

The Best Kept Secret

by Sevy

Forced to contain their relationship to 'midnight trysts', Severus proves things can have a deeper meaning ...

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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'Stop me from starting this feeling,

I've been protecting my heart so long ...'

(Lou Rawls)

It was always the same –

Hot, heaving, furious and fast,

Barely giving them time to adjust to each other

Before they found themselves coming down

From their swiftly achieved mutual high.

Then suddenly finding the need

For clothes to be re-fastened, re-adjusted.

A cold re-affirming of the anti-climax.

The kick of reality: Unwelcome, too soon.

Yet she knew it had to be like this.

They had no choice.

Their relationship had to be

The best kept secret

Of their forced clandestine meetings,

Which, in turn, were cloaked
In the dark corners of an ancient stone castle,
Stark, cold walls the shielding arms
From the harsh cruelties of the outside world.
To a spy masquerading
As Headmaster –
The supposed enemy in the midst of
A futile war –
An ex-student in possession
Of his truth,
Added complication.
The mix was already
A complex, bloody mess.
So it was with shock that
She first allowed him
To lead her into the light,
Opening up their insecurities
With him taking her to his chambers;
The soft warmth
Of his welcoming bed
A sharp contrast to
The room's overall austerity.
Warded and silenced by spells
Of his own hand
(Potion master's
Skills unwasted),
This same personal space
Became a warm cocoon
To be fanned by
Their molten desires –
Given free rein at last.
Though, still, the greatest surprise
Of all was his tenderness –
The sublime lovemaking
That encouraged her
Long-withheld tears to flow,
Interspersed with the soft sighs
And exuberant moans of gently
Enfolding passion, denied in
Previously shared frantic coupling.
What was once borne of need –
Little more than the physical release
Of pent-up frustrations
And denial –
Became a long-drawn-out
Calling of the soul;
A desire to both

Give and receive pleasure.

To love and be loved.

But the greatest revelation of all –

When it came –

Became cushioned in the afterglow of

Their lovers' post-coital embrace,

And the words fell on ears

With less of a jolt than

They once might,

At the softly whispered,

“I love you.”

His secret, at least, was out.

A/N: My warmest thanks go to my lovely beta reader, Hexgirl, whose suggestions and encouragement mean the world to me. She has persuaded me out of 'fanfic retirement', and simply allowed this to be. :-)