

Nocturne

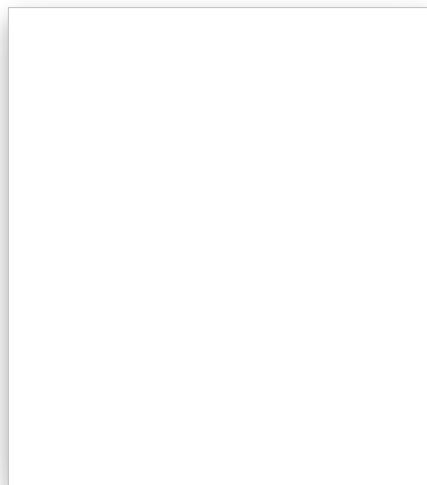
by Tarpeia

An intimate moment between Severus and Lily. WARNING: very dark.

One-Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Note: Many thanks to my beta, blue artemis, for her time and help.

Warning: This short dark!fic contains explicit sexual content, non-con, and mild violence.

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Sometimes, Severus had to concede this much, *the Gryffindor colors did have a certain allure*. Candlelight reflected in Lily's eyes, grains of gold in pools of green. It brought a soft glow to her complexion and made her nipples appear fuller and darker. Her parted robes flowed like streams of wine down her limbs; her auburn hair with flashes of cherry red obscured what the silk failed to cover. Nothing, however, could shield her flower from him.

His body was aflame. His right hand wandered across her breasts, the other one holding her loins tight into him. She had been slowly sinking against the table he supported her on; in her uncomfortable position, she had no choice but to grip his shoulder as she attempted to prop herself against the smooth surface. The angle was perfect to contemplate her breasts springing at the feverish pace he had imposed.

His release came abruptly, as intense as a storm. He tilted his head back, pulling her yet closer, and with a faint gasp, she clenched her fists, digging her nails deep into his skin. In response, he pinched the tender flesh of her buttock so viciously that she could not suppress a whimper.

It had never been his intention, much less desire, to cause her physical pain. Yet this seemed to be the only means of rousing her from her apathy, her frustrating daydreaming state of mind, of making her aware of his presence and attentions. That her lethargy invariably returned in the morning was, for now, of little consequence.

"I hate you," he whispered in her ear. His voice would have sounded sensual, caressing even, if it were not for the sinister quality of his intonation. "Do you know that?"

He felt her turn her face toward his so she could look him straight in the eye. Her large orbs sent the declaration back to him in waves of disgust.

The feeling is utterly mutual, her gaze implied.

"Yes."

She kept observing him. It was so rare to have her look at him of her own accord.

"You know," she continued coldly, "I like you better when you are sincere."

Did she now?

"When you don't pretend to be a better person than you are. Or try to feed me this rubbish about how much you love me."

Severus watched, captivated, her lips shape the derogatory term. To both his delight and disappointment, she never resorted to crude language, not ever. He wondered how an offensive name would sound on those delicate lips. In a heartbeat, he longed to kiss her again, to never stop kissing her. But everything in due time.

"I'll be most happy to oblige you," he promised darkly, his mouth grazing against hers with a deceptive gentleness.

Then, without warning, he spun her over and pinned her on the table face downwards. Pushing her robe out of the way, he let his fingers trace the flawless curve of her buttocks. His hand did not pause until it reached the small back entrance he had not invaded to the present day... or so Lily believed (for in truth, she had been barely conscious the night he had despoiled her body for the first time). She froze in terror at the new intrusion, at the probing finger circling the only intimate part she still considered inviolate. He did not let the threat linger for long, though, sliding his hand lower, right toward her sweet cavern. The profound sigh of relief she exhaled brought a smile to his lips. *Well, then, his point had been made.*

As he buried himself in her velvety depths once again, he thought that as much as he yearned for her love, he would never, ever, tire of her defiance.