

# Bowl Full of Cherries

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Written for the LJ community, pttpr0nprmts – November prompt: Cherries.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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*A/N: This is pure PWP. I blame everything on the cherry prompt!*

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Hermione plucked another cherry from the crystal bowl on the table and wondered for the hundredth time why she even agreed to go to this event. The Ministry had spared no expense in putting on this banquet tonight, and every well-dressed guest was catered to delights that pleased the eyes as well as the palate. *'It wouldn't be so bad,'* Hermione thought as she watched a couple dance past her table, *'if I wasn't alone.'*

"May I have this dance?"

Hermione had just bitten into her cherry when that smooth, deep voice filled her ears and startled her; a drop of juice escaped from her mouth and started sliding down her chin. The embarrassment she had felt at first lifted somewhat when she saw that Severus Snape—the man who had asked her to dance—was fixated on the path the juice from the cherry was now traveling. With careful and deliberate movements, Hermione swiped her finger along the wet trail and gave her digit a lick before sucking the rest of the liquid off her skin.

With a small smirk, Hermione answered the entranced man standing in front of her by saying, "Yes, you may."

~\*~

One dance turned into two, then three, and to Hermione's immense delight, the last dance they shared turned into a heated snog in a secluded corner a few feet away from the ballroom.

With her back against the wall, her legs wrapped around Severus' waist, and her knickers hanging from her ankle, Hermione let out a languid moan as her tongue was assaulted and then conquered by Severus'.

"Hush, temptress," Severus hissed against her lips. "Unless you want us to get caught."

"We wouldn't surprise anyone if we were," Hermione giggled, "especially Harry." She knew her husband had already cast the appropriate spells to ensure their privacy; neither of them would ever forget the look on Harry's face when he had caught them in the act—almost exactly like this—a few years ago.

Severus growled. "Don't remind me."

"I thought you had to work late."

"I finished what needed to be done and came here straightaway... only to find my wife sitting alone," Severus said, pausing to suck on Hermione's chin, "eating cherries and turning me on in the worst way."

Before Hermione could respond, Severus put his hands underneath her thighs and bent down. He coaxed her legs to rest on his shoulders and supported her weight as he stood again by putting both his hands on her bare arse. Hermione bunched up material of her dress and struggled not to squirm as Severus breathed hot breaths on her sex, which was now just inches away from his mouth.

"Bite one."

"Wha—" Hermione questioned before she saw a familiar crystal bowl float in front of her. "Cherries?"

"Yes, bite one in half and give it to me."

Making sure her shoulders were flush against the wall, Hermione lifted one of her arms and picked a plump cherry from the bowl. These cherries, she discovered, were a lot colder than the ones she had been eating before, and she let out a contented sigh as she bit one in half and felt the fruit's cool contents slide against her tongue.

Hermione felt a hand leave her arse, and she watched as Severus took out his wand and swished a spell that kept her in place, giving him full use of both of his hands.

The cherry was taken from her by those long, sinful fingers she knew so well, and she gasped as she felt Severus part her wet folds and—

"*Ohh!*" Hermione howled, bucking her hips and shuddering at the feel of the cold cherry against her clit. *God, Severus!*" She heard her husband's amused chuckle just seconds before his mouth closed around her. She yelled as she felt both his tongue and the cherry dance around her swollen nub.

It was too much. The cherry felt like ice, and Severus' tongue stroked and added the right amount of pressure where she needed it. One of Hermione's hands found its way into Severus' hair, and she pulled on those strands as she came, her hips grinding against him with every pulse of pleasure she felt. When the waves of her orgasm faded, her hand fell away, and she gasped for breath as she watched Severus' glistening lips pull away from her mound and chew on what was left of the cherry.

Hermione waited a few seconds until the word '*guh*' left her vocabulary before she purred, "Brilliant," and felt Severus' spell lower her and reposition her legs around his waist. She leaned forward and kissed her smirking husband, humming as she tasted both herself and the cherry in his mouth. Her hum turned into a gasp, however, when she felt the head of Severus' cock slide against her cunt.

"Do you want it?" Severus asked, his lips leaving hers to kiss a path to her ear.

"Yes... Oh, yes..."

"Tell me."

"I want your cock, Severus," Hermione ground out as his cock began to fill her. *Yes... I want it. I want your hard, thick cock to fuck me until I'm coming all around it. Please...*

"Hermione..."

The spell Severus had cast to keep her in position ended, and Hermione let out a loud groan as the length of Severus' cock quickly disappeared into her body. He didn't give her any time to relish in the sensation, though; he hooked his arms under her knees, spreading them out and putting his hands back on her arse, and began to pound her with quick, deep thrusts.

Hermione's head fell back against the wall as Severus fucked her, and she let her voice run wild. She loved being taken right after she had a clitoral orgasm. Her inner walls and clit were so sensitive then, and... '*Ohh...*'

"That's it," she heard Severus say. "Coat my cock... come for me..."

A litany of moans erupted from Hermione's throat, and each moan grew louder and louder as Severus prolonged her orgasm with every thrust. She felt her pussy gush and ripple around Severus' cock, and she was quite sure she had never felt his cock this hard before.

"You're so hard," she gasped, knowing that it was probably a ridiculous thing to say. *God, Severus, I can feel every inch of you!*"

"Ah, fuck!"

"Yes... yes, fill me!"

"Hermione!" Severus yelled as his cock pulsed inside his wife.

Hermione held onto Severus as his thrusts slowed, and she let out a huge sigh when he came to a stop and held her close.

"Mmm... Brilliant," she whispered, laughing when Severus answered with a tired grunt. "Shall I take over from here?"

Smiling after hearing another grunt, Hermione called her wand to her and went to work on making them clean and presentable again. They wouldn't go back to the ballroom, she knew, but that was okay. Besides, she'd always remember this night... every time she looked at her new crystal bowl full of cherries.

~Fin~