

# Whate'er Befall

*by songsotcerulean*

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## Whate'er Befall

*Chapter 1 of 1*

"Speak to me, but don't tell me you love me." Does Tennyson lie?

Speak to me, but don't tell me you love me. Call me a wanton little slut, your whore, Nimüe—yes, call me your Nimüe. I love the sound of your voice, the low, sinuous tones that vibrate through me, hitting just the right chord. Go ahead and hiss how you love how tight I feel around you, how you love the look on my face when you make me orgasm, growl your appreciation when I swivel my hips just right, but never let me see your eyes soften.

Make me shriek in pleasure and pain as you pinch one of my nipples or sink your teeth into my shoulder. I will continue to pretend that I am not secretly pleased about possessing the marks you leave on my skin. Kiss me as if I might die any moment, holding me fast against you. I'll kiss you back with as much fervor and try to use my passions to hide my desperation. When we are face to face while moving against each other, humor me with letting me sink into your eyes. But please, do not let me drown so much that I begin to whisper what most I would regret. Pull me back with a harsh word, a rough touch or by doing what I cannot do... Look away. And if I so much as draw a breath to speak such atrocities, drink the words from my lips before my mind can begin to process the implications of my thoughts.

I will not make plans for the future. I know you expect me to, but I am not so naïve. I refuse to devastate myself by spinning webs of fancy which can be torn apart by a whisper. Certainly, one of us will die, and I am already so selfish as to pray it will be me. I could not bear the burden of never touching you again, or being touched by you, enveloped in your scent and the feel of your moist breath against my throat, feeling so alive while I dive into your eyes.

If I cannot truly have you, then I will join you in stealing these moments from harsh reality. If I cannot keep you, then I do not want to hear the words. The echoes of your voice within my mind would wrap me fast in silk and I would surely die. Make no mistake; I long to hear you tell me almost as much as I wish to scream it to the heavens. But I do not believe the phrase that we so often hear. I cannot lose something I never truly knew I had and neither can you. So if we are furtive with ourselves, if I continue to thrust myself into denial as I am, perhaps one of us will be spared. By some miraculous occurrence, we may both survive... until then, your name must suffice as my declaration.

"Severus..."

*I hold it true, whate'er befall;*

*I feel it, when I sorrow most;*

*'Tis better to have loved and lost*

*Than never to have loved at all.*

*~ In Memorium:27, Tennyson*