

# Finally

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Above the wintry mist that rolled along the hillside, Bill Weasley stood tall against the limitless horizon, his lean frame silhouetted by the fading glacial-blue sunset. He remained there, hands in pockets, staring out at the night sky until the sun dipped further and the stars shone brightly above. It had been four years ago today that his fiancée, Fleur Delacour, had been killed during a skirmish with a group of rogue Death Eaters. He missed her, but on his thirtieth birthday he had resolved to move on and he knew exactly with whom he wished to spend the rest of his life. *It's time I let you go, Fleur. She's good to me good for me.*

As if on cue, slender arms encircled his waist, and he felt the immediate warmth of her delicate body against his.

"This is a hard time of year for you," Hermione said quietly as she pressed her cheek to his back and held him close with an undemanding squeeze.

Bill covered her hands in his and gently drew them from about his waist; he turned in her arms and held her close. "Thank you for supporting me, Hermione," he began softly as he looked into her compassionate eyes, "but I'm all right. I'd like to move forward. I *need* to move forward," he emphasised as he leant in and softly kissed her, saying, "with you."

Hermione held on to his left hand and brought it to her mouth, brushing a soft kiss over his calloused knuckles. "I want that, too," she said sincerely as she released his hand and allowed her fingers to cascade along his scarred face, her impassioned gaze never wavering from his. "And I want *you*."

Bill pulled back just enough to see her clearly. "Are you sure you haven't taken a Befuddlement Draught?" he asked with a teasing gleam in his eye.

Hermione delicately thumped him on the shoulder and then wrapped her arms tightly around his neck. "I'm as rational as I've ever been, William Weasley," she retorted matter-of-factly, cocking her head to one side, daring him to argue.

Bill cringed at the sound of his given name. "Now is not the time to start sounding like my mum," he chastised; a slight twitch of his lips gave his amusement away.

Hermione smiled at him and said, "Yes, well, your mother can't love you like I can." She batted her eyelids and pressed her hips against him suggestively.

"A horrifying thought, Miss Granger," he responded with mock severity.

"Now you're beginning to sound like Professor ..."

Bill placed two fingers over her mouth, politely shushing her. His manner became serious. "I want you, too more than you'll ever know," he whispered in a silky voice as he lowered his hand from her mouth to her chin, lifting it as he passionately claimed her mouth, tempting her lips apart with his tongue.

Bill reluctantly ended the kiss. "Come home with me."

It was more demand than question, but Hermione quickly nodded her accord, and with that, Bill pulled her close and Disappeared.

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Arriving in his sitting room, the couple immediately entangled themselves on the soft leather sofa, kissing and exploring one another ardently. Hermione slowly withdrew, face flushed and eyes full of passion. "Are you sure?" she asked him as she moved a stray lock of hair from where it had fallen across her brow and tucked it behind her ear. She knew he was all right with her past and the fact that she had once dated Ron, his youngest brother. Hermione needed affirmation that he was ready, truly ready to be with her.

"Quit over-thinking this, love." Bill stood and waved a hand over his feet, wandlessly removing his dragon-hide boots. "Your turn." He winked and smiled down at her as he moved to unbutton his collar.

"Wait," Hermione said, blushing as she placed her hand upon his wrist to stop him. "Please, let me do that." She kicked off her flats then slid her hand into his, pulling herself up to stand before him. Appraising him with her eyes and hands, she moved in a slow circle around him touching him lightly over his shoulders, back, and bum until she found herself facing him once again.

Hermione reached for his lapel, and placing warm kisses upon his neck and the vast expanse of muscled skin, she uncovered with the undoing of each button. She slowly lowered herself and knelt at his feet until the last button was free from its confine. Closing her eyes, she inhaled his musky scent, stretched her arms upward, her fingers travelling over his stomach and chest, and then slowly exhaled as she moved them back down to laze upon his waistband.

Bill slid his hand through her already tousled hair and took hold. Looking hungrily at her, he said, "You have a beautiful mouth."

Hermione's tongue darted out to lick her kiss-bruised lips. Opening her eyes, she expressed an eager desire for the man before her. Unable to break away from her lover's searing gaze, she lingeringly began to caress the button fly of his dark denim jeans, gliding her fingers down the heated shaft straining from within the roughened fabric.

Bill released a low growl as he moved his hips, pressing himself into her palm. "Hermione."

"I know," Hermione agreed and began to unleash him, button by button, until she reached the last, thus freeing his reddened flesh, its heat radiating into her palm as she soothed it with a feather-light caress. She placed both hands at his waist, dipped them into the back of his jeans, and kneaded his muscled bum. This action drew his erection mere centimetres from her waiting mouth; she took full advantage.

Hermione tilted her head as she parted her lips and licked his exposed length, allowing the tip of her tongue to tease the engorged vein until she reached its cusp. She sat up just enough so that she could take him fully into her mouth, using her tongue to entice him further and deeper.

Groaning, Bill reached for Hermione's hands and persuaded her to remove his pants with one gentle tug. She continued her oral ministrations as she slid her hands over his backside and down his legs, allowing him to successfully step out of his denims. His shirttail swept against her cheek and sent a shiver through her aroused body, her gratified moan vibrating against his moistened skin.

"Enough," Bill told her breathlessly as he slowly backed away from her.

"I've not had enough," Hermione informed him as she stood and moved toward him. "I *will* have you," she stated firmly and put a hand upon his chest, gently guiding him backward and forcing him down onto the sofa.

She stared into his heavily lidded eyes and insisted, "Remove my dress."

He began to reach for her, but she shook her head. "No touching."

"Easy enough," he smirked and removed her clothing just as he had his boots.

Hermione moved toward him as if she were a cat stalking her prey. When she reached him, she leant in and kissed him as she straddled his lap and slowly lowered herself, rubbing her wet folds against his erection. "Mmm," she purred against his lips then moved her mouth lower, nipping and suckling his skin as she slid up and down the length of his shaft, moistening it with her body's natural lubricant one deft movement of her hips and he slid into her, a groan of satisfaction escaping them both.

Hermione placed two fingers upon his lips. "Shh, relax," she whispered. "Mmm, no touching," she reminded as his hands swept up her thighs toward her round bottom.

He opened his mouth to protest, but she eased her index finger into his mouth and massaged the tip of his tongue. Bill stilled his hands and quickly closed his mouth, savouring her essence.

"Good boy," she lovingly teased and began to move against him, riding and grinding as she watched him devour first her index and then middle finger. She used her other hand to tease and pull on her nipples, releasing each one when the sensual sting reached her navel. Pulling her hand away from him, she moistened her fingers where she moved against him then gave them back to his waiting mouth.

Bill took them both and began hungrily laving her juices, licking each digit individually, teasing at their juncture.

Hermione moaned at the sensation, quickened her pace, and leant forward, pressing her hardened nipples against his chest. "Fuck me," she whispered the command in his ear, flicking her tongue along his lobe.

Bill released her fingers, grabbed her hips and thrust upward, deeply embedding himself in her.

"YES!" She ground her hips, rubbing her clit against his groin.

His hands held in her a bruising grip as he moved her up and down, sliding in and out of her heat as his thumb edged its way toward her nub, rubbing and flicking until he felt her body convulse around him. He repeatedly drove into her, at last allowing his own impending release to erupt deep within her.

Sated and relaxed, they slowly established regular breathing patterns. Hermione sighed happily, "Finally."

Bill chuckled beneath her. "Satisfied, are you?" He felt her nod against his shoulder. "Brilliant," he stated contentedly, and they both drifted off to sleep.

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Bill awoke to the pleasant feeling of soft hands stroking him. "What do you think you're doing, little minx?" he murmured sleepily.

"I want you again," Hermione said as she teased his neck and chest with kisses.

"You're insatiable," he replied, entangling his fingers in her silky locks as he began to caress her back. After a few moments, he patted her bum and said, "Budge over, love. I'll be right back."

Hermione watched him as he disappeared into the darkened hallway. She could feel her renewed arousal increase as she touched her body, deliberately running her fingernails over softened nipples, watching them harden into pretty peaks.

"You're beautiful."

Hermione turned her head slowly towards the door. "Make love with me," she demanded, luxuriating in the sound of her lover's affection.

Bill quickly moved to her side and pulled her up and into his arms in one sweeping motion.

"Yes, ma'am," he said and carried her giggling form toward the stairs to his bedroom.

Taking the stairs two at a time, he quickly moved through the bedroom door. Candles hung along the west wall, bathing the room with fiery illumination, giving Hermione's skin a radiant glow. He placed her atop his large bed, the chestnut-coloured duvet she had given him this past Christmas accentuating her unblemished physique. He followed her onto the bed as she slid to the middle and settled between her legs.

Hermione resumed sweeping her hands over her body, teasing her thighs, then his own, all the while looking into his eyes.

"Have I told you lately just how beautiful you are?" he asked as he watched her stretch out before him, his gaze intensifying as he followed her hands.

"Not in the past two minutes," she replied shamelessly. She began to reach for him and then promptly found herself flipped over, face down into the soft duvet. She felt his hands begin to roam over her shoulders, down her back and thighs. "Ouch!" she exclaimed and turned to look over her shoulder at him, wriggling her bottom against his now soothing palm. She watched unabashedly as he spanked her twice more; the sting from each strike sent pleasurable heat straight to her core.

Bill slid his hands over her, caressing and soothing the reddened skin with a soft kiss and a carnal lick with his tongue, lightly skimming her wet folds. "So wet," he said as he placed his hands on her hips and pulled her to him; positioning himself at her entrance, he pressed forward until he felt himself sliding into her.

Hermione rocked back into him.

"Not yet, love," he said as he held her steady. "Right now I'm going to return the gift you so graciously," he drew out the word as he rolled his hips and rotated deeply inside her, "bestowed upon me earlier." He finished with one deep thrust before beginning a relentless rhythm that soon sent them both cascading into sensual oblivion.

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Hermione awoke with the morning sun shining through a curtain-drawn window. She lazily felt behind her for the man with whom she had fallen asleep and was surprised to find him gone. She opened her eyes and surveyed her surroundings, searching for any sign of him. Her heart warmed as she spotted a note on the chest of drawers. Wrapping herself in the bed sheets, she moved swiftly to the table and stood on her tiptoes to read the note.

*Good morning, love,*

*Freshen up and meet me in the sunroom.*

*Waiting for you,*

*Bill*

Hermione squealed excitedly and went to ready herself. When she finished bathing, she dressed and crept quietly downstairs. Standing in the doorway to the kitchen, she gazed at the man she had made love with the night before. He was everything she had ever wanted in a man, lover, and friend.

"Quit staring at my backside and have a seat in the sunroom," Bill chuckled as he turned to hand her a cup of coffee.

"I enjoy staring at your backside." Hermione wriggled her eyebrows as she accepted the proffered cup. "Thank you," she said and took a sip. "Mmm," she hummed, "just what I needed." Hermione looked past him and reached for a croissant.

"Not yet," he said as he moved between her and the food. "Go sit and relax, I'll be right there."

Hermione tried to see what he was hiding but gave up when he shooed her out of the kitchen.

Bill arrived shortly, carrying a tray with an assortment of fruit, cheese, meat, and sweets.

"Close your eyes," he said after they had each eaten all but a trivial amount of nibbles left on their plates.

She did as instructed and placed her hands upon the table, clasping her fingers tightly together.

"I don't know if you recall, but it's February. The holiday for ..." he stammered somewhat with his explanation, "and I wanted to give you this."

Hermione opened her eyes and felt a shiver of happiness rush through her body. "Oh, Bill!" She jumped up and hugged him tightly. "It's gorgeous!"

He placed the new quill set on the table behind them and embraced her in return. "I thought you might need a new set."

"Do I ever," Hermione said appreciatively and lightly kissed him on the mouth. "Thank you."

Bill hugged her close. "That isn't all, but you can't have it until after you've finished breakfast," he added.

She smiled sweetly, glanced at almost empty plate, and teasingly took the last strawberry, savouring its sweet flavour. "I'm done."

Bill chuckled and kissed her forehead. "All right, all right."

"You do know that I don't require anything else. Right?" Hermione told him as she wrapped her arms around his waist and gazed into his eyes. "You've made me happier than I ever thought I could truly be."

"I'm not doing this for you, Hermione." Bill smiled back at her. "This gift is purely a selfish one."

She drew away and looked quizzically at him. "Oh, really?" she asked.

"Hermione, love, will you ..." he began to ask as he stood before her and opened a large rectangular gift box.

Hermione looked anxiously at him and the package that he held.

"I meant go give this to you last night," Bill said as he raised the lid from the box, "but we got a bit *distracted*." He repositioned the tissue paper to reveal a beautiful burgundy negligee with silver strands of Acromantula silk skilfully sewn along the edges and thin shoulder straps.

"It's exquisite," Hermione admired as she ran her hands over the soft fabric. "May I?"

Bill nodded, and she withdrew the garment from its satchet. "I may not get to finish breakfast if you put that on, you know."

Hermione flashed him a sexy smile. "Meet me upstairs," she dared with a sparkle lighting her eyes. She turned and moved towards his bedroom.

"You're not going to make it all the way upstairs," he teased as he rose and chased after her.

Squealing as he grabbed playfully at her bum, Hermione escaped into the hallway before she found herself caught and pressed against the wall. She could feel his arousal press into her stomach.

"Now, you're not going to have a chance to wear this either," he murmured huskily as he placed impassioned kisses along her neck, over her arm, and down to her wrist, thus acknowledging the cloth still clutched in her hand.

Hermione's eyes grew dark with passion as the sound of his voice sent shivers reverberating through her body, and she breathlessly challenged, "Promises, promises."

"Yes," Bill said as he leant in to devour her mouth once more, "I do."

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A/N: Thanks to sshg316 and SouthernWitch69 for helping me polish this fic. Ladies, thank you.