

Distrust and Devotion

by TeaOli

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Few men in their right minds would choose brown bush over blonde ringlets. Ron Weasley rather preferred to think he wasn't choosing one or the other.

Sure, it was nice having a beautiful girl devoted to him, but...

"If you really loved me," he said, "you'd *want* me to spend time with my friends. You'd and be*happy* for me! We're a three-piece set, Harry, me and Hermione."

Just as well she wasn't there to hear him. Breaking up was hard to do. He wished he wasn't the one who had to do it.

"You see, you're not exactly *wrong* about Hermione. But seeing as she's one of my best mates, I really shouldn't—" Ron frowned at his mirror image, feeling like the prat he knew he'd be if he took that approach. "I can't just put all the blame on her and expect to get away with it," he finished, utterly dejected.

Not if he hoped her to become anything more than what she was. Not that he was hoping, or anything. Because he wasn't. Not really.

Though, it makes sense... Me and Hermi—

"It's like this, Lavender," he began again, opting for a blunter approach this time, "I don't see why I should stay with you if you won't tru— Damn! That's not right, either."

Groaning at the impossibility of it all, Ron scrubbed the heels of his hands against his eyes and gave it up.

Maybe a few weeks of the silent treatment... It'd worked on *him*, albeit the other way round.

Hiding behind Hermione helped. At least with the first part of his problem. He doubted it did much to further the hopes ~~he~~*wasn't* having.

In the end, Lavender's own (not *entirely* unfounded) jealousy saved him saying anything at all. That was perfectly acceptable.

A/N: From Kyria: Ron has to tell Lavender that he is breaking up with her. How?