

His Succubus

by dracontia

He had a visitor--again. As usual, she wouldn't take 'no' for an answer.

one shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not mine in any form—corporeal or otherwise.

He never heard her arrive.

His first indication that she was back was always the chill. He could practically feel the sheets crinkling away from the cold she emanated.

“Please.”

Sometimes he thought he could successfully reject her if she didn't say 'please' in a broken, helpless voice that didn't belong in her mouth.

He opened his eyes. Talking wouldn't do any good.

Why, of all people, had she chosen him?

He knew, on some level. Still, he couldn't prevent the question from forming in his mind.

She settled on her back next to him, parting her slender thighs. Her delicate fingers raised the hem of her robes. It seemed an indecent gesture when contrasted with the cultured beauty of her voice. “The chance of conception is better if you're on top.”

He didn't argue, but came to his knees between hers. Guilt washed over him—whether from the thought of his wife sleeping peacefully unaware at home or because of the hopeful tears shining in the eyes of the woman beneath him—he didn't care to examine.

The first few times, she'd ridden him in his almost-sleep. He hadn't realized it was anything but a disturbing dream until she'd joined him after he'd come back from the loo in the night. He couldn't deny he was fully awake that time. Awake, somewhat angry, and a little afraid, he had wanted to draw his wand on her to demand that she leave. But his willpower did not seem equal to that task. His lips seemed unable to form a refusal more adamant than a simple “no,” and he sank to the bed even as he asked her why she was doing this. She had cried as she mounted him, begged as she'd coaxed him up, and she'd cried and kissed him when he came.

As the pattern continued, he discovered that she never came to him more than once a month, even if assignments took him away from home for weeks at a time. He discovered that the day of the month made no difference; there was no day safe from the possibility of her arrival, not unless she had already come to him that month.

He discovered that she never invaded the sanctity of his home, so he tried to avoid field assignments. She wouldn't come to him when there was anyone else in the same room, but he couldn't always share a room with a fellow Auror, and he wasn't about to cheat on his wife with a real witch just to keep this phantom out of his bed. He considered asking someone to exorcise her or to do whatever it took to get rid of a ghost. He couldn't bring himself to ask unless he could be sure that wherever she would be sent, she would no longer suffer as she did now.

He almost accepted her as part of life, like bad tea at the office, the *Daily Prophet* getting stories wrong, or the children scribbling on the furniture. He almost accepted the steady rhythm of her body beneath his, even as some part of his brain wondered why the chill that rolled off her insubstantial form never seemed to diminish his involuntary erection.

"Why are you here?" He knew the answer from many nights of her haunting, but felt compelled to ask anyway.

"I am so alone, Harry. You won. You're the most powerful. You can fix it. Give me a son to replace the one I lost."

God help him. He felt his heart go out to her again. He gently placed his hand on her silvery cheek, his thumb tracing the faint spiritual emanation that comprised her trembling lips. She reached for him, her fingers like cold little raindrops trickling from his neck down his chest and stomach. Any second now, she would wail in despair and vanish.

There was nothing he could have done then to save the two of them, and nothing he could do now would change that. He could not lie to her.

"You know that's not possible, Narcissa."

FIN

Many thanks to Tempest of Dreams for the beta, especially since ghostly things are not necessarily her favorite.