

Craving

by Celisnebula

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It is hard sometimes, watching them; they seem so... so young and innocent compared to me. They are untainted, untarnished by all that has happened, though occasionally I feel waves of the darkness rolling off Harry.

It is strange how insignificant I have become since coming here to Hogwarts. At home, as the only girl, I was protected and insulated, doted on as the only female child born to the Weasley line in almost a century. Yet, within Hogwarts, I am nothing more than the ending line of a succession of Weasleys, the seventh wheel. I can well imagine the relieved breaths each professor will make as I graduate, signifying the end of our rambunctious ways running through the halls of Hogwarts; at least until one of us breeds, though if it is me, I hardly think I will be a Weasley any longer.

I suppose, had it not been for Tom and his dastardly memory, my first year would have been as unmemorable as the rest have been. No one truly sees me; I am an extension of my family, and sometimes an extension of the ring of friendship that binds Hogwarts' 'golden trio', the flagging tagalong.

To Ron, I am the baby sister, the cherished female child of our affectionate parents, and he protects me to the point of exclusion. However, I doubt he sees it that way. He, and my other brothers, take the issue of my protection very seriously. Again, this is something I have to thank Tom for, I doubt they would have thought that I could be used in such a manner. They choose to believe that everything was done at Tom's behest; I have not dissuaded this notion.

Harry, beautiful golden Harry, sees me as nothing more than one of the masses he is obligated to save. I am not truly a person to him, I am either Ron's little sister, or gods forbid, his little sister by extension since he so desires to be apart of our family. I admit that at one time I adored the very thought of Harry Potter. It intensified after he 'rescued' me from Tom's diary, but that juvenile affection has slowly dissolved away. Being invisible has a way of making a person see hidden things, and I... I have seen the fine-fissured cracks that make up Harry's existence. Now I pray that he never truly sees me, because I could in fact make him a part of the Weasley enclave, he would marry me for my family and I would stay invisible; a worse hell, I could not imagine.

Sometimes, I think Hermione sees me, the broken image of who I used to be shifting through the ashes of what happened with Tom. There are times when I catch her staring at me, almost as though she can see the dark stain left on my soul from the Chamber, as if she can read those thoughts I bury deep. But then she gets swept along with Harry and Ron, fighting the good fight against Voldemort and I am forgotten. I prefer when she forgets about me, she is a shrewd one, and I've no desire to revisit the time when Tom 'raped my mind' as she puts it.

When she says things like that, I know they don't really know me, nor have they ever really known me. At times, I think Tom... and I do not mean Voldemort, for he and Tom are two separate entities, but I stray from my point; most of the time, I think Tom is, and shall ever be, the only person who will ever know me. Granted, he wasn't truly a person, only a figment of a memory preserved in a book, yet he was so much more to me.

He touched something deep inside of me, made me more than just a shadow, and I reveled in that feeling. I wasn't just the annoying little sister anymore, tagging along

because I had nowhere else to go. I wasn't the youngest Weasley; indeed Tom had no idea who the Weasleys were, and it was that sort of sweet anonymity that I craved. He listened and he advised, he stroked parts of me that I had no idea needed to be recognized.

The first time I masturbated, it was to his voice in my head, directing my fingers across my pale flesh. I had run, sobbing, to the girls' lavatory angry over... well, I can't remember what now, something that had driven me to frustrated tears. I sat on the floor, the old diary in my sweaty hands as I poured out my anguish. Tom's voice came whispering into my head, and not for the first time, soothing my tears and grief.

He made me feel worthy, important, and significant on my own merits. I was an emerging butterfly, beautiful and bold as he seduced my needy mind. His voice purred in my head, with promises to make me feel as worthy as he knew I was. I remember the mortification I felt, as I stood naked in the shower, slick from the soap, his husky voice in my head telling me how good he could make me feel.

I learned how easily flesh could be played, how fingers can create heaven with the slightest of touches. Every orgasm was an epiphany; he was the master, fine-tuning the instrument of my lust.

Hermione would gasp in horror if I told her all that and stutter, "but...but you were eleven," all the while patting me on the hand as though I were some weakling child. Not to be cruel or petty, but I seriously doubt if she's ever frigged herself, so she wouldn't understand. To this day, as my fingers glide against my clit, I can hear his soft voice in my head demanding that I come for him.

I honestly don't know if I will ever find anyone who will understand the dichotomy that exists within me. I know what I should do, who I should be, and all the reasons on why I should be grateful that things were not worse in my first year. Yet, I can't help but feel robbed. Tom used me, as did Mr. Malfoy; nevertheless, they also gave me a place out of the shadows. Now, I've been relegated back to the dark corners, though part of that is my own doing.

I still crave him; though he used me and intended to kill all that I was, I crave him. I hide from everyone so they can't see how much I would give for just one more moment of that bliss. They would never understand; not even Harry, who I think knows the shivering thrill of dread that comes with this love/hate relationship, can truly understand.

I only hope that I am brave enough to do what needs to be done; should I ever have to make a choice.

A/N:

This was inspired by "A Machiavellian Apology" by Hayseed over on Pureblood, which is one of the most interesting insightful looks into Draco Malfoy that I have ever had the pleasure to read. If you haven't read it, I highly recommend that you hike yourself over to the Pureblood boards and read it, for Hayseed is one heck of an author.

I do hope she doesn't mind that I've applied her idea to Ginny; I was trying to write something else and this piece just would not leave me alone.

As always, any mistakes or fubar portions are solely my own.