

Affairs of the Mind

by lady_t

Hermione is a married woman ... she has barely known another man's touch ... if temptation arises will she succumb?

Chapter 1 - Mrs Hermione Weasley

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N - I'd like to thank my beta, Battle of Lissa, for her skills and guidance.

I will try to update once or twice a week. Please leave reviews this is my first fanfic, and I'd love to know your thoughts.

Disclaimer I do not own this story or characters and do not make any money from it. I'd like to thank JKR for letting us dive into her world and swim in her imagination.

It was the day after Ron and Hermione were married. Their first day as husband and wife. They were living in a small cottage not far from the Burrow, where Ron's parents lived. Mr and Mrs Weasley had managed to rebuild the Burrow after the war, not to its former glory, but it was well on the way. Hermione had landed herself a job working for the Ministry of Magic. She was working on the accounts department and was looking after the Minister's personal accounts too. The Minister had taken a shine to Hermione, quite like the way most of her professors had at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Except for Professor Snape of course, he had always loathed Hermione and her friends.

Ron and Hermione had decided to put their 'honeymoon' on hold, as they couldn't afford a 'real' holiday straight after the wedding; Hermione wanted to wait until they could afford it rather than going somewhere a bit shabby and cheap.

While they were saving, Hermione decided not to take any time off work after the wedding, as Ron was on a very low wage working at his brothers' joke shop. Even though Ron had told Hermione he hated it, mostly complaining about George giving him the shitty jobs he didn't want to do...such as spring cleaning, tidying the shelves, counting stock. But Hermione secretly thought he actually loved it and that was why he was struggling to keep 'a real job,' as she called it. However, she insisted it was better than nothing and being unemployed.

Knock, knock, knock...

Hermione stirred, but did not awaken fully; Ron jumped up and out of bed as quietly as possible, trying not to disturb his new wife. He went to the door and could see it was his mother, Molly Weasley, through the glass and opened it.

"Hi, Mum," said Ron sleepily.

"Good morning, Ronald. I just thought I'd fetch you breakfast, as it's your first day of married life," she said happily.

"Oh, thanks, Mum. I'm sure she'll love it after all these weeks of her not eating properly."

"Yes, I'm very sure she'll enjoy it and have her full appetite back in no time. It was just pre-wedding nerves, Ron," she said, looking wary. "She might need a few days to get it back fully, mind."

"Thanks, Mum."

"Remember to ask Hermione if you both would like to join us for dinner tomorrow night," said Molly, "See you later, dear."

And with that, she practically skipped out of the house, obviously still high from the previous day's celebrations. Ron took the tray his mother had handed him and headed back upstairs. As he climbed back into bed with his new wife, Hermione finally awoke, smelling the freshly cooked bacon.

"Good morning... Mrs Weasley!" said Ron.

"Morning," she said back, feeling a bit grumpy. But surely, she couldn't be grumpy, could she? Hadn't she just married the man she loves? She answered 'yes' in her head, 'pull yourself together' she then added. "Sorry, Ron. I'm just tired after yesterday," she said with a look of apology in her eyes.

"It's okay; I forgive you, Mrs Weasley," he said with a cheeky grin on his face.

"Oh, God! Ron... how long are you going to keep calling me that?" she said, not realizing how hurtful she was being, but she was too annoyed to take notice.

"Well, it is your name now, isn't it? So as long as we are married."

"You didn't address me as 'Miss Granger' before we were married though, did you?" And without waiting for a reply, she added, "No! So 'Hermione' or 'darling' if you will please, Ron."

"Don't you want to be known as 'Mrs Weasley'?" asked Ron, looking hurt.

"It's not that, Ron, it's just a bit annoying when you call me it all the time. Now, I have to get up and go to work, where you should go too."

Picking up a bacon sandwich from the tray, Hermione got out of bed and headed for their bathroom when Ron suddenly started shouting.

"You didn't even take today off?" Giving her those boyish angry eyes, he gave her sometimes. "We got married YESTERDAY, Hermione! Anyone would think you've married the fucking Minister with the amount of time you spend there!" he said, spitting as he spoke.

"Oh, Ronald, really? Don't be so ridiculous! You want a honeymoon at some point this year I expect? I am only on the wage I am because of how hard I work, you know that! You should start thinking about that and get yourself a proper job instead of mucking around with George!"

Ron gave her an icy gaze and left the room without even touching breakfast. Hermione knew he was angry; Ron would never leave food unless he was really mad. She decided that she would have to make it up to him somehow... *show* him just how sorry she was. She hated that they had now fought on their first day married, and she would probably worry about it for the rest of the day. No, she wouldn't let herself; she would go into work, but only for a few hours, then when she came home early, she could surprise him with the new naughty lingerie and talk dirty to him. He always got nervous when Hermione was filthy, but she did it more for her own pleasure than his, and of course, it pleased him too.

The thought of this made Hermione horny, and with this feeling she went to her bottom drawer and pulled out the new lingerie she had bought for the next time Ron did something nice...or for when Hermione did something wrong and had to make amends...and she certainly had something to make up to her new husband.

Filled with excitement about her new plan, Hermione stepped into their shower. It was actually shaped like a mermaid and had a charm cast upon it to move, so it looked real. It was a wedding present from Ron's oldest brother Bill and his wife Fleur.

The water cascaded out of the mermaid's mouth, with strong jets from her nipples and finger tips. After washing herself and her hair, Hermione was more turned on than she had been in weeks. She thought it was something to do with the way the mermaid looked at her. She took the head of the mermaid, like one would of normal showers Muggles had. She moved it between her thighs. She was in complete ecstasy as the jets of water came out of the mermaid's mouth and bolted directly on her clitoris. The mermaid's eyes looked straight into hers. She was moving the main jet of water between her clit, pussy and arse, moving it between them to get the ultimate pleasure. Her climax came fast; she always had an ability to bring herself off within mere minutes. Admittedly, this is not how she had pictured her first orgasm of married life, but shrugged off that thought quickly.

Once she got her breath back and was clean from her sticky juices, she got out of the shower and dried herself.

Hermione didn't wear much make-up for work. A dab of blush and some mascara, while trying to do something with her untameable hair. She wore her hair up and curly, and it looked rather neat for her, giving a sort of wild look. She dressed provocatively today, so that she may work up her sexual awareness again and become aroused for her new husband. She dressed herself with laced black stockings and a matching suspender belt. The bra she wore didn't actually cover her nipples. It pushed her breasts up and together, but only cupped them, leaving the nipples exposed so one could clearly see them through her shirt. She then slid on her black lace knickers, but she took them off again almost instantly. She had decided that would make her moister with her naughty little secret playing on her mind all day.

When fully dressed in a black shirt and skirt with 2" stiletto heels...her 'work heels,' she then put on her robe and looked in the full length mirror in their bedroom. Even Hermione thought she looked rather good today. With her wedding ring feeling quite heavy with her not being used to it, she went over to the fireplace, and without so much as a 'goodbye' to Ronafter all, she was late, and she had a very naughty plan to make it up to him after lunch...she went to work on the Floo network.

Arriving at the Ministry as elegant as everpah! She thought, and then giggled to herself; people were actually staring at her...they noticed something was different! Dear Merlin! She hoped that they didn't know she wasn't wearing any underwear! No, calm down ... how could they possibly? She then passed it off and headed towards her office, when the Minister for Magic, Rufus Scrimgeour, shouted at her.

"Hermione, Hermione!"

She stopped and turned towards him.

"Hermione dear, what do you think you're doing at work today?" asked the Minister, looking a bit worried.

"Oh, Ron and I aren't having our honeymoon just yet and we need the money, so I thought I'd just come in for a few hours, Minister," she said completely normally.

"Oh, okay, in that case, Mrs Weasley, I'd like a word with you in my office in twenty minutes, please?"

"Yes, of course, Minister."

Upon Hermione's answer, Scrimgeour left urgently. *I wonder what he wants now* Hermione thought. The trouble with being the 'new girl' was that she had frequently come across tasks that were not in her current job description. Mostly, fetching things for the Minister when PercyRon's other brother and the Minister's pawas too busy doing 'more important' things. Hermione hated this, of course, but she couldn't refuse to do those things as working beneath the Minister for a year or two would do magical things for her career.

She carried on to her office and when she got there, she saw there was a note sitting on her desk.

Hermione

Could you come up to my office NOW, please

R. Scrimgeour Minister for Magic

Upon reading his last word, Hermione Apparated on the spot, directly outside the Minister's office. Before she had time to knock, the door opened for her.

"Hermione, my dear? Please come in," the Minister said in an excited voice.

How very strange, she thought as she entered.

"Please sit down," he added sternly. "Hermione, there is a new task I need to assign you to. It's a favour for a great friend of mine who is in need. However, it must stay an absolute secret. No one must know. Only I, the person it involves, Minerva McGonagall, and regrettably, the Malfoys know about the secret, and now you will too. But I MUST forewarn you, Hermione, this MUST and WILL be kept a secret by you, do you understand? You may not even tell your new husband of this, do you understand, Hermione?"

Hermione looked stunned. Now that the war was over, what could possibly be so secretive that she could not even tell her husband?

After what seemed like slightly too long, she mulled over the information in her head and finally said, "Yes, Minister, you have my word."

"This also means you'll have an extra hour or two a week to work, but of course you will be rewarded."

Scrimgeour looked happy with himself as he said it, as if he were aware of her financial situation.

"My apologies, Mr Scrimgeour. I am afraid my husband already complains about how much I work; I am not sure that I can take on anything extra, for my husband's sake, you see." She thought of Ron's gutted face after she told him she was going to be working more.

Scrimgeour looked Hermione up and down in a perverse manner and said, "Hermione dear, you do look positively stunning today. I can understand your husband's ... concerns, as I would have the same ones if my wife looked as you do ... in those ... stockings!"

Hermione looked down only to realise the top of her stockings were showing. She was horrified to see this, tugging her skirt down as quickly as she could before responding, "I hardly see what that has to do with anything, Minister?"

But the Minister cut her off instantaneously. "I don't mean to offend you, Hermione; I am merely complimenting you, and understanding your husband's needs. However, even after considering that, you my dear, are very, very intelligent, and I don't think I have another member of staff on my payroll that is as trustworthy and competent. May I also take this opportunity to also remind you of the contract you signed, to which it states that it is subject to change with the wishes of the ministry and therefore Minister? It is my upmost wish that you and you alone take the task I am going to assign you, and of course, my dear, you will be compensated most generously for your time." He said this while looking at her intently. "So, what is your answer, Mrs Weasley?"

Hermione had no choice. She had to say 'yes.' If she did not, she realised it would be worth her job. Ron and Hermione simply couldn't afford for her to lose that job. "Yes, Minister, anything you need," she said obligingly.

"Excellent," he said. Taking a swift look at the door behind her then glaring back at her, he pointed to the chair opposite her and said, "Sit, please." As Hermione did so, Scrimgeour continued. "Not only excellent recommendations given to me by Minerva McGonagall, and the only left by Albus Dumbledore put my faith in you, Hermione, the excellent work from you is clear and is great evidence to your abilities. Now, I am going to ask you to do something not exactly legal, but very well rewarded. If you wish to decline the offer, now is the time to do so, Hermione. As from this point onwards there is no going back."

This time he was keeping eye contact with her. He was waiting for her actual answer.

"Yes, Minister, I will accept," her answer came from thinking about her 'home life' with generous rewards; the way she would decorate the cottage was running through her mind, trying to keep her mind from whatever it was that was illegal.

"Very well. Basically, I want you to work out a fake wizard's paper work. So that on paper he is all above board, a pure-blood with a long family history. Unfortunately, his identity cannot be fully changed as he is only using Polyjuice Potion for short periods of time. His face is too well known to transform his paperwork permanently and not his facial looks. This ... wizard in question is ... is."

"Is what, Minister?" said Hermione, on the edge of her seat.

"Is ... well ... known to be dead." Again Scrimgeour was looking over at the door. Then with a sudden 'crack,' Hermione realised someone had Apparated straight into the room, directly behind her. She turned her head.

It was no other than her late Professor Severus Snape.