

The Right Question

by themadmermaid

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Chapter 1

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Severus Snape detested Narcissa Black.

Now, this wasn't exactly a shocking sentiment, since Severus wasn't generally overflowing with goodwill towards his fellow students and was known to regard some of them in particular with active malice. However, Narcissa held her own special place of disdain, mostly because he was being forced to put up with her.

He considered Lucius Malfoy to be, if not a friend, one of the people in his life closest to that. Since Lucius had become enamored of Narcissa, he was therefore in her presence quite frequently now. He knew that things were becoming serious with them and that over holidays something official would be decided between their families. Severus was sure that the two of them would make an advantageous match and undoubtedly produce some of the Wizarding world's snobbiest, palest progeny.

This didn't mean that he cared to spend time with Narcissa. Even if Lucius couldn't see, or chose to ignore it, it was obvious that Narcissa couldn't stand Severus. She was never outright rude to him, oh no. It was the subtle jabs, the tiny smirks, the way she raised her nose in the air a fraction of an inch higher when he came into her view. It was apparent to Severus that he was merely tolerated as Lucius' young sidekick, someone good enough at Potions and Dark Magic to tolerate, but not good enough to really count.

Severus wasn't sure why, after a life of being put down and put upon, that it should rankle so, but it did. Perhaps it was Narcissa's unassailable position; Severus was used to striking back, letting his temper go. However, he knew that if confronted, Narcissa would merely discount his accusations, and everything she did was clever enough to be written off as misunderstanding. She played a good game, Miss Black did, and Severus knew if he lost to her, his friendship with Lucius would be the forfeit.

So he stored up each veiled insult, each titter at his remarks, each languid roll of her eye, and waited.

Late one afternoon, classes finished, Severus made his way alone down a corridor. He'd planned to head to the library to finish an essay, but as the last rays of sun filtered through the windows, he slowed to enjoy an unexpected moment of calm--a moment that did not last long, as Narcissa came walking towards him from the opposite direction.

When she reached him, Severus forced himself to nod civilly and mutter a greeting. Narcissa's response was just as it always was--a very grudging, slightly snide

acknowledgment in return--so he couldn't say why it provoked such a dramatic reaction. But provoke it did, as his temper got the best of him, and instead of swallowing his anger and walking by, he suddenly found himself yelling at Narcissa. He wasn't even sure what insults he hurled, although he was sure they were cutting, just because he was good at that sort of thing. In the grip of blind anger, he didn't notice much until he'd backed her towards the nearest wall.

She stood before him, and instead of getting angry in return, or becoming fearful, she smiled. Some dim part of his mind noticed this, and he paused in his tirade. Her smile became wider, and as he watched, she very deliberately licked her lips, and he was mesmerized by how red her tongue was against their pale pink.

"Severus," Narcissa said, and he watched those pink lips shape his name. "You really shouldn't get so worked up." She placed a hand on his chest, lingeringly to push him out of her way, and then with another smile, still full of disdain but now, he realized, something else, she walked away.

He felt his face, which had been red, cool as it seemed the blood in his body rushed... somewhere else. As he watched Narcissa's hips twitch beneath her school robe despite himself, he realized he might not understand what game she was playing at all.

Severus had thought that Narcissa was a rotten bitch before their incident in the corridor, and he still felt the same way. Only now he also had ideas about her. Ideas that popped into his head when she carefully licked a smudge of her pudding off a finger at dinner. Or when she snuggled up to Lucius on the couch in the common room and stared at Severus as she idly stroked Lucius' knee. He could only think that she meant to torment him, and her strategy was quite successful, because apparently his body wasn't interested in Narcissa's personality.

She seemed to be well aware of that fact, which was probably the worst part. Narcissa was gloating over the fact that Severus was lusting after her, and Severus felt weak. There were few things he hated more than appearing weak. It wasn't that he was sentimental about sex; he knew full well that nobody would ever love him, and that there was only one person he would ever love, and that had nothing to do with fucking. He just didn't want so desperately to fuck someone who was just toying with him.

Narcissa's game continued until Severus was wound as tightly as a spring. He felt like he was constantly half-hard, and Lucius unwittingly added to his suffering by occasionally confiding small details of his and Narcissa's intimacy with Severus. Whenever that happened, Severus couldn't decide if he wanted to throw up or press for further explanation. Apparently, Narcissa was playing the innocent with Lucius, who wanted to take things slowly so as not to upset her. Severus could barely restrain himself at that revelation.

Even worse, Lucius seemed pleased that Narcissa had finally "warmed up" to Severus, as he put it. Severus just smiled weakly at that and wondered why his life consisted of unending misery. It was amazing how infatuation could blind even a wizard of Lucius' mettle to the obvious.

The misery ended though, one evening in the library stacks.

Severus and Narcissa had not been alone since their fateful meeting in the corridor. Their next encounter, alone amongst the shelves of a mostly deserted library, may have been due to fate or Narcissa's machinations. Severus was never clear on that, and afterwards, well, it didn't really matter.

Severus felt the tingle on the back of his neck before he heard her voice say his name. He paused mid-stride and turned to see her leaning against the end of a shelf. He had either walked straight past her or she'd followed him. Either was a possibility. Her hair was down, which was unusual, and part of him marveled at its length and shine while part of him wanted to strangle her with it. He stood in that moment of indecision and she continued.

"I thought I told you that you needed to relax, Severus," she said, stretching her arms and yawning indolently as she pushed herself away from the shelf to stand. "You seem more tense than ever."

"And why should that be, I wonder?" he managed to spit out.

"I'm sure I don't know," she laughed, and that was the end of his fight to keep his composure. He moved towards her angrily, not sure what he was going to do until he'd backed her against the stack.

"You've been playing a little game with me, Narcissa," he growled right in her face. "I wonder what happens if I decide to play too?"

Without a flinch, she positively purred back at him, "I've been waiting to see if you had the balls to do it, Severus."

He answered that with a kiss, pushing her carelessly against the shelf. It was a kiss that had nothing to do with affection, and everything to do with anger and control. Narcissa seemed to have no objection, eagerly meeting each thrust of his tongue with her own. He ground his pelvis against hers and she moaned.

"I was beginning to wonder if you cared," she said hoarsely, leaning her head back and he bit and sucked at her neck.

"Don't flatter yourself," he replied, but as she slid a hand down between them and stroked his length through his trousers, the words seemed hollow. He couldn't help but move against her, though, and he kissed her even more cruelly because of that. She laughed against his mouth and grabbed one of his hands.

"Touch me, Severus," she commanded, moving it underneath her shirt and cupping her breasts (braless, Severus vaguely noted) with it before pushing it down to her crotch. She threaded their fingers as if they held hands and then moved her knickers insistently against their joined fists. "Touch me," she said again.

He was more turned on than he cared to admit by her wanton display. Taking it slow, indeed. Their frantic groping continued until Narcissa had freed Severus' cock from his trousers and he'd gotten his fingers first into her damp knickers and then easily into her wetness. This wasn't enough, however. He wanted to fuck her, to take her, and he began pulling and tugging on her knickers, assuming she'd get the idea.

She enthusiastically wriggled out of them, dropping them to the floor, and then there was a bit of moving and adjusting as they tried to make the mechanics work. Severus was so eager he longed to just thrust into Narcissa as soon as he was able, but some gentlemanly impulse caused him to pause at her entrance. She reached down and rubbed the head of his cock against her clit and asked him, "Are you going to fuck me or not, Severus?" and he wondered why he'd wasted the effort.

Narcissa was hot and tight, and Severus moved in and out of her steadily, enthralled with the small moans she made and the way she moved her hips to meet his thrusts. She wasn't so disdainful now. He was sure that he'd explode any second when he heard a voice from several aisles over, and he and Narcissa both froze.

"Are you sure?" the voice said.

"It's not over there," a second voice answered, obviously exasperated. "I tell you, that section's clear on the other side of the library!" This prompted a small discussion, although the owners of the two voices seemed to still be moving slowly towards their position.

Severus leaned in towards Narcissa's ear and whispered. "What do you think, Narcissa? How about everyone in Hogwarts knowing you fucked Severus Snape in the library like a bitch in heat? Should I stop?" Narcissa stifled a moan and turned her head away, but her hips started squirming again. Severus' hunch had been right. He smiled against her hair and slipped a hand down to stroke her.

"Everyone will know," he continued. "I'll tell them you begged me. I'll tell them how much you loved it." Narcissa was breathing shallowly through her mouth now, obviously trying to be quiet, and as the voices moved away from their location, Severus began thrusting into her again, and it wasn't long before she came, gasping loudly despite herself. Severus felt her clenching around his cock and thrust only a few more times himself before sliding in deeply as possible and reaching his own completion.

He had a few moments of bliss before reality came crashing down about him. Their position was awkward, and as they untangled, Severus started to wonder what in Merlin's name they'd done. They adjusted clothing and cast a few spells to repair their appearance, and their sudden sexual accord was gone and they were back to their typical selves. Severus couldn't think of what to say, but Narcissa seemed unperturbed.

"That should help you relax," she said nonchalantly, and she reached out and straightened his collar before sauntering away. Severus waited for a moment, watching her pensively, and then walked down the aisle so that he could exit the books from a different spot.

At lunch the next day, Lucius relayed the latest gossip. "I heard in class today that Madame Pince found a pair of knickers in the library. Someone overheard the professors talking about it."

Severus looked down at his plate and didn't say anything. Narcissa laughed. "What kind of girl leaves her knickers in the library?" she scoffed. "It must've been a Griffyndor." Lucius chuckled and patted her hand indulgently before turning to address a remark made further down the table.

"Any ideas on the culprit, Severus?" Narcissa asked, and Severus looked up from his lunch and found her smiling at him. He swallowed, trying to think of a response when Lucius cut in, having returned his attention to them.

"Cissy, don't tease Severus," he chided. She muttered an apology, but as soon as Lucius' attention again wandered, she started sucking deliberately on her soup spoon, and Severus' cock sprang to attention. He realized that maybe his misery hadn't ended after all.

So Severus and Narcissa began a torrid affair, and honestly he couldn't say that it really was all that miserable. Her blatant innuendos around others, especially Lucius, did still grate on his nerves, but that was good cover. He also made her pay for them later, which made them more tolerable; each extra lick of her lips, each unnecessary inch she pulled her skirt up when she sat across from him were now as carefully noted as each of her slights had been previously. Severus apparently was as unforgiving in bed as he was in rivalry.

Not that Narcissa had any complaints, unless it was to tell him harder, faster, or more. She was an interesting partner, as happy to be in control as she was to be controlled. He suspected that as long as she was the main attraction, anything would please her, and the truth was she did dominate Severus' thoughts as much when he was talking dirty in her ear, making her beg on her hands and knees in the Room of Requirement, as when she was teasing him, slipping a shoe off and sliding a foot up his leg under the dinner table. If he was more philosophical, he'd say their relationship was very Slytherin. However, he was too busy trying to keep up with schoolwork, keep out of trouble, and keep getting in Narcissa's knickers to think about it much.

He did well on all counts, except when Narcissa wasn't wearing any knickers, which she liked to do every so often. Choice of undergarments aside, he still got what he wanted: in lonely hallways, where she'd stop him long enough to kiss him to painful hardness and then breeze off to class, in the prefect's bathroom, where she went down on him and was underwater so long he started to wonder at her safety, and in the library, where she loved to surprise him in the stacks so much he started to mock her for it.

"Book-lover? Cissy?" Lucius asked once in confusion when he happened on the tail end of a conversation. "That must be a joke."

"You don't know everything about me, Lucius," Narcissa said, playing petulant. "I happen to love books." Severus noted that she couldn't quite look at him when she made this declaration, and he was trying hard not to laugh himself. Lucius quickly dropped the subject and busied himself trying to smooth his Cissy's ruffled feathers.

Severus entered the Room of Requirement to find Narcissa waiting for him. She sat on a large bed with an ornate gilt frame, covered with a red velvet spread. Wrinkling her nose, she asked him, "Have you ever seen anything so vulgar?"

Shedding his robes and unbuttoning his shirt, he answered without missing a beat. "Are you talking about yourself or the bed?"

Placing a dainty hand over her heart, Narcissa said, "You wound me so, Severus," before unbuttoning her own shirt. "I can't imagine why you'd think me vulgar," she continued, ending in a sigh as she moved her own hand down the waistband of her skirt and into her knickers.

Severus lost all interest in banter and crossed to the bed, which really was tasteless. That didn't concern him for long, as soon both he and Narcissa were stripped down to bare skin. He stretched out on the bed and let her lick and kiss her way down from his neck. Her hair, fine and silky, ran over his skin in delicious waves and obscured her face. He felt her hot breath over his length just a few seconds before her tongue stretched out to slowly lick the head of his cock.

She enveloped him in her mouth, simultaneously sucking him and moving her tongue against his head, and he groaned and tried to keep his hips from thrusting. Narcissa continued until this was almost unbearable before sliding him impossibly far into her mouth, snug up against her throat, and then he couldn't stop himself from moving. She let him for a few moments before sitting up, wiping her mouth and trying to gather her hair behind her shoulders.

Then she climbed on him, straddling him so that he could feel the slick heat between her legs pressed right against his cock. He groaned, and she laughed a little. "Ready to give me a ride?" she asked. Severus didn't bother answering. Instead, he watched, unable to tear his eyes away, as she took hold of him and carefully lowered herself onto his length. She moved her hips, closing her eyes and letting her head roll back a little, and though he longed to grab her waist and slam into her, he waited for her to have her fun.

She opened her eyes and looked back at him, unperturbed by his gaze, and moved her hips faster. Still watching him, she began toying with her own nipples, and Severus could see a blush growing in her pale cheeks. Breathing heavily, she moved one hand down between her legs and stroked her clit. Severus gave her a few more moments before pulling her down against his chest so that she lay atop him. Then he took one of her perfectly rounded buttocks in each hand and matched the movements of her hips with precise thrusts. She sighed at this deeper penetration.

Severus was now breathing heavily as well, and moved his hands to Narcissa's waist and slowed his thrusts until he was inching in and out of her at a snail's pace. She whined and tried to encourage him to go faster, but Severus held her tightly, his fingers biting into her flesh.

"Who do you think about?" he asked, turning his head to the side, where her hair again hid her face. "When you fuck me, do you think about Lucius? When you've got his cock in your mouth, are you thinking of him, or me?"

Narcissa moaned a little and turned her face to his. "I'm thinking of you right now, Severus, so fuck me," she said before putting her lips to his.

He kissed her briefly, then broke away. "Say please," he told her. She frowned in irritation and tried again to resume the motion of her hips. He tightened his grip on her until he was sure it must hurt, and waited. She said nothing, so he thrust into her quickly a few times before stopping entirely.

With a sigh, Narcissa acquiesced. "Please. Please, please, please," she said in a voice somewhere between a whine and a moan. Severus smiled as he released his grip on her hips and brought her face back to his. Devouring each other's mouths with abandon, they frantically resumed their motion. Severus slid his hands back to Narcissa's waist, using them now to push her down to meet his thrusts. When he felt her move down and stay, breaking their kiss to moan, grinding her hips slightly but keeping his entire length inside her, he knew she had come. He held back as she moved atop him, until she stilled. Then, with a few more thrusts, he was there himself. He pushed into her wildly, causing her to make a small sound of surprise and pleasure as he pulsed out his orgasm inside her.

They broke apart and lay panting and sweaty on the bed for a long time. Severus had almost fallen asleep when Narcissa's unexpectedly serious voice startled him.

"Severus, we can't keep doing this forever."

Severus thought for a moment, unsure of what to say. He considered what it would be like if their affair was finished. He'd miss the sex, for sure, and the intrigue a bit too; he was Slytherin, after all. His heart was lost already, and he wasn't confusing this with a grand romance, so he'd be fine on that account. What about the power, though? He started this game lower than the dirt under Narcissa's feet, and here she was, in bed with him a few moments after begging him to fuck her.

He thought about how Narcissa had started this game, and how it had escalated. He thought about what he had come to know of her, and he came up with something to say. Turning on his side and propping his head on an arm to look at her, he asked her, "Are you sure you can stop, Narcissa?"

The expression of uncertainty flitted across her face in a fraction of a second, and Severus flattered himself that many wouldn't have noticed it. Almost instantly, a familiar look of superiority replaced it, and Narcissa answered archly, "Of course. What kind of question is that?"

The right question, Severus thought to himself smugly. He didn't answer her though, just drew closer to her and began running his hands over her body again. She made a token protest, but it didn't take long for her to respond eagerly to his touch—just as he knew she would. The rules of the game had just changed.