

Much Better

by blue artemis

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Bloody hell! This tastes awful! Bill Weasley thought to himself as he tasted the disgusting slop the house-elves called coffee. He had gotten used to drinking coffee after a stint as the Head Curse-Breaker for Gringotts San Francisco after his divorce.

He strode out of the Leaky Cauldron into the Muggle streets of London and started walking. He held little hope, but figured anything was better than what he had been drinking. He just walked, not knowing where he was going when he caught a whiff of something... *amazing*.

He looked up and realized he was standing in front of a little bakery. The smells coming from it were delectable, and he could distinctly smell coffee brewing. *Good* coffee. He walked in.

"Good morning!" A vaguely familiar voice greeted him cheerfully from the back of the shop. "I'll be right there."

He was perusing the baked goods when he heard a gasp. He looked up. "Hermione!"

"Bill! What are you doing here? No one found me, did they? Do I need to move again?" She choked out a sob.

"No, no, love. Didn't anyone tell you? They finally caught the Lestranges and Dolohov. You have nothing to worry about, not anymore," he replied.

Her smile, alone, was worth the walk.

"So, you are selling pastries? And is that coffee I smell?" he asked.

"Yes and yes," she said. She turned to the counter and pulled out a pastry filled with cheese and put it on a plate before gesturing for him to sit at one of the tables. She set it down in front of him, along with a steaming cup of coffee she had poured while he sat.

He took a bite and a sip and groaned in pleasure. He looked up at his hostess and realized how lovely she looked blushing. *I'd forgotten how much I enjoyed her company... Ah, well, Gryffindor courage.* "Are you lonely, love?"

"Yes, Bill. I was afraid. I couldn't let anyone get close, and then Ron, well..."

Bill wolfed down the sweet and gulped his coffee. "My little brother is an idiot." He stood up and stalked over to the wide-eyed woman. He crowded her back against the counter, bending his head to smell her neck. He smiled when he realized all he could smell was arousal, no fear at all. "May I kiss you, love?"

His smile turned predatory when he felt her nod yes. He raised his head and pressed his lips to hers.

This time when his groan of pleasure made her blush, he threw his head back and laughed. "All I was looking for was a good cup of coffee. I'm so glad I found you, this is much better."

A/N: Many thanks to my betas, J-- and P--.

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