

A Cataloguing of Features

by lady_rhian

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

I

Chapter 1 of 1

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

Disclaimer: Everything belongs to JKR.

A/N: This was written as a birthday gift for hogwartshoney and is based off her prompt "even now." Happy Birthday, sweet.

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She had told him that he was beautiful to her; had once catalogued his features as she crawled up his naked form; had curved her fingers into his flesh as if she would not rest until she was under it, in it.

Of it. One bond, one flesh.

His angular nose which wrought her so much pleasure, his pale skin, perfect complexion, obsidian eyes. His long neck and sinewy frame lean with hard muscle, which moved with a contained strength and grace. The lines of his hips. His cock. She had spent much time showing her appreciation for that particular appendage.

After, she had looked back up at his eyes, had pressed herself against him and held his face, staring unflinchingly into his eyes.

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His throat tightened at the memory, and he ran a hand over her honey brown, errant curls that splayed across the pillow.

He ran his forefinger down her cheek and silently catalogued his wife's features, features he knew by touch, that he could make love to in the deepest dark.

He traced the lines on her face and imagined the softness of flesh and eyes bright with anticipation and desire.

Her hands – soft hands – that could split him in two. Her full breasts and slightly curved buttocks that molded so well to his hand.

Her lips.

He brushed his lips against her cold mouth.

She was beautiful, his Hermione.

Even in death.

Even now.