

Shepherds and Sinners

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When fire meets ice...

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 1

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April 13, 1967

Narcissa Black had just spent the entire evening in the library and had missed dinner. Her stomach growled as she sped through the corridors in an attempt to find the kitchen. She figured that her Black charms would work on a house-elf or two and she could snag a decent bite to eat before bed. She was unaware of the time, but was positive that being caught out of bed at this hour would bring about certain consequences. However, she was certain that her Black charms would keep her out of trouble.

The aroma of Shepherd's pie permeated the air signaling that she was close to her destination. She licked her lips in anticipation of the meal that hopefully awaited her. She could just imagine digging into the pie and washing it down with a big goblet of pumpkin juice. Shepherd's pie was a rarity in the Black household since it was a dish associated with the less affluent. Narcissa only ate the pie on the rare occasion when her father was out of town and her mother was in an agreeable mood.

She rounded the corner and was knocked back onto the floor. In her haste, she failed to notice the lip-locked couple standing in front of her. Narcissa grimaced struggling to get up. Her textbooks and parchments scattered in every direction. Her cheeks reddened as she brushed some dirt off her robes.

She slowly shifted her gaze from the floor to the couple. Her breath hitched and her blush deepened as she stared at the young man. His red hair was sticking up in all angles, and his spectacles were askew. He was tall with an amiable face and bright blue eyes. Her body felt like it was on fire, which she found odd since the basements of Hogwarts were always cold. She cleared her throat and loosened her Slytherin tie.

"I'm sorry," she mumbled not bothering to wait for their response. She bent down and started collecting her things. The man turned to the short, curvaceous redhead beside him and whispered something into her ear. She nodded at him and hurried off in the other direction.

"It's perfectly alright," he replied as he picked up her essay on the Mandrakes. "Herbology?" She nodded. "So glad I'm done with that!" He chuckled and handed it back to her.

Narcissa shivered as their fingertips touched. She clamped down on her bottom lip stifling a cry. She snatched her hand away from him. They picked up the rest of her items in silence. He extended a hand to help her off the floor. She hesitated for a moment before deciding that it was best to be polite. She slowly extended her hand to him and shivered again as their hands touched.

"Where were you going?" She noticed the Gryffindor prefect badge on his robes, and she sighed heavily. He was being pleasant enough, but that didn't mean that he wouldn't take away house points. Slytherin and Gryffindor were neck and neck for the House Cup this year and every point mattered.

"The kitchen," she said softly refusing to look at him.

"Missed dinner?" She nodded focusing her eyes on the empty corridor behind him. Her stomach growled and she wished floor would swallow her. He responded with a hearty laugh that rang through the halls of the empty corridor. He winked at her and cocked his head in the direction of the kitchen. He took off and she gave into the battle raging between her head and her stomach.

"Do you know how to get in?" he asked as they approached the portrait, which was a painting of a bowl of fruit. She had not even thought about that. She shook her head at him.

"You do it like this." He demonstrated ticking the pear, which transformed into a green doorknob.

He spoke with one of the house-elves and explained her situation. The elf returned a few minutes later with a piece of Shepherd's pie and a goblet of pumpkin juice. Narcissa briefly wondered how he got the elf to be so cooperative. However, her questions were pushed aside after she took her first bite of the mouthwatering pie. The flaky crust melted in her mouth and she resisted the urge to moan aloud. She was so engrossed in eating and did not notice that he was still in the room.

"You didn't have to stay and watch," she commented. She politely thanked the house-elf and turned to exit the kitchens.

"I'm going to take you back to your common room." She opened her mouth to protest. "It's not safe to be walking around alone late at night." She nodded and followed him purposely staying a few steps behind him.

"Now in you go." She placed her hand in his; he placed his other hand on the small of her back and helped her climb into the portrait. "Have a good evening, Miss Black."

Later that evening, Narcissa tossed and turned in her bed unable to get his red hair and blue eyes out of her mind.

Narcissa replayed the previous evening's events oblivious to all that was going around her in the Great Hall the following morning. She picked at her food and pushed most of it around her plate.

"What's wrong?" her older sister Andromeda asked.

"Nothing. I'm just not hungry," she replied as her eyes scanned the Great Hall in search of the redhead. She was puzzled as to how he knew her name but she did not know his. She eventually spotted him at the Gryffindor table sitting next to the redheaded young woman who was laughing at something he said.

"That's Arthur Weasley," Andromeda stated following her sister's gaze. "And that's Molly Prewett. They're practically engaged!"

Narcissa slammed her fork down on her plate and her heart felt it had been ripped out of her chest. She pursed her lips together and sighed softly trying desperately to control her emotions.

"Look at those blood traitors!" her other sister Bellatrix scoffed. "Get a room!" she hissed slamming her fist down on the table.

Narcissa excused herself and sprinted out of the Great Hall. She ducked behind a statue of armor and brushed the tears away from her face. She knew it was silly. She could never be with a man like Arthur Weasley. He was already attached and her family would never approve. However, she could not deny the attraction she felt to him.

August 22, 1994: Quidditch World Cup

Narcissa trailed behind her husband and son as they climbed the purple-carpeted stairs to reach the Top Box. She hadn't wanted to attend citing several other matters that required her attentions. Lucius had scoffed at her attempt to stay behind claiming that they had appearances to maintain. After all, the Minister of Magic had invited them to the match as a thank you for their generous donation to St. Mungo's. She knew Lucius was heavily concerned with connecting with the powerful wizards who would be in attendance. She only agreed to go upon Draco's insistence. She could never say no to her son.

They were stopped on the way to their seats when Lucius caught sight of the Minister. He wasted no time engaging in polite small talk with the man. Narcissa glanced at her high-heeled dragon skin boots wishing Lucius would shut up. The ascent had been unpleasant and the additional time standing was not helping her aching feet.

"I don't think you've met my wife, Narcissa." Lucius gestured to her. She straightened her back and gave the Minister her patented practiced polite smile. She tuned them out as they continued to talk.

"Let's see who else is here... Oh... you know Arthur Weasley," the Minister deduced gesturing to the redhead. Narcissa's eyes swept over Mr. Weasley taking in as much as she could before she averted her gaze. Lucius, as per usual, insulted Mr. Weasley. Mr. Weasley looked as if he was about to retaliate. Fortunately, the Minister interjected with an announcement of Lucius' generous donation. Narcissa was thankful for the diversion, and they made their way to their seats.

Narcissa spent the remainder of the match observing Arthur taking full advantage of her seat directly behind him. Lucius had taken it at first, but she insisted that he sit as far away from Arthur as possible. She could not afford to have a fight break out between them. She was so engrossed in her observations that she did not notice Lucius sending malicious glances toward Arthur.

A true family man would be the best words to describe Mr. Weasley. It was written all over him. He truly enjoyed the outing with his family and their friends and was just as enthusiastic about the match as the children. The cheerful, boisterous aura of his family was such a sharp contrast to hers. They sat quietly and barely interacted with each other. Draco occasionally cheered at a spectacular play and commented to her about a few things, but his actions were subdued compared to the Weasleys. She wondered briefly what it would be like to let her hair down and act purely on impulse. But alas, Malfoys were never impulsive. Everything was always planned to the most minute of details.

Halfway through the match, the smell of Shepherd's pie permeated the air. She turned her head in the direction of the smell and her heart dropped as she caught Arthur eating a handheld piece. Her mouth watered and she discreetly licked her lips. Something behind him caught his attention, and he turned around catching her gaze much to her dismay. His big, beautiful blue eyes bore into hers and a soft smile graced his lips. Narcissa flushed and refused to look his way the rest of the match. Lucius could hex him for all she cared.

February 14, 1997

Narcissa swirled her tumbler of Ogden's Old Firewhisky as she brushed back an errant strand of hair that spilled out of the hood of her travelling cloak. She took a small sip hoping to subdue the tears that threatened to fall down her pale face. The past eight months had been extremely difficult, and she felt so alone. She hoped that Lucius was not suffering too much and that he would find his way back to her. She missed Draco greatly and wished he would write her more often. She took a larger sip and let her mind wander as she imagined what her life could have been, which was synonymous with what it never would be.

A redheaded man eyed her from across the bar. He was shocked that a woman like her would be in a pub like the Hog's Head. He had to give her points for trying to blend in. Her cloak was by no means as immaculate as her typical clothing. Her face was hidden from the crowd. However, her blonde hair kept spilling out of her hood. He recognized her slender, perfectly manicured hand. No one with hands that pampered would ever be in a pub like Hog's Head. The patrons were most likely single, depressed and looking for ways to down their sorrows.

The rational side of him knew that he should finish up his drink and head back home to his wife. He knew that he should just apologize to her for their argument over how the Order was handling the Dark Lord's return even if he thought her opinions were incorrect. They might even be able to enjoy the rest of the evening together if she accepted his apology. *As they say, happy wife happy life.* Unfortunately, he could not take his eyes off the beautiful blonde.

"I'll have another and so will she." He took a seat on the rickety wooden stool next to her. He had no idea what possessed him to do such a thing, but he wasn't about to back down. The bartender poured two more shots of Firewhisky.

"Thanks," she muttered not bothering to look at the man. She hoped that he would leave her alone since she wasn't in the mood for company.

"You're welcome, Narcissa," a familiar voice replied. He took a sip of his drink. She copied him. The two sat in silence trying to ignore the tension building between them.

"So, what brings you here?" she asked breaking the silence.

"Fight with the wife. You?"

"I'm going stir crazy without Lucius and Draco. I just feel so... alone..." she confessed dropping her voice to a whisper.

Arthur did not know her very well, but he always suspected that she was unhappy with her current situation. He believed that her Ice Queen demeanor was a mask she wore to hide her true emotions. He smiled at the memory of the painfully shy girl he accompanied to the kitchen at Hogwarts many years ago.

"You mustn't know what it's like to be alone," she opined. "Your family is so large."

"Well, Molly always wanted a girl and we just kept having boys," he admitted. "It is quite a handful sometimes."

"I would imagine so, but it must be nice to have a lot of people around for... support."

"I suppose so..."

At that moment, they turned to face each other. His knee bumped into hers. "I'm sorry." His eyes focused on her hand that rubbed her knee. There were tiny chips in the crimson nail varnish. Her azure eyes were filled with sadness and despair. Arthur's chest tightened and his heart went out to her. He never imagined that a woman like her would be on the verge of a breakdown.

"Well, you're lucky," she mumbled downing her drink. A tear ran down her face and she turned away from him. Arthur placed his hand on the small of her back urging her to face him. More tears trickled down her face, and he was amazed as to how she still looked beautiful. He moved closer to her and cupped her face with his large hands.

She stiffened at his warm touch and she wanted to push him away. However, his embrace was far too welcoming and warm. It had been such a long time since she had felt like that.

"It will be alright," he said pulling her closer to him. She was frigid despite having consumed at least two drinks. He rubbed her back and brushed away her tears with the pads of his calloused thumbs. The tenderness of his action only brought about more tears. She rested her chin on his shoulder meeting his gaze with a small smile.

"Why are you doing this?"

"You need it." Another tear trickled down her face landing on her ruby red lips. He wiped it away taking off some of her lipstick in the process. He didn't bother apologizing this time.

"Thank you," she replied moving her face closer to his. He felt her breath on his lips as he inhaled her scent, a heady mix of vanilla and almond. He shifted his hips away from her hoping that she would not notice the bulge forming in his trousers.

She inched forward and pressed her lips lightly on his. Strands of blonde hair fell from her hood and tickled his cheek. He hesitated momentarily before completely giving into her. He pressed his lips firmly against hers deepening the kiss. He groaned into her mouth as she sucked on his bottom lip. Her tongue brushed against his teeth begging for entrance. He complied allowing their tongues to touch.

"Second door upstairs and to the left," the bartender said interrupting their heated kiss. He slid a rusty key toward them. They broke apart and stared at each other for a few seconds. Narcissa held her breath hoping he received her message. Her heart fluttered as Arthur nodded and took the key. He extended his hand to her and led her upstairs.

They entered the room and he locked the door. Narcissa's trembling fingers played with the strings of her cloak. Arthur enveloped her in a fiery kiss. His warm body pressed her against the wall while his hands wandered all over her body familiarizing themselves with her curves. Her nervousness evaporated. She pushed his cloak off his shoulders and started to undo the buttons on his shirt. His growing erection rubbed against her core. She wanted to feel him inside her.

He spun her around and laid her down on the bed. His warm heat radiated off her fueling her growing desire. His hands deftly removed her cloak and unzipped her dress pulling it down to her waist. She removed his shirt and her hands caressed the muscular planes of his chest and stomach. Their lips remained attached and her back arched.

Arthur groaned in appreciation as he stared at her perfect, perky breasts encased in an ivory lace bustier. He placed hot, open-mouthed kisses along her jawbone and down her neck. He nipped at the skin by her collarbone drawing soft moans from the normally demure witch. Narcissa had never felt so wanted in her life. She ran her fingers through his soft ginger locks encouraging him to move further down. He complied, and she felt his mouth moving to her cleavage. He snaked a hand behind her back fumbling with the hooks to her bustier.

Something in Arthur's brain snapped and he backed away from her. He snatched his shirt off the floor and threw it back on using his wand to redo the buttons.

"I can't do this!" he exclaimed as he matted down his hair. He wiped his mouth to get rid of her taste on his lips. "I have a wife and you have a husband!"

She sat up on the bed and ran a hand through her hair. She did not even bother to pull her dress back up. "I thought you wanted this." Tears formed in her eyes blurring her vision and she did not bother trying to control them this time. "I do, but I can't... I'm sorry... I just can't." He turned and left before she could say anything else. She fell back on the bed crying in earnest not bothering to cast a silencing charm over her room.

Arthur Weasley returned home to find his wife already in bed. He was incredibly thankful for that since he was positive that he still reeked of the blonde witch. He strode over to the liquor cabinet and poured himself a glass of his best Firewhisky. *What the fuck is wrong with you?* He downed the drink and vowed that he would never make that mistake again.

Two nights later, he made up to his wife with an incredible round of make up sex. However, as he came, Narcissa's azure eyes, ruby red lips and nails were the only things on his mind.

One Month Later

Narcissa was sitting in front of the roaring fireplace thumbing mindlessly through the pages of the book in her lap. The pitter-patter of raindrops and howling wind muffled the endless thoughts racing through her mind. She stared at the dancing flames trying to take comfort in their heat. The clock stuck eleven, and she knew she had only an hour left to wait. Lucius was currently overseas accompanying the Dark Lord and fellow cohorts on "business" matters. She was required to say up until midnight on these evenings. She hadn't bothered to inquire about the matters knowing full well that he was not at liberty to disclose such information. She only hoped that they would seek treatment for their battle wounds elsewhere. She was so sick of playing Healer.

A soft knock from the front entrance startled her. She snapped the book shut and made her way through the winding corridors to answer the door. The house-elves had retired for the evening, and she was not in the mood to trouble them. She was curious to see who had the audacity to visit her at this late hour in such terrible conditions. Perhaps it was one of the wives of the newer Death Eaters. Those women always fretted when their husbands were sent on their first missions. She would comfort the women with biscuits, tea and promises that everything would work out just fine. She was not in the mood to play the doting hostess, but part of her longed for the company.

"Hullo," Arthur Weasley announced as she opened the door. Narcissa's eyes widened, and she began to close the door on him *The nerve of that man!* His cloak was soaked, his glasses were foggy and his hair was sticking to his scalp.

"What are you doing here? Don't you have a wife waiting for you at home?" Her eyes darkened and her brow furrowed.

"I told Molly I'd be working late." He stumbled forward and braced himself against the door. She gagged at the overpowering smell of Firewhisky emanating from his drenched body. "I just wanted to see you." His lip curled upward in an attempt to produce a seductive smile.

"You've seen me. Now go."

"Please let me in," he begged. "I just..."

"Fine." He stumbled up the stair and latched onto her forearm for support. He almost pulled her to the floor, but luckily she stayed upright and was able to safely guide him toward one of the many guestrooms. He flopped face down onto the mattress. She cast a warming spell over him, removed his cloak and lit up the fireplace. "Stay here. Sober up. Do not go looking for me," she threatened shooting him a murderous glare.

An hour later, Narcissa returned lowering the wards she placed to prevent him from escaping or harming himself. She sat down on the edge of the bed and set a tray down onto the nightstand.

"Take this," she instructed handing him a vial of hangover potion and a glass of water. He downed both liquids and blushed upon noticing the swell of her ample breasts and nipples protruding from the silky material of her cream silk robe. His blush deepened as he eyed her firm thighs. She shifted causing her robe to rise up a bit exposing more smooth pale flesh.

"I'm really sorry. Just give me ten minutes." He ran a hand through his disheveled hair refusing to look her in the eye.

"What were you going to say to me earlier?" She stared at the duvet and fingered the tie on her robe. He swallowed hard and faced her.

"That I can't stop thinking about you, that you've been on my mind ever since that evening at Hog's Head and that I want to be with you," he confessed. "That is... if you'll still have me..."

"What about your wife and children?" She raised a perfectly sculpted eyebrow at him. She bit down on her lower lip, and he swore he saw a flicker of desire in her eyes.

"What about your husband and son?" His hand slipped through the small opening in her robe and latched onto her breast. He caressed it and rolled her nipple between his fingertips.

"They don't have to know." She inched closer to him tilting her chin up at him. He cupped her face bringing it closer to his.

"They don't have to know," he echoed planting a kiss on her soft lips as he laid her down on the bed.

Narcissa bathed in the warmth coursing through her body as their lips and tongues mingled together. Arthur's hand ran through the silky waves of her blonde hair. His other hand traced circles on the sensitive skin of her hipbone causing her to moan into his mouth. They finally broke their kiss to come up for some much needed air. Narcissa helped Arthur out of his shirt. Her nails scratched lightly at his muscular stomach and chest.

Arthur buried his face in her long, exquisite neck kissing every inch of skin he could get his lips on. He traveled to her ears and sucked on her earlobe. The demure witch responded with a breathy moan. He moved back down her neck focusing on the sensitive skin of her collarbone. He felt her pulse pounding frantically against his lips as he kissed it. She ground her core directly into his growing erection as her fingers moved to the placket of his trousers. She yanked on the zipper and pushed his trousers off his hips. She rubbed his clothed erection smirking at the sight of his Slytherin green boxer shorts.

He pushed the robe off her shoulders baring her breasts. He showered them with much needed attention. He alternated between caressing them and sucking on her nipples. They hardened instantly to his ministrations. He glanced up at the witch. Her eyes were closed tightly and her mouth was slightly agape. Her moans grew louder. He planted kisses on her taut stomach and hipbone moving closer and closer to her sweet spot. She snaked her hand inside his boxers and ran her smooth, soft hand up and down the length of his shaft. He groaned thrusting his hips in time with her hand.

He removed white lace knickers exposing her glistening sex to him. The scent of her growing arousal was overpowering, and he almost came as he took a whiff of it. She smelled so sweet and all he wanted to do was taste her. He kissed her inner thighs. Her eyes snapped open as she felt his breath on her outer folds. She blushed deeply and begun to close her legs.

It dawned on him that her idiot of a husband probably hadn't bothered to perform such activities on her. He willed himself back to her mouth. He peppered her lips with soft kisses placing a hand on her hipbone. She melted into him. His hand worked its way back to her most intimate spot. She tensed again and he pulled his hand away.

"Do you want this?" His brow furrowed and his voice was laced with frustration.

"Yes... I do... it's just that he..."

"I understand. I'm not going to hurt you, Narcissa. You have to trust me," he pleaded. She grabbed his hand and placed it between her legs. She spread them granting him access to what he desired. He inserted a lone finger into her moving in and out of her at a slow pace. Her head flung back, her legs spread apart wider and she thrust her hips upward.

"More," she demanded grinding against his hand. He smirked and complied adding another finger into her. He gradually increased his pace. He lowered his mouth to her core and licked the length of her clit.

"Oh shite, Arthur!" she whined and she scooted away from him. He pulled her back to him locking her legs in place with his forearms. The squeamish witch finally gave up allowing him to do as he pleased. Her eyes widened as she watched him enjoying her sweet essence. She ran her fingers through his hair pulling it when he found a particularly sensitive spot. He felt her muscles clenching around him. She was close. He just had to find that spot. A litany of swear words erupted from the witch's mouth as his fingers stroked it. He bit down gently on her quivering clit. Her back arched off the bed and her legs trembled violently as she came into his mouth. He lapped up all her juices as he patiently waited for her to calm down.

Once she was lucid, she grabbed hold of his cock and rubbed it against her soaked folds. She bit down on her bottom lip giving him a soft, sexy smile.

"Take me, Arthur. Make me yours," she purred stroking his head. Those were all the words he needed to hear. They moaned loudly as he entered her. He almost lost it as he felt the tight witch adjust herself around him. He placed one leg over his shoulder as he moved in and out of her with deep, languid strokes. Her entire body shook with pleasure and she begged him for more. He complied and thrust into her deeper and faster until they were both on the edge of explosion. She was so close. He thrust into her again, and she came around him milking his orgasm out of him.

They broke away and he moved up to her face. He was shocked to find her in tears. "Are you alright?"

"Oh, Arthur, I'm more than alright... I've just never experienced that before..." she responded as she planted a soft kiss on his lips. "That was amazing..."

"No... you are amazing," Arthur corrected turning to face her. He wrapped his arm around her waist and brushed away a strand of sweaty hair. He smiled at the sight of the messy woman next to him. Her lips were swollen, her cheeks were still a bit pink and her eyes were sparkling. "He is one lucky bastard," he mused.

"Oh Arthur, he has never made me feel the way you do," she admitted. Arthur's heart swelled, and he rolled on top of her excited to get her ready for round two. He buried his face in her breasts planting kisses all over them. His lips traveled down her torso to her stomach. It responded with a growl when he kissed it.

"Hungry?" He smirked trying to suppress his laughter.

"You've made me work up an appetite with all this exercise!" She grinned and playfully smacked his shoulder.

"What would you like to eat?"

"Shepherd's pie," she replied winking at him.

The next four months were intense for the new lovers. They visited each other often. Narcissa would stop by his office on his lunch break under a well-placed glamour charm and a supposed discovery of a dangerous charmed object that needed his attentions. He fed his wife ridiculous stories about needing to spend the entire weekend at work. He even invented stories about needing to travel overseas to look at various objects. In reality, he spent those weekends in Narcissa's bed making sweet, passionate love to her.

Narcissa appreciated his tenderness. He put her enjoyment above his. She loved that he whispered sweet nothings into her ear when he held her as they fell asleep. He made her feel warm and loved. Some nights, they would just talk and fall asleep in each other's arms. Other nights, they acted like a couple, cooked dinner and talked over glasses of wine and a roaring fireplace.

Arthur enjoyed caring for her and giving her with the attention she did not receive from her husband. He found himself enjoying spending time with the witch outside of the bedroom. She held opinions on a variety of subjects and had several interests. They discussed anything and everything. Most importantly, he loved how she *needed* him. Part of him wanted to leave his life behind, run away with her and start life anew.

"What's wrong?" Arthur caressed her cheek brushing away her tears. Their session had been more intense than usual. He almost blacked out when he finished. He could only assume that she had felt the same. He hoped he had not hurt her. She had not cried since their first time together.

"We can't do this anymore," she confessed burying her head into his shoulder. He kissed her head as he held her close allowing her to get all her tears out. He knew that this would happen. *All good things must come to an end.* But, it did not mean that he would not miss it. He had developed an attraction to her that went far beyond their sexual encounters. He could have sworn that she felt the same.

"There is a plan to break Lucius out of Azkaban." She pulled away from him staring into the depths of his blue eyes.

"I see." He clenched his hands into fists. "Do you know when?"

"No, but I would imagine that it will happen soon."

"Let's make the most out of this then." He pulled her to him kissing her soundly hoping to convey the words he could not say. She responded with as much passion.

Rays of sunshine peeked through the openings in the drapery. Narcissa pressed her face into the pillow. She fingered the empty bedclothes. A tear trickled down her face. She pulled herself up refusing to let more fall. She knew that this time was coming and that their arrangement could never be permanent. A pink carnation sitting in a vase with a note propped up against it caught her eye. A smile erupted on her face after she finished its contents. She clutched it to her chest and took it with her to the bathroom as she prepared for the day.

Two Months Later

A dirty grey owl flew into the window of Narcissa's study and collapsed on her desk. Narcissa dropped her book and rushed to the owl praying that it had not died. The owl stood up a minute later and hooted at her. She shook her head and handed it a treat. She unwrapped the package tied to its leg and grinned as she stared at a wrapped piece of Shepherd's pie.

HH Friday 10pm? - AW

~FIN~