

# Reflection

*by darnedchild*

The thoughts of two people during one night at Grimmauld.

## Reflection

*Chapter 1 of 2*

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I stand in front of the mirror and sigh. We've just said our good nights, offered polite smiles as we paused outside our respective rooms. As always, we retire at the same time, almost as if it is planned. Could you hear the wistfulness I couldn't quite mask?

I look into the mirror and know that you are just meters away on the other side of the wall. Do you realize how close we are? Do you think about it?

It is all I can think about every night since I joined the Order at the beginning of the summer. It was no accident that I claimed the empty room next to yours.

I strain to hear any sound from your room, but it is silent. Are your movements quiet, or are you straining to hear me?

The thought seems to awaken me, and my hands reach for the hem of my blouse. I pull it over my head and shake the curls from my face. My hair is a mess, as usual, but coupled with the look in my eye and the pale nakedness of my shoulders it almost looks ... tousled. Like the hands of a lover have run through it over and over.

My own hands reach up to slide the straps of my bra across my shoulders and off. A twist of my wrist, and the cups fall away. I can't help but look at the turgid peaks and wonder what you would think if you could see me like this. My eyes close as my fingers gently glide from my waist upward to graze the tips of my breasts.

What would your hands feel like? Rough and calloused from your work in the lab? Would you be gentle?

There is a faint tremor in my hands as I fumble with the buttons on my skirt. It drops to the floor, and I step out of it, moving to the bed. I brace one shoe on the foot board and reach for the fastenings, watching my reflection out of the corner of my eye.

What would you think of the gentle arch of my foot? The taut muscle in my calf? I can picture my legs wrapped around your waist, toes flexing.

Soon I am bare, save for one final scrap of cloth. I hook my thumbs under the material and begin to inch it downward.

The reflection in the mirror is flushed and breathing hard. I wish you could see me now.

Would you want to?

I stand before the mirror, silently offering myself to you again. Just as I do every night.

Someday, I pray I'll see your reflection too.

# Temptation

## *Chapter 2 of 2*

The thoughts of two people during one night at Grimmauld.

I touch my hand against the faded wallpaper the warmth of my palm accentuating the chill in the wall trying to ground myself in the reality of my surroundings.

Fighting not to lose myself in the fantasy of you: your coy smile, the seductive light in your eyes, the wistful tone in your "good night."

Once again, I find myself contemplating thoughts that would better be left alone.

Perhaps you think I don't notice the way you look at me when you think I'm not watching. How you've made a point to include me in conversations when others would have been content to leave me be. The way you suddenly grow tired when I begin to make my way upstairs for the night.

I can only hope that you haven't noticed how slowly I take those stairs, or how careful I've been to make sure you're always nearby before I make my intentions to retire for the evening known to the room at large.

In the light of day, it's easy to remember that you're so young rarely out of school and I'm old enough to know better.

Old enough that I shouldn't wake asleep and spent with the whisper of your name still on my lips.

It's as if my common sense deserts me with the setting of the sun. The darkness brings madness. Corruption. Desire.

As much as I value our talks and your intellect during the day, that is not what fills my mind now. Instead there are images of what you might be doing on the other side of this wall as you prepare for bed, what I could do to you, with you, if only I were to knock upon your door.

Would you welcome me with open arms? Open lips? Open thighs? I think you would. Perhaps not at first, but I can be most persuasive when the mood strikes, and I do not believe you would require much coaxing.

My breath comes in soft pants as I struggle to calm my wayward thoughts and my body's reactions to them.

Even a man with an iron will would find his self-control tested by the temptation of you.

I press my hand against the wall, nails scoring the fragile paper before my fingers curl into a fist to keep from reaching for the doorknob.

How many more nights before I give in?