

A Room Of Requirements

by madjh

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One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione sat on the plush settee in the middle of the room with her eyes clenched shut and her face a deep shade of red. "I don't believe this," she moaned.

"Believe it," said Bill, disgusted, "we're stuck."

Hermione prised open her eyes, caught another glimpse of her surroundings, and clamped them shut again. "How could a room like this be allowed to exist? Why hasn't anyone done anything about it before this? I mean, how are we supposed to get out of here?" Her voice was increasingly more shrill as she spoke each question.

"I think you know the answer to that," spat out Bill. "You can hardly be ignorant on the subject."

That did it. Hermione's eyes flew open, and she levelled a glare on the red-haired man who leaned against the fireplace, studying her. "You know what I meant!" she snapped. "It's not like we can actually do what this room requires. I mean, we barely know one another. And you're engaged!"

"You think that hasn't crossed my mind?" he growled. "I don't think Fleur is going to be at all forgiving about this, even if we've got no choice!"

"No choice?" whimpered Hermione, her lower lip trembling. "There's always a choice," she asserted, trying to comfort herself.

Bill snorted. "Yes, you just sit there and think through our plethora of choices." He paused for a moment as though to give her time to think. "Finished yet? Come to any grand conclusions?"

"Well, you're the Curse-Breaker! Get us out of here!"

Bill lowered himself to the stone slab that sat in front of the fireplace. "This room isn't cursed, Hermione. It's a bridal chamber. Archaic and obsolete, yes, but cursed, no."

"So, we actually have to..." she drifted off.

He rubbed a large hand wearily over his face and through his hair. "Yes, unless we want to remain in here forever. Not that I recall any story of a couple not succumbing. I would guess many a reluctant bride has lost her virginity in here. You are a virgin, aren't you?"

She flushed a deeper red.

"Ah, well, that would have likely solved our quandary. After all, chastity and purity of blood went hand in hand. Let's just hope it's only consummation they want and not the begetting of an heir."

"What?" screeched Hermione.

"Calm down, those sorts of rooms are very rare. After all, not many men would consent to being locked up as well."

"We're in the 'Most Noble House of Black'," she reminded him ominously.

He sighed. "Are you always so pessimistic?"

"No, I'm pragmatic."

"Oh, really?" he scoffed. "So all your whimpering over there has been pragmatism?"

"No, that's called denial. These things have stages, you know. I've almost reached acceptance, just give me a moment."

He was watching her with an amused expression, but she ignored him as she went over a series of possibilities in her mind.

"Fleur can't really end your engagement over this. I mean, would you end it if she were raped, through no fault of her own?"

"Rape?"

At his harsh tone her eyes flew to his face.

"Listen, Hermione, let's get one thing straight, this isn't rape. It can't be. I won't let that happen."

The shock and hurt on his face touched her, and she felt compelled to explain. "No, in the traditional sense, it's not rape. I don't mean to propose that you're about to commit an act of violence against me or me against you. Just that neither of us is willing and neither of us has been given a choice. We do this, or well, like you said, there aren't any reports of couples spending their entire lives in one of these rooms."

Bill shook his head in apparent bemusement. "You dissect things to their smallest parts, don't you?"

"I don't mean to," she whispered. "I just need a solution. There's an answer in there somewhere."

"Do you have any pressing engagements this evening?" he asked.

"No," she laughed softly.

"Then why don't we just talk for a while." She nodded and he walked over to sit next to her. Close, but not touching. "It's funny, I don't think we've ever spoken to one another. We've been in the same room upon occasion, but I don't really know you, do I?"

"Ron's talked about all his brothers," began Hermione, feeling quite foolish. "At least I know something about you, from a personal perspective, I mean."

"Hmm, so since you know so much about me, I get to ask the first question, eh?"

"Yes, I guess you do," she murmured. She held her breath, apprehensive about the sort of questions he might ask.

"Well then, before I shag a woman, I absolutely have to know what her least favourite food is."

Hermione let out a nervous giggle. "My least favourite food?" she repeated in disbelief.

"Yes," he replied sagely. "I couldn't be with a woman who doesn't like fish and chips."

"I couldn't imagine life without fish and chips!" she gasped, only half joking. "But as for my least favourite, I've got to say kippers."

"Yes," agreed Bill. "Nasty slimy things, those are. All right then, your turn."

"Hmm." Hermione pretended to carefully consider her question. "What is your favourite colour?"

"Blue," he answered swiftly. "That's all right, isn't it?"

"Yes, yes," she assured him. "Anything but yellow. I can't abide by perpetual sunniness, and it makes me look sallow."

"Yes, I must agree, yellow is not to be borne as a favourite colour." They continued to ask each other the most completely inane questions they could think of. Hermione dissolved into giggles when he asked which brand of socks she preferred, but she got even by asking him how many buttons were on his favourite shirt.

"Are you in love with my brother, Ron?"

Hermione blinked at the unexpected question but answered immediately. "No." She took a deep breath and said more slowly, "No, Bill, I'm not. We've never even dated or even talked about dating. And before you ask, I'm not in love with Harry, either."

"I suppose you'll be wanting to ask two questions of your own since you gave two answers. But I'm afraid you're out of luck. One question per turn."

She barely resisted the urge to stick her tongue out at him. She was enjoying the banter, but she understood that the questions were going to be a bit more serious now. "Of course. I would never demand two answers simply because I offered an extra one for free. No, no, only one question. What are you going to tell Fleur about all this?"

"Only one question indeed." Bill gave her a dark look, and the tone of his voice was quite sour. Hermione gave him a smug grin. He was the one who'd changed the rules; she was simply playing his game. He closed his eyes and sighed heavily. "I don't know what I'll tell her. I don't want to think about it. I only know that we can't spend the rest of our lives in here. Though, if you'd admitted to being in love with my brother, I might've given the life sentence a shot."

"She will forgive you, right? She does love you, doesn't she?"

"That's more than one question," he grouched instead of answering. Hermione kept silent, waiting for him to answer her questions or ask one of his own. Either way, it was his turn to speak, not hers.

He finally broke the silence with a soft and serious voice. "Even when I haven't stumbled into a Bridal Chamber with a virgin witch who isn't my intended, there are a lot of difficult questions about Fleur that I'm not sure how to answer. My family tolerates her for my sake, but... I don't know, Hermione."

"You're being very honest to admit that," she whispered.

He shrugged. "I haven't even been that honest with myself. But I started this game, didn't I? I might not have stated the rules outright, but honesty was a given."

"I'm scared, Bill. I would normally try to hide that, but if we're being honest, I have to tell you that I'm terrified of what we have to do."

He turned towards her and laid a comforting hand on her shoulder. "Why, Hermione, why are you so frightened?"

She hung her head. "So many reasons. I know most girls my age have thought a lot about sex, if they haven't already done it, but I've had so many other more important things to think about. I'd always thought there'd be time later to learn more about it. I I don't know what I'm doing."

He let out a harsh self-deprecating laugh. "And I'm not the one who ought to be teaching you."

"I don't know who the one should be, but you're right, it shouldn't be a man engaged to marry another woman. If this room was created to encourage the beginning of a happy marriage, you'd think it would recognise that!"

Bill smiled sadly. "That's not its purpose. It was created to ensure arranged marriages were consummated. Those arranging the marriages hardly cared if the couples shared true love."

Hermione's stomach rumbled. "I don't suppose they allowed for food to be Summoned? We could be talking for a long while before we finally justify what we have to do to get out of here."

Bill snorted. "You know, the threat of starving to death might have been good for motivation, but hardly romantic." He motioned towards a tray that had appeared on the table behind them. "We purebloods must keep up appearances, after all."

It was Hermione's turn to snort as she reached for the platter of fruit and cheese. "Apple?" she said, offering him a slice.

"Don't mind if I do," he replied, leaning over to nibble the fruit from her fingertips.

Giggling at the absurdity of it all, she fed him a grape next. When her stomach rumbled again, he plucked a bit of cheese and held it for her. She took it from him, biting gently on the pad of his thumb as she did. His hand lingered near her face, and his index finger traced the line of her jaw. "This will be all right," he whispered. She closed her eyes and let him draw her into his embrace. Leaning back against him, she could feel the beating of his heart and the rise and fall of his chest with every breath.

They sat in silence as Hermione finished her meal. Bill held her steady with one arm as he reached with the other to pour them both a glass of champagne. She accepted the bubbly drink gratefully and sipped at it. More relaxed after having talked and eaten, she looked around the room. On the walls hung tapestries depicting various sex acts. On one wall was a list of virtues expected of a new bride. She snorted softly as she read the admonitions of subservience. She stared for a long while at a picture of a man kneeling between a woman's thighs. "Have you ever done that?" she asked softly, hoping that he knew the direction of her gaze, as she was unwilling to motion towards the erotic portrait.

"Yes," he whispered, his breath tickling her ear. "Would you like to try it?"

You wouldn't " Hermione squeaked. "I mean you don't have to well... Oh, dear."

She felt the vibrations of his chest as he chuckled. "I would," he said simply.

"But look at her face! She looks like she's "

"Enjoying herself immensely," he interrupted.

"I was going to say in agony," she huffed.

"Hmm, want to find out?" He turned her in his arms and leaned over her. "Kiss me, Hermione. That's usually how this starts out."

"Okay." Her face was flushed red at the idea of him taking her with his mouth. She was out of breath before his lips ever touched hers. With his hands on her shoulders, he assaulted her with his mouth. He nibbled at her lower lip and slid in his tongue as she gasped in surprise. Her hands fisted in his shirt while his drifted to the hem of her shirt. She gasped as skin touched skin, and he took advantage of her surprise to deepen the kiss. He peeled off her clothes as he assaulted her mouth, and she clung to his shoulders for support.

Hermione writhed as he massaged her breasts and whimpered as his mouth began to follow the trail of heat his hands had left behind. In a haze of pleasure, she let go of conscious thought. She felt him tug lightly at the hair between her legs and moaned as his fingers stroked the soft lips there. It was when he spread her open to his gaze and she felt the cool air in her most private place, that she became aware that she was completely unclothed and he was kneeling between her thighs.

"Bill?" she whimpered uncertainly. He did not answer her with his voice, but with his tongue. She screamed as he took her clitoris into his mouth and stroked it with his tongue. She knotted her fingers in his hair with the intent of pulling him away, only to urge him closer. Immense pleasure coursed through her and she let go of her surroundings once more. When he slid a single finger into her she felt the pleasure crest and her body clenched him tightly.

Bill stood up and began to disrobe as the waves of her orgasm subsided. "Pleasure or agony?" he teased.

"Both," she murmured, too dazed to be embarrassed. She stared shamelessly at his erection and licked her lips.

"You approve?"

Hermione grinned, suddenly completely wanton. "I don't know," she taunted. "I haven't got a comparison, you know. If I'm unsatisfied, do I get my money back?"

"Oh, satisfaction is guaranteed," he assured her, his eyes glinting with humour.

He pulled her off the settee and onto the floor. She was about to comment when he laid back and helped her to straddle him. "I don't want to hurt you," he whispered as he guided her hand to his penis.

She held him and measured his thickness and length. She wasn't scared as she thought she ought to have been. Her curiosity got the better of her and she levered herself up and began to push herself down onto him. His shaft was hard and unforgiving though, and her body was not used to admitting entrance. He moaned in agony as she tried to ease him past her unrelenting muscles.

"Bill," she gasped, "I don't think "

"Easy, Hermione," he rasped. "We've got all the time we need."

She twisted and rocked her hips experimentally, taking a little more of his length each time. "You're killing me," he groaned. She jerked forward, filling herself to the brim. The tearing pain made her cry out, but she ended on a moan at the feeling of holding him so deeply inside her.

"Does it still hurt?" he asked softly. The concern in his voice was mirrored in his hazel eyes.

"Yes," she replied, "but I don't want to stop."

"Tell me what you feel?" He didn't meet her eye as he asked the question, and she got the sense that he was embarrassed by it.

"I-I..." She was embarrassed to answer him, but the sincerity of the question tugged at her. "I feel strange. You're touching places I didn't really know existed with your penis. And the friction burns a little, so it still hurts, but... I think I like the feel of you in me." She tightened her muscles involuntarily, and then, when he gasped, she did it again on purpose.

"You're so tight," he murmured in awe. "So tight, and then you grip me tighter. It almost hurts, but it's so wonderful, I don't care. When I slid my finger in your pussy, you were so soft and smooth and wet, I knew that you would feel amazing. I want to feel you come around my cock the way you did my finger."

Hermione moaned as he spoke to her. He flushed; it was obvious he wasn't used to speaking so plainly. In any other circumstances she would object to words like ~~pussy~~ and *cock*, but coming from him at that moment, they seemed honest, not vulgar.

"How did I taste?" she asked nervously.

A slow grin spread over his face. "Like heaven," he whispered reverently.

She sighed at the obvious pleasure on his face. He'd enjoyed taking her in his mouth, and he'd liked the taste of her. "I'd like to do that for you, sometime," she murmured. "I want to feel you in my mouth, to taste you."

"Merlin, you're killing me." He groaned again.

She giggled and began to move her hips, slowly sliding forward and then back again. She adjusted slightly so that his penis was stroking that spot she'd just found

"Oh, God!" Her guttural yell melded with his primal grunt, and they clutched desperately at each other as their orgasms overtook them.

They lay in a tangle of limbs for a long while before Bill separated himself, lifted her into his arms and set her gently on the bed.

"When will we know if the door has unlocked?" Reality was beginning to sink in, and she realised that they had done what such a room traditionally required.

"I don't know," he answered as he slipped in under the covers and reached to pull her into his embrace. "It may already be open, but I'm not ready to leave this room just yet."

"Neither am I," she said and settled herself in his arms.

"We probably need to talk about this," he said, feigning nonchalance.

"Probably," was her curt reply.

"Later then," he suggested lightly.

"Mmph," she grunted noncommittally as she relaxed and fell asleep.

Two days later, free of the room, they still had not discussed what had occurred between them. The house had been full of people and activity on the afternoon of their disappearance, and so the lack of their presence hadn't been noticed. Hermione thought she ought to have been relieved, but strangely she wasn't. She felt silly for feeling as though she'd changed and no one had noticed. It hurt a little to realise that no one but her could see the difference. Not that she wanted the world to know she'd had sex with Bill... but maybe she did. Maybe she did want to shout at them all that she and Bill had carnal knowledge of one another. It was a strange mix of feelings she harboured, and she was no less confused by the tenderness he'd shown her afterwards by holding her close and letting her sleep in his embrace.

She was sitting at the kitchen table, contemplating over a cup of tea, when he breezed through the door with Fleur hot on his heels. "I don't understand how you English can eat that awful, greasy food."

Hermione looked up and noticed the paper wraps full of fish and chips the moment he noticed that he and his fiancée were not alone. "Hungry, Hermione?" he asked. "Fleur apparently is not as fond of fish and chips as we are."

"Famished," she replied, grinning: Fleur was wearing a bright yellow dress.

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