

Wedding Night Nerves

by sunny33

It was a good thing to wait until the wedding night, wasn't it?

none

Chapter 1 of 2

It was a good thing to wait until the wedding night, wasn't it?

The bedroom door closed softly behind them. The room was softly lit with a myriad of candles, casting fluttering shadows across the walls. The light was sympathetic to the new bride's anxiety. She had never done this before. Sure, she had read about it, but participation in the physical act of sexual intercourse had only ever occurred in her imagination. And this man, this wonderful man, was certainly no innocent. He would be aware of all her failings and inexperience. She so desperately wanted to please him tonight, of all nights.

"Are you ready, my dear?" His soft question roused her from her reverie.

She swallowed nervously. "As ready as I will ever be."

He turned her to him and looked at her face, acknowledging the mixture of apprehension and anticipation he found there. With a tender caress to her cheek, he found her lips with his and gently kissed his wife. She responded immediately. This, she knew.

After several long minutes of simply kissing, Hermione knew she needed to make the next move. She moved her hands, which had been languidly exploring his back and chest, down to his lean buttocks and thighs. Gaining more courage with his low moans of pleasure, she gradually worked around to the front of his body. The rigid bulge found there, she had felt against her body on many occasions, but had not been allowed to directly touch before, lest he become carried away. He had gallantly respected her wish to wait.

She tentatively stroked his erection through his clothes, wondering at the knowledge that desire for her had created it. With a groan, he removed her hand.

"I think it is time we took this to the bed, don't you?"

She saw his dilated pupils and realised how aroused he had become. Turning away, she first kicked off her shoes, then let her dress slip to the floor. Clad only in a flimsy pair of briefs, she slowly faced him. He had disrobed also, down to his tightly tented boxers. He led her to the bed, gently pulling her down to lie beside him.

"Beautiful," he murmured as his hands found her breasts, stroking and teasing her nipples into hard buds. His explorations continued lower, across her belly and the curve of her hips. Likewise, Hermione explored her dark wizard's lean body with wonder. So much hidden under those robes, if only people knew. No, just as well people didn't know, she would have competition.

When his long fingers found her wet and wanting, she cried out with amazement that this could feel so good. When he stroked her swollen clitoris, she knew she was ready, more than ready. She wanted all of him, inside her, NOW!

Wordlessly, she rolled him to his back, straddling him, much to his amusement.

"Want something?" he growled seductively, which only inflamed her further.

"You... only ever you," she hissed, sliding down onto him, heedless of the brief discomfort as she became a woman.

A/N: This is my answer to the good smut vs bad smut Wedding Night Challenge in chat a week or so ago. Betaed by F.A.R.T.'s Esteemed Ruler: rdholmantx.

Morning After

Chapter 2 of 2

It is the morning after the night before, and body parts cannot be mentioned.

Morning After

A/N: This was written for a Potter Place Chat Challenge. The couple have sex the morning after the wedding night. The challenge was NOT to mention any body parts at all.

Hermione woke as the sun was rising, casting streaks of pink-washed light into the room. She stretched languidly and felt a warm body beside her. Her husband. Her very skilful, sexy, brilliant husband. She mulled over the events of the night before. The passion... the emotion... the exultation.

Rising carefully, so as not to disturb him, she went to the bathroom to use the toilet, toothbrush, and shower. While lazily enjoying the sting of the hot needle-like jets of water, she startled when a naked, lean form pressed up against her.

"Hmm, I see you are awake." She nudged backwards at the evidence of his morning arousal which was making itself known.

"Awake and ready for action," he whispered, slowly rubbing sweet-smelling lather all over her. Gently thrusting forwards, he slipped into place, finding himself surrounded by welcoming, wet heat. His growl of pleasure was joined by hers.

She directed him down to her point of need, encouraging his caresses and moving with him to deepen his penetration.

"More... more... yes... mmm..." She became inarticulate as the flood of warmth pooled in that one special place.

He continued to move within her rhythmically, gradually increasing the pace to match her demands.

"If I knew... that this was all it took... to render you speechless... I would have done it long ago, Mrs Snape," he told her. His breathless use of her married name tipped her over the edge as he joined her in shared rapture.

Hermione returned to awareness to find that she was still wrapped in her wizard's embrace. She turned to him and grinned at his sated expression. "I guess we shouldn't be doing that once term starts again," she teased. "Imagine what the students would think if you arrived at breakfast looking like the cat that's got the cream! They might be silly enough to imagine you would go easy on them in class."

"They would be sadly mistaken then, wouldn't they?" he retorted, flicking her with the end of the towel.

"Oi! Don't start something you can't finish, husband mine! I'll have you know I am a champion towel flicker. Comes from hanging out with those boys."

"Don't mention those two while we are both naked, woman, or I will have to do something to take your mind off them," he threatened as he moved closer.

"Ooh, please do..."

The End