

Naked Time

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A one-shot companion piece to Naked Journey. It can be read on its own, but I recommend reading NJ first.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Its all DADA_Mistress' fault, I swear it! There I was, happily working on my new fic, when I made the mistake of reading one of Mistress' hysterical reviews. Mistress said that she believes the sequel to Naked Journey should be titled "Naked Time!" While I'm not sure I'll ever write a sequel to Naked Journey, DADA got me thinking about "Naked Time" and this little smut biscuit was born.

My Beta Goddess has not seen this. Any horrendous errors are completely my own fault.

Disclaimer: They are not mine, I just take them out to play. Sometimes they play with each other. ;)

Damn and blast! The wicked minx was going to drive him mad! What the hell use was it to have an intriguing temptress cohabitating in his dungeon home if all he got to do was look and not touch? Sighing, Severus finished marking his last horrendously written Potions essay of the day, taking out some of his sexual frustrations with a flourish of bright red ink. Putting the stack of graded papers away in a desk drawer, he rested his face in his hands for a moment, attempting yet again to find an answer to his unbearable situation. Hermione was brilliant...he'd known that...she was studious...he'd known that as well. What he had never imagined during their idyllic first summer together was that the moment her thrice damned apprenticeship started he'd be consigned to a never ending hell of sleepless nights and cold showers. Fuck! Merely thinking about the incredible summer they had spent together left him with a raging hard on. Hell, it seemed like he was half hard all the time now. He snorted. Severus had spent the most of his life without any sort of regular female companionship; now after one "summer of love" he felt like a randy teenager with a permanent case of blue balls. He'd tried to get a grip on himself (in the figurative sense, though he'd certainly done enough in the literal sense as well this past month) but it only seemed to get worse the longer Hermione ignored him for her studies. Severus had not pushed the matter during the past month. Knowing how important her apprenticeship with Master Hawking was, he felt guilty even thinking about distracting her. Other than a few subtle passes...which hadn't been ignored so much as not even noticed...he'd tried to let the matter lie. Severus had been hoping that the silly little girl's excitement over her new studies would cool in time and that her passionate nature would balance it. Instead, as the first month of her studies had dragged on, she had simply withdrawn further and further into her books. Was this what their life was destined to become? Would he enjoy short summers full of passion only to then be completely ignored the remainder of the year? If that was the eternal hell he was now destined to live, he wasn't sure he could take it. This torture was by far more agonizing than any punishment Voldemort had thrown at him.

Sighing again, Severus raised his head from his hands. He took one look at the bulging state of his trousers and snorted in disgust. "I wouldn't get too perky if I were you," he sneered, "she has no time for such foolish pursuits." For a moment, an uncharacteristically bereft expression came over his usually rather stern features. "In fact, my love has no time for me at all."

It was true. It wasn't just Hermione's sweet body he missed. He missed talking to her. He missed the excited exploration of each others thoughts and dreams that had wiled away so many enchanting hours over the summer months. He missed the short stolen kisses and caresses they had snuck into the routine bits of their life. He missed simply wrapping himself around her and falling asleep. All his life he had slept alone; now he found that as she stayed up to all hours researching, he lay alone in a bed that

suddenly seemed too big and far too cold...he could barely sleep at all.

"Enough!" he barked, standing and making his way to the door that led to their private quarters. "I have been patient long enough. I can at least try to get the damned succubus to put down her blasted books!" He stormed through their quarters to Hermione's study. Reaching it in a flurry of black robes, he stopped suddenly and just gazed at the sight before him in yearning and indecision.

Hermione sat at her desk, writing like mad on a scroll, her impenetrable towers of books about her. Her hair was in wild disarray and had a few spare quills sticking out of it here and there. Ink smudged her nose as well as her Muggle t-shirt. He had never seen a more gloriously beautiful sight in all his life. How could he berate her? Hermione was the only blessing in his long, lonely life. What if he started making demands on her only to drive her from him? He'd rather have this torturous half life with his sweet siren than no life with her at all. Perhaps he could simply speak to her about it.

Hermione was completely oblivious to the dark man standing in the doorway eyeing her with naked hunger. Totally focused on her notes, she neither noticed him gliding up behind her nor did she hear him the first time he whispered in her ear.

"Hermione." he growled into her ear again.

"Oh! Hello Severus." she said with barely a glance toward him. "Have a nice day?" she muttered as she returned to the parchment before her.

"No, actually. I'm afraid one of the students spilled acid in my lap, ate my twig and berries right off," he quipped, well aware that his love wasn't paying the slightest attention.

"That's nice, dear." she said distractedly as she added another note to her parchment.

Sighing again, Severus rounded the desk to stand in front of her. Leaning on the desktop with both hands, he drew down until his face was inches from her own. "Hermione!" he said more forcefully. Hermione sat up in shock and looked at him straight on for perhaps the first time in a week. "My love," Severus continued, "don't you think you have been working too hard? I have scarcely seen you this past month. I know this work is important to you and I wouldn't want to dampen your enthusiasm, but there is more to life than work."

"Oh..." Hermione began, "I understand that...it's just that I really need to get this equation fleshed out and..."

"Enough!" Severus snapped. He took one look at her shocked expression and immediately regretted his sharp tone. "I'm sorry, love...I suppose I'm...tired. I believe I'll go take another shower..." his voice trailed off as he turned from her and headed for the bath. Expecting that his reluctant siren would return immediately to her work, he did not turn back to her, so Severus did not see the dazed expression with which she regarded his retreating back.

What the hell had happened to the man? He looked horrible, as if he hadn't slept in a week! Why hadn't she noticed? Looking at the piles of books around her she knew immediately why she had been so oblivious. What the hell had she been thinking? Certainly her studies had enchanted her, but so did the amazing man that had just stalked out of her study. When was the last time she had actually looked at Severus? Spoken to him? Sweet Nimue! When was the last time they had made love? Hermione was mortified to discover it had been so long that she didn't know exactly when he had last held her in his arms. He was obviously trying to be patient, but she was being a complete fool. Well, that was going to stop and right now! Hermione rose and strode purposefully from her desk.

Severus was in the shower. A very hot shower. He had contemplated taking an icy cold one, but one look at his aching arousal had decided him to once again take matters into his own hands. After placing a hasty silencing spell on the door, he found himself remembering the first time during their journey through the woods that he had slipped off into the trees to grasp his throbbing cock while visions of Hermione spun through his head. Leaning one hand against the shower wall and letting the hot water cascade down his lean form he grasped his cock firmly and let the visions of his sweet siren take him over.

Severus was too lost in thought and sensation to hear the door to the bath open. Eyes tightly closed, he never saw Hermione slip into the shower behind him. The first moment he was aware of her was when her arms slipped around him to massage his chest and stomach. Gasping in shock, he spun around to find a very wet and very naked Hermione regarding his equally nude form with hungry eyes.

"Goddess," he rumbled in a voice husky with need.

Hermione saw more than the need in his eyes, she was silently reprimanded by the simple disbelief she saw there as well. "Never again," she thought to herself, "I am never again going to ignore my sweet Severus for any reason." That was all Hermione had time to think before Severus recovered from his shock and swept her into his arms. His kiss was hungry, almost frantic. He kissed her as if his very life depended on it. Hermione found tears pricking the backs of her eyes as she realized how desperately her love had missed her.

Severus was completely beside himself. He had yearned for his sweet angel for too many lonely nights to hold himself in check now that he had at last gotten her into his arms. He kissed her with all the pent up frustrations of the last agonizing month. Severus' hands flew over her body, he ran them over her back only to detour them around to her delicious breasts and after a short dalliance there, brought them back around to clasp her arse tightly and grind her against his hips. Moaning into his mouth, Hermione stroked her hands over his beloved form equally as frantically.

At last ripping his mouth away from hers, Severus attacked her neck with almost brutal abandon. Sucking and nipping a trail up to her ear, he tried in vain to control himself.

"Hermione..." he moaned into her ear, "I don't think I can wait...I need...I want..."

"Hush, love," she murmured, "it's alright...my man...my beautiful man. We have all night...slow later, fast now. Severus I need you too...I need you inside me. It's been so long...I've been a fool. Please Severus, I need..."

That was all Severus needed to hear. In one swift motion he reversed their positions in the shower. Grasping her waist firmly, he lifted her up. As she wrapped her legs around his waist he entered her with one hard thrust, crushing her against the tiles. Severus' hands gripped her arse tightly as he pounded into her with all the pent up passions he had been trying to hold in check for far too long. His mouth returned to devour hers and the fleeting thought that he might be treating her too roughly was chased away by the passionate and abandoned cries she poured into his mouth. She squealed with each relentless thrust of his hips and he drank in her sweet cries like nectar.

Unable to slow down, Severus thrust into that delicious, wet, heat over and over. When Hermione stiffened, clawing at his back and screaming her release as her tight channel convulsed around his cock, Severus' sweet torment met its own end. Biting down on her shoulder so hard that he bruised her skin (she proudly wore the mark for a week) he shouted wildly as he at last came, gushing into her welcoming heat.

For a small eternity they remained wrapped around each other, Severus still deep inside her as he clutched her tightly against his chest. Eventually he reluctantly withdrew from her and eased her gently back down to her feet. The expression in his eyes was a heart wrenching combination of worry, desire, and insecurity.

Hermione took one look into her beloved man's eyes and knew she had to drive out that insecurity once and for all. "Severus, please promise me you will never allow me to be such a damn fool again. Yes, my work is important to me, but it means nothing to me without you."

"I didn't know what to do," Severus said sheepishly.

"Do you mean to tell me that a big, strong, wizard like you couldn't manage to drag a tiny thing like me away from her desk and into the bedroom to ravish her?"

The smirk he gave her was pure wickedness. "I believe that can be arranged," he drawled before scooping the wet, naked witch up in his arms and carrying her into the bedroom to throw her onto the bed before diving atop her.

Severus was amazed to find himself already hard and ready for more. When he threw himself over Hermione only to find himself cradled between thighs spread in welcome, it was all he could do to stop himself simply plunging into her heat again. Not yet...oh no, not yet. Severus meant to make absolutely certain that Hermione remembered exactly why she should set her passions free more often. Ignoring, for the moment, her pleading cries and thrusting hips, Severus began his feast with Hermione's glorious breasts. He suckled, nipped, and kneaded them until Hermione was writhing beneath him.

"Severus...please..." she begged, "I need you...please..."

"Oh no, my wicked siren," he answered her, lifting his head from her breasts to meet her entreating look with flashing eyes. "You have tortured me most unmercifully for far too long. I fully intend to return the...favor." As Hermione groaned in frustration, Severus' hot mouth journeyed over her flesh to nip and tease at her slender throat while his hands lost themselves in her wild mane of shower dampened hair. Hermione continued to arch beneath him, pleading whimpers escaping her lips as He kissed her throat, her ears, and placed reverent kisses over each of her eyelids before clamping his hungry mouth over her own.

Severus kissed her for a small eternity. Eventually he dragged his mouth away to leave a branding trail of kisses down her chest, across her stomach, all the way down to the top of her nest of cinnamon curls. Hermione protested hotly as he bypassed her sex to devour her inner thighs with teeth and tongue. Taking pity on her at last, he returned to her curl covered mound and drove his tongue into her slick passage.

Hermione was quickly being driven into a trembling, moaning, state of near madness. When Severus at last gave in to her need, she bucked against his mouth as she shrieked in abandon. When Severus wet one finger in her moist heat and slid it back to find the puckered entrance between the globes of her arse, she moaned in pleasure. The first time he had done that, she had been both nervous and mortified...until he gave her an orgasm so intense that she almost blacked out. Now, as he gently breached that tender gate with a single, inquiring digit, she thrust herself back onto it as eagerly as she thrust up to grind her button against the bridge of his beloved nose. In mere moments she screamed like she was being murdered, pinpricks of light flashing behind her eyelids as her universe exploded.

Severus did not wait for her to recover. Suddenly looming over her, he quickly thrust into her still convulsing passage. His recent release in the shower gave him the control he needed to set a slow, steady, unhurried rhythm. Sweet Merlin, she felt so good wrapped around him! Beautiful. Good...so good. Gods, he felt he could take all night to enjoy the unbelievable feeling of slowly sliding in and out of his beloved goddess.

Eventually Hermione came back to life beneath him. Drawing his mouth down to hers for fiery, frantic kisses, she began to move beneath him. Though she tried to speed his thrusts by wrapping her legs around his hips and pulling him to her, Severus was not to be rushed. Ignoring her insistent demands and thrashing body, he kept up the teasing, easy pace until Hermione was a mass of quivering need beneath him. At last he took pity on them both and drove into her with growing urgency. In moments they cried out together in pure bliss.

It was late in the night before the lovers were finally sated. At last exhausted, they curled up to sleep. Severus spooned up tightly against Hermione's back, His left arm beneath her neck, his right around her waist with his hand tangled in her moist sex.

Severus slept like a baby.