

Sweetest Perfection

by Gardengrrl13

One shot. A precious moment in time, told from the point of view of our dour Potions master. It?s a bit romantic (I hope) and probably slightly OOC. It?s meant to be slightly vague. I?ll let you, gentle reader, decide the how and why?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I own nothing, I am making no money off of this story... consequently, I'm eating Ramen noodles for dinner tonight.

A/N: Thanks to notsosaintly for being kind enough to beta this for me. I shudder to think what horrors I might have unleashed had it not been for her attentive eye and welcome advice. *wink*

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Pinching myself would be obvious... not very Slytherin of me. I stand at the doorway to my bedchamber gazing at the angel lying across my duvet. She is a study of golden tones glowing softly in the candlelight. Bless the candlelight. Her curls cover the pillow behind her head in a cascade of bronze. The flickering light gives each soft strand a shimmering, otherworldly golden hue. I'm not entirely certain I haven't got one of those damn faerie princesses splayed on my bed gazing at me with eyes the color of dark whiskey. I'm not one to question good fortune, so I slip further into the room as she turns her head and gives me a tiny knowing smile.

My mouth goes dry. This isn't right. She shouldn't be waiting for me here, looking like a goddess. She raises herself from a reclining position and reaches her graceful hand towards me, beckoning me to her. I am powerless to refuse, so I glide to the edge of my bed. She rises up on her knees, quirked a sexy eyebrow at me as she reaches for the buttons on my dress robes and begins the arduous task of unfastening them.

I gaze down my nose at her and note the tightening of her nipples as she brushes them against the soft wool of my garments. I raise my hand as if to touch her, but let it hover, and then fall back to my side. If this is a dream, I don't want to spoil it now.

She gazes up at me through her lashes. Her Mona Lisa smile never falters as she pushes the robes from my shoulders and slides her hands down my arms and back up my sides to begin work on the dress shirt I wear under my dress robes. Her fingers are delicate. Quick and nimble, they flick the tiny mother-of-pearl buttons open to bare my chest. A fire ignites in her amber eyes, and her pupils dilate. Her dusky lips part slightly as she breathes me in. Please, god, don't let me wake up.

My shirt falls to the floor, and I stand in my briefs and dragon hide boots. Not very dignified, I must say. I back up to take the damned boots off, and I hear a disappointed whisper of a moan. My eyes shoot to her face in time to see her staring at my chest with a look of loss on her pretty countenance. She notices my regard, and her expression changes in an instant to a coy moue of disappointment. My ego swells.

Yes, I meant to say ego!

I raise my hand to one of the bedposts for balance whilst I toe off my boots and socks. She has a look of unholy glee on her face. It gives me pause, and I gaze on her, trying to see something, anything that will lead me to understand why. Why she is here, why me... why?

Her cheeks are slightly flushed; a faint sheen of perspiration makes the valley between her breasts glisten, and I long to taste the sweet nectar. Her stomach dips in under her ribcage only to curve out again; her waist is small and flares out with a generous swell of hips and soft thighs in a light golden tone. Again I pray fervently to whichever deity is responsible for this bit of heaven to not let it end just yet. Please, don't let it end. I have only just arrived in paradise, and I long for a taste of the sweet fruit promised within this holy garden. The dark bronze curls at the juncture of her thighs glisten in the candlelight, and I know she is aroused, but again, I can't figure out why. I am beginning not to care about the why, finally. All I care about is now... Here, lying on my bed with an open invitation in her eyes and body. I decide to test my theory.

I run my hand through my hair, desperately glad I washed it prior to this evening's festivities. It settles behind my shoulders to give her a good look at whom she is attempting to seduce. Attempting, my arse... I trace my hand deliberately down my chest and stomach and hook my thumb in the elastic band of my black briefs. I hook my other thumb in and proceed to slide them off my hips and down my legs. She is enraptured and beginning to breathe a little quicker. Her response is gratifying. I raise myself up to my full height and arch an eyebrow. *Do you want this?* is the unspoken question hanging in the air between us. She swallows reflexively, and her small pink tongue darts out to moisten her lips. Now I am the one hypnotized. Temptress. Goddess. Please, say yes.

Her eyes meet mine, and the look of need in them is so fierce that I step towards her, not waiting for her acquiescence. Still on her knees, she reaches for me, and our first contact is a radiating warmth that spreads from her small hands to mine as she grips my calloused fingers and palms.

"Please," she murmurs. It comes out throaty and low as if she has forgotten her voice. It is all the encouragement I need, and I slide one knee onto the bed next to hers. I gaze into her eyes, searching. I'm not sure if I found what I was looking for, but I just can't be bothered to care anymore. I want to taste her mouth and see if it's as sweet and ripe as I imagine it to be.

Our breath mingles briefly before I touch my lips to hers. The kiss is gentle, soft and questioning. She lets go of one of my hands with a frustrated sound, snakes her hand around behind my neck and tangles her fingers in my hair. I feel my eyes widen briefly in surprise at the determination in hers. Then our lips meet again, firmly, questing, working, and I feel her tongue teasing, barely, at my mouth... and I open to let her explore. As if in a dream, my hand moves to caress her. I brush the soft skin over her rib cage with my fingertips, and when she doesn't fade away, I touch her more firmly, stroking softly, brushing the edge of her breast with my thumb as I gauge her reaction. She leans into me, moaning softly into my mouth. Again, she drops my hand and steadies herself by reaching for my hip. My other hand brushes her jaw. My thumb caresses the top of her cheek, and my fingers curl under her ear to splay from neck to nape holding her in place to deepen the kiss. I feel her melting against me. I am emboldened.

Her nipples brush against my skin when she leans into me. The barest contact. Perfect soft pebbles. I devour her gasp and moan and slow the kisses down to a last lingering kiss. I open my eyes and see hers, still closed, begin to flicker open. Her pupils are dilated so just a rim of amber remains.

I hold her gaze for what seems like an eternity. Her gaze is forthright, open and wanting. I am nearly undone and barely trust myself to speak. "Do you want this?" My voice rumbles low out of my chest, barely a whisper.

I see something crash in her eyes and realize it is the tide of her emotions. She closes her eyes quickly, maybe to prevent me from seeing, but it is too late. A single tear escapes from the corner of her closed eye, and I watch it start its journey south. A gentle brush of my thumb erases the moisture, and she opens her eyes. There is nothing but heat there now. "Yes, please," she whispers to me, never breaking my gaze while she scoots back and reclines against the pillows.

Not feeling much like a predator, but more like a guest, I reach under the pillows to pull the sheets and blankets down. She raises her hips to let the covers pass and settles back against crisp white linen, one hand tucked under her head. I slide in next to her, close but not touching, my head propped up on my hand. She reaches tentatively and gently touches my face, smoothing my sable locks back. I close my eyes and surrender to her ministrations, relaxing back on to the pillows. Her sweet gentle touch caresses my brow and cheekbones. One slender finger traces the line of my nose from brow to upper lip pausing on my lower lip for but a moment before continuing its path down my chin and neck. Her hand splays against my chest below my collarbone, and I open my eyes. Her gaze is reverent; I am flattered.

I lever myself towards her, covering her mouth with mine as I insinuate my leg between her thighs and my hand back to her side. She opens for me immediately. I groan into her mouth. She will be my undoing by the end of the night. At least I hope so. I deepen the kiss again and drop my hand to her knee. I trace the contour of her body with my palm starting with the taut skin of her outer thigh. I round the soft swell of her hip and brush up past her waist to her ribs, again caressing only the soft outer swell of her breast. She arches into my hand, but I don't give her what she seeks. She is a treasure to be cherished, and I will not be rushed. If this is to be my only night in the garden, then I would taste all of the delights it has to offer. My goddess will be worshipped appropriately, thoroughly and reverently.

I break the kiss and nibble down her jaw to the side of her neck, lipping down her collarbone and tasting my goal: the dewy valley between her breasts. She takes in a great shuddering breath and buries her fingers in my hair again. Her pelvis is moving against my thigh, and I raise my head to look at her.

She is flushed, heavy-lidded and beautiful. So sweet... so perfect. My breath caresses her areola and nipple. I keep my eyes on her face as I slowly lower the tip of my tongue to trace the turgid peak of her breast. Her mouth forms a perfect little "O" as her eyes lose focus for a moment and a moan escapes unhindered. I try my tactic again to the same effect. I slide the hand that had been teasing her breast up to heft the satiny globe closer to my waiting mouth. I cover her nipple with my mouth and began attending it in earnest, laving and suckling in turn, applying only the barest of pressure with my teeth. She cries out and arches into my mouth. I let her go with a slight pop and trace my tongue across the sensitive flesh on the underside of her breast back to the sweet valley between them. I lavish the other breast with equal attention and garner much the same reaction; only her cries are now more frequent and increasingly frustrated. I am really beginning to enjoy myself. I move slowly down her stomach, kissing and licking at random, savoring the taste and texture of her sweet skin, like the ripest peach, waiting only for the right hand to pluck it from its waiting branch and explore the sweet nectar within.

I gaze up the line of her body and meet the eyes of my goddess. I deliberately inhale, my nose poised over the dewy curls at her center as I settle myself between her soft thighs.

"Dear god!" comes the breathy whisper as she lays her head back and closes her eyes. I smirk. One arm curls under her leg to rest my hand on her lower abdomen. With the other, I trace the chestnut curls lightly, feeling their soft, springy texture. Her quim is swollen with need, the fleshy lips parting of their own accord, as if in welcome to my clever attentions. I can wait no longer, tracing the slit lightly with the tip of my tongue, and using a good bit of the strength in my arm to keep her pelvis anchored to the bed.

Exerting more pressure, I part her swollen lips with my tongue and give her a firm lick with the flat of my tongue. Her low, guttural moan is punctuated by a gasp. I grin and begin in earnest. Focusing on the sensitive little bundle of nerves, I lick around it, over it and across it, varying the pressure and speed. I position my long middle finger at her entrance, letting her moisten it with the rocking motion of her pelvis. She begins whimpering in need as I play around the opening to her channel. Giving in to her desires...and mine, admittedly...I stroke in smoothly, burying my finger to the knuckle on my hand. I believe that warranted an 'Oh, god... Yes!' but truthfully I am not paying attention to the semi-coherent words tumbling from her mouth.

I continue to stroke my finger in and out of her wet center, adding a second finger after an appropriate amount of time. I turn my hand so I can curve my fingers upwards, ensuring that I stroke the sweet spot inside her quivering walls over and over. She is coming undone around me, so I begin to slowly and deliberately lave her sensitive nubbin up and down, up and down. A shudder is the only warning I am given before her climax washes over her. I clamp down over her hips, determined to ride this out nestled in the crux of her thighs. I continue the slow stroking of my tongue as she slowly descends from ecstasy. I wipe my mouth on the sheets below her before moving to cover her slight body with my own. Her arms entwine about my neck as I lower to kiss her. Her flushed cheeks are an endearing sight indeed.

She bends her knees and spreads her legs open, encircling my hips with her calves, urging me towards heaven. Disengaging from her mouth, I sit up and position myself at her entrance, stroking up and down a few times to coat the shaft of my prick with her feminine dew. I capture her gaze and hold it. I want to remember this moment always. She is holding her bottom lip hostage between her white teeth. As I slide into her waiting channel, she lets that delectable piece of flesh go with a keening cry of pleasure. I sink inside her to the hilt, pausing to savor the sensations and the reality of the moment. The absolute beauty of the passionate woman below me giving of

herself unselfishly threatens my control, but my will is stronger than the primal urges of my body. I withdraw slowly and watch her face again as I stroke into her. Absolute perfection. So sweet.

As I withdraw a second time, I hold onto her legs at the knees, pushing them forward slightly, angling her hips upwards, and stroke into her again, quickly finding a rhythm. Her eyes grow dark as she regains some control and begins whispering to me, her hair splayed in a fan on the pillows, her hands gripping mine on her legs.

I really don't want her coherent, so I angle down just slightly and on the withdrawal begin nudging her Goddess spot. Her sharp intake of breath lets me know my aim is, indeed, true. Every thrust is punctuated now by an increasingly high-pitched cry. Her hands grip mine painfully, until finally falling away and entangling themselves in the sheet below.

I want more! I want to wrest every cry and moan and scream from her throat and every drop of passion and pleasure from her body. I slide one hand from her knee to her ankle and extend her gorgeous leg up my chest, her heel resting on my shoulder. I feel myself slip farther into her inviting warmth. Her cries are increasing in volume, and I feel the sweat begin to coalesce into droplets on my back, meandering down my spine in time with my thrusting. I slide my hand down her thigh to pinch and roll her nipple between my index and middle fingers, alternately gripping her breast lightly.

I am now riding her fast and hard. Thinking it might be too much, I ease off a bit and slow down. Her eyes fly open and flash whiskey fire. "Don't you dare stop now! Good god," she begs, "please don't stop... more!"

I don't want to disappoint and so resume my vigorous rhythm. She begins softly chanting, "Yes!" in time with my thrusts. I feel my bollocks tighten and know I am close. Her walls begin fluttering around me, but I want more!

"Come for me, love." I attempt to deliver the phrase as provocatively as I can under the circumstances. "I want to hear you sing your pleasure." I use my baritone voice to its best advantage, "Please, love, please... come for me. Come for me, Hermione."

Her breath hitches and she bucks up, nearly sitting in the throes of her passion. The fluttering of her walls begins earnestly trying to milk the seed from me. I let myself go on the crest of her passion, shuddering over her, convulsively thrusting. This sends her into another spiral of aftershocks, and I patiently stroke slowly in and out of her, waiting for her breathing to calm.

I brush an errant curl from her forehead and lean down to kiss her face, chin, and finally lips in a slow and tender gesture of my gratitude. She returns the kisses and slides over so I can lie down. She nestles in the crook of my arm and lays her face above the swell of my chest, her breathing still labored. So sweet... so perfect.

I stroke the hair from her face, murmuring soothing words. When her breathing calms and she no longer trembles, I tilt her chin up so I can meet her gaze. "Will you stay?" It was a simple question, but as soon as I utter it, I am afraid of my monumental mistake. You don't question such a gift! You merely say a heartfelt thank you and hope like hell it wasn't a one-time thing! She holds my gaze steadily, I suppose so I won't have any question about her meaning. "Yes," she says simply. Her frank regard lasts only a moment, for she breaks out into a smile that would have done credit to my best cheering draught.

I am not sure what to say. I feel like my heart is going to beat out of my throat, and I swallow a few times before I can speak. "Good," is all I can say, but I'm certain that she can read the truth in my eyes. I reach for the covers and pull them up to our shoulders before drawing her gently back into my arms with reverence. Her contented sigh means more to me than any emotional declaration would. My breath hitches slightly, and I close my eyes and press a kiss to her temple.

"Good," I murmur again.

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