

Refinements

by michmak

What, exactly, is it Hermione does with Severus? Even he's not too sure at first....

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimers: Only belong to me in my dreams, unfortunately.

This story is not intended for children, as the rating clearly indicates. If you are not old enough to read this, please go away.

He knows with her it is never fucking.

Despite what others might think or say, he knows the truth. He does not fuck Hermione at least, that's not all he does and that's not all it is. Fucking implies something animalistic and senseless two animals rutting purely for their own base release, with no concern for the others pleasure. Even when they are wild and needing, when he is pounding his flesh into hers and she is gripping him so tightly within her core that he feels he might be ripped apart, he is always as aware of her pleasure as he is his own.

So no, it is not just fucking. And it's not just sex either sex is too clinical, too cold and cynical for what they do to each other. At least, that's his perception. He's had sex before and while it's been pleasant and helped take the edge off, it's never been something that has filled him up and consumed him. Sex has never made him smile at someone else over breakfast, or wear a pair of Muggle jeans on the obligatory four-times-a-year visit to in-laws who don't understand him and never will.

It's not just sex.

He hesitates to call it making love, because really what does that mean? He knows he is already in love with her, so when her body is hot around his, sliding its way to heaven, they are not making anything that wasn't already there to begin with.

Take right now, for example. She is trembling beside him, muscles in her legs and abdomen twitching even as their combined sweat dries on her skin. Every once in a while, a particular strong spasm will shake her small body and her hands will flutter about like tiny birds, reaching out and tangling spasmodically with his.

Sometimes, this will happen when he is still inside her, and the sweet clenching of her body around his will spur him on to a repeat performance sooner than either of them should rightfully suspect.

Often, it is all he can do not to lean over her when she trembles like that to lick the sweet salt off her skin, between her breasts. Her nipples are even more responsive to his touch afterwards, and he will often tease them with his fingers and tongue until her body arches like a bow off the bed, and she is panting his name again.

He loves the way her pupils will dilate as her body spasms, becoming so large the only color visible other than black is a slight ring of honeyed brown. Her lips are always puffy, scrapped by his stubble and his mouth, her pout swollen from his nips and bites.

He loves watching her come, the delicious tilt of her throat as she leans her head back against the pillows, the way her nipples pebble and harden until they look like fresh raspberries on clotted cream, her body undulating as he rides her, or strokes her, or licks her. He loves the feel of her hot depths clutching and grasping at whichever part of his body is creating the sweet friction she needs for complete release.

It still amazes him that what she seems to need is him. Two years ago, even as they stood together in front of her friends and family to tie their lives together, he had half suspected that she would realize what it was exactly she was binding her life to. He was no prize twice her age, surly and sarcastic, a man who had been to hell and back more than once and had always thought death would be the only way to escape the purgatory of his life. He had never expected he would find heaven in her that she would be able to look at him and see something worthy of her love.

He had escaped purgatory and found a heaven here on earth, wrapped in her arms, burying himself between her thighs, smiling at her over the morning paper and a hot cup of tea. Nowadays, when he has nightmares they aren't about Voldemort or the horrible things he had done as a Death Eater and spy they center on her looking at him one day and telling him she has made a mistake; she doesn't love him and never did.

He hasn't had that particular dream for a long time and wonders if that means he's becoming too complacent or if he's finally reached the point where even his inner skeptic must admit that his life with Hermione has gone on far too long to be some kind of elaborate joke of the fates. For whatever reason, she loves him despite what she knows about him he thinks this is perhaps the best kind of love there is, and knows that she is the only one in his life who has ever loved him like that. She loves him just because.

Sighing, he rolls to his side, ignoring the sleepy protest that rises from her lips as he draws a long finger from her hip to her navel, up her sternum and across her collarbone. Her skin is alabaster smooth when his hand begins its journey but is covered in goose bumps by the time his fingers slide to the blankets bunched on the other side of her, drawing them across her as he curls his body into hers.

'Severus,' she drawls, her voice still raspy from its earlier efforts of screaming his name, 'what are you thinking about?'

He smiles against her hair, burying his nose into the small hollow just behind her ear. 'You.' His reply is succinct. 'Always you, Hermione.'

She has turned on her side now, scootching her delectable ass into the crook of his body. He can feel himself hardening against her, rising and stretching and cradling itself between her warm cheeks. She groans slightly as she folds her body more firmly into him.

'One track mind,' she teases, 'aren't you tired yet?'

'Of you? Never,' he replies gallantly. He knows it's true. She's undulating against him softly now, her previous tiredness seemingly forgotten. The hand he had curled possessively around the slight curve of her stomach has slid lower, his fingers sliding between her thighs, coaxing their way into her still-slick folds and eliciting another half-hitched sigh from her.

'Wh-what were you thinking of?' she manages to grit out. His thumb has found her clit now, circling it gently before pressing firmly and then repeating the motion. He is amazed, frankly, that she can still talk.

'You,' he repeats. 'Sex fucking making love....' Her hand has slid backward, over her hip. Her fingers are now grasping him firmly, the angle odd but not unpleasurable as the length of him rests in the fleshy part of her palm. The soft scrape of her short nails against the top of him causes him to jerk into her hand and he bites back an oath as he slowly counts to ten in an effort to keep from losing himself against her back, and not inside her where he belongs.

She shifts again, lifting her leg slightly and moving it backward until it is covering his own. 'Three things I love,' she sighs, 'yes, Severus....' His thumb is moving faster, pulsing against her in a quicker rhythm, plucking and stroking, making her gasp.

Her head is thrown back, against his chest, her upper body arching away from him even as her lower body grinds against his. Her hand is still wrapped firmly around him, sliding against his hot flesh. Over her shoulder, he can see her biting her lip, can see the proud jutting of her breasts, the deep berry nipples practically begging to be plucked.

His own hips are undulating against her now, his blood flowing thick through his veins. With a barely controlled hiss of her name, he has flipped her to her knees and buried himself in her hot body. Her ass is ripe and round, and his stomach curves around it as she slides backwards onto him, using her knees and arms for leverage as his one free hand grasps her hip. The tips of her breasts drag across the cotton of their sheets as she slides away and he can tell she enjoys the rasp of them across her sensitized nipples.

He is losing himself in the feel of their flesh, his thoughts as ephemeral as fairy dust as the sweet clench of her body grips and releases in time to the frantic pounding of his heart. He is dying and being reborn in her heat, emerging triumphant like a phoenix from the flames as he spills himself inside her, gasping her name.

He can feel her orgasm around him and smiles at the soft 'Severus' that escapes her lips as she shudders against him, her back pressed firmly against his chest, his hands now cupping her breasts and teasing her nipples as he gently laves the back of her collarbone and the shell of her ear with his tongue and lips.

He realizes now that their coupling is magical that each time she takes him into her body, she refines him. He started off as a piece of coal, but by the time she's finished with him hopefully, not for another hundred years or so she'll have finally turned him into a diamond.

The End