

Supposed To Be

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Written for IJ's Kinkfest 2007, prompt: Harry/Ron/Hermione: 2 on 1 seduction - "You gave me something that I didn't have."

Chapter 1

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A/N: Shout out to alexlady and The Spanish Uncle for beta reading this for me. All mistakes are my own; it's hard to keep three sweaty, naked witches and wizards straight.

Ron sat on the couch and stared suspiciously at the bottle of firewhisky on the table in front of him. It was almost empty, and he surely couldn't have been the one to have done such a thing. He looked vaguely around the living room as if to check for the culprit before returning his gaze to the bottle and falling back into his morose reverie.

Life wasn't fair, he somewhat tritely mourned. After the war, and all the terrible losses suffered, things were supposed to be good, supposed to be, what was it that Muggles said? Happily ever after? He had gotten a good position at the Ministry and gone to work, helping support Hermione while she took a year off to decide whether she wanted to pursue further Muggle schooling, school in the Wizarding World, or both. Excitingly, he and Hermione had moved into their own their own flat. Well, his mum wasn't too excited about it, but a bloke had to live his own life.

Actually, the idea of having a flat with Hermione really had been thrilling, after so many years of boarding school. Thinking of having Hermione to himself, unattended, every day, was enough to make Ron (to put it indelicately) come in his pants. However, being together was more awkward and complicated than he expected. After things in the bedroom, so to say, had moved beyond the kissing and petting stage, Ron discovered he was rather at a loss. It didn't seem like Hermione was having as much fun as she was supposed to...he'd read some of Ginny's romances on the sly, and 'Mione wasn't swooning with desire, and her bosom wasn't heaving either.

Day to day life wasn't turning out so spectacularly either. He was tired when he came home, and she was restless, not having a job or course of study. Sometimes, they didn't seem to have much to talk about, and the expectations they had didn't mesh well. He'd never forget the row they had when Ron had suggested that Hermione should do all the cooking, the way his mum did. Even drunk and alone, he winced at the memory.

But, they were in love. People who were in love were supposed to be together. He kept telling himself that it would all work out. However, when he Floo'ed home to the flat this evening, it had been to find a determined looking Hermione waiting for him on the couch. "Things just aren't right," she'd said, with that little nod of hers that said she meant business. He'd tried to convince her otherwise, stumbling over his words and so panicked he didn't even really remember what she'd said to him after that first devastating sentence.

He remembered with crystal clarity, though, that she had said she needed to speak with Harry. He also remembered her rather fetching, if a bit tighter and shorter than usual, outfit. When his pathetic attempts to stop her from analyzing their relationship failed, he'd tried to stop her from Flooing out, but she'd told him not to be an arse (Hermione, cursing!) and left him there. Left him to go with Harry. Maybe that was what she really wanted... famous Harry Potter. Ron did the only sensible thing he could think of, and starting drinking.

Damn if the entire bottle wasn't gone now, Ron noticed. Funny thing, firewhisky, he thought to himself. Now stretched out on the couch and straining quite hard to remember if he had anything to do with the liquid's disappearance, he was only mildly surprised to see Harry Potter stumble gracelessly out of his fireplace and collapse on the floor. He thought it was really a shame that Harry'd never got the hang of the Floo Network. Pretty amazing that the bloke was so damn good on a Quidditch pitch, what with how clumsy he was at other things.

Ron's musings were interrupted as Hermione stumbled from the Floo herself, landing on Harry, who made a small sound. Probably good that he was there then, to catch 'Mione's fall, Ron thought, though the girl's usually a lot more together than that. He watched bemusedly as the pair staggered up and came to flop on the couch with him. They were blathering on about something, gesturing wildly. Must be something pretty exciting, he decided, right before he passed out.

Ron came to reality again sometime later to see, at the other end of the couch, Harry and Hermione enthusiastically kissing. Hermione, who was sitting on the bottom of his legs (rather causing them to fall asleep, which was probably what woke him) had her hands twined deeply in Harry's wild mess of hair, pulling his mouth even closer to her, while Harry, who was somewhat precariously perched on the sliver of couch next to Ron, was kneading her thighs below her skirt enthusiastically.

Ron tried to make an offended exclamation and sit up, but wasn't very successful. "Really, Ron," Hermione said chidingly (if somewhat thickly), and broke away from Harry, maneuvered herself up Ron's prone form and began kissing him with the same fervor. Ron returned the favor and was disappointed when she finally sat back up. He still couldn't produce an offended exclamation, but he did manage a kind of yelp when she started in on Harry again.

They broke apart, Hermione looking at him exasperatedly, before she said in a slightly slurred voice, "Honestly, Ron, didn't you listen to anything we said?" She turned her gaze to Harry, and for some reason that Ron wasn't aware of, they began to giggle. "Guess it's your go, Harry," she said between laughs, and with that, she pushed Harry towards Ron.

Harry, still laughing, almost fell off the couch, but managed to twist and turn so that he did not. Then, suddenly, his face was right next to Ron's, smiling shyly. "What about it, mate?" he said softly, and Ron noticed that Harry had right nice eyes for a bloke.

He found himself whispering back, "What about what?" and then being distracted as Harry laughed and reached up to softly touch his face.

"Mione reckons she wants to give both of us a go. Had some fancy French word or something for it. Seems like a pretty good idea to me," Harry managed to tell him, before really falling off the couch, which he seemed to think was as funny as everything else going on.

Ron attempted to take stock of the situation and figure out what the bloody hell was going on. It wasn't working so well, because he kept thinking about how Hermione had looked with her tongue in Harry's mouth. Instead of simple jealousy, there was more. He also found it kind of, well, nice; maybe even a little hot. He actually felt kind of hot, now that he thought about it, and his head hurt as well. Overwhelmed, he groaned aloud and put his hand to his head. "I can't think. I just want to sleep," he moaned.

Hermione sighed and raising her nose slightly, said, with only her over-enunciation giving clue to how much she and Harry had drank at that pub, "That's probably for the best anyhow, Ronald. Over-indulgence in alcohol has a deleterious effect on male sexual functioning."

Ron and Harry looked at each other, and without a word, burst into peals of laughter. Hermione sniffed disdainfully, and rising to her feet, attempted a flounce into the bedroom. Unfortunately, her leg gave a little on her first step, and she had to steady herself on the couch, which only caused the boys to laugh harder.

Ron was pleasantly waking to Hermione's form pressed against his front. However, after a moment's consideration, he felt something wasn't quite right. His hands skimmed over skin, and suddenly, something clicked in his head. His eyes opened to see the back of a black haired head, and with a strangled, "Harry!" he scrambled up against the headboard of the bed, clutching the sheet against his chest. Of course this only served to pull the sheet off of Harry, who by the looks of it, was starkers.

Ron wrenched his eyes away from Harry's pale skin to the other side of the bed, where an equally unclad Hermione was pressing her forearm over her eyes. "For Merlin's sake, Ron," she grumbled, before rolling on her side to reach the night stand drawer. Pulling out several small bottles of Pepper Up Potion, she handed two to Ron. "Give one to Harry," she said, downing her own bottle and laying back down, this time with the pillow over her entire face.

Harry, laying on his right side, merely raised his right hand over his left side and waved his fingers weakly until Ron placed the bottle in them. Finally uncorking his own potion, Ron swallowed it slowly and tried to piece together the events of the previous night.

After Hermione's failed dramatic exit, Ron and Harry had followed her to the flat's single bedroom. She had transfigured the bed to be quite a bit larger, they had all climbed in, fully clothed, and fallen asleep. Sometime later, Ron had woken enough to find Hermione twined about him and kissing him, which was lovely. However, she then turned to her other side and began kissing Harry, who was also in their bed, causing Ron to suddenly remember the strange interlude on the couch before he went to sleep.

As they kissed, Hermione was making a little moaning sound against Harry's mouth and Harry was running his hands over her breasts. Ron decided that he liked that sound. He felt that if he thought too long about what was happening, it might result in things that made that sound go away. Hermione was a smart witch, and he was sure that she had done enough thinking about this for the both of them, and so he decided to just relax.

Hermione turned back to Ron and with a great deal of writhing, removed her shirt and skirt and tossed them from the bed. Since she hadn't been wearing a bra, that left her in knickers, a filmy black pair that Ron hadn't seen before. She scooted in close to Ron and began kissing him again, hooking her leg over his hips. As her mouth busily attacked his, her hands just as eagerly ran over the bulge at the crotch of his trousers and began unbuttoning and unzipping. Tugging down on them, she breathlessly told him to take them off.

Ron complied eagerly, getting rid of his shirt as well, only to be somewhat disappointed that when he returned his attention to Hermione that she was divesting Harry of his clothes. His disappointment turned to interest as she began kissing and licking her way down Harry's torso. Interest briefly became discomfort as Ron realized that he was watching his best mate get a blow job. Stop thinking, Weasley, he reminded himself.

Hermione was completely unselfconscious as she went down on Harry, pausing frequently to look up at him. Once, when he blushed and looked away, she sat up and turned his face to her. "Look at me, Harry," she said, her voice slightly roughened. Harry had nodded slightly, and then she was once more crouched between his legs. Her efforts redoubled, licking, sucking, enveloping with her mouth, and it wasn't long before Harry interrupted his gasping breathing with a groan. "'Mione, I can't... I'm going to..." he stuttered out.

She broke away from him long enough to gasp out, "Yes, I know," before returning to tormenting him, and Ron watched goggle-eyed as Harry came in her mouth. Harry leaned back against the headboard of the bed as Hermione sat up. She wiped her mouth primly with the back of her hand before tentatively stretching her jaw a few times. Harry leaned forward to kiss her softly, touching her wild tangle of hair as he did so.

"Merlin, Hermione, how'd you do that?" he said teasingly.

She replied with a small smile, "I learned from a book. I could teach you." They both turned to look at Ron.

Ron's hand stopped its leisurely wank beneath the sheet as four eyes regarded him. He tried to think of something smart to say, but before he could, Hermione was on his lap, replacing his hand with her own. "Please, Ron," she breathed between lingering kisses. "Do it for me, please, I want to see," she moaned, sucking on his tongue. She had placed his hand between her spread thighs, and as she begged and pleaded, she ground her damp knickers insistently against his fingers.

Ron thought the whiny pleading in her voice was going to put him over the edge, never mind the wet warmth between her legs. He said yes just to keep her voice going, and she actually squealed a little, squeezing his cock in her fingers and his body with her thighs as she did so. Ron imagined that he'd died and gone to heaven.

Then she was working her magic on Harry, the voice, the tongue, the hands below his waist convincing him to do what she wanted. Breaking apart, Harry held back as Hermione returned to Ron and pushed him to recline on the headboard of the bed, and then both she and Harry were in front of him. He could feel their exhalations on his

bare skin as Hermione whispered softly and Harry breathed quickly. He started to panic a bit, but as Hermione's mouth closed over him, he pushed thought away to a later time.

Ron was aware when Hermione's single-minded sucking was replaced with both her confident and Harry's hesitant licks. However, as Ron relaxed and Harry grew bolder under her instruction, Ron concentrated only on sensation and breathing deeply enough not to faint. He was surprised then, to hear Hermione's voice in his ear. "Oh ,Merlin, Ron, he's sucking your cock," she whispered, licking his ear and filling it with warm breath. "I'm about to come in my knickers just watching," she continued before leaning over to kiss him, then trailing licks and kisses down his body to Harry.

After some interminable amount of time, Harry's mouth left him, and moaning slightly in disappointment, Ron looked down to see Hermione kissing Harry. She then stripped off her knickers and, with Harry helping her, climbed onto Ron. Her hand briefly caressed his cock before steadying it so that she could slide down it in one hot, wet movement. Then she was astride him, moving up and down, with Harry kissing her neck, stroking her breasts, and with her guidance, gently touching her clitoris. Her breathing was quick, her chest was flushed, and her head hung back slightly, but Ron could still see the half-smile she wore on her face.

This was how he'd always thought sex was supposed to be. Ron knew he was going to come any second, which was probably okay this time since the same seemed true for Hermione. He did (and so did she) but in the few seconds before, he had another one of those annoying thoughts: 'Mione's bosom really was heaving.

Recollections of the night before seemed to be having an effect on a certain area off Ron's anatomy. Hermione, who had by this time removed the pillow from her face, looked up at him with a raised eyebrow. "Feeling better now?" she asked, before tugging him down to lay in between her and Harry, who rolled over and squinted at them a bit without his glasses on.

Ron again decided there was time to think about things later, and kissed Hermione soundly before replying, "Yeah, I feel great." Hermione smiled at him and reached across his chest to take Harry's hand. No one said anything for a bit, and then Harry broke the silence.

"You gave me something that I didn't have, you know. You two..." he trailed off, overcome with emotion. Hermione sniffed a little and gripped Harry's hand more tightly.

Ron decided the moment was becoming too somber. "I love you too, Harry old son. But can we save the pansy stuff for after breakfast?" Hermione screeched in outrage, and Harry threw himself at Ron. After a few minutes, the fighting became less earnest and quite soon after that, Hermione's bosom was heaving and she was making that odd little moaning sound again.