

# What Love Really Means

*by blue artemis*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Ron and Hermione were sitting in The Leaky Cauldron, watching their dinner partners have a rather loud argument. At the end of it, Ginny declared that Blaise Zabini was much better in bed than Harry...heck, most of Hogwarts was better in bed than Harry...then declared she never wanted to see him again and stormed out.

The three friends got up from the table, paid the bill and left the tavern. As they were walking back to Grimmauld Place, they started talking.

"Blaise?" Harry turned to Hermione questioningly.

"He never said a word, Harry. But you do know that Ginny has developed quite a reputation," Hermione soothingly responded.

"Yeah, Harry. She's my sister and all, but she seemed to think that sleeping with every wizard she could get her hands on would help her get you back." Ron shook his head as he spoke.

"Yes, of course, because I'm either a doormat or I have no self-respect." Harry sounded exasperated.

"She said that the one time you two were together didn't go so well." Hermione was trying to explain the horrible behavior of her best girl friend.

"Of course it didn't go well, Hermione. Harry's bent! Ginny's just being willfully ignorant," Ron replied.

"I'm not exactly bent. I like both." Then Harry turned to look at Ron in wonder. "Did you just say willfully ignorant?"

Ron looked rather sheepish. "Hey, I am living with a rather brilliant lawyer!"

Hermione turned to Ron, grabbed his head and kissed him. Then she realized that Harry might not be too pleased with that and started to apologize when Harry laughed.

"Don't worry, 'Mione. I know you two love each other, and I expect that you would show it sometimes," Harry explained why he was not upset to his best friend.

"Harry, would you like me to fix you up with someone? There are a couple of wizards at work..." Hermione started to say, when Harry interrupted her.

"No, 'Mione. I really would like to find someone on my own. Anyway, you have the best man I know. So, no one you could introduce me to would compare." Harry's response was far more candid than he had expected it to be. Both Hermione and Harry turned to look at Ron after that statement; Hermione had her wand ready to cast a Silencio.

Instead of freaking out the way Harry and Hermione half expected, Ron slung an arm around Harry.

"Thanks for the compliment, mate! But don't you think you could do better than a temperamental, chess-loving, prank-creating Auror school washout? I mean, even if he wasn't attached to the scariest witch either one of us knows?" Ron was not bothered in the least.

By this time, they had reached the front door of the house. Hermione let down the wards and they all walked in. She immediately put the wards back up after they entered and sat on the couch, the men on either side of the little bushy-haired witch.

"Ron, why weren't you upset?" Hermione demanded as soon as they had all settled.

"What do you know about triads or trios, Hermione?" Ron responded.

"Not much, actually. I know they exist and they can be powerful, but not anything else." Hermione looked thoughtful and ready to get up and start researching.

"Stay here, love." Ron put a hand on Hermione's knee. He turned to Harry. "What about you?"

"The only thing I know is that I feel better when I'm near the two of you. Is that what you mean?" Harry looked at Ron as he answered.

"Kind of. You both know that most wizards are bi-sexual, right? At least to some extent?" Ron began his explanation.

"Yes! But I thought that had to do with Muggle purges and the fact that they usually went after the witches..." Hermione began to head into her lecture mode when Ron stopped her.

"Oi! 'Mione, please, I know you like to explain what you know, but give me a chance, all right? I think this might be important," Ron interjected with a smile so that Hermione would not be too offended.

Hermione started to get up in a huff, but looking into that beloved face with the earnest expression, she subsided and relaxed back into Harry, who rather unconsciously put his arm around her in comfort.

Ron saw that and smiled. "So, sometimes, a wizard will find two people with whom he can feel most himself. Sometimes it is two other wizards, sometimes a witch and a wizard. Rarely, it would be two other witches, because the magic usually doesn't work that way. But it is possible. Now, I know you think I was really jealous of you and Hermione all those years in school, thinking you were going to take her away from me, right?" Both Hermione and Harry nodded. "But it wasn't that. I knew that you two would not understand that I could be included. It was the biggest thing that made me leave during that horrible camping trip. That Horcrux kept telling me I would lose the two of you to each other, and I would never have my place or any comfort. I'm so sorry about that."

"That's in the past, Ron. You came back and you already apologized. And you got the basilisk fangs for me, and you always looked after the two of us. Don't worry about it," Harry responded quickly.

"Good. Don't think I don't know how much I hurt you both. See, I know that we work best together. But I couldn't figure out how to tell you. But now that you've given me an opening, I will try to explain. Isn't it easier to sleep without nightmares when you stay with us?" Ron meant that literally. He and Hermione would spend many a night cuddling Harry so that he could sleep. Harry hadn't realized how odd that might be to an outsider.

"But it hasn't become sexual. I haven't let it." Harry would escape in the morning, before they could notice that he was quite interested in the bodies surrounding him.

"Neither have I," said Hermione. "I don't want to hurt you, Ron."

"Well, then, this might be easier than I thought," Ron answered them with one of the biggest grins Harry or Hermione had ever seen on his face. "See, if we really are meant to be a triad, then if we do get together, all of us, then it will totally make us be even closer, and possibly more powerful. And if it is a true bond, then no one would ever be able to separate us. I had thought that maybe I was misreading the situation, and if you married Ginny, then it would satisfy the magic, by keeping you in the family. But I was wrong. You and she didn't mesh right."

"No. When the hair was right, well, she didn't have the right equipment. And when she did have the right equipment, her hair just wasn't curly enough." Harry started musing out loud.

Hermione was looking at her boys with wonder in her eyes. "You mean you both want me? And you want each other?"

Both Ron and Harry looked at each other, then looked at her and nodded.

"Then what are we waiting for? Do you know how much I love the two of you? I just didn't know it was okay. I'm so sorry, Harry, I didn't mean to hurt you!" Hermione babbled, then started to tear up. Harry looked over at Ron, who smiled knowingly. Harry then leaned over to the sobbing witch and tenderly took her face in his hands and kissed her.

"Feels right, doesn't it?" Ron asked his two friends.

"Not exactly," Hermione answered. Then she and Harry reached over and pulled Ron toward them. They both started to kiss him, and he was responding. It was hard to tell who was kissing whom, but there was no jealousy: it felt right. Ron took Harry's face in his large hands and kissed him thoroughly. Hermione watched them with a bemused look on her face.

"So, why am I not jealous?" Hermione asked Ron. "When you were with Lavender, I wanted to poke both your eyes out. But with Harry, I just think it is beautiful and hot, and I can't wait to join in."

"Your magic knows that this is where it belongs, with the two of us. It is why Harry didn't mind us kissing each other, but he felt left out. Now that he's included, it doesn't matter who is kissing whom, it just works." Ron really did have a good answer.

"Why do you know all this, Ron?" Harry asked.

"You know me, give me a topic I'm interested in, and I can research to beat Hermione. I just was thinking one day about why I felt so bad with the Horcrux, and then I thought to look into triads. You know I love you both, but I started thinking I was in love with you both. So I wanted to see what it meant." Ron gave his answer, then looked to his friends to see if they found him presumptuous.

"You always surprise me, Ronald. I feel like that day of the Final Battle when I kissed you. My heart is full." Hermione beamed at Ron.

"So what do we do now?" Harry asked. "I want to feel like this forever. I hope you both feel the same."

"According to the book, we have to fully bond, all of us, in all ways. Then we will be bonded. And we should tell each other our intention to enter the bond freely before we begin." Ron was now getting nervous. What if they did not want to do this?

Hermione looked at both her boys and stood up. She took each of them by the hand, and seemingly without volition, Harry and Ron grasped their free hands together. She closed her eyes, thought a bit, and then spoke.

"I wish to bind myself to you, Ronald Bilius Weasley, and to you, Harry James Potter, of my own free will. You have my friendship; now have my heart and body. May this union bring us joy, peace and strength."

Harry went next.

"I wish to bind myself to you, Hermione Jean Granger, and to you, Ronald Bilius Weasley, of my own free will. You have my friendship; now have my heart and body. May this union bring us joy, peace and strength. And may we never be without each other."

Ron looked as though his heart would burst. This was more than he had hoped for.

"I wish to bind myself to you, Harry James Potter, and to you, Hermione Jean Granger, of my own free will. You have my friendship; now have my heart and body. May this union bring us joy, peace and strength. May we never be without each other, and may this bond hold us forever."

At the end of Ron's statement, a glow emanated from each of them, swirled around them and bound itself to them. They looked at each other, and on their left wrist, there was what looked like a braided vine circling each wrist.

"Did you feel that? I've never felt that kind of power!" Hermione was amazed.

Harry looked like Christmas had come early. "I can feel you both, here, in my heart."

"This is just the beginning, loves. We should go to the bedroom." Ron gazed at his bonded with his heart in his eyes.

They managed to get to the bedroom without letting go of one another. They removed each others' clothing as reverently as they could, considering that the bond wanted to be sealed, and was drawing them to each other. Harry and Ron looked at each other, then with smiles of joy, gently pushed Hermione back on the bed between them. All three of them had their hands all over each other. Hermione was in ecstasy; the hands of both her boys were all over her. She was lying on her side, kissing Harry, when Ron moved down toward her breasts. He took one in her mouth, and when Harry heard her gasp, he did the same with the other. The feeling was indescribable. One of them...she wasn't sure who...moved his hand between her legs and started to play with her clitoris. The other got what felt like gel on his hands and gently pushed a large finger into her rear. She startled a bit, then relaxed as they continued to kiss and otherwise stimulate her.

"I need to stretch you out a bit, Hermione. Then you can have both of us at the same time," Ron whispered gently in her ear.

Hermione nodded at him. "Go ahead. I was just startled. But it feels kind of good, now that I'm getting used to it."

"Good, love. It may hurt a bit, but I'm going to go slow. I will put in another finger, then another and stretch you out. In the meanwhile, Harry is going to do what he can to make you feel good," Ron answered.

Hermione looked down at Harry, who grinned up at her, then slowly kissed his way down her belly. He slowly moved lower, then finally got his mouth on her. She almost screamed. The intensity was overwhelming. Harry was slowly licking her, using his tongue to tease her button, then licking back and entering her. He then got a finger inside of her and was sucking her clit while Ron had his fingers in her rear. When she thought she couldn't handle more, Ron said something to Harry, but she didn't quite hear it.

Harry lay on his back and drew Hermione over him. He put his cock at her entrance and slowly lowered her. She screamed from the intense feelings. Then Ron pushed her forward gently; she could feel him bracing himself at her anus.

"Are you ready?" he asked her.

"Yes!! Yes, oh yes!" she gasped out.

Ron slowly pushed into her. She could feel both her boys deep inside of her, and it was incredible. They moved together slowly for what felt like an eternity until Harry started to speed up.

"I'm coming, I can't hold back anymore!" Harry declared to his two lovers. He came, followed quickly by Hermione and Ron.

They lay on the bed, limbs tangled, and they saw the glow again, and when they looked at their wrists, the vine was more pronounced. They could see color, now, one strand was green, one was brown and the other was blue. They laughed when they realized the colors matched their eyes.

They spent the rest of the evening and that weekend in bed. Each of them took turns in the middle. Once they had all had each other every way possible, the magic seemed to settle with a beautiful golden glow. The braided vine on their wrists looked like a spectacular plant, with leaves and thorns and what looked like the possibility of flowers. Each vine was spreading, now reaching their elbows.

All of a sudden, a piece of parchment appeared in the air in front of them. Hermione reached out, cast some spells to make sure it wasn't harmful, then took hold of it and read it.

"It is a binding permanent marriage contract! It lists the three of us, then lists the relationship as a Golden Triad. What does that mean, Ron?" she turned and asked him.

"That glow of magic, after we had finished? You saw how it was bright gold? That is what it means. Our magic is so compatible that we have the best type of bond. Our children will be amazing, our powers will be stronger, and eventually we might be able to know what we are thinking and feeling in a general way. It is the most powerful type of triad bond." Ron was smiling as he spoke.

Harry looked around and realized that the view was a bit blurry. He tried to remember where his glasses were and then wished he could just call them to himself. As he was thinking this, his glasses came flying through the air and smacked into his hand.

"Whoa! I was just thinking I wished I could call my glasses to myself, and they came!" Harry was amazed.

They all tried to summon something wordlessly and wandlessly after that. And it worked.

"You weren't kidding, Ron. This is amazing. Why don't more people bind this way?" Hermione asked him.

"Because it is permanent. And if you get it wrong, it can harm your magic instead of boosting it. I wasn't worried about us. I knew we would be good together. But even I wasn't expecting gold. That really is the best kind of bond." Ron was awed, and it was evident in his voice.

All of a sudden they heard Molly's frantic voice in the Floo.

"Would you three come over here right now?! We need you to explain why the Marriage Records clerk congratulated Arthur just now on being father-in-law to the Chosen One."

The three looked at each other, got up, dressed quickly and walked to the floo. "The Burrow!" Each one called out their destination then they walked into the living room of Ron's childhood home.

They found Molly and Arthur staring at each other.

"Explain, please!" Arthur begged the three young people.

"Mum, Dad, we had gone out to eat at The Leaky with Ginny. But she was angry at Harry, declared Blaise Zabini and most of Hogwarts were better in bed than he was, then stormed out." Ron was starting to explain. Molly gasped at the rudeness of her daughter.

"I raised her better than that," Molly said, starting to sob.

Arthur reached over and patted her knee. "Don't worry dear, let the children finish explaining."

Ron continued, once he saw that his mother would stay quiet. "So, then we started walking home, and we were talking, and then we realized that we wanted to be together, all of us. But Harry and Hermione didn't know about triads. I explained it to them, and then... well... then we bonded. It is so perfect, Mom, Dad. It is amazing. Look at the bond mark!" Ron pulled his sleeve up and showed it to his parents.

The beautiful, well-defined mark stopped whatever Molly was going to say. She turned to the others and asked them to see their marks. Both Harry and Hermione pulled up their sleeves and showed her.

With the evidence of a powerful bond fulfilled right in front of her, Molly took a deep breath and then smiled.

"You cannot argue with that. I am so happy for you! We will have a big party and invite everyone!" Molly bustled into the kitchen, thinking of the menu she could prepare.

At that moment, Ginny came home. She was covered in love-bites, and her clothing was buttoned wrong.

Arthur was furious. "Young lady, if you cannot behave properly, I am going to ask you to move out!"

Molly almost ran out of the kitchen upon hearing her husband so angry. He so rarely raised his voice.

Ginny ignored her father and looked at Harry. "Oh, are you back? I'm willing to give you another chance. We can get together whenever you want."

"What happened, Gin? Zabini point out that he wasn't going to marry a skank?" Ron asked her angrily.

"Ronald!" Both Hermione and Molly spoke his name sharply.

"Not exactly. Come on, Harry, you know we belong together," Ginny cajoled, but in her state it wasn't a pretty sight.

"No, Ginny, I found where I belong. I know what love really means, now," Harry replied coldly.

"What do you mean?" Ginny was starting to get angry. She could always get Harry back.

"This is what he means, Ginny," Hermione rejoined. She pulled up her sleeve and shoved her left arm in Ginny's face.

"What!? That is a triad binding mark. Who is it?" Ginny shrieked.

Harry and Ron pulled up their sleeves.

When Ginny saw the mark, she screamed in frustration. "I knew you wanted Harry all along! I knew it!" She flew at Hermione with her hands shaped into claws, ready to tear the other woman's eyes out.

Both Ron and Harry pulled their wands, ready to defend their wife. Arthur stepped in front of his raging daughter and caught her arms.

"You were not meant to be together, if these three have a golden bond, little one. I don't know why you are behaving the way you are, but it was your behavior that showed them they were meant to be together. You need to let go." Arthur's voice was soothing.

"Yes, dear. Let go. And stop acting like you have no morals. That was never going to get you a spouse. Just ridicule." Molly was trying to be helpful in her very Molly way.

Ginny realized that she had completely lost her chance and went upstairs to her room. She would find a way to show those three morons that she was perfectly capable of a bond as strong as theirs.

The three downstairs looked at each other and the elder Weasleys.

"Mum, Dad," Harry started to speak. "Please be sure and remind her that triad bonds are permanent and a bad one could harm her... please. I'm afraid of what she might do."

"Don't worry about Ginny, Harry." Oddly enough it was Molly who responded. "If she does something regrettable, it is not your fault. You tried your best. But if you were meant for this triad, then nothing she could have done would have made you two be together."

With that, the trio went home, secure in their love and secure in each other.