

Stargazing

by mia madwyn

A new scene from Care of Magical Creatures written for the Romancing the Wizard "Bring Out Your Dead" Challenge. A 750-word "outtake" scene, never seen before, from earlier in the story when the angst was less angsty.

Prompt: An incredible orgasm.

oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Bloody hell.

He stood there, clutching the wine bottle by the throat—her father's wine, no less—and realised she was carefully avoiding looking at him.

Sprawled across the bed with her bare feet in the air, she stared instead into the fire.

Forlornly.

Fuck.

"It's cold as Azkaban out there, but I'm going for fresh air. If you want to come—"

She sprang up and moments later stood at the door with a book in one hand and her grandmother's preposterous floral bedcovers in the other.

"It's not a bloody slumber party."

"I like to snuggle." With a prissy bit of wandwork, she Reduced everything and shoved it all in her jeans pocket and beamed at him.

Beamed at him.

He already regretted whatever impulse had caused him to extend the invitation.

He whisked into the corridor and left her to keep up with his lightning pace to the top of the Astronomy Tower.

Of course she managed to settle into her floral cocoon before he found a comfortable spot.

Stargazing atop the Astronomy Tower appeared to be more appealing in theory than in practice.

He glared at the ridiculous sight of Miss Granger ignoring a full moon to read her book by wandlight. "Put that out."

Looking resentful, she did.

He popped the cork with the magical goblin-made cork-popper he'd pilfered from Lucius and drank straight from the bottle.

"Are you getting drunk?"

"And if I am?" He bristled.

"You're rather..." She glanced sideways at him, then quickly back at the sky. "You're rather sexy when you're drunk."

Fucking hell!

He slammed the bottle down on the stone; it was a wonder he didn't break it.

He could swear she was blushing, though in the moonlight it was difficult to tell.

"Miss Granger, I'm not your boyfriend," he sneered, "and the sooner you get such ideas out of—"

"Of course you're not!" She looked offended. "I never came here with a boyfriend."

"Well, you can blame the Ministry for the fact that you never will." He was torn between the horror of looking sexy to his wretchedly teenaged bride and the temptation to get royally pissed.

Royally pissed won out.

He took another swig.

"Did you?"

And another.

"Did you bring a girlfriend up here?"

"Oh, indeed, they queued up for the privilege," he snapped.

Two more swigs and he realised she was still staring at him.

In a calculating manner.

Then she was crawling on her hands and knees to join him. He drew back, but he'd wedged himself in a corner.

She stroked her wand down his fly, and before he'd closed his grip on her wrist—

She'd closed her grip on his cock.

A cock that sprang all-too-willingly into the frigid air.

"Miss Granger—" he ground out.

She quieted him with a stern, "Shhh," and—*bloody hell!*—swirled her tongue around him and sent his eyes rolling back in his head.

He tried—tried to speak—to say something—anything—to stop her—but—

"Shhh," she repeated. "I want to try something."

Try something?

This time when he grabbed her wrist he managed to draw her attention to his face. "I'm not a project or a toy for you to—"

"Of course not," she said primly. "You're my husband."

And then—*bloody hell!*—he was unable to say anything. His fingers grasped blindly for traction—

Her lips and tongue and even her teeth found spots he didn't know existed—

She'd been reading fucking books again.

And then, words stopped short of his brain, and all he could do was—

Merlin's ghost.

Was *he* making that sound?

She suckled him so exquisitely he thought he might come out of his skin—

His hips lurched.

He stopped breathing, thinking, existing outside the sensations of her wicked mouth wrapped around his pulsing cock....

XX

When he eventually reopened his eyes, he saw not a sky full of moon and stars but her face resting on his chest, her eyes watching him, her smile somehow dreamy and smug at the same time.

And this time, the lurch he felt was deep in his chest, somewhere behind his heart. "I hope you don't think I'm going to return the favour—"

"Of course not!"

"—on my knees on the cold stone of this tower when we have a bed waiting below?"

"Well," she said, "if you insist."

And as he followed the cheeky sway of her hips back down to the dungeon, he could still hear her voice saying—

Husband.

Bloody fucking hell!

Author's Notes: Things are a tad angsty in Care of Magical Creatures right now, so I jumped at the chance to return to a happier time for these 750 words. My heart needed it. I hope you don't mind.

The prompt was: An incredible orgasm.

I also had to include an original magical device. (Um, barely squeaked that one in!)

This is a scene that I wanted to write for Care of Magical Creatures, but it never quite worked out. I can't say exactly where it would have gone, which is probably proof it wasn't needed, but here it is, anyway.

I've had questions about Romancing the Wizard, the challenge community for which I originally wrote this. You can find more about the community and see the specific challenge I wrote to here:

<http://community.livejournal.com/romancingwizard/249571.html>

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