

# Vixen

*by Bola*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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You're lying there, watching her sleep with that silly smile upon your lips. You're refraining from reaching over and letting your finger tips tenderly run over her bare skin – that skin you know will feel soft no matter what, even through years of soaring through the air no matter weather, first as a Chaser of the Holyhead Harpies, and then as the Flying Instructor, Quidditch referee and coach at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

Her lips are soft, just like her skin. You have felt so yourself. They are nothing alike the rough, chapped ones she entered your rooms with hours earlier. A bit of magic solved it, and you're glad you're a witch – not that you would have minded kissing the rougher, unhealed lips of the woman you love. You have kissed them multiple times, when your needs were high, and... To you it has something unique, and somehow arousing as well.

Neither of you would be able to say how you have ever gotten there again, but you have gotten there, all right. Vague recollections of lost springs, summers, autumns and even cold winters pass by when you are looking at her with teal green eyes that reveal love more than anything else right then – this is the kind of look you only give her. This is nothing like the look of intelligence in your eyes when teaching, but then again she, Rolanda, has long seen through your façade – the one you meet most everyone else with, but her.

Her hawk-like yellow eyes flicker underneath closed eyelids, and you momentarily wonder if she's dreaming, and if so, what she's dreaming about in particular. You were entirely caught by those eyes nearly from the very first time they fell upon you, and your own teal green ones connected with them. You were about seventeen. It would, however, take years until you both would get together. You don't really recall how, but the when you'll never regret: the late summer of fifty-six, when you returned as a teacher to a very altered Hogwarts. Some things... some persons... however, hadn't changed. You were about thirty-one, she... considerably older.

Even though neither of you would ever be able to put into words what she means to you, and hopefully you to her – you internally chastise yourself for putting the 'hopefully' in, even in your thoughts – you have gotten there years earlier. You both love Quidditch, she in her position as a Flying Instructor and you... in your own reserved little way, watching from the sideline vigorously – more vigorous than any other, and more so than anyone would be able to say.

You are smarter than to believe that Quidditch was what lead you to each other. You're way younger than the woman lying beside you in bed, even though no one would say it, but there's an age difference of twenty-odd years. The rest of the world – whether Wizarding or not – usually indicates you as the elder one, and in bed you often feel like that as well.

You have never been able to keep up with her. In fact, it happens rarely that she does fall asleep sooner than you. You are usually the one collapsing atop of her totally exhausted when she could still continue for a handful of more hours... but she never actually says anything about it.

She gets a thrill from seeing you on top, her hands guiding you back and forth. Secretly, it gives you more delight than you would care to admit to watch her eyes close, and her body writhe while she's underneath you; while you are in charge. Sometimes, you dare to pin her hands beside her head, letting her fall entirely to your mercy while you are riding her.

These times both of you receive the best orgasms.

Neither of you ever really talks about it. Your bodies speak for you when together, and your lips only release dirty talk when in the middle of it. You secretly love when she's talking dirty, telling you how she likes to be inside you with her fingers, and feel you tighten on her; how she really loves licking away the juices of your arousal.

The recollection of her husky tones whispering aforementioned in your ear like earlier makes your nethers tingle, with a rush of anticipation. You may be younger yet more easily exhausted, you regain fast enough to repeat the performance in slightly other ways multiple times a night.

If you would merely wake her now... When either of you wakes first, you are usually never the only one for long. You don't mind being woken by her at all, and she would rather chastise you for not doing so in return. You awake first rarely, though. You reach over to wake her rarely, too. You love watching her sleep: undisturbed and beautifully peaceful. You could watch her for hours.

You could let your eyes feast upon her nude figure for hours. You don't feel very beautiful lying beside her, even though you are years younger, and even though she tells you you are the most beautiful vixen she's ever laid her eyes on. In your opinion there are still a lot more women – witches – whom are even among your mutual companions, that are more beautiful than you will ever be or even were. You feel safe in her arms, because you know that she'll never hold another this close, both to her heart and physically.

She tells you often that you are the most beautiful when you are atop of her, your long ebony hair tumbling over your back and your body flushed and shimmering with sweat. Those are the only times anyone sees your hair down, but you don't mind with her. You don't mind anything with her. She's the rainbow in your cloudless blue sky, and you would very much like to believe that you are the sun in hers. She's truly a vixen, and most of all she's yours.