

The One Far Above

by FicklePen

Falling in love is never easy. Bill/Hermione.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: This story was written as a gift, for the lovely, wonderful kalinablue, who graciously created a banner for my WIP.

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I.

He smelled like rain.

Rain on concrete, with a musky undertone. Leathery, or perhaps *'Dragonny'* would better describe it, seeing as he wore Dragon-hide boots. Ever the rebel, with his fanged earring and long, shaggy red hair.

He looked good.

The scars did nothing to detract from his handsome features. He was manly and rugged. And she liked his hands. Really liked them. Big, strong hands that could lift her up and hold her against a wall as he did delicious, wicked and unspeakable things to her body.

But... he also looked lonely. Very lonely.

Once again, she was struck by how much Ron looked like his older brother. Or tried to.

She grimaced.

Thinking about Ron had always been a sore point for her. Even after eight years.

Halfway into their budding romance, the idiot decided that it would be a good idea to ignore his brain and think with his dick by sleeping with another woman called *Faye*. It's true what they say about Weasley sperm. It has a mind and will of its own. It was one of the reasons why she'd never gone beyond the groping phase with him. Risky business, especially because that's how he wanted her. Barefoot and pregnant with a Quidditch team.

The result of his liaison culminated with a knocked up, self-proclaimed 'war groupie', and Ron being pecked to near-death by a flock of angry, yellow canaries for the better part of five hours.

By the end, he'd been mortified, sickeningly sorry, and badly bleeding; she'd been devastated. And the groupie, who had been smugly triumphant with her entrapment until

that point, found herself staring down at the business end of Ginny's wand.

Rumour had it, the little cow was still scared of the words 'bat' and 'bogey' and would cry to order whenever they were mentioned in her presence. And she still had trouble meeting Ginny's eyes to this day, which was a juicy, added bonus.

Of course, Faye and Ron's relationship had never lasted in the end, and there was no love lost between them... but they still had a child together.

A beautiful, painful reminder. A little girl called Holly, with Ron's sapphire eyes and silky, flaming hair...dearly loved by her father, grand-parents, aunts, uncles and practically the entire Wizarding world.

At twenty-seven years old, Hermione admitted that she still felt a pang of longing whenever she visited the Weasleys' mater home. Which had been rarely, if ever.

But she'd moved on.

Two thousand, one hundred and eighty miles onwards to Cairo, in fact. To the current home of the eldest Weasley son.

He was sitting rather morosely at a table in the extravagant Khan El Khalili dining room of the Mena House Oberoi hotel, sandwiched between a few grumpy looking older wizards and equally grumpy looking goblins.

She tried desperately not to giggle.

His face was a picture of boredom and exasperation.

Hermione knew that she would never have the courage to interrupt a business dinner, so she quietly tried to walk by unnoticed to her own waiting table behind a specially partitioned section of the dining room. She was dreading the upcoming dinner, knowing that the waiting table would be filled with smarmy politicians, oily ambassadors, a Saudi prince (oddy enough), and their poor, dull wives... all of whom talked about nothing but their children and clothes.

Unfortunately, or fortunately, she was the only one arriving without a partner or husband. But as Head of the International Magical Cooperation, she was given a free pass. After all, they were here by her doing; it was always a good idea to keep relations sweet, particularly with the recent dissent amidst the Egyptian and Mediterranean goblins for fairer pay and equality. Something she was fervently supporting.

"Hermione!"

Damn.

She turned, her lips stretched into a pained, almost-smile. "Bill! I didn't see you there."

He stood, grinning dubiously, the gesture unable to reach his eyes.

Following his lead, the other members of his group rose and murmured their greetings, eyeing her with poorly hidden interest. Of course, they all knew who she was, having caused somewhat of stir with her appointment as the youngest department head of the British IMC.

Ever the diplomat, she smiled graciously in return. "Gentlemen." She glanced meaningfully at Bill and was relieved to see him nod with understanding before trapping her in a somewhat aloof embrace.

"Good to see you again," he said loudly, for the benefit of the eavesdroppers.

His scent surrounded her, warming her insides, but also making her shiver as his breath caressed the delicate shell of her left ear. "Room 394," he whispered, "pyramid view."

She nodded gratefully and placed a tiny lingering kiss upon his cheek. To the outside world it looked like a friendly exchange between acquaintances.

A more private reunion would occur *after*.

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Her palms were sweaty.

She wiped them against her midnight blue robes before softly rapping her knuckles against the door of Room 394.

It creaked open rather ominously.

Lips twitching, she slipped inside the darkened room and promptly found herself pinned against the closed door. Beyond the silhouetted shoulder holding her in place, and past the open doors of the balcony, she caught sight of the breath-taking views offered by the pyramids.

The sight never got old.

She drew her gaze away as a large, rough hand cupped her cheek.

"What are you doing here?" He was growling softly.

It made her melt.

"Business," she responded tartly.

The rumbling in his chest grew louder. He was always a little more beastly near the time of the full moon.

She loved it.

He lightly nipped at her jaw. "It's been a while."

"... Over... a month?" Unable to speak coherently whilst panting, she pushed him away, her knees trembling.

Even though she was glad, she was forgetting.

Forgetting how it all started.

A chance encounter two years ago; approximately six years after she'd finished with his brother. Meeting him here. At this same hotel. He'd been *celebrating* the conclusion of his divorce from the wretched Phlegm.

She'd listened to his drunken tale of woe that night, having been a little tipsy herself.

He told her that they'd argued constantly...he wanted children so very badly and she didn't. Apparently, Phlegm didn't want to ruin her figure *wiltzee ghasstlee brats*. It became a point of contention, always arguing, separating, then reconciling due to his mother's interference. A never-ending circle of depression and anger.

Until it had ended with a catastrophic divorce that was splashed across the front page of the *Daily Prophet*.

War heroes...apparently...didn't deserve any privacy in the eyes of the British press or public.

It was why they'd crossed paths in Cairo.

He'd been trying to escape public scrutiny, causing him to renew his global curse-breaking contract with the goblins, whilst she had been invited to give a speech on *Trading and The Future*, to a collection of political figures from the European Ministries.

They'd been pleasantly surprised to see each other.

She'd also been pleasantly surprised when she had awoken the next morning to find herself naked and covered with various love bites branding her pale, milky skin. Memories of being fucked into oblivion...from behind, on top, spooned, on the floor, in the shower, tied to the bed... By the end, she'd been a walking bruise, but completely satisfied. Sated and...happy. Even if she was a little shocked to learn that sex brought out the animal in him.

Literally.

Hence the love bites...

This...whatever *this* was...had been going on for the better part of two years in various hotels around the world, and she still couldn't get enough. Their schedules often collided, so they kept up the arrangement by mutual agreement. It was as if she had become addicted to the possessive, red bites he unconsciously bestowed.

Who knew that Hermione Granger had a fetish for kinky love bites? Especially the ones he branded on her arse.

It had come as a total shock for her, and a manly ego boost for Bill. Apparently, Phlegm disliked the wild nature of her ex-husband. She preferred him gentle and meek whilst Hermione preferred him rough and ready.

Which was a good thing for her, because Bill could be anything but gentle nearer the full moon, judging by how he was shaking her shoulders at present.

"I thought we were meeting in a fortnight. The Lake Palace, Udaipur?"

"So did I." She winced. His deep voice sent a tremor of pleasure right down to her groin.

Seeing and smelling the effect, Bill smiled wolfishly, his lips finding the sensitive patch of skin behind her right ear to nuzzle.

"I suppose I shouldn't complain," he murmured.

"Why?" she teased. "Were you getting lonely without your regular fuck fix?"

"Very." He pinched her bottom, earning a glare in return.

"Can you believe it's been two years since the first time? And at the same place?"

"Back to the beginning, eh?" Bill raised his head and stared deeply into her eyes. The chips of blue and green that danced merrily in the candlelight were wreaking havoc on her vulnerable heart.

"Yes. Back to the beginning. A good beginning."

Hermione gasped as his sharpened teeth suddenly rasped against her earlobe. His hands were at her hips, raising the silky material with a sly, naughty intention.

"William..."

He groaned with an intense desire as he pressed his entire body against her, completely sandwiching her between the door and himself. Her breasts were nearly squashed, but she could still feel her nipples straining against his chest as the hardening bulge in his trousers pressed uncomfortably into her stomach.

"You realise that you're the only one who calls me that, don't you?"

Hermione smirked. "You know you love it... William," she murmured sweetly, sliding a hand between their bodies and stroking him to further heights of unparalleled pleasure.

A deep, atavistic groan of bliss rumbled against her chest, and he found that he was sent sprawling over his carefully maintained line of discipline.

Without preamble, he forcefully spun her around with a speed that was almost inhuman.

Hermione's heart thundered against her ribcage as she pressed her fevered cheek against the cool, solid door.

She knew what was to come. And she was ready.

Feeling his uneven breath whisper against the tiny hairs on her neck, she bit her lip as he lowered his groin to nestle against her bottom, finding a home between her spread thighs.

"Fuck..." he groaned, all but dry-humping her from behind. Hermione wriggled impatiently, but stopped as soon as Bill nudged her legs further apart, giving her room to bend forward and raise her hips up to a comfortable angle.

In a matter of moments, her dress robes had been pushed over her waist, baring her unmarred legs to the sticky, humid air. She heard Bill softly swear once again, as he caught sight of her heeled feet.

All too soon, and without any wish for foreplay, he nudged her underwear to one side before brutally thrusting into her searing quim from behind.

They moaned simultaneously.

The impact of their bodies joining, raised her arse slightly, deepening the angle and forcing her to muffle a shriek of ecstasy as he hit her G-spot. All this was promptly followed by the door creaking as it was unable to take the weight of two bodies pressing against it.

It was clear that Bill was straining heavily against the desire to ram into her again, but for the moment he seemed to savour being fully ensconced within the burning heat of her body. His lips found the hollow between her neck and shoulder, and he lapped at the area like a starving man savouring his last meal.

She fairly tingled.

"You feel so tight, so fucking hot, *Hath*," he growled, his teeth clenched with Herculean effort.

Hermione trembled at the name he had given her; he thought her a goddess.

She bit her lip as his fingers dipped into the groove between her slick thighs and desperately tried to hold back a painful whimper as he found and tweaked her clit at his own leisure.

She rose and fell in an endless wave of bliss, nearing closer but never quite reaching.

Never achieving satisfaction.

Because he wouldn't *move*.

And she needed him to.

Desperately.

Panting, she rolled her hips and felt him shift minutely within her. He was so fucking hard and big, stretching her to the point of pain, but on the right side of heavenly delight.

It was enough.

Fuck, yes, it was.

It was more than enough for him to begin pounding into her recklessly, the slick skin of their lower bodies slapping loudly together in a rhythm that was as ancient as the dawn of the world.

She squeezed him so tightly within her...he grunted and snarled like a wild animal caught in a trap.

The door felt like it was going to give way. And still he continued...continued fucking her from behind, pushing her against it.

With her ear touching the entrance, she could faintly hear the mutterings and conversations of the other hotel guests; they passed by without a clue. She wondered if they would figure out why this particular door was battling with its hinges.

The creaking was almost unbearable.

Almost.

Because nothing could compare to the twisted, pained pleasure Bill was inflicting upon her.

He bit her shoulder, almost violently.

Marked.

Her head spun as the head of his cock hit her G-spot again. And again. And again. Until she no longer remembered who or where she was.

She was spiralling away from herself.

Plunging into an abyss where only they existed. Their bodies, moving, striving and offering the greatest gifts known to the world. All theirs. And then, she leaned forward, her arse sticking out further away, though her cheek seemed to remain fixed to the door. She cried out at the increased sensation of friction as he *fuck-fuck-fucking*, fucked her.

Everything seemed clearer, yet so much fuzzier, all at the same time.

Her orgasm exploded in her without warning, and she bit back a scream as the universe slowly ground to steady halt.

Though the room was still spinning.

Their breathing sounded louder and heavier to her, even though Bill was still slamming into her, her swollen walls contracting around him sporadically. For him, it seemed that the universe was still spinning.

So she kept up the never-ending rhythm, wishing he would finish, because she had and was starting to feel a little raw.

Her wish was granted, as mere seconds later, he followed her down the path to oblivion with a hard and heavy thrust until her body had swallowed his entire cock. The wet wave that pulsed from him seemed to almost drench and drown her from within. It mingled with her own juices and trickled down the insides of her thighs. He heaved a satisfied sigh and began to grind his balls against her quim, slowly rocking and pushing the remainder of his seed deeper inside; it felt like he was trying to stop it from escaping her body with the deep, continuous grinding.

As if he wanted a part of him to stay inside of her and never, ever leave. Even as his cock softened, he gave a few, weak thrusts before slipping out completely.

At that moment, her legs promptly gave way.

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"Say something."

"Something." Her eyes remained fixed on the ceiling, tracing invisible patterns.

"Deliberate stupidity doesn't suit you." He scowled.

Hermione grinned cheekily, her soul feeling lighter.

During the course of the night, and their spectacularly salacious activities, the bedding had somehow ended up on the floor in a twisted, sweaty heap. Her only cover was a sheet that hid nothing of her curves to his feverish, blue eyes.

"You're hurt."

She almost groaned as Bill's finger traced a particularly large, nasty love bite that was strategically placed just below the curve of her breast. "I'll survive."

There was the slightest hint of a smile on his lips. "I know. You always do; you're good at that. Surviving."

"Hn."

"You're doing it again," he sighed, annoyed.

"Doing what?"

"Pulling away..."

It was her turn to sigh, but not before drawing the sheet over her head. "Can you really blame me?" Her muffled voice sounded thick and heavy to her ears.

"No, I don't suppose I can."

"... I'm broken," she all but whined.

"We're all broken, just in different ways," he retorted.

Hermione didn't panic as he joined her beneath the sheet, now resting over both their heads. Even though it was hot, even though she was sticky and smelling of sex, she kind of enjoyed it. It was like they were hiding from the world.

Their own little nook.

They both lay on their fronts, heads facing one another, their noses almost touching...palms and fingers intertwined; her left, and his right. The rising sun seeped through the thin sheet, casting a pale amber glow around them. It made his hair burn red, like the centre of a flame. Red, like Mars. With the sky in his eyes.

She realised, for the first time, how beautiful he was.

"You're staring." He smiled hesitantly.

Gods, she wanted him to take her again. "Shall I stop?"

"No... keep staring. I like the way you look at me."

Hermione returned his hesitant smile.

Something odd flickered in his eyes. "I don't think I can keep doing this."

She froze. "What?"

He frowned thoughtfully.

And that was it.

The bubble of stillness that surrounded them popped. Popped, like her heart. She could feel it deflating and shrinking inside her. Whatever had been done to heal it was undone with a single, breathless sentence.

She couldn't stay. Couldn't humiliate herself further than she already had.

Without warning, she slid out of the bed and quickly began to gather her discarded clothing. Her movements were abrupt and aggressive. Hurt and pain, hidden beneath a cold façade.

"What are you doing?" He sounded panicked. Lost.

"Leaving."

He stumbled out of the bed, hands outstretched. "Don't go."

"I thought you said you couldn't do *this*, anymore?" She retorted sharply.

Bill laughed then, hands coming to rest on her shoulder.

A laugh that cut her to the bone.

She tried to shrug him off, but he wouldn't let her. She tried to struggle, but his arms had entombed her. Why did he have to be so bloody big?

"Silly, *Hath'*," he chuckled, "I meant that I don't think I can keep leaving you every time we meet like this."

Hermione stilled. Daring not to breath. To move. "I - I don't understand."

He tilted her head up and for a wild moment, she felt like she was sky-diving, only upwards. Falling and rising, all at the same time. "I meant that it gets harder and harder to meet like this, knowing that you'll leave. And I don't want you to." There was something unnameable in his aquatic eyes. An unspoken tenderness. He pulled her naked body closer, the clothes in her hands falling to the floor, unnoticed.

She couldn't name the emotion in his eyes... Though she'd seen it once before.

A long time ago, when she was a different girl.

Oh, crap.

"Bill?"

"You don't have to sound so scared," he muttered grudgingly. Then, before she could resist, he took the situation into his hands by forcing her onto the bed and trapping her beneath him. His strong, lean body turned out to be a rather comfy blanket.

What could she say?

She'd tried so hard to avoid this, but it had crept up on her anyway. Like a damnable plague of furry, radioactive spiders. She wasn't ready to be Spiderman. Girl. Woman.

She tried to blink away the tears in her eyes. "I'm not. Scared." She lied.

Bill looked down at her, like he wanted to eat her. But treasure her at the same time. "Good. Because I love you, you know."

Hermione shook her head. No, she didn't know. "Bu-how?"

He laughed loudly, head tossed back. "Was that supposed to be a word?"

Bastard. He was teasing her.

"How? Why?" she demanded.

"I just do." So simple. Was it really that simple?

"Oh..." Her voice trailed off and faded away as he placed small, delicate kisses along her jaw line.

The only place he hadn't marked with love bites.

Hermione inhaled sharply as he parted her thighs, his fingers stroking and caressing her breasts, before he slipped into her warm, willing body. It was nothing like the times before. It was slow and gentle, like ripples on a lake, spreading out from a small centre, but so far-reaching that it could circle the globe. Her hands found his back and she clung to him, limpet-like and happy. *So happy*. Because she was being filled by him. Surrounded by him. Enveloped by him.

Devoured.

And gods, yes, she loved him too! She did! Because she couldn't imagine doing this with anybody else. She wouldn't want to, ever again.

Their mouths collided gently, lips teasing and tugging, tongues twirling and licking. She felt dizzy, but grounded. He moaned into her mouth, the sound reverberating right down to the centre of her thighs. And then, he spilled his seed inside her, and though she didn't finish with him, she felt complete.

Like a circle.

A bright, red hula-hoop.

Trembling and still grinding, he brought her off with his fingers, and she shuddered around him in the longest orgasm she'd ever had.

The world was silent for a moment.

Quiet. Black.

Until the sound of his pounding heart and heavy breathing penetrated the thick fog that was clouding her mind.

"Do you?"

She nodded, reluctantly.

"Say it," he demanded.

She stayed silent, the words lodged in her throat.

"Please."

Resisting the urge to laugh, because he sounded like a petulant little boy, she pinched his pointed nose. "Yes, you silly, stupid man! I do..."

"You do..?"

"Love you." And until that moment, she didn't know why she'd been so worried. Because it was simple. So very, very simple.

Bill's response was to exhale joyfully as he trapped her fingers between his teeth.

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II.

Things moved on quickly from that night in Cairo. They'd travelled onwards together to Udaipur, taking in the delights of the lakes and palaces, a romance under the burning sun.

She couldn't help but feel overwhelmed by how quickly everything was progressing.

Could two years be considered a whirlwind romance? Perhaps it could, if you'd only just told the other person you loved them.

They decided that marriage was not on the cards for them in the near future. Their previous relationships were to blame for that. He was too jaded, and she was still a tad disillusioned.

So, no marriage.

For now.

But they both wanted children.

Hermione felt a little flutter in her stomach at the thought of a child. A boy with her hair and his eyes. Or a girl with gorgeous auburn hair and his eyes. His eyes, a mixture of the sky and sea, because they were so bloody beautiful that it would be a shame if they weren't put to good use in the genetics pool.

She blinked as he encircled her within his arms, her eyes fixed on the horizon. On the future.

"I've never seen anything like this," she whispered, afraid to break the spell.

They were standing on the edge of the lake, looking out at the floating palace. Suspended in time.

Breath-taking.

His gaze never wavered from the side of her face. "Neither have I."

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"She'll hate me."

"No, she won't. She adores you."

"Yes, she will!"

"Hermione, love, please get your arse in gear!" He pulled her towards the front door of The Burrow.

"She'll think I've corrupted another one of her *precious* boys!"

He shrugged. "So, marry me."

She goggled at him. "Don't say it so loud, she might hear you and get ideas!"

A tiny smile painted its way across her face as Bill doubled over with laughter. She staggered slightly as he pulled her behind a tree, placed quite helpfully beyond the fence of the entrance.

He muffled her protestations with a sound, wet kiss.

She felt like a naughty teenager. The kind with wicked, dirty thoughts.

"If you don't stop, I'll have you shag me against this tree, and then we'll *really* be in trouble," she muttered.

He growled, his hand resting on the tiny bump of her stomach. "Don't tempt me."

Casting a saucy look in his direction, she pushed him away and brushed down her clothes. She adjusted the scarf around her neck, hoping that the sensuous love-bruise wouldn't show. "You know... I just might take you up on that offer."

"Offer?"

"Of marriage."

He stared.

It was her turn to shrug. "Your mother will demand it, once she's heard the news. No point in delaying the inevitable."

Bill shook his head as she flounced away, her pert bottom wiggling cheekily at him. No one saw the ridiculously goofy smile on his face, or the odd little shimmy he did before following his pregnant, mini minx inside.

They would face The Matron of Doom together and pray she didn't give them a bollocking.

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Not everyone had taken the news well.

Ron had been livid.

She'd had to remind him of his own mistakes; he accused her of *using* Bill as a replacement. Which was stupid, because Bill was nothing like his ignorant, shabby little arse.

Tosser.

The yellow canaries made a comeback. With a vengeance.

Pregnant women could produce powerful hexes, Molly had once mentioned to her. Some sort of defence mechanism.

It worked like a treat.

His portly, pecked bottom ran laps around the back garden, until it was time for them to leave.

No one dared to question their relationship again.

They'd never admit it, but they were all a bit frightened of her deranged-looking canaries.

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Love was never easy.

It was not a fairytale in some book that you read about and then forgot. It wasn't always lust and passion, and hot, hot sex that made her want to scream the roof down.

Love was bloody hard work and a lot of patience. Trust and honour, and the whole shebang. She'd always been a bit impetuous, but she had learned over the years to tone it down.

They argued about many things.

His dangerous job, her demanding schedule. The children. His overbearing mother. *Her* overbearing mother.

The colour of the curtains. The hogging of covers.

And of course, the last chocolate biscuit in the biccy tin (an argument she always won).

Mundane things.

Sometimes serious, sometimes not.

But they'd always found their way back to one another.

She loved him...now, more than ever before. And she knew it was returned. So maybe it wasn't fireworks, obsession and connecting souls, or other such rubbish like that.

Maybe it was real.

Raw and real.

Something she could understand and deal with.

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Her reflection could tell a thousand tales.

"You look beautiful, always."

Tales of secrets, tales of lasciviousness...of sex, and a deep, abiding love...

"... Ooh! Are you sucking on my bum-cheek?"

Her body was a painted canvas of stinging, red bites.

"I'm going to mark every nook and cranny of you!"

His.

*"Uh...ughh... Bill! *pants* I'm pretty sure that was illegal..."*

She would never be his, not in the literal sense. She owned herself, but somewhere down this rocky, stumbling path, he'd decided to join her.

"Here... hold my hand, love."

And it was okay.

"Promise not to let me fall?"

Because she was his and he was hers. The universe was theirs.

"Always."

So they kept walking, hand in hand.

Fin.

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Added Notes: Insomnia is my muse, and it won't go away! Choccy bics to anyone who can guess Hermione's abbreviated nickname and its relation to the title of the story!