

# mm 0.7, License to Knit

*by Lady Dragonsinger*

She's the best of the best with a pair of knitting needles. She's Molly Weasley

## none

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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It had been a typical night for her, filled with passion and a chance to forget the horrors of the day to come. He had been caring and attentive, but once the sun rose on a new day, she sent him off on his way, having gone from tempestuous partner to an inconvenience in the completion of her work. Alone now in the light of a new day, she contemplated the assignment before her as she reached for her robe from the chair by the window. Making her way through the scattered garments from the night before, her mind was focused on how to best accomplish the mission she had taken on, the knitting of the family gifts for Christmas.

She poured herself a butterbeer, shaken not stirred, and made her way to the kitchen table where everything waited for her to begin. The knitting needles were the best Galleons could buy, which was no surprise because only the best would do for one of her caliber and were kept in a quick removal knitting needle case made of finest fabrics. The yarn was soft and sensuous, silks and alpaca among the assortment laid out on the table. Patterns were sorted by the difficulty to complete but one should not be fooled into thinking that the stack on the easy pile were all that easy. She never took on the easy work for she was Weasley, Molly Weasley, and she had a license to knit.

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A/N: Much thanks to Blue Paris for betaing this.

This story is a result of having one too many versions of the James Bond theme on your mp3 player on a six-hour drive.