

Checkmate

by reader76

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Don't Mess with Hermione

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: The characters belong to JK Rowling, Scholastic and WB. I am not making any money from the publishing or writing of this story.

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Hermione huffed in annoyance. "Ron, as I was saying, the essay is due tomorrow and you haven't even started. Ron, are you listening to me? Ron!" She slammed her book down on the desk. Ron jumped.

"Huh? Oh, sorry." Then, leaning over to Harry, "Merlin, Harry, did you see what that girl was wearing?"

"Yeah," Harry whispered, his eyes slightly glazed as the tall, curvy blonde walked by them. Hermione shot him a murderous look. Harry swallowed nervously and pretended to read again.

"Ronald Weasley, if you expect me to help you, you'd better pay attention to your work and stop ogling every girl that walks by."

"Oh, Mione, lighten up. You're just sore because you aren't the type to be ogled. Ow! What was that for, Harry? It's true!"

Harry moved about five feet away from Ron. Hermione's temper was legendary, and he had no desire to get caught in the crossfire.

Hermione jumped to her feet, snatching up her books. "Just because I don't prance around like a common tart, Ronald, doesn't mean I don't know how to get a boy's attention!"

Harry looked at his friend, "Bad form, mate. Bad form. I'd watch your back for the next few days."

In the common room the following day, Ron and Harry were playing chess. Harry was concentrating on his next move. Ron always beat him at wizard chess, but Harry never gave up. He heard a low whistle from behind him where George Weasley was sitting. He turned his head and looked in the direction that George was staring.

The first thing he saw was a pair of legs – shapely, bare legs. He looked up slowly, enjoying the view on the way up. The rest of the curves attached to those legs were quite pleasing as well. A short, slim black skirt gave way to an enticing peek at a toned stomach. After that, he saw a fitted red blouse that was just low-cut enough to be provocative without being scandalous. When his eyes reached the girl's face, Harry jumped back, truly embarrassed to be caught ogling his best friend. But his embarrassment was short lived, because while he certainly got an eyeful, Ron's chin was about to connect with the chessboard. Harry tried not to laugh at Ron's ridiculous expression, which was the distraction he needed to get his own teenage mind under control.

"You're all dressed up," Harry managed to say, barely keeping the squeak out of his voice.

"Indeed." Hermione's eyes were staring straight at Ron, who had not regained his composure nearly as well as Harry had. She strutted right past the two boys, and then she slowly leaned over to whisper in George's ear. He shifted his weight and grinned devilishly; he pulled her onto his lap, and she kissed him soundly.

Now it was Harry's turn to whistle. George was clearly not wasting this opportunity. After a moment or two, Harry started to feel really awkward. He called Ron's attention away from the spectacle and back to the game. A move or two later, Hermione and George broke apart, but George held her firmly on his lap. The two continued to watch the game.

Harry focused back on the board, and he spotted something that he couldn't believe. Ron had been so distracted by Hermione and George that he had left his king completely vulnerable. Hermione must have seen it, too; she chuckled, and then she stood up. She adjusted her skirt and blouse and walked back over to the boys again slowly and deliberately with a sultry sway of her hips. She leaned over and whispered seductively in Ron's ear, "Not the type, eh?" She continued out of the common room without another word.

Harry moved his queen. "Checkmate." Ron just looked up at his friend, gobsmacked.