

I Don't Want A Lot For Christmas

by *belle4life*

This is a response to a Christmas challenge on GrangerEnchanted. Hermione longs for a certain redhead, but doesn't think he would ever notice her. She is very wrong.

All I Want Is You

Chapter 1 of 1

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HP is not mine.

Prompt on GE: It's Christmas, and as always the Loving Weasleys jump through hoops to make Hermione feel welcome. But what if on this night she doesn't want to be part of the family, in fact she would like one or two particular redheads to see her as something quite the opposite.

She scratched her arms. Looking down, she saw red scratches that were not from her stubby nails.

"Damn it!" she shouted.

"What's the matter?" Bill asked as he came up behind her with the rug for the tree. She looked back at him and groaned.

"No. Absolutely not. I just put that stupid tree up, got covered in red scratches because apparently my body has decided to develop an allergy to Fir trees, and now you bring in the rug. You do know, Bill Weasley, that the rug goes on before you put the tree in the stand, right?"

"You do know, Hermione Granger, that you are a witch, right?" he threw back with just as much sarcasm in his voice. "We invited you over to help put up the tree so you could have fun and hang out with the family. However, if Miss Sourpuss is going to be a permanent thing, then maybe you should leave our humble abode."

"Ha. Ha. Ha, you're so funny. You know I love it here. I'm just frustrated. This isn't a very good start to the holidays." She sighed as she plopped down into the comfy, old couch that formed perfectly to any body that sat in it. A hand reached out and picked up her scratch-covered arm.

"Let me see it, little one," his voice flowed like melted chocolate over her. "I have a balm that will soothe this; do you want some?" he asked, looking into her face. She nodded her assent, and he quickly summoned a large jar of some lotion like substance. He grabbed a glob of it and began to rub it into her arm. "My mom used this on us when we were little. I figure you are a part of this family, so you should get some too." He shrugged at his simplistic logic. Bill looked over at his little brother and smiled, wondering if he knew how much the brunette next to him fancied herself in love with him.

She kept feeling eyes on her. But whenever she turned to look, no one was staring. Maybe it was just wishful thinking. Besides, he wasn't even in the room, so how could it even be him? She sighed and bent her head back down to continue reading her book.

"Hermione, would you come help me in the kitchen?" Molly asked as she walked into the family room, rubbing her hands on the paisley apron wrapped snugly around her waist.

"Of course, Molly, just let me finish this paragraph and I'll be right in," she stated. Then she finished reading and placed the heart-shaped bookmark back in the crease of the pages. She loved holidays with the Weasleys; she felt like a part of the family. And that was the problem.

The Burrow was one of the warmest places on earth, both physically and emotionally. She always felt at home when she was there. But sometimes she just wanted to scream, "I'm in love with you," right to his face, since his bright red hair obviously blocked the many pathways to his brain synapses. But she couldn't do that, not to the family that had adopted her as one of their own. She would just suffer in silence, as always.

She washed her hands under the scalding hot water and walked over to the cutting board, slicing the salad ingredients by hand, wanting something to take her mind off of him.

"Hey, Hermione, you want to go a little gentle on those carrots? What did they ever do to you?" a deep voice asked from behind her. She didn't need to turn around to identify who it was. It was him. She smiled to herself at the simple fact that she was in his presence. He had an aura of comfort about him that just calmed her immediately. One of the many things she loved about him.

"Hi, Charlie," she stated as she turned around to look at him. "What can I do for you? Other than entertain you with my malicious cutting abilities."

"Well, Mum sent me in here to tell you that the wee ones are asking for their Auntie Mine. So I've come to collect you so that your powerful reading abilities can be put to excellent use once again reading a story that will take you five minutes to read."

"All righty then, I guess I'll just use magic to do this." She sighed at her loss of a chance to zone out. Waving her wand at the veggies, she watched them fly up and meet the knife in the air, slices falling perfectly into the wooden bowl waiting to catch them. "Onto the children!"

"Tree time!!" Ron shouted with excitement. "Everybody grab their ornament and get ready to place it on the tree. Come on, Hermione, get in here; you have to put your ornament on the tree." Hermione walked into the crowded living room, exhausted from reading the same story at least five times. How did they not get bored of it, she pondered to herself. She walked up to the boxes and pulled out her ornament, a miniature snowman with a book tucked under one branchy arm and a stuffed cat in the other. She held it up in the air and watched it twirl on the crimson ribbon wound tightly around her petite finger.

"You have one of the good ornaments," he whispered in her ear. She froze as his breath caressed her neck. Her eyes closed, simply savoring his closeness.

"What do you mean? Yours is perfect for you. It's a dragon, can't get much closer," she said as she turned around to look at him. She blushed at his stare and turned back to put her ornament on the tree. A freckled arm reached around her, and a dragon was placed right next to her snowman.

"Better watch out, little one; you play with fire, you might melt." His face broke with a charming smile, and she had to lock her knees to stop them from buckling.

"Ok, guys, you know what time it is," George said as his statement was met with groans and cheers alike. He chuckled at the disappointed members of the family. "Sorry to disappoint, but it is time for songs. You know the rules; everyone has to sing their favorite Christmas song, old or new, traditional or completely out there, doesn't matter, just get up and sing." There were several bad renditions of holiday classics. From Molly singing "Frosty the Snowman", to Arthur singing "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus", and even Harry completely butchering "Feliz Navidad." She sat through all of them praying she wouldn't have to sing, and yet hoping that she would. And if she did, praying that she had the guts to sing what she should, getting everything off of her chest and out into the air. Now, that was scary, no matter how bad Arthur's singing was, it wasn't even close to that.

"Hermione!!!" George sang. "You're next. Don't think that just because you are hiding in the corner, you won't have to go." He chuckled at her terrified expression as he tugged her up out of her comfy spot and to the front of the room.

"Ahem. Hi!" she muttered as she tried to calm herself. "Okay, well, yeah." Her eloquence went right out the window. She opened her mouth and began to sing.

I don't want a lot for Christmas

There's just one thing I need

I don't care about the presents

Underneath the Christmas tree

I just want you for my own

More than you could ever know

Make my wish come true

All I want for Christmas is...

You

She looked up for the first time and her eyes met his dark brown ones. She held his gaze, using it for strength even if he had no idea that she was singing to him and that it wasn't just her favorite song.

I don't want a lot for Christmas

There's just one thing I need

I don't care about the presents

Underneath the Christmas tree

I don't need to hang my stocking

There upon the fireplace

Santa Claus won't make me happy

With a toy on Christmas day

I just want you for my own
More than you could ever know
Make my wish come true
All I want for Christmas is you
You baby
I won't ask for much this Christmas
I don't even wish for snow
I'm just gonna keep on waiting
Underneath the mistletoe
I won't make a list and send it
To the North Pole for Saint Nick
I won't even stay awake to
Hear those magic reindeers click
'Cause I just want you here tonight
Holding on to me so tight
What more can I do
Baby all I want for Christmas is you
Ooh baby
All the lights are shining
So brightly everywhere
And the sound of children's
Laughter fills the air
And everyone is singing
I hear those sleigh bells ringing
Santa won't you bring me the one I really need
Won't you please bring my baby to me...
Oh I don't want a lot for Christmas
This is all I'm asking for
I just want to see my baby
Standing right outside my door
Oh I just want you for my own
More than you could ever know
Make my wish come true
Baby all I want for Christmas is...You
All I want for Christmas is you... baby

When the song was over, she blinked and looked away from his intense gaze, a gaze she had held for the rest of the song, the song she had sung for him. She couldn't believe she had actually just done that. And with that knowledge permeating her brain, she did the only logical thing; she ran from the room.

She sat on the tiny porch out back of the house looking out on the large, flowing fields. The lights from the giant rook in the distance just barely reached her eyes.

"You should have stayed. You missed a really entertaining sight. Why did you run anyway?" Ginny asked as she sat down next to her good friend.

"I just needed to get out of there and get some air."

"Why don't you just tell him?" Ginny asked gently as she placed a comforting hand on Hermione's shivering shoulder. Damn it, she had forgotten to grab her coat, no wonder she was cold.

"I just can't. He thinks of me like a sister, just like everyone else does, but with them I'm fine with it. I just want him to look at me differently. But he won't. I just need to stop. I was hoping that the song might get his attention, but it didn't." She sighed as she lowered her head and placed it in her hands.

"It'll work out, don't give up," Ginny said optimistically.

"Hey Hermione!! You want to come back into the house?" Percy called from the door. "We are opening presents!"

She stood up and looked out once more at the glimmering lights. She turned and walked back into the house.

The whole family was crammed into the family room, almost no space was left, but that was the way they liked it. She noticed Charlie was missing *Oh, great, now I've probably freaked him out so that he's going to constantly be hiding from his "little sister" who has a crush on him.* Great. Just great. They opened presents by age, as was the custom. First everyone opened Arthur's, then Molly's, and then Bill's and so on; till they got to Charlie's presents.

"Where is he?" Hermione asked the room.

"Oh, he just stepped out for something, he said he'd be right back, dear," Molly consoled.

"Yeah, he also told us to open our presents from him!" Harry said. The gifts were passed around, and everyone had one except Hermione. She sighed with disappointment, as everyone else opened a present from Charlie and she simply sat there.

"Mione, I think there is something over there in the corner, could you go grab it?" Ginny asked.

She walked over to the place behind the couch where she saw a loop of ribbon suspended in the air about two feet off the ground. A note was attached that said "To: Hermione, From: Charlie." She smiled as she pulled the ribbon up and something shiny moved as a body was revealed. She looked down with shock into the smiling face of Charlie Weasley. The room had fallen silent, and when she looked around, it had apparently also emptied completely.

"Happy Christmas!" he said with a shy grin as he stood up to his full height.

"I... um... umm..." she stuttered. Now that she was here she didn't know what to do. He smiled at her as he stepped closer to her.

"I must be really special if I am able to make the ever eloquent and chatty Hermione Granger silent." His shy grin turning smug. "I think, now correct me if I'm wrong, that you sang that you wanted someone for Christmas, and this is the part I may be wrong about, but I do believe that you were looking at me for the greater part of that little ballad. Am I right, little one?" She nodded her assent. "Well, here I am. Wrapped up and everything. What will you do?" he asked.

She looked down for the first time and saw that he had a red bow wrapped around his body. She let out a giggle of both panic and excitement. She looked back up at him, gazing into his chocolaty depths, and knew what she would say, or do rather. Her feet stepped forward and brought her within inches from his ribbon wrapped chest. Fingers danced into the air and tugged on the ribbon, it fell from around him and onto the floor. Then she rose up a little and gently kissed the man she had longed for. With only a second delay, his arms wrapped around her and he enveloped her into his embrace. Their lips melded together. She tapped her tongue against his lips begging for entrance, and he opened pulling hers into his mouth to continue this special form of dance. They broke apart when a cough sounded from behind them. She turned around to see Molly standing in the doorway with a big smile on her face. Arms wrapped around her waist from behind, and she looked down playing with the red hairs splayed across the muscular arm.

"Are we allowed to come back in to finish opening presents?" she laughed at the two standing in front of her, two so very clearly in love. They nodded their heads in a synchronized motion. "All right, you can come back in," Molly called to the kitchen. The rest of the family flooded the room, and Charlie pulled Hermione down onto the couch into his lap. His arms remained secure around her as he whispered observations in her ear.

"We were interrupted, little one; I didn't get to say all that I wanted to. I love your smile; it makes my heart flutter. Your eyes light up when you learn something, and when you are fighting or debating, they almost flare fire. Your smell drives me wild. It is so light and innocent, and yet there is something seductive about it, something that just makes me want to grab you and kiss you." As he said this, his thumbs were brushing against her bare skin under her shirt. She turned around to meet his eyes, and she leaned towards his ear.

"I may have removed the bow, but I didn't get to unwrap my present. You owe me, and believe me, I won't forget," she whispered seductively into his ear. As the promise sank in, a large grin formed on his face and he busied his lips against hers and looked back to his family. She continued to watch his face. A face she had dreamed of, one she thought would never look at her in that way, but he did. She couldn't wait to really open her present, she thought as she turned back to look at the rest of the Weasley family sitting around opening presents, a contented smile on her face.

I hope you enjoyed. Please review.