

Having a Ball

by melusin

Hermione lacks a dance partner but lives in hope. Short ficlet written as a gift for mollyssister and morethansirius.

Having a Ball

Chapter 1 of 1

Hermione lacks a dance partner but lives in hope. Short ficlet written as a gift for mollyssister and morethansirius.

Disclaimer: Characters depicted belong to JK Rowling. Not mine, not ever.

Much thanks also to dickgloucester for a lightningly fast beta.

Hermione wasn't sure even now, dressed to the nines as she was, hair beaten into submission, and trying not to topple over in her four inch heels, if he was going to turn up. Eyes forever scanning the crowded ballroom for the only face she wanted to see, Hermione hoped he would make an appearance, before the band called it a night, and summon up the courage to ask her to dance. She had made it abundantly clear that morning over breakfast that it was entirely up to him whether he did so or not, knowing only too well how Severus felt about public displays of affection. Their relationship may no longer have been the hottest topic of gossip in the wizarding world, but holding each other close while shuffling around a dance floor was still on a par with snogging in the Great Hall in front of the entire school as far as he was concerned. With or without tongues. But, that didn't stop her from hoping...

'Not here yet, then?'

Hermione spun around to see Ron Weasley holding out a champagne flute in her direction. She shook her head with a sigh and mumbled a thank you, accepting the offered glass.

'Not what you'd call sociable, is he?' Ron grinned. 'You look lovely, by the way.'

'Thanks, Ron.' Hermione took a sip of champagne, screwing her face up as the bubbles tickled her nose. 'I just hope it was worth the effort.' Glancing at the door again, she was just in time to see a black-robed figure slip inside. But before he'd even had the chance to look about him and take his bearings, a gaggle of well-wishers had him surrounded, blocking him from her view. A moment later, he resurfaced, scowling at a thin, blonde witch who'd latched onto his arm in an attempt to engage him in conversation. Hermione stiffened, but she needn't have worried. Extracting himself, Severus began to make a bee-line towards her.

Her.

The crowd parted, eddying around him as he walked, but Severus ignored their stares and whispers, having eyes only for the woman who had dragged him away from his fireside on this bitterly cold, winter evening.

Hermione noted with no small satisfaction that he was wearing his best dress robes and that he'd made good use of the shampoo she'd left in his shower.

'Oh, dear. He doesn't look in the best of tempers,' she said.

'I don't know what you see in the old git,' Ron muttered under his breath. 'I really don't.'

'Everything I could ever want,' Hermione replied, her pulse increasing as Severus drew closer. Now, would he or wouldn't he?

Severus made a small bow. 'May I have the pleasure of this dance?'

'Indeed you may.' Hermione turned and handed her glass back to Ron. 'You know,' she whispered, 'he's the one you should be asking.'

'Huh?'

She smiled over her shoulder as Severus led her away. 'I have no idea what he sees in me.'