At Night

by Dreamy_Dragon

The night is full of surprises.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

The night is full of surprises.

Hermione's eyes slowly opened. It was too warm under the duvet, and her throat felt like dry parchment. Carefully disentangling herself from Lucius's arms, she reached for the glass of water on the bedside table and found it empty.

Come to think of it, it wasn't really water she wanted. A cup of tea, the colour of copper with just a drop of milk. She could almost taste it. Yes, that would be perfect. She sat up and swung her legs over the side of the large, comfy bed. Unsurprisingly, Lucius didn't stir. Once he was asleep, there was little that would wake him. Hermione smiled and placed a kiss on a glimpse of naked shoulder that was barely visible among a sea of tousled blond before she got up and slipped on her nightgown.

When she stepped into the corridor, it immediately lit up with a soft, warm glow—a clear sign that the manor had come to accept her presence.

Three floors below, the kitchen was illuminated by the low fire in the hearth and a single sconce on the wall. Hermione hoped that none of the house-elves would feel compelled to investigate what was going on; fortunately, their sleeping quarters were sufficiently far from the kitchen.

Hermione started to dig through the cupboards. Given the excellent tea they usually had for breakfast, there must be some first-rate blend here somewhere.

Several cupboards later, she had found rice, salt, pepper, flour, sugar, and three different packs of coffee beans but no tea. She was contemplating settling for a glass of water after all when she opened the last cupboard in the row and there it was: several tins, which clearly contained tea leaves. She took out one of them and was about to prop open the lid to sniff its contents when she caught sight of something that didn't fit.

Odd, she thought, removing the remaining tins to get a clearer look. And then, she stared.

Stared for what seemed like an eternity at the red cardboard box right at the back of the cupboard: "Sainsbury Red Label Tea Bags" with a little Fair Trade logo in the lower left corner.

She took the box out. Giddy, glorious warmth spread through her.

Soft footsteps approached behind her, and an arm sneaked around her middle.

She leant back against him.

'Fancy a cuppa?' Lucius murmured into her ear.

Hermione just nodded.

Lucius took the cardboard box, which she had been stroking without noticing it, and went over to the kitchen counter. A few minutes and some demonstrations of wandless

magic later, two steaming mugs, complete with a splash of milk, were sitting on the table.

They drank their tea, made from Sainsbury's Red Label teabags, just as they had so many months ago at her flat—that afternoon when it all began. And just as she had then, Hermione leant over to kiss him. He tasted of tea and milk, and his arms around her felt even better now.

When they broke their kiss, he whispered into her ear, 'Best cup of tea I ever had.'

Later, back in bed, snuggled up against him, she listened to his even breathing and agreed.