

Shot in the Dark or Hammerheaded

by nagandsev

Arabica or Robusta? How can weary Order members choose? Tonks and Remus seek the ultimate java fix...

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Rough night?"

"Yes... Caffeine. I need it. Badly."

The knowing pink-haired Auror gave the tall, tawny-haired wizard a smouldering look up and down. Noticing his tented pants, her eyes twinkled, and she whispered, "Don't move a hair."

Leaning into him, she reached up, opening up the kitchen cupboards. "Melya, ristretto, kopi tubruk, oliang..."

She undulated her body, rubbing firmly against his sinewy, muscular chest. "Irish whiskey?"

Mmm... her nipples are quite hard...

"Rich and creamy? Steamed or froth? Sprinkled with cinnamon or chocolate?" Cheekily grinning, she teased, "Chocolate a must!"

Continuing her inventory, she licked her lips and purred, "Foamed with nutmeg or the syrup of your choice? A shot of whipped cream, perhaps?"

Tonks swirled around, gently swivelling her luscious buttocks into his groin as she bent over, opening the lower cupboards.

"Hmm... all out of nutmeg." She straightened up only to melt back into Remus' musky-scented chest. *My personal favourite flavour...*

His hands expertly pressed her body into his.

His voice low and throaty, Remus uttered, "The chocolate and whip cream will do for now."

Tonks arched her head back, turning her mouth upwards as Remus found hers, devouring her with a needy kiss.

Clumsily grabbing the whip cream and chocolate, they made their way impatiently to the bed.

The Arabica and Robusta aficionados quickly ran out of the main extra ingredient for a creamy espresso con panna, their energy having quite been salaciously spent.

Tonks gave Remus an endearing look.

"Double shots, darling?"

"Double shots, love."

Topping off Remus' double espresso with just a slight mixture of finely ground drip, Nymphadora handed the large mug of java to him and snuggled beside him. They finally settled back on their plump pillows and leisurely indulged themselves in a real caffeine fix: a large hammerhead.

Moody could tolerate many things, but sleepy-headed, post-coital Order members were not one of them.

A/N: Thank you, beta; the one and only: lyn_f!

Prompt: A determined search for the perfect cup of coffee leads to an even more satisfying discovery.