

Leather & Lime

by Gemini Sister

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This is my first time posting here. I hope you like it. Thanks to my betas, Adriann of the Mountains and Nine4me for your assistance.

Disclaimer: Not mine, I'm not making any money, only playing in JKR's sandbox.

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Leather & Lime

Something was wrong. Severus Snape felt his body lurch in a most unusual manner as he was transported through the Floo system, finally landing in an extremely undignified position on his arse. To make matters worse, before he could regain his feet, another body hurtled out of the Floo, landing on top of him, tangling limbs and knocking the little breath he had left from his lungs.

Breathing hard and trying to regain his senses, Severus tried to extricate himself from the situation, but found he could not move. He was stunned by the feel of the soft, warm, silk-covered curves of the person who had literally landed in his lap.

Lifting away the bright green fabric from his face, he gasped with surprise and blushed a deep crimson to find himself staring, rather too closely, at the briefest of lime-green knickers and what they barely covered. With a gulp, he quickly averted his eyes and pulled the silk dress back into place.

Severus shifted awkwardly, and his eyes widened with shock as he realised exactly which part of his anatomy the woman's face was pressed against. Whether it was the sight of the knickers, the feel of the woman's face pressing into his groin, or a combination of the two, he was not sure, but his body chose to betray him in such a way that he lost the remains of any dignity he had left.

The woman let out a groan, and Severus sighed thankfully as she removed her face from his crotch. He held his breath as he closed his eyes and prayed that his traitorous body would stop reacting to the woman draped across his limbs.

With a curse and a wafting of fabric, the woman sat up, and Severus managed to roll off to one side and out of the hearth.

"What the hell?" croaked the unknown female, followed by a cough and a sputter as she tried to stand. Severus caught at her arm to steady her, and as he did, the green dress slid back down her body, settling into place. Her face became visible to him for the first time, and what he saw did not disappoint.

"Where are we?" she whispered. She gazed up at the dark-clad man holding her upright, green eyes flashing as she smiled and waited for an answer.

"I'm not sure." Severus moved away from her and concentrated on brushing Floo-soot from his cloak and clothing to hide his unease. Finally satisfied, he glanced around at the rest of the room and stood still.

They had landed in a room that looked modern, despite the generously sized four-poster bed at its centre. To one side was a door, and directly across from the hearth was an enormous window, which revealed a very scenic view from high above the city of London.

The woman moved up behind Severus and glanced at the view spread out before them.

"Beautiful!" she purred

Severus felt the hairs on the back of his neck rise up at her closeness. That morning, he had tied his hair back with a black ribbon that had a tinge of green on its very end the only colour he wore apart from his usual stark black. Suddenly unsure of just what the woman's comment meant, he swallowed hard before turning around.

Green eyes met black, and he was surprised to see she was nearly as tall as he. Then he glanced down at the green high heels that matched her gown and realised the reason, but she was still tall for a witch. He tried to take the opportunity to properly appreciate her body in the figure-hugging green dress, but the dark cloak she now had in place disappointed him by concealing the most interesting parts of her form.

"Are you all right, miss?" Severus asked.

The woman's eyes unnerved him as she stared right back at him, as if she were searching his soul and looking for answers. Severus blinked and looked away.

"I am fine, sir. I had a rather soft landing." She smiled, and then Severus paled as she looked straight at his groin and continued to speak in the same rather sexy purr. "But I did notice one part that was not so soft." To Severus' astonishment, her hand, still covered in its long green glove, reached down, and one long finger traced the area of his groin. "A very fortunate landing for me."

"I am glad you are unhurt." Severus tried to extract himself from the situation, as he was becoming flustered, and was in danger of losing his usual strong, brisk composure. Worse still, his body was beginning to take over, even though his brain was trying to remain calm and retain control. He could not recall offhand the last time he had been touched by or had intimate contact with a female, but this one seemed to have tabs on him.

"If you will excuse me, miss, I have a meeting to attend," he hurriedly announced, in what he deemed to be his usual curt manner. From the woman's smirk, his efforts were for naught.

"Not at all, sir. I think you need a reward. After all, you saved me from hurting myself; the least I can do is to say 'thank you'."

Severus nodded in acknowledgement of her gratitude, but was shocked for the second time that day when she grasped at his groin with her green-gloved hand and proceeded to stroke him through his clothing. He gasped and froze.

"It seems a shame to waste that lovely bed, and I myself have a few minutes before I need to be where I need to go."

The woman took firm control as she propelled Severus back with one hand as the other maintained her hold on his crotch. She continued to guide him backwards until his legs hit the bed, and he abruptly sat down. She was holding on to his manhood as if it were a handle, and he gulped hard as she encouraged him to sit further back on the bed. He tried to stop, but his body decided to go along with this little 'thank you' of hers.

The woman unlatched her cloak and slung it over the bedpost as Severus lay across the bed sideways, supporting himself on his elbows, while his dragon-skin boots remained firmly planted on the carpet. "Lie back and enjoy it, sir," she purred. The silk of her dress whispered with her movements as she slowly pushed him down to lay flat on the bed. Smiling warmly, her bright red lipstick shone as she parted her lips to reveal straight, white teeth. 'She has a lovely smile,' he thought, vaguely.

The long green gloves remained on her hands as she slowly unbuttoned his fly. He watched, mesmerised and unable to speak as she finished with his fly, pulled open his briefs, and extracted his now-lengthening erection.

He gasped as he realised the green gloves were made of supple, soft leather. Groaning, he let his head fall to the bed as she started a rhythmic stroking. He closed his eyes and bit at his lower lip. Never once did he think that leather on his cock could be so stimulating! It was exotic and mind-blowing.

Severus opened his eyes to find the woman staring at him hard, her gaze shifting from his face to his frock coat, and then to his hands fisted into the bedcovers and still covered in his own black leather gloves.

"I see you favour leather gloves as well, sir!" Licking her lips, she continued to stroke him. "I do so love leather, and leather gloves are a particular favourite of mine."

"I noticed," Severus croaked back.

She started to stroke his cock more vigorously as she became more excited.

After only a few more strokes, the woman let go of his erection. Severus groaned at the loss of the supple leather and gazed at her in disappointment.

"Oh, don't look so sad, sir." She smiled as she moved up his body to run her leather clad fingers down his face. He smelled his own scent on the leather, gulped hard and hoped for more.

She lightly caressed his face, then trailed her hands down his arms until she touched the fingers of his black gloves with hers. Never before had he realised how sensual the simple touch of a finger to his own could be! He was getting off on this leather fetish she had going on. Sweat broke out on his brow, but to his astonishment, the woman above him remained calm and unflustered.

She set one of his hands free to concentrate on his right hand as she used both of her gloved hands to grasp it firmly and massage it, before pulling it towards herself. She was now kneeling on the bed next to him, and he realised that her dress was hitched up above her knees. To his delight, she pulled his hand right under her dress until he felt fabric through the thin leather of his gloves and knew it to be her knickers. Severus kept eye contact with her as she began to move his hand back and forth over her sex. He watched as her eyes fluttered closed and she uttered a soft moan of delight. He could feel her heat through his gloves, and his fingers felt as though they were on fire. His penis twitched in response, stiffening further as he let out a groan of his own. He moved his free hand downwards, intending to stroke himself as his own need to be touched grew to an incredible level.

His hand was stopped before it reached his cock by one of her green gloves. She shook her head slowly and smacked lightly at his leather-covered hand before letting it free.

"Naughty," she waved a green leather finger at his face and shook her head again. "I shall do that, sir!"

She shifted her body around, allowing a delighted Severus to see not only the uncovering of her long legs as she moved her dress out of the way, but another spectacular view of her crotch. She wriggled her panties down a little to give better access to his gloved hand, but did not remove them completely.

Severus faced her side ways on the bed and knew what she wanted.

She took his cock in her right hand and proceeded to stroke him once more. As he had been given tacit permission to finger her crotch with his own right hand, he laid his left on her hip and stroked her in gentle circles with black leather-covered fingers.

From time to time, Severus was nudged by her gloved left hand to stroke in a particular fashion. He had wanted to move in closer with his face, but a firm hand halted him.

She had been concentrating on stroking his penis, but she obviously did not wish any of his flesh to touch her body, just his leather gloves. He nodded his understanding.

He toyed with her sex, rubbing as she wanted, until she pushed at his hand, wanting more. Severus was breathing hard as he stimulated her, and he thrust two leather-covered fingers into her, pleased when she ground back and down upon them in a rhythm they both enjoyed. He found her hand on his penis matched his own thrusting fingers. If he went slow, so did she; if he sped up, she did too. He swallowed hard, feeling his legs begin to shake and the tell-tale rush of excitement burning in his balls, and knew he was not far off.

The woman was slick on his fingers. He could smell her arousal and see it glistening on his glove as she became very wet. By now, he was panting as hard as she.

Both had kept silent for most of their odd little tryst; the only sound was the thrusting of leather on flesh. Severus' heart pounded at the delicious sight of his leather-clad fingers sliding in and out and caressing the little nub that he knew shot pleasure straight to the woman's core.

She jerked every time he circled the nub with his slick finger, and he found her thrusting down harder and stronger onto his gloved hand, his fingers now buried completely inside her. He could no longer stop his own hips thrusting harder and harder as her green leather-covered hands now stimulated both his cock and his balls.

Severus growled in the back of his throat and shoved his head back down upon the bed; he knew he was close to coming. She slowed her stroke and squeezed tightly at his balls to ensure he lasted a little longer. He gasped and panted, then swore. "Oh, fuck!"

"Not yet, sir," she purred out with a gasp of her own, "nearly there."

Severus realised she must be close, too, and continued his own efforts to get her off with his fingers. He withdrew them completely, then pushed in again and was rewarded when she cried out in pleasure. He continued to stimulate her slowly, and as she tightened around his fingers, he drove in faster. At the renewed stroking of his weeping cock, he felt his impending release in his balls.

Both were panting heavily as they stimulated each other. No words of endearment passed; only moans and gasps of pleasure.

Severus knew he was going to explode and let loose a guttural yell, swearing as he gushed all over her green leather gloves. Even in the midst of the aftershocks of his own peak, he continued driving his fingers into her and knew by her tightness that she was close. A few more thrusts and she too climaxed wonderfully, twitching around his black leather-clad fingers. He felt the warmth of her, but no wet; apparently, his waterproof gloves were "come proof" as well.

He lay back and relaxed into the bed with his eyes closed, exhausted and breathing hard from this unexpected exercise. Before he had a chance to recover himself and open his eyes, the unnamed woman rose from the bed, took out her wand and cleansed herself. Without so much as a word or a backwards glance, she swirled her discarded cloak back into place, stepped to the Floo, and with a puff of green smoke, she was gone.

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Half an hour later, in a corridor at the Ministry of Magic, Severus Snape waited impatiently to begin his interview for the position of Head of Slytherin House. His name was finally called, and he entered the interview room to stand before the Board.

And as he stood there, he found his eyes straying to one end of the long table of Board members where sat a lovely woman, wearing an unmistakable lime green dress with matching gloves!

Had he blown this interview before it had even begun? He gave a brief flicker of a glance towards the woman in green. She lifted one green-gloved finger in silent greeting, and unseen by the other Board members, gave him a wink. No more was said on the matter.

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