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## Midnight Surprise

by [snarkysweetness](#)

### Summary

While on break from assignment and missing Hermione, Ron decides to use his connections to score a visit with his girlfriend and much more.

Hermione slipped the blue-silver butterfly pin from her hair, shaking out her long, frizzy locks. They fell over her shoulders messily, with no form. If she was some model, she'd make the task look sexy, but she was just Hermione Granger; frumpy, smart Hermione.

She smiled into the mirror. She may be frumpy, but Ron Weasley found it endearing; endearing and sexy.

Carefully setting down the pin, a gift from Ron, on her vanity, she picked up her brush. Glancing from the brush to her reflection, she wondered if trying to tame her hair would make things worse and after a moment decided not to bother. It would just become tangled in her sleep anyway.

Hermione looked around the room that had been her home for the last few weeks. It was the official Head Girl's quarters and it was far too large for one person. It housed a large four-poster, vanity, wardrobe, desk, side tables, and a lavish sofa. Hermione would have rather stayed in the seventh-year dorms with her old roommates and Ginny, but with this year's seventh-year class being nearly twice the normal size because of the war, there was no room for her to even attempt to argue her way into the crowded dorm. She should enjoy the solitude, but without Ron and Harry here at school she was lonely. She hadn't realized how much she counted on having them around until they weren't anymore.

She especially missed Ron. She missed the fights, the kissing, and the sneaking into his room in the middle of the night, all of it. He and Harry were now living in Grimmauld Place and working as Aurors. Hermione didn't blame them for not coming back to school but she had wished Ron would have thought to consider returning with her before deciding to go on with his life without

her. What if he met someone else? Or if he realized that he only loved her because he didn't know any better?

"Shut up, Hermione, you're being silly," she whispered to herself. Giving her reflection one more hopeless look, she kicked off her slippers and settled onto the sofa with a book. Three hundred pages in, Hermione nodded off, the book falling into her lap, her head settling onto the arm of the couch comfortably. She really needed to start reading in bed.

Hermione woke with a start, the room dark, and her neck uncomfortably stiff from her short lived nap. She searched for her wand and stopped, hearing the noise that had awoken her once more. Footsteps. And they were in her bedroom.

*Shite.*

"Who's there?" Her wand was raised, a spell on her lips, ready to strike.

A loud crash went through the room. "Bloody hell--"

Hermione jumped out of her seat and flung herself at the intruder.

"Hermione, what are you--"

Hermione crushed her lips to Ron's, not really caring that he'd scared her half to death by sneaking into her room, she'd scold him for that later.

"Hello to you to--"

"Ronald Weasley! You scared me half to death!"

"I'm sor--"

"And what are you doing here? How did you get in? It's the middle of the night and you're not a student--"

"Hermione!"

Hermione stopped, biting her lip.

"Let a man get a word in, will you?"

"Sorry." She got carried away sometimes. "So, how did you get in?"

Ron used his wand to light the candles in the room. Hermione squinted, her eyes adjusting to the new light. Ron was even more handsome than she remembered. That was probably because he had filled out since she'd seen him last, Auror training, no doubt. It was a crime that he got more gorgeous and she stayed the same. This relationship was completely uneven.

"McGonagall," he shrugged off his coat, flicking his wand once more to secure the door. "You really need better wards on that thing."

"This is a school, Ronald," she reminded him.

He gave her a 'look'. "Hermione, this is *Hogwarts*, how many times have you almost died here?"

Oh yeah. "Right. Sorry." She gave him a shrug. Sometimes she forgot common sense when she was being bossy. Though...

“But Ron, who’s going to try to kill me now?”

She had him there.

“Hermione, are you really going to waste time on this?” Ron helped her to her feet, towering over her. He gave her a small smile and she nearly melted.

“No. What was this about McGonagall?”

“Harry and I told her we wanted to visit our friends, she’s talking Harry’s ear off, poor bloke, not that I care; I don’t want his grubby hands on my sister. I pretended to go off to bed and snuck in here.”

Ron looked better, slightly older, but the mischief in his eyes would never go away. It made her feel twelve years old all over again.

“Well, let’s hope Harry keeping his grubby hands off of Ginny means yours will be on me.”

Just because he made her feel twelve didn’t mean she was.

She stood on her tiptoes and kissed him. She’d missed those lips. Ron’s lips were shaped a bit largely for a man’s, but she just found that it meant more lip to kiss. And bite, she’d found that she was a bit of a biter. Who would have guessed?

“I was planning on it. I have this silly girlfriend who insists on being locked away in some boarding school where I can’t take advantage of her.”

Hermione gave him an innocent shrug. “She sounds horrible.”

“She’s a nightmare.”

Ron was giving her *that* look. The one that said one quick move and he’d be on top of her before she could blink. While she wouldn’t mind that, he was right, they didn’t see one another enough and she wasn’t going to waste it on something that wouldn’t last very long.

Hermione walked away from him. “Well, perhaps you shouldn’t put up with her.” She shrugged off her bathrobe, tossing it onto a chair. She was dressed in nothing but one of Ron’s old Chudley Cannon’s t-shirts and she could see him fighting to keep his jaw in place. Perhaps she wasn’t so frumpy after all.

Ron kicked off his shoes. “Should I put up with you then?”

She leaned back against her pillows and slipped off her knickers, wishing that she was wearing something sexy and not so sensible. Ron didn’t seem to mind, in the time it had taken her to toss them to the floor; Ron was kneeling over her, shirt off. Her eyes traveled over him, her mouth going dry. If she wasn’t composed, stubborn, focused Hermione, she would have completely forgotten what she was up to, but instead she averted her gaze, as hard as it was to do so and glanced up at him.

“If you think you can.”

“Is that a challenge,” his hand moved to the Canon’s t-shirt, gently ripping off her badge, “Miss Head Girl? You know, wearing this to bed is something that silly girlfriend of mine would do.”

Hermione gave him a long glare as he tossed it carelessly aside. “Perhaps she isn’t so silly then, after all if you’ve still got you pants on.”

Ron gave her a grin. "Well then, I suppose I should take them off." Hermione leaned back and enjoyed the show as he stripped down to nothing. She grinned as she remembered that all of that amazing, toned, sexiness was hers and that if anyone tried to touch it she had the right to tear their eyes out.

"Not bad," she commented.

"Not-look at me, I'm Ron Weasley."

She couldn't help it, play acting or not, she couldn't help but laugh at the look on his face.

"Oh Ronald." She shook her head.

Ron grabbed her around the waist, causing her to let out a squeal. Pulling her close, Ron kissed her while moving her onto her back. His hands moved up her sides, lifting her arms over her head. It took her a moment to realize he was up to something, but by then it was too late.

"Ron, what are you-that's my tie!"

He gave her a sly grin. "I know."

"But-" She gave him a pout.

"Trust me, you'll thank me later."

Hermione didn't think his logic was correct. How exactly was she supposed to enjoy herself with her hands literally tied? Not being able to touch Ron would be torturous.

He gave her a wink, his mouth trailing over her collarbone. Hermione tugged on her tie, still pouting. "Ro-oh." Her back arched as his lips found her nipple, her wrists burning as she inadvertently tugged again. She was starting to see the point to his madness.

Ron shook his head, grinning.

Running his tongue around her navel, his hand pushed her legs apart. Hermione bit her lip, blushing a bit. She was still getting used to being this exposed to someone else, even if it was only Ron.

She felt his eyes on her and she looked down, meeting his gaze. Giving her a lazy smile, he lowered his eyes and his mouth, his tongue touching her a moment later. Her eyes clamped shut as a small whimper left her mouth. How did he *do* that? It didn't seem fair that such a small touch could render her helpless.

His fingers spread her open and she felt the coolness of his breath before he ran his wet tongue over her again, his thumb brushing over her clit. She shuddered. "Ron." She didn't know why she was saying his name just that she felt the need to. The human response to sex in regards to the psyche was something she was planning to investigate further. She didn't have time to ponder any of this however; because Ron was slipping a finger inside of her and her fingers twisted, her wrists uncomfortable, wanting nothing more than to wrap themselves around his hair, her comforter, anything. Instead she turned her head to the side and bit her lip.

Ron's mouth worked her over greedily, like she was the last bit of pie or something. He slipped in a second finger and they dug into her quickly, their pace not matching his mouth. Her mind was having a hard time focusing on one or the other and sooner than she thought possible, her hips were thrusting forward, her lips screaming his name until her throat was dry.

After a moment, she relaxed back against her mattress, catching her breath.

Ron was smirking at her. "Silly girl indeed," he teased, kissing the inside of her thigh.

She glowered at him. "Ronald—" she stopped herself. He'd just given her a mind-blowing orgasm, even she knew better than to argue with him when another one could be in the works.

"Are you planning to grin at me like an idiot all night or were you planning to something with that thing between your legs?"

That 'thing' happened to be the most glorious thing she'd ever seen. Sure, Hermione had seen penises before; in books and in the magazines Lavender liked to fawn over, but most of them had looked ugly, veiny, and just unattractive, but Ron's was a different story.

It was a uniform color, unlike some, none of that purple or red nonsense, his blended in with the rest of his body just perfectly. A trail of stringy, red hair lived in a line from his navel to his manhood. Not too much, just enough. He was all there, the Weasley's hadn't bothered to circumcise him and she was fine with that. It was fascinating for her to watch the way the skin would move when her hand pumped away at him, she truly found it to be beautiful, for Hermione saw the beauty in things that were natural.

And then there was the size. The first time she'd seen it she'd been terrified of having it inside of her, but she'd soon found the initial pain was worth everything that came after. He was wide, enough that he fit snugly into her fist. And he was long, she wasn't sure what 'average' was, but he was well beyond it. When he was inside of her, it literally felt like he was completely filling her and the rush that thought caused send a blush pulsing through her skin.

"I was, but it seems like you're off thinking again."

She blushed. "Perhaps, I was actually thinking about how you taste." Okay, that was a lie, but it was next on her list. Salty, with some sweetness. Almost like a caramel topped with sea salt. She licked her lips just thinking about it.

"Not as good as you do," he informed her, his lips covering hers. Hermione could taste herself on his lips and it was more exhilarating than it should be. Just knowing that this was something that only they shared was what excited her.

Ron's hands were on her wrist, loosening her tie. Once she was free, her hands attacked his hair, running through the red locks as if they were her source of oxygen. She loved the feel of his hair, the grunt he made when she tugged on it, and being able to pull him closer.

Her leg found its way around his hip and she decided that tasting him could wait for another time; she'd rather have him inside of her.

Ron's lips moved to her neck, his mouth attacking her flesh. He was going to mark her and while she would normally protest, they were no longer at the Burrow where his mother would see it, and here everyone would be reminded that she belonged to Ron Weasley. She was by no means condoning being his possession, more like the other way around; if people remembered that she was his, and then they would remember that he was hers and his fangirls around the school would back off while he was visiting.

Hermione was willing to scratch out a few eyes if she had to, but there were other things she's rather being doing, like being attacked by Ron Weasley's mouth.

Hermione's fingers moved down his back and to his buttocks. She gave them a firm squeeze, causing Ron to bite down harder than usual.

“Bloody Hell, you’re bleeding.” He cursed again and she shrugged. A few drops weren’t going to kill her and there were spells for that. He pressed his lips to her neck and retrieved his wand, casting a small charm to heal her before casting a contraceptive charm. The last thing either of them needed was a screaming child. She wasn’t opposed to the idea, but not at twenty.

Hermione lifted herself a few inches, her fingers wrapping around his neck before pulling him in for a deep, hot kiss. She grabbed his wand and tossed it aside before wrapping herself around him. She wanted him inside of her right in that instant and the longer Ron was idle, the longer this would take. She kept her hands and their mouths busy and soon Ron caught on. They’d been apart for too long to dally in too much more foreplay. If they had time in the morning, she’d let him indulge in as much of it as he wanted. If McGonagall caught him in her room, at least they’d have had some fill of one another.

Sitting up, Ron wrapped her legs around his waist and pulled her close, his fingers moving through her hair. She could feel him hard beneath her and she ached, wanting him to get on with it already. Moving his free hand between their bodies, he gave her nipple a small pinch before positioning himself, finally entering her with a moan.

*Finally.*

She clenched around him, pressing herself closer to him. She felt complete again. If she could have Ron inside of her at all times, she would. She’d never have need for anything else again.

What started out slow and deliberate soon became quick and messy. They were both getting lost in one another; Ron thrusting into her like his life depended on it and her clinging to him for dear life.

There was no way to describe it aside from ‘filling’. Physically, Ron was touching every part of her, hitting every single pleasure point, driving her wild. Emotionally, they were sharing one thought, one act, everything. They hadn’t been this close in ages. No amount of fuck could make up for the moments lost being apart, but it was close.

They came together, which was a miraculous feat. Usually they were out of synch with one another, but tonight they were completely perfect.

Hermione really hoped Ron had cast a silencing charm when he’d locked the door or else she was sure they’d woken the entire castle, or rather, *she* had.

“Oh I missed you,” Ron groaned, burying his face against her shoulder.

Hermione held him against her, smiling.

“Well, if I’m going to keep being greeted with surprises like this, maybe I’ll have to stay away from you more often. Stay here and teach or someth-“

Ron kissed her, pulling her on top of him as he threw himself onto a pillow.

“You will do no such thing,” he growled and she couldn’t help but laugh at the look on his face.

“Oh Ron, keep acting like that and I’ll think you’re madly in love with me or something,” she teased, knowing that he was. Mad. And in love with her.

He kissed her again. “That’s because I do love you and I’m not the mad one, you are.”

“I could argue that.” She kissed his nose. “But for what it’s worth, I love you too.”

Ron pushed a piece of her untamed hair behind her ear, giving her a sad smile. “Only seven more months of this?”

She nodded. “Don’t forget, we have an entire month with one another for Christmas. So it’s really like six.”

“Six. I can deal with six.”

Hermione hugged him, kissing his shoulder. “But just to be safe, we should continue on with the sex, you know, just for good measure. Make sure we have something worth missing when you leave again.”

“You’ll always be worth missing Hermione, but I think if you give me a few minutes, I’ll be more than willing to make missing me worth it.”

Hermione had to admit, missing him was more than worth it.

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