

# Better Than Cookie Dough

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## Chapter One

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A/N: A huge thanks to Aubrey'Snape for betaing this wonderful one-shot. Sexual content ahead, you've been warned!

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Severus entered the kitchen, surprised to see Hermione mixing something in a bowl. "What are you doing?" he asked, coming up behind her and placing his hands on her waist.

Turning, she gave him a quick kiss. "Cookies."

"Cookies?" he asked, arching his eyebrow.

"Mhmmm," she replied in a sing song voice. "It's been so long since I've baked anything sweet so I figured I'd surprise you."

"Well, I can certainly say I am surprised," he said, his lips right near her neck. His tongue darted out, licking the sensitive skin behind her ear.

"Oh!" she said, jumping a bit in surprise. Her hand slipped from the spoon and landed in the batter. Laughing, she turned around to face Severus. "Look what you've made me do!" She waved her hand in his face, a few drops of batter flying everywhere.

Reaching out, his hand nimbly grabbed hers. Without warning, his mouth covered one of her fingers, sucking the cookie batter off. Releasing her finger with a small pop! Severus smirked at her. "Did you like that?" he asked when he saw her eyes had darkened with desire.

Hermione nodded. "Very much so," she whispered in a husky tone.

Smirking, Severus captured another digit in his mouth. He proceeded to lick the cookie dough off of her fingers, eliciting small moans here and there.

By the time he had finished licking her hand clean, Hermione's knickers were completely soaked. "Severus," she moaned, her hand sliding down and firmly grasping his member. "Please."

His lips crashed to hers as his hands came around her waist. He held her to him closely, savoring each and every kiss. "You taste delicious, witch," he growled against her lips before kissing her once more.

"I want you," she managed to get out between pants.

Severus smirked at her before grabbing her hips and hoisting her up onto the kitchen counter. Almost immediately his fingers made their way to her knickers, eagerly pushing them aside. "Merlin Hermione, you're so wet!" he moaned, slipping one of his digits into her tight entrance. "So wet, just for me."

At once Hermione felt her eyes flutter. "Yes, for you... all for you," she panted.

Severus moved his finger in and out of her slowly, his thumb now rubbing against her clit. Moments later, he added another digit. Leaning down, he nibbled on her ear, causing her to mewl in pleasure.

"Do you like that witch? Do you like it when I play with you in unconventional places?" he asked her huskily, his baritone voice sending shivers down her spine.

Hermione giggled at his words, but those giggles quickly turned into moans of pleasure.

"Severus, ohh," she cried as her walls quickly began to flutter around his fingers. She gripped the front of his robes tightly, her body shaking from the feeling.

He quickly withdrew his fingers, putting them into his mouth. A soft groan escaped his lips. "Much better than your cookie dough," he said, his eyes ablaze with humor.

"Severus," she whispered, tugging on his robes. "Don't make me wait any longer."

He smirked at her, before quickly vanishing the rest of their clothes. Her eyes widened when she saw just how hard he really was.

She went to reach down and grab his member, but he quickly swatted her hand away. "No," he murmured. "I need to feel you around me now." Wasting no time, he aligned himself at her entrance, slowly pushing in.

Hermione let out a moan.

He moved slowly, torturing her. "You like that? You like me fucking you on the kitchen counter?"

She turned bright red, nodding.

"Dirty witch," he grumbled before kissing her. The kiss was rougher this time, as he dominated her completely.

Severus pounded into Hermione, her cries echoing around the room. He wanted to do this slow, enjoying every little moment, but he just couldn't hold himself back.

"Fuck," she cried as she felt the tension started to build up inside her once more. Her hands clawed at his back, as he pounded into her relentlessly. Their position caused every thrust to hit the sweet spot inside her; she cried out his name repeatedly.

He latched onto her neck, sucking furiously. Feeling her writhe against him was intense and he began to feel his balls tighten.

"Come for me, Hermione, now," he growled in her ear.

His voice was all she needed. At once she shattered around him, her walls fluttering and squeezing him tightly.

"Fuck," he mumbled, spilling his seed inside of her. The two of them remained in their embrace for a few moments, allowing each other to catch their breath. He pulled back, summoning his clothes.

Hermione watched from the counter as he dressed himself.

"What are you doing?" he asked warily, catching her ogling himself.

"Just enjoying the view," she said with a smile, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

"Oh, well, chop chop, those cookies aren't going to bake themselves."

Confusion flickered across her face. "Huh?" She was still basking in her post-orgasmic glory so he wasn't making much sense.

"You were making cookies," he drawled. "So hop to it, we would not want that batter going to waste."

A twinkle appeared in her eyes. "I'm sure we could think of something else to do with that batter."

Severus let out a laugh. "No, I would rather have cookies." Laughing at her incredulous expression, he left the kitchen.

With a sigh, Hermione hopped off the table. Severus could be so funny when he wanted to be. But she supposed she did have some cookies to make.