Two Truths and a Lie

by Kelpie169

Summary

Ron plays two truths and a lie and finds out some interesting things about Pansy Parkinson-and himself.

Notes

This was written for the Fairest of the Rares Facebook groups Love Fest 2018! So yeah, this is a gift and it's unbeta'd because I whipped it out in like...a few hours over the course of the day with kidlets breaking my brain...so yeah. Forgive any mistakes-they may get fixed, they may not. Sorry. Enjoy lovelies!

Disclaimer: If you recognize it, it's not mine! I make no money from this or anything!

Ron glared as Pansy Parkinson plucked the last chocolate frog off the shelf.

“Oi! I was reaching for that!”
She turned elegantly on her stiletto, though he still towered over her by almost a foot. “And I got to it first. Tough luck, Ron.”

She sauntered away as Ron fumed, his eyes moving swiftly over the shelves as he searched for any other candy that would do. It was only as the door was swinging shut behind the pretty Slytherin seventh year that he realized she’d called him ‘Ron’.

x . x . x . x . x

“Party in the head dorms tonight. Hermione says we have to be there.” Harry flopped down on the saggy chair beside him and Ron groaned.

“I don’t want to hang out with a bunch of snakes. She and Malfoy are entirely too comfortable together now.”

Ever since they’d come back to complete their eighth year, their best friend had been hanging out with the pointy faced ferret way too much, in his opinion. Just because they hadn’t worked out as a couple didn’t mean she had to go looking in the green and silver department for a man. There were plenty of blokes who wore red and gold who would gladly take her out if she were looking for a good time.

“She insisted. Remember last time you didn’t listen to her?”

Ron winced, the remembered phantom pain flaring in his mind. He was convinced his buttock still wasn’t quite the same as it had been before.

“Alright, alright. Are we supposed to bring anything?”

Harry grinned. “Just charming selves. I’m going to pick up Luna from Ravenclaw tower in a few. She’s making her special brownies.”

Ron chuckled as Harry wiggled his eyebrows. “No thanks, mate. You can pick up your girl and snog in peace. I’ll make my own way there.”
“Okay! See ya!”

x . x . x . x . x

The sound of his knock was slow and reluctant as he waited listlessly in the hallway outside the Head Dorms.

“Weaselbee! You made it!” Draco’s jovial grin was in sharp contrast to the nickname he’d bestowed on him in their younger years, but Ron just shrugged it off as Hermione nudged Draco aside and pulled her friend through the portrait hole.

“You made it!” she hiccupped daintily and giggled as she stumbled backward in Theo Notts waiting embrace as Ron’s eyebrows rose clear into his hairline. “We’ve been-” She paused for another hiccup. “-playing two truths and a lie.”

She glanced around quickly, then leaned forward, though it was only through Nott’s hands on her hips that she stayed upright. “I’m winning!” Her voice was entirely too loud to be the whisper she thought she’d spoken in and Pansy rolled her eyes from the couch behind the trio and gestured Ron over to her.

“Sorry ‘bout that. Granger apparently can’t hold her liquor.”

He snorted indelicately. “I could’ve told you lot that. She got pissed at the Burrow over the summer and...oh Merlin, it wasn’t pretty.”

“What, what did she do?”

“We swore we’d never tell.”

Pansy leaned in closer and licked her lips. Ron narrowed his eyes and grinned. “That won’t work on me, Parkinson. But I will say that she did try to come onto one of the ducks in the pond out back and got bloody angry and started shouting about how much she’d done for this bloody duck and-”
A shadow fell over the two of them and Ron gulped audibly, his blue eyes widening as they met Pansy’s brown ones. “And the bloody duck was delicious, with that cranberry dressing on the side. Right ‘Mione? I was telling Pansy here about Percy’s birthday dinner last year.”

The two grinned innocently as the Head girl narrowed her eyes, but Theo took the initiative and distracted her by nibbling on her neck.

“Oh it was delicious, Pansy! You should come to the Burrow sometime and try Mrs. Weasley’s cooking!”

“You’re delicious, love!” Theo’s words made Ron’s nose wrinkle in disgust, though Pansy burst into uncontrollable giggles at her friend’s obvious enjoyment of his girlfriend.

“Oi! Are we playing or what, you tossers?!” Draco bounced over toward the sofa, seating himself on the other side of Pansy and shoving her closer to Ron and making them both flush a brilliant shade of red as the others in attendance gathered around the table in the middle of the Common Room.

“Okay, who was next?”

“Wait, wait! How do you play?” Ron asked, slightly reluctant to play an unknown game.

“Glad you asked, Weaslebee! You can go first since you were the last one here!” Draco grinned widely again and shoved a shot glass of firewhiskey into his hand. “This is laced with a mild dose of veritaserum. You tell us, in no particular order, two truths and one lie. Then we collectively vote, by tossing a trinket in a designated space on the table, on which is which. Then you take the shot and admit to which is the lie. Whoever guess wrong takes a nonlaced shot.”

Ron grimaced. No wonder everyone was pissed—with the exception of, apparently, Pansy. She seemed as sober as ever.

“Alright. Two truths and one lie. Two truths and one lie. Hmmm.” Rom mused for a moment.

“Don’t hurt yourself, Ron!” Zacharias Smith called out from across the table and Hermione leaned forward to whip an empty butterbeer bottle at him.
“You shut your mouth, Smith! I’ll have your-” What she’d have was cut off as Theo’s hand clamped over her mouth as he bent to murmur soothing words in her ear as he hauled her into his lap.

Ron shook his head and leaned toward Pansy, though he absently noted he didn’t actually have to lean very far. He also noted that she smelled quite lovely. “She also gets violent when she drinks, if you didn’t notice.”

Pansy snorted indelicately and choked on a laugh as Ron cleared his throat to get everyone’s attention.

“Okay. I have seven siblings. I am a Gryffindor. And my favorite Quidditch team is the Chudley Cannons.”

Chatter broke out as people placed their bets on which was the lie and which were the truths. When the time limit approached, Ron was surprised to note that the only person who correctly got the lie, besides Hermione of course, was Pansy.

“So take the shot Weasley! Tell us!”

At Hannah Abbott’s urging, Ron threw back the Firewhisky, wincing at the burn. “I do NOT have seven siblings. I AM ONE OF seven siblings.”

Groans were heard all around as all but the two young women took their shots.

“I told you, Theo!” Hermione swatted at her boyfriend’s shoulder as he threw back his shot.

“Well, I didn’t think anyone was stupid enough to actually like the Chudley Cannons!”

Ron rolled his eyes. “Okay, who’s next?”
“I’ll go.” Pansy quickly grabbed the shot glass, not bothering to wipe the brim as she grabbed the bottle of laced Firewhisky and poured a measure out. “I have the first ever made Beatrix Bloxam chocolate frog card. I have at least one of every single chocolate frog card ever made. I have to dye my hair because my natural color is actually blonde and I hate it.”

Silence followed Pansy’s proclamation as everyone tried to decide which of her statements were true and false.

There was no way she THE first ever Beatrix Bloxam card. That would be the first card ever made. Ron eyed the pretty girl skeptically-wait, had he just thought her...pretty? What had happened to her pug nose and her weird bobbed hair and her stuck up attitude…

“Oh, place your bets! Place your bets, you plonkers!” Draco’s voice rang out as everyone reached forward to toss their trinket on the table.

Ron hesitantly tossed his forward, not really caring where it landed since he hadn’t the foggiest idea which had been the lie.

“You sure about that, Ron?”

She’d called him ‘Ron’ again. He gulped audibly, his eyes sweeping over her body as the tips of his ears grew hot. “Not at all, love.”

The apples of her cheeks flushed a dusky rose color as she threw back the shot of laced liquor. “Despite the fact the my mum is blonde and ditzy, my hair is as black as my soul, thank you. Next!”

A sharp knock at the door drew everyone’s attention away from the game as Draco bounced up once again to admit a very disheveled Harry and Luna who carried in what were brownies laced with Luna’s specially cultivated ‘herbs’.

Of course that meant that everyone swarmed the tiny Ravenclaw, leaving Ron and Pansy on the couch. She shifted uncomfortably, though he made no move to unsmush himself from her side.

“Uh-did you...um-Lovegood has...I mean, she-brought some...brownies...do you want...uh...why
“You’re beautiful!” His face flared a brilliant shade of red as Pansy sputtered in shock. “I mean, do you-uh...do you really have every chocolate frog card? Yeah, that’s what I meant to say.”

“Wait, you-you think I’m beautiful?”

A cheer sounded from the far side of the common room and Ron rolled his eyes as he leaned closer to her, his forehead coming dangerously close to hers. “Yes.”

It was said so simply and so... honestly that Pansy felt her eyes well up with tears. Her fingers crept up and over his own as they rested on the threadbare denim of his Muggle jeans, the contrast of his large hands and her manicured nails so contradictory and yet so... right.

“About those chocolate frog cards...I could show you. If you like.”

Ron glanced up, his blue eyes meeting hers as a shy smile pulled at his lips. “I think I’d like that, yeah.”

Pansy let her lips pull into a smirk, though it was tempered by the softening of her eyes as she stood and pulled him up with her. “And who knows? Maybe one day they’ll be our chocolate frog cards.”

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!