

# Marriage

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500 word challenge for Snape and Hermione's wedding night.

## Marriage

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Hermione ran through the forest, wedding robes trailing behind her and hair flowing in her wake. She giggled and hid behind a tree.

There was the sound of a twig snapping in front of her, and she gasped as Severus Snape's head appeared floating in front of her.

"You cannot escape me, my dear." Severus leered at her.

"I should hope not." Hermione said haughtily before she pounced on him, and the invisibility cloak slid to the forest floor.

His wedding finery looked lovely splayed out on the bed of leaves beneath them, and he thought she looked quite fetching straddling him, white flowers entangled in her curly brown hair.

"They're going to miss us, you know."

"Not for a while yet." Hermione teased as she pulled her skirts up to her knees.

Severus held her close as she leaned over to kiss him.

Severus felt his body react to her. "How long do we have?"

"Time enough," Hermione insisted as she started tugging at the fastenings on his robes. She had him out in an instant, and her mouth engulfed him.

"Oh God, Hermione!" Severus whispered as he watched her pleasure him.

She smiled at him. "Call me your wife."

"Please, wife?" He didn't even know what he was begging for.

As she lifted herself up and kissed him, he felt her bunching up her wedding robes and he helped her get herself positioned over him.

He entered her gently and they began to rock together. She sat up, and he had a moment to drink her in.

Her cheeks were flushed, her hair wild, and she was still out of breath from the run in the forest.

She bounced with her eyes half closed and a smile on her face. Severus reached up and ran his hand along the skin at the neck of her wedding robes. She sighed

contently and she seemed to hold him within her tighter than before.

"Wife..." Severus whispered warningly.

She swiveled her hips on him, her eyes still half closed.

His back arched under her, one of his hands clenching the discarded invisibility cloak in his grip.

His eyes opened wide as he reached his climax, and Hermione giggled as she climbed off of him.

"You couldn't possibly be done." Severus eyed his new wife as she waved her wand and, he assumed, cleaned the mess from under her robes.

"I think you're going to have to owe me, with interest." Hermione grinned at him with a twinkle in her eye. "They'll need us for more pictures soon. You should clean yourself up."

Then she walked away, leaving Severus still spent and exposed on the forest floor.

He leaned his head back and laughed.

After a moment he cleaned himself with his own wand and gathered up the Invisibility Cloak.

He could hear Molly Weasley asking people if they had seen him recently. He heard Harry tell her he had not.

Little liar.

Who else would he have borrowed the cloak from?