

How Can I Tell You?

by livvy6

The Christams Gala of 1979 is celebrated at Malfoy Manor. An unexpected guest arrives with his young daughter to introduce her to Britain's pure-blood society.

Prologue - Christmas, 1979

Chapter 1 of 15

The Christams Gala of 1979 is celebrated at Malfoy Manor. An unexpected guest arrives with his young daughter to introduce her to Britain's pure-blood society.

A/N - Special Thanks to my beta not_london!

How can I tell you that I love you, I love you...

I long to tell you that I'm always thinking of you,

I'm always thinking of you... and I can't think of

Right words to say..."

Cat Stevens – "How Can I Tell You"

Christmas, 1979

The lights were glistening, twinkling in the Great Ballroom at the Malfoy Manor. All the important pure-blood families, including all Death Eaters, were in attendance. A very tall and surly man sauntered in with heavy footfalls, a thin wisp of a girl at his side. The man wore a goatee that did little to hide his rather weak chin. He was bundled in a heavy fur cape and fur cap. The girl, likewise, wore a white fur coat. She seemed terrified to be there. Soon, though, the fascinating fairy lights that lit the dimmed room replaced her fears.

She allowed the man, her father, to remove her coat as she stared at the swirling, beautiful couples that swam and glided across the floor. The women were so beautiful in their fancy ball gowns; the men dashing in their dress robes. Her father motioned her to sit at the length of chairs that lined the one free wall, which remained decorated. She wished she were older, that she could waltz and glide across the floor. Maybe one day when she was grownup she would be pretty. But for now, she was only ten, ungainly with long legs and arms that were out of proportion to her body. She was the picture of being "in-between." Not a child, but not a young woman. She could only dream she was one of the lovely women who smiled as they drank champagne and flirted with the men that were taken with each one of them.

Everyone was having a good time. She watched her father dance with one of the beautiful ladies. She hated seeing her father give any woman attention that should rightfully be her mother's, but they were not married, and even at ten, she knew the reality of the situation. Her mother was only a mistress, and she was a bastard child. But her father wanted her to know his world, to be accepted into this privileged world.

Perhaps it was a test. Perhaps she was to watch and be watched in return. *Would she be worthy?* she thought solemnly. Her eyes drew dizzy from the twirling and spinning. She turned to her row of chairs and saw a young man sitting with his thin arms crossed around his thin frame as he sat, alone and scowling, and it seemed directed at the crowd. She must have stared too long. His eyes flickered towards her and darted back towards the crowd. He was dressed all in black, not festive as the others. He had longish black hair and an angry looking face. After a while, her father interrupted her.

"Genevieve!" her father said sharply. "What are you staring at?" His eyes peered over and a smile erupted on his face. "Come, child," he whispered as he led her towards the dark, scowling man.

"Severus! Meet my daughter, Genevieve!" he bellowed loudly. He obviously had been a little long into his cups.

"Miss Karkaroff," he murmured with a stiff bow.

"No—Severus, her name is Toussaint. She is the child of my French mistress, Sabine."

Severus frowned at the girl's father. He was obviously not impressed with men who took to mistresses and had illegitimate children with them.

"My apologies, Miss *Toussaint*," he said with another stiff bow.

The girl beamed at the man. She felt very important that a grown wizard would bow to her, not once, but twice! In spite of himself, the young wizard gave a slight smile in return.

"You do not seem to be occupied, Severus. Could I persuade you to keep my daughter entertained while I have a word with the Dark Lord?"

The young wizard emitted a heavy sigh. "Very well, but please don't detain me longer than is necessary!" he snapped.

Her father left them standing there. The young, dark wizard's eyes saw the girl looking up at him with huge, soft, light blue eyes. "Oh, Lord," he muttered under his breath as he crossed his arms around his thin chest. He glared at the girl and pointed at the chair. "Sit," he ordered, as if she were a pet. He sat down next to her, still scowling at the crowd.

The girl frowned, but still kept her eyes on him. He tried not to let the girl's staring bother him, but he kept glancing over at her.

"Didn't your father teach you not to stare?" he said exasperatedly.

He looked at the girl again. Her soft blue eyes were now a hard, icy glare. She turned away and dropped her eyes on her lap.

The music turned to a sweet, slow song. The lights dimmed, and the glittering ball from the ceiling spun slowly and hypnotically.

"How can I tell you that I love you, I love you

But I can't think of the right words to say,

I long to tell you that I'm always thinking of you..."

The young wizard's eyes watched the little girl out of the corner of his eye and saw the yearning in her eyes. His eyes followed her stare to her father with a young woman, who was laughing as they danced. *Her father should pay more attention to her,* he thought. *Oh, bloody hell—it's Christmas!*

He stood tall and offered his hand. "Genevieve. May I have the pleasure of this dance?"

She smiled brightly, as if a light snapped on inside her. She stood in her little blue dress and Mary Jane shoes. *He was so tall! How would they dance?*

"I've never danced before," she said shyly.

"Put your hands in mine and place your feet on my shoes," he directed in a kind voice.

Awkwardly, she did so. He moved her around the floor gently, and she laughed at the lights spinning around her. He chuckled at her girlish joy.

I need to know you, need to feel my arms around you

Feel my arms around you, like a sea around a shore

And—each night and day I pray, in hope that I might

Find you...

Around and around they shuffled to the music. He looked down at the girl and smiled broadly. She was just a polite, shy, girl. She looked down and watched how her feet moved on his. She looked at him adoringly, and thought, *"One day, when I'm older, I'll find a nice man who will be kind to me, like him."*

After the dance ended, he bowed and kissed her hand, thanking her for the dance. The women, who had been watching, gushed over the young wizard. Soon, he was swept up in the arms of the beautiful women in their turned up hair and flowing skirts. She watched him as he glided around and around with all those beautiful women, holding them tightly on their waists, holding their hands... the young girl thought he was beautiful.

One day, she thought as she watched him dance.

Christmas, 1995

Chapter 2 of 15

Genevieve Toussaint arrives at Hogwarts to find a place to hide now that her father, Igor Karkaroff, has gone missing.

Genevieve Toussaint Karkaroff

A/N: Thanks again to my beta not_london!

Hogwarts was silent with the Christmas break under way. Severus Snape was enjoying the silence in his rooms. A good book, a bottle of firewhisky, and a crackling fire. Thank God he did not have to join the Death Eaters for their Christmas Gala. He had proven himself invaluable to the Dark Lord over the last few months. He had earned a well-deserved break.

Dumbledore, who had stuck his head into the fire, interrupted him abruptly. "Severus," he called. "Please come to my office immediately."

Snape sighed as he rose to put on his coat. *Whatever could be going on now? Has Sybil gotten so drunk she fell down the stairs?* He thought maliciously. He wound his way up the stairs and walked up to the Headmaster's office. He could already hear murmuring. *Albus isn't alone*, he thought.

He opened the door and saw Albus standing in front of his desk with a dark-haired woman seated with her back to the door. She turned, and Snape was faced with brilliant blue eyes. She stood, and her silver cloak revealing an even more stunning silver dress that accentuated her ample bosom. Her dark hair was most becoming up in a braided bun. Her skin was exquisite, alabaster white. Snape was overcome with her beauty, but pushed his emotions down and remained stone-faced.

"Professor Snape, please meet Genevieve Toussaint," said Albus.

Genevieve smiled as she extended her hand to the Professor. "The Professor and I have met once before, though I doubt he remembers," she said softly with the slightest trace of a French accent.

Snape was at a loss. He would have most definitely remembered such a lovely creature! His outer mask never revealed the inner fire that stirred.

"Were you a student of mine?" he asked rather briskly.

"Oh no!" she laughed.

God, her laugh is even beautiful! he thought.

"My mother was French. I attended Beauxbatons." She turned back to Dumbledore. "Madame Maxine sends her regards."

Albus nodded in acknowledgement.

Snape has seated himself in an armchair across from the young woman. He tried to discern her age. *Not a student anymore*, he mused. *She must be in her twenties, early or mid twenties though. That must be why she had not come to the Triwizard Tournament last year, but where would I have met such an angel?*

"Severus?" called Albus.

"My apologies, Headmaster. I just was trying to recall where I might have met Miss Toussaint in the past."

"Well, we can journey down memory lane later. We have something of a serious nature to discuss, Severus. Tea? Miss Toussaint?" he offered.

"Please, thank you."

Severus watched her take her tea with her delicate hands. He declined tea, intent on drinking in the sight before him. It had been such a long time since he had seen a beautiful woman who was indeed a true lady. She caught his eye and gave a shy smile. There was something in those blue eyes...

"Well, I suppose I should start," she offered.

"Please," urged Dumbledore.

"Well, my real and true name is Genevieve Karkaroff." She slowly shifted her eyes to Snape, who was immediately catapulted back in time in his mind. He remembered a very young girl who had danced on his shoes, a shy, dreamy girl who had watched him for hours dance with the wives and lovers of Death Eaters and pure-bloods until she had curled up upon her chair and slept long into the wee hours of the Gala.

The Potions master was unnerved. This woman was someone that he had thought kindly on as a girl who could be a replica of a future daughter. Her tall, thin form, black hair and shy manner had made him feel so paternal. Honestly, it had been the only time he had ever felt paternal in his life—at nineteen, no less! Then he realized he must only be at most a decade older than she!

He was now deeply troubled and wished to escape from this room. The thoughts he had harbored just moments ago seemed filthy and dirty. It would not do!

The young woman continued. "As you recall, my father was here last year for the Triwizard Tournament. I was able to meet with him briefly just before he went into hiding. He always told me if I needed a safe place to stay, I should come here to Hogwarts, and that you, Headmaster, and you, Professor Snape, would help me." She nodded to each wizard as she mentioned his name.

"I came home from a vacation I was on, visiting friends in Austria, when I discovered that my mother had been killed. I saw the Dark Mark. I hurriedly packed a few things and made my way here. I don't know where my father is, but I know the Dark Lord is furiously angry with him and will kill him if he is discovered. I don't want to find him; I don't want to bring him any harm. I just don't want to die, myself. I just don't know where to turn."

She fell silent then, awaiting her fate.

Dumbledore spoke. "Well, my dear, I will not turn you away. You may stay here; we can certainly ascertain your talents and where we can best place you. What, pray tell, is your profession?"

"I was working alongside Professor Dupont in her History of Magic classes. I was awaiting her retirement to officially take over as Professor."

"How long were you in this capacity as instructor?" inquired Snape.

"Oh, since I left University, so—for five years." She replied.

"Ah! If only Professor Binns were to take a sabbatical!" exclaimed Dumbledore.

To this, Snape snorted.

"I am not above being an assistant to the current Professor if he is open to the idea," she offered.

"But, of course!" Dumbledore smiled. "We are happy to have you on our staff. I will make arrangements with Professor Binns. Congratulations, Professor Toussaint."

"Thank you!" she exclaimed.

She jumped up to shake Dumbledore's hand, her cloak falling to the floor. Snape groaned inwardly with desire at the sight of her round bust and shapely hips. So, 26 years old! he thought, I'm only 35, after all, and she is not ten anymore.

Dreams and Realities

Chapter 3 of 15

Severus and Genevieve continue in their separate pursuits of one another.

A/N: Thanks to my beta, not_london!

The students were beyond excited the prospect of another History of Magic teacher. Genevieve was definitely a very popular teacher, especially with the boys. She never wore robes, at least as far as Snape was aware. Her dresses were always tightly fitted around her breasts, waist, and arms, and the neckline curved just low enough to show the fullness of her ample bosom. Her skirts were always full and flowing down to the floor. Her long arms showed no skin, her dresses always fully covered her arms down to her wrists. Her colors were always Slytherin: in either various shades of silver or green. Snape began to love meal times. He would watch her walk down the main walkway up to her seat at the Head Table. True, her seat was not near his, but he could watch from a distance and admire her mannerisms and graceful movements.

Not since Lily have I ever seen such beauty! he exclaimed one day to himself as she walked into the Great Hall for breakfast. Her dress was of forest green taffeta that swished noisily as she made her way towards the table. Each day, Snape watched in amazement, as she would glide into the Great Hall. She was indeed an exquisite beauty. Her shiny black hair and translucent skin stood out in such drastic contrast with each other. She had her mother's features, high cheekbones, the thin, pert nose of a Frenchwoman, but her eyes were heavy-lidded, dark and mysterious, like her Slavic father, but set with such brilliant blue eyes. Her mouth was small and her lips always flushed red. Her upper lip was a little thin, and her lower lip so full, she seemed to always pout, but it was an illusion. Her eyebrows were dramatically shaped, and she took wondrous care for her face and hair. At times, Severus wished just once she would allow herself to wear her hair down, but she never did. She wore it in elaborate styles, but always up. He fantasized holding her above him, straddling him, as he would run his fingers through her hair and have it tumble down his chest. Her body was tall and fluid. She had elegant white hands that never ceased to move in graceful motion. It took a great deal of self-control for Snape to keep himself from staring at the young beauty.

What Snape did not realize was that Genevieve knew exactly what she was doing to the wizard. She choreographed every movement, every moment, from her entrance into the Great Hall for meals to her exit afterwards, were small bits of theater to seduce the Potions master. She knew she wanted him to be hers. She had known since she was ten. So, she carried herself with grace and purpose, never giving an air that she ever thought of him. But, inside her heart and mind, he was all she ever thought of.

For Snape, since that day he met with her in Dumbledore's office, had not bucked up the courage to speak with her. One day he found himself in the library, watching her study and look through various books. He saw a stray lock fall from the elaborate bun she always wore. He wanted so badly to wind his finger around that stray lock, perhaps to steal it away and keep it. He backed away and hid behind a row of books where she could not see him, his heart racing a mile a minute. He berated himself for acting and feeling like a dunderheaded schoolboy.

I can't do this! Remember the last time you thought this way? You lost. You will always lose! Forget her! he thought angrily.

But he could not forget. He tried hard to refuse her smiles as they passed in halls and at staff meetings. He stuck to his old tried and true method of cruel mockeries and sarcastic comments whenever he was forced to be in her presence, mostly during staff meetings. He secretly hoped she would only hate him...just enough.

One night, Snape was prowling again and suddenly found himself at her door. The door was ajar and the light was on. He heard singing coming from her room. He stood in the dark and peered into the light.

She was singing!

I long to tell you that I'm always thinking of you,

But my words just blow away, just blow away.

It always ends up to one thing, honey

And I can't think of right words to say...

Snape stood breathless as he watched her singing as she put away her laundry. Her hair was long and fell richly to her waist. She wore a beautiful sheer negligee that hid nothing from his sight. He lustfully stared at the plump profile of her breast and its tiny nipple, the swell of her ample hips and round naked arse that supported long legs that went on forever. He knew she was a tall woman, but never realized how long-legged she was and how delicious those legs looked. All he could think was how he wanted those legs around his waist, then over his shoulders, and finally straddling him. He felt his member push angrily against his trousers, begging to be released.

He remembered the night, so long ago when a little girl had danced with him to this song. Couldn't be that after all this time...she had kept him in her thoughts? He backed away from the door, shaming himself for intruding on such a personal and private moment. But damn! She should close her door! Any boy could stumble upon her! That is it! Snape gathered up his courage and put on his most lethal glare and rapped sharply on the door.

Abruptly, her singing stopped and he heard shuffling. She came to the door and opened it a crack more! Ah! At least she is wearing a robe! he thought. But why was he feeling a bit of disappointment?

"Can I help you, Professor?" she asked a bit confused.

"Professor Toussaint, I was making my rounds when I stumbled upon your open door. Being the middle of the night, I find rather it rather rude for you to be caterwauling at such an ungodly hour. Students need their sleep. Also, I find it distressing that you maintain such lax security for your person. If you are in need of remedial tutoring in charms and warding, please see Professor Flitwick immediately! Good night, I hope I shan't have to darken your doorstep again this evening." With that, he swiftly turned and marched down the hall.

Snape was having a difficult time of it. Seeing her in that negligee had stirred the proverbial pot. He knew now that she cared for him. How was he going to manage all this? And to top it off, he'd insulted her! Called her singing caterwauling! I am a snarky bastard! he thought miserably.

He tried to sleep but could not. The song played over and over in his mind; her form and beauty clouded his mind. He couldn't stand it anymore. So, he dressed and went to her room, where she was.

He softly knocked on the door and saw a light emerge from under the door. Then, she opened the door to him.

"I'm sorry I was so rude. I couldn't sleep, I felt guilty about my actions..." His voice trailed off.

"Well, I guess it wasn't the right time for me to be singing..." she started to say.

"No, you have a beautiful voice. I think I remember the song," he whispered.

She blushed, but looked at him full in the face as she leaned into him, her lips so close to his. "I've loved you since that night, Severus," she whispered back.

Snape leaned his forehead against the frame, his lips brushing her cheek. "May I come in?" he breathed.

"Yes," she breathed in return.

He slowly entered her room and took her head in his hands and softly kissed her lips. She was so beautiful! He hungered to feel her skin and to taste her. He fell to his knees and grabbed her legs, lifting her negligee, blessing God she wore no knickers. He buried his face gently between her legs and traveled up to her breasts as she gasped and moaned for more. Time slipped away. He found himself in her bed, naked, loving her slow and easy. He found it no surprise that she was a virgin. He reveled in her eagerness and abandon for him. She was no longer a girl, but a woman ready for a man to claim her...and what was stunning was that she wanted him to be that man!

Severus woke up drenched in sweat and shouting, "Genevieve," as his climax spilled all over his sheets. It was all a dream! He swore at himself. *What am I going to do? I cannot go on like this!* he thought as he fell back on his sweat-soaked bed.

He tried to maintain his surly manner with her, but she seemed so impervious to his foul moods and cutting remarks, he found himself easily taken off guard. She would smile sweetly as if she knew him. Every time he found her in his presence, he would feel as if naked and bare. *Perhaps she is a Legilimens? No, I would feel her probing in my mind,* he ascertained.

One day he found himself alone in the faculty lounge with her. He had been taking tea when she slipped in. His back was to the door, but her scent and the gentle swish of her skirt was enough for him to know it was she.

She came over to the side where he was sitting, facing the fireplace.

"Good afternoon, Professor Snape," she said sweetly.

Snape appraised her attire. He glared at her silver-grey dress. Damn, it wasn't low-cut enough to see the swell of her breasts! He turned back to attend to his tea and stared into the fireplace as he ripped into her verbally.

"I see you have a more appropriate dress on today, Professor," he said sourly. "I pity the young boys around here that have to be around you constantly assaulting their vision with your usual inappropriate attire. Decorum, Miss Toussaint, seems to be something you lack."

He expected her to either turn tail and run away crying or rail at him for being rude. She did neither.

"My, Professor Snape, I am truly flattered. I never realized you noticed anything I wore. But, if your mind needs to feel at ease, know that I always wear my robes in my classroom. Good day."

And with that, she went to pour herself a cup of tea, nestled in an armchair opposite from the Potions master and busied herself with a book she had brought with her. From time to time, Snape would flash his eyes over to her, just to see if she were stealing glances at him. She did not. It was as if she had completely dismissed him from her mind. Snape was livid that she should ignore him so. Frustrated, he jumped up, strode to the door and left in a huff. Genevieve smiled behind her book.

What the Potions master did not realize was that the young woman was already deeply in love with the dour and irascible man and had been since she was ten years old. She knew his many faults...due to her father's attitude towards him...was completely aware of his insecurities, but it did not matter. She had bound herself to him because she could see past the darkness and bitterness to the hungry, immature, love-starved man who needed comfort so badly.

So she continued in her plan to win his love with her graciousness and aloof admiration. She would never venture him out, never would intrude upon him, but when their mutual presence was required, she made herself as mysterious and lovely as she could. A slight smile, a close brush "accidentally" against his frame, always in her most elegant dresses that revealed her beauty. She never wore her hair down, but up in seductive tresses, coils and twists. She was quite aware of the Potions master's stares of desire upon her, but she never let on she was aware. He was much too proud. He would have to come to her. Even if it took twenty years!

She suffered for a torturous semester, having decided to save her virginity for him long ago, she spent many a frustrated night exploring her body and fondling herself. Now that he was in such close proximity to her, the torture was unbearable! Many nights she spent crying and screaming his name into her pillow while thrusting her fingers inside her. But it was never enough; fingers were a pitiful substitute for what she truly needed. The mornings following such intense exertions, slight dark circles under her eyes would show, and a glow about her face with flushed lips and cheeks would send many staff members into a gossiping frenzy. But Severus, ever the voyeur, knew of her isolation. He was quite aware no man was coming into her rooms. *So, why was she at times so bloody exhausted some mornings?* he wondered.

After the torturous semester ended, summer came, and with the students gone, Severus started to slowly drop his icy demeanor and began to speak in more cordial tones towards the young woman. Cordial moments at the dinner table turned into walks along the hallways, and those walks turned into moonlight strolls. During these strolls their hands would meet, and Snape would savor the silence of the young woman. She was a very quiet and pensive lady. Serious thoughts plagued her and because of this, she never expected forced conversation. He loved that she shared his need for quiet and silence. Sometimes, an hour constitutional would be spent in total silence. Holding hands and walking close, his billowing robes would brush against her silver cloak. *I love this woman,* he thought earnestly during one evening stroll.

"Genevieve, would you care to join me in my study for a glass of wine?" he asked cautiously.

"Yes," she answered without hesitation.

That evening, she had taken the goblet he offered and lingered her fingers on his. She leaned in close and whispered, "You may kiss me now."

He took the goblet and set it down. She was so sure of herself, so sure of him. He slowly brushed his lips across hers, and she hungrily moaned for more. He kissed her more passionately then, reveling in the softness of her lips that she offered so willingly. When they drew apart, breathing heavily, he couldn't take his eyes off the liquid blue pools of desire in her eyes.

"I must go," she whispered.

That night, Genevieve and Severus suffered alone in their agony of need, but the time was not right for the young woman. She needed to know him more, that he truly loved her. The Potions master was surprising her at every turn. She thought she knew him, through her father's discussions of him mixed with her own ideals from that one evening when she was a child. But her ideals were crashing down and it was unnerving. He was complex, true, but spending time with him was making her take him off the pedestal on which she had placed him so long ago. He was becoming a real flesh and blood man, a man that shared a few personality traits as herself. She loved that she could just be with the wizard, not have to continue to dazzle and preen. She loved that he relished the silence as much as she did. He was becoming different and more than she had hoped for.

The next month continued thus, Snape was enraptured with the beautiful Genevieve. She had no opinions or knowledge for potions, but she was a very caring and interesting person in her own right. They spent hours talking about history, and she asked him to share with her his passion for potion making. Snape learnt she was a fantastic listener; a stray comment made about an ingredient would come up in a question she would ask perhaps two days later. She never ceased to surprise him with her memory. The Dark Arts was one topic she fiercely wanted to avoid. She knew he carried the Dark Mark, but it couldn't be helped, she had said. "What has been done has been done." She never judged him for it. Life was perfect.

Partners in Deception

Chapter 4 of 15

Genevieve joins Severus in his work as a double agent for Dumbledore.

A/N: Thanks to my beta not_london!

Then after their glorious month, suddenly, Genevieve started to become tired and thin. She said she was just sad. Severus tried to get her to talk to him about her parents, especially her mother's death, but she would only cry and refuse to eat or sleep. She stayed up nights stalking the corridors with Snape. Never talking, sometimes crying softly, she refused to let him into her troubles. Snape was happy to have her with him. At first, the thought crossed his mind to probe her mind, but was too afraid of ruining the relationship if she knew what he was about. Snape tried to get her to eat with him in the Great Hall, but she refused. He noticed her frame was becoming frail. Her dresses were fitting loosely, her collarbone more visible. He wanted to rail at her, tell her she was acting like a fool, but could not risk losing her.

The summer rolled by, and Genevieve came to Snape's office, pale and in black. He was taken aback *Genevieve doesn't wear black*, he thought.

"Severus," she whispered. "They found my father's body." She covered her face with her hands and sobbed. "I knew, these past two months, I could feel it. I've no one now." Snape came to her and took her in his arms.

"What will become of me now?" she whispered into his chest.

Snape turned her face up to his. He looked dark into her eyes. "You will stay with me, and together we will work to defeat the Dark Lord," he said resolutely.

Genevieve laughed weakly. "As if I could ever be in his presence. He knows who I am!"

Snape smirked. "Who you are will be your cover. You will pretend to be my lover, and be by my side, and dazzle all of them with your grace and beauty. The Dark Lord loves the sight of a beautiful woman."

Genevieve broke their embrace, spreading her hands in defeat. "Severus, I'm a virgin. I've never had a lover. How exactly does one fake being a lover?"

Come into my bed and there won't have to be any pretending! Stop it! Snape swallowed and cleared his throat, not meeting her eyes. "There is no reason why we have yet to be 'engaged' in intercourse. If the Dark Lord probes your mind and finds your virginity intact, just admit we have yet to come to that point."

"Of course it would help if you could manufacture some fantasies, so he would know you do truly desire me," he added shyly.

Ah! she thought. *My time has arrived.* "Don't worry, Severus," she purred as she placed a hand on his right arm. "I already have plenty tucked away," she said, her voice like satin.

His black eyes snapped as she spoke. The silence was evil, painful. If she did not move her hand from him, her virginity would shortly become distant memory. Genevieve was no fool; she saw the fiery lust blazing in the Potions master's eyes. She removed her hand and walked back towards the door.

"So, I will help you?" she urged.

"Together," he promised.

The months proceeded with practical lessons in the Who's Who of the pure-blood world. Genevieve was still in deep mourning for the father she had lost...the father he had never been, but Snape forced her to eat. "You must be at your most delectable for our plan to work," he would whisper in her ear whenever she would face a full plate and allowed it to linger untouched for too long.

Genealogies, marriages, lovers, mistresses, whores, liars, murderers, rapists, werewolves...all were covered in Snape's practical lessons for his partner in deception.

"Now, the Malfoys," he began, "these are the people I am the closest to, since I am godfather to their son, Draco. Narcissa, nee' Black, is an extremely snobbish and spiteful woman, just like her name. Her manners are impeccable, as are yours, so she will naturally despise you on sight."

"Severus, how is it you know about the intricacies of women's minds?" Genevieve asked in fake innocence.

Severus paused as he looked at her eyes. They were so clear and innocent, but her smile...that was a different story *God, I wonder how wanton she could be!*

"I have spent a great deal of time with these people, Genevieve. The relationships and entanglements to which they involve themselves are always just skimming below their superficial surfaces. We are dealing with extremely vain and petty people. Ruthless people...to be sure...but not particularly deep. It all comes down to basic human nature, my dear. Remember that, and you cannot fail."

"Lucius," he stated, getting back on track, "is a gentleman in the sense he would never in public do anything untoward or uncouth. In private, however, he is a psychotic swine. No doubt, his first thought for you will be to ravish you, even if Narcissa is standing by his side."

He stared to pace around the room as he continued. "You will appear to be overwhelmed by the affections of the senior Malfoy. Engage his flirtation, dance with him; allow him to kiss your cheek and hand, but make it ironclad that is as far as it will go. You are not open for taking on more lovers, since the one you are currently involved with is extremely jealous and highly unstable."

To this, Genevieve arched an eyebrow in disbelief.

Snape smiled wolfishly. "Believe me, Genevieve, I'm not known for being a kind man. Rather, I am most known for my detached cruelty. Most, if not all, of those present at the gala will be truly shocked that any woman would willingly come to my bed...without payment."

He searched her virgin face for blushing or embarrassment. She looked at his the face, nonplussed. *Of course, he has gone to prostitutes! He finds himself so unlovable, it would be the only logical choice*, she thought. Actually, the woman was relieved. *He obviously had desires that needed to be met. At least he doesn't sit and wank in his solitude, and he obviously desires women*. So, actually, it was the best news she could have heard on the subject.

Now it was Snape's turn to be shocked. He was prepared to shock the young woman and make her uncomfortable, just to see how she handled pressure. But, obviously, she was open-minded and focused on her purpose. To that, he felt his cock throb. *Merlin, what a mixture! A virgin and dirty-minded one at that!*

The fall passed and Genevieve learned more than she ever cared to about the truth of pure-blood families. They were all trash, as far as she cared. Most, who had completed their duties to their spouses by providing progeny, spent their days bed-hopping with whomever caught their fancy. She memorized their names and faces. Some, she already knew through her father, but she reckoned at the start too much time had passed, and her father's attitudes towards them must have been far too extreme. So, she decided at the beginning to substitute her father's view for Severus'...although to her surprise, his views were not any better.

One evening during a stroll, Genevieve broached a topic that needed badly to be discussed.

"What exactly are we telling the Dark Lord? Won't he want me killed on sight? Won't he naturally think I want revenge?"

"Very astute, Genevieve," praised Snape. "You must work very hard to focus on those bitter memories you harbor towards your father. He wanted so much for you to be accepted into the society where he only existed on the fringes. His refusal to marry your mother, keeping you illegitimate, fueled your hatred of him. Your desire is not for revenge against the Death Eaters, but revenge on him! You want to be in the inner sanctum...where he could never be."

"Ah! But, what of my mother? I loved her!" she retorted.

"Your mother refused to shake off your father and to see him for who he truly was. Your childhood was full of neglect since she had loved him more. You had an emotional split from her and saw her death as one that could not be avoided, since she had refused to stop aiding him in his escape. You can say what you said to me: 'what has been done has been done.'"

"I think I may need help in this area," she admitted.

Snape turned and placed his hands on her shoulders, unable to resist touching the creamy skin under his thumb. "That is where the use of Occlumency will come in handy," he whispered softly.

Christmas 1996

Chapter 5 of 15

Genevieve accompanies Severus to the Malfoys' Christmas Gala where she faces Voldemort, learns first-hand the malicious nature of the Death Eaters' wives, and has a long-time fantasy become a reality. Later, she shares a passionate interlude with the Potions master.

A/N: Thanks again to my beta, not_london and all the great admins here who put up with my dyslexic self! Hope you enjoy this chapter as much as I enjoyed writing it! Hope you enjoy the "fairy godmother" portion. Sometimes a girl needs a little help! Please review!

A ravishing beauty came down the stairs to meet her Death Eater escort to the Malfoys' Christmas Gala at the Manor. She was an exquisite sight. Her gown was of emerald silk, strapless, and designed to accentuate her lovely bosom. Her black hair was plied high inlaid with luxurious ringlets and accentuated with sparkling emeralds. Her eyes were heavy laden with black liner and the slightest shimmer of sparkling green dusting around the sides of her eyes. Her pouting lips were of the most crimson red. She was the image of Slytherin beauty. Her presence next to the Potions master was striking. They were both black-haired, pale, and tall, (although, Severus still rose just a couple inches over her while she wore open-toed, green satin heels) and one in purpose and dedication.

Genevieve was overwhelmed with desire. He looked still so much like she remembered as a child, so dashing in his black dress robes. Now *she* would on his arm, glide across the floor in his *arms*, instead of swaying while her feet rested on his boots. She was determined to have his hands on her tonight in a close embrace, to hold her and move her as effortlessly as he had moved those other women across the floor. He helped her put on her wrap across her shoulders before they left for the Apparition point.

They arrived and to Snape's calculations, the shock was upon all as they saw the dark-haired beauty's hand resting on the arm of the scowling Potions master. Whispering began immediately, and the Dark Lord rose from his throne to assess the situation. It was obvious that this woman was indeed Karkaroff's daughter. Her face could not

hide her Slavic blood. He had been waiting...

Snape immediately strode to the Dark Lord with his date in tow. She majestically removed her wrap and stood boldly at Snape's side.

"My Lord," he said as he bowed deeply. "May I introduce my mistress, Miss Genevieve Toussaint or, as she rightfully is *Karkaroff*."

The crowd gasped and the room fell silent. Voldemort beckoned the young woman nearer.

"Why have you willingly come into my presence?" he inquired. "Surely, you would want to stay far away from me and my Death Eaters?"

Genevieve curtsied low before the Dark Lord. He smirked in approval.

"Why, my Lord, would I desire to be anywhere else? *My father* was nothing but a traitor...a weak fool who spurned his friends and turned his back on his duties. He never really loved me; I was a pet he wanted to train in the Dark Arts. I learnt early on that my place is among you all...unfortunately, since my *mother* forbade my involvement, I have been absent far too long! I have no designs of revenge, except only to succeed where my father failed. I'm rather glad to be *disposed* of him." Her voice was so perfectly cold and detached, Snape inwardly smiled with pride at his Slytherin beauty.

Lucius, standing nearby, whispered to his wife, "She could rival Bellatrix, that one. Cold as ice."

Voldemort spared no time in using Legilimency on the young woman. She eagerly gave over her lustful fantasies during masturbation. Images of various sexual acts with Severus rose feverishly in her mind. Voldemort smiled.

"Severus, this girl wants you badly. Why have you not taken her? She is positively in pain with yearning!"

A wave of laughter floated through the hall.

Genevieve glanced over her shoulder to see Severus' face. He stepped up to her side. "My Lord, these things take time, especially with an innocent."

Voldemort sneered. He bore again into her mind. "Indeed, a virgin!" he exclaimed. "Congratulations, Severus. Such a conquest! Lucius, come forward!" he called.

Lucius Malfoy stepped forward and bowed low before Voldemort.

"Lucius, please keep Miss Karkaroff company while Severus and I have a word."

"As you wish my Lord," he replied silkily.

"Miss?" he asked as he offered her his arm. Genevieve nodded courteously and took his arm as he led her to the floor. She wanted badly to watch Severus and Voldemort converse, but knew it would not be wise to do so. Instead, she allowed the platinum blond wizard sweep her across the floor. He was a charming dancer and, just as Severus had predicted, extremely flirty and seductive in his tone. It was obvious he wanted very much to ravish her.

"Genevieve...such a lovely name, however did you acquire such a name from a man *asgor*?"

"My mother's name was Sabine," she answered coolly. "She was French."

"Ah, so you attended Beauxbatons?"

"*Oui*," she flirted back.

"Was your mother a witch or was she a Muggle?" he asked derisively.

Genevieve was taken by surprise by such an icy change of mood. *Basic human nature*, she reminded herself.

"A witch of course! I would not dare venture into your home unless I was a pure-blood!" she laughed heartily.

Round and around the couple swirled and dipped to the waltz. At the close, Lucius took Genevieve to meet his wife.

"Narcissa! Please allow me to introduce Genevieve Karkaroff."

Narcissa was a tall, blonde woman, extremely thin, and angular. Her aristocratic nose sniffed at the sight of the dark haired woman. She obviously thought Genevieve beneath her. *Well, another point for you, Severus!* Genevieve thought.

Severus materialized from nowhere to take the young woman for a dance.

"Please excuse us, Lucius, Narcissa. I have neglected my date for far too long this evening." Both husband and wife nodded in a formal dismissal, and the two swept away.

The music started to play and immediately, Genevieve went rigid with surprise. The song!

It always ends up to one thing honey

And I can't think of the right words to say...

She looked up into the smoldering eyes of the man who had danced with her to this song all those years ago. Now, she was one of the beautiful women enjoying the close proximity to Severus Snape, of how the Death Eater held her curvy frame to his hardened one. Her cheeks were hot; her breasts were crushed against his chest, their cheeks finally coming together.

"Did you do this?" she whispered.

"Do what?"

"This song...don't you remember?" she asked as she looked at his eyes hopefully.

He just smiled and caught her lips in passionate kiss. Genevieve gasped and he filled her mouth with his tongue. They swam and glided in perfect grace. His hard, lean, body felt so good to the young woman. He whirled her around the floor with his mouth caressing hers. As the music ended, he withdrew his mouth from hers. She was in a haze, drunk on passion and fulfilled dreams.

After the dance, Genevieve excused herself from Snape to go to the powder room. She felt as if she were walking on air. The bathroom was gorgeous! It was so rich looking in silver and green marble. The mirrors were surrounded by breathtaking candelabras.

As she gazed at her reflection, she noticed how unbecoming her lips looked. She looked kissed and her lipstick was smeared. She took a cloth and washed the remainder off. *What am I going to do now? How could I be so stupid and forget lipstick?* At that moment, Narcissa Malfoy walked in and smirked at the young woman.

"Ah!" she laughed. "Have you been caught without your magical lipstick?" she sneered.

"My what?" Genevieve asked.

"My dear, did your mother not give you your own unique lipstick?" she asked, wide-eyed in disbelief.

Genevieve was uncomfortable. Her mother had always been far too engrossed with her relationship with her father to teach her any real useful information she may need as a woman.

"No, my mother left everything up to my professors at Beauxbatons."

"Oh, pity!" she exclaimed, dripping with falseness. "Well, here, use mine. What it does is when you put it on, first tap it with your wand and say the color of your dress, and when you put it on, it will color your lips with the precise shade that will compliment your ensemble!"

Genevieve's eyes widened with interest. She followed the instructions and was unaware that a group of women were now watching intently at her. She swiped it on her lips and all that came out was a horrid whitish cream. No color at all. She looked as if she had rubbed slime on her lips.

The women standing around her broke out into peals of laughter. Genevieve was confused and embarrassed. She tried to wipe the gunk off her lips, but it refused to budge.

Narcissa was nearly bent over in laughter. "Silly little girl!" she spat. "It only works for *real women*, not virgins! And I assure you that is what Severus is used to *real women*, not children trying desperately to live out their girlish fantasies."

"What is this?" Genevieve demanded.

An elderly voice came out from behind the women.

"It is dark magic. Narcissa, how could you?" the older woman reprimanded.

"Oh, Auntie Prudence, it was just a joke!" she said maliciously as she took her lipstick and swept from the room, her entourage following at her heels.

Genevieve was close to tears. She had her hand covering her mouth.

"Come now, dear, let me fix it," said the older woman softly. In a flash, the mess was gone.

"What was that?" the young woman cried out.

"Oh, just an old glamour jinx, my dear. Although, Narcissa was right; if a virgin tries to use it, the effect will be well, to put it delicately...as if her lips were coated in a man's... *you know*."

Genevieve was horrified. The older lady patted her back and said, "There now, look at the mirror, all fixed. She placed her wand over the girl's mouth and whispered an incantation.

"Now look. You are perfect."

Genevieve smiled at her now luscious red lips. "Thank you, Mrs..." She was puzzled.

"Prudence Malfoy. I am Lucius' great aunt. Don't mind my grand niece. She is jealous of your beauty and your potential standing with the Dark Lord. Don't mind her, but never trust her. Understand?"

Basic human nature, Genevieve recalled.

"Certainly, Mrs. Malfoy. And thank you for everything."

"Not at all my dear, not at all." She waved the young woman off.

Genevieve rejoined Snape where he was speaking with the Malfoys. He slipped into her hand a champagne flute. She cocked an eyebrow, and slightly raised her glass to the tight-lipped Narcissa, who was staring at the young woman's mouth.

After polite conversation, Snape led her back onto the dance floor. He whispered in her ear compliments on her beauty and how desirous he found her. Then he said, "I cannot discuss business here. We can later, but for now, let me show the world how I intend to seduce you."

Genevieve sighed into his ear. "Severus," she purred. "Isn't your seduction of me business as well?"

Snape looked at the young woman, her eyes blazing a brilliant blue. "No, my seduction of you is *my pleasure*."

They danced the evening away, Genevieve made sure she allowed a respectable number of Death Eaters a dance. Severus, likewise, took their wives and lovers for dances as well. It was torture for Snape to see his Slytherin beauty in the arms of fiends, blackguards, and murderers. But she held her own. She was witty, charming, and allowed Lucius his due: a kiss on the cheek and a kiss on the hand.

As they left to Apparate back to the castle, she told him the trick Narcissa had played on her in the bathroom. Severus bent over in howling laughter.

Genevieve's eyes flashed. "So, that's funny, you think?"

"Oh, it just so very *Slytherin*. Narcissa, she can be a dirty piece of baggage when she wants to be. *But!*", he drawled slowly, "the thought is very stimulating," he said deeply as he bent to kiss her neck.

Genevieve bit her lower lip. *Indeed*, she thought as she gave her neck over to him.

They Apparated back to the school and entered the darkened gates. Once inside the dark concrete walls, Snape seized Genevieve and pulled her to him in a crushing embrace. She could barely breathe, his kiss was so demanding. He pushed her against the cold stonewall and released her mouth.

"My God," he said huskily, "I want you now!"

Genevieve was panting. "Me too, but not here, not like this."

"I agree," he said as he enveloped her again. "But first...I must..." He stopped talking as he tore down the top of her gown and released her breasts. He attacked them with his mouth. Genevieve's eyes rolled back into her head, moaning and thrusting her chest into his mouth.

"Oh yes, Severus, please!" she begged.

He grabbed the front of her long, full, skirt, lifting it and wedged his leg between her legs. He reached down and ripped apart her knickers and began to place the pressure of his thigh against her sex, wondering if she would know what to do. He continued his assault on her nipples and nuzzled her cleavage. After a couple minutes of whimpering, she began to cry in earnest, tears pouring down her face in frustration. He placed his hand behind her neck and whispered seductively in her ear,

"Move against me."

She nodded as he felt back to her breasts. She began to squirm and writhe. He grabbed her hand and placed it on his swollen bulge. She cried out in surprise at the heat that came from it. She allowed him to move her hand how he wanted it as she ground herself against his leg.

"God, witch, you're going to make me come!" he moaned heatedly.

He repositioned himself and lifted her up by the backs of her thighs. The texture of his masculine hands gripping her naked thighs sent shock waves throughout her entire body. She could feel his cock through his pants, rubbing against her soaking wet sex. She rocked and squirmed against him. She felt it coming, building, and she was floating and screaming his name. He watched her in her release, eyes closed, and mouth open as she screamed; her arms above her head against stonewall in submission to him. Her abandon was so pure to him, so shameless...she could be his undoing!

She arched and squeezed her thighs together on his hips as he slammed her repeatedly against the hard stonewall. He moaned and shouted against her shoulder. Then they were trembling, shaking. He couldn't hold her up. He released her, and she almost slipped to the floor. He grabbed her, and they started laughing. Then they sat on the cold stone floor, panting and gasping for air. Genevieve repaired her torn dress and covered her breasts. After a minute, they looked at each other and laughed anew.

"I-I didn't expect that," she gasped.

"Nor I," he panted. "God, I'm too old, I think I almost had a heart attack."

He looked at the woman who had just given him such pleasure and saw the hurt look on her face.

"No...it's a compliment, my dear," he gasped as he patted her hand. "Not a bad way to go. If I had my choice, I'd rather die pleasuring myself with you, or just pleasuring you." He smiled and winked at her blushing face.

He was intrigued. "Ah, now she blushes! Shy?"

"No," she whispered. "I just...it was so *animal* like. I don't feel very lady-like."

"Genevieve, you are so beautiful, and I have waited so long to have you, I'm sorry if I was too rough with you, or pushed you too hard," he apologized.

"No, on the contrary, I loved it...that's why I don't feel so lady-like," she muttered, unable to face him. "I'm sorry, I don't do well with strong emotions...I have a hard time expressing myself appropriately."

He turned her face to his. "Believe me, Genevieve, you are a lady...a very wanton and sexy lady. I cannot wait to get you, my lady, in my bed. But I'll wait for you."

"Okay." She smiled. "I just need to process everything." Severus helped her up from the floor. She fumbled at her hair, which was tumbling down. She was embarrassed at her disheveled sight.

Severus smiled. *She has no idea how sexy she looks like this, ravished and flushed*

She took off her heels, grabbed her skirt and dashed off, unable to face him anymore. She had seen how much her appearance pleased him. Either she ran away now, or she would end up naked and shagged right good and proper on the stone floor. And she would have made him do it too!

I Love You

Chapter 6 of 15

Severus and Genevieve finally confess their love for each other.

A/N: Thanks to my beta, not_london! Love and lots of lovely lemons to you all. Please review!

Severus drank a lot that evening, hoping he would be able to stave off another raging erection. After all, he climaxed once...with her...even if it was just the result of a fantastic dry hump! He didn't want to clean his trousers; the scent of her juices mingled with his own emission was too erotic. That was his undoing. He couldn't get the image of her grinding her luscious quim against his cock out of his mind. He recalled the screams in that beautiful voice...screaming his name!

That did it. He had to have another wank. As he stroked himself to climax, he prayed fervently that this would be the last time he would have to do this to himself. As he came, the first thought he had was if he could have his way, the first thing he would do once he had her in his bed would be to make what happened in Narcissa's bathroom tonight a preview!

Genevieve was restless in bed. She had had her first orgasm with a man. It had been wonderful, amazing! The only thing that concerned her was his passion. He was so driven and wild, she had thought her mind was going to explode. What would happen if they went "all the way?" Well, he had said he'd wait for her. Perhaps a few more times like that, she could ease herself into it. So with that thought in mind, Genevieve slept.

The next day, Genevieve met Snape for afternoon tea. She was breathless with nerves. She had avoided him for breakfast and lunch; she was just too embarrassed to be in his presence, especially if she had to see him for the first time after what they had done the night before around other people. So, she sent him a note asking if she could join him for tea.

Severus was elated. He was also relieved! After she failed to appear for breakfast, his chest hurt, he was sure he had frightened her off. Then, when lunch came, and she

again failed to appear, he was convinced that he had blown it and it was over. It was the holidays, no classes, so he had decided to get rip-roaring drunk that evening in order to adjust his mind to the reality he was going to have to spend the rest of his life wanking or shagging whores for the rest of his pathetic existence.

Then her note had arrived and asked if she could possibly join him in his sitting room for tea. *Possibly?* He thought. *Hell, she can come in here and do whatever she wants, just as long as I can be near her!* He worked nervously to make the sitting room as comfortable and inviting as possible. He was a nervous wreck. *What am I going to say? God, I hope she talks first.*

She knocked softly on the door, and Severus bolted to the door, practically ripping it open. There she was! She smiled nervously. Severus swore to himself over his over-eagerness. She was as enchanting as ever in a beautiful, shimmering silver dress, her hair in her normal braided bun. Her cheeks were blushing, and her eyes were shining at him. He asked her politely to come inside.

At first, they created a beautiful dance of timid conversation. Finally, Genevieve opened up and told Snape her reason for remaining in her quarters and not joining the others for breakfast and lunch. The Potions master was relieved. Virginal shyness.

"I can understand," he replied. "You are sporting quite a glow today."

She smiled and lowered her blushing face. How could she tell him she wanted to do it again? She responded to his flirtation by shifting over closer to him, to let him know she wanted to be close. He caressed her jaw line with his finger and tilted her chin to his mouth. He kissed her softly and delicately. So unlike how he had kissed her the night before. He drew back slowly and watched her face. Her eyes were closed and relaxed, her mouth pouting at his withdrawal. She looked as if she were dreaming. Finally, her eyes snapped open and looked at him so adoringly, Snape felt he had discovered heaven.

"I want you to know kissing and love-making has its varieties," he murmured.

"Good," she whispered.

They snuggled together and took tea silently. The young woman started to feel ill at ease. Her feelings were so overwhelming she couldn't find the words she wanted to say so badly, so she straightened up and faced him squarely and said, "I think now we should discuss business."

"Quite," he replied.

"So, what was his reaction?"

"The Dark Lord does not trust you, but he is intrigued by you. Genevieve, you were magnificent last night. Your only fault was that you were too dispassionate about your parents. Your speech had all the other guests frozen by your icy demeanor, but the Dark Lord is not so easily swayed. It will take time for you to be accepted. At least he desires your presence and is eager for our relationship to develop. After all, you are a pure-blood."

"What does that mean, develop? Do we need to start having sex?"

Snape was gobsmacked. *First, she's shy, and now, did she just proposition me sexually? What the bloody hell am I going to say?*

She realized how forward she sounded. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to say it like that."

"No, it's fine," he said, clearing his throat in nervousness.

Genevieve decided it was time to be honest about her feelings. "Look, Severus, I need to know what is going on here between us. I need to know what is real and what is a façade so I can play this deception accordingly. I guess I need to know how you feel about me."

Snape frowned and crossed his arms protectively around his chest. He didn't like to be placed in such a vulnerable situation. If she wanted to "lay her cards on the table," why then didn't she bloody well tell him how she felt?

They sat in silence. Genevieve started giving up hope. Then suddenly, she was talking as if she were standing on the other side of the room, watching herself spill her guts to a man she wasn't sure loved her.

"I fell in love with you," she whispered while looking at her lap. "I love you...I loved you since I was ten." Now there were thick tears spilling down on her lap. *I'm crying!* she thought. "The night I met you and you danced with me, I kept you in my heart, and there has been no one else. I never wanted anyone else, and I never will." She clamped her hand over her mouth to stop herself and squeezed her eyes shut. Now she would finally know if this man had grown to love her, or if he only lusted after her.

Warm hands and arms enveloped her as she was pulled close to her love's chest. His hand tilted her chin up to his.

"Open your eyes," he commanded softly. She obeyed him.

Severus looked into her watery blue eyes. He saw the sadness, the fear of rejection, and the pain of her desire: the waiting and the wanting. He determined there would be no more of that. No more wanting, no more waiting...

"I love you, Genevieve," he whispered. Then he kissed her.

"Will you do something for me?" he asked as he kissed her.

"What?" she breathed.

"Take down your hair," he murmured in her mouth.

This time there would be no rushing and panting against a stone wall. Severus took his beauty into his bedroom and slowly removed her dress. He murmured his adoration of her in her ear and slipped off her bra and knickers. She stood crying, overwhelmed with her feelings.

"I-I'm sorry, I have such a hard time with strong emotions. I always have. I become violently angry, or grow silent; maybe cry and I can't stop. I hope you don't think it's personal," she apologized.

"Shhh, it's okay," he replied as he captured her mouth with his own. He took off his own clothes while he slowly kissed her. He went to remove his trousers and underwear; all the while she kept her eyes shut, covering her breasts with her arms. All of a sudden, she was being lifted up. Her eyes snapped open as the Potions master laid her on his bed. He hovered over her, kissing her, touching her, allowing her time to get used to their nakedness.

Soon, she was touching him, stroking his arms, back, and chest. He took her hands and held them with his own, pulling them above her head. He then stroked her breasts with his tongue, first one, then the other. Her breath was jagged, and she tried to speak, but could not. Soon, she was moaning and rocking her hips. Snape smiled as he released her hands. Her eyes opened, and he noted they were smoky with want.

He descended, and she propped herself on her elbows. *Where is he going?* She thought. He spread her legs and she clamped them shut.

"Don't worry," he assured her. "It's not for that."

She flopped back down on her pillow. Now she was embarrassed; he had read her thought. She was still berating herself when she felt the most delicious feeling. She snapped her head up to see her love between her legs kissing her...there!

Within minutes she was crying out, screaming, and moaning. She knew nothing but this feeling: this warm, delicious, feeling that was taking her over an edge she never knew existed. As she flew over, she screamed for him to take her, to fill her, to fuck her.

Snape had been listening to her moans and cries with immense satisfaction. When she started to beg for him to fuck her, he could not control his need. While she was still climaxing, he rose above her, stroking her thighs, urging her to separate them further. She gave herself over to him, her mind empty...all she knew was this feeling of goodness. He edged the tip of his cock into her opening and rubbed her juices around it. He looked at her. She was lying so peacefully upon the pillows. Her eyes were closed, and her hands were draped above her head. Snape was touched by her willingness, her trust. He knew he would hurt her, but he told himself he would try very hard to control his passion and go easy. He eased the tip in and out, each time going a little deeper. He held her thighs steady. He finally came to her barrier. He closed his eyes and moved in her as lovingly and sweetly as he could, eager for her to know the pleasure of a man inside her. He looked down to watch her pleasure. Instead, her eyes were squeezed shut, and she was gasping for air. Her hands were clenching the pillow beside her head.

"Genevieve, look at me," he said firmly. She struggled to comply. "Breathe, it's okay."

She came to herself and realized he was inside her, that she was being *made love* to. She broke down crying. She buried her dark head against his shoulder, wrapped her arms around him and pressed her knees to his side crying, "I love you, I love you, I love you..."

Snape was overcome with her openness and desire. He began to move again within her. She was far too emotional to climax, so he focused on making it a slow, pleasurable, experience that he prayed she would want to repeat. She was so warm, so tight, all he wanted was to slam into her and take her hard and fast. But he couldn't...not her first time. He pushed his selfishness aside and continued to move slow and easy. Finally, he could take no more. He felt the familiar tightening and in spite of himself started to move more earnestly. He came, crushing her to him as he shuddered and moaned his apologies and his love for her.

Genevieve had stopped crying when she heard his moaning. She realized he was finishing and was going to orgasm. She was enthralled with his emotion, the way he grasped onto her and held her tightly against him. The force and power of his orgasm sent ripples of delight throughout her body. She had been overwhelmed with his entrance into her. All she felt was burning and being stretched as if she would tear apart. But then he had stopped and spoken so tenderly to her. She had then realized he was inside her, loving her. She couldn't believe it was finally happening. She had wanted him for so long. She couldn't tear her eyes from him. She felt the delicious tension around her, and then his warm seed spread within her. He went to release her and she refused.

"Lie on me," she ordered him gently.

"I don't want to hurt you," he panted, exhausted from his climax.

"You'll hurt me if you don't. Stay, please."

He slept on top of the beauty; her breasts were the most perfect pillows. She was so soft, so comfortable. The evil spy, ex-Death Eater, had never known such safety and peace.

"Severus?" she whispered.

"Yes?" he answered.

"I can't believe we finally are here."

Snape rose up to look into her eyes. She was crying again.

"I-I mean, for so many years, I thought of you. I wanted so much for you to be near me...I ached for you. I thought at times it would go away, but it n-never did. I was in pain, I couldn't see you, didn't know how you were...or if you had married, and I..." She broke down and sobbed. Snape held her tight, unable to believe the words he had heard her confess. He wanted to tell her he was grateful for her love, for her devotion, but he couldn't find the words. Instead he said, "Thank you, I love you."

The morning came, and he found her lying on her back, her hair beautifully adorning her head and pillow. Her mouth was flushed still from their coupling. Snape was truly surprised. She had been extremely willing for a virgin, and she had been...the evidence was there on the sheets and on him.

He had woken up during the night and lifted himself off the sleeping beauty. He wanted her again, but was concerned she might be too sore or tired. So, he patiently waited for her to awake, but it wouldn't really be Slytherin if he denied himself at least the pleasure of touching a few strategic areas of her perfect body. He watched her sigh in her sleep. She was responding to his touch, even though she still slept. He kept on until she shifted her bottom due to the increasing wetness he could feel dripping from her sex, but he saw the frown on her face as she moved and a hitch in her breath. *Definitely too soon. Damn!* he swore. He then let her be.

Genevieve opened her eyes and found her love's black eyes upon her, smiling. She stretched like a contented cat. "Oh!" she cried out suddenly.

"What's wrong?" her lover asked.

"My stomach hurts...well, not my stomach, just here, below my navel." She rubbed the area tenderly, looking concerned.

"Don't worry," Snape whispered. "It's normal after your first time. It's gets better the more you do it." He leaned in for a kiss on her collarbone.

"Mmm..." she replied in response as she drew him in closer. "Why don't we get cleaned up in the shower, and you can show me your proof in a practical lesson?"

"To get clean only to get dirty again? Not very logical," he teased.

"Who ever said I was the logical type?" she purred into his ear.

The Initiation

Severus and Genevieve attend the Malfoys' New Year's Gala. Events unfold that could threaten to destroy their cover as spies and also tear the couple apart.

A/N: This chapter contains some disturbing Abuse/Rape scenes. This is not meant to titilate, but rather to show the lengths Severus and Genevieve must go to in order to show their loyalty to Voldemort. Very sad. You have been warned. Thanks to my beta, not_london.

Genevieve was sitting at her desk in her classroom when Snape came in with his trademark billowing robes and scowled *Dear*, she thought, *he's probably angry. I haven't let him touch me all week.*

True, Snape was extremely frustrated that she had not returned to his bed since they had first made love, but she had assured the wizard she was trying to adjust to everything and was just a little sore. The shower scene had been a complete debacle. He had tried to penetrate her, and she had halted him. It was too soon. Then she realized she had completely neglected her work, so a three-day denial of sex had turned into a five-day denial of sex. From what she had heard about wizards and their need for sexual release, she was half expecting him to either hex her or take her on her classroom table.

He did neither. Instead, he shoved an invitation under her nose. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "Another party so soon?" she asked.

"Yes, New Year's...you do remember New Year's Eve is tomorrow do you not?" he asked bitterly.

"I'm sorry, Severus. I truly am. I have had just so much work to catch up on!"

His jaw clenched. He wasn't used to not getting his way, to not be the one in control. "Perhaps you think my company boring?" he snarked.

"No. I'm looking forward to tomorrow night. You've been so patient. I promise I'll give you a special treat for being so good," she said in a flirty voice.

His eyes snapped furiously. He leaned in and growled just an inch from her face, "I am not a dog you can control with promises and treats. I expect full compensation for the neglect I have endured these past five days."

Genevieve's face went pale. She hadn't meant to offend him. *And what was this "compensation?"* she thought. "Severus, I don't know if I like your tone," she whispered angrily. "I love you. I'm not trying to toy with you...hurtfully...I-I just was wanting to tease in play." She was blushing furiously now and refused to look at him.

Snape looked calculatingly at the young woman. She was still too inexperienced for such rough talk. Maybe in time she would develop a taste for the darker side of sex, but for now, he had better tread lightly. *She loves me*, he reassured himself. *She was actually attempting to tease me sexually to let me know she still wants me!* This made the wizard smile. The young woman smiled timidly in return.

"I apologize," he said silkily as he walked over to her side. "I will accept any and all offerings from you ~~to make up~~ for my bruised ego. Exactly, what do you have in mind?" He smiled evilly. He was still just a man after all.

She blushed. "I-I haven't thought about it, but, if you could tell me a few things that you'd like, I could choose and surprise you," she offered shyly.

"I will most certainly let you know." He then took her in his arms and kissed her neck. *I wonder what she'll wear for the party?* he thought as he felt a telltale throb under his robes.

Genevieve came down the main stairs to meet the Potions master yet again for their second date for the Malfoys' New Year's Eve Gala. She wore her black hair up in a romantic twist, decorated in a diamond comb. Her dress was of an old-fashioned style of the Napoleonic Era: empire waist, sleeveless, and a daring neckline that left precious little to the imagination. It was of shimmering silver that flowed straight down to the floor. Snape could see her tiny silver slippers as she descended the stairs. Her necklace was of the most delicate of diamond necklaces. Her make-up shimmered as her dress, her eyes in silver and inky black. She was an angel. She wore the most elegant white gloves that came to her elbows. As she came face to face with her lover, she stood a little shorter now that she didn't have heels to add to her height. She was still tall, but the difference in height made her feel vulnerable.

Indeed, the height difference gave Snape a wonderful view down her cleavage. He was beyond himself. How was he going to survive the evening without taking her before the night's Gala ended? He breathed deeply, told her she was perfect, and helped her with her silver cloak.

When they arrived, the Gala was in full swing. Genevieve wasted no time in getting to the Dark Lord's side. She curtsied low before him and offered her gloved hand to him in prostration. Voldemort was impressed by her elegance. As he took her hand, she rose to face him, giving her mind over to him. She shared the details of her deflowering, which *seemed* to Genevieve to please the despot immensely.

Snape came to her side as the Dark Lord finished probing her mind.

"Severus, I'm so glad you finally made a woman out of this girl. She still has much to learn though." He focused his red eyes on the young woman.

"Do you wish to please me? To make me your Master?" he asked coolly.

"It is my heart's only desire."

"Liar!" he yelled. "You desire the man who stands beside you. Yet have been refusing him access to you. That is not acceptable of a Death Eater's mistress."

He turned to Severus. "You know what you must do. Make sure you do, otherwise, I will grow tired of her presence."

"Yes, my Lord," replied Severus with a formal bow.

Snape grabbed the witch by the arm and dragged her to a nearby balcony.

"You have not pleased the Dark Lord. You offered too much...you were too honest. You allowed him to see my weakness for you."

"I don't understand!" she exclaimed.

Snape sighed impatiently. "You allowed him to see how tender I was with you, how I allowed you to deny me these past five days. He was hoping for submission. Now, you must suffer...for him...and I must make you suffer."

Genevieve didn't like the coldness in his voice, the detached way he was assessing her.

"Come," he said sharply. "We are not wanted here anymore this evening."

He roughly forced her from the ballroom. The laughter from the crowd made her cringe inside. It was as if everyone knew what the evening was going to entail for her, and she grew fearful. But when Genevieve became fearful, she grew angry, violently angry...in a dead calm.

She thought he was taking her back to the castle. Instead, he took down into the bowels of the mansion, into a dungeon.

He stood in front of her as she looked at the manacles, chains and various whips...and other things she could not even name!

"Take off your gloves!" he ordered coldly. She obeyed, without so much as a tremble.

He roughly turned her around and stripped off her dress. There was a musty bed in the corner. She realized what was going to happen. She slipped out of her shoes. He hissed as he saw her thigh-high stockings. He ripped off her knickers and threw her on the bed.

He climbed on top of her. "It's time for you to learn the dark side of our deception," he whispered coldly into her ear. "I knew this time would come. I had hoped not so soon." He released his manhood from his trousers and forced her legs apart. He took her then in one hard thrust. She screamed and begged him to stop. He ignored her. Finally, he stopped and withdrew. She looked at him in anger.

His eyes were so sad and then she knew. She must play this farce. She must allow it to happen. She must help him play his part.

"You can do better than that, Snape!" she jeered.

He attacked her again, this time flipping her on her stomach and forced himself into her anus. She screamed and cried. He made it end as fast as he could. He came violently and forced himself not to cry at the sight of her battered body.

He then raised his wand to her and screamed, "*CRUCIO!*"

She shrieked and vomited on the floor. Her body contorted and twisted into fetal position. He ended it. Then he came to her, picked her up, and laid her on the bed. He muttered, "*Tergeo,*" and the evidence of his fluids and her blood vanished from her body. He redressed her and forced her to stand.

"Genevieve! Look at me!" he demanded as he gripped her arms.

Her eyes were glazed over, glassy and weak. Snape reared back and struck her across her face. She would have an angry welt to sport for the Dark Lord. He shook her and grabbed her face.

He raised his wand to her. "*Ennervate!*" he commanded.

Genevieve came to and stood ramrod straight. Snape looked into her eyes. The damage was done, but she did not hate him...yet. For now, he hated himself enough for both of them.

"It's time to show the Dark Lord you know how to submit. You are now an official Death Eater mistress. You are mine now, and safe. Can you understand?" He looked at her with such anguish.

How could she tell him she hated him? She didn't. She knew she needed to go through this to prove herself.

"I'm just glad it was you and not someone else," she whispered hoarsely. "Take me back to him," she ordered. Her anger was white hot. She would show that snake bastard she was not weak! Snape was deeply impressed with her poise.

He tried to assist her, but she pushed him away. She would walk on her own steam. She walked back into the ballroom tall and proud with blood on her lips, and an angry bruise rising on the entire left side of her face; her hair falling out of the elaborate twist she had arranged so beautifully earlier. She came to face the Dark Lord and knelt painfully before him, and forced the anger down. He was satisfied.

"Rise!" he commanded.

She rose, wanting to scream with pain, but she kept her mouth shut and her head down.

"Look at me!" he sneered.

She met his eyes with her own and offered her mind. He saw the entire vicious interlude, although she was able to block the important pieces of her private conversations with Snape.

"I am pleased at the outcome of your discipline and punishment," he said with satisfaction. "You have proven yourself acceptable. Now, kiss my hand."

She obeyed without a thought otherwise.

The vicious bastard smiled at the young woman. "Severus, you may take her home, after her 'going over', she's no longer fit for company. But bring her to me tomorrow afternoon for tea. And please make sure she is healed. I would hate to see her looking poorly again so soon."

Severus gently took her arm up and supported her as they walked out of the ballroom. There was total silence as each woman curtsied before her in recognition and each man bowed his head in respect. She had been fully initiated.

The next morning, Genevieve weakly opened her eyes and saw her love sitting next to her on the edge of the bed. She recalled how he had given her powerful potions to ease her pain. He took care to heal her giant welt on her face. Now, after she had slept and healed, he was dressed in his teaching robes and looked as menacing as ever. He gave her a cup of tea and made her drink.

"It will make you feel better," he assured her.

She obeyed him without a word. After she drank, he placed the cup on the table by the bed. She placed her hand on his white one. He was shaking. He also couldn't look her in the eye.

"Look at me, Severus," she pleaded.

"I don't know how you can stand to be near me," he whispered. "What I did..."

"What you did was what had to be done. Now we can move forward with the plan!" she exclaimed wildly. "I love you. I saw your eyes; you were revolted. This is war. We do what we have to do. We are together in this." She leaned forward towards him.

"Kiss me, Severus."

He looked at the young woman, so forgiving, so open to him. *How can she stand me?*

"If you reject me now, Severus, you will only cause yourself further pain. We need to move past this. Don't allow the Dark Lord to define us."

He bent over and hungrily kissed the young witch. She was right, he needed to find solace in her arms, forgiveness in her touch.

"I want to make love to you," he said deeply. "Please, I need you now."

She pulled down the covers and let him in. He was shaking and fumbling, what a contrast to the black-hearted Potions master who could strike fear with one withering glance! She helped him undress, and once he was naked, she gave herself over to him. He cried as he kissed her body and tenderly entered her.

"I love you," he moaned. "Please forgive me. Forgive me!"

Genevieve was deeply moved by his emotions. She wanted to tell him so many things, but the words failed her, so she remained silent and let her body speak for her. She responded to his touch and gentleness. Soon she was overcome with her passion for him.

"Please, make me feel good," she whispered in his ear.

He moved apprehensively, not wanting to cause her any pain. She loved how he was making her feel inside. She wanted more.

"Deeper," she whispered.

He plunged into her and she emitted a low feral moan from deep inside her. Severus' eyes fixated on her face as he slammed into her again and again. *Oh God, she is going to come!* he thought. He continued pushing her thighs further apart so he could easily access that sweet spot she wanted him to take over. Soon she was crying out his name and calling out her love for him. He loved her like this, wanton and free, so open and giving, all for him. He shouted out "Eve!" as he came and collapsed on her as if she were a life raft on a troubled sea, crying as if he would never be able to stop.

"Eve?" she whispered.

"Genevieve was too difficult while in the throes of ecstasy," he muttered.

"I like it," she said. "My own nickname."

They were walking towards the Manor. The young woman was dressed as lovely as ever, with her hair up in her trademark braided bun. She wore her green taffeta dress and had a look of confidence that gave Snape a feeling of deep reverence for her. She had allowed herself to be debased and humiliated for the Cause and it had not broken her...and thank God, it had not destroyed her love for him. If ever the Potions master doubted the sincerity of her love before, all doubts were now erased. This woman was truly in love with him...the real him. Without illusions, for she had experienced his dark side, indeed, she had borne the brunt of it. She also saw his softer, weak side. She had held him while he cried and still had not turned him away. He glanced often as they walked side by side. She was so fierce in her intention. So focused. She was his equal.

They entered the Manor and were announced before the Dark Lord. Lucius and Narcissa were also in attendance, seated to the left of the despot.

The visit was extremely civil and cordial. *This is completely psychotic*, thought Genevieve, *for all this to carry on without even a mention of the events that had transpired the night before!* Voldemort was kind with his words towards her; he was very happy and chatty. He wanted Genevieve near him, which irritated the Malfoys. *Basic human nature*, Genevieve reminded herself.

After tea was over, Voldemort dismissed the Malfoys and Snape. He wanted to be alone with the young woman. Genevieve's heart was racing. Why would he want to be alone with her? Surely he did not want to molest her?

"Come to me." He gestured with a wave of his skeletal hand. "I want you closer to me."

She moved her chair close to his throne and he placed his hand on hers, which were resting in her lap.

"My dear, your poise and gracefulness last night after your initiation was so impressive, I have not seen the likes of it since Bellatrix Lestrange. Would you like to meet Madam Lestrange, Genevieve?"

"Of course, my Lord," she replied.

"It's important to me for you and I to become closer. I am highly satisfied with your arrangement with Severus. I expect you to be his helper in his work." He leaned into her and sniffed her hair.

"You are doing your duty, now. Very good, Genevieve. I expect the mistresses of my Death Eaters to never spurn their sexual duties. Poor Severus, he has been alone for so long. I expect you to make him very happy. This is your task *for now*. Do this, and you shall be rewarded."

"Thank you, my Lord," she murmured.

"Eve?" Snape whispered as they walked away from the Manor, "What did he do to you?"

There was fear in his voice. "Don't worry, Severus. The Dark Lord wants me to make sure you are satisfied sexually, for now. This is my ~~task~~ *task*. And if I do it well, and keep you happy, I shall be rewarded."

Snape smiled from ear to ear. The young woman raised her eyes to see his expression, a million miles away, thinking of all the things he was going to do to her, no doubt.

"Oh, I also am going to meet Bellatrix Lestrange," she quipped. "The Dark Lord wants us to be friends."

That wiped the smile clean off the Potion master's face.

Making Friends

Genevieve meets Bellatrix Lestrange and engages in an illicit affair with her. Genevieve teeters on the edge of maintaining her balance of reality while working towards retrieving valuable information from Voldemort-for a price.

A/N: Again, this chapter contains abuse/rape situations and also lite slash. We are now getting into dark territory, but information will now be revealed to ensure Voldemort's downfall. Please review! Thanks to my beta, not_london.

"That woman is psychotic!" Severus roared as they walked into his private rooms back at Hogwarts.

To that, she rolled her eyes. "The whole meeting today was *psychotic!* Everyone was acting as if nothing strange even occurred last night. That man, or monster, is completely off his nut! He is bloody insane! So, what do you expect?"

Severus paced back and forth. "Bellatrix is very jealous of the Dark Lord's affections. She practically pants for him. She will try to annihilate you, Genevieve."

Genevieve went over and embraced him. She took his face in her hands. "Then, it shall be all the more important for us to continue our affair, being constantly enamored in public, and I will have to win Bellatrix over to a feeling that I will always defer to her and not usurp her standing. It is quite simple with women. She is the Alpha Leader."

"More like an Alpha Bitch!" he growled.

Genevieve laughed. "Alright, but keeping the balance of gaining the trust of the Dark Lord enough to procure secrets, and at the same time keeping Madam Lestrange comfortable in her position, will be more than enough to keep me occupied. So, Severus, I need you to help me learn how to please you. I need you happy for the Dark Lord."

Severus took the woman in his arms. There was no time like the present.

Genevieve's meeting with Bellatrix was unnerving to say the least. The woman was clearly insane after her long spell in Azkaban. She was extremely volatile and disliked the younger witch on sight. But her dislike was different from Narcissa's general dislike, whereas Bellatrix smelled a potential threat. *Basic human nature*, Genevieve reminded herself.

She noted that her likeness to Madam Lestrange at first glance was striking. They both had dark, hooded-shaped eyes, dark hair and were very tall. The similarities ended abruptly there. Genevieve was in the full bloom of youth and beauty, whereas Azkaban had stolen Bellatrix's away. It was going to take a great deal of effort on Genevieve's part to make the woman relax and not continue in her paranoia.

She made a demonstrative effort to curtsy low before the older woman in Voldemort's presence. This amused the despot.

"Why would you bow to a woman who is your equal?" he asked silkily.

"I would never presume to place myself on the same level as Madam Lestrange," she whispered with her head bowed to the floor. "Madam Lestrange suffered cruelly to show her love and loyalty for you, Master. I have not yet begun. She is my superior. I am grateful for the chance to learn from her."

Bellatrix was puffed up by the grandiose speech. Genevieve pretended to be in awe of the older woman and doted on her. She made every opportunity to show that she deferred first to Madam Lestrange before complying in any act that the Dark Lord asked of her. It smacked of order and respect. It was acceptable to the Dark Lord, and he was pleased.

"My Lord," Bellatrix said abruptly. "May I take our young Genevieve for a walk in the gardens? I do so want to get to know her better, woman to woman." She smiled malevolently at the young woman. A shiver went down Genevieve's spine.

The two witches walked amongst the winter barren rose garden that skirted the Manor. It was bitter cold; Genevieve wished she would hurry up with whatever she wanted to say to her. Bellatrix had not yet initiated conversation, and Genevieve knew better than to try to take advantage of the situation. After a while, the older woman rounded on her, and the two were face to face...noses a millimeter apart.

"You are very good. Very good," she assessed. "Currying favor with the Dark Lord, choosing the New Year's Eve Gala for your initiation so all would be present to witness. You are very cunning, not unlike myself at your age." She smiled and stepped back.

"Hold my hand, Genevieve," she said seductively.

She placed her hand in hers, and the two walked closely, side by side.

"Genevieve, you have made it plain to me that you do not want to usurp my position with the Dark Lord. Am I correct?"

"Yes, Madam Lestrange."

Bellatrix leaned in and kissed the young woman on the cheek, near her mouth. She placed her arm around the young woman's waist and whispered in her ear, "You will learn from me. I am no fool. The Dark Lord is enthralled with you. Allow me to teach you the ways in which you can please him, and you won't need the safety of your pitiful Potions master to hide behind. There is security in the Sisterhood, Genevieve. I want you to think on it."

Genevieve was beyond words. What exactly was this Sisterhood? And why would Bellatrix want to build a wedge between her and Severus?

Severus was pacing up and down in his bedroom when she finally came back from the Manor.

"What took so bloody long?" he yelled.

Genevieve smiled as she removed her cloak. "It's good to see you too, my love," she said as she pecked him on the cheek.

He stood staring at her angrily with his arms crossed. He wasn't in the mood for cheek!

"What happened?" he said furiously.

Genevieve sighed as she sat down on the sofa. "Well, you're not going to believe this, Severus, but I think she wants me to be her lover...the 'Sisterhood' she called it!"

She was expecting laughter or rage...some intense emotion, but not for him to stand stock-still and cock an eyebrow.

"What? You are not shocked by what I've told you?" she demanded.

"There is a fair amount of lesbianism and buggery amongst the Death Eaters and their wives and mistresses. I was not aware they had a name. So, the Sisterhood it is. You know what this means."

"I'm going to have to become a lesbian?"

"No, just engage in erotic play. Perhaps Bellatrix will want to put on a show for the Dark Lord. Your standing with the Dark Lord will skyrocket if you do this. But, I warn you; Bellatrix is a warped and sadistic witch. You will be playing with fire on a constant basis. It will be imperative for you to work harder than ever on your Occlumency. She is an excellent Occlumens," he said dangerously.

Genevieve took a deep breath. "She can't make me have sex with other men, can she?"

"No. I can only give permission for that. Or if the Dark Lord decides I am no longer worthy, then yes, he would give you to the others." Snape looked hard into her blue eyes. *One more regret to carry*, he thought.

"Genevieve, I didn't want this for you. You came to me an innocent, and now you are quickly descending into the depths of the darker side of sexuality. I wish I could stop all this; it is all my fault."

"Stop it, Severus!" she snapped. "I won't stand for your self-pity! We have to see this through. I love you, I choose this, and I choose you." She wrapped her arms around his neck. "Just promise me you won't get too turned on by watching me have sex with another woman."

He groaned at the thought. "I am a man, Genevieve." Please remember that."

Dumbledore was kept abreast of the activities taking place at Malfoy Manor. Genevieve was excused from her teaching duties frequently so she could be more accessible to the Dark Lord and attend to her tutelage under Bellatrix Lestrange.

Ever since the debacle at the Ministry of Magic, which resulted in the destruction of the prophecy, Madam Lestrange made good every chance to whisper doubts in the head of her young pupil her hatred of the Potions master. She was very careful to not speak her bile in front of the Dark Lord, though, since he still held high favor with the despot.

One afternoon, the two witches had been lounging in Bellatrix's bedroom after a highly pleasurable lesson in the art of female masturbation. Genevieve's innocence towards such acts had disappeared a while back soon after she begun with the older woman. Bellatrix was a cruel woman and would create punishments if the young woman did not learn fast enough. More than once Genevieve would come back to the castle bruised and in pain from such punishments. Severus, who had been Bellatrix's lover when he had first started out with the Death Eaters, helped her with "extra lessons" in order to avoid more punishments in the future.

As the younger woman lounged naked in lap of the older woman, she listened yet again to the never-ending rants against the Potions master.

"He is a spy, but for Dumbledore, that is for certain! One day, I shall have my chance with him and expose him for the coward he is! Tell me again, why do you love him so? He isn't handsome. *You are*...but he is very ugly indeed." She played with the dark hair around her face. "Narcissa wants to have some time with you. It is time for your initiation into the Sisterhood. I think that would be wonderful for the wizards to see, a tall, beautiful, blonde, thin, flat-chested woman with a tall, beautiful, black-haired, voluptuous woman. The Dark Lord would be so pleased. Also, it would give you a change from your other initiation, which from what the Dark Lord shared with me was extremely painful. This would not be at all! Now, tell me why, Genevieve, do you crave such a black-hearted creature?"

Genevieve smiled at her and shrugged. She could feel her mind trying to probe hers. "I have loved him since I was a girl. You know the story. Also, he's very good in bed."

"I take full credit for that!" she snorted. "If the truth were to be known, Severus did not know his arse from his elbow when he came to me. He was such a trial!" She flashed her eyes maliciously into Genevieve's.

"Tell me, does he still have problems *lasting*?"

"Lasting?" Genevieve asked

She laughed riotously. "Oh, he was forever finishing before I could get him into the gate! It took months before he could actually penetrate me! Poor Sevvie-vevvie!"

"Well, if the truth were to be known, he can last a very long time. I've had multiple orgasms with him. Perhaps the memory of his youthful inadequacies is the motivation for his thoroughness," Genevieve said in his defense.

"So, he is thorough?" she inquired. "Is that how you can stand that greasy hair and hooked nose of his?"

Genevieve was highly insulted, and no matter how frequently she derided him, she never could desensitize herself to the insults. True, he had greasy hair, but it was because of the potions work he did every day. And true, he had a large nose, but it was part and parcel of the whole person.

"Genevieve!" Bellatrix said in a singsong voice. "You are pouting. You really don't like my teasing of your lover."

"I don't like it when you deride him," Genevieve admitted as she sat up to get dressed. "I love him, and I believe he is true to the Dark Lord."

Bellatrix snatched the young woman's face with her hand and whipped her onto the bed, her face inches from hers. "Now listen, you little whore, because that is what you are...a whore! Severus has fucked every woman in the Sisterhood, has even carried on with some of them for a long time before turning his back on them. You are a distraction, a toy. He may tell you he loves you, but it's a lie...a LIE!"

She released her face. "You need to decide who you want to believe and to whom you are going to be loyal!" she threatened as she pushed the younger woman away from her.

Genevieve stood up straight and tall. "The Dark Lord is my master, and he wishes for me to please Severus. It is not a question of my being loyal to Severus or the Sisterhood. It is serving the Dark Lord."

"But you said you love him!" she sneered.

"I-I'm y-young," she stammered. "I'm sure I'll get over it." She turned to dress quickly, cursing herself silently that she had let her anger get the better of her. "I still believe he is faithful to the Dark Lord!" she announced coolly.

"You are a fool!" Bellatrix spat.

Later, after dinner, they joined the Dark Lord with the Malfoys for some wine and relaxation. The Dark Lord wished to spend time alone with Genevieve, so the others were

dismissed.

"I hear you and Madam Lestrangle are getting to know one another quite well," he whispered in Genevieve's ear.

"Yes, my Lord. She is teaching me many wonderful pleasures."

"Ah! So will my Death Eaters and I be seeing some of your newfound talents in the near future?" he asked rather excitedly.

"Oh, yes," she breathed, eager to egg him on. "She thinks I should perform with Narcissa, to have the contrast of blonde and black// of the contrasts that exist between us." She allowed her eyes to melt the way she did with Severus. He had the same reaction. He wanted her badly, but he wanted things healthy men did not want, for he loved cruelty and humiliation.

"I would love to see the look on Severus' face as you make love to another woman." He sneered. "He has always been entirely too self-possessed. I think he would come *undone*." Voldemort looked as if that would give him the most pleasure.

"Genevieve, you have not failed, nor have you shrunk back from anything that I have required from you. I have great faith in you," he confided. "Lucius has been a disappointment, allowing my diary into the hands of a blood traitor."

Genevieve listened with rapt attention. Finally, would she hear of something important?

"Bella has been my only constant. Severus still has much to make up for. His weakness for women still nags at me." He looked sharply into her eyes. "I have worked so hard to ensure my life. No matter what that little whelp, Potter, may do, I shall never die. The problem is, that I need followers who will remain true to me and protect my possessions. I'm finding women are more capable of trust than men." He pulled her closer to him; his hand caressed her breast. "Are you trustworthy, Genevieve?"

"I strive for nothing more, my Lord."

"If I told you to stop your affair with Severus, would you?"

"Of course, but I would need a very good reason to break it off, otherwise, he might alert Dumbledore of my allegiance."

Voldemort smiled at the young woman. He rested his snake-like head back on his throne. "Look at you. I haven't even ordered you and you are already plotting how to attend to it."

He took the young woman's hand and thrust it inside his robes. She felt his hard member and grew fearful. So, she shut down and kept silent. "I have an item I want you to keep safe for me. Bella has already been keeping another precious item of mine safe. I want you to do the same for me." His breath grew ragged as he forced her hand up and down his shaft. "You want to please me, yes?"

"Yes," she whispered.

He forced her head down into his lap. She just closed her eyes and did it. She forced her Occlumency walls up and prayed he would not feel her revulsion. After he was spent, she forced her throat to swallow, knowing instinctively that was what he wanted from her. He praised her abilities and told her to sit at his feet. She obeyed.

"I have a diadem that belonged to Rowena Ravenclaw. I need you to keep it safe for me. It is inside Hogwarts. You are to retrieve it and keep it safe. You are to continue as Severus' mistress. I'm sure he is now a very happy man, my dear. You are a treasure. Now, the diadem..."

The Plan

Chapter 9 of 15

Genevieve attends her first Order meeting, where the plan is laid out to defeat Voldemort. Afterwards, the Order celebrates the recovery of the Horcrux at Grimmauld Place.

A/N: Wow, this was a VERY difficult chapter to write. Please review! Thanks again to my beta, not_london.

Genevieve Apparated back to Hogwarts and vomited on the clean green grass. Snape was only a few yards away when he saw her and quickly ran to her side.

She was kneeling on the ground wiping the vomit off her mouth when she looked up and gasped at his sight. She burst into tears crying out, "Please hold me. I love you! Don't let me go!" She clawed at his robes on her knees, sobbing hysterically. He lifted her into his arms, his face grimly set.

"I'm sorry!" she cried. "He made me do it...it was the only way to get him to tell me about the Horcrux. I'm so sorry!" she sobbed.

"Don't apologize, Eve," he said softly. "You've nothing to be ashamed about."

He would get her cleaned up and then call the Order for an emergency meeting.

She sat in the tub as Severus washed her. She still cried and cried and refused to tell Snape what had happened to her. All she would say was Voldemort did not have intercourse with her or force her to have sex with any other man. This did little to ease his mind.

"Eve, I know better than anyone else how truly depraved and sadistic that bastard is," he confided. "I have been tortured, raped, mutilated, and have been ordered to do heinous acts to prove my loyalty. It is a hard thing to endure. But we can do this together!"

He lifted her face to his and tried to kiss her, but she winced and pulled up her knees to her chest and hid her face in shame.

"You once told me not to let him define us, Eve."

She came to herself and nodded. "Let me wash my mouth and dry my hair. Then, will you make love to me? Do we have time before the meeting? I need you Severus," she pleaded.

Snape was deeply moved by her continuing openness and vulnerability towards him. He waited in their bed until she was ready and came to him. He enveloped her into his arms and passionately kissed her mouth and worked his way down the length of her body. He badly wanted to bury his mouth in the folds hidden between her legs, but she said no.

"I just want to feel you inside me, Severus, be inside me, make me yours."

He worshiped her body, kissing and suckling on her breasts until she was writhing in desperation. He felt her wetness and he took her swiftly. She moaned as he took her and drug her hands across his back and then up into his hair.

"That's good," she moaned. "More, Severus, please!"

He drove into her relentlessly; she let herself go and went under his control.

"You are mine, Eve, I love you," he whispered huskily in her ear as he continued to thrust deeply inside her. "No woman has ever known me like you do. How you understand my pain, my life. When this is all over, you will be my wife."

She shrieked in pleasure as she came, and he couldn't hold back anymore.

"Tell me you're mine," he growled.

"I'm yours... I'm yours... I'm yours..." It was a mantra she couldn't stop.

"Yes," he moaned.

Later, she was finishing putting up her hair, and Severus zipped up the back of her black dress. They were on their way to Grimmauld Place for the meeting.

As he zipped her up, he stopped, shocked in a realization. "What is it, Severus?" she asked as she put on her earrings.

"I forgot to say the incantation for the contraception," he muttered in a horrified voice.

Genevieve's face went white. Then she hurriedly finished getting ready. "We are not going to speak of this or dwell on this matter, Severus," she said calmly. "What's done is done. Let's go."

They left the castle and walked to the Apparition point in silence. This extraordinary woman who possessed nerves of steel in the face of danger and had become his true equal in this game of deception and lies again overwhelmed Snape.

They sat silently and stiffly around the long table in the cramped kitchen. Remus, Tonks, Kingsley, Minerva, Dumbledore, Arthur and Molly Weasley, Mad-Eye Moody and Harry Potter. Molly had railed against Harry's presence, that he was too young to know some of the information that would be shared in this meeting, and there had been a heated debate on both sides. Dumbledore finally placed an end to the bickering, saying that since it would have to be Harry to put an end to Voldemort's life, he needed to know exactly what situation he would be facing when he entered Malfoy Manor.

Snape and Genevieve Apparated to Grimmauld Place and entered the quiet house. Molly scurried around to greet them and break the silence.

"So glad we can finally meet properly, my dear, my name is Molly Weasley. I'm Ron and Ginny's mum." She shook hands with the young woman and offered to take her cloak.

"Thank you, Mrs. Weasley," was all she could choke out.

Molly turned to Snape. "Severus, may I please take your cloak and would you both like to have a spot of tea?"

"Thank you, Molly, yes," he murmured.

Snape placed his hand on the small of Genevieve's back and led her into the kitchen. Her heart jumped into her throat when she saw Harry. She turned around and bumped right into Snape. "I don't think he should be here," she whispered. "I don't think I can do this."

"Please, Miss Toussaint, Severus, sit down." Dumbledore said with a hint of order in his voice.

She and Severus sat at the end of the table, side by side. *How apropos, Snape thought, the two spies, together.*

Dumbledore called the meeting to order. "I would like everyone to officially welcome Miss Toussaint. Her father was Igor Karkaroff, and she is working for our side along with Severus as a double agent against Voldemort. It has been an on-going situation since Christmas of '96. So for many months now, she has placed her life in mortal peril along with Severus for the Cause. Tonight, Severus informed me that Miss Toussaint has uncovered a wealth of information that may lead us finally to the permanent demise of Voldemort.

Molly came with the tea and everyone murmured their names, and introductions were passed while the young woman swallowed a bit of tea to brace her nerves.

She looked at Severus, who was sitting quietly with his arms crossed around his chest. She anxiously awaited direction and he nodded his head, indicating that she should go along and take the lead.

"I have been working undercover since I first attended the Malfoys' Christmas Gala Party in '96. I was introduced to the Dark Lord and established my presence with him. I was not accepted at first, but during the following week, at the New Year's Eve Gala, I was initiated into the realm of being a Death Eater's mistress...Severus' mistress.

A gasp emitted from a couple of the women and a couple of the men's heads looked uncomfortably down at the table. Harry, fortunately, looked confused. She took another sip and continued, trying to weigh her words carefully and discreetly.

"The Dark Lord was pleased with the initiation. I was given high praise and was asked to return the following day to take tea with him and the Malfoys. It was then he asked if I wanted to meet Bellatrix Lestrange." A low growling and murmuring rumbled from the group. "We met shortly after and have now reached a friendly relationship. The Dark Lord has been very happy with our relationship, so much so that he confided in me his disappointment over having trusted men in the past with certain precious objects. He said that Bellatrix was the only one of all his Death Eaters that he could trust. He has entrusted something precious to her and told me he wanted to entrust something to me as well, provided I continue to please him."

"What sort of relationship have you forged with Bellatrix?" asked Remus.

She glanced at Severus. "I don't think it would be proper to say in front of Mr. Potter." She started to say.

Dumbledore raised his hand in objection. "I know this is difficult and potentially humiliating, but Harry needs to know what he will be walking into when we finally make our move."

Genevieve was confused as to what type of plan they may have already forged, but she went on.

"Bellatrix and I are lovers."

"Merlin's bloody balls!" roared Mad-Eye.

"Severus, was this your doing?" Remus asked point-blank, his face full of rage.

Snape stood up angrily. "Of course, that is what I do...I'm just a procurer for the Dark Lord! I have absolutely no scruples, so I spend all my free time seducing virgins for his pleasure!"

"Dammit, Severus!" Genevieve shouted without looking up from the table. Snape sat down reluctantly.

Her outburst shocked everyone. All eyes were upon her; her anger was evident. She eyed each one of them defiantly, including Mad-Eye, and refused to be intimidated. Once she knew she had their attention, she then lit into all of them, her temper finally unleashed.

"I am the one that went into this deception, willingly, knowing full well the consequences would be dire. I have survived to join the highest strata in the Dark Lord's realm. Tonight, he officially made me his mistress, although I am to remain at Severus' side as his...for now. I was given the secret location to the Horcrux that you all have been wondering about, and I can deliver it to Mr. Potter for him to destroy. The puzzle is near completion. Now that we know Voldemort is planning on giving me the diadem, which confirms our speculations that Bellatrix must have the cup. All we have to do is figure out where she may have hidden it away, plan the destruction of the Horcruxes, and then plan the blitz attack upon Malfoy Manor when he would least expect it."

Severus finally spoke up in an acceptable tone. "It would be prudent to make this attack during a time when the Dark Lord's mind is at a heightened state of *distraction*. Miss Toussaint and Narcissa Malfoy will be shortly be doing a show for the Dark Lord and his Death Eaters during a Revel. It would be a most opportune moment to catch all of them off guard and in a vulnerable state. Of course this means that not all of the Death Eaters will be accounted for, but when you cut of the head..." he trailed off.

"... the body will fall apart," finished Dumbledore.

"The Aurors will have a time of it to track 'em all down, but at least with the bastard dead, it'll be much easier to do," said Mad-Eye.

"Not to mention that only the top echelon will be present; the remaining Death Eaters will be easy to subdue and catch, since they are not fanatical or even particularly loyal enough to resist an Auror attack," added Snape.

The silence was deafening. Everyone had questions, some already knew the answers, but no one wanted to hear or tell the information.

"Mr. Potter," said Severus, his voice dripping with disdain. "You are going to be the one who finishes this! Do my ears deceive me? Have you no questions to ask? Or shall I be forced to Floo Miss Granger here. Surely she would have a least two hundred questions on the specifics of Miss Toussaint and Madam LeStrange's relationship alone, not to mention another two hundred questions on the exact definition of the word 'show.'" His hard black eyes pierced Harry's green ones.

Harry glanced around the room, clearly uncomfortable.

"You're not helping," Genevieve hissed at Snape.

"Perhaps it would be best for the men to have a word with Potter; I know the women would like to have a word with Miss Toussaint," piped up Minerva.

The ladies stayed as the men took their leave down the hall. Now, Genevieve was alone with Tonks, Minerva and Molly.

"Blimey," said Tonks quietly.

"Indeed," snipped Minerva. "What in the name of heaven has been going on here?" Her eyes pierced through Genevieve's. Did Severus force you into this type of debauchery?"

"NO! Really, Minerva, ladies, this came about so oddly, and it is my job as a spy to do whatever it takes to get the information we need. It's no different than the humiliations Severus has had to endure over the years. This is, after all, war."

Tonks blurted out, "Are you shagging Snape?"

Molly sputtered in her tea. "Really now, Tonks, that is a private question!"

Genevieve smiled ruefully. "I think we passed private around the time I had to reveal my undercover role as a lesbian. And that is what it is...a cover. I love Severus and he loves me. We've been lovers since this whole thing started, but I've known Severus since I was a girl, and I've loved him as long as I can remember. In fact, tonight he told me when this is over, he wants me to be his wife."

"Good Lord," said Molly. The other two were gobsmacked.

Genevieve brought them back on point. "Look, this 'show' that is taking place...and soon...if I have my radar on correctly, is basically a Dark Revel. Narcissa Malfoy and I will be having sex in front of all the Death Eaters and the Dark Lord. So when you all descend, be prepared. It's going to be unpleasant to view. I just hope Harry doesn't get too distracted that he can't do his end of things."

"I feel faint," said Minerva weakly.

"Look," Tonks said roughly. "I know all about these initiations, revels, the so-called 'Sisterhood', she is in it up to her neck and, she's still treading water. You got some set of brass ones. I never would of thought it by the look of you."

"Thanks," said Genevieve.

Molly took Minerva aside and Tonks took the opportunity to ask, "How did you get the bastard to give it up? I don't squick out about things. I know how it works."

Genevieve looked her straight in the eyes and told her what Voldemort did to her. Her eyes grew large, but she set her mouth firm. "Like I said, you got a set of brass ones alright. No wonder you love Snape, compared to old Voldy he's a right scrummy bugger, in'e?"

Genevieve laughed. Oh, it was so good to laugh!

"Now, to the good stuff." Tonks proceeded. "His wanker's got to be huge! I mean that nose? And he's got a right good temper on him, too. Probably shags like a three-balled alley cat!"

Genevieve laughed so hard the women whispering on the other side of the room whipped around to them, and Mad-Eye stuck his head in the door.

"Oh, sod off, Moody! This is girl talk, this is!" Tonks said cheekily.

Genevieve was still giggling, but managed a reply. "True, he is very passionate and I am very pleased with his endowment. And he does give me a right good seeing to from time to time, but that's all I can reveal. He would have my arse if he knew I was talking to you like this!"

"And he's probably already had your arse, if the information I got on those initiations is spot on!" she retorted darkly. "I mean, how are you really?"

Genevieve's eyes went off in the distance as she remembered that horrible night. "I think it was harder on Severus than it was on me. I had to merely endure it; he's the one who had to inflict the pain."

"You really love him, don't you?"

"Sometimes, I feel it so much I don't even know how to express the words."

The men eventually returned, worn out and grumpy. Harry was blushing, and his eyes were all glassy, as if he were in another dimension. Snape came with their cloaks and told her they were leaving. He hurriedly rushed her out the door before she could say a proper goodbye to everyone.

"Severus, what is wrong with you?" she asked as they left the Apparition boundary to walk back to the castle. His grip on her arm was painful, and he wasn't meeting her eye. She ground her feet into the earth and halted him.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Nothing, just bloody Potter, had to give him a bloody crash course on sex education, and if I don't get you into my bed soon, you're going to get a great big surprise right here on the ground!" he snarled.

She tried to hide her giggling, but was caught by her lover.

"It's not funny!" he yelled.

"Yes it is!" she laughed. She laughed so hard she almost fell over. Exasperated, the Potions master picked her up and flung her over his shoulder. "We'll see who's laughing in a couple hours!" he sneered as she laughed all the way back to the dungeons.

The search and recovery of the lost diadem of Rowena Ravenclaw gave the Order much cause for celebration. A grand party was thrown at Grimmauld Place. Everyone drank, even the Weasleys allowed Ginny to have some champagne. It was a merry night; all inhibitions went out the window. Before the night ended, Tonks and Remus sat snogging in the corner, as did Bill and Fleur on the stairs, Ron and Hermione in a closet, and Harry and Ginny hidden off somewhere, of course, under the radar of Molly Weasley.

Genevieve was contented to snuggle close to the Potions master. Never one to show his softer side in public, she was content in her tipsy daze to burrow into the crook of her lover's arms. Snape looked down at his Slytherin beauty. She was singing softly, half-asleep.

"Oh, I know that song!" Tonks burst out after suctioning her lips off of Remus.

Genevieve snapped fully awake. "What?" she asked groggily.

"That song, *"How can I tell you, I love you, I love you..."* She hummed more of the tune. My parents love that song!" She jumped off Lupin's lap and went up to her room. Severus frowned at Genevieve. She came down with a box and some square plastic things. Hermione had emerged from the closet and was now walking over to see the fuss.

"Oh, it's a CD Player! These are CD discs. They play Muggle music."

"Ever the know-it-all," Severus hissed into Genevieve's ear.

"Behave!" Genevieve hissed back.

Soon, music was filling the house with the beautiful song Genevieve had been singing. She stood with Severus, his arms slowly wound around her waist, and she closed her eyes, recalling the night she first met her love.

Severus reached a hand to her face and drew her to his and kissed her in front of everyone. Soon, the room was full of the entire house's partiers, all watching the scene of love before them. It seemed no one was breathing, lest they interrupt the unique magic the two lovers were creating.

When they parted, Severus had a smile on his face that shocked everyone in the room. It was a moment unprecedented, for Severus Snape, the black-hearted, angry, bitter wizard had finally shown his deeper, vulnerable side to the world.

Lupin was the first to talk. "Severus, I never knew you could smile."

As soon as he ended his sentence, the smile was swiped clean off Snape's face. He turned and marched off into the kitchen.

"It's okay," Genevieve whispered to the crowd. "He's embarrassed; give him space."

Sure enough, the wizard came back as soon as the festivities carried on. Forgotten, he slipped back in and sat with Genevieve. She smiled and nestled in the crook of his arm.

"I'm sorry," he whispered gruffly. "I don't like teasing...especially from the werewolf!"

Genevieve looked up at his scowling face. "I know, Severus. The words just don't come naturally for both of us, do they?"

He snorted at her remark, but pulled her closer to him

So *safe*, she thought.

A/N: Credit for the "three-balled alley cat" goes to my best friend, Joni, who lives in England.

The Deception of the Sisterhood

Genevieve is informed Narcissa will be joining her in the Revel. The two of them plot the Malfoys' defection from Voldemort and the murder of Bellatrix. Genevieve and Snape meet with Andromeda Tonks to discuss the possible hiding place of the Horocruz that Voldemort entrusted to Bellatrix.

A/N: Thanks to my beta, not_london. Warning: Lite Slash.

Two months later, Voldemort decided the revel would take place during July. Genevieve and Snape were summoned before the Dark Lord, and plans were arranged. Narcissa would be joining Genevieve in entertaining the Death Eaters instead of Bellatrix. The Revel would take place in one week's time. Genevieve looked over at the pale, icy woman. She was positively faint.

"My Lord, if I might," asked Genevieve. "May Narcissa and I be excused? We have much to discuss and accomplish before our performance."

"You may," the Dark Lord answered lustily. Snape swallowed a lump in his throat. It was obvious that the evil bastard wanted her. He kept his cool and pushed his emotions back down.

Lucius was beside himself with happiness. "Ah, Severus, it has been far too long since Narcissa has indulged in this particular pleasure." He turned to the Dark Lord. "I am honored, my Lord, for your choosing my wife."

"Yes, Lucius, I knew you would be most agreeable to the arrangement. What concerns me is how *Severus* is handling my choice? How do you feel, Severus, about watching your mistress indulge herself in a woman's body? Are you afraid her tastes might change permanently?" He glared at Snape, watching his every movement. Snape, ever the unreadable cold fish he had forced himself to become, shrugged.

"I am curious to see her talents. I do not mind sharing her, seeing it is only by your good favor I enjoy her at all."

"How very true, Severus," the bastard coolly replied.

Genevieve led the pale Narcissa into an empty bedroom and locked the door. She swept the room for anything suspicious and then took the trembling Narcissa in her arms and sat her on the bed. She took down Narcissa's hair and then her own. She stroked the woman's hair slowly and soothed her with whispers.

"Don't fear, Narcissa. What is wrong? Tell me."

"Narcissa's eyes darted around the room. Her face was full of fear. "It has been so long since I have been summoned. I don't know if I can do this again." She started to cry.

Genevieve took the crying woman in her arms and kissed her forehead. "Shh, it will be okay. You can trust me. I'll do everything. Bellatrix has trained me well."

Narcissa bolted upright and jumped up as if she were on fire. "She's insane!" she hissed through clenched teeth. Then she clamped her hand over her mouth in terror. Genevieve sensed the timing was ripe. "Do you love your family?" she whispered as she stood to face her.

"Yes!" she hissed angrily.

Genevieve took the woman into her arms and kissed her softly on the corner of her mouth. She kissed her cheek and then whispered in her ear, "Would you do anything to ensure the lives of your husband and son?"

"Yes," Narcissa whispered back.

"I would do anything to ensure the life of the man I love," she whispered back into her ear.

Narcissa pulled back and gave a knowing look. She nodded her head in silent agreement. She turned around for Genevieve to undo her dress. She turned her head and whispered, "For good?"

"For good."

Genevieve and Narcissa had one week to complete their ruse. It also marked the same amount of time Genevieve had left to discover where Bellatrix might have hidden the Horocruz Voldemort had entrusted to her. She did not dare ask Bellatrix about it; the woman was far too paranoid and unstable. She would have to rely on the information she could glean from Narcissa and perhaps the other estranged Black sister, Andromeda, who was Tonks' mum.

Genevieve and Narcissa were given all the time they desired to plot and plan alone. Figuring out how they would work the men into an erotic frenzy without doing anything obscene was easily done. They spent time kissing and being naked with each other in order to achieve a sense of relaxation and ease just in case things fell apart. It wasn't so unpleasant with Narcissa. Bellatrix taught Genevieve that all women had within themselves an inborn drive towards lesbianism. Women were sensual and beautiful creatures. Narcissa was much more attractive and tender than Bellatrix, so it was easier.

But what Genevieve wanted was the Potions master. So to get through making love to Narcissa, all she needed to do was to close her eyes and think of Severus' hands, lips, and heat. It was torturous to think of being unfaithful. She had suffered greatly in the beginning when she began with Bellatrix, but Severus had assured her he did not view her actions as cheating. This was war, and spies had to do certain things to maintain their covers. Genevieve never asked if he was sleeping with anyone else. She knew he had been raped: he had shared that much. Perhaps when this was all over she could ask him. Perhaps then she would be able to handle the answers. Only one thing was for certain in this insane charade...both women were determined to follow it out to the end. That was the easy part. What was difficult was dealing with Narcissa's fears over the possible failure of the plan, and how to secretly communicate while pretending to be involved in sexual play.

"I need your assurance that Bella will be killed," Narcissa whispered to Genevieve as they lay in sunny rose garden. Genevieve had been contemplating the contrast in the beautiful scenery that surrounded them and the debauchery and lies she and her new lover were plotting.

She turned to Narcissa and kissed her mouth. "It will be done."

"I want to see Andromeda when this is all over," she said softly as she kissed the young woman's dark hair. "I'm done with all this pure-blood shite!" she hissed.

"Alright," she answered as she kissed her wrist.

Narcissa nuzzled her neck. "Another thing...I want my husband's life spared and for Draco to remain at Hogwarts. He is not to be anywhere near the battle."

"I swear."

Three days before the revel, Genevieve was pacing up and down Dumbledore's office. She and Severus were alone awaiting Dumbledore, Lupin, Tonks, Kingsley, and Harry for the final meeting before the destruction of the Horcruxes.

"Please, Eve, sit down," pleaded Severus.

"I can't! she shrieked. "We have three days and we still don't know where Bellatrix has hid that bloody Horcrux!"

"Were you able to get anything from Narcissa? Think! Think specifically upon things she might have alluded to, hints..."

"I told you, Severus, she doesn't know anything. Bellatrix has ceased to confide in her. All she can think about is getting through the Revel and keeping her husband and son safe. I can't believe this! I'm the one with no prior experience, and I'm the one who's going to end up choreographing the whole bloody thing!"

Severus stood up and poured a glass of firewhisky for her. "Drink this," he ordered.

She downed it in one gulp. He raised an eyebrow to her as she pushed the glass back at him. Reluctantly, he refilled it. This time she sipped it.

The door opened and the Order members filed in.

"Thank God!" Genevieve exclaimed. "I've been going mad!"

"My apologies, Miss Toussaint," said Dumbledore. "But I think this will have been worth the wait. May I introduce Andromeda Tonks?"

At that, Genevieve gasped in surprise and eagerly went to shake the woman's hand.

"Such a pleasure, Mrs. Tonks! Narcissa cannot wait to see you. She talks about you all the time!"

The woman smiled at her and sighed. "My only regret is that Bellatrix will not be so happy to see me."

Lupin interjected, "Andromeda will be joining us in the fight."

"That will definitely cause a stir!" Genevieve laughed.

"Well, I think I may have news that might give you an idea of where Bella may have hidden the Horcrux," Andromeda said confidently.

"Do we know without a doubt exactly what it is, yet?" asked Genevieve.

"Yes," replied Harry. "We believe that there are seven altogether. The locket, the ring, the diary..."

"Which has already been destroyed?" Genevieve queried.

"Correct, and then there is the diadem and the cup, and we also believe Nagini, his snake, is a Horcrux."

"So what is the seventh Horcrux?" asked Severus.

All were quiet. Finally, Harry spoke up, "Me."

Genevieve closed her eyes. This was unbelievable. *How was this ever going to work?*

Albus spoke up. "I believe that Harry will have to allow Tom to cast the Avada Kedavra Curse on him, but his "death" will not be real. It will be the death of the Horcrux, not of Harry's actual life."

"That is just conjecture!" Genevieve yelled. "You can't know for sure...you can't!"

"We have no means of knowing for sure," replied Kingsley. "But we must destroy what we can and hope for the best. Perhaps the destruction of so many of the Horcruxes will cause his powers to fail or diminish."

There was silence. It was unthinkable that Harry could end up dead. All would be lost. Everyone was quite sober in his or her thoughts. Genevieve looked hard at the young man. She saw the conflict and the resolution in his eyes. He would do it...even if he had to die in the end. He seemed to be resigned.

"So, now we have to assign who will destroy the Horcruxes and when," said Dumbledore. "Severus, will you dispose of Nagini?"

"Of course, Headmaster."

Genevieve whirled around. "NO! His cover will be blown; he will be killed!" she screamed. She placed her hand protectively on his chest. He removed it, but did not release her hand.

"Nagini will have to be the last to be destroyed. While the diversion and battle is underway, my chance will come to slip out and kill her," Severus said calmly.

Dumbledore nodded in agreement. "Fine, now, Andromeda, Bellatrix's Horcrux is where?"

"I believe you will find it in Gringotts. She would never make the mistake Lucius made by keeping it near her in the Manor."

"What of Lestrange Manor?" inquired Genevieve.

"Unsecured and a known place with which to connect her. She would want to keep the Horcrux secure, and what better way than for her to keep it in the Lestrange vault. It resides in the very depths...the bowels of Gringotts. In the same area the Black vault lies. Bill and Fleur will have to retrieve it. It would be far too dangerous for anyone else to attempt it."

Tonks piped up. "I'll go to the Burrow and get them on it. Cheers!" Then she was gone.

Dumbledore spoke up next. "The destruction of the Horcruxes must be done as simultaneously as possible. Harry and Ron have gathered the Basilisk fangs from the Chamber of Secrets, and we have the sword of Gryffindor to use as our weapons. There are four Horcruxes here now and soon hopefully five. We have enough for each of us to destroy a Horcrux at the same time, then Apparate directly outside Malfoy Manor. Severus, will you make sure Kingsley will be able to keep any wards that might be in place lowered, so that we will be able to enter undetected?"

"Yes, Headmaster," Snape replied.

"Well, Narcissa has some conditions of her own," Genevieve reported. "First, Bellatrix MUST be killed. After Voldemort, she is to become priority number one. Second, no one is to harm Lucius, if it is possible to get him out of the line of fire. Lastly, Draco must stay here at Hogwarts. Personally, I gave her no promise on how this would be planned out. You can tie him up and throw him in a closet for all I care, just keep the little bugger away from the manor."

A few smirks rose from the crowd. Severus looked upon his Slytherin beauty in amazement and concern. She could be quite formidable and brash when she needed to be. But, she seemed to not be quite her normal subdued self.

"Well, I think that can be arranged," drawled Lupin with a smile.

Doubt and Trust

Chapter 11 of 15

Severus and Genevieve have a huge row over their relationship. Afterwards, Genevieve has a meaningful discussion with Molly Weasley. The Hufflepuff cup is retrieved, and Molly suspects something is going on that Genevieve and Snape are oblivious to.

A/N: Thanks to my beta, not_london. I just LOVE this chapter! It pulls at so many different emotions I was exhausted afterwards. Please review!

Genevieve and Severus went back to his rooms for the night. The young woman was relieved to be out of the manor. She was right knackered. All she wanted to do was sleep, forget about being a spy, and what she had to accomplish in the next 72 hours. But she was restless and irritated. She eyed Severus. He seemed to be at ease. No look or air of being careworn or anxious was on his face. The foul words of Bellatrix came bubbling up in her mind.

"Now listen, you little whore, because that is what you are...a whore! Severus has fucked every woman in the Sisterhood, has even carried on with some of them for a long time before turning his back on them. You are a distraction, a toy, he may tell you he loves you, but it's a lie...a LIE!"

The words reverberated in her mind until she could feel her face hot and her eyes thick with tears. She had to get this over with.

"I know about you," she announced coldly.

Severus snapped his head up from his desk. "What?" he snapped.

She stood up, her tears flowing down her cheeks. "Bella told me that you've fucked every woman in the Sisterhood...that I'm just a temporary whore for you, and you're going to throw me away when this is all over."

He reclined back in his chair with a smirk on his face, but his eyes looked murderous.

"This, coming from the same woman who claimed I had a "lasting" problem?"

Genevieve worried her hands as she often did when anxious. "Please don't lie to me. I lived my whole childhood based on the lie that one day, my father was going to make an honest woman of my mother...and he never did. He kept her dangling and waiting. He used her and I WILL NOT BE USED!" she screamed.

Silence reigned. Severus had a choice. He could either be the man she needed him to be and relieve her doubts, or to cling to his wounded pride and hide behind his sarcasm. He chose sarcasm.

"Well, you don't seem to mind being used by the Dark Lord, or Bellatrix, for that matter. You don't mind placing yourself on display for all of the Death Eaters! So, what exactly is it that I have done that was so horrible to your delicate sensibilities?" he said silkily.

"You were the one that got me into this," she accused as she rushed over to confront him face to face. She pointed her finger at him and continued her argument. "I came to you suffering and in pain. My father was dead, and there I was, vulnerable and weak, asking 'what am I going to do now?' You took advantage of me!"

Severus' face was whiter than she had ever seen it. His nostrils flared, and he brought his white knuckled fists up to her shoulders. She winced; she had never seen anyone so angry.

"HOW DARE YOU!" he roared. "You wanted me...you choose me! I did not choose you. You came to this school to claim ME. I invited you into my most intimate places...I shared my soul with you, my most intimate thoughts. You told me you would never judge me for having the Dark Mark, or my past. Well, the past will never be over until this fucking monster is finally dead! If you want me then you'll have to take all of me...not just the parts of me that are *romantic* and *convenient* for you. You act as if I personally orchestrated this whole sordid business!"

Genevieve stood silent. She didn't know what to say.

He walked over to the door and flung it open. Then he whipped around and said, "Do you have any idea what happens to me when I know you are in the arms of another, especially another woman? The Dark Lord taunts me that *you'll leave me*...you'll decide women are better. I hurt every time you go there, knowing you are naked and having orgasms that are MINE! Mine alone to be giving you! And you accuse me?" He was crying now. His face was like stone, but tears were streaming down his face. He turned sharply on his heel and left, slamming the door behind him.

Genevieve stood dumbly in the middle of the room, her hand covering her mouth in horror. Finally, she bolted out of the room and ran after him. "Severus!" she called out. It was dark, her wand only lit up so much around her. She walked along the corridors that she knew he usually stalked, desperate to find him. A part of her wanted to apologize and another part of her wanted to hex him for walking out on her!

Suddenly, she was grabbed from behind. A hand clamped over her mouth and a hand clenched her wrist so tightly her wand slipped out of her hand. She realized it was Severus as he began to hiss in her ear, "Do you know how much anguish I endured having to hurt you that night? I had to look at your horrified face, and I was so scared you were going to never forgive me. I am in pain every day. EVERY DAY! Because I have to watch you go back again and again to that blasted house of horrors! I ache for you and then you are not here and I never know if you will ever come back to me. I love you so much I can't even tell you. I have no words. All I want is you. You are all I can think about. Yes, I've fucked a lot of women in my past, but since you have come into my life there has been only you. ONLY YOU!"

He whipped her around and forced her against the wall. He forced his thighs against hers, pinning her so hard she couldn't move. She turned her face from him...his breath was hot on her neck.

"What did that bastard do to you?" he demanded as he held her to the wall by the pressure of his chest on hers. His hands were on either side of her head. She was

humiliated and scared. This was something she didn't want to tell him.

"TELL ME!" he roared.

"He made me give him oral sex," she whispered as she hid her face. "I-I didn't want to...I didn't!" she cried

"I understand," he said calmly as he backed off from the wall, releasing her in the process. "I've had to do things sexually I didn't want to do either. I just hate that you wouldn't or couldn't tell me." He took her face in his hands. "I promise you, when this is over I will marry you. I hated that your father flaunted the fact you were illegitimate. I want you, the woman who has shared in my pain and sufferings, who knows my darkness, to be my wife. I swear on my life, on my very soul." He kissed her then and she responded passionately.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry!" she breathed as they embraced. "Please don't let me go! Wherever I am, you are on my mind. Only you, I love you, please love me, hold me!"

"Shh, I do and will never stop," he said huskily. He grabbed her again and kissed her passionately. She reached up her dress and stripped off her knickers. He grabbed her thighs, and she allowed him to ravish her against the wall. Genevieve thrust her hands in his hair, pulling him closer. She wanted him to crush her, to dominate her, to eradicate all the hell that had become her life. They moaned and screamed into each other's mouths to keep their pleasure quiet. When it was over, they fell to the ground panting and laughing, remembering the last time they were passionate against a wall.

"Better now?" he asked quite out of breath.

"Yes, I trust you, I love you. No more doubting." She replied between gasps for air.

"That's what Bellatrix has always wanted...my total and complete undoing. She wants to poison you against me," he warned.

"Well, I guess it's a good thing she only has three days to live," Genevieve replied darkly.

Genevieve sat looking out the window in Molly's kitchen enjoying the morning sun at Grimmauld Place. Everyone was anxiously waiting for Bill and Fleur's return from Gringotts. She felt a hand caress hers. She turned and saw Molly. She smiled weakly as if she felt responsible for keeping up the older woman's morale. But Molly was not fooled.

"It is a hard life you've chosen," she observed as she set two cups of hot tea on the table for them.

Genevieve looked back out the window. "Yes, but a necessary one. I tell you, I will be very relieved when this is all over, but a part of me wonders if it will ever be truly over?"

Molly sighed and took a sip. "Well, some things can never be Obliviated. Even if you put your memories in a Pensieve, they are always there. This war has defined so much of my life, I don't think I can remember anymore how I used to feel before... all of this started."

Genevieve turned to Molly. "How do you do it? I mean, how do you and Arthur keep your love alive? How have you not allowed all of this destruction to tear you apart?"

Molly pondered the young woman's face. "As I said, you have chosen a hard life. We aren't spies; we haven't had to test the limits and boundaries of our love in the ways you and Severus have...and so early in your relationship!" She shook her head sadly.

"Do you think it all fall apart once it's over?" Genevieve whispered.

"That's not for me to judge," she answered. "But one thing I do know is when I saw you with him that celebration night, I saw a look on his face I had never seen before. I don't think any of us had ever seen him remotely *happy* before! For the first time since I've known him, he looked truly happy. And it was you that brought him that happiness. Oh, you'll have a difficult time of it. You will have to learn to live life as normal wizarding folk. You'll have to come to terms with the deceptions and lies you had to do for us all to live in peace. But, if you can hold on to each other and comfort one another through the pain and the guilt, I think yours will be a union that will be the most envied in our world."

"I do love him, Molly," she said in a small voice. "I love him more than anything in this world. I'm just so afraid I will lose him before we can even begin a life together!" She broke down, sobbing hysterically. Molly held the sobbing young woman.

"Umm, Mum...is this a bad time?"

"Bill!" Molly shouted. She continued to hold the crying Genevieve. "There dear, all this tension and nerves, you go ahead and have a good cry."

Fleur produced a bag and smiled her most charming smile. "We 'ave zee cup!" she announced.

Molly screamed in delight. She jumped up and hugged and kissed the two thieves.

Genevieve tried to stop crying. Molly beamed at her as Bill took it out and showed the gleaming gold cup of Helga Hufflepuff. She started blubbing anew, but out of joy. Everything was falling into place.

She went for a lie-down after that and slept deeply, so deeply she didn't wake until the next morning. Severus was waiting for her while the Weasley clan, including Harry and Hermione ate breakfast.

"How are you?" he asked. He looked very concerned.

"Rested and starving! Molly, could I impose?"

"Of course, and you too, Severus! Boys, make room. Fred, George, bring over chairs. I forbid you both to leave this house until you've eaten every bite of food on your plates!"

Severus tried to evade eating, but the twins kept pestering him until he threatened to hex them with a curse that would make what happened to them when they tried to cross the age line in order to put their names in for the Triwizard Tournament seem like a minor spell gone awry.

Molly swooped and roughly grabbed Snape's wand out of his hand. "No wands at the table!" she chided him as if he were one of her own boys. He glowered at the witch, but Ginny spoke up over the roaring laughter of the twins.

"Don't vex her, Professor. You may be a scary ex-Death Eater, but she's had all of us to contend with. One against seven...she's pretty lethal."

Ron's mouth was full of food, but nodded furiously in agreement. Harry and Hermione sniggered behind their pumpkin juice.

Molly, after disarming the surly professor, ignored the table talk completely. She couldn't take her eyes off of Genevieve, who was shoveling food in her mouth at a pace that would make Ron a dainty eater. Snape's eyes finally rested on her as well. His eyebrows furrowed and he grabbed her hand just as she was about to shovel in another mouthful.

"Are you starving?" he asked sarcastically as he looked at her in disgust.

She swallowed her food that was still in her mouth and shook her head. "I'm just so hungry! I guess since I didn't eat dinner last night."

Molly came to her defense. "Leave her be, Severus. I've noticed she hasn't been well. Shirty and weepy as well."

Severus was confused. Molly thought it best to keep her intuition to herself. But if she were a betting woman, she would wager a little baby Snape would be on its way in about six to seven months.

Genevieve came back with Severus to the castle for one last time before she had to be at the manor in order to prepare herself for the Revel. She hadn't planned on anything other than preparing her body with a soak and a lotion up. Instead, she was unable to stay away from Severus. He smelled so good! He looked so scrummy in his black robes. She felt as if she were drunk and was insatiable. She shocked him with her rough handling. She begged him to take her on his desk in his classroom.

"Why? Won't that be uncomfortable?"

"Just. Do. It." she said through gritted teeth.

"*Good Lord, who is this woman?*" he thought. But soon he was incapable of any type of coherent thinking, because she decided she needed to direct this interlude, so he went with it and spent two lovely hours completely under the influence of his Slytherin beauty.

Afterwards, as he lay on his bed, he felt there could be no more energy left in his body. He was totally exhausted. She, on the other hand, was humming and busying herself with packing for the evening.

"You will have my wand ready for me, right?"

"Yes. But you are not going to battle in the nude."

"Don't be obscene!" she snapped. "I'll be covered appropriately, don't worry." She smiled.

Preparations

Chapter 12 of 15

Genevieve and Narcissa prepare for the Revel. Narcissa reveals some information to Genevieve from Severus' past.

A/N: Thanks to my beta, not_london.

Genevieve arrived at the Manor with her satchel in tow. Already, Death Eaters had arrived early in anticipation for the evening's festivities. She was greeted with such respect and civility, she felt like royalty.

She went straight away to see the Dark Lord. He was lounging with Bellatrix. Her appearance pleased the despot and he called her to him.

"Genevieve! Please, no bowing, just come and give me a kiss." Genevieve went to kiss his hand, and he grabbed her and kissed her mouth, forcing his tongue inside her. She was taken off guard and tried to respond, but he seemed to like taking her by force. Bellatrix laughed manically at the surprised look on the young woman's face. When he finally released her, he grabbed her arm and made her take a step back so as to view her better.

"Take off your cloak, my dear."

She complied, and he smiled viciously at her dress that accentuated her bosom. He grabbed her to him and traced his long, skeletal finger around her left breast. She shivered, and her nipple rose involuntarily. He told her to kneel before him. She knelt, but kept silent, wondering what was next.

"After tonight, you will no longer be needing to attend to Severus any more, Genevieve. You and Bella will be my mistresses. Tonight, you will pleasure all of us with Narcissa, but after this one night, you and Bella will be pleasing me from now on."

She stayed on her knees, unable to speak. She knew she needed to, but she was speechless.

Voldemort leaned forward and pulled the woman onto his lap. He licked her throat and placed her hand on his hardness. "Will it please you to be my mistress?" he whispered dangerously.

"Yes," she gasped. *Pretend it is Severus, pretend it is Severus*, she thought feverishly. She imagined it was her love holding her close, touching her breast, and holding her hand against his hard cock. She had to stop it. Her Occulemency was slipping. She forced the snake bastard out and thought of a younger and handsome Tom Riddle. She had seen the pictures; he had been very handsome. Her mind flooded with images of him. She relaxed and let her walls come down. Voldemort entered her mind and saw her images. He was pleased Severus was nowhere to be found, but he didn't like that she preferred the old Tom Riddle to the powerful Lord he was now. He threw her off him and glowered at her. Genevieve was petrified. She glanced between him and Bellatrix.

"I see you prefer the younger version of me. Does my current state repulse you?"

She bowed her head. "My Lord, I saw pictures of you when you were younger, and I found you desirable. I apologize; I'm still young and vain about looks." She raised her head, her eyes full of tears. "But I can change, and in the meantime, I will please you, Master. I swear!" Her voice was high-pitched and full of anxiety.

"Interesting, you did not find Severus' looks... lacking," he mused suspiciously.

Genevieve had to think fast. "My Lord...a childhood fantasy. I was a little girl when I met him, he was an ideal."

"You are fortunate that I need your body to be pristine tonight, but tomorrow, my pet, you and I will be spending time together...oh, of course with Bella as well. You will pay for your vanity and your 'ideals.' We'll see how well you do under the Cruciatus Curse."

She stayed on the floor where he had thrown her; her self-preservation told her to stay rooted to the spot. Bellatrix came and picked her up off the floor and forced her out into the hallway.

"Get to your room and eat. Everything is prepared. You won't be eating later, so tuck in now. Your outfit is there waiting. After you eat, you are to bathe and care for your skin. You are to glow. Then rest. Narcissa will be joining you, and you will help each other dress and prepare. I will let you out of your room when it is time. Now go!" she ordered.

Genevieve went to her room and found everything laid out for her. She saw her outfit, which was merely a shimmering silver, see-through robe that had only one simple tie to close it. There were no panties or bra. *Oh shite!* she thought. *This definitely changes things.*

She ate the sandwiches and pumpkin juice provided. She searched the room and found a decanter of something. She poured a glass; it was so strong, not firewhisky...smooth, perhaps Scotch. She started to relax and went into the bathroom and drew a bath.

She wondered what Severus was doing as she sank into the hot, soothing water. She thought of his hands, his voice, and how near he was going to be to her tonight. It was erotic in a way that she was going to be naked in front of him, but receiving pleasure apart from him. Her mind snapped. She couldn't fantasize about Severus while having sex with Narcissa! The Dark Lord would certainly be probing her mind for her desires. What was she going to do? God, this plan had better not take too long! The Aurors had better get in the Manor quickly!

First, she needed to get the Potions master out of her head. She let her mind go and wander as she moved her fingers down between her legs. Soon, she was shuddering and moaning. Tears came down her cheeks. What torture! All she wanted to do was run out of this house of perdition and throw herself into the comforting arms that were waiting for her. *Damn this war and all this subterfuge! I just want to be with Severus!* she thought selfishly.

At Grimmauld Place, all the Order Members were there, ready to Apparate to the gates of Malfoy Manor as soon as the signal was given. Kingsley and Tonks were waiting a good distance away from the Manor, watching and waiting for the comings and goings. The Revel was to start at seven p.m., and at the right moment, Snape was going to send a message via Patronus Charm. He would cast it wandlessly and Disillusioned until it left out of the window and bounded towards Kingsley and Tonks. Kingsley would then send his Patronus to Grimmauld Place, and the destruction of the Horcruxes would commence. Once completed, the entire Order would Apparate en masse to Malfoy Manor and begin the blitz attack.

It was now six o'clock. Genevieve was pacing in her room. She was naked, but her hair and makeup were complete. She was waiting for Narcissa to arrive. She had a sinking feeling that she was going to flake out at the last minute. If that were her plan, she would have to ensure the woman's cooperation.

The door opened and she walked in, dressed in a shimmering green, see-through robe. Her hair was down like Genevieve's, except for the sides, which were pulled back loosely from her face in a delicate, emerald comb, and her make-up garish. She took one look at Genevieve and shook her head. "Idiots!" she hissed. She grabbed her and pushed her into the bathroom and started to apply make-up heavily on her face.

"What are you doing?" Genevieve asked.

"You are playing the part of a whore, and a whore wears heavy make-up," she said calmly as she worked on her face. "It's all theater...at least we don't have penises...we can moan and writhe and fake orgasms...those bloody wankers won't know the difference."

"So," Genevieve began. "Are you prepared?"

Narcissa stopped cold. "No, but what chance do I have, really?"

"That's right, Narcissa," Genevieve whispered coldly. "Because if you fuck me over, I swear, *I will* kill your son."

Narcissa's eyes narrowed. "B-but he's not here! He's at Hogwarts!"

"That's right, and under my orders! Genevieve retorted cruelly. "And one snap of my fingers will end his life. You gave him to me for protection; well, I need him for Severus'. You told me you would do anything to save your husband and son. I will do anything to save the life of Severus. So, if you fuck me over, and he gets killed, I swear, I will kill your son!"

Genevieve had never looked so vicious and predatory, but she was deathly serious. Narcissa resumed putting on Genevieve's make-up. "I just want this whole nasty business over. I'm weary...as is Lucius. We just want to be free," she admitted.

"So, will Lucius fight with us?" asked Genevieve.

"I don't know. I hope not. I don't want him hurt."

"Coward!" Genevieve spat.

"Look, I've spent far more years knee-deep in this shite than you, so you can just sod it!" she yelled. She looked like she was going to cry. Genevieve felt a wave of sympathy for the woman. It was true; how much abuse and degradation had she endured over the years?

"I just want you to know, for the record, that I did have sex with Severus. It was years ago, after he had first established himself with the Dark Lord. He was so very important...a Golden Boy! Lucius wanted to gain more favor with the Dark Lord, so he offered me to Severus. We had only been married six months! I had no choice, but neither did Severus. It would have seemed weak to turn down a willing woman. But, it didn't last long. Severus took his customary rounds with all of us, but then he stopped and didn't touch any of us anymore."

"Why? What happened?" Genevieve asked.

"There was a Mudblood that he had loved; she died, I never knew who she was, but Lucius said Severus was never the same after she died."

"When was that?"

"Around the time the Dark Lord fell, but Severus started changing after she married some bloke, back in 1980, I think, or 1979. It was right after the time you came to our Gala Party. Yes, I remember, the marriage was in January of '80. He was so angry and bitter. But, he loves you, Genevieve. You lit something inside him that I think even he thought was dead. I hope you both will be happy."

Genevieve smiled at her. "Well, let's do it right. For Lucius and Severus. May they both be better men after tonight."

"Severus is already on the right road!" she laughed. "It's Lucius who will find changing to be the hardest," she admitted ruefully.

"Now, let do something for your hair. Ah! Here we go." She took a safety pin and Transfigured it into an elegant, silver comb with a snake design. She pulled the sides of Genevieve's hair up and clipped it. She took her wand and began to curl her hair, so her long black hair now fell in wavy locks down her back.

"You're all done! Now, let's get your gladrags on and do this!" She let out a laugh.

Genevieve rolled her eyes as they looked at themselves in the mirror in their respective outfits. "I cannot believe men like this," she said, shaking her head. She turned to

Narcissa and said coyly, "Ready to be a lesbian?"

"Oh, yes! Oh, yes!" she gasped, mimicking a fake orgasm.

Both women burst out laughing. Then there was a lock turning, and the door opened. Bellatrix smiled maliciously. "The wizards are ready for you."

The Revel and the Battle

Chapter 13 of 15

The final confrontation between Harry Potter and Voldemort takes place at Malfoy Manor.

A/N: Thanks to my beta, not_london. Warning: Slash.

Genevieve and Narcissa walked down the stairs to join the Death Eaters in the Ballroom. They were all in their black regalia, but without masks. Quickly, Genevieve scanned the faces and saw Severus, standing near the balcony. His face was set as stone. No emotion betrayed him. She took a deep breath and followed her love's example. The room was thick with smoke and reeked of liquor. The air was pungent with maleness. It was dark, but huge candelabras surrounded the sacred circle. The light made the room eerie as shadows crept and leapt along the walls with each flicker of each candle. She held Narcissa's hand in hers. It was shaking. *If I had any sense of what was going to happen, I'd be shaking too*, she thought. *Just breathe*.

The jeers and lewd comments started. Genevieve steeled her back and gripped Narcissa's hand. Narcissa followed her example, and they plastered seductive smiles on their painted faces as they glided past the men to the center of the room where their stage lay. It was carpeted, with huge silk and satin pillows in silver and green. The Dark Lord was sitting on his golden throne, raised high in front of the scene. He would have a ringside view.

The two women knelt prostrate before the Dark Lord, and he told them to commence. The men started to gather, and chairs and sofas were conjured out of nowhere around the perimeter.

"Severus!" called Voldemort sharply. "I want you to stand by me." His eyes were intently vicious. Unbeknownst to the Dark Lord, however, Snape's Patronus had already been cast. As Snape walked slowly to the despot's side, Kingsley's Patronus was bounding on its way to Grimmauld Place.

Once Snape stood at Voldemort's side, the women began their performance. They knelt on the floor facing one another. Genevieve pushed the blonde hair back from Narcissa's right shoulder. "Just breathe," she whispered into Narcissa's ear. Genevieve stroked her neck and began to slowly take off Narcissa's robe as she kissed her mouth slowly and sweetly. Narcissa responded, and soon she allowed Genevieve's tongue to enter hers. Genevieve started to cup the woman's breasts. The men were responding: moans and groans rushed into Genevieve's ear as she continued her task. Narcissa raked her fingers through Genevieve's black hair and earnestly kissed the younger woman. Her hands slid down the front of Genevieve's robe and fondled the nipples underneath. Genevieve gasped and threw her head back in moaning pleasure. The wizards were calling out directions and chanting for more action. Narcissa pulled back younger woman's robe off her shoulders, and the men went wild at the sight of her full breasts.

"Snape! I can't believe you had that!" someone shouted. Severus did not respond and Genevieve was too afraid to try and sneak a glance. Soon, the women were on the ground, entangled with each other, slowly kissing and fondling each other's breasts. They were going at an agonizing slow pace for the men. Shouts of "more" and "fuck her" came from everywhere, and Genevieve lowered her head down the length of Narcissa, capturing her breast in her mouth. She saw out of the corner of her eyes the men shifting and moving underneath their robes. She descended lower, kissing her stomach and the underside of her belly. She eased slowly towards the insides of her thighs, drawing out the event. She heard Narcissa whimpering, but for real! *Oh, no!* Genevieve thought. *Just breathe. When the hell is the Order going to get here?* She turned her head towards Voldemort and saw his erection flush against his robes. He was entranced. Genevieve licked her lips seductively at the despot. He smiled cruelly. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Snape clenching his hands and eyes were closed.

As she bent her head down between Narcissa's legs, there was a crashing noise. She jerked her head up and saw Aurors descending from everywhere. They swooped down from every direction. Genevieve grabbed Narcissa and they crawled behind Voldemort's throne. Great shouts and lights flashed from everywhere. Voldemort was fuming in anger. His Death Eaters were dropping like flies, they had been so caught up in their lust; they had been slow on the defensive. But soon, those were alive began to retaliate, and the onslaught began. The air was full of shifting Aurors, Order members, and Death Eaters. Genevieve peeked around the corner to see the private battles: Remus and Dolhov, Tonks and Crabbe, Minerva and Nott, and Molly Weasley and Bellatrix Lestrange. It was chaos as the witches and wizards disappeared and reappeared in another place in hopes to overcome a fighter unawares. Voldemort was trying with all his might to get to Potter, but Dumbledore held him at bay.

Genevieve saw Severus out of the corner of her eye. He had vanished into a nearby balcony, almost invisible, except for the flashes that would emit every so often in the direction of the fray. She watched as he was protecting the young Ginny Weasley who was trying desperately to avoid being killed by a vicious MacNair. Once Ginny had successfully struck him down with the killing curse, he vanished completely into the shadows. Tonks came round the throne and grabbed Narcissa and thrust a Portkey in her hand.

"All the Wards have been lowered thanks to Snape. This will activate in a minute; go grab Lucius, and you will be sent back to the Apparition line at Hogwarts." She ripped off her robe that she wore over her Muggle clothes and shoved it at the naked Narcissa. "Go!" she yelled. Tonks and Genevieve watched the woman slip on the robe, dash to where her husband was hiding, and grab him in time to steal away from the battle.

Genevieve turned back and Tonks was gone; she'd run back into the fray. Genevieve saw Severus dash towards a hidden doorway, undetected. The Death Eaters were quickly outnumbered, for more than Order members were Apparating into the Ballroom. All the Weasleys were there fighting, even people Genevieve had never met before were slaughtering Death Eaters right and left. She felt confident she would be protected if she dashed out. She had to get to Severus and get her wand! The room was exploding around her from the hexes and curses thrown about. The candelabras had fallen and fire was spreading everywhere. Shouts of "*Augumentii!*" could be heard every so often.

At first, Genevieve had pulled her naked legs up against her chest and buried her head down. She was wandless and naked. She was terrified of being struck by the falling debris from overhead and flying sideways from blasting curses that had missed their mark. There was only one option left. She'd have to follow Severus and retrieve her wand. Without another thought, she ran across the room to the hidden panel where Severus had disappeared earlier. She saw Bellatrix swoop down and materialize in front of her, blocking her from entering the passageway. Genevieve gasped and raised her arms instinctively to guard herself. Bellatrix sneered and started to scream, "AVADA..."

She was too late. Molly Weasley had been watching the scene and was faster and cast the Killing Curse first. Bellatrix Lestrange fell dead onto the floor, and Genevieve slipped away, grateful for such a woman as Molly Weasley.

She was freezing cold as she called out for Severus. *Where was he?* She had no light, no wand to direct her steps. She was freezing, groping blindly at the cold stone wall, down the stairs. Finally she hit the bottom and called out again, "Severus!" She saw a terrible flash of light and heard a disgusting chopping sound. She stood frozen. She did not want to know what was occurring beyond the corner.

A light was approaching and she saw a bloodied and weary Severus holding an even more bloody sword. She screamed and flung herself at him. "Are you hurt?" she cried as he gripped her arms and held her from him.

"No, I'm just a filthy, bloody mess. Nagini is no more," he panted. He was exhausted. He slipped off his bloody robe and threw it on the ground angrily. He hurriedly took off his frock coat and put it on her. "Your wand is in the pocket," he said. He looked at her, with her garish makeup and disheveled hair. She was naked except for now his frock coat that hung from her wrists, falling to her mid thigh, and bursting against the buttons across her chest. She could care less. She brandishing her wand, ready to join the fight. Her eyes were blazing in the light that illuminated from her wand.

"What is that?" she asked, pointing at the sword.

"Gryffindor's Sword," he replied with a touch of irony in his voice.

"How were you able to get it?" she asked incredulously.

"Tonks. A bloody Hufflepuff!" he exclaimed as he shook his head in disbelief.

He smirked and grabbed her hand. They reentered the room, and it was Dumbledore and Voldemort, circling and taunting each other. All the other Death Eaters and Aurors were still fighting amongst the slain Death Eaters, their bodies strewn everywhere. The Order members protectively surrounded Potter. Snape grabbed Genevieve and caught the eye of Lupin. A curt nod of the head was all Lupin needed. He shouted, "It's been done! Let him finish it!"

With that, Snape grabbed Genevieve and hid in the balcony as Dumbledore vanished into thin air. The Order members parted and Potter emerged, humbly and compliant. He did not try to resist as he offered himself to the monster. Voldemort sneered as he cast the fatal blow. It was a horrific sight. The horrible green light exploded against his chest, and the boy collapsed and lay there, seemingly dead.

The Aurors unleashed their final fury upon the remaining Death Eaters. No one was spared from the Killing Curse. From their safe hiding place, Genevieve watched her love deflect and cast spells, undetected and invisible towards the weaker members of the Order. He again saved Ginny from the Killing Curse and cast a Shield Charm around Harry's body, in case some ruthless animal decided to mutilate or damage his body before he had a chance to revive. Many times, Genevieve tried to dash out to join the fray, but Severus kept pushing her back and finally grabbed her by the hair and growled at her, "If you don't stay put I will place a full Body-Binding Hex on you. Now keep down. You've done enough!"

She kept down after that and watched as Potter stirred awake. By this time, the remaining Death Eaters were all dead, and now Voldemort was completely occupied in a fierce battle with the Aurors. It was an awesome sight as the room was blown apart before her eyes as curses like "*Reducto*" and "*Confringo*" were cast about. Just when it seemed the entire Manor was going to be blown to hell, Harry Potter arose and pointed his wand straight at Voldemort. The evil despot barely had time to turn and register the sight before him as Potter screamed the final curse that ended it all.

"*AVADA KEDAVRA!*"

And in the End...

Chapter 14 of 15

The battle is over. Voldemort is no more. What happens now?

A/N: Thanks again to not_london! Please read the epilogue that will be up shortly.

Silence fell across the decimated room. The beautiful ballroom, once so ornate and gilded, had now been reduced to a pile of rubble. But it did not matter; Voldemort was dead and it all over. Severus turned to Genevieve, and they embraced in relief and exhaustion. Then, Genevieve turned to rest her head on her love's shoulder and opened her eyes.

"Severus," she murmured. "Look."

He turned and saw the dead and wounded. They scrambled over the debris of the mortar and plaster that had fallen from the ceiling onto the floor. Remus was holding a wounded Tonks. Severus bent down and started muttering an incantation to close her wounds. Genevieve made her way deftly around the sharp edges of the rubble, barefoot, towards the Weasleys. Charlie had a nasty wound to the chest, but Madam Pomfrey had Apparated and was tending to him. The twins were wounded, but not badly. Hermione was holding Ron as they cried at the release of so much tension and fear over the years.

Harry was helping a wounded Ginny bandage up a nasty slash on her arm. Dumbledore was putting out the last of the fires. McGonagall was passing around Essence of Dittany to the wounded. Mad-Eye passed around a bottle of firewhisky. He came to her and offered it to her. He chuckled at her get-up.

"What?" she said. Then she looked down at her ridiculous get-up and smirked at the man as she grabbed the bottle from him to take a swig. Her hair, always put up so neatly and tidily was down in tangles, and her normally clean and pale face was smeared in make-up that had long since run down her face. She was barefoot and a shocking sight.

Severus came to her side, and she looked around at the destruction. In her mind, she could still recall the night so many years ago, when the room was so beautiful and the people so charming. It was where she first saw the man who would forever have her heart. She had so much to say, but she wasn't good with strong emotions. The words couldn't form on her tongue. She walked over the place where Severus had first danced with her as a girl, and she could hear the music in her mind. She closed her eyes as the tears fell. She would never dance in this place again, never be able to set foot again in this wonderful room that was a fairy-tale land, that had given birth to all her girlish dreams of love. It was a kind of death.

She felt strong arms wrap around her waist. He rocked and swayed her in his arms. "I know," he whispered. That broke her resolve. She turned and broke down, crying violently. All the losses, all the little deaths along the way, the compromises, the outright deceptions—How were they to start again?

Molly came over to see to the crying girl. She took her wand and said, "Tergeo!" Genevieve's face became immediately spotlessly clean and fresh.

"Oh, Molly!" she cried as she embraced the woman. "You saved my life! Bellatrix would have killed me if you had not stopped her! Thank you!"

The witch smiled. "Well, we can't have Severus lose you both now, can we?"

Snape frowned. "What do you mean 'both?'"

"Severus, why do you think I was so adamant about you keeping her out of the fray?"

Genevieve rounded on him. "That's why you kept me back?" She turned back to Molly. "He threatened to hex me with a full Body-Bind Curse if I didn't keep back and out of the way."

"And as well he should have!" she replied indignantly as she Transfigured Snape's frock coat into a suitable witch's robe.

Molly led them back towards her clan and put her hands on her ample hips. "I've had seven children, Severus Snape, and I assure you, I know when a woman is with child!" She then took her wand and whispered a spell as she pointed it at Genevieve's belly. A golden mist hovered over her abdomen.

"Oh my!" Genevieve whispered. After a moment's silence, the room was roaring in laughter, huzzahs, and congratulations. Severus Snape stood gaping like a codfish as Arthur Weasley shook his hand. Mad-Eye came right over and thrust the bottle of firewhisky into Snape's hand.

"There you go, lad. I think you need a drink more than anyone else about now!"

McGonagall levitated one of the sofas over to Severus and Genevieve so they could sit down. They were both gobsmacked. Finally, they looked at one another. Snape's face grimaced and looked as if he were dying to say something.

But Genevieve was no fool; she immediately spoke up. "No, Severus," she whispered. "I may have done things with Bellatrix and Narcissa, and I even was forced to do things with that snake bastard, but no man has been inside me but you."

He grabbed her and held her tightly. "I love you," he whispered. "And this is how we are going to start over. The three of us."

Well, starting over would have to wait. There were the dead to bury, and the wounded that needed attention. Snape and the able-bodied men burned the body of Voldemort and buried the dead Death Eaters. The women Apparated back to the castle with the wounded and attended to their healing. When it was finally over, Genevieve had never felt so exhausted. She and Severus slept for three days, only waking periodically to eat the food the house-elves left for them to eat.

Epilogue - Christmas 2008

Chapter 15 of 15

In which we see how the Snapes and the Wizarding world have fared over the last ten years.

A/N: Thanks to those to stuck with me this far! A special thank you to my beta, not_london.

It was Christmas time at Hogwarts. A striking couple was dancing to the beautiful music in the Great Hall: The wizard, the black-haired, dour Potions master and the witch, the black-haired beauty, the Professor of History of Magic. They were a little older; lines were now etched on the woman's face that hadn't been there ten years ago. Life had not been so easy for the Snapes. After the birth of their daughter, Sabine, they had wanted to have more children, but Genevieve's health had deteriorated since her difficult pregnancy, and they had been told it would be too difficult on Genevieve's system to have any more children. Genevieve was weaker and tired easily, but the Potions master stayed by her side and loved her throughout it all. There had been much to overcome. There had been a lot of tears and hurt as a result of the decisions they had made and endured during the war. Even though Severus had learned to love again, and he did love Genevieve desperately, it did not eradicate his prickly nature. But they muddled through somehow and stayed together.

It took five long years to track down all of the Death Eaters and dispose of them. Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy testified at many trials to denounce the Death Eaters and to help identify and track down unplotable hiding places they knew of for the Aurors. In exchange, they were pardoned from Azkaban, but the stigma of cowardice hung on Lucius because he did not fight in the war. Narcissa, on the other hand, was given a certain level of respectability for her part in the deception of the Sisterhood. And although she and Genevieve had worked so closely to defeat Voldemort, they never spoke again, except to say "hello" at Ministry functions.

The use of the Avada Kedavra had been a huge controversy that threatened the new Ministry of Magic, due to mixed public opinion in the Wizarding Community. The threat of a Civil War hung over the Wizarding world during those long years, but somehow, the Ministry remained intact and after the captures, trials, and executions were over, Genevieve's health had deteriorated further and could only teach part-time with Professor Binns. She had relied on the help of Severus and the house-elves to take care of Sabine. There was no medical reason for her condition, so she relied on the potions her husband gave her and settled into the life she had, grateful to be alive and have her family with her.

Genevieve was tired and sat down. Severus said the next dance was for Sabine. Genevieve smiled as she watched her husband bow to their ten-year-old daughter, who was the image of her mother at that age, long gangly arms and legs, black hair and brilliant blue eyes.

Genevieve watched as father and daughter swayed to the music, Sabine's Mary Jane's upon her father's. Tears fell down her cheeks as she listened to the beautiful music

How can I tell you that I love you, I love you...

I long to tell you that I'm always thinking of you...and I can't think of

Right words to say..."

Genevieve watched her daughter laugh at the bright fairy lights and then look up at her father adoringly. Genevieve hoped her daughter would find a man like her father, a man who would love her and adore her. She felt a pang in her heart, that she wished her father had loved her like Severus so obviously loved Sabine, but each time that hurt arose, she released it again and turned to the gratitude she felt for the love she had now. She continued to watch her two great loves: Severus and Sabine, and ached with all the wonderful things she wanted to tell them, but the words couldn't form. She just smiled, and after the dance was over, she opened her arms to embrace her daughter in a tight hug.

"I love you," she whispered to her child.

"I love you too, *Maman*."

She bounded off to play with the other children, and Severus wrapped his arm around Genevieve and hugged her to him.

"I'm sorry, I don't know why I'm crying—I'm happy, really!" she said while laughing.

"I know," the Potions master replied as he looked into her soft blue eyes. "I know."

The End