

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Hermione Granger/Ron Weasley</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Ron Weasley</a> , <a href="#">Hermione Granger</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Post - Deathly Hallows</a> , <a href="#">Humor</a> , <a href="#">Romance</a> , <a href="#">Sexual Content</a> , <a href="#">In Public</a> , <a href="#">Fingerfucking</a> , <a href="#">Caught</a> , <a href="#">Risk Aware Consensual Kink</a> , <a href="#">Love</a> , <a href="#">Naughty</a> , <a href="#">Smut</a> , <a href="#">romione</a>
Stats:	Published: 2012-08-07 Updated: 2012-08-23 Chapters: 6/? Words: 28304

## Permission Slip

by [JesWithOneEss](#), [KariAnn1222](#)

### Summary

Hermione is beginning her final year at Hogwarts while Ron is busy helping out George at the shop. Will the separation entice her to bend the rules in order to see Ron as often as she can? Being Head Girl and a war heroine certainly has its merits. Co-authored by JesWithOneEss. \*\*WINNER! The Smuttastic Award in the 2012 Romione Awards!\*\*

### Notes

Foreword (This is sort of important, so don't skip over!):

Hello, all! This fic is a collaboration between myself and JesWithOneEss - that's right, THE JesWithOneEss (also known as jesrod82 on fanfiction.net), author of some stories that many of you fellow Romione 'shippers may undoubtedly be familiar with, such as Anxious, Look at Me, and Bed of Roses - all fabulous reads that I highly recommend.

But I digress: This little project came about through a conversation on Twitter, in which HappySoPink mentioned that she would love to see me & Jes write something together. Not ones to turn down a challenge, Jes & I upped it a notch by deciding to turn it into a game of sorts by taking turns writing & ending each chapter on a cliffhanger, & thereby challenging the other.

In other words, we have no real clue where we're going with this, and neither of us has an idea of what the other one is going to write, so please keep in mind that this is meant purely for fun and entertainment and is not meant to be taken seriously. Our only real rules are that it should be fun and relatively angst free - and that there should be smut. Oh, yes,

there will be smut (but perhaps not in every chapter). Oh, & the chapters will be relatively short, since this isn't meant to be another "job" or to interfere with our regular fics, so no complaining about the length! ;)

Warnings: This story will contain explicit adult content & language & is not intended for the kiddies, so if you're a minor in your country or place of residence, kindly click the little X at the top right-hand of the screen or use your little "back" arrow. Thanks a bunch.

Disclaimer: Neither I nor jesrod82 own the Harry Potter franchise, and we're certainly not making any money from writing this. No copyright infringement is intended.

Well, looks like I'm up first, ladies & gents! I hope you enjoy!

# Chapter 1

"What the?—Sonuva—!"

The stack of wooden crates, hitherto balanced precariously on a high shelf, rained down on him in an unexpected, violent cascade; Ron Weasley barely had time to raise his arms over his head to protect himself—much less draw his wand in order to cast a hasty Shield Charm—as the boxes came crashing down on him.

When the dust had cleared and the clamor had subsided, he dropped his arms, surveying the wreckage at his feet: Several of the boxes had busted open, their contents now littered across the dusty floor of Weasleys' Wizard Wheeze's storeroom. Chocolate frogs, trick wands, and the contents of Skiving Snackboxes were everywhere.

"I fucking hate you, you one-eared wanker!" he bellowed as George began howling with laughter from just beyond the doorway.

"Oi! Not my fault your feet are too big and you can't steer 'em properly—and you're one t'talk about the wanking, Ronniekins. Isn't that, uh, what you do in your free time now that Hermione's not around t'do it for you?"

"Piss off," Ron growled, his words accompanied by an appropriate hand gesture as George stuck his head in the door, grinned mischievously, and said, "Language, little brother—we do have customers, y'know," before disappearing once more.

Ron shook his head, unable to stop the low chuckle that escaped his lips. Truth was, despite his mock-indignation, he couldn't seem to stay hacked off at his brother: If George was actually laughing and pulling practical jokes again, then Ron would happily endure being called "Ronniekins" and a thousand other humiliating nicknames and ribbings—even though he was doing George a huge favor by just being there to begin with. (Hey, he could've easily taken up Shackbolt's offer and began Auror training alongside Harry earlier that month, but he'd chosen to help George get WWW back up and running instead.)

Fucking hell, maybe it was because of everything he'd been through in the last year, but Ron found that his brother's teasing didn't bother him nearly as much as it once did. Or maybe it was because of the fact that, in spite of having the piss taken out on him twenty times a bloody day, he could tell that George appreciated him—even if he wouldn't admit it in a thousand years.

As Ron took out his wand and began repairing the crates and cleaning up the mess scattered across the floor, he mused that he reckoned George's transformation since summer, when he'd spent his days doing little more than getting pissed stupid, had less to do with Ron's help—or Percy's or Lee's or anyone else's with a knob, for that matter—and a lot to do with a certain someone's more and more frequent appearances in the shop and in the flat above. A certain someone with tits.

Ron began maneuvering the now-repaired boxes back onto the shelf, experiencing a sharp pang of loneliness at the idea of George being comforted by Angelina Johnson, when Hermione wasn't here to "comfort" him, Ron. Yeah, it was probably a bit petty—he really *was* happy for his brother—but he missed Hermione, dammit.

It had been almost four weeks since she'd gone back to Hogwarts alongside Ginny for their seventh and final year at Hogwarts. Four weeks since he'd touched his girlfriend—sometimes just the *idea* that Hermione was now his girlfriend was enough to make him grin like a bloomin' idiot

—smelled her skin, snogged her, entangled his fingers in her surprisingly silky hair. Four weeks since they'd...yeah. That.

At that thought, the temperature in the storeroom warmed by a considerable few degrees, and Ron grumbled in annoyance at his body's instant, involuntary reaction to the mere memories of being with Hermione like that. Sodding hell, it wouldn't do for him to be walking around WWW with a hardie, now, would it? He could just picture it now if George was to come back here and find him "saluting" the merchandise: *Oh, hi, George. No, I'm not a pervy, randy git or anything. Really, I'm not. I'm just back here taking inventory with a raging hard-on. Yep. I'm perfectly normal.*

Ron snorted to himself as he picked up the clipboard from the nearby shelf. *Yeah. Right.*

He went back to work reluctantly, his mind lingering on Hermione. He thought about her all the time, and there wasn't a damned thing he could do, really, to sufficiently distract himself from her absence: He, Harry, George, Angelina, and some of their other old Gryffindor House teammates, plus a former Hufflepuff and a couple of Ravenclaws, including Cho Chang, had taken to meeting for Quidditch once a week on some property owned by Angie's grandparents, having formed a sort of amateur league. Afterward, they would all go out for a pint, sometimes at the Leaky Cauldron, but more often than not at a local Muggle pub: After surviving the war, they all craved the anonymity that only the Muggle world could afford them. (Turns out, Ron didn't enjoy fame quite as much as he thought he would when he was younger. Even still, he remained hopeful about ending up on a chocolate frog card...)

It all helped. Sorta. Problem was, it was only a few hours out of the week, and, now that Harry had started his long hours of Auror training, Ron rarely even saw his best mate, and he hated going home to Grimmauld Place when it was empty. Even though Harry had made extensive renovations over the summer, the former Black family residence still reeked of mothballs, mold, and...and something like desolation. He knew it was stupid, but Ron could swear he could sometimes *feel* the Dark Magic still oozing from the very walls of the bloody place.

That locket, that bit of Voldemort's soul that had taunted Ron last year, had lived in that house.

At least that damned portrait of Sirius's mum was mercifully gone; he and Harry had torn down the bleedin' wall to get rid o'the thing.

He felt like a tit for feeling this way, but it creeped him out being alone there, and so, on evenings when Harry trained 'til late, Ron found himself eating takeout in George's flat after work—well, not so much lately, since his brother seemed to (understandably) prefer the company of Angelina. Actually, these days Ron was spending more time at the Burrow, much to his mum's delight, where she seemed to enjoy torturing him by asking if he'd heard from Hermione.

Of course he'd bloody heard from Hermione. She was his girlfriend, wasn't she? 'Course, he couldn't very well tell his mother about the content of his letters from Hermione, who wrote to him of all the naughty, decidedly un-Hermione-ish things that she was going to do to him when they were finally together again.

Nope, he definitely couldn't tell his mum that beneath Hermione's prim and proper exterior, she was a wild and randy girl. Ron had always secretly imagined so, and, during the summer, he'd relished exploring all the different ways in which he'd been right. Hermione's letters were their own brand of torture indeed, and he really didn't think he could bloody bear the remaining days until the first Hogsmeade weekend of the term... It was agony, and not just for physical reasons—he'd gotten on all right with a physical relationship with just his fist for years, hadn't he?

No, with Hermione, it was so much more than sex: He missed her smile. He missed her hair. He missed her uncanny way of tuning him out when she was reading. He missed her

bloody *nagging*, for fuck's sake: *Ron, it would be prudent of you... Ron, did you remember to...? Oh, honestly, Ron, you shouldn't...*

He smiled affectionately at her voice in his head, literally aching with longing for her company as he thought about the first time they'd made love, right after the Battle: Other than their first kiss outside the Room of Requirement, it was the one bright spot in that blur of nightmarish events...

Ron had given up all semblance of working as he leaned against the wall, lost in thought, wondering what she was doing right now. It was right around lunch, so he imagined that she was in the mostly-repaired Great Hall, sitting with Ginny and absently shoveling food in her mouth in her eagerness to squeeze in a trip to the library before next period. (After seeing the dead lined up in that very room just months ago, his brother among them, he didn't see how anyone could eat there ever again, but he pushed that troubling thought aside.)

Yep, that was his Hermione, all right. Eager to get nuisances like *eating* out of the way so she could get back to the important things in life, namely studying.

Merlin's bollocks, he missed her so sodding *much*.

"Working hard, I see."

His head snapped up in shock: There she was, standing in the doorway, the subject of his ruminations in all her glory.

She was make-up-less, her hair pulled back in its usual plait down her back with loose, frizzy curls framing her face. She was wearing her Hogwarts uniform, sans robes, tie done up properly beneath her jumper, Head Girl badge gleaming on her chest, but her skirt... Was it his imagination, or was her skirt shorter than usual? While it certainly wasn't uncommon for a lot of the girls to shorten the length of their skirts, Ron knew for a fact that Hermione had always worn hers regulation-length.

Now, though, it was mid-thigh and showcased a fair amount of smooth skin, which had retained a bit of a summer glow.

He gulped and rubbed his eyes, trying to work out whether he'd gone barmy and had actually managed to trick his brain into convincing his eyes that the very thing he wanted the most was standing right in front of him, looking fuck-hot, like something out of his fantasies...

While Ron just stood there, stupidly gaping at her, the figment of his imagination smiled radiantly and ran at him, and then she was in his arms quite abruptly, her small hands wrapping around the back of his neck and pulling him down toward her—and she wasn't a figment of his imagination at all. She was warm and fragrant and so fucking *real* as he circled his arms tightly around her waist, squeezing her as hard as he dared without hurting her, overcome by something like sheer, intense joy.

As he lifted her off of her feet, she planted sloppy kisses everywhere she could reach—his unshaven jaw, his cheeks, his eyelids, his lips, his lips again, and she was explaining in between pecks that McGonagall had given her permission to leave school grounds, but Ron couldn't really focus on what she was saying, especially when their mouths fused together, and they kissed in a passionate frenzy, tongues delving into each other's mouths, teeth nipping, lips sucking...

In the next instant, she'd raised her arms, and Ron had managed to pull her jumper over her head; he then yanked her shirt open with one hand—the other was kneading the bare—*bare!*—flesh of her plump backside beneath her skirt—carelessly sending buttons everywhere, and pushed her bra up over her tits, exposing her high, plump breasts and deliciously pink little nipples.

He was kneading one of her perfect tits, rolling her nipple between his fingers, and his head had swooped down to suckle the other when Hermione managed to undo his trousers and shove them, along with his pants, down his hips; he lapped at her flesh in an almost primal manner, and gasped as he felt her hot little hands on his cock, working him aggressively. He opened his mouth in an effort to vocalize that she'd better stop doing that if she didn't want this ending before it'd even begun, but before he could get the words out she was suddenly on her knees before him.

Hermione looked up at him, a mischievous glint in her chocolate-colored eyes, and then, before his brain had even had a chance to catch up with what was happening, her lips slid over him, taking him into her mouth.

Ron couldn't stop the loud, ragged groan from escaping his lips as he slumped against the wall, his fingers sliding in her wild hair of their own accord; he vaguely hoped that she'd remembered to lock and ward the door, but that thought was driven out of his mind as her head began to bob over him, one of her small hands gently squeezing his bollocks, her other wrapped tightly around the base of his dick to compensate...

"Fuck, Hermione, so fucking good..." Fuck yeah, she'd only done this to him a couple of times during the summer, and it was somehow way more brilliant than he remembered...

The suction of her hot, wet mouth on him, licking and suckling, combined with her hands squeezing and pumping, was almost too much for him to take, and he felt his lower stomach muscles already start to contract with the beginnings of his orgasm—

Abruptly realizing that he didn't wanna cum like this—as brilliant as she and her talented little mouth were—he gently but quickly disengaged from her; there was confusion in her eyes, but she allowed him to pull her up by her arms and to spin her around, pinning her back against the wall.

Comprehension registered in her eyes as he lifted her by her hips, bunching her skirt at her waist; there was no need to remove her knickers 'cause she hadn't bloody worn any. "So fucking wet," he groaned in awe as her thighs hooked over his shoulders, his trembling forearms bracing against the wall, holding them in place—and he felt her soaking heat against the head of his dick, scorching him.

It always amazed him how fucking hot and wet she was for him, even when he'd barely touched her.

It bloody thrilled him that she not only loved him—but that she was also evidently really, *really* fucking attracted to him. He didn't get it, but he'd be sodding mental to complain.

"Do it, Ron," she whispered, a breathy hitch in her voice. "Fuck me."

Overcome by an intense rush of lust at those dirty words coming from Hermione's mouth, he kissed her fiercely, driving his tongue into her mouth, penetrating her the way he was about to penetrate her elsewhere and not caring where her lips had been moments before, and then he did what she demanded—he thrust into her to the hilt, his breath escaping in a sharp hiss as her velvety sheath encased him tightly, overwhelmingly.

Fucking hell, he'd never get used to this feeling—the feeling of being buried *inside Hermione*.

Pausing for only a moment as their eyes met heatedly, she moaned his name in encouragement, and then, without hesitating a moment longer, his hips began jackhammering erratically into hers as her head lolled back against the wall...

*I'm fucking the Head Girl*, he thought wildly, watching her tits bounce beneath her gaping blouse

and feeling overcome by absurd amusement at the thought, a real schoolboy fantasy come true.

"Not gonna last," he panted as he buried his face in her neck, embarrassed by that fact, but it had been way too long, and she felt too fucking good...

"S'okay," she whispered in a pant, her legs tightening around him. "Just let go, cum in me... Ron, I love you...just want you to feel good..."

He whimpered at her words, his hips speeding up at her encouragement, pounding into hers—and then he was cumming, *hard*, spilling his seed deep inside her womb, her name leaving his lips in a groan as he locked against her...

He sagged into her shoulder once the waves of acute pleasure had finally subsided, attempting to catch his breath. "Love you, too, Hermione," he whispered, his voice scratchy to his own ears, and teeming with emotion. "Missed you so fucking much." He was very aware of the fact that he hadn't satisfied her, and he was about to suggest that they Apparate back to Grimmauld Place—he was due for a lunch break, wasn't he?—where Ron intended on remedying that again and again and again, when suddenly—

"Ahhh, what the fuck, Ron? My storeroom? *Really?*"

Horried—and attempting to shield Hermione from view—Ron's head whipped around in time to catch a glimpse of George, who had just turned back around and was pushing someone with a head of unruly black hair back out the storeroom door...

*Ah, bloody fucking hell.*

Had Harry seen them, too?

Ron supposed that answered the question of whether or not Hermione had remembered to lock and ward the door...

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

Hello, JesWithOneEss here! I will keep this part short and sweet since Kari has already explained the premise of this story to you guys. I have read the reviews and am so pleased that many of you are as excited about this collaboration as we are! Thank you so much for your faith in us!

And now it is my turn to steer this ship! Kari, and everyone else, I hope you like it!

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See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

On the way over to surprise Ron at work Hermione had felt mischievous and a bit naughty (One doesn't walk down the street without knickers under their skirt without feeling a bit impish, of course.), but her idea was only that: to surprise Ron and tease him a bit. After all it was his incredibly randy letter she had received just that morning which set things in motion. She had only meant to relieve him from work. Then she had seen Ron leaning against the wall with his head bent toward the floor, that far away look in his eyes, and that crooked smirk of his that he saved only for her... Hermione's knees had buckled then; witnessing Ron this way, thinking no one was watching him, and that he was missing her as much she missed him. She knew without a doubt that he was thinking of her, and all of her plans went out of the window.

Her festering desire to see him and touch him, became entirely too much for Hermione. Honestly, it was surprising that she was able to get any words out before she leaped at him, finally able to taste him after four agonizing weeks of separation. Really, what was the use in wasting another minute with formalities? And she was certain that the lengths that she went through to see him today proved how much self control she obviously didn't have; how only just thinking about him the past four weeks was not enough.

The door banged shut and Hermione was reminded exactly where they were and what they just did. She groaned out loud as she could hear loud voices from the other side of the closed door, one of them sounding a bit too much like Harry...

As fast as she could, Hermione yanked her bra down over her exposed breasts, ignoring how sensitive her nipples were after the attention they just received from Ron's hands and mouth, and pulled the sides of her torn and buttonless blouse together haphazardly, bunching the fabric against her chest. She took her wand out and quickly repaired her blouse, sending the buttons neatly back into place and watched as Ron pulled his pants and trousers up over his narrow waist, muttering and swearing to himself.

"Ron," Hermione said nervously as she straightened her tie under her jumper, "was that Harry with George?"

"Er, yeah I think so. Let's just get out of here, yeah?" He grabbed her hand and she expected him to apparate, but instead he paused and glanced toward the door with a grimace. "Shit, I forgot, we can't apparate from here... and I have to ask George if I can get off."



"I think you just did," Hermione said offhandedly with a snort, and then promptly slapped a hand over her mouth.

Ron gaped at her for a second before pulling her close and laughing playfully. "Oi! Hermione, come on," he said when she felt her cheeks heat up. "Are you seriously going to act coy after what we did? Bloody hell, woman, you walked over here with no knickers on!"

"Shut up," Hermione hissed and smacked his arm while working on keeping a straight face. "They'll hear you!"

Hermione was mortified, yet couldn't help feeling a bit proud under Ron's admirable gaze as he continued to chuckle, thoroughly enjoying her slip into Ron's territory of talking so scandalously. Hermione reckoned she was starting to give into his influence more these days, given what she had the nerve to do just that morning...

Suddenly there was a loud knock on the door and George's voice carried through it, yelling, "Oi, Ron! I need to get a box of pgymys and Harry here needs a word. Are the both of you rabbits quite finished?"

"Sod off, tosspot!" Ron retorted, giving the door a rude hand gesture that made Hermione roll her eyes.

"Well, that was fast, then, wasn't it, Harry?" Hermione heard a low groan that was definitely Harry's and a snicker that certainly came from no one else but George.

"Fucking hell," Ron muttered and stalked to the door, his long legs carrying him there in three short strides. He yanked the door open and glared down at his brother who was wearing a puckish grin, and Harry who stood behind him with a palm firmly planted over his forehead.

"You owe me a knut, Potter. Give it here."

Hermione got the door in time to see Harry fish a coin out of his pocket and reluctantly slap it into George's open and eager hand. She clicked her tongue in indignation, not sure exactly what the wager entailed, but not wanting to stay and find out, either. The embarrassment Hermione had felt earlier was now wearing thin and quickly transforming into impatience and annoyance. Honestly, she really did have the whole day planned, and not one of them included having a wand measuring contest between her boyfriend, his brother and best friend.

"Oi! What the fuck did you two-"

"Nevermind them, Ron," Hermione interrupted as she crossed her arms over her chest. "What did you want, Harry?"

She noticed he was having a hard time looking at her and she rolled her eyes at Harry's awkwardness. It wasn't as if they really even saw anything, did they? Alright, so they saw Ron's bum and perhaps her legs around his... hip- but surely, that was all? Nothing to make a big fuss over. Hermione was determined to act as if nothing was the matter in order to free up any more awkwardness that was bound to get out of hand the more Harry refused to look her in the eye and George insisted on taking the mickey out on them.

"Oh, honestly, you two act as if you've never shagged before," Hermione whispered sharply, so as to not be heard from anyone that might be inside the shop, and put her hands on her hips. "Surely the subject of... sex doesn't make the two of you grown men, both in mutually satisfying relationships, uncomfortable?" She glanced at Ron and returned his smug smile when Harry's eyes opened wide and George had suddenly become speechless.

"Right," Ron said and then stepped behind the counter to grab his jumper and slung it over his shoulder. "I guess we'll be off then. Enjoy your knut." With a slap on George's shoulder Ron led a giggling Hermione through the shop and out the door.

Ron wanted to apparate straight to Grimmauld Place, but Hermione insisted that they eat lunch first, citing that she was not prepared to deal with him complaining of hunger, and then squashed Ron's proposition that Kreacher could fix something up for them. She had gotten used to the idea of Harry and Ron keeping Kreacher on as their house elf, as long as they paid him, but still didn't feel quite comfortable in using his services, at least not when she didn't have to.

"Besides," Hermione said, "we have the whole day to ourselves. I don't have to be back to the castle until ten o'clock."

It was late afternoon on a Tuesday, precisely what Hermione was counting on. She wasn't keen on running into anyone they knew, which was why she had decided to avoid any magical villages and had apparated them away to muggle London after escaping George and Harry. Ron sighed and nodded next to her, giving in to waiting through a whole meal in order to be alone again. When they reached the door to a diner Hermione had Ron hold it open for her, following in after. Music was being amplified from a radio throughout the diner, there were a few patrons sitting at the bar, and one other couple eating at a table near the entrance, but otherwise it was nearly empty.

"Alright," Ron said slowly, "– and I don't want to come off like an arse, so don't smack me –" Hermione frowned at him as they slid into a booth across from each other at the back of the diner, "but, what the hell are you doing here, Hermione?"

"I told you... I got permission from McGonagall to leave for the day," she said casually, and then cleared her throat, trying to keep a resolute expression, as she looked around for a waitress.

"Must've missed that part. Quite busy, we were," Ron said with a wicked grin. "So... you got permission, yeah?" Hermione heard the skepticism in his voice and felt him staring at her profile. He was trying something he had written to her about, a technique that Harry had 'taught' him from Auror training. She finally looked at him and rolled her eyes at his piercing stare, not at all appreciating being his guinea pig.

"Yes," Hermione said primly and folded her hands on the tabletop, returning his stare, and grinned when she saw his flicker just slightly.

"Like hell you did," Ron continued and sat back in the booth, his long legs spread out on either side of hers under the table. Then he grinned and said, "I can see it in your face, Hermione. What'd you do? Confund 'ol McG?"

"I would never do that!" Hermione exclaimed and then bit her lip, feeling guilty for fibbing. "Well... Alright, I didn't exactly ask for permission, *per say*..."

Just then the waitress came over and Hermione almost laughed at the conflicted emotions that came over Ron's face. She knew he was hungry, but also wanted to know what she was on about. Of course, he gave in to his rumbling stomach and they ordered two Cokes and two plates of fish and chips for the both of them; also a side of chicken legs, a bowl of pudding, and an ice cream sundae which he told the waitress to bring last.

"I knew you were hungry," Hermione said smugly when the waitress left with an amused look on her face. "But are you really going to eat all that?"

"Of course," Ron scoffed, and then sat forward with his elbows propped on the table and his hands clasped under his chin. He squinted at her and said, "Now tell me what I want to know,

woman."

Hermione mimicked him by sitting on the edge of her seat, and leaning over until her face was within an inch of his, quirking one eyebrow suggestively. "What did you want to know?" she asked then swung her legs to the right and bumped his knee.

She grinned when she saw his eyes narrow and he brought his knees in closer, rubbing them against her bare thighs.

"You must've done something clever. McGonagall wouldn't let you off just for me, I know that," Ron replied, his blue eyes sparkling with humor as he searched her face for clues.

"I did get permission, but... you're right- it most certainly was not to do what we just did," Hermione replied and shook her head at Ron's sly grin. "I told *Professor* McGonagall that it was my mum's birthday and that I wanted to spend the day with her," she said, her voice trailing off. Now that she said it out loud she felt incredibly guilty for lying to the Headmistress, her mentor.

"Is it your mum's birthday, really?" Ron asked uneasily.

"No, of course not," Hermione said quickly shaking her head. "Her birthday isn't until June. You see, it was a perfect excuse, really."

"So that's why we're in muggle London..." he muttered, clearly impressed. "And you lied? To McGonagall?" Hermione nodded, chewing her lip, and wondered if maybe she'd gone too far with breaking the rules, confessing her actions on how she came to see him; not to mention the spontaneous display of uninhibited longing they displayed in the storeroom...

"And you did that... for me?" Ron asked and dropped his hands to the table, his voice disbelieving.

"Yes," Hermione said slowly, not daring to look away.

Ron continued to stare, and then a grin slowly flickered across his face, this time matching the same expression that Hermione saw when she first walked in on him at the shop; when he was thinking of her, daydreaming about her...

"So not only did you scheme to come see me, but you... bloody hell- you skeeved of classes, too!" he said, his grin turning into a wide toothy smile. Then he laughed when Hermione let out a heavy breath in his face and smiled along with him. "You are amazing, you know that?"

The guilt Hermione had felt previously was pushed down by Ron's unrelenting stare and grateful, awestruck expression; and then even further by his lips that somehow reached her in the time that she blinked...

She relaxed her shoulders and lifted a hand to cradle his cheek as they kissed, their lips pressed firmly together in what would seem like a simple, innocent display of affection to an outsider, but was so much more to Hermione. The stubble on his unshaven jaw felt so familiar and rooted her; made her feel as if, finally, she was home just by being with him. It was funny how the simple texture of coarse hair on otherwise smooth skin could remind her of the summer past, at the Burrow; days relaxing along the pond, and nights entangled in each other's arms and legs. And in every instance of those memories she would reach out to him, needing to feel that same consistency of stubble. It was unspoken between them, but Hermione knew that Ron had started to let it grow out to a certain length because of her. And feeling it now, under her hand as they kissed across the table, she was moved by the fact that he kept it that way, even after four long weeks.

"Ahem," came a voice from beside them. Hermione broke away from Ron and sat back quickly, feeling incredibly sheepish.

"Wicked, thanks," Ron said enthusiastically – despite Hermione's red face – as the waitress set their food down on the table between them.

"I can't believe you're going to eat that combination of foods, Ron," Hermione said in a flat tone as she ate, and watched with a small smile on her face as Ron ignored her comment and continued to shovel food into his mouth; she had become accustomed to Ron's peculiarly large appetite over the years, but that hadn't stopped her from commenting on it, even if it never seemed to affect his tall and fit frame.

Since Ron was momentarily distracted (Hermione was actually okay with the fact that she took a close second to food when Ron was famished, especially since it meant that he had a lot more energy for other... activities.) Hermione took the opportunity to study him. Four weeks may not seem like much according to some people, and in a way it had felt like only yesterday when they'd last been together. But there was also a part of her that felt like it had been an eternity. His shoulders, for one thing, were broader than they were in August; even hidden underneath a t-shirt and jumper Hermione could make out the contours of muscle that only moments ago had strained to hold her up against the wall...

Hermione bit down on her last chip and chewed slowly as her eyes roamed from Ron's shoulder to his hair that had also grown, and his hands gripping the ends of a chicken leg were even more calloused and rough than ever before...

She swallowed thickly, mesmerized by the enthusiasm in which Ron attacked his lunch, imagining how he has, and will in the very near future, give her that same attention. She allowed the stirrings of desire to take root at the base of her core, and squirmed in her seat. Then a thought suddenly occurred to her; the grand idea she had to not wear knickers was starting to become a problem.

"Are you okay?" Ron said around a mouthful of pudding.

She shook her head and said, "No, I'm fine. It's just..." she looked around the pub and whispered, "I didn't really think the whole 'not wearing knickers' thing through quite enough."

"Blood fucking hell," Ron said, his eyes wide. He dropped his drumstick onto his plate and stared at her. "I almost forgot you weren't wearing any."

Hermione rolled her eyes and tried unsuccessfully to tuck her newly shortened skirt under her bum as a buffer between her skin and the threadbare, bright red seat. "It's not as *sexy* as I originally thought it would be," she whispered and crossed one leg over the other. "I don't fancy having my bare bottom on these dodgy looking seats. Who knows who has been sitting here, doing Merlin knows what," she whispered and looked around the pub, thankful that there were even less people inside and the ones who worked there were busy talking behind the counter.

She glared at Ron when he hid his laugh behind his hand while his other adjusted himself down below. "Fuck, I'm sorry," he said quickly and brought both hands up on the table. "But watching you move around like that, knowing you're not... fuck, I'm so horny, Hermione."

"Ron!"

"Sorry! Er... here," Ron said and raised his arms to pull off his green jumper, sending sparks of static into the air and making his hair stand on end.

"Brilliant," Hermione said when she realized what he meant to do. Ron quickly moved to sit next to her. Hermione rose to let him place the jumper neatly on the seat and sat down again, feeling the warm soft wool under her bum.

"Is that better?"

"Yeah, thanks," she said and when she turned her head there he was, staring in that special way, his tongue flicking across his bottom lip... That and the fact that she was becoming increasingly more wet down below, on top of what Ron was just wearing only seconds ago, was making her heart gallop and her mouth go dry. Then Ron glanced down towards her lap and he blew out a long breath of air, and Hermione knew without looking that he'd noticed the way she had her thighs had clamped together, shaking slightly from the effort.

"You have no idea what you do to me, Hermione," Ron muttered and looked back up into her eyes. She cleared her throat; silently ordering her body to remain upright when all it wanted to do was wilt into his and let him hold her up, just like before... But she reminded herself of where they were: in a very public place, no matter how few people were in attendance...

"All finished then?"

This time Ron jumped back away from Hermione and nodded, his face as red as Hermione's, and accepted the large bowl of ice cream topped with chocolate fudge, nuts, cherries and butterscotch syrup, from the waitress' hands. The waitress gave them a curious look before placing their bill face down on the table and disappearing with the remnants of their lunch.

"Blimey, I don't think even I can finish all of that," Ron said, eyeing the enormous lumps of vanilla ice cream and toppings. Once again his attention was diverted, and Hermione was grateful because this afforded her to at least catch her breath- and adjust herself as she was becoming quite... uncomfortable.

"Then forget it," Hermione said, suddenly wanting nothing more than to take care of the burning need that was insisting on growing with every second. "We'll just leave it here. I'll go and pay-"

"Are you mad?" Ron asked, rounding on her. "You're asking me to leave this behind to... oh right!" Realization crossed his face and his eyes grew bigger as they raked across her body, obviously taking in her shallow breathing and flushed skin as signs of what she really wanted to do and perhaps where, which was any place other than here.

"Ron, if we don't leave now..."

"What? And pay for something we didn't even eat? That's... what would you say? Preposterous!"

Hermione glared at him and his mischievous face, as she was very much aware of what he was up to. He picked up the long metal spoon and, with his eyes still on her fiery ones, delved into the midsection of the sundae.

"Ron..."

He brought the heaping mound of icecream, with butterscotch dripping onto the table, up to his lips and smirked at her before opening his mouth wide and closing it over the spoon. Hermione gulped as the spoon left his mouth clean as a whistle, but left some chocolate smeared on the corners of his mouth. She unconsciously licked her lips.

"Didju wansome?" Ron asked with his mouth full of icecream. The image was comical, certainly, but also infuriating as Hermione knew he was trying his best to rile her up... and oh goodness, it was working.

"As a matter of fact, I do," Hermione said as she sat up straight and plucked a cherry from the top of the sundae, and swirled it into ice cream. "I know what you're doing, Ron," she said, watching him from the corner of her eye. "You can't possibly have as much willpower as I do. I can make you snap."

And with that she stuck her tongue out and placed the ice cream covered cherry onto it. Slowly drawing it inside her mouth she watched him as his eyes followed along, and then when he was about to blink she closed her lips around it and yanked the stem out, her teeth snapping the cheery in half and filling her mouth with a mix of vanilla and cherry juice.

"Holy fucking hell," Ron whispered hoarsely and rubbed his face vigorously with one hand, rubbing his lips and then his neck, a pinkness spreading across his cheeks as he regarded her with excitement. "Yeah... I reckon you're right."

Hermione turned her body and leaned into him, letting her hand rest on his thigh. She had wanted to show him that he couldn't get to her, but instead made herself, and him, even more turned on. And in that moment she saw only him, his torso and head blocking her view of the rest of the diner, her back towards the brick wall that was next to another building, allowing for no windows. They seemed to be in their own little world.

"Right about what? There's so many things... you need to be more specific," she said and slid her hand down to his knee. She knew she had him, and wondered when he would finally admit defeat so they can finally get the hell out of there...

"Everything," Ron said before grabbing her face and kissing her, open mouthed and hungry. She gasped and he quieted her by closing his lips onto hers, and swallowing her small moans and whimpers as he continued to delve his tongue into her mouth forcefully and with such haste that she couldn't help but try and keep up. She got lost in his kiss, but it wasn't until she felt his large warm hand on her inner thigh that she was pulled back into reality.

"Ron," she gasped as she pulled away from him, and pushed his and away from her leg. "Wait. We're... not alone."

Ron was also breathing heavily as he turned to look behind him, scanning the diner. "No, but no one's watching. I promise."

He went to kiss her again, his hand resuming its place on her thigh before she turned her head and whispered urgently to him, her heart pounding in her chest and also far down below. That one touch on her skin had sent fireworks up into her belly and she wasn't sure how she could last much longer.

"Ron, let's just apparate... two seconds it'll take."

"We're around muggles, Hermione," Ron reminded her as his hand squeezed right above her knee. "It'll take more than two seconds and I feel so badly about how fast I went back there..." He kissed her neck and then her jaw as he slid his hand higher, just under her skirt. "And I can tell you're so... fucking... close..."

"Oh, god," Hermione murmured and sucked in her lips, staring at Ron and pleading with him to make the decision for she was incapable of thought. He glanced over his shoulder once and, looking a bit nervous himself, turned to face her, his leg bent on the seat, to shield her and his movements completely. Then suddenly his fingers grazed over the short curls between her legs and a small cry escaped her mouth; her bum leapt off the seat.

"Shh... Relax," Ron whispered and held her gaze as he pressed one finger into her slit and slid it upwards. "Fuck, I can't believe I'm doing this right now," he laughed apprehensively and then shook his head in awe.

"I can't... believe it either."

Hermione was beside herself with nervous energy flowing throughout her body and so many conflicting thoughts running through her mind. However, nothing could compete with the physical reactions that Ron was eliciting from her, especially when he slid his finger back down and added another, slowly caressing her folds. She slapped a hand over her mouth and turned her face into his chest, trying her best not to shout out how incredibly turned on she was and how she wanted so badly to climb on top of him right then and there so they can both derive pleasure from this moment, together. But that wouldn't help as she was sure it would ruin their day if they ended up getting arrested for indecent behavior.

"This is fucking mental," Ron whispered in Hermione's ear with a nervous chuckle and she nodded because it was, in fact, mental.

She knew it was wrong to do something so reckless in such a place as the back of a muggle diner, in a booth, where anyone can pass by, or a waitress could walk up to them and ask if they needed anything more... And Hermione's heart raced even more for she shockingly found herself being more turned on by the thought of being caught. And besides, they weren't doing anything *that* bad... were they?

"Oh, Ron.... Ooooh..."

"Always... so fucking... wet," Ron whispered as his fingers bent at the knuckles, sliding into her ever so slowly. Hermione could feel Ron's heart beating rapidly under her ear as he held his breath in concentration. She raised her head to plant kisses along his neck and felt him swiveling his head around, presumably to check if anyone was nearby, and she trusted him to not get caught so that she could finally let go. She was astounded how he could keep his head on and still manage to keep moving at such an agonizing pace. And with every movement Hermione's hips moved along with him, surely not making his job an easier by doing so, until she felt the wall at her back. She gripped the front of his shirt as he went faster, moving only his fingers so as to not raise suspicion. Then he rubbed his thumb in firm circles along her clit, and Hermione couldn't hold it in any longer.

With her forehead pressed firmly into Ron's sternum she brought her fist, still gripping his shirt, up to her mouth and bit down hard as her orgasm rocked her body from the seat, his jumper bunched up between her and his hand, soaked through with Hermione's wetness... Then Ron's other hand came up to the back of her head and started to dig into her hair, inside her plait to reach her neck and scratched lightly at her scalp as she shook violently against him, her cries and her body hidden from view.

## Chapter End Notes

Oh, my word... if you could hear me right now. Laughing gleefully as I finished typing that last sentence... I simply cannot WAIT to see what you do next, Kari!

Thank you all so much for reading! And thank you to Kari again for letting me elbow my way into her account and thrust my pervy writing in her readers' faces.

KariAnn1222 here: HOLY SHIT, JES! I was grinning like an idiot through the first part - my hubs kept asking me what I was smiling about - & then I held my breath through the second half... Just, guh! LOL How do you always manage to render me incoherent with your words? By the way, I LOVE your Ron. I know you said you love my Ron, but YOUR Ron... Girl, you amaze me. By the way, I never imagined this - that he'd get her off in a DINER. You always manage to keep me on my toes!

Well, it looks like I have my work cut out for me! ;)

Jes's tumblr & Twitter: mypatronusisacupcake, JesWithOneEss

Kari's tumblr & Twitter: musingsofaficfanatic, Kari\_FicFanatic



## Chapter 3

### Chapter Notes

Wow, so, that last update was frappin' hot and funny and sweet, right? Jes really took it to a whole 'nother level! Although, as a reminder, not every chapter will necessarily have smut...or it might! Who knows? But THIS one certainly does! But enough of this pointless author's note... Let's pick up where Jes left Ron & Hermione in that Muggle diner, shall we? Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ron threw another glance over his shoulder, making sure once more that no one was in the nearby vicinity as Hermione's inner muscles continued to pulsate tightly and rapidly around his fingers, her throaty moans and pants of pleasure rumbling through his body and stifled by his chest from the ears of all others in the diner.

He had to say, as she finally stopped shuddering against him, her fist slacking where it was bunched in his shirt while Ron extracted his fingers from her soaking-wet quim, he was feeling pretty damned smug. Over the summer he'd spent many heated nights learning her body, what she liked and so on, and he'd delighted in figuring out how to touch her—the only bloody subject he'd ever tackled with so much enthusiasm—all the pressures and speeds that made her cum the hardest and longest. His tongue and lips were best for that, but it would've been hard, pun most definitely intended, to pull *that* off in this public setting.

As it was, Ron reckoned that he'd just given her an eight on a scale of one-to-ten. Maybe even a nine.

Yep, as Hermione finally straightened and looked at him, still a bit breathless, her face all flushed and her hair disheveled, he was feeling bloody proud of himself, and he didn't bother trying to stop the lopsided, impish grin from spreading across his face. "Did I ever tell you you're really fucking pretty when you cum?"

"Ron!" She whacked him in the arm and rolled her eyes as he finally released the back of her neck, disentangling his fingers from her hair. "Honestly, must you be so crass all the time?" she admonished while primly straightening her skirt and her hair, attempting to compose herself as her eyes darted apprehensively around the restaurant; yet, despite her mock-indignation, Ron didn't miss the way the corners of her lips curled up ever-so-slightly, and he could tell she was pleased by his comment.

Ron chortled good-naturedly, unable to resist a bit of ribbing: "This from the girl who *lied* to the Headmistress, *without any bleedin' knickers on*, I might add, and skived out of classes so she could have a nice shag with her boyfriend in the middle of a school day? And a few swear words still bother you? Bloody hell, woman, you're a walking contradiction, aren't you?"

"Keep your voice down!" she hissed at him, her face flushing even pinker as she leaned in closer to him, nervously eyeing the workmen that slid into the booth two down from their own. "As it happens," she began in a defensive whisper, "I didn't remove my knickers until *after* I'd gotten permission to leave school grounds, I'll thank you very much, and I most certainly did not...for that...*specifically*..." She huffed up when all he did was smirk at her, one eyebrow raised knowingly.

"So...let me get this straight: When you decided to take off your knickers and shorten your skirt, all you had in mind was innocently surprising me at work, having a spot of lunch, and maybe spending some time about London? Didn't ya think that'd be a bit...I dunno...drafty?"

His satisfied smirk persisted, knowing he was getting her all riled up, but he couldn't seem to bloody help himself. Old habits died hard, he reckoned. 'Sides, he found her to be hot as all hell when she was worked up like this. He never would've admitted it before this past summer, but it was one of the reasons he enjoyed a harmless row with her: the way her eyes flashed, her cheeks flushed, her wild hair practically crackling with electricity... Merlin help him, he'd always needed a good wank afterward. (During their more serious rows, conversely, she could be downright scary, and Ron didn't particularly fancy those, to be quite honest.)

"May we leave now, or did you intend to finish your ice cream?" Hermione gestured at the now-melting mound of goo that he'd completely forgotten about, an annoyed expression on her pretty features.

"Y'know," he said, keeping his voice at a level where only she could hear even as his impish grin widened, "for someone who just got off as good as you did, you sure are in a right foul temper all of a sudden."

"You are utterly infuriating, Ronald Weasley!" she hissed lowly, but she wasn't fooling him in the slightest; the fact that she couldn't completely stop herself from grinning was a dead giveaway that she was enjoying this as much as he was.

"Yeah, but that's one o'the reasons you love me, right?" When her face softened at his words, he took advantage of her lapse, lifting his hand that he'd just fingered her with up to his lips. "About the ice cream, I think I've changed my mind. There's something I'd much rather eat for dessert, come to think of it..."

And then he slowly lapped her juices from his fingers, savoring her taste while simultaneously taking her hand beneath the table and drawing it to his lap. He placed her small, trembling palm on the obvious bulge in his jeans, and her breathing hitched, her fingers wrapping automatically around the outline of his rock-hard shaft; her brown eyes were fixated heatedly on his face as she watched him lick his fingers clean with an intense fervor, her lips slightly parted, her breathing erratic.

Then she gently squeezed his dick, seeming to forget where she was altogether, as the tip of her pink tongue flicked out to dampen her plump lower lip.

Ron groaned. "Let's get the fuck outta here, yeah?" he growled, his urgency flaring abruptly as he watched the blatant hunger flash across her face, and he didn't care that he was the one giving in. Fuck it. He was gonna fuck Hermione again. Just as soon as they got out of this sodding Muggle diner.

He lumbered to his feet, barely even registering the pain as he knocked his hip into the table, nearly upending it in the process. Hermione scooted out of the booth behind him, chuckling at his lack of grace as she kept her skirt tucked beneath her bum with one hand while snatching his now-soaked jumper off the bench with her other. Then she was standing before him, her body flush against his as her hand slipped around his hip; he was shocked for an instant, thinking that she was groping his arse in the middle of the diner in front of the other patrons and staff, but in the next moment she pulled her hand back, and Ron realized that she'd taken his wallet from his back pocket.

He watched on, somewhat amused, as she yanked a handful of paper Muggle money out of its

folds—the money for "emergencies" that she insisted he keep on his person at all times—and slapped it on the table. Without further ado, she then grabbed his arm and marched them purposefully toward the door.

As they stepped out into the cool, overcast afternoon in early October, Ron was literally dragged by Hermione into a nearby alleyway—bloody hell, for a short person, she sure could walk fast—and he couldn't help but think she had to be cold, especially as he noticed the gooseflesh on the backs of her thighs beneath her short skirt. But no sooner had that thought crossed his mind than she'd stepped behind a dumpster, pulling him with her, and then she Disapparated them both in an instant, and the weather hardly seemed to matter because they'd be indoors any second, and their activities were sure to keep them plenty warm...

Ron was on her the instant they'd landed on the front step of Number Twelve Grimmauld Place: He pushed her almost roughly against the door, trapping her, his mouth descending on hers with an insistence bordering on desperation as he simultaneously hiked her right leg up around his hip. She cried out against his mouth when his hands immediately slipped beneath her skirt from behind, gripping and kneading her backside before plunging two thick fingers into her slick cunt. "Fucking hell...still can't believe you're not wearing any bloody knickers," he grunted against her lips as they swayed together passionately, held up by the door. "D'you know how hot that is? You know how fucking bad I wanna fuck you again, Hermione?"

"Ron..." she panted even as she trailed wet, open-mouthed kisses and not-so-gentle nips down his unshaven jaw and throat, one of her hands firmly entangled in his hair while the other explored the smooth skin of his back beneath his t-shirt, scratching lightly with her nails. "We—we have to get inside... It's broad daylight..."

"Not true," he disagreed, grinding his hard-on insistently into her belly as he continued to rapidly plunge his fingers into her wet heat. "We've got some cloud cover..."

"*Ron*," she said a bit more forcefully, even as she whimpered, thrusting her hips against him, and he could tell that she was already perilously close to another orgasm. "People can see us... P-please... You can...you can do whatever you want to me as soon as we get inside."

His cock gave a little jolt of excitement in his trousers at her words, and he grunted incoherently, reaching behind her and fumbling clumsily with the door—and within moments they literally fell across the threshold, landing in a heap in the front hall. From where she was trapped beneath the hard weight of his body, Hermione produced her wand from seemingly nowhere and aimed it at the door over his shoulder; it slammed shut, locking behind them in response to her silent incantation.

Without missing a beat, Ron resumed his ministrations from his position between her legs, kissing a path down her throat. He cursed the obstruction that was her tie and attempted to loosen it with one hand as his other slid up her warm, smooth leg and between their bodies, his thumb rubbing circles on her inner thigh, just grazing her short curls.

"Wait, Ron—Harry," Hermione suddenly panted, and he snapped his head up, frowning down at her in startled confusion. "We—we never found out what he wanted, so he might've come back here. You know, to wait for us."

Blimey, he'd been so distracted by Hermione's presence that he'd completely forgotten about his best mate showing up at WWW in the middle of the day like that. For that matter, he realized that he hadn't even asked George for the afternoon off. Oh, well—sod it. Ron reckoned if he was that needed then Harry and/or George would've stopped him before he and Hermione had bolted from the shop. "Trust me, if the prat doesn't want another eyeful he won't come anywhere near here for the next..." When her brow puckered in a disapproving frown, he thought, *Fuck it* and leaned up,

bellowing, "HARRY! OI, ARE YOU HOME? FAIR WARNING—ME AND HERMIONE ARE GONNA SHAG NOW, AND WE'RE GONNA BE NOISY ABOUT IT, AND—!"

"*Ron!* That's not what I—"

"See? What'd I tell ya? He's not here."

She shook her head, clearly torn between exasperation and amusement. "Honestly, a simple *Homenum Revelio* charm would've sufficed."

"Hey, it's the end result that counts, right?" he retorted, a lopsided grin splitting his face as he staggered to his feet, reaching down to pull her up as well. "Let's get upstairs, yeah? I don't really fancy another interruption." Okay, so technically they hadn't actually been interrupted last time, as they'd already finished—well, *he'd* finished, at least—but he'd rather not risk Harry getting an eyeful of Hermione's bits, thank you very much.

Within moments, they were upstairs and safely ensconced in Ron's newly refurbished bedroom, the door locked, warded, and silenced for good measure. (He'd purposely chosen the one furthest away from Sirius's old room, where Harry had taken up residence, since, while he didn't harbor any delusions about the nature of his best mate's relationship with his little sister, Ron hadn't wanted to risk overhearing...anything he didn't wanna overhear when Ginny happened to be staying over.)

As he wasted no time in yanking his t-shirt over his head before reaching for the button of his jeans, he observed Hermione's eyes rove over his newly muscled chest and shoulders in apparent appreciation, and Ron couldn't help but feel a stirring of pride. While still as pale and freckly as ever—not much he could do about that, since he just burned in the sun and got even *more* freckles—he'd managed to put on some more muscle due to the fact that he'd been spending a fair amount of his free time in the Aurors' training facility at the Ministry; though he couldn't seem to get used to people staring at him everywhere he went, he didn't see a problem with taking advantage of his status as "war hero" and best mate of Harry Potter for certain things, like gaining access to the best gym in all of Britain.

The exercising served the dual purposes of burning off his excess sexual energy, when wanking just wasn't enough, and distracting himself from Hermione's absence. Plus, he admitted, he wanted to look good for her. More than good, he'd daydreamed about her looking at him the way she was looking at him now, like she was shagging him with her eyes—and he felt satisfied that his efforts had paid off.

Yep, again Ron was feeling pretty damn smug.

Experiencing a surge of confidence that he wasn't accustomed to feeling—and liking it, that was for bloody sure—Ron kept his eyes locked on Hermione's as he kicked off his trainers and socks into a corner and allowed his trousers to drop to his ankles, kicking those aside as well. Lastly, he pushed his pants over his erection and down his hips before stepping out of them.

He watched on in satisfaction as Hermione's eyes fell to his fully attentive cock, and it twitched of its own accord beneath her hungry, lustful gaze. She seemed to've forgotten that she was supposed to be getting naked as well as she stood stock-still, evidently transfixed by him.

"Like what you see?" he asked, unable to resist taking the Mickey, and his voice was amplified absurdly in the silence of the room. He reckoned that he was decently gifted in the, um...size department, and he couldn't help the distinctly male pride that made his chest puff out.

"Yes, if you must know," she admitted, tearing her eyes away from him with obvious effort as she

flushed mightily and roused herself. Meeting his eyes much as he had, she slowly began undressing, that pretty blush still on her face as first jumper, then tie, then blouse hit the floor.

Merlin, he found her shyness after all they'd done and been through together to be so bleeding endearing he almost couldn't bear it. At that moment, he was so overwhelmed by his love and acute affection for her that those emotions seemed to bypass the concurrent lust and desire that he was experiencing. Well, that wasn't *exactly* true: Those emotions compounded his physical reactions to her somehow, intensifying them almost to a point beyond being endurable.

When she stood before him in just a black lace bra that he'd barely noticed back at the shop, skirt, and knee-high stockings, looking like something out of his dreams, he was overpowered by that intense combination of love/affection/desire.

He was hers, and she was his, and she was really here, in his bedroom, of her own choosing. She had lied and broken her own honor code just to be with him, Ron Weasley, for a few hours, and the realization of what that meant that he meant to her almost made his knees buckle.

Fuck, he was a twat, "pussy-whipped," as George had said, but Ron didn't give a rat's arse. Hermione Granger had chosen *him*. No one else. Him.

He bridged the gap between them in one long stride, his arms wrapping tightly around her tiny waist as he swooped down without preamble and sucked her nipple through the lace of her bra; she cried out in surprise and pleasure, arching her back instinctively to give him better access as he maneuvered them toward the bed—their new bed that matched the bureau and chest-of-drawers that they'd picked out together at the end of summer when he'd moved out of the Burrow, and which would one day be in a flat or a house of their own.

It had all been unspoken, unofficial, of course—but he and Hermione had both known that they weren't furniture shopping for Ron alone.

Sorta like when her things had begun to take over his room, having gradually been transferred from her parents' house to Grimmauld Place in the all-too-short days before her return to Hogwarts; although they hadn't officially lived together, she'd slept over, in his arms, in the bed that she'd in fact picked out, almost every night.

Both their parents had expressed concern over how quickly their relationship had progressed in a matter of months, but they reckoned they'd survived a bloody war, hadn't they? They'd beat around the bush for years, and now that they were finally together, taking things slowly seemed a right waste, didn't it? If there was one thing that the war had taught Ron, it was not to run from what he wanted 'cause no one lived forever. How did that Muggle saying go about taking control of the day, or your life, or something like that, and grabbing what you wanted?

'Sides, like he'd told his mum, it wasn't like they were talking about getting married. Not yet, anyway. But Ron certainly thought about it. He thought about it all the bloody time, actually.

"I love you," he breathed, his voice shaking with raw emotion as he laid her out on their bed; his hands framed her face while he met her gaze ardently, wanting there to be no lingering doubt in her mind about what she meant to him. "Hermione, I fucking love you." Not exactly sophisticated, but it was the best way he knew to get the sentiment across.

"I know, Ron," she whispered, her voice just as intense. "I love you, too. So much...you have no idea. It's so difficult to concentrate on my—on my studies because all I can think about is you, us, this... It's so positively *distracting* that I thought...I thought that by coming to you today I might be able to get you out of my system, at least for a while." She lifted one hand then, caressing the stubble of his jaw the way she had back in the restaurant, and he turned his face instinctively into

her palm, savoring her touch. "Absurd, wasn't it?" she whispered. "The idea that I managed to convince myself that when I leave you again I won't ache for you that much more intensely..."

He didn't want to think about her leaving again; he'd known all along that this respite would be brief, but that didn't make the idea of her parting from him so soon any bloody easier, did it? "I'm the same way," he confessed, his voice sounding unusually gravelly to his ears. "I'm always looking for ways to distract myself...work, Quidditch, the gym, going home to the Burrow—Mum keeps asking about you, by the way, you should owl her more often—but you're always in my head. But...that's a good thing, though, isn't it? I mean, if I got used to being away from you, that'd be no good, would it?"

She smiled up at him tenderly, her whole face lighting up. "No, I don't suppose it would be," she agreed, and then she leaned up and kissed him; this kiss was decidedly sweeter than before, lacking the prior physical urgency as her hands slowly slid up his shoulders, her fingers threading in his hair as her lips glided softly against his.

Ron's hands gradually resumed their movements on her silken skin, his fingers grazing down her belly and back up, eliciting a shiver and a sigh from her as he placed affectionate pecks against her eyelids, between her eyes, her forehead, her lips again. He leaned up slightly so as to unhook her bra, sliding it from her shoulders and kissing her flesh as her supple, creamy skin was revealed before his eager eyes.

Merlin, she really was beautiful, perfect, even if for some reason she couldn't see it—and he was truly starting to believe that she was made just for him. Look how perfectly her pert tits fit in the palms of his hands when he cupped them, gently squeezing them, how fucking *soft* she was; listen to the sexy, throaty noises she made when he suckled on them, when he pulled one of her taut little peaks between his lips while rolling and tweaking the other with his fingers, the way she arched up off the mattress in her exuberance, his name leaving her lips in a strangled half-moan...

Fucking hell, she was the hottest little thing he'd ever seen.

The noises that she was making for him, he knew without a bloody doubt, were noises that she would *only* ever make just for him; she would never touch or be touched like this by another man, and Ron would never touch or be touched like this by another woman. It was their unspoken but nevertheless very real promise to each other.

"I love you," Hermione had said to him again and again as she'd held him after Fred's funeral, peppering kisses across his wet, tear-streaked face. "Ron, I'll never leave you. I love you." And he knew that she'd meant it; it hadn't been about pity, as that ever-present voice in the back of his mind had tried to convince him.

The first several times she'd let him touch her like this he'd thought he was the luckiest sonuvabitch in the world. Still did, matter o'fact; he still appreciated that he was allowed to experience this with this exquisite, perfect, if somewhat mental, creature that was Hermione Granger, but he no longer felt as if the rug was about to be yanked from under him. He no longer had to convince himself all the damned time that it was okay to be with Hermione like this, 'cause even though he'd made mistakes in the past, he'd made up for it and managed to earn her love and her trust.

It had taken him a while to convince himself that he deserved her after he'd abandoned her during the Horcrux hunt, but Hermione had spent months on end making him believe it by her words and her actions; he no longer feared that she was gonna wake up one morning and realize she could have any bloke in the world. Which she could, o'course, but that Horcrux, the voice in the back of his mind that whispered to him that he wasn't good enough, was finally dying for good.

Now he just had to work on not fucking things up, and he reckoned he was doing all right so far.

Willing his brain to shut up so he could concentrate on...well, concentrating on Hermione, Ron released her nipple with an audible *pop* and licked his way up her chest and throat, his mouth locking against hers in a renewed urgency as his tongue penetrated her, his hands fumbling to push her skirt over her hips. Beneath him, she wiggled her bum, helping him to slide her skirt down her legs, and once he'd pulled the cumbersome clothing article from her ankles and tossed it aside, he wasted no time in removing her stockings and parting her trembling thighs.

He settled into the cradle of her hips, his lips and tongue attacking her flesh once more, lapping and suckling her breasts again on a downward trail as Hermione squirmed beneath him, her fingertips scraping down his back, gripping his arse aggressively.

"Ron," she groaned impatiently as he worked his way downward and dipped his tongue in her navel; he chuckled at her impatience as she practically shoved his head between her legs.

"Please..."

"What?" he asked innocently, quirking an eyebrow at her as he gripped her hips and placed a chaste kiss below her belly button, just above her dark curls. "Can't read your mind, Hermione..."

"Want you to kiss me...down there."

A wicked grin cracked his face as he watched a shy blush spread over her chest and face. "Sorry, love, you're gonna have to be more specific than that."

She rolled her eyes, even as her face remained beet-red. "Oh, honestly, Ron, you know perfectly well what I mean."

"Yeah, but it's fun watching you act all shy about asking me to eat your pussy, Hermione."

He watched her face carefully as her breath expelled in a sharp rush at his words, and she licked her lips, evidently overcome by a spike of desire—the exact reaction he was going for. Hermione could complain about his dirty mouth all she wanted, but he knew she secretly loved it when he used "crass language," as she called it.

Before she could utter a coherent response, he slipped a hand between her legs, delving one finger into her folds and, unsurprisingly, finding her drenched for him. He lazily circled her opening with the tip of his finger as he studied her reactions, the way she bit her lower lip, stifling a groan, her tight nipples straining for the sky as her chest heaved. "Don't worry," he breathed, seized by a rush of lust himself, "your pussy happens to be my favorite thing to eat..."

And then he scooted the rest of the way down until his head was eye-level with his absolute favorite part of her, and he used both hands to part her thighs even wider, cupping her arse, just before he feasted on her. She cried out, her hips lurching up off of the mattress the moment his tongue made contact with her hot, soaking-wet flesh, and, using his fingers, tongue, and lips, he brought her to another quick but evidently satisfying orgasm.

As Ron pulled his fingers from her body and wiped his mouth on the back of his arm, he was so fucking turned on that he felt like he might explode if he didn't have her again. She must've been reading his mind, 'cause the next thing he knew she was nudging him onto his back, and he complied readily; his cock ached for her as she straddled his hips and grinned down at him with a mischievous sparkle in her eye that he'd begun to recognize over the summer as something she reserved for the bedroom only: During the day she was prim and proper Hermione, but at night she was replaced by her randy, naughty doppelganger.

Hermione reached back suddenly, scrounging for something that Ron couldn't see at the foot of the bed, and when she straightened back up, he saw that she had his wand and was aiming it at him. "What the ruddy—?"

Before he could finish that thought, he abruptly found his wrists bound to the headboard by bits of some sort of soft material, maybe silk, and Ron was astounded and more aroused than ever as she bent down, swirling her tongue over one of his nipples. "Who—who are you and what have you done with Hermione Granger?" he ground out, only partly joking. While she'd proven herself to be quite the randy and creative little witch in the bedroom, she'd never done anything like *this* before...

She looked uncertain, a flash of insecurity showing in her eyes as she lifted her head from his chest, meeting his gaze. "You said in your last letter—but if you don't like it we don't have to—we can just—"

"No," he assured her quickly. "I like it. A lot. Really. Just...do some more of...whatever it was you were gonna do. I mean, if you want to..."

Hermione laughed then, her forehead falling on his chest, and Ron couldn't help but chuckle along with her as she looked up at him almost bashfully once more. "This is okay?" she pressed, just to be certain.

"Just as long as you're not, y'know, planning on spanking me or something," he said, again only half-joking. After all, it was always the "proper" ones you had to worry about. "For some reason I don't reckon I'd fancy that too much."

She clicked her tongue playfully, her shyness and uncertainty melting away just as quickly as it had come. "And there you go ruining all my plans," she murmured as she leaned down and kissed his lips firmly, her hands coming up to caress his unshaven face as she deepened the kiss, and Ron tugged against his restraints, suddenly yearning to run his hands through her hair...

Then Hermione proceeded to kiss, lick, and nip him all over his body at a torturously languid pace, being very thorough but careful to avoid the one place on him that very obviously strained for her attention. When she made her way back up his torso—was she playing connect-the-dots with his freckles?—and licked around his nipples once more before lightly blowing, he almost came right then and there as his hips jerked up off the bed, seeking friction.

It was sweet fucking torture.

"Hermione, need to cum," he choked out as her hands massaged his thighs, so fucking close to his leaking, throbbing dick that he was twisting on the mattress, willing her hand to make contact with the part of him that needed her touch the most.

This time, it was her turn to cock a smug eyebrow. "I'm sorry, Ron, I think you're going to have to be a bit more specific than that."

"I want you to ride my knob, Hermione," he said very clearly, looking her straight in the eye.

Quite suddenly, she wrapped one tiny hand firmly around his dick, and his hips again jumped at the unexpected contact. Then she lifted herself until she hovered over him and widened her legs, affording him a clear view of what she was doing. "Is this what you need, Ron?" she whispered, her eyes fluttering closed in unmistakable pleasure as she slowly lowered herself onto his dick, and he watched himself sinking into her tight, wet heat, inch by sweet constricting inch.

"Fuck," he hissed, overwhelmed by her, when she'd impaled herself on him fully; she was so



perfectly, deliciously fucking tight around him that again he didn't doubt that she was made for him as he gave a sharp upward thrust, willing her to move, his knees bending of their own accord. "Ride me, Hermione. Please, sweetheart..." Again, he yanked on the ties that bound him, eager to grab her hips, to slam her up and down over him until he spilled into her perfect little quim...

"I want you to use that dirty mouth of yours," Hermione said slowly, her voice shaking, as she reached up and grasped the headboard, very near where his hands were tied, "and tell me how much you fucking love me."

A moment of intense heat surged between them, and Ron stared up at her for the space of several pregnant heartbeats. "I fucking love you," he finally said, his voice laden with lust and love, love and lust, enunciating each word. "Hermione, I *fucking* love you so *fucking* much. I wanna spend the rest of my fucking life with you. Is that what you wanna hear? 'Cause it's the bloody truth, and I'll say it as many times as you wanna fucking hear it."

She breathed heavily through her parted lips, and the emotion behind her eyes as she began to wordlessly and furiously fuck him, using the headboard for leverage, was palpable, a tangible thing that sizzled between them. Within moments, she came again, *hard*, grinding against him while her climax ripped through her body, causing her to shudder mightily as a half-moan, half-scream that resembled something vaguely like his name ripped from her lips.

Ron gritted his teeth as Hermione stopped moving and sagged against him in blissful satiation; he could still feel her pulsing rapidly around his shaft, and he was so fucking close that he couldn't stop a whimper of supreme frustration from escaping his lips. "Love, you're killing me here."

"Ron, I'm going to untie you now," she said as she kissed him, still a bit breathless. "I want you to do whatever you want to me... I love you, and I trust you implicitly."

The instant he was free, he flipped her onto her back and straddled her chest; he was careful to keep from crushing her with his weight as he slid his dick, still wet with her juices, between her tits, looking down and meeting her eyes. Wordlessly, he asked if this was okay, and she gave an almost imperceptible nod as she reached up and squeezed her breasts together, offering him more friction while he started thrusting against her beautiful tits without restraint.

When she began sucking on his tip with every forward plunge, he lost it. "*Hermione*," he groaned, drawing out her name as he released powerfully, ejaculating all over her chest and throat, the sight somehow prolonging his climax and propelling it to a level of pleasure so acute as to be almost painful.

When the world righted itself once more, Ron realized that Hermione had already cleaned herself up and was kissing him, clutching him to her, her arms and legs wrapped around him as if she was trying to merge their bodies into one...

They made love again. And again. And again. And when they were sore and sticky, they took a shower, but, of course, that just resulted in some more lovemaking.

When they became hungry, they went downstairs for sandwiches. Seeing Hermione leaning against the counter with a kitchen knife, a loaf of bread, and a block of meat, wearing nothing but his Gryffindor House team jersey, he couldn't resist bending her over and taking her again—after he'd sealed off the fireplace and, at Hermione's insistence, made sure that Kreacher wasn't around.

All too soon, Hermione was standing in his bedroom fully dressed, having retrieved a pair of fresh knickers from the bureau. The sun had set several hours ago now, and the candles scattered about the room were lit, bathing her in their soft glow. "I'm barely going to be able to walk tomorrow," she commented as she lengthened her hem back to its usual, regulation-length. "Not that I'm

complaining. I want the reminder of this time with you."

Ron chuckled lazily as he stretched and crossed his arms behind his head, as naked as the day he was born and feeling content if a bit drowsy. They'd spent the evening talking, laughing, making love, talking some more, making love some more—and even though he was physically spent, he felt like he still hadn't gotten enough of her to sustain him. "Sure you don't have time for another go before you leave?"

She bit her lip as she eyed his nude frame longingly in the mirror, clearly considering his offer. "I don't know, Ron... I'm going to be cutting it close as it is; Professor McGonagall's expecting my Floo..."

Recognizing that it wouldn't take much to sway her to his way of thinking, Ron hopped up suddenly from the disheveled sheets and approached her, wrapping his arms around her from behind, and the next thing he knew he was shagging her against the dresser, the mirror rocking dangerously against the wall...

"If I don't leave now I'm never going to get out of here," she said with a shaky laugh, still quaking in the aftermath of their mutual pleasure as Ron slipped himself gingerly from her body. Blimey, he was a bit sore. He glanced down, liking the sight of his cum running down her thighs. But before he'd truly had a chance to enjoy the sight she'd picked up her wand and was cleaning herself once more, siphoning away their bodily fluids before straightening her skirt and yanking her knickers back up; she then examined herself in the mirror, using her wand to conceal the marks he'd left above her collar before hastily attempting to tame her hair.

Ron sighed as he picked his pants up off the floor and stepped into them, a lead ball forming in the pit of his stomach as he had to now face the reality that she was leaving again. "I'll walk you downstairs," he offered sadly as he started to slip on his favorite old Chudley Cannons t-shirt, now a bit too snug across his shoulders and chest.

"Can I have that?" Hermione asked suddenly, almost sheepishly.

"What, this?" he asked, holding up the shirt. "It's all yours. Looks better on you anyway." Then he wadded it up and tossed it to her, and he couldn't help but laugh as he watched her stow it in that blasted beaded bag that she'd carted all their things around in all of last year.

"What?" she asked a bit defensively as she tucked the bag out of sight.

"I just can't believe you're carrying around that ruddy thing," he said as he rummaged in his drawer for a clean shirt, finding one at random and pulling it over his head.

"If it wasn't for this 'ruddy thing,' we'd have likely died from exposure to the elements," she pointed out. "I suppose I've grown a bit attached to it. Besides, one never knows when one might need a kit of emergency potions, or a spare wand, or—"

"A tent?"

He watched on in amusement as her face reddened. "As I recall, my forethought kept us alive last year."

"Mental, you are," he said as he reached for her, engulfing her fiercely in his arms. "Completely brilliant, but mental all the same, and that's why I love you."

"We'll see each other again soon," she whispered, planting a tender kiss to his lips, but Ron didn't miss the hitch in her voice and the sudden glassiness of her eyes. "The first Hogsmeade weekend is in a couple of weeks. You—you remembered to ask off from work, didn't you?"

Ron snorted at that, leaning back to tuck a wayward curl affectionately behind her ear. "Even if I was daft enough to forget, I'd bloody quit before missing it."

"Oh, you would not," she said with a laugh, sliding her hands up his chest, up his face, and brushing his fringe from his eyes. "George needs you."

Ron shrugged. "The shop's doing all right, especially since he hired some more help. Plus, he's been doing a lot better since he started seeing Angie. She helps take his mind off things, y'know?"

"Yes, but a lover can't replace a brother," Hermione stated, and then she froze, her eyes widening as if she'd realized what she'd just said. "Ron, I'm sorry, I didn't mean—"

"It's okay," he said quickly, pulling her in for another tight hug even as his heart constricted and he saw Fred's body amongst the debris of that blown-apart wall... "I know what you meant." Then, just to make her feel better, he added, "But I reckon there are plenty of things a lover can do that a brother can't... At least, things brothers *shouldn't* do for each other. I like George and all when he's not taking the piss out on me all the bloody time, but we're not *that* close."

That earned a giggle and an eye-roll from her, and Ron mentally patted himself on the back.

"I love you, Ron," she said after a moment, her face serious once more as she sucked her lips inside her mouth briefly before releasing them. "I'm proud of you for choosing to help George—it's a very selfless thing you're doing—and—and I'm glad I did this. It was worth it, lying to Professor McGonagall, just to see you for a while."

A wide grin broke across his face as he experienced a swell of pride at her praise and her admittance. "Admit it, Hermione, you just want me for my body. I mean, my money damned sure isn't the appeal, since George is a cheapskate and my family certainly doesn't have any to speak of..."

She laughed as she punched him playfully in the arm. "Ron! Oh, all right, your body...does have a certain appeal, I won't deny it."

"I knew it!" he said in exaggerated triumph, punching the air while Hermione laughed.

"By the way," she said, her face becoming solemn once more as she gazed up at him, "what you said before, when we were..." She blushed, biting her lip as her eyes flitted away from his before meeting them determinedly once more. "About...wanting to spend the rest of your life with me..."

He held his breath, waiting for her to continue.

"Well, I just want you to know...in case there were any doubts...that I want the same thing. Absolutely."

Abruptly, there was a knock at the door, and Ron and Hermione both jumped, startled. "Guys?" It was Harry. "Sorry to interrupt, but I've been waiting around for a couple of hours now, and I really need to talk to you. It's about Ginny..."

## Chapter End Notes

So, yeah, this ended up being about twice as long as it was supposed to be... Oops.

Oh, well.

It should be known that while writing this chapter I had the following lyrics to the song "It's Been Awhile" by Staind stuck in my head:

"It's been awhile since I've seen the way

The candles light your face.

And it's been awhile

But I can still remember just the way you taste."

The official music video: [www\(dot\)you tube\(dot\)com/watch?v=araU0fZj6oQ&ob=av3e](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=araU0fZj6oQ&ob=av3e)

Thanks for reading, everyone!

Jes: I can't WAIT to see what you come up with in response to this! :D

## Chapter 4

### Chapter Notes

JesWithOneEss here! Kari's writing was top notch and super duper sexy. I mean, holy smutballs, am I right? It has been a fun challenge coming up with something to both follow the last chapter, and to move the story along plot-wise. I hope you all enjoy this installment!

Disclaimer: KariAnn1222 and I, JesWithOneEss do not own Harry Potter or his friends. Also, we are not responsible for any children conceived as a result of our smut-a-licious writing... unless you would like to name said children after us, then by all means, please carry on with the sexy times. Read-and-fuck at your own risk!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Ron, I'm sure it isn't anything to worry about," Hermione said as she followed close behind him as he unlocked the door with his wand and stalked toward it. Ignoring her voice of reason, Ron wrenched the door open to reveal Harry who was rubbing his hands together, his eyes peeking over the top of his spectacles, and looking properly apologetic for interrupting.

"What's wrong with my sister?" Ron asked before anyone could speak, and pushed past Harry to stand in the hallway. He had his wand aloft, ready to do... well, Hermione didn't know what as there was clearly no danger lurking in the house and Harry's expression turned from nervous to confused by Ron's reaction. "Is everyone at St. Mungos? Hermione, get your wand ready and I'll-"

"Ron, what the hell are you on about?" Harry grabbed Ron's arm to keep him from disappearing. "Ginny's fine, last I heard. Calm down, mate. Bloody hell."

"I told you it wasn't anything to worry about," Hermione said and rolled her eyes at Ron after joining them in the hallway.

"Right...well, I'm still on edge I reckon," Ron said with a frustrated, yet relieved, sigh and lowered his wand. Then he shoved Harry not so gently on his shoulder. "Fuck, Harry, you scared the bollocks off me!"

As Hermione followed Ron and Harry down the stairs and into the kitchen, listening to their back-and-forth on the difference between scaring someone and simply getting one's attention, she glanced down at her watch and groaned. It was near time for her to leave and she didn't want to give Professor McGonagall a reason to send an owl to her parents asking her whereabouts, or worse floo call them at such a late hour only to find them not in the middle of a birthday celebration, but instead being woken up from their sleep to worry about their only daughter...

However, she was conflicted as she remembered Harry wanting to talk to Ron earlier in the day, and here he was again seeking Ron out. And now that she knew it had something to do with Ginny, whom she would see the very next morning, she was even more curious.

"Harry, you have been trying to tell us something all day," Hermione said in an effort to speed things along. They were standing in the kitchen and she tried not to keep glancing at the fireplace every other second, imagining McGonagall's face appearing after finding out where she wasn't

and thus deducing where she actually was... "What is so important that it couldn't wait?"

"Wait?" Harry said with a laugh and then made a show of peering at the clock on the wall. "It's nearly ten! And no offense Hermione, but I wasn't really expecting you to be here today... What *are* you doing out of school? And why didn't Ginny come?"

"She came to see *me*, obviously, you prat," Ron said smugly as he walked up behind Hermione and leaned ever so cockily with his hand on the wall next to her head and his chest pressed up against her back. Hermione rolled her eyes at Ron's macho display, but nevertheless couldn't help but feel a certain amount of complacency at his prideful tone. "Don't be jealous, Harry," Ron continued to taunt despite Hermione's foot tapping. "You know your eyes are the only things that should be green on you."

"You're so bloody funny," Harry said flatly. "Remind me next time to laugh out loud, will you?"

"Will do."

"You really are an arse."

"That's what they say," Ron replied with a shrug. "But at least I'm getting some arse, am I right?"

Hermione smacked her teeth loudly and turned around sharply to see him smirking down at her. She narrowed her eyes and bent her elbow back into Ron's ribs, making him bend over slightly from her not so gentle nudge. She wasn't as amused as they were with the ridiculous bantering since her time was running out.

"Can you just tell us what is going on? I really must get going," Hermione said to Harry who was chuckling at Ron rubbing his side and muttering about bony elbows.

"Actually, I sort of wanted to talk to you," Harry said to Ron, sobering up quickly then glanced nervously at Hermione, "alone."

"Oh...Wait, *what*?" Hermione was taken aback by being excluded and after looking at Ron, who by then had stopped pretending to look put out, she could see that he was shocked as well.

"Sorry, it's nothing personal. It's just... guy stuff. You understand?"

"But, don't you-"

Before Hermione could finish Ron clapped his hands loudly and said, "Well, you heard him, Hermione. The man wishes to seek my advice- wait, this better not be about-," Harry quickly shook his head, horrified. "Thank Merlin," Ron muttered, obviously relieved that he wouldn't have to discuss his sister and best mate and certain activities that Hermione knew he'd much rather forget that they most certainly have done already.

"Ron, stop it," Hermione protested as Ron started to steer her by the shoulders toward the bag of floo powder on the mantle. She was thoroughly confused as to why Harry didn't want her there, and even more confused by Ron who was just as eager to see her go.

"I'll let you say good-bye in private, yeah," Harry said as he edged out of the room backwards, almost tripping on a rug in his haste toward the door. "I really don't want to witness any more of... whatever you lot've been up to today. Good seeing you, Hermione!" And with that last statement he was out the door and she could hear him thundering up the stairs.

As soon as Harry was gone Hermione shook herself out of Ron's grasp and rounded on him, her voice low, but shrill. "Can you believe him, cutting me out like that? And you! I have half a mind

to march up there and demand he tell me what's going on with Ginny. She's my friend, too. We're just as close as she is your sister and his girlfriend, you know. How am I supposed to-"

"I'll owl you as soon as he goes to bed," Ron quickly whispered and gave Hermione a look that told her to shut it already, which she did begrudgingly and with what she knew was a childish huff.

"Hmph... Well, fine. I suppose I have no choice, do I?"

Ron chuckled at Hermione's pouting face which then turned into a scowl.

"Sorry, didn't mean to laugh at you," Ron said hastily as he stepped in closer; his hand went into her hair at the base of her neck, successfully softening the hard lines of the frown that was on her face. "But it can't be that serious, and he doesn't have to tell you everything. Besides, maybe he just wants to speak to someone wiser and a bit, I dunno, cooler, you know?"

The deep soothing tone of his voice momentarily masked his words until a second later when they sunk in; Hermione made a high pitched indignant noise and shoved him away with an ill contained smirk that matched Ron's own.

"You're insufferable!"

"And you love it, don't lie."

She couldn't stay angry; she wasn't even all that upset to begin with, especially when staring into his twinkling blue eyes filled with mischief and happiness, and that grin which made her so hot she was sure her clothes might melt right off her body and they would have to add the fireplace to the list of things they had shagged up against in just one day.

"And I love *you*," she murmured as she slinked her body into his, and wrapped her arms around his waist.

"Well, that was easy."

"Consider yourself lucky I'm too exhausted to row with you, not after the day we just had," she said into his chest and lifted her head to rub her nose on the skin above his t-shirt, sucking his odor into her nose and squeezing her eyes shut to remind herself of him later.

She had read in a book once that smell is the first sense connected to memory. And ever since that lesson in Potions sixth year with Amortentia she would often try to stand rather close to him (downwind if they were outside on a windy day) in the hopes of getting even the slightest whiff of his hair, his neck, his breath after eating a chocolate frog or a chicken leg, even his perspiration after a day of flying; any smell that came from him would send her into a hormone-filled daze, which she thought she had kept in check. That is until they started going together. After the war when they were finally able to show each other how they really felt, there was no reason to hold back.

And now the mixture of sweat and her layered on top of his usual scent made Hermione hum languidly as flashes of the previous several hours all culminated into that one moment before she would have to say good-bye to him, not sure she could risk getting away like this again until she was actually allowed to do so, without having to lie and scheme her way out of the castle. Hermione realized she must have sighed unhappily at the thought of leaving him because he suddenly held her tighter and kissed the top of her head, penetrating the fluffiness of her curls in order to press his lips against her scalp for longer than necessary.

"Do you have to go?"

"Yes, unfortunately," Hermione replied and reluctantly pulled away from Ron just enough to allow his nose to scrape the side of her face on the way down to kiss her. Hermione could feel the urgency in his kiss, the way he gripped the back of her blouse, letting it come loose out of her skirt; the way his groan vibrated from his throat and past his lips when her thumbs traced the outline of his ears before tugging on the ends of his hair.

"Mmm, I'm gonna miss you," he said when she finally succeeded in extracting herself from his embrace, not that she was too eager to do so.

"It's only for a few more weeks," she reminded him as she fixed her clothes and grabbed a handful of floo powder from the mantle. She stepped into the fireplace. "And don't forget-"

"Yes, I know. Expect Pig at breakfast tomorrow," Ron said with a nod and then he let out a shout. "Oh, wait!"

"Ron, I really must go," Hermione called as she watched him disappear from view for a few seconds and then come back with a flat dish sloppily wrapped in plastic, which he quickly handed to her.

"It's a piece of cake that Kreacher made yesterday. You can give it to McGonagall. You know, because you're late and she'll think it was your mum's birthday cake... Kreacher makes the best coconut and banana cake. Don't tell mum I said that."

"I won't," she said with a chuckle, mindful not to appear shocked lest he take it the wrong way and think she had underestimated his cleverness, which she most certainly had not. "This is... brilliant. You're brilliant. Thank you." Yet she couldn't help but praise him, especially when that meant his ears would turn red and he stood just that much taller.

"Thank *you*," he said and braced his hands on either side of the fireplace to lean his head in close to hers. "This was the best day of my life so far."

"So far," she echoed with a suggestive tone and leaned in to kiss him one last time. "See you soon."

She waited for him wave at her from a safe distance before yelling out McGonagall's office and opening her hand to let the powder drop at her feet. She watched as everything twisted around her and Ron disappeared from view in a cloud of green smoke and soot.

XXXXX

The next morning at breakfast Hermione could barely eat her porridge as she waited for the owl post to arrive. She left for the library before sunrise and stayed until it was time to head for breakfast in the Great Hall, so she hadn't yet seen Ginny. After skeeving off an entire day and going to bed so late the night before, she was grateful for the extra time to catch up on some studying and school work she may have missed. And the thanks she received from McGonagall when she presented her with the cake that Ron had so cleverly thought of to offer had only intensified Hermione's guilt. However, it wasn't enough to make her confess her indiscretions. She wasn't daft, after all.

With her eyes drooping due to lack of sleep and pouring over notes and books for the past hour, Hermione was startled when Ginny plopped into the seat beside her, bumping her shoulder and greeting Hermione with a lively, "Good morning!"

"Oh good morning, Ginny. You scared me," Hermione said with a hand on her chest. She looked sideways at the younger red-headed girl and tried to assess if anything was amiss, for any hint of



what Harry might have had to say about her yesterday.

"Late night, yeah?" Ginny said and nudged Hermione's shoulder again, this time with an added wink before reaching toward the center of the table and piling a handful of bacon onto her plate. "So how is my brother? Or did you two not get to talking much?"

"Shhh! Keep your voice down," Hermione hissed and jerked her head around to make sure no one had heard. "He's... fine..." she continued with a grin and bit her lip as Ron's face, flushed with desire and on the verge of orgasm came to mind.

"Oh, Merlin. Spare me the details, will you?" Ginny said before sticking out her tongue and laughing at Hermione's pink tinged cheeks.

"I really wasn't planning on going into further detail, don't worry," Hermione said primly. "But you're right, there wasn't much... talking, if you know what I mean." She giggled when Ginny groaned and threw her bacon down in mock protest. Then she glanced at Hermione and cleared her throat.

"So, did you see Harry as well?"

"I did," Hermione said with a shrug, nervousness setting in, then took a bite of her porridge after using her wand to warm it up since it had been sitting untouched for so long. She could feel Ginny staring at her from the corner of her eye and avoided her gaze as much as possible.

"What is it?" Ginny asked flatly and turned her body to face Hermione.

"What? Nothing. I mean, he looked well enough; could use some more rest as I imagine training can be quite strenuous... He did ask why you didn't come. He misses you." Hermione smiled warmly at Ginny because that at least was not a lie.

She never wanted to be dishonest with her friends and it was bothering her that she couldn't tell Ginny what Harry said about her; not wanting to betray his trust, especially since he didn't feel the need to include her. Hermione suppressed an eye roll at that last thought and instead took another bite to distract from looking at Ginny again. Ginny relaxed and was about to reply when something small and feathery suddenly flew right into the back of Hermione's head, its claws getting tangled in her curls.

"Oh, damnit, Pig," Ginny muttered while Hermione shrieked and flailed her arms to try and keep Ron's owl from ripping her hair out from the roots, again. Ginny stood to help Hermione, whose hair was now bushier than ever before. "I guess Ron couldn't wait to thank you after you left?" Ginny teased and held Pig to her chest while raining kisses on his soft head, calming him down considerably.

"Thanks," Hermione breathed heavily as she patted down her hair. "I normally see him coming. Is he alright?"

"Oh, he's fine," Ginny said, stroking Pig's feathers lovingly. "He's been in your hair plenty of times. I reckon he thinks it's fun." She chuckled when Hermione rolled her eyes and smiled.

"I had gotten so good at catching him, too," Hermione said and then reached out and pulled the rolled up scroll from the owl's leg. "I think I'll read this on my way to Potions. I'll see you there?"

"Sure, I'll put Pig back in your room before class," Ginny replied without looking up and set Pig on her shoulder, feeding him pieces of bacon from her plate.

"Thanks, Ginny!"

Hermione speed walked out of the Great Hall and into the corridor, stopping as soon as she rounded a corner to lean against the stone wall. She dropped her bag with a thud and opened Ron's letter.

*Hermione – I want this to get to you by breakfast, so I'll try to be quick. Don't want you to worry for too long. That reminds me, you had better have eaten before reading!*

Hermione rolled her eyes and then reasoned that the two bites of porridge she had eaten counted, so she shrugged and continued reading...

*So get this – Harry is planning on asking Ginny to marry him! I mean, she's my sister and I reckon she's alright, but blimey is she a pain in the arse. I told him as much, but he still wants to do it, the nutter. Ha! I'm oddly happy for them. That's right I am!*

*He wanted to ask me what I thought mum and dad would think and I said they would've proposed to him eventually if he hadn't. You know it's true! So he's gonna talk to them tomorrow. Kiss ass. And he didn't want you to know since you see her everyday and didn't want her to figure it out or some shite. But I told him I'm telling you anyway cos I know you won't give it away. Right?*

*So that was some day we had, yeah? I wish you were still here in my bed, with your wee lil body curved so perfectly into mine. I love how we fit together even if I am like a beanstalk next to you. But I reckon your hair makes up for a few extra inches in height, yeah? Ha!*

Hermione snorted into her hand loudly and sagged against the wall, oblivious to students now filling the corridor on their way to lessons.

*Today was brilliant, Hermione. It just made me miss you more and you've only been gone an hour! How am I supposed to last another few weeks without seeing your face or smelling your hair or tasting your... mouth? Okay, I really meant to say pussy, but I didn't think you would think I was crude. But I just did and you already know I am, so sod that!*

*I want to taste your wet hot pussy, Hermione. It's so fucking sweet when you cum, I could drink you all day and never go thirsty. And when that runs out I'll take your tits in my mouth and while I fuck you, and...*

*I'm so hard right now just thinking about you. Are you hot reading this? I hope you are because that's what you get for doing all those naughty things with me and then just leaving after so many hours of fucking and sucking, and fucking Merlin, I better stop. This is getting long and so is something else, if ya know what I mean.*

*Until next time, maybe sooner than you think...*

*I love you. SO fucking much.*

Ron

Hermione bit her lip and held the parchment to her chest, not realizing she was crumpling it in the process, as she closed her eyes and let her head fall back against the stone wall. He may not be a poet, but Ron certainly had a way with words. And that they were his words and his writing made Hermione's insides curl and twist until all the heat dropped to between her legs.

"Well, that must've been some letter."

Hermione launched herself off the wall and stuffed the already disheveled letter into the pocket of her cloak. Ginny stood in front of her with her bag on her shoulder, smirking at Hermione with a

curious glance to her pocket.

"Oh, Ginny, um, yes it was," Hermione said and stooped down to heave her bag back onto her shoulder, grunting from the weight of the extra books she checked out of the library. She took a mental note to do a weightless charm on her bag when she got to Slughorn's classroom as magic wasn't allowed in the corridors. Knowing Ginny's reaction she asked, "Do you want details?"

Just as predicted Ginny shook her head vigorously and said, "No thank you! The expression on your face when I walked up was enough for the entire castle to know what was in that letter."

"Oh, right. Yes well, you know Ron. Always saying inappropriate things..." Hermione said nervously then couldn't help but smile widely at her friend, imagining her dressed in a beautiful gown and looking at Harry with wide loving eyes before reciting their vows...

"Yeah, alright...", Ginny gave Hermione a strange look and shook her head amusingly. "You two are so strange together."

XXXXXX

It was along day of feeling aroused thinking back on Ron's words in that letter, to feeling giddy whenever she looked at Ginny and trying not to show it, and then annoyed with Harry for thinking she couldn't keep a secret. However, after Ginny finally cornered her in the common room, asking her why she kept grinning like a mad woman, Hermione had to concede in her mind that perhaps Harry may have had a slight point. She was able to pass her odd behavior off as still being smitten from the day before and Ron's latest letter, which wasn't all that far from the truth.

Of course this wasn't the first naughty letter Ron had sent since Hermione had been away at Hogwarts. She had a jewelry box full of randy notes from him, each one just as sweet and more detailed as the next. But this one had come right after the most adventurous nine hours they had spent together thus far. The memories from their day were still fresh in her mind and quite obviously in Ron's as well.

Hermione had just covered Pig's cage and was burrowed underneath the blankets of her four poster bed that was situated in the center of her single room that was appointed to the Head Girl every year. She loved the solitude it offered and had it been a year earlier she would have appreciated being away from her gossipy roommates. However, this year she and Ginny were in the same year and at times she found herself missing nights like those at the Burrow where they shared a room and they would stay up at night talking. With Ginny having six older brothers and Hermione having no siblings at all, they grew rather close over the years, being the only two young girls in a house full of boys.

But it was on nights like these when Hermione couldn't sleep and needed the privacy that she was more than grateful to not share a dormitory with anyone else...

She turned on her side to gaze at a photo of the both of them taken over the summer by Harry who, in a fit of cheerfulness and an urge to splurge some of the money he had been sitting on for so many years, decided to buy a wizard's camera and went about taking photos of everyone and everything he could find around the Burrow. The photo showed her straddling a broom not very high up in the air with Ron behind her, one arm wrapped tightly around her waist and the other in front of them on the handle of the broom on top of hers, helping to keep it steady. She didn't know it then, but Ron had closed his eyes and smiled dreamily as he lowered his head slightly to smell her hair. It was only for a second, but every time she saw him do it she would drag a finger across his face in the photo and smile with him. What made it more special was that neither of them knew that Harry was focused on them.

She sighed and turned off the gas lamp next to her bed. In the dark she could still see his smile, and then his hands when they roamed her body, large and rough and perfectly suited for her needs. The scratchiness of his thumbs sweeping across her stomach and inner thighs were enough to make her shiver under the warm blankets. She found herself mocking the path his hands had taken with her own, closing her eyes and using her other senses to imagine it was Ron touching her instead.

Since it was only her in the room she chose to sleep in one of Ron's large t-shirts and knickers, and nothing else. She recalled his response in a letter after she informed him of this, which led to some of the naughtiest back and forth owl posts in her collection. But it was the words from his most recent letter that wrote themselves behind her eyelids, *I want to taste your wet hot pussy, Hermione*, and she sucked her lips in as she tickled her upper thighs with her fingers which were much too small for her liking, but would have to do for the time being. *I could drink you all day...*

She groaned and lifted her chin toward the ceiling. "Oh, Ron," she said his name with an added moan as she imagined him hovering over her, his fringe curtaining his eyes, but not enough to hide the blueness of them, that almost cobalt blue, so deep and penetrating... she ground her hips into her mattress and rubbed her belly with both hands, sliding them firmly back and forth, and higher until her night shirt, that still had a hint of Ron's smell attached, was now bunched up around the top of her ribs.

"Oh, God," she gasped out when she tried her best to imitate the firm, but gentle way Ron knew how to please her with just a few twists of his wrist that sent jolts of electricity from her breasts down to her core. It felt good, but it wasn't enough and she grunted frustratingly. Her own efforts were lost on her body, but just thinking about how he made her feel was enough to make her so wet that her knickers were sticking to her, wedged in her bum and folds of her sex.

*I'm so hard right now just thinking about you.*

She wondered if he was thinking about her at that moment... She imagined him still on top of her, his eyes coming in closer, the warmth and sweat from his body making her hot and slippery, the feel of his hardness pressed against her thigh, and the expert way he had learned to move his hips, and hers, at just the right angle, and slide into her without even looking... She quickly moved one of her hands between her legs while the other continued to pull and knead both breasts.

"Oh, yes, Ron," she muttered, her eyes still closed tight, and tongue licking lips as she probed herself, slicking her juices around the most important bundle of nerves at the very top...

Hermione hissed and rocked her hips in rhythm with her fingers, gasping and whimpering as she worked herself over and over, then faster until she felt the pressure building and saw in her mind's eye Ron's red face disappearing into the side of her neck where he would kiss her, their perspiration mingling with their moans...

She held on to the memory as the pounding increased under her fingers and she gripped her left breast tighter. Her legs instinctively clasped around her hand. Her mouth opened wide and sharp moans and grunts escaped her mouth involuntarily as the orgasm took over her body making her bum and hand, still covered by her wet knickers, rise up from the bed. Her feet had already kicked the blankets off her body when she arched her back and felt like the world was spinning yet standing still at the same time. She tried to prolong it, but the pounding intensified throughout her entire body until she was frozen for a moment and then started crying out as spurts of pleasure rocked her body on her way down from the self-inflicted orgasm...

Hermione took her hand from between her legs, her knickers snapping back to her skin, and she rolled to her side, exhausted and breathing heavily. She was satiated, but only just as nothing could compare to having Ron there to bring her to completion.

Hermione was relaxed, giving into the droning hum of her body with visions of ginger hair and calloused hands swimming in her head. She was just about to gather enough energy to get up and clean herself and grab a fresh pair of knickers when she heard something moving in her room; the pleasure induced sleep that she had been looking forward to dissolved and she sat bolt upright in her bed, wide awake, and reached for her wand, lighting it wordlessly and scanning the room.

"Bloody hell, Hermione. That was fucking hot."

"R- Ron?"

In the dim light of her wand she could see that it was indeed Ron, her Ron, standing in her room by the open window, leaning heavily on his broom, his pale and freckled face flushed and with a grin so wide she was surprised his head hadn't split in two. His hair was a wild mess on top of his head and he was wearing a heavy jumper and trousers... she quickly deduced that he had flown inside her window.

"What the hell are you doing here?" she shrieked, her heart still beating wildly, as she scrambled off the bed and stalked over to him, not caring that he was raking his eyes over her body, especially her legs that were bare and wobbly after just having... "Oh, my god! You saw that? What do you think you're doing sneaking in? You could have gotten caught!" She raised her hand to push him and he stopped her with a hand on her wrist and pulled her away from the window.

"Shush, you don't want anyone finding out I'm here, do you?"

"No one will because you were just leaving!"

"Are you serious? Do you know the trouble I went through to get here?"

Hermione yanked her arm out of his grasp and lit a set of candlesticks on her dresser. She turned around and crossed her arms over her chest.

"And do you know how much trouble I can get into having you in here? First of all, you don't even go to this school. Secondly, boys aren't allowed in the girls' dormitory!" She whispered the last part and glanced worried toward the door, then at her watch. "And it's nearly midnight!"

"But you're Head Girl," Ron said as if that cleared everything up. Then he took two long strides to her bed, dropped down on top of it, legs stretched out and crossed at the ankles, and hands clasped behind his head. He arched his brow at her and said, "It smells like you in here. Like your-"

"Ron, exactly how did you get past the gates? There are wards all around the castle as well," Hermione said and stood over him with her hands on her hips. "You couldn't have just flied in on your broom, easy as that. How did you do it?" She knew her tone was more on the curious side in stead of sounding reprimanding, but she was honestly intrigued at how he could have gotten in so easily without being detected.

"You worry too much," Ron said and sat up, swinging his legs over the side of the bed and trapping her between his knees. "I have my ways," he said and bumped her legs so that she had no choice but to use his shoulders to steady herself. "Besides, you're one to talk after what you did just yesterday. Let's just say you were very... inspiring."

"I never meant to suggest that you do something like this. This is entirely too risky," Hermione said and then held her breath to keep any uncontrollable noises silent as he started to slide his hands up and around her thighs. She could feel that her knickers were still a bit moist and she was also still very sensitive from her recent... activities. "Ron..."

"I couldn't stop thinking about you, Hermione."

"An entire day wasn't enough for you?" She struggled to get that sentence out since Ron's hands, the same ones that had previously been imagining on her body in order to please herself, were now real, and here, and now...

"I can never get enough of you," Ron replied and peered up at her while he ventured higher, up past her knickers to her stomach where he pressed his thumbs in near her navel. She couldn't help but let out a moan and he looked surprised, probably because she was no longer yelling at him, but giving in so quickly. "And then I come in and see you frigging yourself... Fucking hell, that about killed me. I've never seen anything so sexy. And you said my name, I heard you." He looked at her in awe as his fingers hooked into the edge of her knickers and started to pull them down.

"Who else would I be thinking about, except you?" Hermione said and threaded her hands in his disheveled hair. Her knickers were at her feet now and she stepped out of them, still amazed that she was thinking about him just moments ago and there he was, as if she dreamed him into existence.

Before she knew it Ron was pulling her night shirt over her head and she was standing in front of him nude, in the candlelight, and her heart then skipped a beat at how utterly romantic this actually was. He had somehow found a way to get into the castle, in the night, under risk of getting caught and it was all for her.

All other thoughts went out of the window that Ron had flew into, and Hermione was bent over, kissing him with her hands on either side of his face, taking him by surprise. His arms immediately went around her waist and he pulled her roughly to him making her straddle his lap, their lips never disconnecting until Hermione pulled at his jumper and he took it off the rest of the way. And he was kissing her back again, his hands at his belt and hers on his chest, nails scraping across nipples. In his haste to unfasten his belt and trousers Ron's knuckles would rub up against Hermione's sensitive area; she moaned loudly and pulled Ron's wand from his back pocket, locking and silencing the door just in case any students were awake.

"This is," Ron said between kisses, "the best idea," he got his zipper down and fell flat on his back, bringing Hermione with him, "I ever had."

"Promise you'll tell me how you did it... later," Hermione said as she kissed her way from his neck to his chest, rolling her tongue around his pink nipples, rubbing her own across his skin on the way down. "If I get caught..."

"Fucking hell," Ron groaned when Hermione finally took his trousers and pants off and was now kneeling on the floor between his legs, trailing her fingers along his shins and knees... "I promise. I'll tell you anything," he said and sat upright. "And you won't get caught. I won't let you."

"Good answer," she said and even though she was still nervous about getting in trouble she let him pull her to her feet and back down on top of him, wasting no time sliding into her. She gasped and her head dropped onto his shoulder. He rubbed her back soothingly, and kissed her neck and shoulder, and whispered that he loved her. She whispered it back and raised her head, already wet with perspiration, and leaned her forehead against his. From this position she started moving her hips slowly, aided by his hands now holding her bum. He rose up to meet her and they rocked against each other slowly gaining momentum. He brought his hands around to cup her breast, tweaking her nipples. She cried out with pleasure as that was just the feeling she was going for earlier and hadn't succeeded.

"I love...your hands," she gasped out. "You know just what to do... to make me crazy."

He grinned against her mouth and then flipped them over so Hermione's head hit the pillow. "I'm glad they're good for something," he said and sat up on his knees, still inside her. He gripped her breasts and bent down to suckle them.

"And your mouth... Oh, god, Ron!" He had lightly bit her nipple and thrust hard into her at the same time. Hermione held a tight grip on his bum as he rammed into her again, and then again while he continued to suck and knead her breasts. She pulled him in closer, wanting to feel every inch of him.

Then he was back to kissing her, his tongue probing her mouth. She kissed back just as hungrily and squeezed her hands on his bum urging him to go faster, harder. Ron left her breasts and pushed at the back of her knees, folding her legs until they were open as wide as they could go.

"Ah fuuuck," Ron moaned and sat up on his knees to look down at where they connected, his eyes glancing back up at hers. "Love you... fuck, Hermione..."

The amount of passion and desire in his eyes, the openness of his heart and untamed want that was permeating off of him made her have to catch her breath. Her eyes reflexively clamped shut when he started rubbing her sensitive button just above where he was entering her at a speed that was rapidly gaining with every plunge.

Her hands flew to her breasts that were in danger of detaching from her chest as he braced his hands on the mattress and was hovering over her, his hips slamming into hers while he concentrated on his furiously rubbing thumb. They grunted and gasped together; Hermione arched her back and bucked her hips, and their bodies knocked together almost painfully with the effort on both their parts to get closer and to add as much friction as possible...

An animal-like growl came from Ron's mouth and he pressed down on his thumb. Hermione yelled his name and reached out to grab him by his neck, pulling him to her chest. He bucked into her one more time and she could feel his groan vibrating through her chest from his throat and him spilling into her as he came.

The weight of his body slumped on top of her and they laughed breathlessly; Ron's mouth was open between her breasts and Hermione's chin perched itself on top of Ron's head. She smoothed his slick hair back away from the side of his face. He raised his head after catching his breath and moved up just enough to nuzzle his face into the crook of her neck, scratching her skin with the coarse hairs along his jaw.

"That tickles," Hermione said with a giggle and turned them both to the side so they were facing each other, smiling in the other's face. "I'm glad you came."

"But are you glad I... came?" Ron asked gesturing to his broom leaning against the wall next to the window.

She smacked his shoulder lazily and giggled. "Yes, that too. Now can you tell me how you did it? I'm dying to know." She kissed along his jaw and cheeks in order to sweeten the truth out of him. He slid his hands back and forth along the small of her back and chuckled.

"Oh yeah, we did make a deal, didn't we?"

How did he do it, Kari? Hmmm?

So this was a lot of fun to write! I wasn't going to bet too smutty with it, but I just couldn't help myself, could I? I really hope you all enjoyed it. Please leave a review. Thank you!

As always you can find me on Tumblr: mypatronusisacupcake and on Twitter: JeswithOneEss

KariAnn1222 here: LOL, I fucking hate you right now. ;p Well, not really, since I suppose I deserve it for sticking you with the something's-up-with-Ginny cliffy, so I suppose I'll just have to get creative!

Anywho, awesome chapter, Jes! Aww, Harry's gonna propose! That's so sweet! I was actually thinking something similar when I wrote that cliffy, & I'm glad that's what you went with!

And wow, those two randy, insatiable bunnies! Sheesh! What are we gonna do with them? ;)



## Chapter 5

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Oh yeah, we did make a deal, didn't we?" he said with a lazy laugh, feeling content after the gratifying physical release he'd just experienced and more than a bit spent. Merlin, shagging could take a lot out of 'im—but damn straight, it was bloody worth it, wasn't it?

He really fancied a sandwich right about now...

Hermione cleared her throat, and he was abruptly reminded that she was waiting for him to explain himself.

"So you wanna know how I got into the castle, eh?" He shrugged nonchalantly. "Easy. I Floo'ed to Flitwick's office, flew out his window, and into yours."

She stared at him, incredulous. "You—what? How? I know for a fact that Professor McGonagall insisted that all the fireplaces around the castle be cut off from the Floo Network for security purposes, with a few exceptions. Are you seriously telling me that Professor Flitwick's office has an open connection to Grimmauld Place?"

"O'course not. But Wheezes does. Flitwick's one of our best customers, see. I gave 'im a good deal on a crate of Wildfire Whiz-bangs in exchange that he let me keep open a connection from his office to the shop, for 'emergency purposes.' Y'know, in case I needed to get to you and Ginny fast. Well, I reckoned this was an emergency."

Hermione appeared aghast as she sat up next to him in bed. "Ron! Your libido certainly does *not* qualify as an emergency!"

"I beg to differ," he retorted with a snort as he sat up beside her and graced her with his most roguish grin. "'Sides, about two minutes ago you were cumming all over my cock. Are you really gonna complain now?"

She bristled, clearly not amused. "Of all the... Do you realize how incredibly...ill-conceived that was? Ron, as you pointed out not minutes ago, I'm Head Girl. I could lose that privilege if—"

"You're one to talk," he fired back, becoming agitated that she was ruining this by telling him off, "after you *lied* to McGonagall yesterday." He watched as she flinched. "How's what I did any bloody different? And didn't you just say you're glad I came?"

"I am! But, Ron, what if Professor Flitwick had been in his office? What if you'd been caught?"

"Then I would've made up something." His words came out a bit more hotly than he'd intended, but he couldn't help it: He was getting hacked by her tone, which clearly implied that he was daft. "Look, Hermione, I didn't just Floo here without checking the coast was clear. I sent Kreacher to check first, okay? And I wore Harry's Invisibility Cloak. I was careful. Believe it or not, I actually had a *plan*. I didn't just bloody wing it." As he finished his spiel, he focused on her face once more in the candlelight—and only then did he realize that he'd made a mistake by mentioning the house-elf.

He mentally kicked himself.

"You sent...? Ron! You can't just order Kreacher about, making him do your bidding like a...like

a slave!"

"A slave? Me and Harry are bloody paying him, aren't we? He *likes* working for us. And just so you know, I didn't go through all that 'cause I wanted to get off—I've got a hand, haven't I?—I just...I wanted to see you, all right? I can't get you off my bleedin' mind, and it's not about sex. Well, not *only* about sex, anyway. I love you. I *love* you, Hermione, and being apart all the time is driving me bloody mental—and getting one day with you was just a tease. I miss you so sodding much, all the damn time."

As he fell silent, he watched her face soften, and he breathed a sigh of relief that he'd said the right words to disarm her.

"I know," she said quietly after a moment, her hand fluttering up almost hesitantly to caress his unshaven jaw. "I miss you as well. And I love you, Ron, and...I didn't mean to imply that I thought that you came here just for sex; I know that's not why you did it. And I should've known that you'd taken the proper precautions. I'm sorry for underestimating you. I'm just... It was risky —"

"I told you that I won't get caught. I won't get you in trouble with McGonagall, Hermione."

She smiled gently. "It really was romantic of you, coming to my window in the middle of the night, making love to me by candlelight..."

He felt his ears warm as a pleased grin cracked his face, and he absently rubbed the back of his neck with one hand. "Yeah? Reckon I should've brought flowers or something."

"Rubbish. Flowers wilt and eventually die...unlike us. We're..."

Her voice trailed off, and he watched her bite her lower lip, suddenly looking shy, and he found himself holding his breath, wanting to know what she was going to say. "What?" he pressed when she didn't finish her thought, curiosity getting the better of him. "We're what?"

"Permanent," she finally said, bravely meeting his eyes once more.

Ron brought both hands up unthinkingly to caress her face, his thumbs rubbing circles on her cheekbones as their eyes met for several lingering, pointed moments, and he knew that they were both thinking about Harry and Ginny.

Was that what Hermione wanted? For him to propose?

*Bloody hell.*

The thought somehow thrilled him and terrified him all at once. It wasn't that he didn't think about marrying Hermione and starting a family with her; he thought about it all the bloody time, actually. Several times in the last weeks he'd even found himself popping his head into Pearson and Son's Fine Jewelry on his way from Wheezes to the Leaky Cauldron.

A life with Hermione was something he daydreamed about almost constantly—but was he ready for that next step? Was *she*?

"Ron?" she whispered, interrupting his internal musings, and he realized that she was smiling at him, seeming partly amused, partly embarrassed. "I didn't mean... I wasn't suggesting that we should..."—she swallowed hard—"get engaged. Right now. Besides, it wouldn't be very polite of us to take away the focus from Harry and Ginny. It's their moment."

Ron laughed, unsure whether he was relieved or disappointed. Maybe a bit of both. "Yeah, I don't

reckon that'd be very nice, would it? Still, I can't believe he actually wants to marry my pain-in-the-arse sister," he added with a chuckle, and was rewarded by a playful slap on the shoulder.

"Honestly, Ginny is not a—"

"Right, then, I reckon you've forgotten how she sabotaged us in sixth year by playing off my—"

"Sabotaged'?" Hermione repeated with a snort of amusement. "As I recall, you sabotaged yourself. Ginny didn't force you to do anything you didn't want to do. Besides, that was two years ago, Ron. She was fifteen."

"Yeah, fifteen and a right pain in the arse."

"No more than you."

He chortled again and slid back down in bed, pulling her with him as he went. Using both hands to push her wild hair out of her face as she settled on his chest, Ron studied the way the candlelight softened her features, somehow making her even lovelier than usual. When their eyes met again, their expressions turned serious once more, their hearts beating in tandem where their chests pressed together. "You're right, though," he stated, his voice somehow thicker than usual. "We *are* permanent. We don't gotta get engaged in the next two minutes to prove that."

She smiled. "We don't 'have' to," she corrected affectionately, brushing the fringe from his eyes.

"Don't have to what?"

She swatted at him again. "Oh, honestly..."

"Oh, honestly, Hermione," he teased, "nobody likes a grammar n—"

She cut him off with a kiss, her lips descending on his in a tender manner that was lacking all prior urgency: This kiss clearly wasn't about desire or lust, but about love, and he returned it in kind, one hand snaking behind her neck and beneath her hair, pulling her into him more fully as his arm tightened around her waist; her silky lips continued to brush over his, their tongues finding and seeking each other languidly, sensually.

Despite wanting to show her that he loved her and desired her on a level that was far beyond the realm of physicality, it was only a matter of moments before his body responded to her: He was a bloke, after all, and she was a very sexy, very naked witch astride him with her tongue in his mouth. Not much to be done about that.

For her part, she didn't seem to mind. Quite the contrary, she lifted her hips before grasping him firmly and, without further preamble, slowly impaling herself on him; they groaned in unison as she sank down on him inch by pleasurable inch, and Ron's hands found her arse, squeezing gently.

Fucking hell, she felt good.

"Hermione," he grunted into her ear as she began to move over him at a torturously slow pace, and he had to resist the urge to flip her over on the mattress and pound into her like every instinct he possessed demanded that he do. Instead, he let her set the pace, and it was only minutes before she was gasping while she rode him, sweat beading on her forehead while using his broad shoulders for leverage, and he knew she was close—which was fortunate, since he was having trouble holding back his own orgasm.

"That's right, sweetheart, take what you need," he encouraged in a whisper, his hands rubbing

circles on her back as he bucked into her. "So fucking beautiful...want you to use my cock..."

She leaned up slightly to meet his eyes as she rode him more ardently still, licking her lips and panting: "Oh—*oh!* Ron...you feel so good..."

"So do you," he groaned, his hands sliding down her back and gripping her hips, unable to resist slamming her up and down over his dick; when she leaned back, he was captivated by the way her smallish but perfectly round, high tits bounced in time to their now-sloppy thrusting and grinding. "Fuck...I'm never gonna get used to this... So fucking good, baby..."

"Ron...oh! *Ohhh...*" She bit her lip, her hips thrusting against him desperately and erratically, and as he felt her wet little quim contracting rhythmically around him, he couldn't hold back any longer.

"Uuungh...Er-my-nee...*fuuuuck*," he groaned as he came, his knees bending and his toes curling of their own accord while he emptied himself inside her.

At long last, Hermione sagged against him in blatant exhaustion and satiation, kissing him once, twice, three times. Ron's arms tightened around her middle in response, squeezing her as hard as he could without hurting her; his heart swelled a hundredfold with the force of the tenderness and affection he felt for her in that moment.

"Thank you," she whispered with a sigh, resting her head on his chest.

"No, thank *you*," he retorted with a sleepy, contented chuckle, his body still humming as he pressed a kiss to the top of her head through her messy curls. "You're so fucking amazing."

"So are you. I love you. So much..."

Exhaustion had caught up with them unexpectedly, and as such they were asleep within the next moments, their limbs intertwined, their bodies still intimately connected, and their hearts beating in harmonization.

\_oOo\_

"Ron! Get up!"

"Five more minutes, Mum," he groaned, rolling over and burrowing himself beneath his pillow, attempting to hang on to the last remnants of sleep as he hid from the reddish glow on the other side of his eyelids, an obvious indication of daylight: He'd been having a good dream, something about flying and...and vanilla ice cream cones, and Hermione—and his bed was nice and comfy, and he wasn't quite ready to wake up, dammit.

"Ron!"

Abruptly and quite rudely, the pillow was yanked from over his head, and he opened his eyes reluctantly, turning on his side and blinking as consciousness took a stronger hold on him:

"You've got to get dressed," Hermione was saying as she stumbled around her room at Hogwarts like a madwoman, working to tug on one stocking with one hand while her other flourished her wand, causing several books to zoom into her bag. "We overslept; breakfast is almost over! You can't get caught here!"

"Hermione, who's gonna catch me here?" he asked reasonably as he shifted groggily in bed, noticing vaguely that Hermione must have cleaned them up, because their fluids were no longer staining the sheets. "Expecting your other boyfriend later this morning or something?"

She shot him a death-glare, clearly not amused. "Ron, if you don't sneak back out the way you came while Professor Flitwick's in his first lesson, you could be stuck here all day!"

He shrugged nonchalantly while making no move to look for his clothes, instead crossing his arms behind his head. "So what? I'm working all weekend, so George isn't expecting me in today. I've got Quidditch this afternoon, but it wouldn't hurt to miss one game." Besides, his team, which he'd dubbed simply the Lions, was missing a Beater and a Seeker—and they hadn't been able to get another player from the handful of teams in their amateur league to stand in, so Ron reckoned they were screwed anyway.

"Ron." She said his name with exaggerated patience, looking at him through the mirror on the door to the loo as she tore her brush through her hair. "You cannot just...just stay in my room all day long!"

"Why not?"

"Because...because..."

"Relax, Hermione, I'm only taking the piss," he said with a laugh as he stood up unenthusiastically and retrieved his pants and trousers from beneath her bed. He finished redressing just as she threw her hairbrush on her nightstand and grabbed up her bag, turning to face him once more.

"I didn't even have time to shower," she complained with a sigh.

"What, don't wanna go to your lessons smelling like you've been up shagging all night?" he teased gently as he approached her, tucking a wayward curl behind her ear; she smiled up at him grudgingly as he drew her into his arms, returning his embrace and burying her face in his chest. "Goodbyes don't get any easier, do they?" he murmured, and she hummed her agreement. "You should go," he added after several heartbeats. "Know how you hate being late, and you've gotta set a good example, being Head Girl and all."

She rolled her eyes good-naturedly at his ribbing while reluctantly disentangling from his arms. "If Professor McGonagall only knew what I've been getting up to the past few days," she said guiltily, "I wouldn't blame her for not only stripping me of my title, but also expelling me..."

"Well, she *doesn't* know, does she? 'Sides, even if you weren't her favorite—which you are—I reckon you deserve a bit o'slack after what you did last year, after all you went through." For a brief instant, he heard her screams of agony that terrible day at Malfoy Manor, arguably the worst day of his life, but he quickly pushed the memory aside. *She's safe now*, he told himself firmly. *Nothing can hurt her now*.

"Yes, but, Ron, I don't feel comfortable taking advantage of my...of that," she said with a culpable frown, and Ron knew what she was thinking: that she already *had* taken advantage of her status as a war heroine by asking to have a day off to begin with. Hermione was well aware that McGonagall tended to favor certain students in Gryffindor House above others, and not many would have been granted special permission to leave school grounds like she had. (In fact, Hermione was probably the only one. Except maybe if Harry had still been in school and had made a similar request.) And on top of that she'd taken advantage of the elder witch's trust by lying about her intentions for her time off.

Ron reckoned she'd be feeling guilty about that for quite a while. "Hey, now, nothing wrong with bending the rules now and then, having a bit o'fun," he soothed. "And I gotta say, I was pretty damn impressed."

He could tell she was pleased by his admiration, and she at least didn't argue further, though he

suspected she wanted to; instead, she stood up on the tips of her toes and pressed her lips to his. "I love you, Ron," she said as she disengaged and backed toward the door. "Please be careful on your way out. And...I'll see you soon."

\_oOo\_

Ron stood at Hermione's open window, the Invisibility Cloak thrown over him and his broomstick clutched between his thighs as he observed the Hogwarts grounds from Gryffindor Tower, a feeling of unease settling in the pit of his stomach: This was the first time he'd set foot inside the castle since the Battle.

It was a cool but sunny day in late September, and as he observed the path that he, Harry, and Hermione had taken to Hagrid's on countless days just like this one—as he spotted the old tree over by the Black Lake where the three of them had lounged on the rare instances he'd been able to convince Hermione to abandon her studies—he couldn't help but feel bittersweet.

Those memories of his childhood were forever tainted now, because it was here, in this very castle and on the surrounding grounds, where Fred and others had died that day: The evidence, had he needed any, was in the bits of rubble here and there that had yet to be cleared away, in the chunks of stone still missing from certain portions of the castle walls.

As he had planned his Romeo-like stunt—he'd watched a film with Hermione about that Muggle bloke in the lazy days of summer; Ron thought it was completely barmy, of course, but he'd mentally taken notes—he'd barely given it a thought.

In the light of day, though, it was hard not to think about Fred and all else that had been lost and gained that day—which also happened to be the anniversary of his first snog with Hermione. (Their first shag had technically been the next day.)

With that thought in mind, he smiled slightly before kicking off the stone floor and sailing through the window.

Being sure to keep a firm grip on the Cloak with one hand, he steered the broom with the other, easily zipping to the west side of the castle where Ravenclaw Tower was located. He slowed to practically a crawl as he neared the window of Flitwick's office, approaching it cautiously and listening for any sign of movement from within.

Once he was pressed against the cool stone wall, he peered into the office, breathing a sigh of relief to find it abandoned. However, the very instant he sailed into the open window, the door inside abruptly opened, and the diminutive Charms professor walked inside, carrying on a conversation with none other than Professor McGonagall, who was right on his heel.

Immediately—and thanking Merlin that he was wearing the Cloak—Ron flipped around, zooming straight back out the window—and promptly almost collided mid-flight with a large, tawny owl bearing a thick envelope; he tried vainly to stifle his yelp of surprise, nearly falling from his broom as one hand flew up to cover his mouth.

After regaining his balance once more, Ron turned and saw McGonagall through the window, staring straight out at him with those penetrating eyes of hers, her brow furrowed.

As he flew back to Gryffindor Tower, thinking it best to hide out there 'til tonight, Ron found himself crossing his fingers that the Cloak hadn't slipped, that the Headmistress hadn't gotten a glimpse of his foot or his broomstick...

## Chapter End Notes

So, Jes, did she see him? We're dying to know! ;p

Thanks so much for following along, everyone! You can show your support for this story, & for me & Jes, by voting for it in the Romione Awards for the Smuttastic Award: [romioneawards . tumblr . com](http://romioneawards.tumblr.com)

Voting is ongoing throughout the month of August!

## Chapter 6

### Chapter Notes

Hey everyone, Jes here! Oh, look! We're over here on AO3 now! I hope everyone found this story okay. And thank you so much for continuing to follow it! I know it has been a long wait, which is entirely my fault by the way, but hopefully this chapter makes up for it. And big thanks to KariAnn1222, of course, my fanfic mama, for continuing to motivate me and flatter me just as any awesome mama would! Total MILF, A Mama I'd Like to Fic... with. It makes sense, okay?

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Ouch!”

Hermione yelped as a sharp pain stabbed into her right side. Ginny had elbowed her not-so-gently in her ribs, then pointed to the front of the room where Flitwick was writing their next essay assignment. Rubbing her side, Hermione looked around and realised that the end of their Charms lesson was coming to an end.

“Damn,” she muttered, scribbling down the assignment, all while ignoring Ginny’s snickering.

“What is with you today?” Ginny whispered.

Hermione shrugged as she finished writing, keeping her eyes fixed on her parchment and away from Ginny’s probing stare. “Er, I dunno. Been distracted lately, I suppose. Nothing... serious.”

“Hmm, right,” Ginny said, and when Hermione finally looked at her she lifted a brow and said slyly, “Distracted, eh? Yeah, I’m sure that’s all there is to it.”

As everyone in the classroom started packing their books, quills and parchment into their bags, Hermione paused and stared at Ginny, who looked as if she had just eaten a canary.

“What is that supposed to mean?” she asked indignantly.

Ginny stood from her seat and swung her long auburn hair over one shoulder as she lifted the strap of her bag onto it. “Oh, nothing at all,” she said flippantly, then winked and laughed as she strode toward the door.

“Wait! Ginny!”

Hermione huffed, then quickly and unceremoniously crammed her supplies into her school bag. She left the classroom and ran after Ginny, catching up to her halfway down the corridor.

“Ginny... wait,” Hermione puffed out and tugged on Ginny’s robe sleeve. “What were you on about, with the tone and that wink? What do you know?”

Ginny stopped and turned to look at Hermione with her brows raised. “Is there something you wanted to tell me first, Hermione?”

Hermione gulped. There were so many things she did not want to tell her, and she wondered- what could Ginny have possibly found out in only one day? She could barely look at Ginny at



breakfast that morning without wanting to smile knowingly, thus giving away Harry's secret of wanting to propose to her. So she had avoided Ginny's looks and questions about her well being.

"Hermione?"

"I... I don't know what you mean," she replied quickly, and nervously tucked her hair behind her ears. "I'm not hiding anything. I haven't the slightest idea as to why you would assume that I would keep anything from you. There isn't really anything that I would want to keep a secret, even if I had no choice in the matter. And even if I did know something then I am positive that keeping it a secret would only be for a very good reason, wouldn't it? I mean, we are very close friends and... you know?"

Hermione clamped her lips shut and took a deep breath through her nose, waiting for Ginny to quit staring wide-eyed at her as if she'd gone mental.

"So..." Ginny said and cocked her head to the side, a curtain of red hair falling over half of her bemused face, "you didn't have Ron in your room at all last night, and this morning?"

Hermione's eyes widened and she made an ill-contained squeaking noise as she grabbed Ginny by the elbow and pulled her into the nearest empty classroom. Students were on their way to the Great Hall for lunch so she knew this was the best time that they wouldn't be disturbed.

"Bloody hell, Hermione! You don't have to be so rough!... Or is that the way my brother likes it?"

Hermione slammed the door shut and stalked over to Ginny.

"Right. Sorry, too far. Got it," Ginny said with her palms up in surrender, but still with that unbelievably irritating smirk on her face that reminded Hermione so very much of Ron.

"How did you know he was here? Did you see him? Where? How? Did anyone else?"

"First of all, keep your knickers on, will ya?" Ginny scoffed at her, then pulled a familiar looking, tattered piece of parchment from the inside pocket of her robes. Hermione snatched it from her hands and opened her mouth in shock.

"He gave this to you?"

"Course he did," Ginny shrugged. "Said he wanted me to have it for safekeeping, and to keep my guard up, or whatever. He even quoted Moody. It was intense."

"Harry may have given you the map, but I'm quite sure he hadn't meant for you to spy on other students, especially me," Hermione said, trying to remain stern, despite the guilt she had over breaking the rules, and her embarrassment now that she knew that Ginny had a perfectly good idea what she and Ron were up to...

"Don't worry, I won't tell anyone. What do you take me for?" Ginny asked, affronted.

"I didn't mean- Oh, wait!"

Ginny looked over Hermione's shoulder as she hastily opened the map and tapped it, speaking the magic words to reveal the goings on of Hogwarts. They both scanned the miniscule footprints and names for one that spelt out Ron Weasley.

"Your boyfriend... is a bloody idiot," Ginny pointed and shook her head.

Hermione straightened up, calmly gave the map back to Ginny, and tucked her hair back behind

her ears, then said in a low, even voice:

“There is a strong possibility that your brother will be severely hexed within the next ten minutes.”

Ginny smirked and nodded mischievously. “Ah, figured as much. I’ll save you some lunch then, seeing as how you’ll be busy debollocking Ron and all.”

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Hermione swung the abandoned classroom door open wide, stepped inside, then slammed it shut with as much force as she could without splintering the wood.

As she heard Ron’s alarmed yelp, followed by a crashing sound coming from her right, Hermione set a silencing charm around the room. She dropped her bag to the floor and marched toward the sound, stopping beside what looked like a suspended pile of arms and legs - and just a bit of bright red hair - on the floor.

“What the bloody hell do you think you’re still doing here, Ronald Weasley?!” she shouted down at the partially invisible, very tall, young man who was currently entangled in an invisibility cloak.

“A little help here?”

Hermione would have laughed at Ron’s muffled voice as parts of him - a belly button surrounded by ginger hair here, a freckled hand there, and a long narrow nose seeking oxygen - became visible and then disappeared again, but she was entirely too bothered to see the humor in the situation.

“Trust me,” Hermione said derisively, “you do not want me to touch you right now.”

Ron was finally able to uncover his entire head, his hair standing on end, and he grinned up at her. “Now that just isn’t true, Hermione. I’d never not want you to touch me.”

Hermione let out a strangled cry, frustrated, and stomped her foot. “Ron, get out from there this instant! I’m not joking!”

“Alright, calm your knickers... Merlin’s beard,” Ron muttered as he finished disentangling himself, and almost falling over as he tried to stand upright. “How the hell did you know I was still here anyway?”

“Ginny has the map! She knows that you’ve been here since last night. We just saw you in here!”

“Shit,” Ron replied, scratching his head, and looking sheepish. Hermione rolled her eyes and crossed her arms. “Look, I know, alright? But, you don’t understand. I had no choice.”

“No choice? It was your choice to come here last night,” she said, speaking matter-of-factly, “and you should have known to be gone after I left this morning. You told me that you were leaving. So why are you still here then?”

She was angry with him. He lied, told her he was going to leave safely, and instead she finds out he’s been using her soap, and sneaking around the castle? What was he thinking? He could have been caught any number of times! This was unacceptable.

“I tried to leave, I swear it,” Ron said adamantly. “And I made it all the way to Flitwick’s window, but then he was in there, with McGonagall. Then a bloody owl,” he waved his hands, mimicking an owl’s wings for emphasis, “came barreling toward me. Almost made me fall off my bloody broom and everything!”

“An owl?” Hermione scoffed at him.

“Anyway, I couldn’t just wait around for them to leave-”

“That is exactly what you should have done!”

“-so I went back to your room to wait until lunch, when I knew no one would be around the office or in the corridors. But then I got really bloody hungry and went downstairs to try the kitchens, but Slughorn just came round the corner so I slipped in here right quick. And that is when you burst in here, like some blast-ended skrewt, scaring me half to death.”

Hermione scoffed as Ron had the nerve to look affronted, staring at her accusingly.

“I scared you ? Can you even imagine what might have happened to us, to Professor Flitwick, had you been caught inside the castle? Do you have any idea what kind of trouble I can get into for harboring a non-student? I can be stripped of my Head Girl title, or worse, expelled!”

Ron balled up the invisibility cloak in his hands. “I was careful, Hermione. Trust me, no one saw me.”

“How can you be so sure? Oh, this was a bad idea...”

“Really? You weren’t saying so last night,” Ron said as he took a step in her direction, his eyes boring into hers. “And this morning? I can still smell me on you...”

Ron leaned in, his long nose brushing along Hermione’s skin along her jaw, taking a deep breath and inhaling her scent that mingled with his since she hadn’t had time to shower that morning.

“You- you can?” Hermione whispered, her head feeling light, and then backed away from him until her bum hit the edge of a large desk. Her fingers reached behind her, and she felt a thick layer of dust coating the tips. She arched her back as Ron closed the space that she was trying to make, not giving her enough time to move.

“Fuck, I want you again, Hermione,” he growled, and grabbed her hips in his large hands, pulling her against him so she can feel just how honest he was.

“Ron, you know very well we can’t do that here,” Hermione hissed, trying so very hard not to let her eyes flutter as Ron began unbuttoning her cloak. “Ron, I’m serious.” He merely grinned as the heavy black cloak fell from her shoulders onto the desk behind her, throwing dust high into the air.

“So am I,” Ron replied, then pulled her Gryffindor necktie loose, letting it dangle around her neck crookedly. She made no move to fix it, nor did she say anything when he rested his fingers along the topmost button of her blouse. Instead she swallowed, neither protesting, but not exactly giving permission, either.

“I have class in... twenty minutes,” Hermione said in a small voice, her eyes flickering to the dusty, ticking clock on the wall as he finished unbuttoning her stark white blouse, running his short-nailed and calloused fingers down between her breasts and along her rib cage.

“More than enough time to have a quick shag, I think,” Ron said easily.

“Ron!” But she couldn’t help but bite her lip as a smile played along her face. Hearing him talk so crudely while looking at her with such tenderness did something to her insides, churning them into a puddle of desire, all the way down to her very core.

“You are,” he hooked his hands under her arms and lifted her to sit on the cloak that was spread out atop the desk, “fucking amazing.”

“I never tire of hearing you say that, Ron,” Hermione murmured before they kissed briefly, then parted as Ron reached under her wool pleated skirt, tracing her thighs until he made contact with the edge of her knickers.

“Good, ‘cause I’m never gonna stop sayin’ it,” Ron muttered back, kissing her again while simultaneously dragging her cotton knickers down her legs, letting his tongue follow a path down her chest and stomach before tossing the white fabric over his shoulder.

Hermione watched Ron stand from his crouched position, quickly growing impatient at his slow movements. A raging lust had coiled deep in her belly, ready to let itself out; she was on a schedule and didn’t want to be late for Potions, and he was taking too damn long.

So when he finally towered over her, bent at the waist with his long fringe hanging so near her own lashes, almost tickling them, she couldn’t resist clasping her hands around the back of his neck and pulling him onto her. She grinned against his mouth as Ron stumbled, bracing himself with his hands flat on top of the wooden desk on either side of her thighs that he’d nudged wide open with his hips.

“Remember-”

“Twenty minutes,” Ron interrupted, looking down to watch Hermione unbuckle his jeans and slide them down his legs, along with his underpants. “Just keep this skirt and those socks on and this won’t take long at all.”

Hermione gasped when Ron pulled her abruptly to the edge of the desk, her cloak sliding against the slippery dust made it all that much easier as she was suddenly flush against his body, from neck to thighs. He hiked up her skirt and squeezed the fleshy skin behind her knees.

“Do it, Ron,” Hermione panted, pressing her forehead onto his. She felt a jolt of worry at being caught, followed by an adrenaline rush for the very same reason. What they had done in the store room behind the shop, and then in that muggle diner, and even upstairs in her dorm room was safe compared to the risk they were taking now. She had already locked the door, but shagging in a classroom, deserted or not, while most everyone was in the Great Hall, and some most likely patrolling the corridors, was their riskiest behavior to date.

Ron slid the tip along her folds, wetting it, and making Hermione’s breath catch in her throat. She moaned, frustrated still that Ron wasn’t taking her seriously.

“I said,” Hermione panted, then grabbed the hem of his shirt tightly in her fists, “do it, Ron!” She pulled him by his shirt and they cried out together as he was suddenly and fully inside her. “Oh, gods, yes...”

“Fuck, I wanna fuck you into this desk, Hermione,” Ron grunted as his hands pressed into her waist, his thumbs almost bruising her ribs.

She needed him to shut up and just do it, so she bucked her hips into his, showing him rather than telling him, and thankfully he took the not-so-subtle hint. Grinning madly at her, Ron met her thrust for thrust as they resumed their kisses, each one more hungry and deeper than the last. With one hand on her waist and the other once again flat on the desk, Ron used it as leverage to slam into her harder, then faster.

Hermione crossed her ankles behind Ron’s bum, not allowing for any space between them, forcing him to stay deep within her as he continued to thrust.

“Come on,” Hermione whispered, clinging to him and kissing all over his face with her hands in his hair. “Let go for me... in me, please.”

“I’m gonna cum,” Ron wheezed, his eyes squeezed shut and his teeth clenched, but his hips never ceasing to move. “... Fucking hell!”

“Do it! Oh god! Yeah! I’m cumming! Hurry!”

Hermione let go first, feeling the onslaught of crashing waves wash over her, slamming into her over and over, it seemed to go on forever until she couldn’t hold on anymore. Ron was on the cusp, she could feel it, pulsing like a rapid heartbeat inside of her, ready to burst. He caught her as she fell onto her back, not allowing her to hurt her head, but still he didn’t let his rhythm waver.

“You look... so fucking sexy... right now,” he grunted then gripped each of her upper thighs in his hands. The tip of his tongue was out, touching the edge of his bottom lip as Hermione ran her hands up his long, lean arms from fingertips to bicep.

“Ron... Mmmm,” she whimpered, still riding the waves of her orgasm as he neared his.

Then after several more wild and erratic plunges Ron cried out, cursing loudly, as his muscles seized under Hermione’s hands. She felt him release and cried out with him, feeling tiny sparks all over her body, and she swore every time that this was something muggles cannot ever feel, this had to be magic.

Ron pulled out and after a moment to catch their breaths, with one hand he lazily pulled his jeans and underpants up over his hips while helping Hermione to sit up with the other. He leaned back heavily against the desk and patted her knee. “Shit, now I’m really starving.”

She gave him a withering stare, to which he starting laughing. “I’m only joking!”

Hermione rolled her eyes at Ron’s delirious and cheeky face and slid off of the desk, then Accio’ed her knickers from across the room. “Anyway, you do realize we shouldn’t get used to this, don’t you?” He quirked a brow at her, confused, as they hurried to get themselves together. “Ron, I’m talking about this here, sneaking around and breaking the rules. Besides, I really need to concentrate on my studies and with Newts this year and all the extra classes I’m taking I’m not sure- I mean, it isn’t as if I don’t want to see you. It’s quite the opposite, in fact, but-”

“Hermione,” Ron said with a short laugh and held her shoulders in his hands, stopping her from talking. “I get it. I know how distracting I can be.” Then he winked at her and gave the most ridiculous smirk. “I mean, look at me, Hermione. I’m right gorgeous.”

“Very funny, Ron. But you’re right,” she said and wrapped her arms around his waist, thinking she could spare another minute. “You are extremely gorgeous. And thank you for understanding. I wouldn’t ever want you to think you weren’t welcome.”

“So I can still come around?”

“I suppose so, but only when I tell you the coast is clear. I don’t want any more surprises like the one last night, with you lurking about my room watching me...”

“Rub one out?” Ron supplied and laughed as Hermione’s cheeks reddened.

“Yes, that ,” she said and kissed him on the lips before pulling away from him. “I have a new plan.”

“Already? How could you have formed another one in the middle of all of that?” Ron chuckled.

Hermione continued, "I am going to personally walk you to Professor Flitwick's office while you are under the invisibility cloak to make sure you exit the castle safely and unseen. If he is in his office I will simply distract him to come out so that you can go in and floo back home."

"That might work..." Ron seemed to be contemplating it. "I am effing starving, that wasn't a lie."

She couldn't help but laugh at his earnest-looking face as she grabbed up her cloak from the desk and cleaned the dust off with her wand. "Yes, I know. Perhaps once you're home you can floo to the Burrow, and your mum can make you all those things you rattled off earlier."

She had meant her statement to be sarcastic, but his eyes lit up and he licked his lips. "Yes, brilliant! Okay, let's go!" He quickly grabbed the invisibility cloak off the floor and beckoned her to follow as he hurried to the door. "What's taking you so long?"

She decided not to argue that they wouldn't have to hurry at all if he had left that morning like he was supposed to. Besides, he had just threw the cloak over himself, ready to leave. She checked to make sure that not one centimetre of him was showing, and when satisfied, opened the door and stuck her head out. Seeing the coast was clear, and thankful that Flitwick's office was nearby, she opened it wider, feeling Ron brush by her.

"How are you doing under there?" Hermione whispered, as she strode, seemingly alone, toward the Charms' teacher's office. Then giggled as she imagined how far Ron had to hunch over in order to fit his tall frame under that cloak.

"Shut it, and keep moving," came Ron's disembodied grumble and a huff, making Hermione clear her throat loudly in order to cover it.

Finally they reached the office, unnoticed, and Hermione breathed a sigh a relief at their continued luck: Flitwick was nowhere to be found.

"Alright, we're here, and it's all clear," Hermione whispered as she stood in the open doorway, waiting for Ron to pass.

"I'm in," Ron's voice came from inside.

Hermione gave one last look up and down the corridor, then went inside, closing the door quietly behind her. She ran over to where she heard Ron's voice and felt his hands on her arms, stopping her from barrelling into him. Her heart was beating frantically, not willing to feel safe until Ron was finally gone. And yet a part of her wanted to tell him to stay, every day, up in her room where she could keep him hidden and bring him food... But she knew it wasn't possible, the past two days was filled with enough rule-breaking to last her quite a while. And Ron had his own responsibilities he had back home, and she had hers right here...

Then she suddenly felt him surround her; his arms encircling her waist, and his warm body, still invisible, but still so solid, pressed into her as he held her close.

"I don't wanna risk being seen. Is this weird?" Ron asked with a quiet chuckle, his voice near her ear.

Hermione laughed tentatively. "A bit, yeah, but it's nice. It's still you."

"I love you, Hermione. See you soon, yeah?"

"Soon," Hermione agreed, and tilted her head up to where she thought his face might be. "I love you so much."

And then she felt the shimmery fabric of the cloak on her lips and the unmistakable shape of Ron's full mouth pressed firmly in what had to be the most bizarre kiss she'd ever had.

"Bye, love."

"Goodbye, Ron," Hermione said quietly as she saw his hand peek out for a moment to grab a handful of floo powder from the mantle, then it was gone the next second.

And with a clear voice Ron announced Grimmauld Place and then she knew he was gone, disappearing altogether in a swirl of green smoke.

## Chapter End Notes

A/N: I know what you're thinking: Hey, no evil cliffhanger? See, I'm the nice one, yeah? haha! But I am sure that Kari will have something really fun for these two in the next chapter that will move this story along. I cannot wait to see what she comes up with!

Thanks for reading and please don't forget to leave a comment!

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