

A Series of Events

by lux_astraea

Remus is meeting Hermione's parents for the first time. How he feels, and what happens after. A series of short drabbles. (Higher rating for later chapters.)

Part One - A Revelation

Chapter 1 of 6

Remus is meeting Hermione's parents for the first time. How he feels, and what happens after. A series of short drabbles. (Higher rating for later chapters.)

Disclaimer: I don't own any of these characters. If I did, my name would be J.K. Rowling.

A/N: Inspired by a prompt from my lovely beta shalimar1981. Credit to her for getting it back to me so fast.

Just so you're all aware, Hermione is meant to be about 25 years old here. A couple of people who read this for me suggested I clarify this, so i did. =D

This is my first attempt at actually posting something I've written, and any comments will be greatly appreciated.

Thanks.

Part One – A Revelation

"Ready?" she asked, tying the shoelace on her boot.

"...I think so."

"You don't have to be so nervous, you know," she smiled. "It's just dinner. All they want to do is get to know you a little better."

He sighed, pulling his hand through his hair, a nervous gesture she only realised he had after they'd started dating. "I know, it's just... well... I," he stopped, blushing slightly.

"What?" she asked. "It's hardly the first time you've done something like this, is it?" She looked at him questioningly, standing up and reaching to put on her coat.

"I... erm," he stammered. He turned his gaze away from her, blush deepening.

"Oh!" she gasped, a little shocked. "This *is* the first time you've ever done this, isn't it?"

He nodded, seemingly unsure of what to say. Slowly, he returned his gaze to her.

She giggled; she couldn't help it. *I mean, he's forty-odd years old; it is a little unusual, isn't it?* "Sorry," she whispered, repressing the urge to do it again.

He sighed, "I should have mentioned it earlier."

She just smiled and grabbed his hand, pulling him toward the door.

It was going to be fine.

A/N: Up next is Part Two - An Introduction

Part Two - An Introduction

Chapter 2 of 6

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Here's part two, as promised. Hope you enjoy it, any comments will be gratefully recieved.

Thanks.

Part Two – An Introduction

They arrived at the front door, knocking lightly, having Apparated further down the street.

"Hermione? Oh, it is you." Her mother opened the door with a smile. "And this must be Remus. It's nice to finally meet you!"

"It's lovely to meet you, too, Mrs Granger," Remus replied with a shy smile.

"Don't be daft," she laughed. "Call me 'Jane'. As long as you don't mind me calling you 'Remus' that is?"

"It's perfectly fine, Mrs Gr... I mean, Jane," Remus replied.

"Well, come in then. Dinner's almost ready." She opened the door fully and ushered them inside.

Once inside, a voice from an open doorway a little down the corridor spoke, "Ah, you're here."

"Hey, dad."

"Come give your old dad a hug then, Pastry." He grinned.

"Daaad," Hermione moaned. "You know I hate that name."

"Well, you chose it!" he replied.

Hermione turned to Remus, seeing a puzzled half grin on his face. She sighed; only her father would embarrass her like that.

"Our daughter here took it upon herself to come up with a reason against all the nicknames I came up with when she was younger," her father began to explain.

"He doesn't need to know this," Hermione said, a deep blush staining her cheeks. Remus found he rather liked it.

"I once called her 'Pumpkin', and she told me it was wrong to call her that as she hated pumpkin and didn't eat it. Well, that was true," he grinned. He obviously loved teasing his only daughter, "but she absolutely loved pastry at the time and would eat that, leaving the filling of every pie her mother baked untouched. So, that's what I called her, and it stuck."

Remus laughed. It so was typically *Hermione* to argue against something like that.

A/N: Up next is Part Three - Dinner.

Part Three - Dinner

Chapter 3 of 6

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Enjoy,

~Lux~

Part Three – Dinner

Having sat down, and begun eating, the difficult questions began. Or so Remus had expected. For the first five minutes or so everyone was silent, concentrating on their food.

"Oh, Mum. I forgot to tell you, I brought the next book you wanted. It's in my coat pocket. I'll give it to you later."

"Thanks, Hermione. I must admit, I'm really rather into them. Isn't it strange how when I read them, I think of them as fanciful adventures, and yet you had them as your set textbooks in what, your third year?"

"Second," Hermione replied with a cough.

Remus looked questioningly at her from across the table.

"Erm, Mum's reading my DADA books from second year," she answered. His eyebrows rose at that. "Well, it's hardly likely to do any harm, is it? And they are fanciful stories of adventures that never really happened, Mum, at least not to the author."

"Ah, a certain Gilderoy Lockhart's personal biographies, I assume," Remus said, recalling who had been her teacher that year.

"The one and only," Hermione replied, a smile on her face.

Both looked at each other, remembering things about the fool of a wizard, then burst out laughing, surprising both Mr and Mrs Granger.

"Sorry, Mum," Hermione finally managed to get out, gasping for breath. "It's just he's so, so...."

"Pompous?" Remus answered for her, dissolving them both into laughter again.

Having recovered from their outburst, they all finished the meal in light chatter and then moved into the living room.

Conversation, unlike Remus' previous fears, was easygoing and jovial. No *'What are your intentions towards my daughter?'* type of questions at all. Yet, their love for their daughter showed regardless, and Remus felt that included him, too, in a way.

I love it here, thought Remus.

A/N: Up next is Part Four - Home

Part Four - Home

Chapter 4 of 6

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Thanks for reading (and reviewing)!

Part Four – Home

At half past ten that evening, Hermione and Remus Apparated back to Hermione's flat in London. They'd made their excuses to leave just moments before, realising the time and knowing they both had an early start the next day.

"Wasn't too bad, was it?" Hermione asked, giving him a hug.

"No, no, not at all." He smiled. It really had gone well. All his imaginings of a raging father and an overprotective mother had been completely wrong. He hugged her tightly and kissed the top of her head.

"Good," she said, smiling. "Now, I'm going for a bath..." She kicked her shoes off and wandered in the direction of the bedroom.

Remus smiled as he watched her go. He was glad today had gone so well. After all, if he didn't get along with her parents, how could he go about asking for her hand in marriage? He sighed and supposed he'd start getting his things ready for tomorrow...

"You coming?" Hermione's voice broke his thoughts; he turned towards the bedroom door.

"Well? I need someone to wash my back," she said, her bare left leg coming round the doorframe, teasing him.

He didn't need to be told twice.

A/N: Up next is Part Five – Bath. The ratings for the next few chapters will be increasing, so I hope you can all continue to read.

Part Five - A Bath

Chapter 5 of 6

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This chapter is the first of the ones with a higher rating.

Thanks for reading!

Part Five – A Bath

They both lay in the bath, basking in the water's warmth. Hermione sat in the space between Remus' legs, leaning back against his chest. Her eyes were closed and a lazy smile was on her face.

"I could stay like this forever."

"Oh, but I thought you hated your skin going all wrinkly?" Remus teased.

"Well... I suppose I could put up with it... as long as you're here, too."

He smiled, lifting a hand from the edge of the bath to cup her breast. His thumb moved over her nipple gently, and she sighed in relaxation. His other hand moved around her waist below the water level, stroking softly at the skin there.

"...there are other benefits, too, I suppose," she breathed, her head moving to one side so she could take a small glance at him.

He smiled and leant his head down, kissing her below her ear, where he knew she loved to be kissed. "Hmm, there are indeed," he agreed.

"Love you," she breathed. "Let's never move."

"I love you, too, Hermione," he replied. He kissed her again, in the same place as before, before moving to whisper in her ear. "Marry me?"

A/N: Up next is Part Six - Bed.

Part Six - Bed

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Sorry it's been so long since I updated! Exams, laptop problems, and Uni got in the way.

Thanks for reading!

Part Six – Bed

"Again."

"Again?"

"Yes, again... please," he whispered, kissing her collarbone softly.

"Yes... oh, there, just... mmm," she said breathlessly.

He moved down kissing her left breast, his hand gently smoothing the skin of the right.

"More, Remus..."

"Again," he said in response, pausing in his attentions to her.

"Yes! Remus, please, don't stop," she moaned.

He returned his attention to her chest, kissing and stroking but never touching her nipples, where she really wanted him to more than anything. He moved his hand a little lower, stroking her stomach first, then her hips, the tops of her thighs, never moving quite where she wanted.

"Say it again."

"Yes."

"Again." He smiled, lifting his head to look in her eyes.

"Yes," she breathed.

They were on the bed now; still wet from the bath they'd left a little while before. Remus was half laid over her, and she was laid back on the bed, her arms held above her head by one of Remus', his other hand and mouth kissing and caressing her softly.

"Remus," she moaned, trying to move her body so as to position his mouth and hand where she wanted them.

He laughed ever so softly, "Again."

"Yes, Remus, I will marry you. Now... please."

He smiled and finally, *finally* bent his head to her nipple. Hermione sighed in satisfaction.

Slowly he moved so he was fully over her, still mouthing her nipple, and settled between her legs which she spread eagerly in anticipation.

He stopped, moving his head so that they were nose-to-nose and positioning himself where he knew she wanted, just from the look in her eyes. "Again."

She sighed more in frustration than annoyance at the repetition of the question. He kissed her deeply, sliding into her a little as he did, causing her to gasp into the kiss. Pulling back from the kiss and thrusting, ever so slightly further into her, he asked her once more, "Again."

"Gods, yes, Remus... please!" Taking that as a request to move, he thrust into her and her head fell to one side as she groaned in satisfaction. Leaning his weight on an elbow he stopped moving and slowly trailed his index finger of his other hand up, from her shoulder, over her neck, to the sensitive spot near her hairline behind her ear.

"I love you," he whispered and started moving again, her moans and softly gasped words encouraging him to move faster, harder, deeper.

Soon, her back arched and she cried out, "Remus... Ahh, Gods, Remus!" One of her hands on his shoulder, gripping tightly, the other on the bed, clutching at nothing but air.

The feeling of her tightening around him and saying his name *in that* tone made him lose the last shred of control he was clinging to and he sped up, gasping in from exhaustion until he, too, came with a cry.

Recovering his breath, he moved so he lay next to her, and both of them stared up at the canopy of the bed listening to the sound of each others breathing slowly returning to normal.

A/N: Up next is Part Seven - After.