

Immortal Longings Of The Flesh

by secrets of luna

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I have

Immortal longings in me.

As he prowls the corridor, it seems as though the darkness clings to him while light flees home to the flame torches adorning the stone walls. Tonight is no different from any other night or any other dusk or dawn or day. He walks with purpose. There is a single end to which he makes his means.

No, not an end. An eternal moment in an undying dream of passion.

Click, click. Click, click. He can hear the brisk rhythm of her heels on the hard floors of the dark passageways. He can hear the hem of her robes as they brush the stone.

Yet, his movements are silent. He is nothing more than a shadow, long freed from the human that once held him captive. And, still, tempted by certain longings of that almost-forgotten flesh.

She slows to a stop outside the entrance to her quarters, and he stops behind the corner, listening to the slight *break* of hinges followed by the soft *snap* of a door shutting.

He waits a moment and then follows, stopping before her door and running his fingers down along the grain of the wood. Like all others it is his enemy, attempting to stand between him and his desire. And like all others he will defeat it with ease.

He finds the handle, and he turns it as though such an act must be done artfully. His expression is fixed upon her even before he sees her as he pushes the wood away and the door swings inward to reveal his sought-after nymph.

She spins to greet him, her hand flying to her chest in fright, but her expression loses its surprise once her eyes happen upon the intruder.

"Tom."

"It is almost as if you were expecting me, Minerva," he says silkily, closing the door behind him and walking slowly towards her. His path is not direct but curved; he walks around the edges of the room as though, even in his approach, he circles her, trapping her.

"I have been for some time, yes," she responds briskly, her eyes following him as he edges nearer.

His own eyes travel along her features: the shape of her face, the colour of her skin, the posture she holds and the shape of her body.

"Age has done wonderful things for you, Minerva," he says. "You are more stunning than when I last saw you."

"And look at what darkness has done for you."

She says nothing more, for they both know the changes in his physique of which she spoke. Tom smiles.

"Yes," he acknowledges. "I, too, have changed. I am no longer the mere human I once was. I know you can see it in my eyes."

Minerva pauses for a moment, searching into those very eyes. She seems to look through him as one would a ghost. Yet, the man before her is as warm, solid and real as any other.

"No matter what you have deluded yourself into believing, Tom, you are as human as the rest of us," she tells him.

"Is that so?" he asks with a cold laugh.

"Why are you here?" she asks, raising her eyebrows expectantly, her lips curving into a subtle, knowing smile.

"I am here for *you*, Minerva."

"You have sought me out, Tom, because you long for *human* touch. Your will grows weak, and you have gone to great lengths to satisfy your mortal longings. You seek to satisfy your flesh "

"You are so much more than a physical plaything, Minerva," Tom interrupts. "It is not my body that brings me to you but the longings of my immortal soul."

Minerva let out a scoff.

"Your *immortal soul*?" she repeats incredulously. "Well, you always were creative, Tom. I'll admit I've never been given *that* line."

Tom narrows his eyes at her impudence. His breath grows heavy as he feels anger pulse through his veins. Minerva raises her chin as she eyes the change in his demeanour; her brow arches appraisingly.

"Have I upset you, Tom?" she asks boldly.

He does not answer, but instead lets out a low growl as he rushes into her, pinning her against the wall behind her. Minerva gasps out of surprise but also out of satisfied longing. Her back arches from the wall and into his body as he grapples with her robes, tearing them from her, eager to reveal her skin to the warm air.

"You will remember, Minerva, that you long for me," he hisses. "You crave me, you serve me, *you submit* to me."

He kisses her fiercely, robbing her of any chance to reply, while his hands creep across the skin of her stomach. She quivers as his touch passes over her, and she moans as his fingers slide downwards into her undergarments where he finds her longing for him with wetness. He takes his lips from hers and smirks before grazing her neck with his teeth, nipping lightly as he begins to stroke her very slowly with his fingers. Minerva's eyes are closed tightly, and her hands are tugging his robes from his shoulders so her fingernails can find the skin of his back. She claws at him as his fingers increase their pace, their pressure -- her pleasure.

She writhes before him, begging him for some kind of release from the torturous pleasure. *Tom...*" she whimpers.

A surge of satisfaction rushes through him at the sound of his name being uttered by her wanton lips. He withdraws his fingers, bringing from Minerva a disappointed moan. He lets his hands travel up her body again to her breasts. He massages them, circling her hard nipples with his thumbs. He then lowers himself to his knees before her, kissing the insides of her thighs, licking softly and nipping at her heated skin.

"Plea for it," he whispers, arrogance dripping from his voice as her longing drips from inside her. She gives a small mutter and runs her fingers through his dark hair, pulling him towards her.

"No," he growls. "You will beg for it, or you will receive nothing."

"Tom," she murmurs. "Please."

"I need more than that, Minerva."

"Tom, please," she moans louder. "Please, I want it. I want to feel you. Please."

"Very well then," Tom acquiesces, bowing his head to her before reaching inside her with his tongue and licking her. Minerva lets out a ravaged groan at the sudden pleasure of the sensation and her hands turn to fists in his hair. Tom flicks and swirls his tongue inside her, enjoying the taste he had thirsted for and the writhing of her body around him.

Again he pulls away from her before she can be satisfied. He stands up and steps back from her, taking in the sight of her. Her face is flushed and her lips are red. He can see her breasts rising and falling with her rapid, uneven breaths, and her robes are dishevelled, leaving most of her body bare to his eyes. He smirks and moves further back, where he finds her bed. He sits down on it and looks into her eyes expectantly.

She glares at him defiantly, but he just keeps smiling icily at her. He pulls his trousers downwards, revealing that he is already hard for her. Staring straight into her eyes, he strokes himself softly, jutting his hips ever so slightly upwards into his hand, tempting her to come finish what he had started.

Minerva's gaze falters and her eyes rest upon his erection; she quickly looks back to his face to find him wearing a cruel, satisfied smile. She composes herself and walks slowly towards him, her own expression regaining its confidence as she straddles him and pushes him onto his back. She pushes herself down onto him, and he groans with pleasure before he grabs her by the wrists and rolls her over onto her back, pinning her down beneath him. Her gasp quickly becomes a moan as he thrusts inside her, and she grips fistfuls of sheets as he sinks his teeth into her shoulder. She wraps her legs around him as he continues to thrust inside of her, his hands tightened around her wrists, by which he still holds her down. Minerva winces at the pain, but does not utter a word of complaint.

She screams his name as he pulls her to the edge, begging for him to finally finish her, and then she arches upwards as she hits her climax with a crash and her body shudders as the waves of pleasure wash over her. Tom grunts as her body clenches around him, and he continues to move within her. "Tell me *now* that I am a mere human, Minerva."

She does not answer him but bites her lip, *twisting* underneath him as he comes closer to the edge.

"Say it!" he demands.

She opens her eyes and looks into his, finding them filled with hunger, lust, desire pleasure. She feels him quiver inside her as he finally comes, and he slows down before collapsing upon her with heavy breaths. His skin is wet with sweat and his limbs are weak from his climax.

"You are more a slave to the flesh than before, Tom," she replies intrepidly. "Your soul has bowed to the darkness, and now all that is whole is your body."

"You insolent whore," he spits.

"Do not condemn me for what you prove with your own passion, Tom Riddle," she replies, sitting up and fixing him with a bold stare. "And do not punish me, because I know you will want me again."

Tom glares at her, sneering down at the audacity of her words. His hand twitches with a longing to teach her the lesson she deserves, but instead, he pulls his robes back on and smirks.

"One day, Minerva, you *will* outlive your usefulness to me. And then we will see how brave you truly are with your insights."