

Harry Potter

Bloke Night

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Summary: Ron and the other Weasley brothers are tired of Harry missing 'Bloke Night' so they've decided to do something about it.

Ron Weasley stepped into the room and had to grin at the sight of three of his brothers sprawled on various surfaces. Charlie was seated on the floor, Ron's chess set spread in front of him as he played solitary. George was sitting, upside down, in Ron's favorite chair, his legs dangling over the back and steam coming out his ears for some reason. Fred was in the kitchen of the moderately small flat, two flagons in his hands as he poured a suspiciously dark blue liquid back and forth, causing them to foam and sizzle slightly. The small propeller on his multi-colored hat spun every now and again.

None of this made Ron twitch an eyebrow. Not much about his family could these days. He figured he had seen most everything there was to see in his twenty three years.

"Where's Bill?" he grunted out as he opened the small cupboard above the Muggle refrigerator and removed a golden bottle of Firewhiskey.

"Late," Charlie called out un-helpfully. The twins were discussing their newest drink invention heatedly and Ron just smirked at them.

It was 'Bloke Night' for the Weasleys, as they called it. The women of the family met regularly to gossip and the boys took the opportunity to spend quality time together as well. Quality time was defined by how much liquor was involved and the number of sobering charms provided at the end of the evening. Somewhere along the years they had learned to play Muggle poker as well and a game usually materialized.

"Here, Ron, try this." Fred shoved a shot glass of his concoction into his youngest brother's hand. He watched in almost giddy anticipation as Ron eyed the drink and sniffed it vaguely before tossing it back.

George rocked the chair forward and pitched his legs over his head to stand upright again.

"Well?" he asked.

Ron was bent forward, his hands on his knees as he clutched at the burning in his throat. Jets of steam were pouring out his ears and nose. Fred clapped him happily on the back and grinned at his twin.

"Looks like we finally got the mixture right."

Charlie stood and laughed at Ron who was wheezing and coughing, although the steam had finally stopped. "You never learn, Ronnikins." He refused the sinister blue liquid, instead pouring himself an ample shot of golden Firewhiskey.

"Anyone heard from Ginny lately?" Fred questioned as he began setting out glasses.

"Mum said her last letter was a few weeks ago. Finals or whatever," George said with a shrug.

"I swear Hermione rubbed off on that girl," Charlie complained. "A Muggle University?"

"She seems happy," Ron conceded. "We'll see in a few weeks, I guess, when she comes home for the summer."

A popping sound signaled the arrival of the last Weasley. Bill, looking slightly rough in wrinkled robes and disheveled hair, quickly reached for a pre-poured shot of drink.

"Sorry I'm late," he breathed out after the searing liquid had graced his mouth. "Fleur asked me to put the girls down before I left. Three bedtime stories, two trips to the loo and four drinks of water later and the little beggars are finally down."

Ron smirked and laughed along with his other brothers at the story. Everyone knew that Bill's two part-Veela daughters had him wrapped around their fingers.

"That's alright, Bill. We were just getting started." Fred poured another shot of this steaming drink and placed it under Bill's scrunched nose.

"Erm, I think not," he replied, pushing it back toward Fred who gulped it with only minimal steam escaping. "Last time I tried one of your drinks it took three sobering charms to allow me to walk again. I'll not be repeating that experience."

"Well, let's get on with it then. Hermione said she might be coming home early anyway." Ron sat himself at the round dining table and pulled out a box that held red, white and blue colored poker chips and playing cards. It was Ron's turn to host 'Bloke Night', thus his and Hermione's London flat had been invaded.

The four others quickly found their seats amidst Quidditch talk and the like.

"Where's Potter tonight?" Charlie asked, realizing that the sixth chair at the table was empty.

Ron shrugged. "He might come, or not. He was supposed to back from that Auror conference he's been at sometime today, I think. I sent a reminder with Pig early today, but he never replied.

"That's the last two of these he's missed," Fred filled them all in as Ron dealt the cards.

"Too right," George agreed, "last time he claimed he was too tired. Becoming a right old man he is."

Ron snorted. "A few weeks ago, I popped in to chat and the bloke was passed out on the sofa."

"What's wrong with that?" Bill asked.

"It was eight o'clock in the evening," Ron declared with something resembling abhorrence. "Most Eligible Bachelor in Britain and he's sleeping away a Saturday night. Hasn't had a date in months, that I know of, anyway. Doesn't go out anywhere. He just sits at home in that flat of his and reads or watches the telly."

"We need to do something about that," Fred proclaimed.

Ron shrugged. "He won't go on any date we fix him up on. Hermione brought home this real nice witch from the Ministry the other night for dinner. I've never seen Harry eat so fast in my life. He

was done in fifteen minutes and left another five after that. If I didn't know better, I'd say he had plans that night; fidgety he was, all through dinner."

Charlie sneered. "Maybe he doesn't like birds. Ever thought of that, Ron. Maybe he's more into blokes."

"Eurgh, Charlie!" Four wails sounded as the Dragon Keeper grinned.

"No, he likes witches," Ron confirmed.

"I don't think that's it," George speculated as he tossed his useless cards on the table; the game had all but been abandoned for a discussion of the love life of their friend. "I think Harry's just looking for the right one, if you know what I mean. He's not in to the whole dating scene and one night stands and all because he's looking for 'the one'."

"That sounds like him," Bill confirmed with a nod, draining his glass.

"Yeah, maybe you're right," Ron nodded. "But then again, he works so blasted much that he'll never find the right one."

"We should storm his flat and drag him out tonight," Fred demanded, pounding his fist on the table and making the drinks, cards and chips bounce.

"Would serve him right," George agreed.

The room went silent as five grins spread around the table.

"Right. Bill," Ron turned to his oldest brother, "Harry's wards are no laughing matter. I've got a key to the flat, but I've never been there uninvited before. From what I gather, that's not something you want to do."

The former curse breaker nodded, a confident smirk on his face. "I'll get you in, but do we even know if he's home yet?"

Ron stood abruptly and walked to the fireplace, tossing a bit of floo powder in. "Lupin Hall," he called out. A pleasant, heart shaped face stared back at him.

"Wotcher, Ron."

"Hey, Tonks. I was just wondering if you've heard from Harry lately. He's supposed to be getting back from that conference today and he's missed 'Bloke Night'."

"Conference?" Tonks stared at the glowing head in her fireplace. "What conference? Harry's been on holiday leave for two weeks. He's due to report back on Monday."

"Holiday? Would he have used his leave to attend an Auror conference?"

Tonks grinned. "No. They give us special time off for that. Besides, Harry's up for the European Summit meeting in a few weeks. He'd not be scheduled for two so close together. Looks like someone pulled the wool over your eyes."

“Ruddy bastard!” Ron swore as he realized his best friend had lied to him.

“Maybe he just wanted to get away for a bit, you know.” Tonks grinned even wider.

“Right,” Ron declared. “We’ll just go over there and straighten this out then.”

“Mind the wards,” Tonks reminded. “He’s got some nasty ones.”

“Cheers, Tonks. Say hello to Moony for us.”

“Righto, Ron. Talk to you later.”

Ron extracted himself from the fireplace and turned to glare at his brothers. “The ruddy bastard wasn’t at a conference. He’s been on holiday for two weeks.”

“That settles it, then,” Charlie nodded.

“He’ll not lie to his brothers,” Fred cracked his knuckles menacingly.

“Gentlemen, let’s go,” Bill confirmed.

“I have to say,” Bill mumbled as his wand continued to move in intricate patterns over the plain steel door in front of the group of half-inebriated red heads, “Harry’s a right artist with the wards. I’ve never seen some of these.”

“Will he know when we’ve broken through?” Ron asked, fearfully wondering what would happen to them if Bill couldn’t get them in safe.

“Maybe,” Bill conceded. “That’s assuming he’s home and won’t blow us through the wall when we finally get in there.”

A few minutes later, Bill moved aside and motioned for Ron to use the small metal key that lay in his palm. With a deep breath, Ron slipped it into the lock and twisted. All five of the men cringed and waited on tense legs. Nothing happened. No sirens, no bells.

“Told you I’d get you in,” Bill said confidently. Taking a cautious step into the flat, he waited. When nothing further happened, he waived the others in. The door closed quietly behind them and a loud pop and puff of smoke shot up in the air. The five red heads froze and waited for it to clear.

Each Weasley was now sporting neon blue hair, down to his eyebrows and eyelashes.

“Blimey,” Ron muttered. “Time delayed?” he asked his eldest brother. Bill nodded.

“We’re lucky it’s not worse. Everyone still have all their bits?”

Nervously, they all checked appendages, and finding all well, breathed a collective sigh of relief.

“Right, let’s see if the little bugger is home,” Charlie growled softly. “If he’s asleep, we’ll stun him, strip him and leave him in the middle of Diagon Alley.”

Hushed chuckles could be heard as the five began to search the flat for signs of life. A pile of unopened mail sat on the bureau in the entry hall. Hedwig's perch, which sat just inside the door, near a window, was empty.

"He's back," Fred confirmed, pointing to a well used trunk that had been discarded in the center of the living room. Opening the trunk, Fred whistled low and, using his wand, pulled up a bright red piece of cloth with lots of strings.

"Harry might have a few more secrets than we think," he smirked. The bikini top hung precariously on the tip of the wood and the boys' eyes grew huge. George joined his brother and lifted out a long silky cream colored nightgown, complete with lacy top and spaghetti straps.

"Merlin," Ron breathed. "He's... thats..."

"Not his," Bill finished. "At least I hope not."

"Erm, boys," Charlie interrupted from the kitchen. "He may have company. There are two tea cups in the sink, two plates, two empty wine goblets, a salad in the fridge and leftover Italian food as well."

All five heads turned in the direction of the hallway that led to the bathroom and two bedrooms housed in the flat.

"You don't think..." Ron let his words die out, his blue eyebrows knit together in a mixed look of disgust and envy.

"We think," both Fred and George said at the same time. Fred dug in his pockets, pulling out a long bit of flesh colored string.

"Fred! George!" Ron hissed. "Don't you dare! That's Harry in there... with who-knows-who!"

"Inquiring minds want to know," Fred nodded.

"Tell me you're not the least bit curious, Ron." George smiled knowingly at the taller man.

"Well," a very conflicted Ron answered. "But what if they're..."

"Shagging?" Fred smirked. "I certainly hope they're not in there playing chess. Otherwise-"

"-we have much to teach him," George finished.

Five sets of eyes watched as the bit of string wiggled under the door of Harry's bedroom.

"It's been modified to amplify the sound to all of us," George explained as he held up the listening bit to the eager listeners. Their eyes went wide as the silencing barrier was crossed. Nothing was heard but a slight humming sound in the background. Fred's face turned up to Ron.

"Is there another loo?"

"Er, yeah. There's one off of Harry's room." He shifted guiltily, thinking of the privacy he was

invading-almost praying that Harry's company had left for the night.

"Shower," both twins said out loud. A muffled mumbling that was growing louder made them all stiffen again.

The click of a door opening. Harry's voice was now picking up on the Extendable Ear. "... no, take your time, love..." A higher pitched voice answered but they couldn't make it out over the rush of water. Closer rustling sounds as, they assumed, Harry pulled on clothing and moved around the room. His steps, suddenly coming close to where the spies were hiding out, caused the five men to scramble over each other out of the narrow hallway, abandoning the Extendable Ear completely.

They were just settled guiltily on the two sofas in the living room when Harry's door swung open and Harry exited, pushing his fingers through his wet, black hair. He was wearing cotton drawstring pajama pants and a hastily thrown on t-shirt. The look on his face, however, showed controlled fury and a bit of a smirk at their obvious problems with his wards.

"Gentlemen," he acknowledged the red faced, blue haired men now looking anywhere but at him. "I believe this is yours." He tossed the long fleshy string onto Fred's lap.

"Harry..." Ron began but stopped abruptly, knowing there was nothing he could say to make this whole situation less awkward.

"Save it," Harry growled out. Ron immediately snapped his mouth shut and looked contrite. The twins, however, were turning redder by the moment and looked as if they would burst with laughter. "Mind telling me how long you've all been here?"

"Er, well, you see..." Charlie started.

"Only about ten minutes," Bill finished. "We didn't realize you had company."

"You missed another 'Bloke Night'," Ron piped up, as if that gave them all the excuse in the world for breaking into Harry's flat.

"I see," Harry said, his arms folded over his chest. "So that gives you the right to barge in here, break down my wards and intrude on my evening. Let alone using an Extendable Ear in my bedroom?"

"You lied to us!" Ron accused, standing up and feeling much braver than he ought to facing a trained Auror who was as mad as Harry looked.

"I lied?" Harry asked softly. "When did I lie to you, Ron?"

"You said you were going to an Auror convention when you've really been on holiday these two weeks. Don't try to deny it!" he yelled out as Harry took a breath to reply. "Tonks told us you were on holiday leave and due back Monday."

Harry looked far from guilty and Ron sat again. "I never told you I was going to an Auror convention," he said plainly. "I said I was going to be gone for a fortnight or so. You just assumed it was for work."

"I... you..." Ron spluttered, realizing he was dead in the water.

"Does it really matter?" Fred choked out with a laugh. "Seems we all know what was happening in that room." This brought sniggers all around, except for Harry.

"Well, I just wondered if I can go back in and face my wife again, knowing that you all heard us having sex." Harry gestured behind him toward the hall. Ron, realizing what he had just said, slipped off the couch and onto the floor.

"W-w-wife?"

"Yeah, Ron," Harry smirked. "You have one. You know, the vows, the rings; a wife." He held up his left hand and wiggled his fingers. There, on his third finger lay a shiny, brand-new gold wedding band.

"You're married!" George cried as they all stood in shock.

"Well, I hope I still am, after tonight," Harry snapped back. "You prats really take the cake, you know. You deserve a hell of a lot more than just blue hair."

"But, Ron said you don't date," Charlie blurted out, a look of confusion on his face.

"Jumping to conclusions again, mate," Harry said. "Just because I don't give you every detail of my life doesn't mean I don't have one."

"Yeah, but... married?" Ron asked again. "When?"

Harry ran a frustrated hand through his hair. "Two weeks," he admitted with a sigh. "We eloped. You prats just crashed the last bit of our honeymoon."

"Can we meet her?" George said in a contrite voice.

"Yeah," Bill agreed. "We'd love to meet her, Harry."

"I don't think..." An almost feral grin spread across Harry's face as he changed his mind. "Yeah. Yeah, I think you should meet her. You gits won't know what hit you!" With a viscous swipe, Harry whipped out his wand and immobilized the five red heads. They watched, silent and still, as he marched back down the hallway, each inwardly cringing.

A scream and the sound of a small freight engine was the next thing they heard as the petite form of Ginny Weasley, now apparently Ginny Potter, charged down the corridor toward them, wand in hand.

Hermione Weasley apparated into her and Ron's shared home expecting to find all her brothers-in-law in various stages of drunkenness and a huge mess all over the flat. Instead the rooms were dark and there was very little scent of debauchery to be found. She ignited her wand tip and looked around.

"Ron?"

A muffled grunt from the direction of the sofa was the only response she got.

“Ron, is that you?” Hermione turned on the light switch and gasped at the sight of her husband.

“What did you get up to now?” she demanded taking in his blue hair and the word ‘Wanker’ spelled out in flashing neon pink letters along his forehead. “What did Fred and George do to you?” She sat next to him and Ron cringed at the heated look she gave him. He mumbled a response, staring at his hands.

“What was that?”

“I said,” Ron huffed, “it wasn’t Fred or George. It was Harry.”

Hermione looked confused for a moment. “Harry?”

“Yeah,” Ron looked away embarrassed. “And Ginny.”

“Harry and Ginny. Ron that makes no sense. Harry is at a convention and Ginny’s up at the University for another week.” She watched, bewildered as he shook his head fiercely.

“No, that’s what we all thought. But they... Oh, Merlin, I can’t believe they did it.”

Hermione looked even more frustrated at him. “Did what, Ron? You’re still not explaining why you’re sporting blue hair and have that horrid word written on you.”

Ron scooted slightly away from his wife and sighed heavily. “Well, it all started when Harry didn’t show up for bloke night...”