

Designated Target

by Amita

Hermione branches out.

Chapter 1 of 1

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She sat in front of her computer with her mind in turmoil. It had seemed so easy when she had first heard about it: just describe oneself and one's desired partner. How hard could that be for a bright girl? She reread her latest effort

Bookish witch seeks Master to stir her cauldron.

No. No. No. She hit the delete key.

As she reviewed the postings of other ladies, an entry that she had originally rejected as sloppily romantic caught her eye.

Demure damsel enjoys moonlit walks on the beach and candlelit dinners. Appreciates a sense of humor.

With the eye of experience, she now recognized it only needed a little rephrasing.

Bossy witch looking forward to walking hand-in-hand through dank dungeons and sitting with her chosen through brooding evening meals. Humor is overrated.

A smile crossed her face. She was getting the hang of this, and she would soon be on her way to the land of enchantment.

A prompt from teaoli: online dating comes to Wizard Britain.