

That Quidditch Afterglow

by dmf1984

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Details

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: For Sprinkles, who helped me clear up my misconception that "Buckeyes" were only these delicious little rolled up balls of peanut butter dipped in dark chocolate... in time for College football. It might also apply to Quidditch season.

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Hogwarts Professor of Herbology, Pomona Sprout, was showering after brunch one bright November Saturday morning, hoping to get dressed and ready for the Quidditch match at mid-day. She was singing softly to herself, enjoying the steaming hot water and the delicately cucumber- and melon-scented gift soap that her husband, Filius, had purchased for her birthday earlier that year. He was just as hopeless as she was when it came to pleasing botanical fragrances of soaps, shampoos and the like. Of course, she'd also been the beneficiary of some nicely scented massage oils over the years too. This thought made her tingle with anticipation; maybe she'd have to find one of the warming oils in the linen cupboard for them to try out again, for aroma-therapy purposes, of course.

So caught up in her reminiscence was she that Pomona didn't hear the outer door open and close to their Master bathroom suite. She'd already been to the greenhouses for her morning check of the plants and herbs, as was her usual habit, and always looked forward to getting into fresh robes before heading out to watch the match from the faculty stands at the Quidditch stadium. It was promising to be a beautiful cold and sunny day.

She startled as the shower stall's frosted glass door opened to reveal a half-dressed and smiling Filius Flitwick.

"Oh, Fil!" she exclaimed, laughing in a way that made the merry little Charms master's knees go weak. "I'll be out in two shakes of a lamb's tail, dearest. I thought you'd been in here already, I'm sorry!"

He couldn't help grinning as his eyes roved over her curvaceous body, naked and wet before him. She felt a flush growing as he lovingly gazed upon her buttocks, her hips and finally her breasts; she also recognized the familiar twitch of his fingers and hands, aching to touch her soft, pale skin in ways that only he knew. As husband and wife of more than thirty years, they both delighted in each other's sensuality.

"No need to apologize, Pomona," he assured her, his dark eyes sparkling with love and something more. She felt a delicious shiver pass through her as he stepped into the shower stall. "But now that I'm here, might I offer you a hand with washing your back, my dear?"

Filius moved a little closer, simultaneously banishing his remaining clothes and reaching to rub her muscular, yet exceedingly feminine calves as his erection grew. It was an old joke of theirs, going all the way back to when they had first become intimate: rather than castigate himself for their differences in height, which he couldn't control anyway, he used some of his "reach" to his advantage. That and he had an active imagination for creative lovemaking.

And right now, as he leaned to tickle the backs of her thighs, she put a small squeeze of shower gel onto the pouf and held it out to him, a teasing smile quirking her lips. "Don't miss any spots, if you please. Remember we must have attention to detail here at Hogwarts."

"Oh no, Professor. Never would I even consider such a thing as being inattentive to details..." He dropped the pale yellow pouf to the tiles and stepped closer to her, his hands stroking the backs of her legs as he kissed her buttocks. His voice grew softer when he heard her groan. "Your skin is so lovely and so very smooth, Pomona."

Filius stood behind her, his long-fingered hands caressing her legs as he nipped and teased the creamy backs of her knees and her thighs... precisely the right height for him to reach with his lips. She leaned her head back under the warm water, ostensibly to finish rinsing the conditioner from her hair, but her eyes closed just then for another reason: his foreplay had always been masterful, in her opinion, and she only had a few more seconds of lucid thought before he kissed it completely away. Her husband had a way of "snogging her senseless" on many occasions. His massaging hands were reaching around to the front of her thighs, teasing ever closer to her center of pleasure. Any moment now, her hips would start moving of their own accord, and there would be no going back.

"Darling, we'll be late for the Quidditch match," she sighed with a shaky breath, trying at least once to resist him, knowing full well how futile it was at this point. She nearly giggled as she thought, *Hmmpf, late again you mean, Pomona*

He chuckled deep in his throat as the passionate tremble in her voice sent a shock of desire straight to his groin.

"It won't take long if you wish me to rush, Professor," he said lowly, an undertone of humor in his voice. He turned her around gently so that his face was very near her dark, damp curls as he stood before his beloved of so many wonderful years; the water streaming down her body enhanced the wholly erotic picture before him. "Besides, neither of our House teams is playing today."

That was true; the day's fiercely contested match was between Severus Snape's Slytherin House and Minerva McGonagall's Gryffindor House.

Her hands lashed out suddenly to grasp the sturdy chrome towel fixtures attached at either side of the shower stall, gasping and inhaling sharply through her clenched teeth at what he did next. In addition to the warm water running soothingly down her body, she felt his hot and talented tongue lapping at her clitoris. His hands were reaching up to spread her outer lips even further, giving him better access as he licked and suckled.

"Oh, yeeessss, that's true, isn't it?" she barely managed to reply, swallowing hard as her entire body trembled. She groaned softly as he reached around to tenderly squeeze her buttocks, pulling her closer to his face as he made love to her with his tongue. She marveled as she always did at his ability to hold his breath when they had oral sex in the shower; he had once laughingly attributed this to voice lessons as a young wizard.

"Mhmm," he hummed his appreciation against her skin, sending even more pleasurable shocks through her body. Filius leaned closer, letting her feel his hardened cock rubbing against her lower legs. She actually quivered in anticipation; glad for the support of the towel bar fixtures they'd installed several years before.

"That's very naughty of you," she teased, leaning her forehead against the slick tiles, her mouth open now as she panted and groaned again. He reached into her depths with a long, slender finger, plunging it in and out slowly as he continued to manipulate her nub. "Oh my..."

"If I am naughty, Professor, then perhaps I should be punished later?"

"I... don't..." Pomona gasped. "Yes, indeed, you should." They both chuckled now, excitement overtaking any last inhibitions they might have had. He had added a second probing finger as he lovingly explored her depths; here he always decided that his height of just over one meter was a perfect advantage.

"Are you coming, Professor?" he asked, his voice muffled a bit as he nibbled at her arousal, grazing it with his teeth, continuing to thrust in and out with his fingers.

She jerked and gasped, and he could feel her legs shaking as her vaginal muscles grasped at his fingers. Soon, he could taste her sweetness even more.

"Fil... oh, Fil... oh, my... goodness," she whispered, her orgasm making her vision sparkle with yellow, blue and green dots as she held on for dear life to the pair of towel bars.

He wrapped both arms around her legs, and rested his cheek against the front of a still-trembling thigh. They stayed there for several minutes, relishing both the warmth of their love and the soothing spray of the steaming hot water. She knelt down to kiss him as the shower rinsed them gently, and she lingered as she tasted herself on his lips.

"We should continue this lesson in the bedroom. What do you think?" asked Pomona, cupping his face in both of her hands, looking into his eyes full of humor and unmistakable adoration.

"Perhaps," he replied, smiling. "I'm afraid we'll be late for the match, my dear."

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"Pomona and Filius were late getting to the stadium again. Did you notice, Albus?" Minerva asked in the darkness of the Headmaster's bedchambers that Saturday night.

"Hmm," came the sleepy reply. She felt her husband shrug, chuckling; his naked and pleasingly muscular warmth was wrapped around her back as they snuggled under the duvet, drowsy and sated after their love-making. "It's not like either Hufflepuff or Ravenclaw were playing today."

"True," she said, and Albus heard the smile in her voice. "It would be unseemly for us to be late for our own House team's match, wouldn't it?"

"Ah, yes, my dear one, but that victorious Quidditch afterglow does give just the right touch."

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