

A/N: I'm writing the Northern Tyrant chapter. Until then, please savor this appetizer.

Synopsis - Ron was big, and not just in height. War had ended, Voldemort was gone, and they had returned for one final year at Hogwarts.

Romance with Hermione started suddenly. But he never complained; he found her adorable and fun to be around. Of course, including all the stolen moments in empty classrooms.

But years later, Hermione became too busy with Ministry work, and Ron often found himself alone and annoyed. His drive was still there, but his gorgeous wife wasn't.

And to his surprise, he wasn't the only one like that in the Burrow.

With the war being over, Voldemort was nothing but a memory, and they were all back at Hogwarts to finish their final year.

The castle had been rebuilt, yet scars remained in the minds of the students, and in the silence that fell over the empty seats of their now-gone companions during meals. However, life pushed forward regardless.

Hermione Granger walked through the Quidditch pitch corridor with a Charms reference book tucked under her arm. She needed Harry for something about a shared study schedule for NEWTs.

Without knocking, she pushed the door open and froze.

Only one person was in there, Ron Weasley, standing in front of his locker with his jersey off and his trousers on the bench. He was reaching out for his towel.

He was wearing nothing below the waist.

Hermione burned red.

He was big. It hung between his thighs, so thick that the weight of it pulled it low, swaying with his movement. The length passed his mid-thigh. The girth made her brain stutter, stop, restart, and remember biology lessons. It didn't look proportional, and it definitely didn't look like something that should exist on a person she'd known for years.

Her hand flew to her mouth, yet she kept gawking at it. The Charms book slipped from under her arm and cracked against the tile floor.

Ron was equally stunned, "Hermione?!"

His voice snapped her out of her daze.

"...I was... looking for—"

She stopped speaking as she picked up the book fast, hit the doorframe with her shoulder, found the actual exit, and was gone. Her footsteps echoed fast down the corridor, her face burning so hot she could feel it in her ears.

And that's where it all began.

####

The last month at Hogwarts dragged like hell with no end. NEWTs' preparation consumed every waking hour, the library was packed past midnight, and students snapped at each other for a reason as simple as borrowed quills.

Ron and Hermione were openly dating. Had been for months now. Everyone assumed it was the war and years of bickering, finally breaking into something more.

Only Hermione knew the real reason, and she kept that information behind her teeth.

"Aaahh~"

"Mmmph~"

The empty Transfiguration classroom on the fourth floor was supposed to be locked. Hermione had changed that fifteen minutes ago, and now there she was, trying to control her moans.

Her skirt was bunched up around her waist. Her white shirt hung open, buttons gone. Her bra was shoved up above her breasts, and her Gryffindor tie dangled uselessly between them. Her back was flat against the teacher's desk, legs hanging off the edge, thighs spread wide.

Between them stood Ron, trousers at his ankles, and every thick inch of his cock buried deep inside her. It was always like this. Intense.

Ron couldn't stop staring at it. Her rosy petals stretched taut around his girth, flushed dark pink, straining to take him. He could feel her pussy pulse through the walls, gripping his shaft, every tiny squeeze pulling a groan from his chest. She was tight... always tight around him, just as their first time, her body fighting to accommodate his size every single time.

He looked up at her flushed face. Her hair fanned across the desk, and her lower lip was bitten white. He leaned down, took her nipple into his mouth, and sucked until she gasped. Then he kissed up her throat to her lips.

"Where?" He grunted as he asked against her mouth.

Her legs tightened around him. "Inside! I want to feel all of you."

Ron gripped the edges of the desk and pulled back. He felt her pussy cling to his shaft, refusing to let go, but he pulled till the tip and drove back in with a slam as the desk shrieked across the stone.

Hermione's mouth fell open. Her hands flew to his forearms, nails digging in. He set a fast and selfish pace. Every thrust left her body jolting, breasts shaking, and her pussy screaming for more.

Her moans bounced off the stone walls and came back louder. He could feel her soaking him, slick running down his shaft and dripping from his balls, the wet sounds of it filling the room alongside the heavy slap of his thighs against hers.

Her mouth hung open, eyes squeezed shut, and she took it. Every thick inch of his cock, pounding into her over and over again.

"Ron! Oh Merlin! You're so deep!"

Ron grabbed her slender legs behind the knees and folded them up, pressing her thighs toward her chest. As the angle shifted, he felt himself bottom out, his cock pressing against the end of her, as she sobbed at the pressure. He ground there, slow, heavy circles, then pulled back and slammed into her again.

He folded her legs higher, pushed them against her chest until her knees touched her shoulders, and sank deep with his weight, as deep as her body would let him. He held there, pressed against her cervix, and burst.

"Aahhh~"

The first throb made Hermione's eyes fly open. She felt it... hot, thick pulses filling her, flooding her... so much of it pouring into her that the pressure built immediately. She tightened herself around him as she felt his cock pulsing, pumping rope after rope into her already-stuffed pussy, the heat spreading deep inside of her.

"Oh! Ron... there's so much~"

He stayed buried, kissing her, grinding through the last few throbs, milking himself empty. When he finally pulled out, the flood followed. Thick white poured from her stretched hole, running in a heavy line down the curve of her ass to pool on the desk beneath her.

Hermione lay there panting, staring at the ceiling. Then she slowly sat up, wincing at the soreness, and looked down. His load was leaking from her steadily, dripping off the edge of the desk to the stone floor. There was so much of it, much more than she ever thought was possible, but it made sense with how big he was.

She stood on shaky legs, felt more of it slide warm down her inner thigh, and pulled Ron close by his tie. She kissed him softly, tasting herself on his mouth.

"I love you."

####

Years went by.

Hermione worked at the Ministry. She climbed fast, stayed late, and worked harder than anyone around her.

Ron had done the Ministry thing too, briefly and miserably, before landing a job at Cleansweep's testing division, flying and testing brooms all day for decent pay and joy.

He loved the work and loved Hermione even more; she was the most amazing thing to happen to him. But he hated her job to bits, especially the fact that she was never home. Days, sometimes weeks, buried in the Ministry. Even when she was home, she wasn't. Either her eyes were glued to a report, or her body was too exhausted for anything but sleep.

That left Ron with a lot of pent-up energy and nowhere to spend it. He tried to control it, however. As best as he could.

But sometimes... fate has different plans.

####

One night, with Hermione still gone, he lay in bed at the Burrow. He'd just finished jerking off to a Muggle magazine, great inventions those. It took the edge off... barely. But nothing could replace the real thing.

When's she going to come home?

Feeling thirsty, he didn't bother to put on pants and padded barefoot downstairs. It was nighttime, and the Burrow was dead silent. He filled a glass at the kitchen tap, drank it all, and turned around.

He froze.

Fleur stood three feet away. A glass of water in one hand. Completely naked. Moonlight from the window painted her silver. Her slender frame, the curve of her hips, the pink tips of her breasts, blonde hair loose and spilling past her shoulders.

"I saw nothing," Ron blurted, even though his eyes had already taken in everything.

But Fleur's gaze wasn't on his face. It was fixed lower. Her eyes shot open in surprise as she saw his monstrous length... soft, yet monstrous.

Eetz soo... big!

"Me... I zaw... I..."

Shutting her mouth, she turned and walked away fast, bare feet slapping on wood, as she vanished up the stairs.

Ron stood alone in the kitchen, pulse hammering through his cock.

And that was where it all began.

####

Two months later, Fleur lay in bed at half past midnight, furious with herself and annoyed with her husband.

Bill was gone... again. Some tomb in Egypt, some curse in a ruin she didn't care about anymore. He left for weeks, sometimes months, and she was supposed to wait... be fine, be patient.

She wasn't patient.

She rolled onto her stomach, face pressed into the pillow, and slid her fingers between her thighs. The image was right there, the same one that had lived in her head for two months. The size of it, and the ridiculous thickness, even when soft.

"Ummmm..." She bit the pillow, circling her clit with two fingers. "Eet waz... sooo big."

Her fingers weren't enough. They hadn't been enough for weeks. Bill was average in size and gentle. Bill touched her as if she were something fragile.

Frustrated, wet, and angry, she kicked the sheets off and stood. She needed water. She needed to get out of this bed.

She pulled on a white dressing gown that was so thin it was barely there, tied loose at the waist. It hung open down the front. Her belly was bare, the slit between her legs visible if she moved. She didn't think about it and walked downstairs.

But once again, like a repeat of that night, Ron was in the kitchen.

Naked... fully naked. Her gaze went straight between his legs, and there it was, heavy, his thick length resting against his thigh. Her eyes went slightly wide as she noticed it was bigger than last time.

She noticed as his eyes dropped to her open dressing gown, the strip of bare skin from throat to thighs. His cock thickened in response as it stirred and lifted away from his leg. Her mouth went dry for a moment as she took a breath and walked past him. She grabbed a glass, filled it, and stood beside him.

"Can't sleep?" she asked. Her voice sounded steadier than she felt.

"Uh... yeah."

"I can't eizzer."

"Bill?"

She nodded. "Hermione?"

He nodded.

Silence spanned between them as she drank her water. She set the glass down. Let her eyes drop one more time. He was growing hard now, rigid, curved upward, the head flushed dark and swollen. Her Veela charm was pulling at him, but no charm in the world could add size... that was just him.

I can't 'elp et anymore. I need eit.

She hesitantly reached out and grabbed his wrist.

"Zen, let us 'elp each other."

Ron let her pull him. The Veela charm pressed against his thoughts, fogging everything, but somewhere underneath it, he knew he was making a choice. And in the end, he chose to follow her up the stairs into Bill's bedroom, and he chose not to care.

She locked the door and turned as she let the dressing gown slide off her shoulders to the floor.

"Ve are strangers tonight, Ron. Make love to me... like... ve vill nevaire meet again."

Ron stared down at her face, so beautiful that only magic could have made it. Her lips were pink, her eyes watery, just a few candles burning the room bright. He felt his breath stuck in his throat. He was taller than her, slightly chubbier now than in his best days.

He looked down, his hands came up as he touched her breasts first, feeling them settle into his palms, warm and soft. He went higher, feeling up her slender neck, and then her face.

Fleur turned her face into his palm and took his thumb into her mouth. She sucked it slowly, her tongue curling around the pad, her eyes watching him the whole time.

"Mmm... Fleur."

Ron gulped as his cock pressed against her belly, leaking against her skin. He felt her hand find it, her fingers wrapping around, trying to circle, failing. He'd learned he was special in his own way during bath times in Hogwarts, when all the boys stopped talking and hid their cocks when he walked in. Even Harry.

She couldn't close her grip. Her strokes were long and slow, her small hand covering barely half the girth.

"Like strangers?" he asked.

"Mmmm... 'Ow you call et? One night stand? Oui. Zat."

He chuckled and kissed her.

He grabbed the back of her head, crushed his mouth against hers, and it was messy from the first second. Sloppy, open-mouthed, tongue shoving past her lips, tasting her moan, and he swallowed it.

His hands ran down her back, gripped her ass with both palms. It was soft, full, and giving. He squeezed hard enough to make her gasp as she bit his lower lip. His one hand tangled in her hair and pulled her head back so he could get deeper, his tongue sliding against hers, wet and hungry.

He felt her nails scrape his scalp. His mouth moved to her jaw, her neck, then back to her lips. He walked her backwards, still kissing and squeezing her ass, until her legs hit the bed.

He pushed her as she fell backwards onto the sheets with a gasp, blonde hair fanning out across the dark fabric.

Ron climbed after her. Grabbed both her legs, shoved them over his shoulders, and kept pushing until her spine curved and knees bent.

Fleur's hips lifted off the bed, her ass riding up against his chest for support. Her pussy was right there near his face... flushed pink, swollen, glistening so wet it was already dripping.

He rammed his face into it like an animal.

The taste was sweet and magical, her Veela blood making her taste like something he wanted to eat until his jaw gave out. He dragged his tongue through her folds in one long stroke, splitting her open, as her thighs clamped against his head immediately.

"Ooooooh!"

He licked her without any rhythm or technique, just out of hunger. Long, sloppy strokes, tongue pressing inside, pulling back to circle her clit, pushing down again. Wet, loud, drool running down his chin. His hands found her breasts, palms filling, fingers squeezing, kneading them while his mouth worked.

"Arder! go 'arder... please!"

He sealed his lips around her clit and sucked it into his mouth. Flicked his tongue fast against the swollen nub while his fingers pinched her nipples, pulling them, rolling them between his digits.

"Oui, oui... zat... don't stop! aaah!"

Ron's tongue pushed inside her, curling, tasting the slick heat of her walls. Back up to her clit with fast and relentless flicks. Her hips bucked against his face, smearing her wetness across his chin, his cheeks. Her fingers twisted into his red hair and yanked until his scalp burned.

"Ron, I'm... close! I am... Ummh!"

He sucked harder. Pressed his tongue flat against her clit and rubbed in fast circles.

Fleur's orgasm didn't build; it crashed into her. Her spine arched off the bed. Her thighs locked around his head, crushing, her heels digging into his back. She came against his mouth in a hot flood, the taste of it changing, getting thicker, her whole body jerking in hard spasms as the pleasure ripped through her in waves.

"Aaah! Mon Dieu... aaaaah!"

And he kept going.

His tongue didn't stop. He licked through her orgasm, swallowing the gush, groaning into her flesh. He felt her trying to pull away, but his hands left her breasts and gripped her hips, holding her pinned to his mouth. This was like a dream come true, a fantasy he'd imagined years ago. Her Veela charm made it impossible to stop.

He ate her like he'd been starving. Tongue dragging through her folds, sucking at her swollen lips, circling her throbbing clit until her whole body writhed and she shoved at his head with both hands.

"Stop... eet... I can't... too much!"

One more long, slow lick that made her entire frame jolt, and then he pulled back. His face was soaked, chin, lips, nose, all shining with her.

Fleur collapsed flat, chest heaving, thighs trembling, staring at the ceiling and seeing nothing.

"Leh me... do eet too."

Ron let her legs fall. He was already climbing over her, straddling her chest, his knees dropping on either side of her shoulders.

He laid his cock flat on her face with a plop.

It covered her as the shaft rested along the bridge of her nose, the swollen head reaching past her hairline. His balls settled against her chin, heavy and warm. The thickness was more than her lips, more than her mouth could take. She looked up at him along the length, blue eyes wide, breath fanning against the underside of his shaft.

"Like we'll never meet again."

He said and pulled his hips back, angled down, and pushed into her mouth.

Her lips strained around him, pink and tight, struggling with the girth. Her cheeks went hollow instantly as she sucked, and the wet heat of her mouth engulfed the first few inches. His hand went to the back of her head, fingers threading deep into blonde hair, cradling her skull.

He didn't shove it all in; it was impossible, yet he thrust deeper, making her gag on it with a wet, choking sound, and her eyes flooded. He pulled back and pushed in again. Deeper this time, feeling the back of her throat widen and then squeeze around his head.

He found a rhythm, fast and steady thrusts that hit the back of her throat on every push. His shaft dragged over her tongue, her lips sealed tight around him, and spit built fast. It leaked from the corners of her mouth, running in glossy lines down her chin, dripping from her jaw to the pillow beneath her head.

Fleur's gagging became part of the rhythm, every thrust punctuated by that wet choking sound, followed by the slick pull of him drawing back. She was drooling heavily, the mess building, her throat constricting around him on every push.

Fleur had never had someone use her mouth like this.

Bill didn't ask, and she never offered. And now she understood why she'd been afraid of it. Ron's cock on her tongue was overwhelming. Her jaw ached already, stretched to its limit, and he wasn't even halfway in. Each thrust hit the back of her throat and pushed tears from her eyes. Every gagging spasm sent a throb straight between her legs.

She was soaking the sheets beneath her. Just from him fucking her face, pulling her hair, and being so thick in her mouth that she couldn't breathe properly.

She moaned around him, and the vibration made his thighs tense against her shoulders.

She sucked harder. Hollowed her cheeks until they ached, ran her tongue along the underside of his shaft on every backstroke, pressing against the thick vein she could feel pulsing against her.

His grip tightened in her hair as his thrusts sped up. She felt his balls draw up against her chin, felt his shaft swell thicker in her mouth... impossible, he was already too thick, and then she felt it.

Ron buried himself deep and held. His cock throbbed against her tongue, once, twice, and then he was flooding her mouth. The first rope was thick and hot, hitting the back of her throat before she could react.

Fleur swallowed. The second came faster, filling her faster than she could take. She gulped, trying, her throat working, but the third overwhelmed her. It pushed up and leaked from her nostrils, a hot trickle running over her upper lip. More escaped from the corners of her mouth, white streaks sliding down her jaw.

She kept swallowing... Kept trying. Her throat bobbed, taking what she could, but there was too much. He kept pulsing, kept pumping into her mouth, and she couldn't keep up.

When he pulled out with a wet pop, a thick string connected her lip to his cock, stretched, and snapped.

Fleur lay gasping, her face a mess, white trailing from her nose, leaking from the corners of her swollen lips, her chin glazed and dripping. She reached for the bedside table with a shaking hand, found her wand, and flicked it. The cleaning charm swept over her face.

When she opened her eyes, the mess was gone, and her face was clean again. But her expression was still wrecked, pupils blown, lips swollen and red, breathing ragged.

"R-Ron... I want you inside of me, oui? And do not 'old back... I want eet zo badly... zo very badly."

Ron moved between her legs. He was still hard, hadn't softened at all. He grabbed her right leg and lifted it, kissing her ankle. Kissed higher, her calf, the soft inside of her knee. Higher, his mouth dragging along her inner thigh, feeling the heat of her skin increase as he climbed. Every inch of her was smooth and enchanting.

He pushed that leg up high, folding it back toward her shoulder. The other he kept flat against the bed, spread wide.

"Put it in yourself," he said.

Fleur propped up on one elbow and looked down between them. She took his massive cock in both hands... both hands, and her fingers still couldn't cover the full length. She rubbed it flat against her belly to feel the size. The head sat just past her navel as she stared at it. At the distance between where it started and where it ended. Then she looked up at his broad frame looming over her.

Her breath became fast and shallow. She guided his tip down, pressing it between her folds. The head alone spread her open, thick and blunt against her entrance.

"Do eet!"

He shoved it in.

"Aaaaaaaah!" Fleur felt herself being torn open from the inside.

The stretch was massive, her walls forced apart inch by inch, burning with the strain. She'd never taken anything this thick. Bill was so, so slight compared to him. Ron's was something that her body had to fight to accept, her insides straining to open, to make room for something they weren't built for.

She grabbed the sheets with both hands, knuckles white. Her teeth clenched. Every inch he pushed deeper, she felt more full, more stuffed, more impossibly stretched than the inch before. She felt ruined, like something was being permanently changed inside her.

"Mon Dieu! You are... you're breaking me... Aaah!"

As he pushed deeper, she felt him hit something inside her... her cervix, she realised, and the shock of it made her entire body seize. She panted, moaned, cried in arousal and sting at the same time.

"Ooooooh! I can feel eet!... In my belly... I can feel you in my belly!"

It was new to her. So new and so arousing. She had never experienced this much passion in sex before, something so deep, and it blew her mind.

Ron kept pushing. Watching the French beauty's gorgeous face, brow scrunched, mouth open, eyes squeezed shut, while inch after inch of his cock disappeared into her. Her pussy gripped him so tight that it was almost painful, her slick walls dragging against every ridge of his shaft as he sank deeper.

Finally, his hips pressed flush against her. Balls deep, all of it inside her.

He looked down at her belly, and his breath caught.

"And I can... see it."

A faint ridge pushed outward against the flat of her stomach. The shape of him, pressing from the inside. And an impossibly hot sight for him that only filled his veins with more heat, mixed with Veela charm.

He saw her reaching down with trembling fingers and touched the bulge, feeling his hardness through her own skin, and the sound she made was something between a moan and a sob. Or perhaps a gasp.

"Ummph!"

He started moving, pulled back slowly, letting her feel every inch drag out of her, her walls clinging to him. Then he thrust in, all the way to the end of her, his cockhead slamming against her cervix again as her whole body jerked from the impact.

Again... and again. Each stroke went from tip to hilt, bottoming out every time, and every time she felt him hit that deep spot, her voice broke into incoherent words.

He leaned his weight forward and her raised leg straightened under the pressure, her knee pushing past her shoulder, her body stretching into a full split beneath him. Her flexibility took it... barely. The muscles of her inner thighs were taut and shaking.

He pinned her with his weight and leaned down, his mouth finding hers. The kiss was wet and messy, his tongue slipped into her open mouth while she swirled her own tongue around his without thinking. He was too far gone to care about anything except splitting her open on every thrust.

Fleur felt her mind emptying. His larger frame split her, stretched her, engulfed her under his shadow. She felt her legs shake in soreness, and yet all she could think was how mind-numbingly good she felt inside.

Each thrust pushed everything out: thoughts, guilt, Bill's name, her own name. There was only the feeling of being full, then empty, then full again, his cock stretching her so wide that she could feel herself being reshaped around him.

It didn't sting as much, though; she could focus on the pleasure now, but she knew she would never get used to this size. She couldn't imagine how Hermione took it.

"Eet eez too beeg... too beeg... Aaahh!... more... please, geev me more!"

Her tongue slid out against her lower lip. She couldn't keep it in her mouth. Her eyes rolled up, then came back, then rolled again. His spit dripped onto her tongue, she tasted him, and her hips tried to push up to meet his thrusts, but his weight pinned her flat.

"Arder! Please... Ron... break me... I want you to break me!"

Ron planted his hands on either side of her head and let his hips go at it. He slammed deep into her with such force that the bed slammed against the wall. Once. Twice. Then a continuous rhythm of heavy impacts, the headboard cracking against plaster.

Creak! Creak!

Plap! Plap! Plap!

His hips smacked against her ass on every thrust, heavy and wet. He could feel her tightening around him, those fast, fluttering squeezes, her walls clamping down in quick pulses. She was

close... he could feel it building in her body, the way her pussy gripped him harder with every stroke.

He grabbed her other leg and pushed it up to match the first. Both knees past her shoulders now, folded in half beneath him, completely pinned, completely open. He drove down into her with his full weight behind each thrust, and at that angle, he was hitting the deepest part of her, his cock pressing so far inside that the bulge in her belly was constant.

Fleur's tongue lolled out. Her eyes rolled back. Her hands clawed at his forearms without purpose, nails leaving tracks but finding no grip.

She came hard.

Her whole body seized. Her pussy clamped down on him so hard it nearly locked him in place, and a hot spray gushed around his cock, soaking his pelvis, his thighs, the sheets beneath them.

"Aaaaahhhh!"

She screamed, high, broken, the sound catching in her throat as her body shook violently in his grip. Panting, her marble-pale skin turned red, her hair a sweaty mess. And it wasn't over.

"Ungh... Fuck... Fleur... I'm..."

Ron tried to pull back. But her arms shot up, wrapped around his neck, and locked him in. Her ankles crossed behind his back.

"Oooh, inside! Do eet inside... and give eet all to meee!"

Ron, brain empty, rammed home, whole weight of his frame heavy on her, legs folded up like a slim doll. He buried himself deep and came.

Heavy, thick pulses. The heat of his load flooded her, filling her in thick spurts, pumping into her over and over. He felt her tight walls squeeze around him with every throb, milking it out of him. There was too much; he could feel it building up, leaking around his shaft before he'd even finished, dripping down to soak the bed. His hips kept grinding, pushing each spurt deeper.

Fleur's jaw was slack, her mouth falling open, her eyes half-closed, her whole body twitching with the aftershocks of her orgasm while she felt him emptying into her.

He pulsed and pulsed until there was nothing left. His cock softened by a fraction, still half-hard inside her, and the mess leaked from where they were joined in a slow, thick pour that ran down toward the sheets.

The room smelled of sex, sweat, and the heavy musk of his load mixed with the sweet scent of whatever magic lived under a Veela's skin. Their mouths tasted of each other; he'd been so deep in that kiss that his spit and hers had become the same thing.

They kept kissing mindlessly. Tongues sliding together without purpose while their bodies cooled, and his cock finally slipped free of her, followed by a heavy drip of white that ran from her stretched hole in one long line.

Ron lifted his face and looked down at her.

Her blonde hair was damp and tangled against the pillow. Her lips were puffy and red. Her legs were still shaking slightly, still spread where he'd left them. She was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. She was dripping his load onto the bed, and some greedy part of him, the part that wasn't guilty, that didn't think about Hermione or Bill or anything outside this room, wanted to roll her over and do it again.

"Strangers for another night?" he asked.

Fleur let out a soft, breathless laugh beneath him as her fingers traced a lazy line down his jaw.

"Mm... ve vill see about zat."

They lay there for a while without speaking or moving. His arm thrown over her waist, her back against his chest.

He was still half-hard against her ass. The Veela charm hadn't faded; it was still there, and the scent of them was keeping his blood warm. He could feel her sticky wetness against his thigh, where she was pressed to him, the evidence of what he'd done still leaking from her slowly.

Fleur shifted and pressed her back against him. Felt his cock twitch against the curve of her ass and let out a small, knowing hum.

"Again?" she asked. She didn't sound tired.

Ron's hand slid from her waist down to her hip, gripping. "I thought you said 'we'd see about that'."

"I 'ave seen." She pushed her ass back against him, his cock sliding between the cleft of her cheeks, slick with everything they'd made. "And I want more."

He didn't need to be told again. He gripped himself, angled down, and pushed back inside her from behind.

"Aaah! oui... zere!"

She was so wet from his load that he sank in with no resistance, the slick heat of her swallowing him to the hilt in one push. Her walls were softer now, swollen and fucked-open, but they still gripped him tight, still clenched when he bottomed out.

He fucked her slowly this time. Long, deep strokes on their sides, his chest against her back, his mouth on her neck. One hand cupped her breast, kneading it, rolling her nipple between his

fingers. The other slid down, found her clit, and rubbed it in lazy circles while he moved inside her.

"Mmmmm! Ron... zat iz... perfect."

Her hand reached back and gripped his hip, pulling him deeper on every thrust. His cock dragged through the pussy, frothy white leaking around his shaft with every stroke, the wet sounds of it obscene in the quiet room.

He pressed his lips to her ear. "You feel amazing."

"You are... Nngh! ...ruining me for anyone else... You know zat?"

Ron pushed deeper and felt her body jolt. "Sounds like a good deal... to me-eh."

It lasted longer this time. Slow and grinding, building in waves. Her moans were softer, breathier, her body trembling against his. When she came, it was quiet, a long, shuddering clench, her walls pulsing around him in slow, hard squeezes, her fingers digging into his hip, a low whine in her throat.

He followed a minute later. Pressed deep, held her tight against him, and pumped another load inside her. Less than before, but still enough that he felt it overflow, felt the warm leak of it running down the inside of her thigh to the sheets.

They fell asleep like that. Still joined, still sticky, his face buried in her hair that smelled like vanilla and something that existed only in Veela blood.

#####

The next night.

After midnight, Ron went downstairs to "drink some water". He hoped for more, however. Hermione had been out for over a week now.

He didn't wear pants. He walked through the dark Burrow naked, barefoot on old wood, and headed straight for the kitchen. He reached the hallway and stopped dead.

"Fuck—"

He caught the word behind his teeth.

Fleur was there. Kneeling on the kitchen floor in the middle of the room, completely naked. Blonde hair loose around her shoulders, her pale body silver in the moonlight from the window. Her knees were together, her back straight, her one hand resting on her thighs. Her mouth was open wide, tongue out.

She held a glass of water in one hand. Like an excuse neither of them needed anymore.

"Ello, stranger." She set the glass aside on the floor and opened her mouth wider. Her eyes fixed on his cock, already hardening, hanging heavy between his legs as he stood in the doorway.

Ron crossed the kitchen in three strides. His cock was fully hard by the time he reached her, thick and curving upward, and she tracked it the entire way with those blue eyes. He didn't slow down. He grabbed the back of her head with both hands, fingers fisting in her hair, and shoved his cock into her open mouth.

All the way in.

He didn't ease into it. He pushed past her tongue, past the back of her throat, felt the tight squeeze of it resist and then give way as he forced deeper. His shaft curved to follow the bend of her throat. He kept pushing until his balls pressed against her chin, and her nose mashed flat against his pelvis.

Every inch of him was mercilessly buried in her throat.

Gluk!

Her throat bulged around him. He could see the shape of his cock distending her slender neck. Her lips were in an impossibly stretched 'O' shape around his thick base.

Her hands flew to his thighs, nails digging in deep, her body jerking as the gag reflex fought against the intrusion, yet she never pushed. Spit flooded immediately, pouring from the corners of her stretched lips, dripping from her chin in long strings to the kitchen floor.

He held her there, staring at the angelic face he was now tainting. The way she took him, he knew this was what she wanted. A rough, intense game of strangers.

Her nails clawed at his thighs. Five seconds passed, her chest heaved with no air getting through. Ten seconds, tears streamed down her cheeks. Drool poured from her mouth in a steady flow, pooling between her knees on the floor. Fifteen seconds, her face went red, her eyes hazy, and her nails dug so hard he felt skin break.

Then slowly, her nails went gentle. Her hands flattened against his thighs. Her throat stopped fighting. The gagging softened into a wet, rhythmic pulse around his shaft, her body accepting what it couldn't push out.

That was when he pulled out.

She gasped a full-body sound, her head dropping forward, mouth hanging wide open. Thick strings connected her lips to his cock, stretched and broke, draped from her chin. Her face was ruined, eyes streaming, drool covering her chin, lips red and swollen.

She looked up at him and smiled. Her throat was wrecked, her eyes watery, yet she was... smiling.

"Liked it?" Ron asked.

"Oui. Eet eez nice meeting you, stranger."

"Want more of that?" he asked again.

Fleur gulped with a struggle and bobbed her head. "Oui."

Ron bent down, scooped one arm under her knees, the other behind her back, and lifted her off the floor like a princess. She curled into his chest, her face pressing against his neck, her breath hot and ragged against his skin.

He carried her up the stairs. Past Fleur's door, to his own bedroom, where the toys were.

He kicked the door shut behind him, set her on the bed, and watched her fall back against his sheets. She spread her legs without him asking, her body still trembling from the throat-fucking, her blonde hair fanning across his pillow.

"Roll over. I have some toys you'll love having inside you."

Again, for another night, Ron found himself in bed with a stranger.