

A Valentine's Day Surprise

by herbologist

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Chapter 1 of 1

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As February fourteenth draws close
Every girl wants a card and a rose.
But this year I had set my heart
On someone special from the start.
I wanted him above all other men,
So I sat down with paper and pen
To write him a card where I confessed
The secret desire I'd so long suppressed.
No stamp was needed for this type of letter.
In order to reach him I'd have to do better.
It was an owl I had to find
And hope that one would feel inclined.
I found one that was in the mood,
Once I had bribed him with some food.
Despite the doubtful look he cast,
He took my letter and did as asked.

By Valentine's Day there'd been no reply.
I wondered and thought perhaps he was shy?
I didn't lose hope and cooked something nice.
I put on a dress I hoped would entice.
The evening came. I was at home,
Eating my candlelit dinner alone,
When from the courtyard I heard a sound
And looked outside to see who'd come round.
A figure, tall and black as the night,
With a broom in his hand, he was quite a sight.
When he turned to face me he was no fake.
I suddenly realised I'd made a mistake.
The look on his face made my blood run cold
And made me regret that I had been so bold.
It seemed my card made his temper flare
At the sheer audacity that I would dare.
With a flash and a bang the door opened wide.
I panicked and looked, but found nowhere to hide.
Helplessly I stared at the spot where he stood,
His black eyes glaring from under his hood.
They burned with fury, yet were cold as ice,
And told me that soon I would pay the price.
His face was pale, and his nose was a hook.
He looked like he'd stepped right out of a book.
My card in his hand, he asked with a hiss
And a look of disdain, "Did you write this?"
He added, a menacing glint in his eye,
"I warn you. Speak up, and do not lie.
If you did, I'll punish your foolish deed
To teach you to better control your need."
I couldn't have lied for my face said it all.
I staggered away from him down the hall.
When he drew his wand I knew time was ripe.
Then he vanished my dinner with a single swipe.
I ran for my bedroom, but he followed behind,
With slow heavy steps, as fear grabbed my mind.
And out of the shadows his deep voice said,
"Take off your clothes, and get on the bed!"
The tone of his voice once more made me shiver.
I obeyed his words, lying down with a quiver.
I watched as he slowly stepped into the light,
My body trembling, paralysed with fright.
"Oh please, have mercy!" I begged with a croak.
His eyes held me hostage as he threw off his cloak.
Fully disrobed, he slowly advanced.
I watched from the bed, completely entranced.
His body was ivory, toned, and lean.

His long, raven hair had a silky sheen.
He settled beside me on the bed.
Between my legs I was hot and wet.
With black, piercing eyes he mustered his prey,
Whispering, "Now I will make you pay."
And then his face moved close to mine,
Sending a shiver down my spine.
He claimed my mouth in a passionate kiss.
I responded in kind, it was total bliss.
And as his hand brushed up my thigh,
I could not help but breathe a sigh.
His skilful fingers found my treasure,
Giving my body exquisite pleasure.
His touch soon set my skin on fire
Until my need was truly dire.
Wanton, I spread my legs for him wide.
He moved on top and pushed inside.
And as he thrust, I cried for more
Until a climax rocked my core.
Way too soon he had to go.
What he thought I do not know.
A cheeky glint was in his eye
When he kissed my lips good-bye.
"Severus," I cried, "I beg you – stay!"
He just replied, "Happy Valentine's Day."
And though he's sure to disapprove,
Next year I'll make another move.