

When In Athens

by peppermint

Written for a Saturday Night chat challenge - SS/HG wedding night smut. Must be "good" smut, not "bad" smut.

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Chapter 1 of 2

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Thanks to ladyinthecloak for looking over this and sunny33 for issuing the prompt/challenge.

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"Five. Fwooping. Portkeys." Hermione scowled. "FIVE. I'm going to cheerfully murder the idiot at the Ministry responsible for this fiasco."

"Well, we did get to see Antarctica, Beijing, Dubai, and the Cheops Pyramid. It's not a complete fiasco," Severus pointed out, wiggling his toes out of his shoes. "So, Mrs. Snape. Care to join me in the ridiculously large bathtub this suite is reported to have?"

Hermione may have set a world record with how quickly she had her wand out to cast *Divestio* on both of them before she headed to fill the tub with warm, sandalwood-and-cedar scented water. She dimmed the lights, lit a few candles, and opened up the blinds. A gorgeous view of the Acropolis was visible from the tub.

"I'd open the bottle of complimentary Champagne, but alcohol is just going to put me to sleep," Severus grumbled, coming into the bathroom. "And I'd hate to leave you wanting on our wedding night."

He slid into the tub opposite his wife (wife! Lovely!), the scented water having a calming effect on his temper. Hermione smiled and scooted over to straddle her husband's lap. She settled herself against him, nuzzling into the crook of his neck with a contented sigh. He wrapped his arms around her and kissed her orange-blossom scented hair.

"I would be just as happy in a yurt in Mongolia as I am in this decadent bath, if you were with me," he whispered. "But a yurt wouldn't smell nearly as nice."

Hermione threw her head back and laughed delightedly. Then she arched her hips against his, and they found that words were no longer necessary.

The next morning, Hermione awoke to Severus nibbling at her neck. She pressed back against him invitingly, moaning softly as he nudged her leg out of the way and slid slowly into her. They rocked together, chasing away the cobwebs of sleep with gasps and whimpers of pleasure.

After a breakfast of mimosas, they went out into Muggle Athens to see what trouble they could get into with Disillusionment Charms in tourist attractions. It turned out they could get into quite a lot.

Spending the first day of their honeymoon locked up in the Athens Ministry while attempting to explain why they forgot a Silencing Charm was a much worse fiasco than five Portkeys.

They went back on every anniversary to do it again. Of course, they remembered the Silencing Charms on subsequent occasions.

# On the Porch of Maidens

## Chapter 2 of 2

Forgetting the silencing charms makes for an interesting morning.

*I don't own anything but the goofy plot. This is part two of a PP chat challenge. Morning after the wedding night, smut, no mention of any body parts.*

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After dressing in lightweight summer attire, Hermione and Severus made their way out into Athens. It was a cool morning, but promised to end up a scorcher of a day. When they reached the Acropolis, they Disillusioned themselves and slipped past the gaggle of Muggle tourists with their ugly clothes and obnoxious children. They kept contact with each other as they meandered around the Erechthion, heading for the porch of the Maidens, as neither of them much fancied sunburn.

After checking to make sure the spells were still in place, Hermione leaned against one of the statue pillars and pulled Severus against her, fumbling with the waistband of his loose trousers.

"Just think how many other couples have probably snuck up here to do the same thing," she panted between heated kisses. "Mmmm, history makes me so hot."

Severus chuckled, pushing her skirt up.

"Wife, you seem to have misplaced your knickers."

"Oh, no, husband. I know precisely where they are," she purred.

He growled, adjusting their bodies to give himself better leverage. "Do you want me to fuck you here, wife? In the middle of the morning in broad daylight up against a statue on a 2500 year old porch?"

Hearing her moan and feeling her clutch at his shirt was the only assent he needed. He plunged into her heat with a roar of pleasure, and she curled herself around him, pressing close. Their gasps and cries echoed off the ceiling of the small enclosure, wrapping them in echoes as they hurtled together toward completion.

Hermione screamed out her climax, calling on Athena herself to witness their connubial bliss.

Athena didn't show up, but as they made their way away from the Maidens' Porch, a stout Ministry official did. They found themselves packed off to the Greek Ministry to answer a charge of public indecency and lewd conduct.

They managed to get off on a technicality.

The Porch of Maidens continued to be a favorite anniversary holiday destination, and Hermione always remembered the silencing charms after that.

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About the Erechthion:

<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Erechtheum>