The Last Word

by SS Lupin

Five 100-word drabbles answering different prompts concerning a Ron/Hermione
pairing. Set in the Burrow during the summer after HBP. Birthday gift for MP119.

One-shot.

Chapter 1 of 1

Disclaimer: The following characters and places you recognize do not belong to me and are the property of JKR and her affiliates.

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Handcuffs

"Let me go!" Ron exclaimed, pulling at the cold metal linking him to his bed.

"No." Hermione unbuttoned the top few buttons of her blouse, sat alongside him on the bed. "I'm not letting you go until you admit it."

"I won't." Ron turned his face to the side, avoiding her persistence that barely hid her pained expression. "Harry needs us. We can't forget about him when—"

"We're not forgetting about him! He has us, and we have him. But I don't have you." Hermione touched his face, and Ron leaned into her hand.

"We'll try again," he said.

Awkward

It seemed simple enough when she had planned it. Bind him up with the handcuffs she had transfigured. Force – no – convince the prat to admit that he loved her – or something to that effect. Perhaps a snog afterwards… or something more.

But now her chest was pounding, and she was trembling and *God, Hermione, you're not thirteen anymore so kiss him already!*

She leaned over him, her hair shadowing his face.

"Do you mean it?" she asked, her face so close to his that she could count the flecks of brown that danced near the irises of his eyes.

"Yes."

Breathe

The kiss that followed was so fast and hard that Ron was wrapping his free arm around Hermione, sliding his hand under her blouse to feel hot smooth skin. He ground his

hips against her, and she responded, slipping her leg between his, making them fit together as he kissed and licked her lips again, hearing her soft moan.

The cold pressure on his bound wrist brought him out of the heated kiss for a moment. He parted from Hermione, her disappointed flushed face with kiss-bruised lips asking him a question.

"I did it wrong?"

"No. I forgot to breathe."

Passive-Aggressive

"Who forgets to breathe? It's an automatic bodily process." Hermione sat up, which was difficult since her body was entangled with Ron's.

"Not everyone can breathe as perfectly as you," Ron retorted. "I think you can forgive me for enjoying it so much."

"So you did like it?"

"If I didn't, *this* wouldn't have happened." He brought her hand down to his erection for emphasis.

"Why does everything about us have to be passive-aggressive? You haven't spoken to me for days, and now this…*thing*!"

"We have a love-hate relationship."

"Any other hyphenated terms for us?"

"How about Granger-Weasley?"

Cheat

"What?"

Ron grinned at her shock. "You heard me."

"Was that some half baked proposal?"

"A fully baked proposal."

"We're only seventeen! We're fighting a war! We haven't even taken our N.E.W.T.s yet!"

"It's still a brilliant idea."

"Have you planned this? Do you have a ring?"

"Wand, please?" Hermione glowered at him, then passed him her wand.

Ron pointed the wand at the handcuffs. A few spells later and a velvet box fell to the bed.

"You didn't even see what you transfigured, Hermione?"

"But you weren't speaking to me, and about Harry—"

"I lied."

"You cheated!"

And with another kiss, Ron let Hermione have the last word.

- end.

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Author's Note: The last prompt is actually 110 words, so I cheated, as the prompt asked me to. :) Happy Birthday, MP119.