

Passionate Ambitions

by Delayed Poet

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor am I making any money off of this story. The plot is mine, but the world belongs to JK Rowling.

A/N: Enjoy, and please do review!

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It was during my sixth year that I first started noticing the quiet Slytherin Prefect. The Chamber of Secrets had been opened and a Ravenclaw girl had been murdered in the second floor lavatory. She was a few years behind me and, even though we shared the same house, I didn't really like her. Her death hadn't frightened me as it had most of the school; no, what was truly frightening was the talk of the school closing. I worried that I would not be able to fulfill my desire of learning more of that Slytherin. Then Tom Riddle caught that awful boy, Hagrid, who had opened the Chamber, and his popularity grew. But even so, he always remained calm and quiet, never revealing the passion underneath. It became *my* passion to watch him, to learn his habits. I soon noticed that even though he received attention from the fairer sex, he never seemed interested in reciprocating their attention. I made it my mission not to be one of those girls that he turned away.

When my seventh year began, it was with Tom Riddle as Head Boy. There were discreet murmurings of his growing power and of people beginning to ally themselves with him. I believed these quiet rumors. I still watched him, and there were subtle changes in him that would be easy for a casual observer to miss. I, however, could almost see the power radiating from him, and I knew that I wanted to feel the passion that only that kind of power can create. I wanted to be his in every way. I did not love him, but I lusted for him. I wanted to be the girl who warmed his bed. Even then, I doubted he would allow anyone to warm his heart. I never wanted that, though. For me, it would be enough simply to be possessed by him. I know how it sounds; as if I am a horrible harlot who would give up her independence to satisfy a man's every need.

One day in late November of my seventh year it seemed as though my mission might have a chance of success. I had been walking down the corridor from the library, on my way to the Great Hall for dinner when I happened upon a scene I never expected to see within the halls of Hogwarts. One of the Slytherin seventh-years was assaulting a Gryffindor fourth-year. I stopped in my tracks and stared. A small gasp escaped my lips when the Slytherin pushed the Gryffindor's skirt up to her waist. That small sound was enough to distract the boy from his attack, giving the girl the opportunity to kick him in the shins and run off. My legs felt like lead and my feet were glued to the hard stone of the corridor. The Slytherin cursed, and then turned on me. There was fury in his eyes and my heart pounded against my ribs. My voice seemed to have gone on vacation. I seemed to have forgotten what a wand was or how to use one. Fear had taken over my body and mind as the boy grabbed me and pushed me into a nearby alcove.

His mouth was on mine in a hard imitation of a kiss. One hand crushed against my breast while the other held my arm in a vice-like grip. I shook with rage at his audacity and suddenly my limbs came back to life. I struggled against him. His hand was under my skirt; touching me in ways I only ever wanted one man to touch me. Then he

was off me. A rush of cool air flushed over my heated skin and my eyes sought out the source. And there he was: Tom Riddle, with his chiseled features and dark eyes. He had the Slytherin's shirt grasped tightly in both hands as he pressed the boy against the wall, his feet dangling inches above the floor.

"What do you think you're doing?" Tom's voice rasped out, sounding almost like a hiss.

"She interrupted a very important *date*." His voice was defiant, though the fear was prevalent in his eyes.

"Do you know who that is?" Tom's words grew softer, resonating against the stone walls dangerously.

The boy's eyes flickered over Tom's shoulder to rest on my face. Slowly his eyes widened in recognition and the fear that was in his eyes before suddenly doubled in their intensity.

He gulped audibly. "N-no, my Lord, I did not," he whispered, though his voice carried in the silence of the otherwise empty corridor. My eyebrows rose slightly at the title, and I thought that perhaps there was more to the rumors than I had anticipated.

"You will not defy my instructions again." Tom made to let the boy down, but abruptly shoved him against the wall again in one hard, smooth movement, finally dropping him to the floor. Without sparing the dismissed boy a second glance, he moved toward me. I was rooted to the spot, completely focused on Tom, waiting with baited breath to hear what he would say, or if he would say anything at all.

"You've been watching me." It was not a question.

My eyes slipped down from his, stopping briefly on his mouth, to land on the floor. His fingers lightly touched beneath my chin and lifted my head to meet his eyes again. A flood of power coursed from his fingers to my body, sending heat to my core. There was no doubt in my mind; Tom Riddle had become more powerful than anyone I had ever seen. There was a dark pulse beneath it, but I ignored that and closed my eyes to enjoy the feeling.

"Why?" His voice was barely a whisper and my eyes fluttered open at the sound of it.

"I can feel it," I said, my chest rising and falling with my rapidly quickening pulse. His eyes sparked for a moment, his lips tilting up in one corner. He was so tall, so handsome; I could hardly believe that for this moment I could pretend I was his.

"Can you, now?" His lips were a breath away from mine and I couldn't help but let my eyes slip closed once again.

"I could see it first, but now... now I can feel it, too."

His fingers lightly traced the side of my face, from temple to lips. "Seductive, isn't it?" he asked as his lips briefly touched mine.

I shuddered as the sensations overwhelmed me. One hand held my face, his other wrapped around my waist, pulling against him. His lips were soft, his touch light. Then his lips left mine, making a trail along my jaw line, down my neck. His teeth scraped against the sensitive skin beneath my ear, and I let my head fall back to give him better access. A soft moan escaped my lips as his hand slipped under my shirt to caress my responsive skin. I could feel my nipples harden, straining against the fabric of my bra.

"Tom." His name escaped my lips causing him to stop in his exploration of my body. Our eyes met, and I could see just a glimmer of the passion in them that I knew he held.

"Call me Lord Voldemort," he said, his voice heavy with desire. I had never seen him like this before, as though he were on the brink of losing his carefully reigned in control.

"Yes, my Lord." I remembered the title that caused my curiosity in this man to double; now it made perfect sense.

His fingers traced my lips before his lips joined mine again. This time there was no gentle exploration. His hand wove in my loose hair, grabbing hold of it. Instead of pain, I felt a bolt of heat rush through me, exciting me. My knees went weak, and my hands shot up to his shoulders to keep me steady. His arm wrapped around my waist, holding me against him, giving me even more support. My mouth was on fire, and I considered begging him to claim me right where we were.

"My Lord," I gasped out as he began nibbling that sensitive spot where my neck meets my shoulder. "Please, my Lord." I've resorted to begging, as we both knew I would.

"What is it you want, Melissa?" I shudder at the sound of my name on his lips. My eyes flicker to his, I want to see him when I tell him.

"I am yours, my Lord. No man will ever touch me again unless you will it so. I want you to take me and make me only yours." My voice was surprisingly steady, and I prayed he would not reject me.

His eyes darkened and he tugged my lower lip between his teeth. "Would you bind yourself to me, and only to me?"

"Yes, my Lord."

His cheek lay against mine and he whispered in my ear, "Meet me past the greenhouses, on the edge of the Forest at midnight." I nodded, and he was gone. I could still feel his power radiating against me.

At ten o'clock I made my way to the Prefect's lavatory. I locked and warded the door against intrusion, then slowly slipped my clothes from my body. In order to prepare myself for what I hoped would happen when I met my Lord, I twisted the tap for lavender on, in order to heighten my awareness, the jasmine tap for cleansing, ginger as an aphrodisiac and to enhance passion, musk for purification, and orange for power. The scents combined and wafted up to me, creating an oddly comforting blend. I slipped into the water as the steam enveloped me, lapping over my most private parts, just as I hoped Lord Voldemort would when I met him.

When I finished bathing and washing my hair, I got out of the bath and lay on the towel I had spread out before getting in, preparing to dry naturally. My fingers glided over my highly sensitized skin, but I did not pleasure myself, for starting that night I was not my own, I was his.

My skin softened, and soon the water disappeared. Standing, I wrapped a towel around my hair to soak some of the water still dripping. I slipped a set of nearly sheer, black silk robes on, choosing not to wear any undergarments. I would go to him pure, with an openness reserved only for him. I left my hair down, placed my dirty clothes in my bag, and made my way to the Forbidden Forest. I wore no jewelry, nor any makeup. I would go to him as natural as I could in the hopes of pleasing him so that he would permit me to become bound to him. Casting a warming charm on the robes, knowing it was sure to be chilly out, I walked out of the castle, down the path that would determine my fate, my path in this life.

I walked in the shadows under the dark sky of the new moon. As I made my way beyond the greenhouses

I saw a shadow move on the edge of the Forest. My heart quickened at the thought that he was there, waiting for me. I had nearly reached the edge of the Forest when he turned and entered it. Silently, I followed him, my anticipation expanding and my heart pounding louder with each step. Finally, we came to a clearing. In it were five black candles at each of the five points of the pentacle. I stood just outside the circle, waiting for his instruction.

"Remove your clothes," he ordered me, and I silently complied. They pooled at my feet, and I stepped out of them. "Enter the circle."

As I stepped into the circle, wand in hand, I immediately felt the pulse of magic wrap around my naked form. My eyes never left his and I felt a wave of calm wash over me.

He moved to the first candle and, with a slight motion of his wand, had all five levitating. Another wave and the first lit with a burst of flame.

"Body," he said as his eyes swept over my naked form. He moved to the next candle, lit it.

"Mind." It was almost as though he could see right into mine. The third candle burst to life.

"Spirit." A burst of wind swept around the circle, but did not enter it. As he stood in front of the fourth candle, his eyes locked on mine for what seemed like eternity. Finally, the candle burst to life.

"Power," he said in a strong voice, the sound dying amidst the trees. As he moved to the head of the circle, standing behind the final candle, he slipped his robes off, standing completely naked before me.

"Magic," the final word slipped from his lips in barely more than a whisper. He stepped into the circle with me, still holding his wand, and we stared into one another's eyes in silence.

"Kneel," he directed me, and I commanded without thought, still looking up into his eyes.

He conjured a small dagger, and handed it to me. My hands were shaking slightly, so I took a deep, calming breath. When I released it, a wave of peace settled over me. I held the dagger in my right hand, and held my left palm out. My eyes never left his as I pressed the tip into the skin of my palm.

"I, Melissa McKinnon, bind myself to you, Lord Voldemort. My body, mind, soul, power, and magic are yours to do with as you will. I will support you in all your ambitions." I slowly slid the blade over my skin, creating a pool of blood to cover my hand. I closed my hand into a loose fist and turned it on its side so that my blood dripped onto the ground. "I vow that just as surely as my blood is joining the earth, so shall my body join only yours. I am yours, my Lord, to do with as you wish."

He took the dagger from me and placed it at the head of the circle beneath the fifth candle. Conjuring a simple linen cloth, he gently wrapped it around my hand, stanching the flood of blood. Finally, he spoke again. "I, Lord Voldemort, accept your vow, Melissa McKinnon, and expect it to be continuously fulfilled until you leave this life.

"Lie down," he said as he knelt between my legs. My eyes swept over his body and a flush crept up on my cheeks when I saw that his erection stood proudly in anticipation. He positioned himself at my entrance, his eyes locked on mine. "As our bodies join, you will be joined to me not only in body, but in mind, soul, power, and magic as well, until the day you die."

He slowly pushed himself inside of me, stretching me in a way I didn't know I could be stretched. As he pushed past my hymen, a sharp sting of pain shot through my body and I drew in a deep breath. Holding still, deep inside of me, he grasped my hands in his, holding them above my head. His lips descended to join mine as he began to move in slow motions. The foreign feeling soon became comfortable and, after a few minutes, I heard myself hum in pleasure. At the sound, I felt him pull almost all the way out, and then in one swift and hard motion, he pushed in to the hilt. My eyes shot open and a gasp of mixed pleasure and pain escaped my lips.

I could feel the magic surrounding us, enveloping us, heightening the experience so that I no longer felt the pain of the loss of my virginity. His steady movements gradually grew faster. He grasped both my wrists in one hand and slipped the other hand down to where our bodies were joined, flicking his thumb over my clitoris. I gasped out in shocked pleasure and felt a delicious pressure building inside of me. He kept his pace fast, kept stimulating my clitoris until finally I cried out my release, gasping for breath, my head feeling light. My eyes slipped shut.

"Look at me," he said, still rubbing that little bundle of nerves. I felt the pressure building again and thought the intensity of it would surely kill me. This time, when my release came so did his. He spilled his seed inside of me while our eyes were locked and my walls were clenching around him.

"Mine." And it was true. From that night on, I was his.

"Yours, my Lord," I agreed.

"And now you will receive my Mark." With our bodies still joined, he looked first at my arm, but then pointed his wand to the lower right side of my stomach. He performed a nonverbal spell and I felt a sharp pain in my abdomen. Looking down I saw a raw tattoo of a skull with a snake coming out of its mouth. "You are the first to receive it."

To the stillness of the night, he said, "It is finished." The candles immediately lost their flames and dropped to the ground, but the magic still hummed in the air. He slipped out of me and stood up, offering me a hand. Taking it, I stood in front of him, feeling our combined juices on the inside of my thighs. He took my hand and we exited the circle together.

Holding my chin in his hand, he looked into my eyes and said, "You will not wash until the morning, and you will tell no one of what took place here tonight."

"Yes, my Lord," I answered. He moved to where my robes were, picking up the flimsy material, and then coming back to me. "My Lord," I said as he pulled the robes over my body, "What do I do now?"

"You will continue the school year as normal. When the time comes, I will give you further instruction." His hand was holding my hip possessively. "Remember, you are mine and if anyone dares touch you, they will have to answer to me. And if you tempt anyone to touch you," his eyes flashed, "it may very well be the last thing you do."

A shudder swept through me at his words, but not out of fear. I was in awe at the blatant display of power behind his words. I knew that I would never betray this man, that I would be his to my death.

~fin~

A/N: Many thanks to Eshesh, who was kind enough to beta read this story. I will respond to reviews, so if you have any questions, they will most likely be answered. This is a one-shot, though, and I have no intention of adding anything to this. I hope you all enjoyed reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it!