

Hot Chocolate

by Southern_Witch_69

Hermione ponders what life should be like while having a mug of hot chocolate. This is for my friend, beaweasley2, as a Christmas gift.

Only Chapter

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I'm snagging some of JKR's characters for a bit of fun.

I'm writing this for my mate, beaweasley2, who is always so very supportive, even when I'm grumpy. She mentioned trying to dabble with 100-word drabbles, so I'm using that format for this.

Hermione woke from a dream that she couldn't quite remember, but she knew instinctively that it hadn't been pleasant, for she still felt uneasy. She scooted down to the edge of the bed, slid to the floor, and placed her feet in her slippers. There was no use trying to go back to sleep just now. She'd need to clear her mind first. Deciding that she wanted a cup of hot chocolate, she made her way to the kitchen in the dark, not wanting to light any lamps and wake anyone. There was no reason anyone else should be disturbed.

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Christmas had come and gone, and it was nearly the start of the New Year. She supposed she should be thankful that she had something to look forward to, as many others had lost their lives while others had lost family and friends. Her mind was drawn to Severus Snape. He'd spent months in St. Mungo's battling a coma after Nagini's attack, and he'd finally broke free of it and was currently easing back into his life. They'd become quite friendly over the last couple of months, but she doubted very much that he was sitting about moping or sulking.

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She took a sip of her hot chocolate and closed her eyes while savoring it. A lovely vision came to mind, and she saw herself sitting before a toasty fire in a decorated grate, two stockings dangling, one on either side of it. The name Hermione was embroidered into one, and the name Severus was on the other one. She was not alone--*he* was there with her, also drinking from a mug filled with steaming hot chocolate. His smile was genuine, and his eyes sparkled in the firelight as he scooted closer to her. He made her feel complete.

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Together they watched snowflakes flurrying out the drape-drawn window as dawn peeked over the horizon. Everything about the vision was perfect: the contentment, the warmth, the promise of happiness to come. She loved Severus Snape. That was apparent now. *He* was what she wanted most and what she'd likely never have. Her vision faltered as reality tried to seep in, but it was quickly reinforced as she imagined what it would be like for him to kiss her—his soft lips pressing against hers, tongue tasting

and exploring, a hand gently on her cheek, both to steady and guide her.

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“Hermione?”

The one voice that could shatter her fantasy and force her back into the life she currently led sounded, and the room felt much colder and darker than it ever had before. She opened her eyes and saw him standing there, his too short pajamas rumpled and loose on his lanky body.

“What are you doing up, Ron?” she asked.

“Woke up alone. All right?”

She sighed and quickly drank the last of the chocolate from her mug. “Yes, I had a nasty nightmare—thought some chocolate would help.”

“Where were you just then?”

“Trying to dream something lovely.”

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As she nestled beneath the duvet again, Ron curled up against her back and already snoring lightly, she closed her eyes once again, hoping to renew the vision she’d started earlier. However, it wouldn’t come to her, as if it had been marred by Ron’s interruption. Why couldn’t she feel that way about Ron anymore? When had Severus wedged himself in her heart? Better yet, had she found her way into his?

To pursue anything with him would hurt Ron, but wouldn’t she still hurt Ron in the long run if she remained with him and didn’t return his affection?

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And then she made a decision. She would talk to Severus, make her feelings known, and find out what he felt for her. She would just have to be honest with Ron. It might seem selfish, but she truly did want that life with Severus, the one she’d envisioned—just the two of them sharing company in front of a toasty fire and feeling completely content with life in general.

Sleep began filtering into her thoughts, causing her to doze off. The last thing she heard before it took her fully was Severus’ voice.

“I’m waiting for you, my Hermione.”

SW69’s Notes: Just a little snapshot. I like to think I left it on a hopeful note. Beaweasley2 said that joy was sipping hot chocolate in front of a roaring fire with a loved one, maybe watching the snowflakes fall. I hope this does that vision justice. Cheers!