

Following His Lead

by juniperus

Quid pro quo.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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He stepped through the threshold of his bedroom with a sigh and closed the door. He paused as his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness.

A rustle from the direction of the bed.

What the...

"You weren't at dinner," a female voice whispered.

Oh.

"*Lumos!*" he spat and glared in the direction of the bed as he strained to see what hid in the shadow of the canopy. All candles, save the one over his bedstand, had been removed.

Interesting...

"Nor had you been at lunch," she continued. "Surely you didn't wish to leave me with the impression that you were ~~avoiding~~ hearing my terms... After all, I *did* keep up my end of the bargain, did I not?"

He continued glaring. They both knew the answer to that question; there was no point in answering.

"Spit it out then! Felix Felicis? Amortentia? A lust potion, perhaps?" His voice was low and menacing.

"I prefer to make my own luck, I know very well what Amortentia would smell like for me... and believe me, I certainly ~~do not~~ require lust potion. Merlin, Severus! Are you blind or just foolish? A less stubborn woman might have given up long ago."

Once again the soft rustle, and the owner of the voice rolled into view.

Naked. In his bed. Between his sheets. Grinning wickedly.

"I have *never* been accused of lacking stubbornness, however."

OH!

His eyebrows shot up as she slowly shifted and the sheet slipped to the side.

Well, that is, his eyebrows and... *another* part of his anatomy.

"I'm *waiting*...," she purred.

He divested himself of his clothing as quickly as his dignity would allow and then stood, naked and erect, and stared at the bed with a smirk on his face.

Her eyes raked over his form before she crooked her finger and gestured him forward.

Not that he needed the encouragement – and his cock was already pointing the way.

I believe these are terms I can live with. He began to slowly cross the room towards the bed.

With every step it nodded its head, agreeing with his assessment. *Good man.*

As his thighs bumped the edge of the mattress two hands reached out of the shadows – one grasped his wrist... the other, his cock.

The rest of him followed. He was content to allow it to lead the way – it obviously knew where it was going.