

Lemon Drabbles

by MMADfan

A series of lemony drabbles, each one-hundred words, featuring a variety of different characters.

Tiny PWP's

Chapter 1 of 1

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Tiny PWP's

Service

Sitting beside her in his long, black robes, he regarded her languid, nude beauty before smirking and reaching down to touch her already wet core. Severus suckled her nipple, fingering her clit, then began thrusting as she moaned, arching her back. Holding her down, he replaced his finger with his tongue and moved his hand to spread her wetness across her breasts. Licking his way from her clit to her stomach, then her breasts, he undid two buttons and freed himself to enter her hot, moist centre. She cried out as he did, gripping his shoulders, ready to come.

Intimacies

Knowing he'd been up late and missed breakfast, Minerva entered quietly. Albus slept, naked, sheet twisted about his legs, but not covering his most fascinating asset, which was already awakening. Unable to avert her eyes, Minerva felt a warm tingle growing. They'd shared some intimacies, but none approaching her current desire. Hoping he wouldn't object to her presence or her actions, Minerva disrobed. She caressed him, then kissed his crown, tongue sweetly arousing him.

"Minerva . . . ," he murmured.

She smiled. Her legs embraced him; he gasped as their bodies joined. They moved together until they came, crying, "I love you!"

Disproportionate

She continued kissing him, pulling him closer; his arms went around her. Oh, for more! She needed more, but he seemed shy.

"I want you, Filius, so much, in every way."

His breathing was ragged, his voice hoarse. "I want you, too, Pomona. Truly." He caressed her lightly. "Show me what you want."

Pomona kissed him again, right arm around him, left hand caressing him, groping its way lower. She pressed her palm against him, then gasped and blinked, unbuttoning his robes to grasp him.

"I'm not proportionate," he whispered, reddening.

Pomona grinned gleefully. "I don't mind at all!"

Meeting

"We have a few minutes, my dear; you keep saying –"

"I know, Albus, but we're in the staff room! Someone may arrive –"

Colloportus sealed the door.

"Not a problem!" He gently urged her into a chair.

He knelt, pulled her forward, raised her robes. A flick, her knickers vanished. Her hands wound themselves in his hair as he licked her nub and fingered her wetness. Minerva moaned. A gesture, his erection emerged from his robes. He pulled her toward him, embracing her, thrusting upward, entering her. Moments later, they cried out together.

"You see, we had time!"

"Never enough."

Perfection

She reclined gratefully as his hands roamed over her. She reveled in the sensation of long fingers first brushing feathery touches over her shoulders and breasts, then gently stroking her thighs and abdomen. When one hand began to knead her breast as the other slipped between her legs, lips and tongue traveling over her stomach, Pomona waited in anticipation: would he head north to the hills or south to the valley? As he began simultaneously to suckle one nipple and to piston his immense erection within her, his fingers fondling her clitoris and breast, she gasped. "You're perfection, Filius!"

Waking

Minerva woke in the dark, sensing a presence in the room. She felt the bed move as someone sat beside her; her heart beat faster. The reassuring scent of sandalwood and lemon reached her, but she feigned sleep. Fingertips grazed her face, caressing her temple and cheek. The fingers repeated their caress, continuing to her throat, where they lingered before moving to the cleft between her breasts.

Fingertips sought her breast, moving aside her gown, brushing her nipple; her breathing remained steady. She felt a shift of weight, and as lips closed around her nipple, Minerva finally moaned.

"*Albus!*"

Storm

Poppy loved standing in the dark watching the storm, lightning striking the lake. She heard him enter.

"Don't turn around." His voice was low.

A tingle of magic and her pinny loosened. Severus pressed against her, pushing her to the window. One hand, inserted beneath her robes, found her breast, the other, her crux.

She gasped; he said, "Don't speak."

When she moaned, he ground against her, then stepped away. '*Levicorpus!*'

Her knickers vanished at his whisper. Severus bent his head, tongue finding her clitoris and his finger, her vagina. He licked and thrust, and Poppy came with thunder.

Author's Note: *I think the drabble format is particularly peculiar for PWPs, and these were a bit of an experiment and a challenge.*

One of these drabbles, "Disproportionate," did appear before in "Budding Charms." The first drabble in this series, "Service," is SS/??, what I like to call a "pick-your-witch" drabble! In the final drabble, Severus performed the Levicorpus very carefully to position Poppy in precisely the right spot!

Thanks very much for reading! I hope you enjoyed them!