

The Prototype

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Response to Prompt 10 for the PP Yule 2008 challenge: Wheezey Christmas: A Weasley Wheeze causes "trouble" for someone during Christmas? Who? What?

The twins new invention is not what it seems. It pulls two people together on Christmas, but why?

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HP is not mine

"FRED!!! GEORGE!!!! YOU BETTER GET YOUR ARSES DOWN HERE RIGHT NOW!!!!" Hermione screeched at the top of her lungs. She could not believe this was happening to her. She always avoided being their test subject. How did they get this one by her? Unbelievable.

The two red heads came skidding into the room from down the stairs and stopped immediately at the sight that met their mischievous eyes. Hermione Granger was trapped under a very odd looking piece of mistletoe.

"What happened?" they asked in that annoying synchronized way of theirs.

"I was innocently walking through the living room reading, on my way to the kitchen, when I stopped moving. Would you care to explain why?" she asked, throwing in her infamous glare of death for extra emphasis.

"Well, if you had been paying attention..." Fred started and quickly stopped at the loud growl emitted from her general area.

"Okay, now calm down, Hermione, it's not that bad. The mistletoe is not what you think. Yes, you have to be kissed to be free, but there's something else. See, this is a prototype." His statement was interrupted by her screaming once again.

"Calm down, panicking is not going to help. As I was saying, it is a prototype. We were working on it and ran upstairs to grab something and left it out, which is our fault. We never do that, but we didn't think someone would come through in the short amount of time that we were upstairs."

"Basically we are sorry," Fred interrupted. "The mistletoe... well, it is supposed to bring the person you are most attracted to, right to you. But we haven't tested it to see what happens if that person happens to be far away." A yelling sound came from outside the house. The front door slammed open with a shout of something indiscernible. A flash of red hair and Hermione was knocked over by a large body.

"Oomph," was heard from both bodies lying on the ground.

"Well, that's interesting," the twins said as they tilted their heads in opposite directions at this latest discovery.

"Hi, Charlie," she stated meekly, her cheeks slowly being covered by a bright red blush.

"What the fuck just happened!" he yelled. He stood up, pulling Hermione up with him, and then turned and glared at the twins.

"How do you know it was us?" they asked together. "It could have been Hermione."

"Nice try, boys, but not a chance. Now what is going on here?" he demanded.

"Well, we just finished explaining it to Hermione, but basically..." George clapped his hand over his brother's mouth.

"You are just having a day of sticking your foot in your mouth, aren't you?" he asked as he looked at his brother. "I think it best if Hermione explains it to you, if she so chooses. We will be leaving now. If you need us, we will be upstairs," he said as he kept his hand over Fred's mouth as the two of them backed out of the room and ran upstairs.

As soon as they were out of the room, he looked down at the curly haired brunette who was still attached to him. "Care to explain?" he asked as he raised a red eyebrow.

"Well, ummm, you see, I ummmm, yeah."

"Wow, this must be really bad if it turned you into a, what would Snape say, oh yeah, a babbling dunderhead."

"Okay, I'm just gonna come out and say it. We are attached because I'm attracted to you." She stared down at her feet not wanting to look up at him in embarrassment. "Fred and George in their usual fashion decided to mess with a holiday classic. They tweaked it so that whoever the person who walks under the mistletoe is attracted to the most is pulled to them. They didn't know if it would work if that person was far away. Apparently it does, as you are standing here, attached to me. That's pretty much it," she mumbled the last bit to her shoes.

"So what do we do to get out of this predicament?" he asked.

"I assume that we have to kiss, but with Fred and George, you never know," she shrugged.

"Well, all right." He reached up and cupped her face. He was just tall enough to need to bend a little bit. His lips met her soft ones and something flowed between them. He pulled her body into his, hands clutching her hips as he deepened the kiss. After several minutes of heavy snogging, they pulled apart. She looked up at him and blushed as she stepped back, discovering that she could move. With that realization, she turned and ran. He stood in the family room staring after her, wondering what just happened, and why the mistletoe was still above her head. Then he felt a tug.

"Oh no, not again," he mumbled to himself as his body flew after the fleeing brunette.

She lay on the bed in her makeshift room at the Burrow when the door burst down and Charlie came throttling through it. He toppled her over on the bed, crushing her into the worn old comforter. A cough sounded from behind. When they lifted their heads and looked towards the now broken door, they saw two tufts of red hair sticking around the frame.

"Did we not mention the conditions of the new mistletoe?" they asked slyly, smirks growing on their faces as they entered the room.

"No, that would be too helpful of you," she said through her grinding teeth.

"Well, this is the person you are most attracted to in the world. What do you think the conditions are going to be?" they asked as they slipped back out the doorframe, repairing the door on the way. A click sounded from the doorknob, and they knew that the twins had locked it.

Charlie looked back down at the girl beneath him. Her soft body was meeting all his hard points, and one that was slowly becoming hard.

"Why did you run?" he asked, "I thought you were the one attracted to me."

"I am, I just, I want, I don't want a one-off. Yes, I am extremely attracted to you, but it's more than that. I like you," she blushed. That blush was really starting to appeal to him.

"Did you never stop to think that I might like you too?"

"Why would you? I'm just your younger brother's bookworm-rat-nested-nerdy-know-it-all best friend. You work with dragons for crying out loud, plus you're sexy as hell, you have tattoos, just enough of a rebel in you, and yet you come home for holidays and keep in contact with your family. Why would someone like you be interested in me?" She breathed as she looked up into his sparkling brown eyes.

"Well, for starters, you are beautiful; there is no doubt about that. Your brilliance is not a mark against you; I think intelligence is so sexy. Your hair is beautiful; it isn't a rat's nest, it is soft and curly. Everything about you is amazing. You're graceful, your smile lights up a room. So if you think that there is no way I could possibly be interested other than a one-off, then you are absolutely insane." He finished by lowering his head and meeting her lips with a fiery passion.

When the kiss finished, they were able to move. Hermione looked at him, realized this fact and tried to run again. Only this time, he was ready for it. He grabbed her wrists and pinned them above her head, pressing his whole body into hers.

"Oh no, not again. I learned my lesson last time. You are staying right here, beneath me, where you belong, until you realize that what I am saying is true." And then he dipped his head and kissed her. But this one was different. It wasn't just full of passion, but it was also about being gentle. He poured everything into that kiss. He hoped that it would show her just what he was trying to tell her.

He felt her start to melt into him, her body losing its stiffness as she started to respond to his kiss. She tasted of chocolate and peppermint. He smelled of smoke and fire lit nights sitting around a campfire, roasting marshmallows. His hand slid up her jean-clad leg, rubbing in small circles. He released her hands from above her head, and she moved them to around his neck clutching him closer to her.

His hands traced up her hips to underneath her shirt, pulling it up her body exposing her in a simple lace bra. He growled at the sight and launched the shirt into the air. It landed somewhere behind them. Her fingers played in the hairs on the back of his neck. She muttered a quiet "*Divesto*" into his mouth and skin touched skin for the first time.

He kissed down her body, taking her nipple into his mouth with a light suck. She gasped at the new sensation. He moved to the other, letting the first cool in the air. He released her nipple and moved down even more, kissing along the way, until he reached his destination. He nudged her thighs apart and bent his head down breathing in her heady scent.

"Gods, you smell amazing. Even better than I imagined."

He stroked her outer lips, pulling them apart to reveal her clit, bright with arousal. He kissed the tiny bud and sucked it into his mouth. She released a sound that went right to his groin, his name floating on something between a groan and a sigh. Her hands ran into his hair pulling his head closer to her core.

She came with a shout, eyes closed, and an easy smile covered her face. He looked down at her and smiled because he had put that smile there. While he was watching her, he didn't notice her hand slowly moving down to his cock, till her tiny hand was wrapped tightly around him. With a groan his head fell forward, resting on her shoulder as she rubbed his shaft back and forth. Her thumb flicked over the head, and he felt a jolt flow through him.

"Stop, Hermione," he commanded as he reached down and pulled her hand away from his aching length. "I need to be inside you when I come, and if you keep that up, then I won't be able to."

Her cheeks flushed with embarrassment as she nodded her head in understanding. She reached up and cupped his face as she brought it down for another lengthy and passionate kiss.

He reached between them and grabbed his length, easing it into her warm, welcoming heat. He had never felt anything so beautiful and amazing before in his life. Their hips met thrust for thrust as their lips met for an unbreakable kiss.

"Gods you're amazing, Hermione!" he exclaimed as he pounded into her.

His hand found her clit and he swiped his thumb across. She came with a shout of his name on her lips a sound that almost made him come right then. Her shout combined with the clenching of her warm sleeve, made him come as well, spending himself inside her, marking her as his.

"Do you believe me now?" he asked quietly as he pulled her to his side, cuddling her in his arms.

"No, I think you might have to prove it to me again," she mumbled sleepily.

A few hours later, Hermione awoke to a warm body snuggled around her and sense of happiness and contentment in her heart. She looked up at the face of the man who was holding her and smiled. He was watching her every move nervously, afraid she would try to run again.

"It wasn't a dream then?" she asked gently.

He shook his head in acknowledgment.

"Part of me feared it was a dream and that you didn't notice me. The other part feared it was real and it was just a one-off for you or even a cruel joke." She sniffled as she bowed her head.

His hands cupped her face and made her look back up at him. He brushed his tanned fingers into her curls and pulled her to him for a hungry and passionate kiss. Their lips melded together as if they were meant for each other, two perfect puzzle pieces finally finding home.

"Does that feel like a dream or like I don't mean it?" he asked with a growl. "I know you find it hard to believe, but I am crazy about you. I want to be with you, and only you. I think I might be in love with you. So don't for one minute doubt my sincerity."

"Charlie... I... I love you too," she whispered so quietly he was barely able to hear her. But he did. He scooped her up into his arms and jumped off the bed with a shout, spinning her around the room. A knock at the door interrupted them as they heard one of the twins warn them that the Christmas party was starting and they should get downstairs before anyone noticed they were gone.

They dressed quickly and made it downstairs, smiles on their faces, and love in their hearts. Everyone was there for the annual Weasley Christmas Party. Underneath the tree was filled with presents. Lights floated everywhere, blinking in many different colors. The Christmas cheer and love permeated the air, and the house was filled with warmth. Hermione and Charlie sat down on the couch next to the twins, who immediately started whispering to each other. They leaned over to the new couple.

"By the way, did we mention that the mistletoe doesn't pull the person you are most attracted to, well, I guess in a way it technically does, but it actually pulls your soul mate to you," Fred stated with a smirk on his face as the family started opening presents. Hermione and Charlie didn't move for a few minutes, till she reached over and took his hand in hers, pulling it into her lap. Happy with life, Christmas, and even with the nuisance that is often the Weasley twins.

Well, that's my submission. I hope you liked it, please review. Oh and Happy Holidays!!!!!!

Thanks to sirsevchick for betaing this.