

# Lily's Little Secret

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## (a one-shot)

Chapter 1 of 1

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A shadow fell across the page she was reading. Lily jumped, but could not bear to slam the book shut. Had it been a Dark text, she would have been paying strict attention to her surroundings, making sure she would not be caught. This book, however, had *distracted* her. She looked up defiantly at the owner of the shadow.

"Should you be reading that naughty book, Evans?"

Lily sneered. "How do you know it's naughty, Black?"

"Aside from the fact that we're in the Restricted Section? I know because I've read it too."

*That* was intriguing. Despite herself, Lily moistened her lips. Black watched her do it with knowing eyes and slid into the next chair, pulling it out from the table to face Lily directly. Dark eyes glinted at her wickedly through a shock of thick, dark hair.

Lily was a second-year student and had just turned thirteen. She was an "early bloomer," according to her parents. She despised that term, for in her mind it proclaimed for all the world to know that she'd become insatiably curious about sex. Her body hungered for new explorations, but was constantly thwarted by the restrictions imposed upon her numerical age, both by society and by the fact that most of her peers were still content with children's games and fairy tales.

She'd discovered Potter's Invisibility Cloak--leave it to a *child* to *show off* a garment designed to *conceal*--and convinced him to let her borrow it occasionally. He used the thing to slip into the Restricted Section and hunt down obnoxious spells with his friends; it was easy to persuade him that, in the spirit of good sportsmanship and equal opportunity among pranksters, she deserved an occasional go at the Restricted texts as well. It was far more fun, after all, to pull infantile pranks on a target who fought back.

But Lily had her own purposes for gliding amongst these shelves. Hogwarts was an outlandishly uptight institution regarding sex, and it was quite obvious that Petunia was receiving a disproportionate education in that area from the Muggle school system. The fact that Petunia was older didn't placate Lily at all; she felt that the entire scenario was completely unjust. Hence she sought to supplement her schooling with texts that, by all rights, should be available to girls like her, who could "handle" them.

But now, sitting so close to Black that their knees were touching, Lily's smug self-confidence was becoming overwhelmed by the impulse to handle other things besides books. To make matters worse, both of them knew it.

"Page after page of delicious magic, isn't it, Evans?" purred Black, running a single fingertip across the open page. "You know the book is feeding it to you, don't you? You think you're just reading and responding to the words, but that's not all. The book's magic is pure lust, and you're just soaking it up like a tasty little sponge."

Lily *knew* she ought to slam the cover on that intriguing hand, ought to don the cloak and run out of the library, out of the castle, run until either the insane sexual energy

had either worn off, or she'd reached a place remote and private enough to bring it to its natural conclusion. She *knew* she mustn't yield to the urge to take Black's hand and bring it to her lips. The conflict between id and ego kept her from doing anything at all, which Black, infuriatingly, understood perfectly.

The finger reached the edge of the paper and continued onto Lily's hand. "I know just how it feels to read it, Evans." Black's voice had lost all its usual arrogance, dropped into a throaty tenor that she could almost feel rumbling through her. "I know that right now all that Miss Goody-Two-Shoes has drained right out of you. I know exactly what you want--" the finger suddenly dove between two of hers, pressing firmly against the the base of the "V" between them--"and how badly you want it." Lily gasped aloud despite herself, a quiet, pleading yelp.

"Ah, there's a girl, Evans," Black breathed, leaning closer. "And you haven't even come to the best part of the book; it's not for at least another fifty pages. But you're already so hot you'd give it up for just about anyone, wouldn't you? Wouldn't you, Evans?"

*Damned if I'll give you the satisfaction of an answer,* she thought, but to no avail. Her body delivered one even as her mind fought it, her hips sliding forward on the chair as her head tipped back.

Black laughed quietly. "Oh, yes. It doesn't matter who at this point, does it? You'd spread your legs for Severus Snape, the greasiest little shite in the dungeons, if you could, wouldn't you?" Lily moaned, unable to stop herself, the sound of his name imprinting her with impossible desire. Black's hands were suddenly yanking up her robes, then shoving her knees apart.

"What a sight. The swotty little Gryffindor throwing herself on a Slytherin. You'd let Filch come by and rim you with his mop handle, wouldn't you?" Black was now pressed up against her body, grinning viciously, clearly enjoying her predicament to the fullest. "But they're not here, are they, Evans? Nobody here but little old me."

She couldn't think. She never wanted anything like this, to be steamrolled by words from a magical book, and from the silvery tongue of her tormentor. A small part of her brain winced at this onslaught, but it was merely a nagging afterthought; the rest of her, mind and body was screaming *YES, YES, YES!*

Lunging, Lily trapped Black in a tangle of limbs. She'd never been kissed, had no idea what to do other than what she'd read in that cursed book, and its recommended techniques had all seemed far too advanced for this implementation. Since the book was still open, it did as it was designed to do and fuelled both of them with enough raw passion that any clumsy peccadillos went unnoticed. Lily had enough presence of mind to throw the Cloak over the two of them, lest the entire Library be treated to a spectacular display.

It didn't take long for her to realize also that Black was deliberately torturing her. Hands were roaming under her robes, but never quite reached the exquisite places she wanted them to go. Black's body pressed against the top of her hipbone, but never drove into the aching flesh below. "Come on," she pleaded in a desperate whisper, squirming and clamping her legs even tighter. "Do it."

Despite literally shaking with need, Black suddenly pulled away from her. "I don't think so." Lily's jaw fell; the sudden withdrawal was literally painful, though the desire only heightened further.

"What... What are..." she panted.

Black stood up with a cruel smile. "No thanks, princess. See, I was brought up learning to *control* Dark magic. I don't have to make myself a little whore for it, like you." With a snap, the cloak was whipped away, leaving Lily exposed on the floor, robes hiked up above her hips and her blouse unbuttoned. Black backed away, clearly amused by the whole escapade.

*Still* the book had her in its grip. Lily didn't care who might see or hear, she had to have Black, had to come, had to complete this insane journey she'd started. Even being humiliated did nothing to cool the desire.

She pulled her blouse open further. "Bellatrix, *please!*"