

The Shrieking Shack

by black spot

Horror story. Ever wondered what happens in the Shrieking Shack that even the ghosts shun it?

The Shrieking Shack

Chapter 1 of 1

Horror story. Ever wondered what happens in the Shrieking Shack that even the ghosts shun it?

Disclaimer: If JKR could possibly publish more often and let the rest of us Muggles have her background notes, we wouldn't have to stoop to such levels of desperate imaginations.

THE SHRIEKING SHACK

She awoke. On the floor. Unable to move, she tried to peer through the gloom.

"She's alive," hissed the whispers coming from all around her. "Will she remain so? Too good to be done slowly." The whispers wrapped themselves around her, caressing her body.

"Can you feel her?" said one.

"Too innocent for my tastes. I like them more..." hissed another.

The bindings removed, she shot up and looked around terrified. A tall dark figure stood in one corner. His black eyes bore into her soul, causing her to shiver. She spotted the door and bolted for it.

"Not so quickly," murmured a voice, as she was thrown backwards, landing on the bed.

The bed was soft. It undulated under her body as she lay there. Rubbing her up and down slowly. The mattress moved ever so slightly. It appeared alive. Her buttocks were cupped and gently squeezed. "A good body," murmured a myriad of voices surrounding her. More than air swished over her body, ripping her clothes off thread by thread. "So good. So good..."

She wanted to sit up, but was constantly pushed back. The feelings weren't unpleasant, but, not knowing what was happening to her, she fought against her suppressors.

"Hush." The dark figure moved towards her. His face became clearer. A long nose almost shrouded in lank hair. Her focus in the dim light was strained as she tried to recognise her captor. 'Snape.' The realisation brought no comfort.

A hand snaked out and stroked a shoulder. She shuddered. The whiteness of her flesh gleamed in the gloom, luminescent. Helpless, she clawed the air in front of her, hitting nothing but wisps that dissipated on touch.

His head bent down and cold lips touched her warm full ones. As pressure was brought to bear, involuntarily her mouth slightly opened. His tongue flicked out. Her hands flailed against his body, trying to move his weight off her. His frozen lips moved down her neck.

Reluctantly, a groan escaped her lips, as a wisp barely touched a breast, then sped off. More joined in. As his mouth reached a nipple, the wisps played over her neck and cheek, and a couple wove their way in and out of her legs. "No," she whimpered as one snaked over her mound.

The sound of her voice hung in the air. Then with a whoosh, a veritable flurry of wisps unleashed themselves on her. Slowly her body began to dissolve into nothingness except feelings. Unable to move, she conceded defeat as a finger moved into her, teasing her clitoris, intensifying the tingling of her nerves.

As more fingers joined the first, dipping in and out of her wetness, she arched her back. The wisps entered the slight gap, wrapping her waist, swirling around.

Her legs were prised apart as Snape positioned himself between them. He brought his lips back down to her mouth, and she opened her lips, welcoming him. The wisps took over from his fingers, and he eased into her slightly sideways to give them room.

"Join us. Join us," they whispered, as the convulsions of her orgasm began. "Join us..."

In her heightened state, she managed a mumbled, "yes." The shudders began to subside, and she opened her eyes wide. She felt her breath being sucked out by Snape, as he came in a long shudder. He breathed out, his eyes shut in ecstasy, spilling the vapour from his mouth.

Soon she was free, looking down at the inert body that was once hers lying on the bed.

Snape rolled off and dressed. "Finish it," he said. "Eat." The body was torn, cell by cell. There was no blood, no mess... The body was simply no more.

The wisp of her that remained, tore around the room, with tormented shrieks.

"She said yes. They never learn," said Snape, as he wrapped his cloak around his person. "I'll have another one next week." He Disappeared.

The people sleeping in Hogsmeade woke up at the screams and shivered.

A/N: Thank you to Sinaz for looking over this with great detail.