

# Cloak of Night

*by luvsev*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione escapes to spend time with Severus.

She comes to me under the cloak of night—the darkness covering her tracks and her other life. She, too, walks a perilous line every time she escapes to bow at my feet. I've advised her to leave me be, to avoid this association, but she is unable, and so am I. She is as addicted to my darkness as I am to her light.

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Standing near the open window, I stare into the endless depths of night, letting the crisp, early fall air wash over me. I hear a deep sigh from behind me, and I turn to face her. The flickering candlelight is casting shadows upon her kneeling nude form.

'I'm ready,' she whispers, meeting my eyes.

I cup her rose-tipped breasts and squeeze gently, which causes her aged-whiskey-coloured eyes to drift shut. 'Come sit in my lap, pet.'

She follows me to the bed, and once I lean against the maple headboard, she gently sits in my lap.

'Let's relax before we begin.'

She rests her head on my chest, and her messy, brown curls tickle my nose as I inhale her scent: gardenias. I shut my eyes for a moment, content to spend one more night with her.

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A/N: This was written for my dear friend, ApollinaV, for her birthday.