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Christmas Spirit

by [entrecornillas](#)

Summary

Hermione is caught up in the preparations for the festivities. It'll be Ron's duty to remind her what the Christmas Spirit is really about.

He still remembers the first time their bickering became foreplay. Not that their six years at Hogwarts had been free of banter and sexual tension, honestly, but what came afterwards was on a whole different level.

It was knowing that there was no need to hide anything, no more holding back. *Ever*.

It scared Ron shitless, and he loved it.

Still, that first time... *Woah* just didn't cut it.

Of course he was aware of the fact that Hermione was at her sexiest when angry; after all, the more vicious their fights were, the more blazing her look, the more he'd wank to them in the shower.

What Ron wasn't aware of, however, was that one Hermione Granger felt the same way.

Ron knows he should stop now, he is very much aware of the fact that he is not good at hiding his thoughts, and thinking back on their first time while talking to Hermione's dad is not a good idea. He knows that Muggles can't perform Occlumency, so that's a plus, but he's pretty sure parents have a sixth sense when it comes to their children and their sex life. He should really be paying attention to what Mr. Granger is saying, but it's so easy to fall in a nodding pattern and the memory of Hermione's thighs opening before him is so inviting he can't help himself.

They are staying with her parents for the Christmas holidays. They will all go to the Burrow on the twenty-fifth, but it's a nice change to spend time with her family. He knows that Hermione still feels guilty for neglecting them for so long, and his suggestion to go to Australia for a change was met with the biggest smile he had seen on her face. Except maybe for *that* time on their second anniversary, when... No, he knows he shouldn't go there. That is a particularly fond memory that never fails to arouse him, and he can't afford to sport a hard-on while talking to her dad.

He silently thanks his mother-in-law when she asks them to go to the dining room to have supper.

*

Ron's gluttony was the stuff of legend, and even though Hermione often criticized him for it in public, she had to admit that Ron's eagerness when it came to eating matters didn't stop at Hogwarts feasts.

Maybe his compulsive eating habits had been part of an ancient training regime that set him apart as an oral sex god. Probably not, but still, every time she saw him shove spoonful after spoonful of potato salad down his throat she had to hide her smile and silently thank Molly for making sure her son had an unfaltering jaw.

She watches him from across the table and smiles inwardly. She can't help but remember the first time he hungrily tasted her body, starting from the nape of her neck and going down from there, leaving a trail of kisses until he reached her breasts. She can see him now just as he was that day, fondling them and looking so childlike, so excited, as if breasts were the epitome of everything good and wonderful.

She knows she shouldn't be thinking of this, not when her mother is sitting at the same table, the very same woman who can read her with a mere sideways glance.

She knows she shouldn't, but it's so difficult, what with Ron chewing and his strong jaw moving up and down. One look down at her lap and she can picture him there, licking her folds lightly, sucking, nibbling.

She silently thanks her dad when he asks her to bring dessert.

*

"Ronald!" she hissed. "I have to make sure the turkey doesn't overcook. Take your randy self somewhere else now."

"We'll order pizza," he said, still hugging her from behind.

"You'd rather have pizza instead of turkey on Christmas Eve?"

No sooner had she said that than Ron could picture her raised eyebrow.

"I'd rather get laid by my lovely wife in her very pink childhood bedroom instead of watching reruns of A Christmas Carol on her parents' telly. On Christmas Eve."

"You know very well that my actual childhood bedroom is in Englang."

"I don't care. The one upstairs is pink and childish and yours just the same. And I still want to shag you in it."

"You are unbelievable. What is it with men and sex? And food? What is it with men at all?"

"What's with you acting so nonchalant about the greatest things in life?"

"Honestly, Ronald! Even if I wanted to order pizza and have frantic sex, I wouldn't. This is tradition. One does not ignore Christmas traditions. It is our duty to make sure that the Christmas spirit lives on."

"Well, Mrs. Weasley, I think you are very much ignoring said spirit."

"Excuse me? I am absolutely not ignoring the Christmas spi..." The sight of mistletoe silenced her as she turned around.

Ron's smirk was threatening to crack his face.

"What is that mistletoe doing there Ron?"

"Dunno."

"Ron!"

"And still you continue questioning the mistletoe instead of giving in to the Christmas spirit, as you put it."

"For Merlin's sake, come here!" she grabbed him and gave him a peck on the lips, only to go back to smashing potatoes.

"That was so not spirited, Hermione. In the history of under-the-mistletoe kissing, this set a new low. Really low. I'm talking Potter-Chang low."

"I'm sorry Ron. Perhaps you can kiss me and show me how it's done?" she said, smiling sweetly at him. He lowered his head until Hermione's finger touched his lips. "But not until dinner's ready."

"Come on, Hermioneeeee," he whined. "What if I kiss you while you're cooking?"

"Well, I seriously doubt you could do that."

"Sometimes, Hermione, you don't live up to the whole 'brightest witch of her age' thing."

Hermione waved the potato masher, scandalized. "I resent th..." She stopped mid-sentence as she felt her knickers vanish.

"I'm sorry," said Ron, already kneeling between her legs. "I thought I'd be able to kiss you without getting in the way of dinner. But seeing how you resent it..."

"You sneaky bastard," she muttered, as both a knowing smile and a faint blush crept up her face. "Well get on with it, then. I still have to stir the gravy." And with all the indifference she could muster, she returned to the potatoes.

She felt her husband humming and caressing her thighs and shivered against him, already losing

her grip on the masher. As he licked her opening, Hermione couldn't help but think that the "oral sex god" theory was spot on, given that there was no way that such a magnificent and devious tongue, such a strong jaw, could team up with his thin nose casually. A thin nose that had the exact length to perfectly rub her centre while he sucked her dry.

She unconsciously opened her legs further to give him more access; her knuckles turned white as she tried to hold on to the counter. She was nearly crouching above his face, and the impracticality of their position struck her as ridiculous. There was a perfectly smooth and cool surface inches away from them, after all.

With a sigh, she swiftly threw everything off the counter and climbed, leaving a dazed Ron as lone on the floor. Frustrated, she grabbed him by his collar and circled his waist with her legs.

"Now, I'm all for spirit, but this might be a tad on the "Exceeds Expectations" side, you know."

"Oh, Ron, you know I only do 'Outstanding'"

And with that, she kissed him with all her might, tasting herself on his lips, bitter and musky.

"Are you sure? I mean, dinner..."

"Oh, it figures. Food's back to priority number one, huh?"

"Food's never the priority when I have a gorgeous witch splayed on her parents' kitchen counter."

"Oh, shut up, Ronald" she chuckled, as she fumbled with his fly.

It finally opened, and she eyed his bulge hungrily while tugging at his trousers to let them fall. Her thumbs got caught in the waistband of his boxers, and she groaned, frustrated.

Ron smiled in awe at her eagerness and untangled her hands from his underwear.

He slowly peeled the boxers off and was bending over to remove the messy pile of clothes from around his ankles when Hermione yanked at his wrist.

"Don't. Now. Please."

He marveled at this impatient Hermione and complied in one swift motion, getting lost in her immediately.

Had anyone asked Hermione where she'd rather shag Ron, her parents' kitchen wouldn't have ranked any higher than twenty-third. Seventeenth. Twelfth. Definitely not top ten material.

But now that she was doing it, she had to admit it was unquestionably worthy of a spot in the top three, trailing behind the shower and their rooftop. Probably a tie with the hammock they kept in the backyard.

Just watching Ron's face, screwed in concentration as he thrust in and out of her, feeling his strong arms, firm and muscular beneath her palms, hearing his small grunts, was enough. The fact that her walls were hugging his cock and that his balls hit her with every single thrust was an added bonus. A fantastic, marvelous, spectacular bonus.

Flour in her hair, floral dress and frilly apron hugging her figure. An adoring wife cooking for her man, taking a break only to let him merrily fuck her away.

It was so out of character for her usual law-enforcement-worker self to be doing this, and so hot

for that matter. A thrilling amount of hot.

It took all of Ron's might, but he finally opened his eyes. It was easy to get lost in the feeling of her all around him, but Hermione had completely lost it, and he was sure he'd never get the chance to see her like this again. Not on grey marble and grabbing onto the kitchen sink for dear life.

She could make him go crazy with one sound, and her moans now filled his ears, softly pleading for more. He quickened his pace and watched Hermione go still for a moment, her breasts going up and down each time she sighed. With one last grunt, Ron came inside of her, trembling and holding onto her for support.

"I love you."

"I love you too."

"We are so sappy, aren't we?"

"Yes, we are." She sighed once again. "I don't want to move yet, but my parents will get here any minute now, and this whole place is a mess."

"So?"

"So, you really don't mind if my father comes through that door and sees us like this?"

"Yeah, well, we should get down to cleaning this up, love. Don't be lazy now."

Hermione got down from the counter and playfully slapped Ron's bum before going to check on the turkey.

"Five more minutes and it'll be done. Perfect. Help me with the dishes, will you?"

She handed him a sponge and soap and started picking the potatoes that had fallen on the floor.

"Love, what are you doing?"

"What do you mean? Trying to sort this mess up."

"You do remember you're a witch, right?"

Hermione blushed. This was not the first time she had forgotten to use magic when nervous or in a rush.

"I don't know what's wrong with me, I swear."

"Don't be hard on yourself. I'm a pretty charming fellow, so it is perfectly understandable if you lose your senses when you're close to me, you know?"

She glared at him and waved her wand. The gravy started stirring itself, the ruined potatoes went to the bin and new ones were being peeled, a mop danced across the kitchen floor and the now cooked turkey flew to its tray.

Hermione sat down and Ron went to her, already dressed.

He plopped down on a chair and looked at her, grinning. His skin was glistening with a thin layer of sweat, and his cheeks were still flushed.

“I, Mrs. Weasley, need a shower. I think you do too, for that matter. And I wouldn’t mind officially Christening your parents’ bathroom, either.”

“I, Mr. Weasley, couldn’t agree more.”

*

“Remind me why I’m wearing a tie for Christmas dinner with my family, please.”

“You’re wearing a tie because in my family we always dress up for Christmas,” she said, while arranging the knot on his tie, “and you look ten times sexier when you wear formal clothes.”

“Ten times? Really?”

Ron eyed his reflection in the mirror behind Hermione.

“At least.” She beamed. “Get your coat, it’s going to be freezing back in Devon.” She made it to the door, but was stopped by Ron’s words.

“You look lovely, did you know that?”

“I know that my husband is adorable and is always making me feel lovely.”

“Adorable indeed.”

“I’ll ignore that. Why don’t you check if my parents are ready, love? Meet you downstairs in five, okay?”

“Sure.”

*

Hermione sat on the perfectly-made bed in her bedroom. It wasn’t the one where she had lived as a child, but an exact replica that her parents asked her to add to their house in Australia.

She looked around and spotted her baby pictures, just above her stuffed animals and sing-along books.

As she clutched Rudolph -- the stuffed bear that had once been her only friend -- to her chest, her eyes began to glisten.

One tear tickled down her cheek, and she promptly swept it away with the back of her hand. She took a minute to compose herself and went downstairs to meet her family.

As she got closer to the hall, she could hear Ron’s voice.

“Our portkey should activate in one minute, so let’s make sure we’re all set.”

The four surrounded the little dolphin figurine and made sure they were in contact with it.

Hermione looked at her parents and felt her heart swell with gratitude. They had long ago resigned themselves to being part of the magical world, but she had never really given them the chance to know anything about it -- not if it was beyond Gringotts, Diagon Alley and the Weasleys.

She felt a hook pulling at her navel and all her surroundings started spinning.

*

Christmas at the Burrow was a sight to behold. The household was always bubbling with energy and colour, but at Christmas, the magic seemed to multiply itself. There were fairies, holly and presents everywhere, mixed with the sound of warm laughter and the tingling of cutlery. The Grangers talked excitedly to Molly and Arthur and tried to remember the names of the Weasley clan. They managed to address each of Ron's siblings correctly, but gave up when they met the almost unending parade of children.

Food was followed by even more food and then some. Even Ron was starting to feel satiated when Molly finally brought the pudding and mead to the table.

As the night went on, Hermione found she couldn't take her eyes off Ron and the infamous tie. It was a dark grey with light blue polka dots that shined in the candlelight.

With nerve she didn't know she had, she went to the men's circle and tapped on his shoulder.

"Do you have a minute, dear?"

"Yes, sure."

He left the circle as the rest of the Weasleys and Harry laughed. "Take as many minutes as you want, dearie."

"Piss off Potter, or else."

"Or else what, Weasley?"

"Or else I'll call Ginny."

Harry gulped and the mocking fell on him for the moment.

Ron grinned and joined his wife.

"Is there anything wrong?"

"As a matter of fact, there is," she said, looking worried. "I don't seem to be able to tear my eyes off of you, and the way that suit hugs your arse, or the way that thin shirt shows a hint of your nipples."

Ron blushed immediately and took her hand.

"I'm sure there's a way we can solve that."

*

They were in Ron's old bedroom. He had her pinned between his legs and she was already naked, trying to undress him too.

"Stop."

She glared at him, but still complied.

"If you can't control yourself, I'll have to take matters in my own hands."

"What will you do?"

"If this is all about this stupid tie and the way it looks on me, then you must have an idea of what's coming."

Hermione looked at him and found she didn't really care what he did to her, as long as he did it soon.

Ron took his tie off and lowered his face to meet hers in a kiss.

"Close your eyes, love."

She did as she was asked, and felt the tip of his silky tie tickling her navel, going up her body to meet her breasts, teasing that sensitive spot on her neck that he knew always made her shiver.

She heard him mutter a charm. Soon, the orange shade of light that went to her eyes changed to black.

She was blindfolded and felt him retreat. Aching for contact, she held her hands up and tried to touch him.

"Don't," he said stopping her "Just give in."

And so she did, half-disappointed, half-delighted. With her sight gone, every second he wasn't touching her felt eternal, every sound he made echoed in her head louder.

She inhaled deeply, and her nostrils filled with the scent of Amortentia, or at least with what Amortentia smelled like to her -- freshly cut grass, parchment and Ron.

She felt the weight shift on the bed, and soon, Ron was kissing each and every one of her toes. She moaned, and the sound seemed to encourage Ron to start kissing her calves.

Excited that she might have found a way to make Ron get where she wanted, she moaned again.

Ron caressed her thighs and lightly blew on her opening. She trembled at his chilly breath, and felt one finger gliding inside of her. It was closely followed by a second one, and even a third one.

She sighed and bucked her hips, desperate for friction.

She could hear Ron's faint laugh, and only realized how close to her face he was when he breathed in her ear. "Easy, tiger. We're getting there."

She smiled in spite of herself and let Ron nuzzle her neck. She couldn't take it much more, and was about to protest, when she felt him open her legs wide.

He entered her slowly, and just as slowly he kept going in and out of her. The slow rhythm he set was painfully glorious and Hermione's toes curled of their own accord.

"I love you, Hermione," she heard him say. "Come for me, now."

She rocked with him and thrust her hips up, trying to increase their pace. Ron finally thrust purposefully, and she felt her orgasm building up. She wanted to scream, to feel him close, to hold onto his muscled arms while her mind spun away. Only a sigh escaped her, followed by a faint beg. "Please let me see you face, Ron. I can't if I do it if I don't see your face."

She felt the tie ease around her eyes and opened her eyes. The light was blinding, and it took her a moment to focus on Ron's face.

"You're glowing, you know?" he said, as he noticed that she could see him. "You're bloody gorgeous tonight."

She smiled and hugged him close, circled him with her legs as he continued to move within her.

Just as she felt both of them spasm and Ron threw his head back, she whispered, "So I guess it's true about pregnant women and how they glow."

*

"Oh, Molly, I really hope they're making us some grandchildren."

Molly looked up at Hermione's mother and raised her cup, giggling.

"If my eyes didn't deceive me while I looked at Hermione tonight, I think they already have."

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