

Under the Mistletoe

by blue artemis

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"Ooh! Kiss me, Ron!"

Ron Weasley just stared horrified at the mistletoe *someone* had strung all over the Burrow. He was about to walk by the witch puckering up at him when he realized he couldn't. *Bloody hell! Did Mum have to decide this Christmas was be nice to a Death Eater's child day?* After a deep sigh, he took the brunette in his arms and kissed her.

Both were startled when their magic swirled around them.

"That was a heck of a kiss! I was kind of hoping it was you that walked by, I don't like kissing men that are shorter than I am," said Millicent when the magic died down.

"Did you lose weight, Millie? Um, I didn't meant that the way it sounded, but—" Ron realized he had just committed a huge social faux pas.

He was surprised when, instead of punching him, Millie laughed.

"You know, I did. I can't do anything about my shoulders, I have a large frame, so I didn't buy new robes, but I have a rather nice dress under them. Since everyone here is in Mugglish sort of clothes, I will take them off when we get inside. If you are planning to let me in, of course..." Millie's eyebrow was raised at the end of her response, but her wide smile kept Ron from losing his temper.

"Mum's going to kill me. I do actually have some manners, no matter what anyone else thinks. Sorry, Millie, please come in. May I take your cloak or robe?"

Millie nodded as she followed Ron in and slipped off her robes. Her curves would have made Jane Russell proud.

Ron swallowed hard when he saw what was under the robes. "You look even better than you felt!" Realizing what he said, he blushed almost as red as his hair.

Taken by surprise, Millie answered truthfully. "That is the nicest thing any male has ever said to me!"

"They can't all be stupider than me, can they?"

"You aren't stupid, Ron. You just need to think a bit before you say anything," she responded.

"Want to sit with me at dinner? I think I need to get to know you better," he said after thinking for a second.

"See? Perfect."

From her vantage point in the kitchen, Molly smiled. *I knew she'd be perfect for Ronny ever since I saw her in that new Selfridges in Diagon Alley doing the cooking demonstration. He needs a witch who can cook!*

Prompt from kyria of delphi: Molly Weasley has strung mistletoe all over the Burrow. Who gets caught under it? (Rare pairs only)

I also must thank her for the beta and karelia for helping me get this bit of silliness into the queue.