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Ron's Lucky Day

by [JesWithOneEss](#)

Summary

It's Ron's 32nd birthday and Hermione wants to give him the most special day possible: full of family, love and fun! COMPLETE!

Notes

I literally spent all day writing this thing. It was a last minute decision, one that I don't regret, but I wish I had thought of it, oh... maybe yesterday! But alas, I was determined to get it done today as it is supposed to celebrate Ron's birthday on March 1st. Of course, given the late hour, most of you won't even read this until after the fact, but let's just pretend, shall we?

Thank you all for your patience with my other stories since I kind of put them on hold in order to write this monster of a fic.

Warning: Oh, yes! Finally, some SMUT!

Disclaimer: I don't own Harry Potter

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

Before Ron opened his eyes to the morning, Harry's Patronus galloped into his bedroom, making Hermione shriek and nudge him awake so that he could hear Harry's message:

"Happy Birthday, mate! I'll be at work, they called me in early, but I'll see you later tonight. Sorry if I interrupted... anything! Cheers!"

Ron groaned and complained about Harry's unrelenting lack of tact when it came to interrupting his sleep and other... activities they usually did in their bedroom. He tried throwing his pillow at the stag only to watch it hit the opposite wall and the stag disappeared.

"Yeah, I'll bet he's sorry," Hermione sighed and then sat up, smiling over at Ron, her eyes bright and her hair a mess.

"Was that even necessary? Doesn't he believe in owls anymore?" Ron grumbled and turned onto his stomach, snatching Hermione's pillow from her side and burying his face into it, inhaling deeply. "Merlin, I love the way you smell. Even your drool is heavenly."

"He does it to tease you, Ron. You know that," Hermione said. "And I don't drool!" She huffed and smacked his bum that was covered in maroon pajama bottoms before crawling over to him and rubbing her nose against his ear.

"Happy birthday, love," she whispered and nudged his face from her pillow so that she could kiss him lightly on the lips. Ron then lifted his head and grabbed her by the back of the neck as she started to pull away, deepening the kiss. Hermione practically melted into him, opening her mouth and letting him taste her for a few moments before pushing him away. She was smiling and breathless and Ron never saw anything more precious.

"Thanks," he said and grinned when she blushed, smug over the fact that he can still make her do that after so many years of marriage.

"It's a big day today," she whispered and traced his jaw with her finger. "One doesn't turn 32 every year. This year is very special."

"You say that every year," Ron said and leaned on his elbow, tilting his head to look up at her, his eyes travelling from her deep brown eyes to her moist lips and her tongue that just swiped across them.

"That's because every year with you is special," Hermione replied and kissed him again.

"You make every *day* special, Hermione, not me. If it weren't for you, I'd be the most *unspecial* thing on Earth," he said and smirked when she rolled her eyes.

"That's sweet, but it isn't a competition," she said and tapped him on the nose before jumping out of bed.

"But if it were, I would definitely win with that line, yeah?" Ron wiggled his eyebrows, which made Hermione giggle as she donned her yellow duck slippers; a gift from her father in law for their first anniversary that she has kept through the years, maintaining them with mending spells and cleansing charms.

"Of course," Hermione said as she made her way to the bathroom door inside their bedroom, "if this were a competition for who was the cheesiest. You'll win hands down, every time." She laughed at Ron's scowl and then picked up his pillow that was on the floor in front of her and chucked it at him. He caught it with one hand and tossed it to the other side of the bed near his feet.

"You're cheeky this morning."

She only laughed and disappeared into the bathroom, leaving the door ajar. Then he heard Hermione as she rattled on about how the Auror department works the pair of them too hard, and that she hopes Harry could get out in time for the party. But Ron was only half listening as he had

already plopped back down in bed; his head was now underneath the covers, where it was warm and soft and smelled of vanilla, which was Hermione's favorite shampoo. He muttered the occasional "mhmm" and "yeah, I know" as his eyes closed and he smiled, thinking of when they would leave the kids at his parents' house. Then they could celebrate his birthday properly: in bed, with the only talking between them being as dirty as he can possibly manage.

He wasn't under for more than a few minutes when the cocoon that he had wrapped himself in got snatched away and he heard two small giggly voices, both of whom were too awake for it being so bloody early in the morning. He opened one eye and curled his lip then looked over his shoulder at his two children, now laughing their heads off at Ron's silly face and rumpled hair.

"Happy... Berf-day... Daddy!" Hugo yelled as he started jumping on the bed next to Ron, making the mattress bounce with every enthusiastic word. Ron turned his head to the other side, grinning at the small five year old body flailing in the air, wearing pajamas with snitches and quaffles all over the matching set, and his usually smooth red hair was a tangled mess on top of his head.

"Happy *what*?" Ron said as he propped himself onto his elbows and then looked back at Rose who was watching him with wide smile and huge dark brown eyes. He winked at her and she scrambled onto the bed to sit on Ron's legs, knowing that her daddy was working up to something.

"Happy Berf-day, silly!" Hugo yelled and dropped down to his knees next to Ron's head and gave him a toothy smile so close up that Ron had to back away, laughing.

"Hugo, it's *birthday*, not *berf*-day! Who talks like that?" Rose said and rolled her eyes at her overactive little brother.

Ron heard Hermione laugh from the open doorway to the bathroom, where she was doing her morning ritual before her shower, even though she didn't have to go anywhere any time soon; Hermione is nothing if not consistent.

"Happy Barfday?" Ron asked with a screwed up face and flipped over onto his back, making Rose fall sideways off his legs and onto the bed in a fit of giggles. "Oh no, are we supposed to barf all day long?"

"That's disgusting, Ron!" Hermione called from the bathroom, and Ron could tell she was a bit amused despite her indignation.

"That's disgusting, Daddy!" Rose exclaimed, mimicking her mum's tone.

Hugo giggled heartily and held his stomach, as the word barf (as well as bogies, fart and butt) always made him laugh. "Barfday," he repeated and then fell into another fit of laughter.

Ron rose to his knees and peered at Rose, asking her, "Wait, you've never heard of Barf day?"

"Oh, no, Daddy... don't!" she said, her eyes wide as Ron crawled closer to his daughter with a wicked grin on his face. She squealed loudly when he suddenly pounced on her; he wrapped his arms around her back and buried his face into her neck, making disgusting retching noises and blowing raspberries.

"Stop it! Ahh- hahaha!" Rose giggled and laughed as Ron started tickling her sides.

"I'm gonna tickle you 'til you barf, Rosie Posie!" Ron cackled as she told him through her laughter to never call her by that stupid nickname again.

"Rosie Posie! Rosie Posie!" Hugo screeched at the top of his lungs before throwing himself onto Ron's back.

"Oh, do you wanna barf, too?" Ron yelled and turned away from Rose, who was catching her breath, and tackled Hugo who screeched louder than his sister and told Ron to tickle him some more.

The Ron heard the shower turn on in the bathroom and he suddenly jumped from the bed and stood up to peer into the bathroom. He could make out his wife's silhouette inside the shower and grinned.

"Hey" Ron whispered and kneeled in front of Rose and Hugo so he was now eye level with them. "Now that mummy can't hear us... what do you know about my birthday present? Have you heard anything? Any plans or anything about tickets to-"

"Don't say anything, Rose and Hugo!" Hermione's muffled voice carried over from the shower.

"Damn it."

"And don't swear!"

Ron opened his mouth in shock and his head snapped around to the bathroom door that was still ajar, and then turned back to the kids who were both giggling behind their hands.

"How does she do that?" Ron asked, reluctantly impressed.

Rose sat up straight and said, "Mummy knows everything."

Ron blew out a breath and nodded. "Too right you are, Rosie."

"Mummy knows everything," Hugo repeated.

"Yes, she does, Hugo," Ron said with a chuckle.

Rose scowled at Hugo and called him a copy-cat, which Hugo retorted by calling her a copy-cat. She told him that she said it first and Hugo replied by sticking his tongue out at her.

Before the row could escalate Ron ushered them out of the room and told them to brush their teeth and get dressed for the day. And he made them promise to be good or else he'd hide all the chocolate frogs from them.

Ron watched as they scampered off into their rooms, most likely to play instead of doing what he told them to do, but instead of reinforcing his word he closed his bedroom door and set locking spell and a charm on it so that he would be alarmed if anyone came close to the door. He looked at his watch and figured he had only few minutes before one of the kids came knocking again- or rather came barging in complaining about the other taking a toy or pulling each other's hair.

The shower was still on so Ron quickly shucked his clothing and slipped into the bathroom, closing the door silently behind him.

"Where are the kids?" Hermione immediately asked and Ron rolled his eyes. No matter how many times he tried to sneak up on her, she always knew he was coming.

"They're... busy. I took care of it," he said as he approached the fogged up white shower curtain and peeked inside. "Fucking hell, your arse is brilliant."

Ron could barely see through the steamy fog as Hermione always liked her showers hot, but he could clearly see her naked bum, smooth and tan with white foamy bubbles chasing down her spine and disappearing between her cheeks... no, there was no mistaking Hermione's bum. She had her back turned to him and when he stepped in behind her, blocking her body from the spray of water, she turned around and put her hands on her hips, shaking her wet and still soapy hair over her shoulders.

"What are you doing?" she hissed and nudged him to the side, making him swap places with her. "We agreed not to do this while the kids were home since we almost got caught the last time."

Again all Ron heard was some talk about something he could care less about because he was too busy staring at her breasts, also covered in soapy bubbles, clinging to her hard brown nipples as she raised her arms and continued to rinse the shampoo from her hair. The scent of vanilla filled Ron's head and he placed his hands on her wet hips to steady himself, a lopsided grin plastered on his face.

"But, it's my birthday, remember? I get to have anything I want today," he said huskily and slid his hands up her sides until his thumbs rested just under the swell her breasts. He could feel her breathing heavily onto his face as he stepped closer, letting his chest come into contact with hers, just enough to feel her nipples on his ribs.

"We don't have... enough time," Hermione panted and licked her lips. Her arms were still raised, fingers tangled inside her hair, but no longer moving.

"Let me worry about that," Ron muttered before his lips touched down on her skin behind her left ear, making her gasp and tremble, her hands now gripping his wet shoulders. He closed his eyes against the water that was now pounding on his face and head, soaking his hair and plastering it to his forehead as he licked and kissed her newly scrubbed skin, and she was squirming against him so deliciously and fluidly...

He moved them a step back until he could feel the water beating on his back, and they were both soaked through. His knee slid easily between her legs and she moaned, whispering his name and then he felt her tongue on his neck just below his chin.

"No... time," she repeated. "I want you to finish..."

"It won't take long, promise," Ron said and moved his hands to lay flat on her lower back, fingers resting on top of her bum, and then pulling her closer until their bodies were practically melded together, not letting another drop of water between them.

"No," Hermione said, shaking her head. "I don't want to rush it." She pulled his head back from her neck and he looked down into her face through his wet lashes. She smoothed her hands over his face to clear it and she suddenly came into focus, smiling and radiant and so... so wet. Ron wondered if it was possible for her to even more wet somewhere else...

"We'll have time for *that* later," she continued and Ron frowned, knowing he wasn't going to get anywhere as the seconds were ticking away until they would surely be interrupted. "I have something planned for us, don't worry," Hermione said with a wicked grin and Ron felt his heart speed up and lift simultaneously.

Of course she had something planned. She has proven over the years just how much she loved him and every year on his birthday she managed to surprise him with something brilliant.

"What did you have in mind for my 'very special' 32nd birthday?" he asked and brought his hands up to her face, mimicking her motions to rid her face of water.

However, her face was only cleared for a second before she pushed him against the tiled wall. He watched and chuckled as she sputtered and blinked through the curtain of water, finally stepping through it to stand in front of him, the water now beating on her bum.

"Well, that was sexy," she muttered and dug her fingers in her eyes and across her nose to clear them.

Ron laughed and helped smooth the wet curls back, away from her face. "It was dead sexy. Everything you do is sexy, Hermione. You could fart right now and I'd think it was adorable."

"Oh, god, Ron!" Hermione laughed and her hand hit his shoulder with a wet smack. "You're so..."

"Irresistible?" he finished and swooped in for a kiss. She smiled against his lips and nodded.

"Yes, alright, we'll go with that. You're lucky it's your birthday."

Ron was about to reply when she suddenly disappeared from view. Ron looked down and saw Hermione crouched down on the balls of her feet with her bum in the air, and then she settled onto her knees, her face level with his-

"Bloody hell," Ron said and raised his brow when she looked up at him with a wide smile.

"This way will be much faster, don't you think?"

"Fuck yes," he answered and spread his legs immediately, having had enough experience with Hermione in the shower to know to brace himself for what was about to happen. "You're fucking amazing."

Hermione giggled and moved her hair to one side and said, "I haven't even done anything yet."

"Doesn't matt- oh! Oh yes!"

She was clearly in a hurry as she grabbed him firmly in one hand and moved her mouth over him, bobbing her head and sucking hard, just the way she knew he liked it when he wanted a fast and earth shattering release.

Ron lovingly stroked Hermione's wet hair as she expertly moved her mouth over, under and around him, not coming up for a breath until he started swearing incoherently, stringing his words together, letting her know that he was so close...

Then Hermione sucked even harder and he let go. His knees buckled, but he stood his ground and held his breath as he spilled into her mouth and groaned as he felt her swallow down every last drop.

"Fucking... Merlin. I love you so much, Hermione," he gasped when she finally stood up slowly, her slick body so close to his, water now bouncing off of her head and splashing on their faces as she started kissing along his neck, and rubbing her face on his chest that was a mix of water and sweat... He peered down at her and started laughing deliriously, feeling so incredibly lucky and the happiest he'd ever felt in his life.

Suddenly a loud chirping sound filled the room and Hermione's sultry nature turned into full on mother hen mode as her eyes popped open and she pushed herself off of Ron so fast that he had to grab her around the waist so she wouldn't topple over in the slippery shower.

"So lucky!" she hissed before turning around and jumping out of the shower, almost tripping on

the curtain in her haste. Ron reached out to steady her, his hands on her waist. "Don't! Shh!" She hissed at him again, even though he hadn't said anything, and straightened herself. He covered his mouth to keep from making a sound as she grabbed her dressing gown from the hook on the back of the door.

"Mummy! Are in there?" Rose's shrilly voice followed three sharp taps on the bathroom door, making Ron and Hermione jump. Ron pulled the curtain closed and peeked out from behind it, gesturing to Hermione to open the door. Instead of opening the door Hermione hurried back to Ron and gave him a quick peck on the lips and winked at him, letting him know that she enjoyed what happened just as much as he did.

"Hugo made fun of my hair so I pushed him and now he's crying, but it's his fault for being naughty, right? I can't help it I have curly hair! And Daddy isn't here! Muuu-uum!"

Rose continued complaining and Ron could hear Hugo's wailing in the background. Hermione sighed and tied the knot of her dressing gown tighter before opening the door and slipping into their bedroom, closing the door behind her. Ron could hear their muffled exchange as he reached for his soap and started to clean himself properly.

"Daddy's getting clean right now. And your hair is beautiful, Rosie. Just like Mummy's. But there is no hitting or pushing in this house so I want you to apologize."

"But-"

"And Hugo will say he's sorry and we can all have pancakes, Daddy's favorite, alright?"

Ron heard their voices grow fainter and Hugo's sobbing subsided as Hermione dealt with the children, taking them downstairs.

"Pancakes," Ron sighed happily and laughed as he scrubbed his armpits. This day was already shaping up to be brilliant, and it wasn't even past eight o'clock.

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Ron sat back and patted his flat belly, feeling full and content, as he looked around the breakfast table at his family. Hugo's face was smeared with syrup, which Hermione was trying to wipe clean while he begged for more blueberry pancakes, to which Hermione was trying her best to convince him that he'd had enough for three boys his age.

Rosie was already finished and was busying herself by reading the back of the orange juice container. She had already learned how to read, thanks to Hermione's tutoring at such an early age, and she was now challenging herself by sounding out the ingredients from the packages that they would often buy from the Muggle market. Ron remembered the last time she had done this Hermione was shocked by some of the ingredients found in a package of chocolate biscuits that Ron found delicious and had since banned them from the house. Since then Ron had learned to hide certain packages from Rose... and Hermione in order to indulge himself once in a while. He had a feeling Hermione knew about his stash since, as Rose and Hugo pointed out that morning, Hermione knows everything.

"So what's on the agenda for today?" Ron asked as he rubbed his hands together excitedly.

"Oh, can I tell him, please?" Rose set down the carton of orange juice and bounced up and down in her seat, her dark red curls bouncing along with her.

Hermione barely nodded before Rose turned to Ron who was sitting next to her and clapped her hands. Ron laughed to see her so excited.

"Is it your birthday or mine?" he teased his daughter and pulled on one of the curls around her face.

"We're going to a carnival!"

"I was going to tell him, dragon breath!" Rose yelled at Hugo and sat back in her seat with an angry pout.

"Rosie, no calling names," Hermione said as she stood up and started gathering everyone's plates, tapping on Ron's knuckles when he tried to stand up to help. "Deal with this please," she whispered to him.

"I do not have dragon's breath, Rosie! You have... bogies for brains!"

Hermione set the dishes to wash themselves and mouthed an apology to Ron before she slipped out of the room to run upstairs and get dressed.

"Happy birthday to me," Ron muttered and then turned to his two bickering children.

"Listen up!" Ron bellowed in his most stern and low voice, making the room go silent. Rose and Hugo sat up to attention and stared at their father with round eyes. "No one here has dragon breath or bogies for brains, alright?" he said, looking both of them in the eyes. They both nodded together, not daring to look away.

"Besides," he continued and then shrugged, "that won't be true until tonight, when we see Uncle Harry. Talk about smelling like a dragon and having bogey brains."

There was silence for about a second as Ron kept a straight face, watching as Rose and Hugo glanced at each other and started smiling, then giggling.

"Daddy, you're silly," Rose said as she snickered into her hand.

They were all laughing when Hermione came back downstairs wearing a pair of faded fitted jeans and a light blue cardigan over a pink flowered blouse. She asked what was so funny and Rose and Hugo were more than happy to fill her in.

"Ron, you know they're going to tell Harry now, don't you?"

Ron chuckled and then stood up from his chair and kissed Hermione on the cheek. "After waking us up the way he did this morning, it's the least I can do for that git."

"Language," she hissed and then looked over his shoulder. "Now who wants to get ready for this carnival?" Hermione asked loudly and clapped her hands, making the kids jump to their feet and squeal as they ran toward the stairs, talking excitedly about the games they were going to play and what they'll win.

"And brush your teeth for real this time!" Hermione yelled after them. "All of them! Count to twenty for each side and-"

Ron grabbed Hermione by the waist and hugged her to him tightly. "Hey, I brushed my teeth, see?" He smiled wide, showing her his clean white teeth, and she peered into his mouth, pretending to inspect them.

"Oh, yes... Excellent job, Mr. Weasley," she said with a nod and wrapped her arms around his neck. "But you've always had excellent teeth. It's the reason I married you, you know."

"Really? Good to know." Ron laughed and slid his hands under Hermione's shirt to feel the warm skin of her back. "You have excellent teeth yourself, Mrs. Weasley," Ron said and bent his head down to capture her lips in a searing kiss. She hummed against his mouth and tugged on the hair on the back of his neck.

"Ew, gross!"

Hermione made a small whimpering sound and tugged on the front of Ron's navy blue buttoned down shirt before turning around and addressing Rose.

"Why aren't you dressed, little lady?" she asked with her hands on her hips.

"I can't find my other shoe with the green flowers on it. Aunt Luna told me that if something is missing then it must be the wrackspurts and I was wondering if we had any repellant for those kinds of things because-"

"I'll go see if Hugo needs help, yeah?" Ron said and inched his way out of the room and up the stairs as he didn't want to stay while Hermione explained as diplomatically as she could, not for the first time, about Luna's "eccentricities".

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It was late in the afternoon and the Weasley family was exhausted from hours of playing arcade games, throwing darts at balloons and taking part in many water races, the booth that Ron insisted he play over and over again until he won a huge pink bunny for Hermione, who kissed him for it and immediately gave it to Rose, which made the little girl beyond happy. Of course, this meant that Ron had to carry the enormous stuffed animal around the carnival, but he didn't care because he was having the best time making the kids laugh with his many jokes and goofy behavior. Being around so much cotton candy and loud noises made Ron feel like a kid again. Not that he had never gone to a carnival before (Hermione had only introduced him to this muggle event a few years back, but he loved it so much, which made this surprise of hers extra special and thoughtful), but watching Rose and Hugo's faces light up at every turn made him more happy than any other gift.

While Rose and Hugo were riding the teacups, Ron had pulled Hermione aside and pushed her against the back of one of the game booths, not wanting to wait any longer to show his appreciation.

"Thank you for today," he said in her ear and hugged her tight. She hugged him back with no hesitation. "It's great to be somewhere where no one knows you, you know?"

"Yes, I know. It's worth it to see you so happy. We really do have a great life, don't we?"

"The best," Ron replied as the lights and noises faded into the background and it was just him and his wife, taking a moment away from the chaos to make out like teenagers.

"Oi, you can't be back here... doing that!"

Ron bumped his forehead on Hermione's and swore under his breath. The security guard yelled at them again and Ron stood up tall and stalked over to the man in uniform.

"Ron, don't," Hermione said and hurried over to Ron's side, pulling on his jacket. But Ron only smiled at the burly man with the goatee who was at least three inches shorter than him.

"As if I could resist her, am I right?" Ron said with a wink and his thumb pointing towards Hermione who rolled her eyes and crossed her arms over her chest. The man didn't laugh, but Ron

clapped him on the shoulder anyway and said, "Lighten up, mate! It's my birthday!"

He grabbed Hermione's hand and left the man speechless behind them, leading the way back to the teacups ride where Rose and Hugo had wide grins on their faces as they ran toward their parents.

"Did you see us? We were in giant teacups! We pretended to drink ourselves!" Hugo said and they all laughed.

"Er, yes! That was really cute," Hermione said and elbowed Ron in the ribs when he snorted out a laugh.

And now it was the end of the day and after a late lunch of pizza they were on their way home with Hermione driving and the pink bunny wedged between Rose and Hugo in the backseat.

"When are we gonna see Gramma and Gramps?" Hugo whined from behind Hermione.

"As soon as we go home and rest up a bit and get your overnight bags ready, then we're going to celebrate Daddy's birthday at the Burrow," Hermione answered, glancing in the rear view mirror to look at Hugo. "We're having a party!"

"Isn't that what we just did?" Rose asked snootily.

Ron and Hermione exchanged knowing looks. They knew their kids usually got this way when they were tired and after the time they just spent running around and eating so many sweets, anyone would be cranky.

Ron turned around in his seat and smiled at his children's moody faces.

"There's going to be a huge cake!"

Rose and Hugo looked at each other. Hugo's face lit up, but he let his sister speak for the both of them.

"What kind of cake are we talking about?"

"Er... I dunno, I'm the birthday boy so that's supposed to be a surprise I guess, but my favorite is chocolate so I'm sure Gramma made one of those."

"What kind of icing?" Rose asked and stuck her nose in the air, but Ron could see that her interest was piqued. He looked sideways at Hermione and she gave him a smile and mouthed the word 'blue' to him.

As the car turned into the driveway of their home Ron said, "I have a strong feeling it's going to be blue, my favorite color, of course."

"I like blue," Hugo chimed in, looking sleepy, but excited.

"Yeah!" Ron whisper screamed and raised his hand so Hugo could give him a hi-five. The car stopped and Hermione cut the engine. Ron offered his hand to Rose who hesitated out of grumpiness, but then gave him the hi-five he was looking for before they all piled out of the car, pink bunny included.

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The party was in full swing at the Burrow. Everyone that Ron knew and cared for was there to

celebrate his birthday and he couldn't help but feel the same love in return as everyone greeted him happily; ready with a hug, a kiss on the cheek or a hearty slap on his back.

His family was all there, except one. Ron could never get over the sharp pain in his chest that occurred whenever his siblings were all together, making it impossible to forget that one of them was missing. It happened when George arrived with Angelina and their son, Fred, and Hermione was next to him, her hand squeezing his arm as she knew how hard it still was for him to see Fred's twin; seeing what Fred would've looked like had he survived...

Ron was on his third fire whiskey of the night and was feeling properly smashed as Seamus, Dean and Neville had joined Ron, Charlie and Bill in a game of Exploding Snaps. Percy was off somewhere with his wife, having some sort of row, and Harry was off with Ginny, doing Merlin knows what, which Ron hoped Merlin would keep to himself, thank you very much.

Hermione, Mrs. Weasley, Hannah, Luna and Fleur were with Angelina who was pregnant with hers and George's second child, gushing over nappies and debating the topic of breast feeding and pacifiers.

Mr. Weasley and George had gone outside to set up the fireworks display that would take place at the end of the night while the smaller children ran around on the grass playing with Teddy and Victoire, who were more than happy to take on the task of babysitters.

Bill was recanting a funny story about one of the goblins at work while Ron tried his best to place his card ever so gently on top of Seamus' stack of cards when Harry came stalking into the room.

"Oi, Ron!"

Crack! The pile exploded in Ron's face and the guys all started hooting and laughing at Ron's singed eyebrows.

"Now you know how I feel, don't ya?" Seamus said and punched Ron's shoulder playfully. Ron joined in the laughter and threw one of the blackened cards at Seamus' head.

"Ron, did you tell your kids that I have... dragon's breath?"

Everyone suddenly stopped laughing and turned to Harry who was looking at Ron with a bewildered expression on his face. Ginny was behind him, holding her stomach and mouth to keep from laughing out loud.

"Huh?" Ron replied and looked at the other guys who all shrugged their shoulders. Neville and Dean both started snickering as Harry's words started to seep in.

"Dragon's breath, really, Ron?" Dean said and snorted into his hand.

"And... bogies for brains?" Harry asked. "What the hell are you teaching your kids, Ron?"

Ron suddenly burst out laughing, slapping his knee as the others joined in.

"You're such a fucking twat," Harry said with a grin and pushed Ron's back, making him slide off the chair and onto the floor, still laughing.

"And you're a bleeding tosser, sending that Patronus this morning!" Ron said as he caught his breath and climbed back onto his chair, cleaning the soot from his face. "At least I didn't interrupt your damn sleep."

"Well, now all the kids are calling me 'dragon bogey brain' or some shit like that, so thanks. We're

even now, yeah?"

"Oh shit," Ron groaned. "Hermione's gonna kill me when she finds out. She hates when the kids start name calling. Stunts their learning or some barmy-"

"Ron, can I speak with you a moment?"

Everyone turned toward the doorway where Hermione was standing next to Ginny with her hands on her hips and glaring straight at Ron.

"Fuck," Ron said and stood up on wobbly legs, making his way toward his wife who looked ready to hex him into next week.

"Make sure to save your bollocks in a jar so they can get sewn back on later," Ginny said as he walked past her and Hermione was already stomping up the stairs.

"Go... blow a whale or something, will ya?" Ron said with a glare and bumped her shoulder on the way out. He could hear them all laughing and taking bets on how hexed he was going to get if he made it down alive. He threw an obscene hand gesture behind him before slowly climbing the stairs all the way up to his old bedroom. It was kept the same way as when he was twenty years old, before he flew the nest, so to speak. His mum kept it this way since they spent as much time here as they did at home and Rose and Hugo loved looking through his school things and imagining their father as a child like them.

His door was open so he took a deep breath and walked inside, making sure to silence the room just in case anyone got the bright idea to listen in on his debollocking.

"Hermione, I know you said this would happen, but I really didn't think they'd do it. You know how kids are, always messing about. And it's family so... no hard feelings, yeah?"

Hermione was standing in the middle of the room and when Ron stopped talking she walked up to him, making him gulp as all of his fearless Auror training and bravery that he's earned over the years wiped away with one simple glare from his wife.

"Shut it, Ron," she said sharply and poked him in the chest. "I'm not up here to reprimand you."

"You- you're not?"

"What does everyone think we're doing up here?"

"Ginny said something about a jar and my bollocks..."

"That's ridiculous," Hermione scoffed. "Why would I do that on your birthday?"

"How the hell am I supposed to know? I'm a bit pissed, to be honest," Ron said and chuckled now that he knew his manhood was going to stay intact.

"So if they think we're having a row, they would leave us alone, is that right?"

She raised her brow at him, waiting for him to catch on.

"Oh, right," he said and used his wand to add a locking charm to the door as well.

"You catch on pretty quick for someone under the influence," Hermione said as she sidled up to him, sliding her hands up his arms to his shoulders.

"Are you sure you want to do this with everyone downstairs?"

"I can't wait until we get home," Hermione said as her hands left his shoulders and he felt her fingers on his neck, inching their way up the back of his head through his hair. "I want you now." She kissed his jaw and he groaned, grabbing onto her waist and pulling her even closer. "Right now," she whispered, barely getting the words out before Ron crushed his lips to hers, his hands now squeezing her bum, lifting her off of her feet, her jeans too tight for her to wrap her legs around his waist.

He continued kissing her hungrily as he backed them up to his bed and throwing her down on top of his old Chudley Cannons quilt, the one that Hermione insisted stayed at the Burrow instead of in their new house.

"How do you want it?" Ron asked as he kicked his shoes off and started unbuttoning his shirt.

"However you want it, Ron," Hermione answered and licked her lips, gazing up at him with such lust and longing that Ron literally growled, the heat that had been burning inside of him all day long, all the constant interruptions just making the urge to pounce on his gorgeous wife so much more powerful.

He knew Hermione felt it too and he watched as she sat up and took her cardigan and top off in one go and then laid back down to unbutton her jeans. She shimmied out of them and moved up on the bed to rest her head on the pillow, wearing only the sexiest pair of knickers and bra Ron had ever seen: black lace and satin that looked perfect with her tanned skin and subtle curves.

"Fuck, you're gorgeous, Hermione. Is this my present?"

"Do you like it?"

"I fucking love it," Ron said as he climbed into bed with her completely starkers, and trailed a finger down her ribs to the edge of her knickers. "Can I take it off now?"

"Ron, I paid a lot for these. I'd like to get my money's worth," Hermione said and giggled when he continued teasing the skin around her belly button.

"Oh, you have, trust me," Ron said and then moved his body over hers, between her legs. "I can't believe you've been wearing this all day underneath those clothes. Just knowing that... fuck I'm so hard right now."

Hermione smiled up at him and rubbed her knees against his hips. "That's the idea." And then he felt her hand wrap around him and he moaned as he thrust into her hand and felt his tip graze the satiny, and wet, fabric between her legs.

"Now can I-"

"Yes," Hermione said quickly and they both laughed at the urgency in her voice. "God yes, please."

"I love it when you call me God," Ron said with a lazy grin, making Hermione chuckle.

"Shut up," she said and grabbed his head, pulling him down finally so that his tall body now covered hers completely.

Ron couldn't wait any longer to be inside her so he decided that with the luck they were having with being interrupted all day he wasn't going to take any chances. He hooked his thumbs into her top of her knickers and pushed them down, kissing between her bra covered breasts, nipping each nipple with his teeth through the lace and still going further down until her knickers were on the

floor beside the bed and his face was between her legs.

Hermione's hands dug into his thick hair, guiding him toward her center, but he was already there, his mouth covering her mound and sliding his tongue up the middle, tasting her and making her wet and slick, and ready for something more.

She tugged him away from her and said, "Please now, Ron. I can't..."

"I know, me too," Ron said and pulled himself up and over her once again. He let the weight of his large body settle on top of hers, never understanding why, but knowing that she loved it when he did. He held one of her breasts in one hand, squeezing her through the lacy bra, finding that he felt extremely aroused by the fact that she still had something covering her while he didn't.

With lots of practice and years of experience behind them as lovers Ron had no trouble sliding right into Hermione, and they both sighed as if finally they were complete once again.

"I love you, Ron. Happy birthday," Hermione whispered as he started to slowly move his hips against hers, building a steady rhythm. He held her face in his hands and kissed her eyes that were starting to water with tears.

"I love you, too," Ron said without cheek or a grin. He closed his eyes as he saw her do the same and they moved together to their own pace, not having to say one word about going too fast or too slow, as they knew each other's bodies so well... Making love was only just an extension of the connection they shared, that only came from mutual respect and unconditional love.

They kissed and moaned, hands sliding over every available piece of skin. The faster they went the louder Ron's groans and swearing and the higher Hermione's whimpers became. Soon the room was filled with sound of their bodies pounding against one another, loud and barely coherent shouts from both of them, swearing and grunting...

Ron had Hermione's hips in his hands, held firmly down to the mattress as he watching himself slide in and out of her at a record pace, sweat pouring from his forehead and his lip sucked into his mouth.

"Do it, Ron. I'm gonna let go soon. Do it now," Hermione said between short breaths and then gasped and threw her head back, almost hitting on the headboard. Her fists gathered the quilt around them, bunching them into her hands. Ron swore once more, taking in the sight of Hermione who was in the middle of what looked like an incredible orgasm, and closed his eyes, losing himself inside of her and finally letting go.

His knees were weak, his lip bruised from his own teeth, and his heart was beating rapidly inside his chest; so fast that he could barely catch his own breath. Exhausted and sweating profusely, he dropped down on his back next to Hermione and put one hand to his chest, willing his heart to slow down just a bit so he could pull Hermione into his arms.

"Oh, my god," he heard Hermione murmur from beside him. He felt her leg slide over his thigh and gasped when her knee came into contact with the most sensitive part of his body at the moment.

"Sorry," she mumbled and her hand came to rest over his on top of his chest. "Are you okay?"

Ron opened his eyes to find Hermione looking up at him through her dark lashes. She looked thoroughly shagged and satisfied, but also worried about him.

"Yeah, M'fine. Brilliant, actually. Best birthday gift ever. Thirty-two really is my lucky year," Ron said and smiled at her, relieved when she smiled back and lifted her body to kiss him.

"We'll rest here for a few minutes before we join everyone else, okay?"

"Sorted." Ron sighed gratefully and tucked Hermione in closer to his body, his heart now beating at a more reasonable pace.

XXXXX

"It's so quiet in here," Hermione said to when they arrived back home. It wasn't the first time they had left their children with his parents or hers in fact, but each time they did they both marveled at how the absence of Rose and Hugo made their place feel empty and less fun.

But Ron knew how to remedy that. He kicked off his shoes and pulled Hermione toward their bedroom.

"Wait, Ron! I had something special planned for tonight," Hermione said and then yawned. "But I'm afraid our impromptu shag has tired me out," she said sheepishly when they arrived in their bedroom.

"You and me both, love," Ron said with a laugh and started undressing. "Whatever plans you had for tonight I don't think can compare to what I have planned for us."

"And what is that exactly?" Hermione asked hesitantly as Ron pulled on a comfortable t-shirt and flannel pajama pants. Then he rummaged inside his drawer and pulled out his old orange Chudley Cannons t-shirt and a pair of his clean underpants. He tossed them both to Hermione who caught them against her chest.

"What am I supposed to do with these?" Hermione asked, staring down at Ron's clothing, looking perplexed.

"Wear them, obviously," Ron said with a snort. "Honestly."

"Alright," Hermione huffed. "I'll play along."

"You get dressed and comfortable and meet me in the living room," Ron ordered and tapped her on her bum lightly before walking on socked feet out of the room.

Five minutes later Ron was sitting on the sofa with the lights turned low and a fire roaring in the fireplace, casting the room in an orange flickering glow.

"What is this?" Hermione said as she walked into the room.

Ron turned around and grinned at the sight of Hermione with her hair pulled up high on her head in a messy ponytail, wearing his shirt that came to her knees, barely covering Ron's pin striped underpants that she was wearing underneath.

"You look incredible," Ron said softly and held his hand out to her to join him on the sofa facing the fire.

"Er... thanks?" Hermione said skeptically as she walked over to the sofa, tugging on the hem of the t-shirt. Ron loved seeing her in his clothes; seeing her wrapped in something that was his made him feel like he was even closer to her.

When she finally sat down, still looking confused, Ron propped his feet onto the coffee table next to a large bowl and grabbed the remote from under his leg.

"Is that..." Hermione leaned over and grabbed the bowl from the table, a smile growing on her face as the light from the television over the fireplace came on, illuminating her even more. "You made popcorn?"

"Yes, I did," Ron said and pulled her back to rest against his chest. "No shush, the movie's starting."

"This is how you want to spend the rest of your birthday?"

"Yeah, why?"

Hermione adjusted herself, tucking her legs sideways on the sofa and snuggling up to Ron's side, the bowl of popcorn in her lap.

"I think it's brilliant," Hermione said with a relaxed sigh, and lifted the bowl while Ron covered their legs with the knitted blanket his mum made for them. They settled down together in front of the warm fire as an old black and white movie played on the screen, and they were asleep long before the movie was over.

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End Notes

Happy Birthday, Ron!

Reviews are more than welcome...

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