Hot and Happy

by ladyofthemasque

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The kitchen was an oven.

Hermione slid her hands around her husband's shirtless chest. Time and exposure to somewhere other than Scotland had put a little colour into his visage. The sweat made her bare arms first slip, then stick to his flesh. He sighed when she hugged him, but sighed again when she stepped back, peeling herself free.

"Why don't you have the fan on in here, Severus?" she asked. "Or at least a cooling spell?"

She didn't ask why he was scrubbing the pans by hand. He had once told her that, though he didn't miss children in the least, some of his best thinking had been done while cleaning up after their mistakes. Scrubbing pans was a close substitute for cauldrons.

A smirk twisted his mouth. "I started to cast one...but the smell of the jerked chicken combined with the heat reminded me of our honeymoon. I didn't want to forget a thing, so I was remembering it."

"Mm," she agreed, dusting a kiss on his shoulderblade. "Jamaica in July..." Hermione paused, then giggled, "And you in a pair of Bermuda shorts."

He took his hands out of the dishwater, resting them on the edge of the sink. "My love, I told you what I would do to you if you ever mentioned my knobby, sunburnt knees again. Do you really wish to be spanked?"

Author's Note: I realize it's been a long, long time since I last posted anything. This whole publishing original fic thing, with its deadlines and its mosh pit of plot bunnies (sort of like those children's play pits filled with plastic balls, only in this case it's filled with fuzzy, drooling, rabid rabbit ideas with really big teeth) and the whole omg-I-haz-a-mortgage-now-what-was-I-thinking has sucked down most of my time and energy.

But I miss you all...so when this particular idea jumped into the pit and latched onto my ear (owie, but the only part visible at the time), I just had to share.

Enjoy!

~Lotm