flushed red. The Quick-Quotes Quills scribbled madly.

"What are you doing?" hissed Rita.

"So Hermione Granger dumped *you*, not the other way around?"

Ron seemed to be trying to stop himself from answering by clenching his jaw, but his mouth moved of its own accord.

"It was because I could never finish."

A murmur of enlightenment could be heard rumbling through the crowd. Rita began trying to drag Ron off the stage, but his feet wouldn't move.

"And propositioning Severus Snape at the Ministry Ball last Christmas and then taking him in a loo?"

"He said I wasn't man enough for him."

"Ronald, come *on*. Get off the *stage*!"

"I *can't*, my shoes are stuck to the floor!"

"Ladies and gentlemen, this press conference is over!" Rita vanished Ron's shoes and dragged him unceremoniously off the stage.

A group of witches and wizards at the back of the crowd collectively chuckled and ambled toward the Greengrass Pub, just off Knockturn Alley. They settled into a booth and Draco ordered the first round. Raising his ale, he nodded in deference to Severus.

"Severus, I don't know how you did it, but well done."

"Yes, Severus, well done. Thank you for defending my honour so admirably." Hermione gave him a peck on the cheek and snuggled up next to Draco.

Harry raised an eyebrow at him. "How *did* you do it, anyway? Obviously it was Veritaserum, but how on Earth did you administer it to him?"

"Charlie Weasley owed me a life debt. I had him slip it into Ronald's coffee this morning. It's a long-lasting combination of Veritaserum and Babbling Beverage I've been experimenting with."

"You wasted your life debt to Charlie *forthat*?" Ginny looked appalled.

Severus just shrugged.

"Many people owe me life debts. But the irony of that one was just too good to pass up. I have a thing for redheads. But I would never settle for a mere boy."

"That, and my little brother needed to be taught a lesson." The group looked up and gaped as Charlie Weasley strode in and plopped himself on the Potions master's lap.

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