

And Temper Begets Pleasure

by *notsosaintly*

All that bickering had to lead somewhere.

1. Part Un

Chapter 1 of 4

All that bickering had to lead somewhere.

Disclaimer: I bow to JK Rowling who has the most brilliant imagination and the most excellent talent with which to express it. Thank you, Jo, for offering up such beautiful characters and not forbidding us to play with them a bit. I return them to you used and, I hope, in fairly good condition, considering all the (rather dirty) places they have been. I'll make them take a bath before they come home.

Part Un

"What on earth are you going on about, Ronald Weasley?" Hermione screamed at the top of her lungs.

The few stragglers in the common room that had not made it down to breakfast quickly vacated the area. Hermione was not one to be trifled with when she was in a snit. No one in his right mind wanted to be within shooting range.

Ron obviously was not in his right mind. He stood towering over Hermione's diminutive form, the redness in his face battling for dominance with the flame of his hair. He was a man at the end of his rope. All they had been doing on and off for the last year was argue, and the last few weeks had seen a steady escalation in the number of spats. Normally it wouldn't have bothered him, for Ron had always enjoyed the way Hermione became flushed during their arguments, but lately he couldn't stop fixating on how downright sexy she became with her indignant passion.

Harry, who had been coming down the stairs from the dormitories when the shouting began, mumbled something about eating while the getting was good and disappeared promptly through the portrait hole. He was not about to let them drag him into another one of their blasted arguments, especially before breakfast.

"What am I on about? *What am I on about?*" Ron bellowed. "Blimey, Hermione, do you really think that I'm a bleeding idiot? That Howler woke the whole dormitory!"

"Oh, give over, Ron! You deserved that Howler, and if I saved one of you lazy good-for-nothing prats from being late to first period...well ... then *good!*" Hermione sputtered, wagging an arrogant finger up in his face.

The heat of their argument seemed to ignite something in Ron's countenance that Hermione could not decipher. As he stooped lower so he could look her straight in the eyes, the pitch in his voice took a dangerous dive.

"Whether or not I give a detention to a bunch of second years for setting off Dungbombs in the boys' lavatory is none of your business, Hermione. They were just having a little fun. You *do* remember fun, don't you? We used to have a lot of it before you decided to act like my mother!" Ron's voice rose considerably, proving to Hermione that he did indeed have an advantage where volume was concerned.

Her eyes widened in momentary surprise at the upper hand he had gained, and then narrowed to dangerous slits as she battled for dominance. "Well, if you didn't act so bleeding *juvenile* all the time, maybe I wouldn't *have* to act like your mother!" Hermione shot back.

"Because I certainly do *not* need another mother," Ron growled, bringing the volume back down to a more tolerable level.

"And I certainly do not want to *be* your mother," Hermione hissed back.

Hermione's fists were balled up at her sides, and she looked for all the world like she was going to give Ron a good wallop on the nose. It happened to be quite within her reach at the moment. Luckily for Ron, he noticed the change in her stance and stepped back before she could put the quickly forming idea into action. Her body language was reminiscent of the time she had taken a swing at Malfoy a few years back. And that was absolutely the wrong memory to slip into his conscious mind at this point because she had been so positively sexy as she moved in on Malfoy to deliver that ego-bruising slap...so frightfully, stimulatingly ... desirable.

Ron groaned. His body was betraying him once again, muddling his common sense. He felt strange, as though all the oxygen were being sucked out of the room; it became difficult to breathe and everything focused onto one single point...Hermione. Suddenly, he knew he was about to do something extremely stupid, and it was more than likely going to change their relationship...for better or worse, it did not matter really at this point.

"Damn you, Hermione. What are you *doing* to me?"

"What the blazes are you talking about, Ron?" Hermione's ferocious tone transformed itself into her usual exasperation.

"Look at me, Hermione. Look at what you *do* to me."

Ron opened his robes to display his long, lank figure, clad in its usual rumpled uniform, tie crooked and loose, shirt half hanging out, and waited for Hermione to realize just exactly what he was talking about.

Hermione stood, arms akimbo, tapping a foot impatiently, and waited for this supposed revelation to hit her. *What exactly am I doing to him? He has gone positively mental. There he goes again, expecting me to read his mind or...OH! Bloody hell!* Hermione averted her eyes.

Looking a bit peeved that Hermione, in all her brilliance, had taken so long to notice the rather large bulge in his trousers, he closed his robes. Thankful that she seemed to be speechless for the first time in her life, he stalked out of the Gryffindor common room.

On the way out of the portrait hole, he called back, "I'm going to breakfast. You can join me if you can walk and gape at the same time."

Wordlessly, she stumbled after him.

Hermione trailed Ron into the Great Hall, completely abashed, and automatically took her regular seat between her two friends. She stared at her plate.

Harry watched as Ron filled Hermione's plate with eggs and toast. When she made no move to bring the food to her mouth, Ron scooped up some eggs with her fork and held it in front of her closed lips, waiting for her to open up.

"Miss Hermione Granger struck speechless. Never thought I'd see the day," Ron quipped dryly. In fact, if he had known this was all it took to silence Hermione, he would have tried something like this months ago. He certainly could have spared himself hours spent in agonizing arousal.

Hermione's head snapped in Ron's direction, finally noticing the forkful of eggs that he held in front of her. She blushed in embarrassment and opened her mouth quickly to accept the food, hoping to avert the stares of the few Gryffindors who had noticed Ron's strange behavior. Ron placed the fork in her hand and waited for her to continue before diving in himself. Harry gave Ron a questioning glance over Hermione's shoulder, but Ron only smirked in response and finished his breakfast.

The walk to History of Magic was awkward. Hermione silently followed the boys, looking a little shell-shocked. Harry kept glancing backward, obviously stymied by both of his friends' conduct and uncertain as to whether he should say anything. Ron still sported his self-satisfied smirk, which seemed to be the only thing holding Harry's questions at bay.

When they entered the classroom, Ron hung back to fall into step with Hermione. Silently, she let him guide her to a desk at the very back of the classroom. Harry just shrugged and went to sit with Neville. It wasn't the first time Ron and Hermione had fought, and Harry had learned it was best to give them space to work things out.

As Professor Binns began his usual monotonous lecture, Hermione's quill began scratching notes diligently, while Ron just sat back and stared at Hermione, knowing that she was doing her best not to look at him. Looking around, he made sure the rest of the class was preoccupied with their usual Binns lecture activities. Then he made a subtle show of getting comfortable.

Hermione pretended not to notice the rustle of movement to her right. When Ron finally settled down, she allowed herself to glance briefly in his direction. What she saw made her drop her quill.

Ron was half-reclined against the back wall, his robes open and hanging over the sides of the chair. The focus of her attention was in much the same state as it was earlier, and his right hand was slowly caressing the rather prominent bulge through his trousers. Her eyes flitted up to his face, and she was surprised to find his eyes boring holes into her own.

"Are you watching, Hermione?" Ron whispered, so as not to draw attention from anyone else.

Hermione did not answer, but simply nodded. Casually, Ron flipped open the top button of his trousers and then the next and the next, until they fell open to reveal a tented pair of burgundy Gryffindor boxers. He reached in to caress himself, making a perfect show of how much he enjoyed the sensation of the thin film of silk between his hand and his hard cock. The heel of his palm slid down his length, and he splayed his fingers around himself on the way up, slowly circling his thumb around the very tip.

Hermione shifted uncomfortably in her chair. Her face flushed as she watched him masturbate in front of her, in the middle of History of Magic. It was all just a little surreal. Just over an hour ago she had been blindingly angry with him, and now her feelings had taken a complete turn. She felt her stomach sink as the fabric over the head of his cock darkened and glistened with moistness. She wanted to lean over and replace Ron's hand with her own, but the fear of discovery coupled with the fact that she had never touched a man *down there* before was simply too great.

Hermione's unfocused gaze and flushed cheeks encouraged Ron. Sliding his thumbs under the waistband of his boxers, he slowly brought them down until his erection sprang free. His self-satisfied smirk returned as Hermione's eyes became wide as saucers at the sight of his rather impressive hard-on reaching proudly toward the vaulted ceiling.

Still nervous that Professor Binns would notice her attention was elsewhere, Hermione placed her head in her hands in a way that she could watch Ron while still looking as though she were paying attention. She just couldn't tear her eyes away. Her heart was pounding ferociously in her chest, and her breathing came in shallow gasps as she watched Ron grasp his cock at the base and slide his fist up toward the tip. His eyes never left Hermione's face as he slowly pumped his hand up and down.

"Do you like this, Hermione?" Ron whispered.

Her mouth opened as though she was about to respond, but no sound came out. She fought to keep her eyes from closing as Ron used his other hand to massage the pearl-drop of liquid over the head. Her lips parted and her tongue slid between just enough to wet her lips... just enough to make any boy want to lose control. She looked

up in disbelief as Ron brought his damp finger up to his own lips. She inhaled sharply and stifled a whimper as the desire shot hot throughout her body.

"Do you like it?" he insisted.

Almost imperceptively, Hermione nodded.

"Do you know what I want to do to you?" Ron asked as he let his hand slide over cock a little faster.

His eyes directed her back to what his hands were doing. Transfixed, she watched his hands as his words accompanied the odd little lightning-bolt sensations she was now feeling. She could feel her nipples tightening and knew that they were probably quite noticeable through her white uniform blouse.

"I want to undress you slowly...."

Hermione squirmed in her seat, wanting more than anything to feel those wonderfully large, rough hands on her body, undressing her piece by agonizing piece until she stood naked in front of him.

"I want to see your beautiful, naked body...."

His other hand reached down into his shorts to caress his balls a little higher, lifting them upward. For the first time, his eyes left her as they rolled upwards, fluttering closed as he gave in to the pleasure he was giving himself.

"I want to taste every single place on your body," he whispered, barely audible as his hand pumped faster, sliding easily with practiced precision over his reddened flesh. "I want to be inside of you ... and fill you up again and again."

His voice faltered. His hand was now working at a furious pace, and he leaned forward in his seat, bringing himself into better view. Hermione stared, entranced by Ron's passion-filled declarations and his hand quickly bringing himself to completion. Her own fingers had worked their way beneath her skirt and had pushed aside her knickers, trying to satisfy the craving that had taken hold.

"And I want to make you come," Ron barely had a chance to say as his orgasm hit, his seed pulsing hotly over his hand and falling to the floor. Hermione held her breath as she watched him come, fingers working furiously to find her own relief.

Ron let his robes fall into place as he leaned closer to Hermione. He reached over to remove her hand from her robes. She almost cried at the nearly painful need that coursed throughout her veins.

His lips touching her ear, he let his breath speak softer than a whisper as his fingers replaced hers beneath the table, "...Please, Hermione, come for me."

His middle finger slipped easily in and out of her, and his thumb circled her swollen flesh. Quickly, she felt herself swirling higher and higher, closer to bliss, desperate to fulfill Ron's urging.

"I have wanted you for so long," Ron whispered into her ear as his right hand pumped discreetly in and out of her. "You make me so hard. Every time we have a row I have to satisfy myself and pretend like I am fucking you up against a wall somewhere."

Ron felt her muscles clench around his finger at the mention of fucking her up against a wall. He ground her clit harder, forcing his finger in a little faster, knowing she was close. His left arm wrapped around her body from behind and slid inside her robes, cradling and kneading one of her breasts, pulling not-too-gently on a nipple. With that one simple act, her pleasure broke against his hand.

"Oh, Ron," she forced her groan into a whisper as she came forcefully with Ron's finger still pumping into her. He pulled her back into his chest as they rode the waves together. In the background, Professor Binns' voice droned on, and the class dozed, oblivious to the fact that two of their number had discovered pleasure in each other.

Hermione twisted around and gazed into Ron's eyes.

"Oh, Ron," she whispered again, her voice full of a thousand little things she did not presently have the words for.

Silently, he pulled her towards him, and their lips met softly for the first time in a brief kiss. She fell back against his chest as he held onto her tightly, watching the hazy sunlight glitter through the classroom windows. The two newfound lovers were lost in each other's thoughts as the lecture rambled on and on.

No one had noticed their little exchange, which was entirely too bad as it had been infinitely more exciting than a lecture on Goblin wars, but no matter. The fire had been lit and both boy and girl had discovered the thrill of pleasuring each other where there was a danger of being caught, something that entirely appealed to their virginal natures and held the promise of bringing their passions to even greater heights.

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2. Part Deux

Chapter 2 of 4

Just a natural continuation...

...And Temper Begets Pleasure

part deux

~notsosaintly~

Hermione hid behind her worn-out copy of Hogwarts, A History in a corner of the Gryffindor common room. Ron and Harry had not yet returned from Quidditch practice. That was quite all right, though; she needed time to think.

Right, more time to think. That was all she had done since History of Magic class this afternoon when Ron had...well. A wave of remembrance crashed over her, filling her stomach. When Ron had...Merlin's eye teeth, she could not even bring herself to think the words.

The image of him was imprinted upon her mind, however. He was so much bigger than she would have expected, so...oh, buggler all, since History of Magic she just could not *think* of anything else. She hesitated and wondered: had she actually thought of him in that way before and just had not realized it?

Ron and Harry burst through the door on a breeze of spring green, bringing a taste of the outdoors into the common room. As usual, every head turned to acknowledge their presence and, as usual, the boys took no notice. Their robes were slightly muddy and their cheeks ruddy from the chill that still lingered at this time of year. They were breathless and laughing. Normally, their blustery entrance would have made her scowl in reproof. But not tonight.

Instead, she pulled her head quickly back behind the extra-large book and pretended not to have noticed their return. She breathed heavily into the thick parchment pages. All of a sudden she was very aware of the boys...as boys. They had changed so much since she had first met them over six years ago, yet in her mind's eye she had always seen them as inexperienced first years.

Now *she* felt like the inexperienced one. When had they grown up? For that matter, when had she?

Harry had grown to almost six feet, still shorter than Ron but just as wide across the shoulders. His tousled hair fell just above his brow in his own haphazard style and just scraped the edge of his collar, much as it always had. But the greatest change of all had been his confidence. He had started out as a lost little boy, downtrodden by the only family he had known, and somewhere along the line had grown into a solidly confident young man.

She peeked around the corner of page 1,067 to see the boys had stopped to talk to Parvati and Lavender and just found something wildly funny. A twinge of jealousy made her pull back and hide once more.

What was happening to her? Since when was she ever jealous of Parvati Patil and Lavender Brown? She knew Harry and Ron held no real interest in either of them. But still...

She gathered up the courage to look once more. Their backs were turned so she was confident they would not notice. And what lovely backs they were. Strong, defined shoulders developed through hours of Quidditch practice. Mud-streaked robes tossed over their shoulders revealing that which she usually had not the pleasure to look at. When did these boys turn into men? Her eyes hungrily devoured every inch of their backsides.

She didn't notice when Ron glanced over his shoulder in her direction. She was too engrossed in her guilty perusal. She didn't even notice when Ron tilted his head at Harry directing him to her unfocused gaze.

Somewhere she had gotten lost in her thoughts and had forgotten that she was supposed to be inconspicuous.

Harry quietly broke away from the group and walked behind the table Hermione occupied, a smirk upon his face. Easing up behind his distracted friend, he lowered his mouth to just behind her ear.

As his hands made contact with her shoulders, he whispered, "See anything you like, Hermione?"

She would have jumped a metre in the air if his hands were not holding her down. Clearing her throat, she tried to think of a witty reply but failed miserably.

"Harry. Oh! So Quidditch practice is over then, I see." All intelligent thought had flown out the portrait hole apparently.

"Mm, yes," he answered, letting his large strong hands when had they gotten so big? massage her tense shoulders. "Still reading that great bloody book, I see."

What was he doing to her? Her body felt like it was suddenly on fire. Ron glanced back at them and grinned. Pausing only to announce his departure to the girls, he turned and lazily sauntered toward his two best friends.

Placing his hands upon the edge of the heavy book still standing upon its spine, he brought it down flat on the desk. He leaned in slowly until he was only a few centimetres from her face. Eyes flicked upward only for a moment to meet Harry's.

"Enjoying yourself, Hermione?" he whispered, only barely heard over the din of the other students.

For some reason, she could not answer. Maybe it was the combination of Harry's hands rubbing her shoulders and Ron's insinuation. Maybe it was the realization that two men had completely overpowered her. Whatever it was, all she could do was nod.

Ron looked up at his dark-haired counterpart. "Looks like Hermione won't be telling us to study tonight after all."

"Doesn't look that way. What do you think we should do about it?"

She let her eyes roll upwards and her lids fall shut. Harry knew. Harry knew what had happened between her and Ron during History of Magic and now his hands were doing the most wonderful things to her body. Sure, it was just her shoulders, but in her inexperience it felt like so much more. Yesterday, this would have been a simple massage. But today...

"I think," Ron's voice dropped to a whisper, "that we need to teach Hermione how to have*fun*."

Harry's hands moved down the sides of her arms, still rubbing her muscles but more gently than he had her shoulders. For some reason the change in pressure brought her attention to that part of her body. She was shocked to find that the front of her robes were peaked with her evident arousal.

And then that breathy voice was in her ear once more, "Want to have some fun, Hermione?"

Oh gods, yes. She wanted some fun. Her whole body positively ached for more attention. She shook her head, trying to shake her brain into taking control over the situation. It wasn't very successful.

Taking her speechless condition as consent, Ron folded her book and placed it in her book bag while Harry drew her to her feet and placed an arm tightly around her. Slinging the book bag over his shoulder, Ron led the way to the prefect's lounge.

It was perfect, really. No one suspected anything of the three to begin with, but no one would get any ideas either since both Ron and Hermione were prefects and Hermione had used the lounge for studying purposes in the past. The boys had thought this over quite carefully, it seemed. More than she would have normally given them credit for, she had to admit.

They ushered her inside and Harry turned to cast the strongest locking spell he knew followed by silencing and disillusionment charms for good measure. No one would be interrupting them tonight.

The hand still on her body, the one not needed for casting magic, tightened its grip and spun her around, bringing her body in close proximity to his.

Harry spoke over her head, his voice gravelly with desire. "What do you think we should do with her, Ron?"

Ron had not been idle. This had apparently been well-planned. The lights grew dim and candles of various sizes, shapes and colors appeared around the room. In the flicker of the light, the boys' faces took on an almost evil hue. A swarm of butterflies flew into her stomach.

Ron pressed up into Hermione from behind, sandwiching her between himself and Harry. He ground his semi-hardness into her and leaned in so she would not miss what he had to say.

"I say, Harry, that we show her just what it's like to suffer."

They simultaneously broke away from her, leaving her standing in the middle of the room, with an odd feeling of loss. Harry looked smolderingly down at her as Ron walked around to stand next to his comrade-in-arms.

"That does sound like fun, Ron," Harry answered when Ron reached his side. "Let's torture her the way she tortures us."

Harry held up a warning hand when Hermione opened her mouth to protest. The way I torture *them*, she thought. *The way I torture them?! Her chest heaved in righteous indignation. Placing her hands on her hips, she glared at her best friends but heeded Harry's warning to keep silent.*

The matching maroon Quidditch cloaks flew in unison across the back of the small sofa that sat by the fireplace. Ron and Harry smirked at her, ignoring the faint glimmer of anger in her eyes. She knew they were up to something. They always were. When the shirts followed, revealing their strong, muscular chests, her brain stopped fighting. My, but they looked so *good*. Why had she not noticed that before?

Ron gave Harry a slight nod of the head and simultaneously their hands moved downwards, reaching the tops of their trousers and unfastening the buttons at the same time. In slow motion, trousers fell in twin heaps upon the floor, leaving only ... oh my goodness, maroon boxers with the Gryffindor logo right over their ...

Hermione shook her head and tore her eyes upward. Were they *smirking* at her? Oh, they were. Those little ... oh, but they weren't so little, were they? Her eyes flickered back to the Gryffindor lions beckoning to her in three dimensions. She blushed.

One of the lions' boys walked toward her and caught her about the waist in his muscular grasp. Weak legs. Fluttery stomach. Wet knickers. Suddenly, there was another body pressed up behind her. She let her head fall back against a broad chest, her eyes falling closed, giving in to their will.

"Do you see something you like, Hermione?" Harry's voice rasped into her ear, repeating his earlier question. He pushed harder into her backside, accentuating his words.

Like? If someone would have asked her yesterday what she thought about her two best friends, she would have told them that they played Quidditch too much, didn't study enough and, in Ron's case, didn't take his prefect duties seriously.

What had changed between now and then? A rather heated argument followed up by a heated display of raging teenage hormones? She felt as though a neglected switch had been flipped and now that it was on she had no desire to turn it off.

All she could do was whimper.

"Now you've gone and done it, Harry," Ron murmured in between nibbles at her ear. "You've broken our Hermione. What say we fix her?"

The voice at the other ear murmured in agreement.

Ron grasped Hermione's right hand and brought it to his familiar erection, guiding her movements, letting her feel the hardness beneath the silk. He kept his hand over hers, forcing her to concentrate her attention on him. She gasped as Harry slowly slid himself over her robe-covered bum, hiking her skirt up beneath the robe in the process. She pressed backwards, eager to feel more, feeling almost painfully empty.

Harry growled and seized her hips with his hands to steady himself.

"You all right there, mate?" Ron asked from the other side.

"More than all right. You?" he somehow managed to speak through his growing lust.

Hermione was desperate for more. She pushed back into Harry, letting him grind into her while she pleased Ron with her hand. But her body was on fire and neither boy was touching her where she most suddenly and desperately wanted them to. She tried to speak through the assault on her body, the nibbling on her ears, the hardness cradled in her hand.

"What was that, love?" Ron crooned, nipping her earlobe, running his tongue along the edge and licking just inside the shell.

He forced her hand harder against him, wrapping her fingers just the right way, smoothing her thumb around the tip where suddenly it got a little slicker. Ron breathed heavily in her ear, Harry in the other.

Hermione wanted more...gods, how she wanted more. She wanted their hands on her body, exploring, making her feel good. How did they work this *sa they* got all the attention anyway? She tried to pull her hand away in protest, but Ron held it fast.

"Where do you think you are going?" Ron asked challengingly. "Had enough? Harry, maybe Hermione doesn't want this...doesn't want us. Maybe we should leave."

"No!" A word finally escaped from her pleasure-induced haze.

Both boys laughed and broke away from her, leaving her standing in between their bodies but not making a move to touch her. Amusement shone in their eyes. Hermione looked at Ron, then turned to look at Harry.

"What do you want, Hermione? Tell us," Harry asked, obviously hoping she was not going to just walk out and leave them hanging.

She stepped back. She could not see them both from where she was and she wanted to see both of them at the same time. Yes. Their broad chests, their mussed-up hair, their flat stomachs a miracle, considering how much food they managed to shovel in at every meal their tented boxers. Her legs nearly gave out beneath her.

"I want..." She couldn't speak. She knew what she wanted, but it was too much. She wanted everything. She wanted both of them. The fire burned hotter within her chest at this realization.

"I want..." She stumbled backwards a little, trying to grasp onto something.

Harry and Ron dove for her at the same time, reflexes finely honed by hours of Quidditch practice. Gently, they carried her over to the sofa and sat down on either side of her.

Ron cupped her face in his large hand, running his thumb over her jaw line, looking into her cloudy eyes. "Yes, Hermione. Tell us what you want."

"Kiss me," she begged.

Ron's full lips descended upon hers suddenly and with demanding urgency, breathing heavily through his nose as though it were the only way to keep control. He only allowed his lips to touch her. His hands remained clutched in his lap.

Breaking away as suddenly as the kiss had begun, he shook her out of her stupor, "Is this what you wanted?"

"No. I mean, yes. Oh, gods, Ron, yes. I want more," she moaned, grabbing each of their hands and directing them to her body, pleading. "Touch me."

The boys needed no further prodding. All control flew out the window.

Ron growled and attacked her mouth, kissing her hard. His mouth ground into hers, his lips opening and demanding, not asking, her to allow him further access. Forcing his tongue inside, searching for hers, tracing all her teeth, tasting her flavor. He groaned.

But his hands still had not moved and neither had Harry's. In fact, all Harry was doing was watching when he should be doing oh so much more. Hermione took Harry's hand, which she still held and tightly at that and placed it on top of her breast. The sudden intake of breath coming from the mouth *not* currently occupied with her own was enough to tell her that this move was indeed most welcome.

Harry fondled her through her robes, feeling the fullness of her breasts. She smiled into Ron's mouth, knowing that both boys would enjoy how much she had filled out in the last year. She was more than a handful. Both breasts were suddenly the recipient of eager hands, roughly being pressed into each other and kneaded mercilessly.

The twinge of pain at her right nipple made her yelp. Four hands held her tightly to the cushions beneath her. Gods, Harry was sucking her straight through her bra, blouse and robes, taking as much of her and her clothing into his mouth as he could. Off. The clothes needed to come off. Now!

She mumbled into Ron's mouth and pushed against his unyielding shoulders, squirming against his body. Breathless, Ron broke the kiss again.

"Off. Take it off. My robes. I want them off," she moaned deliriously.

Harry and Ron obliged. Unfastening her robes, they were left with her white uniform blouse. Ron unbuttoned from the top while Harry unbuttoned from the bottom until their fingers met at the middle. Glancing at each other and feeding off the other's lustful gaze, they turned back to the girl beneath them and opened her shirt.

Her bra was mostly white lace, but modest. Just a film of satin, no padding needed, held together by a small clasp in front. Ron's heavy fingers fumbled the clasp for a few agonizing seconds before Harry pushed him aside and took over. With a flick of his finger the offending material fell away from her body, leaving her milky skin exposed to two pairs of extremely hungry eyes. Like one, both heads dipped to feast.

How...why was this happening? She threaded her fingers through their tangled hair, holding them against her, losing herself in the sensation of each mouth pulling at her breast. Ron sucked on her with wild abandon, as though she may Disapparate at any moment. Harry swirled his tongue around her nipple and gently drew her bud into his mouth. Hermione arched her back, needing more. More, damn it! It wasn't enough.

"Patience, love," Ron said, in between alternating kisses and nips. "Harry, I do believe she wants more. Shall we give it to her?"

Harry looked up and grinned. The cool air that replaced their mouths blew across her wet nipples, tightening them into hard little peaks.

"Oh yes, Ron," Harry responded. "She definitely wants more."

A hand slithered up her skirt and came to rest on her dampened knickers, rubbing through the barrier. Her hips pushed upward to meet it.

A voice she no longer recognized, thick with need, groaned, "Yes, more."

Thoughts lost coherence. She fell back into the cushions, giving in to the boys' desires. A mouth reattached itself to a breast, a pair of hands caressed and thrust them together into the waiting mouth. Two hands grasped her trembling thighs below and pushed them slowly apart. She felt more than heard the rending of the fabric covering her wetness.

And then stars exploded across her lidded vision as a second mouth latched upon the very bundle of nerves that would bring her release. Their tongues teased and touched, quickened and sucked, bringing her higher. The boys squeezed and kneaded and rubbed and didn't stop no matter how hard her hips bucked or her hands pulled or her moans grew louder.

And then...and then...oh, but could there be more? She needed more. She felt empty. She wanted to be filled. She couldn't stand it. Her head thrashed from side to side and she cried out as a small pressure slowly filled her and felt her and pushed inside of her and, oh! but it was the best thing she had ever felt and their tongues never gave up but instead gave more and she felt as though she were about to die at any moment, her heart would give out, and she couldn't take it!

She cried as the boys brought her over the top and down hard, letting the waves crash over her again and again. She never wanted the feeling to end. A little higher again; gods, those tongues! Where did they learn such a thing? Swinging her up and over once more. Oh gods oh gods oh gods, but how she wanted all that they were willing to give! The tears spilled from her eyes at the intensity of the pleasure.

The mouths pulled away from her body, but a hand still worked below gradually bringing her down but keeping her passion at a steady level. Hermione panted heavily, almost begging for them to continue their task. Ron stood above her and removed his boxers, erection standing proudly just centimeters from her open mouth.

"Hermione," Ron said, urging her to focus on what he placed before her. His hand worked slowly over his considerable length, his head falling back slightly as he pleased himself for her once again, making himself harder. Harry watched from his place on the floor, stroking himself through his boxers with one hand while his other still worked inside of her.

"Hermione," Ron almost choked as his desire mounted.

Hermione saw what he offered and took the bait. Leaning forward, she drew his cock into her mouth as far as it would go. Groans from above and below urged her on. She sucked and swallowed, grabbing Ron's hips with her hands and pulling him into her deeper.

"Gods, Hermione," he begged. "Don't stop."

Hermione had no plans to stop. The finger thrusting into her mimicked Ron's cock as it plunged into her mouth over and over. One finger became two, stretching her even farther, causing her to breathe slightly harder over the double intrusion. She alternately impaled herself on Harry's fingers and Ron's cock, listening to Ron mumble incoherently above her, feeling him fasten her to him with a hand on the back of her head as he got louder and louder until...Ron's hips jerked unevenly and a fountain of fluid poured into her waiting mouth. She swallowed and swallowed as Ron emptied himself within her.

Fingers thrust faster in response, and her mouth fell away from Ron's wilting cock. Ron stared at his two best friends, one pleasuring himself while trying to give the other some relief.

"Harry, take her. She wants it. Give it to her, Harry," Ron urged, wanting more than anything to see Hermione give in to another orgasm.

Harry quickly pulled his boxers down to his ankles and poised himself at the point where his fingers entered the girl splayed open before him. He looked questioningly into her drugged eyes, asking, pleading for relief.

In response, Hermione grabbed Harry's hips and pulled him forward. His fingers left and his cock entered. In one fluid move, he buried himself completely within her.

She screamed. It wasn't so much the twinge of pain she felt as the thrill of finally being filled. He stretched her to her limits. She was no longer empty.

Once within, he could not stop. Holding on to the back of the sofa, he pulled and thrust, again and again, diving into her tightness, struggling to hold on, to last a little bit longer.

"Oh fuck! Oh gods! Ron, she's so tight. So beautiful. I can't...oh, this feels too good!"

Ron slid behind Harry and reached between the two bodies. Placing his thumb firmly on Hermione's clit, he rubbed in small circles.

"Come, Hermione. Come for us," he chanted over Harry's groans.

Hermione screamed. It was too much, the combination of Harry's cock and Ron's thumb, their voices mingling in pleasure. She was close to losing it again. Harry yelled out over Ron's encouragement.

"Oh fuck! I'm coming, Hermione! Come...for...me....." He pushed a final time before the explosion came and Hermione thrashed and convulsed around his cock, drawing every last bit from his spent body.

Over Harry's collapsed body, Ron claimed Hermione's mouth and slowly eased her back down to earth.

3. Interlude

Chapter 3 of 4

... and the ruminations that follow. (Warnings: solo, smut with a little--very little--background story.)

Disclaimer: JKR, I love you! Thanks for letting me get raunchy with your creation.

...And Temper Begets Pleasure

part trois

~notsosaintly~

A sliver of moonlight snuck in through a window corner, falling across the sleeping form of Neville Longbottom. Ron couldn't sleep. The events of the day kept playing through his mind. By all rights he should have been exhausted, but he was as awake now at midnight as he had been at noon. Groaning in exasperation, he turned over.

A cough caught his attention and he turned his head toward Harry's curtained bed. As far as he knew, sleeping people didn't cough. Sleeping Harry's sure didn't.

"Harry?" Ron whispered, being careful not to wake up the other boys. Seamus and Dean were snoring as they usually did. Neville was a heavy sleeper and, frankly, no good at feigning sleep. He was certain no one else would be listening.

The curtains parted slightly and Harry's eyes peered around the edge. "Yeah?" He sounded slightly annoyed. "What are you still awake for? Go to sleep."

"*Can't* sleep. I keep thinking about Hermione," Ron admitted, staring at the canopy. Thinking was beginning to be an understatement. Obsessing was more like it.

Harry failed to stifle a sigh. He let the curtain fall back into place and answered from behind the folds, "Me too."

"Harry? Um, what did it...I mean, what did she feel like? When you were...you know, what did it feel like...to be inside of her?" The thought had been nagging him for the last hour. He had felt the gloriousness of her lips around his cock and her sweet tongue as it coaxed his release, and that in itself was a dream come true, but to actually feel what it was like to be buried inside of her...he was painfully aware that Harry had been the first one to experience it.

A quiet moan came from Harry's bed. At first Ron thought Harry wasn't going to answer. The question did sound sort of personal, maybe even a little jealous. *Was* he jealous? Ron thought for a moment. No, maybe a little envious, but nothing that wouldn't be fixed the next time he was with her for sure. Mmm...the next time. That introduced a whole new set of hormone-sodden visions and a couple of ideas.

"Harry? Come on. Give over and tell me what she felt like." He hoped he didn't sound too needy; he just needed *to know*.

Harry's voice spanned the scant-metre distance between their beds. He sounded almost breathless with the memory. "She felt, um, tight ... and warm. No ..*hot*, but in a good way. I could feel her ... gods, it felt like she was squeezing and ... and pulling and ... it just...it felt so ... so *good*."

Ron had been trying to ignore the feelings thinking about Hermione generally produced, but Harry's voice tore down the last of his defences and he felt himself grow hard at those last words. All right, *harder*. He had already been battling a semi-erection since he went to bed. He rubbed his forehead. Perhaps he shouldn't have asked. Now all he could think of was how it felt to be touched by her, to be wanted by her, to be held and caressed by her. Blast.

He was about to ask Harry another question when he realized that he could hear his friend breathing softly from behind the curtain, and even though his breath was barely audible, it was coming short and fast. Gods. He *had* to bring it up, didn't he? Now both of them were in the same predicament.

He had no choice, really, except to finish what he had started...there was no other cure except perhaps a cold shower, but it was already past curfew. His erection strained toward his hand through his pajama bottoms. Pushing down hard against the head and rolling it against his stomach, he figured this was the only way to get some sleep. He thought of closing the curtain, but his bed angled in such a way that only Harry would be able to see him and he doubted Harry was in a position at the moment to look...or even to *care* for that matter.

He wanted Hermione so badly. He had ever since second year when she had been petrified by the basilisk. He had actually made himself sick with worry at the time and visited her every day after classes and twice a day on weekends. The realisation of what that tight feeling in his chest actually meant had stunned him for a couple days until he got used to it and finally admitted it to himself. When she had finally been brought to rights and released from the infirmary he wanted to pull her into his arms and never let her go again. But then, as she came running to join them in the Great Hall, he had been overcome by a sudden bout of shyness.

The opportunity to tell her always seemed to elude him and he had talked himself out of it on more than one occasion. He and Harry had spoken about it often and it turned out they both fancied her quite a bit. Or perhaps Ron's feelings had become a bit contagious; he wasn't quite sure. Nevertheless, the boys found themselves talking more and more about what it would be like to kiss those lips or what those ever-growing breasts looked like under that jumper.

To finally show her...as unplanned as it had been...had been somewhat of a relief and an incredible boost to his ego. Just to expose himself to her and watch her eyes widen and darken in pleasure was encouraging. The knowledge that he had actually caused her to forget to take notes in History of Magic had turned him on even more. But to watch her play with herself as he masturbated and came in front of her was the ultimate high.

Gods, she was so beautiful. He wanted to feel her hands as they wrapped around his cock and slid along its length. Yes ... he wanted to feel the hardness of her tongue as it traced a path from his testicles to the ridge of his penis and played around the edge. Oh, Hermione ... he wanted to feel the head of his cock push against the roof of her mouth and her throat constrict against him as she swallowed. Gods gods gods ... he wanted to place himself at her entrance and feel the slight resistance he always dreamed would be there as he pushed inside of her.

Ron's breaths mimicked the rhythm of his hand as he meditated upon what it would be like to be inside of Hermione. In the bed next to him, the breaths had also become sharper and shorter. Oddly enough, knowing that Harry was in the bed next to him doing the exact same thing excited him further. Suddenly, his hand was not enough. He wanted to feel Hermione beneath him. He wanted to feel the pressure of her walls surrounding his cock. Groaning, he turned onto his stomach and pressed his aching cock into the mattress and thrust his hips as though she were beneath him, as though she were welcoming him into her body.

Yes, that was it...almost. He slid his palm between the mattress and his erection and pressed firmly against it, pushing the tip into the hard heel of his palm. Better. His hips flexed; he thrust and buried his face in his pillow and moaned. He would take her like this first, and she would wrap her legs around him and pull him into her. Gods, yes.

There wasn't too much farther to go. He ground himself into the mattress, unheeding of his surroundings, forgetting where he was, lost in the fantasy. He needed release; it didn't matter how he got it anymore. The only thing he could think about was Hermione's cries of "Oh, Ron" as he came in front of her that morning. His balls tightened. And her scream as Harry came inside of her and Ron felt the throbbing of their climaxes as he massaged her clit.

What finally sent him over the edge was a long, barely whispered "Yesssssss" from the other bed as Harry succumbed to his own pleasure. Ron's cock throbbed hard between his belly and his flattened hand. Ah, yes ... her fingernails would cut deep into his back as he filled her. Gods, more ... and she would scream his name. Unh ... her muscles would clench around his cock as they had around his fingers earlier that day. Fuck, yeah ... and he would make her come with his cock inside of her. Yesssssss.

The room had become silent. Not even Seamus and Dean were snoring any longer. And Ron fell asleep before he even had the chance to clean himself up.

*A/N: This note should probably have been placed at the beginning, but sometimes author's notes distract the reader from the story. I didn't want you to get distracted. ;) The unexpected winning of the Multifaceted Award got me to fantasizing about Naughty!Ron again and this had to be written. *lol* Perhaps I was the one who didn't want to be distracted. So I guess this story is not finished. The chapter naturally ended here but my imagination didn't. Of course, I could always use some encouragement.*

4. Part Trois

Chapter 4 of 4

What room of the castle is going to be initiated next?

A/N: Yes, I know the third installment wasn't everything it could have been, which is why I changed the title to "Interlude." It is just that this chapter was so long and that one naturally ended at that point. I believe this one should be more to your liking. *wink*

Disclaimer: JKR, I love you! Thanks for letting me get raunchy with your creation.

...And Temper Begets Pleasure

part quatre

~notsosaintly~

Hermione was not to be found in Gryffindor Tower the following morning. Granted, it was Saturday and there were no classes to rush off to, but she generally made it a practice to wait in the common room for the boys so they could go down to breakfast together.

Ron was a little worried at her absence. Was she feeling awkward about what had happened between the three of them the day before? Perhaps they had pushed her too far and she was regretting it. Perhaps she felt she could not face them after last night and they would lose her friendship forever. Ron's stomach tightened at the thought.

Harry walked over from the stairs to the girls' dormitory. "Ginny said she's not up there. Let's just go. I'm famished. We'll catch up with her later."

"You don't think she..." Ron broke off mid-sentence. He couldn't bring himself to say it.

"I hope not," Harry muttered, his own worry showing. "Knowing her, she probably thought about it too much and...well, *hope* she thought about it but I just hope she doesn't feel *poorly* about it, is all."

Running a hand through his hair, Harry gave Ron an uneasy glance but Ron's face merely mirrored his own. There was nothing to do but to go down to breakfast.

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"Here you go, dear," Madam Pomfrey bustled toward Hermione. "Swallow this now and come back to see me in four weeks for the next dose. I have to say, I am really surprised that you are asking for a contraceptive potion."

Hermione felt slightly offended. What was it about her that made people astonished that she might actually be a normal, hormonal teenage girl? Of course, she didn't really want them to *know* that she was *behaving* like a normal, hormonal teenage girl.

She let out a short laugh for Madam Pomfrey's benefit. "Oh well. My periods have just been really heavy and painful and I read in Perfecting Potions last semester that this particular contraceptive is just wonderful for that sort of thing."

Madam Pomfrey relaxed visibly. "Well, good for you, dear. Don't let those boys distract you. You have such promise. I can just see you going on to an excellent career...perhaps becoming a Healer?"

It was a frequent topic of conversation between the two. Madam Pomfrey never failed to enquire as to Hermione's career aspirations, always hopeful that the young girl would take her lead. According to Madam Pomfrey, the profession could always use bright, intelligent witches and wizards; it was already full of those who followed the path simply because they were expected to.

"Thank you, Madam Pomfrey. I'll mark it in my schedule to see you in four weeks then. I better get down to breakfast before Harry and Ron send out a search party."

She giggled and waved and left as quickly as possible without making it seem like she was avoiding a conversation, which she most definitely was. She would rather be making a potion than administering it, but she had no desire to disappoint the well-meaning witch.

Glancing at her watch, she nearly tripped over the bottom stair and swore. She hadn't meant to be this long. Harry and Ron would no doubt have been ready and waiting for her in the common room. Now they were probably worried about her, or rather the reasons why she hadn't been there. She jogged in the direction of the Great Hall, thinking that the sooner she got there, the better.

Sure enough, there the boys were, sitting in their usual seats, looking morose. At least they had left her a space. She swore silently at herself for being late. She should have gotten up earlier and taken care of this before they noticed her absence, but she had slept a little longer than she expected. Still, her visit to Madam Pomfrey had been too important to put off for even another day.

"Good morning, boys," she said cheerfully as she squeezed herself in between.

They stopped eating and looked at her, faces lighting up, hoping that her pleasant demeanor meant she was having no regrets. Hermione slid a hand onto each of their thighs and gripped firmly in an even more intimate 'hello,' one she knew they would pick up on right away.

Beaming, they both muttered through mouthfuls of food, "Hi Hermione! Where've you been?"

Across the table, Seamus and Dean gave each other questioning looks, a fact which Hermione noticed right away. She didn't think it would be wise to draw attention to the change in their relationship just yet. It wasn't very conventional, that was for sure. What was she supposed to do anyway, go around calling *both* of them her *boyfriends*? Though the thought of it sent shivers down her spine and made her toes tingle, not to mention other parts.

"I'll tell you later, okay?" She wasn't about to mention her visit to Madam Pomfrey in front of the whole of Gryffindor Tower, which she would effectively be doing since Seamus and Dean seemed to have taken interest in their conversation. "I'm famished. What's for breakfast?"

Without further ado, she had scrambled eggs spooned onto her plate by Ron and a fresh assortment of melon added by Harry. She smiled at both of them, enjoying the extra attention. She must have worried them both immensely, but it seemed like all was forgiven.

What she really wanted to do, especially now that she no longer had to worry about the contraceptive potion, was move her hands a bit higher and squeeze something more than their muscular thighs. The vision of what she would find there...on both sides...made her heart skip a beat. She looked over at Ron, whose blue eyes darkened just a bit as they met hers, and had to suppress the desire to take his face in her hands and snog him senseless right at the table.

No, she reprimanded herself, shaking the thought loose from her head. *I will not make a spectacle of myself. I am supposed to set an example.*

She murmured, "Thanks," instead and dug into her breakfast, almost as voraciously as the boys.

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"Hey! Where're you going, Harry?" Ron called after the other boy who turned left upon leaving the Great Hall.

"I have a meeting with Dumbledore," he called over his shoulder. "I have one every Saturday morning, Ron, you know that. I'll see you guys at lunch if not sooner."

Ron watched Harry's retreating back for a moment longer. Yeah, he *had* forgotten; he was slightly preoccupied this morning. He looked down to see Hermione shift her heavy book bag to the other shoulder. Oh no, this was *supposed* to be Saturday. People were supposed to have *fun* on Saturdays!

"Don't tell me you're going to the library," he complained.

Hermione looked at him sheepishly. "You could come if you wanted to, Ron. Sorry."

She shrugged her shoulders and turned to leave when one of Ron's large hands grabbed her elbow and pulled her against the wall. He was going to kiss her, he really wanted to, but it was too public of an area. Then he would have to start answering questions and he didn't want to destroy Hermione's reputation. Nor his, for that matter, because how would he explain it when it became obvious this wasn't a simple boy-girl relationship? He could just hear Seamus asking, *Well, if you are Hermione's boyfriend and Harry is Hermione's boyfriend, does that make Harry your boyfriend, too?* No thanks.

Ron crushed her against the wall and looked down at her, loving the way she didn't resist him, seeing the turmoil in her face that must have also been on his own. He knew she could feel the erection he had maintained throughout breakfast as he pushed against her hip.

"Where were you this morning, Hermione?" he whispered. "I was so worried. I thought you were avoiding us."

Just one little kiss...what would it hurt? He cupped her jaw and wet his lips. Just one.

"Ron," she warned, bringing her own hand to cover his. "Not here. I want to, believe me, but not here." She was not above pressing her hipbone against the bulge in his pants, though. "I went up to see Madam Pomfrey this morning. I wanted to get up earlier, but I had a bit of a lie-in."

Ron snorted, "Lie-in? It's not officially a lie-in until you have slept past 8:00. Why didn't you tell us you were sick? We would have come with you to the infirmary. Are you okay?"

"I'm *not* sick, Ron. Apparently *somebody* has to keep a clear mind in this relationship. I went to get a contraceptive potion."

Realisation dawned on his face. Oh, shite! A contraceptive potion! She was right, he hadn't thought clearly enough about the situation. But she had taken care of it; no reason to panic.

Hermione chuckled and said low enough so any passers-by would not be able to hear, "So I guess this means we will be free to pursue further activities at our leisure then, Mister Weasley."

Was that a wink? Did Hermione Granger just wink at him? He could have thrown her to the floor right there and shagged her on the spot. His erection jumped at the thought.

"Mmm...I see the idea appeals to you," she giggled, having felt the jolt against her hip. "But I really need to go to the library this morning and get some studying out of the way. I'm sure you and Harry will figure something out and we can play later."

She ducked under his arm and trotted down the hall toward the library, turning back to blow him a kiss. Ron stood there in amazement. He never thought he would have seen the day Hermione Granger openly flirted with him. Further activities? He couldn't wait.

No, really, he couldn't wait. In fact, what the bloody hell was he thinking, letting her walk off like that without him? He scolded himself for being so thick sometimes. He needed to get a grip on himself and...okay, well not that kind of grip. There was going to be no need for that today, if he had anything to say about it. He turned and ran toward Gryffindor Tower to get his book bag and borrow a little something from Harry's trunk. He was going to the library.

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She loved the library on Saturday mornings. Usually she was the only one who bothered to show up. Other students would show up after dinner Sunday evening to work on last-minute assignments, and if they bothered to show up at all on a Saturday it was only right before exam time. She sighed contentedly and organised her books, parchment and quills on a table in the far corner where she would be surrounded by the smell of books. Ah, this was perfect!

She spent ten minutes looking at past research for a Potions assignment, trying to decide what reference materials she needed to consult next, when Madam Pince came out of seemingly nowhere.

"And how is my little bookworm today?" the librarian asked.

"Fine, thanks, Madam Pince. How are you?" Hermione smiled. Madam Pince was her favorite staff member next to Professor McGonagall.

"Just dandy, dear. I was hoping to ask a favour of you today; I'm sure it will not affect your studying," Madam Pince chuckled. "I have an allotment of rare books that just arrived at Flourish and Blotts this morning. They said they would deliver it Monday, but I just cannot wait all weekend. Would you mind keeping an eye on things for me until lunchtime? I know it's a huge favour to ask but..."

"Oh! I would be honoured, Madam Pince," Hermione interrupted. "It's no trouble at all. I can certainly understand. I wouldn't be able to wait until Monday either."

Madam Pince laughed outright. "I knew you would understand. Wonderful! Well then, I shall be off. Just close the door when you head off to lunch, dear. Thank you! Good bye, then!"

Hermione smiled to herself as Madam Pince quickly gathered her cloak and bustled out of the library, not wanting to waste another precious second without her new acquisition. It was nice to be trusted with such a responsibility. She finished making her list of resources and headed off into the stacks to find them.

Hermione knew she could have used a Summoning Charm to get them, but there was something about searching the stacks, being surrounded by hundreds and hundreds of books. The slightly moist air of the stacks, the shuffle of the pages, the crackle of a rarely-used binding; she loved it all. The first three books on her list were easy. She found them quickly and placed them on her table. The last one was in the Restricted Section: Dark Herbs and their Not-So-Dark Uses. She didn't *have* to use this book for her paper, but she knew Professor Snape would be most impressed if she did. She was hoping for an apprenticeship next year with the man. She figured this paper would definitely make or break his decision.

Lowering the wards, she walked between the stacks of the Restricted Section. The books were older here. The scent was different as well; not exactly different in a bad way, but different in an unusual way. The book should be right about here...she scanned the upper shelf and reached for the heavy, dust-covered tome.

Even the dust smells like books, she thought as she involuntarily sneezed twice and headed back to her table, warding the section once more.

She was surprised to see she was no longer alone. A table at the other end of the library had been appropriated by Terry Boot. Terry raised his hand in greeting and she did the same. Of course, she had forgotten Terry might show up. His grades were just a notch or so under hers; he was the only other student in her year...and practically every other year...who took his studies as seriously as she did. Settling into her seat, she happily dove into her research.

An ink smudge later, she felt something brush her ankle and reached down absentmindedly to brush it away, not even pausing her scratching quill. The third time, she looked up to note Terry was absorbed in a book and looked down to make sure Mrs. Norris wasn't prowling under her table or chair.

Then something tickled up her leg. Pushing her chair back abruptly, again she saw nothing.

"Are you okay, Hermione?" Terry half-whispered, half-called from the opposite side of the room.

She gave him a wan smile and a nod and pulled her chair back to the table, intent upon getting back to her note-taking.

Suddenly, a pressure exerted itself on both her knees and she felt her legs being pushed apart. This was no cat. In fact, the pressure felt suspiciously like two large hands. Her skirt, which had fallen into the valley between her spread legs was being pushed higher to reveal her knickers.

She knew if she wanted to, she could probably reach under the table and grab a fistful of invisibility cloak, but she decided to see where this was going to lead. Checking to see if Terry was still absorbed in his book, which thankfully he was, Hermione propped the largest of her books upright on the table to block any view Terry may have of her face. She was relatively sure he couldn't see under the table from that distance.

A muffled gasp accompanied the finger that ran over the silk knickers she wore, traveling down between her cleft where the material became narrower and narrower. She smiled. The set of underwear she had decided to wear this morning...her only sexy pair...had cost her twenty-five pounds. It was nice that they were finally being appreciated.

The slight scrap of silk was pushed to one side and she spread her thighs even wider as a thumb pushed and circled against her clit. She slumped slightly in her chair, enjoying the unexpected pleasure. After all, how often did a girl get such a wonderful study break? No matter that she had only begun studying.

She remembered just in time that Terry Boot was only a few stacks away. The tongue, which replaced the thumb, nearly made her moan out loud. *Gods*, that felt good. Looking down between the table and her lap at the empty space, she wondered which of the boys was gifting her this morning, Harry or Ron. It was Harry's cloak and his meeting with Dumbledore hardly ever lasted beyond a half hour, so that would have to be her first choice.

"Harry?" she whispered, making the educated guess.

The mouth sucking her clit hummed, "Mm-mm," and sucked a little harder.

Her eyes glazed over. Not Harry. Ron then. Yes, of course it would be Ron. But...oh!...she should have known it was him by the...mm, yes...way he sucked and ground rather than the way Harry had...*gods*...licked and teased her clit the day before. It was a learning process. And it was all she could *do not* to grab the invisible head and further things along a bit.

Ron's tongue swiped up and down and then side to side. She wasn't quite sure she could keep quiet much longer; she was running out of breath, trying not to gasp too loudly as she took another. Then she felt something harder take place of his tongue and continue its grinding motion. His tongue...oh, Ron of the bloody brilliant tongue!...made a pass across her opening and tried to fill her in time with...breathe, Hermione, breathe...the strokes of what most obviously was his nose. You could do that with a *nose*? Bless Merlin and all his mistresses!

And those hands, those large, broad hands that made her feel so taken care of, were massaging the insides of her thighs, pulling the skin taut, which in turn had the pleasant effect of stimulating her even more.

Yes, Ron, don't stop, she thought desperately, wanting to scream it at the top of her lungs. If he stopped, she would most surely die. How could she have lived without such pleasure before? This was infinitely better than what she had ever accomplished by her own hand.

Her thighs tightened and her hips rose a couple centimetres off the seat. Almost there. Ron obeyed and returned his mouth to her clit, sucking as hard as he could and pumping his thumb into her at the same time. That was all it took. Her teeth drew blood as they clamped down hard on her bottom lip to stifle a cry and she came...*hard*.

Though her hips had relaxed back onto the chair, Ron continued to stroke her with his thumb, catching each and every contraction. He was brilliant. Ronald Weasley

certainly knew how to give a girl an orgasm. He smoothed her skirt back into place as her breathing slowed.

Slowly, Hermione sat up and looked over the propped-up book. Where was Terry? Shite! What if he heard...or even saw...oh, how embarrassing! She looked around fretfully, hoping that she would not see him anywhere in the vicinity, when suddenly he reappeared from behind the bookshelf next to his own table, nose buried in a book. Breathing a sigh of relief, she slumped back into her chair.

"Psst. Hermione," Ron whispered from under the table, lowering the hood of the cloak so she could see his face.

His mussed up hair and swollen lips made her want to join him beneath the table right then. She supposed, however, that with Terry around it wasn't such a good idea. She smiled at him, her heart swelling a fraction.

"Hi," she whispered back, reaching a hand toward him.

A hand appeared and he laced his fingers through hers, smiling back. "Come with me. Take a study break."

"I *can't*, Ron," she whispered, wanting more than anything to do as he asked. "I promised Madam Pince to look after things this morning. She went to Diagon Alley."

Disappointment was written clearly upon his face. She knew he must be feeling slightly uncomfortable at the moment and she wanted to rectify the situation, but how could she do that with Terry around? Not just Terry, but theoretically anyone could come walking through that door, and finding two prefects snogging in the book stacks would certainly be detrimental to their positions.

"Come, Ron. I need to return a book to the Restricted Section."

Winking at him, she stood and picked up the book she barely had a chance to look at and walked toward the back of the library. She figured the Restricted Section was probably far enough away from Terry that they could actually speak without being heard, but she would still have to be sure they didn't get too loud.

Waving her wand she lowered the wards, gave Ron enough time to slip past her and put them back up. No way was she going to chance Terry or anyone else for that matter being tempted by a wardless door. She walked back to the shelf to replace the book, adding a little sway in her hips, tempting the boy who was breathing heavily beneath the cloak.

"Honestly, if one wants to be invisible, one should try not to breathe," she chastised as she reached up to place the book back on the top shelf.

An arm reached over her head and easily pushed the book back in its place. "Stop breathing. That's a good one. Perhaps you would like me to pass out. Then what good would I be?" He pulled her backwards into his waiting arms, being sure to show her how tortured he was at the moment.

The proof of his lust made *her* stop breathing. Gods, his erection was such a turn-on. She pressed back against him, making him groan.

"I cannot believe you came to the library on a *Saturday*," she moaned through the pleasure that was clouding her brain.

"What can I say? I felt like studying," he teased.

"And what, pray tell, are you studying, Ronald Weasley?" she asked, all the while grinding her bum against his erection, enjoying the feel of it as it grew even harder.

"I am studying you," he whispered, placing a kiss next to her ear. "*The Art of Seducing Hermione*. I heard there's a book on the subject around here somewhere." He nibbled along the edge of her ear, tracing the lobe with his tongue, sending shivers down her spine.

"Well, if there were such a book, it *would* most definitely be shelved in the Restricted Section," she gasped as his mouth nipped a line down her neck and sucked lightly on her collarbone.

His breathing was becoming rougher with every movement of her hips. She knew he wanted more than just this. *He* wanted more than just this.

"What do you want, Hermione?" Ron asked, seeming to read her mind, breathless with need. "Tell me what you want me to do. Can you feel how much I want you?"

She tried to speak, but she felt utterly weak with need. The mouth that sucked on her neck and the cock that was so close to where she wanted it to be had control over her mind. All she could do was moan.

"Mmm," Ron kissed his way up her neck and back to her ear. "Not very talkative, are we? Well, I suppose *we* will have to make all the decisions then."

He turned her around, looking at her appraisingly, then his eyes glinted...or was that a glimmer from the torch in the wall? She had never seen this side of Ron before, the side where *he* took control. She felt her nipples tighten, realising that *she* more than liked it.

"Take off your clothes," he demanded.

"Here?" Was he serious?

"Yes. Take off your clothes. All of them." He licked his lips almost ferally.

Gods, this side of him was turning her on. She had had no idea he could be like this...so commanding, so sure of himself...not until his little performance in History of Magic. He had been so shy up until then. She had to admit, his shyness had never been appealing.

Slowly, she unbuttoned her jumper and let it fall open to expose her burgundy lace bra, the one that matched the knickers he had already seen. It pushed her cleavage together to give the impression that she was spilling out of the lace. Ron's expression made the twenty-five pounds she spent worthwhile. Smiling, she let the shirt fall to the floor.

The shoes were kicked off to one side, and she slowly leaned forward to remove her socks, letting her breasts fall forward, teasing him a little bit more. Taking her time, slowly peeling off each sock, she hid a grin as he moaned above her. Oh-so-slowly, she stood up to face him. Undressing had never been so fun.

Ron leant back against a stone pillar, unable to support his weight any longer. His eyes burned into her flesh, from her lace-covered breasts to her smooth, slightly rounded tummy. She had the skirt left, though. He said he wanted all of her clothes off and she was not about to disappoint.

The side zipper of her short skirt slid open and it fell past her thighs and crumpled to the floor. She smiled at him, somewhere in between innocent and lustful, and made a show of turning around and slowly bending over to gather her skirt to add it to the pile. The very brief matching knickers...ones that he had seen but not from all angles...barely covered her mons in front and merely laced between the cheeks of her behind.

"Gods, Hermione," Ron groaned through gritted teeth.

He shucked his shirt and stopped her when she reached around to unfasten her bra. "No, leave it on. For some reason seeing you in this is hotter than seeing you naked."

Yes, twenty-five pounds definitely well spent, she thought. She had no reason to buy it last summer other than she wanted to have at least one sexy set of underwear, just in case. Preparation always worked in her favor.

Ron's chest and upper arms flexed as he worked the buttons of his pants. One of the things that she found herself fixated upon as the boys grew older was the widening of their shoulders, the muscles of their pectorals especially. They had no idea what it did to her when they went shirtless down by the lake. She had noticed other girls looking as well...they always did. It always made her slightly jealous, although she had no reason to be. But now, these muscles...these boys...were *hers*.

He stepped out of his pants, pushing them into the pile she had begun. The Gryffindor lion on the front of his boxers...how many pairs of these did he own anyway?...growled at her. Hermione giggled. Charmed boxers. How...charming.

"He doesn't bite. Take them off," Ron said, moving closer so she could comply.

Fingers trembling more from desire than nervousness, Hermione slipped her thumbs into the waistband and pulled them down to his thighs.

"Keep going," he whispered, watching as she bent before him, pulling the boxers to the floor and waiting for him to step out of them.

She knew she was presenting him with a temptation, for her bum was sticking gloriously up in the air. His hands planted themselves firmly on each fleshy mound and he kneaded them roughly. A finger slid beneath the thin string that traveled between her legs. He followed the string farther until he found the softer flesh, stroking her parted lips and everything in between. She stayed in that position for a moment, not really being of a mind to interrupt.

But suddenly she felt as though she were neglecting him. His erection stood proudly in its red nest of curls, thick and strong. She had been surprised at his taste the day before, not knowing what to expect. He always smelled like the Weasley house, a mixture of baked goods and well-exercised boys, and she thought he would smell and taste more musky, more like sweat, perhaps more like boy.

But the place she now nuzzled with her nose was different than the scents that clung to his outer shell. Inside, beneath all the layers of clothing, down in the place that he called his own, he smelled like the outdoors. The way one smelled after being windblown by a summer breeze. It stirred her to the quick, exciting the very nerve endings she longed for him to touch.

She inhaled him deeply and cradled the sac that hung under his jutting penis. Its heaviness astounded her as did its size. She squeezed experimentally and he gasped, muttering for her to be careful. Sensitive, most definitely. But she wanted to try one more thing.

Opening her mouth wide, so as not to hurt him with her teeth, she gently sucked in one of his testicles. His groan was very encouraging. She played with it a bit and even pulsed it against the roof of her mouth with her tongue until he moaned, "Hermione," and fixed a grip in her hair.

Her answering "Hmmm?" made him jump slightly and she repeated the action, feeling her voice vibrate through the flesh in her mouth *Not unlike a vibrator*, the thought made her giggle, which in turn made him groan louder.

Ron whimpered, "Gods, Hermione, you better stop. It's too much."

Smiling, she stood. This sight was one she would remember forever: Ronald Weasley naked in the Restricted Section of the library with a hard-on.

"You know what I'm going to do with you, don't you Hermione?" He advanced on her, surprising her a little with his renewed determination.

Switching positions so her back was against the column instead of his, she had a fair idea what was coming next, or at least what she *hoped* was coming next.

Ron bent until his mouth was right against her ear and whispered, "I am going to fuck you right here among all these books. I am going to fuck you so hard you will remember it for the rest of your life. You will never see a library the same way again."

Probably not, she admitted silently. She felt the wetness leak slowly from between her legs and her nipples grew harder. What was he doing to her? She had never wanted anything so badly as she now wanted him buried inside of her. She threw her arms around his neck and pulled him down into a fierce kiss.

Wanting Ron was different than wanting Harry. The night before had been exciting. The boys had brought out passions in her she had never really been aware of having. By the time Harry had entered her, she had been in such an altered state of mind that she hadn't the chance to even think about what was happening.

She loved both boys. Each excited her in his own way. Harry was the sweet, gentle one, the romantic, the perfect one to take her virginity. Ron was rough and tumble and appealed more to her passionate side. Her pulse quickened.

"Yes, Ron," she breathed between kisses. "Fuck me...please!" Hell yeah, she was begging.

"Put your legs around my waist," he ordered as he lifted her off the floor, pushing her back against the wall.

She obeyed, resting her thighs on his hips, feeling his cock bobbing at her entrance as she found his mouth again and kissed him passionately. Now, gods now, she needed him now! She cried into his mouth.

Pushing aside the sliver of silk knickers he hadn't bothered to remove, he positioned himself and thrust upward. Heaven. Oh! He filled her just right, widening her just so...so deliciously that she felt completely and amazingly filled. Oh, this was different. Different than Harry, who maybe had a little more length but wasn't as thick.

She almost screamed as Ron held her against the wall with his hands and began to fuck her. He meant what he said. He was going to fuck her and fucking was the only way to describe the hard, animalistic thrusting in-and-out that he was now subjecting her to.

"Play with yourself," he grunted through the effort of holding her against the wall and having his way with her.

He watched, completely mesmerized, as her fingers flew between their bodies and frantically circled her clit through the dampened fabric. The extra sensation forced her head back. Mouth open, she tried to capture her breath. Ron pushed into her harder and she could feel every thrust end with an electrifying nudge against her cervix.

Holding her breath for a few seconds, the pleasure nearly overwhelmed her. Ron was grunting with every thrust now and his face was getting redder with the effort of holding back everything...his words, his shouts, his climax. Breathe! Out and in, and she was holding her breath again, feeling her lungs wanting to explode but at the same time feeling as though her whole being was going to shatter. Gods, she was so close!

Through the haze she heard Ron's command, a desperate plea, "Come for me, Hermione. Come for me now!"

Yes, yes, yes! Her mind swam, her fingers twisted, her thighs shook. Then the room seemed to spin out of control and she exploded around Ron's frantically pounding cock and he covered her mouth in a kiss just in time to stifle his moan and he came inside of her again and again and again.

Suddenly it was calm. The blood that had been rushing through her ears quieted to a dull rush and her breathing slowed to its regular pace and she could no longer hear the thumping of their hearts.

She rested against Ron, legs still wrapped around his hips though he had left her body as soon as he became flaccid, and sighed in contentment. She felt sleepy and satisfied and wished she hadn't made that promise to Madam Pince.

"I suppose I should leave since you need to watch the library," Ron whispered into her hair. "Anyway, I think I've finished whatever studying I needed to do."

Hermione giggled. "Oh, yes. I believe you are going to pass your exam with flying colors, Mister Weasley."

Ron looked up at her with wide eyes. "You mean there's going to be an exam?" he asked incredulously.

When she broke into another fit of giggles, he kissed her soundly and let her down to get dressed. Laughing only reminded her of what happened between them as his seed slowly soaked into her knickers and dripped down her thighs. It was mildly disagreeable, but at the same time it excited her to know that she could make him lose control like that. Ron noticed her staring at him.

"What?" he smiled at her.

"Nothing," she smiled back, flicking her wand and cleaning up the mess. "Only that I...I...oh, I don't know."

He chuckled. "You don't know? Hmm..it seems like I am having a positive influence on you then."

He bent and kissed her tenderly, so unlike the fierceness of their coupling, and pushed a curl away from her face. His look became suddenly intense and very serious and he tilted her chin upwards with a finger to look in her eyes.

"You know, Hermione," he whispered. "You are so beautiful."

She blushed. She didn't think so, but it was nice that someone else did. All she could do was smile in response, unsure of what to say. But she didn't have to say anything. Ron kissed her again, gently caressing her lips for a moment, briefly teasing the bottom lip with his tongue and let her go.

He gathered up the cloak and walked her back to the entrance of the Restricted Section and waited while she undid the wards that had effectively locked them in. Throwing the cloak over his shoulders, she watched as everything but his head disappeared.

Bending down one last time, he gave her one last chaste kiss and threw the hood over his head.

And like a breath of air, an invisible voice whispered, "I love you, Hermione," and was gone.

Heart flutter, it took a long moment before she recovered and was able to make her way back to her table.

A/N: Right. Well, I told you the fourth chapter was there. It took me two days to write because, well, I have kids running about and my time is not my own. Then, as I was nearly finished, I decided that it just wasn't naughty enough and went back to add in the little bit under the table. I guess sex can't always be a thrill, but I can sure as heck try. (To quote SouthernWitch: Mwahahahahaha!)