

Wedding Night

by LuciannaMalfoy

Will their wedding night be perfect?

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Severus' body was flexing in a languid rhythm. Nothing mattered now, as he was with his gorgeous woman. The way her body felt under his was the most divine thing in this world for him. He kissed her swollen lips passionately, stifling her loud moans as the old and rickety bed groaned under their combined weight.

Severus knew that he was the luckiest man in the world because Hermione loved him, disregarding all the things which made most people turn away from him.

'Severus, I love you,' she said with love and desire shining in her brown eyes.

There was nothing more that he needed to reach completion, as the reassurance that she loved him was the one thing he would never tire hearing.

His orgasm came fast and left him spent and motionless. He couldn't move his body and was afraid that he was crushing her but he let himself rest above her for a moment.

Hermione didn't mind his weight over her. She brushed away a damp strand from his forehead and smiled at him warmly. It was the best night of her life.

His every caress made her tremble in anticipation, so she was more than ready for tonight, as Severus was so old-fashioned that he wanted them to wait for the wedding night to consummate their relationship.

Finally Severus managed to move himself away from crushing her, but he was afraid to look into her eyes.

What if she was disappointed that he hadn't lasted long? Or that he wasn't an experienced lover? Touching a goddess was different from mounting a whore, so he knew that his moves were not the best when she had guided his hands to the spots she wanted to get caressed.

'Severus, what's the matter?' Hermione asked, as she had noticed that he was avoiding her.

When he didn't give her an answer, she understood what he must be feeling now. Her sweet darling was always so insecure about himself and his actions, and she needed to reassure him.

'It was worth to wait for the wedding night,' Hermione purred as she hugged him close. 'You are the perfect lover for me.'

'Am I?' he asked, wondering if she was just soothing his feelings.

'Yes, and I fully intend to use you to my delight,' she said and straddled him.

Severus had always been the practical kind of guy, so she would show him exactly how good he'd made her feel. There would be no doubt after tonight.

Severus stared at his young wife in awe. Was she really so happy with him? He would enjoy her attentions, as being in love with her was bliss.

A/N. Original prompt by Lyn_f: Describe Severus' and Hermione's feelings/sensations/etc. at the point of orgasm. I am sorry if I ran away from the idea.