

# Touch

*by sandlapper*

Hermione and Severus, alone in the dungeons.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A/N: I don't own - just love to dabble. Thank you to my beta, peskipiksi! This wouldn't be here without your help.

His hand trailed lightly down my side, stroking sensitive flesh before coming to a rest on my hip. I could feel the heat of his palm burning through my robes and could not contain the tremor that followed in the wake of his touch. My eyes fluttered shut as I gave in to the sensations he was invoking in my body. I didn't see him lean close, and I started slightly as he spoke for the first time.

"Are you afraid, Miss Granger?" His silky voice caressed my ear, the heat of his breath setting my skin aflame. "You should be..."

In all honesty, I was terrified. I had initiated this journey knowing that by the end I would be completed or completely broken. I was committed to my course. There would be no half measures, no turning back on this night. My eyes remained closed as I took in the flood of sensations that filled me - the solid feel of the door pressed into my back, long fingers holding my wrists captive above my head, his hard body holding me at his mercy, the evident bulge that strained against my belly. His hand had never stopped fondling and caressing. Graceful fingers kneaded the soft flesh of my breast, brushed the turgid, aching peaks. Once more as I was held in thrall to the responses my body made to him, he breathed his fiery question against my ear. Once more, I was silent, caught up in the moment.

"Answer me..." was hissed in an almost violent tone. "Open your eyes and LOOK at me."

Again, I said nothing, and I battled to keep my eyes closed to him. A frisson of fear and passion swept me as my body reacted to his. Suddenly, I was no longer pressed to the door. In one fluid motion my robes were off my shoulders, effectively pinning my arms to my sides and slightly behind me. Before I could even absorb what was happening, I was manoeuvred to the nearby desk and pushed onto it. A gentle touch to my chin and I was drowning in liquid obsidian.

With a sharp tug to the back of my robes, he had my back arched and my breasts were offered to fiery lips. He bent his head and suckled lightly, but firmly on one lace covered nipple while his fingers ghosted over the other. A whisper and the lace barrier disappeared. As his lips blazed a burning trail from one rigid peak to the other, his hands teased their way to my hips and thighs. He pulled me to the edge of the desk and pressed himself between my legs. This time, he used no spell, but gently drew my lace knickers over my hips. He stepped back far enough to tug them from under me and slowly dragged them down my legs. Moving back into place, he pressed even closer to me. I was spread wide to him, my intimate self exposed and slick with my desire. I almost came undone when one hand cupped my breast to his mouth, and he once more laved the nipple with a broad swipe of his tongue. His other hand stroked slowly through my wetness, dancing over sensitive flesh until I was half mad with desire. My body burned hotter with every stroke of his fingers, every lap of his tongue. I felt a tightness in my belly growing and settling into a focal point at my very centre.

"Shall I make you beg?" The velvet wrapped steel of his voice pushed me over the edge. "Or do you prefer to scream?"

An incoherent cry was ripped from my throat as the pleasure crashed through my body. Before I had completely crested this wave of sensation, I felt something replace the thrumming fingers at the entrance of my body. It was the physical manifestation of his voice, all molten velvet and rigid steel. I could not help but to cry out again when he pressed his unrelenting hardness into my welcoming softness. Flesh yielded to flesh, his intrusion filling me slowly. Another moment and he would know my secret. Before

it could register with him, I shifted to bring my legs tight around his hips. As his hands were on my body rather than braced on the desk it was easy to unbalance him. I let myself fall back, tightening my grip on his hips and using his weight to push him past the point of no return. We lay entwined for a time, neither speaking nor moving. Finally, I drew the last of my courage around me like a cloak and looked up into his startled eyes.

His question sounded harsh in the silence. "Why?"

"Because I knew you wouldn't agree, and I've wanted you for so long."

"You deserved better from me..." This was whispered into my hair. A quick movement and we were eye to eye. "You deserve better THAN me."

I shrugged as eloquently as one could with robe-bound arms. "But, then it wouldn't have been you."

He just pulled away and stared at me, one eyebrow arched in that supercilious way he has. Suddenly, I was in his arms. He moved towards a door I had not noticed earlier, but paused before entering.

"Are you absolutely certain?"

"I think we're past the point of regret, aren't we?"

An undignified snort was my answer.

"We shall see..." he said as he carried me through to his bedroom.

The luxury of the room and indeed the bed was lost on me when warm lips were pressed to mine. A gentle yet searing kiss reignited my desires. Cool, satin sheets slithered around my body as I arched into his touch again and again. Fiery kisses were trailed from my ear to my lips to my belly and beyond. My body was an inferno that he stoked with mouth and hands until I could take no more. He pushed me past that limit as he settled over me and took my mouth again in a passionate kiss that consumed. He eased back and I whimpered at the loss. I felt rather than heard his chuckle and then his voice rumbled in my ear.

"I am not going anywhere, my witch." A breath caressed my throat. "Trust me..."

He moved again, this time sheathing himself solidly in my heat. The initial pain was still there, but it eased as we began moving together. His hardness thrusting into my softness eased one ache and fired another. His lips caught mine and teased for entrance. I opened to him and our tongues matched the dance of our bodies.