

Not A Word

by luvsev

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Chapter 1 of 1

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'I want to dance, Sirius,' Lily said, kneeling in the grass beside him.

'Go and find James.' He continued to lie on the cold, hard ground, grass tickling his ears.

'You know he doesn't dance.'

'Remus, then.'

She stood up and looked at him briefly, his black hair spread out around him, and his rogue smile reached his dark eyes. She saw something there, affection, perhaps more, but it was gone in a blink.

'He's inside... pretending to ignore Severus. Besides, he's not—'

'He's not what?'

You she wanted to say. 'He doesn't like the music I want to dance to.'

'And you're sure I do?'

'Perhaps.' She let her hair down out of its messy chignon and shook it out, flaming red hair coming to rest just past her shoulders. 'Come on, indulge me just this once.'

Indulge her, I could. But not the way she wants... or maybe she does. She's not with James on their usual date night.

She bent to take his hands in hers, pulling him up. 'One dance. You owe me.'

'How's that?'

'Seventh year, you promised me a dance at the ball, and you never followed through.' She gazed at him with wide, sad eyes.

'And you remember me saying that after three and a half years?'

'I always remember promises, Sirius.'

'If that's the case, choose the melody.'

Lily waved her wand, and Dvorak's Serenade For Strings began with violins and cellos soon joined by violas, eighth and sixteenth notes pulsing out a rhythm.

'In order for us to dance, you need to touch me. I won't burn you.' She smiled wryly.

Burn? I already do. Touching you will mean further damnation. He pulled her close, his hands resting on her hips. Her breath, like the wind, soft and sweet, was on his neck. Suddenly, he realised that she was close enough to smell the aftershave on his cheek, and he paused for a moment to enjoy her touch, her heat.

'Is this close enough for you?' He brought her a fraction closer, his forefinger tilting her chin, making her heated, bottle green eyes focus on him.

For an answer, she whimpered, allowing him to continue speaking.

'Tempo di Valse; it's a waltz. You do remember how to waltz, don't you?'

The second movement, Tempo di Valse, opened in C sharp major with lilting, dance-like tones. Sirius took her hand in his and led her in a basic box step, moving with her on the conjured dance floor by the lake. He twirled her once, watching her soft, buttery yellow skirt drift up in the breeze.

Breathe. In and out at an even pace. Yes. Breathe as he is. Lily steadied herself in his arms.

When the piece ended on a lively note, Lily leaned in and pressed a kiss to the corner of his mouth.

'Lily, what are you doing?' he asked, his voice rising slightly.

'I would think it's obvious.'

'It is, but are you certain?' He backed away from her to put space between them. He did not want proximity to be a factor in her decision.

'Yes, more than anything.' She walked closer, trapping him against an old oak tree. She reached down to cup his length, which began to harden under her touch. 'You are, too.'

'How could I not be with a beautiful woman touching me?' He stroked her cheek with his thumb and then brought it across her lips. Her tongue darted out to tease him, and he chuckled. 'Not so fast, darling.'

She swallowed thickly as he kissed the hollow of her neck, gooseflesh appearing in the wake of his lips and clever tongue moving across her décolletage.

'Kiss me,' she moaned as he turned her, pinning her against the tree, protruding bark digging into her back.

He began slow and sweet, his lips barely touching hers when her fingers slid into his hair, her nails lightly scraping his scalp. It soon became a clash of duelling tongues and nipping white teeth biting into lips, devouring her mouth as he'd desired. His hands roamed her generous curves, cupping gently, coaxing little mewls to escape from her throat.

'Clothes. Off.' She managed to mumble while his hand was working its way into her knickers.

'It's too cold.' He dropped to his knees, lifting her skirt so he could duck beneath it.

'Ri-iiight,' she panted when he nipped at her damp folds through her knickers. 'More, please.' She tugged on his hair, urging him on.

He removed her underwear, allowing her to step out of them, and dragged his tongue along her slit; he revelled in her hot, slick depths, adding a finger into her channel. He wondered how she would feel gripping his cock.

She moaned louder when his tongue swirled around her clit. 'Mmm... I need to come, Sirius. Bite me!'

He bit down just enough to make her writhe. Once she came, he continued licking softly until she pushed him away.

'Too sensitive now. Kiss me instead?'

Sirius conjured a thick, forest green down blanket for them to lay upon by the lake, the moon casting an ethereal, silvery reflection on the rippling waves. 'You taste wonderful. Now, I understand why James won't let you out of his sight.'

'That's not the reason why,' she said, twining her fingers with his.

'Really?'

'The reason is irrelevant.'

'Lily...'

'Yes?'

'You'd tell me if—'

'It's fine, really. We're fine,' she said, the tone of her voice fading to a whisper.

Something about the restrained way she spoke put him ill at ease. Perhaps it was the war and the fact none of them were free, or perhaps it was something else... a lie.

'You'll not tell him about this, will you?' She rose to her knees and began to unbutton his trousers, her hand grazing his cock as she went.

'Not a word, milady.' He watched as she proceeded to take his cock into her mouth.

'Not a word,' she echoed.

A/N: Thank you to astopperindeath for stepping into beta. *snugglesquish*