

Can't Escape My Love

by Black Rapture

When the only person you will ever love is ripped from you as lightning tears the sky.
When there's nothing to look forward to. A/N: As one of my older and therefore bad works, I declare this story condemned. Read at your own peril.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Title Origin: The title was obviously inspired by the song Escape featured below.

Here's how it goes

You and me, up and down, but maybe this time

We'll get it right

Worth the fight

'Cause love is something you can't shake

When it breaks

All it takes is some trying

If you feel like leavin'

I'm not gonna make you stay
But soon you'll be findin'
You can run, you can hide
But you can't escape my love
You can run, you can hide
But you can't escape my love
So if you go, you should know
It's hard to just forget the past, so fast
It was good, it was bad, but it was real
And that's all you have
In the end, our love mattered
If you feel like leavin'
I'm not gonna make you to stay
But soon you'll be findin'
You can run, you can hide
But you can't escape my love
You can run, you can hide
But you can't escape my love

- Escape, Enrique Inglesias

{September 1, 1981}. {11:26 am}

Severus Snape sat in his compartment on the Hogwarts Express, waiting for Lucius Malfoy. The door slid open and Severus looked up, expecting Lucius.

"Severus," Narcissa Black greeted, sitting next to him.

"Where's Lucius?" Severus inquired.

"I think he's talking to Goyle," she replied. Severus nodded. Narcissa sighed. "Have you heard the... news?"

"If you mean your betrothal to Lucius, yes I have," Severus responded.

"I don't want to marry him," Narcissa said.

"What are you talking about?" Severus asked, surprised.

"I mean I'm in love with someone else," she admitted softly. Severus stared at her.

"And just why are you telling me this?"

"Because it's your fault I don't love him." Narcissa looked up and their eyes locked.

"And how is it my fault?"

"Because you stole my heart a long time ago," Narcissa confessed. She tilted her head up and touched her lips gently to his. He returned it full force. Their kiss deepened, tongues battling, until Narcissa reached for the clasp of his robes.

"We can't do this here," he said, pulling back.

"Where?"

"My rooms; midnight," he responded, just as they heard footsteps coming up the corridor. Narcissa moved to sit across from him just as Lucius entered.

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{September 2, 1981}. {12:03 am}

Severus jumped slightly at a light knock on the door of his Prefect's quarters. He opened the door to make sure it was Narcissa, then let her in.

"Severus," Narcissa said, a barely noticeable tremble in her voice.

"Are you..." Severus paused, "having second thoughts?" He didn't breathe as he waited for her response.

"Not at all." She glanced at him. "It's just, I've never..." She trailed off. He looked up at her, eyebrows raised. He had figured Lucius, if not one of the other Slytherins, had already taken her.

"I see." He stood behind her, slipping his arms around her waist. He leaned forward to whisper in her ear, "I won't hurt you." He felt her nod and turn around in his arms to face him.

"I know," she replied quietly against his lips before capturing them in a violent kiss. She opened her mouth, and Severus didn't hesitate before sliding his tongue into her mouth. He pushed her back until Narcissa felt herself hit the bed. She immediately let herself fall back upon it, Severus on top of her.

Not breaking the kiss, Narcissa slipped her fingers under his silk pajama top, feeling the muscles jump at her touch. Her hands went to his neck, undoing the buttons,

agonizingly slow. She only got half of them undone before kicking off her shoes and removing her socks, moving herself further onto the bed. Severus moved with her, breaking the kiss to pull her dark green tank top over her head. Narcissa finally finished with his shirt buttons, tossing it to the floor as Severus slipped off her pajama pants. She relieved him off his pajama bottoms, and they joined the pile of discarded articles.

Severus reached behind her back and undid her bra clasp with one hand, the other splayed across her lower back. Narcissa went to the waistband of his black boxers, pushing them down to his thighs before pushing them to the floor with her feet. He had also removed her knickers without her noticing, leaving them both very much without clothing. He pulled her into another searing kiss before pulling away and trailing his tongue across her collarbone, between her breasts, along her stomach, and stopping just below her bellybutton. Severus kissed his way down her leg and to the inside of her thigh. She inhaled sharply as she felt his breath on her center.

Narcissa's breathing became rapid, and a moan escaped her as Severus' tongue delved into her. She felt the first wave of ecstasy rack her body as his skillful tongue twisted and swirled. He sucked and nipped his way back up her body, leaving tiny marks. Narcissa smirked.

"Marking your territory?" she questioned before he crushed their lips together. She writhed in rapture as Severus sucked at her neck. As she felt his lips capture one of the hardened peaks on her chest, Narcissa bucked her hips involuntarily, causing Severus to growl against her skin. As he teased the tiny nubs with his mouth and fingers, Narcissa began to get impatient, despite the immense pleasure she was experiencing. She wriggled under him until he looked up at her.

"Severus, I want you inside me," she begged. Severus smiled smugly, bruising her lips as she rolled her eyes. Narcissa felt him push one finger into her. After she relaxed, he added another, and another. She moaned and he removed them, to her protest. Then she felt Severus throbbing at her opening. Slowly, he pushed himself inside her and masked her gasp of pain very effectively with his mouth. He gave her a moment to get used to the feeling before leaving her, then thrusting his length into her up to the hilt. Narcissa arched her back to him, and he took this as a sign to continue. His motions increased until he was roughly thrusting in and out of her. She screamed in euphoric delight as they climaxed as one, collapsing in a tangle of sweat and silk sheets.

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{September 2, 1981}. {7:32 am}

Narcissa opened her eyes sleepily and stretched languidly. Severus smiled as he watched her extend her body like a cat.

"Morning love," he said as she sat up, yawning. The sheet fell away, but she didn't seem to mind. "Now that's a sight to wake up to in the morning." Severus commented. Narcissa looked down and shrugged before getting up and heading to the bathroom. She emerged again fifteen minutes later, freshly showered and dressed. Severus got up as well, and as he was buttoning his shirt, he felt Narcissa's arms wrap around his neck from behind.

"I love you," she whispered in his ear.

"I love you," Severus replied.

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And so, the school year passed and their relationship continued. Neither wanted to think about the fact that it had to end in June, as Narcissa would be married to Lucius. They lived each day together as if it was their last, until finally it was.

Severus was Lucius' best man at the wedding. He stood, features emotionless, as his best friend wed his secret love. At the reception, Severus politely cut in on Narcissa and Lucius.

"I love only you," Narcissa whispered, looking deeply into his fathomless black eyes.

"I love you, forever and always," Severus replied softly.
