

Man's Best Friend

by notsosaintly

No, dog is NOT man's best friend.

(one-shot)

Chapter 1 of 2

No, dog is NOT man's best friend.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

~ notsosaintly ~

The photo still moved, even though the edges were worn and it had been folded in a couple places. He had found it in a discarded issue of The Daily Prophet soon after the Final Battle. Someone had tossed it aside at a faculty meeting. Probably Minerva, he thought. Hermione had always been her favorite student.

At the time he didn't quite understand why he had torn the page free and stuffed it in his pocket. He had done the deed quickly and felt guilty when Albus wandered by only a couple seconds after he had tossed the evidence into the trash.

It had stayed in his pocket for days. He even managed to switch it from robe to robe before the house elves took away his dirty laundry. It seemed to burn a hole in his pocket. He felt its heat through the many layers of clothing.

Every night he would take it out and stare at her face, smiling up at him and waving, next to the Boy-Who-Lived-Yet-Again and the ever-present Red-Haired Sidekick. They had not been back to Hogwarts since the battle on the night of their graduation. But he did not miss them. No, indeed.

How many days had it been of staring at her picture before the realization hit him, he was not aware. There was always the telltale tightness in the pit of his stomach, but he hadn't felt that in so many years so it was no wonder he didn't recognize it any longer.

The night he caught himself running a finger across her smiling face, he dropped the photo. It wafted toward the fireplace, attracted by the roaring flames. Perhaps he should have just let it burn, but his hands functioned separately from his brain and they caught it just in time.

Collapsing on the settee, photo in hand, he stared into her beautiful brown eyes. Her windblown hair and confident stance made him want to jump right into the moving picture and take her in his arms and... but she was a pretty young girl and he was an ugly old man.

Yet their obvious differences did nothing to quell the desire that surged within. His brain, always logical, told him it could never happen, but his body betrayed him. An old dance mind and body had played for years.

His treasonous hand trailed down his stomach until it reached the tip of that which tormented every cell of his body from the tip of his toes to the very last brain cell. Every thought was saturated with images of her, of that smiling mouth performing miraculous deeds upon his body.

The swelling beneath his hand increased, if such a thing were possible. He pushed down harder, stretching it to the side, feeling the ache grow even deeper for the girl in the photo.

Oh, how would it feel to have *her* hand upon him instead of his? Would she know what to do? He preferred to believe her relatively inexperienced, a novice who was very willing to learn.

Into her tight fist, he could feel himself push over and over, reveling in the slight pain caused as she pulled too sharply on his tender skin.

Imagining her wondering remarks upon the hardness of the muscle beneath the satin-smooth skin that slid so easily back and forth, his own hand traveled along her supposed path. Her gasps of pleasure at his size, at the beauty of the flesh before her, forced the tempo higher.

Such thoughts only increased his pleasure, lubricating the way. He groaned as her insubstantial tongue tentatively tasted the drop of fluid that had escaped. The shy flick of that tongue, the graze of her teeth as she took the head of his engorged erection between her lips and sucked it in.

His fingers squeezed around its edge and slid down partway in imitation of those imaginary lips. He reached lower with his other hand, photo forgotten, and cradled the heaviness that lay further below, rolling the sac in his palm and pushing it up into his body. They tightened within.

Skillfully, more so than her mouth would be, his fingers grasped and released over the top of his cock. The pressure increased the fever in his brain, the lust for the girl.

"Severus," her misty voice echoed among the walls of his mind. And he thrust harder, hips reflexively moving as though he were actually burying himself deep in her throat.

Her lips just barely reached around his girth, and she swallowed with each blow. How she learned this, he no longer cared. He was lost in the heat of her mouth and the tightness of her throat and the tearing of her sharp teeth.

Forward he pushed, one hand massaging his length while the other pulsed over his head, milking his desire.

The girl was no longer just in his mind. She was real. She was kneeling before him with her mouth agape, accepting him as though his essence was her lifeblood.

Her fingers dug into his hips as she pulled him into her again...and again. Harder each time. Her inexperience transformed into a skill he had not known before from any other woman. He could feel the scream of passion building from deep inside her throat as it vibrated through his skin and up his shaft, through his abdomen and exiting straight out the top of his head.

Her cry became his own as his pleasure overwhelmed him and his hand completed her task. Thrusting hips no longer moved in rhythm but jerked at incoherent intervals.

The pressure built to the point where control was simply an hallucination and he felt himself pause at the crest for a brief moment before he came tumbling down. And he fell and fell and kept falling as he emptied himself within the fleeting memory of her glorious mouth.

When he came to, the picture lay upon the floor, forgotten. And the girl still smiled and waved, oblivious to the fresh marks that streaked across her face.

~fin

Past Reviews for Man's Best Friend

Chapter 2 of 2

These were the reviews I received for Man's Best Friend when I had it posted on another site. They have not been altered in any way. I thought they were amusing enough to save and display here.

Past Reviews for Man's Best Friend

pickles: that was great. 2005.04.01 Respond

Wolf Moonshadow: OH, a sitting ovation for you, (I'm too lazy to stand ;-) and give the lady a hand, or two.

Author's Response: *snicker* Did you say "hand?" 2005.03.28 Respond

Calix of Heaven: Nice imagery...man's best frined huh...it's got a palm and five didgets...right?

Author's Response: You bet it does. :) 10 points. Thanks. 2005.03.26 Respond

amsev: Very nicely written. Um, man's best friend is his, ah, "hand maid?" (evil snicker)

Author's Response: Evil snicker? You must be from my house. 10 points. 2005.03.26 Respond

Avanell: his own hand? ha-ha....oh, I would love for you to have a follow-up!!! Pretty please? You write such awesome smut...I have reread some of your stories quite a few times ;) MORE MORE MORE!!!

Author's Response: *ROFLMAO* I see you've read Bewitching Her Mind...yay!! Thanks for the compliment. 10 points to you, my dear! Cheers!! 2005.03.25 Respond

Pearle: And the girl still smiled and waved, oblivious to the fresh marks that streaked across her face.

What an image! I have to hand it to you, great smut, Sev and his best friend.....Got any more?

Author's Response: *smirk* Yes, I do, as a matter of fact. But it will be over on The Burrow in a day or two: an extension of "And Temper Begets Pleasure." My muse is back. (Hoorah!) 2005.03.25 Respond

zyra123: Oh, this is good!! Great to have you back to writing! Please tell me you're progressing with Soothing Hands too!! Pretty please?!!!! **on bended knees**

Author's Response: I am doing my best. Somehow I got in deeper into the plot of SH than I had originally intended. At times it is very difficult to write. But I intend to concentrate on that next. (*ahem* You can stand up now.) 2005.03.25 Respond

snarkyrox: Man's best friend... his hand? *snicker* Lovely work, as always. One-track or not, I love the way your mind works! :P

Author's Response: Thank you, my dear. Since you like it so much, I shall send it to you by owl post. *smirk* And 10 points to your house. :) 2005.03.25 Respond

magicalwonder: Great story. But if I had to hazard a guess I would say that man's best friend would be his own imagination and his hand. *Wink*

Author's Response: No speculation needed. Most definitely. 10 points! 2005.03.25 Respond

casey49: Man's best friend his hand, this was a great read. I'm glad you have a one track mind, it gives me some great stories to read and tell my friends about.

Author's Response: Well, I am happy to oblige. *snicker* *specially if you advertise. 10 points to the house of your choice. 2005.03.25 Respond

southern_witch_69: ahaahahaha tff i say.... always a pleasure to see a wanker.... (one thinking of hermione, that is) hehehe... good one. thanks!

Author's Response: Thanks SW. "Always a pleasure to see a wanker?" I couldn't agree more. *lol* 2005.03.25 Respond

Horserider: Ohhhhh, man! This CAN'T be the end of this goody! Please tell me you'll continue, with him working on making this vision a reality?! (And would his best friend be his dominant hand?)*Banging head on desk and blubbering incoherently* I wanna see Hermione involved for real soon! This was too good to just end here! ~HR

Author's Response:

Hey HR!

Sorry, but the man had only one shot in him. *rofl* Ah, sweet torture.

That is a good idea, though. Perhaps Hermione walking in on him turning fantasy into reality? *smirk* I'll think about it. I am busy creating another chapter of "Children Are a Blessing" and another chapter of "And Temper Begets Pleasure" over on The Burrow and then I am supposed to finish up "Soothing Hands." I have cut my work out for myself, haven't I? I'll give you something else to chew on soon, I promise.

2005.03.25 Respond

Daywahyn: Whoo...that was intense. The last line made me laugh out loud, though. Alas, I assume ~fin means it's done. Pity...I'm always game for more.

Author's Response:

Hey there! (The last line made me laugh too. I cannot pass up a chance to be wicked.)

Yeah, it says "fin." My muse has returned and is forcing me to work on works already in progress. I've been on haitus too long, so I am freakishly happy right now having discovered I haven't "lost it."

2005.03.25 Respond

Tarah_Fae: ... fuck me, that was good. Your smut is the best NSS.