

# The Ultimate Date

by karelia

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## The Ultimate Date

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Never mine.

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*Oh, that cloak again. I love the way it swishes!* Hermione thought as she watched him enter the place, regal enough to compete with any Malfoy.

When he bowed in front of her, she felt like a true lady. *He has such good manners...*

"I'm so sorry I'm late," he said in a low voice as he sat down opposite her. "Lucius chose an inopportune moment to share his latest woes about Draco's choice of witch, and there was no way I could tell him where I wanted him to go," he added wryly.

Hermione's smile was for him alone.

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Severus smiled back. A reluctant smile she treasured all the more because she knew *he never* smiled. Not for anyone. But for her, he had. The wave of being treasured suffused her like the dulcet tones of a symphony created by a maestro, making her tremble.

"I've not read the menu yet," she said.

"Thank you for waiting for me." He took a menu and glanced at it, as if he didn't know it inside out. "Their mussels are satisfactory. If you like mussels," he said.

She couldn't help smiling again. "Oh, yes! I love mussels!"

"Mussels it is, then."

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The food made her forget him momentarily. Hermione emptied one shell with a fork and then started to pick the other mussels one by one, relishing each one with its Provençal taste of tomato, garlic, herbs, and... something else entirely. Until she met his eyes.

"What's wrong?"

"You look gorgeous tucking into those mussels, you know?"

She blushed a bright shade of red. "No. I'm just, er, enjoying mussels."

He rose from his seat and was by her side in a moment. "I will cook mussels any time for you, if you only look that way. You are so beautiful."

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When she returned from the Ladies', he'd paid the bill and was ready to leave.

"Your place or mine?"

"Oh. Whichever you prefer!" she returned and felt like the dunderhead he'd described in her first year.

"Mine is impersonal," he offered, sounding not quite as indifferent as he looked.

"Mine isn't, and the books aren't sorted yet in alphabetical order, but there are sconces on the walls, and my bed is comfortable," she said and couldn't help but return his smile.

"Is there a reason you talk about your bed?" he asked, smirking.

"Oh, there is, Severus," she said and grinned.

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*He looks even better naked,* she thought as each disposed of the other's clothing.

*She is everything I've ever dared dream of,* he thought, gazing at her in awe.

"Oooooohhhh, yesssss!" she hissed as he touched her in just the right spot.

"Mine!" he uttered as she caressed him—there, just the right spot. "Mine!"

"Yours!"

Together, they saw stars sparkling, observed each other in utter perfection, realized what life was about.

"I won't ask how," he said, his voice filled with content.

"I fell in love with you, and eventually you asked me out for dinner," she said, satiated.

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A/N: Sunny33's prompt: Write a series of 100 word drabbles about any couple having sex. Not so hard, you say? Here's the catch. The first drabble has to be K rated, the second K+, the third PG, the fourth M, and the fifth MA.

Thanks to SW for the quick beta.