

Truth And Consequences

by NixtAll

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Ficlet written for LJ's portus_envy.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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One shy peek above her book. Yes, he was still there, his eyes focused on the print of his own tome. She sighed. Quietly though, so as not to disturb him. How could he ever fancy her anyway? She was surely just a child to him. Former student no less! He was a kind, intelligent widower, doting father, all around wonderful human being. Well, there was the werewolf thing, but quite honestly she was no stranger to becoming a bloodthirsty monster once a month.

She turned the page. She hadn't read it, or the previous two, but she had to maintain the illusion that she was. A small noise caught her attention. Did he just sigh?

-o-O-o-

An hour passed. Or maybe it was five minutes. Hermione's stomach was threatening an ulcer if she did not let up with the nervous energy. It was as if her body was revolting against her. *Tell him how you feel. Now, do it now!* Three deep breaths and a muttered oath later, her mouth opened to say the words.

"How much have you read?" He spoke before she got a chance.

She snapped her mouth shut in surprise and wondered if she should tell the truth. No, the best action was to lie.

"Um, none, you?"

Wait a minute, I didn't mean to tell the truth. Curse you nerves! Now he's going to think—

"Zip here." She looked up sharply. He kept his gaze lowered as he fumbled to set down his book. Glancing up at her again, he found her still in a state of shock. "I'm sorry, Hermione, I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable. It's just—I've had these feelings lately and I think—"

"I think you're swell."

Did I just say that? Out loud? Brightest witch of my age? Sure. Most articulate? Not so much. How am I going to dig myself out of this one? Oh, he's sitting next to me now. Great Merlin, he smells good.

"Swell?"

"Sorry, I'm a touch nervous is all."

"Would it make you feel better if I said I was nervous too?"

"Maybe."

"How about if I said I wanted to kiss you?"

"Definitely." His lips were only inches from hers. Both were searching each other's eyes for hints of uncertainty. Finding none, he kissed her, and she kissed him back.

Kisses led to caresses. Caresses led to fevered gasps. Occasionally, one would comment on how wrong it was, and the other would completely agree before tearing at the other's buttons with their teeth.

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A flash of green from the direction of the fireplace alerted Ginny that her husband was home from work.

"Hello, Love, how was your day?"

Harry responded by kissing her cheek. "Long and meaningless without you, Sweetness." Ginny rolled her eyes and lightly elbowed him. Both laughing, Harry kissed the tip of her nose. "I'm off to clean up before dinner."

"Just don't go in the study."

"I take it George's new Honesty Vapor did the trick?"

"Yes, thank goodness. I slid the pack under the door like he told me. The two twits never knew what hit them."

He shrugged his shoulders and walked to his room. "About bloody time."