

Polyjuice Mishap

by Southern_Witch_69

Ron is jealous of Harry's relationship with Hermione. He and Ginny decide to take Polyjuice potion to get closer to them. Ooops!

one shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Thanks to my beta, Charmed Nay.

So, she was going back down toward the dungeons, eh? Ron couldn't believe that Hermione had been sneaking away like this to see someone down here. Good thing he thought about nicking Harry's cloak before he went off to visit Hagrid. Now he was able to finally figure out what Hermione was about these last two weeks. He followed her silently as she approached a door near Snape's classroom. She looked around uneasily before slipping inside. Damn! How was he supposed to follow her in now? She and whoever was in there would definitely notice a door opening and closing on its own. He leaned against the wall and waited. To his surprise, Professor Snape came along, and he went into the room as well. *Ugh! That's disgusting*, he thought silently. Old bat was probably trying to get in her knickers, he was! The door finally opened again.

This time Harry came out. He was sneaking around with Hermione and Snape! *What the bloody hell is going on here?* Hermione and Snape came out right behind him. "Harry," Hermione said. "It will be ready in three days. Then we can add the hair. Just don't let it get to you please. We'll find out soon enough."

Ron knew instinctively that they must be in there brewing Polyjuice Potion. But why was Snape helping them? He hated them all since their first year. It just didn't make sense unless it was for the Order. But why hadn't they included him?

"Potter, don't bother getting close to Draco. I'll get the hair for you. Now off before someone spies us talking!" Snape said, though his voice wasn't as biting as usual. "I will be sure to give him detention that night, so that you may do what needs to be done. Hermione, I trust you can acquire your own hair." She nodded in reply, and Harry mumbled a thanks.

Harry and Hermione scurried off. So, Harry was going to be Draco. Who was Hermione going to be? He quickly fell into step behind them. Harry was talking. "I still don't see why we can't tell Ron."

"Because Professor Snape told us we couldn't. There are only two of us needed, and given the nature of what we must do, Ron might let something slip. It would be too risky. We will tell him as soon as we find out what we need to know," Hermione said, trying to soothe Harry.

Ron almost walked into Harry when he stopped. Harry looked nearly exactly where he stood hidden, as if sensing something.

"I know, Mione. I just . . . It doesn't feel right without him."

Ron was nodding. Finally, his mate was making some sense. At least one of them felt guilty for keeping him out in the cold! His mouth gaped open suddenly.

Hermione kissed Harry's cheek. "We'll be okay. He'll understand."

Harry turned red, but brought Hermione's hand to his lips for a kiss. *Why those dirty, rotten sneaks! Had something going, did they?*

"Do you hear that?" Hermione asked, looking around uneasily.

"Yeah, sounds like breathing. Think it might be one of the ghosts in the walls or something?"

"Maybe. Let's go. I hate it down here."

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Ron was in a dilemma. How could he find out what was going on without them knowing that he knew? It wasn't like he could follow them into that room, was it? Seemed as though they slipped in, leaving no room for even a dust particle to get in. There was only one thing to do. Talk to Ginny! "Psst," he called.

His sister looked up from her reading and grinned. "What?"

He quickly moved over and told her everything that he saw a couple of nights before. He left the part out about Hermione kissing Harry's cheek and him kissing her hand. He knew Ginny still fancied Harry.

She thought about it for a bit and then said, "I think that we should have some of that potion as well. You could be Harry, and I could be Hermione. We could then split up and trick the real Harry and Hermione into telling us what they are up to. We won't know until they have done whatever it is that they have done, but at least we will know."

"I suppose. They had said it would be three days, so I suppose it should be ready by the morning. I'll snatch a hair from Harry's bed while you can snatch one of Hermione's, all right?" he asked, feeling a bit uneasy, but they deserved it. Sneaking around and not including him, they were! He didn't like being left out.

"Meet me here a half hour before breakfast. I'll go down and fetch two goblets to use." Then, as an after thought, she added, "Bring Harry's cloak."

The next morning Ron filched Harry's cloak and met Ginny just outside the portrait opening. "You got the goblets?" She nodded, and they made their way silently towards the Dungeons under the cloak. All too easily, they were able to slip into the small room and extract a small portion of the potion into their goblets. They made their way back to Gryffindor Tower. "You take yours, and I'll take mine. We'll see if we can catch on to any plans of theirs. If they make up some excuses to not be seen today, we'll know they are off doing it, and I will try to follow in the cloak."

"All right. Talk to you in a little while," she agreed.

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Ginny ate breakfast silently while watching Harry and Hermione. If she didn't know better, she would say that they had a little crush on each other. Every time she thought that Harry was seeing her in a different light, something would come up. This time that something was Hermione. Well, that only gave her an idea. She didn't really care what they were up to. She just wanted to be with Harry for a snog. Without fear of rejection, she could parade as Hermione and get him to follow her to a classroom. It would be too easy. She could finally see what it felt like to be with him. Her personal hero. The boy who saved her from Tom Riddle in her first year. She grinned wickedly.

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*Look at them,* thought Ron. *Sitting there, secretly meeting each other's eyes. Annoying, really! Didn't they think anyone could figure them out?* While he was happy for Harry and Hermione, it bothered him. He always thought he'd have a chance at her. Hmm . . . maybe he could at that. He could just kiss her once to see how it felt. Once he was Harry anyway. He'd just meet up with her and talk . . . and snog! He grinned wickedly.

Later that evening, Ginny and Ron were in the common room waiting on Harry and Hermione to come back from the Great Hall. "Did you pick up on anything?"

"No," she said softly. "They really are eating though. Something about a detention with Snape tomorrow night. So, that must be when they are doing it." She sighed. "Hermione is going to the library after she is done. I heard her tell Harry that earlier."

"Right then. Well, I think . . . uh . . . I think I will turn in a bit early," he stretched, faking a yawn.

"Hell, me too. I can't wait until tomorrow night to see what they are up to. Good night, Ron."

"Night, Gin." He made his way up to his dorm room. Quickly finding Harry's cloak once again, he took the goblet from under his bed and slipped on the cloak. He made his way to the prefects' bathroom unnoticed by anyone. He added Harry's hair to the goblet and let it sit for a few minutes. Finally, in one gulp, he drank it down while nearly retching in the process. Then he felt the familiar sensation of his body changing into another's form. He saw everything up close a bit blurry. Glasses! He needed glasses! He Transfigured his goblet into passable Harry glasses, and he put them on. He didn't see all that much better, but it was better than nothing. He hid the cloak in his personal locker before leaving the bathroom.

In stealth mode, he made his way towards the library. As luck would have it, he ran into Hermione just as she was coming out of the corridor leading from the library. "Get your work done?" he asked, noting how strange it was to talk like Harry. He almost looked around to see if the real Harry was there.

"I didn't get much done tonight. It's just as well. I can't think on a full stomach. What are you doing here?" she asked suspiciously.

"Er . . . I wanted to . . . uh . . . to come to see you. I think we should maybe talk for a minute," he said softly.

Hermione grinned. "Talk, eh?" He nodded. "Come on then. I have a few moments before I have to meet Neville in the common room for a quick Potions study." She took his hand, and they sneaked towards Gryffindor Tower. Making sure that nobody was around, they went into the abandoned Transfiguration classroom. "Come here, Harry," she said seductively.

Kissing Hermione was like nothing he'd ever experienced. Her mouth was soft, moist, warm, and inviting. Her tongue expertly mingled with his. He felt a bit clumsy, but chalked it up to nervousness. He'd snogged before, but he'd never been snogged by his fantasy woman. Next thing he knew, she was pulling away. "I . . . I have to go. Neville . . . he'll be waiting on me. Don't follow me in straight away. They might get suspicious."

He gave a goofy grin and nodded. *Wow! Hermione! Damn. Harry was lucky. Bugger!* He'd just taken advantage of Hermione, and he'd just betrayed Harry. What if they talked about this later? They would know that it wasn't them. Damn! He'd just play innocent. They would never know. Time had just flown by, hadn't it? He could feel his body beginning to change back. His legs were lengthening, and his hair was growing. Strange feeling, really!

Whistling all the way back to the common room, he'd never felt better. He said the password to the Fat Lady, and the portrait hole opened. He froze just a few feet inside. Harry and Hermione were sitting near the fire reading. Harry looked up. "Come over, Ron!"

He took a few steps. "What are you two doing here?" he asked. Hermione had made it back quickly. Didn't she think it odd that Harry was back before her, or at the same time as her?

"We've been doing a bit of studying for our Potions' written exam tomorrow. Harry went up to look for you a bit ago, but Neville said he hadn't seen you in over an hour."

Hermione smiled sweetly. Did she know? Just then the portrait hole opened, and Ginny walked in.

She looked at Harry and Hermione. Then she looked at Ron. "I thought you were going to bed."

"I thought you were going to bed, too," he said numbly. Something wasn't fitting here. Oh, no! "Er . . . did you happen to drink your medicine, Ginny?"

"Yes." It was one word, but he could hear the horror in her voice. "Did you?"

"Uh huh," he said, feeling sick. "Transfiguration classroom?"

"Oh my! I'm going to be sick!" she exclaimed, running off towards the girls' dormitories.

"Hell, me too!" Ron said, running up towards his own.

Harry looked over to Hermione. "What's gotten into them?"

She shrugged. "No idea. You'd think they accidentally snogged or something. Odd, really." Harry started laughing, and Hermione joined him. That would be the day!

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A/N: Poor Ron and Ginny. LMAO!! I guess that will teach them to spy on their mates and attempt to take advantage of them!