
a ron/hermione fan fiction

time & lojain

time & again

**Summary: The sequel(isn) to my previous fliccing attempt
“Time Will Tell”**

Ron is being terribly reconciliatory studious and amicable (for a man who only just became a man and then immediately became a horribly poisoned one), but Hermione is still put out with him.

What does a bloke have to do to get in her good books?

This is a bonus gift for my darling TMBLue because she well deserves all the Ron in his birthday suit that she can possibly get on her birthday :)

Thank you for keeping Ron and Hermione fresh and living inside both my email inbox and my heart. I hope you have the best day with friends real and fictional :)

Many happy returns, love!

p.s. Thank you, JKR, for making the best fictional people possibly ever.

p.p.s. Shari , I am sorry for making Ron touch buttons audibly. I can make you a version of the fic without those lines if you'd like.

**RATED ABSOLUTELY, INEXCUSABLY, PLOTLESS
R/NC-17 PORN WITH INEQUITABLE ORGASMING**

touching

"What?"

"I didn't say anything."

"Didn't say you said anything, but you did just roll your eyes and sigh as loudly as a hippogriff in heat. So I'll ask it again. What," he tumbled out gruffly.

The girl gave an exasperated sigh.

"Right," he replied. Then slapping the open book between them and jabbing a freckled thumb back towards his chest, he elaborated.

"I agreed to stay here with you and swot up on my bloody lessons all bleeding morning when every other lucky sod in this castle legged it to Hogsmeade at first light, and you're in a huff and sighing at me?"

"YOU agreed to stay with ME?!"

"This is me sitting here, innit?"

"You're in hospital and bedridden!"

"Exactly! I've been poisoned, shut up in the bloody hospital wing, kept back from a Hogsmeade outing and a proper birthday, and what do I do? I agree stay here with you and do my revising, and after all that, you're sighing and tsking and tutting at me. What's a bloke gotta bloody do to get back in your good books?!"

"Stop shouting, Ron," she scolded absently as she turned back to the book. "It's tiresome and bad for your throat."

"M'not shouting," he shouted before breaking into a harsh cough.

The girl tutted. Then, she primly slipped off the mattress, stepped around the parchment and texts on the floor, and made her way to the small table at the foot of his bed. The boy let out a final, strangling cough, and the girl winced at him sympathetically as she tipped the cold, medicated water into a large glass.

He managed a grateful nod before he sloshed down the contents. As he wiped his mouth with the back of his long hand, the girl peeled up her uniform jumper with a crackle. Her hair

fiercely clung to the wool like a lover, and as she struggled to part them, her pristine, white shirt pulled taut and gaped between buttons.

The boy gave a wet gulp.

His eyes were fixed on the shadowy bits of chest that only just peeked through.

He stared unblinkingly until the very second her head birthed from the jumper. Her static-charged curls tugged through with a sound like exploding snap.

As she emerged, the boy locked his gaze on the page in front of him. The words blurred as he focused with all his might on the girl through his peripheral vision.

The girl, for her part, twice confirmed that the boy was looking elsewhere before she ran her hand across the wet condensation on the cold carafe, rubbed her palms together, and quickly patted down patches of her wispy, airborne curls. With a furtive little finger comb through her hair, she climbed back to his side.

He swallowed uncomfortably and rubbed his long throat as he peered over her sprawl of thick, clinging ringlets to the page they were sharing.

"Dunno why it matters if I shout or not," he finally rasped back. "Madam Pomfrey won't be back in until after tea with those foul-tasting potions. The door's locked. There's no one to hear me if I sing 'Malfoy Is My King' at the top of my bloody lungs."

She tutted.

He glared a bit indignantly towards her dampish wilderness of hair.

Without ever looking up from the page, she retorted.

"Firstly, I've explained why it matters that you not shout. You are well aware you've ingested a caustic poison that has damaged your vocal cords. Secondly, you didn't stay here with me. I stayed here with you; because, in case it's not apparent, you're in your pyjamas confined to a hospital wing bed. Thirdly, this Hogsmeade weekend was cancelled; so you aren't missing anything except the second half of your essay on the uses of hellebore. Fourthly, it's an essay which I will help you complete, unless you keep whinging, in which case, I'll finish my MY essay in MY pyjamas in MY bed with a nice cup of tea."

"A cuppa sounds brilliant, but I doubt we'll both fit in your bed. I reckon this one is a bit wider," he said with a big, smartarsey grin.

"You'd be surprised who fits in my bed," she said almost smirking towards the page.

"What," the boy stammered in horror as he jerkily nudged her leg with his knee.

She sighed.

"What," the boy growled out in an entirely different tone.

"That's what," she hurled her accusation towards a lanky bump in the quilt.

"What?!"

She sighed, thumped closed the large volume on her lap, ripped back the quilt and sheet, and pointed to a leg wearing hand-me-down pyjama trousers bought for a boy six inches shorter.

The leg twitched and bumped against hers.

"That," she pointed out all the more adamantly.

"What," he twitched nervously and nudged her again.

"YOU'RE TOUCHING ME," she said entirely too loudly for a girl who disapproved of shouting.

"No, I'm bloody well not," the boy growled back with an utterly baffled face.

"What do you call this then," she fumed as she firmly knocked her knee into his leg.

"Dunno what the bloody hell you're on about, but I was just getting comfortable. It's been hours I've been in this bed, innit? Helps to move about a bit."

"You've been 'moving about' constantly!"

"Well, it's not my fault that I'm stuck in bed, and you didn't bring my books; so we had sit together and share yours."

"I could hardly manage to carry all of mine. They were heavy!"

"Are you a witch or aren't you?"

She narrowed her eyes.

"Fine. Then why don't you just summon your own books, or aren't you a wizard" she snapped back triumphantly.

"The door is locked."

"Well, I'd be delighted to get up and open it for...."

The boy mumbled something quietly.

"What?"

"I haven't got any of these books. Couldn't afford them, could I," he growled angrily as he snatched the bed covers back up over his shabby pyjamas.

"But how have you managed to...?"

"Nicked Lavender's mostly. It's not like she missed'em. I reckon she revises even less than I do. Come to that, she must be a bloody genius or right lucky to've gotten any owls at all, jammy bird."

"Yes, bloody lucky Lavender," she hissed in a harsh little voice as she began violently rolling up parchment.

"Oi, what's all this?"

"I've tutored you enough for today. I know you have a potions book. The hellebore essay is straightforward if you have the text with you," she said impatiently as she leant forwards and dragged her bag up from the foot of the bed.

"If you've somehow lost that book as well, I'm sure you can get everything you need from Lavender," she spit out the last words venomously whilst crushing a scroll into her bag.

"Bleeding hell, I'm sorry for bumping into you! It's a tetchy bed, and I'm all legs, and you haven't spoken to me in three months."

The girl paused her furious packing and nearly turned to look at him, but her gaze stopped somewhere near his quilt-covered kneecap. The boy swallowed and continued in a raspy hush.

"I'm scared shitless, Hermione. I keep thinking every bloody second that I'm about to cock it up again."

He gave her a sidelong glance through long, blond lashes as he pulled in air, and his stomach hollowed under his grey vest.

"M'sorry. I didn't lay a finger on you intentionally."

Her expression hardened.

"I'm sure you didn't," she hissed reaching across him to collect another parchment.

He gently caught her hand with his larger one, and held it through several long breaths. She cut her eyes up at him in a hurt little glare, but after a moment, the look softened into confusion and something harder to define.

"I didn't lay a finger on you," the boy repeated almost to himself. His thumb slid against the moist palm of her hand. Her breath hitched.

"Is that the problem, then," he asked almost inaudibly.

The girl's cheeks went pink. She jerked free of his loose grip, but didn't seem to know what to do with her hand once she had it back. She clasped it midair absently before finally letting it drop to the quilt.

Seconds ticked away before she glanced up at him. Her expression looked as if she was trying very hard to work out whether or not he was taking the piss.

For his part, the boy simply stared back. Breathing through his full lips, looking down at her through heavy, half-lidded eyes, he finally spoke again.

"Do you want me to lay a finger on you, Hermione?"

She swallowed.

groping

"Do you want me to lay a finger on you, Hermione?"

She swallowed.

Then she attempted a haughty, dismissive tone.

"You might as well. What's one finger after all? You've shoved into me and jostled me with every last inch of the rest of you for the past four hours. I'll likely have bruises from that boney knee of yours."

He visibly braced himself.

Then, he smirked and leant in towards her ear.

"Hermione, if I'd shoved into you with every last inch of me, you'd be in a hell of a lot better mood right now," he answered in a deep timbre.

It took almost three full seconds for her mouth to shut.

It took far less time for her to smack his arm.

"You smug, insufferable, bast..."

The boy's long forefinger shook against the girl's last syllable. He was chuckling when she jerked her mouth two inches to the side.

"What the hell are you..."

He grinned and caught her lip again with his thumb.

"You did give me permission," he pointed out reasonably.

"What's one finger after all," he quoted her in a scratchy falsetto. "Member that? Those words came right out of here."

He softly tapped her lip as she glared at him.

"Ron, stop being a thick..."

The boy sucked in a breath. The "th" had pressed just the tip of her tongue against his finger.

She blushed as the boy unabashedly stared at her mouth.

He slid the wet spot back and forth across her red bottom lip. It clung to the pad of his thumb as he dragged it down a fraction, and then the lip let go with a plump little bounce. He did it again.

The boy had stopped laughing.

His thumb traced the arching pout of her upper lip as she breathed humid air against it. He rested his thumbprint in the tiny depression under her prim nose and dragged it down both lips to the curve of her chin.

The pale skin around her mouth was flushed and her lips puffy by the time his index fingertip slipped over the peak of her high little chin. He ran the pad of his finger across the silk of her jaw and dragged it down the delicate skin of her neck as she swallowed beneath his touch. When he dug a finger into the knot of her tie and pulled it a bit loose, he slid his gaze and his fingertip to rest in the shallow dip at the base of her throat.

"What are you playing at," she asked in a raw little voice.

"I'm laying a finger on you," he breathed back.

The girl stared intently into his half-lidded eyes as he softly fingered the little hollow.

Without his gaze ever leaving hers, he hooked a knuckle at the loose knot, and gave a long, slow tug until the tie was dangling slack, and her top button was dragged from its hole. His finger traced down the new skin to bump against the crisp white "v" of her uniform shirt.

"D'you want me to stop," he asked in a thick, throaty mumble as he plucked at the pearly plastic button.

She dropped her gaze but didn't speak a word.

The second button slipped free of its hole.

He paused.

Then, twisting at the third button he gave it a little pull.

"Okay," he asked softly.

Her hand resting limp on the quilt slid a few inches until it nestled against his quilt-covered thigh.

The third button slid free.

The boy blew out a breath and flicked his fingernail against the remaining buttons with a series of plasticky little clicks.

She uncurled her fingers from a tight fist and gave the side of his thigh the lightest squeeze.

He swore softly, and with a shaking hand, he fumbled the remaining buttons open.

He studied the side of her face for a very long moment. Then, he wet his red lips and eased his hand through the parted fabric.

The girl sucked in a sharp breath.

His ear tips went red and his eyes unfocused as he traced delicate arches with the pad of his finger.

And then he made a horrible face.

"What the bloody fuck?"

He kicked off a tangle of bedding, scrabbled to kneel facing her, and whipped open the slack sides of her blouse until it slipped off and bunched at her elbows.

"What the bloody fuck is that," he shouted hoarsely at her breasts.

She looked aghast for a moment and felt for a patch skin on her chest. Finding it safely glamour-charmed, a look of profound confusion spread across her face.

"What is it, Ron?"

"It's criminal it is," he gestured accusingly towards her cleavage. "Looks like you've strapped your baps into a bleeding thestral harness."

She crossed her arms with a singularly offended sound.

"Why the fuck would you do that to a bloody perfect pair of tits?"

"You think they're perfect," the girl asked in a decidedly less offended tone.

"I think you're barmy, is what I think. That's an act against nature!"

Against nature and all reason, the girl seemed more gently amused than anything else as she pulled the sheet up to cover herself.

"Haven't you ever seen a girl wearing one," she asked softly.

"Yeah, but she had four legs and two wings."

"But you've... she wears them... Lavender... I mean..."

The boy looked utterly confused.

"Never mind...this is... God, why did I let you... I was going to go. I've got to go, Ron."

She dropped the sheet and look down to get her shirt righted.

His warm palms sealed against her bare shoulders.

Two freckled thumbs nudged thin white straps as they fretted against her skin.

"Please."

He was actually looking into her eyes.

She let out a hard sigh.

"Please what, Ron," she said with no small amount of exasperation.

"Please... don't go?"

He tried to form a charming smile.

"This is all wrong," she said with suddenly very wet eyes.

The boy licked his thick lips and looked to the side before blurting out, "Come on now, I'm crap at learning new things on my own. At least teach me what this contraption is before you go." He nervously ran his thumbs under the little straps and with a wincing little attempt at a grin as he added, "It's a muggle thing, innit?"

"It's called a brassiere, Ron," she sighed out. "And yes, it's a muggle thing. It's an undergarment that women sometimes wear." She blinked wet lashes as her voice hardened a bit.

"If you want to know more, your girlfriend wears them, too. I'm sure you can get everything you need from Lavender."

She angrily shrugged off his left hand.

The strap went with it.

The bra cup fell open like a bloom.

He blinked at the soft nipple until it puckered into a hard knot. Goose flesh broke out around it as her chest breathed slowly up and down.

She wouldn't meet his gaze when he remembered to look towards her eyes again. She stared at the quilt with a frown, but she didn't move to cover herself or to push his other hand away. With a hard swallow and the look of a man who's certain that he's about to be hexed, he tugged the right strap down.

The soft, puffy peak cinched rigid in front of him.

The boy gazed slack-jawed, and when he finally spoke it was from a thick, heavy daze.

"That's brilliant how they get so... my... um...," he vaguely gestured towards his own chest. "Mine don't really do that... Well, I suppose they harden up a bit if it's bloody freezing..."

"Had a good look then," she snapped.

"What," the boy blinked slowly awake.

"Oh, were you hoping for a bit of a grope, too?"

She grabbed up his hand and mashed his palm into her breast. His fingers gave an involuntary kneading motion even as he sputtered nonsensical protestations.

"I didn't...you... I'm not... fuck that's soft. How d'you keep your hands off 'em?"

She rolled her eyes in a very Hermione-like way as she shoved his hand back and pulled up two fistfuls of sheet.

The boy looked baffled at first as she moved to secure the sheet in her teeth and began manoeuvring behind it. After a pause, he cottoned on to the fact that she had pulled up her bra and was buttoning her shirt.

"Shit, no, please," he pled wildly. "Wait, just wait, please."

The girl stilled but looked utterly out of sorts.

He swallowed and winced.

Then he whipped his grey vest up over his head.

"Fair enough," he asked softly.

The girl released the sheet as her jaw went slack.

His pillow-tangled, electrified ginger hair stood on end, and the girl might have laughed at it if she'd noticed he had a head at all.

Her gaze locked with a nearly audible snap onto his lean-muscled chest and his allegedly uncharacteristically hard, pink nipples and his sculptural ribs sliding under the palest skin she'd ever seen and his sea of cinnamon freckles and the sharp hollowing of his pumping abdomen, and she had to blink back upwards to the heavily freckled, solid bulk of his shoulders and his arms that pulled down so long, lithe and fascinatingly scarred... all the way down to his large, sun-pinked hands grasping at his thighs.

His thighs.

She made a choked little sound to find him hard and ready between those muscled thighs, and she checked his red ears and his bashfully averted eyes for confirmation.

She dropped her attention back down the line of curling ginger hair that was sparse below his navel but thickened into a little nest just above the ravelling band of his pants.

His pants that only just peeked from his pyjama trousers...

His pyjama trousers that only just held in check a massive, leaden bulge...

Her shirt slipped to the bed.

The boy's head snapped up in shock.

And after a long glance, he found her face.

And swore.

He had never seen so carnal and knowing an expression on any woman's face... much less Hermione's. It was nothing short of predatory.

He breathed back at her, his face a mix of fear and feral longing.

He managed a monosyllabic sentence.

"What?"

"It's not. It's not quite yet," she said with a staggeringly adult little smirk.

"What's not quite yet?"

"Fair enough," she said leaning forward giving him an eyeful of bra-clad cleavage. "It's not fair enough for me. Not yet."

The boy actually trembled.

"Whaat?"

He was panting like animal when she slipped out of the bed linens, knelt before him on the quilt, and hooked her finger into the tatty waistband of his pyjama trousers.

He squeaked the name of a wizard apostle and batted her hand away.

"Have you lost your bloody..."

"So, it's fair for you to grope my tits, but..."

"Please don't say that," he gasped rolling his eyes in his head like he'd been suddenly taken by a fever.

She shifted closer; so he could feel the words as well as hear them.

"My Tits, Ron."

"Shit," he scrabbled backwards until he landed on his narrow, round bottom, and his hands clasped the iron railing at the foot of the bed.

His legs were splayed-wide and quaking as she crawled up and up between them.

She sat back on her legs almost daintily, rolled her half-lidded eyes up to meet his line of sight, and gave him a grown woman's smile.

She was bloody terrifying.

"M'sorry if I..."

"Shut it, Ron."

The tall ginger boy, who'd only just become a man, dwarfed the girl commanding him by twelve inches and three stone, but his mouth snapped shut like an iron lid on a caldron.

"I'm the one who should apologise," she said much more softly.

She fretted the threadbare cloth at his thighs between her fingertips.

"I've just," she clutched up a hard fist of cloth on each leg.

"I've missed you."

"I've miss you, too," he choked out the words low and raw.

She met his eye line and bored into him with her gaze.

"I wish I could," she sniffed, "I wish I could explain to you how very, very much I've missed you, Ron."

Her eyes looked through him as she loosely clung to the fabric at his thighs. Her thoughts were clearly elsewhere even as the beginnings of tears blinked out and rolled down her cheeks.

"M'sorry, Hermione, I swear I..."

"You don't have to apologise," she answered softly and firmly back in the present.

"I'll do anything to keep things right with you. I'll bloody..."

"Kiss me," she whispered almost inaudibly.

He blinked exactly two times

"Kiss me the way you would Laven..."

He rammed into her – all limbs and lips – like a thunderbolt of ginger lightening.

It was nothing like the way he'd kissed Lavender.

It was primal.

He ground against her aching hard and mad as a balloon as he grappled handfuls of her body and sucked at her lips.

The girl had only just realised that she was actually being properly snogged when the boy plunged through her gasp. He frantically tongued her insides as she quaked in his grip, and then he sucked her startled tongue it into his mouth. He palmed her lovely bottom roughly as he gently dragged his teeth across her taste buds.

She groaned down his throat.

He grinned and laved repentance onto her tongue before sucking it to the tip, releasing it with a pop, and then hovering in her swollen, bottom lip in its place.

His mouth was blood-red, puffing and glossy wet several minutes later when he pulled back from her limp arms.

He echoed her question from earlier with a low chuckle.

"Fair enough?"

"Very nearly," she smiled out through heavy breaths.

After several moments of respiration, she gave him another calculating look.

"You wanted to know about brassieres," she said in a voice still slightly winded.

"In the interest of my education," he nodded with a cheeky, lopsided grin.

She tilted her head to the side and swept her mass of curls over one shoulder.

"There's a hook in the back. Come and find it."

He clambered to his boney knees like the bed was afire and awkwardly steadied on her shoulders before slipping his huge, shaking hands behind her.

She smiled to herself when he spread his long fingers wide to smooth up and across her.

"Fuckin'ell," rolled out of him like a whisper.

"Ron," she tried to sound stern.

"Sorry."

"You aren't in the least. Now unhook me," she said trying to keep the smile from her voice.

After what may have been one full minute, the boy let out a soft, "Yes," and pulled the filmy sides of the dainty garment forward.

The girl had her arms firmly across her chest.

"Can I put my hands on your back again," he asked gruffly against her hair.

She nearly hid the quavering in her voice as she replied.

"Yes, for a bit, but then I want you to lie back on the bed."

"Right," he breathed the warm, moist word against her bare shoulder as he bowed forward to watch his own hands slide uninterrupted over more, cream-coloured Hermione than he could have ever imagined.

"Bloody hell, you feel," he gasped as he smoothed down the curve of her back.

His large hand slid under the waist of her skirt, and he clenched a palmful of bare softness and "fuuuckme," groaned out of him as he thudded into her with his hips.

"Stop," she sounded drugged and distant.

"Shit."

He backed away from her and fell against the rail at the foot of the bed. He was shaking, hard as iron, and gasping air into his lungs. It was moments later before he noticed the flimsy garment in his fist.

She knelt inches from his pelvis — her sock-covered knees spread wide — her uniform skirt bunched at her thighs. She was flushed, wild-haired, and bare breasted like the stuff of his wettest dreams.

"Fuuck," he pleaded the word as he gave a pitiful, involuntary, ghost of a thrust at the air between them.

"What can I do for you, Ron?"

The boy would have thought she was having a laugh at him, but her flushed face was earnest. She suddenly looked so very much like herself, so brave and kind, that despite the insanity of the situation and the state of her undress, the boy wanted to tell her how much he'd missed being with her like this.

"What," was the only word he could produce.

She looked even more like herself as she tutted at him and crossed her arms.

"Well, if you can't comprehend spoken English whilst looking at a partially disrobed female, there's no point in..."

"Can't bloody chat when...," he groaned cupping himself protectively. After a long moment, he added, "S'doin' my head in."

"The head of what," she almost grinned.

"Thas'not," he gruffed back as he pulled in his knees and closed his eyes.

With him distracted, her eyes grew wet and the tip of her nose went pink.

She looked so miserably sorry, so broken, so grateful, so relieved that he was alive, and so aching in love with the boy... with the future that she'd nearly lost.. it took several long breaths for her to compose her voice.

"Ron, honestly, what can I do for you," she asked as she eased in between his sprawled thighs and pushed up high onto her knees.

"Give me a do-over on this fucking birthday," he croaked.

She couldn't hold back the single, desperate, chuckle of joy.

"Don't take the piss, Hermione."

"I wouldn't," she promised softly.

"C'mere," she whispered and opened her arms to him. He pushed up to sit at her knees. One of his long legs slipped to dangle off the bed. The boy didn't notice. He was focusing on the two handfuls of skirt that he grabbed to steer the girl forwards.

She wriggled into him, and he sucked air through his teeth as his pyjama-bound erection pushed against her thighs.

She parted her legs and edged forward.

He slid his heavy bulge between her thighs with a long, shuddering groan.

Then, before he could truly control the action, he bucked his hips and ground against her hard and long.

He swore.

Then, in an aching, panting shiver, he waited.

"S'okay," she whispered softly.

He let out a sound like a sob. Then, as he white-knuckle-fisted the girl's tangle of skirt at her hips, the boy roughly fucked himself to release against the soft skin of her thighs in three hard grunts.

She wrapped an arm around his neck and ran her fingers through his hair as the warm fluid seeped through and cooled on her thighs.

He was still panting against her when she leant to the side and worked her wand free from one long knee sock. With whispered spells, she cleaned him, herself and his clothing, and smiled a very particular smile as she slid the wand back into its makeshift holster.

The smile widened a moment later when warm, oversized palms gently slid up her back, and a long nose began nuzzling her breasts with an incredible lack of subtlety. She bit her lip not to giggle.

The bitten lip did not contain her sharp gasp a bit later when he finally latched home.

He popped up a worried look at her.

"S'okay?"

"Yes, really lovely, and your enthusiasm is...," she blushed.
"Just be a bit gentler."

"M'sorry, I've never..."

"I know you haven't."

She looked at him so very softly.

The boy took her expression in with a blush before ducking his head back down and easing into his work.

He really was a quick study.

The girl could not calculate how much time had passed when she finally gasped out.

"That's all I can take and before I lose my head, Ron!"

"It'd be a bleedin'shame to lose a good head like that," he panted whilst slumping back to rest on his long, wiry arms. "It's bloody chockablock with facts that you'd lose with it."

The girl shook her fact-laden head at him.

The boy was giving her a wide, crooked smile, when his gaze slipped inevitably to her breasts

"Shit," he pushed up to touch her. "Shit m'sorry," he mumbled.

The girl looked down to see a mural of pink and red suction marks painted across her chest and abdomen.

"I dunno, Ron," she answered sleepily. "I think I rather like them," she said running her hands over her breasts.

The boy dropped his swollen lips open and gaped at her while she continued.

"It's funny. They look like the ones you leave on Lavender's neck. I suppose I'd better make sure I don't take a shower with her any time soon," she added absently.

The boy strangled on saliva and coughed himself raw.

"Here," she stood at his bedside and pressed the glass of liquid she'd just fetched up to his lips. "It's cold water with a bit of mild pain potion mixed in. Madam Pomfrey told me it would help if a coughing fit came on," the girl explained gently.

"Drink up," she cupped the back of his damp head and watched droplets slide down the furrows in his long, swallowing throat.

"Better?"

"Yeah, cheers," he croaked back.

"Thank Merlin, for my good head in a crisis," she grinned.

The boy licked his lips at looked up at her.

He held her gaze almost boldly.

"Don't you think I should be the judge of that," he asked in a rumbling husk of a voice.

"Don't I think you should be the judge of what?"

"Of whether or not it's good head."

He gave her his best, dead cheeky grin.

"Oh, my God," she smacked him softly on the back of his ginger head as she took the glass from him and returned it to the table at the foot of the bed.

feeling

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"Oh, my God," she smacked him softly on the back of his ginger head as she took the glass from him and returned it to the table at the foot of the bed.

"It was just a laugh..."

"You're a real charmer, you are," she smirked back at him.

"I was well out of line," he replied to her breasts as she stood beside the bed.

"Perhaps not."

His eyes snapped to meet her gaze.

"What'd'you mean," he slurred out with palpable hope.

"Make room for me up there."

The boy shoved back to grab the low foot railing. He pushed himself upright onto rigid arms, and jerked the heels of his long, bare feet up to his bottom.

The girl arched an eyebrow at the rapidity of the motion and the resulting view, but climbed back up on the bed to kneel in front of him without a word.

After a pause of reflection, she deftly unfastened the button and zip at the side of her uniform skirt, slipped it up over her head, and tossed it behind her.

The seat of her cotton knickers was transparently wet.

"Fuck."

The word came out of him like a whimper.

"I don't want...," she searched for the word.

"I don't want 'something' to soil my skirt. Wool is tricky to spell clean. I was lucky on your last..."

"Right," he agreed having absolutely no idea what else to say.

The girl took in a breath and took on a resolved, comfortingly instructive demeanour.

"Ron, I'm truly sorry if this comes as a disappointment, but I'm not going to ask you if you'd like to have vaginally penetrative sexual intercourse with me for the moment. I honestly don't think you're ready for it. Besides your current health, this is all very sudden, and I have no wish to overwhelm you with..."

"You think I'm not ready," he as incredulously as he spread his thighs wider.

"You know that's not what I meant," she sighed for the twentieth time that day.

But the young man didn't hear a word as he barrelled over her sentence in a loud, scandalised voice.

"Besides the fact that what bloke wouldn't be bloody ready to shag you, how the fuck could I be expected to be ready when we haven't spoken two fucking words to one another in... Are you bloody well ready," he questioned her petulantly. "Because you sound bloody ready for a shag... you talking about fitting blokes into your bed. Hell, you look bloody...," he lost his ardour as his gaze slid down her body.

"You look bloody stunning," he whispered thickly.

"Ron."

The word slipped out like a caress.

He heard it differently.

The boy's face hardened.

"Poor backward Ron," he grated out hoarsely. "It's that I'm too soft-witted and ignorant to shag, innit?"

"You know that's not..."

"I wonder who was clever enough to shag, Hermione," he spit out caustically. "Maybe that ape McLaggen, eh?"

"Why are you..."

"Because you're fucking starkers in bed with me and you've spent the last hour letting me suck your tits and grope your arse, and you didn't stop until I fingered you, Hermione," he bit out her name.

"That's about as bloody unlikely a morning as I've ever fucking had, and either you're a slag polyjuiced to look like my Hermione, or my Hermione has already had herself a shag!"

He licked his flushed red lips and goaded her again, "Your latest toy boy chucked you, has he? Did you come here this morning thinking you'd just flash your tits and have it off with me? That is, of course, before you came to your bloody senses!"

She was absolutely still with rage.

"Go on, lay into me like you want to," he challenged through tell-tale tears forming in his eyes.

"Who'd you fuck who was better than me," he choked out.

The girl grabbed his face with two small hands and engulfed his poisonous words in a searing, devouring kiss.

He went limp and sobbing.

She gasped air and railed back.

"NO. ONE. Is better than you, you fucking bastard," she smashed back against his lips in a punishing kiss before pulling back again.

"You're the only man I want to fuck, Ron."

And with one last bruising kiss, she added, "And I'm not Your bloody Hermione, I'm my own Hermione, and how bloody dare you, you git."

"I didn't..."

"I know you didn't, but you've got to work on your phrasing," she tutted.

"Now take off those pyjamas and pants if you want to judge what kind of head I give. I will warn you, I've never done it before, so it might be utter crap," she smiled.

"What?!"

She lifted an eyebrow.

And with unexpected grace, the boy arched up lithe and quaking to shuck off his pants and pyjamas in one go.

He was massive.

Pink and hard and rosy balls nesting in ginger, and his lungs were pounding his ribs as his milk-white stomach pulled in hard with each breath.

She smiled at it and spoke.

"It's much larger than I'd been led to believe."

"What," he mumbled as she took hold of him and gave a gentle pump.

"Fuuuckme," he groaned out raggedly as he pushed into her hand again.

"Let me know if I do something poorly," she said looking honestly daunted for a moment.

"S'bloodygood," he reassured her with another thrust of his hips.

Very carefully licking her lips as the text has suggested, she leant forward, and pressing her stomach to her thighs she took his unruly length firmly in hand and pulled him to her open mouth.

The boy cursed every deity he knew.

She smiled around him and gave another suck before sliding down about half of him and gagging back.

"You're a hard man to swallow," she coughed through a smile.

"Fuckin'hell, I'm sorry, but I'm gonna fix that sentence into my mind forever," he laughed out breathlessly.

"Let's try for something a bit more memorable, shall we," she chuckled as she dropped her mouth back down and swallowed him again. Pumping her mouth slowly along him with a breath of suction, she cupped his tight, pink sack and gave it firm, tugging jiggle.

She had to sputter the thick, warm fluid down her chin to catch her breath.

He pulsed two more long tendrils of it between her breasts before gasping a "sorry" through bated breaths.

"I'm not," she grinned down at his flushed face. "I'm not sorry at all."

The boy pushed off the railing, flopped down to his back on the bed, and closed his eyes with a contented sigh.

The girl smiled at him brilliantly.

Then she quietly fetched her wand from the bedside table, cast a silent cleansing charm on the both of them, flicked her wand to pack her scrolls, books and bra into her bag, and summoned her clothes without a word. She winced at a noisy bed spring as she slipped her skirt down over her head and fastened it on top of her shirt.

"Whas goin' on?"

"I'm leaving," she said pulling on her jumper with her shirt buttoned wildly askew.

"But... what about you? I was gonna," the boy trailed off as if he really hadn't the first clue what he was going to do.

"I know you were," she whispered fondly.

The boy looked up at her so innocently and so openly disappointed.

"I'll make it up to you."

"You already have," the girl said with tears in her lashes, "so much more than you know."

"But."

The girl pressed a kiss against his open mouth and groaned into him as she felt familiar lips work against hers. When she finally pulled back from the flushed boy beneath her, she whispered absently.

"Damn, but you're already so good at that."

The boy blinked at her.

"Doesn't matter," she almost laughed out before gaining composure. "Ron," she held his red, sweaty face, "Sort your feelings for me. Read chapter twelve in that book that the twins gave you and pay particular attention to the diagrams," she took a breath and gave him one last, grazing kiss.

"And chuck your bloody girlfriend, but don't be an arse about it."

The girl slipped off the bed and picked up her bag as she gave one last, lingering look down the length of his lanky body.

"But what about...," the boy stammered.

She held up three fingers as she slipped out of his curtain-delineated room and into the hospital wing at large.

"Three things, Ron. Today was... it was brilliant, but it will remain our secret, and it won't happen again unless you do those three things," she paused almost saying the next sentence.

The weight of the words dragged her to a stop at the hospital wing door.

But she couldn't say them aloud.

So she smiled softly instead.

"Good luck on your essay, Ron," she managed out in a tight voice, and then, she was gone with a heavy wooden thud of the door.

The boy blinked.

And looked down.

And with a very heavy breath, he spoke directly to his already hardening penis.

"Well, that's one down, mate. Feelings for Hermione – bloody sorted."

t h e e n d

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