

WARNING: NAUGHTY TIMES AHEAD...IF YOU DON'T LIKE A BIT OF SMUTTY FUN...SIMPLY CLICK THE EXIT BUTTON, LOL

I was inspired by this title in Half Blood Prince. I honestly wrote this right after reading the chapter. I reckon I had other ideas to what the title could mean, lol

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Hermione watched Ron carefully. He was leaning over the desk with his book in his hands. His eyelids slowly drooped closed but whipped open again repeatedly. She tenderly smiled. He hated Charms. It was his worst class, and it didn't help that Ron had the attention span of a fruit fly. As soon as he sat down and opened his book, he was bored to pieces and was ready to leave. It was immature, but sometimes she sincerely felt bad for him. It was as if the class sucked all the life out of him, which was a shame. Ron was the liveliest person she knew. She loved how his blue eyes lit up when he was excited. She loved the way his playful smile would paint itself across his perfect mouth when he was happy, and she really loved the deep, hearty laughter would erupt from him when he found something funny.

Yes, her boyfriend was at his best when he was cheerful, but there was no trace of delight on his freckled face now. She peered around the classroom. They were sitting in the back of the room by the wall, and everyone around them seemed to be falling asleep and zoning out as well. She probably could have set her desk on fire without disturbing anyone.

It was a pleasing realization, and with a smile she placed her hand on Ron's thigh. He jumped and turned to her. She shook her head and nodded toward the professor. Ron raised an eyebrow but obeyed. He went back to focusing on his book and nodding off every few seconds. Hermione rubbed and squeezed his thigh for a few minutes before moving her hand higher. She ran her nails up and down his inner thigh, and it appeared to wake him up completely. She did it again, and she heard his breathing hitch. He rolled his shoulders, and she took her cue. Hermione moved her hand to his groin, and she was pleased with the results of her seduction. He was hard and she squeezed it. Her mouth watered at the feeling. She loved how easily aroused he got. Hermione glanced at Ron. He was biting his lip and sitting very still.

She kneaded into it a few times with her palm. Ron let out a sharp breath. She checked out the room. No one was paying attention to them, so she decided to use all of her Gryffindor bravery. She carefully unbuckled his belt and pulled down his zipper. She cleared her throat and turned a page of her book to mask the sound. It was rather tricky, but she was thankful that Ron had his robes on. Nothing should've been visible.

Her heartbeat quickened and she promptly snaked her hand inside before she lost her nerve. She connected to his firm and hot member under his boxers. Ron stagger breathed, but he kept his eyes focused on his book. Hermione smiled and wanted to laugh. He was probably anxious, but she knew that he would never tell her to stop. She gently trailed her nails down his cock, and Ron

closed his eyes for a moment. She touched his head and rubbed it with her thumb. Ron gave the tiniest whimper. She continued to rub it until pre cum slicked the surface. She then totally pulled him out of his trousers and stared to slowly stroke him.

Ron's mouth opened, and he frowned a bit in obvious confusion and shock. She went in swivels, gripping firmly and caressed his entire length. Ron licked his lips and gasped quietly. She moved her eyes around the room. They were still okay. She was thankful. Hermione was so turned and most of it had nothing to do with touching him in the middle of a class period. She was hot just from watching him. He was beautifully sexy while going through the stages of an orgasm. She wanted to push him further. She wanted to push him like he always pushed her. He made her feel so charged and ready almost every second of the day, but she always had to keep it together. It wasn't the case today. She wanted to give Ron a taste of the madness.

She moved her hand down to his bollocks. Ron immediately opened his legs wider. She rubbed them with her palm and studied his expression. She had never wanked him in this way before, and she didn't know if there were new rules. There must've been because Ron looked like he was in pain. He glanced around the room before placing a hand on hers. He shifted her hand so that she was cupping them and he moved her hand in a gentle motion. Hermione felt sweat on her back. He was looking right at her now. His light eyes were wide and red color stained his pale cheeks. He slightly nodded and let her hand go. He went back to staring at his book.

Hermione continued and mimicked Ron's movements. The skin was crinkly and incredibly soft. Ron gave a small groan. His book was shaking in his trembling hands. She exhaled and squeezed them. Ron dug his shoe into the floor and pushed into her touch. She smirked and went back to his cock. She pumped gradually but firmly. Ron moaned softly and licked his lips over and over again. His eyes were glossy and his face and neck were completely red. She pumped faster and moved higher to his head. Ron began breathing heavily. His chest rose and fell quickly. Hermione felt on fire. She could have sworn that she could feel everything Ron could. It was just as erotic for her.

She was so amazed. Watching him lose control was marvelous. When Ron made love to her, Hermione usually had her eyes closed or when she sucked him off she was too focused on his cock to look up. She never actually just got to watch him lose it. She pumped harder. Ron whimpered and was clearly trying his best to stay quiet. She didn't bother looking around. She didn't want to miss a second of Ron. The book was shaking so badly that Ron put it down and rubbed his hands on the desk. He didn't look at her. He kept his focus on the table. She cupped his head and rubbed it with her thumb again. His hips jerked forward.

Hermione found a perfect rhythm. She would pump him and then rub the head. She didn't know what had gotten into her. She wanted Ron to feel good. She wanted him to know that she would do anything for him and that her greatest joy was making him happy. Ron's hips moved. Ron's wiggled his fingers and his eyes were

incredibly hazy. He kept chewing on his lips and Hermione smirked. He was close. To her surprise, he turned to her. His face was scarlet and his lips and chin were wet from drool. His eyes were so unfocused. Hermione felt dizzy. Even though she was making him lose control, he was still able to instantly take her focus.

She pumped quicker. Ron winced, his eyes still on her. She stared at him fiercely. They were communicating without words. She knew what he was going through. He was in a way telling her how good it felt and how he couldn't hold it back anymore; she was telling him that she wouldn't stop until he came.

He opened his mouth and closed his eyes. "Oh, ow, ah, oh, Hermione," he breathed very quietly. He gave a choked cry and jerked. She felt his warm liquid run down her hand. He shook and hit the desk gently.

She slowed her movement and squeezed his cock as it slowly retracted. Ron jerked over and over again while his legs shook and stomach flinched. He had cum hard, and her hand was covered in his sticky juice. She grabbed her wand with her left hand and mumbled a quick cleaning spell on him and herself. However, she kept a finger of him for herself. She sucked it off as she placed Ron back into his trousers and fastened him up.

Ron shook his head and smiled at her. He swiped the sweat off his forehead with his palm and bit his lip. Hermione shrugged and nodded back to the professor. She grabbed her book and went back to work.

After class Ron pulled her to the side the moment they walked out the door. "What in the bloody fuck was that?"

Hermione grinned innocently. "You needed a bit of happiness, I figured."

Ron rubbed his neck. "Well, that was the happiest I've ever sodding been. I probably could've produced a Patronus without my wand. It was mad."

Hermione gazed at him, and she felt accomplished and rather naughty. "I'm glad you liked it."

Ron took her hands and smirked. "I loved it, but I was worried that someone would see us. That kinda made me love it more."

"I felt the same way," she said with a blush. "Though, I am relieved that no one caught us."

"Wrong about that," Harry said, joining them by the door. He had a look of disgust and horror on his face. "You two are bloody freaks." He shook his head at them before walking away without another word.

Hermione and Ron looked at each other and burst into laughter.

\*\*\*\*lol, that's what I got out of it! I love those naughty  
Griffindors! thanks for reading! Review!