

How a Sports-Obsessed Husband and a Nagging Wife Can Lead to a Night of Fun

by snapemylove

My response to #4 of the Potter Place Fall 2006 Prompt Challenge. Hermione Weasley and Lucius Malfoy have an unexpected run in at the Three Broomsticks five years after the final battle. Will sparks fly?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: The warning refers only to some heavy drinking. The prompt for this story is listed at the end. Enjoy!

I never thought my life would turn out like this. I should be heading up a research laboratory somewhere, or an accomplished Potions Mistress, or the first female Minister of Magic. I should be doing something important. I wanted to make a difference in the lives of others. Instead, I am sitting in the Three Broomsticks, utterly alone and well on my way to being pissed.

When Ron and I married five years ago, I thought we'd have an unparalleled life of happiness together. That just goes to show you how very wrong I can be! Ron and I eloped just weeks before what became known as the Final Battle. Our parents were furious with us, of course, but we felt we needed to reaffirm our love both for and to one another before we were forced to face the uncertainty of the war's conclusion. Unfortunately, the elation brought on by not only our survival but also our triumph in the war did not last long. As soon as we were both healed and all of the official celebrations and memorials were over, I began contemplating my future prospects. Ron had other ideas and decided it was time to "lay down the law." Unknown to me, I had been pregnant at the time of the battle and had a miscarriage while still in the hospital, due to the injuries I incurred. Ron had been devastated and decided that now that the danger was over, it was time to begin our family in earnest.

I had no intentions of staying home to raise a brood of kids. In fact, I wasn't even sure I wanted to have children at all and told Ron as much.

He, however, insisted that he most certainly wanted children and that no wife of his was going to have to work. He would be the family's breadwinner, just like his father.

Honestly, didn't he realize that even the Wizarding World, as old-fashioned as it can be, had progressed beyond the Victorian era? I not only wanted to work, I needed to work. Thus began our ongoing marital war.

About this same time, Ron auditioned and won a reserve position for the Chudley Cannons. Daily Quidditch practices began immediately. As a famous war hero and a best friend of the famous Harry Potter, Ron made friends quickly. Soon, not only was he gone all day for practice but was also out all evening as well, drinking with his new

friends. I tried to join him once, but discovered that very few of the players were married and wives were not welcome at the evening festivities. This new development quickly added further irritation to our already troubled marriage.

Less than two weeks after Ron joined the team, we had an explosive confrontation. He came home late, drunk again. I had been home alone all day, and all he wanted to do was talk about Quidditch. I had had enough!

"I don't bloody care, Ron! I refuse to listen to another bloody word about Quidditch, the Chudley Cannons or your teammates! You are married to me, Ronald Weasley, not those overgrown, lame-brained, dunderheads you call friends! You leave me here all alone all day long. You refuse to allow me to work or continue my education, and then, when you finally decide to grace me with your presence, you do not even have the decency to show me a moment's concern! You don't ask me about my day or try to spend some quality time with me. Or any time with me! No, you just ramble on about *your* life, *your* career, *your* friends! Do I even have to be in the room? I'm putting my foot down. I agreed to be your wife, Ron, not your prisoner! Do you realize that I've not even had a decent shag since you joined that bloody team?"

Then, I stomped off to our bedroom, threw his pillow into the hall and warded the door so strongly that it would have taken an entire team of Gringotts' curse breakers a month to break in!

Not much has changed since that night. Five years later, Ron is still a Chudley Cannon, although he is now the starting Keeper rather than a reserve player. He still attends every practice, every match, and every party faithfully. And he still talks incessantly of Quidditch whenever I happen to see him.

In reality, the only major change over the past five years, took place three years ago. I had long suspected Ron's infidelity, but tried not to make assumptions without actual proof. The day one of his girlfriends came looking for him at our home, I immediately accepted Minerva's standing offer to fill Madam Pince's empty position and moved to Hogwarts.

I now spend my weekdays and nights at the castle. Sometimes, on weekends, I do return to our Hogsmeade cottage. Ron is not usually there. Though, when he is, I am still forced to suffer through endless prattle about Quidditch this and Quidditch that.

Actually, that is how I ended up here at the Three Broomsticks tonight. Ron sent me an owl yesterday morning to notify me he would be home this weekend. He wanted me to also come home and spend the day with him and Harry. I haven't seen Harry much in the last couple of years, so I agreed. I arrived home last night, and for once, things seemed to be going okay. Of course, once Harry arrived, all talk turned to Quidditch. I tolerated the mindless statistics and the endless stories until dinner ended before making my excuses and heading here, in an effort to drown my woes in firewhisky.

I have been sitting in this darkened corner booth for just over an hour now while Rosmerta has obligingly kept my glass discretely refilled. I know I'm nearly thoroughly pissed because I feel as if I could float, and I'm warm and tingly all over. It's a very pleasant feeling, actually, but I'm getting tired of firewhisky. What was that pretty pink concoction Ginny drank the last time we were here together? Oh, yes, now I remember.

I contemplate standing to walk to the bar, but decide against the intelligence of such an attempt. "Roshmersha," I call from my seat. Looking toward the bar, I see she is talking to a blond wizard. A rather well-dressed, well-off looking, blond wizard. Long shiny hair. Nicely shaped shoulders. Cute little bum. Now, that's what I need: A wizard like that and a little bit of fun. *Hmm, wonder if I could get such a man's attention* I muse as Rosmerta sashays over to my table.

"What can I do for you, Hermione?"

"I wanna Wanton Hushy," I declare. "You know, that pink ting Ginny Weashley always getsh."

Rosmerta gives me a puzzled look. "You alright, Hermione? I don't think I've ever seen you like this before."

"Yeah, I'm fine. My sho-called hushband and beshest friend jush would rather talk about bloody damned Quiddish than realize I'm alive ish all." I try to scowl, but I don't think my face is following orders anymore.

Rosmerta just gives me another odd look before shrugging her shoulders. "I'll bring your drink in just a minute. Just promise me you won't do anything stupid, like try to Apparate." Then, she walks away, leaving me to concentrate on my sulking.

I'm once again absorbed in my depressing thoughts when my drink appears on the table before me. It takes me a second or two to realize that the person standing at the edge of my table is not Rosmerta, as I had assumed, but rather the blond wizard from the bar. It takes a moment more before my eyes clear enough to clearly make out his facial features. *Bugger it all to the ninth level of hell! So much for my night of fun and indiscretion.* The man before me is none other than Lucius Malfoy.

"Good evening, Mrs. Weasley. I was wondering if I might join you. Rosmerta's told me that you are drowning your sorrows. I thought perhaps we could drown all our sorrows together?"

I don't know the man very well. He worked alongside Severus Snape at the end of the war, providing very helpful information for the Order. Lucius, however, always kept to himself, never saying more than "hello" and "goodbye" to anyone other than Severus. But then again, there's no better time than the present. So, I attempt a smile and motion to the other side of the table.

He is quite obviously much more sober than I, but nevertheless proceeds to explain what has brought him out to the Three Broomsticks tonight. Apparently, he is also having domestic problems. It seems now that the war is over and most of her friends are either dead or locked in Azkaban, Narcissa is at quite a loss over how to amuse herself. In an effort to make some friends from "the other side," she wants to throw a grand gala, inviting nearly the entire remaining population of Wizarding Britain.

Lucius, however, feels it wise to keep a low profile now. Even after everything came out in his Death Eater trial, very few people actually few people are convinced of his loyalties. Even fewer actually trust Lucius.

But, Narcissa, or Cissy as he calls her, refuses to give up her "brilliant idea" and has begun nagging him about it every waking moment. Lucius has come here to escape the begging, pleading, yelling and whining of his wife.

"So Mrs. Weasley..."

"Her-mi-o-ne," I interrupt. "I don't wanna haf to be reminded of my ashoshiation with than damned man."

"Okay. Hermione. Am I correct in assuming, then, that Weasley is the cause of your current woes?"

I pout and bob my head in assent. "Current, pasht, and future I'm sure."

"Anything you'd like to talk about?" he asks encouragingly, leaning forward and tucking his chin onto the backs of his hands.

With that, the floodgates burst. I tell him all about how Ron didn't want me to work and how he expected me to have a big gaggle of kids. I explain how upset he was when I took up as librarian at Hogwarts, even though he was always gone with that bloody Quidditch team. I even tell him about Ron's affairs.

"I shwear if he ever shes the word 'Quiddish' again, I'll turn hish bits into Shnitches!" I end hotly.

Lucius is the perfect picture of compassion and empathy. He slides his hand across the table to clasp my own. "It sounds to me, my dear, as if you have been sorely neglected. Perhaps there is something I could do to rectify that little situation for you," he purrs in a lazy drawl. This tone would normally elicit a roll of my eyes, but tonight it sounds very enticing.

I can't help it. I giggle. Ron has been having his fun for years now. It's time for me to have a little fun of my own.

"Is that an offer or a promise, Mr. Malfoy?" I tease, my voice sounding more breathy than usual.

"Oh, that is most definitely a promise, my lady. You are in desperate need of some tender, loving care," he confirms, drawing out his last statement so that it sounds extremely seductive. "But first, Hermione, we really must dispense with all of this formality. I would very much like to hear you call me Lucius."

"You are a very different man than you used to be, Lucius. I think I'm gonna like this man very, very much."

Lucius smirks. "Why don't you just finish up your drink, Hermione, and I'll go settle up with Rosmerta. I think this conversation would be better suited for a more... private... setting."

I down the last of my very pink Wagon Wheel and soon Lucius returns to the table with a bottle of champagne tucked under his arm. He shrinks the bottle to place in his pocket, and then holds out a small vial of opaque blue liquid. "Take three drops, Hermione. Just three ... that will be enough to sober you up enough to walk on your own without completely dispensing that state you've worked so hard to attain. Rosmerta already has a bed made up for you upstairs and won't agree to let you leave tonight unless you take the potion."

I uncork the vial and allow three drops to fall into my mouth as Lucius instructed. Sure enough, within minutes, I feel the potion's effects. I am now sober enough to question what I am about to do, but thankfully still drunk enough to tell my rational brain to bugger off.

I accept Lucius's offered hand and slowly lift myself from the seat. My legs are indeed holding. Pleased with my newly increased balance, I request a moment to "freshen up." Upon returning, I accept his arm, and we leave the bar behind us.

As soon as we clear the edge of the Three Broomsticks, though, he pulls me into the darkened alley that runs along side it. "I thought it might be easier for you, if I Apparate the both of us directly to Hogwarts' gates, rather than having to walk the entire way. Is that acceptable, my dear?" he asks. All the while he clutches the back of my head and waist in his hands and caresses my neck with gentle kisses.

"If it gets us there sooner, by all means, please...", I trail off as his lips become more urgent and more demanding.

"Patience, Hermione. I promise to make it all worth your while." Then, suddenly, with a low, rumbling growl, Lucius turns me and pulls me roughly to him. I can feel the heat from his hard body pressed against my back, his arms wrapped tightly around my chest and abdomen. "Ready?" he purrs into my ear. His breath is hot against my ear and neck.

My breath catches in my throat. "Yes," I whisper.

This is definitely shaping up to be a very fun night, indeed!

A/N: Potter Place Prompt #4: Lucius is tired of Narcissa's nagging and decides to go and have a few drinks at the Three Broomsticks. Who does he run into? None other than Hermione Granger, of course, who is equally tired of her husband Ron's incessant talk of Quidditch. Can these two former enemies find something interesting to do while they pass the time away from their significant others?