

Stormy Weather

by madjh

Hermione storms out of the house - and trips over a Weasley.

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This fic contains no plot. It was written in the space of one evening as a thank you to a friend and is entirely shameless. Enjoy! :)

There wasn't much room within the wards to go storming off out of the house, but Hermione made do with what little acreage had been included in the protected area around the Burrow. There was a copse of trees on the far side of the garden that would provide good cover from anyone spying through the kitchen window. There was a storm brewing overhead, but such was the price of freedom. Just at that moment, Hermione preferred the solitude the trees offered over the dry warmth the house provided. She didn't see the figure huddled against the roots of the tallest oak until it was too late.

"Oooph!" grunted Fred as she stubbed her toe against his knee and went sprawling forward. Quick on the uptake, he raised his arms, and broke the worst of her fall. Hermione found herself sprawled across Fred's lap, wrapped in his strong arms, but mercifully unscathed.

Fred turned her in his arms so that she faced him. She was surprised at how gently and deftly he managed her. So surprised, she made no attempt to loose herself from his grip. "I'm sorry," she apologised, her voice breathy.

Fred didn't reply with words. Instead he smiled a little, and Hermione found herself pulled more securely into his embrace. She sat in his lap with his arms around her, and his chin on her head. She felt her initial confusion melt away in the comfort of being held. She'd stormed out of the house for a moment of sweet silence, and she'd found it in Fred's arms. How strange that was, but there were so few simple pleasures to be had these days, that she remained quietly content in his lap.

The rain started to fall, but the trees, enhanced by magic, sheltered them. They watched as torrents of water completed their cocoon. As she couldn't see his face, Hermione wondered if Fred was consumed within himself, or if he too could feel the intimacy of their shared moment.

"Stop analysing it, Hermione. It won't make sense, no matter which way you turn it."

At his admonition, she grinned. He felt it too. His acknowledgement of the embrace was all she needed to free herself from her musings. The gears in her mind slowed to a halt and her thoughts melted away with the rain. A bolt of lightning struck several metres away, causing her to jump, but he held her secure, and she burrowed against him.

"I was out here brainstorming ways to torment you," he said, breaking the silence.

"You were running away," she corrected. "Just like I was."

He shifted again so that he could see her face. "I do love being part of a pair," he admitted. "Being a twin is who I am, but I suppose even a twin who's content to be so, needs a moment alone."

Hermione nodded. "I love them, Fred. They are my purpose, and I'd be quite lost without them, but they don't satisfy all that I am."

He quirked an eyebrow. "Ron doesn't satisfy you? I'll have to have a brother to brother chat with him about that."

She slapped ineffectively at his shoulder. "Are you telling me you two aren't an item?" continued Fred drolly.

Hermione let her arm drop and shrugged. "I think there's too much else between us. I've known him like a brother for too long, but everyone else knows me as Ron's, or even as Harry's. I don't belong to myself, so no one seems to see me as myself."

"Hmm," rumbled Fred. "It seems I've been blindly following everyone else. That doesn't sit well, you know. I'll have to do something about it." He bent his head down and took her lips with a forceful kiss. She surprised herself, and him, by pushing back and opening up.

"Do you know what you're inviting me to do?" he asked gruffly.

"No," she gasped, "and I don't care."

He pulled her up so that she straddled his lean hips and so that he was no longer holding her. His hands, now free to roam, kneaded her lower back. "Kiss me," he commanded. She placed her hands on his shoulders and pulled herself up level with him, and gave him her mouth.

She gasped as she felt his clever fingers sneak up under her blouse to touch her bare skin. She moaned as he caressed the underside of her breasts. She rolled her hips against him, instinctively, and cried out at the sensation of his erection rubbing the cleft between her legs. Though separated by many layers of clothing, the sensations flared through her. She ground her hips against his and was gratified with his guttural yell.

"Hermione!" he gasped.

"I don't care," she whimpered, pressing hot kisses to his neck. "I need this, I need you." Tears were streaming down her face as she clawed at his clothes.

He grasped her shoulders and pushed her away. "Not like this, Hermione, not like this." He pleaded with her with his eyes, but she wouldn't listen.

"Exactly like this." She met his eyes with her own, clear and lucid. "I don't want to think about this. I just want to feel for once. Make me feel, Fred."

A harsh incantation was all it took. They were both naked, and Hermione revelled in the freedom of it. She thought she heard him ensure their privacy with a few more wards, but she found she really didn't care. He slid his finger between her legs, and she felt the rest of the world shatter.

"Merlin, how can you be so wet, already?" He teased her clitoris with one hand while he urged her forward with the other.

"That's it, Hermione, straddle my hips." He lay back and watched as she studied him. Hermione reached down and took his erection in her hands and massaged its length. She slid her forefinger down the cleft between her legs and spread herself open to receive him. He gritted his teeth as she lifted herself slightly, then began to slide down on his shaft.

He stiffened when he felt her barrier. Her face was twisted in a mask of worry and pain. Fred reached up between them and resumed his massage of her clitoris. He pinched her. The sharp pain and pleasure surprised her and she jerked forward. Hermione yelled out as he was thrust deep within her.

"Easy, 'Mione," he murmured gruffly.

"That actually hurt," she said in a small voice. "I didn't think it really would."

Fred held her tight against his chest and groaned at her admission. He was sheathed within her depths and felt her every tremor. He steeled himself against the urge to turn her over and thrust into her with abandon. Instead he soothed her with long slow strokes up and down her back. "It'll be all right, Hermione," he assured her.

"I think it already is," she replied and began rocking against him. Thoroughly consumed in herself, she moaned as she explored the feeling of having a man deep inside her. Fred bit his lip and fisted the ground as he felt her sliding and twisting up and down the length of his penis. It was like she was cataloguing the sensation of each shift of her body over his.

She met his eye in time for him to see her eyes glaze over. Her look of wonder and excruciating pleasure, would be forever engraved in his mind. As she trembled with her first orgasm, he grasped her hips and thrust upwards, joining her over the edge.

She lay, her body limp, across his torso for a long while before speaking. "I think," she began.

"Don't think, Hermione," he interrupted. "This has nothing to do with rational thought."

"No," she admitted, "this is hardly the result of ration. But, as I was saying, I think I'd like to do that again, sometime."

"Oh."

She giggled at his monosyllabic answer. "What will your family, think?"

He sat up and glared down at her. "Nothing, if we don't tell them." Her face fell a little at his harsh tone, and he took a deep breath to explain further. "I'm not ashamed, Hermione, I just don't feel like sharing this. Not even with George."

She nodded. "I can understand that. I don't know how I'd explain this to Ron, much less Harry, and I'm finding I don't want to. I think I like the idea of having my own little secret."

Fred sighed deeply. "Well, if we want it to remain a secret, we'd better get dressed. My wards won't hold them off forever."

Hermione nodded. The rain had stopped; their moment had passed. But she was comforted by the notion that there could be other stolen moments with this Weasley brother who so strangely understood her.

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