

Four Small Steps

by LaiksMarei

He's going the distance.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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LM's Notes: Written for the *Behind Closed Doors* challenge. Thanks to DeeMichelle and ubiquirk because even drabbles need betas, too.

The flare of her hips and the ambrosial scent of her skin had tantalised, tortured and beckoned to him silently above the multitude of bubbling cauldrons all afternoon, ratcheting up his lust with each agony-filled moment.

His palms were slick with perspiration, his breath ragged and shallow. Four long, treacherous strides, and he would be in the Potions storeroom with her.

It would be so deliciously easy. No one would be the wiser.

Four. Three. Two. One.

She raised her head from her task, her back to him. "Close the door, Professor," she whispered slyly, sounding rather pleased with herself.