

Antiquities

by peppermint

Remus has an afternoon he didn't plan.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Remus didn't intend to spend his Saturday afternoon in the British Museum, fucking Hermione over a sink in a clandestine janitor's cupboard.

He intended to go out for groceries and then clean his flat, but when she poked her head through the Floo and asked if he'd like to go with her, how could he refuse? He knew she'd just broken up with her boyfriend (the latest in a line of idiots hardly worth her time, in his opinion) and probably could use some friendly company, so he agreed.

When she started flirting with him between the Balawat gates and making comments about obelisks, he didn't think anything of it. They were friends, she had flirted before, he had reciprocated, and it was all innocent fun. Then, they took a closer look at some of the amphorae in the Greek Vases room. He knew there were suggestive things on some of the pieces, but he didn't know about the secret alcove that displayed the wizarding moving picture vases. Hermione did. He also did not know she had such a filthy mouth, and he certainly had no idea that her whispering such deviant suggestions in his ear would make him want to agree to just about anything she suggested.

He was a bit dazed, all the blood rushing from his head to another part of his anatomy entirely, when she pulled him along an off-limits hallway and into a cupboard filled with brooms and mops. She had her wand out, casting Locking and Silencing Charms on the door in seconds before pushing him up against it, fisting her hands into his sensible cardigan and informing him she wasn't wearing any knickers.

He opened his mouth to ask if she was quite sure about this, and she took it as an invitation to invade with lips, teeth and tongue. That was a good enough affirmative answer for him. He slid his large hands down her sides and grasped her thighs right below her arse, lifting her against him as he leaned against the door, and she rubbed herself against him as they snogged. Soon, panting, she wriggled from his grasp, leaned over the sink and flipped her skirt up over her back.

He almost lost it then. He had a vague idea of Hermione's varied charms, but hadn't thought—hadn't allowed himself to think—about how she might look bent over, bared to his very hungry gaze. He was so hard he was sure his zipper was leaving imprints, but he took a moment to lean over her, one hand on the sink and the other delving between her thighs. He coated his fingers in her wetness, slipping two into her and nudging her clit under his thumb as he murmured into her ear just what exactly he was going to do to her. Upon hearing his words, she clenched around his fingers and thrust her hips back against his hand.

He dropped his trousers and pants and sank into her, never stopping his litany of descriptive comments except to listen to her responses. His hands gripped her hips, the force of his thrusts making the sink pipes shake against the wall, a metallic counterpoint to their moans. He wondered, fleetingly, if she'd bear bruises in the shape of his fingers later and whether she'd let him rub Bruise Removal Paste into them and then kiss them away or if this was just a one-off.

In what seemed like seconds, she shattered, screaming his name. He followed hot on her heels.

After a few moments to recover, she admitted this steamroller seduction was her last hope because the subtle approach had taken her nowhere.

He Apparated them to his flat where they engaged in another steamy romp in the shower and then indulged in a late-afternoon nap, curled up together in his bed.

No, Remus hadn't intended to go to the British Museum today, but he was so glad he had.