

# Denim and Velvet

by eiradis

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Professor Severus Snape stood in the sitting room of his chambers in the middle of a very vocal snit.

'Minerva is going to pay for this. It's not enough to make attendance mandatory; no, she has to spring this idiotic "costumes only" rule on us just one hour before this damnable party is to begin. At least she could have let us pick our own costumes!'

Hermione huffed and finished an incantation before she interrupted her husband.

'Stop whining, Severus. At least she lets us transfigure them on our own; besides, she knows very well that if you heard anything about the costumes, you would have found a way to become gravely ill just in time not to attend.'

'Of course I would have! How will the students respect me after they see me prancing around the Great Hall dressed as a cowboy?'

'Do you think I want a second stint as a cat? The first one was humiliating enough, thank you. Are you ready?'

Hermione faced him and her jaw dropped. Severus wore worn-out blue jeans that showed off his long legs in quite an eye-pleasing fashion. He had left the last few buttons of the black shirt undone and a portion of his upper chest was visible. His hair was tied back, and she could see the cowboy hat hanging on his back. *Of course he'd never actually wear it.* His everyday dragon-hide boots sported spurs that jingled when he turned around to look at her.

Severus felt his mouth go dry. His wife had transfigured herself a one-piece suit that clung to every inch of her skin; a suit of charcoal-grey velvet which just begged to be stroked. A hood covered the top of her head, and there were a pair of pointy ears attached to the hood.

'I absolutely forbid you to go out in public like that!' he rasped.

Hermione squirmed under the raw lust in his eyes. *Oh, those jeans were staying even after the party.*

'Why, Severus? It actually feels very comfortable,' she purred, slinking towards him.

'Because, wife, every heterosexual male in the vicinity will be sporting a hard-on just from looking at you, and you are mine!'

She slid her arms behind his neck and breathed in his ear, rubbing her body along his. 'But every one of those men will know that you are the man who fucks me every

night and that you are the one this pussy belongs to.'

Severus groaned and grabbed her velvet-clad arse, grinding against her. Hermione wasn't one to talk dirty, and the rare occasions when she was in the mood made him unbelievably randy.

'Hermione, if you don't stop this, we won't make it in time. Minerva only gave us one hour to prepare our costumes.'

'I am sure the Headmistress will understand if we are fashionably late, Severus,' she said with a wicked gleam in her eyes. 'Otherwise, I'll have to explain the rather embarrassing damp spot on my crotch. You see, I'm not wearing any knickers under this...'

'Bigger the party!' he snarled, grabbing her and throwing her on the bed. She landed with a squeal, staring at him with wide, glazed eyes. It was unbelievable how his prim and proper Gryffindor wife got turned on by rough handling. *Sweet Merlin, she really does have a damp patch.*

'So, you want a ride with this bad cowboy, little kitty?' He smirked, grabbing her ankles.

She arched her back off the bed and breathed, 'Oh yes!'

He slid his hands up her legs, enjoying the feel of the supple velvet, until he reached the crux of her thighs.

'Hold on tight then,' he said and ripped the fabric in two. Hermione moaned as the cool dungeon air assaulted her heated nether parts, and Severus could only stare at his wife's swollen cunt, glistening with lubrication. Leaning in closely, he inhaled her scent and felt as if his cock was going to burst through the zipper of his blasted jeans. Ignoring his discomfort for the moment, he settled between Hermione's legs and gave her a gentle swipe with his tongue. She gasped, trying to raise her hips, and he scowled at her.

'Stay put, or I will have to hold you down. I know we both prefer my hands to be engaged in other activities.'

Hermione nodded and bit her lip in anticipation. Not one to disappoint, after several broad licks, one of Severus' hands snaked up her body to tease her nipples through the velvet while the other started gently circling her opening. Her breathing was coming in short gasps, and he could feel the effort it took her not to grind against his face. Taking mercy, he slowly slipped two fingers inside her while continuing to assault her clit with his tongue. Hermione wailed and tried to impale herself on his hand.

'Severus, fuck me! Stop playing around and just fuck me, dammit. I want to feel your cock stretching me. Please!'

He couldn't help groaning and reached for his zipper. *Dirty talk and pleading, now how could I refuse that?* He tried to push down the offensive garment, but Hermione's hand stopped him.

'Leave them on,' she said huskily, licking her lips.

Severus felt a thrill at the thought how they would look from the outside: both fully clothed, except her ripped crotch and his cock sticking out of his fly. All right, the jeans were staying.

He took out his cock and gasped in relief. Hermione reached and wrapped her velvet-clad hand around him. His eyes rolled back at the unfamiliar texture. It felt foreign, but the fabric was so soft and sensuous. After several strokes, she directed him to her opening. Transfixed, he watched her pink lips part to accept his cock. When he was buried to the hilt, he rocked against her. Apparently, she enjoyed the denim rubbing against her sensitive skin, and she wrapped her legs around his waist, tugging his shirt free from his jeans. Her hands roamed his chest, and her legs slid up under the shirt against his bare skin. The feel of the luscious velvet sliding against both his back, and his chest drove him wild and he pounded into her, angling his strokes to hit just there, at the secret spot that made her wail and thrash in his arms. Her hood had come off at some point, and her hair was a wild mass on the pillows, her eyes bright and her cheeks flushed; not for the first time he thought that his wife was an exquisitely beautiful creature. Feeling his balls constrict, he knew that he couldn't hold off his impending orgasm, so he leaned down and bit her nipple through the velvet. With a keening cry, Hermione arched up, almost throwing him off the bed, her cunt wildly pulsing around him. In two more strokes, he followed suit, shooting his seed deep in her convulsing womb, his shout of release mixing with hers. He allowed himself several minutes to calm his breathing and his pounding heart before he glanced at the clock.

'Bollocks, we are late already. Get out of bed, you randy wench, and fix your costume before Minerva comes looking for us.'

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The Headmistress' eyes narrowed when she spied her Potions professor and his wife enter the Great Hall half an hour late. She was getting ready to storm down to the dungeons and demand they show up, but it didn't seem necessary. The buzz of conversation died off as Severus walked towards the staff table, spurs jingling at every step, with Hermione draped over his arm and dressed in a very revealing outfit. Minerva expected to get twin death glares from the pair, but they seemed quite content as they approached the refreshments table.

'Wow, Hermione, you look good enough to eat!' Ron Weasley, the flying instructor, said, leering at her.

Severus raised an eyebrow and wrapped a possessive arm around her waist. 'I can confirm that, Weasley, because I already did. Now if you'll excuse us?'

The sharp pain of Hermione's elbow lodged between his ribs was a small price to pay for seeing the boy's expression.

*Ah, that explains why they were late,* Minerva thought with a fond smile as she observed Ronald choking on his drink.

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**A/N:** This story was written for the potterpr0nprompts community at LJ and was voted runner-up for the month of October, prompt: costumes.

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