

Soft Touches

by Ladymage Samiko

To Severus and Hermione, everything is so very new...

Soft Touches

Chapter 1 of 2

To Severus and Hermione, everything is so very new...

She lay beside him, deeply asleep, her chest rising and falling with the soft breaths that filled the silence of his room. Severus brushed his hand gently over her breast and watched, fascinated, as the dark skin there contracted and tightened, pushing upward into the small, sensitive nub. The tiniest sound caught his ear, and he glanced upward, catching Hermione's amused gaze.

"My apologies," he said stiffly, drawing away, back to his own side of the bed.

"Oh, Severus, no." Dismayed, the young woman pushed herself upright, heedless of the further drift of the bedsheet. "No, it's just— well, I'm used to them, you know? I know the way they look, the way they react. The way they feel. Just as, well... Just as I imagine you're used to your, um, cock." Catching the barest turn of his head, she reddened, but continued gamely, sliding closer to him. "So it's incredible to me the way *you* see them— as something new and interesting and... and arousing.

"The same way *I* see *you*— and *your* body," she finished softly, missing his astonished expression as she looked away, embarrassed. But she lifted her face to him again, her eyes honest and direct, and grasped his hand gently, bringing it back to her breast. "So feel me, Severus," she whispered. "Watch me." Leaning still closer, she drew his hand further down along her body and breathed, "Hear me."

ANs—I first turned this tiny ficlet-seed into a drabble for GS100, but I wasn't happy with what I considered the chopiness of the prose, so I rewrote and expanded it, and I'm better pleased with the result—which I hope has been worth the reading. For the sake of archival completeness, I'll be adding the drabble version as the following chapter, so you can see the changes I made if you're interested.

Soft Touches (100)

Chapter 2 of 2

The same scene as written for the GS100 community.

She slept beside him, her soft breaths filling the silence. Severus's hand brushed over her breast; he watched, fascinated, as its dark round contracted, becoming a tight nub. Looking up, he caught Hermione's amused gaze.

"My apologies," he said stiffly, drawing away.

"Oh, Severus, no." She pushed herself up. "It's just— I'm used to them, you know? The way they look, react." She flushed. "Just as you're used to your, um, cock."

She grasped his hand, bringing it back to her breast. "So feel me, Severus," she breathed. "Watch me." Leaning closer, she drew it further down, whispering, "Hear me."