

Naughty Uncle Ronnie

by quirkslayer

Ron slips up with a dirty word in front of his nieces, and Hermione declares an unsettling ultimatum until he improves his language. ONESHOT. RonHermione. HarryGinny. PostVoldemort.

Oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Naughty Uncle Ronnie

He stared down into his sister's venomous eyes and rubbed his noggin. Since she had come to pick up her children, she had smacked him numerous times after enduring an unpleasant surprise.

"Ron, you stupid oaf!" Ginny lashed at him, jabbing her finger into his ribs. "I leave my kids here for one day, and they already learn some of your colorful expressions! I have a good mind to never bring them here again and leave them with Fred and George!"

Ron gave Harry behind her a pleading look. He felt betrayed when Harry dared not impede his wife and let her go on her rampage. Ron slumped his shoulders as Harry gave him a "good luck" look and turned around and escorted his children back to the fireplace to Floo. And he knew just by Harry's look that he would not need the luck for his sister no, he could handle Ginny. Now Hermione on the other hand ...

He felt another whack to his head. "Are you even listening?" Ginny sighed when Ron gave him a sheepish look.

"Oh, come on Gin ..."

"No, you come on! What kind of man curses in front of little girls?"

"It was a slip ..."

She poked him on the chest warningly again. "Don't slip up again, or I'll only bring them over when Hermione's alone!" She whirled around and spoke nothing more of the matter. She lifted her chin and gave him a disapproving look before she, Harry, and the giggling kids Flooed out of the fireplace.

After that it became very quiet in the room, and Ron knew that Hermione was waiting to say something to him, arms crossed, foot tapping, and lip curled in a superior twist.

Ron turned to meet her gaze. And just as he suspected, she appeared just as he had envisioned.

"Well?" The foot was tapping.

"Oh, come on, Hermione, you're not going to lay into me too, are you? Haven't I gotten enough from my sister? I said I was sorry!" Ron protested, leaning against the wall. He rolled his eyes. He really just wanted to be done with it!

"Ronald, this is not something we can just forget about. This isn't the first time! You're language is horribly colorful around our nieces. And even when they're not around, and I'm not talking about with just Harry, Lupin and Fred and George on Quidditch Sunday I'm talking about your everyday speech." She sighed and rubbed her slightly protruding belly.

Now, he felt guilty. Whenever she rubbed her belly and had that tired-sounding voice, he felt really horrible, no matter how small the injustice. Hermione sighed again and looked at him pleadingly. "I'm just saying you need to work at it, Ronald. In about five months, we're going to have a little one around here." She frowned and gave him a deep, hard stare. She pointed a finger at him. "You need to curb the cursing. From now on."

Ron sighed. "Alright, alright. You have nothing to worry about. I'll start behaving myself." He downed his pride with a sour choke.

"Yes, yes, you will behave yourself, and I don't mean by just words alone," Hermione said with her hands on her hips. Ron inwardly groaned as he watched her mannerisms. Her demeanor transformed into the same sort of vigilance when she took up the S.P.E.W. cause. He watched her face contort in a satisfactory air. "This time, to make sure you keep your word, there'll be an ultimatum."

"And that would be?"

Her lip curled, almost sinister in a way that eerily reminded him of Snape. Ron had to fight back a shudder. This was not boding well for him.

"For one month, each swear word you slip up on costs you a day," she paused, and he was horrifyingly interested. "... To sleep on the couch and be forbidden from any well, you know." Hermione, his sweet, practical and logical Hermione, could not say the 's' word aloud even after they were married, and it mildly amused him. He feigned ignorance and gave her a stupid look, hoping to be wrong about what she was inferring.

Hermione sighed in exasperation. "I mean no sex!"

Hearing her say that out loud would have been funny if it hadn't been for the context. He looked at her with wide, disbelieving eyes and dropped his jaw. "WHAT? Are you mad?"

Hermione shot him a warning look. "I mean it, Ron. Every swear word counts toward you sleeping on the couch without getting a shag that day, no matter how bad you want it. It will be your punishment, and you should learn from it."

"All this for one tiny little word? That's not fair!" Ron said with his ego and libido feeling severely poked by several hundred needles. "But ... but ..."

Oh, no, he did not like this at all. Not only was Hermione already cranky from the pregnancy and usually not up for sex in general, but now to take it away just for swearing? He didn't know if he could handle it! Sex with her was a huge part of his life! Swearing was practically embedded within his normal language skills! Her ultimatum was cruel and unusual punishment. He gave her a skeptical look. Despite the pregnancy, she still got randy herself, and what would she do on a day that he was exiled to the couch?

"Hey, what about you? This isn't fair for both of you know," he said, sashaying over to her and wrapping his arms around her. He blew in her ear and nuzzled her cheek. He added in a husky tone, "What are you going to do if I'm being punished and you're in the mood, eh?"

She smirked at him cockily and cupped his jaw in her palms. "I can take care of that myself if need be. Honestly, Ron, I'm surprised you didn't realize that."

He gulped and made a shocked face as Hermione snorted in amusement. Thinking of Hermione in the next room ... touching herself without him would make the night even more intolerable. The only thing that would save his sanity would be if she didn't tell him she was going to do it.

"You're not going to um ... tell me when that happens are you?" Ron asked, chuckling softly as if it was a joke.

Hermione cocked her head to him and looked even smugger. "Of course, I am. You're not going to get away with it that easily."

"This is outrageous Hermione! Absolutely bloody "

"Ah ah uh! No 'bloody' this or that either," she added, and Ron blanched. She smiled victoriously. "It's all about control, Ronald." She shifted out of his embrace and headed toward the kitchen. She quipped to him good-naturedly, "It'll be good for you!"

The first time he was sentenced to the couch was actually the day after she announced the ultimatum. He tried all day long, and for the most part he thought that if he didn't say anything at all, he would win. However, just when they were about ready to settle into bed, he got an owl from Harry about next Sunday's game and Hedwig had pecked him for not giving her a snack.

Irritated because the game was being cancelled and the bird's peck had broken skin, Ron flung Hedwig off his forearm and called her a 'bloody pecker' conveniently within Hermione's earshot.

It was even more unbearable when she threw him the pillow and grinned in satisfaction at him. She wagged her finger at him as if he was naughty and then shut the bedroom door behind her.

And the couch was actually pretty hard and cold at night.

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After a few days of actually not breaking the rules, on a good day Ron felt relieved and ready to release some pent up tension. As he rolled over and embraced his wife, trying to warm her up, she groaned crankily and told him she wasn't in the mood.

He almost swore at that one and promptly turned over, angry, and fell asleep with his hands in his pants.

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After a whole week without swearing, he felt smug with himself. Of course he had slipped up a few times, especially when he did yard work or chores around the house. His wife had not heard him because he had cast a silencing charm whenever he was working. And although she kept an eye on him from the house, she couldn't hear him, and that was all that mattered.

Though, when she found out about it, she was quite cross, and he didn't feel so smug anymore. He was restricted to couch duty for three days on that offense, and when she went to bed, he swore he heard her moaning to herself in the bedroom.

He made a noise of indignation and muffled his subsequent curses with his pillow.

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Going to work didn't get him out of her ultimatum either. No, his coworkers at the ministry were more than happy to carry on his wife's rules throughout the day, and they gave her copious reports on Ron's behavior.

And he knew when this horrible month was over that he'd get his revenge on them. His coworkers took a sick and twisted satisfaction in his pain and suffering, and he would take a sick and twisted satisfaction into spiking their tea in the morning with Hippogriff urine.

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On the second to last day, he couldn't take it anymore. He flopped onto the couch and made a growl of displeasure.

"Enough! I've had enough of this! Arrggghhh!"

His nieces were over again, and to top it all, they were testing his patience. As he groaned on the couch, they ran over and kept jumping on his belly and poking at his face with their little fingers.

"Uncle Ronnie's been naughty! Aunt Hermy is go'n to give him a spanky!" And then the girls flopped over him in a fit of giggles. Ron sighed and thought, 'I wish she'd spank me.' But he dare not say that aloud for fear of another more horrible ultimatum.

Suddenly one of his nieces grabbed his wand from his robes and ran away with a gleeful scream while the other soon followed.

"Hey, you little ..." Hermione's head poked out of the study and she gave him a glare. Ron slammed his hand over his mouth before he said anymore. "You cute little green-eyed devil, er ..." Hermione still glared. "Er ... angel-beasts, give me back that wand!"

There was more giggling, screaming and clamoring of feet on the floor as they ran in circles away from Ron in the dining area.

"What's all that racket?" Hermione said while coming out of the study with her arms crossed. Her warning didn't seem to affect the girls, and they continued to wreak havoc around the house.

Then suddenly, Harry and Ginny's youngest, Isolde, tipped up the wand toward Hermione's flower pots and yelled, "Plants look like spiders!"

Magic flared, and suddenly Hermione's Ficus had turned into a huge, menacing 4-foot tall spider. The girls screamed, and Isolde dropped the wand and ran to cower behind Ron. He looked at the spider, his jaw quivered, and he froze. He looked over to his wife, who was surveying the scene with annoyance.

"Er...My...onie!" His voice shook and then he slinked behind her.

Hermione rolled her eyes at him. "For heaven's sake!" The girls continued to scream behind Ron, who was just as scared as they were. Hermione lifted up her wand to reverse the spell, but suddenly the spider lunged at her and then knocked her wand out of her hand.

"Damn it!" she screamed, ducking from the spider. Then after picking up Ron's wand, she finally turned her plants back to normal.

The atmosphere in the room was very quiet. Ron thought he felt a draft against the back of his thigh.

"Ooooooh," the oldest niece, Igraine, whispered. "Aunt Hermy said a bad word."

Isolde turned to her sister. "Mommy's really not going to let us come back now."

Hermione clamped her hand over her mouth and looked shocked. She had actually sworn in front of her own nieces no less. Ron crossed his arms and gave her a cocky look.

Hermione didn't turn to him right away, closed her eyes and settled herself down. She gave Ron a leveled stare.

"So ..." Ron said suddenly. "What's that expression about black pots and kettles and such ... I can't seem to remember it just right?"

Hermione took a deep breath and sighed. "Ron, don't start, it was a simple slip ..."

"Uh huh," he said disbelievingly, and she didn't think he could appear any haughtier. "Well, that line seems old and familiar, don't you think? I mean it's a bad excuse, especially in front of children."

Hermione stamped her foot, and their nieces looked at them in fascination. "Alright, I was wrong! Is that what you want from me?"

"Yes," Ron said, but he didn't appear thoroughly satisfied. "And you must take your punishment for that slip of the word."

Hermione groaned and pinched her temple. She sighed. "Okay, Ron, do your worst. Punish me for swearing in front of our nieces."

He looked over at the girls, and then again to Hermione. If she thought he was taking sex away from her, then she was dead wrong.

"Girls, go upstairs and play." Ron smiled but gave them a stern look before they could protest. "Now."

The girls reluctantly headed upstairs, and when the coast was clear, he took back his wand and cast *aSilencio*.

Hermione's hands were on her hips, and she was waiting. "So, are you going to punish me by making me sleep on the couch too? Or maybe you'll forbid me from reading for a month."

He rubbed his chin and began to think that last one was a good one. Though, as much as he wanted to really punish her, he couldn't do it. He had to do something better, something to teach her a lesson.

"No, nothing like that, Hermione," he quipped. He grinned at her playfully, and he could tell she was wary of what he had planned. "No, I don't really believe in punishment in this case. I mean, you proved your point to me with that ruddy no-sex policy, and if that's your way, then so be it." He felt satisfaction from the guilty look on her face, and then his face softened. "Look, I learned my lesson, okay? I'll have to control myself better with the swearing. I tried didn't I? Now, I wonder if you learned your lesson."

Hermione's eyebrow rose. "And that would be?"

"That you can't change me, and that I'm, well, not perfect. I slip up sometimes and I swear like a dirty sailor. So, can you handle that then?"

She smiled meekly, feeling silly yet inspired by Ron's good-natured attitude. She rubbed her belly affectionately, and then took his hand. She met his gaze and moved closer to him, soaking up his closeness and body heat. She rested her head on his shoulder, and he embraced her, kissing the top of her head. She sighed. "I think I can handle it."

"Well, good," he grunted. "And no more stupid ultimatum."

Hermione tipped her chin at him and grinned widely. "It's been officially canceled."

Ron chuckled, and then winked at her. "Don't think mine is though." Hermione looked at him curiously.

"What? There's more to my punishment?" Hermione scoffed.

Ron squeezed her tighter against him and continued to broaden his grin. "Of course, I can't let you get away with all that's been going on in the last month, now can I?"

Hermione rolled her eyes. "Okay, okay, I get it. You were severely tortured for a month. What's your point then?"

"When those tattlers leave today, you have to make up all those days I had to sleep on the couch without a shag, and that goes double for the nights I heard you moaning to yourself."

Hermione looked at him as if it were impossible. "All of those times? You want me to make it up to you in one day?"

Ron nodded and then shrugged. "However long it takes," he replied suggestively, bending down to nibble on her chin. She moaned in response.

"Hrmm...I guess we're going to have to call in sick to work tomorrow. You were on that couch twenty times."

"Humph, I guess so." He buried his face in her hair and then sucked on the nape of her neck. Hermione moved into him, and he raised his head and sealed his lips over hers. He lowered his hand from her waist to her backside, and she chuckled in his mouth.

"I can't wait until those green-eyed beasts leave," Hermione groaned as she felt his groin poke into her.

Ron broke the kiss to laugh before returning to her with another hungry kiss. He disengaged himself to look into her eyes and give her a suggestive grin. "I'm in agreement. Let's haul the little monsters through the fireplace right now!"

And before Hermione could laugh and even consider that suggestion, they heard a throat clearing behind them in the direction of the doorway. Ron and Hermione froze, still embracing and then meeting the angry eyes of Ginny Potter.

"Ahem," Ginny coughed, sounding very much like old Umbridge. She had heard everything, and she was not happy.

"Well, that was kinda scary!" Ron proclaimed after Ginny Floored her kids out of their fireplace without so much as a word beyond normal civilities. Ron slumped on the couch with Hermione leaning against him. Hermione looked slightly bothered.

"I can't believe she heard me call her children green-eyed beasts!" Hermione wallowed, putting a tired hand on her forehead.

"Well, they are," Ron said bluntly, and Hermione seemed to relax at that statement. "I mean, Isolde is almost four and she's displaying instances of spontaneous magic dangerous magic!"

"She takes after her father," Hermione added, still slightly disturbed by the faux pas. Ron grunted.

"Well, let's hope our kids take after you then," Ron replied patting her belly. "We don't want them to be little swear-demons although I wonder after this afternoon ..."

She jabbed him in the arm. "Ronald! Really ... can't we put that behind us now? I feel awful enough as it is."

"No, we can't put that behind us. Remember your punishment, Hermione. I'll not allow you to forget so easily." He pulled her onto his lap and then met her eyes. She gave him a seductive smile.

"Oh, no, we can't forget my punishment," Hermione stated, leaning into him and kissing his lips lightly. Ron snaked his arms around her and pulled her against his chest.

"No, we can't. As a matter of fact, I think we should serve your punishment right now, on this very couch." His voice was light in her ears while his body was heady against hers.

"Are you jury, judge and executioner then?" Hermione nibbled on his bottom lip.

Ron chuckled, and then she saw his eyes darken with desire. He flipped her onto her back and loomed over her, tugging at her clothes. He came so close to her face she could feel his warm breath blanketing her skin.

"I certainly am, so get ready for your sentence."

The End