After Blackfriars Bridge
by AAThanatos

Summary

What I think happened after Jem and Tessa left the bridge after their first re meet. Classy smut.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes.

After the bridge

It was a miracle.

It was a miracle that I was here and so was she. Hundreds of years had past and here she was, unchanged yet completely different. Eyes that held pain and experience, looking into mine for the first time. Yes the first time because this was the first time she saw my real eyes, not the silver orbs that had plagued me during our first memories.

Black hair littered my head for the first time as she ran her piano players fingers into it. Tessa had never touched my black hair. Everything about me was different yet I still look at her and the ache of swelling emotion that overcame me when I fell in love with her all those years ago.

To meet her on our bridge as myself was the scariest thing I had ever done. Everything in me was screaming that I was fool to hope she still had a sliver of feeling left for me. I wanted her to love me as me, not the addicted boy that was sickly and dying. Part of me feared that was why she loved me in the first place, because I was delicate and short lived for this world. Yet here she is, in
a home she had bought decades ago near blackfriars bridge.

The home was beautiful but barely lived in, it had a coldness that told you that no one lived there permanently. If you looked at us through the window you would see what looked like two 20 somethings on a couch reminiscing about childhood. That wasn't what we were though. It was so much more than that.

My body tingled as she played with my hair as she spoke. I wish I could tell you what she was saying but I was lost in her lips. The movement of them and the sweet grace of her cadence. Sweeter music than any violin I could play. Ever since the sword returned me to my life I couldn't control the emotion sweeping inside.

I've spent decades in the cool numbness of the silent brotherhood. The magic of the symbols hardened my emotions to the point of nothingness. I always felt a little something, mainly because I could never reach the true potential of a silent brother because of the drug. Now they emotions were back full force like breath of air after being underwater to long.

Still speaking to me I decided that it was enough talk. Leaning in I kissed her again. I couldn't ever tire of kissing Tessa. From the first time in my room during my childish fit to on the bridge not even an hour ago I still couldn't get enough of it, of her. I still was like a child, inexperienced and trembling. Tessa had a long marriage in which to get accustomed to the feel of how lips should dance.

Sure our first kiss was fumbled and juvenile, we were children. Now she was a full woman, mature and seasoned. I was still that child only in stronger body. The way her tongue slid across my lower lip for entrance was new to me. Tasting her was new to me. Breaking the kiss she stood up and extended her hand for me to follow her.

I could hear the blood rushing in my ears as she lead me upstairs. We entered a room that was more the style of when we lived in the institute together. Excusing herself she went behind a wooden partition. Looking around the room I saw relics of our old days. Jewelry on the vanity that Will had given her. Old pictures of her children and grandchildren.

Keepsakes that Magnus had sent her over the years. Returning from her short absence my mouth went dry. She was wearing the same nightdress she did the night she wandered into my room. Coming closer she continued the kiss where she left it. Wrapping her hands around the back of my neck, I in turn did the same.

I figured out what she was doing, she was actually continuing what would have happened after our kiss if I hadn't knocked the yin fen box over. As the realization washed over me I walked her backwards toward the bed, she fell back dragging me with her when her knees hit the side.

"You are a tad heavier than last time."

"Well, I'm a bit healthier than last time."

My voice shook through the entire sentence. She must think I'm a dolt. A stupid virgin that she has to teach. Staring down into her eyes I was waiting for her to change her mind.

"This is the part where you took your shirt off and began reaching up my legs."

Damn the woman had an impeccable memory. Doing as remembered I pinched the back collar of my jumper and pulled it off quickly. Tessa's breathing began to quicken at the sight of me, a warmth spread all over me pooling in my groin. I made her breathing change. Tessa liked how I
looked now. No longer bird like and frail, the corded muscle I so wished I had back then braided over my body giving me a true mans figure. My bones no longer hollow like a birds. Reaching up her legs I took in the texture of her skin. Wait a second?

"Your legs are shaved?"

"Yes." She blushed.

"Why?"

"Around 1920 everyone started doing it."

"Should I have shaved my legs!"

"No! No not men! Women shave their bodies."

"Everywhere?"

"Some. I just do my legs and under my arms."

"Oh, well... I don't care if you shave. Your legs were beautiful in their natural state as well as now." I kissed her shin.

"Always the gentleman. Next was my shoulder, remember?"

"Yes of course I remember, how could I ever forget."

I leaned down and placed my mouth on her bare shoulder. Hands grazing her legs and teeth scraping her skin. Shuddering under my touch I started feel like I had to many clothes on. Reading my mind like a well handled book she reached out to undo my trousers. Almost as if she was rushing I felt her strip me in one fowl swoop. I was naked for the first time infront of a girl, infront of Tessa. Blushing I closed my eyes at the sudden vulnerable state she had put me in.

"Oh Jem don't close your eyes."

"I don't remember being naked last time."

"Well last time you knocked the box over remember?"

"Yes, but would I have been naked if I hadn't?"

"What do you think?"

"Would you have let me?"

"I would have done anything that night Jem. If that drug hadn't spilled over the floor I would have given you anything you desired."

"Really? We weren't married, not even courting at that point."

"To be fair we were courting the next week, and soon engaged after that."

"Yes, ummmm"

"Are you wondering if we are courting now?"

"Yes actually."
"Jem, I have never taken this jade necklace off since you gave it to me. As far as I'm concerned, we are right where we left off."

"So were engaged right now?"

"Would it be too much if I said yes?"

"No! Please I want, I need, I want to marry you. I've waited almost two hundred years for this moment."

"Then if I were you I would start undoing my dressing gown."

The laces on the front of her gown were already quite loose. Trembling fingers undid them revealing as much of her to me as I was to her. Both of us naked, both in flesh and mind. Grasping my hands she pulled them into her heavy bosom. Desire overtook me, kissing her in every place I could reach. Little whimpers and moans escaped her lips as my hands memorized her exposed flesh. Boldness shot through me as I lowered my hand to touch the only place a razor hadn't maimed her. Putting her hand over mine she guided me, showing me how to touch a woman. The slick heat overtaking my fingers only fueled my arousal.

Looking down I caught her eyeing my length hungrily, I wasn't sure how I measured up to other men that had been with her but she didn't look disappointed, in fact her mouth was agape at the sight of me. Flipping us over so I was sitting against the top of the bed she rubbed her heaving chest against my face and down my body. I was full on shaking now.

Things were getting very real very quickly. Taking over I felt her mouth explore my body. Licking and biting her way down my torso like the love goddess that she was. Reaching down grabbed my manhood in her delicate hands. I don't know how I managed to not ruin this moment, my only guess is the control I learned over my body in the brotherhood. Tessa touched me like I would touch myself. Then she lowered her head onto me causing me to keen.

I had never felt pleasure like this. Tessa's mouth could start war with the way she used it. With a pop she met my eyes once more while crawling up to me. Hovering over my lap she kissed my lips to reaffirm the connection. Balancing herself with her arms on my shoulders I could feel her shake in my hands as they rested on her hips.

"It's been a while for me."

"It's ok, it's been never for me. I-I don't know if I will be any good, I have no experience as a lover Tessa."

"I know, and you will be a fantastic lover by the time I'm done with you."

"Oh really!" I laughed

"Yes, plus you are doing great so far."

"How long has it been for you?"

"Know that I've only ever loved two men. Just you and Will. I only had one liaison since Will and it was in the 50s. Magnus, we were both drunk and sad. Neither of us remember much. I guess I was just waiting for you all this time without ever realizing it."

I was surprised by her admission. Not because of Magnus, hell I could have guessed as much. But to think that she was waiting for me made me feel that we were doing the right thing. I pulled her lips
to mine for a long drawn out kiss that poured all my love and emotion in it.

Unbeknownst by me I didn't realize she was shifting on to me until she had already sheathed herself. Overwhelming was the only way to describe it. Pleasure beyond pleasure beyond pleasure. Shifting her hips she rolled along my body causing sounds that I didn't even know I could make emit from my mouth. Clutching her hard I could tell I would leave bruising but she never told me to let go, in fact she was begging me to hold her tighter.

Taking my body for her own, I watched her fall apart on me. Never breaking from my eyes I heard sweet litanies of I love you's and honey coated praises filling my ears. Both gentle and extremely carnal we both rose and fell with each other. Tearing at my scalp from the roots I felt her heavy breasts against me.

Meeting her thrusts the emotions between us ran from desperate to unadulterated bliss. How I needed her so badly and didn't even realize how much until this moment. How could I have lived my life without the truest act of intimacy? Tessa was the only one I could have experienced this with. Joy like this couldn't be reached with anyone else. Only her, only Tessa.

Sweat poured between our bodies as we slid across the other in a motion that was becoming erratic. I felt her clench from inside her body and release a deep moan and a choked sob. The building of pleasure that was gaining momentum finally tipped the edge at her release and I broke. No drug could compare to the feeling of euphoria and love that was coursing through me as I held her painfully tightly knowing I had given her everything now, all of me.

Coming down from the act we just kissed and cooed into each other. Hands found my cheeks as I didn't realize how wet they were.

"Boy, why are you crying?"

"I didn't realize I was, and leave it to you to finish this with a quote from literature."

"Well Peter Pan is one of my favorites."

"I knew it would be. I love you Tess."

"I love you too James."

Sleep over took us both quickly after, it was the first time I had ever slept in the same bed as someone.

I awoke late in the night. Guilt, I was feeling guilt. I didn't think after all this time that I would feel guilty for making love to Tessa. There was nothing I wanted more in this world than to be with the sleeping girl next to me. Why did I feel this way? Well I know it's obvious, Will. This was Wills wife once upon a time. More tears fell silently as I buried my face in my hands as I asked my best friend silently to forgive me.

Stirring next to me she opened those big grey eyes and found me commiserating to myself. Tessa didn't say anything, she left the bed and went into a drawer and pulled on an old pair undergarments, the type I used to wear as a teen. Then I saw her body shift. Height growing taller and hair receding into a shorter neck length crop. Blue eyes shown where her grey ones used to be until she was fully Will. Tessa had transformed into my parabatai.

"I thought you might need to talk to me."

That voice, I hadn't heard that voice in so long yet it was immediately recognizable. The form
taken was Will around 22. Those must have been his garments.

"I'm sorry Will." I cried, voice breaking.

Coming back to the bed he sat next to me.

"Tessa had already talked to me about this you know. I want her to me happy James. I'm gone. You are here, make her happy."

"It just feels like a betrayal."

"Oh like when I loved her the entire time you were engaged to her? Or when we felt you die our immediate act was to do what you to just did?"

"Seriously!"

"Yeah sorry about that, we were sad. Tessa has issues with being sad."

"So for her being naked and sad go hand and hand?"

"That's a good rule of thumb to go by. Just be good to her, you watched us in love til the very end. You were happy for us. I am happy for you."

"How do I know this is you telling me and not the puppet master?"

"Because she's giving me the floor and sitting back while I visit. Just like with mortimans father. Somethings even she can't control with her powers. She knew what she was doing when she transformed. The thing with how her powers work is that she gets real memories from the objects. The real person in the object. She kept those for when she needed to talk to me. We talk almost every day."

"Wow her powers goes beyond what I thought."

"Yeah, just do me one favor?"

"Anything Will!"

"Keep her away from the ducks!"

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End Notes

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