

Secrets

by Laralee

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Characters are property of J.K. Rowling and the Harry Potter Universe. Thankfully, she allows me to borrow them for a bit of fun.

Secrets

The old storeroom was a room of secrets.

That broom closet of a room stood at the far end of the dungeon corridor, neglected since the potions it once contained had been moved to a more accessible location in the castle. Now, it stood empty and dank, an afterthought to passersby as they scurried about their day. But this seemingly normal room wasn't as normal as it appeared. This disregarded space, if its stone walls could talk, could have spilled the secrets of those occupants it happily entertained.

The visitors the room received were often those who found themselves there by accident...the awkward first-year who mistook the room's wooden door for that of the Potions classroom several feet away or the wayward Slytherin student who used it to escape detention should they find themselves in the corridor past curfew. Those visitors were always the same. They would stay within the room long enough to realize their mistake or until the coast was clear. They would then slip back through the door, forgetting the simple cupboard entirely. After all, it wasn't difficult to forget such a mundane place.

It was ordinary in the simplest of terms, with bare, grey stone walls and floors. The shelving had long been removed along with the potions they had held, leaving it completely empty. As was expected in the dungeons, there were no windows to allow light, only the plain wrought-iron chandelier that hung in the center, its dust- and web-flecked candles providing the faintest of glows. It kept an uncommonly harsh chill, and sometimes, in the dead of winter, an occupant's breath could be seen condensing in the air as when they entered. Secrets, it would seem, had no place in the room.

However, over the years, the abandoned cupboard had played host to a select few who entered it for the sake of secrecy...those seeking a certain discretion they hoped would never be discovered. The room, as any good hiding place would do, held the acts they committed, regardless of their nature, with strict confidence. Some secrets, of course, were better than others. Some were surprising, and some were expected, but none of that mattered to the room. It gladly welcomed those who came to it to disappear.

The room received two individuals more often than all others. They were the most unlikely of pairs, but they frequented the room as though they were bound to it by some invisible force. The man, a looming, cryptic individual who could be found hidden between the shadows. His expressions, veiled behind his black hair and billowing robes, were often unreadable as he stood outside the room, waiting for his companion as the castle slept. The young woman, the object of his desire, would arrive at the same time each night they met, the hem of her seventh-year school robes rustling on the stone floor as she approached. Neither would speak to the other as he opened the door, allowing her to pass through to the room.

When in the presence of others, the two maintained the relationship expected between a professor and student. However, when concealed within the forgotten room's

walls, no such relationship stood in the way. He was no longer the calloused, hollow man they all believed him to be but rather an attentive lover. She ceased to be his student when that door closed behind them. There, in the room discarded by all others, she became his equal and a lover in her own right.

Shrouded in the dimness of the room, he leaned down to kiss her, and she arched to reach him, her hands knotting in his hair as he worked her lower lip between his teeth. He was a patient man, but the feel of her body pressed against him made him want to tear her from her clothing to satisfy his lust. However, he didn't. No, he was slow and meticulous when dealing with her. He took his time, allowing his thin lips to trail up her jaw to the sensitive skin just behind her ear. There, he lingered, his tongue sending shivers over her body.

"I want you." His voice was euphoric, teasing even, as if he were pressing his luck for the fun of it.

She turned her head, capturing his lips for the first time of their meeting. Taking hold of him, she pushed him against the door, never breaking the connection they shared. He pulled back to look at her, noticing a look of wild determination on her face. He cocked his head to the side, the hint of a smile threatening to break free.

This was new.

With practiced precision, she pulled him toward her, allowing her tongue to dart between his lips almost playfully, though he could sense the longing. She knew exactly what she was doing and it drove him wild. Her hands, though they were trembling slightly, searched through the dense fabric of his robes until she found what she desired. Though he was fully clothed, there was no way of concealing the repressed need he had for her. He watched her with a carnal gaze as her hands slowly traveled across his groin.

With each titillating graze, he throbbed almost painfully for something more. He made to grab her hips to pull her toward him, but she resisted. Instead, her hold on his cock intensified, putting him firmly back in his place.

"You are mine tonight."

There was no way he could escape her assault; her mouth was on his lips, his strong jaw and his neck as she freed him of his layers. In just his white dress shirt and black trousers, he felt vulnerable to the unforgiving chill around them. The cool dampness of the room hit his naked chest, and he was suddenly very aware that she had managed to make short work of his shirt. He watched, his hand tangling in her curls as she started at the small track of hair above his navel, kissing her way down his stomach and across his pelvis.

A single hand slipped below his belt, and he thought he would die. She gave a gentle, but possessive, squeeze. "All mine."

All he could do was moan a low, guttural sound from the back of his throat. He was powerless when it came to this witch, his woman. He needed...wanted...her, and she knew it. Her trim fingernails slowed as she raked up his shaft, and she could feel the slight prickle of his skin. He shivered against her hand, and she smiled before she grabbed him again, this time with a firmer grip.

He jumped with a start at her boldness, his hands balled into tight fists at his sides. His voice was nothing short of a whisper, but it was full of the pent-up tension he felt. "Fucking tease."

Easing her hand from his pants, she went straight for the buckle holding them in place. She jerked him toward her, a wicked, scheming smile on her face.

"That's the idea, Professor."

Without taking her eyes from the fathomless depth of his, she unbuckled his belt with ease, allowing it to clatter noisily at their feet once it was free. There, bending to her knees with his pulsing lust just behind unforgiving fabric in front of her, she unclasped his trousers, running her hands over him with careful calculation.

Fucking tease indeed.

His hands played in her hair as he propped himself against the door for support. The arousal he felt coursing through his veins was unlike anything he had ever felt. The walls of the forgotten room could have fallen down around him and he wouldn't have cared. He would have thought of this meeting between them as a mere dream; some dark and deeply hidden fantasy he would never receive, until the cold air around them hit the ridge flesh of his freed cock. A hiss of surprise escaped his thin, ashen lips.

She looked up at him from her knees as though daring him to make a single move, her own lips being worried between her teeth. She hesitated, taking in the sight of him, knowing and relishing that she was the one responsible for his rigid cock. She flicked her tongue against his sensitive flesh, and a little thrill shot through him. Her lips curled around his cock, slowly, tantalizing...savoring his taste and scent. His head crashed against the door, his fist flying to his mouth to keep from crying out like some fumbling, fool teenager. She knew where it was, of course, the spot that would drive him slowly over the dangerous edge, but she took her time finding it. Her tongue traced lazy circles down his length, a pattern designed to turn him into a shaking mess of a man.

His breath was coming in short gasps, the sound she loved to hear when her mouth was on him. "You are going to kill me, witch."

She did not stop to respond, though he could feel the flash of her brilliant smile against him. Instead, she worked with a steady persistence meant just for pleasing him. With every stroke of her soft guiding hands and every teasing suck from her pert, hot mouth, she brought him closer to his release. Her mouth devoured him and he was consumed by every touch, by every sweeping caress of her lips on his cock.

Never, in all of the lousy years of his life, had he felt such a roaring fire race through him, coaxing him toward the precipice he both welcomed and dreaded. When he found his release, it meant their time together would come to a close. If he had his way, he would never let her walk through the door.

After teasing him for what felt like a lifetime, she took him in her mouth fully, and he fought desperately to fight off the stars clouding his vision. He couldn't lose control. Not yet.

He bit down hard on his lip and tasted the metallic tang of his blood.

The desire to thrust toward her mouth caused him to squirm under her touch. All he could do was fist his hands in her now-messy hair and surrender himself to her, allowing the slow upsurge caused by her lips to swallow him whole. Those perfectly sculpted lips, which often spouted answers from the front row of his seventh-year Potions classes, were now sucking the life from him.

The moan that escaped his clenched lips told her he was so very close, but not nearly as much as when he arched toward her, needing closer contact. She regarded his breathing and matched her movements with fervor, careful to touch every inch of his cock as she glided across him. Looking up at him with a certain wildness in her eyes, she noticed as the muscles in his pale stomach grew taut.

So very close indeed.

With a final, well-placed pass of her tongue over the underside of his cock, he was consumed by a white hot climax. The room was spinning, and he hung on as she continued, determined to take everything he had. When he gained enough sense to open his eyes, he saw her rising from her place between his thighs, licking the remaining evidence of their tryst from her lips. If he could have, he would have come all over again at the sight of her.

She looked at him with a satisfied expression. Her hand squeezed the length of his sated cock as she leaned up to seize his lips for the last time that evening. He moved to the side to right his clothes, enticed still, as she tossed her righteous curls over her shoulder and made her way out of the room. She cast one final glance in his direction, the salaciously smug grin on her moist lips calling to him as she exited the abandoned room.

He lingered a few moments behind her before taking his own leave, leaving behind the room and all of the secrets it kept...theirs included.

Author's Notes: First and foremost, I would like to extend a thousand praises to my beta, Meladara. Without her, I would have never had the courage to even attempt something of this nature. This story is what it is because of her! As always, reviews are welcomed and greatly appreciated. Happy reading to all!