

# Wedding Night

*by karelia*

Hermione's wedding night

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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*His thumb is pure magic*, she thought lazily in the aftermath of the best orgasm yet. Of course, it had to be the best to date; after all, it was their wedding night, and Hermione wasn't sufficiently old-fashioned to have waited for that to find out what her partner would have to offer in... privacy, only old-fashioned enough to actually commit to marriage.

Finally coming down from her high, she turned to snuggle with Severus. "That was great, love," she whispered. "I don't mind a repeat any time."

Severus smirked—not that she could see his face in the now dark room—and said, "Good. I'll keep it in mind." She'd forgive him for sounding smug this moment.

Both suddenly sat up. "You know... I was just thinking,"

"Yes?"

"I'm hungry."

"Funny. Me too."

"Oh, Severus, do you know, it's seven hours earlier in Texas? Dinner-time there!"

"Is it?" He feigned ignorance.

"Yes! And I could really have some Tex-Mex food..." she said dreamily.

"Anything for my wife."

He Apparated them to the edge of downtown Dallas, and they entered El Fenix.

"Can I help you?" asked the waiter.

Severs spoke. "Yes, I have a table for two reserved in the name of Snape."

"I love you," Hermione whispered as they followed the waiter to a booth at the back of the large restaurant.

