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English version

Von sutekh_nubt

1+1+1=??

Title: 1+1+1 =??

Fandom: Harry Potter

Pairing: ??/ RW

Warnings: Oneshot, Humor / Parody, Lime? (A tiny little bit), BTEM (Beware the english mistakes! When you find one, keep it - I mean, tell me, please!)

Disclaimer: My name is not JK Rowling and thus I don't earn anything with this little thing.

Story: Harry and Hermione are not quite ready for Ron's information of whom he will bring to the Christmas party.

~**~

"Harry James Potter! You can't just break into his apartment!"

"But 'Mine. I don't really break into it. We're friends.", and as if this would be an sufficient explanation, The Savior-of-the-Wizard-World waved his wand shortly above the rusty door knob and the rotten door opened after a soft click. With a triumphant "Ha!" Harry grinned at Hermione and pushed open the door to Ron's small kingdom.

Yes, Ron's. After the war the youngest male Weasley had suddenly announced that he needed a home of his own. And not only that. Ron also wanted to try out life as a Muggle for a while. Mr. Weasley described it as a phase (and since moving visited the So-do-Muggles-live-interesting-interesting-apartment of his scion quite often – what said son quite regreted) and Mrs Weasley believed it to be Ron's way of coming to terms with the events of the last battle and was knitting since then with a little smile on her face on a whole brown set. The twins had announced loudly and with gestures that "Ronilein" just wanted to be alone with his great love *smoochsmooch* and had told Hermione that she would have to be careful with their brother because he was still so inexperienced.

Without question two faces then competed for the most reddish skin tone. Stuttering Ron had tried to correct his brothers, but they already tried to exceed each other with the best description for Ron's reddish – both already agreed that they would have to invent something with that name. Only after Hermione had brought a week later her handsome boyfriend to the weekly meal at the Weaslys, did the words stuck in the twins throats. Literally.

But for Ron's taste the pair rebounded much too quickly. They introduced him then to half of their Hogwarts year and to every female customer of their flourishing business, about whom their "male instinct" told them that she was single.

Needless to say that this was not always positive for Ron's health.

And basically pointless.

Since his brothers – and after a while even the rest of the clan, though more haltingly and blessed with more tact – presented him to people with the wrong sex. But Ron simply didn't have the heart to confess to his family, this tiny little trifle. Moreover, it would certainly not stop them. Then men would be presented to him.

Harry and Hermione knew of his – as Ron stressed – tiny dilemma and had had to promise him faithfully, not to interfere, and – most importantly – not to play matchmaker, too. But the pair would not be Ron's best friends, if they had not found a way around this promise. And so they wanted to introduce Ron at the upcoming Christmas party once again to a pretty young Auror colleague. Of course, only introduce.

That was, if Ron would come.

And just that – the under friendly persuasion won promise to come – Harry wanted to accomplish through his unannounced visit.

With a few steps, they were in his living room and Hermione took a breath again to continue her whispered triad "Why one should not break in, even if, after repeated knocking the best friend who should actually be present, does not open" as the two heard a voice from the behind the living room located kitchen.

It was Ron's voice. Although it sounded to Harry's ears strangely rough and breathlessly. Trained reflexes took control and a quick glance showed him that everything was in Ron's order and he could not feel other people. However, the past few years had shown him that it was not always as it seemed and with a leap he was at the kitchen door. Hermione screamed a desperate "Harry!" to stop him, since the second in the league had seen something that Harry had apparently overlooked in his haste: the Muggle-phone was not on his station and together with the smoky voice, she came to a different conclusion than The-Savior-of-the-Wizard-World. But it was too late.

With a jerk Harry had torn open the door and tried to slam it just as quickly.

A horrified "Ron!" and a surprised squeal later, Hermione was standing in the door and quickly had a red shadow on her cheeks. Just because she had been friends with two boys for years and had a boyfriend herself it did not mean that she had seen it all and this situation was for all those present more than just embarrassing.

Obviously, Ron also came to this conclusion, who was, till then, frozen on the spot with one hand on the phone and the other on his cock. With another squeal – which he would later claim was a very masculine inhalation with noise generation – he dropped the phone and hurriedly grabbed his lowered pants. A stooped posture and the beloved gravity were never a good team for rushed acts. And so inevitable happened: with an inelegant Wham the ball of arms and legs crashed on the old tiles. Ron hurriedly tried to cover at least something, quickly pulled up his pants and squeezed back his about the narrowness of the jeans displeased jewels.

Shortly pity crossed Harry's face – since he was a man too and knew how tough denim scratched on energized skin. But then his eyes fell upon the innocent, on the ground lying phone, and finally Harry also added 'Ron doesn't open the door + breathless voice + Phone' to a pretty sum.

A nasty grin then overspread the striking face and slowly he leaned to the handset.

"Well, Ronilein. I never would have thought of you ~." came the played indignant and with two octaves too high voice of Ron's best friend, who was now leaning casually against the kitchen counter and played with one hand with the phone.

Immediately Ron's head snapped up and he froze for the second time that day to a pillar of salt. A mantra of 'Oh, shit, shit, shit' started in Ron's thoughts and was replaced by a panicky, 'No, no, no' when Harry with a saccharine voice and a mischievous glint in his eyes raised the device, pressed the loud speaker button and said: "I'd really like to know who wants to mess up my innocent Ronilein here."

Hermione, it must be mentioned in her defense, tried for a brief – indeed, very brief – moment to stop Harry, but she also wanted to know who at the other end of the line had put Ron in this – let's call it interesting – position.

The answer was more than Harry could handle.

"I doubt that it's 'Your Ronilein', Potter. And he is more than just far away from being innocent.", sounded it dark and amused from the speakers.

Harry knew that voice.

He knew it.

Although not too well, but he had heard it often enough to recognize it.

"Wha-how-huh?" Said one corner of the kitchen, while the other struck her hand to her mouth in horror.

In his mind Ron saw the amused grin of his lover and he cursed himself for the umpteenth time that he had not heard the door on time. And he cursed his lover, too, for distraction him. Even if it was a pleasant sort of distraction. Ron just hoped he could somehow save the situation and so he began hesitantly with a "Uh, Harry, it's not like you-"

"I know!"

Surprised by this outburst Hermione and Ron looked to the last one of the trio. Ron wanted to exhale relaxed, since it seemed as if Harry would immediately accept for once in his life news without discussing them to death.

But he got his hopes up too soon. With fixed eyes Harry's gaze snapped to a startling Ron.

"I know! I know! You didn't phone him! It was someone else on the phone. Right?" Harry didn't even wait for an answer before he shouted an almost panicked "Right?" into the phone while his voice flew into the upper octaves.

"Potter", began a voice soaked with slowly rising subliminal rage at the other end, "With whom should have Ron" (and here Hermione's eyes went large and she looked to an embarrassed Ron with a "Did he just call you by first name?"-gaze, which was answered by a little irritated "How else? That is my name."-look) "spoken then? With my house elf?"

The last was said with some sarcasm shining through and the voice actually wanted to continue, but Harry's "Yes" stopped him short and everyone's eyes – present and listening – nearly fell out of their heads.

Ron gasped in horror and picked himself up quickly with Hermione's help.

Outraged and shocked Ron wanted to say something, but every other word would have fallen on deaf ears, since Harry had apparently become aware at last of what he had just said. Shock and embarrassment paired on the face of The-Rescuer-of-the-Wizard-World and then there was for a long time only disgust. Disgust, disgust, in all its versions. These were then chased away by a pardon pleading face, followed by embarrassment, anger, and again shock, embarrassment and disgust.

Somewhere between these last expressions he was then caught and this time it was Harry, who froze to ice. Ron knew that Harry thought about him and his interlocutor, lastly. He probably should have been angry that Harry got ill from the thought, but he was too busy to ask the once again snatched phone for forgiveness.

A very dark and audible grin was followed by "I would like to know what kind of face Potter has now." and Ron was once again only too well aware of why he had not told his two best friends about his lover.

Merlin! He would have been happy if it had never happened and would never happen.

With a hesitant "Ron?" the aforementioned was torn from his thoughts and faced a frozen World-Rescuer and a witch equipped with a questioning, while determined look.

"Um, yes?"

"Why have you been phoning him? "

"Uh, he, he is my date for the celebration?"

"Is that a question?"

"Uh, no, of course not!"

"...."

"...."

"Since when is he your date? "

In this one sentence was so much subtext that Ron did not immediately know how he should respond and he got tangled up in his 'Ah's and 'Uh's – much to the amusement of his lover, who could not suppress a laugh in time.

Obviously, also the questioner found it amusing and so Hermione then said with a cheeky wink and dragging a still frozen Harry while going out: "I see. Well then, we will not further disrupt this conversation. "

And then Ron was alone again in his apartment. He just did not knew whether that was better. His whole family will probably tear down the door in an hour and give him a superlative lashing. After they had first examined him of curses and the Imperius, of course.

Unconsciously Ron had to groan at the thought.

"Hmm, apparently the surprise is over."

"Um, ... huh?"

"Well, they will tell your family."

"I know, but I thought, you didn't want to come?"

"Now I probably must. Potter will hardly be able to keep his big mouth. And also, Ron, I'm looking forward to your family. "

"Wha-tha? ... Do you realize that one can hear your grin through the line? "

"..."

"Lucius Malfoy, you sadist!"

~ * The End * ~