

# Antiques Roadshow

*by blue artemis*

Hermione and Bill find far more than hidden treasures when they find themselves working together.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Author's Chapter Notes:

This was written for the bill\_ficathon on LJ. It was a gift for lilbitbord. Her prompt is at the end.

Molly was in a dither. "But why wouldn't he have told us that he was coming home? I don't understand."

"Molly, love, you know how Bill is. You never liked Fleur and unfortunately you were right. He doesn't want to hear anything about that or any lovely girls or anything." Arthur was trying to calm his wife. "We wouldn't have known anyway, if Ron hadn't told us."

"And the only reason Ron, his youngest brother, knows is because Hermione told him." Molly was building up to a full out tantrum.

"I know, love. Isn't it nice that she is still friends with him, even after everything?" Arthur knew he could distract Molly with that little comment.

"She is a good girl. I really wish she was a Weasley. I like her so much better than Lavender. Any woman who would do to Ron what she did is not a good person."

Hermione had returned to Hogwarts for her seventh year, as much for a break from the insanity of the year before, as to find something she really wanted to do. She didn't think she wanted to work for the Ministry anymore. She was having a nice, calm, quiet year when Pigwidgeon showed up one day, more frantic than usual. The letter he carried was quietly devastating.

*Dear Hermione,*

*I'm getting married. I kind of have to. You know last month when you told Luna and Ginny that you had decided to just laze about in the sun by the lake instead of going to Hogsmeade? Well, Lavender found out about that and used her bonus check from Wizard's Quarterly to buy some fertility potion. Long story short, it overcame the charm I used, and now she's expecting. I have to marry her. I'm really sorry we never got a real chance to see if we could go anywhere. I hope we can stay friends.*

*Love,*

*Ron*

Molly had been beside herself, but was distracted by the thought of a grandchild. In the meantime, Bill had quietly divorced his wayward wife, who had found comfort in the arms of other, "more civilized" men during the full moon. He had returned to Egypt, heading the traveling branch of the Gringotts curse-breaking team.

Hermione had done a paper combining Runes, Potions and Charms and was hired right after her NEWTs were taken by Gringotts. She had been apprenticed to one of the best goblin ward-masters and was occasionally called upon to help with the curse-breaking team. She and Bill kept in occasional contact, but since she was friendly with most of the Weasleys, she thought nothing of it.

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"Ron, what did you mean by your outrageous comment?"

"Mione, it isn't that outrageous. Bill has been writing to you far more than any of us. He could have sent Adrian, or Justin, or even Draco. He is coming back to London for you."

Luna looked up from her place next to Harry. "I think Ronald is correct, Hermione. Bill always did seem to have less wrackspurts around you as opposed to Fleur."

"Of course he wasn't as distracted, Luna. I'm not a Veela."

"Oh, you could be more distracting than a Veela if you put your mind to it, Hermione, just not the bad kind." Luna smiled serenely.

Hermione just huffed at her friends then headed home. She decided to read through her letters from Bill, just to see if she could discern anything like what Ron and Luna seemed to be implying.

Hermione went to her 'treasure chest' as Harry had named it and pulled out the box that held her letters. She read them in chronological order.

*Dear Hermione,*

*Thanks for writing to me. I think most people couldn't think of something to say. You made me laugh. I appreciate it very much. I know for a fact most people would not think of looking up American films in Cairo and sending me tickets. I will let you know what I think of "Raiders of the Lost Ark."*

*Bill*

*Dear Hermione,*

*I don't know whether to send you your very own hexed puzzle box or the finest Honeydukes chocolates. That movie explained so much. Now I know why some of the Muggle-borns in my year called me Indiana Jones when I said I wanted to be a curse-breaker, and explained what that meant. Did you know there are two more films in the series? Now I have a little fact for you, my knowledge-craving friend. Did you know that George Lucas is a Squib? Muggles think he based that story on the serials of the '30s and '40s, but really, it was based on the adventures of his Great-Uncle, Mortimer Lucas, the well-known curse-breaker. Please see if you can get my father to go to a showing. He knows those stories well.*

*Bill*

*Dear Hermione,*

*You are a love. Getting Harry to rent out a theatre for the family was a good idea. Otherwise, from what I hear from various Weasleys, you might have had to call out the Obliviators. I'm so glad you liked the rune puzzle I sent you. It isn't as fancy as some of the ones the older families have, or as Draco puts it, the 'wealthier' families, but it will do. I've included a note from him, by the way. I think you might want to sit down when you read it. No, it isn't anything bad, so get that cute little furrow out of your brow.*

*Bill*

Hermione smiled to herself as she read that one. That first letter from Draco started a firm friendship. He had been self-deprecating and apologized profusely. He also asked her to develop a stronger sunscreen for him. It had started her side business. She turned back to her letters.

*Dear Hermione,*

*Are you all right? Ron told me what Lavender tried to do at little Arthur's naming ceremony. Mum really cursed her to tell the truth? Last time she did that, Fred and George had to tell the truth for two weeks. I wonder what other deep dark secrets we are going to hear after this.*

*Bill*

Hermione had forgotten how much Bill's concern had made her smile after Lavender tried to "accidentally" poison her by blending pineapple into the lemon curd cake. Hermione was very allergic to pineapple. She had just gotten used to checking every food item surreptitiously, and therefore did not eat the dessert. When Lavender tried to press it on her, Hermione loudly asked her why she had modified Molly's recipe. Chaos reigned after that.

*Dear Hermione,*

*Remind me never to get you angry. Draco has been laughing for three days about the "creative use of warding" you did to Dolores Umbridge. It was even better to find out that when she contacted the goblins to complain about you, they promoted you. They actually respect you quite a bit, even more so because you took control of what you owed and paid them off monthly with interest. Please, if you see Ron, tell him not to send Lavender to the bank anymore. She's tried to shortchange the payment once too often. They are going to go after him soon. I really wish I had been the one there to witness your anger. Draco says you are even more gorgeous with your hair crackling from the power of your magic.*

*Bill*

Hermione read that letter three times. She couldn't believe she had missed that the previous time. He said she was even more gorgeous. She dove back into her missives to see what else she had missed. *Maybe Ron was right. Bill might actually be interested in more than friendship.*

*Dear Hermione,*

*Thank you. I appreciate you letting me know about Fleur's disastrous attempt to blackmail Lucius Malfoy. I do not blame the man for asking for a paternity charm. And to think she wanted her child to be his heir. Draco is currently blasting things to pieces, but he said that he thanks you and Harry for your intervention. I didn't know Luna knew how to shut down the Veela allure like that.*

*I could just kiss you when I realized you were the one who gave Malfoy the ammunition to shut down Rita Skeeter. You should see the tripe she was going to write. Gringotts now has an injunction against the Daily Prophet saying all articles about any of their employees need to be run by the bank's fact checker, or all of their debts will be called in. I've heard you were to thank for the charm that alerts the bank to any articles that include their employees.*

*I must tell you Ragnok was out here and informed the others that you were worth your weight in gold. I could have told him that.*

*Bill*

Dear Hermione,

Gringotts has assigned my team to retrieve a cursed rune puzzle, of all things. The energy seems to be emanating from a Muggle neighborhood in London; I believe it is called Portobello Road. Would you be willing to help me retrieve it?

Bill

Love,

I have everything set up for us. Gringotts keeps an apartment at the 39 Suites Hotel, 43 Queensborough Terrace. We do have to go to Gringotts London to get the keys. Unfortunately, there is just one bedroom, but there is a sofa. We should be fine. This shouldn't take more than a week. They don't want us transfiguring anything, though, because of the electronics. Did I get that right? I know it isn't eklecktronics, as my father would say. Are Muggles really that rule-oriented? You should see the list the travel goblin gave me. I think I will bring it; it should amuse you.

I will see you in three days,

Bill

Hermione read the letter she had received two days ago. She hadn't even realized Bill had addressed it to "Love."

I have to pack! My mother used to love that Antiques Market. Hermione started darting around her flat, getting things ready for her week away. She was glad she currently was between familiars, Crookshanks having passed away the year before. Although that wasn't one of the letters she re-read, she remembered the condolence letter Bill had sent her, along with a photo of her and Crooks lazing under a tree near the pond at the Burrow. She had it framed and near her bed. She was a bit confused as to what she was feeling. I'm anticipating seeing Bill. Not the job, not the hunt, not even the haggling we will do with the antique dealers, but Bill. Maybe I shouldn't get my hopes up.

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I really can't wait to see Hermione. Draco's stories and the photos he brought back just really aren't enough. I wonder if she's willing to give me a go. Maybe I shouldn't get my hopes up. Bill finished his packing, then headed for the International Floo station. His crew noticed the bounce in his step.

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"I hope the boss finds what he's looking for in London," Adrian said.

"I agree. Hopefully she's amenable." Draco had high hopes for Hermione and Bill.

"It can't be that hard to retrieve something from an antiques market." Justin looked confused.

Everyone threw whatever they were holding at him. It wouldn't have been so bad if Draco hadn't been holding scalding hot coffee.

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Bill arrived in Diagon Alley and stopped by Gringotts to pick up the keys to the flat. He decided to pick up some shepherd's pie and ice cream while he was at it. He figured he couldn't go wrong with triple chocolate brownie crunch. He then set out for Hermione's. Her flat was located in a nice set of buildings behind the British Museum. Although her flat was under Fidelus, she had figured out a way to only make it invisible to those who meant her harm. Her Muggle neighbors had no problems seeing her flat. Bill was holding the food and his duffel bag in both hands, making it difficult to ring the bell so he transferred one bag of food to his teeth, balanced the other on his duffel, and was reaching out to ring the bell when Hermione opened the door.

"Oh!" Hermione cried out as she caught the flying bag of food and shifted so that Bill could catch himself on her shoulder.

After some fancy footwork, Bill got the bags safely into the flat, and instead of her shoulders, caught Hermione around the waist and swung her around, catching his balance as he did so.

"Hello, beautiful!"

"Hi, Bill. It is good to see you."

Bill was thrilled to see a guileless smile, one of Hermione's trademarks, being aimed at him. He took a chance and leaned over and kissed her on the cheek.

"I think we are going to have some fun getting this rune puzzle back. The goblins want us to scope out the market and shops on Portobello Road. We should just get a feel for it today, play tourist during the week and then obtain the rune puzzle and any other magical artifacts we might discover, dark or not. Some might have recovery value, and some could be saleable."

Hermione smiled at Bill's enthusiasm. It was nice to deal with someone who enjoyed his job as much as she liked hers. "It will be a nice break for me. Also, I can see if there are any unusual wards in the area; we know there are some magicals living there."

"So, shall we head out? I have the keys already."

"Sure. Do you want to Apparate or would you like to take the Tube?"

"We are supposed to blend in. Let's take the Tube."

"Excellent! Let's go!"

"Don't you want to eat first?" Bill looked amused at Hermione's enthusiasm, but she got the feeling he was laughing with her, not at her.

She nodded, and set the table. They enjoyed the simple food, then headed out to the Tube station.

"Do you know how these work?" asked Hermione.

"Sort of. We use a token or a card, then we get on the train, and we get off at the location nearest our destination, right?" Bill had studied Muggle transportation as part of his job with Gringotts, although he'd never had to use it, at least not in London.

He was very pleased to see Hermione's bright smile. "Exactly. I will show you the machine. I have an Oyster card, which I can refill, and I have a spare one which you can use. That way we don't have to keep buying tokens or passes, and if there is anything left, well, the cards are always good."

"I will have to tell Marlok. He is in charge of transportation, and if they can keep refillable cards, they will be pleased."

"Are they ever really pleased?"

Bill laughed at Hermione's perceptive comment. "On rare occasion, love. This will just please them because it is expedient."

As they reached the Tube station near the British Museum, Hermione reached for Bill's hand without thinking. Bill took it gladly. As adventurous as he was, a large train,

stories of electrified rails and jostling crowds worried him a bit. An anchor to hold on to turned it into a joyful adventure.

Hermione showed him how to refill the Oyster card and then hold it up to the reader so that the bars would open to let them through.

"A Muggle *Alohomora*?"

"Not quite. The machine reads the card very quickly, like a wand scan, sees that you have enough money on it to pay the fare, deducts the fare, then opens the door, all in a blink of an eye."

"Has Dad ever done this?"

"Yes, but usually we have to tell people he's from out in the country so that they don't take his enthusiasm wrongly."

Bill snickered.

They got on the train, and there wasn't any room to sit, so Bill kept Hermione close, since he could easily reach the overhead bar, and she had to be happy with the pole. Some guy he didn't like the look of kept eyeing her, so he pulled her closer. She looked up at him, confused, and he smiled down at her. Hermione decided to take a bit of a risk and leaned back, feeling Bill's strong body behind her.

*I wonder if she would mind if I moved my hand down a bit. Nothing crude, but just enough to show that guy eyeing her that she is my girl.*

Bill smoothed his right hand down from Hermione's waist to her upper hip, and held her close. It certainly was not the way a friend would hold anyone and a clear warning to the other man.

*He's acting like I'm his girlfriend. But he isn't being all caveman about it. I think I like it. This is going to be a good week.*

*She didn't stop me. In fact, she seems pleased. This is going to be a good week.*

They got off the Tube at the Bayswater Station. It was at the edge of Hyde Park, and Bill filed that information away as possibly being a good place for a picnic. Unlike Fleur, he knew Hermione would appreciate the company and the fresh air. She didn't have to be seen at the poshest locations.

Hermione took his hand again. "The flat will be that way," she said, pointing a bit north and west. Bill nodded at her and followed her lead.

"This is nice, isn't it?"

"What is nice, Bill?"

"Just keeping each other company, taking a nice walk. I can be quiet with you. I like that."

"I like it too."

Bill suddenly paled. "Hermione. Honey, we may need to send you home on Wednesday night."

"Why, Bill?"

"Because the full moon is going to be on Friday. I can handle most things up until two days before the full moon. That day, well, if I'm alone, I'm fine, but if I'm with a woman I find attractive, I am insistent."

Hermione looked at him, assessing his words. "Bill, I'm not scared of you, I never have been. We will play it by ear. If I think I need to leave, I will. Otherwise, I'm with you for the whole week, all right?"

Bill let out a breath he didn't know he was holding. He had a couple of symptoms from Greyback's attack. Right around the full moon, he preferred his meat rare and his food spicy. He also would get sexually aggressive. Fleur didn't like that; she wanted to be worshipped in bed. She wanted to be the predator, not the prey. He knew if Hermione stayed, they would have sex, and he just hoped she could handle him when he wasn't being tender.

Hermione considered how far they had already come and her comfort level with Bill already. *I think he thinks Wednesday night will be our first time, and it will be too rough for me to handle. This situation has an easy enough solution. I seduce him sometime between tonight and Tuesday, so that Wednesday is not a surprise. He doesn't realize I like variety in my sex life.*

Hermione had spent a couple of years working with an older warder, a very attractive man in his early forties from Australia. They had a rather intense affair. He was pleased to find a woman who was willing to try things, and she was happy to find someone who was willing to teach her. He had moved on, and she had considered him a learning experience. Since they had been discreet, and there were no bitter recriminations, the goblins had decided Hermione could be trusted to do her job no matter what. She hadn't realized he was her final apprenticeship test. Many other warders had lost their jobs when they couldn't keep their personal lives separate.

Bill knew of this practice the goblins had, of course. He had been Fleur's "distraction" and she had failed. She would have been doomed to office work had they not married. Bill didn't let any of his issues affect his work and therefore was still considered an asset.

"Hermione, I was just thinking, who did they have as senior warder on your final apprenticeship trip?"

"Funny, I was just thinking about that myself. It was David Sommersby."

"Really?" Bill had heard of the man and his proclivities. They only sent him after the ones they really hoped to keep. If the warder passed, they were granted their Mastership; if not, they were passed on for one more test.

"Yes, Bill, really. You know how curious I am about everything. I considered it a wonderful learning opportunity. He was only doing what the goblins wanted, but he did find me attractive. There was no baggage, no hero worship, just sex. It worked. Do you know him?"

"I know of him. They give most warders a second chance after him."

Hermione laughed. "Yes, he told me in a letter after the fact. I think people get too caught up in their idea of love, and don't realize that variety can be fun."

Bill looked at her thoughtfully. *This may work better than I thought.*

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They reached their flat, which was a one-bedroom apartment in the hotel. They had their own kitchen. It was a nice queen-sized bed, an en suite bathroom and what they called a power shower. In any case, it looked perfectly comfortable for a week.

"This is a heck of a lot better than a tent in the desert."

"Or a tent in the Forest of Dean."

Bill and Hermione smiled then started laughing. Bill grabbed Hermione around the waist and swung her around again. This time when he set her down he kissed her on the lips.

Hermione stopped still for about two seconds, then responded enthusiastically. Out of all the kisses she'd ever had, this one felt the most right.

They pulled apart reluctantly, then smiled.

"Hermione, I know we aren't going to have any problems getting the rune puzzle. This wizard is greedy, so money should do it. I pretty much headed here hoping that all of our letters would have meant something. It seems like it has. Are you willing to give us a go?"

"Absolutely, Bill. That was the best kiss I've ever had. I've had more fun today talking and eating with you than I have in a long time. If we can work it out, this might be a long-term thing. As much as I wondered what would have been with Ron, I don't believe it would have made either of us happy in the long run. We are much better as friends. I haven't dated anyone who can handle me as I am all the time. Maybe that will be you." Hermione was thoughtful as she spoke, making Bill want to kiss her.

"Now, we have a couple of hours before they close down the market today. Let's go to Portobello Road." Hermione grinned at the thought of all those antiques.

Bill grabbed the special wallet given to him by Marlok, made sure his wand was secure in its holster on his arm then made certain Hermione was doing the same.

"I saw that, Weasley. I'll have you know I have been in charge of seventeen different warding trips. I know to have my wand at the ready."

Bill was quite ready to apologize until he saw the sparkle of amusement in Hermione's eyes. He lunged at her and tickled her.

"No! No! C'mon, Bill, stop!"

"What do I get for stopping?"

"How Slytherin of you. You can choose where we eat for dinner."

"Not good enough." He started tickling her again.

"A kiss!"

"Nope, we've done that already." More tickling.

"Fine! I'll suck you off once we get the rune puzzle."

That stopped Bill short. He liked the idea that the well-spoken witch was willing to talk dirty to him. "Let's go. Let's go, now."

Hermione laughed delightedly. The last man she had dated wanted her to be prim and proper, even in bed. She liked being able to be herself.

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Bill set out at a quick pace, his mind on the little witch walking beside him.

"Do you feel that, Bill? It is a familiar buzzing."

"I feel something, Hermione, but it isn't familiar to me. It is a little menacing, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. I'm guessing this is why the goblins want us to get the rune puzzle as soon as possible. Even the Muggles couldn't miss that."

They walked up the street, past the Scottish Woolens store, through a few of the stalls and tents, aiming unerringly for the source of the menacing buzz.

"I see it, Bill. And I know why that feels familiar. That is the Black crest on that puzzle. This puzzle must be one of the things that Mundungus Fletcher stole from Sirius."

"Dung died years ago. I wonder who got his stuff."

"The witch selling the stuff is wearing a glamour."

They walked up to the table in a booth midway up the left side of the antiques market on Portobello Road.

"Hello there, Miss. How much for this nice globe?"

"Oh! That is on sale. I haven't had much luck with things since I got that from my supplier. Five hundred pounds."

"That is on sale?" Hermione asked. "We can give you two hundred pounds."

"I won't even cover my rent with that," the glamoured witch responded. "Four hundred pounds."

"Three hundred," countered Hermione, leaning forward.

"Three-fifty, and that is my final offer."

Hermione turned to Bill, who nodded. "Done!" Bill pulled out seven fifty-pound notes and handed them to the witch.

She in turn wrote them up a receipt, which Hermione took and put in a special pouch that would register the magical signature. It felt very familiar to her, though. She was guessing Padma or Parvati.

Hermione smiled at the witch. "Thank you so much! This will look beautiful on the mantel."

Bill watched the disguised witch out of the corner of his eye. She heaved a big sigh, then muttered that she would never again take anything from Seamus Finnegan without running as many scans as she knew.

"We are going to have to let Harry know that Seamus Finnegan is dealing in stolen goods."

"I will send him a message tomorrow," responded Hermione. "That makes sense, considering I think that witch is one of the Patils. It always amazes me how well the goblin masking works for these jobs."

The two of them walked the rest of the market, noting where they saw the tell-tale signs of magical energy. They picked up a few fresh vegetables at the stall at the end of the Market, then ate at one of the Indonesian restaurants.

"We can try that Thai place on Wednesday," Bill said as he pointed out a restaurant.

"Sounds good. I like spicy food." Hermione didn't notice the pleased look on Bill's face when she said that.

They returned to the flat and put the rune puzzle in the transfer box given to them by the goblins. Before saying the code to transfer the items within, Hermione wrote up a report, explaining they would be using the rest of the week to pick up as many of the magical items as they could, and to investigate the strange wards in the area. Bill signed it as well, and then turned to Hermione.

"Honey, I was just playing earlier. You don't have to do anything you don't want to do."

Hermione smiled smugly as she fell to her knees in front of him. Bill gasped as he felt her cup him through his jeans. She unzipped him carefully, then pulled him out. She was delighted at the size of him and showed her appreciation by kissing the tip. His eyes rolled back as she manipulated his sac while sucking the upper part of his penis. She ran her tongue along the length then took him in as deep as he could go.

"Hermione, love, I'm going to come."

Hermione's response was to hum around his length. Bill could no longer control himself, and let go in her mouth. As spent as he was, he still twitched when he saw Hermione lick her lips to get the last of his seed as she swallowed.

He tucked himself into his jeans and knelt down to pull Hermione into his arms. He kissed her, tasting himself on her tongue.

"I owe you one."

"We have all week, love."

"Yes, we do."

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Bill and Hermione cuddled into the bed that night. "I really didn't expect you to do that, sweetheart."

"I know. It is one of the reasons I did it."

"Oh. What was the other reason?"

"I wanted to, Bill. I've always remembered how good you smelled and felt to me. So I wanted to see if all of you was that attractive."

"So--was I?"

"Oh, yes. Absolutely."

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Hermione woke up slowly, her breast in the palm of Bill's hand, and his erection pressed up against her backside. She realized he was already awake when his hand started to knead. She pressed back against him, and he pinched the nipple. Instead of scolding him, she moaned in appreciation. Bill slid his hand down her slightly rounded belly into her folds. His index finger began to tease her nub. As she began to writhe, he pressed her down with his body, then bit the nipple he wasn't pinching. Hermione bucked up into him, so he used his leg to spread hers apart.

"You ready, love?"

"Yes, Bill! Now! I want you inside me now."

He surged forward, pushing deep inside her. Hermione moaned in pleasure. They fell into rhythm together, rushing toward their climax. "Harder, Bill, I'm almost there!"

Bill followed her request, almost driving her into the headboard. She screamed her pleasure to the ceiling, calling out Bill's name. He followed, shouting, "Hermione!" as he came.

"That was a hell of a way to wake up, love."

"Yes, it was. We need to shower and get started picking up those other magical items."

Bill smiled. He remembered his brother complaining about Hermione's bossiness, but he found he liked the way she spoke. He realized that in her own inimitable way, she wanted to get the work out of the way so they could play.

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Bill and Hermione had managed to buy at least fifteen magical items, some dark, some not, from the stalls and tents in the Market by Wednesday. The food had gotten progressively more spicy, and Bill had become a bit more dominant in the bedroom. Hermione was in heaven.

"So, are you leaving, love?"

"Not a chance, Red. What have you got for me?"

"I believe I owe you one," Bill said as he pulled her skirt up, and her knickers off. He tossed her on the bed and dove in after her. He pinned her down with one arm, then licked her from her puckered back entrance to her clit. He suckled and nipped until he had his witch writhing in intense pleasure. She cried her climax out loudly, making Bill smile.

He took some lubricant from the end table and dipped his finger into her anus. Hermione gasped. He flipped her over and played with both of her entrances, with forays to her nub. Hermione came so hard she almost passed out.

"Wow."

"Is that all you can say?"

"Yes."

"Then I've done my job."

Hermione laughed.

"Love, can I ask you something?"

"Anything, Bill."

"Do you think you would be willing to let me in here?" He was running his finger around her rear entrance as he spoke.

"OK. But you have to stretch me out good, you are pretty big."

"Don't worry, love. I will make it good for you."

"You were really hesitant, Bill. Why?"

"Look, love, today was just the beginning. Tomorrow and Friday, well, I'm going to want you pretty much any way I can have you. I won't hurt you, not more than a spanking, and I know you like that." He smiled thinking about Tuesday night. "But I will want in your mouth, your pussy and your arse."

"Good thing we don't have to do anything on Saturday but get back to my place, isn't it?"

Bill was thrilled. He had found his match, intellectually and physically. He thought one of the antique rings he found would suit her perfectly.

Thursday and Friday found Hermione and Bill in bed most of both days, with breaks only for food. Bill practically growled at one man who smiled a little too brightly at Hermione, making her laugh.

"He's no match for you, Red. Don't worry about it."

Saturday, Bill slipped out early to get Hermione some pain relief potions and breakfast.

When he returned, she had packed up the room, and was waiting for him with a smile. His breath was taken away by the beautiful, glowing witch wearing a light yellow sundress. Then he saw the fingerprint bruises on her wrist.

"Honey, I didn't hurt you too badly, did I?"

"What are you talking about, Bill?"

"Your wrist."

Hermione looked down. "Oh, that must have happened when you had me pinned up against the wall. I hadn't even noticed."

"I don't want to hurt you, love."

"Bill, honey, if we had been on the bed, I wouldn't have bruised. I was the one teasing you about taking me against the wall. You have some bruise salve, don't you?"

"Yes, I was going to rub it on your bottom. But let's get it on your wrist."

He did that quickly, then started to lift up her skirt.

He was taken aback when Hermione swatted his hand away. "Don't you dare, Red."

"What do you mean?"

"I want to feel that, Bill. I enjoyed the spanking, and all the different things we did over the last two days. That just gives me a little physical reminder."

"You really are my match, aren't you, love? I like leaving my love-bites alone for the same reason." He got down on one knee, pulling a box out of his pocket. "Will you marry me, Hermione Granger?"

"Yes, Bill. I most definitely will."

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Draco, Justin and Adrian were all waiting anxiously to see who the new ward-breaker was that Bill had brought back with him from Gringotts London.

Draco laughed delightedly when he saw the head of bushy hair following their boss. He was even happier when he saw the wedding bands.

"Found what you were looking for in London, boss?"

"As you can see."

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Many thanks to kyria of delphi for the cheerleading and Southern\_Witch\_69 for the excellent beta job, as always.

Prompt from lilbitbord: 2. Bill is sent by Gringotts to retrieve a dark object (location up to you); he enlists (insert a name here) for help.