

More than enough

by dmf1984

Filius and Pomona have been missing each other terribly...

It was all too much.

Chapter 1 of 1

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Lemony "one-shot" for a Simon Says challenge over on the "Charming Roots" (FFPS) board: the first line must be "It was all too much".

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It was all too much.

The waiting. It was all too much, and today was the day of her return.

Filius Flitwick, pacing in the spacious rooms he shared with his wife, was keyed-up and more than a little restless. He hadn't seen her in a week, she being down in London to attend a Muggle gardening conference, and he stuck at Hogwarts castle busy with Charms curriculum reviews for the upcoming school year.

Sure, they had Owled each other often, but on these rare occasions, the separation became almost unbearable to both of them. Their Owl posts were full of secret code words: what he wanted to do to her and for her; what she wanted to do to him and for him... what she missed most about him. They had their own secret language, words of love and adoration mingled with rather erotic terms disguised as food analogies. If that Muggle-film chap, "Tom Jones", found food sexy, well, so could Charms Master Filius Flitwick.

It was all too much, the waiting for his precious Pomona to return to him... to his arms... to his warm kisses... to his...

With a flash of green flame, the fireplace came to life and out stepped his beloved Herbology mistress... his life... his love. The woman who owned his heart because he willingly gave it to her, years before they actually married.

"Pomona! At last you're home," he called, all but flinging himself bodily at her as she cast aside her traveling cloak and hat. Her luggage was tucked safely away in a pocket of the cloak, shrunken down for easy carrying; they'd unpack it later.

The open smile on her face made it all worth while. He'd felt ridiculous at first, pining for her the way he had, and had very nearly gone down to join her in London on several occasions that week. But, she'd been busy and he'd tried to keep busy for the whole six days that early July. Pomona Sprout had gained a reputation in the Muggle gardening world, totally separate, but not really all that much so, from her expertise with plants in the Wizarding world.

And besides, it wasn't like they had never been apart before. He really did have more than enough to do back at the castle. If he was completely honest with himself, Filius would have said that he simply missed her, body and soul. He'd make love to her for a fortnight straight if he could figure out a way to do it. The thought of her body always brought a tingling tightness to his merry little frame, head to toes.

But none of that mattered just now as she picked him up easily (he'd always admired her physical strength... many underestimated his beautiful dark-eyed witch since she

appeared so soft and gentle; he knew better, and more) and carried him to their bed, kissing him the entire time. A backwards wave of his hand locked the door, and he wordlessly set the Silencing wards upon it. If past experience was any indicator, they would both be loud in their love-making that night.

A lesser wizard would have been offended when she carried him in her arms, but not he. To be sure, their physical beings were worlds apart: he was three-and-a-half feet tall on his best days; she was just over five feet tall and pleasantly plump (in his expert opinion). But emotionally, sexually, magically... Filius and Pomona could not have found better soul mates than each other if they'd tried.

By the time they reached their spacious four-poster bed, kissing, caressing and giggling like much younger lovers, they were completely naked, breathless and very much aroused. Pomona landed on her back and gently drew Filius up to her, his kisses, his talented tongue and fingers all doing their best to cause her to lose track of time and coherent thought. They carried on like this for who knew how long, gasping and tasting, tingling at the sensations each generously brought to the other.

She gave a joyful cry when he finally entered her depths, thrusting gently, slowly, lovingly. "Oh, I have missed you so, Filius!" she exclaimed, sighing at the way he felt; his fully aroused length was easing its way inside of her. "Oh, yeeeeesssss..."

"And I, you," he murmured, pausing to taste first one nipple, and then the other. He rolled his hips as he thrust again; first shallow, and then deep, and he was thoroughly entranced at the way her muscles clenched around his erection. The sighs and moans and soft groans that Pomona uttered gave him all the feedback he needed just then.

"I have missed your touch and your taste," Filius whispered, thrusting gently this time. "I have missed your creamy skin... I have missed your delicious breasts..." he continued to whisper to her, making love to her with his voice and all of the rest of him. He pressed himself into her, changing the angle slightly so that his pubic bone rubbed her center of pleasure as he slid in and out of her damp curls. "I have missed the sounds you make when you come for me, my darling wife."

"Filius... you... are... so... good... to... me," she gasped, barely getting out the words in time to his movements, which were harder now, and more forceful. Pomona was starting to see stars as she neared her climax, and Filius grinned when he looked up at her lovely face.

He propped himself up on both hands, one on each side of her chest so he could watch her expression as she got closer and closer. He couldn't reach her mouth for a kiss yet, but he could lick at one soft breast and then the other, giving both of them equal loving attention. She moaned softly as she watched him, her eyes half-closed, and the tip of her tongue slipped out to delicately moisten her own lips in anticipation.

Her fingernails scratched his muscular shoulders gently, not leaving marks, but she let her hands wander greedily over him, rubbing his arms and his chest as beads of sweat ran down his face, dripping onto her chest. Even that touch was erotic to her. She reached further down to caress the muscles of his lower back, marveling at the totally masculine power he kept hidden beneath his wizarding robes.

"Hmmm... all for me?" she asked, not realizing she had spoken aloud.

Filius growled softly. "All for you, my dearest one," he told her as he felt her hands reaching for his buttocks, pulling him even closer. She looked into his eyes, seeing the love there, and then her gaze strayed down to where their bodies joined.

"Your wand is so beautiful," whispered Pomona as she watched him thrusting into her. She gasped with pleasure as he rolled his hips again, penetrating even deeper this time. He was picking up speed, wanting her to reach her pleasure before he did. She arched her back and her eyes closed as she groaned.

"Then come for me, Pomona," he said quietly. "Let go..."

She could not resist this wizard. A welcome tightness began in her pelvis, forcing her head back and her legs came up to wrap about his waist. Her fingers grasped at him as he pounded into her, pressure building each time he struck her clitoris with his body.

"Come for me, Pomona," he said again, his tone loving and demanding, his breath coming now in harsh gasps. His arms were shaking with the exertion; all he could think about was her pleasure.

"Yes!" she cried out as she climaxed around him. "Oh, Fil... oh, Fil... oh, yeeeeesssss!" Her eyes were closed but the look on her face was awe-inspiring.

His own breathless finish came three heartbeats later, her muscles clenching and unclenching along his warm, slick length.

He rested on her, supporting most of his weight on his hands and knees, relishing the way she stroked his hair and his face as they drifted down again.

"I love you, Filius," she whispered. "My darling, darling..."

"And I love you, Pomona," he said, his breath a warm sigh on her body as he eased himself up to kiss her face. A flick of her wrist and the bedclothes obediently drew themselves up to cover the satisfied lovers.

He leaned up on one elbow to kiss her properly, his tongue dueling with hers for a precious few moments. They rested there, his forehead on hers before she turned onto her right side and he snuggled close to her back, breathing in the wholly intoxicating vanilla-scent of her soft brown hair. Pomona pulled his arm around her waist, spooning into his body. This was the part of their long marriage that both of them adored, romantic gentle souls that they were: the closeness as they fell asleep.

"Sweet dreams," Pomona said, kissing his fingertips.

"The sweetest," he replied, murmuring into her ear.

It was more than enough.

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