

# Shh, Don't Make a Sound

*by zyra*

What happens when Silencing Charm is simply out of the question? This is a reply to 'Behind Closed Door' challenge in GS100.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

What happens when Silencing Charm is simply out of the question? This is a reply to 'Behind Closed Door' challenge in GS100.

*Author's Note: Many, many thanks to my beta, Septentrion, for reading through this drabbles for me. She's fabulous!*

*Read and review! :)*

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"Shh, don't make a sound," he whispered when she failed to stifle her effort to groan.

"How can I, when—*oooh!*" Another groan broke their silence in the darkness of their room. "Stop that, Severus!"

"What, this?" He chuckled huskily as he lifted her right leg over his shoulder and thrust deep into her.

"Unh, yes ..." she hissed quietly, doing her best not to scream.

Falling into an agreed rhythm, Severus concentrated on bringing both of them to completion.

"Hmm, ooh ... I can feel that ... A bit more, Severus," she urged him breathlessly.

She cried out.

*Knock, knock.*

Severus swore.

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"Mummy, open the door! Please!" A small voice pleaded from the other side of the door.

"Just a minute, sweetie," Hermione said as she hastily tied her robe and threw Severus another for him to wear. "Quick!"

Disgruntled, Severus obliged. He knew who was standing outside their room.

Hermione flicked the light on and opened the door to confirm that yes—their three year-old son was standing there, fidgeting.

"What's wrong, sweetie?" she asked, bending over her son to pick him up.

"I'm scared. There's a ghost in my room," he said with wide eyes. "This time, it was howling!"

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"Nonsense. You know Daddy has warded your room so that no ghost could come in."

"But ... but ... I heard noises!" he said, still wide-eyed. "'Oooooo,' it said."

Hermione looked at her husband guiltily. She saw that he knew what noises their son had been hearing.

"Mummy, can I sleep here tonight?"

"Oh, okay—but only tonight. You're too old to be sleeping with your parents, you know."

"Okay." Cyrano slumped down happily in the middle of the bed.

There went their plan for a marathon. He sighed.

"Mummy, why is Daddy looking like he hasn't poo-poo for days?"

*The nerve!*

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He kicked closed the door. Cyrano was with his godparents, and Severus couldn't wait until he got home. He was instantly hard when he saw Hermione looking up from her reading.

"Is he okay? Did he cry?" she said worryingly.

"He's fine. He had forgotten about the 'ghost' as soon as Albus came running to him, excited that he's spending the night with him."

"Oh."

"Hermione, he's fine," he said as he walked over to his wife and gathered her close.

"Hmm, but there's another Snape who needs my attention, I see," she said as she squirmed languidly.

"Bedroom, witch!"

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"Oh, that's naughty ..."

"Is that a complaint, woman?"

"Oh, no ... Do that again. *Oooh!*"

"Scream, wife. I missed your screaming."

"*Make me,*" she murmured huskily.

He growled and thrust deep into her. Three deep strokes and he pulled out—much to her protest—and flipped her on her knees to thrust back in. Her favourite manoeuvre.

"Yes, hmm ... more ..."

He pulled her arms back as he rocked into her.

"I'm coming! Sev ... er ... *aah!*" She screamed as he spurted his cum inside her.

Later ...

"Do you think Harry would mind if Cyrano stayed with them once a week?"

He laughed.

-Finis