

# Knickers: Yule Edition

by nastygrl

How can one pair of knickers mean so much?

## Severus and Hermione

Chapter 1 of 1

How can one pair of knickers mean so much?

We are sitting together on the floor like little children do at their parents' feet, as if waiting for a story or a pat on the head. My wife... *My wife*. Just saying the words in my head still gives me pause, and a small smile appears. Hermione thinks it is in keeping with the Christmas spirit if we sit on the floor in front of our tree to exchange gifts.

Why comfortable sofas and leather chairs do not fall under acceptable Christmas seating arrangements is beyond me, but as I am still awestruck by my good fortune of late, just this once I will curb my tongue. "Besides," I remind myself with a soft snicker, "my tongue was too pleasantly occupied not so long ago for it to need any exercise just now."

My knees, however, are already protesting the uncomfortable position into which they've been contorted. The tree has already shed more spines than one would think possible while still maintaining any resemblance to a Christmas tree. It would appear my Kitten forgets she is a witch at Christmastime. She has insisted on doing a great many things without the use of magic, including wrapping gifts and decorating our apartment. It would seem that casting a *stasis* charm on the blasted tree so that the sharp needles do not find their way into a man's sock as they tread across a carpeted floor was included on the *Things Not to Use Magic For* list.

She is ready to leap up, yet again, to fetch something or other, and I rest my hand on her arm and slowly shake my head. "Hermione, you are a witch, and you are making me weary just by looking at you. While you may think this is *romantic*, the truth is, sitting here is cold, my knees are protesting, and this," waving my arm to indicate this entire scenario, "is completely undignified."

She rises smoothly, displaying her grace and youth and holds out her hands for me to grasp. Her intention, I'm sure, is to help me to my feet, but I tug hard and catch her as she falls towards me, wrapping her in my arms as I lay back, cradling her to me.

"I didn't say the floor was unacceptable, Kitten, just an old man made to sit on the floor and abusing his poor knees." I smirk as I raise my head to kiss her parted lips. We spend many involved minutes exploring each other's mouths, our tongues tangling and dancing. By now, I know the shape of her bottom lip, how it swells when she's been biting it. I know the flavor of her tongue, its lingering taste of apples from her juice in the morning and the bite of tannins from the wine she drinks at dinner.

Sooner than I like, she pulls back and climbs to her feet. She waits for me to rise as well, a slow and uncomfortable process. She is wearing a small, know-it-all kind of smile. I would toss her a glare, but apparently she is experiencing too much Christmas *cheer* for it to find its mark. I am painfully aware of our physical differences, as it gnaws at me daily. To put it as succinctly as possible, I am an ugly old man while she is a beautiful young creature, one who deserves so much better than my miserable demeanor and tattered body.

And it is not just our physical differences, but our life experiences as well, that blackens my mood and creases my brow. I've lived a long, hard life, and while she has suffered as well, it could never be to the extent that it would shatter her soul, as it very nearly had mine.

She is not oblivious to my torment; we've argued and cried and screamed about it often enough that it is as familiar to her as my favorite pair of black cotton shorts. In the

end, she made it known that my soul was worth saving. She brought me back from death, a black living death, breathing and eating, but never more than merely existing, until she came to me.

I shake off the foulness that threatens to overtake this otherwise exquisite morning. I've made love to my wife, my Kitten, and it is not only our first Christmas together, but also our first anniversary. It is the day to celebrate not only the savior to Christendom, but also my union with my savior, my redeemer and reason for being. My life.

I am finally to my feet, and she takes my hands, my one redeeming quality if her fantasies are anything to go by, and leads me to our plump sofa that is facing a crackling fire. I sit and pull her onto my lap. Her head finds shelter between my shoulder and neck, and she places a soft kiss beneath my ear.

We've agreed to only small gift exchanges; as cliché as it sounds, the truth of the matter is that we have each other, when so many small things could have drastically changed the outcome of our lives. It is enough of a gift that, while we have lost much, we've found more. But since I know Hermione, I have contingency plans in place to counter her subterfuge in the gift-giving treaty.

As I expected, her smile hints at her reckless disregard for the gift-giving rules. I don't mind, for even owing to my jaded temperament, I recognize the significance of this day. We have celebrated Christmases in the past as couples do, but this is also our first anniversary, marrying a year ago on Christmas evening. While we had awoken single last Christmas morning, we finished the day married.

Hermione has summoned our gifts from under the tree and has laid them at our feet. Reaching down, she takes a smartly wrapped, slim box and hands it to me. I savor the moment. It is my first gift from my wife. We do not exchange birthday gifts, feeling that celebrating our births, while remembering the deaths of so many of our friends, is somehow out of sync. I remove the paper slowly, knowing it will draw her ire. She is a paper ripper of the first order. Finally, the bow and wrapping are removed, and I lift the lid. There, lying in the white tissue paper, is a bit of green silk. Thinking it a cravat, I withdraw it. My hands still as I realize what I am holding aloft. Green shorts. My wife of one year has given me a pair of knickers for Christmas. I am speechless.

That she has been slowly replacing my older undergarments with new pieces is not a new activity. It is a very *wifely* thing for her to do, one little thing that makes me know our relationship is real, a living, breathing entity. But knickers.

My wife giggles and says, "Turn them around, Severus."

In doing so, I read the white lettering "Slytherin Pride Because snakes do it with their *tongues*." What starts as a snort quickly becomes a full chuckle. "Indeed, Kitten, as you well know." Leave it to my wife to seek romance and the full appreciation of this day then suffuse it with a bit of brevity. Her stunning mix of grace and youth startles me once again. I lean in and kiss her gently, thanking her then replace the shorts in the box and set it on the floor. From past experience I know it is my turn to hand her a gift.

I have several gifts for her; bath salts, jewelry, and, most importantly, lingerie that, after purchasing and bringing home, I took to our room and laid across my chest while I rapidly brought myself to a shuddering climax. I can only hope that seeing her in it will inspire an even more intense reaction. As expected, the gifts are opened with the maximum amount of ripping and shredding of paper. On her face is the mingled look of complete joy and intense concentration, as if she were a kitten ready to pounce on an unsuspecting bit of ribbon, hence my little name for her since our first Christmas together, three years ago. I open my remaining gifts as well, books, gloves, markers in various amounts to local potion supply stores and a slip of paper notifying me of my new subscription to *PlayWizard*. I quirk my brow, it silently asks my question.

Hermione smiles cleverly. "I like the letters and bit of porn that is written. I thought maybe, you know, if we ever would like to try something new...."

My brow rises higher, silently daring her to continue. While we had relations before our marriage, we've become more experimental as our marriage continues, and only this past week we've added a hint of pain to our lovemaking. I am waiting to hear why she hasn't subscribed to the magazine herself. But Kitten is self-conscious, so I lean in next to her, my mouth finding her ear, and, after nipping softly at her tender lobe, whisper hotly, "Hermione, if you want to look through the toy catalogue in the back, be my guest. Do you want something for me to shove in your pussy while I suck on your clit? Or do you want to buy something for yourself, to use on me, hmmm?" I know Kitten's fantasy of taking me is a huge turn-on for her. I also know that particular fantasy will make her come so forcefully that she will squirt her essence all over her hand as she is strumming herself. For my part, sex is sex, and if it feels good, I am not about to become shy or embarrassed and say no.

I kiss Hermione roughly, thrusting my tongue in her mouth as my hand roams her naked body under her dressing gown. I push her onto the sofa strewn with brightly colored wrappings and, after tugging my shorts past my hips, thrust my hard cock into her sharply, not giving her time to adjust to my length. She is hot and wet, already her pussy is clenching from the pictures I've drawn in her mind. My left hand is beside her head, and the other is plucking at her clit, rolling it softly between my fingers before squeezing it firmly. She whimpers and bucks against me. Rearing up on my knees, I grab her hips and roll her over so that the soft round globes of her ass is presented to me. I reach underneath her and pull her to her knees. "Press your cheek to the sofa. Do not lift your head." I instruct her. Her cunt clenches so tightly as I re-enter her that I cannot push any deeper without hurting her. My hands grasp her cheeks and smack both at the same time, leaving twin handprints. "Let me in," I order through a tense jaw. My hands massage her reddened bottom, and I slowly begin spreading her ass. I begin to thrust my cock faster and deeper into her, and Hermione, her mouth pushed into the sofa cushion, begins to howl her pleasure. I snap my hips, and I bury myself completely. I pause for a moment, letting her catch her breath, and that is when my thumbs begin to push into her little brown hole. That Hermione is obsessed with our anal regions does not surprise me, it too is dark and slightly taboo, as is, some would say, our relationship. It is a turn on for her, and I am quite willing to learn and exploit every thought, every whispered suggestion if it makes her happy.

All too soon we are coming, shuddering and dragging air back into our lungs in great gasps. I turn her again and lay down next to her, pulling the throw blanket down from its usual perch atop the sofa and settle it around us.

There was one gift that I had purposely had hidden away, not quite sure if I would present it to her, but if I did, I'd save it until last. Upon our waking, I summon the small flat box and gently float it onto her lap. She knows this is a special gift, and instead of ripping the paper to shreds, she simply vanishes the wrapping, leaving a simple white box in her hands. Slowly she removes the lid. Inside is a similar bit of cloth as her first gift to me this morning. She smothers a laugh, knowing we each bought the other knickers. She takes them out and holds them up. Her laugh ends quickly, and a confused look replaces her wide smile. They look like "granny pants," a slightly disrespectful term for not-so-enticing knickers. I urge her to turn them around, and a smooth look forms as she complies.

'Our Future Starts Here' is written across the abdominal section of the garment. It takes her a moment to realize the significance, but once she does, a startled sob escapes her soft lips, and she launches herself into my arms. I wrap her tightly to my chest. My throat is burning as it constricts, and I heave a great gasp of breath as I kiss her hair, running my hands up and down her back while she cries on my chest.

Children. When we began to plan our future together, we discussed many things, including children. My strongly held conviction was that I would be a horrible father; therefore, I never wanted a child. Hermione slowly whittled down my conviction from a firm 'No' to an indeterminate "When I'm ready, I'll let you know." The same as a "No," in my eyes, but Kitten felt that it left the door open to the possibility.

After one glorious year, I have seen every deep-rooted belief dissolve in the honeyed sweetness of her smile and soft shine in her eyes. If I am to truly build a future with her, I cannot hold back, deny that part of me that is so vital to her happiness, what could be our happiness.

She understands the sentiment, for upon closer inspection she found that they are not the oft joked about 'granny pants.'

They are maternity knickers; my way of telling her I am ready.

Our future is here, this Christmas Day, in our apartment, with her in my arms.

A/N: A huge thank you to my wonderful beta, Dynonugget, for her support and enthusiasm. RAWR!!!