

Possibilities

by GeminiScorp

Both wanted this more than anything but neither thought it was possible. A drabble series written for GS100's PR Inspired, Undergarments, and First Kiss challenges.

chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I don't own the characters! The lovely JK Rowling has that privilege.

Possibilities

oOo

Black lace covering ample cleavage seen as she bends to adjust the seams of her stockings, black lines caress the contours of her calves rising to thighs he'll never see. Images of black knickers invade his mind forming fantasies that will never be reality.

He watches as she walks to her date, taking his hand, leading him to the dance floor. The music begins and she moves, hips swaying. A smile on her lips transforming her face into perfection. He yearns to touch her, to dance, to feel her in his arms.

Looking his way, she sees him and smiles.

oOo

She dances with Viktor, smiling and laughing making him feel as if he's the only man in the room.

She's tired of balls, celebrations, acting as if life is perfect now that the Dark Lord is dead. She's missed so much of her life, forced to fight a war that started before she was born.

Her eyes wander across the dance floor, not seeing those that are present but those that are not. No Harry. No Ron. Dumbledore, Molly, Hagrid, the list goes on and on. She misses them.

Her eyes close, she opens them and sees *him*. She smiles.

oOo

Before he realizes it he is smiling back. Though he's reassured knowing it is more a grimace in her eyes. She knows him well enough to know he does not smile.

They've spent weeks together researching, brewing, debating. Searching for a cure, any cure, to the unknown curse that afflicts her friend.

He's never broken down and consoled her when she sobbed at the injustice of life. No, he wore a mask, a mask of indifference to save her from the horror of knowing his true feelings, of knowing his desire for her.

Yes, she only **thinks** she knows him.

oOo

The music ends, and she places her hand on Viktor's chest, leaning in a little as she says something to him. He nods and leaves her, a frown on his face.

She slowly turns and stares at the man sitting in the darkened corner. Tilting her head she smiles again, marveling at what she feels for him.

She has always respected him, sometimes resented him and for months hated him. Now, now she doesn't hate him. Weeks working together closely had revealed a man, a man who was intelligent, passionate - a man with whom she could fall in love.

oOo

He watches as she sends her date away, immensely pleased that she has done so.

Her blue robes shimmer in the light, and as she turns to face him she looks like an angel *His angel*. Honeyed curls frame her face, caressing her shoulder when she tilts her head and stares in his direction.

Her eyes are distant, not really seeing but far away in a place he wishes to know.

She looks at him and makes up her mind. She closes the short distance between them.

She smiles down at him and sits, reaching out to touch his hand.

oOo

She speaks quickly, interrupting him before he has a chance to answer. She doesn't want no for an answer, and yet she knows that is what he'll say.

Their time working together is over, a cure for Harry can not be found, they have exhausted the possibilities. After tonight, she doubts she'll see him again.

This is her chance, her first, last and only chance. She can only hope to convince him of a dance, one dance. She wants more, needs more, but will settle for feeling his arms around her, their bodies moving together gracefully across the dance floor.

oOo

Her feather-light touch on his hand makes his heart race. He feels the warmth of her skin, the slightly callused fingertips on his flesh.

She speaks too fast, a nervous habit of hers. It takes all of his formidable willpower to concentrate on her words and not be overwhelmed by the sight of so much of her skin.

She wants to dance with him.

He has to maintain control. He doesn't want to frighten her with his intensity. He mustn't let her know the extent of his desires. He wants this, needs this. One moment to build his fantasies upon.

oOo

She takes his offered hand and stands. Relieved that he accepted without a fight, she smiles at him and laughs. His frown worries her but he doesn't release her as he leads her away from the table.

He places his hand upon her waist. The sensitive skin at her hip tingles from his touch. She does not think she has felt this content, this at home, ever before. The music begins, and they move. He is as accomplished on the dance floor as in every area of his life.

Her breath catches as he pulls her closer, bodies molding together.

oOo

He pulls her closer, shocked at his own boldness, yet she doesn't pull away.

He hears her gasp but soon feels her smile against his chest as their bodies mold together. Her bare skin against his fingers quickens his pulse. His arousal grows as their hips and thighs connect as they dance across the ballroom floor.

He's dreamt of this, never daring to hope it would come true. She's in his arms, for this moment she is his.

He gazes down at her, enchanted by the look of desire in her eyes.

She rises, closing the distance between their mouths.

oOo

His heated touch against her flesh overwhelms her. Her body fits against his, and as they dance she knows she must never let him go.

She feels his arousal, his heart race, as their thighs caress when he leads her across the dance floor.

This is so much more than she anticipated. He wants her. She's in his arms and he wants her.

She rises up - Gryffindor courage – and looks into his eyes.

Her tongue darts out, moistening lips, and he bends slightly. They hesitate.

She rushes forward, and as their lips connect, they belong only to each other.

Authors Notes: Thanks to writtermerrin for answering my call for a beta on Potter Place, and for doing such a great job so quickly. (Thanks also to britishtushi13 and felicius21 for their response!) Any mistakes are mine.