

Unfaithful

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A short novel

She was sitting on her favourite armchair in our bedroom when I walked in; she always sat there on weeknights. She put down the book she was reading and, suppressing a small yawn, she looked at the clock. It was well past eleven... She was waiting for me to come back home.

My little witch of a wife... Merlin! She was sexy that evening! She always managed to put on something provocative before I came back from a Death Eaters' gathering, especially when she knew it was going to be a particularly dreadful one. That night, I had put a strong emphasis on the Dark Lord's irritable mood of the previous weeks, given his dissatisfaction with how slowly his plans were taking form. I had told her how I expected to witness many followers getting punished for their incompetence, especially after their recent fiasco at the Department of Mysteries; I think I even went as far as dropping, with my usual controlled detachment, that I might even get punished myself, sharing the others' fate. Actually, the meeting was completely irksome; the only deadly threat that weighed over me had been complete boredom.

Nevertheless, my strategy worked... even better than I expected. She got to her feet and walked to the closet on the left side of the room. I watched her as she got undressed unhurriedly, like she almost always did. Curiously, I enjoyed it a bit more than usual that night. The fact I was hiding under a Disillusionment Charm brought some thrill to the situation, of course. Watching without being seen... an activity I never got tired of.

Michaela has always loved my double agent position in the Order of the Phoenix. She had been thrilled when she learned I was a spy, much to my astonishment. Contrary to the very few other witches who ever knew about it (all of them being former or present Order members, of course), she was excited by the danger it represented. I remember how fiercely she tugged on my clothes that very first night we spent together, how she almost ripped my shirt open while she kissed me avidly, how we clumsily fell onto the floor in my quarters in our haste, knocking the chess board off the side table on the way, scattering the pawns in all directions...

I was already getting aroused in my corner of the room, thinking about those delightful memories while I watched her sliding her robes slowly past her shoulders. I looked at the splendid profile she showed me as the robes gracefully fell along her legs onto the floor and I felt the strong urge to get behind her and kiss each and every one of the 158 centimetres between her heels and the roots of her hair... but I stayed right where I was. She liked the danger that surrounded me; she was about to get some and I did not want to spoil the moment.

She removed her bra, pantyhose and knickers and walked past me to put them in the laundry bag in the bathroom. For a second, I feared that she was tempted to take a shower, which would have disrupted my plans considerably, but she finally came back into the bedroom, to my relief. She went to her dresser and retrieved a few items that brought my attention to new levels of acuity.

As she sat on the bed and started getting dressed, I watched her putting on a lace burgundy g-string and a matching bustier, which she laced agilely behind her back without the help of magic. She then tied the delicate laces in a bow that fell coquettishly down the fine line between her butt cheeks. She was so absorbed in her task that she did not see what was going on right behind her, on the other side of the bed. She put on black stockings, one after the other, and I noticed she had chosen the ones

with seams on them... the naughty girl... She really wanted to give me a treat. And she had no idea of what was about to happen. My heart started beating faster.

A long shiver shook me when she ran her delicate hands along her legs, all the way up, and clipped the stockings to her bustier. Bending forward, she put on a pair of black Italian leather high-heeled shoes that I had given her as a birthday gift a year ago, and I appreciated the splendid lines of her back, shoulders and arms while she tied the straps around her ankles. Her body was breathtaking, and she offered me the loveliest view when she got to her feet and looked at herself into the psyche next to our bed. Her exquisite features reflected a certain weariness, given the time it was and the hard day she had had at work. I particularly loved to see how her full lips slightly parted to let out a little sigh as she massaged her neck and tilted her head back, letting her eyelids fall idly, rocking her wonderfully curvy hips from left to right. That moment of rest did not last for long, however.

A second later, a hand she did not know reached for the ornamental stick that held her hair in a loose chignon and pulled on it, making her thick strawberry blonde curls fall loosely to the middle of her back. She gasped and turned back in a flash, her almond-shaped jade eyes widened in surprise and her lovely mouth agape. In front of her was standing the last person she expected to see in her bedroom that night.

"Mister Malfoy!" she exclaimed in shock. "What are you doing here?"

She only saw his lips stretching into his usual superior smile, while his fingers rolled the small stick playfully from one hand to the other. No sound came out of his mouth. I saw her look frantically around the room for her wand; she had left it in her cloak pocket, as usual. I have told her thousands of times about the importance of always keeping her wand nearby, but she always replied that I was too paranoid and needed to learn from her instead to be more laid back. At that moment, I was almost sure she regretted how she had not listened to my clever advice and that thought broadened my smile.

"My husband will be here soon; I am surprised he is not already here, for the meeting is obviously over by now," she continued, in the bravest and firmest tone she could find. "I have no idea how you managed to enter our private quarters, or what your intentions are, but you will be in big trouble if Severus finds you here, Mister Malfoy. I will have to ask you to leave. Immediately!"

Her words, despite their convincing assertiveness, did not produce the desired impact at all. Her eyes glimmered with powerlessness and a touch of shame as she saw his cold blue glance caressing her features to then slither down her chin and land on her beautifully exposed cleavage. Her round breasts betrayed her confusion; they trembled with her unsteady breath. They trembled even more when she felt the tip of the little stick in his hand trace an imaginary line along her jaw, her throat... and down the straps of her bustier, until it reached the bulge of her upper breast, making her shiver despite herself.

"This will be my last warning, Mister Malfoy!" she warned, in a shakier version of her previously authoritarian voice. "Either you leave this room right now, or... or..."

She opened her mouth and desperately tried to find an appropriate threat to throw in his face, but nothing came; her mind seemed to have gone blank. To make things worse, she saw his lips curling up into a sneer and his eyebrow rising in a mock questioning way.

"Or I will scream!" she finally articulated. "The students' dormitory is right next door, and I swear I can scream loud enough for them to hear me and come at once!"

The sneer turned into a derisive snort.

"Fine, you asked for it!"

She did not even have time to fully gulp the air she wanted to shout for help; his palm clasped powerfully over her mouth, muffling all the sounds that came out of it. His fingers pushed painfully into the delicate skin of her cheeks and her eyes shut tight in fear and surprise while he grabbed her by the arm and pulled her forward. She was totally paralysed with fear and yet her bosom rose and fell short and fast, brushing against the sleeve of his coat and sending unwanted shivers down her spine.

Looking at her with such a dramatic expression on her face, I was not so sure those shivers were completely unwanted, however. I knew for a few weeks how she had fantasised about Malfoy, since the evening she met him for the first time at an official dinner at his residence. It was that furtive yet feline way he looked up at her when he ceremonially bent forward in a welcoming bow and kissed her hand.... She blushed furiously... and made love to me equally furiously that night, too...

And yet, even now that she had Lucius Malfoy in person standing next to her bed while she was wearing such a spicy outfit, she did not blush out of attraction at all; she blushed out of fear and anger... and she was not about to calm down. She still screamed insults, threats and pleas for help against his hand, which totally muffled her voice. Her pretty eyes filled with tears and kept switching from his eyes to the door, her pupils completely dilated, her mind calling desperately at me in hope that I would just appear in the doorway and come to her rescue like the hero she thought I was.

But I did not grant her that wish. Poor Michaela... she was about to get what she secretly wanted... and she was going to have such pleasure getting it, in addition!

"Shhhhh..." whispered Malfoy's voice, inches away from her face.

Her eyes remained glued to his as her mind slowly got bewitched and her senses fully aroused by the magical powers that seized her being at that very moment. Little by little, her muscles relaxed, and she stopped screaming against his hand. Little by little, she lowered her shoulders in defeat and submission and stopped struggling against a grip that was just too strong for her.

"I am not going to hurt you, believe me," whispered his voice again, while his fingers calmly stroked her hair to soothe her anxiety. "It is absolutely futile to call for help; your husband will not be back before well past midnight, which gives us some intimate time together. We can waste that time fighting against each other, but I will end up getting what I want anyway... or you can cooperate with me and we can both find pleasure in this. Now, I will remove my hand if you promise me to be a good girl... Can you promise me that?"

She nodded. A big tear rolled down her cheek. The infernal grip of his hand released her face at last, leaving a couple of red marks on her cheeks.

"What is it you want?" she asked, in a calmer voice.

In answer, she felt his hands cup her face very gently; his thumbs caught the falling tears on her cheeks and knocked them away, spreading them over her skin where they disappeared, one after the other. His thumbs then traced the outline of her lips, which still trembled slightly against his touch, before they delicately spread her lips apart, releasing a very, very quiet gasp that was hiding in her throat.

"But I am married, Mister Malfoy!"

"Lucius..."

"I love Severus! I do not want to be unfaithful to him, Lucius!" she protested.

"I am married, too... Do you see me fretting about it?"

"But I do not want Severus to be hurt!"

"Does he have to know?" hissed the smooth voice in her ear as his hands slid lasciviously on her sides and stopped on the small of her back.

Her cute little arse moved up very lustily, just like a cat would stretch to beg for a longer caress. She even tilted her head back, sliding her cheek against his, her nostrils quivering faintly as they picked the manly smell of his cologne from his collar, but she quickly regained her self-control.

"But... why? Why me?"

"Do we need any other reason than the glances you threw me, last time I had the wonderful privilege to be in your lovely presence?"

"I have never lied to my husband, Lucius. I will not begin now!" she said firmly, breaking from his embrace and pushing him away in the chest. "Please, do not make me do this!"

"You have wasted enough of my time, Michaela..."

His hands reached for the silver brooch that held the collar of his cloak and it fell on the floor at his feet. She did not even have the time to make three steps away towards the door; his long arm grabbed her by the waist and pulled her back against his chest. His powerful hand seized her face and brought it to his mouth, which hungrily covered her lips and swallowed all her moans of protestation.

It was so bizarre, at first... her lips against Malfoy's... her lips that had been mine and mine alone since over a year and a half already! I almost gave in to the urge of calling the whole thing off and stopping this strange encounter from taking place. But then I remembered how Michaela always praised my wicked imagination and creativity, especially when it came to sex, and I resisted. I had to be up to her standards... and I was sure I would find a way to enjoy that scene sooner or later. Malfoy had agreed to my strange proposition that night only, and I did not expect him to be so generous a second time, just like I did not feel like repeating the experience; asking him once had been embarrassing enough. Either way, it was an occasion that would just never present itself again.

To my surprise, though my wife resisted at first, her green eyes did not shed more tears; they were now as dry as Minerva's smile. I swear I could even see a new glimmer in them, a glimmer that slowly turned fear and anger into something else... a questioning expression, firstly... and then something far, far more lustful when Malfoy's tongue pushed its way through her lips, which did not give it a hard time at all. Her own tongue brushed timidly against the tip of his, only once, and their open mouths stayed against each other for many long seconds, while she panted slightly against his victorious smirk.

I had not expected her to give up fighting that fast; that was why the plan included tying her to the bed until she would feel dominated enough to surrender completely. Nevertheless, that part is exactly what happened, just as planned. Michaela was still hesitating against his lips when she felt his hands grabbing her hips, turning her around and pushing her face first into the bed. A heartbeat later, her hands were magically bound behind her back. My heart skipped a beat when I caught a glimpse of a very naughty leer on her lips before she turned her face back towards the blanket and leaned her forehead against it.

She was *indeed* getting what she craved for... the little minx!

My arousal went to higher intensities as I watched her adorable little butt emerging right underneath her bustier, where the two satin straps that tied to her stockings adorned her pale skin beautifully. It just deserved some attention. But given the situation... it did not need a tender one, not yet. She yelped in surprise and pain when she felt his hand spank her hard on the left side, but soon sighed and gasped in relief when his lips caressed her other cheek, all the way up, and his long blond straight locks fell smoothly on the aching side, soothing the stinging pain with their silky touch.

For some silly reason, I felt bad about that. The thought crossed my mind that even if I grew my hair that long, it would never have that rich texture. It would just keep falling heavily on her skin, probably feeling like a disgusting seaweed of some kind... not like this. Oh, I could do like Malfoy and waste time taking care of my looks... waste my money on fancy hair lotions like he does... have my hands manicured like his so they would not constantly be stained with potion ingredients... but that is just not me.

And yet... as she turned and looked at him over her shoulder, I admitted that his look could indeed have something appealing for Michaela. She always chose her clothes with a lot of care and taste, varying the colours and textures with each season, each occasion, each of her moods.... She liked Malfoy's noble elegance; she had commented on it once, as we were flying back home from Wiltshire. This night in our bedroom, her glance appreciated the linen trousers and coat he was wearing, along with the ochre satin vest he had underneath and the elaborate white jabot that cascaded down its opening. She did not want to show how attractive she found him, dressed like that, but I saw it in her eyes at once. I guessed it offered her a nice change from the sempiternal black trousers and frock coat she always saw me wear.

Time was running short; his eyebrows drew into a slightly worried frown when the clock indicated eleven thirty. Michaela's eyes lit up even more when she saw him removing his coat, revealing the pristine white shirt that was underneath, and throwing it on a chair next to the bed. His hands quickly went back to her round buttocks, kneading them possessively, spreading them apart with long movements of his thumbs that drew a very discreet sigh from her mouth. She was already soaking wet from his mere presence behind her; I could perfectly see and hear her moist flesh as it gently glided along her string, creaming the delicate fabric. That discovery made me forget all my worries and reluctances; Michaela was enjoying this immensely... and I simply love it when she is enjoying herself that much.

Like she had done a few minutes before, almost against her will, she arched her back and waved her arse up, closer to the agile movements of his fingers. In answer, they delicately picked her string and pulled it aside, revealing the tiny portion of her flesh that was chastely covered by the fabric. Turning back once more to look at his face, she saw that her sexy outfit and the way she offered herself to him had quite an impact on her unexpected lover.

"If I promise to be docile, will you remove the bounds around my wrists, Lucius?" she asked.

"I am afraid you will have to wait a little longer for that. Right now, I prefer you tied up..."

His hands moved from her flesh to her hips and made her lean on her knees. She was splendidly vulnerable in that position, her little butt right up while the side of her face was buried in the blanket... and yet her outfit and natural self-confident attitude gave her a dignity that was even more appealing. That sight had quite an effect on me; the bulge I felt down there grew even harder.

She slightly spread her knees apart as she felt Malfoy's face get closer to her moistness. His tongue darted out of his mouth and took possession of her in one long, decadent lick that made her moan at last. Her delicate flesh was offered to his mouth and it sucked it in with hungriness, while his hands started kneading her butt cheeks again, keeping her string out of the way. I expected her little pussy to be as soft as fine silk; she had shaven it in the morning. Malfoy's tongue made its way up and down her labia without meeting any unwanted hair on the way, increasing the sensations she felt as his hot tongue explored her shamelessly... I knew that feeling... I knew her taste... and yet it felt like I was witnessing her getting a cunnilingus for the very first time.

His tongue travelled for a while up and down her labia, triggering her impatience, teasing her intimacy with very calculated caresses... until at last its tip found her swollen bud. Her hips waved abruptly when it did and her stomach clenched powerfully from the sudden rush of pleasure she felt... and transmitted to me. Lapping her clit for long minutes, his tongue snatched a few moans and gasps from her mouth, getting her more and more aroused, more and more ready to please his senses, and then it quickly slid up and found its way inside of her, as deep as it could go.

I saw her clench her fists above the magical bounds on her back, before her fingers feverishly tried to reach for his hair and tug on it in appreciation. Malfoy's fingers soon replaced his tongue and they slid inside of her almost without any effort, in a long thrust that made her moan a very distinct "yes" for the first time against the bed. His head made its way between her upper thighs, and his mouth covered her hard bud once again... keeping his hair at a respectful distance from her tied hands. Her thighs shivered and trembled for minutes against each of his temples before his lips finally gave in and let her catch her breath a little.

"Lucius... that feels so good!" she purred, as his fingers still moved in and out of her. "But I want to touch you! Can I touch you, at least?"

"I guess you can touch... but certainly not with your hands yet."

She rolled on her back and managed to sit on the bed, her hands still tied behind her back. It did not seem to bother her much as she watched, with hungry eyes, how the fingers that had so wonderfully pleased her were now undoing the buttons of his vest, revealing the jabot and white shirt, which soon all joined the coat on the chair nearby. I chuckled softly when she bent forward and started kissing his chest already; she buried the tip of her nose in the fine duvet of blond hair that covered it and quickly found his nipples, which she nibbled mischievously, one after the other. They quickly hardened under the flicks of her little tongue, making Malfoy's other hardness even more salient in his trousers.

His hands lingered for a while in her curls, and then unbuttoned his trousers; he pushed them down along with his underpants. As he bent forward to remove his boots and socks, she brought her face to his and started kissing him again. All her shyness was gone at that point, and it was she who boldly slid her tongue inside his mouth, looking

for his, pleasing his with a long, lustful caress before she retracted it back into her own mouth. When their tongues finally stopped their lovely argument, she sucked his lower lip and trapped it between her teeth, nibbling gently on the delicate flesh and drawing a moan of anticipation out of his mouth.

"I want to suck you, Lucius... Let me see your prick..." she purred against his lips.

And there we were... Malfoy's body was completely devoid of any clothes by then, and she craved to see all of it, to explore a new territory. I cannot say that it looked better than mine; we have more or less the same build, we are both tall... In fact, I am slightly taller than him. As for the obvious, well... from what I saw, we could both offer her a more than respectable instrument to play with. Now that I think about it, I conclude that "something different" was probably the appropriate word to describe what was offered to her that night.

And Merlin knows how women *love* little changes from routine like this...

Indeed, her lovely lips stretched into a large smile when she looked at his member, which was arrogantly and bodily returning her glance. My own arousal was reaching the same level, obviously. What was certainly different from me was the absence of pubic hair around his hardness and below. I remembered him telling me he had found a charming beautiwitch near his mansion that regularly took care of that delicate part of him. And he meant *regularly*. I certainly did not want to waste my time being pampered for over an hour with lotions and potions, leaving floral scents on my skin that I found far too feminine for me. Therefore, my privates had always proudly kept all their hair and their clean but manly smell, clearly displaying the indisputable signs of my virility.

"Oh, Gods! It looks gorgeous!" Michaela exclaimed, putting an abrupt end to my pondering. "It looks more than gorgeous... It looks kissable..."

"It is all yours for tonight, my dear," purred his slightly egotistical voice. "Feel free to use it any way you want."

Seconds later, Michaela's lips left a kiss on someone else's penis for the first time since we were together. At least I hoped it was the first time... I quickly chased that thought away and concentrated on what she was doing. From the way she just ran her lips all along his shaft, taking deep breaths, I deduced that she did not find Malfoy's smell feminine at all. In fact, I understood how the lack of hair offered her a far greater playground and she allowed herself to do much more things to him with her mouth than she usually did to me. I also understood how, from the wizard's perspective, it also made those erogenous zones more sensitive and receptive to a feminine touch.

She ran a very naughty tongue all the way up his genitals, starting from the base of his balls and tearing a satisfied groan from his lips. That greatly encouraged her and she took both of his silky balls into her mouth, suckling on them, pumping them in and out while looking into his blue eyes with a clear intention. His hands rummaged her hair in appreciation and massaged her delicate shoulders, encouraging her to go further. Maybe it was her way to get a revenge from the way his lips and fingers had voluntarily stretched her patience to great extents, but she did not go further for several minutes. She did have fun playing with his balls the whole time, though, which was not unpleasant to see at all. I could not help but shamelessly start masturbating, looking at that splendid view.

When she finally put her lips on the tip of his length, which was already fully emerged from its foreskin and covered in precum from her attentions, she instinctively opened her mouth and took it in, reacting to the feel of his hands on each side of her head. She felt his fingers grab her locks firmly as she successfully reached its base, managing to nudge his glans at the very back of her throat.

Michaela was incredible at this.

When his hardness tried to move back a little, she authoritarily kept it in by grabbing it with her teeth and looking at him with a reproachful frown that unmistakably conveyed that she wanted to be left in charge. When she was satisfied by the way the pulsing flesh against her tongue complied, she rewarded it with a long lick, moving as far as she could and replacing her teeth with a tight squeeze of her lips. Maintaining her firm grip, she then moved up and suckled on his glans this time, before she shoved it again in her hungry mouth.

"You... seem to... like doing this... very much," articulated the thin lips above her head.

A long moan was her only answer as she naughtily pressed his glans in the inner part of her cheek, moving her chin in large circles so it would rub against the warm and moist flesh. I was getting impatient with her little game. She always had the skill to keep a slow and steady rhythm that would have driven any wizard crazy, and she managed to do just that again. The grip on her hair became more dominant as Malfoy's hands moved to the back of her head and kept it very still, while his swollen member started pumping her mouth. It moved carefully at first, as his flesh was exploring new territory, but it soon became more audacious and pushed even deeper.

Michaela was breathing fast, and her lovely eyes reflected how she was ready to let him do many things to her without any resistance. Her saliva had coated each part of his penis, making it ready for more, and it even started to drip down his balls, wetting them as well. I think the sight of her little arse waving from left to right as she rubbed her aroused bud against the blanket was what really changed the pace of things for good. And the naughty minx knew perfectly that it would; it was all over the feverishness of her eyes as she plunged them in his while still managing to accommodate his length in her mouth the best she could.

In the blink of an eye, his powerful hands made her get up, turn around and fall on the bed face first again. I did not worry the slightest; I knew she could take it rough... I knew she *adored* it rough. His long fingers slid under her string, teasing her moistness tenderly, only to brutally tug on the fabric until it ripped off in his hand, making her yelp in anticipation.

"Oh, great, Lucius... I have always wanted to get an aristocratic shag..." she purred, in a low voice that I did not hear her use often.

"How incredibly convenient; you are about to get quite a good one, darling..." cooed his voice, in the typical lazy condescendence I often heard him use.

And on this, as her rear curled up again to take him inside, his swollen member easily found its way to her moistness, parting her labia very slowly until her muscles stopped spasming their eagerness and let it go further. His warm hands grabbed her hips and crushed them in a dominant grip when it finally reached the ultimate extent of her depth, tearing a satisfied groan from his lips and provoking additional spasms of pleasure to my wife, which were betrayed by the sharp intakes of air she took at that moment.

"Gods, Lucius... you feel good..." she murmured, scratching the tip of her nails against his lower abdomen.

"You have felt nothing yet..."

And it was the naked truth. Seconds later, his hardness withdrew and rammed back in with increased self-confidence as what it touched was known space by then. Listening to her tender skin slapping against his was a pure delight, and so was the rhythmic bouncing of her butt cheeks under the fine strips of satin, not to mention the less and less discreet moans that echoed in the room at that time. I was strongly tempted to bring my pleasure very close to relief, but I chose to wait until her own pleasure would fully blossom instead.

I know she came very close to that blossom when she felt one of his hands grabbing her hair and pulling her head back, while his other hand supported her upper body with a firm grip on her shoulder. It made her moans turn to very guttural screams, but even if she loved to be shaken like that, she needed more. I was not surprised when she made her request.

"Please, untie me, Lucius..." she panted. "I want to touch you... and I want to touch myself..."

"How could I say no to a lovely lady such as yourself?"

Seconds later, her bounds disappeared and she brought her arms underneath her with an obvious relief.

"Thank you... It feels much better this way..."

"And it allows us to do a few other things..." murmured his lips against her ear before his upper body straightened up again.

His agile fingers worked to untie her bustier in her back, while his length still pumped into her with long and steady movements. She let him do the work, closing her eyes and enjoying the delightful sensations she received. Her bustier soon slid off her torso and she removed the straps from her shoulders, freeing herself from the fancy piece of lingerie. Their fingers intertwined on the clips that were holding her stockings, and they managed to unfasten them as well, before they tossed the bustier aside.

His hands immediately reached for her beautiful breasts, which were hanging down and still bouncing from the powerful waves of his hips against her butt. Her nipples were fully erect from rubbing against the bustier's fabric, and she welcomed the touch of his warm hand with a sigh that vibrated with gratefulness.

"I want to feel your mouth on my breasts, Lucius," she whispered, clasping her hand on his.

She received a few more thrusts, and then collapsed on the bed and rolled to her back, smiling warmly. Staring at him with the most suggestive sparkles in her eyes, she first took off her shoes, and then removed her stockings, one by one and very slowly, rolling the fine silk down her legs until they formed a small bundle on the tip of her feet, which she kicked mischievously, sending the bundle randomly away behind him.

"Come..." she whispered again, opening her arms to welcome his body against her.

She first ran both of her hands through his long blond locks, as soon as she could reach them. I was right; she did like them and was fascinated by their texture. She kept playing with his hair, massaging his scalp with her fingers or just enjoying its feel against her hands, against her shoulders and bosom where it tickled her sensitive skin... I even caught a glimpse of a childish giggle at the corner of her lips before Malfoy's joined them in a very passionate kiss.

I have to admit it... my pleasure got freckled with anger as I watched her having fun in that manner. I was jealous, terribly jealous. Witnessing your wife having sex with someone else is a very strange experience... and Merlin knows, strange experiences have always been a part of my life. On the other hand... I was the one who had made this possible. I was the one who was giving her each and every minute of that opportunity she was savouring. And realising that gave me a sense of power. A very... pleasurable sense of power.

Her feline legs slid alongside his thighs, his hips, his waist and ribcage as she lustfully prepared herself to take his length again. Nevertheless, his mouth left a trail of kisses down her chin, her neck, and eventually grabbed one of her nipples, making her clench his torso between her powerful thighs and arch her back to press him even closer, her hands still stubbornly buried deep in his hair. Her whole body shivered and got covered in goosebumps as she felt the magnetic flickers of his tongue against her hardened nipple, which alternated with playful nibbles of his teeth. I can still remember the sexy way her hand grabbed her breast and squeezed it, pushing as much flesh as she could inside his mouth or rubbing her nipple harder against his lips or tongue. Her enthusiasm was absolutely... communicating.

Once more, Malfoy's member made its way back inside my wife with renewed fervour. His balls were already soaking wet from their first episodes of the intercourse and their exposed and smooth skin slapped against Michaela's buttocks as soon as his hardness fully penetrated her. From mischievous and playful, her features gradually turned to more serious expressions and she then grabbed the skin of his back, tilting her head back to let him avidly lick and kiss her offered throat.

"I want you to caress yourself, Michaela..." whispered his voice in her ear. "I want you to come for me..."

She slithered a hand along her stomach and made her way between their two bodies as she moved her legs down and freed his torso from her embrace. She gently pushed him away, gesturing him to straighten up and give her some room; it allowed her a full access to her swollen clit, which was really aching to be touched.

"Enjoying the view, Lucius?" she panted, stroking herself while she saw his eyes switching from the jerky moves of her fingers and the bouncing ones of her breasts.

In answer, she only got harder and deeper thrusts. I saw her eyelids dropping weakly halfway down and knew at once that she was really getting there, especially when Malfoy's hands grabbed her waist and pulled her to his hips, making her take him deeper and harder, filling the room with her loud panting and moaning, which eventually stopped completely. His right hand reached for her breast and pinched her nipple hard, only to gently roll it under its palm afterwards. She opened her mouth even wider and closed her eyes completely. After a few more strokes of her fingertips against her flesh, she gave in to a powerful climax that came out as a long, bestial and liberating scream before it slowly faded away into a series of little sobs, triggered by the last waves of her pleasure.

Taking advantage of her tightness, Malfoy's shaft pumped her for several minutes, while her languorous and grateful body clutched to his and drove him to the edge. At long last, I gave in to my own pleasure, looking at the beatitude on my wife's face as Malfoy's member shot its hot seed inside of her.

I stayed close to her, panting in rhythm with her, until we both finally calmed down and recovered from our strange experience. Its last minutes came and died, granting me the wish that Malfoy would just vanish, go away, and finally leave me alone with the woman I loved beyond reason, in that very moment. Her soft giggles brought my attention back to her face as she took Malfoy's long hair and deployed it to one side; I opened my eyes and smiled, too.

"Look who has been playing with potions again!" she exclaimed with a victorious smile, running her nails playfully through the hair on my chest that was gradually changing from blond to black.

I tightened my embrace around her torso and removed the mental charm that made her hear Malfoy's voice instead of my own.

"Playing with potions is a part of my job, dearest," I replied, relieved to hear my own voice at last.

"How did you know about my fantasies, Severus?" she asked, stroking what was becoming my face again with an obvious pleasure and relief as well.

"I heard you say his name in your sleep..." I answered, rising a critical eyebrow. "I simply jumped on the occasion to sneak into your mind and managed to see if those moans that escaped your lips were coming from memories or just dreams..."

"And?" she asked, smiling mischievously and cuddling closer to me.

"And luckily for you, they were just dreams..."

"You naughty spy..." she purred, kissing and nibbling my lips. "How dare you take a peek into my most intimate thoughts?"

"Could you really look me in the eye and tell me you regret that I did?" I replied, cupping her little bottom in my hand. "Besides, how could you let Malfoy shag you with so little resistance?"

"Because I understood that it was not Malfoy who was about to shag me..."

"Really? How did you know?" I asked, completely puzzled.

"It was all in the way you touched me... the way you looked at me..." she explained, while rolling me on my back and lying over me, hugging my hips with her adorable and smooth legs and pressing her full breasts against my bare chest. "I would feel your presence in anyone's body. Your touch is like no other's... your kiss is unmistakable for anybody else's... and your glance is simply unique, my love..."

Ah, Michaela... my little witch of a wife...

~*~

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Reviewing will NOT harm you... I swear! :o) Give it a try!

I hope you liked that essay! I certainly had fun writing it! If you do me the great pleasure of reviewing it (and I hope you will do it, because it helps me improve and/or gives me a boost to write more!), please try to avoid mentioning any clues that might make others guess the ending, in case they read the reviews first! ;-) Thanks!

And most importantly (last but not least!), a special thanks to Vaughn, my amazing editor, whose generosity, wonderful patience, vibrant intellect, lively sense of humour and invaluable friendship made this short novel possible. Working with you is, as always, an immense pleasure, dearest!

This short novel was written for Sycophant Hex's Spring Faire Festival. It did not win any prize, to my disappointment... but it won quite a prize at home! :o)