

I'd Have To

by Owlbait

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Merlin! it's Stan Shunpike," Auror Proudfoot said as he recognized the thin, scraggly bearded wizard left shackled in the cellar under the Parkinsons's manor.

Voldemort had been dead for some weeks now, and the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, under temporary Minister Shackbolt, was searching the homes of all known and suspected Death Eaters, looking for escapees in hiding or prisoners still in keeping. Stan was leaning against the wall in the corner, filthy and nearly starved; he had not been cared for since Voldemort's defeat.

"Are you takin' me back to Azkaban?" Stan croaked.

"I think your first stop is St. Mungo's, Shunpike," the second Auror told him. "Try not to worry beyond that, ok?"

Stan wasn't worried; he didn't much care anymore. They helped him up he could barely stand and Apparated him straight to hospital. Proudfoot told his partner to report to the MLE, then stayed with Stan until he was admitted and under care.

Many weeks later, after Stan was healed and strong enough to be considered fit to stand trial, he was brought before the Wizengamot. Auror Proudfoot testified on the conditions in which he'd found Stan being held, and Harry Potter testified as to his belief that Stan had been under the Imperius Curse during the battle of Little Whinging. Stan was acquitted of all charges and released.

"Now what?" Stan thought to himself, stepping out of the Ministry call box into Muggle London. He had no wand it had been lost somewhere over Little Whinging nearly a year ago no job and no money. His flat must have been rented to someone else. He couldn't even stick out his wand to signal the Knight Bus and find out if he could get his old job back.

Not for nothing he'd driven the bus all over London; He could get to the Leaky Cauldron on foot. Taking a moment to orient himself, he set out.

In Diagon Alley, he found a job. George Weasley hired him as stock boy and agreed to let him stay in a room behind the shop till he could get a new flat. Weasley even offered to advance him money on his wages for a new wand. Stan had it now, but he found it didn't help much. He still felt empty inside.

Stan had to plan things now, to make decisions. Even things as simple as what to eat for breakfast or whether his robes needed washing; thinking hurt.

It was finally Friday, and closing time for the shop. Stan took his wages to the pub in Knockturn Alley he'd been frequenting since his return. The place was dodgy as all hell, but the beer was cheap and nobody asked him any questions.

He bought his pint and took it to his usual seat in the back, where he wouldn't be disturbed. There was a young woman at the next table, four or five years younger than Stan, who looked at him as if she thought she recognized him. He stared at her blankly for a bit she was beautiful. Not one of these scrawny stick figures, but a body you could take hold of and sink into, not just bounce off. For a moment, interest in something flickered in Stan, but went out again the next second as the grey dreariness of life sucked him back in. Shrugging, Stan returned his gaze to his beer.

"Oy," the woman at the next table said to him. "Haven't I seen you? You drive the Knight Bus, I think?"

"Not anymore," he responded shortly, eyes not leaving his beer.

"Oh, right, you went to Azkaban," she said, "I remember the news stories now. Broke out with the others, did you?"

Stan shuddered and didn't reply.

"No need to be embarrassed about it," she remarked. "I was in Slytherin, half my family were either Death Eaters, or in with that crowd. I think two of my cousins were in prison with you."

"I weren' no Def Eater," he told her. "It were a mistake."

"Oh, right, Rosier told me, he had you under Imperius." She shrugged. "Sorry about that."

Suddenly Stan looked at her with real interest.

"You don' hafta be sorry; it wasn' so bad."

"You don't say?" the woman asked casually. "He treated you all right then? Remembered to tell you to eat regularly and all?"

"Yeah," he answered. Suddenly Stan picked up his pint and moved to the next table, sitting across from her. "I'm sorry, I don't fink I know your name."

"Millicent. Millicent Bulstrode."

"Stan Shunpike. You've done it, then? Cast the Imperius Curse?" Stan was looking directly into her eyes now. They were chocolate brown, under straight black eyebrows.

"I ... no," she answered.

"Oh. Only, you seem to know a lot about it," Stan said, disappointment clear in his voice.

"Why do you want to know?" she asked, her eyes narrowing. "It's an Unforgivable, you know."

"I know," he said and sighed. "It's only, I was under it for 'bout a year, and it was ... so peaceful," he told her. "I didn' hafta worry about anything; I didn' hafta decide anything."

Millicent watched him narrowly as he continued.

"I never worried about what would happen next, or what anyone fort of me," he said finally with a deep sigh. "Everyfing is so hard now, innit?"

"Do you worry like that a lot?"

"I always feel stupid, talkin' to people. I never know what to say to anyone, 'specially a pretty girl..." He cut off suddenly and took a deep swallow of his beer. "Ah, never mind me. It's jus' ... the Ministry said I waz innocent, an' let me go, an' I 'ad to find a new job, anna place to live. I adda think of everyfing for myself again. George Weasley gave me a job, and let's me stay be'ind the joke shop, but ... it's just 'ard."

Stan shifted uncomfortably on his side of the table. It was hard, talking to a pretty girl for the first time in Merlin! years. He felt a damn fool and didn't know what to say or do. Stan hung his head miserably and drank more of his beer.

Millicent eyed him speculatively and asked suddenly, "What would you do if someone were to cast Imperius on you now?" Stan stared at her; he knew his longing must be naked on his face. He heard her breath catch.

"Anyfing. I'd do anyfing," Stan answered, and his hands trembled on the table.

A faint flush appeared on her cheeks. She moved her hand under the table and fidgeted with something.

"Anything, really?" Millicent asked. Stan felt something hard and smooth, a wand tip, gently stroking the inside of his thigh under the table.

"Well, I'd 'aff to, then, wouldn't I?" he whispered.

Millicent took in a deep breath and let it out with a sigh. She brought her wand up and placed it on the table in front of her. She took her pint in both hands and finished it in one last draught. "I'm leaving now. I'll be in the alley behind the bar. If you mean it, meet me there in five minutes. Picking up her wand, she laid money on the table for both their drinks, stood up and left without another word.

Alone again, Stan stared into the depths of his glass. Would she ... could she ... give that back to him? He turned and stared at the clock over the bar. Four and a half more minutes.

Merlin! she was beautiful. Millicent had glossy black hair that hung in a smooth curtain and a body you could ... do anything to ... you'd never worry about squashing her or hurting her. You could just ... as hard as you wanted.

Stan looked at the clock again. Three more minutes. He was hard as a rock again; he was going to look a damn fool when he stood up. Not that he cared. He hadn't cared about anything in three years. Azkaban, the dementors. He shuddered and lost some of his erection. Two years of that and he'd lost any hope or desire for anything. He supposed he'd gone mad, but he didn't really care.

When the Death Eaters had broken out, they'd taken him along, cast the Imperius curse on him and made him do their bidding. Why did they call that a curse? It was so simple, so easy, to just follow the voice with no worries, no responsibilities. Stan sighed. It was time. He hoped she'd meant what she'd half promised.

Stan stood and slouched slowly out of the bar. The barkeep snickered at the obvious tent in his robes, but Stan didn't care. Nothing really mattered anyway. He turned right, and right again, walking down the alley between the building with the bar, and the next building which housed a shop selling questionable potions ingredients. Neither building was entirely straight; they leaned in towards each other over the alley, casting it into shadow. The ground between the buildings was damp and there were trash piles waiting. Who knew why, it's not like there was a sanitation department that cared about Knockturn Alley.

At the end of the alley, Stan found Millicent. She was sitting on an overturned box, waiting to see if he'd come. She stood as she saw him shuffling down the alley.

"You want it?"

"Yes!"

"Prove it. Kiss me."

Stan didn't need to be told twice. He stepped closer and put his arms around Millicent and pulled her to him. He hadn't had a woman in more than three years; he hadn't even really wanked in most of that time. He couldn't in Azkaban; no one could get it up there. He hadn't been instructed to while he was under Imperio, and he hadn't had the energy to care since. Now, feeling Millicent's ample breasts pressed against his chest and dropping his hands to caress her arse, years of pent up desire came crashing to the forefront of his consciousness.

Stan pulled her tighter and pressed his hips, his erection, into her. Her breathing came faster and she rolled her hips left then right, sliding over it, making him need her even more. Oh, she felt good. Stan was thin to the point of gaunt. His body was all knees and elbows and sharp edges. Her curves were rich and full, and the softness of her body welcomed his.

He would be in heaven, only he didn't know what to do. He'd had so little experience, and it had been so long. He didn't want to make a fool of himself, wanted to please her. He needed her to take over, to tell him what to do. Now, and always. "Do it. Please," he gasped.

Millicent caught her breath and stared for a moment. Aiming her wand at his forehead, she said, "Imperio!"

"Aahhhhhh," Stan sighed as the wonderful, floating sensation washed over him. All his worries were wiped gently away. For the first time in months, he was happy again.

There was that voice in his head again, the voice that always knew the right thing to do. "Kiss her breasts," it told him. Stan complied joyously. Unfastening the front of Millicent's robe, he took her lush breasts in both hands and worshipped them. He knew he should lift them, and stroke up from underneath. He took the nipples into his mouth in turn, suckling just hard enough to bring her pleasure, never hurting.

Next it told him to kneel before her. Millicent lowered her knickers and stepped out of them, sat back on the box and opened her legs. Stan brought his face to her sex and breathed in the aroma. His cock throbbed, and he sighed happily. He followed his instructions, licked her clit and suckled it as he had her nipples. There was no time, and no worry. He licked and sucked as long as she wanted him to; the voice guided him and he was happy to comply. He could hear her breath coming faster, gasping. Her cunt was wet and not just from his saliva, he could taste her. His cock was dripping now; he could feel the coolness from the damp spot on the front of his robes, but the voice hadn't told him to touch himself, so he didn't. It didn't matter.

"Stop," the voice told him. He stopped. Millicent stared at him through heavy lidded eyes. He saw her eyes drop from the shine of her juices on his face to the dark wet spot growing on the front of his robes.

"Open your robes," she told him. Stan stood in front of her and complied. He didn't take the robes off, just let them hang open exposing the front of his body and his jutting cock. Millicent stared a long while, then reached out a hand to stroke him gently. "Come closer."

Stan stepped forward till his cock was right in front of her face. Millicent looked closely at it, ran her thumb along the shaft from base to tip, and swirled the drops oozing out there around the head. Stan's hips jerked involuntarily, but the voice said, "Stay." He stilled.

Millicent closed her eyes and opened her mouth. She took Stan's hard penis between her lips and sucked gently. He gasped, and his eyes fell shut, but he but didn't move. He felt her hand on his bollocks, lifting and rolling them gently between her fingers. His balls pulled in so tightly they almost didn't move any more.

Stan opened his eyes and saw Millicent still sucking on his cock. One hand on his bollocks and the other between her legs, her fingers flicking rapidly over her clit, she was breathing fast and hard. He stood with his hands at his sides, watching her with pleasure.

Suddenly Millicent stood and turned around. She leaned forward and braced herself against the wall with her left hand, her right still frantically rubbing her clit.

"Now," the voice said. "Fuck her now, from behind." Stan was, as always, happy to comply. He lifted her robe from behind with one hand and guided his cock into her with the other. Groaning, he sank himself balls deep, resting his hips on her wonderful buttocks. Pulling her to him by the hips, he heard her gasp and she pushed back into him. "That's right," the voice said. "Now move in and out, slowly and gently. You mustn't come until she does."

Stan tried to comply. It felt wonderful, the heat of her, the wetness. Her full, lush body under his hands. He was so close, though, his balls so tight they were practically inside him, the heat and tension building in him. His body wanted to crash into her, to fuck fast and hard, he couldn't stand it but he had to follow the voice's orders. So slowly he could barely stand it, he moved in and out of her while she frigged herself.

Oh, Circe! He had to come, but he mustn't! He had to pull out, to stop moving, or he'd come too soon but he was ordered to keep moving. Slowly. In and out. The fog of the spell was lifting, forced off by the conflicting requirements he was given. *No, please!*

"Ahhhh!" Finally, he heard Millicent gasp, felt her cunt shudder and grip him as she found her release at last. *Now! Hard!* the voice ordered him, and Stan complied gratefully. It took barely three strokes before his orgasm overtook him, his balls clenched and he spurted into her. For a long age, it seemed the spasms would never end, but eventually he came back to himself, gasping and shuddering, his cock shrinking and slipping out of her. He saw his come dripping down her legs and smelled it, combined with her own scent.

Millicent straightened herself and cleaned both of them with a gesture of her wand. She refastened her robes and indicated Stan should do the same.

"You're mine now, got it? Go to Weasley and tell him you have a new place to stay. Get your things. Meet me at the Leaky Cauldron in twenty minutes."

"Yes, Millicent." He answered, and walked serenely back to the street, then turned up Knockturn Alley, towards Diagon. He had no worries; everything would be just fine.

A/N: This was written as a gift for luvshcharlie in the 2011 round of hp-spring-fling at livejournal, with the following prompts:

A Place: A pub, an alley, a shop or Diagon Alley

An Item: A wand

A Prompt: Broken hearts and shattered dreams

Many thanks to melusinahp for beta reading. She is both brilliant and unflappable.