

The Trouble With Mistletoe

by TeaOli

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Mistletoe Mayhem

Chapter 1 of 1

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According to Hermione, Muggle head-doctors believed there were seven stages to grieving. Ron didn't question that; he'd been through the lot. All of the Weasleys had. Except his mum, that is. Until now, three years after the fall of Voldy – three years in which all the rest of them had all learnt to live Fred-free lives – there hadn't been any indication of Molly reaching the "acceptance" stage.

But now it was Christmas, and the family held their collective breath as all signs pointed to a Happy Molly Weasley.

Mince pies and all sorts of festive biscuits covered every surface in the kitchen. Three days ago, George had even spied a Christmas pudding, though he wouldn't tell where he'd found it.

Even more telling, however, was the mistletoe.

The Burrow was teeming with it. Every corner and threshold had been adorned with the stuff, and the travelling sprigs were even worse! And, of course, Mum couldn't be satisfied to use the non-magical version of the plant. No, she had to use the spelled variety which wouldn't let you go without exchanging kisses.

It was all anyone could do not to get stuck under it with an undesirable. Harry had been caught out whilst discussing Ministry business with Percy, for Merlin's sake! Despite his best mate's assurances that "Arab men greet each other with cheek kisses all the time!" Ron still shuddered at the thought. Who'd want to greet Percy? The prat was lucky his family were still willing to acknowledge him.

He was, in fact, sitting in the sitting room and thinking of just that when a soft pop and a shifting in the air told him he was no longer alone.

"Mister Ron!" Winky was dishevelled and distraught. Her movements, as she bent over to retrieve the bits and bobble – extra dinnerware? – she'd dropped, seemed somewhat slow. Her tea towel in disarray, she looked round the room, big eyes wild and worried. "Why is Missus Weasley kitchen looking like a lounge?"

Sighing, Ron leant a tick closer to the house-elf. She absolutely reeked of butterbeer, just as he'd suspected she would.

Before he could explain that she'd Apparated into the wrong room, the house-elf gave a startled cry and pointed to the ceiling.

Hovering above their heads was one of Mum's blasted sprigs. Dark green leaves festooned with white berries seemed to glare down at him.

Ron wondered whether house-elves were immune to mistletoe magic – Hermione would know – but before he could call to his fiancée to find out, he found himself fighting off a lapful of drunk Winky.

"We's gots to kiss, Mister Ron! You's gots to let me kiss you. Oh, the magic! It *behurting*, Mister Ron."

And then her rubbery lips were on his.

As much as he hated the idea of causing a house-elf pain – Hermione would kill for that quick as she'd kill him for this – his stomach churned at the feel of Winky's mouth. Her long, slightly slimy tongue slid into his mouth before he could pull away.

"Urgh!" It wasn't easy groaning round a house-elf's tongue, but Ron managed. He tried valiantly to wrench to his mouth from hers. Winky, unfortunately, didn't seem keen on stopping.

"That's enough!" Hermione's voice, sharp and direct, did what Ron's struggles had been unable to accomplish. "I'm ashamed of you, Winky! Release Ron now!"

Chastened, Winky reluctantly disengaged. Ron noticed she didn't offer to punish herself.

"Mister Ron wasn't ordering Winky to stop."

Hermione glared at the weak excuse, and the house-elf picked up her tray of plates and platters and popped out of sight.

Ron smiled weakly and beckoned Hermione closer. His eyes flicked hopefully at the mistletoe still floating above his head.

"Not until you've cleaned your teeth a dozen times or so," she told him before leaving the room.

A/N: Written for Kyria's Saturday Night Drabble prompt: Molly Weasley has strung mistletoe all over the Burrow. Who gets caught under it? (Rare pairs only)