

She Belongs To Nobody

by secretsofluna

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It was times like these that Narcissa Black questioned her devotions.

Sitting in a forest in the dead of a particularly hot and humid night whilst wearing heavy black robes, complete with a hood and mask, was not her idea of a good time.

She had come here for a number of reasons: her sister, her family, her blood, her betrothed. She supported the cause, yes. After all, witches and wizards were a long oppressed people. Muggles feared them because they were powerful, because they had abilities better than their own, because they could only satisfy their own insecurities by exploiting the natural and destroying the supernatural. And so the magical were marked devils and demons; they were pressed and burned and stoned to death.

Yes, they deserved what they were getting. Narcissa simply didn't want to be the one to give it to them. She did not particularly enjoy the screams of pain, the cries of human torture. Nor did she relish discussing schemes of horror and agendas of violence.

She would much rather be taking a nice bath.

Yet there she stood, uncomfortably hot, beads of sweat rolling down her back. She remained quiet and patient while Lucius Malfoy, her affianced, made reports to his lord in a silky voice, his head bowed reverently. It was pathetic. She had always viewed Lucius as a prominent, respectable man who answered to nobody. But here he was paying his dues along with those he normally looked down upon.

She scanned the clearing there were more tonight. She did not yet know who they were, as all were concealed behind masks in a tradition of secrecy. It was a false sense of security, for they all knew one another. It would be impossible to run this kind of operation and not know one another. Despite the costumes, Narcissa was well able to spot her own sister beside Rodolphus and Rabastan; next to the Lestranges was Avery, the Yaxleys, Macnair and Rookwood, then someone she couldn't put a finger on. She didn't recognize his figure, tall and thin, or his stance, proud, posed, stiff. She mused about who he might be, making a mental list of families whose sons had just left school and might be joining the Dark Lord's ranks.

Her eyes flitted back to Lucius, who was finishing his report. He stood up from where he knelt on one knee and walked away, taking his place beside Narcissa. He stood still as the Dark Lord addressed them all shortly before dismissing himself and Disapparating with a crack.

As Narcissa turned to speak to Lucius, he addressed her with nothing more than a curt nod before walking away briskly. His bride-to-be heaved a sigh of annoyance as she pulled off her black mask, releasing her golden locks and taking in a deep breath of fresh air. She looked around at the other followers who still remained behind, grouped off amongst one another. In this world, there was nothing like a casual chat about wine and dress robes to follow a meeting on the increasing level of terror and

effectiveness of recent mass murders.

Lifting her eyes, Narcissa saw it was a clear night and the stars shone brightly against the black canvas of the sky. She moved softly across the grass into the shelter of the trees; perhaps she wasn't ready to go home just yet.

As she walked further away from the clearing, she spotted a dark figure leaning against the rough bark of a thick-trunked tree. He was one of them. His mask was in his hand as he leant over, his dark, oily hair falling in front of his face. Though she could not properly see his features, he looked vaguely familiar.

'It's too bloody hot,' he spat.

Narcissa gave a soft laugh. 'I'm not the only one, then?'

He lifted his head up, revealing a pallid face and a sharp nose. He looked at her with poorly concealed surprise.

'You're new,' she pointed out. 'What's your name?'

'Snape. Severus Snape son of...'

'Eileen Prince,' Narcissa finished for him. 'Yes, I do know who you are. You've only just left school, haven't you?'

He nodded politely and held his stance stiffly.

Narcissa smiled slightly; she had wanted to relax tonight. But the Dark Lord had ruined those plans. Perhaps, instead, she would enjoy a little mischief. After all, if she'd gone out of her way to attend this meeting, she might as well have a little fun.

'It's ridiculous, is it not?' she pondered aloud, moving closer to the younger man, playing with the clasp that drew her heavy black robes closed. 'This nonsense. You would think that with heat like this, the evil genius would find a cooler, more suitable meeting place.'

'Perhaps. The Dark Lord's choices and motives are not for us to question.'

Narcissa merely raised her brow and, in the same instant, unhooked her robe clasp, letting the garments fall heavily to the ground.

'I didn't feel like putting on another set of robes underneath.'

'I can see that,' the man called Severus replied smoothly.

'Too much of a bother and far too warm already. I decided my undergarments would suffice.'

She was quiet for a moment, and there was a sound of grass as she walked slowly to a nearby tree and stood against it. Her pale eyes lingered on the dark-haired young man.

'Aren't you hot, Severus?' she asked with a delicate smirk.

'I think it's clear that I am,' he responded with feigned formality. He was making no effort to disguise his amusement.

'Why don't you cool off, then?'

'I had no idea this was a place for a respectable Black daughter,' Severus said, ignoring her advances. 'Bellatrix, maybe. Her reputation is one of... severe imbalance. But Narcissa, the delicate flower, the youngest and most beautiful Black daughter...'

'I'll admit there are other things I would rather be doing. But this is my place.'

'That is a dangerous path to tread along unwillingly, for the wrong reasons. That is the path that leads the one who journeys along it to a place of treachery and betrayal.'

'And what are your reasons for being here, Severus Snape?'

'My reasons are my own.'

'As are mine. Now, now, Severus. All this talk of treachery and danger is tiring me and here I was thinking we were in for a good time.'

'I'm sorry that my words tire you.'

'You can make it up to me.'

'How might I do that?'

'Touch me.'

A silence followed with a heated tension, punctuated by Severus Snape's shallow breaths.

'Where would you like me to touch you?'

'Here,' she said, sliding her underwear downwards.

'How would you like me to touch you?'

'Hard. I want you to hurt me.'

'And to think I thought you viewed violence with distaste,' he mused icily.

'I do not care to see violence inflicted on others.'

'Ah, yes. How could I think you would consent to marry a man like Malfoy if you did not have a taste for pain?'

'Why are you concerned about Lucius?' she replied with a nonchalant smirk.

'Did I voice concern?'

'Not directly. But you test the waters with his name.'

'Is he not the one who gave you that?' His black eyes dropped to her hand where a diamond ring glinted back at him.

'His father's money paid for it and only because such a symbol of engagement is tradition. I'm sure, had it been up to Lucius, he would not have bothered.'

'It marks you as his possession. Does he not take pride in such things?'

'I am not his. I belong to nobody.'

'I'm sure Malfoy believes otherwise.'

'Then his faith is misplaced.'

Severus smirked and let his gaze linger on her before speaking again, very carefully and delicately.

'It's a pity. I can be a bit possessive myself. I don't generally like to take a woman unless I know I can lay claim to her.'

'Strong implications for a boy fresh out of Hogwarts.'

'Strong words for a woman practically begging for me to fuck her,' he hissed.

'If tonight I told you that you can call me your own, would you take me right here?'

'Only tonight?'

'I might not allow Lucius to call me his, but I at least pay him the respect of not allowing another man to do so either.'

Severus leaned into her, his black eyes piercing her thoughts...

'Tell me you belong to me,' he whispered dangerously.

'No.'

She smiled, teasing him, beckoning him to use something more than words.

'Maybe I cannot make you give yourself to me, but if you force me to, I can take you.'

'Strong words.'

He grabbed her wrists and forced her arms up against the tree. She gasped as he slammed her hands against the rough bark and her skin tore against the rough texture.

'That's not where I asked you to touch me.'

'Patience,' he hissed.

Keeping her pinned with one hand, he drew his wand with the other and pointed it at her...

'*Incarcerous*,' he muttered, and thick ropes shot forward, wrapping around Narcissa's curved body and binding her to the tree. They pulled against her perfectly, leaving all the right places open to him. He approached her, leaning his face into hers, looking closely at her delicate face and soft skin. Slowly, his hand slid down to the intricate lace of her undergarment, his fingers slid inside her. She was hot, wet. She let out a soft moan as he pressed against her, moving with a rhythm.

'Harder,' she demanded, and Severus obliged.

He pressed his lips against her neck, where her skin was growing more heated with each passing moment. He let his teeth graze her skin, teasing her. She tried pushing her body into his, wanted nothing more than to pull him against her with her arms, to slide her hands inside his robes and take hold him, but she stood bound to the tree, immobilised.

'Severus,' she groaned.

He didn't answer her, but as his mouth travelled across her shoulder and down upon her breast, she felt his lips curl into a smirk of satisfaction. His fingers continued to slide inside her; he could feel her pulse throbbing; he knew she was soaking.

'Severus... fuck me.'

'No.'

Narcissa gave a frustrated moan. He was now sucking gently on her nipple, and his fingers were sliding further inside of her. He was certainly proving his talent.

'Are you going to make me beg?' she asked devilishly.

'Yes,' he rasped.

'Please...'

He murmured quietly, and his fingers drew away, now rubbing only softly against her. She whimpered slightly at the torture.

'Severus, please...'

'What do you want me to do?'

His words crawled slowly from his lips, and she felt him push against her, her longing slightly relieved when she felt that he was hard for her.

'Please...'

It was burning inside of her now, and Severus was panting heavily. He couldn't play this game for much longer.

'Say it for me again.'

He withdrew his hand completely, and gripped her hips with a force that caused her to emit a sharp cry of pain.

'Severus, please fuck me.'

She tried to push her body against him, but the bindings were too tight.

'Tell me you want me.'

They cut into her skin slightly, and she hissed pleasurably at the sensation and tried harder to make full contact with his body.

'I want you. I want you inside me. I want you to fuck me.'

'Very well then,' he breathed softly into her ear. There was a flick of his wand, and the ropes vanished. In the sudden loss of restraint, Narcissa's body fell a little, but Severus caught her, wrapping one hand around her waist and lifting her thigh around him with the other. He took her lips in a deep, consuming kiss, and she felt him plunge deep inside her. With his motions, she was hoisted up against the tree, the bark scraped against her bare back - she dug her nails into Severus' back and smirked as she heard him wince.

'I thought you weren't sadistic,' he hissed.

'Not sadistic, no. But I have a taste for vengeance.'

She gasped as he thrust hard inside her again. Her eyes closed tightly at the overwhelming sensations, and she relished at the building ecstasy in the pit of her stomach, at the subtle sounds of her partner's groans, the sheen of sweat on the surface of their skin.

'Beg me to make you come,' he grunted.

'Please, Severus,' she begged breathlessly. 'Make me come now. Harder. Yes. Please--'

It was almost too much to bear as, with one final thrust from Severus, Narcissa felt herself pushed over the edge; he swallowed her moans in a hard kiss, one hand grasping at her hip, the other gripping into her thigh. She felt him come inside of her as her heart beat wildly inside her chest.

His breaths were heavy and uneven as he steadied himself against the tree, and Narcissa leant her head back to catch her own breath.

'There are marks all over you,' Severus observed, seeing the cuts left behind from the ropes he bound her with and knowing there would be more on her back where he pushed her up against the roughness of the tree. 'Do you need me to heal them before--?'

'No, I want Lucius to see them before they're healed,' Narcissa replied, picking her robes from the ground and pulling them back around her. 'To remind him that I am not his.'

'But not mine.'

'No no ring nor mark can brand me as a possession of any man. But feel free to call on me at your leisure.'

Severus smirked satisfactorily and gave her a formal nod, which she returned curtly.

It was time to go home and take a nice, hot bath.