

Redemption on the Installment Plan - XVII

by Amita

Is virtue an illusion that leads us off the path?

Chapter 1 of 1

Is virtue an illusion that leads us off the path?

"There's 'Hansel and Gretel.'"

Hermione looked up from her book. Why did Cissy say that and smile? The story did show the non-wizards were prejudiced because the story had a hag, presumably a witch, who was going to eat children. But wait, the young reader's sympathy would be with Hansel and Gretel, and they would be hoping the non-wizards prevailed against the witch. That was clever. It was fun working with Cissy.

Cissy, meanwhile, was envying the self-sufficient Hermione who seemed immune to romantic entanglements. She thought about her sister. She and Hermione were reading through fairy tales because Andy was temporarily incapacitated by a breakup. Cissy had offered to geld the prig who had led her sister on, but Andy had insisted that she was the one who had ended the relationship and Cormie was wonderful. Cissy had her doubts. Why would Andy end the relationship if its end brought her such pain?

Cissy was thinking that, unlike Hermione or Andy, she could neither avoid an entanglement nor end it, even though she saw nothing good ahead. Except being with Arthur. That was good. She wondered if it had been Hermione's shadow outside the office door yesterday when Arthur had seduced her for the first time.

He was performing a revelation spell over the document that he had filched from Central Files. He would discover who had initiated the misuse-of-muggle-artifacts complaint against the primary school.

Yes?" he asked, looking up.

"Forgive me," said Cissy. "I keep looking at you and wondering how you did it."

"Did what?" asked Arthur.

"You survived the war intact. You held your family together and everyone else. I know you did. The others wouldn't have made it without you, and you're so modest. You go on living a quiet life. And the other day, you held me and made me feel worthwhile. My family depends on me, but I'm all used up. I can't go on."

"But I think you're the strong and admirable one," said Arthur.

"I need someone," said Cissy. "I need someone the war didn't break."

She stood. "I bet you have enough for both Molly and me." She was twisting her handkerchief in her hands. "How long before Hermione returns from the Library?"

"Hermione spends a lot of time in research," said Arthur. "Lock the door."

"We shouldn't," she whispered.

"I know," he said. "Lock the door."

She had locked it and leaned against the wall, waiting for him to come to her.

"Oh, you're so gentle, Arthur. I like it that you hold me for a while. Do you do it because I'm cold and cruel and have to be taken slowly, or are you gentle with Molly, too? It's soothing when you run your fingers through my hair. Want to see it come undone?"

"I have lines in my face, more than age lines. Do you want a bad-girl, one who's done all the things I've done? Do you want to look into my eyes and see evil as you take me, as passion strips me and my defenses go down and you see me for what I am as I cling to you?"

"I'll unbutton my blouse for you. Hold my breasts, sweetheart. Lucius used to and they got perky. What does Molly say when you do this? Does she murmur that you're sweet? Does she moan? Take my bra off and kiss them the way you kiss Molly's. That's nice. Do you like them?"

"You're still being gentle, Arthur. Kiss me. Do you make Molly feel this good, just holding her and showing her you love her? I want it to go on forever. Oh, it's too good. I'm starting to ache the way Lucius used to make me ache. I haven't felt like this in a long time. You can do whatever you want with me. Do you want to?"

"I'll slither for you. I used to slither for Lucius. Do you mind that I'm a reptile? I always thought Molly was a Tigress. Does she beg for it with her kisses the way I am? Do you growl when you dip into her honey pot? Do you roar when you turn her into your pussycat?"

"Do you like it when I hike up my skirt? Like my legs? I want your hands on them. Yes, like that: slowly, like you do for Molly. Oh, you look like Lucius when he enjoyed the feel and remembered what it's like between them. Does Molly's face become soft when your hands roam over her smooth, parting thighs? Lucius ran his fingers over me to check how damp I was. I bet Molly's soaking wet by now."

"Does Molly drop her knickers for you? I did for Lucius? Or does she watch you pull them off. Do you admire her legs, knowing they won't be together again for awhile. Kiss me. Ask me to drop my knickers for you. Do you like my legs? Want to see them part for you the way they did for Lucius?"

"My, what an erection you have. I can't wait. Let me unbutton you like I did for Lucius. Does Molly get impatient, too? Does she grab you and guide you, or do you hold her down and slide it into her as she groans? I wish I had Molly's honey pot. All I have is a pit, but I really like you, and it's getting slimy for you. That's it: Hold my hands above my head. Slide up between my thighs. Do you like the way my eyes shine? Do you like the way I sigh when a wizard pushes into me? I'll be a bad girl for you."

"Yes. Lucius always paused when he was completely inside. He looked into my eyes as they said I was his. Do you stop when you're completely in Molly? Do you wait until her eyes say she's yours? I'm yours. Your bad girl is slimy slick for you."

"Oh, yes, like that. Is this the way you move when you're in Molly? It's so good, as good as Lucius ever was. Oh, I'm yielding to it. You're taking me. I'm going to slither. I can't help it. It's too good. Don't stop. I'm going to whimper for you. Do you like the way I whimper when a wizard takes me? I can't control myself. Omigod, I'm going to squeal."

" ...

"It's your turn. How do you do your wife? Is she on her back? Do you bury your head in her shoulder for comfort as she wraps her arms around you and holds you close as she enjoys your gripping her round hips and filling her? When my husband did me, I was usually on my back, making this wet noise as he plumbed me, and when he got it off, he looked into my eyes so I could see his triumph."

"Look at me, Arthur. I want to see your face. I want to see what Molly sees."

"Do it. I'm yours."

Hermione, outside the door, saw the final dance of the shadows. There was a manly groan, followed by stillness.

My timing sucks, thought Hermione as she walked back to her office. She wondered about Molly and decided that Molly would most likely walk around tomorrow with a big smile on her face after an inspired Arthur went home this evening and banged the living daylights out of the other half of his love life.

Remembering what she had heard yesterday, Hermione looked at the older woman with admiration and envy.