

A Suite In Brighton

by septentrion

Hermione sends an anonymous Valentine card to Severus and invites him to a blind date. Free of deep philosophical questioning.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Reread by Dacian Goddess. Thanks, girl!

Severus eyed the verso of the anonymous Valentine postcard suspiciously.

Dear Severus,

Please meet me at the entrance of Brighton's casino February 14th at eight. I promise you won't regret it. However, if you should fail to show, know that this postcard carries a jinx that will transform your family jewels into cheap pieces of jewellery.

Until then.

The picture on the recto was very explicit: a naked man was pounding into a bended, naked woman from behind. Their heads weren't visible; the postcard was too small to show them, but what was exposed made Severus' cock swell in anticipation.

He adjusted himself manually—after all, he was alone in his quarters—and pondered how he would answer.

“I don't like being coerced, and if this isn't coercion, then my name is Albus Dumbledore.”

During his monologue, his eyes had remained fixed on the moving picture, and of course, his subconscious had taken over without him noticing. He had to adjust himself again.

“Well, if this is a promise, it might not be so bad. And I don't want to lose the ability of being uncomfortable in my trousers.”

Far from Hogwarts, Hermione had just booked a suite in Brighton.

Why the hell had his mysterious correspondent arranged to meet him at the entrance to the casino in February? It was worse than Antarctica. Of course, had Severus not arrived two hours in advance, or had he worn his plain, old, but *oh, so warm*, cloak, he wouldn't have felt the cold as keenly. As it was, his pacing was hardly enough to keep his body temperature at a healthy level.

"Good evening," came a cheerful voice behind him.

He spun on his heels to face said voice.

"Granger! What are you doing here?"

Before she could answer, he sneezed.

She smiled at him. "Bless you, Severus."

"Do not tell me that you were the one to send me that pornographic card?"

"Did you not like it?"

The embarrassment brought by this reminder of his erection was hidden behind a fit of sneezes.

She frowned prettily. "Oh, I'm sorry. Shall we get inside?"

"Yes."

The evening was a disaster. After a couple of hours, it was obvious that he had developed a fever and wasn't able to sustain a conversation. Hermione sighed and resigned herself to the fact that a cold—and not she—would lure Severus to her suite.

"A new, very flattering and extremely expensive dress, for naught! An entire day of self-pampering to be as seductive as possible, for naught! The git managed to catch a cold on our first date!"

These thoughts didn't prevent Hermione from feeling a bit worried for Severus, who was exaggeratedly shivering in the luxurious bed of the hostel room. He was feverish, yes, but not to the point of being unaware of the happenings around him. Said happenings were very much to his liking: big and comfortable bed; nice, young woman to take care of him; Pepperup potion in his pocket.

Hermione had been fussing over him for an hour when he told her he had Pepperup potion. She was so relieved that she didn't comprehend at once what his statement implied, but when she did, he had but the time to cast an Imperturbable Charm on the room.

"You could have told me earlier you had Pepperup with you!" she yelled. He wondered if his charm had been sound-proof enough.

He smirked while smoking at the ears. It was a strange sight to behold.

"You were so eager to bestow your attentions upon me. Who was I to deny you?"

She narrowed her eyes. "Perhaps I should leave you now. I believe your very own attentions will be sufficient to take care of you from now on," she hissed.

"Ah, but perhaps my condition is not as good as it seems. You wouldn't want my having a relapse on your conscience, now, would you?" he said smoothly.

"I'm sure your pockets hold the means to prevent such a relapse from happening," she snapped.

"But what could replace the benefits of human contact?" There was a challenge in his voice. Would she dare to go all the way of her plot?

After all, he was already in bed and partly undressed. Half the work was done. She noticed that he was eyeing her intently. Perhaps her dress hadn't been for naught.

"Does visual contact bring you the benefits of human contact?"

"Not entirely. I still feel a bit faint. I'm sure tactile contact would be more efficient," he purred. "Actually, I think a full body contact alone would cure me."

"Don't you fear becoming addicted? Some medicines are well known for their side effects, you know."

"I believe this particular kind of medicine is reputed for the well-being of its partisans."

He pulled the corner of the sheets aside in an invitation to join him.

She opened the zipper of her dress, and very slowly, she let the piece of clothing caress her body on its way to the floor. Her lingerie was almost inexistent.

He wriggled under the sheets to rid himself of his suddenly bothersome trousers and pants while she climbed into the bed. He was upon her in a flash. She was so eager that she didn't protest when, less than two minutes later, he was inside of her, proving her that some medicines were indeed very beneficial.

They took great care of their health afterward: they implemented the treatment several times during the night and the morning. They'd been very careful not to let a single body part unattended—one never knew where the disease would strike—which led to apply the remedy in as many different positions as physically possible.

They had to admit an addiction had been created, and they agreed to meet again to renew the treatment. It eventually came to the point that such meetings became insufficient. Later, their friends never understood why Hermione and Severus claimed marriage to be healthier than Quidditch.