

# From Whence Comes Rue

*by Melenka*

Promises made to a first love should be kept, no matter what comes after. Winner -  
PPP June 2010. Prompt was Black Family and Laundry.

## Sunday's Grace

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Everything about her curled – her hair, her body as she wrapped around him, her tongue as it tangled with his. Her scent enveloped him like a craving for things forbidden, her desire a potion for which only he knew the formula. When she called for him to join her, he was utterly lost, unable to resist the dark passion she sparked, desperate to hear her say his name in husky tones as she neared release. She was everything. She was love.

Beyond the wall without a door, water fell to pool in basins, providing a soothing sound.

"We should head back," she murmured.

His fingers tangled in her hair as he kissed his denial. He skimmed his palm over taut nipples, down to her belly with its tight muscle and soft skin, then again into curls.

"It's getting late. They'll be missing us." She didn't push his hands aside.

His mouth followed the trail his fingers had blazed. She arched and made an animal sound, half growl, half whimper, all his. He rubbed his cheek over her hip bone, his warm breath no match for her inner fire. She shivered anyway.

She writhed, impatient, insistent, wanting. "Now!"

"Shhh. We've a few moments to spare." He played her, played with her, wishing he knew how to make her his forever song.

"I don't," she hissed.

He laughed and rose up to kiss her, his hands on her shoulders to keep her from grasping at him. Protest as she might, she liked being made to wait. When anger skated along the edge of her lust, he released her arms and plunged into her. She drew her nails down his back in retribution. There would be blood this time. He didn't mind being marked. It made him hers – even if they were the only ones who knew it.

The rhythmic sloshing of water on stone was punctuated by the slap of fabric, heavy and wet.

Her fingers dug into his flesh to hold him still as she came around him, her eyes closed. He never looked away from her pleasure. In those moments, she was divine and vulnerable, torn apart and tranquil, his perfect little paradox. He waited until she was spent, her eyes opening to reveal languid satisfaction and a hint of anticipation. Then he thrust with the ferocity he kept hidden from everyone but her. She understood, drove him to it, forced it to the surface so she could savor the animal in him.

She gasped and clutched at his back, her fingers slipping in the ruin she'd made of him. "Finish it," she begged.

He gave her what she wanted, what he needed, his all, spilling into her with a power akin to magic.

Steam rose, along with voices, moving closer, the next shift taking up positions others abandoned.

"I will ache from this." She drew a sigil on her breastbone, the paint his blood.

He smiled. "You like that."

"Which, your pain or mine?" As she sat up, her hair obscured the mark.

"Both."

"True," she admitted. "It's all I get to have of you out there."

"Doesn't have to be that way, love." He knew the futility of the argument.

"For now, it does." She reached for her clothes.

He did the same. "Are you going to show me how you create this room?"

High pitched song drifted over the wall, along with a cloud of steam. Too much made dirty and not enough hands for cleaning; it was ever thus.

"The room is always here. It's the doors I make." She straightened his tie. "Some things should remain secret. You might tell your friends, and I'd have no way to keep you locked up tight when I want to do terrible things to you."

"Probably best, then. They might wish to rescue me, and I've no desire to be saved from your... ministrations." He kissed her, unsure of when he'd get the chance again.

"Don't worry, sweet. If they tried to take you away, I could always find you." She smiled up at him. "Cross my heart."

"No hoping to die," he admonished.

"No," she agreed. "I won't let you die, either."

"I don't know that I've ever felt so well protected." He kissed the top of her head. "Ready?"

"You go first." She lifted her wand and hesitated.

Voices rose in command and argument. With none to witness, the house-elves were whole beings.

She spoke the words, knowing he could not hear them, and opened a door for him.

He paused before passing through. "Be careful, Bella."

She watched him until he disappeared around the corner, then took one last look around the tiny room. On the off chance it was discovered, she had to ensure no sign of their trespass remained. The last thing she needed was to have her tryst discovered. Her family's reaction did not bear contemplation. Satisfied, she stepped through and sealed their retreat behind her.

Laughter rang from the laundry, bouncing off stone walls, fading as she moved away from joy.

If she'd thought running off with him an option, she'd have taken it months ago. They would have to wait until they were done with school. Optimist that he was, he thought they could bear to run the gauntlet of social scorn together. She wasn't nearly as strong as he believed.

As usual, he had lingered in the hall to be certain she made it out safely. His eyes devoured her, and she shivered with the memories of what they'd done.

She'd never expected to love him.

His friends moved off, and she willed him to follow before someone noticed him staring. He was a gallant fool.

The name of the boy who spoke up was irrelevant, as was the boy himself. "Oi, Longbottom! Get a move on. It's almost curfew."

Frank turned reluctantly and mounted the stairs.

She waited until he'd left her, then went an entirely different direction.