

And Then Our Lips Collide

by SS Lupin

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: JKR's characters are not mine; the following story was written for entertainment only.

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We all wet our lips to prepare for the kiss, but it never came.

"Moan" Cute Is What We Aim For

Ron was sitting on Fred's bed in the twins' old room at the Burrow, willing his erection to go away. He tried thinking of cold showers, castration, and the Cannons losing. The wedding guests naked: Professor McGonagall, one of the Gringotts goblins, Hermione Granger...

Fuck.

"Aren't you gonna finish getting dressed?" Harry asked. He was facing the mirror at the other side of the room, trying to tame his hair for Ginny, no doubt.

"Yeah, mate, in a second." His dress robes from Bill and Fleur's formal wedding ceremony were lying beside him, as the bride and groom had welcomed their guests to dress down for the reception. His jeans were half on, the denim wrinkled around his knees, and the t-shirt he was going to pull on was on the floor by his shoes. But how was he going to show outside with an obvious bulge in his trousers?

"Okay I'll see you outside then." Harry nodded at Ron's reflection in the mirror and left the room, oblivious to Ron's predicament. Then again, Harry had been like that most of the summer once he joined the Weasleys at the Burrow. He'd been withdrawn and distant for days, today being the first that he was absentminded in a happier sense. Hopefully he'd stop that savior bullshit and just go for Ginny, which Ron intuitively knew Harry wanted to do, along with saving wizardkind and the Horcrux search that went with it.

"Ickle Ronniekins!" Fred's shout reached Ron's ears effortlessly, and he jumped in surprise.

"Come down here, the party's just begun."

"Unless you're wanking"

"Then stay up until you're done!" Their loud laughter echoed into the room. Ron hastily yanked up his jeans, tucking his now semi-hard length into them. Though it had

gone down a bit, a bulge was still visible.

Ron cursed. There was no way he was putting on his robes again it was sweltering outside but he couldn't walk around out there and face the twins' teasing.

He looked at the collarless linen tunic that he had worn with his dress robes. It wasn't as light as the t-shirt, but it went down to the middle of his thighs.

It would have to do.

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"It's about time you arrived, Ron. We'd been saving the toast until you showed up." Bill grinned and slapped Ron on the back with his usual cheer.

Ron smiled back, focusing on the many scars on Bill's face instead of checking his progress below the proverbial belt. The brown claw markings on his older brother were striking and harsh to be sure, but something about them brought out the bright blue in his eyes, the same blue Ron had.

"Something wrong?" Bill asked when Ron remained silent.

Nothing I shouldn't be able to fix myself. "No, I'm fine let's start the Chain."

Bill gave Ron a glass of champagne and shouted, "We're starting the Toast Chain, everyone!"

"Chain! Chain! Chain!" The Weasleys chorused, Ron included, while others unfamiliar with it stared in confusion.

It was a Weasley tradition, new only because it began in his dad's household. When toasts were made in the past, all of Ron's brothers had wanted to say something, so they would all make a short toast in order from the eldest Weasley to the youngest. Ron found Harry, Hermione and Ginny standing with each other and joined them as his dad raised his glass.

"To my son and daughter-in-law. Good luck to you."

"Hear hear! Link the chain!" Ron and Ginny shouted with the rest of the Weasleys.

Ron's mum smiled indulgently at Bill and Fleur, surprising Ron with her toast. "To Fleur, for health, continued beauty and patience. To Bill, the same." She pulled out a handkerchief and began to wipe at her eyes.

"Hear hear! Link the chain!"

And so the toasts continued. Ron half-heard Bill's mushy speech to the bride as he stared at Hermione's bare shoulder. The strap of her light pink dress had fallen off its perch on her shoulder, and he could fully see her neck and shoulder blade, and if he squinted enough through her dress...

"Ron, it's your turn!" Fred said.

George continued. "Link the chain already! We just toasted"

"To Bill and Fleur's wedding night"

"If you had been paying attention!" They both finished with laughter, and the rest of the guests joined them. Ron tried to fight back his blush, but gave up when Hermione's chest turned red as well.

Merlin, I'm still staring! Whipping his head in the direction of the bride and groom, Ron said, "To a great marriage." Hopefully Charlie hadn't said that already.

"Hear hear! Link the chain!" The whole reception party had picked up the cheer by now.

Ginny didn't say anything, nudging Harry instead.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"I think she's saying that you're a Weasley, too," Hermione explained.

Harry turned to Ron for confirmation "Yeah, Harry go for it."

He cleared his throat brushed his fringe from his eyes. "To... er, doing what's right. Congratulations."

"Hear hear! Link the chain!" At this point, Ron's mum was sobbing into her handkerchief.

Ginny raised her glass high and said, "To your love."

"Hear hear!" With the last toast, Ron drank the champagne and nearly spat it out.

"What happened?" Harry asked, holding back a laugh.

"Tastes beastly, that's what."

Harry let himself laugh, and loudly at that. Ron joined him, and when they had finished, he saw that Harry and Ginny were holding hands.

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By the time they were dancing together, Ron's lips were chapped from the many times he had licked them that day. He wouldn't care, except that Hermione was so close to him as they danced, and one look upward would show his chapped lips and the spots on his forehead and *ugh*, she could look up his nose with the wrong glance. Now he knew the drawback to being so tall.

Then there was the warm weight on his shoulders from her arms resting there. Her face was dangerously beautiful in the afternoon light, her eyelids shimmering had they ever shimmered before? closed and her pink lips parting as her tongue ran over them.

All Ron could do was stare, his hands holding on to her waist loosely, even though he wanted to pull her to him and close those few inches remaining between them, tearing off the damned dress strap that kept slipping no matter how many times she edged it back in place.

Be patient. Behave.

But how could he when all he could think about was how much he wanted to kiss her? Almost everyone thought that they were 'together,' but the truth was that Ron had only been a shoulder to cry on when Dumbledore died. There had been moments when he was sure they were going to, but the actual time had never happened yet. And he had the motivation to kiss Hermione for the longest, to snog her and more, even though it wasn't the same sort of hurried lust he'd had for Lavender or other girls. No, this rush of blood was different and stronger and wouldn't stop.

The song they were dancing to ended *finally* and Ron ceased his awkward shuffling of feet.

"Hermione, could I talk to you?"

"You could've talked to me during the dance."

Ron's face heated up. "Um..."

"What? Can't think and dance at the same time?"

"Well, no, Miss Perfect, I can't!"

Shit, his temper got the better of him again. But Hermione didn't seem upset by it. "Relax, Ron, I was only teasing. You can talk to me anytime, if you'd like."

They were already standing at the edge of the crowd, so Ron walked slowly in the direction of the house. "I was just... wondering."

"About?"

"Well... we've been friends for years now, and I cherish your friendship a lot."

"I cherish you... your friendship, too."

Ron sucked in a breath. "Then... would I be wrong if I thought we could..."

"Could what, Ron?"

They weren't walking side by side anymore. Ron was leaning back against the wall of his house, the noise of the reception party distant in his ears. Hermione's eyes practically shone, and as Ron checked the status of her dress strap now safely on her shoulder he saw that somehow their hands were intertwined.

"If we could be... boyfriend and girlfriend. A couple. More than fr"

"Yes!" Hermione looked as excited as if he was proposing marriage to her, dropping their hands so she could throw her arms around him. Ron returned the gesture hesitantly, though his heart was pounding so hard that he thought Hermione would be able to feel it, too.

She lifted her face from his chest and frowned. "I got my makeup all over your shirt."

Ron looked down, only seeing a faint line of pink where her lips had been. "It's fine," he said, not planning to ever wash the shirt again.

Their eyes met, and Ron unconsciously licked his lips again. Hermione mirrored him, and both of them tilted their heads as their faces met...

"Oh, lovebirds, the main couple are cutting the cake," Ginny said from her position in Harry's arms. All Harry could do was to send them a crooked grin.

Ron couldn't help but moan in frustration, Hermione joining soon after. Ron shivered at the sound, wondering how it would feel if she did that in other circumstances.

"Fine, we're coming!" Ron saw that Harry's hair was more disheveled than usual and that Ginny's face was flushing *Bloody hell*. Ron refused to interpret the sight any further as the couple waved and headed back to the festivities.

"I guess we should join them," Ron said with a sigh.

"I guess." Hermione reached up to caress Ron's chin. "But this isn't over."

"Won't ever be over." Ron reached out to touch Hermione's falling shoulder strap and brought it back to place. Then they ran back to the party, hand in hand.

- end.

Author's Note: Written from MP119's suggestion to write a fic based on the song "Moan." Much thanks with her help for the title.