

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/4958665) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/4958665>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling</a> , <a href="#">romione - Fandom</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Hermione Granger/Ron Weasley</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Ron Weasley</a> , <a href="#">Hermione Granger</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">romione</a> , <a href="#">Smut</a> , <a href="#">Fluff and Smut</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Angst</a> , <a href="#">Humor</a> , <a href="#">Romance</a> , <a href="#">Love</a> , <a href="#">First Time</a> , <a href="#">Prefects' Bathroom</a> , <a href="#">Car Sex</a> , <a href="#">St Mungo's Hospital</a> , <a href="#">Desk Sex</a> , <a href="#">Kitchen Sex</a> , <a href="#">Library Sex</a> , <a href="#">Elevator Sex</a>
Stats:	Published: 2015-10-08 Chapters: 10/10 Words: 20554

## Feel the Love

by [JesWithOneEss](#)

### Summary

Ten one-shots, all featuring Ron and Hermione in fluffy, smutty situations based on prompts for a fic fest I am hosting on my Tumblr blog, RomioneSmut. From humor, angst, drama and romance- all smut, all the time.

### Notes

In this series I will be uploading oneshots based off ten prompts that I have come up with as part of a Fic Fest I am hosting over on my Tumblr blog, RomioneSmut. During the month of September (4th – 25th) writers will submit stories (500 – 2000 words), based on these prompts. There is a voting process that will happen, and prizes and awards given out. For more details, you may go to my profile for the link, or just search 2015 RomioneSmut Fuckfest. Everything you need to know is on my blog.

I will not be entering into my own fest, however I wanted to write a fic for each one, because why not, right? I will be sharing them on my blog first, and then uploading here after a few days. Each prompt will be uploaded as a new chapter, so if you'd like to read more make sure you are following this 'story', or my blog. Yay for more smut!

Rated M for obvious reasons...

Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter

# Overdrive

## Prompt #1: Backseat of a Car

“For the love of Merlin and all that is magic, please don’t let me run over any children or animals today.”

“Amen to that,” Hermione muttered as she buckled her seatbelt. She shut her eyes and sucked in an extremely deep breath.

“Which one is the break again?”

“Oh, my god,” she breathed out.

“I’m just fucking with you,” Ron said with a chuckle, then jumped when she smacked him hard on the shoulder. “Oh relax, love, we’ve done this at least two times before. I know what I’m doing.”

“Twice does not an expert make, Ron,” Hermione snapped, pulling on his seatbelt to make sure it was secure.

“You keep this up every time, and I’m likely to actually run over something. Or, I dunno, *into* something.”

“You can’t say things like that! I should drive. Or we can apparate. There’s no need for you to learn to drive, you know. Besides, this is technically illegal. It’s not like you’re going for your license.”

“I know,” Ron said with a shrug. “It’s just for fun. I can get my license later, when we have kids, and then I can teach them.” He smiled brilliantly at her and she groaned. The thought of their future children in the car was endearing, yet terrifying.

“Fine, let’s get this over with,” she said quickly, and then took another deep breath.

Ron’s hand cupped her shoulder and she looked over at his smiling face that was warm and confident. “It’ll be fine, Hermione.”

“Okay, I’m calm. I promise! ...Just start the damn car.”

He turned the ignition and grinned happily when the engine roared to life. As they passed oncoming traffic Hermione held her breath, then released it when they moved on unscathed. His stops and turns weren’t as sudden or hesitant as before, although he did miss one stop sign. She gaped at him, but he merely shrugged it off. She had promised not to be such a nag, however, she still had a white knuckle grip on her seat.

“See? This isn’t so difficult,” he said cockily, wiggling his brows at her and tapping the wheel with two long freckled fingers. “Whaddaya say we take this baby somewhere more... private?”

“What do you mean?” she asked, distracted by her hawk eye watch on the road and the parked cars alongside her.

“Is there a place we could, I dunno, park this thing? And, well, you know...” He jerked his head in the direction of the backseat and gave her a side-eyed glance, along with a knowing smirk.

Hermione furrowed her brow, shocked. "This is my dad's car, Ron! We can't do that! That's... that's--"

"-incredibly fucking hot? Not that it's your dad's car. But, to shag in a car? Don't people do that? I mean, it's like a bed back there!"

They had turned onto a more deserted road that reminded her of a place: a lot where an old water tower stood abandoned. She remembered her dad used to take her out for long car rides and they'd drive all over the area, exploring new places, and Hermione remembered it was isolated even then...

"You're thinking about it!" Ron said, pointing a finger at her. She pushed his hand away from her nose and folded her arms, looking out the window.

"I am not. Pay attention to the road."

"Yes, you are, and you definitely know of a place. I can tell. Spit it out, woman."

She looked over at him, at the precise moment sunlight bounced on his head as they moved along the uneven road. He raked his hand through, causing the strands of gold and amber to stand on end, then he shook his head to make them fall right back where they were before.

"Fine," she sighed, with a hint of frustration and anger. She hated how her hormones always seemed to want to flare up at the simplest things he did: such as running his hands through his hair, or scratching his chin when he forgot to shave for two days. Ridiculous.

"Just tell me where to turn, love," he said excitedly. She hated to admit that his excitement was contagious.

"Keep going straight and then make a right. I'll guide you from there. It's been a long time, so it might be closed off," she warned, but he wouldn't be deterred.

He concentrated on the road ahead and turned when she said, then drove more slowly when they were suddenly on a dirt road, and the trees on either side were closer to the car.

"Are you sure this is it?"

"There it is!" She pointed out the open window at a run-down water tower ahead. It was in the middle of a clearing and grass seemed to have grown over the road that led up to it. But it was there, as abandoned as ever.

"Brilliant," Ron said softly, coming to a stop next to it. They both peered up at the tower, gazing at the peeling paint and rotting metal and wood.

"Right, so now what?" Hermione said, suddenly feeling nervous. They had shagged before, many times, in their three years together. But it had always been in private. Being here, even in the car, she still felt exposed and vulnerable.

He noticed her apprehension and turned off the car, turning his body toward her in his seat behind the wheel. "We don't have to do it, you know. I'm happy just being here with you. This is actually really cool." He looked around at their surroundings and smiled.

"Can we just maybe snog a bit?"

His smile widened and he nodded. "Blimey, yes."

She turned to him, one leg bent to mimic his position, and leaned in, meeting him halfway across the seats. Her hands went in his hair at the nape of his neck, and his grabbed at her waist. They breathed out as their lips and tongues moved across, inside, and around one another's. Ron kissed down her jaw, then her neck, and she gasped when he latched onto her earlobe. He tried pulling her closer, but the console between them impeded their efforts for further contact.

Breathing heavily, with hormones out of control for so many reasons besides Ron's hair or scratchy chin, Hermione pulled away, leaning her forehead against his.

"Backseat?"

Ron nodded vigorously, his head knocking into hers, making her laugh. "Fuck yeah."

He released her, almost knocking her backwards as he awkwardly climbed over the console and squeezed sideways through the opening between the seats. His legs were still poking through so Hermione leaned back and grabbed his ankle, pushing until they were over the seat. She heard a thump and a groan, and peered over the headrest to see Ron sprawled out on the backseat and floor.

"Are you alright? Don't get your dirty trainers on the upholstery, Ron!" She reached over and swatted his legs until he was finally sitting upright.

"Bloody hell, that was harder than I thought it would be."

She giggled at him; He looked so bewildered and large back there, legs spread wide, bare knees butting up against the back of her seat.

"You were about as graceful as a baby deer," Hermione quipped, then yelped when Ron reached around to poke her side.

"Oi! Come back here with me. Let's see how well you do."

Hermione decided to carry on the fun by not using the door, and went in feet first, sitting on the console and using the sides of the front seats as leverage. However, she underestimated the width of the space and her hips became stuck.

"Help me, please?" she asked pathetically and reached toward Ron who was doubled over laughing. "Ron! Do you want to shag, or not?"

That sobered him quick enough to grab her hands and pull so hard that she felt herself come loose, and toppled forward onto Ron in a heap.

"You're not funny," she said, her hands braced on his shoulders.

"I got you," he said, his voice husky and very close to her ear. She wore her hair up in a ponytail so when she felt his breath hit her neck a shiver went down her spine. "Here," he said, moving her easily to sit on his lap, her legs straddling his thighs.

"My head is going to hit the ceiling," she said, looking up and pressing her palm on the soft material overhead.

With his hands securely attached to her waist, he slid down and then sideways until he was laying on the seat with his knees bent at a weird angle and his chin on his chest.

"This isn't going to work. You're too tall," Hermione groaned, about to tell him to forget it.

“No, wait,” he said, then carefully turned them so she was laying flat on the seat and he hovered over her. Her legs were open, one foot on the seat, the other flat on the floor. Ron had one knee between her legs, the other pressed against her knee that was dangling off the seat. He apologized for stepping on her trainers, but she didn’t care, instead pulling him down to kiss her. He wrapped his arms around her waist, lifting her up to press against his body.

“This is... good,” she said, smiling up at his triumphant face. She felt his hands touch the bare skin of her back and moaned softly. He kissed her again, this time harder and with more purpose. Now that they got the logistics out of the way she felt herself melt into him, letting him take over as this was his brilliant, yet crazy, idea.

Ron quickly unbuttoned her shorts and, with some maneuvering on both their parts, was able to remove it, and her knickers, dropping them to the floor. He was wearing athletic shorts so it was easy for her to push them down to his knees.

“Leave it,” he muttered before attaching his lips to hers again in a frenzy of impatience and lust. Hands were rubbing and kneading exposed skin, hot and sweaty from the humidity of the summer air and the cramped space. Hermione pulled at his shirt, reaching underneath and raking her nails along his back. She felt emboldened, naughty for doing something so very much against the rules.

“Fuck, Hermione,” Ron murmured, lifting his hips and reaching down between them to rub his cock along her slit. “You’re so fucking wet. You minx.” He chuckled then hissed as he entered her, making her expel a low groan that vibrated her entire body.

“Oh, my god... I can’t believe... we’re doing... this,” she panted as he slid in, and then out, of her at a hurried pace. Sweat beaded on his brow as he looked down at her with squinted eyes and a bit lip. The sound of slapping wet skin filled the interior of the car, along with Hermione's whimpers and Ron’s grunts. His foot slipped and he caught himself, his hand halfway out the open window. He apologized again, and she shut him up with her mouth, thrusting her tongue between his lips while he thrust his cock between hers below.

“Shit... I’m gonna cum,” he grunted as he squeezed her hip with one hand, the other still braced against the door. Hermione arched her back, pushing her sweaty vest covered chest against his and reached down to grab his arse.

Waves of pleasure hitting her from the inside out; the friction from his hard cock, and the explosion of his release made her gasp loudly and her body to become rigid for one blinding moment.

Then he was on top of her, pressing her into the backseat of her father’s car, limp and breathless.

“I can’t believe we just did that,” he laughed into her neck.

Hermione patted Ron’s bum and sighed, reveling in the weight of his body on top of hers.

“I’ll never be able to look at this car the same way again.”

# Craving

Second prompt in the 2015 RomioneSmut Fuckfest: Kitchen Counter

## Craving

Ron popped into existence with practiced silence, into the dark of night, in the alley beside their flat, feeling awful for coming home late... again. He figured Hermione must be asleep by now, but when he slowly opened their door, tiptoed inside, then closed it with a faint click, he was surprised to hear her voice. She was out of sight, in the kitchen, singing along to the radio with running water from the sink in the background.

He grinned wickedly as he carefully slipped off his boots and set them aside. With sock-covered feet on the soft carpeted floor, he remained incognito as he made his way across the dim living room to the wall adjacent to the kitchen. He peered around the wall and into the small, bright kitchen where Hermione stood, her back to him as she washed dirty dishes. Her hair was up in a giant knot, with curls sticking out and falling all over, exposing her long neck; She was wearing one of his old t-shirts: a soft navy one with a hole in the shoulder that hung loosely on her small frame. Her arse, covered in those red and gold striped knickers he had given her last Christmas, was peeking out the bottom.

Hermione also worked long hours, and often brought it home with her, so that on any other night when he came home at this hour he'd find her fast asleep. They were on an exhausting cycle of chaste kisses on the way out the door, warm dinners waiting for him to eat alone, and him taking a book out of her hands, and tucking her in as she slept. Yet here she was, fully awake, singing atrociously, and half dressed. He never felt so lucky and grateful in his entire life.

It had also been a while since they last shagged, so he was also feeling indescribably horny...

With her back still turned to him she spoke over the music still playing over the radio, "You're not as stealthy as you may think, Ron."

He sighed. Damn her perceptiveness and excellent hearing.

His socks slipped on the smooth linoleum as he close the gap between them, then braced his hands on the counter on either side of her hips before pressing his entire front along her back and arse. He chuckled when Hermione shivered, then groaned when she pushed against his already hard cock, deliberately swiveling her hips and standing on her toes, so when she dropped back down the friction was muted yet so concentrated that he swore he'd break if he couldn't have her. Here. Now.

He smiled and traced a finger down the back of her neck, following it with his lips. "I've missed you," he whispered onto her skin. "Fuck, I want you so much. Can we do it, right here?"

Hermione hummed, and nodded. "I missed you, too," she said, her breath coming out short and shallow. "So much."

She dropped her head and arched her back, pushing harder into him, until his grip on the counter was close to slipping. He let go and his hands were on her hips with lightning speed, soft cloth bunched in his fists. He lifted the shirt up, over her waist. He had to separate from her for a second, but he came back again, hands now on warm flesh and the edge of knickers, pulling her in as he pushed her flush against the edge of the sink.

Hermione gasped and fumbled in front of her to turn off the water while he continued rubbing against her. He grew impatient and, with one hand on her, he practically tore his belt off, popped the button, and ripped the zipper of his trousers with the other. They fell into a heap around his ankles, along with his pants, and he thanked Merlin he had taken his boots off as he kicked it all away.

With a loose hold on her, Hermione managed to turn completely around. Even now, after being together for more than two years, and being intimate in so many ways, seeing her come undone, and experiencing sides to Hermione's personality that seemed to be reserved just for him... still he was blown away by the intensity in her gaze just then. She looked... hungry. Feral, almost.

She looked him in the eyes and there was a clear message in them that he heard loud and clear: *Fuck me.*

Suddenly they were kissing, hard and deep, as if they hadn't in years, because that was how it felt, and he knew she felt the same. They were reaching with their hands, kneading skin, and pulling each other close, then pushing away to rid themselves of their tops. Hermione dragged fingers down his chest; Ron resumed the heated kiss and palmed her naked breasts, squeezing and teasing her nipples.

Hermione broke away from his mouth, panting for breath, her chest heaving into his hands, then bent down to push her knickers off, and wriggled out of them.

"Pick me up," she instructed shortly and patted his hands to let go of her breasts

"Okay."

He swept an arm over the countertop to the left, clearing it of her wand and a hand towel, which fell to floor. Neither of them cared as Ron wrapped his hands securely around Hermione's waist and shifted over slightly, picked her up and sat her in front of him. Her legs opened immediately and he looked down at the sparse hairs and tan thighs, a slit in the middle of all of it, waiting for him to do what he wished...

"I really *really* missed you, Hermione," he groaned, licking his lips. He pulled his eyes away and looked into her eyes that were now at his level. She bit her lip, and he responded by running his hands up her outer thighs, up her sides, over her breasts to her face, cupping her cheeks, grinning madly. "I also really *really* love you."

"I love you, too," she answered. Then her hands were at the back of his neck, her fingers snaking up into his hair. She pulled him in for a kiss, but he turned his face, instead kissing her jaw. He dropped his hands to her shoulders and kissed her neck. He kissed her collarbone with his hands on her waist. His back was bent over, and by time he got to her breasts he was kneeling, and his hands were on her thighs once more.

He spread her legs further apart, and he could smell her. She must've taken a shower before he arrived because he could smell her soap amongst the hint of... her.

"I wanna taste you. God, it's been too long," he murmured, he thought to himself, but Hermione answered with a tug of his hair, pulling him in closer. His cock, hard and jutting out before him, bumped against the cabinet below and he groaned.

"Sorry," Hermione muttered, but he just shook his head. It didn't matter. He positioned it flat on his belly and shuffled in closer, ignoring the pressure on his knees on the hard floor.

He pulled Hermione forward by her hips so she sat on the edge of the counter with her legs

draped over his shoulders. In his peripheral vision he saw her hands holding onto the edge, bracing herself for what he was about to do: give her the best orgasm of her life. At least, that was the plan. He'd done this before, countless times. Hermione loved it so much that he had gotten rather good at it, if he did say so himself. So he felt confident going in now, even if this was their first kitchen counter experience...

"Oh, god! Yes..." Hermione cried out at Ron spreading her folds and flattening his tongue on her, pressing in with just the right amount of pressure, and licking up until the end of it flicked the most sensitive part. She groaned, her stomach caved in and he went back to do it again, and again. One, then two, fingers entered her, pushing in and then out as he licked and sucked, gaining momentum according to the rhythm of her body. When her hand went in his hair, clutching and pulling, he move his fingers faster; when she growled he added another. When her breaths started coming faster, with a hiss here and there, he stopped licking and swirled his tongue around what he liked to call the "button". His hand was cramping, and his jaw was about to lock, but he waited, knowing, anticipating, what was coming next: her.

She became quiet, and he imagined her mouth was open wide in a silent scream. Then there was a low growl, and he felt her vibrating underneath his hand and mouth. He stilled his hand and took a deep breath. Then he sucked, hard, and held onto her waist with both hands to keep her steady since she had let go of the counter entirely, and was sure to fall if he didn't. The hand in his hair was pushing him into her unapologetically. He squeezed her arse and she bucked her hips. He felt her entire body moving like an ocean wave, and he didn't let go until she finally released his hair.

His head was throbbing, but so was his cock, so he stood up unsteadily as his knees were red and one foot had fallen asleep. Her legs dropped from his shoulders and he caught her in his arms, wrapping her lazy noodle-like ones around his neck.

"Ready?" he asked, laughing quietly. Watching Hermione right after an orgasm was the most incredible, most entertaining, thing to Ron. She was at her most out-of-control self at these moments, and he reveled in it. This was definitely a side of her no one else got to see, but him.

Nodding and smiling, with half closed eyes and a lick of her lips, Hermione lifted her knees a bit to rub against his arse. He didn't have to bend his knees, they were perfectly lined up for him to slide into her. She was still sopping wet and sensitive from just moments ago, so she threw her head back as he filled her up to his bollocks.

"Fuuuuuu..." Ron hissed and his arms went around her back, holding her tight and feeling her breasts smashed against his chest. "I'm not gonna last long."

"Doesn't matter," she gasped, resting her forehead on his. She kissed him and said, "I don't work tomorrow. We can take it slow later."

With the promise of later, Ron ground his hips into hers, pushing his cock in deeper, making them both hum with pleasure. Not wanting to waste time, and looking forward to a soft bed and a more comfortable position, he pulled back and then forward, over and over with a quickened pace. Hermione squirmed against him, tilting her pelvis and helping him by matching him thrust for thrust until they were both writhing and clutching each other's bodies. With her encouragement, and his bottom lip between his teeth, he pounded into her as hard as he could.

The release was as fast as the shag itself, and by the end he was sweating and gulping for air, using Hermione now to hold himself upright.

"My bum... is sore," Hermione puffed, then laughed breathlessly into his shoulder. Ron inhaled deeply, and pulled himself out of the delirium in order to pull his weight off of her.



“Sorry about that,” he said sheepishly.

When he was completely out of her he helped her down from the counter, catching her as she wobbled on her feet.

“I have a feeling we won’t be trying that again, yeah?”

Ron rubbed his knees. Hermione straightened and stretched her limbs, then rubbed her arse, grimacing with a smile.

“Yeah, I don’t think so,” she said, and they both laughed as they made their way, still starkers, to the bedroom.

XXXXX

Thank you for reading!

And don’t forget to visit **RomioneSmut** on Tumblr for more information on the fest!

# Finally

Prompt #3 from the 2015 RomioneSmut FuckFest: Hermione's Childhood Bedroom

Ron and Hermione reunite after months apart, and are finally alone

XXXXXX

It was early morning on the day before Christmas. Their first Christmas together as an official couple. Hermione was his girlfriend, yes she was. Ron still liked to repeat that line in his head, more so when she wasn't around, just to make sure it was still a reality. And the past few months, with her in school, those words had accompanied some wild fantasies, which he used as wanking fuel every chance he got. But it wasn't enough.

So when she finally - *finally* - arrived that morning, he was so pent up with frustration that, as soon as he spotted her bushy hair out of the crowd at King's Cross station, he practically pinned her to the grimy wall and ground himself on her in front of everyone on the Platform. Thankfully, she had enough sense to suggest they leave before they got arrested for indecent behaviour.

But as soon as they got to his house they were bombarded with his parents, Harry, and Ginny, giving Hermione hugs, and asking how school was. He had stood by, not able to take in the moment, because his cock was screaming at him to get her the fuck alone already. She must have sensed his impatience because she suddenly thought of something she wanted to get from her house, and would Ron come with her to help? At first he had no bloody clue what she was on about. Then she gave him that look - the one she got when she was up to something - and he went along with it. Go with her, to her house, away from all these people?

Absofuckinglutely.

So with that lame and flimsy excuse, Ron and Hermione had escaped the overcrowded and stuffy Burrow in favor of Hermione's house, which was spacious and, most importantly, empty.

"Are you sure we're alone? They're not gonna come back?" Ron asked when she apparated them into her living room.

"Yes, I'm sure. They'll be at work all day." She yanked on his sleeve, tugging him toward the wide staircase that stood beside a hallway that led to the kitchen. "Do you want to see my bedroom?"

He shook his head, turning to her with a huge grin. "Your house is fucking huge, Hermione."

She smiled, then grabbed his hand. "You should see my *bedroom*." It was not so much a hint, but a blatant invitation, and a reminder of what the hell they were there for.

"Right! Lead the way then. What are you waiting for?" He grabbed her waist from behind and pushed her to the stairs. She guffawed, then giggled, smacking his hands away, and him sneaking his hands around to tickle her belly as they climbed the stairs.

The landing was a beige carpet that ran down a long hallway with dark wooden doors on both sides. Too many doors for only three people.

"Blimey. Which one is yours?" She pointed to them all, saying which door led to which room. "You have a library? Well, no shit," he laughed, shaking his head. She rolled her eyes and led him to the second door on the left- her bedroom.

“Brilliant.”

And it was. He wanted to stand there and look at every little detail, but his eyes were drawn to the large bed in the center of the room, and the fact that Hermione was sitting on it, her coat already off and draped over the armchair in the corner.

He shed his own coat, tossing it over hers, and strode over to the bed, trying not to look too eager, even though he had lost that battle a long time ago. He sat as close to her as he possibly could without sitting directly on her lap, nudging her with his shoulder playfully. She nudged him back, and he couldn't help but feel so incredibly happy. It was bizarre, to feel this way, right now, given everything that happened just months ago. Then they had tomorrow to deal with, Christmas without Fred...

Yet there he was, grinning and flirting with Hermione, the girl of his dreams. And she was eating it all up, smiling back and blushing like mad. They wanted this moment together, to add some brevity and, if things go well, a right good shag, to their complicated and angst-ridden lives.

Ron placed his hand flat on the bed behind her, and leaned in close to sink his nose into her neck. He kissed her gently there, and chuckled when Hermione shivered. He felt her smile against his cheek, then raised his other hand to her face to feel the other end of that smile under his palm. He kissed her again, and she seemed to melt beneath him, a low moan vibrating underneath his lips.

“Missed you,” Ron mumbled before raising his hand from the bed and reaching under her top, not to tickle, but to caress, up and up until he slipped under the clasp of her bra. After a moment of struggle, he took it apart, and kept going, lifting her top halfway and sinking into the hair on the back of her skull. She gripped the front of his jumper in her small fists and tilted her head back, turning into him as he continued kissing her neck and jaw. The hand on her cheek moved over her mouth, seeing the curl of her lips with the tips of his fingers.

“I know. Me, too...” Hermione breathed. She took his hand in both of hers, pressing on his knuckles and bumpy veins, and guided the longest, most freckled finger into her grinning mouth. He lifted his head to watch closely as she sucked, then swirled her tongue around its tip. Her eyes, dark lashes over half covered brown orbs, stared wickedly at his reaction. He gulped, then gasped quietly, imagining his cock was his finger instead.

“Fucking hell.”

He popped his finger out from the warm wetness of her mouth, and pulled her top, along with her unclasped bra, over her head. Immediately his hands went to her breasts, and his lips covered her gasping mouth, kissing her deep as he fondled two of the sexiest things he missed so very much.

Hermione pushed him until he was flat on his back, legs dangling over the edge of the bed, hands still busy on her chest. She flung one leg over his hip, planting her arse on his crotch and grinding her jeans into his trousers.

“Did you miss this?” she asked, arching her back, with her hands in her hair, looking like some kind of frizzy haired goddess.

“Oh, I've missed so much. Especially *this*...” He skimmed down her body to the fly of her jeans, opening the button and pulling down the zipper. He twisted his hand and reached inside her silky knickers, making her lift her hips to give him access. His hand met hairs and wetness, and when he dipped one finger into her, it was a hell of a lot warmer than her mouth.

“Oh, god, Ron,” Hermione moaned, stroking the arm that was attached to his hand that was making her sit back on his hard cock and squirm. “Let me take my jeans off.”

“Okay.”

She stood up precariously on the wobbly bed over him, and he held her calves so she wouldn't fall. He watched from below as Hermione stripped down to nothing at all, licking his lips in anticipation. Before she could sit back down he pulled her roughly toward him, and she fell forward with a yelp, planting her hands on the bed above his head, her knees at his ears. She was exactly where he wanted- right in his face, in direct alignment with his tongue.

“Ohhh,” she purred when he took his first lick. “Ugh... god, yes...” she moaned when he sucked on her clit. She gasped and gyrated her hips when he parted her lips and stuck his tongue inside of her, mimicking what his cock wanted to do so badly.

Her belly was resting on his head as he brought her closer to completion. Then she grabbed onto his hair and pressed into his face, and he was smothered by her- wet, hot, and unable to breathe. But he sucked and moved his hand faster and harder until she growled and stilled, then went completely limp. He rolled her over onto her back, mostly so he could take a breath, but also to watch her worm her way around the bedsheets, crumpling them in her orgasm-induced state.

“Now take off your clothes,” she murmured. He quickly stood to rid himself of every stitch of clothing in just a few seconds. Hermione giggled when he grabbed her underneath her arms and pulled her up further so he could kneel between her legs, opening them wider with his knees.

“I love it when you laugh like that,” he said as he spread his hands out over her stomach, rubbing upwards to push her breasts together.

“I love... you,” she replied, covering his hands with hers as he worked on her nipples. “All of you, Ron. Your laugh...” She trailed up his arms and pulled on his biceps to bend them, bringing him down, closer. “Your heart...” He lowered his mouth to one nipple, and she moved under him, her knees now rubbing his sides. “Your... bum.”

She grabbed his arse in both hands, and they laughed quietly through their lust when she squeezed and pulled him down so his cock was pressed to her inner thigh. He kissed her then, long and hard.

“What about this?” He turned slightly so he was lined up with her, and made a small thrust, teasing. “You love that?”

She was breathing heavily as her nails dug into his skin, and she nodded. “I love that the most.”

“What do you love? Say it.”

“I love... your... cock.”

“Fuck yeah, you do,” he growled and smashed his mouth to hers, at the same time sinking deep into her saturated folds, enclosing his cock with so much heat and tightness he almost choked on the gasp that expelled from him. She hissed and shifted her body further down, enabling him to grind his hips at a perfect angle to hit the right spot, over and over.

“Right there, Ron. Oh god, oh my god!” she cried, clinging to him, pulling him closer to wrap her arms around his neck, and her legs around his waist. He mumbled incoherently into her neck and shoulder as he bounced between her legs, knowing he wouldn't last too long, but not caring. He needed this special kind of release, the kind he can only get when he was with her- inside of her.

“Oh fuck! Hermione!” he shouted, kissing her collarbone roughly, and indenting her hips with his tight grip. “Fuck fuck fuck...”

He felt it building up quickly, and she must've understood what was coming because as he was spilling into her she repeatedly milked it out of him with a calculated rhythm.

He rolled off of her, his chest and face red and splotchy, and sucking in gulps of air. "I fucking love... when you do that, too..." Hermione turned into him, and he tucked her into his side, placing an ill-aimed kiss on her head.

She burrowed herself into him even more, then groaned. "We have to go. They're going to wonder what's taking so long."

Ron sighed, but knew she was right. After a little while they got dressed and fixed her bed, and he made her promise to bring him back so that next time so he could snoop around her room. She rolled her eyes and agreed before they apparated back to The Burrow.

"So," Mrs. Weasley said from the sofa, looking up from her knitting to peer back and forth between them when they walked through the door, "did you find what you were looking for?"

With wide eyes Ron looked at Hermione, who wore the same expression.

"Shit."

XXXX

Thanks so much for reading! As always, reviews are more than welcome and appreciated.

## Hard at Work

### Prompt #4: Desk at Work

New job, new desk, and Ron's new fantasy comes to life.

### Hard at Work

The lift came to a staggering halt on the second level of the Ministry of Magic. Hermione stepped out, and the click-clacking of her low heels echoed on the marble floor as she walked briskly to the door at the far end of the long empty corridor.

Just last week Ron had finished Auror training, and already they had him and Harry working together on a case. It wasn't anything major, but it was real, and Ron was determined to do a good job and prove himself. This showed in him rising early with no complaints, and not leaving work until all paperwork was finished. Even Harry, whom Hermione had visited only five minutes ago to see if Ron was with him, was home with Ginny.

With a container of food in her hand, charmed to stay warm, she used the other to pull open the heavy metal door to the Auror offices. The gas lamps in the corridor had been dim, but the large room, filled with cubicles lined up in rows, was even darker. The walls around the cubicles were high, but she saw a beam of light coming from a cubicle two rows over to the right, and six up. She smiled, shaking her head as she hurried over to Ron's desk area, her shoes now silent on the maroon carpet.

And there he was, sat in an armless rolling chair, his back hunched over the desk, face close to parchment that he was scribbling on with a quill in his hand.

"I knew that was you," he said, finishing his sentence, then dropping the quill and turning around to grin at her. He looked tired, but happy, and she could tell it was because she was there.

"How did you know?" she said haughtily, tapping his shin with her shoe. "I could've been anyone."

"I knew because you told me last night that if I weren't home by a certain hour you'd track me down and drag me by the cloak until I came with you."

"I wasn't serious..." she rolled her eyes and set the container of food on his desk next to the bright lamp and moving photo of him and Hermione from last summer at The Burrow. She looked around and smiled at the Chudley Cannons posters, as well as a dozen or so handwritten notes and random photos pinned to a board. He may have found the studious side of himself, but he was still as disorganized as ever.

"Something smells good," Ron said as Hermione leaned against the edge of the desk. He opened the container and sniffed, sighing with content. "Mum?"

Hermione nodded, stifling a sigh of her own. "She must've come by while we were gone; there are two more in the freezer."

"Brilliant." He conjured a fork and started eating at a pace that made Hermione cringe. Some habits just don't go away, but she assumed he hadn't eaten since lunch.

"Right, brilliant," Hermione muttered.

“What’s a matter with you?” he asked through a mouthful of food.

“Nothing, I mean, it’s just...” How does she explain that she’d rather Ron’s mum don’t come by unannounced at all times of the day with food and offering to clean their laundry? “I would like some warning before she, or anyone, decides to drop by. Besides, we could have been... busy.” She gave him a pointed look, which he caught onto, as his ears suddenly turned the shade of the sauce he was shoving into his mouth.

“Right... I’ll, uh, talk to her about sending an owl first,” he said this while not looking at her, which meant he most likely wouldn’t, and she’d have to talk to Molly about it the next time they were at The Burrow, or when she visited... which was often.

He definitely noticed her change in attitude this time, because when he was pushed the empty container aside and sat back to look at her, he said, “Out with it. What else is there?”

Hermione huffed. “There is nothing else. I don’t know what you mean.”

“Yeah, you do. You got that look like you wanna say something, so say it. Spit it out.”

She glared at him, frustrated that he knew her so well. “Fine. I don’t know why she’s always bringing round food, as if I don’t cook. I cook!”

Ron reached out and took her hand, rubbing her knuckles with his thumb, and peered up at her. “Hermione, love,” he said in a sickeningly sweet voice that made her suspicious, “you cook- you do. You just... shouldn’t.”

“Oi!” She yanked her hand away and tried to use it to smack his arm, but he rolled out of reach, chortling.

“I’m sorry,” he said through his laughter, then came back slowly until she stood between his legs. “Look, I cook sometimes, too. You don’t have to be brilliant at everything.”

“But I want to. As old fashioned as it sounds, I want to... feed you.”

Ron snorted and raised his brow. “Oh, you do, and it tastes lovely...” He moved his gaze to the where her thighs met, and hooked a finger inside the waistband of her trousers.

Hermione rolled her eyes as she felt her face heat up despite her annoyance. “You know what I mean.”

“And you know what I mean,” he replied, this time giving her a sincere look before pulling himself in closer, both hands on either side of her on the desk, and she was finding it difficult to stay bothered.

“I’m glad you came,” he said, and his thighs rubbed against the sides of her knees.

“Really? Why is that?”

“I was hungry,” he said with a smirk. “Sorry, couldn’t resist. Honestly, ever since I got this cubicle I’ve daydreamed about... well...”

“Ron,” Hermione whispered slowly, allowing him to cover her bare belly with both hands, his fingers trailing upward, dangerously close to her bra covered breasts. “You can’t be serious. Here? Now?”

“No one is here, Hermione. Look around, it’s deserted.” She did, and he was right, but that was

hardly the point.

“If we got caught, Ron, you – we – could get in serious trouble.” He was now sat at the edge of his seat, hands outside of her blouse, toying with the buttons and blinking up at her through those maddeningly long blonde lashes...

“Come on, I promise we won’t get caught. I know- we can put up a silencing charm, and sensor or something. We’ll be careful.” He had already popped open two buttons as he talked, and she hadn’t stopped him. Another button, and her eyes were darting around the small area, her view of the door to the corridor thwarted by so many cubicle walls.

“If we put up some charms... maybe...” She didn’t know why she was consenting to this. It was a mad idea, and went against all of her instincts. Shagging inside the Ministry, on Ron’s desk... it would certainly be the most adventurous things they’d done sexually since, well, ever.

Ron wasn’t really giving her time to reconsider; her blouse was all the way undone, and next thing she knew Ron had slipped it off her shoulders and it was on the floor.

“Wait, the charms,” she said breathlessly, her heart beating rapidly from the adrenaline of what they were about to do, and where they were doing it.

“Right, shit-“ Ron reached for his wand and muttered a few incantations around them, and one toward the door before tossing his wand back on the desk. “That should do it.”

“Impressive.”

“Turn around,” Ron twirled his finger at her, and, with only a slight hesitation, Hermione complied. “Blimey, this is gonna be so much better than what I imagined.”

“You really thought about this?” she asked over her shoulder, then gasped when she felt him grab her bum.

“Only ever since the first day.”

“This is mental.”

“Hermione?”

“Yes?”

“Relax, love.”

She shook her shoulders out and bent over to place her palms flat against the desk to roll her neck.

“Bloody... Don’t move, stay just like that.”

Ron reached around her, with both hands, blindly unfastened her trousers, then pulled them down around her ankles. She stepped out of her shoes and he took the trousers off the rest of the way, tossing them aside.

“Hermione, your arse is brilliant, have I told you?”

“You might’ve mentioned it.” She peeked behind her, and swayed her hips from side to side. He groaned, and palmed her cheeks, and she looked down again, smiling to herself.

“It’s perfect,” he went on, “So round- just enough to hold onto.” To demonstrate, he grabbed her in both hands, and shook them, making her bottom bounce. She giggled, feeling silly yet sexy all



at once.

“I love when you wear these silky knickers,” he murmured, kissing her through the fabric. “So soft, and slippery... But they’re in the way.”

Then her knickers were being removed, slowly revealing her naked bum to Ron, with his face just right there. Hermione arched her back and breathed through her nose, on the verge of exploding from the anticipation.

Then Ron’s knees were widening her stance, and she was completely in his control, her bum out, forehead on her hands, bracing herself for anything. Suddenly his fingers were between her legs, opening her, and his tongue made a long, wet path along her slit. She gasped and moaned, whispering to the gods when he did it again.

“You’re so... sweet...”

She was thankful for the silencing charm when he pushed his fingers inside her, and again when he rubbed her clit while swirling his tongue in and around, making her moan loudly. When she felt the rush and cried out louder her head slipped from her hands, and parchment and quills scattered everywhere as the orgasm shook through her body and into Ron’s mouth and hands.

Before she could catch her breath she felt him struggling behind her. Then his hands came down on her bum with a smacking noise, and she jumped; He spread her open and kneaded her flesh, and she moaned.

“Did I hurt you?”

“No, I... liked it. Hurry up, Ron... please.”

“Tell me to fuck you.”

“What?”

“That’s part of it, the fantasy.”

Hermione rolled her eyes, and looked at him over her shoulder, “Fuck me, Ron. Now.” She had meant to sound seductive, but it came out as an order because she needed him inside of her, and was beyond pleasantries.

“Perfect.”

His thick and long erection prodded between her legs, and she opened her legs even more to let it in.

“Bloody hell, this is fucking brilliant!” Ron yelled into the empty Auror Department, because he could, and Hermione laughed, shaking her head. With one hand splayed across her upper back, and the other gripping onto her hip, he slammed into her.

“Oh - god - yes!” Hermione grunted. Ron’s thrusts pushed her into the desk, jostling everything on it; the framed photo fell over, the lamp shook, its light flickering wildly across her face.

“Fuck – yes – Her – mi – o – ne...”

This was the hardest he had ever shagged her, from behind, grabbing onto her bum, pulling her into him as he pushed into her. She was panting and whimpering as he grunted and shouted obscenities about her arse and how wet and tight she was.

They were making so much noise that, if it weren't for the charms, she was sure they'd hear them through the levels of the Ministry and out onto the muggle streets.

Then, after a few thrusts, one harder than the next, and as another orgasm shook her core around his hardness, he spilled into her, holding her tight against his pelvis.

“Ah! Fuck!” he hissed, then, holding her around the waist, dropped back onto the chair, nearly making them fall over as it rolled back.

“This is not... what I had in mind... when I came here.” Hermione gasped.

“Yeah, but you still came.”

XXXX

Thanks for reading!

# Borrowed Time

Prompt: Library

Summary: Ron surprises Hermione in the one place where she can find peace and quiet.

The frantic scratching of a quill being set to parchment was the only sound in the dim, empty Hogwarts library, aside from the occasional sigh or impatient muttering from a frazzled, but focused, Hermione.

She refused to study in the Gryffindor common room with all the noise and distractions from the other students. She preferred the peace and quiet of the library, especially after it was closed. Because of her frequent need to study she had come to an agreement with Madame Ponce to let her stay after the librarian had left.

It was close to ten o'clock, and she had just stifled her third yawn of the evening. She knew it was time to pack things up and head to her room, but she was in the middle of a paragraph on the twelfth inch of parchment, and couldn't be deterred.

She paused to dip her quill into the open bottle of ink when she heard a noise from the entrance of the library. She froze with her hand in mid-air, black ink dripping onto the dark wood table between the stacks of books that surrounded her.

"Who- Who's there?" she called out tentatively as she slowly lowered the quill to the table and withdrew her wand at the same time. She stood and peered toward the door, and heard footsteps, but didn't see anything, or anyone. The hair on the back of her neck stood on end, and she pointed her wand, about to utter a spell when suddenly someone shouted.

"Oi! It's me! Don't shoot!"

Then, out of thin air, Ron was in front of her, towering over her, wearing dark jeans, a red jumper and a grimaced smile with both hands in the air, one of them holding the invisibility cloak.

Hermione faltered, her mouth agape. "Ron?!"

"Surprise?"

She sat down and put her hands on her knees, taking in deep breaths. "Blimey, Ron. That was not funny."

"Shit, sorry, Hermione," he whispered, bending to one knee and covering her hands with his. "I didn't mean to scare you. I wasn't trying to be funny."

"I asked who was there."

"I didn't hear you. I'm so sorry. I fucked this all up. I saw Ginny in the common room and she said you were here, but I didn't want to get caught."

He ducked his head to peer into her face, so she offered a smile, as if to say it wasn't a big deal, even if her heart was still racing.

"I'm just a bit jumpy is all," she said. "How did you- why are you here? I wasn't expecting to see you until the next Hogsmeade visit."

"I couldn't wait that long. Besides... I have some news." He suddenly looked nervous, and Hermione's heart started beating faster once again. He dropped down to both knees and crossed his arms over her legs, toying with the edge of her wool skirt. "They want Harry and me to go into training a bit early."

"How early?"

"Next week."

Hermione sighed, "Well, that's good, isn't it? I mean, the sooner you start the sooner you're finished, yeah?"

"I suppose that's one way to look at it," he shrugged, and propped his chin on his forearm, looking up at her with a slight smile. "That's why I came, since I'm gonna have to miss Hogsmeade."

She softened, and threaded her hands through his hair, then planted a kiss atop his head. "Oh, Ron, it's alright." She laid her head on his arm, and he turned his head to face her. As she ran a finger across one light gingery brow she murmured, "I'm going to miss you, but I understand. I'm glad you're here now. I feel safe when I'm with you."

"You should," he whispered, then tilted his face to peck her on the nose, making her grin and her heart soar. "Do you get scared? Being in here all alone, at night?"

"Not always. Sometimes..." She blinked and looked down at a freckle on near his mouth, distracting herself from what she was really thinking.

"I hate that you feel scared, even sometimes," he said quietly, his voice hoarse. She looked up into his eyes, and they were dark with regret and worry.

She sat up and he raised his head, watching her. "It's not fear so much as it is being cautious, I suppose," she said thoughtfully, trying to put into words how she felt without worrying Ron. "I wasn't scared being in here earlier, but when I heard a noise it was like all my senses were on alert, and I could barely breathe."

Ron ran a hand over his face, frustrated. "I'm a bloody idiot. I shouldn't have--"

"No, it's not your fault," she interrupted him before he could blame himself. "You were doing the same thing, being cautious. We're all still on edge. We will be for a while, won't we?"

Ron sighed and rearranged his legs so they were crossed in front of him. He grabbed her hands, pulling her down and off the chair until she sat in his lap. She sunk into him, leaning heavily on his torso, and he squeezed her gently, rubbing her back.

"If I hadn't stopped you, you would've hexed me. And yes, that is a good thing! You can still handle yourself, and that makes me feel better, leaving you here."

"I would never hex you," Hermione said into his shoulder. "Not unless you got me really angry, and even then it would only sting a little."

He chuckled, his body bouncing underneath hers. "Well, that's a relief."

They sat, holding each other, and Hermione hummed to herself, smiling and letting Ron's warmth seep into her as he swayed them back and forth on the floor of the library. She felt light, and happy, swallowed up in his protection and affection.

"I love you so much, Ron," she breathed, and turned her face to bury it in his neck, filling her nose with his distinguishable smell.

"Shit, Hermione," Ron muttered, and his long arms wrapped around her until his fingers dug into her ribs. "I love you. I can't even tell you how much. After everything... I- yeah, so- thank you..."

Hermione lifted her head at the sober tone his voice had trailed off on, and saw him blink and turn away from her, embarrassed. A lump suddenly formed in her throat as she held onto his face, turning it toward hers, making him look her in the eyes before saying firmly, but shakily, "You're welcome," earning her a sloppy grin. "And thank you, as well. For loving me back."

His eyes seemed to glisten and, with her hands still on his cheeks, he kissed her hard on the lips. She kissed him back, snaking her hands into the hair behind his ears, and opening her mouth to deepen the kiss. He pulled his lips away with difficulty and rested his forehead on hers, taking in deep breaths. She stroked his neck and jaw, waiting, because he obviously wanted to say something.

"Hermione, promise me something?"

"I'll be careful, Ron. I promise," she said, but he shook his head, leaning back to look at her properly.

"No, I mean, yes, but that's not what I was gonna say." He closed his eyes and kissed her again, only lingering for a moment before withdrawing again. With his eyes still closed, he said, "Promise me, Hermione, that you'll always love me. For as long as I live, I know I'll love you. Can you promise me the same thing?" He opened his eyes and her heart broke from the pleading look in them. As if she would ever say anything to the contrary. "Am I mental to think this is forever?"

Hermione smiled, then giggled, and pressed a soft kiss to his forehead, then both cheeks, and finally his lips, hugging him as close as she possibly could without breaking her own body.

"Forever and ever, and forever more," she whispered against his lips, and felt his turn up into a smile.

"Wicked," he whispered back, pulling her in for a slow kiss so full of meaning and life that she felt a chill run down her spine. She shivered and he squeezed her, and she reflexively rotated her hips, making him moan.

"Are you staying the night?" she asked, breathlessly, as Ron had moved his hands to her outer thighs and was sliding them up, under her skirt.

"If you want me to," he replied, and kissed her again.

"Oh, I do," she murmured mid-kiss. "I feel like we're on borrowed time, with you leaving." Her fingernails trailed up his spine, and he closed his teeth down on her bottom lip, gently pulling it out, and letting it go slowly. Hermione felt like she was on fire, with too many layers of clothing, too much wool, and trousers, and cotton...

Hermione arched her back as he pulled the back of her blouse out from her skirt, and she felt his hands on her smooth skin. She ground her hips even harder, feeling the bulge of his erection against her, but it wasn't enough.

"I don't think I can wait another second."

“Bloody hell.”

He pulled the rest of her blouse loose and wrenched it open at the front, buttons flying across the carpet and table filled with books and parchment. Neither paid any attention to the destruction of her blouse with his hands already busy at the clasp of her bra, unfastening it and tossing her white sensible bra over his shoulder.

The frenzied pace slowed as he sat and stared at her heaving breasts. She watched him cup them, weigh them carefully in his palms and gently lifting each one and grazing thumbs over hardened nipples. Hermione gasped as tiny shockwaves of electricity shot straight through to her core. She swiveled her hips, a reflex to his repeated flicking, and he let go of her breasts to grab onto her hips, pushing back.

A moment later, he carefully laid her down onto the floor, then removed her skirt and knickers, kissed down from her breasts, to her stomach, and her left thigh.

Then he was undoing his belt and unzipping his trousers, pulling his jumper over his head, taking everything off until he was as nude as she was. He hovered over her, between her legs, the length of his body slowly coming down to make contact with hers. When her arms wrapped around his shoulders he circled his hands down around her thighs, lifting her legs from under her knees to open her wider.

“Oh god, Ron,” Hermione hummed. She didn’t know where to place her hands so she touched every part of him that she could reach. And when she came to his bum, and scratched her nails across both cheeks, he growled in her ear and finally thrust his hips forward, filling her completely.

“Hermione,” he gasped, and raised his head to look down at her through hooded eyelids. “Forever, yeah?”

She blinked, and nodded, smiling through the rush of emotions coursing through her. “Forever, Ron.”

She kissed him as he slid into her, slowly at first. When she asked him to move faster, he drove her into the floor, pounding at a pace according to her breathy instructions. Eventually she was incapable of speech as the crescendo of her orgasm rendered her silent. He soon followed, sweating and whispering her name as he let go, inside of her, because of her.

He collapsed onto her, and she held him there, even after he tried to relieve her of his weight. His words of forever and always ran through her muddled mind that was still in a state of bliss and awe.

“You know you never have to ask me that again, don’t you?” she asked.

He nodded, his lips grazing her neck through puffs of breath. He kissed her there, and she felt his smile. “Yeah, I reckon I do.”

XXXXXX

Thanks so much for reading!

## Bounce With Me

Prompt: Bed in New Flat

Summary: Ron gets Hermione to conduct a very thorough experiment with him: testing out their brand new bed.

White and shiny; thick and heavy; long and wide... It was perfect. It had just the right amount of hardness, with a soft outer casing that would make anyone want to dive right in and never come back to real life ever again...

“Will you quit staring and help me?”

Ron pulled his gaze away from their newly unwrapped, brand new mattress that sat on a frame that matched the wooden headboard behind it. As soon as Hermione had levitated it up the stairs and into their bedroom all he wanted to do was free fall on top of it with his arms spread wide, stretching and rolling around like a cat who had just found the sunniest spot in the entire place.

But Hermione had stopped him, saying she wanted to cover it with a fitted sheet first, and then add another sheet, and a duvet, and pillows, and even more bloody pillows.

Sod it.

He glanced behind him, watching Hermione leave the room - probably to bring in more pillows - and when she was gone he took a flying leap onto the bed.

Oh, sweet Merlin’s beard! It was like heaven- if heaven were a bouncy, yet firm, cloud, with excellent back support and big enough to fit his entire body, and then some.

“Ron!”

He turned his head, giving her a look that he hoped would earn him at least a roll of the eyes or a sigh, instead of a glare and haughty arms across her chest.

He got the former, thank god.

“You were supposed to wait!” She stalked across the room and swatted him on his thigh with a soft squarish pillow with an embroidered bird on it.

“Why do we need all these damn pillows anyway?”

“It’s called décor, Ron,” she sniffed, placing it delicately onto the teetering tower of pillows behind her.

Ron rolled onto his back again and tucked his hands underneath his head. “And what, we’re supposed to put them on and take them off every time we wake up and go to sleep? That’s mental. And annoying as hell, if you ask me.”

“Well, I didn’t,” she snapped. A pillow came down on his face a second later, making him cry out.

“Oi! I’m relaxing here!”

“Relaxing on an unmade bed,” Hermione scolded.

“We can fix it later. I have an idea,” Ron said, ignoring her disapproving grumble, and turned away, rolling now onto his belly. He bounced his hips up and down to test out the bed’s... other features.

“Don’t you need another person for that?” Hermione quipped.

“Are you volunteering?”

“Are you going to let me make the bed?”

“Nope.” Then he got to his feet, balancing his tall frame vertically atop the unstable surface, thankful for the high ceiling.

“Ron, you’re being incredibly immature.” She sounded stern, but she was hiding a smile- he could see it.

“I am not,” he retorted, bending his knees and crouching to make the bed move underneath his feet. “I’m being... systematic. Logical, one might even say.”

Her lip twitched, and she crossed her arms to compensate for her lack of severity. “You’re going to hurt yourself.”

“Nah. I’ve got this.” He shook his hair out of his face, and crouched lower in order to make it bounce more when he straightened his legs, his feet not yet lifting off the bed, and his arms out wide for stability. “See? So far, so good.”

Hermione walked tentatively to the edge of the bed and narrowed her eyes, her hands on her hips. Ron noticed, from his vantage point, he could see down her vest- now there were two soft pillows he wouldn’t mind were in bed with him indefinitely...

“What exactly are you trying to do? Dig a hole in it?”

“No, I’m testing it out for future shagging. You’re right wild sometimes, you know.” He chuckled at her indignant expression, and laughed out loud when she couldn’t think of a retort. “You know it’s true, Hermione.” He jumped, this time lifting off the bed, his hair lifting off his head and then flopping back down over his eyes.

“That’s- I- Well, you like it, too!” Her cheeks turned pink, and he could see her biting the insides of her cheeks. “I know what you’re trying to do.”

“What?” he asked, breathless now from all the jumping, and stood up straight with his own hands on his own hips.

“You want me to jump on the bed with you.”

Ron laughed and clapped his hands. “Oh! That’s a brilliant idea! Come on up, then.” He held his hand out for her, but she swatted it away. “Come on, love. It’s our first flat, and our brand new bed...”

“This is dangerous,” she insisted.

“No, it’s fun.” Then he grinned, thinking of a surefire way to get her up there with him. “You wouldn’t want to abandon a valid experiment without fully testing every variable and collect data to find a conclusion... would you?”

He saw it working; his use of logic, and some big words thrown in there for good measure, were



all calculating in her brain. He set to jumping again, her eyes following him up and down, her lips in a straight line to keep from talking.

She growled and slapped her hands on her thighs. "Fine! Move over!" She slipped her sandals off, and Ron pumped a fist in the air. He carefully stepped aside, helping her up onto the bed. "Don't let go of my hands, okay?"

"I won't, I promise," he replied merrily.

"Alright, man-child, let's get this over with," she said with a roll of her eyes, then stared down at her feet "Just give me a moment."

"Do you wanna stop?"

"No," she said determinedly. "I want to do it properly. Do I stand like this?"

"A bit further apart. Right, like that. Now, when I bend my knees, you do the same. I'll count to three, and then you're gonna, well, jump. Ready?"

She bent over, and Ron hesitated, temporarily mesmerized by her gaping vest that showed off more of her cleavage.

"Ron!"

"Right! Okay, 1... 2... 3!"

He jumped, but only high enough to accommodate Hermione's height. Her hair whipped around her head and fell on her shoulders when she landed haphazardly, a huge grin on her face.

"That was fun!" she yelled so matter-of-factly that Ron could have kissed her right there. But she was already bending her knees again. "One more?"

He shrugged, and returned her grin before launching up higher, bringing her with him. She yelped and laughed as he did it again. He watched with his heart in his throat as joy spread across Hermione's face, and the afternoon sunlight danced on her curls through the not-yet-curtained windows. She looked so free, and happy... and damn sexy with her tits bouncing...

Mid-jump, he quickly pulled on her arms. Her knees buckled and she went careening into him with an expression somewhere between delight and terror. He landed on his back, with her on his chest, and they bounced together, rolling as Hermione clung to him, smacking his arms the entire time.

"Ron! That wasn't funny!" she exclaimed from underneath him, despite her bubbling laughter. She struggled to get out of his grasp, but he had her pinned. He laughed as he grabbed her wrists, and held them above her head, before she could start smacking him again.

"Let me go, you Neanderthal," she moaned without conviction, then squirmed her hips against his, making him groan.

"Not likely," he replied, then burrowed his face in her hair, and kissed her neck.

She arched her back and hummed, "Ron..."

"Yeah?" he muttered as he spread her legs with his knees.

"Ron..."

He stopped, and looked down at her, confused. "What?"

She smiled and, with a mischievous glint in her eye, yanked her hands free and shoved him as she sat up, sending him onto his back. His head was now at the bottom of the bed with Hermione kneeling in front of him, laughing.

"You're gonna pay for that," he said, reaching for her, but she backed out of his reach. He slumped back on the bed, and watched in awe as she peeled her vest off, unclasped her bra and shimmied out of her shorts and knickers, all while keeping eye contact with him. "Fucking hell, woman."

"I thought we were conducting a full experiment?" she asked innocently- while starkers, between his legs, with wind-blown hair, and looking sexy as hell.

"Um, yeah!" Ron nearly shouted, his voice breaking as he struggled to sit up on his elbows to see her better. "Fuck yeah, as a matter of fact..."

Without another word she deftly removed his belt, then his jeans and pants, sliding them down his legs and tugging them off his feet. He got rid of his t-shirt, throwing it to the floor, feeling cocky for getting her naked on the bed that was still unmade.

"Come 'ere," he murmured, running his hands up her arms and down to cup her breasts as she crawled over him to sit on his narrow hips. She peered at him through dark lashes with a sultry look on her face, and he cursed under his breath, making her smile. She caressed his chest and stopped to grip his waist, using his body as leverage to grind her clit across the length of his cock, covering it with her slick wetness. She moaned, and bit her lip, driving Ron mad with lust. He was enveloped in her folds, and it felt brilliant, but he needed more. So he held her still and, with a wiggle of his hips, he was at her entrance. She sat up on her knees, and then lowered herself onto him, opening her legs wider to adjust for his thickness. Then he was suddenly tightly surrounded by her pulsating heat.

"Fuck, Hermione."

"God, that feels so good," Hermione gasped after pulling back, and then thrusting forward. "So good..."

He had a firm grip on her waist, and shoved his cock up into her every time she pushed against him, over and over with panted breaths. Without losing momentum, he pushed his thumb onto her clit, and she gasped loudly. Her hair was thrown in her face and tickled his stomach as she braced herself on his chest. He made tight little circles with his thumb and, even though he could feel his own orgasm approaching, he held it in, his thumb now moving fast and erratically.

Hermione's face crinkled into a grimace above him. "I'm coming!" she hissed through her teeth, and then she stopped moving, but he felt her pulsating around him, gripping his cock even tighter. He couldn't hold back any longer. He sat up quickly, catching her in his arms as he drove up into her, hard and fast, making the bed squeak and bang loudly against the wall.

"Faster, Ron! Harder!"

He only a few thrusts left in him, so, with the extra bit of adrenaline left, he threw her onto the bed, making them bounce, and slammed into her with all the passion and vigor that he could muster. His head was in a cloud, and he faintly heard her screaming his name, and his own voice screaming hers as the bed shook on its frame.

"Oh my god, oh god..." Hermione was whimpering and crying out, her fingernails scraping over

different parts of his body.

When his heart finally started to slow down he dropped down next to her, sweaty and red as a beet, but grinning madly at her out of the corner of his eye.

“I hate you sometimes,” Hermione whispered, panting and staring at the ceiling, shaking her head with a sloppy smile.

Ron barked out a shaky laugh. “Yeah. I love you, too.”

Sometimes it was a job to get Hermione to loosen up, but every time he did it was a hundred percent worth it.

XXXXX

Thanks for reading!

# Trapped

Prompt: Lift

Summary: Ron and Hermione find themselves in a tight situation.

Warnings: Nothing graphic, but it is public sex, and quite possibly the most ridiculous scenario I've written so far...

"It won't come any faster if you repeatedly push on it- nor if you push it harder. Just--"

Hermione smacked Ron's hand away as he went to push the orange lit button again.

"It's taking forever," he complained. "Can't we apparate?"

"I already told you, it's too risky."

"Your parents just had to have their office on the top floor of the tallest building in London," Ron grumbled.

"This is not the tallest building in London, Ron. In fact--"

"I know, Hermione. I was trying to make a point," he interrupted, staring up at the glowing numbers above the lift doors. "I mean, fourteen floors are a bit excessive, I'm just saying," he said out of the corner of his mouth, making Hermione snort into her hand.

"I know things in the mug- er, this place can be a bit slow, but it was fun to see their office, yeah?"

His face lit up, just as the number thirteen did. "Yeah, it was brilliant!"

"I thought you were going to faint when my dad offered to check your teeth," Hermione giggled.

The doors finally opened, and Ron let out an exaggerated sigh of relief. "Finally!" A load of people stepped out and Ron rushed between them, pulling Hermione behind him to get in first. He stood at the very back, and leaned against the wall with Hermione beside him. "Did you see those tools he had?" he muttered, then shivered. "I don't want any part of that, no thanks."

Hermione laughed as they waited for a few more people to file into the lift. The doors opened and closed on almost every floor, and each time more people came in than left. As the lift filled up Hermione started to become anxious, feeling trapped against the wall. Ron must have noticed her slightly panicked expression because he ducked down and wrapped his arm around her back, then pulled her in front of him so she could lean on him instead.

"Thanks," she said, tilting her head up to look at him. He smiled and kissed her forehead, then draped his arms over her shoulders, his hands holding hers against her chest. She leaned her chin on his wrist and looked around at the many heads that surrounded them. It was fast becoming hot and stuffy, and she squirmed in closer to Ron.

"Alright?" he said, his lips tickling her neck. She shivered, then smiled and nodded. He felt so warm, which wasn't helping the situation, but she preferred his warmth as opposed to the elderly woman in front of her, or the scowl-faced businessman to her left.

Suddenly she felt something poking at her bum, and she frowned, because surely Ron could not

be turned on a time like this?

“Sorry” he said, but then he pushed his pelvis forward, and she guffawed, trying to turn around to scold him. But she couldn’t, and he knew it, as he started chuckling. “I can’t help it,” he whispered, this time kissing her neck softly and quickly before straightening up again. She felt flushed, and hotter than she normally would be in this situation...

The lift stopped at the ninth floor with a loud clunk, making Hermione, and a few others, gasp. The doors opened and more people squeezed their way in, making everyone push back even more.

“What the bloody hell?” Ron muttered, then said more loudly, “Oi! Don’t let anyone else on, yeah? Don’t wanna bloody die of suffocation in a bloody lift!” A couple other people muttered in agreement, nodding their heads.

“Ron,” Hermione groaned.

“Are you okay?” he asked more quietly, and pulled her closer.

“I don’t like this. I don’t think this lift can-“

Suddenly they stopped between floors eight and seven, and the light flickered.

“Shit,” Ron said under his breath.

Then a voice sounded over the loudspeaker above their heads, saying there would be a delay, but there was nothing to worry about, and they’d have the lift working again in a few minutes.

“Should we do something?” Ron said in a low voice, already starting to take his arm away from Hermione to grab his wand.

She snatched his arm back, clutching it to her chest again. “No, I’m sure it’ll be alright. We can’t risk using... *magic*.” She said the last part as quietly as possible, her eyes darting around to see if anyone was listening. But they were all either staring straight ahead or talking amongst themselves about the lift, grumbling about being late to lunch, and so forth. No one was paying attention to them at the back of the lift, in their corner.

That is when the lights went out. A woman shrieked, and the talking became louder. Someone banged on the doors, causing a ripple of people to jostle around, elbows nudging into sides and shoes on toes. Ron pulled Hermione even further into him, dropping his arms to wrap securely around her waist. And yet, even through all of this, he was still hard and firmly wedged between her bum.

“Ron,” she hissed, her heart clambering to beat out of her chest. Her mind immediately went into defense mode, thinking this might be an attack, but her body was melting, trembling under Ron’s unrelenting grasp and heat.

“Shh,” he whispered and kissed her neck. She gulped, her eyes not yet adjusting to the darkness so she couldn’t see anyone, but she could feel their presence. There was no way they could do something like this, not even in the dark. Ron had lost his mind, that was the only explanation.

So when he let go of her hands and reached under the back of her skirt she didn’t know what to do. She couldn’t say anything; she could barely move or she’d trip over someone and create chaos in the small, enclosed, pitch black, suspended lift.

His fingers tickled her thighs and bum, and her knees buckled as she coughed into her hand to

mask the moan that had nearly escaped. The temperature had increased, and she didn't know if it was just her, or because of the mass of agitated people. They all seemed either worried or pissed off, or both. But Ron had taken her panic and turned it into something else entirely, and she wondered if that was why he was doing this, for her...

"Do you trust me?" he whispered.

Of course she did, with her life. But the risk was so great. If they got caught, it would be more than embarrassing. Her parents would find out, and they'd never speak to her again.

But then he grabbed her bum and bit her earlobe; she sighed, then nodded. She didn't know how he always did it; how he got her to agree to things so completely out of her element was beyond her.

"Relax," he said softly before using one hand to move her knickers over to one side and caressing her wet folds with two fingers from behind. He was using the other hand on her stomach to keep her steady, which was necessary as Hermione almost fell over from the rush of adrenaline and lust that had suddenly pooled around his hand that was now moving at a pace that made her have to bite down on her lip to keep from crying out.

It was the most bizarre experience of her life so far; to do something so naughty in such a public – and quite possibly dangerous – setting. She heard herself panting as he inserted a finger, and clamped a hand over her mouth.

"This is mental," he whispered so low that she had to strain her ears to hear him. Then his hand was gone, and she removed her hand, thinking he was done, that that was enough to satiate this wild fantasy he seemed to have to make her go crazy.

But then she felt his knuckles knocking on her bum, fumbling, and her eyes opened wide into the dark. She reached back to smack his hands. He shushed her, and then coughed, presumably to cover the sound of his zipper.

The disembodied voice crackled loudly over their heads again, making Hermione jump and her heart to slam inside her chest. They were working on the problem, and it would be another few minutes until the lift would be moving again. Then it was gone, and there were shouts of protest, complete with expletives and pleas.

During the announcement Ron had stilled his movements, but now he was back to moving around behind her.

"My heart almost fell out my mouth," he muttered with a nervous chuckle. At least Hermione knew he hadn't completely lost his common sense. He had merely chosen to ignore it. And the most startling thing about it was, Hermione was more excited than worried...

He moved her knickers aside once more, and she held her breath, waiting silently. Then there it was, the soft head of his erection, indenting her bum, trying to slide its way into her. She gripped his hand that was on her belly with both of her hands, and arched her back. She pulled both of her lips inside of her mouth, holding them tight to ensure no sound came out. So far they had been very quiet and moved very little, so she didn't think anyone suspected anything. However, the lights could come on any minute, and it would be like a spotlight on them, showcasing two sex-crazed nineteen year olds who couldn't wait until they got home to shag in private.

She silently prayed for him to hurry, and let out a long breath through her nose, having to close her eyes for just a moment while he crouched down. Their position didn't allow for his entire length to be sheathed, so while halfway inside, Ron grunt-coughed as he pulled out and then in

again, and she imagined how he must be contorted back there, just to maintain the penetration.

He felt hot and hard inside her, but they couldn't add much friction as movement was limited in their small area, so the act itself wasn't as arousing, at least for her. But the circumstances certainly lent itself to heighten the thrill factor; and with his hand on her bum and belly, and his lips on her neck, it was enough to want to ravage him... as soon as they got home, in private. But for now it was naughty, and exciting, and scary all at once.

Ron held her as he managed to pivot his hips enough to simulate some sort of friction, and he must have been more aroused as she was, because she felt him let go inside of her. He had clamped his mouth onto her shoulder, biting down on the jumper as he came. Then he pulled out, and stuffed himself back inside his trousers. Hermione quickly reached around to fix her knickers, feeling wetness on her fingers as she smoothed her skirt back over her bum.

She could hear and feel him shaking, so she felt for his hands and wrapped them around her again, rubbing her hands over his arms.

"Alright?" he muttered with his chin on her shoulder, his voice full of worry now that it was over, and reality had set in.

She smiled, then realizing he couldn't see her, whispered, "Yeah, that was just... wow."

Suddenly the lights came back on, and they all shielded their eyes from the sudden brightness. The lift started moving with a jolt, then more smoothly to the next floor. When it stopped at the seventh level everyone got out, including Ron and Hermione.

"No more lifts for a while, I think," Hermione said as they watched the doors close from the other side.

"What are you on about? They're my new favorite thing," Ron grinned down at her with a raised eyebrow.

"Never again, Ron! Ever," she shook her head and rolled her eyes as she led them to the stairwell.

XXXXX

Thank you for reading!

# The Cure

Prompt: St. Mungos

Summary: Ron is in desperate need of Hermione's help after coming into contact with a very peculiar potion. (Note: I realize the premise of needing sex to cure a potion's effect has been done many times, so I take no creative credit over that aspect of the fic. This is just my interpretation.)

XXXXXX

Hermione sat in her comfy armchair, her eyes skimming over the words in her book, not taking much in as she was constantly looking up at the clock on the mantle of the fireplace that stood empty and cold.

Just then something bright and blue barreled through the closed door, its short, glowing fur whipping around its small body until came to sit at her ankles. She shot to her feet, her entire body tense and her eyes wide as she stared down at Ron's Patronus, waiting. The only thing that kept her from panicking was the fact that him sending a Patronus meant he was still alive.

"Hermione! Listen," was the first thing Ron's echoing voice said from this adorable glowing dog that was now running circles around her legs. "I'm at St. Mungos-" As soon as she heard his location Hermione snatched her wand from the coffee table while pushing her feet into her flats. "I- I need you. Please- Shut it, Harry, I'm doing a thing-" She yanked her coat from the coat rack, nearly knocking it to the floor. "Can you come over?" She registered pain in his voice, and pulled her coat on over her flannel pajamas. "Hurry! Bloody- How do I -" his voice cut out and the energetic dog was gone. With her heart thumping wildly, Hermione focused on St. Mungos before disappearing with a loud crack.

When she arrived, and was directed to the third floor, the level for potion and plant poisoning, her mind went into overdrive. Then Harry was there, dragging her into a waiting room.

"What's going on, Harry?" she asked shrilly and rounded on him. "How bad is it? Just tell me he's alright."

"Hermione, he's alright," Harry said, and she wondered how he could look so calm right now. He paused to shake his head, and she thought she saw a smirk flutter across his mouth. "Sorry, it's just so... I dunno. Anyway, I'll take you to him now, come on."

"I don't know why you can't just tell me, Harry," she glared at him sideways. "Your best friend is in hospital, and you-"

They had reached Ron's room, and Hermione's voice lost all verbal intention.

XXXXXX

Ron was sat on top of a hospital bed, his legs sticking out the bottom of the covers, hunched over at the waist, grimacing and yelling at the Healer who was standing at his bedside, filling a goblet of a thick looking potion.

"I said water, not that horrible shite again!" He looked up when he heard a gasp and a flurry of bushy brown hair coming at him.

She pulled him into a fierce hug, making Ron grunt in pain. She backed away, worry and confusion etched all over her face. Ron felt awful for causing it. He tried to smile, but his brain



was fuzzy from the throbbing pain.

“Where does it hurt?”

“Um...” He couldn’t say it, and instead pointed to where he was cupping himself between his legs.

“Oh...’

The Healer handed Ron the goblet, and Ron glared at him before taking a swig, almost retching as he handed it back.

“Your friend here-“

“Boyfriend,” Hermione interrupted with a sniff.

“Oh, well, that will make the healing process much better,” the elderly Healer smiled kindly at her. “You see, Ron has come into contact with a very... peculiar potion tonight. Apparently it is used by certain individuals to maintain a heightened state of... arousal.”

“Are you serious?” Hermione asked, and heard Harry snort behind her.

“Harry,” Ron moaned. “Do you have to be here right now?” He hated that Harry was witness to the initial reactions of the potion, seeing Ron try to push down and hide his massive erection as he stumbled through the hospital.

“I’m sorry!” Harry said with his hands in the air. “But, I mean, it’s kind of funny... right?”

“Out now!” Ron yelled through gritted teeth, then as Harry shrugged and opened the door, he added, “And... thanks, mate!”

“Yeah, anytime!” Then he was gone, and the Healer was explaining to Hermione about the potion, and its cure.

“After finding out what the potion was, we had Ron try to ejaculate on his own, but it only seemed to intensify the pain, which is why we had him call upon you for help. You see, after looking into similar cases, we believe intercourse to be the most efficient cure.”

Hermione’s face was bright red. “Are you sure that’s the only way?” She started to fidget, and then glanced at Ron, her face softening into a look of pity, which made him feel even worse.

“Alright, fine. I’ll do it,” she said to the Healer, then to Ron, “I can’t stand to see you in pain. Of course I’ll help.”

“Excellent,” the Healer said. “I gave him some potion for the pain, hoping it would make the communion less painful. It is vital that he ejaculates, er, inside. Do you understand?”

Hermione nodded, and Ron was terrified. How was he expected to perform, let alone have an orgasm, in this state?

“I’ll leave you to it, then,” the Healer said and walked to the door. “I will seal the door so no one can hear or enter. When you are finished let me know, and we can run more tests. Good luck,” he added with a shake of his head, and then shut the door.

“Oh, my god, Ron!” Hermione exclaimed, her hands on her face. “How did this happen? Aren’t there procedures and protocols? Don’t you wear gloves, for goodness’ sake?”

“Hermione?”

“Yes?”

“Can you wait until after to, you know, rip me a new one? I already feel like it’s literally happening.”

Hermione took a deep breath, and smoothed her hair back with a resolute expression that made Ron uneasy.

“Right, let’s do this,” she said as she shoved her coat off, and threw it onto a chair, revealing a red plaid flannel top and matching bottoms. Then she took her wand out and quickly put up additional spells around the room. “Not that I don’t trust the Healers, but I feel better doing it myself.”

“Can we just get this over with?” he said, trying not to sound as pitiful as he felt.

He watched as she started unbuttoning her top, and when he saw that she wasn’t wearing a bra he stopped her. “Stop! I can’t handle your tits right now.”

“Okay,” she said, abandoning her top, which was halfway open, and when she bent over to push her pants and knickers down he saw one of her nipples, and cried out in pain.

“It’ll be okay, Ron. Just let me get ready.”

She pointed her wand at herself and muttered the contraceptive spell, then tossed it aside before climbing on the bed.

“Can you lay on your back?” she asked as she put both her knees and hands on either side of his legs, and crawled her way up his body without touching him.

“I think so.” He slowly laid back, and groaned long and loud as the stretching felt good on his back, yet made his cock spring up into the air, giving him a jolt of pain. Hermione grabbed him by the shoulders and pushed him on his back when he started to curl onto his side.

“You’re stronger... than you look,” Ron gasped, gripping the bed sheets in his fists. With her bum on his thighs, she stared down at his uncovered, engorged member for the first time since entering the room.

“Hermione,” Ron moaned loudly, no longer caring if he seemed desperate. “Don’t look. Just... do something! Please!”

She looked up at Ron with a timid smile. “It’ll be alright,” she said soothingly, but he wasn’t paying attention. He pulled his lips into his mouth and blinked up at the ceiling, waiting and trusting her to heal him.

When she touched it, it was like stars - literal gaseous balls of fire - were exploding all over his cock; it was so bad he almost told her to get the fuck off of him. But he squeezed his eyes shut, telling himself to quit acting like a twat.

“I’m so sorry,” he heard her mutter before he felt her moving over him, her hand still holding onto his cock with a tender grip. He opened his eyes to squint up at her as she huffed, sat up again, licked her other hand, then rubbed herself with it.

“Fuck...” he whispered. It was too much. He vowed not to look at her again until it was over.

“I wasn’t wet enough,” she informed him as he felt her slide his tip across her now smooth folds.

He took deep breaths into his nose and nodded, willing her hurry the hell up.

“Ohhh no- oh fuck...” he gasped, and his hips squirmed involuntarily as she lowered her body. She made a grunting noise, slowly impaling herself with his thick, pulsating, swollen knob.

“You need to keep still. You’re making it worse... Goodness, it’s so... big...”

“I can’t help it! It hurts, oh god...”

She started stroking his cheek, shushing him, and whispering his name until she was finally sitting on his lap, full of him. “Okay,” she panted, stroking his stomach underneath his shirt. “Try to relax and I’ll do my best to make you come quickly, alright?”

He nodded vigorously. “Go ahead,” he stuttered, and she started moving, rising up off of him, and then back down, slowly.

He bit down on his knuckles of one hand; the feeling was so intense... intense, but not as painful as before. She continued, and he could hear her breathing more heavily with every rise and fall of her hips. And the pain was reduced to a dull ache.

“I think... it’s working,” Ron said, and dared to open his eyes. The vision before him no longer sent shooting pains through his groin. She was riding him harder now, hair bouncing along her shoulders and face as she concentrated on her task.

“Are you close?” she asked, breathless.

He knew the potion wouldn’t wear off until he finished, so he grabbed onto her waist and saw a flicker of lust flash across her eyes. She braced herself with her hands on his chest, and he slammed up into her. As the pressure built up he shouted out her name, pushing her down onto him with renewed strength and vigor.

“Come on, Ron! Do it!” she cheered him on, leaning over to kiss him on the mouth. His body vibrated uncontrollably, and he growled low and deep... then he was shooting up into her, his arse lifting off the bed.

She caressed his shoulders and arms, kissing down his neck and throat as he lay there panting and gasping in gulps of air.

“Are you okay?” she asked, sitting back up. He nodded with a grin, then hissed as she extracted herself from his now semi-hard cock.

Then she was off of him, stumbling to the floor and fishing around for her knickers and pants. Ron sat up, pulling the covers over him.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m going to get the Healer,” she said, pulling herself together and smoothing down her hair.

He grabbed her hand before she turned away, and pulled her to him, gazing into her eyes. She softened then, and sighed.

“I’m still upset with you, you know.”

“I know. I’m sorry. I was stupid.”

“No, you were careless. There’s a difference.” She held his face and kissed him on the lips. He

still felt like an idiot, but at least she was no longer angry. “Promise me you’ll be more cautious. It could have been a lot worse.”

“I promise. I love you,” he said, feeling delirious and exhausted all of a sudden. She helped him lay back on the pillow and kissed his sweaty forehead.

“I love you,” he heard her say before everything went dark and he drifted off to sleep.

XXXXXX

Thanks for reading!

## Fresh

### Prompt #9: Prefect Bathroom

Summary: He had left her behind, but seeing her now, he couldn't remember why.

XXXXXX

Stepping into the hot water, Ron sighed with relief as it inched its way up his frigid body, until he was covered up to his neck. He sat at the edge of the tub and tilted his head up toward the ceiling, trying to clear his mind of everything that had happened in the last two days- six months- year... how far back could he go?

“Ron?”

His eyes flew open and water splashed onto the floor above him as he turned at Hermione's voice, which echoed around the prefect bathroom. He had left her behind, but seeing her now, he couldn't remember why.

“Hey,” Ron said with a dry mouth, not having used it since all the shouting, and cursing, and crying...

Hermione jumped at his voice. “Oh, I didn't see you there,” she said shakily. “I couldn't find you, so I thought you might have remembered the password, but I didn't expect you to be- well...” She gestured at his pile of discarded clothing, averting her eyes.

“S'alright,” Ron said softly, frowning. “Are you okay?”

“Am *I* okay? I should be asking *you* that question.”

“M'fine,” he mumbled, and raised himself higher to rest his arms on the rim of the bath. Hermione cleared her throat, staring at him in a way that made Ron's ears burn.

“I- I'm sure that's not true,” Hermione stammered, and ventured toward him slowly. She sank down to his level, denim soaking through at the knees, and reached for his hand. “You don't have to do this by yourself, you know.”

It hit him then - how she had searched, and the relief when she found him -just how much of an affect he had on her. And that fear- it was his fault, for leaving during the hunt, for leaving her. “I wasn't thinking. I just had to get away, but I shouldn't have, not without you.” He put every ounce of conviction into his next words: “I'm sorry... Never again, yeah?” Their eyes met and Hermione smiled, and nodded, but he knew his words wouldn't be enough, not yet.

“This was a good idea you had,” she said, and patted down her hair, as if embarrassed, when Ron only saw perfection. “I could use a bath.”

“You can... I mean, it's big enough. I mean, I can leave, if you want...” He was stumbling over his words, trying not to sound like he was looking for an excuse to get her naked.

She blushed, and looked down, stroking his palm with her thumb. “I'd like that, but... you don't have to leave.”

“I don't?”

Instead of answering, Hermione stood up and set her beaded bag on a bench. Then she took her jacket and trainers off. He didn't dare blink, until she hesitated with her hands bothering the hem of her jumper, avoiding Ron's gaze

"Shit, sorry!" he exclaimed, and turned his back to her, feeling like a perverted wanker. Just because she wanted him there didn't mean he had any right to see her bits. They'd only kissed once, what was he thinking?

"Can you add bubbles?" she asked after a minute of him listening to her undress and wanting to claw his ears out.

He hurried over to the center of the bath, and started randomly turning all the taps on until a thick layer of colorful bubbles covered the water. Then he heard a quiet splash from behind, and Hermione sighed.

"It's so warm..."

Needing to do something with his trembling hands, Ron smoothed them over his hair. It was almost too much; the ache in his heart, and the ache in his groin that was slowly growing into an erection underneath the bubbles...

"You can turn around now," she said, a bit too loudly, startling Ron from a tumult of randy thoughts.

He looked over his shoulder, and silently cursed. She must have dipped her head under the water as she was pushing wet and soapy hair off of her dripping face, and he could see her bare shoulders peeking above the foam.

"This is... nice," Hermione said quietly, blinking rapidly.

Ron swallowed, and nodded in agreement. His entire body was humming; his mind was spinning; his heart was pounding. There were no other thoughts in his head other than Hermione: her pink cheeks, shy smile, wet hair, glassy eyes, soft lips, and whatever was underneath those blasted bubbles...

"I- I think I love you." The words rushed out of his mouth without consent, and immediately his face grew hotter than the water. "Sorry, I didn't mean to say it like a twat. I just sort of... came out."

"You... love me?"

"Yeah, I reckon I do," he grinned at her shiny eyes and turned up lips. "I kissed you back, didn't I?"

"You did, but I didn't expect..." She shook her head and laughed. "What am I saying? Yes, I love you, too!"

All of a sudden, Hermione threw herself on him. Reflexes made him catch her around the waist, both gasping on impact. Then she was kissing him. Her fingers raked the back of his scalp, pulling his head down as she moved her mouth against his. He was stunned, afraid that she'd feel his hardness poking her thigh and pull away, disgusted.

But her tongue swept across his teeth, her back was slippery under his large hands, and her breasts were sliding deliciously up and down his chest. She tasted of soap when he slipped his tongue between her lips, moaning from the surge of emotions and hormones. He felt himself losing control as he staggered on his feet. His hand slipped, skidding down her body to cup her bum, and

she raised one leg to rub her heel against the back of his calf.

“Is this too much?” he asked, panting into her open mouth. Her eyes were closed, squeezed tight with a furrowed brow. “Fucking hell, Hermione, say something.”

She swallowed, and finally looked at him. “No,” she said, rubbing her forehead against his. “What I mean is- I think...” She lowered her hands to his shoulders, and they swayed together with the ebbing waves they had created. “I think I want more. You?”

“I think it’s obvious what I want.” He decided to be bold, and pushed his erection purposefully against her thigh. Her fingers indented his biceps as she pushed back. “Are you sure about this?”

“I’m positive.”

“I’ll, er, need my wand,” Ron said, nervous as hell, and praying to Merlin this wasn’t just one of his many wet dreams involving Hermione, naked and willing...

“I’ll get it,” Hermione turned and tread water back toward where his jeans lay on the floor. Ron blew out a long breath and stroked himself as he fixated on the suds rolling down her smooth skin.

“Whoa,” he breathed out when Hermione faced him, and those colorful rivulets were now cascading down between her breasts and over her small pink nipples...

“Um, here,” she said, blushing like mad as she handed him his wand. He pointed it toward his groin, muttering a spell he never thought he’d use on a night like this, if ever, especially with her...

He tossed his wand back onto the floor, and he paused for a moment, staring and thinking to himself that Hermione loved him, that she truly wanted *him*. So he reached for her, needing to feel her body against his again. Their knees were buckling and chests heaving, hands caressing parts of each other’s bodies, slippery from the water and bubbles. They kissed, this time with more fervor, more hunger.

Ron grabbed for her bum with both hands, lifted her up, and pinned her against the side of the tub. He placed her legs around his waist as he nipped at her lips and sucked on her tongue.

“I never knew...” she moaned between heated kisses. “...it could be like this. You’re so- Oh!”

Ron had slipped his hand between their legs, and his fingers found her slit between curly hairs. He listened to what made Hermione cry out the loudest and repeated his movements. He was mesmerized, never before seeing these expressions, or hearing these sounds coming from Hermione. Then she was bucking her hips against his hand and muttering for him to not stop, guiding him to a spot that made her dig her nails into his forearm. He caught on, and started rubbing, harder, faster until her head tilted back, and she was groaning loudly. He kissed along her exposed neck, feeling her tremble under him.

“Are you ready?” he asked huskily when she raised her head. She could only nod, and that was enough as he was already poised to enter. He concentrated as the tip was suddenly enveloped inside her warm folds.

“Bloody hell.”

“Go slow, please.”

Hermione was shaking in his arms, and he leaned over to kiss her, and whisper, “If it hurts, tell me. Promise?”

She nodded tersely, and he pushed forward, hissing as he sunk into a silky kind of heat he'd never felt before.

"Are you all the way in?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Halfway, I think."

"Oh, god."

"Does it hurt?"

"Just a bit. You're larger than I thought you'd be."

"Shit, Hermione."

"Keep going. Just... push it in, I'll be fine."

"Fuck," he gritted his teeth and, doing what she asked, drove into her. Hermione cried out, and Ron groaned and bit his lip as he was suddenly completely encased with her insides. "Fuck fuck ahhh..."

He looked to Hermione to make sure she was alright, but she had her head on his shoulder, taking deep breaths. "I'm okay. I'm fine," she panted. "Keep moving."

So he did because she said so, but also because, if he didn't, he'd probably explode, and their first time would be over before he could move an inch. So he slid out, and then back in slowly, with Hermione moaning with every thrust.

"Does that feel good?" he asked, cursing the bubbles for obscuring his view of this moment.

"Yes, it feels amazing, actually." She lifted her head and pressed her lips to his neck, kissing her way up to his mouth, as she clung to his shoulders. When he felt her moving her hips, and as the intensity grew stronger, he couldn't hold back.

Ron murmured her name into her lips and bucked his hips, his knees bumping the wall as she held on tighter, whispering things he couldn't understand.

Then, lightheaded and wobbly, he pulled out and let her drop to her feet, still holding her close, both trying to catch their breath and stay upright while the water and bubbles sloshed around them.

"You alright?"

She nodded, her face pressed to his chest. When he kissed the top of her head and she nuzzled in closer, her shoulders started shaking.

Panicked, he pushed her away to look at her. She was crying, and his heart sank to his feet. "Hermione?"

"I'm... fine," she blubbered, wiping tears from her face. "It's just all so much, you know? The worst and best day, night, whatever this is... I'm sorry, I don't want to ruin it."

Ron smiled thinly. "I understand. Come here." He pulled her back into a hug, and she grabbed him fiercely, as if he were going to slip away. "Before you showed up here I was about to lose it. But you made me feel like there was, I dunno, some hope left." He felt a lump in his throat, but pushed it down, instead choosing to remain strong, for Hermione. "And then we shagged, and I



reckon that made things a bit better as well.”

She snorted through her sobbing, and he smiled, unable to laugh, but glad they were able to shed some lightness into their dark world.

“I really do love you, Ron,” she mumbled.

“I really love you, too, Hermione,” he said with a sigh, and he didn’t think he’d ever grow tired of saying and hearing those words.

XXXXX

Thank you for reading!

If you’re following my other stories, Impedimenta and/or When in Doubt, I will be updating those more regularly when I am done with the 10th prompt, starting with Impedimenta.

Thank you for being so patient, and for your reviews on this series!

# Higher and Higher

## Prompt #10: Quidditch Stadium

Summary: Hermione asks Ron to take her to new heights, but he ends up taking her higher than she ever thought she could go.

A/N: I wrote this fic while listening to a song, Body Gold by Oh Wonder. Here are some lyrics before you start reading:

Before I was found I felt like I could drain the ocean  
Before I was found I didn't wanna breathe out  
Now my soul beats a sound loud enough to quiet the thunder  
A love with no doubt and now I'm never gonna slow down  
Never gonna slow down

Let it go, paint my body gold  
Take our bodies higher and higher and higher  
We can go until the morning glow  
We can go higher and higher and higher

And we will walk with our feet on the ground  
And we will talk with our head in the clouds

XXXX

"Don't be afraid," he whispered in her ear, then, using his nose, brushed strands of her hair to the side to drop a kiss onto her tender skin. She let out a long breath and shivered with excitement, and only a bit of apprehension, before he sat up straight again.

His arms were stretched out in front of him, on either side of her waist, his hands together just above hers in a tight grip on the wooden handle of the broom they were astride on.

"I'm not," she said, and cleared her throat to get rid of the tremble that permeated her words. "I trust you."

He held them steady with his feet on the ground, while hers dangled over the edge. A second later, his body tensed, and his knees hit the back of her legs as he kicked off, sending them soaring up into the night sky.

Hermione burrowed into the shell of his neck, chest and arms until her peripheral vision was surrounded in the mustard yellow and gold tones of his jumper. His biceps flexed against her shoulders, and his elbows turned in to squeeze her sides reassuringly. The sound of rushing air was muffled by Ron, but the wind on her face made her gasp and blink rapidly as he picked up speed.

She could tell they were gaining height as the goal hoops of the Quidditch pitch sailed past, and were now below their feet, glinting from the glow of the moon, which is where Ron seemed intent on landing. Her heart was racing to keep up as she let out a squeal that made Ron's chest rumble against her back in a laugh and a loud whooping shout.

He made a sharp turn, and she felt her body swerve away from him. She screeched, and Ron let one hand go to wrap his arm around her waist as they swooped in an invisible circle high up over the pitch that looked like a toy from their vantage point.

When they slowed down enough, and her head stopped spinning, Ron's grip on her waist loosened, and his hand was under her jumper, flat on her cool stomach. He whispered huskily, "Do you want to go higher?"

She paused to catch her breath, and closed her eyes to avoid the temptation to look down. Then he kissed her again on her neck, and she could feel his lashes blinking on her earlobe. Feeling safe yet reckless, and with her heart hammering in her chest for a multitude of reasons – anticipation, fear, the swarm of butterflies in her stomach that seemed to only be held at bay with Ron's hand – she found herself nodding.

Without further confirmation, and with one hand on the broom, Ron tilted them upward and pushed forward, making Hermione grimace against the wind pushing on her face. After a long moment of breathlessness, they stopped abruptly and leveled out once more.

"Open your eyes," Ron said quietly, bumping her ankles with his trainers.

Her hair was being blown around her face, so she shook away the curls and opened her eyes; immediately she gasped and tightened her already vice-like grip on the broom. Except for a cluster of lights far below, a million tiny stars above, and the moon looming overhead, everything was black around them. She couldn't see the Quidditch pitch, nor Ron, but she felt him, so she knew she was safe despite the fact that they were at the highest elevation she'd ever been in her life.

"That's... that's Hogwarts!" she exclaimed, and let out a shaky laugh.

"Brilliant, yeah?"

"It's amazing. It looks so small..."

"I'm proud of you, Hermione."

"For getting on a broom? Not exactly note-worthy. You did all the work."

"I could tell how scared you were. That's why you asked me to take you out here, isn't it? To get over your fear?"

"Perhaps..."

"Are you still scared?"

It felt strange to talk to him like this, floating in the darkness, knowing they were higher than even she could guess. Yet she felt something let go inside of her, and she felt renewed somehow. And that was how it was, to be with Ron. She didn't know who she would be without him in her life.

"It's funny," she said with a sigh, "I've been on a broom before. I've flown on thestrals, even a hippogriff."

"Don't forget the dragon," he murmured into her shoulder.

"Yeah," she said, forgetting her train of thought as he buried his face in her hair, and inhaled, moaning almost inaudibly. "I can see why you love flying so much."

"Reckon you'd want to play Quidditch? In the daylight, of course."

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves," she said, rolling her eyes.

“It won’t be hard. You wouldn’t have to try out for anything. Trust me, that makes things a lot worse.”

“You got on the team, didn’t you? Sixth year- I was there.”

“Oh, I know you were there,” He snorted, then he cleared his throat, as if just remembering something. “I know what you did, by the way.” Hermione turned her head, and now that her eyes had adjusted to the darkness, and with the aid of the moonlight, she could make out the faint outline of his face, but not his expression.

“What *I* did?”

“Yeah, back in sixth year, when I was trying out for Keeper. Ginny told me.”

Hermione gulped, and turned back around to stare ahead, shaking her head. “I don’t know what-“ she stopped, not wanting to lie, but dumbfounded that he knew this whole time and never said anything. “How did she- Oh, Harry.”

“That’s the one,” Ron said, and she felt the air move gently around them as he steered them slowly forward. The breeze felt nice, and she tried to forget how far they were from the ground, and instead listened to his voice.

“He told Ginny what you did, how you helped me by confounding McLaggen. She thought I knew, and sort of said it I guess to prod me into doing something about us. You know Ginny, can’t hold anything in.”

“Were you upset that I did it?” Obviously, they were together, and far more important events have happened since then. Yet she wondered...

“I did it because I couldn’t stand to see that arrogant arse get what you deserved. And I knew your nerves were getting the best of you. You’re a brilliant Keeper, Ron.” She turned to look up at him, hoping he could tell she was being honest from the tone of her voice. “I just want to make it clear that you had no reason to feel badly about it. I didn’t do it because I thought you couldn’t perform. I-”

“Hermione, it’s fine. Yeah, I might’ve gotten into my head about it, but I know now you did it cause you fancied me,” he said and she could practically hear his eyebrows waggle.

“Yes, well there was also that,” she murmured.

Ron sighed, and kissed the top of her head. “I love spending time with you like this. It’s like we’re alone in the universe, with all these stars.”

“It is very romantic,” she smiled, and hummed when he lowered his hand to where her legs met the broom. Then he pushed his pelvis forward – a part of his body he’d kept away from her the entire trip – and gasped as his apparent erection prodded her bum. “How long have you been hiding that from me?”

“Too long,” he moaned, pressing into her again. “I was trying to be romantic, but sod it. Let’s take this thing down, yeah?”

She bit her lip and nodded vigorously. All of a sudden her head was thrown back against his shoulder. She held her breath as the goal hoops came back into view and the numerous lanterns scattered across Hogwarts were no longer pinpricks of light.

Both of Ron’s hands were back on the broom, steering them in a diagonal descent until the earth

rushed at them. Hermione cried out when he pulled the broom up, and swept them in an arc to slow down. His feet hit the ground, and grass flew around them until they stopped with a jerk.

“You could have landed a bit gentler,” Hermione scolded between her gasps for breath. She detached her hands from the broom, swung her leg over and got unsteadily to her feet. It was extremely dark, and she could only see a few feet in front of her as she peered down at her hands, red and sore from her tight grip on the broom.

“Sorry, love. You try flying with a stiffy.”

She ignored his offended tone, and sighed, looking up at the inky sky they were just recently a part of. Then she felt his arms encircle her waist and he was behind her once again, grinding his front against her back, both hands free to feel her without obstruction.

“Do you want to-“

“-shag right here?” he finished for her, even though that was not what she was going to say. She started to protest, but then his hands had slipped under her jumper and were cupping her breasts, kneading them over her bra.

“We can’t.”

“Why not?”

He turned her around and they were finally face to face. He was looking at her with such yearning and heated passion that her entire body felt scorched, right down to her center.

“I... can’t remember.”

He grinned wickedly and bent down to trap her mouth into a fierce kiss. The rush of being at an unreachable height, of soaring through the sky, in the dark, with someone she loved more than anything, fueled her desire, and she was kissing him back with just as much intensity.

Ron groaned into her mouth, and pulled her in by his hands on her bum, squeezing her roughly through her jeans. She reached between them and unfastened his trousers hastily, not wanting to let go of this feeling, not wanting to let her more rational mind catch up to what they were doing, to stop her.

“Can you be quick?”

“Fuck... I can be whatever you want, Hermione.”

Next thing she knew her jeans were being pushed down to her knees, and she was stepping out of them, and they were kicked away, along with his trousers. And he was pulling her down to lie on the prickly, dewy grass, where hundreds of blades were tickling her thighs and ankles. He pulled off her knickers and then his pants before lowering his long body between her legs.

“Kiss me while you’re inside me.”

He searched her eyes and a smile played on his lips as his face grew nearer. He kissed her softly as he entered her, and she moaned contentedly, opening her legs wider as she held his lips to hers. Soon enough he was moving faster, heeding her suggestion to make it hasty. As she expected, Ron slid his hand down to where they were joined and circled his thumb around her clit, rubbing as he thrust harder and faster, and she gasped louder.

“Don’t stop!” she cried out, over and over until she was merely mouthing the words. Her bum

skidded on the wet grass, and she fought to keep contact with Ron's mouth. When she felt the thumping of her heart mix with the pounding of Ron's hips she let go and threw her head back. Ron dropped his head down to drag his tongue up her neck and cursed softly against her throat as he thrust once more, spilling into her,.

Spent and sweaty, with a grass-stained bum and dirty knees, they lay on the grass, looking up at the stars with panting breaths.

“If I'd known this would end up with my bum in the grass I'd have brought a blanket.”

Ron chuckled and flopped a hand to her belly, caressing her skin aimlessly. “You can't be prepared for everything, love.”

XXXX

That's it! All ten prompts are done!

If enjoyed these don't forget to visit and follow my Tumblr blog, RomioneSmut! Starting October 13<sup>th</sup>, you'll be able to read more fics based on these prompts by many other writers! If you're interested in writing for the fest submissions close October 9<sup>th</sup>. Look for the main post on the blog explaining all the rules. If you have questions message me and I'll be happy to answer.

Also, look for an update on Impedimenta in the next week or so. I will be working on that story next!

Thanks for reading!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!