

Ron is taught a lesson



It was a cool Saturday evening, and the golden glow of lanterns spilled onto the cobbled streets of Hogsmeade. The Three Broomsticks was bustling, as usual, with patrons chattering over their pints of Butterbeer and Firewhisky. Harry, Ron, and Hermione had snagged a table near the back, away from the rowdier crowd. The trio had just completed another week of their Auror training, and the promise of a relaxed evening seemed like the perfect way to unwind.

Hermione, seated next to Ron, was in high spirits. Her fingers twirled the stem of her drink absentmindedly as she laughed at one of Harry's stories from their last mission. Ron, however, had already downed a couple of pints, and his eyes were beginning to wander across the room, lingering a bit too long on some of the witches laughing by the bar.

Hermione noticed. She always did.

"Ron, really?" she said sharply, narrowing her eyes at him.

Ron blinked, clearly startled, as if he hadn't realized what he'd been doing. "What? I wasn't—"

"Don't lie to me, Ronald," Hermione snapped, her voice low but dangerous. "You've been staring at every woman who walks past for the last twenty minutes."

Harry shifted uncomfortably in his seat, taking a sip of his Butterbeer and trying to look anywhere but at his friends. He knew the signs — Hermione's temper had been simmering for a while now.

Ron, a little too relaxed and tipsy, waved her off with a careless grin. "Oh, come on, Hermione. We're just having a good time. No need to get all... bossy."

That was the wrong word to use. Hermione's eyes flashed with fury. Without a word, she grabbed the full pint of Butterbeer in front of her and, in one swift motion, tipped it over Ron's head.

Ron let out a yelp as the sticky liquid cascaded over him, drenching his hair and shirt. The entire pub seemed to go silent for a moment, as heads turned to see what the commotion was about.

Hermione stood, her face set with icy determination. "When you're ready to act like a decent boyfriend, you know where to find me." With that, she spun on her heel and marched out of the pub, the door slamming behind her.

Harry winced, feeling secondhand embarrassment for Ron, who sat there dripping and blinking in disbelief. "You know, mate," Harry said, leaning in, "you probably shouldn't have ogled the other women."

Ron groaned, wiping his face with the back of his hand. "I wasn't! Well... maybe a bit. But it's not like I meant anything by it!" He sighed heavily. "Relationships are... complicated."

Harry, ever the silent observer when it came to Ron and Hermione's bickering, gave a sympathetic nod. "Yeah, they are. But you can't just... switch off when you're with her, Ron. Hermione's brilliant, but she's not going to put up with that."

Ron stared into the empty glass in front of him, running a hand through his wet hair. "I know, I know. It's just... sometimes I don't think."

"That's the problem," Harry said with a chuckle, though his voice was gentle. "You love her, right?"

Ron gave him a withering look, but it was softened by a sheepish smile. "Of course I do. More than anything."

"Then maybe stop acting like a prat and go apologize," Harry suggested, draining the last of his Butterbeer.

Ron sighed deeply, looking towards the door Hermione had disappeared through. "Why does being in a relationship have to be so hard?"

Harry smiled faintly. "Because it's worth it."

With a resigned shake of his head, Ron got to his feet, his clothes still clinging to him uncomfortably. "Right. I'd better go fix this before she decides I'm not."

"Good luck," Harry said, clapping Ron on the shoulder. As he watched his friend stumble out of the pub in pursuit of Hermione, he couldn't help but think that, despite everything, they'd figure it out. They always did.

And with that thought, Harry ordered another Butterbeer, savoring the brief calm that came when he wasn't in the middle of his best friends' relationship drama.

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