

All Day

by tonksinger

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Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: Fluff ahead. You have been warned.

The dream was fading, and Severus didn't want it to go. He reached out for Hermione, but her full hips were like mist, and too soon he was glaring at the edge of his beige pillowcase.

Which was, oddly enough, broken by scattered brown curls. The locks and strands led back to a mass of hair. One piece fluttered against her lips as she breathed.

Right. It hadn't all been a dream. Severus grunted contentedly and stretched out to grasp plump, warm hips that did not disappear.

She stirred at his touch and blinked at him through her wayward hair, her burgeoning smile full of sleep.

It was all touches and kisses, their morning love-making; they were neither of them verbose before ten o'clock. She lay atop him, held against his body as she slowly moved her hips back and forth. When he thrust up into her, she whimpered, and when he came, she sighed into his chest with every pulse.

Spooned against her soft back, Severus nuzzled the nape of her neck through her hair, making her murmur and reach back to draw his arm around her waist. They were warm, safe, and in love. They had all day.