

Impulse

by persefone

*"Alcohol is a wonderful and a terrible thing.
Alcohol shows you as you are, and as you aren't.
It gives you the impulse you need to do things you wouldn't dare to do otherwise,
regardless that usually there's a good reason why you wouldn't do them without
alcohol."
A scene between Hermione and Severus.*

Impulse

Chapter 1 of 1

*"Alcohol is a wonderful and a terrible thing.
Alcohol shows you as you are, and as you aren't.
It gives you the impulse you need to do things you wouldn't dare to do otherwise, regardless that usually there's a good
reason why you wouldn't do them without alcohol."
A scene between Hermione and Severus.*

Disclaimer: All recognisable characters, places and events belong to JKR, and obviously I don't make money using them.

Heartfelt thanks to JunoMagic, who has made the story more than readable.

Alcohol is a wonderful and a terrible thing.

Alcohol shows you as you are, and as you aren't.

It gives you the impulse you need to do things you wouldn't dare to do otherwise, regardless that usually there's a good reason why you wouldn't do them without alcohol.

I lay sprawled across an armchair in a corner of the ballroom in Harry's house. My head was hanging over the armrest, some of my curls grazing the floor, and I was barefoot. The whole Order congregated to celebrate Harry and Ginny's engagement. Food, drinks and music flowed in abundance since the afternoon and throughout the evening.

It was late. I didn't know the exact time, but it was late. At least late enough that most guests had drunk their fair share of liquors. Yet not too late, as nearly everyone was still present, spread out on various sofas and armchairs the room produced when required. The hosts and the rest of my closest friends – Ron, Luna, Neville... – were either still dancing or already curling up with their partners on one of the sofas.

I, for one, was alone, in that alcohol-induced haze in which you don't care about anything but your own reflections.

As every drunk at that stage, I was deep into deliveration. And the only thing my brain could focus to reflect upon was *him*.

I wanted him. Badly. There was no way for me to deny it and remain sane anymore. It had reached the point of obsession *How very you, Hermione Granger, wanting to prove possible the impossible.*

My eyes were fixed at him. He was seated in another armchair near the opposite wall, nursing a drink.

Our eyes met. He must have discerned the nature of my gaze because for an instant he started, but then he continued acting aloof.

I closed my eyes for a moment to avoid staring. I don't know how much time passed – it could have lasted twenty seconds, it could have lasted twenty minutes – but I do know that when I opened my eyes again my vision was clearer and he was saying his farewells to a tipsy Minerva, who was lounging on a burgundy sofa.

With apprehension I watched how he stepped towards the door.

I wanted to stop him, to tell him to stay or to take me with him, even just for an innocent cup of tea.

It is those moments when alcohol makes a difference. Because that's when alcohol suggests: *what if you do it?*

And your mind answers: *why not?*

I followed him. Without a plan or a strategy. As if I was pulled magnetically towards the door he had exited. Purposefully I crossed the dancefloor, where no one seemed to miss me.

When I entered the hall, he was buttoning the last few buttons of his outer robe, an action he abandoned when he noticed me.

When I saw him standing there, just three steps away, his attention focused on me, I faltered. But a moment later all the firewhiskey running through my body managed to gather my Gryffindor courage for me and propelled me towards him. I took a short step, tentatively. Then another. And another.

He had watched my approach without moving with the imperturbable expression that meant he was reserving his judgement.

We observed each other for a moment. *Here you go, girl.* Then, very serious, I lifted my hands, inserted them delicately between his hair and his neck and rested them gently on both sides of his face. He tensed, but other than that he remained imperturbable, still judging...

I stood on tiptoes. Tilting my face upwards, I drew him ever so slightly closer. We stood there, our lips impossibly close, our breaths mixing, for an unbearably long moment. Neither of us moved, not even to close our eyes.

But suddenly reality returned, and what I saw on his face wasn't desire, just cold immobility. Was it acceptance or resignation? I didn't want a body, I wanted the man.

I closed my eyes and sighed, drawing back. *Stupid girl, what did you expect?* I hung my head. My forehead came to rest against his clothed collarbone while my hands lost hold of his head and my fingers slid down his cheekbones in defeat. I inhaled deeply to compose myself, and at that moment I knew that if I ever brewed *Amortentia* again, this would be its exact scent.

When I regained my wits, I stepped back and finally looked directly into his eyes. Those unfathomable dark eyes, which just a moment ago had been so close to mine.

"Good night, Professor," I said and couldn't help letting him see a bittersweet sad smile. Then, I turned around and climbed the stairs – with as much dignity as I could muster.

I didn't have the nerve to look back, so I didn't even know if he watched me go.

I reached the door of my bedroom, entered and dropped face first on the bed.

Merlin! What must he think of me? Just that you are even more presumptuous and impertinent than he thought you were, girl.

I nearly stole something from him that was never – nor will ever be – meant for me. And he would have let me have my way only Merlin knows why *Probably because he's so damned noble – because, in his own way, his nobility was equal only to Harry's...*

Once the rush of adrenaline dissipated from my system, alcoholic haze re-established in my mind, the scene replayed in my head. Along with one insistent question...

Why? Why didn't he stop me?