

# Unprophecied

by sunny33

Ron watches his lover sleep.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: They are not mine. Actually, I don't want 'em. I'm tossing them back.

Ron watched her sleep as the moonlight silvered the mass of curls spread out upon the pillow. Her face had softened in repose – long, dark eyelashes brushing her cheeks, full lips pouting slightly as huffs of air warmed the fingers tracing their outline without making contact. The scent of their love-making permeated the air; innocence had yielded to passion, circumspection to need.

Careful not to wake his beloved, Ron's hand continued mapping her silken skin, still heated and dewy. Along the line of her jaw, the hollow of her neck – that sweet hollow that tasted of heaven – inching further down to the swell of her breast, stopping briefly to circle one rosy peak, which budded hard and needy in anticipation. Lower still, across the plane of her abdomen, pausing to hover over another favourite hollow until he finally reached his objective. Making circles over the dark tangle of curls, closer and closer to the sensitive centre, the young wizard trembled slightly in his restraint.

He felt a prickle in his awareness and looked up to meet eyes dark with desire, studying his hand as it tormented the air over her body.

"Yes," she breathed in answer to his unspoken question.

"Yes," she groaned at his first touch.

"Yes!" she cried as his skilful fingers stroked and burned.

And, "Yesssss!" she keened as he thrust into her waiting heat.

Much later, Ron caressed a damp curl from his lover's forehead and kissed her soft lips.

"I love you, Ron Weasley," she murmured, half asleep.

"And I love you, Sibyll," he replied with a smile.

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A/N: This drabble is a gift for Keppiehed from quaffie-the-piker and sunny33. I wrote it; she betaed it. We've lowered the gangplank, now you have to join the Ron/Sibyll ship, Keppie.