

Not a Word

by notsosaintly

A late night stroll results in an unexpected encounter.

1. Surprise and Circumstance

Chapter 1 of 2

A late night stroll results in an unexpected encounter.

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NOT A WORD

Chapter One: Surprise and Circumstance

The darkness flirted with the flickering flames of an occasional torch. Inky blackness rippled over the multifaceted stones, concealing itself among the myriad crevices only to be coaxed out again. It was hypnotic and oddly comforting at the same time, especially if one was accustomed to ill-lit and rather confined spaces. He most certainly was.

An enigmatic presence roamed the near-deserted halls. The figure merged with the shadows, joining with the darkness like a seasoned lover. To the untrained eye he went unnoticed. That was to his advantage.

An almost imperceptible rustling titillated his senses, a rhythmical whisper of soft caresses and mixed undertones ricocheted among the flicker of light.

He had the stealth of a panther approaching its prey, never abandoning his shadowy refuge. His heartbeat quickened with the excitement of catching yet another pair of unsuspecting miscreants out past curfew. He never squandered an opportunity to ease his endless suffering with his scurrilous tongue.

Pressing into an obscure corner to afford himself the best vantage point, he prepared himself to strike. He was not prepared, however, for the image that accosted his eyes.

It was not the usual nameless couple shagging in a corner. No, it couldn't be, not with his recent sad bout of luck. Instead of the usual boy-with-pants-around-ankles-fucking-girl-up-against-wall scene he normally had the pleasure to interrupt, where the girl's hitched-up skirt thankfully hid the more indelicate details, this couple was clearly and completely in dishabille.

They resembled a perverse version of Rodin's portrayal of lovers, yet were as enchanting as Michaelangelo's David. The whiteness of their skin marbled in the glimmering glow of a distant flame. They were beautiful.

And yet, there was something a little disquieting at seeing a pair such as this in such an intimate setting. They were, after all, sworn and bound adversaries.

The fairer of the two, whose almost-colorless hair flamed against alabaster skin, gave the impression of being in control as he entered the other from behind. The dark locks that adorned the other clashed against the breadth of fair skin, marring the vision's almost statuesque quality.

The shrouded figure stepped backwards until his heel touched the wall behind him and uncharacteristically slumped against it, enraptured by the erotic diversion playing out before him.

The fair boy, relishing in his dominance over the other, sank into his partner until he was fully engulfed. Impassioned tenor tones sounded terms of encouragement as the boy slowly pulled his length out centimeter by agonizing centimeter before driving home again.

The dark-haired boy bent slightly at the waist, supporting himself against a stone statue. He raised a foot onto its base allowing the fair one better access. They made quite a pair, light and dark, all length of arms and legs and other hardened appendages slowly disappearing and reappearing from flesh.

He could not ignore the burgeoning awareness in his nether regions as his cock grew harder and longer inside its confines, drawing a rather distinct outline against his robes. Content in his concealment, he let his long digits manipulate his length through his clothing, rubbing the tip in small circles with his thumb as the remaining fingers squeezed and pulled.

Across the hall the boys keened and crowed quietly to one another as their movements quickened beyond their control. The fair boy reached around to grasp the other boy's plump shaft, mimicking his thrusts with his hand and whimpering in his lover's ear.

Discarding all pretense, the hidden man blindly opened his robes and trousers to release his turgidity. No longer a domineering character but reduced to his base male nature in the need to free his pent-up frustration.

The boys separated and turned to face each other, their physical needs not having yet been met. Flames danced across the spectacles of one while the other brushed a thatch of hair from his sweaty forehead. Breathing came in raspy fits and starts as their eyes bore into the other's soul, their apparent enmity quite forgotten.

The dark haired boy pushed his companion to the convenient statuette raising a foot to the place his own had most recently vacated. He seized the fair boy's swelling organ and reached beneath with the other hand to prepare the way of his intention. Not wanting to waste a moment, he replaced his finger with his waiting cock, looking very much as if he were fucking a schoolgirl against a wall.

The groans and wails coming from the boys were hushed as were the grunts coming from the voyeur in the corner as he roughly pistoned his hand over his own tool. He watched and worked as he fucked his hand in tandem with the boys' actions.

The boys gained purchase by placing their hands on each other's shoulders. One cock pumped furiously in and out of the other's pale arse while the other cock rubbed and rolled between their two bodies. Overcome with passion, their eye contact broke and their lips locked.

Nerves frayed to the bare minimum, a surprisingly soprano moan almost went unnoticed by the man hidden in his alcove. His instincts came to the fore but still he indulged in his self-pleasure. Reaching down with his left hand, he met something hard as stone yet smooth as silk.

With one swift flick of his wrist the invisibility cloak was removed leaving a very exposed and very aroused girl sitting on the cold stone floor with one hand up her skirts working away very much in the same way his own hand was. He groaned and let his head fall back against the wall. Of course, he should have guessed, where there was one you would invariably find another.

Still, his discovery did nothing to dampen his eagerness to bring his efforts to conclusion. Watching his prize student finger-fuck herself only served to strengthen his resolve. He reached down once again and drew her to her feet. Her ragged breath and unfocused gaze was all the consent he needed. Positioning their bodies so they could both watch the coupling of the two boys, he impaled her upon his long, stiff knob.

He rode her mercilessly, her tight passage convulsing around him repeatedly as if she were in a continuous state of orgasm. Her eyes gave away the ecstasy she felt at being so thoroughly satisfied, at being so totally filled. She clutched at his open robes and pulled him closer, claiming his mouth as her body claimed his cock.

The two couples copulated vigorously, each taking their pleasure from the other without reserve. Their mouths fought with actions, not words as was so often their way. Their bodies pulled emotions born of hatred and transformed them into lust and mutual desire.

Finally a low primal growl escaped the dark boy's lips. He threw his head back as he bucked his release into the body of his mate. A fountain of hot semen simultaneously left the tortured cock of the boy he was fucking, coating both of their chests.

The boys' consummation had not gone unnoticed by the unlikely pair in the corner. Strangled cries and low growls accompanied the mind-numbing building of pressure in their loins as they exploded around and inside each other, both collapsing to the floor in exhausted gratification.

In the darkened nook where each had sought a private perspective of events, she lay with her ear against his chest listening to his madly beating heart and frighteningly irregular breathing as she fought to steady her own. His hands twined around her svelte body and through her curling tresses as if he had no intention of relinquishing his hold on her.

They remained that way for the better part of an hour and eventually noticed that the objects of their arousal had long since gone, leaving them quite to themselves. He sighed as he guided her to her feet, rearranging his clothing as she did hers.

One long finger slipped under her chin and tilted her face to meet his impenetrable gaze. There was a softness in his eyes foreign to her, where usually the obsidian orbs cut like glass. He leaned down and placed a lingering kiss on the top of her head, inhaling deeply as if trying to imprint this memory in his mind forever.

In a majestic swirl of robes, he turned and strode away, the darkness swallowing him whole.

The Head Girl took a deep shuddering breath and silently traversed the abandoned halls back to her rooms alone.

2. Lust and Consequence

Chapter 2 of 2

One night is never enough.

NOT A WORD

Chapter Two: Lust and Consequence

Sharp slivers of sunlight stabbed through the dense squares of glass as dawn broke over the distant hills. The Head Girl allowed herself to savor the mesmeric patterns of fractured spectra slow-dancing across the ceiling, floating in a state of serene semiconsciousness.

As her reverie slowly deteriorated, piecemeal images from the previous night played back like fragments of a film. Her head felt out of focus as if it had all been a dream, but the throbbing retaliation of her muscles pushed any lingering doubt from her mind. She had shagged her professor.

The shocking scenes of the last few hours wreaked havoc with her thoughts. This was what happened when you let your curiosity get the better of you. A carelessly discarded invisibility cloak had proven too great of a temptation.

Maybe it was fate. Except, she did not believe in a predetermined existence.

Discovering her best friend's predilection was a bit of a blow only because it had been completely unexpected. But his choice of bedmate had been utterly traumatic.

She had been wholly intent on withdrawing from the distasteful display that she nearly collided with the darkness that had coalesced beside her. There had been nothing left to do but observe as the accustomed decorum normally exhibited by her professor fled in her place.

Before her very eyes his carefully wrought demeanor wore away revealing the potency of his masculinity. It was an aspect of him she had never before considered. He drew the desire out of her like blood, a hot pulsing need that coursed through every vein. Her will shattered thousandfold as her flesh answered its primal call.

That she was discovered seemed ordained. Perhaps she should reconsider her staunch ostracism of destiny. He satiated her so thoroughly, she felt as though she would never feel empty again.

Yet not a word had been said. A thousand words could not do justice to what had passed between them. And she felt content with that knowledge. It was right.

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The cacophony of the Great Hall was caustic to her senses, but her mood was impervious to the din surrounding her. Two boys in particular seemed intent on breaking her solitude but not even the small twinges of betrayal she felt when she looked at the tousled dark-haired boy could wear away at the peacefulness in her soul.

Perplexingly, she found herself simultaneously wounded and healed. Two men who turned out to be the opposite of what she had believed them to be. One, her best friend, who chose to secretly consort with a boy who never failed to demonstrate his superiority. The other, her Cimmerian-souled professor, whose touch was like a balm to her bruised spirit.

That very same man sat oblivious to the ramblings of his peers, trying to stomach some semblance of a breakfast and gather his wits about him so he could face the daily onslaught of thick-headed, learning-challenged twits. His fork chased his breakfast about the plate like an errant seeker never quite catching the prize. Eating had become an extraneous exercise and he found he lacked the strength to actually bother with it.

A film of fine hair veiled his visage sufficiently, allowing his gaze to travel where it willed without being observed. He let his eyes search out the cascading chestnut curls of a certain Gryffindor. His fingers throbbed, longing to twine themselves in her tangled tresses.

Where his own appetite had failed, hers apparently was unaffected. Each spoonful that passed her lips was a form of exquisite torture. Never before had he envied a piece of cutlery so fervently. His lips burned as he savored the memory of her willing mouth on his.

The tightness growing in his groin served to remind him where he was. Disgusted that he could manage to become stiff in the presence of his addlebrained charges, he swept his robes around him and stalked out the side door.

The object of his ardor watched his brisk but silent retreat. She yearned to follow but she dare not.

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The day crept along so slowly he feared for a brief moment that he had been the unlucky recipient of a prank involving a time turner. The long-awaited afternoon brought with it the usual gaggle of seventh year Gryffindors and Slytherins and he let his eyes feast on the catalyst of his physical suffering.

Time skidded to a halt as her eyes met his. His breath constricted in his chest as he searched for recognition of the intimacy that had passed between them, suddenly in desperate need of some sort of confirmation. A hint of hesitant hopefulness betrayed his carefully schooled indifference.

The fleeting vision of vulnerability her professor exhibited solely for her benefit sent warm tendrils of pleasure to her very center. Her heart skipped and sank into her stomach. Her pupils inflated in response to the unspoken communication. The world lurched back into motion and she had to grip the stony surface of the table to steady herself.

With great difficulty he averted his gaze. His heart slammed against his ribcage recklessly. Having reconstructed his pretentious façade, he commenced his customary criticisms.

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Long limbs traversed the length of the perpetual passageways, savoring the dark over the light as was his wont. He swept the silence with his sharp senses, selfishly seeking the sweet spoils of his earlier indulgence. Previous purposes be damned.

The moonlight seduced her silhouette as she leaned into the night, the breeze tousling her tresses. The image impugned him as he spied her from below, his body inadvertently answering her silent summons as he ascended.

She had retreated to her sanctuary. The catharsis of climbing flight after flight of stairs had proved to be unobtainable. A current of air caressed her body, combing through her curls, striving to soothe her hesitant heart. She succumbed to the slight pleasure it afforded.

Her body longed to feel his lithe fingers play her, his luxurious lips enslave her, his manhood assuage her, to fill the hole he created when they last parted. Tears of desperate need threatened behind her lustful lids.

Then hands both gentle and harsh claimed her hips and drew her backward against a body hardened by years of experience. His sophisticated scent assaulted her senses as he greedily fed at the flesh of her neck. Her head tilted back, inviting more.

The sweet nectar of her skin tantalized him, heightening his awareness. He felt the pressure growing in his groin and he ground it into the small of her back in small circles as he feasted upon her essence. His building desire burst from his lips in a strangled cry. He felt fragmented, a piece instead of a whole, and in her he saw the finishing piece of the puzzle that was his life.

His deft digits found purchase beneath her robes, delving into her damp depths, drawing out her unadulterated desire. With his other arm he pulled her close against his body, willing her to feel his want for her. The motion of his hips mimicked those of his fingers as he plunged them into her wet core. She wept as she reached her arms back to grasp his head and turned her neck to meet his kiss.

His lips melted as they met hers, searching for something deeper within. He sobbed into her mouth as their tongues twined and twisted, soothing and embracing each other as if weren't quite enough. His fingers, his arms, his mouth possessively enveloped her body as she was drawn higher and higher, losing all sense of time and space, and then crashed back into his frame as her muscles seized and quaked against his relentless strength.

Her limbs trembled as she pulled away from his grip and turned to face him. His avian features were made harsh by the angle of the moonlight. She placed both hands on either side of his face, letting her fingers roam over his cheekbones, her thumbs running over the fullness of his mouth, relaxing him with her gentle touch.

Her lips brushed over the irresistible rift between his eyebrows as he gazed back at her under heavy lidded eyes devoid of all animosity. She got lost in his pupil black stare. All the passion he usually spent in anger was now focused upon her in a wholly different way and it wound up tight in her belly.

He watched as her reserve cracked and he could sense the impending inquisitorial onslaught. He touched a finger to her lips and pleaded with her silently. The tender gaze he afforded her seemed to be enough and she slowly tilted her head toward his to taste his lips.

He was soft at first, uncharacteristically allowing his heart to communicate the depth of his feelings through his kisses. Then he grew harder, more insistent. Their tongues battled for dominance through their labored breathing. He was hard against her stomach as her hands reached to unfasten the buttons on his trousers. Mission accomplished, she reached inside and massaged his member through the silk of his undershorts.

He groaned as his sensitive sheath thrust against her palm. His length throbbed uncontrollably, a sticky spot seeping into the fabric that separated him from her touch. Her fingers slid down to gather beneath his balls, squeezing slightly and skillfully slipping to probe what was behind. He wanted nothing more than to release his pressure right into her hand, but held out for a more satisfying conclusion.

Suddenly he picked her up and set her on the windowsill, the luminescence of the moon creating a halo about her head. He pushed her knees apart, hitched her knickers in the crooks of his thumbs and yanked them off in one swift motion, letting them flutter to the floor forgotten.

Stepping back slightly, he let his pants drop to his ankles, watching her reaction as she gazed longingly at his generous girth. She spread her legs wider in anticipation, exposing her exquisitely engorged folds. Her body yearned to have him deep inside.

He closed the distance and let the point of his stiffness rest at her opening, relishing in the anticipation of the ultimate consummation. Unable to withstand such idleness, she grabbed his buttocks and forced him to penetrate her. That one simple act nearly destroyed his composure.

For a fleeting magical moment they remained thusly. Her eyes closed and her head tilted back as he stretched her to her limit. His head tilted forward, brushing his long locks across her cheek as he felt her crushing confines. In that instant they became whole.

Deliberately, he drew out of her only to dive back in, repeatedly replenishing her before she felt his absence. She felt his width as well as his length and grasped at him with her inner muscles, causing him to moan and shake. He fought for control but knew he was losing the battle.

Adjusting his angle he thrust in deeper, causing her to scream as he hit a spot deep inside that lit her entire body on fire. His fingers rode low on her hips, pulling her to him as he thrust hard. He reached one hand between them and let his thumb circle her hard nub as he leaned back and drove into her more forcefully.

She panted as the sensations overwhelmed her. Desperate for more contact, she ripped at her robes and tore her shirt open. Her fingers sought the hardness of her nipples and she twisted them in time with his twirling thumb. Delighting in her wanton display, he sucked and bit at one while she tortured the other.

Without warning, her legs tensed around his waist as she brought her hips higher, climbing towards her release. He let out a low drawn-out growl as he thrust in hard once, then twice, then a third time before he felt her shatter and quiver around him, wearing away the last vestiges of his control. He exploded into pieces inside of her, thrusting in hard and deep, his ejaculate emanating from the depths of his soul and entering her throbbing womb, wanting it to last forever.

While the last of the shudders shook their bodies, he gathered her into his arms and held her close. He kissed her hair then turned her head and kissed her eyelids, her nose, her distended lips. She basked in this rare show of affection in the afterglow of their mutual pleasure.

She held him within her even as he grew soft, not wanting to let him go, not wanting to give him back to the depths he had ascended from, not wanting him to leave her like he had the last time. She pleaded with her eyes and pulled him closer with her thighs. He gazed down at the girl squirming in his arms and chuckled softly as he gently removed himself from her folds.

She made no move to cover herself so he quietly refastened her robes and replaced her knickers before he started on the buttons of his own clothes. He never let his eyes wander from her downcast face. He finished and stood before her until she looked up into his eyes, the angst of imminent separation apparent on her angelic face.

A gentle smile spread from his lips to the creases in the corners of his eyes as he placed a palm on the side of her face. For a brief moment her eyes closed as she leaned into his touch. When they opened he saw the tears at the rims ready to fall. An unexpected warmth spread throughout his entire body. Taking her hand in his, he stood and pulled her to her feet.

"Come," he spoke so softly she thought it had been her imagination.

But then he was tugging her hand, imploring her to follow as he guided her between the shadows to the dank dungeons below.

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