Summary

Determined to figure out the extent of his new mantle as the Winter Knight, Lara Raith approaches Harry Dresden in a dream to test his mettle and see what he's made of. He exceeds her expectations, and vice versa. Post Cold Days, pre Skin Game.

Notes

Sooooooo I went skipping through the Harry/Lara tag one night and found out there is little to none to be had and I found that offensive and decided to rectify it myself because...well, why not? I honestly ship Harry with her before the point where he figures out he's in love with Murphy and I think this would be the only way to make that happen post-Changes. Hopefully, you all don't burn me at the stake for some harmless smut. I truly hope you like it. I'm always nervous posting it and I just want to do the characters justice.

Also, wow, a LOT of plot came into play when I started writing it and I don't know how that happened and I'm sorry. I tried to justify the premise as much as possible.

Lastly, I DON'T KNOW HOW MAGIC WORKS. I sort of just made up some stuff that may or may not be perfectly canon in regards to Lara's powers and the way Harry's mantle works. The latter is sort of a headcanon. The mantle kind of has its own personality in most of my fics, so keep that in mind.

Um.

Enjoy?
Over the years, dreams hadn’t been terribly kind to Harry Dresden.

Often, he dreamt of things he regretted more so than anything pleasant, and it had only compounded as his life took a more tragic turn after Susan’s death, his own death, and the act of becoming the Winter Knight. He longed for the days when his nightmares were just populated with anonymous assholes in suits who worked for Marcone or beasties that worked for He Who Walks Behind. Going to sleep was practically a chore in itself, nowadays.

Or so he thought.

He found himself on his back in a sleeveless t-shirt and long, striped jogging pants, pushing up a bar loaded with what had to be three-hundred pounds total in weights. Two delicate, pale hands were in the middle, helping him lift each time, and eventually his vision cleared enough to see who it was.

“Hello, wizard-mine,” Lara Raith purred.

Harry wheezed in mid-push. “Lara? What the hell?”

“Careful, or you’ll pull a muscle,” she chided. “Lift, if you please.”

Harry reined in his momentary shock enough to push the weighted bar onto its resting place and sat up, narrowly avoiding smacking his skull. “What are you doing here?”

Lara dusted off her hands and turned around, reaching for a small clean towel that had been sitting on a short shelf. It gave Harry a brief moment to notice she too was in gym attire: a white tank top and black yoga pants, both of which mapped her generous curves in ways that he swore was physically impossible. The clothing looked like it had been tailored to her, which was ridiculous because it was just gym wear.

“Considering you are now the Winter Knight, it has become increasingly difficult to find a way to contact you without inciting an incident between our factions,” Lara said, handing him the towel. “Dreams, however, are somewhat of a neutral ground. Your Queen won’t take offense to something she is completely unaware of.”

“Right,” Harry said, mopping the sweat from his face, but keeping her perfectly in his vision. “That explains the how, not the why, Lara.”

She handed him a bottle of cold water next. “I would like to negotiate with you.”

Harry lifted an eyebrow after taking a sip. “Me? What the hell do I have that’s worth anything to the White Court?”

“Not the White Court, dear,” she corrected, leaning her elbows on the bar and lowering her long lashes over her grey eyes. “Me. I want something from you.”

“Well, let me save you the trouble: no.”

She didn’t even blink, as if she’d known that would be his first reaction. “You don’t even know what I want, wizard.”
“Doesn’t matter. I know your costs. They’re higher than I want to pay, for any reason.”

“That’s very small-minded of you.”

Harry brandished a hand at the micro-sized gym they were in. “Ta-da! Welcome to Dresdenland, where everything is petty and irrational and the reasons don’t matter!”

Lara rolled her eyes. “At least you are self-aware.”

“Yeah-huh.” He tossed her the water bottle. “Thanks, but no thanks. I’m not buying whatever you’re selling.”

“Really?” she said, watching him stand and search for the exit. “Even if it could give you an advantage in stopping me someday?”

Harry froze. He turned enough to give her his profile, his eyes narrowed. “And what’s that supposed to mean?”

Lara smiled. “There we go. Now you’re listening.”

She set the water aside and glided towards him. “You will be the first wizard Winter Knight that I have ever been alive to witness. I am terribly curious about what that entails, and I know you are curious about the extent of my own abilities. It’s only a matter of time before you and I are at odds. Granted, neither of us wants a bloodbath and we work well as allies, but eventually it will come to a head.”

She tucked her hands behind her back and leaned in towards him. “And so I want you to come at me as an opponent. I want to see what you’re capable of. In turn, you will see the same of me.”

Something clicked in Harry’s mind. “And that’s why you came to me in a dream. No stakes. We can hurt each other here without doing permanent damage.”

“Such a clever wizard, aren’t you?”

“No deal. I’d rather take my chances in real life than willingly fight you inside my brain.”

“Afraid you may not win, wizard?”

Harry smirked. “More like afraid of what you’ll do in retaliation if I beat you.”

She clucked her tongue. “Why, Harry, are you implying that I would be a sore loser?”

“Sore, no. Petty, very much yes. I haven’t met a White Court vampire who doesn’t have an agenda, win or lose.”

Her grey eyes flashed for a second, raising Harry’s hackles, as well as his temperature. Hunger pulsed through him at the subtle display of dominance. He shoved it back in the recesses of his mind.

“One cannot lose a learning experience. That’s all this is.”

Harry kept a cool gaze, working it out in his head. “What are the rules?”

“First person to admit defeat is the loser. You may use whatever you wish, physical combat or magic or both.”

“To first blood, then?”
She shook her head. “The object is not to maim, but to test the limits we are bound to.”

Harry eyed her for a while. “I want your word that there will be no consequences in the real world in spite of the outcome.”

Lara smiled. “Ever the trustful sort, aren’t you?”

“Lara,” he growled in warning.

“I give you my word that there will be no consequences in the real world in spite of the outcome of this duel. Satisfied?”

Harry smirked again. “I bet that’s the first time you’ve ever had to ask a man that.”

Lara returned it this time. “Indeed it is.”

She stepped towards the bright blue mats in the center of the floor and Harry trailed her, shaking out his shoulders as fresh adrenaline streaked through his veins. He ran through the laundry list of powers he’d seen Lara use over the years, and tried to think of as many counterattacks as possible. It was so easy to think of her in just a physical sense, as a tall, slender woman, but she was so much more than that. He’d had to train himself not to let the overwhelming pull of her beauty distract him and instead focus on what a dangerous predator she was beneath the alluring surface.

She stood there with her hands at her sides, her lithe body relaxed, breathing evenly as she dragged her silver gaze up his body until their eyes met.

Despite the fluttering in his stomach, Harry threw on his trademark cocky grin. “Ladies first.”

Lara hit him with a wall of glamor that smashed into him like a Mack truck. For just a few seconds, he felt every single cell inside his body screaming in pure frustrated lust. He felt like his skeleton was going to burst free from his skin and throw itself at her feet, promise to worship her, to do any filthy, reprehensible thing under the sun to please her. She was achingly beautiful and he felt it deep down in his soul that he should forget everything else that existed to bow to the goddess before him.

But it only lasted a few seconds.

Harry shoved the glamor back with his will power and cast it aside. What had felt like a wall now melted on either side of him like pudding. Of course, it really had just been a distraction. When his vision cleared, she was leaping towards him with her fist aimed for his nose.

“Ack!” The eloquent wizard exclaimed, throwing himself onto his back and narrowly avoiding a blow that would have certainly fractured his skull. Lara smoothly adapted to his dodge and brought her heel down, but Harry blocked it with both forearms and punched her in the back of the knee. She stumbled slightly and he grabbed her other ankle, flinging her back towards her end of the mat. She twisted in mid-air and landed on her feet like a panther, but by then he was already in motion. He swung both arms in towards her temples for a headache punch, but she blocked them and kneed him in the stomach, driving him back. He dodged the combination of punches she threw at him and caught her arm, pulling her into a hip-toss. He pinned her to the mat and found himself staring down at a grinning vampire.

“Impressive,” Lara said. “You’ve been training.”

Harry shrugged. “You can only get beat up so many times before you get sick of it.”

“Mm. However, I must give you some advice. Holding back with me won’t get you what you
want.”

She licked her full lips and as they parted, Harry felt another powerful wave of pleasure roll down his skin like poisonous honey. She used the split-second of distraction to kick him off of her and instead pin him down on the mat. “Your physical abilities will only take you so far, Dresden. How long will you keep the monster in the basement chained up?”

“Believe me, lady,” he said through gritted teeth, searching for weak spots in her vise-like grip on his arms. “It’s better for both of us that way.”

“You truly think so, don’t you?” she said, appearing perfectly comfortable, as if holding him down took zero effort. Then again, it probably didn’t, he thought. “That your soul must remain as pure as the driven snow and that the mantle must not be used or you’ll sully your good name.”

Lara laughed softly. “You said yes to Mab, Harry. I’m afraid that ship has sailed and sunk. You’re desperately clinging to a lie.”


She leaned down until their faces were inches away, and the hunger in her grey eyes made them bleed into pure silver. “I want the monster. Without it, you have no chance of stopping me.”

“Bat those pretty eyes at me all you want, Lara. You’re not getting what you want.”

“What I want? You think I and I alone want this? Would you like me to show you?”

To his shock, she let go of his arms and slid her fingers down over his chest, resting each on his pectorals. He opened his mouth to demand what the hell she was doing, but then he felt it. Her, reaching inside him and tugging at the chain over the locked door where the mantle lay. Harry gasped and gripped her arms, though he knew she hadn’t moved a muscle. The demon inside her had.

“Lara,” he whispered hoarsely. “You have no idea what I’m capable of. You open that door and it can’t be closed until it’s done with you.”

“Birds of a feather flock together, Harry. Show me your worst. Show me your true power or I’ll tear you apart.”

“Goddammit, Lara, you—”

She kissed him.

Snap.

He heard the chains slithering off the door and collapsing to the ground. The door creaked open. The darkness in the depths only said one word.

“Free.”

Lara’s eyes snapped open as Harry’s hands gripped her upper arms hard enough to bruise and slammed her shoulders-first into the mat beneath him. Over the years, she’d learned Harry’s various tells that clued her into his emotions—his scowls, his smiles, his strained poker face—but the expression currently on his face was foreign. Arrogance beamed down from those dark, intelligent eyes, and cruelty shrouded his lips in a predatory smile.
“What have we here?” he purred in a tone she’d never heard before. “Little silver fox wants to play, does it?”

“I don’t play,” Lara said, smiling eagerly up at him. “I win.”

Then she reached up and headbutted him.

Harry rocked to one side, grimacing, and she slid out from under him. She grabbed his arm and twisted it behind his back, shoving her knee into his spine to land him painfully face-first on the ground.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk, not very impressed so far.”

Harry tilted his head just enough to give her that sharp-toothed smile again. “Just you wait. Forzare.”

Pure force slammed into Lara and took her nearly off her feet. She managed to land on her feet a few yards away, but by the time she did, he was already behind her. Genuine surprise filled her, as well as a touch of fear, swirling in her belly. He wrapped her in a rib-crushing bear hug from behind and tilted his face towards her neck, inhaling.

“White Court,” he murmured. “Haven’t tasted vampire in decades. What do you taste like, little fox?”

“I should ask you the same thing.” She opened her mouth and bit down on his bicep, hard.

Harry growled as her fangs broke the skin and flung her away, examining the angry reddened mark the bite had left behind. Lara steadied herself and watched his reaction.

Harry chuckled and raised his gaze to her, nodding. “Yes. You’ll do nicely.”

She smiled. “So will you. Looks like the gloves are off. Are you ready?”

Harry lifted his chin. “Do your worst.”

Lara trailed her hands up from her thighs to her hips, past her breasts, up to either side of her neck, and exhaled softly.

The glamor that had hit Harry before had felt like megatons of force rammed into him at once. The glamor Lara sent to him this time felt like a little worm creeping up inside of him; gentle, almost a ticklish sensation. Nothing hurt. Nothing even felt wrong.

Then, slowly, something blossomed inside him. Warmth. Comfort. Numbing pleasure that billowed out through him and then wrapped around every nerve. The whole of him was swallowed and he felt only one urge.

“Obey,” the White Court vampire whispered.

Slowly, he nodded.

Lara chuckled. “Kneel.”

He knelt.

“Good boy. Come to me.”

He stood and walked towards her until they were within an arms’ reach of one another. “Admit
defeat.”

Harry leaned in towards her ear. She shivered in anticipation.

“Cute trick.”

Lara jerked back, but he caught her shoulders, rooting her in place. She stared up at him, her bloody mouth agape. Not once, in centuries, had anyone or anything broken that level of glamor, her most powerful, sophisticated, and concentrated glamor.

“You…” she murmured, her silver eyes wide. “You are different. Worthy.”

“Do you yield, little fox?”

Lara laughed. “Never.”

She kissed him. Harry stiffened. She molded her curves against the front of his chest, licking his lower lip, nibbling the upper one, until she heard a deep groan escape him. She gripped his shoulders and shoved him down on the mat, panting for air once their mouths separated. Harry grabbed the knot at the back of her head and tore it free, spilling her long tresses around her pale face. She gripped the neckline of his shirt and tore it clean in half, all the way down to his abs. She pressed her face to his neck, inhaling his scent, her stained lips devouring every inch of skin she could touch. He snatched at her top until it shredded beneath his fingers and mapped the long, elegant curve of her spine, sliding his long fingers across her pert backside. Lara’s breath came faster as she licked her way down the center of his chest, past his abs, her hands eagerly raking his track pants down to his bony knees.

Lara gasped with delight. “At last, a knight worthy of my time.”

Harry’s entire body arched upward as Lara brushed her rose-petal-soft lips over the head of his cock and then lavished it with a slow, almost curious lick. The vampire let out a throaty, victorious laugh at his reaction and tucked her hair behind one ear before leaning in. She swallowed the tip, circling her tongue around it, accepting inch after inch of him and enjoying the way it drove guttural growls out of his throat. She relaxed her jaw and fell into a torturous rhythm, alternating between going quickly and slowly, driving him to the brink of delirious pleasure and stopping just before he could go careening over the edge. She had him—the mighty Winter Knight—in the palm of her hand, literally. Before the night was over, she’d emerge the victor, one way or another.

Until he reached down a hand and grabbed her silken locks, his voice rough. “My turn, little fox.”

She could only let out a muffled cry of surprise as he pumped his hips upward, quickly, locking his arm so she couldn’t wriggle free. Harry shuddered as she eventually submitted and didn’t fight his powerful, purposeful thrusts into her hot mouth. He groaned sharply and froze all at once as the release thundered through him. Lara held her place, hollowing her cheeks to form a suction around his cock as it throbbed and spilled come down her throat.

Harry licked his lips and cast a lazy, satisfied smile down at the vampire as he let go of her hair. “Good girl.”

She lifted up and wiped her mouth. “I have not been a girl for quite some time, knight. Take care how you speak of me.”

“My apologies. Allow me to make up for offending you.”

He caught her arm and flung her down beneath him, jerking the yoga pants down her pale, shapely
legs and off of her entirely. Her eyes widened slightly as he pushed her knees apart and settled over her on his forearms, cupping her thighs in his big hands. It was funny, but she got the rather distinct feeling that the Harry Dresden part of him had wrangled the control from the mantle momentarily, though she had no real way of knowing that other than a faint twinkle in those brown eyes.

Lara Raith was no stranger to fantastic sex, but even she couldn’t have predicted that Harry Dresden was positively phenomenal at cunnilingus.

It took quite a bit of effort and focus to get Lara to gasp, but he’d started off by lightly running the tip of his tongue around the soaking wet edges of her, circling inward one inch at a time. It sent light, fluttering sensations shooting up from between her legs that made her anxious and impatient for more, and more was exactly what he had in mind. His lips parted and then his burning hot, wet mouth encompassed all of her, forming a seal over her slit, and then his tongue slipped between her folds. Lara’s eyelids fluttered shut and she went nearly limp in his grasp as he slowly began to pump his tongue in and out of her, using his lips to suck at just the right moment between licks. Before she knew it, her hands were buried in his dark, wily hair and she pushed her hips into his face, her breath spilling out in stifled pants.

Encouraged, he slid his mouth up and wrapped his soft lips around her clit as he sunk two fingers inside of her, thrusting wildly, recklessly, into her rapidly melting core. Lara arched into his movements, riding his hand and mouth, trembling from the inside out as a powerful orgasm began to build inside her. He swirled his tongue around her spot and curled his fingers at just the right point, sending her into convulsive shivers. Lara let out a piteous coo of delight as the climax roared through her, rocking herself onto him over and over to make it last. An eternity later, she stilled underneath him and he let her go enough to straddle her seemingly helpless form.

“Your game is up,” he whispered, nudging her thighs wider with his knees, his cock full and hard against her lower body. “You are caught.”

Lara licked her lips again and smiled wickedly. “We’ll see about that, knight.”

He flexed his hips and drove himself inside her. Lara’s toes curled. For one instant, everything in existence seemed utterly euphoric and undeniably perfect.

Harry shuddered above her as he felt her silken inner muscles closing around him and sending sweet, sweet ecstasy racing through his veins like heroin. He planted his hands on either side of her shoulders and found his balance, drawing out of her one inch at a time. Lara wrapped her arms around his neck and yanked him down to her mouth, using her heels to shove him back inside her. He didn’t hesitate. He immediately settled into rough, quick, brutal thrusts, plundering her mouth with his and drinking down the sweetness it offered. Nothing else seemed to exist but the pale goddess he worshiped. She was intoxicating. Wild. Perfect.

Lara clung to him, suppressing the urge to moan as she felt her sopping wet cunt tightening around him and another orgasm tugging at her center. He held nothing back. She’d underestimated him yet again and he’d win the bet at this rate if she didn’t do something about it.

She broke from his mouth enough to kiss his neck, his collarbone, distracting him for a brief moment. She locked her legs around him and threw her weight to one side, flipping them. Grinning, she planted her knees on either side of his hips and lowered herself onto him again. He had started to frown, but the second she began swaying above him, a blissful expression replaced the annoyance. He slid his hands over her curvy hips, up her sides, across her breasts, caressing them in time with her movements. She moved like she had muscles in places no one else did, driving him mad with pleasure, pushing him further and further towards the edge.
Determined, Lara leaned forward enough to grip the base of his cock each time she came down on it, stroking him, and he groaned, dragging his calloused hands down to her backside to ensure she’d keep pace.

“What say you now, dear knight?” Lara purred. “Our duel only ends when one of us yields. Will you yield to your better?”

His dark eyes glittered then. “Will you?”

She realized, too late, that gripping her backside had been to keep her from escaping. A smirk curled across his lips seconds before he began pounding his cock into her from below, using his legs to spread hers wider, allowing him to delve even deeper inside her. Lara bit her bottom lip hard enough to draw blood, trying in vain to hold out through his devious strokes, but her body had reached its limit. Then again, so had his.

They both went rigid at the same time, each one crying out as the climax exploded between them, soaking them in ecstasy. The whole universe fell away and became nothing but the pleasure. It had no equal. It escaped definition.

Lara woke up with her face buried in his neck, groggy from the afterglow, an unfamiliar feeling to her. Slowly, she gathered her shaking arms beneath her enough to prop herself up on his chest.

“Empty night,” the vampire muttered, blinking down at him.

“Hell’s bells,” Harry agreed, staring up at her.

They met eyes and nodded, speaking in unison.

“It’s a draw.”

FIN

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