

# So There They Sat

*by Jenwryn*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione/Sirius. "One thing was certain: it hadn't begun romantically..."

One thing was certain: it hadn't begun romantically. There had been no roses or chocolates or flowery outpourings of purple-hazed prose. But then, when she considered the matter, she supposed that that kind of thing probably wouldn't have worked on the girl anyway – her head was on too straight to be swayed by a handsome man bearing gifts. But a handsome man with a shoulder to cry on? And a mind clever enough to keep pace with her thoughts? A kind of friendship mixed with mutual therapy? Well, that, apparently, had been just the right thing.

Molly crooked her little finger into the weave of the lacy curtain and shifted it to one side so that she could see them better, out there in her garden, killing time, waiting for the others to turn up for Harry's dinner (a promotion at the Ministry and, oh, was Molly proud of him). They'd arrived early because, as they'd put it, *the sky is so much nicer out here*. And so there they sat, the girl – young woman now – with her head resting, so easily, against the man's chest as she sat, half in his lap, half on the lawn, a serious-looking book lying unread on her knee while she watched the world go by, smiling now and then to something he said, and occasionally bringing her fingers up to touch his, where he played absently with her hair.

No, it hadn't been a dashing hero that Hermione had wanted – Merlin knew there were enough heroes in the girl's life already – and so that hadn't been what had brought them together. It had been, more or less, the power of conversation. Hermione Granger had fallen in love with Sirius Black because they had taught each other how to really listen. And Molly approved.