

# Coffee is Easier to get Than Sleep

*by Josie*

Hermione is at the end of a 36-hour shift at St. Mungo's when she discovers, in the waiting room, the answer to her problems.

## Coffee is Easier to get Than Sleep

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione is at the end of a 36-hour shift at St. Mungo's when she discovers, in the waiting room, the answer to her problems.

Hermione was in zombie mode at the end of her 36-hour shift at St. Mungo's. Trainee healer work exhausted her, and no one in her area appreciated the magical-to-her effects of a good cup of coffee. Even after bringing samples from her favorite café, the elves could barely approximate the wonderfulness that was straight black coffee. With the emergency department overloaded from the Quidditch World Cup, she couldn't even get a shower, much less time to Apparate to get a proper coffee. As she looked across the waiting room, she saw the trademark shock of red hair that indicated "Weasley," although she wasn't sure which one. Not Ron, too tall, maybe it was Charlie. Hermione trudged over to the triage desk, saw that it was Charlie Weasley and took his file from the nurse. At least if she had to take one more patient, this one would be pleasant. Those blue eyes would be very pleasant indeed. She sighed and called Charlie to an exam room.

Hermione glanced at his chart. "Another burn?"

"Yeah, give me my usual." Charlie seemed incredibly bored with the emergency room, as if he had somewhere else to be.

She looked at his chart again and blinked inattentively.

Charlie tilted his head. "What's wrong?" he inquired.

"I'm sorry. I'm at the end of a 36-hour shift, and my brain is not cooperating. I really need coffee, but I can't get a decent cup here, and I can't even find a minute to get it in Muggle Scotland," Hermione explained.

"Coffee? Love the stuff. Dad used to try these maker things, and I accidentally discovered that coffee helps me stay with the dragons when they are sick and need round-the-clock care. Romania has really great... uh, I think they call it espresso here. They even showed me how to make it."

Hermione's eyes lit up. "Can you really make a good espresso? Can you show me?"

Charlie's eyes narrowed. Her desperate facial expression had activated the one Slytherin cell in his body. "It's gonna cost you," he warned.

Hermione picked up on his change in demeanor. "Oh, really?" she teased. Looking into his blue eyes, she realized that she was completely screwed. The promise of espresso and those eyes were a deadly combination.

Charlie snorted. Hermione's stomach flipped as he said, "I don't think that dinner at my place for a demonstration of my technique would be too much to ask."

"Not at all." In fact, she looked forward to it.

---

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