

# Choices of the Heart

by luvcharlie

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## One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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*"You- complete- arse- Ronald- Weasley!"*

*She punctuated every word with a blow: Ron backed away, shielding his head as Hermione advanced.*

*"You- crawl- back- here- after- weeks- and- weeks...oh, where's my wand?"...The invisible shield erupted between Ron and Hermione..."Give me back my wand! Give it back to me!...I came running after you! I called you! I begged you to come back!... You come back after weeks--- weeks...and you think it's all going to be all right if you just say sorry?"*

*"Well, what else can I say?" Ron shouted...*

*Deciding that it was at last safe to do so, Harry removed the Shield Charm with a wave of Hermione's wand and turned to Ron...Hermione...then climbed back into her bed and settled down without another word...*

*"About the best you could hope for, I think," murmured Harry.*

*"Yeah," said Ron. "Could've been worse. Remember those birds she set on me?"*

*"I still haven't ruled it out," came Hermione's muffled voice from beneath her blankets, but Harry saw Ron smiling slightly as he pulled his maroon pyjamas out of his rucksack."*

Deathly Hallows, The Silver Doe, Pgs. 379-381; 386-387 (American HB version).

~~♥~~

Ron lay awake in his bunk, glad to be back, even if Hermione's greeting had been less than welcoming. The sound of Hermione's muffled sobs reached his ears, though it sounded as if she was doing her best to hide them.

Ron climbed from his bunk as quietly as possible. *How to do this without getting hexed?* Her wand was always close by, even when she slept. He wasn't sure whether he

should whisper something and alert her to his presence, or if that would only make the temptation to hex him more appealing. He had expected her to be angry, but her reaction upon his return was—well, it was far more intense than anything he had anticipated.

He had never seen her lose control like she had earlier in the evening. *A bit frightening really.* Hermione was always the level-headed one of the three. She was the one who maintained control when he and Harry lost their tempers; the voice of reason in times of chaos.

He was puzzled by her tears, but Ron could only assume it was because he had betrayed their friendship. Best friends didn't abandon one another. Maybe she was angry he had come back. Perhaps she liked things better when he was gone. The reasons running through his mind of why she would have preferred to be alone with Harry hurt him more than he cared to think about. After all, just because Harry thought of Hermione as a sister didn't mean she necessarily felt the same.

His next conversation with Hermione was not going to be pleasant regardless, and he could put it off or get it over with. Typically he would have chosen to put it off as long as possible, but another muffled sob made his decision for him. He couldn't stand to hear her cry. She didn't cry often, and if hexing him would make her stop, so be it. He had been a prat for walking out, but was instantly sorry he had done so. *Well, no time like the present to face her wrath.*

"Hermione, you okay?" he whispered through the small curtain that hung around her bunk.

There was no response.

"Come on, Hermione. I know you're not asleep. I want to talk to you. Open the curtain."

"Go away, Ron," she choked out, her voice hoarse.

Fully expecting to encounter her wand, Ron pulled back the curtain and sat down on the side of her bunk. "I'm not going anywhere till you talk to me."

"Why not? Leaving is what you do best."

"I deserve that."

"You deserve much worse." Her voice rose in volume with each word, as did her anger.

"Ssh. Do you want to wake Harry?"

"Oh, like you care. We were better off without you, so why don't you just go away?" And with those final words, she rolled over to face the side of the tent and presented him with her back.

"You're being a bit harsh, don't you think? I said I made a mistake, and I've told you I'm sorry. What more can I do?" *His heart sank with the confirmation. She had not wanted him to return.*

She refused to look at him. *Damn her! She was so frustrating sometimes.* He saw her wand protruding from under her pillow, and with her back to him, she didn't notice when he took it.

Ron used the wand to cast a quick silencing spell on the curtain, showed Hermione he had it, and got off the bunk and drew the curtain to see if he could hear her yelling from the other side. He was pleased to find the spell had worked.

He had no doubt, if the opportunity presented itself, she would hex his bits off, and because he rather liked them as they were, he placed Hermione's wand on his own bunk safely out of her reach. There was a muffled laugh from the bunk below his own where Harry was supposed to be sleeping.

"What are you laughing at?" Ron whispered. The Silencing Charm only worked one way, and Hermione could still hear them, so he attempted to keep his voice quiet.

"What she must look like behind that curtain. Bet her face is red, as put out with you as she is. Good idea," Harry nodded, indicating the wand Ron had just placed on his bunk, "you know, if you plan to keep all of your body parts functional."

"Yeah, and I don't doubt which parts she'd aim for, given the chance."

"You sure a Silencing Charm was a good idea? I won't be able to hear you if you need help on the other side of that curtain," Harry whispered.

"Yeah, well whatever she does, I figure, I've earned most of it. Don't reckon it'd be too smart to put a wand where she can reach it though, you know?"

Ron started toward Hermione's bunk and only turned back when he heard Harry say, "Good luck, mate. She wants to hear what you've got to say or she would already be out of bed and screaming her head off."

"Not really. She stayed in the bed because I put a Sticking Charm on it to keep her from getting out."

"Smart thinking," said Harry, rolling back over in his bunk to go to sleep, "until it wears off."

With those final words, Ron hurried back across the tent, pulled back the curtain and climbed inside before Hermione could knock him off the bed onto his arse. She might not be able to get out of the bed, but he didn't think the Sticking Charm was strong enough to stop her from kicking him and sending him tumbling to the floor. He had never been all that good at them. In fact, he expected her to attempt that very thing and was quite surprised when she didn't move.

She was fuming when he pulled the curtain closed behind him. "What do you think you're doing? Get out of my bed, you sorry, self-absorbed, thickheaded, egotistical pain in the arse. Just who do you think you are?"

Luckily, the Sticking Charm had worked better than he could have hoped. She was stuck, not only to the bed, but in the exact position she had been lying in when the spell was cast. She was still lying on her side facing the side of the tent. Ron smiled, thankful that she had been lying far enough over on the bunk so as to leave room for him to climb in beside her, though it was still a tight fit. He lay down behind her, his chest against her back, the backs of her bare thighs pressing warmly against his own thin pyjama bottoms. The Sticking Charm wouldn't hold much longer, so he wrapped an arm tightly around her narrow waist to prevent her from moving once she was physically able to do so.

It was impossible not to notice how nicely her bottom fit against him. His erection was pressing against her backside, and through the thin pyjama bottoms, which were all he was wearing. She must have noticed.

"Now, like I was saying, I want to talk to you," he said.

"Well, I *don't* want to talk to you," she spit back at him.

"Will you listen then?" he whispered against her neck, hearing her gasp when his warm breath made contact with her skin.

"You say that like I have a choice." she replied, still unable to move.

He was thankful she couldn't see the smirk on his face. He rarely had the upper hand with her and figured he might as well enjoy it when he did, since she was certainly going to make sure he paid for it later. That part would be a bit less enjoyable.

"When I am able to move again, you are going to regret this, Ronald Weasley! I'm gonna..."

"Ssh. You can talk about tearing me limb from limb later."

"Oh, I won't be talking about it, I'll be doing it."

"I don't doubt that you will." He stroked her hair back from her face and felt her shiver. He noticed that she was only wearing a shirt to sleep in, and it had ridden up her thighs, leaving her legs bare.

"Are you cold, 'Mione? You're shivering," he whispered near her ear, pulling her blanket up over her bare legs.

"I'm not cold and don't call me that."

With all of the chaos earlier in the evening, he hadn't noticed the t-shirt she had chosen to sleep in was his. "You're wearing my shirt," he whispered.

"So what?" she snapped. "You didn't have to come all the way back to get it. If I had known it meant that much to you, Ronald, I would have sent it to you by Owl Post the next time we were close enough to a town."

Ron wasn't surprised by her hateful retort. He was determined not to respond in kind, no matter how much she irritated him or how much he wanted to fight back. The past few weeks, being away from her, coupled with his guilt for walking out, had been the hardest he could remember, and he was determined to remain calm. Besides, his time was short. The Sticking Charm would not hold forever. "I was gonna say it looks good on you. I like my shirt on you. I like that you wanted to sleep in it."

"Humph," she replied, indicating she could care less what he liked.

He sighed in frustration, "What can I say to make you forgive me, Hermione?" His lips were close to her ear, and he saw goose bumps rise on the skin at the nape of her neck.

"Nothing. Not this time, Ronald."

Calling him Ronald in the tone of voice she was using was not a good sign. In fact, he much preferred the physical attack of earlier, than when she talked to him in this tone.

She was silent for a moment before he noticed her shoulders were shaking with silent sobs. He brushed her hair back from her face to see tears streaming down her cheeks, cursing at having made her cry again. "I'm sorry, Hermione. I wasn't trying to make things worse. I didn't mean to make you cry. I just thought this way you'd have to listen to me and...bollocks! How do I keep bugging this up more? This isn't helping, so I'll just go."

"How could you?"

"Now what did I do?" Ron asked.

"How could you leave me when you heard me screaming your name? I begged you to stay, pleaded with you not to go. How could you walk away from me when you heard me begging you to come back? You accused me of choosing Harry over you, and then you just left me." She was crying hard, and he struggled to discern her words through the tears.

He removed his arm from around her waist. The Sticking Charm had worn off, and he attempted to turn her to face him. "Come here," he whispered, expecting her to flee the bed now that there was nothing to hold her there. "Please."

She rolled to face him, but put more distance between them. She wasn't finished. "I ran after you. I screamed your name, and you never even slowed down. I stood there in the rain and begged you to come back to me, to listen to me, not to leave me, but you were gone."

"I'm sorry. I wish there were words I could say...there probably are, and you probably know them all, but I don't. I wish I could go back and change what I did. If I had a Time-Turner, I would. I don't and I can't, but I'm trying to tell..." He ran a frustrated hand through his hair. He had betrayed their friendship, and that was something she wasn't willing to forgive. "I'm here now. I want us to be friends again. I want to make this better."

"Make it better?" she asked incredulously. "Every day since you left, I have asked myself how you could walk out on me. I never could have never would have left you."

"I know. You wouldn't have left no matter what me and Harry..."

She cut him off, her voice outraged. "What? You and Harry? I'm not talking about *you and Harry*. I'm not talking about Horcruxes or why we're in this tent. I'm not talking about Harry at all. I'm talking about *you*. *You, Ron*. I would never have walked out on *you*. I stood outside in the rain, freezing, soaked through, hoping so much to see you come walking back out of those trees. Deep down, knowing you wouldn't, but praying I was wrong, praying that you..." Her voice broke once again.

"Hermione, I was sorry the minute I Disapparated, but it was too late. I couldn't find you again." He spoke quietly, the impact of her words and the degree of pain he had caused her slowly settling like a weight on his chest. Harry had been quick to forgive; Hermione, however, seemed to feel his betrayal much more deeply. It was something she wasn't willing to forgive easily. He had walked out on them and had broken her trust. The weeks he had spent at Shell Cottage away from her had made him realize how truly important to him she was, and now, there was little chance those feelings would ever be returned.

"All these days you've been gone, I kept hearing you say, 'I get it. You choose him.' Those words replayed over and over in my head. How could you think that I would--"

"Hermione, what was I supposed to think? I don't blame you. I mean, why wouldn't you choose him? He's Harry Potter for Merlin's sake. If I were you, I'd probably choose him. I'm nobody special, you know, but he's...OW."

Her hand landed hard against the side of his face.

"Blimey, what'd you hit me for?" He was rubbing the side of his stinging face. He only just looked up in time to catch her wrist before she landed a second blow.

"Stop."

She was a tangle of arms and legs, all flailing in an attempt to make painful contact. It was like trying to hold a wild Kneazle. She scratched, punched and kicked at whatever parts of him she could reach, and he was almost certain she attempted to bite him once before he flipped her to her back and held her down. He held her as tightly as he could, pressing the weight of his entire body against her torso and using his hands to pin both arms above her head while his legs entwined with hers to hold her knees at a safe distance. His lips were only inches from those of the girl he had wanted to kiss for so long.

The closeness of her body to his was tormenting, but he remained still, his face in her hair, breathing in the aroma of strawberries, eyes closed, breathing heavily and feeling her do the same against the base of his throat as her tears dampened his chest. He released her wrists, fully expecting her to pummel him and quite certain he deserved it. Much to his surprise, soft lips brushed over his throat lightly once, then again and again, each time applying more pressure. He tilted his head, and her lips left his throat and captured his mouth. Her tongue licked at his lips before delving inside.

Ron was utterly gobsmacked. One minute she was attacking him, and in the next she was assaulting his senses in an entirely different, far better way. Her lips were velvet-soft, and his heart beat wildly, the blood pounding in his ears causing a dizzying sensation that left him feeling off-kilter. If his face hadn't still been stinging from her slap, he would have sworn he was dreaming.

He was afraid to open his eyes, convinced she would pull away from him, embarrassed to have gotten caught up in the moment. She did not. He cupped her face in his hands, leaned in and kissed her properly, all lips, teeth and tongues. Her hands were on his shoulders, and he expected her to push him away. Once again, she did not. He licked and nibbled on her bottom lip, savouring the little gasps escaping from Hermione's lips.

When her hands fisted in his hair, he heard a moan and was startled to realize it was his own. His fingertips caressed her still wet cheek, and he attempted to wipe her tears away before finally opening his eyes to look down into her face.

She leaned into him, lightly pressing her lips to his. He closed his eyes, savouring the feel of her body beneath him, and shifted so as not to crush her with his weight as her hands moved up his bare chest, across his shoulders and down his bare back, leaving his skin tingling in their wake. She traced the scars on one of his arms with a feather-light touch as her fingertips followed the jagged lines up and over his shoulder before following the scars on his other arm back down. Her touch raised goose bumps on his skin, and he shivered involuntarily.

She stroked the stubble that ran down his jaw, running the pad of her thumb over his bottom lip, following it with her own lips, kissing him, shyly at first, then more firmly with an ever growing confidence. He gave her full access to explore him until he could hold back no longer. His lips blazed a trail down her neck, nipping with his teeth, purposely leaving large red marks as he sucked at the tender skin. His tongue relished her taste as it elicited the most amazing moans and sighs from her when it licked the shell of her ear, tracing around the edges and biting at the lobe. He lavished special attention on the sensitive skin behind her ear. Her nails dug lightly into his back, and she moaned deep in her throat when his tongue first swiped the spot. Noting her reaction, he began to suckle, nip and tease at the skin behind her ear in earnest. It drew the desired response as her moans grew in volume and she began to writhe beneath him.

He had waited what seemed an eternity to kiss and touch her like this, and it was difficult to believe it was actually happening. "Your skin, your mouth-- tastes so good." He dipped his tongue inside her ear before whispering into it, "Gods, I missed you. I've wanted to do this to you for so long, Hermione." He heard her moan his name in response. In all the years he had known her, his name had never sounded so sexy as when she said it then, breathless, raspy and dripping with desire.

Ron's lips crashed down on her mouth, and she returned his kiss with equal ardor as she worked one of her legs free from beneath him. He was certain Hermione was about to stop him from going any farther and was surprised when she wrapped it around his waist and encouraged him to continue by lacing her fingers behind his head and pulling his mouth back down to her as he rolled them to their sides.

He kissed and touched every inch of her skin he dared, deliberately avoiding areas that he was certain would earn him another slap, but most importantly would stop the snogging.

Hermione whined beneath him, arching her back and pushing her breasts against his chest, testing the limits of his self-control until it broke. His hands cupped her breasts as he nuzzled her neck, squeezing and kneading them as his thumbs circled her nipples, nothing between them but the thin shirt. She gasped when his mouth closed over one nipple, dampening the cloth that covered it, before doing the same to her other.

He sat up, pulling her into his lap and wrapping her tightly in his embrace, cuddling her close. He kissed her until they were both breathless, kneading her breasts through the shirt she wore, which he noticed was now bunched around her hips, making the light blue lace of her knickers readily visible. He knew she had noticed where his eyes had wandered by the flush that spread across her cheeks.

He dropped his hands from her chest. "I'm sorry, Hermione. I guess I got carried away." He attempted to clear his throat and closed his eyes. His cock gave a twitch, as though begging not to be ignored, so hard it was about to explode. His experience was limited to time spent last year with Lavender Brown atop the Astronomy Tower. Assuming most girls liked the same things...*Merlin, please let them like the same things.*..Lavender was an able teacher, telling him exactly where and how to touch her, and being very quick to tell him when he wasn't pleasing her. Ron was relatively certain Hermione had never done this before*if she had, he didn't want to know about it...ever.*

His thoughts were interrupted when Hermione touched his face. "Ron, I don't want you to stop."

"Huh? You don't?"

"No." She straddled his lap and cupped his face, guiding his lips back to one of the damp spots on the shirt where he had taken her nipple into his mouth before. "Please," she whispered. "Please, more."

Her back arched when he closed his mouth back over one nipple and rolled the other between his fingers. A hand wandered down to cup her bottom, and she ground her hips against his erection with only the thin barrier of her knickers and his pyjama bottoms between them. Through the thin material, he could feel the moist warmth between her legs. "Gods, Hermione."

She reached for the hem of his t-shirt, the one she had been sleeping in, he hoped since the night he left, and pulled it up and over her head. He was sure his mouth must have fallen open at the sight of her astride his lap clad only in a pair of light blue, lacy knickers. She had only ever looked like this in his dreams. If he was dreaming, the unlucky individual who had the misfortune of waking him would certainly be sorry.

He ran his hand over her flat stomach and up her ribs before flicking his thumbs over her nipples and rolling them between his fingers, tugging and twisting them into hard points. She closed her eyes at his first touch on her bare skin, grinding down against him again.

Her hand pushed its way inside the waistband of his pyjama bottoms, brushing across the head of his cock and causing him to groan into her breast. His groan seemed to encourage her exploration as her fingers stroked down his length and cupped him with her palm.

Her lips brushed his ear, her voice shaky when she whispered, "Is that right? I mean, I don't...Iwannadoitright," she said, rushing the words from her lips and running them all together. She buried her face in his neck, whispering, "Will you show me how to touch you, Ron?"

"Keep talking like that and touching won't be necessary," he said, attempting to slow his breathing.

She wriggled from his lap and tugged at his waistband. He raised his hips enough for her to tug them down as he kicked them off. He rarely *ought* her anything, and he couldn't recall another time when she had asked.

He caught her wrist before she could touch him. "Will you show me, Hermione?"

Her face took on a puzzled look. "Huh? Don't be silly, Ron. I mean, you already know how to do this."

The sudden role reversal felt strange, and he tilted her chin up to force her to meet his eyes before kissing her tenderly. "Yes, this I know how to do," he said, wrapping his hand around her own and moving it up and down his shaft showing her how to stroke him. "Let me touch you, Hermione," he said as his breath caught and he thrust hard several times into her fist, spilling his seed over her hand much too quickly.

He was still breathing hard when he grabbed the shirt she had discarded earlier and cleaned them both up before cuddling her against his side.

"Oh," she gasped when his thumb drifted across the soft, damp material between her thighs and she clamped them together. "It's just...I mean I've never...." Her voice trailed off, and her cheeks reddened at the admission.

"Maybe we should slow down." He stroked her cheek, smiling in a way he hoped was reassuring before kissing her, dipping his tongue into her mouth.

"Ron, did I...I mean, did I..."

"Did you what, love?" He smiled at her and moved both his hands back to roll her nipples between his finger and thumb, loving the way she arched her back, whined and moaned with each twist of his fingers. "Do you like that, Hermione? Gods, your tits are brilliant."

"When I you know touched you, did I do it okay? You liked it?"

"No."

"Oh, I..."

"You're gonna need *lots and lots* of practice."

She thumped him on the shoulder when she realized he was teasing. Her eyes closed, and he loved the way she looked, her hair messy and her lips swollen from his kisses. His eyes traveled down her body, taking in every inch of her. "You're so beautiful."

She put her hand on his cheek, encouraging him to cover her body with his once more, and guided his lips down to hers, kissing him softly. He kissed a trail from her lips down between her breasts, laving her nipples with his tongue along the way. She shivered at the contact and grasped the back of his neck, pulling his mouth firmly against her sensitive nipple. He pulled it between his lips, scraping it across his teeth as he licked and sucked.

His hand teased down her stomach and over the knickers that were driving him wild. He wanted to touch her desperately, but when his hand touched the soft material, her body stiffened beneath him and her eyes widened.

He didn't push any farther, only continued to torture one nipple in particular sucking it into his mouth and nibbling at it with his teeth as he nudged her thighs apart with his knee.

He kissed her deeply, sliding a hand between her legs and beginning to stroke his fingers back and forth across the thin strip of material drenched in her juices. Her knickers were becoming more soaked with each brush of his fingers, and he was dying to push aside the material and dip his fingers inside, to feel her silky softness. Ron felt his self-control waning and reluctantly pulled his hand away from her cunt.

"Feels good, Ron." She was gasping, her eyes dark with what he hoped was desire. "Why did you stop?"

He kissed her. "Wasn't sure you wanted to go any farther, and if I don't stop now, I'm afraid I might not be able to."

"I want you, Ron...all of you."

Needing little encouragement, he quickly resumed the pace of flicking his fingers back and forth across her knickers, adding a little more pressure each time he stroked her, then lowering himself to kiss her inner thighs.

The dampness that darkened the light blue cloth between her legs, evidencing her desire for him, made him groan. Her aroma was intoxicatingly sensual. There was nothing he wanted more than to push aside the tiny strip of material and taste her, to bury his nose in her soft brown curls and lap up her juices until she fell apart beneath his tongue.

"Fuck. Hermione, do you know what you're doing to me?" She gave a sharp gasp when he pulled her knickers aside and slipped his hand under the fabric to touch her.

"Oh, Ron," she groaned.

"Do you like the way my fingers feel when they rub your pretty little..." His face heated up again. "...when I rub you here?" he whispered, applying pressure to her clit.

"Merlin, yes."

"Fuck, you're wet. So hot and so wet."

He pushed a finger inside her, pushing too hard in his eagerness and causing her to clamp her thighs shut. She dug her nails into his shoulder at the discomfort. "It's okay," he soothed, moving back up her body to kiss her mouth. "We don't have to do anything else, you know."

"I know," she whispered, "but I want to." He kissed her, running his tongue over her teeth as he slipped it into her mouth. He kissed his way down her stomach, stopping to dip his tongue into her naval, causing her to giggle.

"Does that tickle?"

She nodded, smiling down at him.

"Are you nervous, love?"

She nodded again.

"Me too," he whispered back.

"You are? Ron, have you done this before?"

"Yeah," he said, without meeting her eyes. "But this is different. You know I care about...it's just different, you know, because it's you."

He kissed his way farther down her body, bringing his face level with her thighs. She had them pressed tightly together, and he felt her tremble when he tried to urge them open. "Relax and let me make you feel good."

She didn't resist when he started to ease her apart with his hands this time. He licked at the insides of her thighs, placing more kisses there in an attempt to relax her.

He ran a finger down the thin strip of cloth that had been torturing him all evening, followed closely by his tongue, licking and tasting the material before hooking his thumbs in the waistband and pulling them slowly down her legs.

With no cloth between them, her legs stiffened again. His face settled back at her thighs, and he placed light kisses on her stomach, waist and hips before stroking the soft brown curls. "Spread your legs for me, Hermione." He pushed her thighs open far enough to use his fingers to stroke the lips of her sex as he talked to her. "So pretty," he whispered against her skin. He was gentle, not wanting to rush her, content to stroke her outer folds. When he felt like she was ready, he used both hands to splay her thighs open. She instinctively tried to close them, but he held them apart firmly as he rubbed circles on her skin with his thumbs. When he met her eyes, she looked nervous and scared. He smiled reassuringly at her. "I'll go slow, okay?"

She nodded and did her best to relax her legs, allowing him access to an area of her body no one else had ever touched. Soon, he was spreading her folds with his fingers, stroking back and forth while she moaned beneath his gentle touch.

When his mouth touched her for the first time, she made the most erotic noise Ron had ever heard, somewhere between a whimper and a sigh. All he could think about was being the only one who knew how she tasted, the only one who knew the sounds she made when he did these things to her, and soon, he would be the only one to whom she had ever given her body. He sucked her clit into his mouth, and her hand went into his hair to press his mouth more firmly to her. He was unrelenting in his assault on the tiny bundle of nerves, urged on by her moans and whimpers.

His cock was begging for release, but he was determined not to rush making love to her. He had dreamed of doing this too many times over the past years to rush it now. He planned to savour every moment of having her naked beneath him moaning his name.

Ron began to work a finger in and out of her as he whispered his encouragement, "It's okay, baby."

He slid his finger in and out, never removing his mouth from her clit. He could tell how much she liked the feel of his tongue by the way she arched her hips when he found a particularly sensitive spot.

He worked a second finger inside her, giving her time to adjust to the new feeling, and only commenced the rhythm of his hand again when she started to thrust her hips and whine for more. His tongue attacked her clit with renewed vigor until she was squirming and grinding hard against his hand. "Ron, please," she pleaded. "I need to feel you inside me."

He needed little encouragement. He thrust into her a few more times with his fingers before removing them and crawling back up her body to settle himself above her and kiss her mouth, letting her taste herself on his lips. "You taste so good. I could lick you all night."

"Really? You like doing *that* to me?"

He chuckled at her incredulous expression. "No, I love doing *that* to you."

He pushed a knee between her thighs. "Wrap your legs around me, love." He started to enter her slowly, giving her time to adjust as he went, kissing her to try and distract her from the pain as he felt the barrier of her virginity break away. She didn't cry out, but he could feel her body shaking beneath him as she broke their kiss and buried her face in his neck. He kept as still as possible, despite a desperate desire to move, whispering in her ear how sorry he was for hurting her as he stroked her hair.

Not moving when he was buried deep inside her was testing his self-control. She felt so good, and he had wanted this for ages. He slid his hand between their bodies and started to rub her clit, watching her reaction to make sure he wasn't hurting her more. She started to squirm and moan against the movements of his hand.

He rocked against her, making short, shallow strokes until she was begging him for more. He left his hand between them, continuing to rub her clit until her body clenched in spasms around his cock, bringing him to climax with her. As the waves of pleasure washed over her, she clung desperately to him, and he was sure he would never tire of hearing her say his name when she came.

Both still trembling, Ron rolled to his side, bringing her with him as he went. She went willingly, snuggling against him and wrapping an arm about his waist when he leaned in to place a kiss on her forehead.

He wasn't sure how to ask what he so desperately wanted to know. "I hope I didn't hurt you too much." He twirled a lock of her hair between his fingers, a bit wary to look her in the eye for fear he might see regret there.

She cupped his cheek and forced him to look at her before lightly brushing her lips across the stubble on his jaw and nuzzling her nose against his neck. "That was brilliant."

"I would have encouraged you to hit me a long time ago, if I'd known this was what came next, you know?"

"Ron, do you think things will be different, you know, between us tomorrow?"

"Things have been different between us for a while now, Hermione. Yeah, I mean, I don't think we get to go back now. Are you sorry?"

"No," she said quickly as her hand stroked across his stomach. "But since Harry's going to know things are different between us anyway, do you think you might stay over here in my bunk tonight with me? I don't want you to leave."

"Yeah, I'm not going anywhere. Get some sleep."

Hermione must have thought he was sleeping, but he heard her when she whispered, "My heart chose you a long time ago, Ron Weasley." He felt her snuggle into his arms, and he tightened his hold on her before drifting away, content in knowing he was back where he belonged.

~~♥ Fin ♥~~

*"Meeting you was fate, becoming your friend was a choice, but falling in love with you I had no control over." Author Unknown*