Hall Pass

by KissedByShaddows24

Summary

Two years after the war, Molly, gives Arthur a hall pass on one condition; he can only sleep with a Muggle, and he has to change his appearance. In comes Hermione, under glamors, looking for a one night stand. What happens Hermione finally figure out who they slept with?

Notes

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Chapter 1

Arthur's point of view

"Molly, are you sure?" I asked her. I never knew that she would say something like that ever. I was completely shocked.

"I'm positive," she replied with a smile on her face. "I'm giving you a hall pass."

"Why?"

"You have been through thick and thin with me for over thirty years," said Molly. "I know that you never stayed from me. Including looking at other females, even when Bill brought Fleur into the family. I know that you never thought about her in any sexual way. I want to give something back to you that you will enjoy, even if it is for one night. I have a potion that will alter your appearance for one night, this is not a poly juice potion, so you don't need to worry about changing back into yourself. The only requirement that I have for you is she needs to be a muggle."

"Molly," I said, exasperated. "Why would I want to sleep with another woman when I can sleep with the love of my life. I don't need to have sex with another woman."

"I know you don't need to sleep with another woman," she huffed, as she threw the shirt that she was folding into the closet. "I want you having sex with another woman. We haven't had any sex in years. I'm afraid that I have lost the sexual drive that I used to have. We aren't young anymore. I was the only woman that you ever slept with, and I don't want you to regret one day in the future not being able to experience another woman's touch. Please, just do this for me. I have been thinking about this recently. If I didn't want you to sleep with someone else, I would have never brought it up."

I huffed while folding a pair of my pants. "Fine, I will do it. Only this is going to be a one-time thing."

Hermione's point of view

"You need to get laid," said Ginny as she painted my nails purple.

"Gin, please, don't start. I don't need to get laid. I'm perfectly fine."

She raised her eyebrow. "The only person that you have dated was my brother, and that was three years ago. You have jumped straight into your work. You barely go out as it is. I doubt that you ever had a one night stand. You need to get laid."

"I'm all right, Ginny," I snapped at her. Why was she suddenly becoming a pest about my sex life—or the lack of a sex life? I sighed as I saw her eyes drop. I guess she was right I need to get laid, desperately. "Fine, your right. I do need to get laid. Although, I don't want to sleep with anyone from the wizarding world. I don't want the papers to get the wind of my private life."

She squealed in happiness. "I knew that you were going to agree with me. You don't need to worry about the press. I have just the potion for you."

"It better not be poly juice," I told her sternly.

"It's not," she said. "It is a potion that will change your appearance for five hours. No one would
know who you are. Even if you run into someone from the wizarding world."

Arthur's Point of View

I was nervous about tonight. I didn't know why I agreed to this. I didn't need to sleep with another woman. I already had the one that I love.

"Arthur, it is time for you to drink the potion," said Molly, as she came into our bedroom.

She handed me the potion. I scrunched up my nose and downed it. I could feel the potion effects on my body. I grew three inches taller. My stomach completely disappeared, I was finally able to see my feet. My shoulders became more muscular and well defined. My hair was raven black, and my once brown eyes turned dark blue. My cheeks turned firm. I looked like an entirely different man. I looked like I was in my mid-twenties and not my early fifties.

I turned towards my wife, as she eyed me up and down. She smiled at me, before giving me a piece of paper. "This is the place that you should go to find your one night stand. The owner is a squib who has a private room for flooing. Most of the partiers are muggles so you should find someone there."

I nodded my head at her. "When will I change back into my normal body?"

She smirked. "Two hours after you have two orgasms."

I gasped. "You naughty witch," I growled playfully in her ear, before swatting her but.

"You better leave before Ron comes home," said Molly, as she kissed my lips. She pulled away from me, and whispered seductively, "Have fun tonight."

Hermione's point of view

I can't believe Ginny. When I get my hands on her, she will regret it. The potions did do wonders for me. My curly brown hair turned into a honey blond with light brown highlights. My hazel eyes turned jade green. I was five inches taller than I normally was. My boobs grew three sizes larger. The potion even took away the curse scar caused by Bellatrix. I was wearing a light blue dress that hugged my body, especially around my boobs. The dress ended five inches above my knees. I only put on a pair of plain black heels to complete the outfit.

I had taken a deep breath before I apparated to the club that Ginny told me about. I knew this club wasn't going to have a lot of magical people attending tonight since there was a quittance match going on. I made my way through the crowded dance floor. There were several women, wearing even less than me, grinding on oily men. I rolled my eyes at them. I wasn't into the club scene. Why did Ginny send me to this place?

I made my way past many dancing bodies until I reached the bar. "Vodka, please," I asked the bartender, as I held out the money to him. He took the money and nodded his head. I didn't know if he was nodding at me or if he was dancing along with the music.

"You don't look like your enjoying yourself," said a guy to my left. My eyes widen. He was gorgeous. He had raven black hair that sparkled in the flashing lights. He has the deepest blue eyes that reminded me of the ocean. I could stare at them forever. He was taller than me, which was a good thing. I loved guys that were taller than me. He smirked at me. "Not into the club scene?"

"Not really," I responded, as the bartender handed me my drink. "My friend made me come out here tonight. She thinks that I work too hard and don't have any fun."
"I, surprisingly, have a friend that also thought that I needed to get out of the house, also." He responded. "What's your name? Mine's Artie."

"Jeanie," I told him. I wasn't going to be giving my real name to a potential one night stand. I also really hope that he was the guy who comes back to the hotel room with me.

Artie smiled at me, showing off his dimples. His hand tightened on his glass of beer. His eyes had roamed my body before he said, "That's a lovely name for a beautiful woman."

Blushing, I responded, "Thanks."

We spent hours talking, giving each other occasional flirting, which turned into light touching of the hands, arms, and legs. The touching turned into kissing and groping.

Artie and I made our way towards the hotel room that I rented earlier. Once Artie shut the door, he shoved me into the wall, as he kissed his way down my neck. His hands made their way down to my ass, as he lifted my dress off of my body, all I was left in was my panties.

I practically ripped the buttons off of his shirt. I needed him so much that I couldn't wait any longer. I needed to have him inside of me. I needed to have sex with this gorgeous man.

"Janie," Artie moaned as I slipped my hand down his pants, gripping his hardness. I could already tell he was larger than any guys that I have been with sexually. Artie groaned as he leaned his forehead against my neck. He took in shuttering breaths, as I worked my delicate hand around his impressive length harder. I whispered a silent spell that got rid of his pants and boxers. He moved his head away from my neck, his dark blue eyes darkening even further, "we should move this to the bed."

My eyes met his gorgeous ones. Biting my lip, I tightened my legs against his waist, pushing him further into me. He groaned, tilting his head back, as he started grinding into me. I pulled his head closer to mine, nibbling on his ear, whispering seductively, "I've always wanted to have rough sex against the wall."

He growled, before tearing off my panties, and rambed into hardness inside of me. "As you wish."

Nine months later

Hermione's Point of View

"She's beautiful, Hermione," said Ginny as she held my newborn daughter; Rose, closer to her. Rose had very light curly red hair, and blue eyes. "She could be a Weasley with that red hair."

"She's not," I told her. She can't be a Weasley. I didn't have sex with one. I did with Ron when we were together, but that was close to four years ago. Bill, Charlie, Percy, and Geroje were all happily married and wouldn't cheat on their wives. It couldn't have been Mr. Weasley, the guy that I've slept with had way more energy and was younger. Besides he had black hair, not red. "The guy that I slept with had black hair. Besides I didn't sleep with your brother, so she's, not a Weasley."

"I know she's not, Hermione," said Ginny, as she gave me back my daughter. "She just looks a bit like me when I was born."

"Excuse me, Miss," said a young female healer as she entered my room. "Visiting hours are over. "

Ginny gave me a hesitant smile. "I will see you tomorrow, Monie."
"By Ginny," I said to her before she walked out of the hospital room.

"Do you need anything Miss, Granger?" asked the healer as she checked the Rose over.

"I was wondering if you do paternity testing? And if it's confidential?"

"We do paternity testing here, and it is confidential. Will you like me to perform one on your daughter?"

"Yes, please," I said to her.

The healer nodded. She picked up Rose from my hands and placed her in the bassinet beside me. She took out her wand and muttered something underneath her breath, so she didn't wake up Rose. Her eyes widened slightly.

"Who is he?" I asked her, biting my lip nervously.

"Her father is Arthur Weasley."

Crap, I thought.
Hermione woke up with a groan as she heard her newborn daughter, Rose, cry. She sighed as she moved out of her comfortable king size bed. She shivered as her feet touched her cold hardwood floor. She stretched as she made her way to her daughter's crib at the other side of her room. She lifted Rose into her arms.

Hermione cradled Rosie in her arms as she walked with her over to the rocking chair in her room. She had that rocking chair since she was a young child. She took the rocking chair from the furniture that remained at her parents' house after they died.

She couldn't believe how beautiful her two-month-old daughter was. She pushed her daughter's hair away from her forehead before she lifted up her nightgown exposing her breast as she fed her daughter.

She bit her lip as she thought about her daughter's father; Arthur Weasley. She couldn't believe that she had slept with him, even if he was under a glamor charm. He was her best fuck yet. Ever since finding out that he was Rosie's father, Hermione couldn't keep him out of her head. She thought about fucking him during the Sunday dinners at the Burrow. She thought about what sex would be like with him without their glamor. Would he still make her cum like he did when they had their one night stand?

Only two things were standing in the way; the fact that he was twenty years older than her, and he was happily married to Molly.

Hermione smiled down at her daughter who fell back asleep. She placed Rosie back into her crib before she made her way back into her own bed. She shivered as she slipped her legs back under the cool sheets. She had sighed before she fell quickly back to sleep.

Arthur's point of view

I looked down at my loving wife Molly, as she laid beside me in our bed. She was fast asleep, with her arm tightly wrapped around my waist. I pressed a kiss against her sweaty forehead. I felt like we were missing something. I didn't know what we were missing, but that feeling wasn't going away anytime soon.

Ever since Molly forced me to have that one night stand with a complete stranger, our sex life has been better since before Ginny was born. The passion and romance were back and ten times greater, but it was slowly fading away to the point where Molly noticed and wasn't very happy. She loved how much we have been having sex after that one night stand, especially since all of our children have moved away. We weren't worried about being caught.
"Arthur," said Molly, as she slowly opened her gorgeous brown eyes. "Are you happy with me?"

"I love you, Molly," I told her, as I kissed her lips. I slowly ran my fingers through her hair. "Why would you even ask that?"

She turned onto her side, making the blanket slide down her naked body exposing her breasts to me. I placed my hand on her back, as I rubbed soothing circles into her back. She sighed as my hands moved even lower while pushing her closer towards me.

"I just feel like something is going to change," she whispered as she stared at me. "Something is going to happen that is going to modify this family. I just don't know if the change is going to be good or bad for our kids and us."

"Do you want something to happen?" I asked her, as I pushed her hair away from her face.

"I don't know," she whispered. "After you had that one night stand are sex life was really great, and I've been enjoying are alone time, but there's just something missing. I felt like something is missing in our love life."

"What do you want?" I asked her as I stared into her eyes.

"I want you," she said, biting her lips. "But I...don't know. I feel like something is missing from our lives, and we won't be complete until that missing piece is with us."

"Are you feeling this way because I had sex with another woman?" I asked, light bit on her ear, making her moan. "Are you jealous that I fucked a younger woman up against a wall, making her cum multiple times while she screamed my name in the heat of the moment?"

Molly moans loudly as I started nibbling on her perky nipples. "Oh," she panted. "Don't stop. I need you to fuck me. I want to see you fuck that woman on our bed. I want to watch as she cums around your cock. I want her to eat me out as you fuck her from behind. I want you to look at us as we fuck each other in our bed."

I looked up at her as she finally revealed the truth of what was bothering her. "You want to have sex with a female?"

"Yes," she moaned as I finally entered her for the second time tonight. "I have been craving to fuck that woman and you since you had that one night stand. Will you please find that lady? Can you do that for me?"

"I promise you that, my love," I whispered into her ear, as I spent the rest of that night making love to her.

Hermione's point of view

"Hermione," said Ginny, as she made her way into my bedroom. Ginny and Luna were forcing me to go out clubbing with them tonight. Fleur was going to be watching Rosie for me tonight. "Are you ready?"

I was wearing a little black dress that was way too revealing, especially since I still had my pregnancy body. I groaned, "Gin, I look like a stripper."

"Hermione, your sexy," said Ginny, as she looked at me. "All the guys will be staring at you."

"More so my breast," I muttered. "This dress made them even larger."
Ginny rolled her eyes at me before she took my hand and pulled me towards my fireplace in the living room. She took some of the Floo powder, threw it into the flames while tugging me with her. Ginny and I were being pulled through the Floo system until we landed in the club that we were going to meet Luna at.

Luna was drop dead gorgeous in her stunning light purple backless dress. She was at the nearest circular table with three empty shot glasses and a bottle of fire whiskey. She hopped off of the stool that she was sitting on when Ginny and I walked closer to her.

"Finally," said Luna, after she looked at Ginny and I,, "I thought that you two would never show up. Both of you look sexy. Time to party girls."

The hours passed as we were pounding down shots after shots of Firewhisky. I had downed two more shot before I looked at Ginny. "I fucked your father. He's Rosie's dad."

"Hermione, you fucked my father," said Ginny as she burped. She laughed before her head hit the table, making her burst out laughing. "Your funny when your drunk."
Chapter Three

Chapter Summary

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Chapter three

"Hermione," whispered Ginny, as she gently shook her best friend's exposed shoulders. Ginny sat down on the edge of Hermione's king sized bed. "Hermione, wake up you're going to be late for work."

"Go away," muttered Hermione, as she snuggled further under her warm blankets before falling back to sleep.

"House elves are finally free," stated Ginny, before sighing. "Harry and I are getting a divorce. Fleur has an identical twin sister who's been screwing my brother while Fleur has been screwing Snape in front of Dumbledore's portrait. Luscious Malfoy became the next minister for magic and his first rule as a leader is topless Fridays."

"What are you muttering about," whispered Hermione before she lifted her messy head up from her bed. She turned to look at her best friend with a frown on her face. "House elves have declared that they're going to give the Malfoy men a lap dance on Fridays, with them only wearing shirts."

Ginny snorted, "That would be funny but sickening. No, I was just saying random shit to make you wake up."

"Are you and Harry getting a divorce?" Hermione asked. She didn't think that her friends would ever get to that point.

"No," said Ginny. "If fact Harry and I have great news."

"Yeah," said Hermione as she sat up in her bed. She groaned as she realized that she slept in her dress from the club last night. Hermione stretched as she realized that she had a stiff neck from sleeping in a wrong direction.

"We're having a baby," said Ginny.

"Congratulations, Ginny," said Hermione before she started frowning. "How long have you known you were pregnant? Weren't you drinking last night?"

"We have known for a week now, and I wasn't drinking any alcohol last night. I handed my glasses off to one of the other women and was drinking apple juice instead."

Hermione's eyes widened as she glanced at her alarm clock, noticing it was past one in the afternoon. She quickly scrambled out of bed, nearly tripping over the high heel shoes that she was wearing last night. "Crap, I'm running late. I have to pick up Rose."
"Rose is in her crib taking a nap. I picked her up from Bill's before I came over here. With the amount of alcohol that you were drinking last night, I knew that you weren't going to be up early."

"How much did I drink?"

"You drank quite a lot last night," said Ginny, hesitantly as she looked at her best friend. She took a deep breath, hoping her best friend wouldn't become offended with her next question. She took another deep breath before she suddenly blurted out, "is Rose my half sister."

Hermione turned around to face Ginny. She opened and closed her mouth several times. It seemed like she couldn't get the words past her lips.

"What?" asked Hermione, as her face pale a bit. She sighed, knowing that she needed to tell her best friend the truth. Hermione sat down on the end of her bed. She folded her hands in her lap. She let out a deep breath before replying, "how did you know the Rosie is your sister?"

"You told Luna and I last night while you were very drunk," said Ginny. "Why did you even sleep with my dad?"

"I didn't know that I had sex with him," said Hermione. "I went to that club looking like someone else. He didn't know who I was and I didn't know who he was either."

"How did you find out then?"

"I had the nurse, on the day that she was born to check who he was, right after you left my room. I was afraid that I might have unknowingly slept with one of your brothers."

"Why would my dad cheat on my mom?" asked Ginny.

"I don't know," responded Hermione. "Maybe it was a one-time thing, or they might do it often to spice up their love life."

Ginny suddenly winced, before she fell back onto my bed. "You slept with my father. You told me all the details of that one night. She sat up on the bed and stared at her friend. "Are you going to tell my father about Rosie?"

"I don't know. I know that Arthur should be aware of her, and she needs her dad in her life. I just don't want to ruin your parent's relationship, especially since he apparently cheated on her with me. What would your brothers think about me then? They would hate me, never talk to me again. I would be breaking up your family, and I don't want to do that."

"Hermione," said Ginny, as she slowly rubbed circles on her friends back. "My brothers won't hate you. They would be surprised that you slept with our father. Ron might be a bit upset at first although he would get over it. My mom, she would love having another baby in the house, she would be surprised at first, but I think that she would get used to the idea of helping raise another child."

"What should I do?" I asked her.

"How about we eat some lunch first since I know that you might be starving. Then we will come up with a plan to tell my father that he has another daughter."

"Alright," said Hermione, knowing that a good meal will help her think of a better plan to tell Arthur that he has a daughter with his daughters best friend.
Arthur smiled as he walked out of the lift at the Ministry of Magic, and made his way down to his office on the second floor. He smiled and waved at some witches and wizards that passed him by, while the middle-aged and up shook their heads at him, and the younger ones smirked. He shook his head realizing that wasn't the usual hi and waves he got.

"Congratulations," said a wizard that passed by him.

Arthur turned his head slightly so he could look behind him; he knew that younger unknown man couldn't be talking to him, except that no one else was there.

"You should be so ashamed of yourself," muttered an older witch before slamming her office door as soon as he was walked by her door. He could have sworn that she muttered something by along the line of, "Poor Molly."

Arthur sighed what was going on? The closer he got to his office there were more and more witches and wizards offering their congratulation's and yelling at him. They were severely confusing him. Why were they congratulation him? He didn't get a promotion, so why were they congratulating him? And why were they calling him a cheater? He didn't cheat. He hated when people cheat, especially their political system.

Arthur shut the door to his office, before leaning against that door and closing his eyes. He took in a deep breath before releasing it.

"Hello, dad," said his son, darkly.
Chapter Four

"Hello, dad," said Ron as he stood up from Arthur's desk. He slowly walked around the desk, where he leaned against the edge with his arms crossed his chest. Ron's face turned into a scowl, as he stared at his father. "Why did you do that to our family? How can you do that to mom? I can't believe that you did that to Hermione and haven't been helping her raise Rosie? What did mom say? Does she even know?"

Arthur stared at his son in disbelief. He didn't know what he was talking about. Why was Ron talking about Hermione? And why did he bring up Molly? "Son, I have no idea what you're talking about. Honestly."

"Did you cheat on mom with Hermione," said Ron.

Arthur opened his mouth in shock. Why would his son say something like that? He would never cheat on Molly. He sighed before he quickly sat down on the other chair in his office. That hall pass that Molly offered him. That was the only time that he slept with someone else. He slept with a muggle woman, so he knew that he didn't sleep with Hermione. Unless she also went partying disguised as a muggle.

That could be the only explanation that he could think about. Wait... thought Arthur, Rosie; Hermione's daughter shared the same traits with his older children. Is it possible that Rosie is his daughter?

It couldn't be. Hermione was mature for her age and barely went out partying. She wasn't that type of woman who goes out drinking and looking for a one night stand. Besides, there were plenty of wizards that had red hair and brown eyes so Rosie couldn't be his daughter. He was simply too old to be a father anymore, and if he could have more children, than, Molly would still be popping out more. After the war finished they never used protection or calculating methods, they just would have random sex, and never ended up pregnant. How could his son even say anything about him cheating on his wife with Hermione?

Arthur was confused. Really confused. He looked at his son again. "I honestly have no idea what's going on. Where did you hear all this rubbish?"

Ron sighed before he turned around and picked up this morning daily prophet. He handed the newspaper to his father.
Arthur looked over the cover page, as his jaw dropped. On the front cover was a picture of his daughter, Hermione, and a group of their friends at some random bar. The girls were drunk and hanging all over each other. There were bottles of butter beer and full glasses that might have been fire whiskey on the table surrounding them. He scanned the article, before sighing. He threw the paper away from him, and it landed in between him and his son.

Arthur couldn't believe that he had sex with Hermione. Ever since that night, he wished that he could have sex again with that person again. Hell, even Molly wanted that mysterious Muggle to share their bed. He wondered how Molly would react to Hermione being that mysterious person? Would she be pissed at him that he slept with Ron's ex-girlfriend? What would she say about his recent promise towards her? Would she still want to have sex with Hermione, know that she knew who she is?

What about Rosie? Would Molly be pissed that he had another child with a different woman? How could raise another child when all of this other children are grown and having kids of their own?

"Is it true," said Ron, as he kneeled in front of his father. "Did you cheat on mom with Hermione?"

"Son, it's not that simple," Arthur told him. He hoped that Ron wouldn't lose his temper.

"It is simple you cheated on mom. You had sex with a different woman. You got a different woman pregnant. How couldn't it be that simple? How will mom feel when she reads this paper? How will she feel that the man she loves for years cheated on her with a woman who can be young enough to be his daughter? How would..."

"Ron! Enough!" shouted Arthur so suddenly. He was angry. He couldn't stand his son accusing him of being a lousy husband when it wasn't only his fault. After all, it was Molly that wanted him to have a hall pass. "It was Molly's idea in the first place."

"Mom wanted you to sleep with Hermione? Hermione agreed to have sex with you?" asked Ron skeptical.

"No," said Arthur. He didn't want to explain this to his son, but he felt the need to. Arthur took in a deep breath. He didn't feel that comfortable talking about his sex life with his son. "Your mom made me have a one night stand. She thought that I might regret only sleeping with her, even though I told her several times that I wouldn't regret it. It was her idea that I had sex with someone else on the condition that I look like someone else. So I did had sex with someone else, but I didn't know it was Hermione that I had sex with. She looked entirely different. So I had sex with a stranger who I thought was a muggle so your mom and I wouldn't need to worry about running into the other woman."

"What are you going to do now?" asked Ron. "There's a ninety percent chance that Rose is your daughter. Are you going to ask Hermione to do a paternity test?"

Arthur closed his eyes. He didn't know what he was going to do right now. He honestly had no idea what he should do. He was aware that he needed to talk to Molly before he spoke to Hermione. He wanted his wife's opinion. She would know what to do.

"I'm going to talk to your mother before I get in touch with Hermione. I want her opinion on what I should do."

"Alright," said Ron as he stood up. He glanced at the clock on the other side of the room. It was getting late, and his lunch break was almost over. He gave his father a sympathetic look before he said, "I'm sorry that I can't stay later. My lunch hour is almost over, and I promised Harry that I
would meet him for lunch."

"Alright, son," said Arthur as he gave his son a quick hug. He was glad that Ron was getting over his bouts of random anger when he didn't get his way.

Arthur knew that he couldn't let this new information occupy his mind all day. He walked over to his desk and began sorting through his paperwork and assignments that he needed to get done.

Arthur was so absorbed in his work that he didn't hear his office door opening up. He didn't listen to the locking and silencing spell being cast. He didn't hear the footsteps walking closer to him. He only noticed that someone else was in his office until he looked up from his paperwork and saw Molly sitting in the chair right in front of his desk.

"Molly, what are you doing here?" Arthur asked suddenly before a frown appeared on his face. He looked at his wife and noticed she looked off. "Are you alright? I take it that you read the daily prophet?"

"Yes," she muttered. Her brown eyes looked into his blue ones. "Did you know that it was Hermione that you had sex with?"

"No, I swear it wasn't Hermione that I slept with that night. I thought that woman was a Muggle. There is a high possibly that I did sleep with Hermione."

Molly leaned back into her chair. "Then Rosie might be your child."

"I have a feeling that she might be."

"What do you what to do?" she asked him.

"I don't know," said Arthur, as he ran his hand through over his face. "What do you think that I should do?"

Molly bite her lip. She knew what she wanted to do. She dreamed about something like this happening, but she never had the courage to tell her husband. Molly figured that the muggle woman, Arthur had sex with was Hermione using some kind of polyjuice potion, she grew excited. She was glad that the person was Hermione and not someone like Pansy or Narcissa.

"Do you really want my advice?" asked Molly.

Arthur nodded his head before replying, "What should we do?"

Molly got up from her chair and walked over to her husband. She stood behind his chair, put her hands on his shoulders, and bent her head down to his ear. "Do you remember what you promised me the other night in bed?"

"Yes," whispered Arthur.

"I still want that. I want to see your balls deep in Hermione, while she screams your name. I want to see the pleasure on your face as she cums around your cock. I'd like you laying beside us in bed, watching us while I'm eating her out, and she begging you to fuck her."

Arthur closed his eyes, his breathing was labored. He knew that his wife wanted to spice up their marriage? He wasn't sure that was something Hermione would be interested in.

"That's what I want. The question is what you want, Arthur."
"I want you happy," he muttered.

"What do you think about having sex with Hermione?"

"She's hot," he said pausing. "She's also the same age as our youngest son."

"She's mature than the boys," Molly responded.

"We're too old for her," he stated.

"She told me about her crushes on her teachers," Molly responded again.

"She was raised as a muggle, Molly, she might not want to be in a triad relationship."

"Then we just need to convince her."

"What will our children think? What will the wizarding world think? Many are already disgusted that I have a child with her."

"I don't care what they think," responded Molly. After the second war with Voldemort, she didn't care what the public thought of her.

"Arthur," said Molly, as she looked into her husband's eyes. "I love you. I want you. I don't want to do anything that you're uncomfortable with. If you don't want to try to be in a relationship with Hermione than that is fine. We can help her raise Rosie. If that is what you want."

"I'm just worried," said Arthur. "I don't know how our children will react if we start trying to court Hermione."

"I think that they will be happy for Hermione and for us," responded Molly.

"You're right," said Arthur.

"If it worries you we can take this one step at a time."

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End Notes

There are so few Arthur and Hermione fics out there, and this one suddenly popped into my head. I will make this longer than a one shot if anyone wants it longer.

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