

Lovers

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Chapter 1 of 1

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An ornate goblet fell on the stone floor, dropped by a careless hand, and rolled with a metallic clatter. In the complete quiet that followed, laboured breathing filled the air.

A shadow shifted at the far end of the chamber.

Severus had his eyes fixed on Lily, who was panting and moving towards him on the bed, extending her hand slowly. Trying to control the tremor of his own hand, he put his goblet aside, having not taken a single sip. When Lily's fingers brushed the skin in the opening of his shirt, delicately feeling the sparse hair there, Severus visibly trembled. Lily snatched her eyes from his chest to his face and tilted her head to the side, studying him carefully. After a long moment, during which Severus hadn't dared to breathe, she raised her hand to stroke his cheek before cupping it lightly.

Closing his eyes, Severus exhaled, letting her outline his cheekbones and superciliary arches, her fingertips leaving hot traces on his skin, gradually breaking his resolve. She knelt before him and took his face in both of her hands.

"I want you."

Severus momentarily snapped his eyes upwards to meet her gaze, but lowered them almost at once, whispering, "I know."

Lily's hands strayed lower, along his neck, to his shoulders, sneaking under his partially undone shirt. They trailed outwards along his collarbones, quickening Severus' pulse, but then they ceased their thrilling journey there, straining against the fabric. After a moment of hesitation, Severus unbuttoned his shirt all the way down, letting Lily push it off his shoulders.

Immediately her touch became urgent; she mapped the bones and muscles of his chest with greedy hands. Leaning in, she started to plant little kisses along his jaw, her hands moving to his back. Before she straddled his thighs, Severus could see her cleavage for a moment when the neckline of her simple shift fell forward. And it was only the beginning. As her breasts flattened against his chest, her weight over his lap woke up his cock, and her lips moved to the soft skin below his ear.

"Touch me," Lily pleaded in a low voice against his skin.

Severus realised that his arms were limp against his sides. He wound them around her waist, bringing her closer and eliciting a soft moan from her, then dragged the heels of his palms upwards along her back and neck until he had them buried in her hair. Massaging her scalp slowly with one hand, he felt the slick strands moving between his fingers while his other hand strayed down, cupping her buttock, unable to refrain from kneading the supple flesh possessively.

Lily's only answer was to grind against him and capture his lips with her own. The heat seeping through her shift combined with the shape of the body he was groping blindly were too much for him, and Severus groaned. Lily took advantage of it at once and slid her tongue between his lips, tilting her head and deepening the kiss. With his

mouth and arms full of her, Severus forgot everything. The thin fabric of her nightdress was suddenly too much, a barrier between his hungry hands and her bare skin. Feverishly, he fumbled for the edge and tugged upwards. Lily instantly disentangled from him and sneaked out of her shirt. She shook her head wildly, her red hair fanning around her shoulders, ending just above her nipples.

Her naked body in front of him, at hands reach, straddling him, left him breathless. As if it weren't enough, still kneeling, she ran her hands down her concave stomach, inevitably leading his eyes to the soft patch of curly red hair between her thighs. She then moved her hands upwards, cupping her breasts and lifting them slightly, looking at Severus imploringly.

"Touch me," she whispered again.

Severus cast the garment aside and leaned in, reverently touching her smooth skin, taking the heavy breasts into his palms, her hands slowly withdrawing from under his and then pressing them from above, asking him to not be shy with his touch. Brushing his thumbs briefly against her nipples, he took one into his mouth, flicking it with tongue until it obediently hardened under his ministrations.

"Yesss..."

Lily's moan woke him from his slow motion. He started to suck, his mouth insistent, and again his right hand roamed down to her buttocks, stroking the velveteen skin. This time his fingers dipped lower, past her puckered sphincter until he found a bush of hair. Lily shivered and gasped into his ear, clutching at his shoulders. Letting go of her nipple, Severus ran his finger along her delicate, wet lips. He caressed her pussy for a moment, trying to prevent Lily from lowering herself onto his fingers by holding her tight at the waist. She started to wriggle, and Severus conceded, dipping his fingers into her wetness.

Lily moaned again, and he caught her mouth, kissing her hard and swallowing the little sounds she was making as his fingers slid deeper. Suddenly, Lily started to push violently against his chest, trying to get free from his grip. Panting, he let go with reluctance, eyeing her warily. With trembling fingers, Lily reached for his fly and started to unbutton his trousers. Severus brushed her hands aside, stood up and quickly shed his remaining clothes.

The cool air hit his damp and overheated cock, making it hard again after the moment of uncertainty. Lily stroked his hipbone briefly and lay on her back, her legs apart and bent at knees, her slit parted and glistening in the dim light of the candles.

She beckoned him with her hand, and Severus obeyed at once. He found himself unable to take his eyes from her entrance, offered to him unabashedly, and he crawled on the mattress. He sat on his heels between her feet, caressing her knee, dipping his fingers under it, into the delicate skin, kissing the side of it and then slowly going down the inside of her thigh, smelling her arousal. When his cheek met her pubic hair, he stopped briefly to take a look past her stomach and breasts to see her eyes dark with lust. Her hands were buried in the sheets, clamping them desperately. It was enough for him.

Severus lowered his head, this time directing his mouth straight to her core, kissing at first and then licking with increasing strength and speed. He still couldn't get a good access, so he parted her lips with his hands and then sucked at her clitoris. Lily's thighs clamped around his head and her hips jerked upwards. He kept on sucking until she was writhing on the bed and then pushed his tongue inside her, reaching upwards with one hand to pinch her nipple. Lily arched from bed, almost dislodging him from his spot between her thighs.

"Enough," she grunted. "I want you in me." She tugged at his hair, trying to make him listen to her.

Unwillingly, Severus obeyed, kissing his way up her body until his mouth found hers, and Lily kissed him deeply, stealing his breath. Her hands moved down his body to his penis, jutting out above her stomach, and she stroked him to full hardness.

"In me," she breathed, breaking the kiss and looking downward, directing his cock to her opening. Severus took himself in one hand and brushed the head of his cock against her slick pussy.

"Inside," Lily whispered, arching her hips again.

His cock slid in easily, stretching her willing body, going past her opening with just the right pressure to drive him mad, but not enough to slow his progress. They both exhaled loudly, as if surprised, and started to move, groaning at the delicious friction. Severus lay on her completely, feeling how her breasts shifted under his chest, up and down to the tempo of his thrusts. Lily locked her legs around the small of his back, bringing him even closer.

They kissed hard, with more teeth than tongue or lips, and Lily clamped her inner walls around him. Almost immediately, Severus felt his balls tightening. His thrusts became harder and longer. He stayed in her for a second each time before withdrawing for the new thrust in a desperate attempt to delay the impending climax.

Lily, however, wouldn't accept this slower pace and was trying to set her own rhythm, desperately thrusting her hips to meet each of her lover's thrusts. Soon enough, she began to spasm around him, throwing her head back and arching from the bed. Her fingernails left angry red marks where she had clutched at his shoulders.

Severus' restraint dissolved in a blink of an eye. He broke the kiss and raised himself so that he was kneeling, taking her hips in a vice-like grip. He held them above the mattress and thrust into her with ferocity. As Severus spilled inside her, the breath he'd been holding escaped him in one drawn-out, throaty groan. He didn't stop moving until his prick became completely limp. Exhausted, Severus lowered Lily onto the bed. She lay motionless on her back with her hands thrown at the sides of her head, her chest rising and falling in laboured breathing, her skin glistening with sweat.

Realising that he was dripping with sweat himself, Severus wiped his forehead with his arm and lowered himself to Lily's breast, caressing its underside, listening to their mingled heartbeats.

All of a sudden, his head was violently pushed away. When he looked up at Lily, he met her eyes narrowed in recognition and loathing.

"You!" she hissed. Punching him in the head and shoulders, wherever she could reach, she tried to disentangle from him wildly. Hurt flickered across Severus' face, but after a second, it assumed its usual mask-like, indifferent expression. He made no effort to shield himself from her blows.

He withdrew from her with a lewd sucking noise, his ears still full of her needy sounds and his mind imprinted with memories of her body pliant and willing under his hands. Lily sat up against the headboard, irrationally pressing the corner of the sheet to her chest, trembling. Severus noticed how his sperm and her own juices oozed from her slit.

He turned and sat on the edge of bed, sweat cooling on his skin, his limp prick glistening between his parted thighs. Rubbing at his face tiredly, Severus stood up with his back to Lily and wiped himself with the edge of the sheet, unable to look her in the eye.

"You'll never have enough, will you?" Lily was almost choking on her words.

"Now, this is simply ungrateful," a cool voice spoke from the far end of the room. A tall shape disentangled itself from the darkness. Lily gasped and froze when she spotted a white, bony face. Severus didn't even blink, calmly slipping on his trousers and shirt as Voldemort turned to face him. "Severus, next time add more southernwood. The effect ended rather too soon."

Severus looked up briefly as he did up his fly, and nodded his head. "Yes, my Lord."

Lily's horrified eyes darted to the nightstand, taking in the goblet standing there.

"So, that was it? A lust potion? You pathetic, worthless rag..."

Severus didn't respond, but Voldemort cut off her sound with one sharp hand gesture.

"He will try better next time, won't you, Severus? And you, little Mudblood, had no complaints when your pitiful beliefs didn't cloud your judgement."

"My Lord..." Severus started, raising his face to his master.

"I've heard enough, Severus. I brought you the present you'd wanted, and you were not enjoying it at all. I am hurt." Voldemort pressed his hand to his heart in a mocking gesture. "Don't you like it? Did I make a mistake by sparing this Mudblood's life?" His expression became malicious. "Or did I make a mistake giving her to you?" He stressed the last word carefully. "Do you realise that there's a number of others who are interested in her? Some of them have far more entertaining plans for her. I expect that Wormtail is outside the door right now, salivating at the mere thought of her."

Lily snapped her head towards the door, her face a picture of disgust mixed with fear.

Severus lowered his head and replied quietly. "No, my Lord. I am very grateful for your generosity. Once she comes to her senses, she will feel the same."

"It will have to be soon. My patience is wearing thin." Striding towards the door, Voldemort threw the last order over his shoulder. "Leave everything as it was."

"Yes, my Lord."

When the door had closed behind the Dark Lord, Severus turned to Lily, considering how to make her see his reasons. Before he could speak, she had spat at him.

"You should have died back then in the Shrieking Shack! If only James knew what he had done!"

Severus didn't rise to the bait. He had learned to ignore any mentions of his love's late husband. Dead people didn't count; they were as much use as "what-could-have-beens". The matter at hand was to persuade his Lily to behave reasonably. He knew there were far worse things that could be done to her, just not by him. A little more southernwood in her potion to satisfy his Lord wasn't too high a cost to prevent it from happening.

"Bellatrix Lestrange is dying to know if you will last as long as the Longbottoms did." Severus spoke in a low voice.

"I don't care!" Lily's shout reverberated on the bare stone walls.

"But I do." There was finality to his tone. Banishing everything in the chamber, Severus closed the door, leaving her alone in the darkness.

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