

Steam Heat

by peppermint

A steamy afternoon in bed

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Don't own it.

'Beautiful,' Severus thought, gazing at his sleeping wife as he leaned against the bedroom door-frame. He had intended to wake her for a drink before dinner. Instead, he set the two glasses of Ogden's atop his dresser so he could undress and slid into the bed, spooning against her back.

Hermione stirred slightly, pressing back against his warmth with a contented sigh. He brushed his fingers along her sleeping sides and nudged her hair, still damp from her earlier shower, away from her neck with his nose. It was a warm summer afternoon, and the cooling charm she had cast earlier was wearing off. He buried his nose into her hair just behind her ear, inhaling the scent of her fruity shampoo, then trailed soft kisses along the column of her smooth neck. He brought his hand up to cup a breast, brushing the pad of his thumb over the pink nipple and felt it crinkle in response.

She whimpered, pressing her bum against him, her thighs clenching together in an attempt to provide herself some friction.

"What sort of dreams have you had, love," Severus purred into her ear, "that just a touch ignites you this way?"

"Mmmm," Hermione mumbled, "nice ones." She turned her head to capture his lips with hers, gently suckling on his lower lip before sliding her tongue against his.

Severus returned the kiss, his hand still attending to her hardened nipple and lush breast. He pulled away from her lavish kisses only slightly reluctantly, guiding Hermione to turn toward him. She complied, giving him a sexy, sleepy grin.

He smirked, leaning over and taking a nipple into his mouth. His hand went to the other breast, touching and stroking how he knew she would enjoy it, the benefit of years of monogamous practice guiding his motion.

Hermione arched into his touch, threading her fingers into his dark hair. He took time to properly lave each breast with his mouth and tongue as he slid his hand lower. He slid it over the soft skin of her stomach, hips, and thighs, which she willingly and eagerly parted for his touch. She tugged gently at his hair, and he left off her breast to kiss her.

His hand teased along her inner thighs as he devoured her mouth, his tongue curling around hers. He cupped his hand over her mound, delving shallowly into her with his first two fingers. She moaned, pressing her hips up and into his hand. He grinned, breaking the kiss to nibble gently along her jawline as he spread her moisture, his fingertips skirting around her clit.

Hermione groaned, shifting her hips to gain more contact with Severus' fingers, but he ignored her movements and kept his own slow, teasing pace. The bedroom was warm from summer heat, and Severus seemed to be intent on keeping things lazy. She slid her unoccupied hand down his stomach and across his hip, bypassing his cock altogether and cupping his bollocks in her hand, rolling and gently squeezing.

Severus chuckled, nipping lightly at her neck. His fingers caressed her clit, rolling it between his thumb and forefinger. She wrapped her hand around his half-hard member, stroking up and down, coaxing it to its fullest and concentrating as best she could with his fingers on her and in her, driving her wild.

"You should make me come," she whispered into his ear, "so that when you put your cock in me, I'll be throbbing around you."

"Merlin, how I love it when you talk dirty, witch. You're soaking wet, did you know?" Severus replied, his fingers speeding their caresses, no longer teasing but instead urging her toward climax.

Hermione gasped, shifting the rest of the way onto her back. She gripped the sheets in one hand and him in the other, concentrating on the desire burning her belly and the way she ached to be filled, an emptiness that could only be alleviated by her dark, sexy husband. His thumb pressed down on her in the rocking motion that never failed to bring her off.

Her cry of pleasure was swallowed by a deep, passionate kiss as he replaced his fingers with his cock, teasingly sliding against her swollen, sensitive outer lips before plunging into her wet heat. He grabbed a pillow and shoved it under her bum, and she hooked her legs over his elbows, looking for that perfect angle. He pulled back from kissing her to watch the fascinating expressions on her face as they pleased each other.

Severus knew he'd found the perfect pace and angle when Hermione started panting, calling the names of a veritable pantheon of gods as he thrust firmly into her, praying to any he could think of that he'd last long enough for her to climax again.

He was startled out of his profane prayers by Hermione crooning his name as she came, a mischievous grin on her face. He grinned back, thrusting a few more times before he, too, was overtaken.

A few moments later, when they had untangled themselves, Hermione snuggled into his side.

"I could really use a drink!" she said, with a laugh.

He glanced over at the two glasses of Ogden's on the dresser and laughed himself.