

# Trio's Problems

by *Southern\_Witch\_69*

Ron is tired of being overlooked by women as Harry takes first choice. Someone's interest surprises him.

## Ron's Problem

Chapter 1 of 3

Ron is tired of being overlooked by women as Harry takes first choice. Someone's interest surprises him.

**Disclaimer:** Sigh! I don't own it, but I do wish that I did!! JKR's characters. My twisted story.

**A big Thanks to my Beta, Charmed Nay.**

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### **JULY**

Well, that figures! Harry and I enter a bar, start talking to two girls, and then bam! They are all over Harry. Hell, I know that there has to be someone who wants me. Look at that git! He's sitting there with that damn grin on his face. He always gets the good dates with his *friends* as he calls them. Blimey! Can't wish the guy ill, can I? Ah, look what we have here. Looks like one of them is getting a tad jealous that he's paying more attention to her friend. Here's my chance!

"Oi, there, wanna dance with me?" I ask in what seemed to be a confident voice. She's checking me out. I can see it in her eyes. I hope this new haircut is doing the trick. Well, look at this load! She's looking at Harry to make sure that he doesn't want her first! Ah, here she comes. Well, I guess second choice is better than last choice. Hang the fuck on! It is only the two of us. I am the last choice here! Sod it all. I don't care. Might get lucky.

"You... you smell really nice," I manage bravely, but then I couldn't stop there, could I? "Reminds me of me mum." Uh oh! Why is she making that face at me? Damn! I guess that was a bit uncalled for. How can I fix it? Oh, yeah! "All soft and sweet. Makes me want to just bring you home and ravish you."

Why is she looking at me with that bloody puzzled expression on her face? "You want to ravish your mum, too?" Her voice was full of sarcasm. Just still mad that Harry took her friend over her, I suppose. Bloody hell! Where is Harry? He fucking took off! Damn!

"Er, no. That's not what I meant. What I meant was that my mum's perfume is nice, but yours makes me want to ravish you." There, she seems mollified. Not too bright, this one. No wonder Harry cast her aside. She's looking for her mate now. Here it comes. She's going to ditch me.

"Where did Jeannette go?" She seems a little upset. "How could she just leave me here?" Okay, very upset. "Now she's off getting shagged by Harry Potter, and I am stuck here with his mate dancing!"

That hurt. Bitch. Time to get cold. "Well, at least you aren't being used, now are you? I can think of a few things I'd rather be doing with you than dancing. Just thought I'd be nice is all."

What's that look in her eyes? Bout to slap me, I think. No, there is a smile. "And, best friend of Harry Potter, what would you have in mind?" Hmm... maybe I should use this line more often. I could make sure all the women I meet know I'm Harry's best friend. Might get some more action that way.

How does Harry do it? Well, he's just blunt about what he wants. Hmmmm... but mostly, they attack him. Here goes nothing. "I'd like to be in the bathroom just there with you and let you put those pretty lips right down on my--" Slap. That hurt. I rub the spot on me face where the bitch had just made an impression of her hand. "What was that for?"

"For being a jerk. Tell my mate I left, and thanks for nothing!" She gave me one last evil glare before stalking off. Wow! Women! So, another scoreless night. Damn! It's been what a year, no two, since I've had some action. I'm getting desperate. Wonder what Hermione is doing. A snort escapes my lips. She's probably back at the flat doing some sort of research as always, waiting for her Harry to get home. Besides, she and I talked on that already. She doesn't feel that way about me. Bet she is all giddy for Harry. I should have moved in with them when they bought their flat, but no, honorable Ron didn't want to get in the way of things. Hell, I thought they'd be hitting it off and getting busy. Maybe they were but just didn't let on. No idea.

"Hello, Ron," a dreamy voice says.

Hey, that sounds familiar. Oh, no! It's Luna. Better known as Looney Lovegood. Blimey!

"Er... oi, there. How've you been, mate?" I hope that sounded as though I was pleased to see her.

"Want to share some firewhisky with me? I could use a friend tonight," she says and runs her fingers through my hair.

Hey, this might not be so bad after all. We can head back to my house.

"I have some aged firewhisky at me house. Interested?" I ask hopefully. Shit! She's going to... mmmmmmm... blimey.... wow... kiss me. Her lips were soft and moist... and full of need. All right, I can do this. Even though it is her. When she pulled away, I felt my lips turn up into a goofy grin. "What was that for?"

"Just a little taste of what you'll get once we are at your flat." She seems as serious as ever. Well, this is a change. Right open about having sex, this one. Mind, that is perfectly fine by me. Just doesn't happen to me often. That's usually Harry's luck.

"All right, baby," I hear myself mutter. I put a hand on her and Apparate us back to the house. Bloody hell! She's undressing.

"Shall we skip the firewhisky?" She gives me a devilish grin. "I'm just needing to have sex tonight!"

"Well, all right then. Bedroom is this way." Before I can move towards the bedroom, she pulls off the last of her clothes! Wow, nice. "Or we can stay right here." My voice came out in a squeak. Damn! Bet she thinks I'm unpracticed. Well, I guess I am a bit unpracticed. Only bedded two women in me entire life and all. Numbly I begin to disrobe. I am going to get some! Exciting! Damn, why does it have to be Looney, I mean Luna Lovegood though? Who cares! She's willing!

Down to just my underpants now. She won't stop staring at me. Is she mental?

"Oh, Ronald Weasley," she says softly.

Made my stomach flutter, that. Nobody ever said my name that way. In that type of voice. A guy could get used to that, he could.

"Weasley is my king. He doesn't miss a thing!"

She's singing that bloody song they'd made up about me in my Quidditch days at Hogwarts. Time to get with it. "Come on over here and pay homage to your king," I say in a voice that I hoped sounded commanding.

"Oh!" she said breathlessly. "I've always wanted to be a queen!"

Damn! That's not what I meant. Whoa! Those hands of hers. And, that tongue. Ahhhhh.....

## **AUGUST**

"Harry, I don't know what to do. She annoys the bloody hell out of me!" I could hear the whinge in my voice, but I didn't care. "I mean, she comes home one night with me, and she never leaves. It's been about three weeks now. I get home from work, she's there with a cooked meal, and then we're off to the bedroom!"

I could see Harry's amusement. That damn raised eyebrow and those gleaming green eyes. "That doesn't sound half bad to me, Ron. I come home, and Hermione is nose deep in books. I'm usually the one who has to cook, and there is no sex."

Harry's laughing at me. Thinks he's funny, does he?

"But, Harry, at least she doesn't annoy you. Didn't just move in on you without you realizing it! Luna came home with me that night, and she never left." Well, that wasn't true exactly. She left a few times one day to go get all of her personal things, which wasn't much, mind. She only had to bring the stuff from her bedroom at her parents' house. But still. It isn't about the extra clutter. Nor is it about the damn good cooked meals, which I rather do like. Nor is it about the sex, which is always good. Always. Wonder what she has on today? Damn... I give myself a mental shake. Ruddy woman!

Harry seemed to be thinking deeply. "I have the same problem with women. Er, sort of anyway. They all want sex, kisses, or to please me, but none seem to want a relationship. I guess you've got yourself a relationship, Ron." He took a sip of his butterbeer. "If you don't want it, tell her it's time to leave."

As much as she annoys me, I'd hate to hurt her. Harry was right of course. She'd have to go on back home to her parents' house. Maybe we could just be flatmates like Harry and Mione. That would mean no sex. Hmmmm... Well, maybe I could give it a few more days.

## **SEPTEMBER**

I open an eye upon hearing her speak. She's still naked and still tangled with me on our bed. Our bed? My Bed! "What did you say?" I asked. Hell, I'm tired. She's a right wildcat, Luna. Kept me up almost all bloody night again.

"I said that I think it's about time that I go home now. All of this wonderful lovemaking has put things in order, and I feel that I can go back to being a happy little reclusive writer for father's magazine!" She kisses my chin. "It's been real sporty of you to let me stay on of course, but now I feel I have that spark again. I'll not run out of story ideas for a while yet!"

What? Just running out on me now, was she? Just like that. I feel so used. She was just here to use me, to get some ruddy inner satisfaction so she could be off and back to her writing. Say, she never told me she was a writer. "When will you be back?" I ask, appalled that I would care. Did I? Nah. She just became a permanent fixture round here is all.

"Oh, I won't be, Ron. I'm going home to my daddy's again. I know you've been wanting to get on with your life, and I know I've been a burden to you." She kisses me one last time before summoning her things into a box and dressing.

Why hadn't I seen this large box the night before and asked her about it? Well, fine then! Let her go home. It's what I really want anyway. All her annoying little quips. She waves good-bye and Disapparates. Wow. House all to meself! Nobody there to cook for me. All those strange dishes she knew! Damn. I rather liked all that food though.

## **OCTOBER**

"Ron, pull yourself together," Hermione said softly. "Just go to see her. Tell her that you miss her and want her to come home."

I'd come here to see Harry and ended up talking to Hermione. Mistake! She wanted to analyze all of my feelings. Bloody hell! Now, she's made me realize that I have feelings for that silly airhead that had been living uninvited in my home. "Mione, she doesn't feel that way about me. I don't think anyway. She just up and left. Didn't ask how I felt about it, did she?"

"Well, Ron, you always talked as if you didn't really want her there. Maybe she picked up on that. Maybe you should tell her the truth. Tell her you love her," Hermione said softly. I notice that she looked to Harry as she says this, who's cleaning his broomstick and not paying attention to us. Didn't want to be bothered by my trivial problems, eh? Bugger him then!

"I guess I could Floo her and see how she is. I mean, I don't know that I love her. House just seems a bit empty now is all. All right. I'll be off then. Thanks, Mione." I give her a hug. "You too, Harry, even though you aren't putting in that much." Something must be bothering him. He only grunted at me and kept to his broom. Strange.

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"Hi," she says breathlessly. "I didn't expect to see you for ages, Ronald."

"I'm not too good with words as you probably know, so I'll just try to say what I have to say." I sigh. Why did she have to pierce me with those lost eyes? "The house is too quiet. I guess I rather liked having you there after all. What I mean to say is that I miss you. Can't you just come back home and write from there?" I search her eyes hopefully. This isn't going well. She seems to have not heard a single word that I said.

She toys with her hair for so long I thought I'd have to say it all again. But then she spoke. "Those are not the words that I want to hear, Ron. I mean, I miss you too. I don't know how, but you sort of grew on me. One shag turned into about a hundred. Then I realized that you didn't truly want me there. I could hear it in your voice. See it in your eyes." She grins sadly after saying this. "I shouldn't have burdened you. And, now, here you are saying you miss me. Of course you miss me. It's like missing an old table that you've thrown out. But, sooner or later, you get a new table and forget the other one. The new one is better, sturdier, prettier. You'll have a new table soon, Ronald."

What the bloody hell is she talking about? Tables. "Luna, I don't quite get what you mean." Hang on. I do get it. "Well, I don't want a new table! You're a very pretty, sturdy table. Why fix what's not broke? I want you to come home. Please." My God am I begging her? Looney Lovegood. Airhead. Great Cook. Sex Wildcat. Yes, I suppose I am begging.

"How do you feel about me?"

I can feel myself blanch. Pretty blunt, that was. "All right. I don't like you not being with me. I miss you. I think of you and... and feel alone because you're not there." What the hell am I saying? Sounded like a bumbling idiot. She's grinning though.

"Fair enough."

How did she get anything out of what I'd just said?

"Do you love me?" she asks bluntly.

Gulp. Love is such a strong word, isn't it? I do. I think I do. "I do?" It came out sounding like a question. She giggles though.

"Would you marry me?"

Gulp. Gulp. Wow. "Yes." Did I just say that?

"Will you be a good father to our children?"

Holy Shit! "Er... yes?"

She laughs at me easily and kisses my cheek. "Good then. We'll have to be married right away because I am pregnant. It's really why I left."

Eh? Left because she was pregnant? Pregnant! Shit. Damn. How'd that happen? I felt my cheeks turn red. I know how it happened--all that mad sex we'd had. "Why? Why would that make you leave?" Just took off with my unborn child, did she?

"Well, Ron, I felt like I had been intruding. Somewhere between the first time we met on the Hogwarts Express until now I'd fallen in love with you. When I saw that girl turn you down at the pub that night, I was overcome with this feeling. One that told me I needed to make you feel better. Once I was at your house, I didn't want to leave." She kisses my lips softly. "Then I found that I had forgotten to take my pregnancy potion. And, alas, a wee little Weasley is to be born." She sighs contently. "I didn't want you to feel obligated. I could see at times you didn't want me there. I just thought I'd go on and let you have your life back. If that is what you want."

I could see her point. But, really, that was dirty to just up and take off without telling me. "We should be married right away," I say suddenly, surprising myself. "Let's go to me mum's. She'll be happy."

"Are you happy?"

I thought for a moment. My lonely house. No Luna. No arms holding me at night. Then I saw the house with her in it. And a little one. My own child. A daughter hopefully. "Yes. Shocked, but happy. I promise you will be, too. I... I love you."

She assumes her dreamy state and loses all seriousness. "Oh, Ronald, I love you, too." She begins to hum 'Weasley is Our King' softly as she starts putting all of her things back into the large box. I've never felt lighter. I've finally found what I was looking for after all. Better yet. She'd found me.

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**A/N:** This is a companion story to Harry's Problem and Hermione's Problem. Hope you enjoyed!

## Harry's Problem

### Chapter 2 of 3

Harry seems to be having trouble with true intimacy. Ron tries to give him some advice, as does Hermione. What's a guy to do?

**Disclaimer:** Not my characters. J.K. Rowling created them. I own nothing here except the plot. Happy reading!

**A/N:** Big thanks go to my original beta, Charmed\_Nay, and to CocoaChristy for doing a second look

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"How does that feel?" Harry asked. *Yeah, I could get used to this.* They were sitting on the floor near the fire in his flat; his mate was out for the evening...no interruptions. This was the life. Just the quiet flat, his *friend*, and a nice bottle of wine to keep him company while taking the time to get to know his date.

"Oh, Harry, it feels good. I didn't know you could massage so well," Hannah said dreamily.

"I'm good at everything I do," he said confidently. "In fact..." He didn't even get a chance to finish his sentence, as she turned and pounced on him *Wow! Must be the effects of the wine!* She immediately began unbuckling his trousers.

"I want you, Harry," she said breathlessly.

"Er...all right," he replied, stunned. *How does this always happen?* He takes someone on a date, and eventually, they attack him. He figured it had something to do with him being famous and all, but was it possible he was truly attractive? Well, of course he was. He was a grown man, had that cool, messy hair style going, brilliant green eyes, a firm, muscular physique, was the star of England's Quidditch team, and he'd defeated the most powerful wizard of the age. Yes, he had a few things going for him. "Oh... shite... don't stop." *Wow, Hannah is good with her mouth.*

"Just getting warmed up, Harry. You just relax. It's time someone lets you have it easy," Hannah said thickly.

"If you insist..." he agreed.

Two hours later, Harry was at the door giving her a kiss. "Thanks for coming over tonight," he said sweetly.

"Any time, Harry," she said softly. Then, in a serious voice, she asked, "This won't make things awkward for us, will it? I mean, I don't want to lose you as a friend. I just don't know what came over me."

*Right then. So, she's not asking for anything more.* This always happened. What was it with women these days? They'd come have power sex with him and then shy off. And, he knew...*really knew*...that they enjoyed it. "Of course not, Hannah. I don't mind a little extra quirks to friendship." He winked and saw her shiver with delight.

"God, Harry, you are so sexy." She kissed him again. "Bye."

"Night." He closed the door. *What the fuck? Good enough to shag but not date, eh?* Was it something he did wrong? He sniffed his shoulder discreetly, noting his cologne. *Well, at least I don't smell.* Nah. He was good. He knew that. He'd have to ask Hermione about this. She would know what to think *And just where the hell is she anyway? Her dates never last this long.* Who was that bloke that had taken her out? He'd have to delve into the berk's mind the next time he picked her up to see what they'd been doing. He felt himself turn red. Yuck. Like he cared what they did. That was Hermione's personal business.

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"Harry, move over. I need to get in." Hermione's voice woke him. He moved an inch. She hit him with a pillow. "Push over, damn it!"

"All right," he said sleepily. "What's wrong with your bed tonight?" He pulled her down and made her giggle loudly. She landed neatly at his side, and he encircled her body with his arms.

"Crookshanks had a go on my sheets again. I'm too tired to think straight. I'd rather deal with it in the morning," she murmured sleepily. "You have a good date?"

"It was nice," he said, half asleep.

"So, you evil prat! Did you take advantage of Hannah?" He could hear the taunt in her voice.

"More like she took advantage of me." He yawned. "What of your date with whatshisface?"

"Boring. Long." She took his hand from her waist and kissed it. "Night, Harry."

"Night, Mione," he mumbled, falling into a dreamy state. It wasn't long before a nightmare came to him.

*He saw Hermione crying over Ron's lifeless form. He tried to get to her, but he could hardly move. "Harry, why did you kill him?" She was crying.*

*"I didn't!" he called. "Let me save him." Ron's body turned into Voldemort's, and his ruby slits opened. Harry heard him cackling harshly as he began to choke Hermione. "No! Leave her alone!" He couldn't get to her. The more he ran, the farther away she became. "Mione!"*

He sprang to a sitting position, panting heavily. Hermione was at his side, candle lit. "Harry, are you all right?" She seemed worried. "I tried to wake you." He ran a hand through his hair and found it damp with perspiration.

"I'm ok," he finally managed, remembering her face as she was being strangled. She pulled him close to her and held him until his breathing subsided.

"Want to talk about it?" she asked softly. He shook his head and let her pull him back down after she extinguished the candle. He went back to sleep with her head on his chest. At least he knew she was safe.

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"Oi! You've been in the shower too long, Mione! It's my turn! Get on with it!" he yelled through the bathroom door. No response *Damn!* His bladder was about to burst. "To hell with this!" he said. "I'm coming in." He walked in. She was still in the shower. He could just barely make out her naked body behind the shower curtain. "Nice view," he called, whistling.

"What do you need, Harry?" She laughed. "Trying to get a peek, are you?" She poked her head out just as he began to urinate. He looked at her pointedly.

"Who's trying to peek now?" He grinned. Her face turned red, and she quickly ducked back behind the curtain *Women! Not like she hasn't seen me before.* They always ran about barely dressed on most evenings. No big deal. He brushed his teeth while he was there and went off to start breakfast.

He felt like having omelets. Summoning all he needed, he said a couple of spells so that they could cook themselves as he made coffee. "Morning," she said minutes later.

"Wow, you look great. Where are you off to on a Saturday?" he asked, eyeing her new dress.

"Oh, I've promised Mum I'd take her to lunch. I thought I'd stop in at the library first though to pick up some books for my research on that Love Potion Detector," she said in

one breath. "Smells good."

"Thanks," he said, handing her a cup of coffee. Black. Just as she liked it. He added healthy portions of sugar into his own. She put the omelets onto plates and set the dirty dishes to wash themselves.

"Come here, and tell me about your night," she said, picking up the morning edition of the *Daily Prophet*.

"Well, everything was nice. We ate, sat by the fire sipping wine, and talked a bit. Then, she says she has a backache. Well, being the good Samaritan that I am, I offered to give her a backrub." He sipped his coffee. "Next thing you know, she was on me saying I needed to relax. Then," he paused to sip his coffee, "an hour or so later, she left."

Hermione grinned and shook her head. "What's the problem then?"

"How do you know there was one?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.

"You told me it was nice. That means, Harry, that you got shagged, but you're not happy about it." She smiled.

How did she do that? Just picked up on things without him having to say much. "Well, I think something is wrong with me. I mean, they don't even try to date me, girls. I kissed her goodnight, and she was on about making sure she was still my friend." He sighed dramatically. "Told me I was sexy and took off." He shrugged. Perhaps it was his cologne! He noticed the grin on her face. *Know something I don't, eh? What?*

"Surely, Harry, you must know." She smirked. "You appear to be untouchable to women. I mean, no girl in her right mind would think that you would actually settle for her, so she settles for a shag, thinking its all you'd want to give her."

He screwed up his face in disbelief. He could have nearly any woman he wanted. He now frequented *Witch Weekly's* cover for receiving a Most-Charming-Smile Award, but that didn't mean that he wouldn't settle down with someone given the chance. "So they don't even give me a chance then. Just assume I don't want them for the long haul! That's unreal!"

"Harry, name one girl that you've said those three little words of love to." She drummed her fingers impatiently.

He thought for a long while. Nobody, save one. "Well, *you*, but I must have told someone else." He brought to mind his past encounters with his *friends*, and nothing so intimate had been said.

"Uh-huh. Just as I thought. Only one you've told is me. Now, of all the girls you've dated, how many did you really want to see again anyway?" She raised her eyebrows knowingly before biting into her omelet.

"Well, quite a few actually," he said triumphantly. When she ignored him further, he said, "And I saw most of them again." That would show her. She couldn't analyze him like some research project.

Her laughter stopped his victory calls short. "Harry!" She rolled her eyes. "When you saw them again, did you happen to mention that you fancied them in that way? I mean, did you try to explain that you'd like something more and let them know you'd eventually like to wake up with them every morning?"

What the hell? "Well, no, but why should I have to say it? I mean, most times things get too hot to think of anything, but what's happening at that moment." He grinned. "And, as far as waking up with any of them, sorry, I'd have to pass, thanks. I like having my own space in the morning."

"Then, you've never truly found anyone that you could love." She patted his hand to reassure him. "Keep looking. You'll find her."

"Well, thanks for that chat, Mione. It's all clear to me now," he said sarcastically.

She shook her head in exasperation. "Hannah. Do you see yourself being with her again?"

"Oh, yeah. She's got this little technique with her tong..."

She made a face. "Yuck, Harry. I don't need to know all of that. What I mean is, when you think of seeing her again, do you see yourself sitting down lovingly, talking about your future, and cuddling while watching some Muggle program on the telly?"

"No, but I can see her in the shower all lathered up. Does that count?" He panicked when he saw her annoyed expression. "Hang on! That's cuddling, Mione!"

She sighed. "Harry, one day it will hit you. You'll be with someone, and she won't be impressed with your past or your Quidditch skills." He snorted. "What?" she asked indignantly. "There are girls out there who will love you for what's inside, and until you find one, you won't be all that good at intimacy I'm afraid."

"Hey, hey. I have no problems with intimacy, thanks." It was his turn to be indignant.

"I'm not talking about sex. I'm talking about love. Little things. Holding your lover without any sex. Making love to a girl with your eyes and not your... your... you know... *him*." She blushed. He knew she was thinking about seeing him naked in the loo earlier.

"I can do that just as well, Mione. It's just..." He shrugged uncertainly. "They never try for anything more. All is going well and bam! We're in bed." He looked to the fireplace. "Or we're on the floor...whatever is nearby."

"Harry, have you ever just held a girl? I mean no sex, just holding her next to you." She drank the last of her coffee and sent the cup to the sink to wash itself.

"Well, I know one girl that has taken a liking to sleeping with me." He grinned. How many nights a week did she crawl in with him? Often. "I never touch you that way though."

She laughed. "Not me, Harry. A girl!"

"Last I saw, you were a girl. That has to count for something!" He wriggled his eyebrows. "You looked pretty sexy this morning."

She laughed. "You are a piece of art, I tell you. You just don't get it. I mean, any of your dates, not me!" She waved her hands wildly as she spoke.

"No," he said softly. Not a one. Nobody had ever been invited to stay the entire night. He'd never protested when they began fumbling for their clothing.

"Try it out. The next time the opportunity presents itself, get her to stay with you. See how it feels." She stood up and walked around to his side of the table. "Do you want to come with us today? It'll be fun."

"Nah. I'll go out and see what Ron's getting himself into. Thanks though, baby." He turned to face her. "Have a good day." She kissed his lips softly and ruffled his already messy hair.

"Your loss." She smiled and left.

*Damn! Hermione knows just how to get to a bloke, doesn't she? Incapable of intimacy, was he? He'd have to prove her wrong. Off to Ron's house first though. He'd pass this theory by his friend.*

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"Harry!" Luna greeted dreamily. "So long since you've come out. Ron's just inside in the living area." He smiled at Ron's very pregnant wife. It wouldn't be much longer before another little Weasley came into the world.

"Thanks, doll," he replied, winking. She blushed. As he walked to the room, he paused. He'd caught himself. No wonder women thought he was out for one thing and nothing more. He was nothing but a damn flirt. "Oi there, mate!" Ron greeted him. Ron's living area was full of Muggle items, such as old sports magazines and books. He had always been fascinated with the nonmoving photos and the seemingly boring games they played.

"Ron, I have a problem," he said suddenly. Ron nodded to the chair next to him. "Well, here it is." He told Ron everything that he'd told Hermione and all that she'd said to him.

"You're mental, you know."

"What?" Harry asked incredulously.

"You don't see it, do you?"

"Er...see what?"

Ron sat in thought for a moment. "Harry," he said slyly. "Haven't you and Hermione ever... shagged?"

Harry did a double take. "No way, Ron!" He felt his face heat up. "Hermione is not like that!"

"Well, I just thought you may have. What, she's been living there for three years now?"

"Four, thanks. What are you playing at, Ron?" Harry asked awkwardly. "She's... she's Hermione."

"Harry, I wonder about something. Why is it that Hermione never dates anyone?" Ron asked, voice dripping with sarcasm. "Waiting for you, if you ask me."

"She does too date! Had one last night, she did!" Harry nodded. "That's right. Some guy from her work asked her out."

"And, er, did they shag?" Ron asked, enjoying the narrowing of Harry's eyes.

"Of course not! He bored her to death. Came home right after," Harry said, defending Hermione's honor. "She's not that sort."

"Ah, but how do you know they didn't? I mean, she could have sneaked him into her room last night." Ron grinned evilly.

"She did no such thing!" Harry said hotly.

"All worked up there, aren't you, mate?" Ron laughed. "I'm just saying that you would never know."

"She slept with me! That's how I know!" Harry blabbed. Mistake. Shit!

Ron's eyebrows raised suggestively. "Slept with you, did she? Does that often, eh?"

Harry grinned. "Not what you're thinking, Ron. It's different with Hermione. I mean, we could be totally naked and not do anything."

"You still sleep starkers, Harry?" Ron asked slyly.

"Yeah... so?" Where was Ron going with this? "Most nights I do. Depends."

"Were you starkers, mate?"

"Yes, I was. It was hot, and Hannah had got me..." Harry stopped. "Oi! What the hell are you playing at?"

"So, slept all night right there with Mione, did you? Not a stitch of clothes on. Sounds a little too comfortable if you ask me. Don't you feel strange about that, mate?" Ron took a long drink from his goblet. "I mean, didn't you FEEL anything?"

"No, I didn't. See! That proves it! There's nothing between us. We sleep all night and nothing happens, and anyway, this is not about Hermione. It's about me, and this problem I have of turning women away without realizing that I'm doing it."

"You don't turn Mione away though, and don't give me that rubbish about her being your best friend. Think about it. The only woman you *are* intimate with is her. I'd say the only reason you don't make a move to have her in that way is because you are afraid of losing her. I'd say that if she came home and told you to marry her, you would." His friend's eyes went wide, as if he'd seen the truth. Ron patted Harry's shoulder. "Welcome to the wide world of love, Harry. You love *her* and don't know it."

Harry sat in stunned silence. *Hermione*. The only girl that he'd ever said words of love to. The only girl he could hold all night, feel good about it, and not feel as though his space had been invaded. The only girl he'd never mind waking up to everyday. But how did that happen? Did he love her? It could be. But she didn't return the feelings. *Always trying to push me off on other women and give me tips!*

"All right, Harry?"

"Ron, you might be on to something. I never thought about it that way before." He smiled sadly. "The one girl I might be interested in that way honestly, and she would never return my feelings."

"Mate, I'd say she does. She's just like you though. Won't mention it, thinking it could never be. It's why she never really has anyone. Nobody would be you. I see her looking at you sometimes. Been best friends so long, maybe you both mistake deep love for that of friendship." Ron downed the remainder of his drink. "Talk to her, mate."

Suddenly, Harry was nervous. He couldn't talk to her about this. He couldn't deal with rejection. Not rejection *frontier*. There was no way she felt the same, was there? He sighed. Maybe he would have to mention it to her. Talking would be the only way to find out for sure. If no feelings were returned, then he'd move on, continuing his quest for the perfect woman. "I think I'll be off now. Got some plans to make."

"Let me know how it goes!" Ron called after him.

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"Harry, why are you sitting here all alone? No lights. Telly off," Hermione asked, concern filling her eyes. "Are you drunk?"

He downed the last of his scotch. "Not yet, but I will be."

She kicked off her shoes. "Unzip me," she said, turning to him. He reached up and pulled down her zipper just a bit. She edged out of her dress and sat next to him,

wearing nothing but her chemise and stockings. "Tell me."

"*Accio scotch!*" he said, summoning the bottle to him. He refilled his glass and took a drink. He did not meet her eyes. "Been thinking about our conversation earlier."

"Oh, Harry. I didn't mean to hurt you. I was just pointing out the obvious to you." She brushed back hair from his face. "What are you thinking of?"

"I had a conversation with Ron. Told him everything." He smiled sadly, still not meeting her eyes.

"And?" she pressed.

*This is it. Now or never.* He downed his drink and turned to face her. She looked so beautiful sitting there, scarcely dressed, brown eyes shining, hair hanging about her face. He brushed back a strand that was just over her eyes. "Mione... he thinks that I love you."

She blinked. "Harry, Ron is just trying to get you to look at all possibilities. Don't let him get you down."

"What do you think of me when you see me, Hermione? I mean, do you see me as England's Seeker, as Voldemort's killer..." He smiled softly. "Or am I just Harry to you?"

"I see you as Harry. You've always been just Harry to me. Where are you going with this?" She seemed uncomfortable.

"You told me that one day I would find a girl who thought that way about me, and only then would I be able to see myself capable of loving her." He hoped he got that part right. His memory was a bit foggy.

She smiled. "And you will Harry. I promise."

"I love you, Hermione. I never saw it for what it was. It's you that I could hold all night. It's you I could wake up to every day." There! He'd said it.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Har-ry. Ron has messed with your mind. There are so many other women out there more worthy of you. Don't let him confuse you."

"No. I'm not confused. I've been thinking about it for five hours now. It all fits." He looked at her hopefully. "I love you." He took her hand in his. "And, now I want to know, how do you really think of me?"

Seconds passed. Minutes passed. Dread filled his heart when she remained silent. He let go of her hand. "I'm sorry," he whispered. "I'll not bring this up again." He stood and walked to his room. What an ass he'd made of himself. And to Hermione at that! Now things would be awkward. He'd kick Ron's arse for making him think of her this way. Slowly, he pulled off his shirt and trousers. He left his boxers on. Didn't really want her to walk in on him going starkers yet again, now did he? Not now. She might think he'd purposely done it to entice her. He pulled back his blanket and lay down.

Hermione came to sit on his bed. "Harry?"

"Mmmm?" He couldn't face her, so he didn't turn towards her.

"I can't believe that you chose me of all people. I always thought of you as untouchable, so I pushed my feelings aside." She kissed his forehead softly. "I love you, as well."

That got his attention. "Is that right?" he heard himself ask seductively. It was as if another part of him took over, confidence regained. He moved over to give her room and pulled her into his arms to hold her.

"Yes," she said breathlessly. "I just think we need to think about this. This will change some things."

"Right. It will indeed. I think we'll need a one bedroom flat for starters." He chuckled. "I don't want to think of you off in your own room without me."

"Harry?" Her voice seemed unsure.

"Yes, love?"

"How does it feel to kiss the great Harry Potter?"

He could feel her shaking. This was new. He'd not ever seen when she'd been so unsure of herself, aside from the times when they were to take their exams. He didn't even answer. He brought his lips to hers gently, and when her lips parted, his tongue plunged in. He'd never felt anything like it. Just the intimacy...*yes, there was that word again...*...was unbelievable! It was as if that one kiss could say everything that they were feeling. No words necessary. The need to explore her neck pulled him away from her mouth. He felt her hands exploring his back, heard her whimper blissfully. One of his hands snaked its way up her thigh under her chemise and worked it up over her chest. He cupped a breast and brought his mouth to her waiting, hardened peak. *God, but she feels so soft.* His other hand was working the chemise over her head. His tongue lazily made its way to her other breast while one hand began exploring her thighs.

She whimpered as one of his fingers penetrated her. He pumped it in and out, spreading her wetness. She arched into his ministrations and moaned slightly *She's ready for me now. We've waited so long. I will have her.* He laved at her stomach, leaving no spot untouched. He worked his way out of his boxers easily as his mouth trailed its way back up to hers. He loved how her mouth felt beneath his. So soft. So giving. She began to squirm under him when he'd brush his thumb over her plump little nub, and he could feel that she was ready for him. Not breaking their kiss, he nestled between her legs, and he felt as though he was right where he belonged. Nibbling on her chin, he brought his eyes in contact with hers. Her lids were halfway open, and she smiled lovingly. He guided himself to her entrance and pushed into her tightness partially. Her eyes widened, but she shifted to grant him easier access. "I love you," he whispered in her ear before nipping and plunging all the way in.

"Ah..." she cried out and clawed at him.

*Hang on! She's a virgin. Damn!* He wished he would have known. He could have... he would have... He'd not have done anything differently. This was perfect. He began to move slowly and pulled back just a bit to stare into her eyes. Once they fluttered closed, he busied himself with her breasts while stroking slowly. When he felt her moving a bit faster, he increased his speed. He'd wait for her all night if he had to. Before long, however, she was arching against him, trying to find a rhythm. He suckled her neck savagely, lowered his hand to her center to stimulate her further, and felt her nails clawing lines down his back...this time in pleasure. He groaned and thrust upwards, deeply, quickly. She was now meeting him stroke for stroke. "Oh, Harry." She exploded under him. He grinned knowingly. With just a few more strokes, he joined her.

He lay at her side running his hand over her stomach gently, waiting for her to find her voice. She finally turned to him and kissed his lips softly. "I love you, Harry." He grinned broadly, feeling like he'd felt when he received those real Christmas gifts for the first time. He'd never felt this way about anyone. He'd have to thank Ron. Later though. Much later.

"Will you marry me, Mione? If not now, one day?" he asked suddenly. *Where the hell had that come from?*

"Asking so soon?" she blurted incredulously, almost whispering.

He thought only a moment before replying. "It's not too soon. It's too late. We should have done it years ago. I won't let you get away from me so easily. I want you to make an honest man out of me."

"I will," she agreed. "I'll never leave you. Always cherish you."

He kissed her once more. "Mione, I never knew that you had never made love to anyone. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I just thought you knew somehow. Is that all right?" She cocked an eyebrow at him.

"I like it, but I feel odd. Do you not feel uncomfortable that I've been with those other women? You know about all of them. Details even." He sighed. Now, he wished he'd never had told her about them.

Pulling him closer, she whispered in his ear. "I don't care about them. They had your body, but I have your heart. Make love to me again."

"With pleasure," he said smiling. In the matter of one day, he'd gone from thinking he'd never find anyone to love him to realizing he'd always had someone loving him. His beautiful Hermione.

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**Southern's Notes:** This is a story I wrote last year. It's only intended to be a quickie, so it's not very descriptive, etc. I can tell the difference between my writing then and my writing now. Ah, well. I thought I'd share. I love the way Harry was a bit cocky in the story, and I'm giggling at the cheesy ending. teehee...

I have the last part to add to complete the trilogy and will do so sometime within the next few days. It's titled "Hermione's Problem" and is her POV of events.

## Hermione's Problem

Chapter 3 of 3

Hermione loves Harry, but does he love her? Find out here. Told from Hermione's POV.

**Disclaimer:** Not mine, yet fun to manipulate. shrug

**Thanks to Charmed Nay for doing the beta job on this last year. I've taken it out of the closet, dusted it off, and decided to upload, even though it really reeks. Lol... I can just read fangirl all over this. \*\*snicker\*\* But hey! A person's writing styles can change. Also, thanks to CocoaChristy for giving this a second look.**

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Oh, Harry, *not again*, Hermione thought to herself as she walked into her flat. There he was, however, sprawled out on the floor...naked of course. An empty bottle of wine, a tangled sheet, and extra pillow the only evidence of what had truly happened. He and one of his 'friends' had just dropped where they were and did as they pleased.

"Harry, wake up," she said softly, touching his bare chest. Good Lord! He had really filled out and had a nice chest. It was all that extra working out he did for his Quidditch practices. How she loved when those strong arms held her at night, that chest pressed against her back. She kneeled down next to him and traced his scar with her finger. He'd never know how much she actually fancied him. "Time for bed, Harry!"

His sparkling, green eyes opened. "Oi there, love. Where did Padma get off to?" He stretched and yawned. She couldn't resist tickling his very exposed armpits. He shook her off easily and pulled her down next to him. She laid her head on his arm as his other arm came around her waist. She could feel his erection against her lower back. Did he want her? Or was it the remembrance of what he and Padma had done that had him newly aroused? "You see Padma leave?" he inquired again, breaking into her thoughts.

"Nope, just your little naked arse glowing in the firelight when I came in. She must have left." She could just imagine Padma sneaking out so as not to wake up Harry. As far as she knew, he was very energetic and had great staying power. He'd had girls here often enough for her to know. More than once she'd heard and accidentally seen things.

"Ah well... it was a good four hours then. Suppose I'll not see her again for a while." His nose was in her hair. "Good, God, Mione, your hair smells good. I'll have to use your shampoo, so that I can smell you all day."

Harry didn't know what those little things that he said did to her. He was always saying something that truly touched her or made her fantasize that he really meant what he said. She pressed more tightly into him. They had been living together for about four years, and things were perfect. She had long given up that he would ever see her as anything other than his best friend though. Harry never tried anything with her at all. And he didn't look at her with longing or desire in his eyes. "Well, suppose I had best be off for bed then. I need to get out of this dress."

"No, stay. This feels comfy, doesn't it? I placed a Cushioning Spell just under us. Here, let me magic your dress off." He reached for his wand and said a spell. Her dress was suddenly gone, and she was left in only her bra and knickers.

"Thanks," she mumbled.

He kissed her cheek. "Night. Love you."

"Love you. Night." She turned over and kissed his cheek softly.

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"So, Mione, you have a date tonight then?" Harry asked softly. She could see something in his eyes. Some shine that made him look mischievous. "Finally gonna jump into the world of dating again? You've not gone with anyone since you broke things off with Ron."

"Well, it's not really a date. At least, I don't think so. Just a friend from the office. We're to discuss that Love Potion Detector that I'm researching." She smiled excitedly. "I think it's coming along rather well."

"But he asked you out."

"Right, but that's to discuss our progress." She shrugged, trying to pick out a dress to wear. "How does this look?"

"Like something straight out of Trelawney's closet. I hate that dress. Get something in lavender," he chuckled. "You look good in anything that you have on, honest." He must have noted her hurt look because he suddenly looked apologetic. She had asked for his opinion, right? "Oi, here we are. Perfect." He pulled out something much worse. A high collared dress with long sleeves and a length that reached the floor was being dangled in front of her.



"Harry, I would suffocate in this dress. It's hot out, isn't it? You are trying to make me look like an old professor! Oh!" She giggled. "Here we are. Lavender...just like you said." She found a stunning, silky, strapless dress. This one reached just above her knees.

"Mmmmm... What's-his-name will eat you alive with that on. Good choice, love." He kissed her brow softly. "Hungry?"

"Yes, but I'll save my appetite for dinner. I could use a glass of wine though." She watched him walk out of her room and sighed. Why couldn't she find someone like Harry? Someone who made her feel comfortable, someone who didn't mind her more serious talks about work, someone that made her feel good about being her. Maybe she should really try hard with this guy tonight. She pulled off her shirt and bra. Clad only in her knickers, she began to put lotion on her stomach and arms.

Harry whistled. "That's a sight. You should have been a model for one of those Muggle magazines." She didn't blush at his comment, only shook her head with laughter. He handed her the glass and took the bottle of lotion from her. She sipped her wine and almost gasped in delight as his hands worked the lotion down into her back.

"That feels good, Harry." She let that slip out. Shit! He just chuckled. Well, at least he didn't notice her blunder. Yes, she'd definitely have to find someone like Harry.

"I love that scent on you. All fresh and flowery." She turned and gawked at him. He was putting women's lotion on his chest.

"Harry!" She shrieked. "You'll smell like a woman on your date!"

He arched an eyebrow and said casually, "So?" He put her bottle aside and took her wine from her. She smirked as he took a sip of it. "Well, don't want you to have all that much. I'd have to go out and hex the guy for taking advantage of you, wouldn't I?"

"Awwwww. You are too good to me, Harry. I love how you take care of me," she whispered and hugged him tightly. She felt an erotic pleasure creep up her spine as she realized that her breasts were pressed against Harry's bare chest.

"Always will, Mione." He released her after a moment and said something about a cold shower. She laughed as he took off quickly.

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Hermione couldn't believe what she was hearing. Harry Potter was drunk as a house-elf on butterbeer and barely knew his own name. Ron had just Apparated him home, saying he felt Harry was well past Apparating abilities. It was Ron's stag party that he'd been drinking at since Ron was marrying Luna. Finally, he realized that he loved her, and then, she'd told him that she was pregnant. Ron had never been happier. Harry, Neville, Seamus, Dean, Justin, Draco, and Hagrid had all gone out to celebrate with him.

"Hey, sexy. Come over here, and let me make you feel like you own the world," Harry was saying through bouts of chuckling that sounded much more like giggles. Since when did Harry giggle?

"Harry, it's me, Mione."

"Oi, Mione! Where were you tonight? You missed out on the fun, I tell you. We got pissed!" He was stumbling about. She pulled him toward his room as quickly as she could. She didn't want him falling or throwing up. Once there, she took off his robes, shoes, shirt, and pants. That left him in green boxers and, of all colors, lavender socks. Strange bloke, Harry was. She laughed so hard that tears formed in her eyes. Those were her socks! He must have nicked them from the laundry.

"Night, Harry," she said, kissing his lips softly. She panicked, however, as he wrapped his arms around her and opened his mouth to kiss her. She opened hers to protest, but she soon found herself kissing him passionately. He tasted of firewhisky, and his lips were expertly molding hers. His tongue intruded her mouth boldly, and she let him, finally giving in to his drunken, yet glorious kiss. The need to breathe pulled her away from his face, but his arms still had her locked against his chest. Soon, he was snoring lightly, and she was able to slip away.

She went to the bathroom and leaned against the wall, panting wildly. Harry had kissed her. *Really* kissed her. Wow. He kissed exactly as she had dreamed that he would. She would never forget the feel of his arms around her or his lips against hers. But this could never happen again. They were only friends. Best friends. He was drunk. *Only kissed me because he was drunk!* She hoped he wouldn't remember it the next day. She liked things as they were. No pressure. No awkwardness. Just Harry and her.

The next morning, she awoke to the smell of frying bacon and coffee brewing. She sleepily made her way to the kitchen. "All right?" she asked a bit shyly, wondering if he'd remembered what he'd done to her.

"Not really, but I think after I eat I might feel better. Stomach's all queasy. How did I get home? What time was it?" he asked, rubbing his temples. So... he didn't even remember getting home. That meant that her secret was safe. Disappointment flowed through her. She almost wanted him to remember the kiss. But, no, it would have been all too weird.

*Must be for the best.* "Ron brought you in about two, I'd say." She pulled him to his chair. "Sit down. I'll finish up this." He sat gratefully and put his head on the table. She poured him a cup of coffee and added about six spoons of sugar in it. She didn't know exactly how many he put, but she knew it was a lot. Giving him the coffee, she starting on the eggs and toast. She fixed his plate and set it before him. He was slowly drinking his coffee. She fixed her own plate and watched him eat. She loved the way his mouth chewed his food. It seemed to tease her as he savored each bite, as if every it were the best he'd ever eaten. She loved everything about him. Pity they could never be together that way.

"Mione..." Harry said softly, reaching across the table to hold her hand. "Thanks for all that you do for me." She nodded and smiled brightly at Harry. What he didn't know wouldn't hurt him.

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Hermione was showering and heard Harry beating on the door. Ha! He'd just have to wait. She had suds in her hair. She heard the door burst open, and his voice carried in to her. "Nice View." She knew he was talking about her naked body. The damn shower curtain was very sheer. She peeked round just as he began to urinate.

"Trying to get a peek, are you?" she called joyfully, but her eyes landed on what his hand was holding. *Oh, my!* Her eyes met his, and she saw his amused expression.

"Who's trying to peek now?" He grinned. Her face turned red, and she quickly ducked back behind the curtain. She'd seen him before, but for some reason, this time made her feel different. He looked... ready. The previous night she'd had a boring date and came home to find that Crookshanks had destroyed her bedding. She crawled in with him once again. Seemed she'd been doing that a lot lately. His bed, his arms, his body... He just made her feel safe and content. Instead of quickly fixing things with a bit of magic, she used these moments as excuses to sleep with him.

He had another one of his dreams the previous night. She was glad that she was there with him. It wasn't often that he had them anymore, but a few times per month, she'd hear him thrashing about in his room. On those nights, she would hold and soothe him. What made it strange about last night's dream was that she was sure he was worried about her for some reason. He had been calling out her name as if she was about to die. She caught herself before she drew him to her for a kiss, opting instead to just rest her head on his chest. She'd have to find a boyfriend soon if she was ever to give up on the idea of Harry loving her. She always hoped that he would, but he never made any moves. Sure, he said those lovely little things, but they were more or less only meant in a joking manner.

She got out and cast a Drying Spell on herself. She applied light make-up and pulled her hair up in an elegant bun, allowing a few strands to fall out about her face. She'd bought a new dress and chose to wear it this day for one reason only. Harry. Her mum wouldn't mind of course, but she wanted Harry to see her in it. She wanted him to think she looked nice. She ached for a compliment from him, and that only ended up making her hurt worse. She needed to stop doing such things.

By the time she was ready, he already had breakfast done. She wanted to ask about his dream but decided against it. There was a more pressing matter. His date.

Something about it had left him disgruntled. She asked him about it, part of her enjoying that it hadn't turned out as he'd planned.

He told her about his date, and he'd definitely been shagged. Again. But he was upset because Hannah simply just left right after and didn't seem to want to pursue anything further. She laughed at him. Here he was... the Great Harry Potter ...worried about why women would shy away from him after great sex...which, to be perfectly honest, she'd heard tell of rumors that he was excellent in bed. She decided to give him something to chew on.

"Well, Harry, surely you must know," she said, smirking slightly. "You appear to be untouchable to women. I mean, no girl in her right mind would think that you would actually settle for them. So they settle for a shag." *Especiallly not me, your bookish best friend.*

He screwed up his face in disbelief. She could see that he didn't buy what she was saying. Every witch she knew wanted him. "So they don't even give me a chance then. Just assume I don't want them for the long haul! That's unreal!" he nearly shouted.

"Harry, name one girl that you've told that you love her." Silence. She drummed her fingers impatiently. He had to have told someone. He told her often, didn't he? The words had to have fallen off his lips to a girlfriend or during some climax. Yet, doubt formed because he truly didn't have steady girlfriends. He had dates. One night stands. Weekend flings. So maybe he didn't say the words to anyone after all.

"Well, you, but I must have told someone else." He brought his hand to his chin as if thinking hard.

"Uh huh. Just as I thought. Only one you've told is me. Now, of all the girls you've dated, how many did you really want to see again anyway?" She raised her eyebrows knowingly before biting into her omelet. He'd only told her. That pleased her more than she wanted to admit. She knew in her heart he didn't mean in love, but all the same, she was the only woman to hear those words from him. It made her feel special.

"Well, quite a few actually," he said triumphantly. She saw his eyes light up. "And I saw most of them again." He just didn't get it.

She started laughing loudly. "Harry," she rolled her eyes. "When you saw them again, did you happen to mention that you fancied them in that way? I mean, did you get all mushy with them and let them know you'd eventually like to wake up with them every morning?" She held her breath.

"Well, no, but why be mushy? I mean most times things get too hot to think of anything but what's happening." He grinned. "And, as far as waking up with any of them, sorry, I'd have to pass, thanks."

Inwardly, she gave a jump for joy, but she spoke calmly. "Then you've never truly found anyone that you could love." She patted his hand to reassure him. "Keep looking. You'll find her."

That was the hardest advice she'd ever given him. No matter how she felt about him, she wanted him to be happy, and if that sent him off to find another woman, so be it. "Well, thanks for that chat, Mione. It's all clear to me now," he said sarcastically.

His voice made her stop short. "Hannah. Do you see yourself being with her again?"

She saw the evil glint in his eyes. "Oh yeah. She's got this little technique with her tong--"

She made a face. "Yuck, Harry. I don't need to know all of that. What I mean is, when you think of seeing her again, do you see yourself sitting down, talking, and cuddling while watching some Muggle program on the telly?" Of course, she didn't want to hear details. She was feeling a bit jealous this day.

"No, but I can see her in the shower all lathered up. Does that count?" She made a disgusted face. He panicked. "Hang on! That's cuddling, Mione!"

She sighed. "Harry, one day it will hit you. You'll be with someone, and she won't be all impressed with your past or your Quidditch skills." He snorted. "What?" she said indignantly. "There are girls out there who will love you for what's inside, and until you find one, you won't be all that good at intimacy, I'm afraid." She could name one that felt that way, and she happened to be sitting across from him.

"Hey, hey. I have no problems with intimacy, thanks," he said indignantly.

"I'm not talking about sex. I'm talking about love. Little things. Holding your lover without any sex. Making love to a girl with your eyes and not your... your... you know... him." She blushed. She was thinking about what she saw in the bathroom earlier, and she was thinking about him holding her so closely last night that it was pressed firmly against her inner thigh.

"I can do that just as well, Mione. It's just... They never try for anything more. All is going well and then bam! We're in bed." He glanced at the fireplace, remembering the shag he'd had the previous evening. "Or the floor."

"Harry, have you ever just held a girl? I mean no sex. Just holding her next to you." She drank the last of her coffee and sent the cup to the sink to wash itself. She smiled softly, knowing that he held her all night even if he held no other all night.

"Well, I know one girl that has taken a liking to sleeping with me." He grinned mischievously, and then his voice became serious. "I never touch you that way though."

No shit! She laughed. "Not me, Harry. A girl!" Oh, that sounded lame.

"Last I saw you were a girl. That has to count for something!" He wriggled his eyebrows. Lord, but he was so adorable. She wanted to pounce on him, but then she thought about his other 'friends' that he went out with. They all did just that.

She laughed uncomfortably. "You are a piece of art, I tell you. You just don't get it. I mean any of your dates!" She waved her hands wildly as she spoke. She had to make him understand.

"No," he said softly. He looked almost wistful. She wanted to tell him that it would be all right and hold him close, but she had to stop doing that. He was not her boyfriend. She had to get him motivated.

"Try it out. The next time the opportunity presents itself, get her to stay with you. See how it feels." She stood up and walked around to his side of the table. "Do you want to come with us?" She hoped he would say yes.

"Nah. I'll go out and see what Ron's getting himself into. Thanks though, baby." He kissed her cheek. "Have a good day." She kissed his lips softly and ruffled his already messy hair. Damn! Well, she couldn't expect him to be joined at her hip, could she?

"Your loss." She smiled and left. She had to leave before she begged him to come with her.

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Hermione was very tired. She'd stayed at her parents' home much longer than she'd expected to. All the lights were out when she came in. The only reason she could make out Harry sitting on the couch was because there was soft moonlight flowing in through the windows.

"Harry, why are you sitting here all alone? No lights. Telly off," Hermione asked, concern filling her eyes. "Are you drunk?" What had happened to make him look so sad?

He downed the last of his drink before speaking. "Not yet, but I will be." Uh oh. Something was definitely wrong.

She kicked off her shoes. "Unzip me," she said, turning to him. He reached up and pulled down her zipper just a bit. She edged out of her dress and sat next to him

wearing nothing but a slip and stockings. "Tell me." She put a hand on his shoulder to comfort him.

"Accio scotch!" he said, summoning the bottle to him. He refilled his glass and took a drink. He wouldn't look at her. But why? What had she done wrong? "Been thinking about our conversation earlier."

So, that was it. She'd upset him. Hurt his ego. "Oh, Harry. I didn't mean to hurt you. I was just pointing out the obvious to you." She brushed back lingering hair from his face. "What are you thinking of?"

"I had a conversation with Ron. Told him everything." He smiled sadly, still not meeting her eyes.

"And?" she pressed.

Something Ron had said seemed to have help to make up his mind about something. His jaw was set firmly. He downed his drink and turned to face her. His eyes looked so worried, yet relaxed. He was so beautiful sitting there. Green eyes glimmering. Hair untidy but in a sexy way. He brushed back a strand of her own hair that was just over her eyes. "Mione... he thinks that I love you."

What? She blinked. Her heart stopped. Damn, meddling Ron. Why did he want to drive them apart this way? Wasn't it enough that he was married and had someone? Did he have to ruin things for her by turning Harry away from her? "Harry, Ron is just trying to get you to look at all possibilities. Don't let him get you down." She didn't want him to be upset because of Ron's mutterings. Of course Harry didn't love her that way.

"What do you think of me when you see me, Hermione? I mean, do you see me as England's Seeker, as Voldemort's killer..." He smiled softly. "Or am I just Harry to you?"

She smiled. This was easy. "I see you as Harry. You've always been just Harry to me. Where are you going with this?" She felt a tad uneasy. Flashes of their earlier conversation jumped to mind.

"You told me that one day I would find a girl who thought that way about me, and only then would I be able to see myself capable of loving her." He smiled softly. She had indeed told him that. She was basing that on her own feelings though.

She smiled. "And you will Harry. I promise." *Unfortunately for me.*

"I love you, Hermione. I never saw it for what it was. It's you that I could hold all night. It's you I could wake up to every day," he blurted.

"Oh!" she gasped. Wow! Had Harry Potter just confessed his love to her? She felt so happy, so astounded, and so doubtful. This couldn't be real. Did Ron guilt him into this somehow? "Har-ry. Ron has Confunded you or something! There are so many other women out there more worthy of you. Don't let him confuse you."

"No. I'm not confused. I've been thinking about it for five hours now. It all fits. I love you." He took her hand in his. "And now, I want to know. How do you really think of me?"

Her voice had left her. He was serious. He loved her. Was in love with her. Wanted a real relationship. With her. She saw his eyes fill with disappointment. He let go of her hand. "I'm sorry," he whispered. "I'll not bring this up again." He stood and walked to his room. Her mind was screaming for him to stay, but the words would not come. She loved him.

She had always dreamed of something like this, but she'd never thought it was possible. Absently, she pulled off her stockings. Harry loved her! Her heart was so full of emotion. She had to go to him before he changed his mind. He probably thought she didn't love him back from the way she'd become suddenly mute.

Hermione found her way almost blindly to his room and sat on his bed.

"Harry?"

"Mmmmm?"

"I can't believe that you chose me, of all people. I always thought of you as untouchable, so I pushed my feelings aside, never wanting you to know." She kissed his lips softly. "I love you as well."

She could feel the change in him. Heard his breath catch slightly. "Is that right?" he asked seductively. He moved over and pulled her into his arms to hold her.

"Yes," she said breathlessly. "I just think we need to think about this. This will change some things." Lord, she hoped nothing much would change. What they had already was perfect...now just to add a few extras to it.

"Right. It will, indeed. I think we'll need a one bedroom flat for starters," he said and chuckled at her expression. "I don't want to think of you off in your own room without me." Her heart warmed considerably. Nothing would change but their sleeping arrangements.

"Harry?" She felt as nervous as a young teenager on her first date.

"Yes, my love?"

His love. Wow. That gave her a little more confidence, but her body shuddered at the thought of his lips on hers again.

"How does it feel to kiss the great Harry Potter?" She was so nervous. She had kissed him already, but he had been drinking. The kiss was great, but she wanted to see how it felt with him knowing it was her. With him loving her. Silence. But then, he brought his lips to hers softly, and when her lips parted, his tongue plunged in. She melted beneath his lips, their tongues mingling and searching territory unknown. She felt his lips on her neck moments later, and that prompted her to do some exploring of her own. A slight moan escaped her lips. She could feel a hand traveling up her leg, under her slip, across her stomach to her breast. In an instant, his mouth began administrating pleasure to her hardened peak. God but his tongue and mouth felt so soft. His other hand had pulled her slip all the way off of her. His tongue lazily made its way to her other breast while one hand began exploring her thighs. She almost couldn't bear it.

It felt so good. She whimpered as she felt one of his fingers delved into her. He left no portion of flesh unknissed.

Somehow his boxers had been discarded. She'd not noticed when, but she felt his erection pressing against her thighs as he worked his mouth back up to hers. She began to move wildly under him. His fingers were like magic, circling, pushing, and plunging. He began to kiss her again, and she vaguely noticed that he had nestled between her legs. After a few soft nips, he moved to look into her eyes. She saw him through a fuzzy haze. This was all happening so fast. She would not stop him no matter what he wanted from her, but it all seemed like a dream.

He guided himself to her entrance and pushed in slightly. Her eyes widened. This was a very unusual feeling. She moved to try to get more comfortable. "I love you," he whispered in her ear before nipping it lightly and he plunging all the way in.

"Ah..." she cried out. Nobody had ever made love to her before, much less touched her so intimately. It was all new to her. Though it hurt, it felt strangely good to be filled. To be one with Harry. They were perfect together. He began to move slowly and pulled back just a bit to stare into her eyes. The intensity was too much. She couldn't look at him or say anything, fearing she'd become emotional. She was only able to concentrate on the feeling that was building up inside of her. He paid extra attention to her breasts, took time to stimulate her clitoris, and was stroking slowly. Too slowly. She wanted more of him, to feel him deeper, harder, faster. She began to move faster, hoping it would urge him to move faster as well.

He increased his speed and seemed to be going in further. It was driving her mad. Her body had a mind of its own as she arched to get closer to him to feel all of him even more. He suckled her neck savagely, and she gave in to the urge to rake her nails down his back. He groaned and thrust upwards, deeply, quickly. This made that feeling come closer and closer. Suddenly, out of no where, she heard her own voice shout, "Oh, Harry." She exploded around him. He grinned knowingly as she drifted off into another world. Just a few more strokes saw that he joined her.

As her pleasure receded, she struggled to tell him how she felt. She couldn't find the words until later when she noticed that he was at her side looking down into her eyes, running his hand over her stomach gently. She finally turned to him and kissed his lips softly. "I love you, Harry." He grinned so broadly that she had to kiss him again. She had put that smile on his face. She would definitely be thanking Ron.

"Will you marry me, Mione? If not now, one day?" he asked suddenly. It took her by surprise, but she knew he was serious.

"Asking so soon?" she whispered, voice seemingly unable to work.

"It's not too soon. It's too late. We should have done it years ago. I won't let you get away from me so easily. I want you to make an honest man out of me."

"I will," she agreed. "I'll never leave you. Always cherish you." All of her dreams had finally come true.

He kissed her once more. "Mione, I never knew that you had never made love to anyone. Why didn't you tell me?" Uh oh. Was this bad or good? How did he know that anyway?

"I just thought you knew somehow. Is that all right?" She cocked an eyebrow at him. Surely, he'd be happy. And what they shared was amazing, so he couldn't be disappointed. Could he?

"I like it, but I feel odd. Do you not feel uncomfortable that I've been with the women that I was with? You know about all of them. Details even." He sighed. She could see that he was regretting having been so open with her. But she was glad for it.

It didn't really bother her. She knew where his loyalties were. And, at that moment, she felt his erection digging into her side once more. Pulling him closer, she whispered into his ear. "I don't care about them. They had your body, but I have your heart. Make love to me again."

"With pleasure."

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**Southern's Notes:** Well, it was a bit of fun fluff if nothing else, eh? That concludes this trilogy. Cheers!