

Nothing Would Keep Them Apart

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Notes: Many thanks to stronghermione and shinigamioni for their wonderful help as my alpha and beta. I hope everyone enjoys this tale that was originally written for the HP Kinkfest 2016 on LJ. Warning: Tissues may be needed.

Warnings: Sexual Content, BDSM Elements, Masturbation, Dirty!Talk, Mentions of Character Death, Portrait!Sex, Age Difference

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Hermione plopped into the chair behind her desk, a tired sigh escaping her lips. She closed her eyes, utterly spent from the meeting that she had endured with the Board of Governors. *Bloody pricks*, she thought to herself. Even after all this time, those pompous arses still wanted to do away with Muggle Studies.

"Long day, Headmistress?" a smooth, baritone voice asked.

Turning, she smiled at the portrait of her deceased husband, the previous Headmaster of Hogwarts. "Severus, it was awful. Draco is probably the only person on the Board who sides with me."

Severus frowned inside of his frame. "What are those cocksure bastards trying to do now?"

"Do away with Muggle Studies," Hermione replied sadly. "None of the Purebloods think it necessary. You would think that after all this time, people would have become more open to Muggleborns and the Muggle world." She frowned, knowing that she sounded naïve.

"Hermione, perhaps you should move forward with the suggestion of adding a Pureblood etiquette class for Muggleborn students? That way both would get an education in the others' lifestyle." Severus suggested. "Halfbloods can decide which course they will take."

"Do you think any of them would find the idea agreeable?" Hermione contemplated her late husband's words. "Perhaps if Draco posed the idea instead of me."

"Talk with Draco and see what he thinks," Severus insisted.

"The idea certainly has merit, Headmistress," Albus interjected, smiling at her. "I always knew that you would do wonderful things for this school."

Hermione smiled at her old Headmaster. "Thank you, Albus." It was strange referring to him by his first name, but after spending some time as Headmistress, taking over after Severus had died, she had grown accustomed to communicating with the former Heads of Hogwarts.

She stood. "Severus, will you join me in my quarters?"

He smiled. "Of course, Hermione."

Hermione stared at Severus inside the gold frame, her eyes filled with tears. "I miss you," she murmured softly, sniffing slightly. "I long for the day I'll be able to touch you once more." She reached up, carefully touching his face.

"Don't say such things," Severus snapped angrily. His expression softened when he saw the hurt in her eyes. "You have much to accomplish before you can join me in the afterlife."

"I know, I'm sorry," Hermione replied, taking her hand away. Her cheeks burned in a mixture of embarrassment and sadness. "I didn't mean... I just..." She sat on the edge of her bed, her heart thumping in her chest. "I just wish you were here. I need your arms around me, Severus. I need your love."

"You have it," Severus replied gently. "Hermione, my wife, I love you. Even though I am not able to be with you physically anymore, I am still here. You can still share your triumphs and losses with me."

"I know, Severus, thank you." She smiled feebly at him, thankful that he had agreed to be commissioned as a painting before his death. Although they had notice that his time was coming, Hermione had not been prepared when the moment arrived. He was young by wizarding world standards. Only sixty-nine years old. She had thought there would have been more years for them to spend together.

"I'm going to bathe," she murmured, standing up. "And have a few glasses of wine." She gave him a weak smile. "I love you, Severus. Wait for me?"

"Always," was his reply.

Hermione sunk deeper into the bubbles, inhaling the soft scent of roses. Severus had made the potion that she used for her bubble baths. She was lucky that he had made a very large inventory for her when he found out that his time was nearing.

She sniffed, reaching for her wine glass as she thought back to that fateful day they had found out he had cancer. Hermione had never expected something so... mundane to take her strong and brave wizard. She had cried and cried for days, feeling as if she were falling apart.

Luckily, Severus had been there to hold her together. He was the strong one, comforting her with soothing promises. After one particular rough night, Severus had agreed to have his painting commissioned. *That way, I'll always be with you, Hermione*, he had promised. Her heart had soared at his words. She had agreed, asking that there'd be two: one for her office and one for her bedroom.

To this day, she was grateful that he made such a decision. While it didn't lessen the blow of losing him, it helped ease the pain some night. He was there for her... to help her, guide her, love her.

Even in death, he worshipped her in every way he could. She closed her eyes, thinking of authoritative voice. She loved him desperately, with every fibre of her being. Nothing could change that.

Taking another sip of wine, Hermione smiled. Perhaps tonight, the two of them could have a little fun before she went to bed *Nothing like an orgasm to help me relax for bed after a long, hard day.*

"Severus," Hermione murmured, sitting on the edge of her bed in nothing but her green silk robe. She felt quite refreshed after a long soak in the bath and two glasses of wine, but before going to bed, she wanted to have a little fun with her husband. "I want you." Although Severus couldn't be there to physically touch, the two had discovered a few months after his death that they could still be somewhat intimate. She smiled at him warmly, her cheeks flushed.

He arched a brow at his slightly intoxicated witch. "Do you now?"

"I do," Hermione said coyly. She bat her lashes at him in an attempt of seduction. "Tell me what to do with that sexy voice of yours."

Severus couldn't help but chuckle. "Very well, if that's what you wish."

She stared into his painted onyx eyes. "It is." She could feel her pulse quicken in excitement.

"Lay back," he commanded.

Hermione quickly obliged, laying back on her bed, her head resting on her pillows. She loved when he bossed her around in that deep, baritone voice of his.

"Cover your eyes, I want you to only hear my voice."

Conjuring a blindfold, she quickly tied it on. Now, she'd rely only on his voice. Nothing more. Anticipation filled her.

"Open your robe."

Her hands slowly undid the tie to her robe, letting it fall to the side and leaving her bare. The cool air in her chambers made her nipples stiffen. She trembled in excitement.

"I want you to touch your breasts," Severus told her, his voice now husky.

Slowly, Hermione slid her hands towards her breasts. She cupped them lightly, her thumbs brushing her nipples. A soft groan escaped her lips as she lightly pinched her nipples. She desperately wished she could lock eyes with her husband's portrait. "Severus."

"Imagine that it's me touching you," he said softly. "One of my hands cup your breast as the other slowly moves down your body, tantalising you with every soft caress."

Hermione followed his words, one hand cupping her breast as the other moved lower. She took her time, lazily trailing her fingers along her stomach.

"Spread your legs for me. I want to see your sweet cunt." His portrait watched her with hungry desire in his eyes.

She obeyed, spreading her legs for him. She could practically feel his gaze burned through her, causing a thrill to travel up her spine. "Severus," she murmured softly. "Gods."

"Touch yourself," Severus growled, his voice low and tight.

Dipping her hand between her legs, she let out a small sigh as her fingers brushed her clit. She circled it gently before moving lower, dipping her finger into herself. "Severus," she hissed, wishing that it was he who was touching her.

"So beautiful," he purred. "You look like a goddess from this angle."

Hermione laughed. "I like to think I look like a goddess from every angle."

Severus chuckled. "Yes, well, you do, love, but especially like this."

"Mmmm," she sighed happily. Between toying with her clit and caressing her breast, Hermione felt that she was already growing close to orgasm. "Severus," she breathed. "Gods."

"Yes, witch, what do you want?" he asked her.

"I want to come." She lifted her head slightly, wishing she could stare into his eyes. She pursed her lips, silently pleading to him.

"Beg for it." A smirk pulled at the corner of his lips.

"Please, Severus," Hermione whimpered, her fingers working her clit furiously. "Please, let me come."

"I always loved to hear your beg," Severus growled. "Your cunt looks delicious right now, Hermione. I'd dip my tongue inside of you if I could to taste your sweet juices. Come, Hermione, I want to see your head thrown back in ecstasy as you cry out my name."

His words sent her over the edge. Her body arched as she cried out, her inner walls clenching as she came. "Severus!" she shouted, her head falling back against her pillow. Her body hummed in pleasure and at once Hermione felt refreshed. She quickly pulled the blindfold from her eyes so she could gaze at him. "Severus," she murmured once she caught her breath. Hermione sat up on the bed, tossing her robe onto the floor.

"A sight to behold even after all this years," Severus said gently.

Hermione felt tears well in her eyes at his words. "Severus," she whispered, not trusting her voice to speak too loudly. "I love you."

"And I love you," he replied. "Get some rest. You've got your work cut out for you tomorrow morning."

A groan escaped her lips. "It's Saturday tomorrow, Severus, I'm sleeping in."

"Speak with Draco tomorrow."

"I will," she promised as she scooted herself beneath the covers. "Goodnight, Severus."

"Goodnight, Hermione."

"Are you going to watch over me?" she asked as she did every night before she fell asleep. Hermione smiled at the thought.

"Always," was his reply, just as it was every night. "Rest easy, my love."