

Empty Nest

by peppermint

With all their children off to school, what will they do with themselves?

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I own nothing but the plot (and even that is questionable).

"Well," said he.

"Indeed," said she.

"Our children are safely on the Hogwarts Express, and we don't have to be at the feast for six hours," he explained with a lascivious grin.

"Hmmm. Whatever shall we do?" she questioned a little too innocently.

"I thought we might visit that alcove up near the hospital wing," he mentioned, running a finger along the back of the sofa upon which she sat.

"You mean *the* Alcove? Darling, we just sent the youngest off on the Hogwarts Express. Surely you aren't looking to begin all over again?" she chided, glancing up at him.

"There are spells and potions to prevent such occurrences, love."

"Yes, and they've worked so well on the three times we were in that alcove," she replied wryly.

"I admit you've got me there. But wasn't the second time fantastic?"

She leaned her head back against the sofa and smiled up at him. "It was. I still can't fathom how we weren't heard or caught, even on a Hogsmeade weekend."

"I can still remember how the scratches you left on my back felt. I was driving into you, propped up against the wall with your legs wrapped around my waist," he purred, leaning down to kiss her upturned lips with a grin.

"My favorite was the third time, when I straddled your lap as the sun rose at the summer solstice. I must admit I felt particularly goddess-like that morning."

"You looked like one, too, with that first shaft of sunlight across your face. Still as lovely now, twelve years later."

She blushed. "Oh, what the hell. Might as well tempt fate one more time. Maybe we can recreate the first time—our first time—although I'm not as bendy as I was at nineteen."

His grin widened, and he grasped her wrist and pulled her up off the sofa and into his arms, pressing his lips to hers in a passionate fervor. "But I have far more stamina

than I did back then," he reminded her. "I was a wretched convalescent whom you took terrible advantage of."

"Who had whom bent over that hastily Transfigured bench?" she fired back. "'Wretched convalescent' my arse!"

"We're wasting precious time," he muttered, tugging her into the castle's corridors.

They found the alcove near the hospital wing deserted, and she set about Transfiguring a loose rock into a wide, padded bench.

"Witch, you are going to be my undoing," he groaned as she knelt on the bench with her arse in the air. He slid a hand beneath her robes and encountered nothing but warm, smooth skin.

"That's what you said back then, too; but you're still here," she saucily replied, gasping as his questing fingers found her already slick folds.

"Some things never change," he murmured, sliding her robes up and over her back, then unfastening his trousers.

"Do you remember how nervous we were that Madam Pomfrey would come along and find you not only out of bed—"

He grasped her hip with one hand and guided himself into her waiting warmth with the other as he interrupted, "—but with my cock buried in her bossy, know-it-all assistant?" he said, groaning as she thrust back against him, taking him in deeper. "I remember."

She bit her lip, bracing one hand on the bench and slipping the other beneath her to play with her clit, too aroused to continue their banter.

He grasped her hips firmly, thrusting deeply. He did have more stamina these days, but damned if he didn't feel exactly as he had seventeen years ago. His pace was fast and rough, and she matched him, her moans joining his to ricochet off the walls of the alcove and bounce down the corridor. When at last she keened and tightened around him, he came so hard he nearly passed out, having to lean over and support himself with the bench.

They disentangled themselves and straightened their clothing before exiting the alcove. As they meandered down the corridor, stopping every so often for a grope or a kiss, they were brought up short by a cough from the infirmary door. Poppy was there, leaning against the doorjamb with a smirk on her face and her arms crossed over her chest.

"I'll just put you down for a prenatal in a few weeks, shall I, Madam Snape?"

Hermione's face flushed pink, and she stammered, "I... ah... uh..."

Severus patted his wife's arm and nodded to Poppy. "Thank you, Poppy. I'll be sure we attend," he said smoothly, leading Hermione away.

Poppy shook her head with amusement. "Good luck, Headmaster!" she called as the couple ascended the stairs.

A/N: Thanks to Sonia for stepping in to beta for me while pyjamapants was mired hip-deep in work! This was written for the September 2010 round of ppterpr0nprmts theme of "Back to School."