

Riddle in Black

by Amita

Tom is a bad boy. Thanks to the beta reader ladyinthecloak.

Some Enchanted Evening

Chapter 1 of 6

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Chapter 1: Some Enchanted Evening

She stepped out on the balcony and inhaled the soft air of early autumn.

"Fresh air is always welcome," she heard someone say.

"And you are?" said Bellatrix, turning to the voice in the shadows.

"My, aren't we snippy. Did I interrupt you? I'm a guest at the party."

"As is everyone here. I don't condone intrusion, nor do I appreciate attempts at mystery," said Bellatrix.

"You needn't worry about unexpected intrusion. Your coif and attire are holding up splendidly – at least considering how long the evening has been."

"I don't much care for your sense of humor, either."

"I see I have ruffled your feathers quite enough. Let me take my leave. If we meet again, call me Tom Riddle."

"I do not get my feathers ruffled," she told the departing figure.

He faced her, a sharp, pale face in the moonlight. "Perhaps that's the problem." He left before she could explain to him the boorishness of his indecent remark.

Her youngest sister arrived somewhat breathless. "There you are. Father wants to introduce us to Lord Voldemort."

She took a deep breath to compose herself and tried to put it out of her mind that her hair and attire might be less than perfect, as that impudent oaf had suggested. She regally re-entered the room and made her way to where her father, her husband, and a third person, obviously Lord Voldemort, were conversing.

She nodded toward her husband.

"Good evening, Father," she said.

She caught her breath. "Good evening, Lord Voldemort," she said to the impudent oaf.

He bowed and graciously kissed her hand. "Mrs. Lestrangle, you are as lovely as I've heard." His eyes met hers. "And more regal than I had heard. Let me congratulate you

on your first wedding anniversary." He turned to the two men. "You must let this regal lady show me your grounds. Nothing else could possibly enhance them as much."

Her father was nodding yes. Her husband was grinning like the fool he was. There was no escape.

At the doorway, he helped her into her cloak and said, "It's not yet cold and we can walk to the lake. Would you like the moonlight on the water?"

"Can you give it to me?" she asked.

"An interesting question. How much can we take?" he said. "Perhaps we can take our enjoyment from it."

"Do you think I will enjoy it?" she asked.

"Perhaps some things can be taken only if they are offered," he continued. "And some things are offered, but not taken."

"What do you offer on a moonlit night?" she asked.

"My company down to the lake and back," he said.

"Your witty company," she replied. "I have heard you are clever."

"I have heard the same of you," he said. "But here we are at the lake." He looked at her. "It was worth the trip. You do better by natural moonlight than by artificial brightness."

"To hide my ugliness?" she asked.

"To flatter your naturalness," he replied. "Look, here is a path back to the garden by the house. Would you care to walk a ribbon of moonlight with me?"

"I've always admired this," he said as they arrived at a hexagonal column of basalt that had been placed where two paths crossed. He looked into her eyes. "It's like your family: simple, strong, upright."

"And what will you have from my family?" she asked.

"A piece of it," he said, pulling out his wand. A thin pencil of almost blinding light sliced a chip of basalt from the column, and a spell from his left hand held it in the air as his wand shaped it and traced a pattern on it. When he had finished he held it out for her to see. It was a faceted, oblong hexagon with the Black family crest carved into it and 'Bellatrix' written below the crest.

"I would put it on this, but there is not room," he said, showing her a silver chain with a diamond pendant. "I brought this for your anniversary."

"Keep your diamond," she said. "I'll take the stone."

He replaced the diamond with the stone. She stepped close and said, "Grace me with it."

"It is yours to keep," he said. He slowly lowered the chain around her head and lifted her long, flowing, black hair away to let the necklace rest on her neck.

"I want it next to my heart," she said.

He lowered the stone down the front of her dress to let it lie between her breasts. It felt warm. She would always wear it, and it would always feel warm.

He stepped behind her and placed his hands lightly on her shoulders. "Such broad shoulders – able to carry so much. But who do they carry for? What else lies next to your heart?"

A part of the evening passed quietly.

"Is milady afraid to speak? Will her answer embarrass her?"

"Milady is not afraid to speak," she said, "but your question is untoward. There are secrets in a girl's heart that only the girl should know."

"Will you say nothing?" he asked.

"For me, there will only be one – no others, real or imagined," she said. "He must be flesh and blood. He will not be perfect, but he must be admirable. He will have everything I can give anyone."

"Have you found him?" he asked.

There was silence.

He was facing her. "I will give you another year of growing tired of your husband."

You May Meet a Stranger

Chapter 2 of 6

Tom is a bad boy.

Chapter 2: You May Meet a Stranger

"No, I don't want any punch," Bellatrix told her husband.

She went to a balcony, breathed in the night air, twisted her handkerchief, and decided she had better return.

"You usually dance better than this," said her father during the next number.

"I'm distracted," she said.

"You're not older; you're better," he replied.

It occurred to her that as the oldest Black sister she should put a better face on things at her birthday ball. "I'm just not into the party yet, Father," she replied.

"It might be me," he said chivalrously. "Our unofficial guest of honor has yet to appear."

"We can do quite well without him," she said.

Her father nodded approval. That was the spirit one expected from a Black.

While she was having a cup of punch with her father, Bellatrix noticed someone across the room. She took several steps forward before she was able to stop herself. She looked around. No, no one had noticed her lapse. She waited patiently, certain that he would single her out above all others. He was walking straight toward her. She told herself to be calm. Wait, was he talking to her youngest sister? He was dancing with her. How could that be?

Didn't he know her youngest sister was an empty-headed fool who had had the poor judgment to marry Lucius Malfoy? It was true the Malfoys had money, but she had always thought Lucius was a pig: it wasn't that he was the type to chase other women; it was that he would neglect his wife while doing so. Now, thanks to his pig habits, his wife, that blue-eyed, blonde angel, ha, was not only dancing with Tom, she was vulnerable. Bellatrix looked at the doe-eyes Cissy was making and thought the best plan would be to whisper to Cissy that her gown was buttoned crooked, take her to a private room, and tear her golden locks out by their roots. The red haze grew until Bellatrix even allowed herself to be thankful that that cow Andromeda wasn't here. That simpering bitch, after experiencing the sharpness of poverty and the lack of virility of what's-his-name, would have been all over a real wizard of wealth and power. It calmed her to think that she had only that one obstacle who was dancing-too-close-to-be-decent to eviscerate. How could Cissy's husband allow that in public? Not that dancing too close meant anything with her youngest sister's lack of endowments. No wonder Lucius neglected her. The blonde bimbo certainly didn't have the figure to be worth undressing with anyone's eyes the way Cissy's current, tasteless partner seemed to be doing. Perhaps the disemboweling could be followed by some eye-gouging. She examined her sharp and shiny fingernails.

After an eternity, the dance ended, and Bellatrix watched Tom extricate himself from the clingy blonde only to stumble into the grabby arms of Patricia Parkinson, the secret slag. Luckily, Lucius, a lousy husband but a true gentleman on occasion, swept Bellatrix onto the dance floor with a gracious invitation.

A few minutes later at the refreshment table, Bellatrix watched as Patricia Parkinson, with her eyes on Tom instead of where they should be, put the ice cubes in her saucer, placed the biscuit in the cup, and ladled the punch on top of the biscuit.

"Well, you got one right at least," said Bellatrix.

"Aren't you being rude to a guest?" asked Patricia.

"I was obviously making a joke about my inadequate arrangement of napkins and plates," said Bellatrix. "I was joking. Can't you take a joke?"

"If it was a joke, I apologize," said Patricia.

"If?! If?! I told you it was," said Bellatrix. "If I had wished to insult you, I would have commented on your second rate jewelry, your out-of-fashion gown, and your lusting after my guests like a bitch in heat."

"That's insufferable," said Patricia, walking away.

"Your attitude and your walking away when I'm talking to you are what are insufferable," said Bellatrix, concluding that some people were overly sensitive.

Bellatrix set her cup down and went out to commune with the cold and distant stars that offered a more promising relationship than the ill-behaving guests.

As she stood in the cool air, the door opened and closed, a shaft of light from the party split the night and vanished, and she saw the person walking toward her.

"What excuse do you have for your bad manners?" asked Bellatrix before she could stop herself.

"None at the moment," said Tom. "I'm ignoring your guests, and I'm failing to meet people who have important business with me just so I can talk to you and enjoy your company."

He was behind her. She could feel his warm breath and his commanding presence.

"Have you waited for me?"

Her pride told her to be quiet. "Yes," she said.

"Have you let your husband touch you?"

Her honor told her to be still. "No," she said.

She felt his hands on her waist. She gasped as the fire and ice of his touch shot through her. She reminded herself she was a Black and a married woman. She stepped back into him. Her head leaned back on his shoulder, and she moaned with relief when his arms went around her in acceptance.

"You have waited long enough," he said.

She wanted to make a caustic remark about his arrogance, but she wanted him to hold her more.

"You want people to know I have chosen you. You want to be admired," he whispered, "but by a small, select audience, not by the masses."

She knew he was speaking to her secret desire.

"Your husband, your sister, and her husband will do. They are waiting as I lead you into a room. You are as elegantly attired as you are now. You want this, but you are nervous."

Yes, she would be both eager and anxious.

"You see a throne of a couch with no arms or back and covered with dark, shimmering, green silk. You know it will compliment your skin and hair."

She glowed at the elegant image.

"I take you to the couch. You know what is going to happen. I tangle my fingers in your hair and pull you close. You know you shouldn't, but you respond with lips swollen with desire that beg me to continue."

She blushed with maidenly modesty.

"You tell yourself not to as you press against me, but your sinuous body has a mind of its own, and it offers whatever I want. You both hope and fear that I want everything."

She felt herself losing the struggle to be aloof.

"At my silent command, your fingers unbutton your gown, and it falls to the floor. You let the audience see that your full and firm body needs no support. You are thinking that you are undressing for someone who is not your husband, but you stand regally in flimsy lace bra and knickers."

She felt a forbidden thrill, but she knew she would be proud.

"I reach out my hands. Your breasts are mine to hold. I trace their shape."

She felt the craving grow within her.

"My touch nearly burns; your firm mounds swell; your nipples press against the lace. You think about the audience watching you rotate your shoulders to brush your breasts against my fingers. You unfasten your bra."

She realized, deep down, that she would.

"You cup your breast and offer them to me like the goddess of sex and power that you are."

She was certain he would appreciate the offer.

"I tend your lovely breasts with my lips, my tongue, my teeth. Your nipples rise. I take them into my mouth. I can taste you."

She sighed as he cupped her breasts.

"You become impatient; you've been waiting so long for this. You slide your knickers over your hips and off. You pull me to the couch; you recline; your legs open."

She knew she would, that he was right, damn him.

"Before I enter you, I tell your sister, her husband, and your husband that you will look at them and smile twice: after you're mounted and before you have your orgasm."

She told herself that she was too regal for that.

"Your soft nether lips are swollen with desire and slick with need. I enter easily, slow and dignified. You want to be equally dignified, but the audience hears you moan. They see your face turn as soft as a little girl's."

She knew, despite what he said, that her demeanor would be majestic.

"The audience is captured by the look on your pretty face as you're mounted. They are equally captured by the look of your ugly furry folds as they're entered. Your beautiful face and the primal invasion: the contrast is stimulating."

She imagined it would be magnificent.

"Your husband does not want you anymore, but he still feels a twinge. He notices his wife makes no protest. He has seen his wife spread her legs in invitation. He did not want to know it would be this easy for someone to have his wife."

She thought he deserved it.

"You know that your little sister, who hasn't the nerve to betray her husband, is watching with open eyes. Her nostrils are as flared as yours."

She thought the little hypocrite would try to hide her feelings.

"I slide in the last inch. You are lightly panting. The audience watches your defenses go down. When you realize you no longer control what is going to happen, you look at them and smile. Go ahead. Smile."

She could imagine them present; she did turn her head and smile.

"You try not to move. Your moves are small at first. You try to control it. You look into my eyes and begin a sensuous wiggle. The audience is astonished. Your husband has told them you are a cold fish who just lies there."

She pushed back against Tom.

"The husbands want to feel your slick hotness and your flexing muscles; they are erect. Your sister wants to feel being filled and ridden; she is wet."

She knew Tom was right. They wanted her or to be like her.

"The audience watches as we couple. They watch us move in sync."

She would be proudly shameless.

"Your moves become more intense. You resist, but control slips away. You wonder if your sister has writhed like this for her husband. You wonder if your sister has writhed like this for anyone."

She imagined her sister watching raptly.

"Before you can think that this is going to be embarrassing, you can't think anymore. The audience listens to liquid slaps and involuntary grunts as your body rocks back and forth and your thighs begin a rhythmic squeezing. You give them your pre-orgasmic smile."

She was smiling.

"Your sister, her husband, and your husband cannot take their eyes away. They will always remember your look."

She moaned.

"The wizards wish you were clenching them. Your sister wishes she were clenching me."

She knew they would be jealous.

"You want the audience to see the Dark Lord lose himself in your charms. Instead, I wait till your afterglow has subsided and magisterially sample your wares. The audience sees that I am glistening with your juices and that my tension is slowly increasing. They watch me take what is mine to take. I grip your hips and bury myself. They know I'm squirting my seed into you. They know you are now my witch."

Tom pressed his hands against the junction of her thighs and sensations shot out both directions from her spine to explode in her brain and to melt between her legs.

"Your husband hurries off to find his doxy of the evening to take her to a secluded spot. Your sister's husband hurries her home, but he will be in her up to the hilt before they reach the bedroom."

Bellatrix knew both husbands would be thinking about her.

"I help you to your feet, wrap my cape around you, and escort you out of the room."

When Bellatrix re-entered the ballroom, she glanced surreptitiously at Rodolphus, Lucius, and Narcissa, certain her secret desire was written in the radiance of her being.

What Now My Love

Chapter 3 of 6

Tom is a bad boy.

Chapter 3: What Now My Love

"Yes, we can always find something for a Black sister," he said.

"I'm not really asking as a member of the family," she said.

"I understand that," he said, looking at her.

She was thinking that what she had said wasn't entirely truthful. She was hoping for consideration as a member of the Black family, but she wanted to work as an ordinary employee, not be part of their insane crusade. But she was here because her daughter needed special care beyond what her husband could afford, and so she was asking a favor from the last person she wanted to ask – the things to which motherhood could drive one.

"I understand you are very methodical and meticulous, Andromeda," said Tom. "I can use that. I seem to attract the more emotional types."

Is he making a joke? wondered Andromeda. She didn't want him to have a sense of humor; she wanted him to be soulless and evil and repelling. It didn't help that she found him compelling. What kind of curse were the Black sisters under?

"Suppose we start you as a bookkeeper," he was saying. "The total workload will be four to six hours a day. The positive side is that you can work at home and the hours are flexible. The negative side is that being a mother, housekeeper, and bookkeeper will fill your day. If, after three months, you are doing well, we will entrust you with paying the routine bills from the accounts you are keeping."

He named a starting salary and the salary after the three month trial period. She gave a small start. If she passed the trial period, she would be making more than her husband.

He noticed her reaction. "We will not be overpaying you," he said. "You will be earning every penny."

Many times during the next several months, she came to the same conclusion. She was not being overpaid.

Two months after the interview, Ted Tonks sat down to the evening meal and exclaimed, "Cold cuts again. By the gods, woman, couldn't you at least heat a stew."

"You said you were sick and tired of stew, Ted. You threatened to throw the next bowl of it out the window."

"It would have least been warm," he said.

"Dora was difficult today," said Andromeda.

"Did you pay any attention to her?" asked Ted. "Or did you just count money for the dark wizards?"

"Of course, I paid attention to her. How can you say such a thing?"

"Well, the damn dark wizards are more important to you than your family."

"That's not true. I took the job because we had to have the money."

"Right, woman, rub it in my face that I don't make enough."

"I didn't say that," she said. "You do fine. We need extra, and I was lucky enough to get a job."

"Doesn't seem like such a great job to me: a pittance for ignoring your family."

She knew better than to make him really angry by pointing out that it wasn't a pittance. She said, "Once I get used to it, it should take less of my time."

"Well, tell me when you have time to be a wife again. I slave away all day and come home in freezing weather to cold cuts and being criticized," he said. "I'm going to the pub for something decent. And don't look at me like that. If you don't want me to spend money at the pub, then make me feel like I'm welcome in my own home."

After he had slammed the door on the way out, Andromeda sighed with relief. He had left before upsetting Dora, and she could spend the next several hours completing the day's bookkeeping in peace. She munched a carrot, nibbled on a cold steak-and-kidney pie, and ate an apple as she did the books. Dora woke, and she read a story to her daughter until she fell asleep again. She eyed the sherry bottle and decided she could allow herself one glass before bedtime since her daughter was asleep and her work was done. The money from the job not only paid for what Dora needed, but provided for small luxuries, such as sherry, that she hadn't been able to afford early in her marriage. She chuckled to herself as she viewed her new problem. She had to be careful that the stress of her job did not cause her to succumb to her rediscovered luxuries.

By the third month, she had become more efficient, and after the fourth month, she realized she could handle the additional duties as well. She was confident, and she

discovered this feeling of competence made her more effective in everything.

"I haven't been out in ages, Ted," she said, putting what she thought was a nice dinner on the table.

"I didn't know dark witches went out," he said.

She snapped. "That's not fair. I've been working hard; I've mastered the job. Now I can have a bit of a life."

"Well, I admit, this meal is decent enough," he replied.

"I'm more than just a cook and a housekeeper," she said.

"Really?" he said.

They spent the rest of the meal in silence. When he finished, he stood and said, "Speaking of a bit of life, I may go look for some."

She sat in silence, not seeing or hearing anything, as he left.

The next day, she sat in front of her mirror. Close examination revealed that, yes, she, like her sisters, had inherited the Black family face and figure, and the reflection in the mirror was that of a beautiful woman. Was her husband tired of her? Maybe a change would help. She decided to spruce up the house, buy several flattering skirts and blouses, and invest in some revealing lingerie.

Her efforts accomplished nothing.

Even more worrisome were the finances: not the money itself, but her husband's attitude toward expenditures. The first years of their marriage, the family finances had occupied them both, and she had felt like part of a couple. Now, Ted spent his salary on whatever he pleased and handed her what remained. It was not a financial hardship since she now made enough to keep the family going, but it was a devastating blow to their marriage. She reflected that she had kept her increase in salary a secret from him. She had become so unsure of him that she feared a bad reaction if he learned that she made more than he did. She began practicing economies and saving all she could in a secret account.

One day while doing laundry, she smelled a strange perfume on her husband's clothes. She did not make it to a chair. She sat on the rug and stared at its pattern for the longest time. Now she knew why she had been squirreling away money as she, the house, and the meals became drab.

A rainy day was coming, and it would be a rainy day alone.

Now That You Left Me

Chapter 4 of 6

Tom is a bad boy.

Chapter 4: Now That You Left Me

She grabbed the dishes and tossed them on the table for her impatient husband. *She had impatiently grabbed Tom and tossed him on the bed.*

She made an effort to drive the images out of her mind. It had begun innocently several weeks ago when she had paid extra attention to her job. It had begun the first day she had traveled to his office to deliver the accounts.

"You needn't deliver the reports personally."

"It's no trouble. It's good to get out of the house."

"And your daughter?"

"Much better now, thank you. She's in the other room with the two clerks."

"Yes, I might frighten young children," said Tom.

"I didn't say that," said Andromeda. "The two clerks were quite taken with her."

A week later, she had another bundle of reports. Dora seemed quiet today, holding onto her toys and waiting for her mother. Andy checked her hair in the mirror, decided her blouse was too drab, changed it, decided she should go with the original choice, and changed again. She checked her hair once more.

The clerks were happy to see Dora. She was a sweet-tempered child, but she had to be watched carefully since her magic took unexpected turns. Andy entered Tom's study, telling her beating heart to calm down. She was only delivering accounts to her employer.

"Nice to see you again," said Tom.

Andy's heart beat faster. Did he really mean that?

"Sit," he said. "Let me bring you a tea." He set a cup and saucer on the table beside her.

"Relax, I don't bite," he said.

He moved behind her. "I take that back. I do bite. But you should relax anyway."

She found herself smiling. His fingertips touched her shoulder. She jumped.

"That's not relaxing," he told her.

She could feel her heart pounding, but she didn't want him to stop touching her. She willed herself to act calm.

His fingertips kneaded her shoulders.

"When you were a girl, you should have had a puppy to look at you with its warm eyes."

She sighed. *How did he know that.*

"But you didn't. You wanted one, but you knew it wouldn't be safe with your family."

She nodded. His fingertips were giving warm, comforting massages. His fingertips were sending warm, unsettling messages.

"You deserve, you need, warm, devoted eyes in return for your company."

She was quiet. She thought he could massage her shoulders all afternoon. She thought he could massage her all night. She realized what she had just thought and jumped to her feet.

"I don't need you to make fun of me," she said. "I already know I was the soft-hearted sister. Bella and Cissy never let me forget it."

"I wasn't making fun of you," he replied.

He shouldn't be this calm. Doesn't he know I'm churning inside. "And I don't need to be teased either. You know I'm not getting 'warm, devoted eyes' or anything else. You've been spying on my husband. You know what he's been doing. You think you can say mean, nasty things to me because I need the money for my daughter. Well, yes, I need the money for my daughter, but I don't need mean, nasty things said to me."

Omigod, I'm yelling at the Dark Lord, she thought.

He stepped close and said, "I didn't intend to upset you. I was admiring you."

The long and lonely months of hard work without appreciation crashed down on her. "You try working and raising a child, a difficult child. I love her, but she's a problem. Take time off from your evil empire for a while and take care of your young child who's running you ragged and your grownup child who's running around on you and still expects a clean house and a hot supper. And that godforsaken bookkeeping isn't easy, either. And you try to be meticulous and social and you get teased and made fun of."

Woman-who-stands-with-clenched-fists, thought Tom. *Taking my life in my hands,* thought Tom as he put one hand on her waist and the other on her shoulder and waited until the glaring woman's anger turned to sadness before folding her in his arms.

She moaned at the reassuring contact. It had been so long since she had been held. Her arms went around him; her head rested on his shoulder. She let him stroke her hair. His hard body was against hers. She tried to ignore what it was doing to her.

She heard his low, soothing voice. "You're the kindest of the sisters. Did not the other two come to you for advice and comfort when all of you were young? Why should your crazy older sister be happy when you're not? Why should your scheming younger sister be content when you're not?"

Her lips sought his.

"It's your nature to love, Andy. It's your inner beauty, and it will always be there."

If you can't trust an evil overlord, who can you trust? She quipped to herself.

"I need this. You have what I want," he was saying.

He's being a bad boy; he's taking advantage of me because I need the money; I need the money for my daughter, not me.

She was aware he was pulling her knickers down.

He was in her. *Why was I so easy?* she wondered. There was a loud slurping noise. *Why am I so receptive?* she wondered. She found consolation in the fact that she wasn't feeling anything. Tom might take her, but she would still be a good girl.

All of a sudden, Andromeda felt tension and felt it rise to the breaking point. She didn't want to be a bad girl. She didn't want it to happen.

"Oh."

"Not like this."

"Oh."

"Not like this."

"Oh."

It happened.

Tom held Andy as she got off on his cock like no one he had ever experienced.

He pulled out of her and fastened his trousers; he handed her knickers to her and supported her as she stepped back into them. Tom led Andy to the couch where he pulled her down beside him and held her. When she had recovered, they stood and embraced goodbye. She closed the door behind her and turned to the secretaries and her daughter.

"Hi, Mummy," said Dora.

"Hi, Dora," said Andy, taking her from the two clerks. "Did you have a good time?"

"Yes, Mummy. Did you?"

The two clerks smiled at the childish assumption that a business meeting with the Dark Lord could possibly be a good time.

Her first thought when she arrived home was that she should not return. The next day she thought she should wait a week. Two days later she was back in Tom's office.

"Andy," he said, coming around his desk to greet her. "How are you?"

She stumbled out, "I was running some errands. I was in the neighborhood. I don't have anything to show you. I didn't bring any bookkeeping."

"You can have some tea and rest awhile," he said.

"I'm probably being a nuisance. I shouldn't interrupt you while you're working," she said.

"It's okay. I can use a break," he said. "Besides, I might be happy to see you."

She stepped close. She got out, "Really?" before she grabbed him.

What am I doing? Her lips devoured his. *What will he think of me?* She had dressed nicely. *Will he notice?*

When she stopped, she was flushed and panting. Through a haze of longing she heard him say, "You look nice today."

"Really?" she asked, sinking to the rug and pulling him with her. The rug was so soft. He was so good. She clung to him. She reveled in his embrace and kisses.

She heard him murmur how affectionate she was and how much she meant to him. She luxuriated in the verbal and physical attention as his hands caressed her and he told her how valuable her accounting work was. Her thoughts ran away from her. *He's filling the hole in my life. Will he fill the hole in me?* She ached for him to want her. The ache grew and stilled the voice reminding her of consequences.

She felt him pull away from her. *No, no, don't leave; don't leave me.* But he was looking at her fondly, and he was saying, "You have what I need."

She wanted to be sophisticated, but she couldn't refrain from asking, "Do you think I'm a naughty girl?"

"If you make love to me, I'll make you be a naughty girl," he said. "Make love to me, Andy."

She reached up and pulled him to her, covering his face with the lightest of kisses and then holding him tight and covering him with her passionate lips. She guided his hand to her breast. Even through the blouse and bra, she moaned at his touch. Both his hands moved over her breasts. A thrill ran through her at his impatiently unbuttoning her blouse and ripping off her bra.

His lips and tongue on her breasts were gentle. *He's teasing me*, she thought. *Be more demanding, damn you.* She arched her back to push herself against him.

She had to have him. She unbuttoned his trousers in a mad frenzy. It was so lovely. She was certain it was the right size for her. She knew it was just right for her. Her mouth closed over him. She lavished attention on him. She heard him say, "Sweetheart." He was hard when she had started; now, he was harder.

She couldn't wait any longer. Her hands were above her head. She spread her legs. *Omigod, my knickers.* She slid them off and parted her legs again. He was between her thighs. Her feet were in the air. He was parting her. It was wonderful. Tom mounting her was the best thing ever. She let herself moan for him. He was in her.

His fingers combed her hair. His words of endearment soothed her ears. She was cherished.

He's making me do this, she told herself as her hips rolled for him and satisfied groans formed in her throat.

He's holding my hands down. I'm helpless, she told herself as she looked at him fondly.

I can't prevent this, Andy told herself as she sighed and wiggled.

"You want to be unfaithful," said Tom.

She nodded.

"Admit it," he said.

She thought, *He's making me be naughty.*

She said, "I want to be unfaithful," and opened like a cavern for him. Her legs wrapped around him and pulled him against her sopping-wet curls.

Good girls are the best, thought Tom as laying Mrs. Tonks went to the top of his list.

She pulled him down on top of her so he could feel her making love to him with her whole body. She was certain he could feel it. She let herself go, expressing all her pent up affection and need for someone.

Her inner core of passion grew, and her affectionate weaving changed to the demanding undulations of coupling. Andy heard Tom whisper things in her ear: naughty things, lewd things: he wanted to have her; he would do things to intimate parts of her; he would make her give herself to him; he would shag her beautiful brains out.

When Andromeda Tonks heard, "I want to keep you," she came. Tom held her as she floated and bonded.

"Would you like to be completely unfaithful?" he asked.

She knew what he meant and nodded yes. Yes, she wanted him to come inside her; she wanted him to do everything to her.

She moaned as he moved in and out of her. *Tom wants me.* It was lovely; it was sweet; it was wicked.

He was all the way in; he was resting on the back of her thighs; his eyes were smoldering. She knew she had let him have everything. She loved the way he looked at her.

Now, weeks later, it was evening, and she was offering supper for her hungry family. *That afternoon, she had hungrily offered herself to Tom.*

She opened the drawer for the utensils. *She had opened his trousers.*

She grabbed the utensils and placed them on the table. *She had grabbed Tom and placed her lips on him.*

She made certain the silverware was straight and ready. *She had made certain Tom was straight and ready.*

She dropped the napkins on the table. *She had dropped her knickers on the floor.*

She filled the water glasses with a wet splash. *Tom had filled her wet self with a splash.*

She laid the plates. *Tom had laid her.*

Her family came to the table. *She had come for Tom.*

Mr. Tonks viewed his dinner and cried out, "Hey, some good food at last. And you're looking perkier, too."

She had been very perky. She had perked all over him.

She gripped her fork and said, "Thank you."

She had thanked Tom after he had gripped her and erupted between her forked legs.

"You're looking much better these days. And more cheerful. I was worried about you," said her husband.

She remembered that when she was young and innocent she had never worried she would live with one wizard for the rest of her life and love another wizard for the rest of her life.

"I almost regret that I promised to meet the boys tonight," her husband said.

She had no regrets.

"That's okay, dear," she said.

Like a Bat Out of Hell

Chapter 5 of 6

Tom is a bad boy.

Chapter 5: Like a Bat Out of Hell

"Come, Narcissa, time for lunch."

She watched the final fluttering of a bird. The cat had finally caught one.

"Narcissa!"

"Coming, Mum."

She had to withstand the glare of her parents and two older sisters. One was not late to lunch or anything else unless it was something to which one was fashionably late. Would she ever get them straight? The oldest sister fell into the routines naturally. The middle sister had a nonchalance that somehow saved her. Narcissa had her problems. And there were more important things such as watching a bird die. It would sustain her for weeks. This afternoon at the dance lesson she would imagine performing a dying swan. Tonight the evening shadows would remind her of the twitching animal and its slow subsidence. She knew she had to hold the images close and make them last. It had been a harsh lesson that she was not to help the animals on the estate die.

By the time she was off to school, she had learned acute observation. Proper young ladies did not initiate painful and humiliating experiences, but they could watch. The trick was knowing where and when to watch. It was an acquired skill, and when she noticed a boy running along a high ledge, she could tell he was not a natural athlete. He was showing off for the girls, and one day the show-off fell.

"How sad," said one young girl as they carried him off for repairs.

"Yes," said Narcissa.

Boys, on the other hand, could inflict pain if they were powerful enough and sneaky enough. Narcissa decided early that sneakiness was the better quality since it let one inflict pain longer without suffering consequences. It was her fourth year, and the lateness no particular credit to her considering her upbringing, when she discovered arrogance was nearly as effective as sneaky, and she discovered this by observing one boy in particular. Even though they were in the same House, it was not easy to meet him because of his predilection for buxom older girls.

"Hello, Mr. Malfoy," she said on the train at the beginning of her fifth year.

"Hello, Miss ... Black, I believe. We met at a dance this summer, did we not?"

"I'm gratified you haven't forgotten me."

"Never," he said. "I do recall your family remarking on your outstanding performance on your exams."

"You are too kind," she said. "I recall hearing you did very well."

"Well, a gentleman can't be a swot," he replied. "You must excuse me, but I'm due at the Prefects' meeting. Ah, I see that you are one, too."

"I'll be there in a minute after I've stowed my luggage," she said.

He nodded and headed toward the Prefect car. She had already stowed her luggage, but her honed instincts told her that following Lucius Malfoy at a discreet distance would be rewarding, and indeed it was as several scruffy first-years were put in their place. They were still nursing their subtle injuries when she passed them.

The connection of others' pain with more intimate feelings came slowly. It wasn't one of the standard items in a nice girl's repertoire. After the first several experiences, she concluded that if she were better endowed, she might have learned more quickly. She had been accompanying Lucius on his Prefect patrols as providing opportunities, and after several incidents, she noticed a tingling in her nipples.

She later thought the tingling must have shut down part of her brain because after one incident, she challenged Lucius by saying, "If you're that hard on them, you're going to be reprimanded."

She was afraid the fun would be over, but he took it differently. "Who's going to tell?" he asked. "You?" He reached out and twisted her nipples. She gave a cry of surprise and backed against the wall, looking wild and panting. He was looking at her strangely.

The next patrol, they went to a part of the castle she had never visited. When they seemed miles from everything, he turned and faced her. "Are you going to snitch?"

"About what?" she asked.

"This," he said as he pinched her nipples.

She backed against the wall. The tingling spread. She said, "Don't hurt me."

Her eyes opened wider as he stepped closer to her. He reached inside her cloak and put his hands on her waist. She tingled all over. She slowly put her arms around him. They stood, holding each other.

Several years later, Narcissa was standing alone in front of a fireplace in Malfoy Manor. She had been pacing the floor in the study and fuming, but now she was standing and fuming. Lucius had not given up his predilection for buxom women, except they were now buxom younger women. Lucius thought it could be excused because they weren't witches and hence didn't mean anything.

He occasionally said, "But I tortured her, dear."

"I'm certain you made her squeal," she would reply.

For the last six months she had refused to let him touch her, but she was thinking the plan had miscarried since he had become indifferent to her in every way. That afternoon, however, her oldest sister had visited with some delicious gossip.

"The Dark Lord is displeased with your husband. He plans to correct him tonight at the ceremony."

After much begging and cajoling, her oldest sister agreed to lend Narcissa a costume and sneak her into the meeting.

Now, Narcissa was watching Tom address the crowd with Lucius kneeling at his feet. Tom seemed to look at her directly in the eye as if he were doing this for her. She realized her hands, under her robe, had moved to touch herself.

Punish him for me, she found herself thinking. She thought Tom looked straight at her and read her mind. She felt his gaze. She felt the moist warmth.

Tom was reciting her husband's transgressions and flicking his wand. At every lash, Lucius drew into a tighter ball and bit back a moan. At every lash, the ball of lust inside Narcissa grew tighter as she bit back a moan.

The final admonition arrived with the final lash. "You consort with unclean women."

Lucius squealed.

Inside the room, the group trembled and released its tension.

Inside her knickers, Narcissa trembled and released her tension.

I'll Be Gone When the Morning Comes

Chapter 6 of 6

Tom is a bad boy.

Chapter 6: I'll Be Gone When the Morning Comes

"My husband is out," she said at the door.

"I know," he said as he stepped inside. "I'm here for you."

"Me?" she asked, backing up.

Narcissa drew her wand, but Tom flicked it away with a wave of his hand.

She backed up against the wall. "Don't hurt me."

He cupped her breast. He waited until she leaned toward him to press her breasts against his hands. He pinched her nipples.

She gave a startled cry and said, "Please, don't hurt me."

"You've been waiting for me," he announced.

Arrogant pig, she thought.

"Admit it," he said.

She bit her lower lip.

He pinched her nipples again. "Admit it," he repeated.

"Yes," she said. He looked at her; she felt a twinge inside. "Yes, I've been waiting for you," she said.

"Get barefoot," he told her. She complied.

He stepped close; he gave her a gentle look. "So lovely, so neglected." His fingertips stroked her temples as he brushed her hair behind her ears. "You should be admired for all that you are." He looked down. "Even your feet are elegant." He looked at her greedily. "I want to make your toes curl."

As the temple massage soothed her, she gave him a shy smile. No one had ever made her toes curl.

His fingertips traveled to both sides of her neck. Each time they glided over her muscles to the back of her neck, a tingle of pleasure migrated to her brain. His fingers walked down her shoulders. She was accepting Tom's hands on her. She was more than accepting it. When he stopped the massage and took his hands away, she involuntarily stepped toward him.

"You don't wear much," he told her. "Nothing about you needs concealment."

His nostrils flared. "Do a partial strip, Cissy: your blouse and skirt."

Her hands moved to the buttons of her blouse.

"Yes," he said. "Make it as sensuous as you are. Let me admire you."

At the third button, the top of her breasts and a swath of her sky-blue silk bra were showing. He leaned in and kissed her on the forehead. "Beautiful," he said. Her arms went around his neck, and she pulled his lips to hers where they expressed her thanks. She wanted to show him more. With her head cocked slightly to one side, her hands returned to the buttons on her blouse. As she unfastened each of them, her blouse opened wider. Did he really value her gracefulness? Was he a person of refinement?

"Lovely," he said. His look of appreciation sent a shiver from between her breasts to between her legs.

When her blouse was open, he nodded approval, and she was next to him, pressing against him, seeking the contact she craved. After the initial crush, he held her gently as she lightly brushed her silk-covered nipples over his chest. He returned to stroking her temples in time with the gliding of her breasts soothing her and exciting her at the same time.

She was flushed as she stepped back and her hands went to the fastenings of her skirt. He nodded his approval. The fastenings were undone. He could see white lace trim and a strip of matching sky-blue silk knickers. She smiled shyly. Then she stood straight and regal as she slid the skirt down over her hips and let it fall to the floor.

His eyes took in her figure in its simple lingerie. "Incredible, Narcissa," he whispered to her. "You are elegance personified."

She moved to within an inch of him and lightly brushed him with her entire length. Her arms went around him. Her lips caressed his face as her tongue flicked out. He merely held her waist, but his touch spread through her. His admiration spread through her as he confided, "I like class."

Flushed and breathing deeply, she evinced the dignified sadness of lust. She heard him say, "You should be taken in the foyer: your admirer overwhelmed by your charms."

He pushed her hard against the wall. He pressed against her softness her softness against the hardness of the wall. His breath was in her ear when he said, "Hold what you want." She reached down and cupped it. She opened his trousers. His voice was a bit rough. "I want to possess you."

Yes, she thought. *My husband is his slave. He wants me, too. He wants both Malfoys.* Her will turned to water at the thought of his making her be an unfaithful wife. She moved against him, stroking him, aching for him. At last, his hands moved from her waist down across her hips to the smoothness of her upper thighs. When he stroked her silk-covered sex, she discovered she was ready for him. She kissed him in encouragement as his fingers slipped underneath the lace guarding her virtue and sought her secret place.

"Hands over your head," said Tom. Narcissa raised and crossed her wrists. When she tried to lower her hands, she found she couldn't.

She knew he had pulled her knickers aside and was at her entrance. She was panting. "Wiggle," he told her. She was still. He snapped his wand against her hip. She cried out and flinched. There was a small "Oh" as he spread her folds. He snapped his wand against her hip again. There was another small cry and flinch, followed by another sigh as he slid another inch into her.

His commanding gaze. His penetration.

"Wiggle," he told her.

Hands over her head, Narcissa moved her hips and granted him passage.

She saw the look of triumph in his eyes as he slid completely into her.

He snapped his wand against her elegant, silk-covered hip. "Slither," he told her. "Slither for me. Slither like the faithless little reptile you are."

I'm a married woman. She gave Tom a fond look.

I'll still be virtuous if I don't give him any more than I give my husband. She began a slow slither.

He forced himself into the house and then into me. She forced her tongue into him when he leaned forward and kissed her.

Do you like what you see, what you feel? She slithered in full display.

It's like my husband; I can't stop him having fun. She moaned even as she tried not to.

He'll have his fun and leave like my husband. She weaved for him.

It's too good. Head back and muscles flexing, Narcissa was making small, animal noises.

I shouldn't. I shouldn't. Narcissa was twisting and pressing into Tom. Never before had a wizard driven her into the mating dance. The surprise in her eyes was reflected by the exultation in his.

Oh, I can't help it. I can't help it. She welcomed the possessive hand on her hip and the look of satisfaction on her seducer's face as her face contorted and her body slithered for him. She smiled. Her toes curled.

Omgods. Inside her knickers, Narcissa trembled and released her tension.

Mr. Riddle experienced the intimate clenches of Mrs. Malfoy.

Narcissa clung to Tom and floated in the universe.

By silent and mutual consent, they walked to her bedroom.

Take my hand and lead me there.

Hold me close so I don't fall.

Touch me soft and treat me fair.

I am yours and give you all.

I will lay down by your side

Despite all the coming strife.

And with you I will abide.

Help me make it through this life.

In the bedroom, she remembered the times with her husband. She would look demure as he lifted her feet into the air; she would flare her nostrils as he entered her; she would discreetly grunt as he pounded the back of her thighs; but she faked the rest of it. She was certain this time would be the same, but it would be for someone not her husband.

She did look demure as Tom put her feet in the air. But there was something new as she begged him with her kisses to possess her, something new as he returned her favors in full appreciation of the invitation. She did flare her nostrils as he entered her. But there was something new as she moaned with his working his way into her, something new as he encouraged her sounds of pleasure by the way he became intimate. She did discreetly grunt as he plunged into her. But there was something new as she wrapped herself around him and moved with him, something new as he found the rhythm that aroused her.

Tom made her glad her thighs were spread and her feet waving at the ceiling. She sighed contentedly as he dipped into her. Her fingers splayed across his back as she enjoyed the rippling muscles that drove his demanding hardness into her forbidden softness. She heard him whisper, "Move for me, my Cissy. Make me unhappy with all other women," and deep in her being, the tendrils of romance and lust took root and bound her as nothing ever had and nothing ever would.

She liked it that he was enjoying her and making her moan and wiggle. She liked it that he celebrated making her tension mount until she was grunting and wiggling. She more than liked it when he demanded she give him everything and drove her to incoherent noises and thrashing as the need inside her mounted to a scream.

The rational and independent part of Narcissa knew that Tom would savor every spasm of her surrender and then his eyes would smolder at her acquiescence as he plumbd her and filled her with his sperm and claimed her.

The Tom-cat holds the bird in his claws. She struggles against her small death, but she performs her final flutter as he pierces her body .

Narcissa's husband was Tom's, and Tom had made him squeal.

Narcissa was Tom's, and Tom made her squeal.

Filk is based on 'Help Me Make It through the Night' by Kris Kristofferson