

Redemption

by teshara

Scorpius/Rose – From first meetings to happily ever after.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Everyone had been stunned when Scorpius kissed Rose.

Kissing her in front of the school was like kissing her in front of the world. His imagination made him hear the flutter of a hundred owls' wings flying from Hogwarts, out into the world, to be finally judged and whispered about by the world at large.

He hardly cared. He was leaving the school. The time for secrecy was over. If he didn't act now, anything could happen.

He followed it up by giving her a ring, a small gold band with a moonstone, her favorite, in it.

It was a promise ring, of course. As much as Scorpius knew she was the one for him, he knew his mother would tell him they were too young to make that kind of decision and, to be quite frank, he was more than a little scared of her father.

Rose had assured him that her mother would think it was terribly romantic and calm him down, and she had.

His father, to his astonishment, had cackled like a madman, tears running down his eyes and his normally pale skin flushed a disturbing shade of pink. *"Good luck! If you're going to muck about with that lot, you'll need it!"*

It had started when they both stayed at school over the winter holidays his sixth year. He had found her in the library reading a book for pleasure. Unfortunately, it was a book that he needed for a project.

His first instinct was to demand she hand it over, but after a glance at the notes she was keeping, he had changed his mind.

"Who takes notes on pleasure reading anyway?" Scorpius asked of her with a perfect, white-blond eyebrow.

"They're pleasure notes," Rose said, deadpan, looking at him as if he were dim.

They had spent the holiday with their heads side by side, buried in one book or another.

Rose explained how her parents had gone to Turkey to examine artifacts this holiday. How her brother had gone off to a friend's. How she had declined invitations from her cousins so she could take advantage of having the library to herself.

Then she had giggled and had shifted her position so she was sitting ever so much closer to him, her wild, bushy head of cinnamon curls barely brushing his cheek.

Scorpius had put an arm around her, resting his hand lightly on her hip.

She had flushed prettily and had put her hand on his knee.

His own parents had gone on a Muggle cruise, leaving him to choose between spending the holidays with his grandparents and staying at school. The appeal of having a library to himself had coaxed him away from his grandparents' manor with its rows of holly and silver ornaments, tables piled with food, and singing house-elves.

Grandmother Malfoy had been disappointed, but his grandfather had sent him a letter telling how studious he was and how he did the family name proud. Grandfather had gone into mourning the day the Ministry had come and confiscated his library after the war.

Grandfather was also unaware that Scorpius, although pursuing a career in experimental Transfiguration, had a fascination for Muggle studies that Rose swore was only rivaled by Arthur Weasley.

Instead, the young pair spent their evenings down in the dungeons, scouring over both ancient tomes and newer books on experimental research. Then one night, she had kissed him.

The next few nights were spent on the couch in the Slytherin common room, their arms and legs tangled up as their inexperienced kisses became feverish, their gentle touches more desperate. One evening, she even allowed him to feel a small band of bare skin at her middle, exposed as her sweater rode up.

Rose expected him to reject her after the holidays (her mother hadn't raised a stupid girl), but to her surprise, she opened her Potions book to find a clover with a scorpion's stinger badly drawn on it.

To her further surprise, he didn't even pursue other girls to 'keep up appearances,' laughing at his classmates when they accused him of being gay, her own brother, Hugo, included.

No one had been more surprised when he had given her the ring and she had accepted.

Of course, Scorpius had followed up the ring gifting with a great show of marching up to Hugo in defiance.

"I'm not gay. I belong to your sister."

Hugo had just goggled at them until one of their cousins had led him away for a glass of water and a lie down.

Rose wore the ring on a chain around her neck, claiming it was safer there: away from Potions ingredients and potting soil from her latest project in Advanced Herbology.

He planned on going to Japan during her last year at Hogwarts, working under one of the best Transfiguration Masters in Asia. He said he'd be home for Christmas.

Scorpius had gone to her father's parents' house on Christmas Eve, and to Rose's embarrassment, her grandmother had knitted a Weasley jumper for him. Blue, with a red 'S' on it.

Scorpius had put it on at once and would never, ever, tell anyone it was because it made him feel like a Muggle comic book character.

Rose had accompanied him to Malfoy Manor on Christmas night, and had treated his grandparents as if she knew absolutely nothing about their family past, something Scorpius' grandfather seemed thankful for, for the first time in his life.

They had stolen a moment in the library. She had nearly wept at the empty shelves. The elves had kept the room immaculately clean and a few shelves had been restocked, but the room seemed like a tomb to Rose.

He had distracted her by capturing her mouth with his, running his hands up and down her body.

She had responded by casting a concealment charm and pulling his robes up.

Scorpius bit his bottom lip to remain silent as she got down on her knees in front of him and wrapped her mouth around his erection.

He leaned back on his grandfather's desk and dug his fingers into the hard wood. He felt her mouth slide down the length of his shaft and he wondered, desperately, how long he would be expected to last when he would actually be able to see her fucking him with her mouth.

He reached down and placed a hand on her head, trying to brush the curls from her face. They tickled as they brushed his thighs.

He didn't last long and he whispered frantically for her to move away from him.

She drew back and he felt his release, not knowing if he was hitting her, the floor, or anything else.

Rose muttered a cleaning spell before his eyes opened so he never knew.

He could feel her near him, and he ran his hand up her arm, to her shoulder up her neck to her hair, as he pulled her to him.

Their mouths met and he felt his body respond again.

He moved away from the desk and perched her on the edge of it. She helped him pull her robes up and she moaned as quietly as she could when he pushed two fingers into her.

Her fingertips dug into his robes as his mouth crushed to hers, opening and flicking her lips with his tongue.

"Fuck me," Rose had frantically whispered.

"Are you sure?" Scorpius had asked, fighting back the urge to hoist his robes up and plunge into her.

"I have never been surer of anything in my life," Rose had whispered frantically as she started fighting with his robes to get at him.

He had obliged by helping her with his robes, and she had helped him guide himself into her. To his surprise she had thrust herself against him, banishing all thoughts of gentleness from his head.

It hadn't lasted that long, only a few moments of thrusting, (teeth biting into robes, fingers tangled in hair and fabric) before Scorpius was spent again, but it had been done.

Once again she cast a cleaning spell, and he had the time to wonder if his legs were going to work properly anytime soon. He leaned on the edge of his grandfather's desk as he caught his breath and she dropped the camouflage spell.

Rose had laid her head on his chest, listening to the beat of his heart and he had run his fingers through her curls, something that annoyed her to no end, but she let it go this time.

"You belong to me," Rose whispered.

"I know." Scorpius chuckled. "Possessive little thing, you are."

She had held him tighter and he had kissed her on the forehead.

His grandmother had found them like that, holding each other in the darkness, when she had come to fetch them for eggnog, and she had beamed proudly in the darkness.

Weasley or not, her grandson was marrying a (technically) pureblooded girl from a family that was, and there was no doubt about it, becoming one of the most powerful Wizarding families in Britain. The Malfoys might make something out of themselves, yet.