

His Hands

by Savva

There is something about his hands.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

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This little one was written for a GrangerSnape challenge 'enemy hands'. Thanks to artemisgirl for a quick edit.

I make no money from this.

His hands

His hands...

Were they the enemy's hands?

She didn't know.

He didn't tell.

She didn't ask.

It didn't matter.

His hands were good for caressing her skin and making her tremble.

They kept her in place when his face was buried between her thighs.

They pressed her against the wall as he took her hard and fast.

They covered her mouth, smothering her moans, silencing her pleas.

They held her tight before letting go.

And they've always left her wanting more.

That mattered.

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