

In Need of a Fix

by melusin

A dark little drabble of addictions.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Usual disclaimers apply.

'Cold feet, Miss Granger?'

His tone mocks me. As ever. We both know why I'm here.

'No. Sir,' I almost spit, inwardly cursing my weakness. His lip curls in amusement, knowing he could make me beg if he wanted, but he's never gone that far: the knowledge is power enough. Instead, he adjusts his robes, revealing his erection, starkly pale against the black wool.

'Disrobe.'

My fingers move at his command, unbuttoning my clothing slowly, as he prefers it. His eyes rake over my body, trying to embarrass me further, but I'm long past that. Still, he makes me wait.

He glances at his cock and then at me, giving the illusion of choice where there is none. I see no point in delaying the inevitable and fall to my knees, sucking as much of him into my mouth as possible. His hands guide, but never force. One day, I will take him all the way down, just to prove I can.

It doesn't take that long: I've learned the tricks that please, discovered what he likes. His spunk has barely left him before he's withdrawing, breathing hard, quickly recovering from his loss of control. It is a minor victory.

Without a word, his arms reach for me, and I crawl gratefully onto his lap. The phial is unstoppered; I watch him tip a few drops of the contents onto his index finger... and open my mouth, like a chick, expectantly.

'There,' he says soothingly, rubbing the potion around my gums. 'Payment as agreed.'

I am incapable of replying to the implied insult as the force of a thousand orgasms rips through my body. He rocks me gently while the convulsions subside, never once breaking eye contact. *There*. That fleeting hungry look. He wants to kiss me...

'Cold feet? Sir?'