

'O' for Awesome

by quaffswinegaily

Ron has a surprise for his love

Ron's Surprise

Chapter 1 of 1

Ron has a surprise for his love

Disclaimer: When did I ever make money from writing?

A sheen of sweat moistened Ron's palms. Anxiously, he wiped a hand down his thigh, noting as he did the toned curve of his muscles. He had to admit, becoming a professional Quidditch player had done wonders for his body. He just wished it could do the same for his courage.

"Relax," he muttered to himself. Nothing could go wrong. He had taken the best advice on how to propose to one's lover. Actually, he had eavesdropped on the advisory session. Overhearing Severus talking to Harry had been enlightening.

Mentally, he ticked down the list.

Flowers. He had those in a vice-like grip in one hand, held so tight he was crushing the stems a little. Great big blooms of red and gold, they would be perfect.

Chocolate. He had plenty of that.

The right outfit. Check. He scanned down his legs in the dim light. Yes, he had definitely put the right clothes on. They were his, and they fitted him.

A ring. Where was the ring? He fumbled in his pocket and found it, sighing with relief.

Finally, the surprise. That's what was making him nervous. All the preparation was fine, but what if he was rejected when he revealed himself? Ron shook his head. He would never live it down if he was spurned.

The lights went on. That was his cue. No turning back now. He took a deep, steadying breath.

Energetically, Ron leapt from the enormous cake. Landing on the floor in front of his love, he stood up proudly, thrusting the bunch of flowers forward. His toned legs rippled under the tight, red, lycra Quidditch leggings. The protective leather guards accentuated his muscles.

He felt the others' eyes travel upwards over his legs to his torso. A golden cape draping down from his broad shoulders accentuated his bare chest. Chocolate paint melted and dripped from his curving pectoral muscles.

Finally, the limpid gaze reached his face. Ron grinned, exposing the ring gripped firmly between his teeth.

His lover's mouth dropped open in a huge 'O'.

Ron cringed. A flush of embarrassment crept over him, warming him right up to the roots of his hair. His flower-bearing arm wavered and drooped, and his shoulders

slumped. He had misjudged this. Badly.

“Awesome,” Draco shouted, throwing his arms around Ron and licking the chocolate sensuously from his neck. “Yes!”

Ron wilted with relief.

A/N: Thanks again to sunny33, beta extraordinaire, who shakes her head when she reads my work. Thanks also to luvsev for the admin work.