

Mind Blowing Bubbles

by DeeMichelle

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Bubbles

Chapter 1 of 1

Hermione is away; Severus misses her. However will they ever make it apart?

Snow was lightly falling outside the conference room window; the white flakes glistened and danced through the sky, kissing the evergreen branches as they fell to the ground. Professor H J Snape sat among seven other first-year professors, tapping her quill idly against the metal sign on the table before her that was enchanted to display her name. She was annoyed that the lecture was running much longer than she had anticipated. She had been invited to attend this symposium at the last minute; the selected Potions professor from Durmstrang had fallen ill, allowing Hermione to fill the vacancy. The incessant quill tapping caused the speaker to stop and stare at her, thus attracting the attention of the other attendees to the seemingly impatient witch. The echoing sound of her quill and a nudge from the Charms professor to her left brought Hermione's focus back to the front of the small room and to the loquacious orator.

"Sorry," Hermione offered politely, fidgeting in her seat as she spoke.

"Clearly we've gone past our time, ladies and gentlemen," the lecturer stated unapologetically before delivering his closing remarks.

Hermione took her leave and quickly made her way from the hotel conference room, through the lobby, and out to the patio, where the snow had ceased to fall. She took in the scenery of the beautiful village, which sat nestled in a quaint valley surrounded by snow-covered mountains. Breathing in the crisp, clean air, she cast a Warming Charm on her cloak before she began to make her way to her hotel, just three blocks away. She needed to hustle if she was to make her scheduled evening appointment. She chuckled to herself as she began to reminisce about her years as a witch. Life was so different in the wizarding world different in a good way no, deliciously *fantastic* described much better how she felt about her life. As she looked at the sparkling silver band on her left ring finger, a wave of pure magic washed over her.

You are late

She felt, more than heard him speak. Acknowledging him, she looked up at the street sign, allowing him to see that she was almost there. His silence made her uneasy; she hurried her steps and allowed him further access, enabling him to envision her location as she traversed through the townfolk and tourists. His presence in her consciousness gave her a warm feeling of safety.

She approached the ancient building and smiled at the doorman as he held open the gate for her to enter. Moving quickly through the lobby, she found the lift that would take her up to her hotel suite; smiling at the elderly wizard who controlled the lift, she entered and said, "Penthouse, please."

The ride was without question the longest she had ever taken. She could not wait to get out of her professional robes and into the hot, luxurious bath for which her tired muscles ached. It had been a long, yet informative and productive day but she missed her husband. Having to be away from him was torture to her soul.

She craved him. She was his. He knew it. And he was waiting.

Come to me, my love.

Hermione heard him calling as the lift ascended the thirteen floors to her suite; she stepped back to steady herself against its glass wall. She could sense his presence, feel his caress as if he was right beside her. The anticipation grew with each ding of the passing floors. She was not aware of the lift stopping, only realising that it had done so when the polite, elderly wizard held the doors open and asked if she was going to depart or remain in the compartment.

You're tired.

Nodding in answer to the statement, she thanked the elevator operator and moved out of the lift. Turning left, she walked a few short paces and placed her palm against the penthouse door; it detected her magic and quietly opened.

I'm here, she informed him as she moved through the entryway, setting her belongings on the table in the candle-lit foyer. She removed her robes and immediately felt his heightened impatience. She hurried through the open balcony doors and onto the snow-covered terrace, where the frosty night air swept over her.

She was ready.

Severus Snape was pacing their honeymoon suite. Until now, he had not been away from his new bride for more than the time it took for him to teach his daily Defence Against the Dark Arts classes. The trip to the conference had come as a surprise to them both, but he knew it would further her career and give her ample opportunity to meet colleagues her own age.

It had been less than one week since they had taken their traditional Muggle vows. Hermione's parents refused to attend without them, as Remus Lupin had performed the magical bonding ceremony.

Severus had made a special potion for their wedding bands; combined with an ancient incantation, it connected the couple in many ways. The main intent had been to allow him to *detect* her presence anywhere in the castle and beyond its boundaries. It had been more for safety's sake than any other reason, but they had soon discovered that the effects of the enchanted rings went far beyond what they had first thought, and they had learnt to appreciate their hidden benefits.

He could sense her restlessness and knew she must still be in her late afternoon meeting. He smirked to himself, knowing full well those meetings tended to run longer than the agenda stated. She would be distressed at the lateness of the hour. She knew he was expecting her to be on time. He thought to give her a gentle reminder. Closing his eyes, he reached out to her with his mind, touching his ring as he did; he felt her sense of relief wash over him.

You are late, he softly informed her. He allowed her to discern his mild displeasure and was rewarded with a vision of her whereabouts; she wasn't far from her hotel. She might make their appointment after all. Smiling inwardly, he walked with her through the streets of the small, busy village, guiding her to him. As she traversed with him the short distance to her hotel, he felt her begin to tire, yet her eagerness for him took precedence.

Breathing deeply, he beckoned, *Come to me, my love.*

He had thought about his new bride all day. He had never allowed anyone to monopolise his thoughts, but she seemed to invade his mind at every turn. She had quickly learned how to turn their marriage and magical bond to her advantage. He loved that about her, and right now he needed to be with her. He softly caressed her with his mind, attempting to distract her.

You're tired, he stated plainly.

Feeling her agreement, he knew she would need more than his original plan would have allowed. Severus quickly called for their house-elf, Rinda.

"Yes, Master?" Rinda squeaked excitedly. "How may Rinda please you?"

"Your mistress requires something special tonight," Severus informed the elf as he moved to his desk and touched a sheet of parchment with his wand. "Go to her, and follow my instructions," he commanded as he handed the roll of parchment to her.

Rinda nodded as she quickly took the parchment and disappeared.

Severus closed his eyes as he felt his bride reach out to him.

I'm here.

He waited. He wanted her. He needed her. And she was his.

Severus reached out to his wife, his love, his life, and inhaled deeply, allowing his strength to warm her soul.

Touch me, she said softly as she continued to stare out into the night sky. Her body began to warm from within as he ignited her ardour with his words.

You are mine, he spoke possessively as he moved to hold her close. *I despise your being so far away.*

As do I, my love, she replied. *I will be home soon.*

Not soon enough for me, he stated flatly.

"Your instructions were carried out, Master," Rinda said as she reappeared. "Is there anything else before I go, sir?"

Not wanting to alert Hermione, he only shook his head in silent dismissal. The elf quietly disappeared once more.

Where did you go? Hermione asked astutely.

Follow me, he instructed, ignoring her question. *Rinda has Transfigured your bath.*

Hermione felt Severus lead her as she turned and stepped back into her suite, shutting the doors behind her. She walked to the bathroom door and asked, *May I?* as she placed her palm against the door.

You may, he said, and at once, through his connection with her mind, he felt her admiration flow to him. *You're welcome, pet,* he said silkily.

The scent of fresh jasmine filled her senses as the door swung open, exposing a lush waterfall along one wall, a large tub encased in natural stone beneath it.

Oh, Severus, Hermione squealed delightedly as she gazed around the room at the new amenities.

A blanket of Gold Coast jasmine clung to the wall at the head of the tub, while a fire burned brightly in the glass case at the foot.

Get in, Severus gently suggested.

Hermione walked to the tub and happily complied, releasing a pleasurable moan as she immersed herself to her chin in the steaming hot bath water.

I wish you were here she said at length.

As do I, love, he agreed. *Transcontinental Apparition is tiring, and I must teach first thing tomorrow*

Sighing, Hermione replied, *I want you*, then closed her eyes, trying to feel him near.

Severus once more felt her desire for him and was pleased. *Open your eyes, Hermione*, he instructed. *Take the phial with the yellow liquid and pour it directly into the flow of the waterfall.*

Hermione's eyes fluttered open to find three phials placed on each corner of the tub, counting twelve in all. She sat up and grasped the yellow one, removed its seal, and poured it into the streaming water. Its effects took place immediately as the jasmine's scent cleared the air.

Pouting, she said, *That aroma is my favourite. Why did you have me clear it?*

Annoyed, Severus answered with a question of his own. *Do you wish to play my little game, or shall I leave you and retire for the evening to mark essays?*

Hermione immediately acquiesced.

Good girl, he continued. *There are eleven more. Choose wisely because you may only use two.*

Hermione turned to survey the rest of the phials. *What do they do?* she excitedly asked.

Each will ensnare your senses ..., he chuckled as he began to explain. *Each will entice you in a different way. They are potent, so you'll only need three drops of each that you choose, save one.*

Do you have a preference?

Severus mentally shook his head, which made her giggle.

All right, she said as she sat up and moved to inspect the containers and their contents more closely.

Sensing her avid curiosity, he laughed quietly. *You won't recognise any of these, pet*, he playfully advised. *They are the products of my recent experiments in our line of Erotic Potions. I believe you will find them to be more than adequate.*

Which to choose, which to choose? Hermione thought while continuing to survey the colourful concoctions.

Decide, love, Severus teased, *before you wrinkle like a prune*.

Laughing at her husband's impatient humour, Hermione took the phial with shimmering blue liquid, turning the bottle over in her hands and felt Severus' gaiety turn to heated passion; she felt her own arousal begin to burn brighter.

Remove the stopper, he directed, *place your fingertip over the top and tap the liquid onto it*

Hermione complied, allowing him to watch her every move and sense her heightened excitement. Moistening her lips with her tongue, she waited for further instruction.

Trace your lips with the liquid, as if you were applying your favourite gloss

As she applied the thick liquid, Hermione felt its immediate effects. It felt as if Severus was kissing her, softly at first, but gaining in intensity the further it soaked into her parted lips. Instinctively, she darted her tongue out to taste him and was rewarded with the feeling of his tongue dancing with hers.

Yes, love, Severus moaned. *This is only the beginning.* Touching his own lips, he too felt the kiss linger a few moments longer, and then dissipate. *Again*, he demanded, *but this time, allow the liquid to slowly trickle down to the juncture of your fore and middle fingers*

More than three drops? Hermione asked, careful to heed his previous warning. *And may I lick it off?*

He nodded and said, *Yes. And you may, but be prepared*, he warned playfully as he watched the blue liquid shimmer in the candlelight as it slowly ran the length of her index finger.

Hermione teasingly tasted the tip of her finger, at once realising what was to come, and she sensed her husband's satisfaction.

Can you feel me, Severus? she asked as she continued to swirl her tongue around the tip of her finger, reaching with her other hand for her own pleasure.

Moaning his response, Severus took himself in hand, mimicking her movements with his palm.

Hermione opened her mouth and tasted him fully and completely as she sucked her finger further, down to the junction.

I want you she said at length when she could no longer stand the tension.

Have you surmised the next step? he asked, knowing full well that she had.

Hermione poured a generous amount over her fingers, careful to cover each digit completely.

Severus could feel himself sheathed within her as she began to stroke herself with potion-covered fingers.

Still yourself, he demanded through gritted teeth.

Hermione froze, feeling her body throb around her fingers, aching to move against them.

Purple. Get it, he panted. *Pour three drops into the waterfall*

Refusing to relinquish the feeling of having him inside her by removing her fingers, Hermione said, *Accio purple phial.* It sailed into her waiting hand. She removed its cork with her thumb, reached over, and poured three precise drops into the water's flow.

Iridescent bubbles began to emerge from the water, floating airily around the room, and quickly filling up the tub.

Hermione began to feel as if numerous hands and fingers were caressing and massaging her skin. She felt *him* touch her, felt *his* hands, felt *his* caress. Her entire being felt alive and it burnt with desire.

She was his. He knew it. And he was waiting.

You may move, Severus said as he began to stroke himself once again.

This is amazing, Hermione said as she too began to move her fingers in and out, quickening her pace, delving deeper with each thrust of her hips. Arching her back, her breasts surfaced from the bath covered in bubbles. As the bubbles began to burst, she felt gentle nips on her skin.

Severus, she exclaimed, *the feeling is ... amazing!*

The bubbles continued to explode upon her sensitised skin, the water rushing around her, massaging her to new heights of pleasure.

Come for me, Severus passionately demanded. *Now!*

Hermione felt an explosion in her centre, and as it radiated through her body, she heard him growl her name as he came.

I love you, Hermione told him in a hushed tone as she lay sated in her hotel bed, covered by its soft duvet.

You will be home soon, he consolingly answered.

I'll bring the other nine phials home with me, she teased. *I want to know what each one does*

Forever learning, he returned as he mentally pulled her closer. *I am waiting.*

A/n: This is my gift for the sshg Summer Round 2007 for Firefly_124's request to have hot Legillimency sex in a bathroom that outshines the Prefects' bathroom. I know I probably didn't get that part perfect, but it was fun to write!!

Many thanks go to my beta, Subversa. You all know how amazing she is. I'm blessed to have her as my beta and friend. A shout-out goes to Annie Talbot as well for giving this the once-over before posting to archives. ~thanks!!!