

Perfect

by SS Lupin

A ficlet about Ron and Hermione's relationship.

One-shot.

Chapter 1 of 1

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"Ron, you're blocking my light!" Hermione scolded, shifting the heavy book on her lap.

"Those are what curtains are for, Hermione. You've been nagging at me to put them up for weeks now." Ron raised his wand and flicked it left and right until the curtains hung properly from the rods above the windows in their sitting room.

"But you put up the heavy ones that block all the light. It's July, for Merlin's sake, and we can't get any light in here." Hermione set her book down and crossed her arms.

"So there's more than one type of curtain?" Ron asked in desperation.

"Yes, there is more than one type of curtain. If you listened properly to my instructions when we first moved in here and followed them sooner instead of lazing about, the right curtains would have been up long ago!" Hermione didn't even know why she was so worked up about the damn curtains, but Ron was looking so *stupid* there with his wand dangling from his hand, never accepting the fact that he did something wrong and not feeling the least bit sorry for it.

Instead of turning red and jumping into the fight Hermione was already spoiling for, Ron simply walked toward her, saying, "As I recall, I wasn't lazing about the night we moved in."

Hermione caught the glint in Ron's eye and frowned. "You certainly were – I was on top that night." She didn't want to stop their now lukewarm argument. Not yet.

"So you remember, too." With a few short steps, Ron was inches from Hermione, leaning into her and kissing her deeply.

Hermione tried to frown again, but she was still giddy and breathless from the kiss. "You can't just skip to the make-up sex when we haven't had the fight."

"For such a bright girl," Ron began, entwining his arm with Hermione's and taking them to the bedroom, "you have forgotten our spat over breakfast about how I forgot to go grocery shopping, our quarrel concerning Crookshanks needing to get neutered before lunch, and the harsh words we shared during tea. As far as I'm concerned, we should have been shagging like rabbits since before noon." Ron grinned and sat on the edge of the bed, waiting.

Hermione made short work of unbuttoning her blouse and removing the rest of her clothes. "I can't argue with your logic," she said, joining Ron on the bed.

By the time Hermione woke up, daylight was leaving the sky as the sunset sunk into the horizon. She took in the view from the curtain-less bedroom window and smiled.

She lay back down, snuggling into the covers that were no longer on her side of the bed. Ron was hogging them again, so Hermione yanked the edge of one of the blankets so she could lie closer to his warmth.

Hermione was close to drifting off again when she heard him muttering something. She hoisted herself up until she was face to face with him, his lips forming the words like 'spider,' 'blood,' and 'Harry.'

Hermione moved so that her lips were above Ron's ear and murmured words of her own, words like Harry's okay in a flat with Ginny and the war is over and no Ron, there are no spiders out to get you. She kissed his jaw and lay beside him once more, surveying his features, taking note of each freckle on his face, each scar from the spots that had grown in number his seventh year.

She started up from the roots of his bright red hair, followed the space between his eyebrows that led to his long nose and traced an invisible pattern around his parted lips with her eyes. She knew that her own eyes weren't remarkable, but Ron's were so bright and blue she could find herself staring at them for minutes on end – unless they were arguing, of course.

She started when Ron's eyes were focused on her now, open and awake.

"What is it, love?" he asked, his breath slightly sour from sleep.

"Nothing. Everything is perfect," she said, kissing him anyway.

- end.

Author's Note: Written from MP119's prompt: "R/Hr, 'perfect.'"