

Lucky Charms

by Clairvoyant

Ron's breakfast cereal is magically delicious in more ways than one. Is there really a (sur)prize in every box?

one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Molly Weasley, mothers worldwide, and house-elves alike considered breakfast the most important meal of the day. So every morning Kreacher prepared a full English for the residents of Grimmauld Place.

Rather than eating nutritious, delicious, hot foods, Ron preferred to gorge himself on Magic Charms cereal – frosted oat rings and colourful, fun-shaped marshmallows – mostly for the shoddy toy, a replica of the charmed Galleon the Aurors used for communication. While he enjoyed Kreacher's home cooking, he had yet to discover a prize hidden in the scrambled eggs.

After consuming eleven bowls that day, he held the treasure in his trembling hands. With gleeful anticipation, he tore into the plastic wrapper. He had barely touched the coin – *It looks so authentic* – when he felt a familiar navel-tugging sensation.

He landed in a dense forest, illuminated by dappled sunlight. Once the wave of nausea passed, he unsheathed his wand and scanned for magical signatures and living creatures; he found neither. He was about to Transfigure his pyjamas into more appropriate attire, when a quiet pop drew his attention. He cast a silent *Protego* as he turned toward the noise. He'd let his guard down earlier, caught unawares by an illegal Portkey, so 'Constant Vigilance' became his new motto... again.

In a nearby clearing stood a young woman, her pleasant face lit by a warm smile and framed with dark blonde tresses.

"Luna," he cried, cancelling his Shield Charm as he ran toward her. "Did you have Magic Charms cereal for breakfast, too?"

"Hello, Ronald. I had tea and toast, slightly burned, just the way I like it." She acted as if it was an everyday occurrence to happen upon old friends in the middle of nowhere.

His brows knit in confusion. "How did you get here... wherever we are?"

"I Apparated from home. I come here every Saturday, looking for Crumple-Horned Snorkacks." Her voice was dreamy as ever.

"Well, a Portkey masquerading as a cereal box prize transported me here. The makers of Magic Charms will have to answer for this." He burned with annoyance, his face so red the freckles almost disappeared.

"Oh, don't blame them. I brought you here. Hermione charmed the coin for me." She smiled sweetly and stared into his blue eyes.

Her confession rendered him speechless; he could only gape. His kidnapping was an isolated incident, not some nefarious scheme concocted by the prepared foods industry. Yet Luna and Hermione had conspired against him. *Why?*

"Why?" He found his voice in a single word.

"My subtle flirting went unnoticed. You're absorbed in pursuing a woman who has no interest in you. I adopted a more cunning approach."

A former girlfriend once claimed he had the emotional range of a teaspoon. In the last few minutes, he'd experienced so many different feelings – enough to fill a tablespoon. Confusion, irritation, relief, betrayal, and something else... a delightful warmth curling in his belly.

His eyes fairly sparkled; a brilliant smile spread upon his face. "Luna, I knew you liked me. I thought–"

She cut off his words – his oxygen supply, too – when she hurled herself at him, forcing him against an ancient aspen, covering his mouth with her soft lips. The kiss lasted a few, blissful moments before she pulled away.

"A very dangerous Blibbering Humdinger was lurking behind us. Kissing concealed our presence, letting us blend into the tree."

Chuckling softly, he closed the scant distance between them, enfolding her in his arms. "Luna, you don't need an excuse to kiss me." He could feel her heartbeat thumping against his chest.

"Oh, I'll do more than kiss you, Ronald." The unassuming witch transformed into an aggressive seductress, pulling him down into a searing kiss, grinding her hips into his pelvis.

His brain felt fuzzy. Either he had fallen prey to a Wrackspurt or all the blood had rushed to his hardening cock. When he pressed his erection into her soft curves, she gasped.

"Luna, are you sure you want–"

She interrupted him again, pushing him down onto a pallet she had conjured from an aspen leaf. She straddled his hips while releasing his cock – dusky red, velvety soft, rigid – from the confines of his lounge-pants.

He groaned as her hand glided over his shaft, guiding him into her warm, wet quim. *What happened to her knickers? Did she arrive here without them?* He smiled knowingly at the wanton siren – *his* wanton siren.

She smirked, seeming to know the effect she had on him. Grasping his hands, she placed them under her jumper. She leaned back, bracing one hand on his thigh, the other at the apex of her own. Her movement began in earnest, rising and falling upon his cock, slow and even, shallow and deep.

He felt the tension building within his loins. His hands skimmed her body from waist to breast, feeling her silky... *Hey, she's not wearing a bra either. How did I get so lucky?* He palmed her breasts, small and firm, thumbs grazing her nipples with feather-light touches.

"Mmm... more," she moaned, urging him further. She abandoned self-pleasure for better leverage, and he filled the gap, his fingers rubbing, teasing, pushing her to the edge. Her pace became hurried and erratic, breathing quick and loud.

His name fell from her lips, a chant, as she peaked, her body shuddering with delight.

His hips snapped to action as she ebbed. His balls grew tight, cock aching to release the rising pressure within.

Her name ricocheted through the air, a shout, as he climaxed, his body immobile until the pleasant tension had all but drained.

They lingered in the afterglow, silent, quiescent, clinging to each other. Finally she spoke.

"If you've no other plans, would you like to help me search for Snorkacks?"

"Sure," he replied, smiling. "I bet we'll find one, too. I'm feeling lucky today."

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