

Enjoying Elf-made Wine

by MysticAngel

Severus demonstrates a use for elf-made wine. A response to the grangersnape100 Elf-made Wine challenge. My very first drabble.

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Chapter 1 of 2

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Hermione hissed. The cool liquid travelled down slowly, leaving a trail of fire in its wake.

It dipped past her collarbone, along her sternum, until it formed a ruby pool in the small indent of her bellybutton.

Hot breath, cool lips, warm tongue followed the damp trail, caressing, teasing the tingling skin, which the evaporating alcohol had sensitized deliciously. Ragged, staccato breaths quickly gave way to breathy moans.

Dark hair tickled her stomach as her lover looked up.

Severus smirked, a feral glint in his eyes that curled her toes. "Had I not said you would enjoy my elf-made wine?"

The Victor's Spoils

Chapter 2 of 2

This is a reversal of the previous setting. Hermione shows Severus that she knows a few tricks of her own.

Silk slid against his skin; his bonds were loose, but Severus knew better than to escape them.

Slytherin had tallied fewer points than Gryffindor this week, which made his wife the victor to this weekend's games; tonight was hers.

Soft strands of hair caressed his cheeks. As Hermione pressed her lips to his, Severus felt cool liquid rush from her mouth into his, his wife's warm tongue a titillating contrast to the chilly elf-made wine.

"This," she murmured seductively, making his heart catch, his body twitch, "is how I'll bathe and lavish every inch of your body tonight, my love."