

Expecto Patronum

by *Celisnebula*

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"I can't believe you passed your N.E.W.Ts without knowing how to cast a proper Patronus!" Fabian complained as soon as she had entered his flat.

"It wasn't as if we had to actually cast it to pass—only practical knowledge of how to cast it was needed. You should know that; you took the same tests as I. It isn't as if the Dementors are wandering around the countryside, willy-nilly, now are they?" Emmeline huffed. "If it weren't for Dumbledore's bloody *brilliant* idea, then I wouldn't be here."

"It *is* a brilliant idea—who else would suspect we could convey messages that way?"

"I'm not disputing that."

"All right then... Let's start with the basics." He moved over to where she stood. "Now, think of something happy and then say the incantation."

Emmeline wrinkled her nose in concentration, pointed her wand at the wall, and then said "*Expecto Patronum*." Nothing happened. She let out a disappointed sigh.

"You need to use a good, *happy* memory!" Fabian exclaimed.

"I'm trying," she hissed, adjusting her stance. She deftly pointed her wand at the wall again and shouted: "*Expecto Patronum!*" Like before nothing happened.

"What memory are you using?"

Emmeline blushed and muttered something under her breath.

"I didn't quite hear that."

"I was using the memory of my first kiss," she said clearly this time, though her voice didn't go above a whisper.

"It must've been a pretty pitiful kiss if it couldn't elicit a proper Patronus."

"It wasn't—" she tried to protest.

"I think we need to remedy that," he said, effectively cutting off her words as he slid an arm around her waist. Emmeline let out a startled gasp and gazed up at him, her brown eyes going wide with surprise as he pressed her against the wall.

Fabian gave her a wolfish grin before dipping his head to ravish her lips. Emmeline moaned softly, the fingers of her left hand curling into the material of his robes as he

shifted his head; he took advantage of her parted lips and slipped his tongue in, teasing hers with soft licks. The wand in her right hand dropped to the floor.

When Fabian pulled back, he held on to her, as if he knew, somehow, that her legs wouldn't support her weight.

"I-ah--"

"Shut up," he growled softly, cupping her cheek. She opened her mouth to admonish him, but the feel of his hard, rigid length poking at her through the thick material of the robes they each wore stymied whatever she had wanted to say.

Moments passed as they stood motionless, each breathing deep breaths, Emmeline in an effort to control her body, Fabian in an effort to slow down—he wanted to flip her robes up and drive his aching cock deeply into her. Unable to help herself, Emmeline pressed as close as she could to him, a hand slowly sliding up into the messy, tangled locks of red hair. He hissed in pleasure as she tugged on his head, angling her head just so as his mouth came back down to hers.

"You have far too many clothes on," Fabian growled, tugging at the material of her robes.

"Let me," she told him, pushing his hands away. She deftly unfastened the clasps of her robes and let them drop to the floor. Fabian quickly followed suit and kicked both sets of robes aside.

Before she could change her mind, his mouth was on hers again. He clutched at her hips, lifting her up higher against the wall. Fabian crowded her, his body crushing her against the wall; he could feel her pert nipples digging into his chest as he adjusted them both. Emmeline gripped his shoulders for support as Fabian's hands slid down her thighs, her nails dug into his shoulders as he rubbed his hard cock against her. Arching her back against the wall, she couldn't suppress a sigh of pleasure as he finally thrust inside of her.

"Oh, Gods," Emmeline gasped as he arched up, driving his cock fully into her.

Fabian dropped his head to her shoulder; his lips kissed along the delicate flesh of her collarbone and neck. Her legs tightened around him as she moved her hips, the small movement causing him to shudder.

His hips began to move in response to her movements, his cock sliding almost completely out of her before he would thrust deeply into her again. She let out a long, ragged moan as his blunt teeth sunk into her collarbone.

He cupped her arse, anchoring Emmeline against the wall as he adjusted his legs, grinding his hips against hers. Her nails raked across his flesh as he violently plunged into her, her inner walls squeezing around his cock with each thrust. Lifting a hand from her arse, he slid it along her rib cage until he could cup her breast. She hissed in pleasure as his fingers teased the taut nipple, rolling it between his index finger and his thumb.

"More," she urged him, her orgasm close at hand.

Fabian's hand dropped back to her hips; his fingers gripped her tightly as he pressed her against the wall, driving his cock into her with deep, powerful strokes. Her feet bounced against him, the sweat of their bodies making it hard for her to keep her grip. She adjusted her arms, wrapping them around his neck, pulling him close to her.

"Please," she begged.

He pivoted his hips in response to her plea, rotating them as he ground against her. The feel of her orgasm clenching all around his cock sent Fabian to the brink. With one last thrust, he plunged deeply into her, shouting out her name as his own orgasm hit.

They stood there, against the wall—his cock still fully embedded inside of her—panting for what seemed like an eternity.

"This doesn't mean I like you," she told him when she could finally speak.

Fabian grinned. "I don't like you either."

A/N: Per "Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix," Dumbledore created a method of communication via the Patronus Charm. It would speak in its caster's voice and deliver messages to other people and was apparently "dark-proof" since you could identify the caster by his/her Patronus. All the members of the Order of the Phoenix were taught this ability, and they are said to be the only ones who know how to use it.

As always, thanks to Sarah—she is always willing to beta my pieces of crap and whip them into shape, even when they're hopeless.

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