

# Burnt Offerings

*by Celisnebula*

Everyone has a kitchen disaster now and again.

## Burnt Offerings

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Everyone has a kitchen disaster now and again.

**Author's Notes:** Written for November 2009's Potter Porn Prompts on Livejournal. I know, I know... y'all want to know the other party. But see, I'd like for it to be a bit of surprise, 'cause for me, it's not a pairing I've done before. (So yeah, that leaves out Snape, Lupin, and the twins but it leaves a whole lot of room for others.) As always, none of the characters belong to me. I'm just playing with them. I promise to wash them off well before I give them back. Many thanks to odddollstories for the beta read (yes, I know there are still a lot of repetitive he's, but alas, I couldn't help it). All mistakes are solely mine.

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The smell of something burning met his nose as he eased into the small cottage kitchen. As soon as Hermione caught sight of him, she burst into tears.

"I wanted to do it right," she wailed, gesturing to the pie on the counter. "I know it's your favorite."

The sight of her tear-streaked face twisted something deep in his chest.

"Come here," he commanded, grabbing the warm pie pan.

Hermione took his hand and he led her out of the kitchen. Nary a word was said between the two as she followed him down the hall and into the small, ramshackle bedroom with the large bed that dominated it. Her companion gently set the pie down on the table beside the bed. He threw back the dark blue covers, and stretched out on the bed on his back, propped against several pillows.

Once he was comfortable, he pulled her down beside him so that she was nearly sitting on the bed, her robes bunched around her folded legs.

"Undress me."

She stared at him for a moment, giving him a confused expression. A feeling of warm triumph shot through him as he noticed the tears had left her face.

"I said undress me."

Hermione caught her bottom lip with her teeth before raising her trembling fingers to his chest. Her heartbeat was erratic in her chest, and she thought the sound of it filled the room; the only sounds were her harsh breathing and the slide of fabric as she tried to undo the buttons of his shirt.

The brush of her fingers, even with the material of his shirt between his skin and hers, was sheer torture, and he let out a small moan. He raised his arms and arched up off the bed so that she could draw the shirt over his head as the last button slid free.

"Use it," he told her, pushing her hand towards the pie just as he settled against the pillows once more.

"What do you want me to do?" Hermione asked, pulling back.

"Trust me," he said, grabbing a hold of her hand. "Use it."

"But how?"

"Be imaginative," he replied with a smile.

Hermione reached over; the cherry pie filling was warm as her fingers slid into the blackened crust. Scooping up a good amount, she first coated one nipple and then the next. His flat nipples instantly hardened. She licked her lips and gave him a shy, almost innocent look before she dipped her head down. Watching her face as she explored him, that exquisite tongue circling a nipple, he had to stifle the harsh groan that clawed its way out of his throat as he fought the impulse to grab her and drag her down to the bed whilst her soft, pink mouth teased his flesh.

"Like this?" Hermione asked with a husky whisper.

Her companion could only nod, his eyes half closing. Slowly she stroked lower, her fingers running along the trail of hair that covered his chest down to his navel. Here she hesitated, giving him a shy look. He waited, not prompting her to do anything more. He could feel the way her fingers shook as she unclasped the button on his pants and eased the zipper down. As Hermione started tugging the material down, he raised his hips up just a touch and she pulled the pants down to his thighs, her eyes growing wide as his semi-erect cock sprang free.

The man let out the pent up breath he hadn't even realized he'd been holding when at last she touched him. Her eyes darted up to his face as her soft touch became bolder. He held her gaze as she reached over to the side table again, her fingers sliding into the thick red goo. The desire to close his eyes and drown in the sensations as she coated the cherry glaze onto the head of his cock nearly caused him to explode.

"So good," Hermione murmured, bending her head down. He nearly jumped out of his skin as her tongue traced the mushroom tip. She tentatively rubbed the shaft as she licked the cherry filling from him.

"More firmly," he gasped, wrapping his hand around hers to show her. His fingers were shaking as he brought both of their hands up to the tip of his cock and then back down to the base, where he left go of her hand. She repeated that movement with the same strength he applied, and he moaned in appreciation.

Hermione worked him, occasionally bending her head down to suck at the tip of his cock. She stilled, eyeing him with a serious expression and he barely contained himself as she slowly swallowed his entire length. He watched her through half-lidded eyes as her mouth pleased him. The raw sight of his cock gliding between her lips nearly ended their fun before it had begun.

She reached down to cup his ball sac, sapping the last of his willpower. He jerked up, grabbed her around the waist, and twisted their bodies just so, putting her so she faced the headboard of the bed. Hermione felt him behind her, the feel of his body looming behind her as he adjusted himself.

"Hold on there," he ordered in a guttural voice, ignoring her startled squeak. He let out a silent prayer to the powers that be when she obeyed him without a question. She wiggled a bit, adjusting herself so she was up on her knees. His patience was at an end; he flipped her robes up over her hips. Hermione shivered as his hands ran over her arse.

Hermione whimpered as he tore through the fragile material of her knickers with an impatient movement. His fingers delved between her thighs, stroking the soft, wet folds of her labia. She arched back against him, making small panting sounds as he teased her flesh. She was so slick and ready, exactly how he'd hoped she'd be.

He took his cock in hand and positioned himself so the tip of it nestled shallowly into her. Hermione reared back just as he thrust himself inside of her with a quick and violent movement. She moaned as he withdrew slowly until only the tip of him remained inside of her. He had intended to press into her just as slowly, but she arched her hips, pushing back against him so that he was fully, deeply within her again.

He reached up and gripped the headboard on either side of her, holding himself still. He loved how she felt so wonderfully tight and wet. He closed his eyes and counted slowly to ten, trying to calm the impulse rush. Unfortunately, Hermione shivered. That small, little movement caused her inner walls to tighten around his engorged shaft, and he lost the battle.

He began thrusting, hard and fast. Hermione gasped. They moved in tandem, the feel of her clenching around him every time he plunged into her, sending him past what little control he tried to retain. He leaned forward, his teeth sinking into the nape of her neck.

Hermione cried out, "Neville!" with a high, helpless wail as she came.

Neville felt his balls draw up tight as his own orgasm approached, and as the spasms wracked through his body, he didn't stop he just kept thrusting, riding it out as he released himself deep within her.

When finally his orgasm subsided, he fell to the side, pulling her along with him. She snuggled up to his chest.

"Oh, my," Hermione breathed, pulling at her sweat-covered robes.

Neville placed a small kiss on her forehead. "Should I start apologizing now?"

"For what?"

"I was a bit rough and..."

Hermione merely shrugged. "And I was a bloody idiot. Crying over a burnt pie."

"Ah, but we put it to good use."

"That we did," she said with a small yawn. "And it wasn't bad for a first time."

"The pie or the sex?" he asked with a casual air.

"Both," she said, letting her eyes drift closed. "Next time, though, I'm in charge." The words slurred as she drifted asleep.

"Whatever you say, dear," Neville replied softly, kissing the top of her head as pulled her close before drifting off to sleep as well.

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