

Your Cheating Heart

by Alison

Poor Argus Filch! His heart is breaking.

Complete short story.

Chapter 1 of 1

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Your Cheating Heart

By Alison Venugoban

She's just left again. This is killing me.

She looked up at me with those big beautiful eyes of hers and let me know she was going to patrol the corridors for a while. Hah! Right. The lying little snip. It's not misbehaving students she's after, not anymore.

We used to go out together to do this job. She used to love accompanying me, and she was focused back then on finding miscreants. Even though I've never been allowed to properly punish the filthy little beasts we caught, at least we worked as a team.

Why is she doing this to me? Aren't I enough for her anymore? I'm ashamed of myself, sitting here in my office blubbering like a baby.

I've been patient with her other transient love affairs. They've never lasted long, a few nights at most. Last year she spent almost a week with that big ginger tom that belonged to the Granger girl. Did I object? Not once did I say, "Don't go to him." And she always came back to me within an hour or so, snuggling up to me in bed, and I'd drift off back to sleep, content that she still loved me.

That's what makes this situation so difficult. Emotionally she's always been mine. But I can feel her drifting away now, I'm losing her, and it terrifies me. For the past six months, she's been out all hours and won't sleep with me anymore. No, now when she comes home (past dawn sometimes, I've lain awake listening for her, loving her, hating her) it's not my bed she returns to. Now she curls up to sleep on the sofa the sofa! leaving me to shake and cry in the lonely bedroom.

For a while I tried to tell myself that it was me, she'd lost interest physically with me but still loved me. But I can't lie to myself any longer. My old Gran was a Seer. True, not a particularly good one, but she had the odd flash that came true. And I found out years ago that I'm not a total Squib. I inherited some of Gran's talent. I can't cast a spell to save my life, I can't levitate students upside down by their ankles when they richly deserve it, but over the years I've forged a connection with my little lover.

I know she doesn't suspect. But when I concentrate, really concentrate on her, I can feel her. It's not like seeing at all, more like I'm riding in her mind, unnoticed by her. I'm blind and deaf when I'm there. Although for some reason scent comes through strongly, as does taste and physical sensation. I can feel what she's feeling, both her

physical sensations and her emotional.

And in the past few months I've felt her love for her illicit partner growing, becoming deeper and richer, like the love she used to feel for me. I don't know who he is yet, but when I find out, I'll kill him. I might only be a Squib, but I'll strangle him with my bare hands if I have to.

How dare he touch her? Because he does: when she leaves me, I lie on my bed and concentrate hard on slipping into her mind. And when they meet up, oh, Merlin, the things they do together! I feel it all second-hand, the delight she feels on meeting with him, the caresses, the horrible moment when his hard penis slips inside her, then the thrusts, the building pleasure...

I always come back to myself after their meetings, trembling, my stomach streaked with cum and my face streaked with tears. I have no wish to be a peeping tom, yet I continue to torture myself by spying on her affair.

Oh, Merlin, I want her back! I know it's only a matter of time until she leaves me completely for him, and I can't stand it! I long for the days when we first fell in love: how she would curl up on my naked hips, her lithe body encircling my achingly hard penis, and purr. It never took me long to get off when she did that, but more than that, it was the emotional bond we shared. We'd spend hours pleasuring each other. The size difference never worried us; there are ways of making love that don't involve penetration. I loved to watch her face when I used my fingers on her, adored hearing her cry out in ecstasy as I brought her to orgasm with my lips and tongue.

I finally confided in Irma Pince this afternoon. She's my oldest friend at Hogwarts, and I'm the only one who knows that she, like me, has an interest in furry love. She's been so happy these past couple of years since Firenze came to work here as Astrology teacher. She told me she was getting too old to keep meeting him out in the cold forest. Particularly in winter, the weather affects her arthritis. Now they can carry on their relationship in the comfort of his transfigured study.

Of course they're careful to be discreet. We furry lovers have to be. The so-called "normal" people don't understand that our kind of love is just as fulfilling as theirs. It took me years before I realized that Irma and I were alike in that regard. Our shared interest is one reason we became such good friends, and have remained so for so long. And still, the thought of the size difference boggles my mind: I can't see how a witch and a centaur could manage physically, not like me and Mrs. Norris!

But at any rate, she was extremely understanding. She'd been worried about me, she said, because I'd been looking peaky for some time, and she invited me into her office for a cup of tea. It was there I poured out the whole sorry story to her. And she was more than just comforting. Unlike me she's not a Squib, but a very powerful witch, and she offered to help.

"And you don't know who this fellow is, Argus?" she asked.

"No idea. Before, she's always had it away with tomcats belonging to students, oh, and once with a ferret, but that was only a one-night stand. But this feels... different, somehow. He's big, compared to her, but not so big that he can't manage penetration."

"Mmm, probably not a transformed Wizard then. Perhaps an unregistered Animagus? Or even a Metamorphmagus, although they're rare, the only one I know of is that young lady who married our Professor Lupin, what's her name, violet hair? They live in Hogsmeade now."

"Young Nymphadora? No, I can't see it being her. She's three months pregnant you know. I had it from Minerva just the other day. Minerva said that made it impossible for her to transform, not until after she's had the baby. She can't even use Apparition. For safety's sake she has to Floo to work everyday. Apparently it's not a good idea to Apparate when pregnant."

"That's true; it can cause miscarriage in some circumstances. But Nymphadora's not really a furry lover, is she? I mean, I know she's married to a werewolf, but that's a slightly different kink. And if she hasn't been able to metamorphose for three months it's not her that's having the affair with Mrs. Norris."

We sat thinking for a few minutes, and then finally Irma said, "Well, until we find out who this man is, we can't do much to stop it."

I brightened up a little. "You think we have a chance of stopping it?"

"I can't say Argus. The first thing we need to do is find out his identity, and go from there."

"I'm a Squib, in case you'd forgotten. What do you suggest I do, stalk her?"

"That's exactly what I'm suggesting. Now, I'm going to gift you with a charm, it will activate when you say a password aloud. It will make you invisible until you deactivate it with the same password. No magic on your part is required."

"Are you sure it'll work on cats?"

"I believe it should. It will also block your scent, so all you'll need to do is follow her quietly and see who she's meeting."

"When I find out who he is, I'll..."

"You'll do nothing," Irma interrupted, holding up one hand firmly. "You can't go charging in and doing something silly, Argus. This needs to be approached carefully. If Mrs. Norris has indeed fallen for this person, you doing him damage is unlikely to change her affections back to you. Besides, if he's magical, he could hurt you. No, you need to follow her discreetly, and when you know, come back here and we'll formulate a plan on the appropriate method of dealing with him."

I must admit, I was in a far more hopeful mood after I left Irma's company today. Now I glance at the clock. Mrs. Norris has had plenty of time to meet up with her lover.

I stand up and take a deep breath. "Cheating heart!" I say aloud, and feel a strange sensation, like warm water spreading over my whole body. I cast no reflection in the mirror on the wall. This next is the difficult part: I've never before used my connection to track my little lover. Closing my eyes I concentrate every fiber of my being on her.

Slowly, impressions begin to come through to me. It's warm, so she's probably still inside the castle. In fact, wherever she is feels hot. Hot and misty. Misty? He's with her, her joy is unmistakable. And they're ...oh no! Don't concentrate on what they're doing, try for any peripheral clues. There... a scent she's picking up, it hangs in the air. The smell of pine, and water, and soap...she's in one of the bathrooms ...

Focus, focus and ignore her growing pleasure, the obscene thrusts filling her...which bathroom? It can't be one of the dormitory ones; they're shared, not private enough. A student could walk in at any time.

I concentrate harder: the place isn't a teacher's bathroom, the wards would have been impossible to break. Could it be the Quidditch change rooms? But no, it's freezing outside, and pouring with rain. Mrs. Norris's fur is damp from the condensation in the bathroom, not wringing wet.

I whimper at a particularly hard thrust, oh Merlin, I've got a raging hard-on from the connection...

But then I realize where she must be, the perfect place, private at this time of night, warm and comfortable: the prefect's bathroom!

I leave at a run, charging along the corridors and up moving stairways, using every shortcut and secret passage I know. But as I duck around one corner, I have to stop. My connection with Mrs. Norris is too strong. I groan as I feel her pleasure peak. I slump shakily against the wall, my hips jerking wildly and my back arched as her orgasm brings on mine. I don't even have time to free my penis, but ejaculate helplessly inside my pants, my vision blurring with the force of it.

Finally I'm able to push away from the wall and stand upright again, grateful for once that there are no students about. Although they wouldn't be able to see me, my moans would have been heard. I grimace at the feel of the wet cum cooling on my skin, but I manage to stagger on in the direction of the bathroom. I have to hurry. Sometimes my sweet spends all night with her new lover, but other times she leaves immediately. If they decide to part early tonight I'll have to put myself through all this again tomorrow

night.

I reach the door of the prefect's bathroom and halt, unsure what to do. Surely they'll notice if I open the door? But just as my hand reaches for it, the door opens, and I flatten myself against the wall. Mrs. Norris walks out, a little unsteadily. She purrs loudly, turning to look lovingly at the one who follows her out...NO! Great Merlin, no, anybody but him!

"See you tomorrow night, Norrie," he says smugly. "Same time, same place."

I'm frozen to the spot in horror as Mrs. Norris gives him a loving lick with her pink tongue. He watches with a wide smile on his ugly face as she wanders off down the corridor and disappears around the corner. Then he floats up into the air and bobs off in the other direction, singing happily to himself.

"Oh, Peevesy's got a little pussy, pussy, pussy..."

The End

Author's note: If you liked this story, please have a read of my original story "Love Inhuman" at this link:

<http://www.thepetulantpoetess.com/viewstory.php?sid=11932>

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