

Waking Up

by shalimar1981

Hermione is feeling playful and decides to tease Remus a little.

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Chapter 1 of 1

Hermione is feeling playful and decides to tease Remus a little.

Disclaimer: I don't own anything you recognise.

Betaed by lux_astraea. Thanks, dear!

Thanks as always to my little one, who thankfully can't read yet. Although she now insists on sitting on my lap while I type. Hmm.

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One swift tug and sheets fell away from the body on the bed.

He didn't wake up.

She kneeled down beside his bed and, hesitating for only a moment, raised her hand to his brow to brush away a strand of hair that had fallen into his face. Her fingers came to rest lightly on his brow. Then, removing all but one of her fingers, she began to trace the worry-lines on his forehead fleetingly, like a butterfly.

He didn't wake up now either.

The finger moved, almost dancing over his face, too light for him to register. Soon the finger became restless, travelling down his temple, along his jaw and finally dipping down, tracing along his throat, which was obligingly thrown back in abandon. Some of her fingers played with the top button of his shirt, then finally strode down his torso from one button to the next like a miniature figure. Reaching his waist, the finger decided the trip was over too soon and danced back over his broad chest, remaining nowhere for long. A swish over his nipples was followed by a swift stroke over the expanse of his chest.

He *still* didn't wake up.

Hmm. Maybe the trip wasn't over after all. The finger became daring, its touch no longer fleeting as it danced over his chest.

There! He moved.

The finger became even bolder, now tracing along his side and down over his hipbone.

A hitched breath.

Remus was awake.

"Hermione?" her name fell from his lips with a choked gasp.

"Shhh."

"...Hermione."

She carried on as if she didn't hear him, her finger now travelling to the centre of his body, circling his belly-button, then dipping even lower.

When he opened his mouth to protest again, she beat him to it. "Do you really want me to stop?"

"No... I... want more... This is driving me insane."

"Good," she replied with a wicked smile, but her cheeks were flushed and her eyes glazed.

On the inside of his thigh the finger finally stopped.

"Well, how fast can you undress?" she said, breathing unevenly and with a challenge in her eyes.

In under thirty seconds he was free of his pyjamas and had her beneath him. Her dress was all but shoved down her body, her arms around his neck and she kissed him roughly. She was back.

End

A/N: My first foray into soft smut. So please be gentle with me