

Reclining Nude

by Savva

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Morning

Chapter 1 of 1

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Draco leaned against the bathroom door, silently observing the picture in front of him. Bright morning sunlight caressed Hermione's soft reclining form. The curtains' whispering flutters made the sunrays dance teasingly over her skin. Draco's fingers twitched in anticipation and in ridiculously foolish jealousy. How could a wizard in his right mind be envious of sunlight? *Bugger! Have I completely lost my marbles?* he thought.

She was sleeping. His wife, the love of his life, rested peacefully. "Lucky," he grudgingly muttered under his breath whilst fighting in vain his morning craving for her. Unaware of her husband's predicament, she rested blissfully unperturbed. Draco drew a slow and supposedly calming breath. He waited a minute to see if it worked, but noticed no effect.

Draco's stormy-grey gaze crept, ever so slowly, over his wife's silhouette. Hermione slept entirely nude; only the tangled silk sheet snaked around her lower thighs. Every delicate curve, every gentle line, every contour was exposed for his enjoyment. He knew every angle, every cavity and every subtle peak or dimple of her body intimately, and, luckily, he owned every delicious inch of it. A possessive smirk graced Draco's lips at this thought.

Of course, it wasn't dumb luck; certainly not, nothing of the sort. It had taken a lot of careful planning, scheming, and work to attain possession of something as precious as Hermione Granger. However, as every wizard in England knew...what Malfoy wanted, Malfoy'd get ... eventually. In this particular case, Draco had known exactly what he wanted, thus, naturally, the rest was only a matter of time and the mastery of his skills.

Actually, it was quite a story.

When Draco turned fifteen, his father took him to Paris, to Muggle Paris to be precise. Odd, you say? Precisely: odd did not cover even a small fraction of it. At times, Draco

didn't understand his father at all. They were on the brink of a war. Everything Muggle was considered, in their immediate circle, as filthy. It was a taboo. Nevertheless, Lucius deemed it necessary to take his son to a Muggle museum in Paris. Why? It was a mystery. His father was always a mystery to him.

Draco had never visited a Muggle museum before, and therefore, everything in the place looked rather strange to Draco's eyes. He still remembered the name of the place... 'Musée d'Orsay'.

Once there, Lucius seemed to have a very clear idea of what Draco was supposed to see. They quickly moved from one hall to another until eventually they reached their destination.

The works of French Artists covered the walls in vast numbers. All were executed in one particular style...in light strokes, slightly off focus, as if the artist didn't see very well and needed glasses (or that at least was Draco's impression). Piece after piece, artist after artist, had managed to create the annoying cacophony of bright and muted colours, flowers, women, men, children, which reverberated in Draco's head. He was convinced that, in a matter of minutes, a nasty headache would have him, or (Merlin forgive)...a migraine.

So, our young wizard, exhausted of artistic education, let his eyes wander. And that was the moment at which he saw her. It was a painting of a young, entirely nude woman reclining on a bed. Draco couldn't tear his eyes from her...she was utterly magnificent. Soft, lavish, with perfect curves, all peach-and-rose coloured. Every single feminine line was exquisite and flawless, especially the curves of her hips and breathtakingly delectable derriere.

Draco remembered how, to his dismay, his body had begun to react right there in the museum. Oh, Merlin, how embarrassing it was: to stand in the middle of the Muggle museum with his rather evident "excitement" on display. It was literally trying to break free from the confines of his trousers, and he had no robes to cover it. How disgraceful, indeed.

All the same, the female body on the painting was imprinted in Draco's mind forever. He even went to such length as to find out whose work it was. The name of the artist was Renoir.

And that was it. All it took was his father's crazy caprice (although Lucius' motives remained forever obscure) and his son's fate was sealed. From that day in the French museum, young Malfoy knew exactly how his future wife was supposed to look. Sure enough, Malfoy was not going to settle for anything less than an exact replica.

And so, ever since, Draco had searched. Patiently and thoroughly, he flipped through all eligible pure-blooded girls. The poor boy started early in school, keeping in mind the amount of work ahead of him. Then, there were half-bloods (again, a hell of a lot of work). Alas, all his work came to no fruition. He didn't find anything even closely resembling the image in his head.

And all the poor boy wanted was simply ... everything...rosy-peach- coloured skin, soft curves, rounded hips and a heart-shaped bum, with the last especially being a must.

Over the years, he almost gave up. Honestly, it wasn't easy to search and to hope, each and every time. Sometimes all his hard work seemed fruitless, futile (not counting a few stray orgasms here and there), and just simply exhausting.

That was, until one day at the Ministry's Winter Party, he saw her, or, to be precise, he saw her bare back. The line, the curve, the colour and the softness: everything was there. He could almost imagine her derriere. Draco was sure it would be the exact match...delectable, heart shaped, surely promising the infinite pleasure he sought.

Hypnotized and dazed, Draco went directly to the target. Only to discover that all these treasures belonged to someone who for many years was here, right beside him, always around, so close. Oh, how stupid, stupid he was! There, on the high bar stool, in a skimpy, black number with her flawless back open for admiration, was seated the one and only Hermione Granger.

Shit! Shit! And shit again.

It was hard work to win Hermione over, not at all comparable to the mindless flipping through other girls he had undergone. No, this mission required all the fine skill in seduction the Malfoy men had acquired over the centuries. Draco treaded carefully and delicately. They had, after all, a long and difficult history.

He had succeeded, of course. Eventually, after a year of hard work on the elaborate scheme of seduction, he had her (and, indeed, her heart-shaped bum). Hermione Granger became Hermione Malfoy, and now, he looked at her.

His treasure, his Renoir's beauty was sleeping. Draco came closer and gazed at her. She was breathtakingly sensual. One of her light-pink peaks drew his attention. He lightly touched her nipple with a tip of his finger, and it immediately turned a darker shade of pink. Draco quietly kneeled near the bed and flicked his tongue over it. *Ah! Delicious!*

Hermione stirred but didn't wake up. Young Malfoy carefully crawled onto the bed behind his wife. He simply couldn't contain himself: he desired her, craved her, needed to feel her. That was the point, after all...to touch, to feel, to possess and be able to devour.

Very, very gently Draco touched her, running the tips of his fingers over her skin. Next, he traced the line (his beloved line) from the nape of Hermione's neck to the rounded peak of her tailbone. Now, it was his tongue's turn...first, a small swirl in the nape, just to tease Hermione's chocolate curls there, and then down, down and down, all the way to her sweet bum.

There, for a second, Draco froze in indecision, which plump cheek to trace first.

The closest one, decided Draco and continued his journey.

His tongue left wet, slightly glistening trails on the skin of his, only his, sweet, sweet witch.

While flicking his tongue over Hermione's soft curves, not missing any spots, any secret dimples, Draco mused on; why it is that a woman's body has so many hidden, intimate places: under the breasts, for one, under the buttocks, behind the knees and, the most sacred, between the thighs, Draco's personal centre of the universe. Amazing.

When the considerable area of Hermione's body was wet and simple licking was not enough anymore, Draco began to nibble on her delicate flesh, starting from her smooth calves, going up... Oh, her beautiful, beautiful bum...plump and ripe enough to eat. Draco could spend an eternity there, happily nibbling and licking. Honestly. If only his eager friend didn't bother him with his other needs.

At last, unable to stop his tongue from plunging between Hermione's thighs, Draco completely succumbed to his overpowering craving for her. The faint sigh announced Hermione's awakening. A moment later, she arched her body into his waiting hands.

And, oh Merlin, was he ready for her...

Much, much, much later, extremely satisfied, Draco walked into his father's living room and said, "Father, Hermione's birthday is coming up next month. Don't you think I could find a way to buy one of the paintings of this French guy...Renoir?"

Lucius silently looked at his son over his reading glasses with a bewildered expression. A moment later, he muttered, "And I always thought I would be the first in our family to lose my sanity. No matter..." and then, more loudly, "Come, Son; let's see what we can find."