

Skinful Sensations and Luscious Ministrations

by karelia

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Written in honour of arabella_bloodgood's birthday, the world's most prolific reviewer. Hope you like it, hon!

The first ray of the sun tickling her nose woke her up. Hermione looked at the clock beside her bed and sighed. It would be just an ordinary day, and nobody would bother to remember her birthday. Ron had yet to forgive her for not returning his love. Harry was still sulking over the loss of the prospect of his best friends living together happily ever after. Ginny was busy being pregnant, and neither Severus nor Lucius even knew what day her birthday was—she'd only been friendly with the unlikely couple for a few months.

She'd had enough sense to take a day's leave to do whatever she felt like, even if it meant lounging in bed all day simply because she could. Hermione turned over and returned to the land of Nod after noticing the days of wearing pyjamas were about to arrive. The early mornings were firmly in the grasp of autumn's chill now.

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A drop of some thick liquid gently tickling the skin between her breasts woke her up.*What the...?* She opened her eyes, but the room was pitch-dark. As another drop tickled her just above her navel, her eyes widened involuntarily, not improving her eyesight in the least. She tried to move, but found she was not able to. "What the hell?"

Soothing sounds answered her. "Shshsh. Honey is very good for your skin, you know?" She knew that voice. Fingers lightly spread the drops to cover more of her front.

"And what's better than to combine it with a relaxing massage..." another voice—deeper, this one—added. She knew *that* voice, too.

Having established the intruders were not after her life, Hermione decided to enjoy whatever the two were up to. More fingers spread the honey over her collar bone, her shoulders, her breasts, slowly moving downward, eliciting little moans of pleasure from her mouth.

Hands deftly massaged any kinks out of her muscles, increasing her pleasure. She sighed. "Feels good..." It was a mere mumble.

Hermione started when fingers reached her centre, lightly applying more honey. "Shshsh, just enjoy." Needing no further encouragement, she relaxed back into the mattress.

She revelled in the sensation of little licks on her torso now. Another sigh escaped her. "Mmmm..."

"Indeed. Delicious," the deeper voice purred and continued with his tongue's ministrations. A lick here, a flick there, a teensy bite on her nipple, quickly followed by lightly blowing air over the abused skin.

A low growl reached her from further down. "Mmmm... divine..." The voice—and then the tongue—sent shivers down her spine.

A little whimper escaped her when suddenly every movement stopped. Her breasts bereft of licks, flicks, bites, gently blown air, her core bereft of the same, only the tongue different.

"We should have opted for the large jar of honey. Really, Severus," Lucius chided.

An exaggerated sigh followed. "Don't gloat, Lucius, just because you're right for once. Why don't we simply switch pleasures..."

Hermione felt the magical binds loosen and then disappear. She opened her eyes again, and this time, her bedroom was bathed in the soft light candles and closed curtains provide.

"Come, my lady."

The grin that met her bordered on feral, and she watched breathlessly as Lucius lay down on her bed, shifting her to the side so he could occupy the middle of the large bed. He looked as gorgeous undressed as he did in his always impeccable clothing. *No, scrap that. I prefer him naked.*

She climbed on top of him and guided his length to her entrance. The moment she felt him enter, hands snaked around her, and she leant against the firm body behind her.

Moving slowly, languidly, up and down, Hermione cherished the sensation of thumbs lightly rubbing over her nipples while another thumb attended to her core, sending her closer and closer to the edge.

Then she shattered, her upper body held by Severus, his hands still playfully attending her breasts, her lower body still moving in rhythm with Lucius until he lost himself.

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Recovering, they were lying on her bed—Hermione sandwiched in the middle—when Severus said, "I think it's time for a bath." He pretended to ignore Hermione and looked at Lucius questioningly.

Lucius nodded. "Indeed," he said lazily. "We want our lady sparkling clean when we take her out for her birthday dinner, do we not?"

"Indeed." Severus got up, effortlessly lifted the lady, and carried her to the magically widened and lengthened bath, Lucius following behind.

Finite Incantatem

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