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a ron/hermione fan fiction

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# time. will tell



time.  
will  
tell

**Summary: Ron explodes into the centre of Hermione's Friday night of revising. High jinks ensue.**

*This is if for **TMBLUE** because, against all reason, she enjoys my writing, and she is my **NAKED-ROK-DEALER** writes me back **her fanfic** in return. Yes, I am **SO** getting the sweet end of that deal.*

*Happy Birthday, my lovely Blue :)*

*ALSO. Please, if you haven't already read **Solstice Muse's Timeless**, seriously, here is the link <http://www.fanfiction.net/s/2812800/1/Timeless>. Just put this fic down immediately, and go read hers, and if you are in a public place, just prepare to hug strangers and cry.*

*Okay, so for the rest of you, yes, this is a porn without plot little snippet of a story that's 16K+ words long because I can't shut up. Yes, this type of story has been done before and done with a great deal more skill than I have. Yup, I probably stole ideas if not outright lines from other people because I am appallingly forgetful, and I forget whether or not I thought of something, and I am sorry if I nicked something of yours. I once told a friend a story that I thought had happened to me, but it had happened to her. So that's what you're dealing with here.*

*Yes, I did paraphrase **Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan** at least once in this story, but it seemed like such a good idea at the time.*

*Finally, to the amazing JKR, I am sorry to play so hard with your toys, but they are just so fucking pretty and shiny.*

**RATED NC-17** RON GETING SLIGHTLY INJURED FOR LIKE A SECOND, SWEARING, WAY VERBOSE SMUT

# guncotton

**“Fucking shiteating deathwa...”**

**A hacking fit seized his lanky frame as the hazy shape of a tall man coughed his way out of a settling tornado of dirt, ash, and parchment.**

**“Bloody guncottoning, time-turning arseholes.”**

He fell to his knees vomiting black air from his sooty, blood-smeared mouth before dragging a deep breath and a long pale and black hand across his bloodied lip. He winced as he hit a deep gash down his chin.

"How far did that buggering sod chuck me, Harry? If I've missed a fortnight again, she'll skin me alive. Harry! S'not funny, mate!"

"Ron?"

"Hermione?"

The thick, yellow air was only just parting when he stepped into the halo of lamplight.

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Her books were forgotten at her feet, and her wand was slack at her side.

"What are you doing...," they began to ask in unison.

They gaped intently at one another for the span of several audible heartbeats until the young man shoved his large hands up into his dirt-powdered, shaggy hair.

"Hogwarts uniform," he blurted out in horror.

"Oh, fuckme," he groaned under his breath whilst clutching two handfuls of filthy, ginger hair.

"Oh, bugging fuckme, fuck me," he chanted under his breath as he summoned a quaffle-sized clump of indistinct debris, and shoved it down an impossibly deep pocket in his dark, fitted trousers.

Half his arm disappeared down the hole as he arched his long spine and swore to himself. There was a muffled sound like glass breaking, and he yelped yanking his suddenly bleeding hand free of the trousers. Flipping his wand he caught it by the hilt with three fingers and gave an awkward, stabbing flick towards his pocket. A tiny vial of brown liquid popped from his trousers. He snatched it midair with the thumb and forefinger of his wand hand, bit off the cork, spat it to the side, and dumped the contents on his now profusely bleeding hand. He ran his palm — still boiling green smoke from the potion — over his mouth and chin. A moment later, the wounds on his hand and face healed to slick, red scars.

Still rubbing his chin nervously, he dropped the vial, flipped his wand, and caught the grip in his long palm. After snapping

several, distracted summoning charms into the air with his wand that resulted in nothing, the man seemed resigned.

"Right. That's the tent and food gone. Gamp's bloody principle exceptions," he muttered to himself.

During this entire display, the girl stood stock still in wide-eyed shock.

The man looked very young and very lost for a moment. He seemed to have all but forgotten the girl gaping at him.

With another mutter of profanity, he swung around and gave a livid whip of his wand. An opaque cloud of filth crackled off his tall, lean body and sizzled out of existence. He hissed through his teeth at several smouldering, pinhole burns left in his thin brown jumper. Patting them out with profanity, he tried to brush another layer of dirt from his sleeves. He gave it up as a bad job and slashed his inordinately long wand towards the mess behind him. A ten-foot circle of rubble vanished from the centre of Hogwart's library as if it had never been there. With several stabbing flicks, he sent the singed books to the restricted section in haphazard order, banished the burnt ones completely, and summoned a vast, tatty rug to hide the scorched and slightly cratered stone floor. Biting his lip, he swept an ancient table across the room and plunked it down on the spot with a thud.

"That'll have to do."

He turned and walked into the bright stab of a wand-tip digging just under his jaw.

"Who are you?"

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He swallowed against the sharply carved wood and stared down at the girl with something like hunger before breaking off eye contact with a hard blush.

Then the man who'd just sorted a limb and a library, for the first time that evening, seemed well and truly at a loss.

The wood tip bit him out of his half-lidded gaze, and his jaw clenched to tight cords.

"Answer me. Who are you?"

She was inches away from him, and so very Her. She was pouring over his face with a look of such pure betrayal, such absolute mistrust and anger and something so terribly close to aching hope that it nearly burned him.

"You know who I am, Hermione."

His voice was a deep, warm gravel.

The wand at his throat trembled as she took a sharp breath.

"Why do you look like him?"

"I am him," he said softly as he held his wand out to her in his open palm.

The girl snatched it from him and tucked it in the waistband of her grey wool skirt before backing away from him.

"Why would you look like... You're too old. Did the potion or glamour go wrong? You could hardly pass for him in daylight. Why go to the bother at all if..."

"Because I'm not a death eater, Hermione, Trouble is, I'm not exactly your Ron either, well I am, but it's a bit muddled. Just hang on a mo, and I'll tell you what I can," he said quietly as he stretched two elongated arms up over his head with a soft crack.

Her gaze darted to a pale flash of ginger and hollowed out hipbone as he righted his jumper.

"I've heard enough. I'm taking you to Dumbledore," she said like a girl trying very hard to sound unflustered.

He looked at her almost fondly before clearing his throat.

"I can't see him. Can't see anyone. Shouldn't be seeing you. I'm not fucking with timelines and paradoxes. She'll murder me. I'll be on my way once I've told you the gist of it, proved that I'm myself, and set your mind at rest enough for you to bung that wand back over."

"Do you take me for some doe-eyed muppet," she flung out with an acidic little laugh.

"Do think you can just... just... explode into my Friday night's revising looking like my... friend," she flushed. "And of course, you didn't settle for simple mimicry, you sweep in looking all mysterious and older and accomplished and..."

"Accomplished," he rolled out each syllable smiling.

She was not impressed.

"Thought you could just twirl your wand at me, and I'd give you free rein of the castle."

"Hermione, can we have this conversation elsewhere?"

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"You don't even speak like..."

"I'm dead lucky no one else has seen me already. Let's push off to somewhere more private before someone does. C'mere," he said softly beckoning her with a large hand as he dug a lump of nothing from his pocket. He shook it out and swept invisibility across his shoulders. "We'll go under here. To wherever you say. Outside maybe. Room of Requirement, dunno. I need to hide but not too far away. Harry will be summoning me back soon. Can't get more than 1,800 yards from the blast site, or it's no good."

"Shall I make you a cuppa before we tour the grounds," she asked incredulously.

"Thanks, love. Three sugars and milk," he said striding past her.

"I will jinx you witless if you take another step," she snapped.

He turned to face her, the whipping cloak wrapping a shoulder and half his torso in transparency.

"Would you like me to fetch your tea then, Hermione," he asked whilst pronouncing her name with pointed familiarity.

"Shall I make it plain and strong like that shite you drink in front of your Mum and Dad? Or would you rather have it like you fucking love it with two sugars, milk, and a half sleeve of those chocolate-coated biscuits you pretend are good for your digestion?"

She gasped a deep fuchsia.

"Exactly."

"How..."

"Because I'm Ronald fucking Bilius Weasley, Hermione. My boggart in third year was a bleeding spider. My patronus is a randy little Jack Russell," he ripped up his jumper sleeve as he moved towards her. "I've got brain tentacle scars burned into my arms and chest from being a bloody useless twat when you needed me in fifth year," he growled out as she back away from him and into the solid wood doors of the library.

He looked stricken and directly into her eyes as he took a long breath.

"Nearly lost you that day," he puffed out the words in a husky whisper so close to her face that the flyaway curls at her forehead rustled.

He licked his thick lips.

And with indescribable care he rested two warm fingertips against her sternum.

She quaked as he slid an invisible line down her crisp, white uniform shirt.

"Just here... 'bout as wide as a sickle, half as long as a quill. You still glamour it. Don't want them to know. You were wearing dark robes. Harry never even saw the blood. I wanted to fucking belt him the first time I saw it. And you...always so bloody cocksure... using a fucking silencing spell on Dolohov's curse."

His fingers pressed into her.

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"Do you even know what sectumsempra could have done to you that day?"

His watercolour blue eyes were wet and haunted as he breathed against her hair.

Her lips parted with her own laboured breath.

"Ron."

He let out a sad, desperate gasp of a laugh.

"Where the hell did you come from?"

# death nibblers

**“We need to be somewhere more secure than this, Hermione. Anyone could walk in and...”**

**The girl swept her wand in a series of graceful gestures and cast a mild repelling and imperturbable charm.**

**“You do know a professor could swat away those spells like fucking fly,” he asked pointedly.**

**“It's half eleven. The professors are asleep in their quarters. Go on. Tell me where you're from and why you're here.”**

"Fine," the man shook his head and with a tight jaw, continued.  
"Do you remember third year?"

"What?"



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"Third year...you driving yourself barking with twice the lessons. You and Harry saving Buckbeak and..." he trailed off.

"Yes, I remember," she answered him very softly.

He swallowed hard, and spoke in a more detached tone.

"D'you recollect how you managed it?"

"Well, in retrospect, it really was almost entirely a stroke of luck, but..."

"D'you recollect device you used."

"The time-turner," she gasped. "My God, Ron. You're from... when?"

"Shouldn't say," he bit his lip and stared off to the side of her with an unfocused gaze. "Doesn't matter. I just hope to fucking Merlin, he can find me here."

"But the time-turners... the Time Room," she gave an exasperated little shake of her curly head. "That exceptionally inventive name for a storage room where they kept time-turners at the ministry, it was destroyed. The time-turners were destroyed with it. We destroyed them," she said emphatically.

He nodded at her as if she were a very slow-witted child.

"It was in The Daily Prophet," she added half-heartedly as he lifted an amused eyebrow.

"Do all your fact-checking based on The Prophet do you," he asked smirking. "I seem to recall them reprinting an article from Witch Weekly 'bout you. I reckon you did chuck Harry for Krum then. Broke his heart, I understand."

She popped his ribs with her wand.

"Fuck, I'm all bone there, you little hellcat. That smarts," he said rubbing the spot theatrically.

"You were being a sarky git, as usual."

"I was being dead right, and you weren't," he grinned widely and caught her wand tip as it snapped towards him.

Gently redirecting the wand upwards and still, he released the tip with a wink.

"You hate being wrong... hardly ever are. It's bloody fantastic when you're way off beam on something. You just go dead fucking spare. I've seen actual foam at your mouth... just this little bit in the corners, and your..."

"FUCK," he rubbed his bottom with one hand. "You did not just sting my arse cheek," he scream-whispered at her.

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"You were implying earlier that not all time-turners had been lost in the ministry that day," she said as if he'd not spoken at all.

He narrowed his eyes at her very hard for a moment, but replied.

"That's right. A shitload of them were out of the Time Room when it flew to pieces and took the ministry's time-turner manufacturing with it. The missing turners were on loan to ministry employees or witches and wizards mucking about with what the ministry called 'worthy schemes for the good of wizarding.' Most turners went to potion masters, curse-breakers, big time healers... important types."

The man shifted a bit uncomfortably and continued, "The ministry has a registry of the ones left. They claim they'd totted up the lot of them... who's using what and where... all neatly recorded on a cupboard full of chits and slips. Bollocks. No one has the foggiest notion about how many of your actual ministry time-turners are out there. But there's a market for them. Some folks have started trying to build them illegally. We've had a flood of'em lately, all knockoffs, mind you. They're just bodged together and dodgy as hell," he let out a long, world-weary sigh.

"But I s'pose there's always going to be dim sods up to no good. Thank Merlin, there's dashing blokes like me out there to thwart'em," he gave her a crooked smile.

"I feel safer already, Ron," she said dryly. "And if I didn't know better, I'd think you were head of the Auror Office," she added with a chuckle.

The man smiled more widely towards the stone floor before regaining his serious composure and continuing his story.

"There's this pack of little death eaters we found hanging about Faversham down in Kent. They're just kids really... the stupid, little, fucking," he paused as he caught the girl's astonished look.

He cleared his throat.

"The leader of their little club is about sixteen and thick as pig shit. He couldn't hex his way out of a troll bogey. It'd be a laugh if it wasn't so fucking sad. Some of the little yobs still have their milk teeth," he ran a large hand through his hair. Exhaustion and something deeper washed over his face as he continued.

"We wouldn't've even bothered with them except for some of the blokes... they're getting ideas...wanting to prove they're hard cunts."

The girl's cheeks only just ghosted pink.

He noticed.

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"I spend too time with roughs and thugs. In my work, I've sort of learnt the lingo to get them chatty with me...."

You didn't offend me, Ron," she cut in as she pressed her hand to his chest.

His breath caught.

She did not notice.

"It's just... You sound so," she pulled her hand back to sweep a snarl of curls behind her ear. "You sound very grown up."

It was his turn to flush under her gaze.

After a moment he coughed, perhaps still working soot from his lungs, and then, he continued.

"So these, death nibblers in Faversham. Turns out there's some bloody ancient lunatic there who's been helping them charm guncotton into wizarding and muggle clothing — denims, robes, even found some in a stack of nappies. They slip the shit into shops. They're detonating them with these dodgy, jerry-built, time-turners sewed into the cloth. They'll light the charge, send it back a week, and walk out of the rubble without a scratch."

He shifted tensely.

"Least that's how it's s'posed to work," he mumbled. "In March, they started trying to send the rubbish farther back in time... years back... trying to rewrite a bit of recent history. Those haven't worked so well. It's too much of a time shift for the knock-off turners. They can't hold it in. You get this kind of wonky time bubble that swells out, slows down, sweeps in everything around it, and then sucks the lot of it up — poof — out of time. Then, the guncotton blows and the bubble sort of pops and drops you somewhere."

The girl looked at him intently.

"Luckily, they've made a total cock-up of the whole thing. The time-turners are rubbish. No one has even snuffed it... well, until now. I think the one I chased here must've burnt himself to vapour. Couldn't find him in the rubble," the man looked a bit ill.

"Reckon it was bound to happen sometime, but I'd hoped we could stop them before some poor sod bought it. The worst they'd done so far was put a muggle girl in hospital for a couple days, and 'course, they make Neville regrow his beard about a dozen times."

He half grinned at her.

"Probably shouldn't have told you any of that... 'specially the bit about Neville," he chuckled. "He's just so bloody proud of that damn beard. George charmed it purple and green a couple months back. Nev went spare."

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"Poor, Neville," she almost smiled. "It's reassuring to hear that the twins haven't matured in the least," she added cheerfully.

"Yeah," he bit his lip hard. After a long swallow, he changed the topic.

"It was boiling hot yesterday in Faversham when we found the nest of those eaters. That's why I don't have my robes or even a bloody cloak in this fucking fridge of a castle. Can't believe I didn't think to bring them. Should've known I'd end up somewhere bloody mad this time," he huffed and added, "Course, every bleeding thing I brought of any use seems to have been lost in the blast or handed over to cynical witches."

She rolled her eyes at him.

"What's a bloke got to do to get his wand back around here, by the way?"

"I'll let you know," she smiled back mischievously.

The girl stood biting her lip and looking at him for far too long. She was clearly working out something. The man fidgeted under her scrutiny

"What," he asked with a tinge of panic.

"Well, the thing is, you speak rather dismissively about these young, dark wizards, and I can't help but wonder why they're so woefully disorganised when they should have leadership, and if nothing else, parental guidance, if you can call it that, and..."

Her hand flew to her mouth.

"He did it, Ron!"

A sob pushed out of her.

"Harry beat him, didn't he?"

"Shit."

"Give me my wand, Hermione."

"Why?"

"I need it for something," he said reaching around her as she spun out of his arms.

"My God, you're going to obliviate me, aren't you?"

"You CAN'T know," he bleated out with his fists falling heavily to each thigh.

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"Of all the fucking thick-headed...I should have done a runner the second I saw you. This is BAD."

"How is it bad? It's the best news possible, Ron. How could it be bad that I know this?"

"Because you know it's possible now. You might even think it's inevitable. It's not. You have no bloody idea how hard," he ran his hand through his hair and turned his back on her. His voice was colder when he spoke again.

"Swear to me that you'll never tell soul about what you know. Swear it."

"Ron."

He turned to her like bridled thunder and clasped her wrist.

"Swear to me on Harry's life that you will never tell anyone what you learned from me tonight."

"Okay, yes, I swear. I won't, Ron, but."

"I can see all of them. There's a million questions in that head of yours, and I can't answer them. You know I can't."

"But if we just had some clue as to..."

"When the time comes, you'll know what to do. The only thing I can tell you is stay with him, Hermione. Stay with Harry. See him through this."

"Well, of course, I'll..."

He clutched her shoulders with his large hands.

"Don't leave him, Hermione. Not for anything... not 'til he's done. He'll die without you."

Tears leaked down her cheeks.

The hinge behind them creaked to life, and in one swift movement, the man pulled the girl off her feet, sealed her to his chest, and wrapped them both in the gossamer cloak before the door could swing wide.

Madam Pince's face was pinched and wary by wand light as she cast a revealing spell.

The room read empty of all other life, which, of course, it was.

The room was empty because the lanky, ginger man, with his armful of curls and girl and his palmful of her open mouth, was standing silently behind the stern librarian. He had slid through the wide doorway just as the older woman had stepped through.

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He waited exactly until the heavy, wooden doors thudded shut before sucking in a breath and galloping away like a rabid thestral.

"You can put me down now," she whispered harshly as the man panted into her hair eleven staircases later.

"M'sorry," he managed as he set her to her feet and heaved over to brace his hands on his knees. "Fuckin'castle," he added with another breath.

The girl's cheeks fought to return to their normal shade of pink as she smoothed down the pleats in her skirt.

"Are you going to spend the night in the Room of Requirement," she asked softly.

"Occupied," he breathed out.

"How can you..."

"Swung by there on the way up. Wouldn't let me in. Whoever it was, I hope you give'm detention, love," he laughed out at her frown.

"The portrait is just ahead of us. You could stay in the common room. You'd avoid the professors that way," she suggested.

"Too dangerous. Couldn't sleep. Someone would notice a snoring, 6'4", great lump of solid air."

"But surely you know protection charms, repelling spells..."

"You think Dumbledore wouldn't notice if someone cast an unspeakables-level camouflage spell in the Gryffindor common room?"

"Then what are you..."

He put a finger to her lips and scanned the corridor.

"I just brought you up here to see you to your dorm, Hermione," he replied very softly. "I'll kip outside the castle and..."

"And bloody freeze to death," she hissed.

"I've made up my mind. I've spent too long with you as it is. Now give me my wand, I'm leaving."

She stepped forward with her chin angled high to meet his line of sight.

"Like hell you are."

# sleeping arrangements

**“Right. What sleeping arrangements do you propose, then,” he pushed the last syllable out through a rough breath against her forehead as he corralled his lungs back into normal respiration.**

**“Well,” she bit her lip.**

**“Right. Now chuck me that wand unless you plan to hex me into a pink dressing gown and tell your roommates that Ginny's sleeping at yours tonight.”**

She snorted in spite of herself.

"I would actually enjoy seeing Lavender's face if she woke up tomorrow morning to find you in my bed," the girl very nearly laughed. "It's a genuine shame that you can't get 'round the charm on the girls' staircase," she added with a pleasant sigh.

"Getting up those stairs is easy, love," he chuckled, "being in the room when an old ex goes bloody mental is not."

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The girl tried very hard to hide a brilliant smile.

"So Lavender," she would have looked coquettish pushing back a ropey strand of curls if her expression hadn't been so keen and vulnerable. "She's your ex now," she asked very quietly.

"Shit. Keep putting my foot in it," he groaned to himself. "Yeah, sorry... um... in your future timeline, she and I hook up for a bit," he ran his hand through his hair self-consciously. "Sort of a schoolboy thing really... it was just..." he gave up searching for the word and his face took on an aching expression, "Haven't seen Lav in years," he added thickly.

The girl searched his sad, weary eyes, and visibly braced herself.

"You loved her," she whispered the question like a statement and looked rather pale.

"Probably should have," he answered sadly, "But no, I never did."

He rubbed his tired eyes, but when he looked up to focus on the girl again, he frowned in confusion.

She was trembling, her face awash in hurt. She turned her back on him abruptly.

"What... what'd I say," he asked in a gravely, sleepy voice.

"You said the charm on the girls' dormitory staircase could be circumvented," she spoke with a cold edge to her voice as she stared with new-born interest at a still-life painting of fat tulips on the opposite wall.

"M'pretty sure I've never said circumvent," he mumbled absently. Biting his lip with a calculating look and a roll of his own eyes at how absolutely idiotic he was about to sound, he added, "It's actually loads more likely I'd've said something like 'Vent cum, sir' really," he grinned towards her expectantly.

"That's not even remotely..." she whipped her curls as she whirled around to face him, and he grinned widely. She huffed.

Of course, he could irritate her into eye contact.

"Please," he held up two open hands in surrender as she began to turn away again. "Please, I'm sorry. I didn't mean..."

"You didn't," she tried to articulate further, but instead, she simply shook her head and shrugged, "It's fine. You were explaining about the stairs."

"Yeah," he smiled relief at her. "I really can..."

A distant, metallic clank and the far away vocals of an angry cat echoed through the corridor.



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"Shit," he hissed as he gently took her arm and began a hurried walking pace.

"Let's circumvent whatever the bloody hell that was and head to your common room. I'll get sorted for the night, and you can go up to bed," he squinted to the side to see her face more clearly as they walked. "I can tell you're dead knackered by the look of your eyes."

"Thanks," she said not at all gratefully. She shrugged from his grip and set off walking in earnest — her flat, little shoe heels clicking the stone floor as she went.

The man swore in exasperation into the darkness and flipped his invisibility cloak up to cover his head.

The portrait was haughtily admonishing the girl for spoiling her beauty sleep by the time he'd caught up to them. The painting swung open so reluctantly and so briefly, that the man had to grab the girl's shoulders and pull himself up against her as she stepped through. Even with that, he only just slipped inside before the entrance sealed.

"Ought to bloody nick some turpentine and..." the man mumbled as he rubbed his bottom.

The girl was openly staring at him with her eyebrow at full arch.

"That painted hussy nearly took my arse off," he defended. "She slammed the bloody door on the cheek you'd already jinxed," he added pitifully. "If anyone else has a go at my arse tonight, I'm gonna..."

"I'll try to restrain myself," she said rolling her eyes.

He pouted at her in as manly a fashion as he could muster as he gingerly sat down onto a big, squashy sofa.

The girl moved around the room deliberately. She gathered up two knitted blankets, a patchwork quilt, and a questionably-scented lump of throw pillow. She wrinkled her nose as she cast three, consecutive, cleansing charms over it until smoke curled off the worn velvet.

"Opening a bed and breakfast, are you?"

His lazy, lopsided grin, was interrupted by the armful of blanketing she chucked at him.

"I was going to generously offer to sit vigil while you slept here," she scolded whilst daintily taking a seat in the overstuffed chair across from him.

"Generous offer, I'm sure," he muttered in mock offence as he dug his ginger head out of the pile of heavy fabric. "But I don't want to interfere with your sleep. You've got lessons tomor..."

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"Tomorrow is Saturday, or I should say," she confirmed with her watch, "it's only just now Saturday."

"Good bloody morning," he muttered, "Now let's get you to bed; so you'll be up early, and you won't be missed at breakfast..."

"Harry and Ron have a day full of Quidditch drills, potion essays, and detentions between them. I won't see them before dinner. I can have a lie-in tomorrow."

"But you've got revising that..."

"I've completed months ahead of schedule."

"Fine! You're bloody free tomorrow," he laughed out. "But I still won't have you guarding me while I sleep, and this set up is right exposed. It's not like having a room, or hell, even a set of bloody bed curtains you could cast an imperturbable on and properly hide behind."

"My bed has curtains."

"I'm sure they're lovely."

"They're bog standard, Gryffindor red and located at the top of a charmed flight of stairs that you can allegedly climb," she said with a weak taunt in her voice.

"Furthermore, my room is vacant at the moment because Lavender and Parvati are..." she paused awkwardly, before continuing with false-sounding cheer, "They're weekendening with Padma in Ravenclaw."

With a look bordering on genuine sadness, the girl added brightly, "And for the time being, Crookshanks has left me for a pretty Persian cat in Hufflepuff, the dirty, ginger cad."

She tried to chuckle but swallowed it hard.

The man twisted a bit of blanket in his large fists as he studied her face.

Again, with a forced brightness to her tone she continued, "You see, I really do have a place where you would be utterly left alone and remain undetected," she tried to grin and failed miserably. "It's a shame you honestly can't get up the staircase, because it would have been perfect."

She looked terribly alone and small in the oversized chair.

He was fucked.

The man jumped to his feet and paced as he poured mumbled profanity at the rug. Finally, with a harshly whispered, "SUCH a shit idea," the man stopped his pacing directly in front of the girl.

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He glared down at the floor and snapped a large, upturned palm out to her in an almost courtly gesture.

"C'mon," he said simply.

"I don't under..."

"You have to take my hand and lead me up'em. That's how it works," he rumbled in a low whisper.

"You want me to take your hand, lead you up a booby-trapped staircase, and invite you into my bed?"

The man's ears ignited a blood red.

"Ron, I'm sorry I tried to tease you about your swaggering claims, but the charm has withstood a thousand years of naughty schoolboys, and if this is some kind of a prank, I'm not really comprehending..."

The tall, lean mass of a man dropped to his knees in front of her.

Her eyes went wide and dark and almost frightened.

He spoke very, very softly, barely puffing the words into the dim expanse of the room.

"Hermione, the stairs will let a man pass if he's led up them by a resident of the dormitory..."

"I've see girls try that," she cut in with a panicked edge. "I've even seen a girl wingardium leviosa her boyfriend and drag him through the air like a funfair balloon, but not only do the stairs turn into a slide, there's a klaxon that sounds off louder than a caterwauling charm. We'll wake the whole damn house if you try it," she finished in a frightened whisper.

"Still the most pig-headed, bloody-minded wench in Scotland," he muttered to the ceiling as he dug beneath the neck of his jumper and yanked out a long, thin chain.

Dangling from the loop of chain clasped in his large fist was a plain, gold ring.

He looked into her eyes and gently whispered.

"The stairs will let a man pass if he's led up them by a girl who lives there... a girl who also happens to be his wife."

The penny dropped.

The girl's chest pumped as raw emotion swept over her face.

The man shifted nervously and tucked the ring back down his jumper to rest against his skin.

---

It was some time before she managed to stammer, "But we... you and I aren't..."

The man silenced her by cupping a large, warm hand over her small, cold one. His thumb gently slid across her knuckles.

"When I married Hermione Jean Granger, it was for all of eternity, love. The stars will understand that, and they'll let me pass."

# first steps

**“When I married Hermione Jean Granger, it was for all of eternity, love. The stairs will understand that, and they'll let me pass.”**

Her lips were parted and her face blank as he helped her stand up from the chair and steadied her with a hand at her waist.

She stood like a sleepwalker, with teetering balance as she blatantly stared at him. He gave her hand a gentle tug and pulled her towards the foot of the staircase. He stepped behind the girl and turned her to face the stairs.

"You'll have to go up first," he mumbled softly against her ear as he slowly removed his hand from her waist and slipped the invisibility cloak over his head. With a nervous cough, he engulfed one of her small hands in warm transparency and held it tightly.

The girl came to herself with a sharp breath. She turned to look back at him over her shoulder, but seemed so shocked to find him invisible that the words didn't come. With a vague nod she laced her fingers even more tightly through his, and took the first step.

---

A minute later, his back pressed against the closed door of her bedchamber, the man finally breathed again. He panted and scanned the scene with gentle amusement. A good three-quarters of the room was postered, plastered, glittered and draped in a violent blend of satiny pinks and purples. Quidditch pros, Witch Weekly bachelors and sitarist superstars winked at him from garishly glossy photographs.

The last meagre section of room looked exactly like his own dorm once had, only vastly more tidy, overstocked with books and devoid of all orange and maroon knitting.

"Gonna go out on a limb and guess that's your bed's by the window," he chuckled.

She actually smiled, albeit shyly.

"However did you puzzle out that one?"

She cleared her throat and continued, "I'll warn you now, don't be fooled by the lovely view, I was snookered into that bed. The windowpanes are loose, and they let in the draught like mad. It's freezing this time of year."

"I get baking hot under bedclothes. I'll have you sweating in the sheets, love," he said absently as he dug in his trouser pocket.

The girl went pink-cheeked and looked away. "I didn't know if you were planning... well there are other beds," she stammered.

"Ah, fuck, you didn't mean for us to... Shit. I'm just so... of course, you didn't... yeah, no, of course, I'll kip in one of the... pink ones," he finished awkwardly.

"No," she said with finality.

She tucked a wild curl behind her ear with a shaking hand.

"No, your first instinct was the right one. If someone looked in on us while we were asleep, if Lavender or Parvati popped back by for something in the night... No," she said more firmly. "We'll share my bed and cast an imperturbable charm on the curtains. That's the most secure and least suspicious option. Someone might be alarmed if the door was sealed, but no one would try to open my bed curtains," she reasoned aloud almost more to herself than the man.

The girl's quaking hands belied her calm resolve as she smoothed back her hair.

"Don't suppose you have an en suite," the man mumbled having produced a toothbrush and a small tin of tooth powder from his pocket.

---

"You want to brush your teeth," the girl stared blankly at him until a giddy bubble of laughter gasped out of her.

"Oral hygiene's a cornerstone of good..."

The girl covered her exhausted giggle with both hands.

"The in-laws are dentists, you see" he shrugged smiling.

She let out a mad little chortle of laughter and beamed up at him fondly. "Oh, God, Ron. Marriage has ruined you," she chuckled. "Please promise me that you do still survive entirely on bacon, sweets and chocolate frogs," she sniffled with a smile.

"I keep a stash of frogs in the flat at all times, love," he whispered conspiratorially. "I've got this sock of holding in the cupboard, and..."

"Sock of... Your POCKET," she gasped, "I've read about undetectable extension charms, that's how you're doing it isn't it?"

"Who do you reckon taught me the charm," he grinned back proudly.

She blushed, but her natural curiosity won out, and she plucked at his pocket and bent forward.

"How can you find what you've stored in it? How does it work with larger items?"

She slipped her hand into the pocket up to her elbow and let out a startled laugh.

"Does the hole just accommodate any sized object pushed into it," she blinked up at him with wide, guileless eyes.

The man hissed out a "sshit," as he dropped his hand to palm the suddenly bulging heft of his crotch.

"Maybe you should," he gritted out, and her face went deep red as she yanked her hand out of his front pocket with an echoing pop.

The man's eyes rolled shut of their own volition as an oath quaked out of him.

After a long, awkward pause, the girl stretched her arm out to him.

"Here," she held a small bottle of brown fluid that she'd accidentally extracted from his trousers.

His eyes slid open slowly.

---

"I didn't mean to nick it, but," she lost the plot as he slid a warm hand up her forearm to fasten around her wrist, and he slowly plucked the bottle from her fingers with his other hand.

"Ever heard of essence of dittany," he asked in a deeply rumbling whisper.

He was still holding her wrist.

And dragging his thumb slowly back and forth against her pulse as he breathed.

She stammered before finding her voice.

"Essence of dittany, yes," she heaved a breath. "Yes, I've heard of it. It's a potion brewed from White Dittany, I believe the Latin is dictamnus albus, and it also requires a rare, magical variety of Dittany of Crete, which can only be properly harvested in full moonlight, and..."

"So you've heard of it," he muttered affectionately as he shook the little bottle at her.

She smiled.

"Yes, it's supposed to be brilliant at healing wounds and promoting almost instantaneous skin regeneration as well as providing general anti-inflammatory..."

"Right, you've earned the bottle, Miss Granger," he chuckled, slipped it back into her hand, and remembered to release her arm this time.

He held his hand out as if deciding where it might be safe to touch the girl. With a look of resolve, he balled his fists and tucked them into crossed arms.

The girl, for her part, remained oblivious as she gently sniffed at the bottle of thick liquid and examined the pipet and rubber vacuum bulb in the cap.

"But this must've taken you ages to brew or cost you a fortune if you bought it," she resealed the little bottle reverently. "It's terribly rare."

"I know," he said thickly. "But you see there's this bright girl who fancies me," he swallowed hard. "Silly cow cultivates dittany and brews it year-round now...proper rooftop greenhouse and everything," he looked up at her with wet, blond lashes. "She won't let me leave the flat without it. Got another three phials of it in my trousers," he chuckled. "She tells me it'll save my life one day. I reckon she'd want you to have it, too."

"Thank her for me," she said softly as she backed away from him holding the bit of glass in two hands.



---

He watched and followed quietly as she turned to walk back to her bedside table. He just caught a glimpse of his wand and the bottle being slipped inside the drawer before she turned around with a squeak.

"You really are stunningly stealthy for a man of your size," she marvelled.

He grinned like mad.

"Few men are, my love," he waggled his eyebrows.

"Stealthy?"

"My size."

She rolled her eyes, shook her head and muttered what might have been, "bloody git," as she strode to her ancient, wooden bureau and extracted a folded nightdress. She opened a smaller drawer very quickly, snatched out a fragment of white cotton, and shoved it into the nightdress before turning to him with a blush.

"They have soap and towels in the first years' lavatory," she said in a businesslike tone. "It's a bit of a walk from here, but I think it's safer. The little ones are likely sleeping at this hour and the gentlest sort of redirection barrier could send them to another loo. I don't think a sleepy eleven year-old would even think to question it," she fretted aloud.

He put a large hand to her shoulder.

"S'good plan. Well done," he swallowed softly. "Let's go."

A half-hour later, the girl sat against a thick wood door with her knees pulled under her chin. She cursed forgetting her dressing gown and slippers for the second time as she scrunched her wet, bare feet into closed-toed school sandals, and shivered against the icy, tiled floor.

The tap shut off with a galvanised groan in a steaming stall not twelve feet to her left.

She sucked in a cold breath.

Wet, manly grunts and padded impacts of slick flesh against skin and tile bounced off the cavernous room.

She bit her lip and squeezed her eyes shut taking in every... last... decibel.

A startlingly loud cough brought her head up to face a half-sodden towel cinched low on jutting hipbones.

She couldn't have held back the muttered "bloody hell" if she'd tried.

---

He looked very pleased as he flushed from ears down to sternum and replied, "Sorry, didn't mean to give you a fright."

The man squatted to pick up their bundle of clothing and the girl's gaze fell on his muscled, bare thigh.

Her mouth dropped open.

He was upright in a moment with the invisibility cloak clinging to his wet shoulders as he wiped his dripping fringe back at odd angles and yawned.

She smiled softly up at him.

He furrowed his brow in an unspoken question.

"You just looked very much yourself for a moment," she smiled again almost sadly.

He held out a warm, moist hand and pulled her to her feet.

They walked in silence all the way back up to her dorm room. The man closed her bedchamber door with a solid click as the girl slipped out of her shoes, straightened down her ankle-length nightdress, took out her wand, and slid into the narrow bed. She burrowed under the covers up to her chin and shifted to one side.

The man looked perplexed.

"What," she asked over the mound of bedding.

"I don't sleep in much... get hot as a caldron," he combed back rusty wet hair with his fingers. "Don't want to embarrass you."

"You're wearing a towel," she scoffed. "How have I not already fainted?!"

"Fine. I don't sleep in anything, Hermione," he looked directly at her eyes and saw her cheeks go pink. "I'd sleep in my pants, but after a month of nothing but cleaning charms they're a bit whiffy."

"Ron, are you asking permission to get into this bed naked?"

He gave an awkward nod.

She blinked exactly four times.

"Fine," she very nearly squeaked.

"Ta muchly," the man sighed out as he dug in the pocket of his trousers. Pulling out a curious sort of object, he clicked it once, and all the lights in the bedchamber zipped to his hand and snuffed out.

The girl turned with a question on her lips when a wet towel slapped to the floor, and she caught a flash of white and bruised buttock cheek by moonlight.

---

The man clambered into bed under the sheet and shoved back the top layers of bedding down to the last thin blanket. He elbowed the tiny mattress with a deep grunt as he tried to fit his lanky frame in the allotted space. Finally settling on his side facing her, stripped bare to the waist with his arm for a pillow, he bid her a husky, "G'nite, Hermione, and thanks."

In the entirety of her lifetime, the girl had never once been more awake.

# hot as a caldron

**She jolted awake at half two in the morning to the sound of soft snoring in her ear.**

**The girl was enfolded. Half spooned and half smothered, he'd sealed against her back with his breath in her hair and his long arms under her neck and over her waist.**

**She took in a gasp of icy shock.**

And then, she felt a warm hand the size of a quaffle, rub a sleepy circle on her belly. The man let out a pleasant groan with a gentle buck of his hips.

And then.

"Shit."

"SHIT," he added dragging his numb limb out from under her and sitting upright.

---

"Ow, you prat," she shrieked as his fingers snagged in her thicket of hair.

"What the hell are you...," she rolled over in the narrow bed to glare up at him with her hand still pressed to her stinging scalp.

She took in the look of horror on his face, and her expression softened.

"What's wrong?"

"I'm what's wrong, child, and you can hex me this bloody instant if you like. I am dead sorry."

His face grew visibly blanched and sickly even in the dimly moonlit bed as he fisted a mound of blanket to his crotch.

"I DID NOT mean to touch you," he shook his shaggy head angrily. "I'm too fucking knackered, and you're too like her, and I shouldn't have kipped down in a schoolgirl's bed."

"Stop speaking to me like I'm a bloody infant," she sliced across his thoughts sharply. "I'm as much an adult as you are," she lifted her chin, "if not more so."

"What year is it," he asked with legitimate panic.

"1996."

"It's after September," he gasped under his breath.

"Yes," she said with soft confusion.

"It's between November and March, innit?"

"Yes, it's the thirteenth of December," she answered in a truly baffled whisper. "How do you..."

"Because I remember it all too well. And it means I'm a wanker, you're of age, and Hermione is going to have my goddamn guts for garters if I don't leave this instant," he writhed from the warm tangle of girl and bed linens like a man possessed. Grabbing for the still damp towel, he dragged it under the covers and cinched it around his waist.

"What," she looked unprecedentedly baffled.

"You...you're...you!"

"Well, that's a relief."

He was not impressed.

"It's not just you being you. It's bloody Adult You. That's completely bloody different."

"Ron, you aren't making..."

---

He sat up in bed, adjusted the towel fretfully, and grabbed the bed pillow to his pelvis.

She was not at all pleased.

"It's been four weeks since I've seen her... Harry and I, we've been glamoured... infiltrating..." he trailed off with a shake of his head. "Doesn't matter."

He closed his pale blue eyes, and ran his large hand up his face to fist a hank of ginger hair.

"I didn't think you'd smell like her — all Indian ink and muggle shampoo. I told myself I was just bunking down with an old mate... who er... happened to be an ankle-biter, and bleeding fuck, you're neither one."

"But I don't understa..."

"Listen, I've hardly slept in a month. I miss my wife. I bloody *crave* her. You're her, and you're not, and my fucking prick can't tell the difference, but I can; so I'm leaving before I hump your thigh in my sleep, and I come in my towel right in bloody front of you. Is that clear enough?"

The man looked quite embarrassed when he noticed the fevered, gobsmacked flush he'd put on the girl's face.

He continued more softly, "I know you already hate your Ron right now. The last bloody thing you need is me giving you more reason."

He ripped the bed curtains open, scrabbled for his trousers, and smacked his belt buckle against the wooden bed frame as he shoved his long feet down tangled legs of heavy fabric.

"Wait..."

Her cold little hand pulled at the freckled lean of his bicep, and he allowed her to turn him with a grunt.

"Look at me."

He blinked at her wide, shining eyes in the moonlight.

"If I am so very much like the Hermione you left behind in your time, then you should know that regardless of time or circumstance, I am now and will always be Ronald Weasley's friend," she dropped her voice to a solemn whisper. "If I can trust him with my life, I can certainly trust him in my bed."

She was very earnest.

The laugh exploded out of him.

---

"No, you bloody well can't," he choked through laughter.

"Fucking hell, he's sixteen! He's a walking stiffie right now, love. And no, he'd never force you or hurt you that way. He'd fucking murder anyone who bloody tried. But he's at that age where a bloke's head is 80% spunk, and he's got a permanent hard-on. And, yeah, if you invited that randy little bugger into your bed, he'd be a perfect gentleman," the man laughed out at her. "But in the morning, you'd wake up to a bed flooded with more semen than the muggle Royal Navy."

She was a colour of red beyond reckoning when he gave her a sigh and slung his long legs back over the bed side.

He planted his large, bare feet on the floor with a soft smack. Yanking up the fabric around his waist, and pulling away the towel, he jutted his slim hips and swore as he broke the zip.

Abandoning his belt for the moment, he bowed forwards to struggle a knot from his boot string and fetch something from his improbable pocket, and he slipped into full moonlight.

She let out a single gasp.

Light washed down the length of his spectral back. His lean flanks undulated with every laboured breath.

Like a living clockwork of twisting sinew and bone, the man scrabbled at his unseen task. His belt lay sprawled on the bed, and as he dragged against the mattress, his baggy trousers worked their way down the round meat of his buttocks.

And slipped free.

The girl forgot to breathe.

He was bare to the thighs, writhing and breathtaking in the blue-white light — a lithe, otherworldly, figure all dusted in constellations of freckles and awash in so much milk-glass skin.

She drank him in.

And then she let out a squeak as his head popped up like a burst of copper candy floss.

He gave her a passing glance of reprimand as he arched awkwardly backwards, stretching and squirming desperately to feel for his wedding ring and chain that had slipped from his neck as he slept.

The zip was broken.

She gasped again.

---

In full moonlight, the elephant in the room, sprung from its cotton confines and slapped the concave of his belly.

He cursed a paragraph as he tucked and snatched up handfuls of bedding.

"Stop."

She said the word with enough command to make him take notice, or perhaps it was the fist full of trouser she'd tugged so very firmly at his thigh or the familiar bite of her wand-tip pressed under his ribs.

"You'll be discovered anywhere else in the castle. You said so yourself. This is the safest place. Believe me," she smiled tightly. "No one will EVER look for you here."

"I'll sleep in the fucking Forbidden Forrest, Hermione. Less bloody dangerous." He gritted back looking flushed and wild-eyed.

"Ron, please... please," she griped the trouser fabric with a second tug and dragged his muscled thighs open.

With a voice thick as sodden earth, he groaned, "Fuuuck."

Tugging against his lean bulk she dragged up to her knees and pressed herself to his side, pinning his warm, scarred arm

between them. Then, chucking her wand to the side, she wrapped her slim arms around his chest and clutched the breath out of him.

"It's freezing, Ron," she pleaded softly.

He shut his pale blue eyes.

She whispered, no louder than a breath.

"Please."

The second "fuck" rolled out of him like a sigh, but he sucked in air and gritted out the words, "I'd sooner cut off my arm than leave you again, but I cannot, stay."

He gently broke open the circle of her embrace and peeled her hands from his skin as he shifted under a lapful of bedding to face her where she knelt.

She wouldn't look at him as she spoke the next sentence.

"What if I wanted you to do it?"

He furrowed his freckled brow.

"What if I wanted you?"



---

She rolled her heavy-lidded gaze up to meet his.

"No...," his face flushed as he backed away from her trembling. He fumbled at the snarl of cloth around his hips as he tried to extract a jumper.

"You want me," she said as her line of sight slid down his hollowing abdomen to a hard lump in the blankets.

"That's not. And even if it was. Look, I promised her in front of her parents in bloody fucking dress robes..."

She launched herself forwards and kissed him hard.

"NO," he wailed as he pressed her backwards in a tumble, his long hands clamped to her shoulders.

She was curled beneath him as he knelt over her, his trousers at half-mast, his cock at full.

She lifted an eyebrow.

He shot back to his haunches like a scalded kneazle.

"No," he barked out at her. He snatched up his jumper and fisted it to his groin.

"Why not, Ron," she challenged.

"Why not, Ron... really," she repeated more softly. "Because you know I am exactly the woman you left behind in your time. Yes, she's older, more experienced," she added softly before bristling again.

With a lift of her chin she added, "But I know her to be a perfectly reasonable woman."

"Well, I bloody don't, and she'll..."

"She'll know her own past, and I know my own mind, Ron. We... she and I would understand my... feelings... and we'd understand your unique and difficult situation."

"Would you?"

"I just said I would understand..."

"No, I mean to say, if it had been the Hermione from my time that arrived tonight, if she was up in Your Ron's bed right now all cosy and bloody gorgeous and making herself at home, would she find you to be this bloody understanding?"

She shut her mouth.

"Right. Goodnight, love, it's been nostalgic," he said pulling on his jumper.

---

"I would understand," she said latching onto a handful of his knitted sleeve.

"My freckled arse. You'd scratch her bloody eyes out like a wailing banshee, you would," he chuckled back.

"It is."

"What?"

"Freckled. Your arse really is very freckled," she shifted forwards and grinned at him. Grinned.

"You... you are conniving witch. Stop giving me that smile. You shouldn't even know how to smile like that, you're too young."

Her grin widened.

"You're just... you've resorted to using your... your scarlet wiles on me because I've won the row. You know she'll banish my bloody bollocks if I shag you, and..."

"She would be put out at first, yes, but I am capable of reason, and technically, since she is me, that is to say, I'm her... Oh, sod it."

She clutched his face with both hands and with stunning lack of skill, shoved her tongue through his red lips and squirmed it in his mouth until he pulled her free with a pop.

"Damn it, Ron. Why," she spat out at him struggling.

He panted blankly at her.

"Why, for the love of Merlin, won't you please just bloody well fuck me, Ron?"

He dropped his mouth open for a full five seconds before proclaiming.

"Bugger me."

Then he clawed the bed frantically and mined it for his inconveniently, invisible cloak whilst chanting a litany of, "Shit. shit. Arse-buggering shit..."

"Am I too repugnant to... to fuck? What the bloody hell is wrong with me?" she flung the words at him, tears leaking down her florid cheeks.

"Stop swearing," he mumbled adamantly.

"WHAT?!"

---

He legitimately winced at her tone, gave a desperate glance and snatch at her discarded wand on the bed top and flicked a muffliato charm at the door.

Silence.

"How... Bloody... DARE... YOU..."

Each word grew exponentially louder until he, before she could even register the movement, sent a twisting flick of the wand towards her flushing throat and muted her.

Apoplectic.

Rage.

It rained off the girl in waves as her pretty lips formed silent words so castigatingly filthy that the man choked on saliva before throwing up his long palms in surrender.

"M'sorry! I'll lift it, just... I'm trying to keep my head, Hermione. I can't be found here, and I can't give you what you're asking. And when you swear like that, it's," he ran his shaking palm through his hair. "It's distracting."

He slumped back to sit heavily on his heels at the foot of the bed, cast a reparo on his trouser zip, gestured the wand at her neck, and then tossed it to the bed at her side.

The sound of her audible breathing filled the bed length between them.

"You...," she seemed not to be able to find a word vulgar enough to call him; so she crossed her arms and flared her nostrils instead.

"Hermione, I..."

"What do you mean distracting," she cut back at him.

"Wha..."

"How is my swearing distracting," she asked in a dangerously calculating tone and with audible quote marks around the word.

"It doesn't matter."

"Why is it distracting when I say words like, *fuck*, Ron," she asked in a voice hard with anger and something else.

She slipped her palms to the bed and eased forward.

"Stop it."

"Does it make you think about fucking me?"

She awkwardly slinked towards him in a slow crawl.

---

She was entirely too close to him when she arched up to her knees and met him eye-level.

"What kind of a word would you rather hear... come out of my mouth, Ron?"

She breathed against his chin, blushed a staggering red, and finished very softly, "Would you like to hear a 'cock' come out of my mouth?"

Her pink, little, tongue tip hadn't finished pressing the last consonant through her teeth when he violently sucked it into his mouth.

She, in turn, sucked the air from his lungs when two freckled hands palmed her bottom with a primal, yanking knead. As he rolled and splayed her, even through thin layers of nightdress and knickers, the frigid night air shot inside her. She jolted hard in his arms with a muffled scream.

He broke the kiss like a man drowning and held her out from his chest scanning her face and body for signs of hurt or injury.

She hung in his arms, limp and drugged, as she blinked at him.

"FUCK! That's why, Hermione," he screamed at her. "That's why I can't do it. It's not right, and it's not fair," he cried out pleadingly.

She looked utterly confused.

"You're a child, Hermione," he groaned out miserably.

Her eyes snapped wide awake.

"What," she sliced the word into him.

He sniffed and blinked his blond, wet lashes.

"You're a little girl, Hermione. I can't..."

"I'm an adult, Ron."

He shot up from the bedside and paced furiously.

"I know you've had your bloody birthday. I'm not talking about how many candles were stuck on your fucking cake," he growled. "You aren't," he grunted in frustration at his fisted hand. "There's too many years between us, Hermione."

"You can't be ten years older, and even if you are, that's hardly..."

"Twenty."

"Oh, pull the other one, Ron. You're most certainly not twenty years older than..."

---

"I'm twenty years old."

The gale in her lungs died in her throat.

"You're..."

Her lips fell slack.

"Three years, Ron."

"My God, what's happened to..."

"I would spare you those years if I could," he said softly.

"Oh, Ron."

Very slowly, she took his large hand.

He let her pull him to sit on the bed. The wind clattered a loose bit of stained glass in the window at her bedside, and they sat together in silence.

"You said it wasn't fair," she finally whispered. "I know you have a certain advantage in that you know her, us, so well, apparently," her cheeks coloured all the more. "But I would do my best to make things as equitable as..."

"Not fair to him," he swallowed.

"Him?"

"Ron."

She frowned.

"Ron...", he said with an adamant jerk of his head. "That fucking, gangly asshole up there in his sweaty sheets wanking his bloody prick raw over you... 'member him?"

"Of course, I..."

"He's MAD for you," he growled back.

"He's shagging a tart!" she snapped in retort in spite of herself.

"No he's not," he whispered back. "Lav wasn't a... she was... brave...", his voice trailed off. "He's just trying to make you see he's danceable to someone."

"Then why doesn't he just? You know how I feel."

"But he doesn't, does he? And you know it."

"But I've shown my regard for him in countless ways, and I invited him to accompany me..."

"How did Lav do it?"

---

"Do what," she snapped.

"How'd she woo him, love," he almost smiled.

"She threw herself at him and snogged his gormless face off like a trollop."

"Worked, dinnit?"

She huffed.

"Didn't bloody work on you," she added petulantly.

"Didn't work, my arse," he rumbled back at her with a crooked grin.

She bit her lip, and looked away.

After a few long moments, he added in a hushed, earnest voice.

"We're not bloody seers, Hermione, him and me. And as for him, poor sod. You think that ferrety, little, Malfoy tosser could lay into him? All those insults. That rubbish was as soft as pigmy puff shit compared to the dead fucking hatred your Ron screams at himself in his own bloody head."

His bone-white knuckles shifted a fist full of sheet as he stared through the warbled windowpane into the night.

"He wasn't born like you. He wasn't special. He didn't know his worth in this world."

"But..."

"Growing up, he never had a thing that was brand new, Hermione. 'Cept for the food in his belly and a bloody precious few gifts over the years, everything that boy has ever owned, has been someone else's first. Even that new wand of his in third year, it's one of Ollivander's refurbished ones. He's ashamed to tell you. Belonged to a great uncle of ours — dead five hundreds now. He was so skint, they flogged his shit to bury him. And yes, before that brain of yours runs mental, yes, the wand chose your Ron, but he's dead sure it chose him out of pity."

She slid her hand up his sleeve and he caught her by the wrist.

"Hermione," he said more sharply. "The boy never had a chance in his whole bloody life to hold something brand new that felt like his own..." he swallowed.

"Until you."

Her soft expression went flinty.

"And no, you will never be a thing to be owned, I don't intend to imply that..."

---

"But clearly you intend to imply that I am a 'thing' that will lose its lustre if ever I am used," she snapped with venom as she leapt from the bed in a blur of billowing, white cotton and brown, wooly curls to stand in front of him. Then, she wrenched his chin up to meet her gaze and planted her fists firmly on her hips.

He looked categorically afraid.

"Brand new, my arse," she poked his breastbone quite hard. "And to what kind of barbarically antiquated notion of brand newness are you referring, Mr. Weasley?"

She clamped his wrist in her cold hand, dragged his limb to her breast, and smashed the small, cloth-covered plumpness into his gobsmacked palm.

He gasped.

"Oh, dear, will this tarnish my bright shining newness?!? Am I used now, Mr. Weasley?!"

"That's not," he retorted.

She shoved him from her chest and dragged up a two handfuls of nightdress as he gaped like a man confounded.

Curling, dark tendrils of her thundercloud of hair clung to her cheeks with static. Moonlight washed down her skin as the gossamer hair on her arms and thighs pulled to tight goose flesh.

He let out a ragged breath.

"Am I too used and worn now," she said in a small, voice. "Am I so filthy and handed-down that he won't..."

She didn't seem to realise that she was crying until he'd awkwardly wrapped the gown around her and pressed a wrinkled corner of it to her cheek.

"Please, Hermione," he rumbled softly into her hair. "You know that wasn't what I meant to..."

"I know exactly what you meant," she said in a quiet, snuffle as she pulled back from his long arms clutching her makeshift covering. "I even know you meant it fondly. But you would have me...", she searched for words as her wet voice hardened. "You would... you would play the role of Father Christmas to him and present me like some toy broom he gets to unwrap for its first fly."

"You've got the wrong end of the..."

"You would have me be some prize to offer him as if I have no say in who or when I choose to love."

---

"Would you bloody listen to me!?"

His warm palms engulfed her face and neck as his thumbs swept wet ringlets back from her cheeks.

"Please..."

She sniffed.

"With you...", he swallowed thickly, "that first time... it was the best bloody night of my life up 'til then... never been so fucking happy. And you. Bleeding hell, you were brilliant."

He slid his hands from her neck and fisted them in his lap.

"I was absolute shit, Hermione. Couldn't find the hole to save my life. I fumbled in your... area... like I was digging knuts out of my pocket."

"I'm sure it wasn't," she caught herself, "Why are you telling me all of this? This doesn't change the fact that..."

"Your Ron will be shite in bed, just like I was."

"What?"

"Hermione taught me all I know about how to please a woman, and I was a fucking apt pupil, love."

"Oh, my God. So you think after one night of your superlative love-making, I would chuck Ron one day if he didn't immediately meet my overly inflated expectations?!"

"Well, not when you say it like... And that's not even the whole bloody... It's," he flicked his glance downwards and dropped his voice. "It is a bit larger now, with me getting taller and all."

"Oh. My. God."

"What? Size is dead serious to a bloke, and if your Ron gets his kit off, and you give his prick one of 'Those Looks' of yours..."

"What on earth are you..."

"It's that look you give me when I've made a real dog's breakfast of my potions essay, but you're willing to help me sort it."

"I..."

"Exactly."

She stared at him with her brow tightly furrowed for a very long moment before responding.



---

"So, let's clarify, shall we? Your selfless refusal to have sexual intercourse with me was based entirely on objections of age, infidelity, and fairness, which are now moot because we are adults so close in age it's laughable; you cannot cheat on me with myself; and because you are mistaken in your belief that I give a single damn about how lengthy or minuscule Ron's penis may be at the moment..."

"Well, it's not bloody minuscule! I mean I started being above average 'round fourth year," he huffed.

She slung her garment to the ground, pushed him to the bed, straddled his narrow hips, and planted her small hand against his pounding heart.

Her resolve flickered and died, and for a moment, she looked terribly lost.

"I've waited so long for him..." she said thickly. "Waited for him to see himself as I see him... for him to be the extraordinary man he can be... he will be."

She swallowed hard and finally looked him in the eye.

"I have waited so, so long. And by some miracle of chance and magic, he's in my bed tonight."

The young man made a raw, aching sound as his long hands wrapped around her thighs.

"Please, Ron. You know the years ahead of me. You know how long I'll wait. Please give me this."

She let out a gasp as he palmed up her spine to the base of her skull and sunk his long fingers home in her curls.

He kneaded her round, little buttock with his large, left hand as he tucked her beneath him and rolled them. She landed on her back with her legs limp off the bed as he sucked on a precise bit of her throat. His long legs were braced against the floor as he ground an icy, newly-mended zip against a boiling, wet patch of knickers.

She let out a groan that rolled down to her hips.

A quavering "shit" slipped from him as he pushed up away from her onto his rigid, scarred arms and furrowed his brow. The quarrel of guilt, concern, and so much desire was written on his face.

She breathed up at him with warm, treacle-coloured eyes and plead in a whisper, "Ron, no—please—come back."

The memory tore a strangled sob out of him.

He was hers.

---

Pale skin flashed like lightening as he ripped at his jumper and wrestled off the lot of his clothing like a rutting beast.

She gazed up at him wide-eyed from her halo of tangled curls, fanning dark and silken across the sheet.

As he whipped down and kicked off the last vestige of clothing, he stood before her breathing silently like a lean-muscled spectre born of moonlight.

Then he lifted his bright copper head to face her.

Naked. Fathomless. Want.

It pinned her breathless to the bed beneath him.

He clamped dragging suction down her neck as she shuttered.

Then, she swore aloud when his swollen red lips sucked a line of fire up her shoulder into the soft curls behind her ear.

With a movement so deliberate and practiced it jolted her, he swept back from her, grasped two ankles, shoved her heels to buttocks, and pushed her across the bed. His gaze all but burned as he shifted to kneel beside her, and he slipped a long arm under her still bent knees. He swept her legs up, caught both ankles in one long hand, and ran the palm of his other down the back of her leg to tuck under her bottom.

His fingers curled possessively over the elastic of her knickers, but he stilled, looking her in the eyes.

She breathed at him a for pregnant pause before giving the smallest, jerking nod.

He yanked the coiling twist of knickers off her bottom and up her legs and crashed his mouth into her before she could even exhale. Her buttocks were palmed up off the bed into his large, warm hands like he was cupping a draught of water from a clear stream. He drank her greedily.

The girl keened to a panting arch.

His guttural growl pushed through her womb as he plunged his tongue into her.

Her flushed breasts heaved wildly over her billowing ribs as she fought for breath.

Thick lips sucked in pink, ruffled flesh as he gently worked his teeth on her. He leisurely hoovered upwards, exploring with his long nose buried in drenched, musky curls, until he found his goal and latched onto it like a ravenous suckling.

The girl literally screamed.

He lifted his concerned, wet face with a squelching pop.

---

And he was replanted face-down that instant by two small fists full of ginger hair.

Squeezing her arse cheeks half bloodless, he lowered her hips to the bed and followed hard after. Grinding his thick mouth into throbbing, ecstatic flesh, he sucked her until she was swollen hard and aching as the breathless minutes ticked by.

Finally, still chin deep in her, he surfaced just long enough to gasp, "Wand." She foggily swept her arms out and snapped the wood into his palm. Without a word, he cast an intricate silencing charm on the door to the room, and dropped the wand to the bed.

Then, with a smug, wet grin, he sucked her through his teeth, drove a long finger hilt deep, and pumped hard and sure against a jolting patch of nerves the girl hadn't thought she possessed.

Unadulterated shock washed over her face with obliterating pleasure as she throbbed limp and bucking beneath him. His low, rumbling chuckle made her clench wet arousal out between his fingers.

He grinned all the wider, and flicked his finger still locked inside her.

"S'too much," she whispered breathlessly.

He eased his hand forward slowly and manipulated it very deliberately.

Ecstasy dragged a raw cry out of her chest.

"Ronnnn..."

He smashed a mad grin into her burning clitoris and ploughed two fingers in as she thundered a second coming.

He was laughing out loud when she bucked him off with a heel to the ribs. He caught her dragging up the bed and softly bit her round bottom before spooning long and lean behind her with his lips on her neck.

She rested a shaky hand on the arm he'd wrapped around her waist.

"Think I need a minute," she sighed out.

"You're knackered, love," he nuzzled the musky, wet words behind her ear. "Get some rest."

"But..."

"Loads of time 'til dawn. Sleep."

He reached down and drew the heavy blanket up over them, pulled her bare body tightly against his, and held her while her breathing dropped slow and heavy.

# five

**It was half four in the morning.**

**Sweat ran down the whipcord hollows of his pale throat as he worked her body with his lips, tongue and gently nipping teeth.**

**She was panting and as glossy red as a ripe, wet berry when nuzzled her mound with his long nose.**

**He pushed up to his knees between her still trembling thighs, and wiped his dripping chin with an entirely self-satisfied smile.**

**“Another?”**

He grinned the question out at her.

"Honestly... half a mo, Ron... I'm..."

---

"Dead impressed?"

"Shattered actually. I've never... so many... I mean I'd read, but..."

He chuckled as he picked her limp leg up by the ankle and squeezed at the calf with practiced ease.

"Oh, that feels good."

"You've got to stop standing tiptoe on those dodgy old library chairs for hours on end. You could summon those fifty stone books of yours down, you know. Always forgetting you're a witch," he tutted softly as he manipulated the muscle.

She grinned sleepily at him as minutes passed, then nudged him with her other foot. He switched his ministrations to the neglected leg with a good natured huff.

Her eyes fluttered shut contentedly and her breathing evened.

"You've been awake for weeks," he whispered with dawning comprehension. "Bloody ginger pillock, he's supposed to be making sure you don't..."

"Mm," she stirred.

"Sleep, love. I have to be off soon," he said with a kiss to her ankle as he placed her leg back on the bed.

"But we haven't..."

"Haven't we?"

"You haven't," she blinked her, suddenly alert, brown eyes. "I don't intend to say that what you did wasn't..."

"Fucking brilliant."

"Oh, GOD yes," she grinned back at him. "But I didn't just want..."

"Four orgasms?"

She looked at him in a very Hermione-like way.

"Reckon anyone calls that a fourgasm," he asked smiling.

"Ron, I wanted you, All of you," she flicked her glance to the 'all of him' that she'd implied.

"Woman, I'll be taking my tea through a straw for a week as it is. Think you broke my jaw on number three, and I still can't feel these two fingers," he saluted them at her cheekily. "Dunno what that eager beaver of yours would do to my poor, unsuspecting cock," he added with a crooked grin.

---

"That reminds me," she began with a gasp.

"Reminds you of bloody what," he asked a bit too loudly.

"Of other nights that I've spent having my vagina ravished by future Rons, you git," she snapped back whilst very nearly laughing. "Stop looking at me so suspiciously. It reminds me that I wanted to ask you why nothing — *hurts*. Your hands really are quite large and enthusiastic, and I'd read there might be..."

"Essence of Dittany."

He slipped the bottle from under her pillow.

"I think I," he frowned. "You bled a bit after the first one tonight. I've been applying drops of the dittany as I went. It's dead clever. Learned it from you, of course. It was something she thought of for our first go at it. She said it would make it easier for our second go at it, which I was ready for in about ten fucking seconds," he smiled wistfully.

The girl stared up at him with an expression so fond and so tender, he had to look away.

He didn't meet her gaze until she'd crawled up to her knees. He was sitting slumped back on his heels, muscled thighs pressed to calves and spread wide. She carefully edged between them to graze a kiss against his mouth. As his long hand settled on her hip, she lifted an eyebrow and whispered.

"Stay," she ordered gently.

He gave her a searing half-smile, but slipped his hand to his side and let her continue.

She ran awkward hands across the white sinew of his wiry chest and dragged through a triangular patch of downy, transparent ginger hair. He grunted when she arched to lick at a pink nipple. He flinched when she sucked it.

"Good to know," she smiled.

"Enjoying yourself?"

"Immensely," she replied running two, cold hands down the length of his ribs to rest on his jutting hipbones. With a shiver, she slid her hands down to claim two handfuls of muscled thigh as she gave his nipple a bit of teeth.

"That's dirty Quidditch, love," he groaned.

"Sorry," she whispered in a voice devoid of repentance as she pushed up from his strong thighs to look into his eyes.

Cupping his thickly freckled, pink shoulders, she pulled his body towards hers and began to run her hands down his very long arms.

---

She looked startled as her fingers traced a puckered, sunken void in the solid meat of his bicep.

"You saved my life that day, he whispered as his large hand covered hers, and he dragged her palm to a set of burn scars on his abdomen. "Saved my arse this time as well, and you talked me into riding a dragon."

"Damn it, Ron, be serious," she said with soft swat to his navel.

"Dead serious, love."

She studied his face in the darkness.

"You are, aren't you?"

Flicking her gaze to his temple, she pushed back his shaggy ginger hair to find a fine, blood-red scar.

"What about this one?"

He closed his blond lashes as she traced the scar with her fingertip.

"Got smacked about the head by this witch, mad as a bag of ferrets, she was. Her ring was hexed. Sliced me open."

"And did I save you that day as well?"

"We both needed saving that day," he whispered.

As if she could see the memory taking him, the girl bit her lip and acted.

His eyes flew open with a hard grunt as she wrapped her cold, little hand around the boiling length of him. She gave him a gentle, experimental tug and gasped as silken firmness hardened to tempered steel.

His hands shook as he fumbled her wand from under a pillow and cast a wordless incantation across the two of them. A warm glow faded into her abdomen.

He swallowed half a breast as she wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him down with her.

The girl's face was blood red and wild as he sucked the life from her nipples and ground arousal-slicked knuckles into her pulsing body. He slid three fingers deep and circled a long thumb so purposefully that she would have laughed had it been physically possible.

With all the reserves of her will, she managed, "Now."

He pulled back wet-cheeked and pink.

"Too small," he panted, "M'gonna hurt you."

---

She blinked up at his young, beautiful face.

"I know."

And after a long breath, she added softly.

"It's worth it."

His mouth smashed into hers, and he swallowed her scream as he ploughed home hard and balls-deep.

"I know. I know. M'sorry...m'sorry," he puffed the words against her skin like a supplication. "She said when we first... she said it would've been better if I'd done it like yankin' off a plaster," he pled against her throat. "M'so fucking sorry."

The girl bucked her hips against him.

His eyes shot open as he searched her smiling face.

Smiling.

"You..."

She kissed the words out of his head as she bucked again impatiently. He gave a gentle thrust of his clenched hips.

She actually tsked.

He looked tremendously offended.

"Ron," she spoke in a voice reserved for instruction. "Fuck me like I'm Hermione."

His jaw twitched with a hard smile.

The girl swore his name raggedly as he flung two limp legs over his shoulders and pistoned into her. Her bottom bowed up off the bed as he braced hard and rutted.

A litany of profanity spilled from her as he pounded the spot inside her relentlessly, and he contorted his wiry shoulder to shove his hand where his pelvis ground into hers. His hand was a glossy blur as he played her nerve endings like an instrument.

She came like a wailing dragon.

Literally.

Her raw magic smouldered on the singed-black bed curtains as he hitched and gasped a month's worth of come against her cervix in five hard thrusts.

"Fuuuukin'eilll," he groaned out as he collapsed onto her sweaty bosom.



---

The girl would have agreed if he hadn't pushed the breath out of her. She settled for clenching tightly around the bit of him still inside her and rolling her hips.

"Right. One more it is," he replied to her breast with a kiss.

# debriefing: part 1

**“So, according to the pensieve transcript from your partner's debriefing,” the older man gestured towards the younger with an open scroll of parchment.**

**“Am I to understand that this,” he looked at the text, “this ‘particularly anomalous, spherically shaped, exploding time distortion’ as your partner describes it... this thing incinerated your fleeing perpetrator, your issued operational gear, and your clothing, but left you and your wand unscathed?”**

**“Not exactly, sir.”**

The tall, ginger-haired young man shifted uncomfortably in the borrowed, calf-length robes.

“Illuminate me, Auror Weasley.”

---

"Well, sir, the situation was – well, I was quite disoriented, you see, and..."

"You were so disoriented, in fact, that you entirely missed hearing your deluminator signal that Auror Potter had located you, a fact confirmed by your, and I quote, distinctive snoring,"

"Well, I was dead knackered at the time, and..."

"And as a consequence of your lack of vigilance, your partner deemed it necessary to cast an intertemporal summoning charm, climb partially through the vortex himself, and haul you bodily from that time to this."

The older man took a long breath.

"Do you have any idea how dangerous that fucking spell is to the castor and the summoned individual? Furthermore, do you have any bloody notion how much more dangerous it is for him to have breached it to drag your sorry arse back?!?"

"Yes, sir," he swallowed. "I take full responsibility, sir. Harry was only trying to get me home."

"Auror Potter acted like a bloody, impulsive fool and could've killed you both," the older man groaned out as he rubbed the bridge of his wide nose.

"He was rescuing an unconscious, fellow Auror from hostile territory, sir. For all he knew, I could have been in..."

"You were in bloody bed linens," he glared up at the blushing man. "He found you wrapped in a fucking sheet with your wand and wedding ring dangling from your neck on a red and gold tie – a schoolgirl's tie."

"Like I said, I was quite disoriented, sir."

"Ron," his dark coffee eyes almost smiled as he shook his head at the younger man. "I've already given Harry a fucking bollocking, not that it will do a bit of good. He's as pigheaded as you are."

"Sir, I was wondering if..."

"No, neither of you two pillocks are getting a formal reprimand. Can you imagine the bloody press coverage on this shite?"

"Stop smirking, Weasley," the older man warned. "You two were lucky bastards this morning. But you can't depend on luck. You're not just Aurors, and you know it. The lads, the girls, they look up to you. Hell... I look up to you. You've got a world of people depending on you. It's not just your scrawny arse you're risking anymore."

---

The freckle-faced man burned crimson from his scalp down, and muttered to the tile floor.

"M'sorry, Kings."

"Don't be sorry, son. Be careful," and with a smile in his voice he added. "So, I have a meeting with the junior head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement tomorrow morning. She'll hear my report on your mission. Please tell me that I'm not going to be hexed in that meeting, Auror Weasley."

"No, sir. I'll see to it."

"Do that."

As the ginger-headed man stood to leave, the other man added, "I've seen her jinx a death eater from a thestral, Ron. Best of luck, mate."

## debriefing: part 2

He'd only just charmed the flat door locked when he found himself holding two armfuls of frantically snogging woman.

"These aren't your robes.

Your lip.

Oh God, where did Harry find you," she mumbled into his Adam's apple.

"1996."

She stopped dead...

pulled back to look him in the eye....

and then, very slowly, smiled.

"You fucking bitch," he laughed out dropping her to stand on the floor and stepping back to catch hold of her two hands.

---

"You," he sighed out as he dragged up her hand to plant a kiss on its palm, "You could've told a bloke."

"You know, I couldn't," she answered softly. "I gave you my word with Harry's life as the forfeit. You know I couldn't break that vow."

"S'pose so," he answered softly as he gently ran his large hands up and down her forearms.

"Besides," she began in an entirely different tone, "it wouldn't have been the same if you'd known what was... coming."

She grinned wickedly as she slipped her hands to his shoulders and eased closer.

He tried to look stern.

"You know I've felt guilty as fucking sin over it, don't you?"

She lifted an immaculate eyebrow.

"I'm bloody serious, woman! I was stricken," he knocked his large fist against his breastbone, "I was stricken to my very marrow with guilt-ridden consternation."

"Stop seducing me with vocabulary," she smiled back at him. "It's unnecessary for the moment," she added with amusement.

She ran her thumb over the fresh scar on his lip as his eyes settled closed. She gave the mark a brief, soft kiss and pulled back again before continuing.

"I'm not angry because you shagged a seventeen year-old virgin and bloody enjoyed it, my darling."

His ears flamed red as he crooked a grin at her and blinked his eyes open.

"I can assure you, she enjoyed it every bit as much as you did, Ron."

"It was all right s'pose," he said smugly. "Course, she was eager and all. But bloody hell, woman," he cupped a large, warm hand between her thighs and nuzzled the side of her neck. "The shit you do with this of body of yours. It's bloody dark magic, love," he growled against her ear.

Sliding two delicately quaking hands down the back of his trousers, she gave a hard squeeze as he yelped.

She pulled back with eyebrow still lifted.

"That's your handiwork, love. Jinxing and dragging my poor arse through a castle only to bang it into a bedpost," he puffed out his thick bottom lip and added pitifully, "I've got purple patch the size of a bludger back there."

---

"Oh, dear," she tutted as she gingerly slipped her hands down the fabric once more to rub gentle circles on his bottom.

"I believe I can ease your suffering, Ron," she pushed a kiss against his open mouth.

"Yeah," he husked the question back at her as his eyes fluttered shut.

"Oh, yes," she moaned gently as she tugged up two handfuls of muscle, crushed his erection against her belly, and ground a pubis bone into his thigh.

"How y'reckon to help," his hips jerked against her involuntarily as she pulled a hand free and slid it down his pelvis.

He gasped hard.

"Well, I've got bruise removal paste. Did you know you're not wearing underpants," she asked conversationally as the man swore into her hair at the work of her hand.

"FuckingEllPleaseDoanStop," he groaned as she pulled back.

"Come up the stairs to bed, Ron," she said backing away with a knowing smile.

"You're evil," he half-grinned as he worked to free his clothing-throttled cock.

His smirking wife backed up the stairway as she watched him wrestling a tangle of snug trousers and pants down just far enough to spring free.

"Can't be arsed," he replied to himself. Then he turned, awkwardly bound at the hips, and began to waddle and bounce his way up the stairs.

"It's good to know the art of seduction isn't dead," she giggled above him. "Hold still, you lunatic."

She pulled out her wand and delicately swirled it in a complicated gesture. A blue mist settled over him. Then, his clothing slipped through his body as if it were as insubstantial as air.

"Bloody cool," he grinned up at her.

"It's a new one."

"Dead useful," he smirked.

He lifted his long foot through his boot and placed a bare foot solidly on the next wooden stair.

---

"How does it know the bloody difference between clothes and stairs," he mumbled. "Fuck, you're clever," he added pulling his other foot free.

She flicked her wand again and blue smoke curled off of him.

"There," she replied, "in case you wanted to wear clothing again. Although, I rather prefer you this way," she added smiling.

She squeaked and ran as he loped naked and swinging up two stairs at a time.

He caught her up against their bedroom door and caged her in long freckled limbs as he nipped at her ear, and she giggled.

He dropped to a squat and pulled her shirt from her waistband. She teased him softly as she ran her fingers through his hair "Shall I put on those muggle underthings first. You do so love tearing them off," she chuckled lightly.

"No time," he mumbled into her belly.

"I may have something even better," she smirked.

"What," he asked between suctioning her belly and running a long hand up her back to the bra clasp.

"I do still have that nightdress."

The man pulled back with a wet slurp and panted up at her.

"Pop it on, shall I," she grinned back at him.

"FUCKyesss," he hissed out.

And with that, he hoisted his squealing wife up on his wide shoulder, pushed through the door, and slammed it closed with a kick.

*the end*