

Strait-laced

by Ladymage Samiko

An end of the day interlude between one Severus Snape and his lady-wife.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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AN: This is my first attempt at smut/love scene/whatever, and I'm posting it quickly before I lose my nerve. (^_^) This is *entirely* from my own (not really) pure brain, so if there's anything that sounds improbable/impossible, please comment on it. Constructive criticism is more than welcome here, so I can either a) learn and grow and write more smut, or b) discover my limitations and return to my usual PG-13 rating. Great many thanks in advance, and I hope you enjoy. Lm. Samiko.

Hands ghosted down his arms, fingers catching on the creases in the heavy fabric. They teased the very edges of his cuffs, slipping open the buttons there, only barely touching his bare skin; nonetheless, those feather-touches made him shiver. Yet her hands moved on.

Severus felt them, palm-solid against his back for a long moment. Her forehead came to rest between them, leaning into him. Was she tired, troubled?

"You're mine, dearest." Her voice was no more than a whisper, but he could hear the heat in it under the fatigue. "My pillar of strength. My rock, my comfort." Her arms twined around him, pulling her body to him—the press of her breasts, the softness of her belly against his back and buttocks. "My love." *Love*... a word he had rarely heard. A word that never failed to pierce him through when she uttered it, knowing that every time she said it, she was sincere.

"My love..." she repeated, and he shuddered, for her hand had drifted downward, so close... The top buttons of the old-fashioned placket was swiftly undone. He immediately covered her hand with his own, arresting its movement.

"Patience..." he breathed. She could make him come with a word, if she chose. But he wanted more. Years of waiting and watching had taught him patience. She had taught him the pleasures of anticipation. He tugged her gently around him, watching her with hooded eyes. There was always light when they made love—and even during their most frenzied, raw sex; he wanted no pretence between them, no hiding. What she found in him, he did not know, but he found her beautiful to look upon. And her eyes were clear, honest in their desire as she looked at him.

The cinnamon-brown curls were upswept, bound up in her usual, workaday combs. He pulled them swiftly free and tossed them aside, oblivious to the sharp clacks as they hit the walls. She heard them and smiled a mischievous smile, then shook her head to send the riotous strands tumbling down, over her shoulders, down her breasts and back. That done, her head tilted proudly and she matched his gaze. This look never failed to fascinate him: her hair wild, untamed, her expression heated and challenging.... And her body laced into neo-Victorian stiffness and modesty, robes covering her from neck to floor, steel and fabric rigidly conforming her curves to their dictates. Her choice, one that bewildered him with the seemingly contradictory preference for fashion over practicality.

Though at times like these, he was hardly one to complain.

Her breasts stole his gaze, shifting with the rapid, shallow breaths her corset forced her to take. He watched them slow slightly, then move ever more quickly when he drew his hands down her sides, over the stiff fabric that pulled in to her waist. Not quite the wasp-waist of a century before, but small nonetheless. It was here he started, fingers

busily unbuttoning the line of pearl buttons that reached to the floor, himself kneeling to complete the task. She tried to kneel herself, but he grasped her waist once more, and with a look, commanded her to remain still. Obedient in this, she contented herself with combing her fingers through his hair while he embraced her, the gesture not only affectionate but ambitious. His arms snaked through the opened front of her robes and to her rear, briefly caressing her before undoing the waist of her petticoat. The white, lacy fabric crumpled to the floor, revealing her quite modern knickers and stockings.

A tiny whimper emerged from her throat as he once again ran his hands over her, then teased over the damp fabric between her legs. He tickled and caressed, delighted by the sight and scent of her arousal, stopping only when her panting breaths became harsh, restricted as they were by her corset. Severus rose reluctantly to his feet.

She immediately pulled his face to hers, capturing him in a deep kiss, nipping at him ever so slightly first before caressing him with her tongue. He gave himself wholly to this play, teasing and nipping and licking in turn, engrossed to the point that when she wrapped her leg around his waist, it came as a complete shock.

And then she grasped his forearms with her hands and leaned back, pressing her centre flush against his groin, moaning as she shifted against him. He groaned to see her, overbalanced, trusting her weight to him, her torso still rigidly straight even as her thigh gripped him and her lower body moved sinuously against his own. Severus could only grit his teeth and hang on as she continued to press and release, rise and fall, her dampness soaking into his trousers, no doubt glistening on the buttons.

Buttons that were rubbing, stuttering over her clitoris, bringing her ever closer... Her moans became curtailed cries as her body fought both to reach orgasm and to obtain enough oxygen. Faster she moved and Severus fought his own body, determined not yet to come. Faster, harder, and she no longer uttered any sound at all over her sobbing breaths. Faster, faster, and she froze, and Severus could feel the orgasm coursing through her, hear the choked sound as her body gave out. Unconscious, she went limp, and Severus pulled her up and to him. A quick spell and her laces loosened under her robes. Another spell and he carried her over to their bed.

His own arousal still ached, pressing insistently against his trousers. But he could wait, just a little, to see what his wife had in mind for their next... dance.