

The Proposition

by Pennfana

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione blushed and looked down at her feet. "I don't know...it's been a long time since I did this with, erm, another person."

"There's no need to be embarrassed, Hermione," he said gently, only faintly hesitating over her name. "I'm certain that you will do very well. And besides, the best way to improve is through experience." He touched her hand. "You will no doubt learn how to collaborate with me soon enough."

She stopped and thought for a moment; he was known to be particularly good at what he'd suggested that they do together, and she had always thought that they'd have excellent chemistry if they ever had a chance to try. What harm could one session do, anyway?

This was it. She had wanted to do this so badly for longer than she cared to admit even to herself, but if she waited another moment, she'd surely back down. "Let's do this," she said. Picking up the violin, she began to stroke out a fast and furious melody. His eyes grew intense as his hands caressed the piano keys in response to the familiar tune.

Magic swirled around them, crackling and dancing as they brought the music to life.

One floor above the castle's forgotten music room, the Headmistress (who was in her cat form, catching up on the gossip with the latest Mrs. Norris) felt her fur rise in response to the energy surrounding them. "What in the name of catnip is *that*?" Mrs. Norris hissed, her ears flat against her head.

The house-elves in the kitchen were thrown into a sudden panic when the pots holding the soup for that evening's dinner spontaneously erupted.

And up in her tower, Sybill Trelawney's best crystal ball cracked in half *just* as she was about to see something particularly interesting in the future of the Muggle Studies and Defense Against the Dark Arts teachers. "Oh, bugger," she grumbled.

Meanwhile, in Hogwarts' nearly-forgotten music room, Hermione and Viktor were aware of nothing but their frenzied playing. There was no thought, no worry, no awareness of anything but the intensity of the music. And as the music arrived at its climax, Hermione felt a profound sense of release. Her heart was pounding, and both she and Viktor were breathing hard.

They stared at each other.

"Wow," she gasped as she put the violin back down.

"'Wow' indeed," Viktor agreed, standing up. Before either of them realized what they were doing, he had swept her into his arms and his lips had *finally* connected with hers.

Author's Notes: This fic is dedicated to the ever-wonderful Kyria.

This plot bunny bit me when I read something this afternoon that reminded me of a discussion that happened in a creative writing class I took many years ago; one of my poems had sparked a conversation about how "making music" is an occasional euphemism for "making love." I was originally just going to end it with the "oh, so they're just going to play a tune together" twist, but before I knew it, the rest of the story just kind of happened.