

The Games People Play

by tatiana

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Chapter 1 of 1

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He watched from the darkness of the shadows as she went through her evening routine, careful to avoid being noticed. It was always the same; she would first go to the library immediately after dinner and sit, hunched over with her nose in some ancient tome, absorbing the knowledge within its pages like a sponge. Madame Pince would shoo her out promptly at eleven o'clock with feigned annoyance, but he knew that the dour librarian secretly enjoyed knowing that there was at least *one* student in the castle who shared her own love of books. Then it was off to Gryffindor Tower and into the lion's den. He was not permitted to enter Gryffindor Tower so he would wait in the drafty corridor for her to reappear, which was usually within the half-hour. The longest he had ever waited was forty-five minutes, nevertheless, she always reappeared through the portrait hole carrying a small bag in one hand and a nightgown and bathrobe slung over the other arm.

The nightgown was pale blue and looked to be made from the softest flannel; he had to restrain himself from reaching out to her to run his fingers over the material. Her nightclothes were modest, as were her undergarments, but there was something that excited him about the pureness of it all. She headed for the Prefects bathroom and he followed quietly.

Stopping at the tapestry of the mermaid sunbathing on the rock, she whispered the password, '*lavender lovelies*', before slipping through the narrow entranceway. He always waited a few moments before following and once inside the massive bathroom, he would watch, unnoticed.

That particular evening, she sat at the large vanity and inspected her reflection in the mirror before pinning her tangle of unruly curls atop her head. A few stray tendrils fell loose and framed her lovely face, making her look older than her seventeen years. She stood and with a wave of her wand, the enormous bathtub began to fill with steaming water. She added bubbles and essence of jasmine; the scent would linger on his clothes for the rest of the evening.

Kicking off her shoes and socks, she began to undress. He watched as she pulled the grey jumper over her head, tossing it carelessly on the floor and then loosened up the scarlet and gold necktie, sliding it from around her neck. Next came the blouse, this was his favorite part to watch. Her small fingers worked the buttons on the front, slowly exposing the creamy skin of her chest, shoulders, then belly. She wore a plain cotton bra and after she dropped the shirt to the floor, she worked the clasp, sliding the straps down over her slender arms. Her back was to him as she unzipped the side of her pleated wool skirt, letting it pool around her feet. She now stood before him in nothing but her knickers, which were plain white cotton just like the bra.

She walked to the edge of the tub with her wand in hand and with another quick wave, the taps turned themselves off and she dipped a toe in the water. Tossing her wand on top of the pile of discarded garments, she hooked her fingers in the waistband of her underpants and slid them down over her round bottom and shapely legs, affording him quite a view as she bent over. He breathed in sharply and she stilled for a moment, turning her head slightly towards the direction of where he stood, disillusioned. She paused only for a moment, a slight grin tugging at the corners of her mouth, before she stepped out of her knickers and moved down the steps, into the water.

Up to her neck in the water and hidden from his view, she closed her eyes and leaned back into the bubbles, sighing in contentment. He shifted ever so slightly so that he

could see her as she lay in the water on her back, arms akimbo. She floated weightlessly in the water, wiggling her toes and arching her back so that her breasts rose above the top of the water. The cool air created a chill on her exposed skin and he had to bite his lip as her nipples hardened, the rosy skin puckering to a taut peak. He could feel himself begin to harden beneath his trousers, the skin on the back of his neck growing warm.

She stood up abruptly and raised her hands to slick her hair back so that it was off her face. Her wet skin glistened in the soft glow given off by the sconces on the wall. Rivulets of water trailed between her rounded breasts and he imagined that it was his lips traveling the same path as the droplets. The thought of his mouth on her skin elicited a small moan, and he felt the front of his trousers grow even tighter.

She paused again and this time her eyes came to rest on the exact spot where he stood, once again she grinned to herself. He was careful to remain absolutely still as her eyes strained to see what she knew was there, but after a moment more, she looked away.

Moving gracefully through the water to the edge of the tub, she reached up over the side and retrieved a small bar of soap from the bag she had brought with her. Turning around so that she was facing him, she looked back at the empty spot where he stood between two marble columns, and the small grin returned to her face. Dipping the soap in the water, she slowly began to lather one arm, beginning at the wrist. She worked her way up to her shoulder and then switched to the other arm before standing up fully, so that the water reached just below her navel. Again, her eyes traveled to the point where he stood and it felt as though she were looking him directly in his eye, a shiver of excitement jolted through his spine.

The sly grin returned as she began moving the soap languidly over her stomach in circles, and with every stroke, she moved her hands higher until she reached her breasts. The soap slipped to the water with a splash and her fingers caressed her nipples, teasing them with a small pinch then soothing them gently. With heavy lidded eyes, she continued her ministrations, her gaze never once wavering from his direction. Leaning back against the cool marble she let one hand travel over the flat plane of her belly, disappearing below the water.

He watched as her head tilted back slightly, her pink tongue darting out to moisten her parted lips, and simply could not stand it any longer. With practiced stealth, he unfastened his trousers and reached in, allowing his turgid cock to spring free. Quickly spitting into the palm of his hand for lubrication, he grasped himself and began to stroke; slow, long strokes up and down the length of his cock. His eyes never once left her figure and he watched in fascination as the hand below the water moved, almost matching the rhythm with which his own hand was moving.

She allowed her fingers to glide through the sparse curls between her legs and the soft pad of her middle finger brushed against her swollen clit. She arched her hips against her hand, moving her finger back and forth, slowly at first, and then applying slightly more pressure as the tension in her core built to a dull ache. Small ripples of water traveled outward, away from her body as she rocked her pelvis, sliding one finger into her moist heat while rubbing the heel of her hand against her clit. Her other hand stayed at her breast for a moment longer before disappearing beneath the water to spread her lips apart. She could feel her climax building from within and her legs grew unsteady as the sensations washed over her. Bearing down, she applied more pressure to the swollen bundle of nerves pressed against her fingertips and with one final thrust, she went careening over the edge of pleasure, gasping as each nerve in her body was consumed by her orgasm. She felt her inner muscles clench tightly around her fingers and let her head fall back, moaning softly as the waves of pleasure began to subside.

He never once stopped watching her, marveling at the intensity on her face as she moved her hand, expertly bringing herself to orgasm, wishing that it were his tongue between her legs causing her to writhe about in the water. He imagined what she would taste like on his lips and thrust into his own hand, gripping tightly with each stroke. The silver band around his finger grazed the small bundle of nerves on the underside of his cock and within moments he felt his balls grow tight, signaling his own release. With one final movement, his cum spilled over his fingers and with a muffled grunt he breathed deeply, closing his eyes and willing his shaky legs not to give way.

She looked over at the empty space between the columns to where the grunt came from and silently summoned her wand. She whispered an incantation and sure enough, the empty space shimmered for a moment before revealing a familiar figure in black robes, standing smugly with his arms folded across his chest.

He smirked at the young witch in the soapy water, and she simply grinned back at her lover, beckoning him to join her.

A/N - Reviews are always welcome! I hope you enjoyed!