

Orange Mocha

by peppermint

Remus just wants decent coffee after a transformation.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Remus just wants decent coffee after a transformation.

Remus gave the pale brown liquid in his mug an appraising glance before bringing it to his lips. He regretted this decision immediately, spewing a mouthful of truly atrocious coffee across the kitchen table in the basement of number twelve, Grimmauld Place. Peering into the mug again, he knew the cheerful daisies cavorting around the rim mocked him.

"Who made this swill?" he muttered, going to the sink to rinse the offending liquid from the mug and his mouth. "Two hours after a full moon, I just want a decent cup of coffee and I end up with this stuff," he grumbled, pouring out the rest of the pot as well.

He tromped up the stairs in a fine snit, Summoning his cloak from where it rested on a hook in the hallway as he made his way to the front door, continuing his ranty monologue. "Can't even trust anybody to make good coffee around here, weak as the day is long, have to go out when I'd just like to sleep..." He flicked his wand at his shoes, growling a charm to tie the laces, and flung the door open, only to be met by a flying red and gold muffler, grey cloak, windblown curls, and the most heavenly aroma in the world – *citrus aurantium amara* paired with *coffea arabica*.

"Remus? Oh, you poor man. You tried to drink that awful coffee Molly left, didn't you?"

"Is that... coffee? Real coffee?" Remus asked hopefully, peering at the tray Hermione held in her gloved hands.

Hermione laughed, handing him the tray. "Yes, real coffee. Latte. Extra foam. Yours is the one with the chocolate powder on top – mine has cinnamo—"

Remus put the coffee down on the first step of the staircase, grasped Hermione's shoulders, and planted a loud, smacking kiss on her still-open mouth. He was just drawing his hands away when she grabbed the edges of his robe and sucked his lower lip into her mouth, humming in delight.

His head spun, but he managed to extricate himself from her grip, bemused. "It's like that, is it?"

She nodded, a charming blush adorning her cheeks as she removed her outerwear. "I'm afraid so," she admitted. "I won't apologize."

He laughed, scooping up the coffee in one hand and reaching for her with the other. "I wouldn't dream of asking you to."

A/N: A determined search for the perfect cup of coffee leads to an even more satisfying discovery. *Citrus aurantium amara* = orange blossom, *coffea arabica* = arabica coffee.

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