

Cold Feet

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A GS100 Challenge for the prompt Cold Feet. A series of six X 100 word drabbles.

Cold Feet, Warm Hearts - Isn't That How The Saying Goes?

Chapter 1 of 1

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I am already dozing when he slips into bed behind me. I hate patrol nights in winter, when he arrives late from a check of the grounds. He has no manners.

He is a wall of ice that molds against my back. The extremities are the worse, and being the perverse bastard he is, those are the first to assault me. His large nose nuzzles against my neck, and I shrivel like a clam, sprinkled with lemon juice.

"Geroff!" I cry as his hands come next; cupping my breasts, shrinking my nipples down to hard buttons, devoid of nerve endings.

I try to pull away, but my lecherous, devious, snarky, *evilbastard!* of a husband is snuggling closer, chilled to the bone, eager to get warm, inconsiderate of the fact that he'll destroy me with his –

"Fucking hell!" I jump, a fish on a line. The tops of his long, thin, bony, pale feet press against my poor, frozen soles. His wretched *evil* feet are beyond cold. If I didn't know better –

"What have you been doing? Swimming in the Black Lake?" I yell, flailing around, frantically trying to escape his insidious brand of Death Eater torture. "You're killing me!"

"Shush," he rumbles, selfishly pulling closer. "It's my job. I have to go outside in the cold. Ergo, I am cold. Your job, witch," he softens his voice, knowing I'll melt, in spite of his glacial feet, "is to warm my bed, and therefore warm me. I can't help that you feel so irresistibly, deliciously hot."

Bastard. Bastard, *bastard*. My brilliant, snarky, selfish, sweet, inconsiderate, knicker-soakingly *sexy bastard* husband. I relent, as he knew I would. He smugly cuddles against me, marginally warmer. Minutes pass as my body heat is sucked away into him. My gloriously demented, *Dementor* husband. He relaxes.

"Funny, that," I say nonchalantly.

He makes a delicious rumbling sound, like a little bear. "Funny what? Shush, I have class in four hours."

"Funny for you to have cold feet."

"Stop talking bollocks, woman. I need sleep."

"Yes, funny *you're* the one with cold feet." I take a deep breath. "I'm not. Not anymore."

For a moment, he doesn't respond. Suddenly, he puts a warm hand on my shoulder and gently turns my face to his. He looks down at me with a mixture of hope and confusion. A smile he reserves only for me spreads over his face.

"Are you sure, Hermione? Is this really what you want?"

I nod. His smile heats up the room another twenty degrees. "I'm ready, Severus. I want this, too."

There is a new extremity making its presence known. It is far from cold; in fact, it is burning against my back - a large, hot pole. His eyes light up a few more degrees. We both register the source of this new, life-giving heat.

The late hour is unimportant. The morning class is forgotten. He rolls me onto my back, stroking my body with fingers that are loving, warm and pleasurable.

"My precious girl, Hermione," he croons, and I know things are going to get *dot* hotter in about twenty seconds. His mouth devours mine in a kiss of pure, molten sensuality.

I have my own tricks. You don't live with a man like Severus Snape, and not learn how to push a few buttons of your own. Soon, he and I are sweating, burning; crying each other's names over and over.

And that's merely the opening ceremonies. Just when I feel I'm going to burst into flames, he slides deliciously home.

"Let's see if we can make this baby."