

Liquid Joy

by wingless

The joys and traps of the Prefects' Bathroom.

Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: Hermione is over the age of 18 in this story.

Thank you, moonrevel, for your beta skills. I'd be lost without you.

The Prefects' Bathroom had become her personal Mecca, and she was a devoted pilgrim, praying to the god of foamy bubbles and the goddess of multi-coloured, hot and scented water.

She happily knelt on the smooth, black marble tiles and sent a humble thanks to the mermaid on one of the immense glass windows, through which the moon shone benevolently. The half-naked beauty made Hermione feel aesthetic and regal every time the animated beauty laid her gentle eyes on her, her serene smile clearly indicating that she didn't find the Gryffindor lacking in any way and giving her a boost to her self-esteem.

It was only natural to prostrate her naked form by the enormous taps as she thanked the deities for this revelation; her rounded rump and jiggling breasts were displayed without any shame, as this pool-like bath was simply made to worship one's body. It would be a sin to waste even an ounce of sensation by hiding even the tiniest piece of flesh under a layer of lycra.

With an appreciative sigh, she held her hand under the stream of greenish water pouring from three taps, the refreshing smell of watermelon filling her button nose.

Hermione giggled from sheer giddiness. She had tried so many smells since her first time in this shrine of relaxation. Honeysuckle, lavender, cherry blossom, a tropical coconut mix.... The enchanted taps provided every scent she might desire. She loved magic.

She always sent a thought to the poor sods who would never become Prefects, thus missing out on the best feature Hogwarts had to offer. But the selfish little devil in her brought forth a satisfied smirk as she slid into the perfectly warm water with a sigh. She was glad about not having to share this gem with all of Hogwarts.

Fascinated, she watched as the pool filled within a short span of time. Filling a Muggle bathtub wouldn't be much faster than this, thanks to the multitude of tabs that lined the gigantic tub. They stopped automatically when the foamy water lapped at the edge.

As always, this was the moment when Hermione ignored all attempts at a regal posture and plunged into the perfect water with the zeal of a sea lion, not managing to look particularly athletic as her small but shapely body dove under with a splash. Without company, entertainment won out over grace.

She appeared again after a few seconds, gasping because of the high temperature. It was perfect for her body; only her face felt overheated. To rectify this, she used a spell she had learned from Victor after the Tri-Wizard championship. She had been fascinated by the Bubble-Head Charm he had used to rescue her from the lake, and her erstwhile Bulgarian boyfriend had happily obliged and taught her.

She grasped the slim wood that lay by the edge on her pile of clothes with her wet fingers and performed the charm. With an excited grin, she dove once more. Swimming under water was spectacular. She loved the silence, even though it was equally quiet at the surface in this refugium. But down here, it was undeniably another world, one not meant to be inhabited by humans, at least not for an extended time. The Bubble-Head Charm allowed her to stay down here for as long as she wanted to, to feel the water stream along her skin in an eternal caress, its softness unrivalled, for not even the gentlest of lovers could caress in the same way, nor could a human's hands be everywhere at once.

With her eyes closed, she moved through the dark element with as little movement as possible. This was not meant to be a place to strengthen your stamina, but to relax and let yourself and your worries drift away.

She twisted and turned, feeling more elegant than she probably looked, but it didn't matter. With no danger to accidentally get water in her nose or her ears, she could move as she liked. She remembered swimming lessons with her Dad and the obscene amount of times she coughed up chlorine water that stung her eyes and made her throat raw.

Thank Merlin for the wizarding world! The happy squeal that escaped her, unbidden, reverberated in the bubble that moved and shifted around her head and the rather impressive amount of hair she owned, with no one being the wiser about her expression of childish glee. A handstand: no problem! Her feet stuck out of the water, and she felt the slightly cooler air drift across the sensitive soles. She dove under again.

Hermione exhaled all the air from her lungs and stopped breathing for a moment, letting her body sink slowly to the ground of the pool. It was fairly dark down here, as there were only a few sconces in the room, and even fewer charmed lights in the pool itself. The black tiles did the rest, giving the pool a mysterious feeling. Some might even call it sinister, yet there was nothing and no one that could enter this room without her knowledge, except the members of the staff, thus making it perfectly safe.

She closed her eyes again and felt her body make contact with the tiles that lined the bottom of the pool. She stretched her fingers to simply feel the difference between the impossibly smooth tiles and the rougher texture of the grout in between them. She inhaled carefully, turned onto her back then and gazed up at the surface above her, which was almost completely smooth.

Her breathing was shallow and slow; her body felt light and her mind calm. She realized she could easily fall asleep down here. She thought of a better way to spend her time and gently spread her legs. Water swirled between her thighs, brushing her most intimate place. With little movements, she rotated her bum, rubbing it against the hard tiles beneath her. The water never ceased to surge against her, making her curly pubes twirl with the gentle flow.

Her breathing lost its smooth rhythm, and she felt herself float to the surface as her lungs filled with oxygen with each pleasure-induced gasp. The lapping of the water felt glorious, but it just couldn't compete with the feelings a finger could induce. Without any more foreplay, she brought her hand between her thighs, and she moaned quietly.

It felt so freeing to be able to undulate as her body dictated her to in the water. With her Bubble-Head Charm still in place, she could arch backwards, submerging her head underwater while the rest of her was still visible above water.

She turned onto her stomach then, both hands busy between her clenching thighs. Without noticing, she had almost curled up in ball, only her smooth arse cheeks above the surface.

Suddenly, two hands grasped her by the hips, and she stopped breathing in shock. The way those hands clamped tightly around her fleshy middle was faintly familiar, but being in the water made everything feel different.

She gasped again, as the unknown person insinuated himself between her spread legs. It certainly was a male; the stiff cock pressed against her made that fact more than obvious.

She was still underwater with only her Bubble-Head Charm keeping her from drowning. A simple "Finite Incantatem" could be the end for her. She could not get her head above the water as the man kept her bent over with her head pointing downwards. Not even the most frantic doggy paddle had helped her reach the surface.

The man began to rub himself languidly against her, and she squirmed anew, which only turned him on more, judging by the harder thrust he made.

With another surge of slight fear, and an arousal that could not be healthy, she gathered her last resources of strength and tried to escape. For a second she felt his loins lose contact with hers, and she knew some hope, only to have it dashed in a most disturbing way. She got yanked back forcefully, the stiff cock nestling within her with no hesitation. She cried out loudly, hurting her ears with the shrill sound that bounced off the flimsy contours of her Bubble-Head Charm.

It hadn't hurt in the least, and the steady thrust with the distinct upwards shift at the end of each stroke felt familiar indeed, but she wished she could look in the face of the person behind and inside of her.

The bubble flickered dangerously when the impossibly long dick touched a spot in her that made her guts churn with a roiling feeling of intense pleasure. It evaporated when she feared that her charm would burst and she would drown while being molested in her aquatic kingdom. The magic slowly frizzled out, and there was nothing she could do about it.

To her surprise, she got hauled out of the water, then. The bubble burst, and she gasped like a drowning woman. But she wasn't released; the man kept thrusting into her at a leisurely pace.

"Calm yourself," a deep voice rumbled. "Relax and enjoy; I will not harm you!" She knew that voice. She had no time to react before she felt someone else's magic rebuild the translucent globule of air around her. Dismay over her embarrassing position warred with the undeniable enjoyment she derived from the thick member inside of her.

But when a hand left her hip only to manipulate her clit most expertly, she didn't take her chance of escape and sagged in resignation, her mouth as slack as her body. The thrusts were deep and even and completely unhurried.

Her only reaction to a finger seeking entry into another of her orifices was a deep groan and an involuntary spasm of her lower extremities. The finger twisted its way inside, pushing deeper insistently until she knew it was as deep as possible. It was removed again only to be joined by a second digit. It was a little uncomfortable, but the unbelievable tingling in her pussy made the small discomfort insignificant.

She had her eyes closed now, and her arms swung freely in the water, while her traitorous legs wrapped themselves around the slender frame behind her. One of her hands unerringly sought and found her clit, pushing the man's finger away to pinch and roll the little nub in the best way. The man did not complain but used her initiative to grasp her hips again.

She felt the first fluttering of an orgasm, and she keened, only be twisted roughly until she was on her back. The cock had hardly left her warm core during the skilful manoeuvre and was thrusting again by the time she saw the man's concentrated face.

"You didn't need to scare me so, Severus," she said with a lazy grin, her voice easily heard through the bubble.

"You were the one... to suggest sex in the water," he replied, not even opening his eyes as he spoke. His face was a pinched study of pleasure.

"I only meant our bathtub, and not..." She got rudely interrupted as her lover pushed her ruthlessly under the water again, bending her backwards with one hand on her chest. She knew he didn't like to talk during their couplings and smiled ruefully, trying to enjoy the sensations once more.

It was decidedly odd not to be able to push back against him. Her body was pushed and pulled through the liquid element by his loins and hands, looking like a rag-doll, her breasts and arms swaying softly with each movement from him.

She clenched her legs around him as she began to twitch, her orgasm fast approaching. She could feel his free arm holding her to him as he thrust savagely into her.

Water splashed around them, and his feet slipped on the tiles, but Hermione didn't notice any of those banal things. She was in another world, another place. She only registered the surging and churning water all around her, enveloping her mind and body as her orgasm hit. Her arm flailed sluggishly through the water, her feet kicking wildly. She didn't notice the moment Severus came, and she didn't feel herself being released and float away on a cloud of bliss.

When she regained clarity, she drifted on the surface and stood up straight, searching for her lover, finding him face down and unmoving. For a moment she felt scared, only to see the familiar see-through bubble around his head, imprisoning his oily black hair.

She dove once more and swam over to him, insinuating herself right under his carefree, floating body. He had his eyes closed and his lips were parted slightly. She raised a hand to stroke his chest and earned herself a small smirk in return.

Black eyes met hers, and he pulled her against him, both turning in the process and floating to the surface. They let go of each other to drift onto their backs, finally ending the Bubble-Head Charm, making it easier to talk.

"That was spectacular, Severus, but you nearly gave me a heart attack."

"I just wanted to surprise you," he answered with a yawn and stood, pulling her upright as well. She snuggled against him in post-coital contentment.

"Did you not recognise me?" he continued.

"No, not at first. I honestly didn't think you would invade the Prefects' Bathroom for some nookie, and you actually felt completely different in the water. Otherwise I would have recognised your smell and your touches. Your voice was a give-away, thankfully."

"Your panic wasn't played, then?" He sounded a tad contrite. Just a tad. She knew it must have been exhilarating for him.

"I almost pissed myself," she confessed with a chuckle.

"I'm glad you refrained from making this pool unsanitary!" was all he answered.

Hermione just snorted and grasped his deflated cock that swung softly with each subtle movement of the water. "Better hold on to my life-line," she explained and nuzzled his neck.

"I shall do the same with your buoys," he retorted and wrapped his large hands around her full breasts.

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The animated mermaid watched with a serene smile as the water soon splashed once more around the two undulating bodies. Humans thought themselves so inventive. They had never seen the mating rituals of her kind! It was a pleasure to watch them, nonetheless; the male reproductive parts were certainly... interesting.