

Kiss Me, Severus

by neelix

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Kiss Me Severus

'Kiss me, Severus, or lose me forever'

'Well,' he smirked, 'to Kiss you? I'd never
have asked you myself.'

His eyes looked away, but his bashful admission

just lit up the fire of the witch's ambition

to wrap her thighs 'round his waist and push, just so

and elicit an ecstatic yet breathless, 'Oh.'

They tumbled with joy on top of the bed,

slightly put out by the banging of heads.

They tempered this with open mouthed kisses,

and Severus thought to himself that this is

so much better than he had imagined.

Flesh was exposed and fondled with passion,

with licks and with groans until, after a fashion

his cock found her quim and she quickly gave in.

And so did he.

With obvious glee.

She came, and he came,
and then she came again, shouting his name
in vain, because he was transported.

The only thing he could hear
was his heartbeat pounding in his ears.

His lips met her throat, and softly he kissed her,
murmuring lowly how much he had missed her,
and how he was so truly sorry they'd fought
(but he kept to himself he still found her at fault).

'Do you love me?' she whispered, her lips all a'tremble.

'I do' he replied, with barely preamble.

He felt her smile at the edge of his face,
and his hand drifted down to the lace
of her knickers, that somehow they hadn't removed.

Severus approved...

...but took them off this time.

A month or so later, all was uncovered,
and colleagues and friends had never recovered
from the news that Severus was stuffing the Golden Child.

Their eyes had been wild,

Severus grinned in recall,

as his hands drifted south at last year's Yule Ball,
to cup her firm buttocks in the palms of his hands.

And later that night they'd continued his plans.

In the way of proposals, it wasn't much.

But Hermione thought she had never seen such
a beautiful ring.

It really was a pretty thing.

And Severus had gone down on one knee!

She had never, ever imagined that he
would be a romantic. He was usually so
pedantic...

.... but she loved him anyway.

The wedding wasn't a lavish affair.

He just wanted to see her underwear.

Ann Summers had provided said scraps of lace and satin,
and Hermione's curves were so enhanced, that in
moments he was on his knees

begging, 'Please...

... let me fuck you with them on?'

Over the years there were tears and much laughter.

Severus and Hermione, Happily Ever After.

a/n: I don't write poetry very often so I'd be glad to know what you think.