

# And He Had A Peacock Quill

*by morgaine\_dulac*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Warning: Put all beverages aside and do not take this seriously.

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Molly's hands were actually shaking with excitement as she pushed the book towards Gilderoy Lockhart. Ah, to be so close to him! To actually be able to look right into those forget-me-not-blue eyes.

She had not dared hope that Mr Lockhart, *Gilderoy*, would even let her come near him after Arthur had disturbed the book signing by knocking Lucius Malfoy into a bookshelf. For almost half an hour, she had hovered right by the entrance of of Flourish and Blotts, Ron's copy of *Magical Me* clutched to her bosom, barely daring to glance in his direction. But when the last witch had left the book store, beaming, she had gathered all her Gryffindor courage and marched straight up to his table.

'Whom will I make this out to?' Gilderoy asked with a dazzling smile as he opened the book.

'G... Ginny,' Molly stammered. It was the first name that had popped up in her head. It did not even occur to her that this was actually Ron's book. She was too excited to think straight.

'Ginny,' Gilderoy repeated. 'And that would be short for what name?'

'Ginerva,' Molly breathed.

'Ginerva.' Gilderoy put his peacock quill to the page and started writing. 'To Ginerva, with love.' Then he handed the book back to Molly. 'A beautiful name for a beautiful witch,' he said, winking at her.

Molly blushed. 'Ginny is my daughter,' she brought forth.

'Daughter? Surely, you cannot have a daughter who is old enough to be able to read.'

Molly's cheeks went from pink to deep crimson. 'It's her first year at Hogwarts.'

'Oh no!' Gilderoy exclaimed, looking genuinely disappointed. 'I don't teach first-years.' Then he revealed once more two rows of perfect, white teeth as he smiled. 'Maybe that is for the better. If dear Ginerva has inherited her mother's looks, I might be too distracted to teach anyway.'

Molly could have slapped herself for the inane giggle that escaped her, but Gilderoy kept smiling at her.

'I would gift you with a copy of *Gilderoy Lockhart's Guide to Household Pests*, dear,' he announced. 'But for that, I would need to know your name.'

'It's ... it's Molly.'

'Molly.'

Molly almost swooned as he said her name. The M had never sounded so sensuous, the O never so ...

'It looks like I have run out of ink, Molly,' Gilderoy stated, ripping Molly out of her reverie. 'But do not fret. You will get your autograph, my dear. Why don't you come along to the staff room? I am most certain that we can find another bottle there.'

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She felt as if she were walking on clouds. No, not walking, she felt as if she were floating three inches above the floor. And she felt so tiny beside Gilderoy, so petite, so feminine. And he was so ... so manly! And the arm he had offered her was so muscular. Did she even dare imagine how the rest of his body looked like?

He guided her towards an armchair, and Molly whimpered disappointedly as he pulled his arm away in order to start his quest for another bottle of ink. However, when he bent over the desk to rummage around in the top drawer, Molly was compensated. That must be the most perfect arse ever beheld. Oh, to sink her teeth into it!

'Aha!' Gilderoy straightened up and produced a bottle of lilac ink. 'My favourite colour!' he announced. Then he took a seat and started to write.

Molly craned her neck. It was impossible that he just wrote To Molly, with love. He was taking far too much time for that. But she could not see, and soon she was distracted by the golden shine of Gilderoy's wavy hair.

'All done,' he finally exclaimed, flashing her with his perfect smile and beckoning her to join him. 'Come, Molly. Read.'

She tried to walk gracefully, she wanted to impress him. But after only a few steps, Molly tripped over the hem of her robe. And she would have crashed head first into the desk, had Gilderoy not caught her in his arms.

'Careful now, my dear,' he cooed. 'We would not want you to hurt yourself.'

He made sure that she was standing solidly on her feet again and then turned her towards the desk. 'Read,' he prompted her.

And Molly read: *To Molly, the which whose presence made my breath catch in my throat and my quill shake in my hand, thus enchanted was I by her beauty.*

'Oh, Gilderoy,' Molly breathed.

'What?' he asked ever-so-innocently and positioned himself behind her.

'You cannot write that,' Molly protested half-heartedly.

Gilderoy peered over her shoulder. 'Indeed I cannot,' he announced and reached around her to pick up his peacock quill.

Molly gasped. Surely, the hard object pressing against the small of her back must be his wand!

'I should write about your eyes,' he whispered into her ear. 'Your hair. And your curves.'

Molly's heart was now beating faster. Gilderoy's words made her head spin. His breath on her neck made shivers of pleasure go down her spine. And his peacock quill ...

She gasped as he caressed her throat with the edge of the quill, and as he traced her collar bone with it she moaned softly. This was the most exquisite sensation ever.

'All women should be like you, Molly,' Gilderoy whispered into her ear while his free hand carefully peeled her robe from her shoulder. 'I cannot stand to be surrounded by tall, slender, well-coiffed women who steal all the attention. Women like you are so much better for me.'

For a fraction of a second, Molly wondered if she should find his words insulting, but as he started caressing her now exposed bosom with his peacock quill, every coherent thought was driven from her mind. Moments later, she was whirled around and Gilderoy claimed her mouth with a passion Molly had seldom experienced. Before she knew it, she found herself lying on her back on the desk, with her legs dangling over the edge, Gilderoy kneeling between them, pushing up her skirts. And then there it was again, that heavenly sensation that made her whole body shiver with pleasure.

Molly moaned, loudly this time, and Gilderoy let the quill caress the back of her knees, the inside of her thighs and her very core. With a scream, she came undone right there in the empty staff room at Flourish and Blotts.

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'All done,' Gilderoy exclaimed, flashing Molly with his perfect smile and beckoning her to join him. 'Come. Read.'

He watched her as she bustled towards him. This time, she did not trip, but her cheeks were slightly more flushed and her hair a little bit dishevelled.

'To Molly Weasley,' she read aloud. 'Devoted mother and wife. May this book make life a little bit easier for her. Devotedly, Gilderoy Lockhart.'

She looked up at him. 'This is the most beautiful thing anyone has ever said about me. I am touched.' Then her eyes fell upon his peacock quill. 'This is the most exquisite quill I have ever seen,' she breathed.

Gilderoy picked up the quill and let it run through his hand. 'This quill is a dear friend of mine,' he explained. 'It has helped me out many times.'

*Like every time I found myself unable to satisfy a woman with my limp member* he added in his mind. But he would not tell Molly, of course. She would never know about his inability to rise to the challenge. It was always that way. And her screaming her husband's name while climaxing had not exactly helped.

He had Obliviated her before she had even realised what he had done to her. Just like all the other witches before her. Just like them, she would leave him, feeling just a tad happier than before and maybe wondering why her knickers were all damp. But she would blame his charming smile and dazzling good looks for that of course. Just like all the other witches.

And maybe, the next time she wanted him to sign a book, he would be able to charm her anew with the magic of his peacock quill.

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Written for my favourite librarian. She requested the following:

'Molly stays behind after Gilderoy's book signing at Flourish and Blotts, and he seduces her with his peacock quill.'

Hope you like it, sweetie.