

Dances in the Dark

by Melenka

What happens in the closet stays in the closet - or so it is hoped.

A moment captured

Chapter 1 of 1

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Ginny raced down the hall and turned the corner just before the prefects hove into view. Their argument had followed her from the library where she most certainly should not have been at this time of night and along every twist and turn since. She whispered an apology, as if the tome she clutched might take offense at her sweaty grip. The prefects bore down on her, though they did not know it. She looked around wildly. The door at the end of the hall would not open for her, nor for any student.

"Sweet Merlin, I'm in for it now," she muttered as she searched for an alcove deep enough to hide her. Gargoyles and armor occupied the most promising. She was running out of options. Near the end of the hall, where she most certainly would be trapped, the edge of a door hung slightly askew. She didn't care what it opened onto. She darted inside and pulled it closed behind her. The latch caught, and the handle disappeared, taking with it the only sliver of light. In a panic, she ran her hands over the wall, searching desperately for a seam.

"Hellfire and damnation!" a voice hissed behind her. A boy's voice.

She reached for her wand. "*Lumos*." Nothing happened.

A labored sigh greeted her attempt. "Doesn't work in here, pet."

A chill crept over her as she recognized the voice. "Where, exactly, is **here**, Draco?"

"Weasley, is it? That's just grand," he huffed. "Welcome to hell."

"Not quite as hot as I'd expected," she returned. "Nor as cold, if you believe Dante. And you didn't answer my question."

"We are in a closet."

"Always thought you might be." She returned to examining the wall with her fingers. The door stubbornly refused to reappear.

"Did you?" he whispered in her ear. "Why spend so much time staring at me, then?"

"I didn't stare!" She had, of course. Something about him had changed over the holiday break, though careful examination had revealed nothing different.

"You're a poor liar." His breath caressed her neck.

She scrambled for something anything to help her ignore her pounding heart. "Why doesn't anything work in here?"

His hands came to rest on her hips, thumb tracing the exposed skin above the waist of her low-cut jeans. "I didn't say nothing worked. I said your wand is of no use."

"Why?" It came out too breathy to be a wail, but barely.

"If I knew that, I wouldn't be standing here."

With your hands all over me. She ought to tell him to bugger off. Or at least to stop tracing patterns on her lower back. Perhaps if she screamed, someone would find them. *And then what?* Detention, certainly. More, if she couldn't keep the book hidden. *Why is he touching me?* More importantly, why did she not want him to stop? He was a pig who hated everything about her. Except, apparently, the way her skin felt.

That wasn't good enough.

She stepped as far away as the small room allowed. "The door was open, or I wouldn't have been able to come in. Why didn't you leave?"

"It was open for you," he explained with more patience than she'd have expected. "From this side, it remained sealed until you came inside. And you closed it before I could stop you." The irritation in his tone provided some measure of normalcy.

"So we're stuck here until someone decides to open it?" she shrieked.

"Mmm hmm."

"That could take hours!" Her thundering heart redoubled its efforts to escape her chest. A chest to which he stood perilously close.

"Days, even." The little space between them narrowed. He smelled of amber and musk. "Whatever shall we do to pass the time?"

"Recite potions ingredients?" she offered with a squeak.

"What a very Granger-like suggestion."

"Do you have a better one?" It was out before she could stop herself from asking.

He backed her into the corner, slid his fingers through her hair, and kissed her. Thoroughly and with great concentration. For a wonder, she found herself kissing him back, knowing the whole time she should not. His arm encircled her waist, bodies meeting from thigh to chest. The stolen book dropped to the floor.

He trailed kisses across her cheek. "That's a start."

"And an end to it." She shoved him back.

He chuckled. "You didn't seem terribly opposed."

"Well, I've come to my senses." She felt her way along the wall and wondered why a closet would contain nothing at all.

"I have plans to engage all of those, if you'll let me."

She swallowed heavily, grateful he could not see the flush that crept up her neck to suffuse her cheeks. She would look much like the strawberry he'd called her when they were children. She did her best to ignore the tingling lower down.

"If you think I'm going to snog you in a closet, Draco Malfoy, you are very much mistaken!"

Another laugh. "I think you just did, and if I'm **not** mistaken, you rather enjoyed it."

She found she could not deny it. His footsteps drew closer. She side-stepped to avoid him and moved directly into his path.

He caught her as she stumbled, his hand warm on her arm. "You could again."

She cursed the darkness as he kissed her neck. His hair was silky, as she'd always thought it must be. She gave into temptation and threaded her fingers through it. He growled and seized her mouth, pressing against her, desire evident.

So, this is how I'll fall. She told herself she was making a terrible mistake, but her body refused to listen. Instead, she explored his arms, his chest, the tight planes of his stomach. The last made him gasp and break the kiss.

"If you ever breathe a word of this." She had no stock of clever words to finish the threat.

"I wouldn't."

She snorted. "The hell you say. You gossip more than the Patel twins."

"Not about this."

"Because it would ruin your reputation if your slimy friends found out you were snogging a Gryffindor. And a Weasley, at that."

"Better you than Ron," he said dryly.

The laugh burst out of her at the image so very wrong that arose behind her still closed eyes.

"I like your laugh, always have."

"You might have said," she sniffed.

"And have you turn it on me? I think not."

"If you find me so cavalier, why did you kiss me?"

"Because, pet, you are eminently kissable, and someone needed to get to it."

She stiffened. "So it was charity?"

He silenced her with his lips, not leaving off until she was nearly out of breath. "No, you idiot. It was opportunity. I'd hate to go to my death not knowing the taste of you."

"Planning to die anytime soon?" She made ample use of the 'opportunity' to explore his backside.

"One never knows," he whispered. "So forgive me if I take the time to live a little."

"You are forgiven." She nipped at his earlobe. "But if I hear one word of gossip about this, I'll kill you myself."

"You assume we will find a way out of our present situation."

Please, not any time soon. The silent prayer surprised her. Stern instructions to her legs to move had no effect. Similar railing at her brain to find an escape were summarily ignored. He had done what he'd promised - engaged her senses until she could not think beyond the moment - and if she failed to extract herself, he would do far more.

"You're trembling. Are you cold?"

Too hot is more like. She shook her head, then felt a fool. He could no more see her than she could him. Her mind, what was left of it, filled in the details as he wrapped his arms around her to take away the absent chill. A considerate Draco Malfoy was almost more than she could bear. She'd only ever seen brutality in him. There was nothing cruel about his next kiss. She gave up resistance, even the token sort, and let herself revel in the crush of his body against hers, the tangle of tongues.

"We need to stop." His voice was strained.

Her own ragged breath precluded an answer. He leaned against the wall, fingers entwined with hers as they shared the struggle to quiet raging hormones.

"A fat lot of trouble for one small squash." The door flew open.

Draco dropped her hand and inched away, the sudden light revealing a face set in studied boredom.

"It is a very particular type of pumpkin," Professor Snape intoned, as if the provenance of the small, orange vegetable resting in the middle of the floor should have been obvious. "I went to great trouble to secure it."

Ginny wondered how she'd avoided stepping on the pumpkin. It was far preferable to wondering what would happen in the next second, when the professor and Madam Pomfrey realized they were not alone.

Professor Snape narrowed his eyes as he regarded them, lips pursed in disapproval. "Draco. Miss Weasley."

"Professor." Draco gave a respectful nod. "Thank you for rescuing us. It's been a dreadfully dull evening."

Ginny's stomach gave a lurch at the harsh statement.

Draco did not acknowledge her presence at all. He shoved off the wall. "I've been stuck here for hours, and the one chance I had at release turned out to be a Weasley," he sneered. "So, of course, she botched the whole thing."

Snape looked Ginny up and down. "And how long have you been here?"

"Hard to say, as I don't know the time now. If this imbecile hadn't startled me, I wouldn't have leaned against the door. You can add my thanks to his that we won't be forced to keep company any longer."

"It's long past time you two were in bed," Madam Pomfrey said.

"I couldn't agree more." Draco sauntered past her. He turned his head and gave Ginny a sly wink. His retreat echoed in the empty hall.

Professor Snape retrieved the pumpkin, then turned to leave. He paused by the door. "I'll need that book in the morning, Miss Weasley."

"Yes, sir," she said meekly.

Madam Pomfrey held out her hand. "Come, child, I'll escort you to your common room."

Ginny clutched the book tightly as she followed the mediwitch up the twisting staircase. After the events of the evening, she was reasonably sure she had no need for love potions. She wondered why Professor Snape did.

A/N: Accidental prompt from voxangelis: who is snogging in the closet and who finds them? Suggestions - and the pumpkin - came from the rest of the lovely folks in chat tonight. My thanks to Karelia for the lightning fast beta.