

Spirit Guides

by Moreteadk

Ron's dead. Sort of. He's got a job to do before he can cross over to the afterlife, though.
(My response to prompt #47 at the Potter_Place Summer Prompt Challenge 2007. The prompt in its entirety is posted at the end.)

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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When Ron woke up, Hermione and Harry were nowhere to be seen. Confused, he sat up and looked around him, but he was all alone. The last thing he remembered was that the three of them had been searching for Horcruxes when they had been attacked by a small group of Death Eaters appearing from out of nowhere.

"I must have been knocked unconscious," Ron muttered to himself as he woozily got to his feet, stumbling to regain his balance. He felt like he had been lying on the ground for months.

Groaning and stretching, he wondered why Harry and Hermione would just leave him alone like that. It wasn't like them at all. He looked around him again, trying to at least figure out which direction they would have gone in and was surprised to see Luna sitting on a tree log some twenty paces away. She definitely had not been there before.

"Hello Ron," she said calmly, as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

"Where did you come from?" Ron asked, "I didn't hear any Apparition pops or anything!"

Luna laughed. She looked just like he remembered her, with her beloved radish earrings and her butterbeer bottle cap necklace. The only thing missing was the wand tucked behind her ear.

"I have no need for Apparating any more, Ron," she told him, "seeing as I'm dead."

Ron stared at her. Did Luna just say she was *dead*? Should he offer condolences, or would that be like putting salt in the wound?

"I-I'm sorry to hear that, Luna," he said uncertainly. He was beginning to get a bad feeling about this and a disturbing suspicion as to why Harry and Hermione weren't around any more.

"Oh, it's no big deal," she replied. "Being dead is really just another beginning if you think about it. Soon I'll get to see my Mum again. If you want, I'll introduce you to her."

"Luna..."

"It's alright, Ron. You're dead too."

"What?"

"Try looking at your feet," Luna said patiently.

Ron frowned and did as she said. He was standing in his own chest. His body was lying on the ground in a position that didn't look entirely comfortable, empty eyes staring at the sky, and his feet, the feet he was standing on, were hidden inside his own chest. He squeaked in shock and jumped away, staring at his own dead body. Looking from himself to the body on the ground, he couldn't spot much of a difference, apart from the fact that the body on the ground was gaunt and pallid and in some places looked like it was on the verge of decomposing. When he looked at himself, he thought he looked just like he had always looked. Healthy. Solid. Alive.

"So I'm a ghost, then?" he asked, trying not to sound like he was afraid and not faring well. Luna ignored his failed attempts at bravery.

She patted the log next to her, and he sat down gingerly, trying to avoid sinking through the log. It took him a few tries, but finally the log remained solid beneath him.

"We're not real ghosts, Ron. Not as we know them. Ghosts are here because they never crossed over to the other side. We're here because we have a task to do before we are allowed to cross over. We're more spirits than ghosts, really," Luna explained.

Ron wanted to point out that her definitions of ghosts and spirits were dodgy at best, but decided not to. It was usually best not to argue with Luna. She would invariably corner him with strange reasoning that he couldn't figure out how to argue against.

"The mortals can't see us or hear us, and we can't communicate directly with them," Luna continued. "We can, however, manipulate our surroundings to a certain degree. You've probably already realised how, since you've figured out how to sit here without falling through the log."

Ron nodded. That at least made sense. It occurred to him that being a spirit seemed to be completely opposite of being a ghost. Ghosts could be seen by mortals and communicate with them, but they couldn't manipulate their surroundings.

"How long have I been dead?" he asked, doing his best to avoid looking at his own remains. It was unreal and disturbing and he couldn't quite wrap his mind around the fact that it had really been him once.

"Nearly three months," Luna said. "Ironically enough you've been dead longer than me, but I've been awake, so to speak, for weeks."

"Three months?" Ron asked in surprise and his eyes shot back to the corpse. "That doesn't look three months old to me!"

"You're right, it doesn't," Luna agreed. "I can't give you an explanation for that. Perhaps the fact that your spirit was still sleeping inside it kept it from decomposing. But it doesn't really matter. What matters is that we have tasks to do. Mine is to guide you in yours."

"And what's my task then?" Ron asked cautiously. If he was to be guided by Luna... Well, it wasn't *quite* a recipe for disaster, but it was definitely something close.

"Your task," Luna said, "has to do with Hermione Granger. Since the end of the war shortly after you died, she's been very reclusive. Your task is to fix that. You have to find her a man, Ron."

Ron blinked. "You're kidding, right?"

Luna looked at him, silently letting him know that indeed she wasn't.

"But... Why me?"

"I don't know. I didn't ask. It doesn't matter why, really," Luna said with a shrug. "Shall we go find her then?"

Ron gave up getting any information out of her. Obviously she couldn't care less about the hows and whys of it.

"Yes, let's do that."

At first Ron was shocked. Then he was angry. Finally he was sullenly offended. He grimaced in distaste at the sight of Ernie Macmillan snogging his best friend.

"What I'd like to know," said Ron sourly, "is why my sister suddenly isn't good enough for the prat? He was constantly mooning over her when we were looking for the Horcruxes! And when, exactly, did he turn gay anyway? And why wasn't I told?"

Luna rolled her eyes and told him she had known about it for years. "Honestly, there were a million signs! How you could have missed catching on is beyond me. It's not Harry we're supposed to help anyway, so let him have his fun. Let's go see Hermione."

Ron nodded and grabbed Luna's wrist, dragging her along, not even stopping to realise that he could touch her as if they were both still corporeal. The last thing he had needed to see was Harry's hand sliding inside Ernie's trousers.

It didn't take them long to find Hermione. Unlike Harry, she obviously hadn't found anything remotely like happiness, and she was walking around in her own little world, turning increasingly more reclusive. She went from her flat to the apothecary and back daily, but that was about the extent of human contact she had.

"What exactly are we supposed to do here?" Ron asked with a frown, worried about this change in his friend. "Isn't Harry even looking after her?"

Luna nodded. "Of course he is. So is Ernie, but you can see for yourself how successful they are," she said. "Your task is to get her in a better mood and get her to be a little more outgoing. Preferably with a life companion of some sort."

"Why? What happened to Crookshanks?" Ron asked sourly, not sure he liked where this was going. He had already been mentally scarred by the sight of Harry's hand moving about inside Ernie Macmillan's fly. Was he now to add to the trauma by witnessing Hermione getting her end away as well? Didn't whoever had given him this task realise that friendship did *not* mean watching each other getting laid?

"Familiars don't count," Luna said, rolling her eyes. "A man, you idiot. Or a woman, if she prefers. Or maybe more than one. Or both."

"Okay, just stop right there, Luna. I do not need the images of Hermione getting gang-banged in my head, thank you very much!" Ron exclaimed.

Luna muttered something behind him, but Ron wasn't listening to her any more, and he barely paid attention to her when she disappeared. Okay, he could help Hermione find love. It was going to be awkward, and he didn't know exactly how to go about it, considering he couldn't talk to her, but he could cope with the thought of Hermione with a man. *One* man.

But who? Once upon a time, he would have fancied that man to be himself but what with being dead and all, that was completely out of the question. Perhaps one of his brothers? Bill was, as far as Ron was concerned, happy with Fleur. Charlie would likely drive her nuts with his dragons and Quidditch. Percy was... well, Percy. George or Fred would likely drive her nuts with all their pranks and joke shop items. That left only Ginny. And she was a woman and therefore out of the question.

No, Hermione would want to spend her life with someone who was smart like her and who would be interested in hearing about all the strange things she liked to read about, but Ron didn't know any such person. Considering her current behaviour, it didn't much look like Hermione would be very willing to compromise either.

Perhaps Luna would know someone Hermione would be interested in, and he went off to find her back at Ernie and Harry's flat, where she had comfortably settled in a corner. Ron looked suspiciously at the little smile on her face and turned to look at the bed behind them where Harry and Ernie were lying next to each other. They were naked and had obviously just finished doing things Ron didn't want to know about. He wished they would at least get underneath the covers.

"Luna," he said suspiciously and indignantly, "have you been sitting here watching?"

Luna grinned at him and was about to answer when Harry started speaking.

"You know, I'm a bit worried about Hermione," he said. "She hardly ever leaves her flat any more; I think perhaps she's lonely."

Ernie yawned and rolled over on his side, supporting his head on his elbow.

"Can't say I disagree there," Ernie said. "But if she doesn't go out, she won't meet anybody." He paused for a moment, then lit up in the smile that people convinced they have a good idea often used. "What about setting her up on a blind date?"

Ron cheered at the idea. It was probably the easiest way to get her to meet new people, and if Ernie wanted to set her up on one, all Ron had to do was sit back and watch the other man carry out the task and just step in now and then to offer up some inspiration. He would be like a muse of the art of seducing Hermione.

Harry looked uncertainly at his lover. "Are you sure that's a good idea? How would you get her to agree to it? She can get rather scary when pressured, you know."

"I can handle her," Ernie said confidently, making Ron snort in amusement. He would like to see him try. So would Harry, it would seem, because he raised an eyebrow.

"Suit yourself. Just keep me out of it," he said, and then added curiously, "Who do you have in mind then?"

"Snape," Ernie replied, still grinning his over-confident grin.

Harry shrieked and leapt off the bed. "Snape?!" he repeated. "Ernie, are you off your bloody rocker?"

Ron stared in shock at the scene in front of him. What had initially sounded like a very good idea had suddenly turned into a page right out of a horror story. Hermione and *Snape*?! Clearly Ernie wasn't mentally sane. Luna on the other hand was cheering with glee next to him, and Ron couldn't decide whether to hope it was because she thought setting Hermione up with Snape was a good idea, or if it was because of the way Harry's cock moved when he flailed about like that (as if it was really all that much to look at in the first place, honestly!). Really, it was impossible to tell which was more disturbing.

"Come on, Harry, calm down," Ernie said. "You can't deny that they have a lot of things in common. They're both intellectual people, and they're both prone to privacy, and they're both..."

"Oh stop it, stop it," Harry interrupted with a pained expression on his face. "Do what you want, I don't care. Just keep me out of it!"

Ron wasn't entirely convinced either, but Luna was tugging his arm enthusiastically.

"It's a good choice, they're so alike!" she said happily. "Trust me, Ron, Snape's our man!"

Ron didn't immediately answer. He just muttered something about loony people and how they were willing to believe anything. There was little use in continuing to argue, however, especially seeing as he didn't actually have a better suggestion. It was doomed to go wrong so Luna and Ernie could have their fun, and then they could see about solving his task *properly* when they realised that Snape and Hermione were never going to be even remotely interested in each other.

Reluctantly Ron was forced to admit that he didn't actually have a better candidate, so he and Luna went off to visit Snape. 'I can't believe I'm doing this' was his most predominant thought. Not even the fact that Hermione had said no in a very firm manner accompanied by threats of hexing, should Ernie ever bring it up again, had managed to deter Luna, and Ernie didn't seem to be very concerned about Hermione's threats either.

Looking at Snape's current life, Ron couldn't really see that he was all that redeemed as Luna would have him believe. Something about him having been cleared on the charges of murdering Dumbledore by way of Pensieves, Unbreakable Vows, and interviewing the portraits in the Headmaster's office. Ron hadn't really been listening very closely. Okay, so Snape didn't go around his house in Spinner's End acting all evil and snarling at people, but that was largely because there wasn't anybody around to snarl at. Snape seemed to just go about his business of reading books and brewing potions that by the looks of his cupboards never got used for anything.

"He doesn't have anything else to do," Luna told him sadly, watching Snape putter about his kitchen preparing what looked like a very Spartan meal.

"That's his dinner?" he exclaimed in horror, staring at the plate containing a few slices of dark bread, a bit of cheese and an apple. "He can't live on that! Doesn't the man get hungry?"

He stuck his head through a cupboard door to take a look inside. Then another door, and another, and another. Finally he turned back to Luna. "It's all he's got! All the cupboards are full of potions."

As they watched Snape for the rest of the evening, Ron began to notice that his old professor seemed to be sighing a lot.

"He's lonely," Luna said when Ron pointed it out to her.

"Lonely? Don't be ridiculous, he was never a people person. He's probably enjoying the peace and quiet," Ron scoffed in an attempt to convince himself that it was true.

"Everybody can get lonely," Luna said as Snape went to bed. "Look at him! Such a large double bed, and he sleeps all the way out on the side, as if someone was supposed to be lying on the other side. Maybe he's pretending someone is."

"Luna..."

"We have to do this, Ron. Not just for Hermione, but for him too."

Snape was lying quietly on his back with his hands folded over his stomach and staring at the ceiling. Ron thought it sounded as if his sighing frequency had increased since he had gone to bed. Luna made a heartbroken pitiful sound.

"Luna..."

"But look at him! He's lonely! He's like... the last puppy left of the litter, the one that nobody wants. Oh please, Ron!" she wheedled.

"Snape is not a puppy!" Ron said firmly. "And we are not going to adopt him!"

Snape sighed. Again.

Leaving the business of trying to persuade Hermione to go out with someone to Ernie, Ron and Luna stayed with Snape, wondering how to get him to leave his house. First

they had to lure him to Diagon Alley, and then into the Apothecary where Hermione was minding the till. The problem was that Snape's house in Spinner's End had a small garden in which he grew a vast majority of his herbs. He also had a cupboard full of ingredients and other things that he must have brought with him when he left Hogwarts. And he was thrifty. In other words, he wasn't likely to run out of anything any time soon.

"You'll have to destroy his supplies," Luna stated matter of factly. "Oh, do stop cringing, Ron. He won't know it's you, and even if he did, he couldn't hurt you. Because you're dead."

"Old fear dies hard," Ron muttered, not very happy to admit to being afraid of Snape in the first place. "Wait a minute, what do you mean I have to destroy his supplies? Why not you?"

"Not my task, is it?" Luna smirked.

They waited until Snape had gone to bed before they went to battle. It took a surprising lot of concentration for Ron to get a grip on the cupboard door knobs and pull them open without his fingers slipping right through them. He figured it probably had to do with the fact that if he had been alive he would have been in immediate danger of dying of fright.

"Get on with it!" Luna commanded from her place by the stairway, listening for any disturbance in the sound of Snape's snoring.

Concentrating hard and trying to remember that there wasn't really anything to be afraid of any more, Ron started pushing jar after jar off the shelves. It made a terrible clattering noise, and he had only just pushed the last of the jars to the floor when Luna warned him that Snape was coming.

Snape was muttering angrily to himself as he inspected the damage for anything salvageable. Uncertainly Ron watched the enraged Snape clean up the small amount of ingredients that hadn't been damaged. A vein was throbbing dangerously in his forehead, and the few words Ron managed to pick up from his muttering sounded like some very unpleasant threats to whichever ghosts or poltergeists had infested his house. Ron didn't particularly like the possibility of exorcism. Especially not if any of those things he muttered were actually possible and Luna had been wrong about Snape not being able to harm him. He began to wonder what he was getting Hermione involved in.

Luna didn't appear to be too worried about Snape's temper, and she stood by the door, calmly waiting for Snape to go back to bed. When he finally did, Ron heaved a sigh of relief. At least that was over with and he could get out of Spinner's End before Snape had a chance to carry out any of those muttered promises.

"Don't just stand there, Ron," Luna said. "We've still got his garden to take care of!"

"If you're not going to buy anything you can just leave, Ernie!" Hermione snapped. "I am not going on any blind dates. How many times do I have to tell you before you get the message?"

"Oh come on," Ernie wheedled with what Ron suspected was his most winning smile. It made him wonder how he had won Harry's heart if that was the best he could do. "It's just one date. Just one little date."

Ron was sitting on the apothecary counter watching Hermione trying to throw Ernie and Harry out of the shop with little success. He used to think Ernie was a reasonably smart fellow, but with recent events Ron was seriously beginning to doubt that assessment. Clearly he had a death-wish of some sort. As if being dead was really all it was cracked up to be.

It wasn't until an unusually, even for him, sour-looking Snape entered the shop that Harry finally managed to drag Ernie off, the latter making frantic gestures at Hermione behind Snape's back for her to smile at him. Ron was torn about the fact that Hermione was ignoring him. On the one hand he needed Snape and Hermione to actually notice each other and a smile would work nicely towards that, but Ernie was just being that little bit too annoying about it. He was being counter-productive if Hermione's scowling at his back was anything to go by.

Besides, Snape was hardly going to fall for a simple smile, and Ron couldn't help but wonder how Ernie hadn't realised that. It would take much more than that to get his attention. A much more direct approach. Ron glanced over at Luna who was standing by the door, disinterestedly looking out the window. Her thoughts were obviously far away from the shop and the task, but the way she idly adjusted her bra gave Ron an idea.

Hermione's blouse was buttoned down the front, and it was the sort of blouse where she would be unlikely to be wearing anything underneath other than her underwear. With a self-satisfied grin, Ron reached out and tore a couple of buttons off, tossing them away to give the impression that they had jumped off on their own accord. Hermione looked mortified as she slapped her hand to her chest, hiding her exposed bra from Snape's view. By the look on his face he had already had a good peek at the goods, and his gaze seemed glued to her hand. After a moment, he turned around and picked up the buttons.

"*Reparo!* Now can we get on with it?" he asked sourly. "I should like to get this over with some time today."

To Ron's disappointment Hermione just calmly continued weighing Snape's ingredients for him and wrapping them in neat little packages, both of them obviously pretending with all their might that Snape had never seen Hermione's breasts. The man must have tremendous self control, Ron thought, because it wasn't as if Hermione didn't have a very nice rack. Far from it. He would have to come up with something better. Something that would occupy them for a longer time. Something that would force them to work together, otherwise they would never get to talk to one another.

Ron hopped off the counter and looked around in the shop, contemplating the various displays and barrels of more or less unsavoury looking potions ingredients. One of them contained hundreds of large fat caterpillars. Live caterpillars, he discovered as he probingly poked one of them. The poking seemed to agitate it, and it started creeping about in the barrel, further agitating any other caterpillar it touched in the process. After a few seconds the entire barrel was crawling with surprisingly energetic caterpillars. He didn't even know caterpillars could move that fast in the first place.

Looking up at Snape and Hermione again, he noticed that it seemed they were almost done. He would have to act fast. A significant amount of deep concentration and one good push tipped the barrel full of caterpillars over. Within seconds there were agitated caterpillars everywhere.

"Oh god!" Hermione exclaimed and let Snape's lacewing flies be lacewing flies in favour of rushing around the counter to catch caterpillars.

Snape calmly turned around to watch her, sneering slightly, as she chased the caterpillars about the shop. For each caterpillar she caught and tossed back into the barrel, it seemed another three escaped. Obviously there had been some sort of containment charm on the barrel that had been broken when it tipped over. These were the liveliest caterpillars Ron had ever seen. If he had to be completely honest with himself, he was forced to admit that this was actually a lot more fun than he had expected.

"This is just one more reason to not use live ingredients!" Hermione stated irritably as she deposited another handful of caterpillars in the barrel.

Snape wasn't convinced. "How else would I know they were fresh?"

Hermione glared at him but didn't answer, and Ron realised that Snape had no intentions of helping her. He would have to be encouraged. Or forced, as the case may be. Careful not to get in Hermione's way, Ron gently coaxed a couple of caterpillars up under his trouser legs.

Hermione doubled over with laughter as Snape danced a jig around the shop, shaking his leg this way and that. Evidently the caterpillars were holding on for dear life though, because he continued his ticklish polka for quite a long time. Long enough for Ron to realise that if Hermione kept laughing, Snape would be deeply offended, which wouldn't be conducive to getting them to go out together at all. He had to get them on common ground and fast. A caterpillar in her cleavage should do the trick quite nicely. She squeaked shrilly and shook her blouse wildly, trying to get the caterpillar out, either not knowing or not caring that if Snape wasn't so busy getting caterpillars out

of his trousers, he would have been treated to some rather phenomenal views of her breasts. Again.

It looked like Ron had chosen an intelligent form of caterpillar. After having dumped one down Hermione's cleavage, the caterpillars seemed to be getting inspired all on their own, and Ron stood back and watched with a grin as Hermione and Snape had to help each other peel caterpillars off of each other before they got inside their clothes. A few persistent individuals did still manage to make it inside, resulting in another round of what Ron had dubbed the 'Help, It Tickles Polka'.

All in all he was satisfied with the development. While it was true that Hermione and Snape were far from dating, they did seem to be a little more relaxed around each other after they finally managed to catch the rest of the caterpillars and Hermione could get on with weighing Snape's ingredients for him. Snape waited with a considerably larger amount of patience and lesser amount of grumpiness, while Hermione even smiled service-mindedly at her customer at regular intervals.

"Men. Typical," Luna muttered behind him.

"What is?" Ron asked, turning around to look at her.

Luna nodded towards Snape. "He's staring at her breasts. Hasn't looked at her face once since before they caught those caterpillars." Then she grinned. "Now all he's got to do is ask her out."

Ron paced the room and had been doing so for an hour and a half, ignoring Luna's comments about how it was probably a good thing that he was unlikely to get sore feet what with being dead and all. He knew that this was exactly what was supposed to be happening. Hermione was supposed to have fun on her date and preferably bring Snape with her home and get laid, but Ron just couldn't shake the worry. After all this was *Snape*. The Greasy Git. Bat of the Dungeons. Every Mother-In-Law's Nightmare. Hardly anybody Ron would have chosen for her if he had been given any other choice. Not to mention the fact that if this *didn't* go well, he would have to start all over again and find her a new potential lover in order to come to his final rest. One might even say that his entire lack of future depended on this arrangement. The worst bit was the fact that he couldn't seem to decide what he was more worried about; Hermione getting laid or Hermione not getting laid.

After what felt like hours, no days, no weeks, no *years*, Hermione finally came home, Snape following her through the door. Everything seemed to be going according to plan, and Ron allowed himself to relax a little when Hermione opened a bottle of wine and she and Snape settled down in the sofa to talk. He slowly walked around the sofa, watching the couple. They were sitting relatively close to each other, but not close enough to talk. At some point during the evening they had apparently agreed to calling each other by their first names, but their names were actually the only parts of their conversation Ron really understood. This was what they understood by small-talk? The discussion covered at least three, perhaps more, elective subjects that Ron hadn't taken when at Hogwarts, and he wouldn't be surprised if they covered a few he *had* taken as well only on a much higher plane than Ron could ever hope of comprehending. Obviously Snape and Hermione really were made for each other.

"This is agonisingly dull, Ron," Luna yawned. "Do something to make them end up in bed. Quickly please!"

He was about to tell her to mind her own business if she wasn't planning on being any active help anyway when a horrible sight in the fireplace distracted him.

Ernie's face.

And he looked like he was fit to burst with curiosity. The last thing Ron needed was for Ernie to sabotage this date just because he couldn't wait until the morning to find out how it was going. In the sofa Hermione shuddered.

"How odd! I felt like there was a sudden draught," she commented.

"There was," Snape replied, nodding towards the fireplace. "The fire went out."

"How did you do that?" Luna asked curiously and with not a small hint of admiration. "Must have been quite a set of lungs on you when you were alive, Ron. I've never seen anybody blow an entire fireplace out in one go before."

"I'll start the fire again," Hermione said, kneeling in front of the fireplace.

"You can't let her start another fire," Luna warned.

"I know. Ernie'll be back," Ron replied, blowing out Hermione's matches and *Incendios* as fast as she could light them.

"What's wrong with this stupid fireplace???" Hermione finally exclaimed in frustration.

Ron wasn't sure he liked that particular tone and hoped Snape didn't find frustrated women a turn-off. Turn-off or not, the man still got to the floor next to Hermione to try and help her figure out why the fire refused to stay lit. They were closer together now than they had been on the sofa, but still not quite close enough. Luna was right, this was taking them far too long. One more push in the right direction was definitely required at this point.

Hermione let out a startled squeak and grabbed hold of Snape's shoulder, stopping herself from falling completely over in his lap. Oh yes, they were much, much closer now. Touching even. It was with considerable elation that Ron noticed Snape looking rather intently at Hermione's lips for a long moment before finally leaning in to kiss her.

His elation started fading at an alarming rate when the kiss started to escalate. Quickly. *Very* quickly. If it wasn't for the fact that he was dead, Ron was fairly certain his face would have been deathly pale.

"Luna, we're leaving!" he stated firmly, grabbing her wrist and dragged her towards the nearest external wall.

"But, Ron...!" she protested.

"I have no intentions of staying here to watch my best friend having sex with my worst ever teacher!"

"I do! I've heard Snape's got a *really* big..."

"Luna!"

Several hours later Ron and Luna returned to Hermione's flat. Ron had insisted that they should leave Hermione and Snape alone at least until the morning, but Luna had insisted that they should check in sooner, in case it was necessary for them to step in again.

"Step in?" Ron had protested, "I should hope they would be quite capable of shagging on their own without needing my help! I don't *want* to help!"

But all his protests had been like water off a duck's back, and he wouldn't be the least bit surprised if it turned out she was merely hoping to get a glimpse of Snape's bits.

They stood for a moment watching Hermione watching Snape sleep. At least they weren't in the middle of doing things that Ron wished to remain firmly in denial about. When he glanced at Luna, he noticed that she looked like she had been slightly disappointed. Ha! So she *had* been hoping to see Snape's equipment!

As they watched, Hermione eventually leaned over and woke up Snape by kissing his face, and he responded by running a hand up her leg under the covers. Ron could see the material moving as he moved and squeezed her arse before Hermione rolled over on her back and her knees fell apart.

"Looks like our job is done," Luna commented.

"That was surprisingly easy," Ron replied with a grimace and stopped Luna from trying to lift the covers to peek underneath. The sounds Hermione was making and the rustling of material told him clearer than any words exactly what Snape was doing to her. "Providing Ernie doesn't try to 'help' too much."

"I don't think Hermione would let him get away with it in the long run," Luna said, pouting slightly as Ron pulled her to a safe distance from the bed and turned them both so they had their backs turned to Hermione and Snape. "Ernie will learn to keep his nose to himself in no time, I'm certain of it."

Ron just shrugged. Either Hermione would teach him to mind his own business, or Snape would.

"You're fading," he noted when he looked at Luna again after having treated himself to the mental image of Snape putting Ernie in his place.

She was almost completely transparent now. He could see the bedroom wall clearly through her body, only slightly distorted by what little there was left of her. Her lips moved, but Ron couldn't hear what she said, her voice barely more than a whisper.

Then he looked down at himself. He thought he looked opaque enough, but slowly the floorboards became visible through his feet, becoming clearer and clearer. Behind him he heard Hermione's strangled little moan, followed by laughing, sounds of kissing and more moaning from the both of them. Desperately Ron tried to make himself fade quicker.

He didn't want the last thing he saw in his existence to be Hermione and Snape mid-coitus!

Fin.

47. Prompt - Ron Weasley died during Horcrux hunting, but he's a ghost and has a final deed to do: to find a love for Hermione. He has to realize that final mission from someone (maybe from someone who guides souls' their unfinished business etc.). How will he end up an idea with Hermione & Snape? How will he guide them together? RULE: Hermione and Severus can't see him! You can decide will the other people too?