

# Hermione and Ron

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*This is just a short story I wrote one day...I was having a writers amazing moment.*

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# 1 - "The Kiss"

Hermione and Ron

A short, shocking, story

"Hi Ron."

"Hi."

Ron walked through the portal and started toward the dormitory. Hermione put down her book, and walked over to Ron.

"How was practice?" Hermione asked.

"It was all right."

Ron looked over at the book.

"Why are you up so late?"

"Oh, I was just reading."

"Oh yea."

Ron and Hermione had an embarrassed silence.

"Hey Ron."

Harry walked through the portal.

"Hey Harry."

"I'm going to bed, coming?"

"Just a minute."

"Ok."

Harry walked to the Dormitory door. But Harry checked to see if everyone was asleep, took his invisibility cloak and walked back into the common room.

“Hermione, I have something to tell you.”

Hermione stopped short.

“Yes Ron?”

“Hermione, even though we fight a lot, I really like you. I have been waiting years to tell you this; I love you Hermione.”

Ron took Hermione by the arm, and sat her down. Harry merely stared in astonishment.

“Ron this is so sweet. I know we do fight a lot. Truth is; I love you too.”

Hermione and Ron both blushed.

“Hermione, can I ask you a question?”

“Yes Ron?”

“Can I kiss you?”

Hermione did not respond. Ron leaned closer to Hermione, and kissed her. As soon as their lips locked, Hermione and Ron kissed for a long time. Harry was too shocked to speak.

After what Harry felt like an hour, Ron gave Hermione one last peck on the cheek. Ron started to get up; and Harry quickly ran into the Dormitory, put on his pajamas, and slumped into bed. When Ron came into the room, his face was scarlet.

“Harry, you up mate?”

Ron shook Harry gently.

“What's up Ron?” asked Harry, acting clueless.

“Harry, I did it. I finally told her!”

“Told who? Did what?”

“I told Hermione I loved her, and we kissed!”

Ron looked like he could've run a lap around the school; with his face scarlet, and a huge smile.

“Really?”

“You're all right with this...”

“Yea! Of course I am!” said Harry, a little too enthusiastically; making his smile a little TOO big.

“Well,” said Ron, looking at Harry with a confused expression, “G'night Harry.”

Ron put on his pajamas, jumped into bed, and fell asleep. Harry took off his glasses, and turned off the light. He had a slight vision of Hermione and Ron at their wedding; but Harry was getting ahead of himself.

“G'night Ron.”

Ron grunted next to Harry, and Harry turned over and went to sleep.