

# If Only

*by Stefdarin*

Someone learns what matters most to Tom.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Someone learns what matters most to Tom.

If only... she had not fallen. But he was so handsome, it was beyond her control. His teeth gleamed when he smiled, and his charm was palpable. He told her things no man had ever told her before, captivating her fragile sense of worth. At first, she had not believed it, but the way he chanted his flattery, it lingered like a song in her head, filling the need within her to be desired, craved, wanted. At the time, her need overrode her wisdom, and blindly, she would have followed him to the ends of the earth if asked.

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If only... she had been stronger. But the feelings – emotions she had never experienced before – were like a drug she could not get enough of. The heady sensation of his mouth on hers sent shivers down her spine. The sound of her name on his lips took her breath away. The stroke of his tongue on her neck made her sigh. The taste of his skin left her hungry for more. The light in his eyes spoke of promises he never mentioned – feeding her hope, her need to be loved. But the brightness in his eyes was a different desire.

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If only... she had been aware. But he was a master of deception, and he made her... feel. His hands roved her skin, leaving gooseflesh in their wake. His mouth followed, delving into sensitive places. His voice urged, demanding her capitulation.

“Say it; say my name... I want to hear it fall from your lips.”

“Tom...”

He closed his eyes and sighed. “Again.”

“Tom...”

A slow smile curved his lips, and he opened his eyes. His hands slid up her hips, caressed her breasts, finally resting on her throat. Slowly, he tightened his grasp around her neck and entered her.

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If only... she had resisted. Sucking in her breath, she reached up, trying to remove his vice-like grip from her throat. Black eyes widened, gazing up into brown. Leaning down, he cooed, “Just let go.”

Struggling for breath, she bucked her hips, allowing him to plunge deeper. His hands loosened, and she sucked in her breath raggedly. However, before she could protest,

he murmured, "*Imperio...*"

Fuzzy, lightheadedness fell over her. His hands tightened once more, and she gasped. "Let go," a voice whispered in her head.

His length stroked her, massaging her bud, causing tension to build within her.

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If only... she had seen. Without thought, her body responded to his thrusts, her pleasure and pain rising in a crescendo. Suddenly, her womb tightened, and bright lights traveled the edges of her vision.

"Yes," he breathed, loosening his hold on her neck, plunging faster. "Yes!" he called, bracing his hands against the bed on either side of her.

The haziness lifted, and she lay there, panting, Tom still buried inside her. Absently, he played with her ebony locks, tugging them playfully. He smiled down at her, and for the first time, she noticed the smile never reached his eyes.

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If only... she had known. Cocking her head to the side, she found the courage to ask what she had never dared. "Why are you with me?"

Looking down at her, an unsettling smile claimed his lips. "Because your blood is pure."

Swiftly, a chill covered her body at his admission, and subtly, she moved away. "What about love?" she whispered.

"Love? There is no love; there is only power. Surely, you know that."

Slowly, she nodded. Swallowing hard, she Summoned her clothes as he strode from the room. Numbly, she dressed and darted through the door into the darkness.

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If only... she had learned. Love had consequences. It was a lesson she had not learned with Tom. And now, she was reminded of the pain – with pain – every day. But she would bear the torture for the rest of her life to protect the truth. In retrospect, she wasn't sure she would change anything because she *had* found love. It simply wasn't where she had thought she would find it.

The first time she had looked down into his face, she had known love, unconditionally. So with a heavy heart, she watched him board the train.

"Goodbye, Severus," she whispered.

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Disclaimer: I do not own the characters. They belong to J. K. Rowling. Fortunately, she rents them out to do evil bidding once in a while.

**A/N:** Hugs, glomps, squishes, and chocolate go to Lady Karelia and Luvsev for their help with what I created when Tom violated my Muse. I love you guys!