

Forbidden!
Hermione don't play that

When Hermione vanished two days before their wedding, Ron was terrified with worry. Where could she have gone? What might have happened to her?

In his panic, Ron did what he always did, he ran to Harry.

"Where could she be?" the Redhead asked plaintively. "Who could have taken her?"

"Ron," Harry sighed, preparing for perhaps the fifth time in two days to explain to his best friend what had happened. "This is Hermione we're talking about. No one 'took' her. She packed. She put her things into storage. She sublet her flat. She made reservations with British Airlines. She changed her mind."

"She would have said something."

"Ron, she did. The night you got drunk and forbade her from going to Australia to look for her parents." Harry sighed again. "She told you to go to hell, remember? That you didn't own her, and that she would rather marry Draco Malfoy than you. Open your eyes, you screwed up, and you lost her."

"She didn't mean that," Ron protested. "She was joking."

"Joking? Hermione?" Harry asked incredulously. "When did she ever joke?"

"Look, Harry," Ron said, shaking his head. "You just don't understand true love. I mean if you did would you never would have moved out of the Burrow! Ginny is still waiting for you."

"She'll have plenty of time to wait," Harry frowned. "Ginny doesn't own me, either."

"You keep saying that, but you know it isn't true. Look Harry," Ron pleaded. "We both know you aren't doing anything right now..."

"I'm studying for my N E W T S." Harry pointed out.

"Yeah, lots of free time," Ron agreed, missing the point. "Look for her for me, let her know she's ruining her life, and that I forgive her."

"That you forgive her?"

"Yeah," Ron nodded. "Just let her know."

"All right Ron," Harry nodded. "If I see her, I'll let Hermione know you forgive her."

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Not long after that meeting, Harry Potter also disappeared from magical Britain. No one knew anything about the whereabouts of the Boy Who Lived, beyond the fact that he had sold off his remaining properties and appeared to have vanished from the face of the earth.

Or at least Britain, as if there were any difference.

Ron Weasley found himself investing every second he was not at work for George at the Joke Shop he was in the search for the love of his life and his best friend.

Well, every second he wasn't at work, at his Mum's for dinner, at a Cannon's game, or a Cannon's practice, or listening on the Wireless in breathless anticipation of the Canon's Picks at the Annual Quidditch Draft, despite not understanding how the team that was dead last in every league standing except consecutive losses somehow always seemed to have the very last pick in the draft, and then only after all the other teams' rosters were full.

So, every second. After five years of searching, he picked up a hint that Hermione might have been seen in the Amazonian Rainforest studying potions among the local Shaman healers. Without wasting a moment, Ron purchased a portkey to Ulaanbaatar to begin his search.

Three weeks later, after finally determining that the Amazon Rainforest was nowhere near the Gobi desert, Ron appeared in downtown Borba, Brazil, the largest Wizarding community in the Rainforest.

Forgetting to reset his translator charm from Mongolian, Ron spent several days asking around town about a bushy-haired woman, and receiving several affirmative answers, but continued on his way in blissful ignorance. Finally, in total frustration he set off into the forest.

On his third day in the jungle, Ron rounded a massive tree trunk and found himself surrounded by a bloodthirsty group of natives.

The leader, the man with the most ornate body tattoos and beadwork on his loincloth stood in front of his hunting party and said, "Uklt Rugath, Suunal quaqt leeval tourist jamtlk soota!"

Which, if Ron's translator charm were not still set to Mongolian, would have translated to "look sharp boys, the more evil we look, the more the tourists eat it up."

Ron surveyed his situation, and said quietly to himself, "I'm fucked."

A ray of light broke forth from the sky and a familiar voice boomed out:

"Language Ronald Billius Weasley! You listen to me Ron, you are NOT fucked. You pick up that stone in front of you and bash the chief's head in. That will show that you are a great warrior and the rest of the clan will worship you."

"Hermione?" Ron asked, looking to the sky.

"Never mind that Ron, just do it." Hermione's voice insisted.

Deciding that he really didn't have any choice, Ron picked up the stone and proceeds to bash in the head of the chief. Breathing heavily while standing above the sprawled out-chief in a pose of victory, Ron looked to the other tribesmen and waited.

Surrounding him are the 100 native warriors with a look of shock on their faces.

Hermione's voice boomed out again: "Okay Ron... NOW you're fucked!"

---oooOOOooo---

Three thousand miles away, in their penthouse apartment, Harry Potter wrapped his arms around Hermione from behind.

"Was that strictly necessary?" He asked. "I mean, sure, he's a pushy clueless jerk sometimes, but he was our friend."

"No," Hermione admitted as she covered the crystal ball she had used to scrye Ron's encounter. "It wasn't really necessary, but it was deserved. He shouldn't have tried to forbid me from doing anything." A smile quirked at her lips. "Hermione don't play that." She emphasized her point by smacked him with a pair of rolled up socks.

"Hmm." Harry murmured as he nuzzled into her neck and plucked the sock ball from her hand. "That's it, no more yank TV for you young lady."

"Oh, really?" she asked reaching up to run her fingers through his hair. "Do you forbid it?"

"Oh, hell no," Harry answered with a tingle of very real fear. "The only thing I forbid is forbidding you to do anything."

"And the girls in the dorm thought that you could never be trained," Hermione giggled as she led him back to bed.

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