

Ron's Harem

"So, how much?" Ron asked.

"Five galleons," Dean replied.

Ron grumbled and reached into his pocket. He pulled out his meagre money purse and counted the coins out.

"So, one more time, what do you want me to do?" Dean asked.

"Just stick to this script," Ron explained. "And then allow me to wipe the knowledge from you. Well, except for this conversation, so you remember why you are five Galleons richer."

"Sounds fair," Dean agreed. "You are insane, but, that's what you get from dating Hermione."

Ron shot him a foul look, but ignored the slight. He looked at the map in his hand. "Right, come on, it's show time."

The two boys hurried along the corridors, and stopped in an empty classroom.

"Ready?" Ron asked.

Dean nodded firmly. At Ron's nod, Dean started to read from the piece of parchment in his hand. "So," he said, reading from the script. "How big was it?"

"Put it this way," Ron said, he didn't need a script as he'd written it. "If that gold had been made out of snow and piled in one place, you could have skied down it for an hour! I mean, I thought that Malfoy was rich, but you could bury Malfoy Manor in gold, and still have plenty to spare. I tell you, Potter's so rich that the girl he marries is going to be a frickin' Queen."

"Frickin'?" Dean read. "Hermione stopping you from swearing?"

"Yeah, and speaking of her, I'm late." He looked at the Marauder's Map as his target scurried away, and he smiled. "Perfect," he praised.

"What's going on?" Dean asked.

"Sorry," Ron said, "but it's private. *Obliviate*."

"Wa..." Dean got out.

Ron reached out and into Dean's pocket and returned his five Galleons to his own purse. He was a Gryffindor, so he did at least feel some guilt, but not enough to stop him. Besides, Dean shouldn't have insulted Hermione.

"..at?" Dean asked groggily.

"I dunno, you just spaced out," Ron said. "Come on, I'll get you back to the Common Room, probably something you ate."

"Yeah," Dean agreed.

Ron helped his friend back to the Common Room, and then looked at his map again.

His second target was doing a prefect route with her friend. Perfect. He scurried out, a pre-prepared parcel in his hands. He waited around a corner for just the right moment, and then stepped out and around the corner in a hurry. He crashed into the two girls, and as he did, he threw the parcel into the air.

"Crap," he yelled, as he desperately tried to catch all the photographs.

"Ron!" Susan called in horror. "This is pornography!"

"No, it's not," Ron replied, while clutching the photos to his chest.

"Yes, it is," Hannah replied, as she looked at one of the items distastefully.

"No," Ron said. "Look, can you keep a secret?"

They looked at each other and the nodded.

"These are Harry's offers for this week. I'm just taking them to be disposed off for him."

"They're what?" Susan asked.

"Every week, Harry gets between ten and thirty letters inviting him to everything from a kiss and a cuddle to an all-out orgy. And they always send pictures."

"Poor Harry," Susan gasped.

Ron blinked at her. "Are you on drugs?" he asked in disbelief. "The only problem Harry has is choosing which ones to accept. He's being a good boy while he's in school, but as soon as school is over, he's going straight there. It's why he's not dating at school, all the girls at school play those games, and he's never been one to be like that, so a straight offer cuts through all the issues." He reached out and took the last of the photos from Hannah's hands. He shrugged. "I do think he's being naive, but where's he going to find a girl like this," he said, holding up one of the pictures, "willing to not play those games in Hogwarts?"

"Anyway, thanks for the help," he said, as he turned another corner and walked off. As soon as he could, he pulled Harry's invisibility cloak on, and hurried after them.

"Wow," Hannah said. "Just ... Wow."

"Yeah," Susan agreed. "We can't let that happen."

"What?" Hannah asked.

"Look, Harry's young and naive," Susan explained. "We can't let these harlots take advantage of him like that."

"What are you going to do?"

Susan straightened her shoulders. "What ever I have to," she said firmly. She looked at Hannah. "Do you think I'm pretty enough?" she asked, her shoulders slumping.

"With your tits it wouldn't matter if you looked like a horse!" Hannah exclaimed. "But the fact that you are pretty as well is almost unfair!"

Susan smiled and looked down. "They are a bit big," she agreed. "And it will hardly be a hardship for me, I've had a crush on him for years."

Hannah nodded in agreement. "We'll get you two together. Perhaps we can do swimming, and you can hurt your ankle, and he can carry you to the nurse." She paused. "We'll get you a bikini."

Susan blushed as she nodded in agreement.

Hannah clapped her hands excitedly. "Susan Potter," she smirked.

"What about Weasley?" Susan asked, her face falling.

"Dunno," Hannah said, "but I'll find out. Ron's already said that Harry isn't going with her after school, and she's clearly playing these games he hates."

"Yeah," Susan agreed, brightening up.

"Come on, let's finish, then we can go and look at the catalogues. I'll bet they have a bikini that goes partially transparent when wet."

"I can't wear that in public!"

"We'll find a way to get Harry away from the others," Hannah promised.

Ron stopped following them and turned away. He removed the cloak and looked at the pictures. It was amazing what you could do with Fred and George's old Playwizard magazines. And the picture he'd chosen had looked a little like Susan as well. "*Incendio*," he muttered, burning them to ashes.

Two down, two to go, but first to deal with the problem Susan had raised.

He looked at his map and quickly located his sister. She was in the library. This was going to be the hardest part of his plan. Still, nothing worthwhile was ever easy. She was sitting with her friends, the one with the irritating laugh, Vicki? Nikki? And Maggie. He had no wish to listen in to their conversations, ever. He walked over, "Hey, Ginny," he said quietly. "The twins sent me a present; I thought you might like it."

"Oh?"

He nodded and slipped her a bottle of Ogden's fire whiskey.

"Thanks," she said with a large grin.

He nodded and went to bed. As he stared at his drapes, he wondered if he'd done the right thing. At the end of the day, all he'd done was pass on the twins' gift. Sure, it had been for him, but he could easily claim to have just wanted to share, so while he might get shouted at, he couldn't be blamed for anything else that might happen.

Everything depended on how Ginny reacted. And that was out of his control. The whiskey was un-tampered, and there was nothing else that he could be accused of.

He drifted off to sleep. He woke up the same time as Harry did, showered (in separate cubicles) and got dressed. They met with Hermione. "Morning, beautiful," he said, giving her a quick kiss on the cheeks.

"Morning," she replied with a soft smile that she reserved for him.

"My diabetes," Harry called, clutching his stomach.

"Bite me," Hermione muttered.

"That's Ron's job," Harry pointed out.

"Very true," Hermione agreed.

"I'm up for that," Ron said.

"I'll bet you are," Harry grinned. "Come on, breakfast is calling, and now that Ron's eating like a normal being, we need an extra ten minutes."

"True," Hermione said. "It is worth it, though."

"Hey," Ron protested with a smile. "I wasn't that bad."

"Yes, you were," Harry said, as Hermione gave Ron a little kiss of apology.

This was his favourite thing, just the three of them, laughing and joking. Harry and Hermione were the best of friends, and it was great knowing that he was friends with them, and was in love with Hermione.

Some people might have been jealous of Harry and Hermione's friendship, but not him. He thought it was brilliant that his best friend and his girlfriend were so close - it meant they could do things as a group, or that he could be alone with Harry, or Hermione with Harry, and no one had to be worried.

They sat down, in their usual positions at the head of the Gryffindor table, and started to eat. He was careful to eat slowly, and to actually taste his food.

His eating habits had been born at home, where every meal was a scrum for six boys and one girl to get as much food as they could before another snatched it. Hermione and Harry had decided to teach him manners with a carrot and stick approach. Hermione had been the carrot, Harry the stick. And as much as he enjoyed Hermione's kisses, Harry's stick was far more of an incentive to eat properly.

He looked up as he saw a familiar red head wander toward them. He sighed softly. As he'd suspected, Ginny was showing no common sense at all.

"Potter," she slurred. "You know what your problem is?"

"A tolerance for alcohol?" Harry suggested dryly.

"Huh?" Ginny asked. "No, it's that you don't, thingy."

"Quite right," Harry agreed. "And why don't you sit down and have a rest, then we can talk about my lack of thingy."

Ginny raised a finger and pointed it at him. "You're humouring me."

"And doing it very politely," Hermione agreed frostily. "Sit down, Ginny. We'll talk about your drunkenness when you're sober!"

"Why does everyone always tell me what to do?" Ginny yelled.

"Miss Weasley," McGonagall called, but Ginny ignored her.

"You're mine, Potter," she slurred.

"No," Harry replied softly. "I'm my own."

"You're mine, I've invested all this time in you, and I'm gonna get my reward!"

"Your reward?" Hermione asked, her voice now sub-zero.

That was one of the things he loved about Hermione. She loved Harry as much as he do. Sure, she recognised his flaws, but if anyone attacked him, she would first in line to help protect him. Of course, Harry was normally in the front, protecting them, so it was only fair.

"Yeah, the name, the mansion, everything. I'm gonna be Mrs Potter! So there."

"No," Harry said, again in his quiet voice. "You are not."

"I'll get my way," she screamed. "You don't have a choice."

"*Stupefy*," Ron said softly, pointing his wand at his sister.

Sadly, his suspicious had been proven. His sister was as stupid as Percy. All she had to do was love Harry properly, and Ron would have supported her all the way, even bought her into his plans, but he had always had a suspicion that Ginny was in to other things a little too much – he wouldn't have minded if she had been upfront about it, but all this being dishonest made his teeth hurt.

"Sorry," Ron said to Harry.

"Not your fault," Harry said dryly. "So, is now a good time to point out that I won't be marrying your sister."

Ron thought for a second. "Yes."

"I won't be marrying your sister," Harry repeated.

"Cool," Ron agreed.

"Mr Weasley," McGonagall called.

"Yes, Headmistress," he asked politely.

"Are you going to do anything about your sister?"

"No, I don't think so," Ron replied. "She's made her own mess; she may as well lay in it."

"That's a bit cold."

"So is trying to trick my best mate," Ron agreed. He sighed. He stood and cast a spell so that she'd follow him and trudged out of the room. "Bring me some toast?" he begged Hermione on the way out.

"I will," she promised. She had one of her looks, and it was one of the good ones. This one said she was fiercely proud of him. He liked that look. A lot.

He dropped Ginny off at the nurse to make sure she'd be fine, and went to write his parents a long letter. It wouldn't make him popular, but then, he'd rather hang with Fred and George anyway.

Speaking of them, he picked up the mirror and called Fred's name. When his brother appeared, he gave him a quick rundown of what had happened.

Ron looked at his watch as he ended the conversation and grumbled, he didn't have time to handle his third target this morning, so he'd have to go and pay attention in class for the day.

Carrot and stick again. Hermione's carrot was amazing, but Harry was a stone cold son of a bitch when he wanted to be, and that was a lot more effective.

Harry had forced him to grow up, and had taken the Weasley way forward, and used fists (and knees, kicks, curses, and everything else) to emphasise his point. The fact that he'd done it without being irritating was a remarkable testament to Harry's personality.

After the last class, he was more than happy with the idea that Harry and Hermione were going to the library.

Ron half suspected that part of the reason Harry spent so much time with Hermione was so that he wouldn't have to deal with the hero-worship he received on a daily basis.

Just because he defeated Voldemort a few months ago. Sure, Harry had been very Harry about it (doing it on his own, about ten minutes after Remus reported the last of the Horcruxes had been dismantled) and now he wanted to be Harry about the aftermath – and have everyone leave him alone.

Apart from his friends, of course.

Ron walked to the Gryffindor Common Room, and dropped down next to Parvati Patil. "Hi," he said cheerfully.

Parvati looked up, her eyes were red-rimmed, and she had a defeated air to her. "What do you want?" she asked.

"So, the rumours are true that you play for both teams during a match?"

Parvati's eyes tightened angrily.

"And that Lavender is no longer friends with you because she's strictly broomstick only, and didn't appreciate your proposition?"

Parvati, in a low voice, expressed her opinion of him, and his questions, and informed him where he could take them.

"Is that even anatomically possible?" he asked. "Look, I came to offer you a solution to your problems, but if you just want to wallow in your self-pity,

then I'll leave you to it." He stood.

"Ron, wait. I'm sorry, it's just been the piss-poor couple of days."

Ron sat back down again. "What if I was to say to you, that I had a way where you could enjoy both sides of your personality without anyone caring?"

"Go on," she said slowly.

Ron smiled and shifted closer. "Harry's got these girls who send him mail each week, and invite him into all sorts of situations..."

When he had finished with Parvati, he looked at Harry's map and found his last target. She was going to be a difficult one. Slytherins were always easy to manipulate, Gryffindors you could be blunt with, and all you had to do was play on a Hufflepuff's loyalty.

Ravenclaw was the only house who didn't take the house thing to seriously.

He spotted Neville up ahead, and grabbed him. "Nev, you know you owe me a favour?"

"Yes?" Neville asked warily.

"I'm calling it in, now," Ron said. He gave him a piece of paper. "Come with me and read this, and try and act like you're not reading it."

Neville looked at him. "I don't want to know," he muttered.

"It's not bloody fair, Nev," Ron said loudly.

"Calm down, Ron," Neville replied, after glancing at the sheet. "You're not being jealous are you?"

"Jealous?" Ron ranted. "No. Why should I be jealous that some witches are planning on nabbing my best friend, that his ideas have been corrupted by them? Why should I be jealous that they're going to have access to the Potter castle? That they are going to rub it into Hermione's face that they have access to the Potter research facility in Geneva, and the Potter sponsored library of Alexandria project in Rome?"

"He has that?" Neville asked.

"Yeah, the goblins gave him a full run down of everything his family is involved with. Those bitches."

"Don't you mean witches?"

"No, I meant what I said. They're just a bunch of knowledge and money digging harlots. And what does Harry care? He gets four hot chicks. If my damn sister hadn't screwed up, we could have at least helped look after him, but what the hell are you going to do when witches are prepared to share like that?"

"Dunno," Neville said. "Try and talk to him?"

"I did," Ron muttered. "You should have seen the pictures they sent him. He can't wait until school is over. Git."

"What about Hogwarts girls?" Neville suggested.

"Sure, I'll just go up to the four hottest girls, Susan Bones, Tracey Davis, Parvati Patil and Lisa Turpin and say, 'Why don't you all get together with Harry?' – I'd rather have my teeth pulled by Umbridge than face those four in a bad mood!"

"Well, as fascinating as this has been, I've got to go," Neville announced, and went quiet.

Ron looked at the map and grinned. "Thanks Nev," he said, after a few moments.

"What was that all about?" Neville asked.

"*Obliviate*," Ron replied cheerfully.

For the next day, he spent a lot of time staring at the map, waiting to see if the bait he'd laid so carefully would be picked up.

It was two nights later that he had to hurriedly make his excuses, grab Harry's invisibility cloak, and dash down to an empty classroom. He managed to sneak in behind Susan Bones, and moved to the corner.

"Why am I here?" Davis asked.

"Yeah, what's up, Leece?" Susan asked.

"Tell me," Lisa Turpin said to Susan, "exactly why, after years of unsuccessfully hiding the fact that you have a chest, have you ordered a new bikini?"

Susan blushed furiously. "A guy," she eventually muttered.

"And you, Tracey, mail order for red lingerie?"

"How the hell do you know that?" Tracey demanded.

"My family runs the mail-order business," Lisa said smugly. "Parvati, all of a sudden I've noticed you looking at a certain someone differently."

"So?"

"Did you know that the Potter family sponsors two of the biggest research projects in the world?" Lisa asked. "No? Me neither, until I asked around. Tracey, you were planning on seducing Potter, right?"

Susan gaped softly.

"I'll get to you shortly," Lisa said to her. "Do you have any idea of what sort of mail Potter's been getting recently?"

"Er, no?" Tracey asked warily.

"Witches have been sending him all sorts of salacious and disgusting mail," Susan said primly. "Full of filthy pictures and filthier invitations."

"Yeah," Parvati agreed. "Promising him all sorts of fun and games, and it looks like one group has already won. Potter's going to get with them as soon as he leaves school."

"Four witches," Lisa added. "They're going to get their hands on the Potter money, the Potter research facilities, everything."

"I was gonna see if I could help him with that," Susan said softly. "Persuade him that there are other options." She looked down a little shyly.

Lisa walked over and raised her chin. "What are you willing to do?" she asked.

Susan blushed. "Anything," she whispered. "Harry saved us all, so I have to try and save him."

"You wouldn't have a chance," Tracey muttered. As everyone looked at her, she shrugged. "Neither would I. I'm not exactly four experienced witches."

Lisa coughed. "You're not. We are. Well, not experienced, but witches at least."

Tracey raised her eyebrows, Susan blushed, Parvati leaned forward eagerly, while Lisa's face was studiously blank.

"It makes sense," Susan whispered. "We could save him from those who just want to use him."

"And if we're looking after him, no one would be able to take advantage," Tracey agreed thoughtfully.

"I like the idea," Parvati said innocently.

"So, we agreed?" Lisa asked. "We do it and get in with him, for his own good?"

"No one else," Tracey said firmly. "Three others is my limit."

"Yeah," Lisa agreed. "The good thing is that my sources tell me that Potter likes the four of us."

"You have a damn good spy network," Tracey muttered jealously.

"Yes, I do," Lisa said smugly.

"How are we going to approach him?" Parvati asked.

"Well, I was going to put on the bikini, and was going to fall, twist my ankle, and have Harry carry me to the nurse," Susan said shyly.

"So he has your tits in his face the entire way?" Tracey asked.

Susan nodded, blushing again.

"Good plan," Lisa said. "Why don't we all have a swim, and we can get Harry to heal Susan after she 'falls'."

"How do we get Harry there, though?" Lisa asked. "I'm not willing to let some of the assholes in this school see me in the costumes I've ordered for us?"

"I'll take care of that," Parvati said. "We'll use the area behind the rocks near the forest for some sunbathing, and we'll call him over from the walk he'll be on."

"You can arrange that?" Tracey asked.

"Yes."

"Saturday afternoon?" Lisa asked.

The other three girls nodded.

Lisa smirked and walked to the door. "I'm sure we'll all get to know each other really well, but until then, let's keep this under our hats?"

The others nodded, and they left.

Ron bounced happily, and waited until the coast was clear, before heading back to the Common Room.

"Ron," Parvati called as he entered.

"You look happier," he said.

"Yeah, thanks. Look, can you do me a favour?"

"Probably."

"Can you get Harry to walk out toward the forest on Saturday afternoon? Say that you saw something he needs to look at, or something."

"You planning on attacking him?" Ron demanded.

"What? No! Look, please, I just want to talk to him alone. See if I can make him see sense, you know?"

"Okay," Ron gave in, "I'll get him out there." He nodded to Parvati, and went to join Harry and Hermione.

Saturday he could hardly contain his excitement, as, after lunch, he moved with Harry toward the forest. He hadn't bothered with a pretext, he'd just asked Harry to come for a walk, while Hermione was doing some extra studying.

As they got near the rocks, Tracey Davis' head popped over the rocks and called Harry over. "Susan's twisted her ankle."

Harry looked at Ron and shrugged. The two of them made their way over quickly.

It took all of Ron's new found maturity not to gape. He put Hermione firmly in the forefront of his mind, and relaxed slightly.

Harry's only reaction was a slight raising of his right eyebrow. But then, after beating the snot out of Voldemort, there probably wasn't much left that could surprise him.

Susan was on the floor, wearing just a small white two piece swimsuit. She was clutching her ankle and breathing impressively hard, which had the knock on effect of making her impressive chest move up and down hypnotically. Her skin was pale and flawless, and she had her hair dark red hair in pigtails as she looked up at him with huge hazel eyes.

Next to her, Parvati and Lisa were crouched over, supporting her back, both wearing one piece black swimsuits that hugged their curves intimately.

Tracey had chosen an emerald green swimsuit, with matching heels that did amazing things to her legs - even if they were completely impractical for anything other than showing her legs off.

"What's the problem?" Harry asked.

"Ankle," Susan said, looking up at him hopefully. Even Ron, who had Hermione, felt his heart go out to the witch.

Harry bent over and expertly cast a healing spell. "Better?"

She nodded. "Thanks. Look, Harry, we know what you're planning after you finish school," she said, "and we want you to reconsider."

"You're kidding," Ron gasped. "You said you wouldn't tell."

"This is more important than that, Ron," Susan said firmly.

"Yeah," Parvati agreed. "We know your worries about the future, let us handle this."

"What are you talking about?" Harry asked, looking bewildered.

"Are you sure?" Ron asked, allowing his face to clear as he looked around at the four girls. He felt he deserved an award for his acting.

The four girls nodded firmly.

"Let me deal with this," he said, grabbing Harry and hauling him off. He paused, and looked back, "I'll do everything I can," he promised. "Thanks." As soon as they were out of earshot, he turned so that his back was to the girls.

"Ron?" Harry asked.

Ron took a deep breath. "Happy birthday to you. Harry birthday to you. Happy birthday, dear Harry, happy birthday to you!"

Ron was treated to the very rare sight of Harry James Potter completely gob-smacked.

"Look," Ron said cheerfully, "what did I say when you defeated Voldemort?"

"That you'd make up for all the times you missed giving me a present?"

"Exactly," Ron agreed. "And what did we agree with Seamus, Dean and Neville that night a few weeks ago, when we'd had a drink or six?"

"Who had the best legs?"

"Tracey Davis."

"Who had the best tits?"

"Susan Bones."

"Who had the best arse?"

"Lisa Turpin."

"And who were the prettiest?"

"The Patil twins."

"And there we go," Ron said, gesturing behind him. "For you're eighteenth birthday, I got you a harem as an early present!"

Harry shook himself, but it didn't seem to work. "But..."

"Look, they all think that with your fame, you've been getting salacious offers from the general public. They're going to save you from the outside world."

"Save me? I've not had anything more than the odd thank-you note."

"Yes, I know," Ron agreed. "They're all in for different reasons, and think it's their idea. Trust me."

Harry blinked. "So you've got me the four hottest girls at Hogwarts for my birthday!?"

"Exactly."

Harry lurched forward and hugged him tightly. "I love you, man, I really do," he said. "This is the best gift ever!"

Ron smiled smugly. "It is, isn't it? I've got an early present for Hermione lined up, although hers is a one off."

Harry released him.

"Anyway, all you have to do," Ron said, pulling out a large package. "Is burn this, and never mention it again."

"*Incendio!*" Harry said, as Ron placed it on the ground.

"Damn," Harry said, "Thanks, Ron, and you know you're not going to be able to complain, no matter what I get you for your birthday now, right?"

"I didn't do it for that," Ron protested.

"I know," Harry agreed. "Anyway, I'll talk to you tonight." He turned and started to jog back toward the girls.

"Harry," Ron called.

"Yes?"

"Accept any duels that are proposed tomorrow."

"If you say so," Harry agreed.

Ron whistled cheerfully to himself. Now, he had to wait for the furor at dinner, and then he could get Hermione's present for her.

Harry's present had worked perfectly. And he'd get to be friends with the four hottest girls, not to mention dating Hermione, who was in the top five. Even if she didn't quite measure up to Susan who had the most impressive rack of any girl, ever.

He found Hermione in the library, and sat down next to her. With a few waves of his wand, he cast a privacy charm.

Hermione looked up and smiled at him. "Nicely done," she praised.

"We need to talk," he said, aware that this might not go well. "I've just got Harry his surprise birthday present."

"Oh yeah?" Hermione asked. "The one you've been arranging for the last few days?"

He nodded.

"What is it?"

"Well, I kinda got him a harem."

Hermione slowly put her book down, and settled her eyes firmly on him. "A harem?"

He nodded. "Yeah."

"I'm going to love your explanation for this," Hermione predicted. It was one of those statements that he now knew actually meant, "Explain, now, or die!"

"Well, When I was growing up, I always wanted one, but as I now have something better, I figured, who better than my best friend to have one?"

"Organising it was pretty easy. I came up with the idea that because of Harry's wealth and fame, witches from all over the country were sending him salacious letters and photos.

"I first had a fake conversation with Dean, using the Marauder's map to make sure I was overheard. When Tracey Davis was nearby, I just pointed out to her how rich Harry is to Dean, he responded according to our script. Anyway, she swallowed it, as Harry is rich. She grew up poor, so she will never screw up a good thing. Besides, once she commits to something, she never backs down.

"The next person was Susan Bones. She's a Hufflepuff through and through. I used some of that porn Fred and George sent us for that joke, and claimed that they had come from these witches, and I said that Harry was going to be hooked by them. Especially as he was naive and he didn't like the games that normal witches play.

"She was horrified and knew she had to do something to save him.

"Parvati was next, and I went up to her and explained how these witches who were approaching him were promising him all sorts of combinations, and she could look at joining them, because that way she'd have the best of both worlds. It gave her something to think about.

"Wait," Hermione said, "Parvati's bisexual?"

Ron nodded. "She wanted to try a bit of Lavender, but Lavender freaked massively. That's why they're not friends any more."

"How did you know that!?"

"Oh, I saw them arguing, and it wasn't difficult to work it out.

"Anyway, the final thing was the catalyst. I arranged for Lisa Turpin to over hear the last fake conversation. After telling her about some of the things the Potter Foundation does, I used the same story as with Susan and Parvati, but added that Harry would never go for school girls, because he had these witches. Neville, using my script, asked me what I was going to do, and I sarcastically said that I'd just ask Lisa, Susan, Parvati and Tracey to get together with Harry.

"Lisa took that away, got the others together, explained the benefits, and hey presto. Susan gets to have her crush without the pressure of being Harry Potter's wife on her own, and she's a `Puff, sharing is in her veins.

"Tracey gets unexpected access to the security she's always wanted, and realised that after spending her life in the Death Eater viper pit, she'd never be alone and scared again.

"Parvati realised she gets to play both sides with girls she already likes and fancies.

"And Lisa weighed up the benefits of being inside or out, and decided that inside was better. She figured that she'd be able to do the research she needed with three other girls to keep Harry happy when she was deep in research, and then have a lot of people she could come out of the depths and have fun with.

"Anyway, I then told Harry it was his birthday present, and he's now with the girls."

"How did he take it?" Hermione asked, her voice level.

"He was so thrilled," Ron said proudly. "He said it was the best present ever."

Hermione slowly started to laugh. "What are you going to do if they find out you faked it?" she asked.

"What, you think they'd ever admit that I got the better of them? Me? Ron Weasley?" he asked. "Besides, the best thing is that I get loads of nieces and nephews to spoil, until you're ready to have a child, while you enjoy your career, and by that time, I'll have had loads of practice with Harry's brood, so I can look after our baby while you get back to your job."

"My job?" Hermione asked, looking at him flatly again.

"Sure," Ron said, confident he was on the right footing. "You are going to be something special, so it's my job to make sure you get there."

Hermione continued to look at him for a long moment. "I like this new grown-up, thinking, Ron," she announced. She leaned in and gave him a long kiss. "I can't believe you arranged a harem for Harry," she giggled. "I'd be upset, but you seem to have thought it through, and all you really did was arrange the pieces on a chess board, and let them follow their own patterns."

Ron grinned in relief. "I've got you a present as well," he added.

“Oh?”

“Not telling, you should get it tomorrow.”

Hermione closed her book. “Why don’t we go somewhere and see if I can get it out of you,” she purred.

Ron barely had time to gulp.

The furore as Harry walked in for dinner with the four hottest girls in Hogwarts was to be expected. And even Susan, who was the least confident, didn’t back down as everyone stared at her.

As for Harry, he had a grin on his face that would need surgery to remove.

The Slytherin table and Draco Malfoy in particular, looked both stunned and enraged.

Ron smirked to himself, it might be easier than he expected to arrange Hermione’s present.

As soon as dinner was over, Ron kissed Hermione, excused himself to the four new girls – who were paying him an unsurprising lack of attention, and he rushed off.

He pulled the Marauder’s map from his pocket, and saw that Malfoy was walking with his two book-ends toward the Owlery, as he normally did whenever something didn’t go right for him.

Ron hurried ahead and hid in a classroom. He watched the map, and as soon as Malfoy and goons were nearby, he pulled out his wand and cast a spell on a chair. The chair grew a face, giving him someone to talk to.

Malfoy was an idiot, so he didn’t need another person’s voice.

“It’s not bloody fair,” he yelled. “How dare Potter have a bloody harem, when I just have Her!”

He paused for a second, and continued. “Yeah, well, I’m gonna do something about it all right. I was doing some research, trying to impress her, and I found this book of old customs. It seems that I can challenge him to a formal duel of honour, and when I win, I get the girls, not him!”

“What do you mean, can I take him?” Ron demanded of the face-chair. “Of course I can, besides, in these formal duels, all I have to do is cast the Killing Curse at him and they’re mine! He’s too innocent to even think I’d use that curse!”

“Damn right I know how to start a formal duel! I just go up to him, smack him in the face with a glove, and say, “I, Ronald Bilius Weasley, challenge Harry James Potter to a formal duel, with the rules of old, for the prize of your whores. Do you accept, or do you admit that you are a coward before all present!?”

“And you know what? I’m going to do it at lunch tomorrow! That will show him! Now, I’ve got to go and keep Her happy for the evening so she doesn’t get suspicious.”

Ron watched as the three figures on the map scurried away and smirked to himself. “Thanks, chair,” he said as he cancelled the spell. “At least I don’t have to *Obliviate* you.”

Ron could hardly sleep that night. He made sure he was up before Harry – who’d gone to bed very late.

“Hermione,” he greeted his girlfriend.

“You’re looking happy,” she said.

“I’ve got your present all arranged,” he said cheerfully. “I hope.”

“You hope?”

He nodded. “The Bishops are in place, the Knights are poised, and I just need the opposing Queen to make the right move.” Realising the people were a lot like chess pieces had been a defining moment for him. When you looked at them that way, there reactions were often easy to predict.

Sadly, it didn’t work on Harry and Hermione. He suspected because he loved them both, and because Hermione was incredible intelligent, and Harry was Harry.

“Or the wrong move?” Hermione suggested.

“Well, from their perspective yeah.”

They sat down together, and had a cup of tea each while they waited for Harry and his new friends to arrive.

They did, eventually, but as Harry walked toward them, flanked by the happy-looking girls, Malfoy moved in front of them.

“I Draco Malfoy, challenge Harry James Potter to a formal duel, with the rules of old, for the prize of your whores. Do you accept, or do you admit that you are a coward before all present?” Malfoy pulled out a glove from his pocket and smacked Harry in the face with it.

Harry's response was supposed to be a simple, "I accept."

His actual response was a vicious right-hook that sent Draco flying. "They are not whores," he growled. "And I accept, you son of an alcoholic whore and a disease infested catamite. Get up, now."

Malfoy sneered as he scrambled to his feet.

"What have you done, Mr Malfoy?" Minerva demanded.

"Instigated a formal duel," Malfoy snapped at her. "Let's get to it."

Minerva sighed. "You are both of-age, so I can't stop you."

"Yeah," Draco sneered again. "Come on, Potty."

Harry rolled his eyes. "I duelled Voldemort you tosspot, I'll try and only break every bone in your body. If we're fighting for something I love, we'll have something you love as well. I'll have Malfoy Manor when I've kicked your arse."

"Agreed," Malfoy spat.

Professor Flitwick moved forward, a scowl on his face. He quickly created a duelling platform.

Ron took Hermione's hand and dragged her so that they were facing Malfoy's end and at the back. In a quiet voice, he started to sing, "Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday, dear Hermione, happy birthday to you!"

"Are you insane?" Hermione demanded.

Ron grinned. "Trust me," he said cheerfully. "I wouldn't put my best mate in any sort of trouble. But, when Draco makes a mistake, tell him what it is."

Hermione sighed and folded her arms.

Draco was sending Ron triumphant looks as he waited.

"You know the rules?" Filius asked.

Both boys nodded. Harry was surrounded by Tracey, Susan, Lisa and Parvati, who all gave him a kiss for luck.

Harry joined Draco on the platform, and just stood there, the sort of confidence that one gets with duelling a Dark Lord oozing from his pores.

"Begin," Flitwick shouted.

"Avada Kedavra!" Draco yelled. Harry threw himself to the floor.

There was a horrified hush from the crowd.

"Draco, no!" Pansy shouted.

But nothing happened.

Draco looked bewildered.

"Oh, Draco," Hermione said, a thin smile on her face as she unfolded her arms. "What sort of idiot instigates a duel when he doesn't know the rules?"

"What rules?" Draco asked, as a pressure started to build in the middle of the Hall.

"You asked for a formal duel. Killing curses have always been the forbidden, as they are the height of cowardice. You have broken the terms of the duel, and as such, the magic is going to make you pay."

"No," Malfoy gasped.

"Good bye, Malfoy," Hermione said softly.

The pressure continued to build, and Draco tried to run away, but found he couldn't move anything from his neck down.

"Malfoy," Tracey called; her voice diamond hard. "Don't worry about your mother. I always wanted a pet, and I'm sure Harry will enjoy her!"

Draco appeared absolutely horrified. He turned again, facing Ron.

Ron smiled faintly and saluted him, moving his arm around Hermione.

He could see the understanding appear in Malfoy's eyes, and that one second was the single greatest moment of his life. Malfoy admitted that he had lost, and that Ron had won.

The pressure suddenly vanished, and with it, so did Malfoy, never to be seen again.

The entire Great Hall was silent.

“A pet?” Harry asked Tracey.

“Hell no, we’ll give her a small house and a pension,” Tracey said. “I don’t want her any where near us!”

Harry looked relieved, before he was mobbed by four ecstatic girls.

Hermione turned to look at him. “You told him about the duel, but not the no-killing curse rule?”

He nodded.

“And Malfoy was his normal arrogant self.”

Ron nodded again.

Hermione reached up, wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him solidly. “Thank you,” she said against his lips. “I loved my present!” She smiled softly, and then, under her breath, started to sing.

“Weasley can do anything,

He’s gonna give me a wedding ring,

That’s why Hermione sings,

Weasley is my King.”