

Servitude

by notsosaintly

Rewritten: Percy submits to his master.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The characters are not mine, but what I make them do is entirely a product of my imagination. Warning! This is not a romantic story and it is not pretty. Thou hast been warned!

A/N: This story was written solely for the purpose of expressing my dislike for Percy Weasley. In my opinion, Percy is a bounder and will do anything to get what he wants. He leaves a bad taste in my mouth, so I thought I would return the favor. Of course, Percy probably enjoyed it.

SERVITUDE

~notsosaintly~

A voluminous mass of velvet robes--the type usually worn by royalty--cloaked the figure lounging in front of the dwindling fire. Even though the rug was worn, the furniture aged, and dust coated every surface the eye could see, all Percy saw was a grandeur he never had growing up. He wanted to have this; more than anything he desired a life where wealth was not simply a boyhood dream. Percy gazed upon the figure, mesmerized. This man could give him what he wanted, and he had no compunctions whatsoever in giving his intended benefactor whatever he wanted in return.

The man in the chair casually pushed aside the folds of his robes to reveal a long thin body, emaciated from years of malnourishment. Percy fell to his knees before the man, looking longingly at the long, tapered, spindly fingers that slowly slid down to caress a growing firmness. He felt a similar hardness begin in his own loins at the sight.

"Now," the man hissed, urging Percy to begin, to touch what no other was allowed to touch. The man was insatiable, and it made Percy's head swim when he thought about the intensity of the man's desire.

Percy reached forward reverently, unbuttoning the man's trousers and flaying them open to release the man's pale, long and rather thin cock. It stood at attention, wavering slightly like a summoned cobra, demanding that its servant satisfy its need. Licking his lips in anticipation, Percy leant forward and drew the pearlized tip between his lips. The man sighed and lifted his hips to push farther into Percy's mouth, only stopping when his testicles hit the boy's chin.

The man above him spoke in a tongue Percy could not understand: ejaculating in hisses and whispers and glottal stops. To Percy, it sounded like a prayer to some unknown deity and he took it as encouragement, fervently and passionately executing his task. He let the man's cock slither down his throat and swallowed convulsively around it, gliding up as he sucked his cheeks tight against the unyielding organ. It took all his willpower not to reach down to his now equally hard erection. He knew his master would punish him for such an act.

The man pushed Percy's hood back and wound fingers through the ginger locks, controlling his every move. Rising and falling, his hips pumped his cock faster within the boy's greedy mouth. The occasional spasm of Percy's throat, as he attempted to keep his gag reflex under control, made the man groan and pump even harder. He was

nearing the breaking point and Percy was thrilled that once again he had succeeded in pleasing his master. It was sheer delight, and he felt the pressure in his groin pulse at what was yet to come.

Roughly, the man pulled Percy to his feet and ripped open the boy's black robes, noticing with satisfaction that the boy had followed his command to the letter. Beneath the robe, Percy wore nothing except his socks and boots. They were a necessity and so they were allowed; he did not particularly want to cause damage to a servant capable of providing such a wonderful diversion.

Percy's erection bobbed fitfully, stretching toward its master, standing perpendicular from its nest of ginger curls. His master reached around and slid a pointed finger into his hole, none too gently, letting the boy know his intentions were not going to be gentle. Reversing positions, Percy was suddenly bent over the worn, velvet chair his master had been sitting in. He felt his master's cock, slickened by his eager saliva, enter his body. The pain was overwhelming at first, and Percy had to bow his head and clench his eyes shut in order not to scream out his agony.

"Give yourself to me," the man behind him demanded, and Percy forced himself to relax.

The man was ruthless, plunging viciously in attempt to slake his passion, uncaring of his servant's discomfort. Percy's own erection grew harder and more painful as his body gave in to the harsh punishment from behind, as pain transformed into an odd sort of pleasure. His hand involuntarily grasped his cock and pumped quickly, in hopes that his master, for once, would allow him to continue. He wanted so badly to relieve the pressure, to find his own pleasure.

But his master, who quite aware of the boy's physical and mental turmoil, grabbed his wrist, ripped his frantic hand away from his swollen cock, and pinned it to the arm of the chair.

"You will *not* touch yourself," he chastised the boy, not missing a beat as he continued the rough onslaught of the body in front of him.

"Yes, master," Percy whispered. A sob escaped his throat as the combination of his erection bouncing in time with the other man's thrusts, the skin of his sac tightening every time his master pulled out, and the prodding of his deeply buried point of pleasure overwhelmed him. Percy felt as if his brain was going to explode. The tears ran down his cheeks.

"You may cum," his master growled from behind as he noticeably struggled to keep a steady pace, "but you may*not* touch."

Percy yelped as the frenzy overtook him and he began to tremble all over. To the master, the feeling of his servant's sac being drawn up into his body and squeezing against his cock was the pinnacle of ecstasy. At seemingly long last, Percy's semen shot forth and arced into his master's discarded robes, pulsing white veins across the dark velvet.

Words coursed from the master's mouth as he watched the boy's ejaculate soil his garments, words Percy couldn't understand, though the sibilant tongue was soothing. With a few short, erratic strokes, he favored the boy with his own release, grinding his hips up into the boy's arse until the pleasure dissipated and his cock deflated, slipping out unceremoniously.

"You know what you must do," he droned as he pushed Percy's face into the stained robes.

Percy complied and knelt before the chair, tongue lapping and licking at the streaks of cum, basking in the flavor of his own fluid. His master stood over him until the mess was cleaned to his satisfaction and there was nothing left but damp fabric. Turning around, Percy knelt before the man and put his tongue to work, cleaning his master's withered member. When the master's clothes had been righted once more, Percy prostrated himself and kissed the man's feet.

"That was most restorative, wouldn't you say, my young servant?" The master's voice vibrated down Percy's spine, and he agreed wholeheartedly.

"Well, boy? Stand and robe yourself. The night is still young. There are still many festivities of which to partake."

Percy righted himself and straightened the white mask that had been pushed aside and replaced his black hooded robes. When he was properly concealed, as any good Death Eater should be, his master waved him toward the door.

"Send Wormtail back in," he commanded. "Oh. And don't have too much fun. I will expect you to be ready again later."

"Yes, My Lord," Percy answered, his eyes gleaming with eager expectation.

~fin~