

Contentment

by *Southern_Witch_69*

Hermione and Severus share a moment on holiday. This is a birthday gift for Annie Talbot.

One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The usual apply!

Thanks go to ladyinthecloak for the read through!

Happy Birthday, Annie!

Hermione sat down on the beach while digging her toes into the white sand and watched as the waves rolled lazily onto shore. Her week in Panama City Beach, Florida had been amazing beyond belief. When she'd told Severus that she'd had enough of the cold Scotland weather and wanted to leave Hogwarts while the students went home for the Christmas holidays, she'd been quite surprised that he'd asked to accompany her, claiming that the allure of warm weather couldn't be passed up.

She'd agreed and had made arrangements for their stay at a place her uncle had raved about, which was farther down on the beach and gave its guests much privacy. The condominium had two bedrooms, but from the very first night, she and Severus had shared a room. She'd only guessed at the extent of his feelings for her before that moment, and now, she couldn't help smiling as she thought of the way he'd fidgeted upon entering and asking which room she'd like to have.

"Would you like the larger room, Hermione?" Severus asked, nodding to the doorway to the left of the kitchen. "It has a balcony that you can use to gaze out at the sea."

Without thinking, she said, "I always wished to come to a place such as this, wanting to sit up late at night with my lover while sitting out on a balcony, enjoying the sea breeze."

"Shall... Shall I share the room with you then?" he asked, voice cracking slightly. When she didn't immediately reply, due to honest shock, he added, "Or not..." and turned to venture off to the doorway on the right.

"Severus," she called out. When he didn't look back, but stopped, she said, "I would love for you to stay with me."

With a rare smile, he nodded and quickly brought his packed things to the room, beckoning for her to follow him with her own.

That night had been the first time they'd made love—the first of many over the last several days—and she was uncertain if she'd ever feel as complete as she had when he'd become one with her, whispering tender words of acceptance in her ear, for the first time.

"May I join you?" asked a silky, deep voice from behind.

She lifted her hand in invitation and tilted her head to gaze up at him. "Please."

He took her hand, kissed its palm, and sat next to her. "Barefoot again?" he asked, arching his eyebrow.

"Might as well enjoy it while I can, right?"

"I thought we might walk across to the souvenir shop before leaving. Remember, Minerva requested that we bring her something." He smirked slightly. "I would suggest a small piece of driftwood or a bottle of sand, but I doubt you'd allow it."

"Too right," she replied, chuckling. "I'll just get my shoes."

He stilled her movement, not allowing her to get up and instead lifting his other hand to reveal the pair of red sandals she'd fallen in love with on their first day at the beach—sandals that he enjoyed as well, for they revealed her smooth, pale feet and perfectly painted toenails. "I thought you might need them." He placed them beside him and leaned closer. "We don't have to go to the shop just yet, my love. Let's enjoy this for the moment."

"Whatever you'd like," she said happily before brushing her lips against his in a light kiss.

An: I wasn't sure what to write, so I asked my friend, ladyinthecloak, for a three-word prompt. She suggested the following: Hermione, red shoes, and a beach.

I hope you like it, Annie. Please have a great day!