

Two Words

by Stefdarin

Severus is a little anxious for their wedding night to begin.

Mrs. Snape

Chapter 1 of 2

Severus is a little anxious for their wedding night to begin.

A/N: First part of the challenge by Sunny33: Write a drabble 500 words or less about Severus and Hermione's wedding night. Must be good smut, no bad words can be used.

My thanks to Semptra for all she does.

Part One: Mrs. Snape

They were just inside the door of their hotel suite, and their naked bodies were pressed against it. Once inside, Severus had Vanished their clothes and leaned into her, murmuring the two words he had ached to say to her in such an intimate setting.

"Mrs. Snape..." he said the two words he had been longing to say for more than a year.

Hermione closed her eyes when the purr of his voice next to her ear caused goose-flesh to travel over her arms and heat to well within her. Severus had a power over her as no other before, and he was finally hers.

"Mmm, say it again... You have no idea what those two words do to me," she told him breathlessly.

A sultry smile came to Severus' lips, and he spoke again, his hot breath caressing the shell of her ear, "Mrs. Snape."

Tenderly, his mouth slid down her neck, nipping and kissing in its wake. His arms wound around her, pulling her close, and she succumbed to his touch. Her head fell back, and she gasped when his tongue drew circles around each supple breast. Her hips arched forward instinctively, seeking the feel of his evident desire, pressed against her thigh.

"Severus, please... make our union complete . . . now!" she demanded, no longer able to wait.

"Mrs. Snape," he said again. They seemed to be the only two words he knew at the moment while his mouth continued its steady path down her body.

He continued, whispering Mrs. Snape like a mantra, and when he reached the zenith of her thighs, his words halted as he paused for a taste. His tongue tortured her in ways no other man had and left her wanting more. Her hands rested on his head, causing him to apply more pressure, and she cried out when she felt his hot breath lap at her core.

Slowly, he rose, his black gaze meeting her brown one and a slow, seductive smile curved his lips. With deft hands, he wrapped her legs around his waist.

"Mrs. Snape," he murmured as he finally filled the desperate need burning within her.

With each brush of his body against hers, he brought her closer and closer to the point of no return. His lips found hers, and his tongue mimicked the movements of their bodies against the hard door. Soon, their bodies were covered with sweat as they consummated their joining. And when their bodies tensed, they tumbled over into bliss.

After a steadying moment, Hermione raised her head and said possessively, "My husband."

My Husband

Chapter 2 of 2

Hermione shows Severus just how she feels about their marriage.

A/N: Second part of the challenge by Sunny33: Write a drabble 500 words or less about the morning after Severus and Hermione's wedding. Good smut and no body parts can be mentioned.

Part Two: My Husband

Hermione woke gradually. As she became aware of her surroundings, memories of the previous day flooded in, and the visions settled sweetly. She smiled as one image flashed to the very front of them all. The view of Severus' look as the Minister declared him her husband. It was priceless, and the thought floated happily as she whispered the words to herself, "My husband."

She shifted slightly, and he grasped her possessively in his sleep, causing her gaze to travel over his sleeping form. Suddenly, a wicked smile rose, and she moved to caress him, delighting in the warmth and feel of his length tangled with hers.

In the filtered light of the morning sun, she moved cautiously, planting wet, sensuous kisses on each sensitive spot she found, moving lower and lower with every loving caress. Those two words, my husband, whispered like a staccato note, punctuating each stroke of her path.

Severus woke slowly to the feel of heated kisses, and the sound of Hermione's voice as she repeated two words over and over during her exploration. My husband... The sound of it made him smile, and his awakening desire rose as the possessive words fell. As she moved lower, he moaned slightly and shifted.

He moved to look down at her, and their gazes met, obsidian glancing into intense brown. The fire ignited between them when she moved lower still, and he felt warm, wet heat encompass the evidence of his hunger for her. A harsh groan erupted from deep within him when the wet-heat danced up, down and then swirled in a maddening pirouette. He shuddered.

Roughly, he pulled her up against him and her fierce gaze met his again. "My husband," she said possessively as she slid over him. They both moaned at the feeling of completeness between them. Rising and falling, Hermione brought them over the edge, together. Afterwards, they lay there, sated and breathing heavily. Then, lovingly entwined together, they squeezed each other tightly and said simultaneously, "Mine."