

An Enchanting Encounter

by blue artemis

Hermione, keeping a birthday tradition with her grandmother, gets a chance with the wizard of her dreams.

An Enchanting Encounter

Chapter 1 of 1

Hermione, keeping a birthday tradition with her grandmother, gets a chance with the wizard of her dreams.

Hermione's Gran never told her how or why; it was their secret. Every year since the Langham Hotel in London reopened in 1991, Hermione had been whisked away by the formidable woman for Afternoon Tea on her birthday. You could actually hear the capitalization of the A and T in the way the woman spoke about it.

"Seems rather fitting, doesn't it, princess? Enchanting Encounters since 1865!" said Gran the very first time. Back then Hermione was so full of wonder at the place... It was where afternoon tea was invented after all, and there was nothing Hermione liked better than actually being in a place history happened.

She never stopped to ask how her Gran knew to get a Portkey made for her on every single birthday after that. Come to think of it, the Portkey even appeared when she was on the run that seventh year that wasn't. And the year after, when she had returned to school. Only Anthony understood why a tradition like that was important.

"Why do you have to be gone on your birthday?" whined Ron that eighth year. He whined a lot that year, mainly because the Ministry wasn't impressed by his lack of education.

Harry looked wistful, especially when Anthony Goldstein reprimanded Ron sharply. "Don't be a baby, Weasley. Hermione and her Gran have a Tradition. The hotel they are going to has Tradition as well. Just because it isn't a magical tradition doesn't make it any less worthy."

"Aren't you a pureblood, Goldstein?" Ron huffed, not realizing he just completely killed any feeling Hermione had for him.

She remembered thinking that it was unfortunate that Draco had grown up while Ron had not, especially when she saw Draco asking Anthony about the place.

"Hermione, if you leave me on your birthday to go see an old Muggle, don't even think about me being here waiting for you when you get back," blustered Ron.

He was quite astounded when she laid him flat with her left hook. "That Muggle means more to me than you ever will, you bigoted moron. That money you got with your Order of Merlin ruined you. If you *are* waiting for me when you get back, I'm going to hex you!" she declared.

Ron was even more astounded when he turned to Harry and got laid flat again. Harry used his right fist, though. "I fought and killed a monster just to hear my ex-best mate sound just like Umbridge. Great."

Ginny kicked her brother on her way to the Owlery with the letter she had frantically been writing, using Draco as a desk. "Harry, save me a seat at dinner, will you? I have to send this letter to Mum!"

The crowd watching all winced and vowed to leave Ron a large berth at dinner. That was bound to be a spectacular Howler.

Hermione knew she should have been more upset at the end of her relationship, but the distraction of Anthony Goldstein...tall, blond, handsome, and patrician-looking

without the haughty pointy-ness of the Malfoys...was enough to soften the blow. She never did pursue anything more than a friendship with him, and he never pushed, but she carried a torch for him for years after that.

It was her twenty-third birthday, and Hermione woke up slowly after a lie-in. She had taken the day off from her job as a Dark Magic specialist at St. Mungo's, and was enjoying her time. She heard tapping at the window and let the multitude of owls in. She had her regular gifts from Harry, Ginny, Luna, and Neville, which she smiled at with fondness. Molly Weasley sent her a lovely tea set and her special blend of tea, which Hermione promptly set to brewing. There were the newer set of gifts, one from Susan Bones, who was her second-in-command at St. Mungo's and a formidable mind-healer. There was one from Draco, who led her research team, and one from Pansy, who was the administrative assistant for their division. Hermione shook her head at the tiny bag from Nimue's Secrets. Pansy could have easily run St. Mungo's single-handedly, but she said she was happy doing what she was doing. She fondled the beautiful set of unusual quills from Snape... she promised herself she wouldn't lust after a married wizard, but who knew he and Kingsley had been so close.

Taking a deep breath after shaking herself free from the memories of one rather memorable weekend, she saw that her Portkey from her Gran had arrived. This one had a rather cryptic note attached:

This year, my darling girl, I tell you the truth.

Love,

Gran

She got dressed in a lovely fitted wrap dress in a rich amber color with camel colored knee-high boots with high heels. She was wearing a simple gold choker with an amber center stone and gold hoop earrings. Her hair was styled so it was loose and flowing, her cascading curls framing her face nicely. She looked as though she belonged in a fashion magazine, well, if they were willing to take a woman with some curves. She wasn't overweight, but she was curvaceous and had learned to show it off.

The Portkey was, as usual, set to go off ten minutes to 7PM. She met her Gran in a small alcove in the hotel, and they would head to the Palm Court, where they would have the 1865 High Tea, just as they had for the last twelve years. She put her hand on the small coin and was whisked away.

"Gran!"

"Hermione, my darling girl! It is so good to see you."

Hermione and her Grandmother embraced. It was easy to see where Hermione got her looks when you saw her with the older woman. The two made a striking pair, and when the waitstaff and bus boys realized the date, they all argued over who got to serve them.

The hostess led them to their table, one with a good view of the room, when Hermione noticed a large group of...

Oh, my, those are witches! I recognize a couple of them from St. Mungo's; that is Professor McGonagall... And that is Anthony there charming them, isn't it?

Gran turned to see what had caused Hermione to sigh, and got a rather predatory grin on her face when she saw Anthony. She caught Minerva's eye and winked.

Hermione waited until they were seated. "What was that, Gran?"

"What, dear?"

"You *winked* at Professor McGonagall. And your rather cryptic birthday note said you were going to tell me the truth."

"I didn't realize you were so observant, darling girl," responded Gran.

Hermione raised an eyebrow at her.

Gran threw her head back and laughed. "Picked up more than Potions knowledge from that rather dangerously delicious Potions master, did you?"

"Gran!" Hermione almost hissed in her distress, but she knew better than to raise her voice in this setting. They had tea etiquette written into their menu as part of the history of the place.

Both women settled down a bit when the waiter came over. Hermione nodded at Gran; she knew her granddaughter's order.

"We will have two of each of the sandwiches, I would like the omelette and my granddaughter would like the poached egg Florentine. We would like two small slices of each cake as well, thank you! No skimping on my girl's birthday," Gran said to the young man.

He smiled. "Would you ladies like the champagne and soup as well?"

Hermione answered, "Yes, please." She consulted the menu. "I think this year I would like the jasmine tea."

The waiter looked at Gran, who responded, "The same for me, I believe. I haven't had jasmine tea since I was in China with your grandfather, many many years ago."

The waiter left.

"I just ate a small salad for lunch, Gran. I love these teas so much, and they are so filling. I can never decide which sandwich is better," Hermione enthused, her bright smile catching Anthony's attention from across the restaurant.

"I'm so glad, dear. Now, here is your gift," Gran said, holding a box out to Hermione.

Hermione opened it and gasped. "Gran? How did you get these?"

"Wondering how your grandmother got a set of dragon opals set in Mithril?"

Hermione looked up and saw the humor in the beloved face. "Well, yes!"

"And yet, you never asked how it was that you got the day off for your birthday every year at school, and how I got you a Portkey?" Gran asked dryly.

Hermione laughed at herself. "I guess not. It was the magic of grandmothers, I figured."

Gran smiled. "More than you know, dear girl. I'm not a Muggle. I'm not even a Squib. My family was cursed by Grindelwald so our magic was suppressed. This would continue until one of our line married a lost noble."

"What's a lost noble, Gran?" Hermione asked.

"A Squib from one of the noble lines, unknown to them or their family. In this case, your mother was a branch of the Black line; Sirius Black, the first one, had a daughter,

your other grandmother, and she was a Squib. Old Phineas had a soft spot for his favorite granddaughter, and instead of killing her, Obliviated her and placed her with the people you believed to be your great-grandparents," Gran said.

"That explains a lot, actually," said Hermione. "Do I resemble her?"

"Just the eyes. But those are rather striking, I believe," replied Gran.

"Any other secrets I need to know?" asked Hermione.

"You aren't interested in knowing *everything*, little one?"

"Are you any different from the Gran I grew up loving?"

"I don't believe so, my dear. Except I have a rather large vault in Gringotts."

"Then I don't need to know, do I? If you have any histories or diaries or heirlooms in that vault, I would love to see them sometime, but just the same way I would any of our family history. I don't see it changing me. And if it changes anyone's perspective of me, that is their problem, not mine," Hermione said.

"Well said, my dear. And look, here is tea!"

The ladies began to eat, the evening's revelations only bringing them closer.

Gran slyly looked across the room at the young man charming the seven or so older witches he was entertaining. Hermione followed her glance.

"He has them eating out of his hand, doesn't he?" asked Gran.

"He's very poised and posh, but he has a sense of humor about it," said Hermione. "He was set for Eton, but never bragged, like Justin Finch-Fletchley."

"I would have taken him for a pureblood," responded her Gran.

"Half-blood. He learned his manners from the pureblood side, I think," said Hermione.

"I didn't know you knew so much about him," said Gran.

"I've had the biggest crush on him ever since I knew what hormones were," muttered Hermione.

"Sounds like good old fashioned lust to me, dear. You'll never know if there is anything more there unless you get it out of your system," said Gran knowingly.

"Do I want to know?" asked Hermione, perplexed.

"Minnie and I have been friends for a very long time, dear. And I'm glad you aren't a repressed prude... even if you have gotten up to some things I wouldn't have imagined," replied Gran.

Hermione blushed, then shook her head. "Well, Gran, if I knew you were cognizant of our world, I would have told you directly."

"You aren't worried about my old heart?"

"Gran, your old heart is going to outlast mine. And don't think I didn't know what that scandal was last year. If you don't have use of concealment charms, you should not be shagging two men where your daughter-in-law can find you! Mum was hyperventilating for hours!"

"And you?"

"Considering I'd done the same thing without getting caught, I couldn't say much, now could I?"

Both ladies laughed heartily. Hermione's mum was a lot of fun to tease, especially about her squeamishness about sex.

"I know your father couldn't be happy with a prude, though. I often wonder."

"I don't. Mum can't bring herself to speak of such things, but she likes to be told what to do, and Dad likes to do the telling. You think they would know how to lock doors, though. I'm glad I was through puberty already the first time I walked in on them; that could have scarred me for life!"

"Hmm. Explains a lot. Back to you, though. Like your men blond, do you?"

"I like my men, men. I just happen to like the combination of looks and brains in that one. Did you know he is the youngest Arguer in Wizengamot history? And he doesn't discriminate in his clientele; well, he has to believe they are innocent."

"Oh, love, you *are* smitten. I know they are having some dancing in the other restaurant tonight. Maybe you will get lucky," hinted Gran.

"What did you do, Gran?"

At that moment, their table was approached by the tall blond man in question. "Hermione! It is a delight to see you here. You look breathtaking! And who is this lovely woman with you?" asked Anthony.

"This is my Gran. She is apparently good friends with Professor McGonagall," said Hermione wryly.

"Ah, a set up. It could be worse; someone could be trying to convince me to date Cho Chang again," he replied.

"You know, I can see you two have some catching up to do. Why don't you and I trade seats, Anthony? We are at the same point in our meal," said Gran.

"Certainly, Mrs. Granger," acquiesced Anthony.

"And how did you know I was the Granger Grandmother, my dear?"

"Hermione once said she called you Gran and Mrs. Junot was called Grandmother," answered Anthony easily.

Hermione's nipples tightened. She had made that casual comment during a DA meeting over seven years ago. Intelligent men were definitely one of her turn-ons. *Maybe he wants me, too.*

Gran smiled knowingly and left Hermione and Anthony, going over to the table of older ladies.

"How'd we do, Helen?"

"Excellent, Minnie! He didn't have a clue. Well, until Hermione put two and two together out loud," replied Gran.

She and the other ladies sat down to tea, cakes and some serious gossip.

"I've heard that boy is rather, um, adventurous in bed," said Mathilda Barnsworth.

"It's true!" chimed in Bess Hargrove, who was his secretary. "I've had to do some ordering of some interesting things, but mainly he loves high heels and stockings."

"I honestly don't think that will be a problem. Hermione can handle herself," said Gran.

Minerva nodded in assent.

Anthony looked over at the table of witches and smiled. "Hermione, would you like to go see if we can get into the dance club across the street?"

"Sure. But isn't this outfit going to stand out like a sore thumb?"

"Do you trust me enough to do a bit of alteration?" he asked.

She was curious. "Go ahead, do your worst!"

Anthony took her by the hand, informed the hostess to add the Granger table to his tab and walked her to the same alcove Hermione had Portkeyed into.

He looked at her intently, then waved his wand. Her boots kept their color, but became shiny. Her dress shortened considerably; it was now mid-thigh. The sleeves tightened, and the neckline widened; it was now off her shoulders.

"You wicked girl, that is a rather provocative brassiere!"

"Yes, and you haven't seen all of it. And the knickers match," she teased, glad she had decided to wear Pansy's gift.

He pressed her against the wall, slowly, waiting to see her reaction. He did like to play, sometimes a bit rough, but never against his witch's wishes.

Her breath quickened, causing her breast to rise and fall rapidly. Her nipples tightened again. This was one of her fantasies regarding this man, only the alcove was in Hogwarts in her imagination.

When Anthony realized the witch he had dreamed about for years wasn't going to push him away or scold him for expressing his desire physically, he grinned.

"Oh!"

"I have you pressed up against a wall, and you comment at my smile?" he asked.

"It feels good, I like it. I know you like it, considering what is pressed up against my hip, but that smile made me think of a large predator," she whispered.

"Did it scare you?"

She shook her head in denial. "Not at all."

Anthony was enjoying the game. He also wanted to see if he could get this proper little witch to talk dirty. "Then what is it, love?"

"You made me cream my knickers," she responded, thrilled when he turned her around abruptly. He leaned forward a bit, trapping her against the wall with his torso while he raised her skirt.

He ran one of his hands over the bit of leopard-print silk covering her bum. "I like these too much to rip them off of you... We may need to change our plans."

"Why?" Hermione asked breathlessly.

"Because, love, I am not going to be fit company until I shag you senseless."

"Here?" she asked, over her shoulder.

"No. Hold on," he commanded. He waited until she turned and wrapped her arms around his neck, then spun on his heel to Disapparate.

Hermione felt them land on carpeting, and realized he had taken them to a rather expensive suite in the hotel proper. "You have a room here?"

"Yes. My family keeps it for when any of us have business in London," he replied, while he divested her of her clothing.

"Mmmm."

"You like what I'm doing?" he asked.

"Yes. Most wizards don't bother using their hands to get a witch's clothes off."

"I am not most wizards. And all gifts should be savored, don't you think?"

That was the last bit of speech heard for a while, because when Hermione opened her mouth to answer, Anthony kissed her. She realized she was only wearing her boots and her bra, but he was completely dressed. He pulled her in close and she realized there was something erotic in the way his expensive wool suit felt against her bare skin. He turned her around, so her bum was pressed up against his erection, placing her hands up around his neck, as though he were displaying her. She realized he had a mirror in the room, and he was watching her every reaction.

He waited to see what she would do with the knowledge and smiled that very predatory smile again when all she did was moan softly.

He ran his hands up and down her body, taking his time to knead her breasts and pinch the nipples so they stood out against the silk.

She gasped.

"Too hard?" he asked.

"No, feels good," she ground out, afraid she was going to shriek if he kept up as he was going.

"Don't worry, the suite has a permanent Silencing Charm on it," he said in reply. "Get as loud as you wish."

He then ran his right hand down her torso and using his fingers, parted her nether lips in order to rub her clit. That made her gasp loudly. She screamed a bit when he plunged two fingers into her waiting vagina.

"Mmm, you are tight. I'm guessing your reputation is fabricated by a certain Weasley?"

Hermione laughed, actually causing her body to react even more to his intrusion. "Which, the one where I'm a prudish virgin, or the one where I fuck every man I've ever met, except him?"

"The second. You enjoy life too much to be a prudish virgin," he said.

"I've only ever been with four men, and it has been a while," she admitted.

"Good. I hope none of them are expecting you back," he answered. "Now that I've got you, I'm not planning to let you go."

She gave him her own predatory smile in return. "Considering you practically made me come just by shoving me into an alcove, and you know I enjoy our conversations, don't think you are getting away from me, either."

He responded by taking her hand and leading her to the balcony. He didn't open the glass door; rather, he pressed her up against it, then pulled her hips back a bit. Using his foot, he made her inch her legs apart until he deemed them just right. "I'd kill for a camera right now," he said.

"Why?" she asked, never moving from her position against the glass.

"You look so delicious. I would love to photograph you in black and white and frame the print for the wall in my study," he answered truthfully.

"If you can figure out a way to keep my hair from giving me away, I will let you," she said.

That was enough for Anthony to realize he had truly met his mate. He unzipped his trousers, pulled out his erection and pushed into her.

Hermione's only response was to push back into him as much as she could. Had anyone been able to see through the doors, they would see the rather debauched picture of a mostly naked woman, one breast out of her slightly askew bra pressed up against the glass while being rather thoroughly fucked by a handsome blond man in an expensive suit.

Anthony came loudly, crying out Hermione's name. The pulsing of his member in release triggered her own. After they recovered, he Apparated them to his bathroom, where a bath was drawn, steaming softly and with a lovely fragrance.

Once there, he magically removed his clothing. "Would you like to clean up a bit?" he asked.

Hermione nodded, so he removed her boots and bra, picked her up, then lowered her into the tub. He joined her, then surprised her by squeezing a small amount of an herbal healing lotion onto a soft washcloth and attending to her nether regions. He registered her surprise and answered the unasked question. "I know I'm a bit rough, and just a bit above average size. I don't want to cause anyone pain, though, not beyond some play."

He was astounded when she moved forward and kissed him. "I think you are wonderful, Anthony. I'm glad you went along with whatever ridiculous scheme those witches used to get you to tea. And that thing is a little more than a 'bit' above average."

"My father always told us not to brag; he said it was ungentlemanly."

"Ha! It also makes you sound desperate and like you have something to hide. That 'monster' Ron likes to talk about is below average. I've never had to be subjected to its use, but I've seen it."

Anthony laughed. "I'm glad you have consented to be an intimate part of my life. A question, though, why would you agree to the portraits?"

"I know what they mean, Anthony. My father took me to a meeting with yours once, a few years ago. When they thought I was out of earshot, my father asked yours about the photos of your mother on the wall. He'd had to treat her for something dental related and recognized the birthmark on her neck. Your father answered that every Goldstein man knew the woman he was going to marry when he found one he wanted to photograph. So, yes."

"Yes, you will take the photos, or yes, you will marry me?"

"We can start with the photos; I'm sure after you are done with the series, what is it, twelve or thirteen, one every two weeks, I will have an answer for the second."

Anthony threw back his head and laughed in delight. "Professor McGonagall said she remembered me saying I would give anything to get you alone. She said all I had to do was make the night of a few old ladies by taking them out to high tea. I couldn't resist."

"I should be glad my Gran's best friend is a Gryffindor. Who knows what would have happened if they were in Slytherin," she said, curled up against his chest in the magically warmed tub.

Of all the wizards invited to Anthony's bachelor party, only three recognized her in the erotic portraits. Never was her face shown, and her hair had been straightened for all of them. If there was any curl, it was very slight. When the evening was over, Anthony asked the three to stay.

"Minister, Master Snape, Harry, I realize you recognized Hermione, probably from the birthmark on her left inner thigh, am I right? I would like to ask you all for a wand oath never to reveal that little fact," he requested.

The three men agreed rapidly.

"You don't seem surprised, Mr. Goldstein," said Severus Snape in his rich voice.

"We discussed the reputation that Ronald seemed to want to give her once. She remarked she had only been with four wizards. I am a bit surprised that one was missing, actually," he replied.

"That would be difficult," said Harry. "The last, or should I say first, is dead. He died during the war."

"You knew?"

"Hermione and I have very few secrets, Anthony. I *know* how long she wanted you. I knew about these two," he said gesturing at Snape and Shackelbolt, "and I knew who was her first."

Anthony nodded. His estimation rose in the eyes of the three men when he didn't ask.

Molly had to stun Ron at the wedding when he threw his arms around Hermione's waist as she walked down the aisle begging her to reconsider.

"See that lady up there, Ron? The one wearing the Mithril? That is my useless old Muggle Gran. She isn't quite as Muggle as you thought, and she certainly isn't useless. You would never be acceptable to me after you insulted her. Let me go before I freeze your bollocks again!"

She continued up the aisle, more than happy to join Anthony and be bound for eternity.

After the ceremony, when Hermione encountered her grandmother, she hugged her tightly. "You know, Gran, I think when I have a granddaughter, I will continue our tradition," Hermione said to the beaming woman.

"Wonderful. The Langham certainly has a magic all its own."

Written for the Hermione_Hat challenge on GE. Basically, you were assigned a pairing by a random number generator and given a prompt.

Pairing: Hermione/Anthony

Prompt: On her annual pilgrimage to the Langham hotel for birthday high tea with her Grandmother...Hermione is shocked yet pleased to see the wizard she's lusted after for years being entertained by a gaggle of elderly witches who all think him charming.

"Enchanting Encounters since 1865!" is the motto of the Langham and is on their website.