

Seaside Delights

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The best way to spend a summer day is a picnic on the beach, isn't it?

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Originally written as a contribution to the LJ comm portus_envy, for Juniperus who asked for Severus/Hermione, a picnic and creative food.

Many thanks to Charmed Force for the super quick beta read.

JKR's, not mine.

'Hm, I hope it's wrong,' Hermione murmured.

'What is?'

She looked up from the *Daily Prophet*. 'The weather forecast. It's going to rain tomorrow.'

'Now, wouldn't that be a surprise in a British summer.'

'It's so rare that we get an entire weekend together. Either you're stuck here, or the Ministry sends me somewhere. I've planned this for weeks.' Hermione sounded a bit petulant.

'I should think nature would lose its appeal after you spent months in a tent in the forest. We could spend a nice quiet day here, have a bit of a lie-in, you know.'

'Honestly, Severus, a picnic on the beach is not the same as camping. And even you need to get out of your dungeons once in a while.'

'Hmph.'

Neither noticed that a pair of bat-like ears was following their conversation attentively.

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Saturday started out cloudy but warm, so Hermione insisted that they go anyway. After a bit of grumbling, Severus gave in. Truth be told, he had never been to a picnic before and wasn't sure what one did at these things.

They Apparated to the spot on the coast Hermione had chosen. Severus had to admit that it was nice. It wasn't teeming with Muggle families, their screaming children, stalls that were selling ice cream, chips and whatever else they could think of; nor were there flashing announcements for bingo tournaments and other amusements like the beach Lily had told him about — a long time ago, in another life.

This place was completely different. It was a small, secluded bay that offered a spectacular view of the sea. Hermione dashed ahead, dumped the basket onto the sand and unfolded the blanket she had brought. Getting rid of her trainers and socks, she plonked down on it and removed her blouse as well; now she was only wearing shorts and her bikini top.

Severus had followed her more slowly and remained standing at the edge of the blanket. Hermione smiled at him. 'What are you waiting for? Come.'

He stalked over to her and, after removing his shoes and socks as well, sat down next to her. Hermione was already busy, searching through the basket to see if the elves had packed everything she had asked them to. It turned out to be a whole meal, including a bottle of wine. At the bottom of the basket she found another small bottle that had a little giggle escaping her before she quickly put it back.

'What was that?'

'What was what?'

'That thing you put back in the basket.'

'Er, something for later. Pudding,' she said quickly and kissed him.

Hermione was almost as good as he when she didn't want to talk about something, so he didn't pursue the matter. He would find out anyway, and her way of trying to distract him was far too convincing.

Severus started to relax a little as they chatted, ate their way through the delicious things the Hogwarts kitchen elves had packed for them and drank the light white wine.

After they had eaten, he used his wand to send the plates and the remains of their meal back into the basket. Hermione nestled into the crook of his neck and shoulder and was just starting to explore what he wore under his shirt when the predicted rain set in, bringing thunder and lightning with it.

Before the "shit" that had already formed on his tongue could leave his lips, the basket glowed pink, and the rain didn't reach them anymore. It was still pouring above and around them, but the blanket, the basket, Hermione and Severus remained dry.

Hermione stared at the basket.

'Elf magic,' Severus explained.

'Nifty,' was all she said before her hands crept back under his shirt. He moaned as her fingers found one of his nipples and started to play with it, and he pulled her closer to him, seeking her lips with his.

Hermione leant into his kiss, their tongues dancing around each other. Far too soon she withdrew, and Severus grunted in protest. 'You're so tense,' she whispered. 'Take off your clothes.'

He did as she had asked him, a bit reluctant for fear that someone might see them, but a part of his body had clearly decided that it was more interested in finding out what Hermione was up to.

Hermione had rummaged through the basket again and taken out the little bottle he had noticed earlier. 'Time for dessert,' she said, tipping some of its contents into her hand.

She came to kneel behind him and started to massage his neck and shoulders, her fingers slick with oil.

'Where did that come from?'

'Another elf prezzie,' Hermione said, a mischievous undertone in her voice.

'Mmmh, nice.' A sweet yet spicy fragrance reached his nostrils. His mind immediately tried to discern the ingredients but was soon distracted by Hermione's nimble fingers doing marvellous things to his tense muscles.

He moaned as she worked her way down his back, around his waist to his stomach, then up his back again and down his arms. Every now and then she paused to pour more of the delicious smelling oil into her hands.

She gently pulled at his shoulders to invite him to lie back, and again he complied, enveloped in the heady fragrance of the oil and completely relaxed, apart from a region of his body that was very anxious to see what would happen next.

Hermione's fingers worked their magic over his upper torso, spending considerable time on his nipples, which rewarded her with their full attention. The feeling of her warm hands all over his body caused him to moan again.

'Do you know what's best about the oil?' Hermione asked.

'No,' he answered, his voice barely a whisper.

'It's edible,' Hermione said before she slid down his body.

'Oh,' was all he managed before his world closed in on the sensation of her oil-coated hands and then her hot sweet mouth on him.

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Some time later they lay curled around each other. Rain was still pouring down while they were safely ensconced in their little cocoon on the beach, and Severus had to admit that a picnic was a very nice thing indeed.

~fin~