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"Homework"

By PadyandMoony

Harry heard his co-workers laughter outside and sighed looking at the piles of paperwork he had to go through. Now, most people thought that being Head of the Auror Department was all glamour and fight, but they would be mistaken. Harry forgot the last time he had been on the field, his days seemed to be filled with paperwork and boring budget meetings.

He had been named Head of the Auror Department when Kingsley Shacklebolt had been promoted to being Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. Most people thought Harry had been nominated due to his work as an Auror and mostly his reputation as The-Man-Who-Vanquished-Voldemort (yes, they were finally saying the name).

Few people actually knew that Harry hadn't been the Kingsley's first choice, Ron Weasley had been offered the position before him but refused. Harry never understood why, Ron was a brilliant strategist, he knew when and where their Auror forces were best employed. Which was why, despite Ron having refused the position Harry had asked him to be responsible for the strategic side of the Auror department. He thought Ron would refuse, after all, that wasn't an official position, he would still be an Auror, a senior Auror but just an Auror nonetheless. There would be no raise in his paycheck. But Ron had surprised him and had said yes without batting an eyelash. Harry was grateful, he was never good at planning.

The man in question knocked on Harry's open door and asked with a smile, "We're going out for a pint before heading home, want to join?"

Harry wanted to, he so wanted to, but one look at the ever growing pile of paperwork and he sighed, "No, thanks."

Ron was about to leave when Harry stopped him, "Ron, why didn't you take the job?" he asked curiously.

Ron turned to his friend and gave him a shrug that was less than nonchalant due to what Harry felt was a smirk, "I made a promise to myself when we graduated."

"A promise? But you love your work, and you'd be a great Head. You're a great strategist, you love strategy!"

"Yeah, I do," he said with that smirk and Harry felt he was missing something.

"What promise did you make?" he asked frowning.

"Well, the day I handed my very last essay I vowed that would be the last piece of homework I'd ever do," he said with a straight face and his eyes drifted to the pile of paperwork on the desk. "Gotta go, have fun!" he told a shocked Harry who only recovered when he heard the raucous laughter from outside.

"Son of a ..."

The End

Oh, devious, devious Ron. Thanks for reading!