

A Perfect Fit

by rosewood

Severus needs to be fitted for a new set of robes. Lemony goodness ensues.
Selected as Potter Pr0n Prompts Mod's Choice - "Satin"

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It was a sultry midsummer evening; however, Severus Snape was wearing his usual all-encompassing layers as he sauntered down Diagon Alley. Bypassing the many closed store fronts, he stopped in front of Madam Malkin's Robes for All Occasions and mused for a moment before rapping upon the door.

This singularly peculiar tradition began years ago when he first entered these doors for his first set of teaching robes. One of the shop's assistants was trying unsuccessfully to pull him behind a small privacy screen and take his measurements while the place was bustling with customers. Fortunately, Madam Malkin came upon the escalating situation and sensed he only wanted a measure of privacy. She was gracious enough to extend an invitation for a private fitting after hours, much to his relief. Since that day he made the trek to her doorstep twice a year, once at the beginning of each year and again in the summer.

Madam Malkin. *Miranda...* When he appeared for his first private fitting, she personally waited upon him herself. At the time Severus was scarcely in his twenties while she was quite comely for a woman in her mid-thirties...

Miranda had answered the door with a warm smile and escorted him to a large fitting room replete with a silk-covered chaise lounge. A small side table bearing a tea tray, a plate of small morsels and another table with an ice bucket and bottle of fine wine rounded out the room. She gently coaxed him to remove his thread-worn robes and frock coat so that she might properly measure his torso, to which he obliged. His breath hitched and he slightly shivered as she stood behind him, ran her hands across his lean shoulders, and moved them gently down his arms to smooth his shirt. She pulled out her seamstress tape and began to mark notations.

After several minutes of careful measurements, Miranda stood in front of him, straightened his collar, and found herself caught in the midnight depths of his eyes. The corner of his lip twitched slightly in amusement as she suddenly became self-conscious at their close proximity, and he found her blush strangely endearing. He slowly leaned forward and kissed her on the mouth, his lips moving against hers softly and sensually, eliciting the softest of sighs. Emboldened, he slid his hands beneath her robes and enjoyed the feel of the smooth satin bodice beneath his fingers while deepening their kiss in the process.

All pretenses lost, Miranda reached down, tugged his belt open, unbuttoned his trousers and grasped his hardened shaft with ease. He toed off his shoes and stepped out of his trousers while she began to work her hand back and forth slowly, fisting his cock as Snape leaned his head back and closed his eyes. Soon she knelt before him and ran her tongue along his length. Severus drowned in the sensation. He forced himself to keep his eyes open, to watch, as Miranda licked the head of his cock gently, repeatedly, leaving him slick and shiny and wet and so fucking hard, it hurt. She then looked up and her eyes met his. *Sweet Nimue, this was heaven!*

Her mouth was all-encompassing, like the heady rush of adrenaline before a free fall, like the searing heat of a steaming spring pool. His hands clenched her hair, shaking with the effort of holding himself upright as Miranda sucked his very being out through the end of his cock. The intoxication of doing nothing more than gasping and moaning his pleasure was overwhelming. It seemed as if time slowed down, every touch a potent wave of sensation – a building crescendo – and he crumbled and cried

out as Miranda swallowed him completely.

Severus pulled her off her knees and without so much as uttering a single word, he unclasped her robe and slid it off her shoulders onto the floor. Once again he ran his hands across the satin fabric of her dress, pulled it over her head and nonchalantly dropped it with their other clothes. Before long they were both naked and entranced in the delectable feel of skin upon skin. He lifted her with ease and set her upon the chaise lounge. She was all heat and smoothness against him, her body a rich series of curves, a joy to touch, and her sumptuous mouth was soft and yielding against his own. He ran his fingertips over her spine, across her shoulder blades, along her slender neck. She was intriguing, sweet softness as he cupped one breast in his hand and gently squeezed.

Miranda moaned as he rolled her nipple between thumb and forefinger, gasping his name. She arched her back, pressing closer, stretched wantonly along his hard body. Her hazel eyes opened and met his, dark and shining with lust. He bent down and kissed her throat, her supple breasts with dusky nipples, her navel, and down to the chestnut curls at the crux of her alabaster thighs. She smiled at him and ran her fingers through his hair as he parted her folds and tasted her. She moaned with intense delight as he suckled her clit, bringing her to the verge of carnal bliss. Miranda gasped in pleasure, listening to her heart pound in her ears as she collapsed against the cushions.

Severus kissed his way up her stomach, nipped at her taut nipples along the way, and settled himself into the heated cradle of her hips. He captured her mouth hungrily until she tilted her hips up just so, allowing him to penetrate her with a hearty thrust. It was overwhelming and he could hear the blood pounding in his ears like the distant roar of a waterfall. He gasped when he felt her start to come, his dark hair draping across her shoulder. His heart hammered with each lustful thrust – he could feel himself inching closer and closer to the very brink – suddenly his body tensed as a myriad of lights exploded behind the lids of his tightly clenched eyes.

They embraced one another for a time, blessedly sated. He brushed an errant strand of hair from her face, gave her a final leisurely kiss and proceeded to don his clothes. As she adjusted the bodice of her dress, Severus lightly traced the sweetheart neckline of satin fabric across her breasts with his fingertips.

“Your robes will be ready in a week,” Miranda said huskily. “Would you like to pick them up or have them delivered?”

“I’ll pick them up, of course,” Severus replied smoothly. “After all, I must ascertain a perfect fit.”

A/N: Originally written for Potter PrOn Prompts February 2010 Challenge: Satin. Winner of "Mod's Choice" Award.

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