

Oh, Fortune

by Melenka

HG/SS encounter to music.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Drums, flutes in the distance, a thrill of violins and then the voices. Hermione closed her eyes, lost in the depth of those voices, singing of the vagaries of the wheel fate. She felt each word, each sweet, tortured call. She knew something of precipitous rise and fall.

Hands on her shoulders, holding her still. She would not look at what could not be. Warmth enveloped her, pulling her back, a whisper of regret for anger. The music pushed at her, tempting her to try the wheel. *Take a chance.* She spun.

His mouth denial shattered. Eyes open, she fell.

Prompt was HG/SS smut to music, but I got lyrical.