

No Time

by windwings

My answer to the 'No Time' challenge at GS100.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: I own nothing. A sad little tale here, lovely readers.

~oOo~

On that first night, there was no time for foreplay. They came together after months of ridiculous, courtly dancing around each other, and suddenly, all those fretful nights of anticipation, and yearning, and frustrated sighs into lonely darkness seemed like a sufficient prelude. There was no time for leisurely exploration in their fevered rush to become one, so he went by his instinct, honed by years of dancing on the edge in attempts to please a master with the most whimsical tastes. There was no room for anything, only making love to her until she purred and fucking her until she screamed.

The following nights were pure languor. He relentlessly discovered all the kinks and foibles of her body and imprinted himself in her every cell. The necessity to feel her wrapped wetly around his cock was so intense that the hours when she was not in his bed (bent over his desk, pressed against his door) seemed like his personal version of privation. But there was no time for words. He had shifted to the traditional male fallback position of never bothering to tell her that there was more to it than mind-bending sex, and she never asked whether there was.

Their last night only spared them a few seconds for a kiss. Amidst the raging battle, she dragged him, cut open and bleeding, out of the curse range. No time to patch him up, she disillusioned him after covering his mouth with desperate lips and went back to Potter's side. He watched her deadly dance, illuminated by curses, in dream-slow flashes. There was time for a warning, but nobody to deliver it, and a bolt of green struck her in the back. With his last conscious effort, he willed his blood to flow out faster.

And then there was no time. Only floating and peace.