

Concupiscent Opportunities

by snapemylove

This is a four-part drabble series for the "Closed Door Challenge" at GrangerSnape100. A steamy insight into what really happened after DH.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione Weasley looked up, and for the third time in forty-five minutes, her eyes caught his. Unlike the last two times, she opened her mind to him letting him see her lustful thoughts, memories of their last encounter. With a smile, she nodded to the door. The sound of his footsteps followed her at a respectable distance. Finally, she reached her rented room and waited inside for him to join her. Only minutes later, clothes were banished, and he had her pressed against the closed door, his lips devouring her mouth while his shaft sank repeatedly into her wet heat.

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Hermione was a fantasy brought to life, passion beyond any he'd ever experienced before. He couldn't get enough of her, having her was akin to a drug. She was the fire to his ice, and together, they resulted in pure steam. Their meetings were sparse and clandestine, but he lived for them. So responsive was her body, so eager in its acceptance. Her cries of encouragement never ceased to drive him on until a rise of her leg, a tilt of his hips, and his mouth upon her skin sent her sailing over the edge, pulling him along with her.

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He made her feel sexy, desirable, *wanted*. Ron needed her. This man wanted her. Sex with him was raw, powerful, and rough. He drove into her, filling her in a way she hadn't known possible. His mouth blazing across her skin, nipping, licking, and sucking in the most delicious way. They had waited too long this time. She felt beyond wanton. Throwing her leg up over his shoulder, she arched her back, clutched at his undulating arse, and rode the heat of their passions. The air filled with their cries as they both surrendered one after the other.

"Severus!"

"Hermione."

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Collapsing onto the bed, he pulled her close.

"I've missed you, Severus."

"And I you."

Kissing deeply, they caressed and explored one another, reconnecting and rediscovering. They had tonight. Tomorrow, she would return to home, a caring wife and loving mother. He would return to the Muggle world. They could never truly be together. They knew this. In her world, he was presumed dead, one of the fallen heroes, and she had the responsibilities of career and family. But behind closed doors and away from prying eyes, they would continue to meet, love, and fulfill needs no one else could.

A/N: *This is my first drabble and was originally posted at GrangerSnape100 on LiveJournal. A special thanks to SeverusLovesUs for lovely beta services. *hugs & kisses, SLU **