

Rainy Day

by Amethyst

A rainy day at the Burrow, and an unusual couple finds a way to pass the time.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The following do not belong to me the characters, the setting, money (I'm broke and not making anything from this odd habit of mine). What do belong to me a car that doesn't run, a van that does, three kids, three computers (one that needs the hard drive reformatted), too many bills, and a husband that is too much like Ron Weasley (which should hopefully explain why I have a weird sense of humour and don't write Ron/Hermione stories)

Rainy Day

Through the rain-soaked kitchen window, Hermione watched as the boys and Ginny played Quidditch in the back paddock of the Burrow. It was an off-season rainstorm in early August. Molly was off doing her weekend shopping, while Arthur was out in his garage tinkering. Suddenly, she felt very lonely.

Watching her friends frolic in the rain on broomsticks, she decided she wanted some company. With one last look out the window, she dashed out the door and to the garage. She could always pass the time away answering his questions about Muggles and their gadgets. She was drenched by the time she made the short sprint through the garden and opened the door.

Arthur turned around to find her shivering in a soaked, white, cotton sundress. Her normally bushy hair hung in dripping strands. However, his eyes focused on her braless chest, the dark circles around her nipples shimmering through the wet fabric.

Neither spoke as he continued to stare, and she realised where he was staring. Over the last few weeks, she'd made several obvious attempts to get Ron to progress the nature of their relationship from snogging to more. Not once had he ever looked at her like this. Like his father was.

Oh, Merlin! she thought. *His father is looking at me like he wants me, and it doesn't bother me.*

Not being one to pass up an opportunity, she made the first move. 'Can I help you with something, Mr Weasley?' she asked, ignoring the fact that she was standing there sopping wet.

When he only nodded in response, she took a very forward action. She walked up to him, grabbed one of his hands in hers, and held it to a breast.

'I like the way you are looking at me,' she whispered into his ear, making sure that her lips grazed his lobe. The moves she tried that had failed on Ron seemed to have worked on his father.

He kissed her back as his hands found the small white buttons down the centre of her dress. His lips trailed down her chin and throat, and while his fingers deftly undid each button, his lips christened each newly exposed area. However, as he did so, he murmured, 'Shouldn't do this. You're Ron's girl. What would Molly think?'

Hermione didn't want to broach the subject of his wife, but did assure him that whatever she had with his son, it wasn't this. 'Ron doesn't want me this way. He just likes the idea of me. I've let him see me more exposed than this, and he acts like I'm his sister. He's never looked at me like you are, never touched me like this. Please don't stop.'

He had opened her dress to her belly button and was suckling one nipple while fondling the other, continuing to murmur his guilty whispers, but never once stopping his actions. As he switched to the other nipple, she wrapped her fingers in the sparse red hairs on the back of his head and kissed the bare skin up top, slowly drawing her tongue out now and then.

It was his undoing. The last of his resolve faded, he picked her up and laid her onto his workbench. Pulling down her knickers, he nuzzled his nose into her naughty bits. His tongue reached out and tasted her. Daringly, he then captured her clit between his lips and suckled it as he had done with her nipples, his tongue, occasionally, lapping out to tease it.

Throughout all of this, her legs remained wrapped around his neck, and her hands continued to tease his scalp, threading her fingers through his red hair and grazing his ears from time to time.

While his lips worked her clit, his fingers teased her fanny, probing and stretching her virgin muscles. Again, he murmured guilty, 'Not right, too precious a gift.' But he never stopped his ministrations.

As her breathing became shallower and quicker, he moved his attention up her body and claimed her lips for the first time since she'd kissed him. His tongue parted her lips and sought out her tongue, allowing them to taste each other. He distracted her mind as their tongues duelled, positioning himself at her entrance. Without warning, he plunged into her, breaking her barrier, and making her the first woman he'd had other than his wife. He felt guilty, but not as guilty as he should have felt.

She stiffened at first from the pain that pierced her with his entrance. The brief pain quickly turned to pleasure as he continued to thrust deeper into her. Each time he moved his thick member into her, she clamped down with her muscles, gripping him in a way he had not expected from a virgin.

No wonder he has seven children, she thought as an orgasm ripped through her body.

Their lips had broken away long ago, and they came screaming each other's names.

They stayed together, him standing as she rested on the bench with her legs wrapped around his waist, his dick softening within her. One minute. Five minutes. Thirty minutes. They couldn't tell you. All they knew was that their timing was right. Minutes after they'd cleaned up and dried her clothes so that she could redress and appear to be helping him sort his Muggle gadgets, the pop of an Apparation signalled that Molly was home. Shortly after, she barged into their sanctuary.

'There you are, Arthur. I can use your help putting things away if you don't mind. Hermione, dear, would you go tell the others that supper will be in ready soon and they should clean up. If I know them, they are quite muddy and will need plenty of time to clean up.' Hermione had never noticed how she often seemed so condescending when she spoke to others.

The next day the sun came to stay, and the remaining weeks of summer passed too quickly. Before Hermione was ready, she was boarding the Hogwarts Express for her final year of school. Sadly, she waved good-bye as Arthur and Molly watched the last of their brood and Harry and Hermione pull away with the train.

It was Halloween when Hermione wrote this letter:

Dearest Arthur,

I miss you terribly. Ron is seeing Lavender again, and I couldn't be happier for him. We are all making plans to spend Christmas at the Burrow. Perhaps, you could convince Mrs Weasley that it would be best to board Lavender with Ginny and give me my own room. Ginny's room is nice, but it is a bit cramped with two, and with three we would get snippy with each other after the first day.

There's another reason that I should have my own room. I'll look a bit different the next time you see me. Not much, just a bit thicker around the middle, maybe a bit of a pouch, if I eat right and exercise instead of reading all day. You see, I'm going to be a mummy soon. In late April or early May, I'll have two little bundles of joy with bushy, red hair. I can't wait! I'm already making plans to take my N.E.W.T.s over the Easter hols. Then I'll make arrangements for childcare. I've secured a part-time trainee position with a private Healer in Hogsmeade. I went to her instead of Madam Pomfrey; you know Poppy has to report things like this to the headmaster, and I wanted to do that myself. This Healer, she took pity on me having been in a similar position herself and offered the position for six months after I give birth. I just need to get by until then, which should be no problem as I'm already starting to plan.

I hope this news makes you happy. Can't wait to see you! December seems like such a long way away.

Love Always,

Hermione

Thanks for reading! Thanks for reviewing! Thanks to SW who kindly beta read this several times (hopefully, I didn't miss any of her comments, this last time)!

I know that this is unconventional, but if you don't like, please just hit the back button. Flames are not wanted.