

Silk

by ItrustSeverus

Severus and Hermione confess what they like the most about the other.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Silk. That's what he liked most about her, she was made of silk.

Fine, rebel threads, tickling his skin in sweet torment, freeing him from his past and all the mistakes made.

That wild bushy hair, tangling in his fingers, catching them, inciting them to get even more tangled in its smooth, delicate, brown strands.

The shine of those locks hurting his eyes with the unconscious brightness of what's too beautiful to realize it.

He sank his nose in the abundant hair of the young woman he was cradling in his arms to breathe her scent deeply, and whispered:

"Mmmhhh... Granger."

OoOoOoO

Silk. That's what she liked most about him, he was pure silk.

Just one word, any word, spoken by that voice, made her forget about the pain of the war and all her fears for the uncertain future.

That deep, warm voice, so rich in nuances, holding a thousand different meanings for every word.

And certainly nobody else knew how to say her name that way, containing in each syllable all his passion and desire, all his hungry, desperate need.

She raised her gaze to meet the eyes of the man welcoming her in the warmth of his arms and answered, almost breathlessly:

"Severus."