

Midnight Kiss

by ApollinaV

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Chapter 1 of 1

Severus and Hermione spend their first New Year's Eve together.

His plans included a warm blanket, a bucket of champagne, and a view of Hogsmeade's fireworks display from a tower. Her plans revolved around her parents' annual cocktail party, running around the kitchen and fretting over tarts, small talk with a house full of dentists – which quite literally was like pulling out teeth, and loudly popping noisemakers. Hermione won, of course. Sad sod that he was, Severus was quite eager to impress and accommodate. Their relationship was new and still very fragile.

In truth, Severus didn't mind overly much. Family was important to Hermione, and that was loads better than his own upbringing. For her he could muddle through, even though he was absolute rubbish at chit-chat and parties. Particularly when he had to be *nice*.

The first hint of any issue, however, came when Ellen Granger blocked the entryway to the kitchen and roped him into a conversation with the long-winded Dr. Lawrence Blair while she kept Hermione hopping like a House-elf.

He was then treated to the absolute pleasure of Mr. Bradley Thomas' thrilling company – greenhouse gases were going to kill them all. Dr. Forrester Babcocks' assertions – Labour was a massive disappointment, but at least they weren't Lib Dems. And a stupendous lecture from a rather tipsy Hammond Murphy on the more salient points of indirect kick fouts.

Severus had caught two glimpses of Hermione's curly head all night.

Moments to midnight, Ellen introduced him to Dr. Rodney Gilbert and simply insisted he have a look at Severus' gums – right then and there. They were in the process of angling a lampshade when Severus ducked and turned. He spotted Hermione across the room, tray in hand and distributing flutes of champagne, as the room began to chant a countdown.

"Oh, Severus," Ellen frantically called out behind him.

She stood with her back to him and hadn't noticed his presence as she emptied her tray. She paused, pushing errant strands of messy hair from her face. Hermione's hair had been piled atop her head and curled for the occasion, but her large corkscrew curls tiredly drooped. He leaned in, grazing her cheek with his own.

"Four," he chanted.

"Severus!" she gasped.

Hermione turned, fitting neatly into his arms.

"Three," they said in unison.

"Hermione, we need more champagne over here!" Ellen cried.

Cupping her cheek gently, Severus rang in the New Year with a kiss.

"Thank you for that," she said breathlessly. "I think I owe you for tonight."

"Oh?" His eyes glittered merrily. "Then I think it's time for us to take our leave."

"Severus!" Hermione playfully swatted him. "People will notice."

"Let them."

After all, he still had champagne, a warm blanket, and a view of Hogsmeade's fireworks display at the ready.

A/N:

Thank you to HermioneWeasley1972 for this lovely prompt. It was: *Write Severus and Hermione's first New Years Eve together. Romance. No sex.* This was very enjoyable to write. Thank you m'dear.

And *blows kisses* to uber-fabulous-beta Christev. I am comma challenged, but she keeps me on the straight and narrow.