

Honeysuckle Rose

by _Levicorpus_

A summer wedding and a heartfelt reassurance.

Chapter 1 of 1

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"For me?" she begged her husband, twirling her hips a little like a young girl in a new dress. The dress itself, however, wasn't new. It had been her mother's when she got married and her grandmother's before. Severus tilted his head at his beaming young wife, taking in the flush she got right around her third glass of champagne, and the golden toe ring shining from her bare feet.

"Only for you," he admitted, pulling every part of her close to him once on the dance floor. He smelled the roses pinned into her loose hair and then inhaled the lingering sweat on her body that had intoxicated him during every chance encounter they had had since they had seen each other as equals.

Laughing as they fell onto their wedding bed in France, they laid inches apart in order to take in the lifetime ahead of them.

"Are you even scared at all?" she asked, her voice quivering a little as his deft fingers loosened the thick white ribbons that crisscrossed over her back.

He sat her up and held her just under the shoulders with both his hands.

"I love you, Hermione." Severus said. "That is enough reassurance for several lifetimes. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a wife to seduce."

Author's Note: This drabble is a loose sequel or friend of 'Je Voudrais Dormir' in that both were written in result of my intoxication with French music. The title and the tone were inspired by 'Honeysuckle Rose,' a fantastic song performed by Django Reinhardt & Stéphane Grappelli.