

You Know Where to Find Me

by morgaine_dulac

A night of passion that might have changed everything.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The front door had been unwarded when he arrived. And so Severus had entered Malfoy Manor without being asked inside. He had announced his visit after all. But Lucius had most likely something more important to do than meeting with the Head of Slytherin. He was probably off shagging some seventeen-year-old somewhere.

Severus gritted his teeth. Lucius' escapades were exactly the reason why he had come to see him. The stylish wizard had been flirting shamelessly with one of the female Slytherin seventh-year students at the Yule Ball. And since then, the girl had received at least one owl a day, had been showered with gifts and jewellery. As her Head of House, Severus had found it prudent to intervene. But the girl was too smitten with the charming, blond-haired wizard to listen to any reasoning and lectures about morality. Severus couldn't blame her. She was young, and Lucius Malfoy was known to have talked both older and wiser witches out of their knickers.

That was why Severus had decided to talk to Lucius in person. He was going to tell him that it was outright indecent for a school governor to be involved with a student, no matter if the student in question was of age or not. But it seemed as if Lucius did not feel like having that discussion.

Severus was just about to leave Malfoy Manor again when he heard the rustling of silken robes and delicate footsteps on the stairs.

'Lucius, is that you?'

He turned on his heels and answered the lady of the house: 'No, Narcissa. It is I.'

She was as beautiful as ever. Her long blond hair was falling loosely over her shoulders. Her dress accentuated the soft curve of her hips, her breasts. And her lips were of the softest pink colour.

'Severus, to what do we owe the pleasure?'

Always so formal, always the perfect wife and hostess. But then her smile faltered. 'Is Draco okay?'

'Yes,' Severus replied. 'Draco is just fine. It is your husband you should be worried about.'

'Has something happened?'

'Not yet.'

He clenched his jaw and considered for a second if he should tell her. But then he decided that she had every right to know.

'I have reason to believe that your husband is at this very moment seducing one of my students.'

Had she been the wife of another man, Narcissa would probably have reacted differently. But she was the wife of Lucius Malfoy, known for her perfect manners and tact. And so she just raised a questioning eyebrow.

'I beg your pardon?'

'Do you not believe me, Narcissa?'

For a split second, Severus thought that he saw a shadow pass over her face, but Narcissa regained her composure remarkably quickly.

'Who is this student?' she asked in an impassive tone.

'The youngest daughter of one of the oldest wizard families in Britain,' Severus explained. And to his surprise, he saw Narcissa pale.

'Vivianne,' she whispered.

Severus frowned. 'You know her?'

'She stayed with us last summer,' Narcissa explained, now clutching the banister. 'Charming girl. Lucius was very fond ...'

She broke off, and Severus noticed a spark of realisation in her eyes. And he felt sorry for her. Not enough that her husband was cheating on her, but he had even taken his mistress to his home.

'The girl is not to blame, Narcissa.'

Narcissa straightened and looked straight into Severus' eyes.

'I am not blaming her, Severus. It is in Lucius' nature to go for a younger model. Do you really think I have been married to him for this long and do not know that?'

Severus could almost taste her bitterness. It was dripping from her lips like venom and ate into his soul like acid.

'Lucius is a fool to even be looking at other women,' he stated. 'Why would he cast away a woman like you?'

He had always thought that. He had always hated Lucius for treating his wife like an expensive doll he could dress up and play with as he pleased.

'If you were mine, Narcissa ...' he started and reached out for her to take her by the shoulders.

A shudder went through her body, and she lifted her head to look at him.

'Oh, Severus, I have thought that many, many times.'

Her fingers felt soft against his cheek. And her voice was gentle as the spring breeze in the trees.

'Dear Severus ...'

He felt her press herself closer against him, saw her rosy lips part slightly. Oh, he wanted to taste those lips, had wanted to for so many years.

'If I were yours, Severus ...'

'If you were mine, Narcissa, I would bed you on roses,' he replied. 'But you are not mine.'

He saw her lips tremble before she lowered her head. And he thought he heard a stifled sob.

He cupped her chin with tender fingers and made her look at him again. And there were indeed tears shining in her eyes.

'Please, take me in your arms, Severus,' she whispered as the first tear made its way down her cheek. 'It's been so long. I ...'

He brushed off her tears and pulled her towards his chest. And she clung to him, her body shaking.

'Things could have been so different, Severus.'

Yes, they could have been. If he had not been a half-blood and she not a daughter of the ancient house of Black, things could indeed have been different.

'There is no point crying over spilled potion, Narcissa. We cannot change what has passed.'

Despite his cold words, he held on to her, felt her running her hands down his back, over his expensively-tailored frock coat. And he was surprised how his body reacted to her touch.

He drew her closer, let his own hands wander over her back, over her hips. And as she moved her head, their lips came so close that he could feel her warm breath.

Their kiss was careful at first and tender. But before Severus knew it, his tongue was exploring Narcissa's mouth and there were soft moans escaping from her lips. She tasted so sweet, and her breasts felt firm and heavy against his hands.

When her hands brushed his manhood through his heavy robes, he moaned but pushed her away.

'Narcissa ...'

'I want you, Severus,' she breathed. 'Every fibre of my body is yearning for your touch.'

'Not here, Narcissa,' he said and groaned as her hand once more caressed him. 'Not here. I will not be taking you here in the hallway like a cheap prostitute.'

And without any more words, she took him by the hand and pulled him up the stairs.

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She led him into an opulent silver chamber, filled with dark wooden furniture and a huge bed draped with silver curtains.

'This is my room,' she whispered.

'I see.'

He spun her around and kissed her deeply, his tongue massaging hers, his fingers skilfully undoing the lace at her chest.

'I've always wanted you, Severus,' she panted between kisses. 'And I want you right now.'

When her fingers gently caressed his bulge through his robes, he thrust his hips forward and moaned. His lips found her throat, and he elicited the most delicious sounds from her as he kissed the sensitive flesh.

Garment after garment landed at their feet. And when her hand cupped his balls, he grabbed her shoulders and pushed her onto the bed. His lips latched onto her erect nipple, and she arched up against him as he let his tongue twirl around it. His hand slid down over her stomach and in between her legs. And he found her to be warm and wet and ready for him to take her.

'This is not about making love, I hope you realise this, Narcissa,' he said, looking in her eyes, his voice hoarse and raspy. 'I will take your body, and you will take mine. It will happen, and afterwards we will have to forget about it.'

'I know, I know,' she panted, arching up to cover his face with hot kisses. 'Let us have this night of pleasure, Severus. Let us have what we have been denying ourselves for years.'

He positioned himself between her thighs and buried himself inside her with a deep growl. He heard her gasp and withdrew slowly, oh so slowly, just to slide into her again inch by inch.

'Oh gods, Severus,' she whimpered.

And he pulled out of her, almost completely. With just the tip of his cock inside her, he hovered for a moment, looking into her eyes. And then he thrust into her with all his might.

'Oh, Severus, yes. Yes!'

She wrapped her legs around his waist, and he picked up speed, burying himself up to the hilt inside her with every thrust.

'Narcissa,' he panted. 'Are you ... a potion ... did you?'

'No need ... can't have any more ...'

Her explanation was interrupted by a deep moan, and Severus bumped harder, moved faster. He felt a tightening in his balls, wanted to spill himself inside her. He was ready, oh so ready. But then the feeling was suddenly gone.

'Narcissa,' he breathed. 'I am sorry. I cannot ...'

He never could. He did not know why, but he never reached his peak with a woman. Never had, not since ...

He moved his hand between them and started rubbing Narcissa's clit with deft fingers. He heard her gasp, felt her buck up against him and increased the pressure.

'Oh gods!'

Slowly he slid inside her again, his fingers still on her clit.

'Yes, Narcissa,' he murmured into her ear. 'Come for me.'

When her body went rigid, he thrust into her to the hilt, felt her muscles contract and clench him tightly.

'Severus!'

He covered her flushed cheeks with soft kisses and looked into her eyes.

'Are you alright, Narcissa?' he whispered as she stopped shaking.

'Dearest Severus.' She smiled and brushed a streak of hair from his face. 'I have never been better.'

Then her smile faltered and gave way for a look of concern. 'But love, are you ... not satisfied?'

He kissed her once more and rolled off her to stand. For a moment, he closed his eyes.

'It is not you,' he said with a deep sigh.

Narcissa got up from the bed and wrapped her arms around his waist. 'Sweet Severus ...'

'I am not sweet, Narcissa. Nothing about me is sweet.'

He pulled on his robes and picked up her skirt from the floor.

'You are too harsh on yourself,' she said as she took her garment from him. And her hand brushed softly against his.

'Narcissa?' he asked, his eyes locking onto hers.

'Yes, Severus?'

'What makes you stay with him?'

For a split second, he saw a shadow darken her eyes before she lowered her gaze.

'I would have nothing else, Severus. No family, no home ... I would be a social outcast.'

He reached out to take her hand and placed a soft kiss on her knuckles.

'You are a strong woman, Narcissa.'

'No, I am not. I am weak and foolish. If I were strong, I would never have married Lucius in the first place.'

'That decision was not yours to make, was it, Narcissa?'

She shook her head, and for the second time that evening, there were tears running down her cheeks. And once more, Severus dried them off.

'If you ever need help, Narcissa,' he whispered. 'If you ever need anything, you know where to find me.'

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And she did come to find him.

Only five months later, Narcissa Malfoy turned up at his doorstep at Spinner's End, her face pale and her eyes red from crying. She begged him to protect her son, her only child. And Severus sank to his knees beside her and took the Unbreakable Vow.

He did it not because Dumbledore had asked him to. He did it not to protect Draco. Nor did he do it to protect Harry Potter. He did not do it to bring the Dark Lord one step closer to his downfall.

But he did it for *her*.

This little story is the result of a chat between star_girl and morgaine_dulac on November 27 2008.

Our main topic that evening: how come Snape took the Unbreakable Vow with Narcissa so willingly? Is there something JKR did not tell us about the two?

Naturally, we own nothing of this. Everything you recognise is owned by JKR.

We'd love to hear your thoughts though. Do you buy our little theory?