The Wrong Side Won Redux – A Descent into Darkness

by Pearle

What happens if the Light doesn't win, and Snape is not the honourable man the fanfictions make him out to be? A month has passed since the Light has been defeated. HGSS?A companion piece to The Wrong Side Won but can be read as a stand-alone.

WARNING: Very dark. There is nothing light or fluffy here and no happy ending. Warning for crude language, bondage, abuse, non-consensual sex, and violence. If this is upsetting to you, please look elsewhere. This is not the Snape I normally write. You have been warned.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The characters, settings, etc., of the Harry Potter series are not mine; they belong to J.K. Rowling and Co. I promise to return them when I am through. Well, most of them anyway.

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It has been a month now since the side of the Light has been defeated. I no longer know who I am. It is becoming harder and harder to remember the way the world was before the battle.

My Lord has given Hogwarts over to Lucius to run as a school for the privileged children of his Death Eaters. He has eliminated the houses. The students are all purebloods, now. There has been some problem finding qualified staff to teach the students. Once again, I am teaching Potions to a new class of dunderheads. My Lord has instructed me to teach a class in the Dark Arts as well, something that would never have seen the light of day before.

Damn Albus, it is his fault the world has turned into a living hell.

Gryffindor was lost during the fight. Those that did not die were forced into slavery or have become central to the weekly entertainment for My Lord.

Her eyes register the extreme fear she is feeling.

Drink, pet.

I sit and stroke the rats' nest of hair as she drinks the healing potion. Within minutes, I see she is sitting easier. My handprints on her cheek and her arse have already started to fade. She was dry and tense the last time I fucked her. The blood helped to ease my cock's path into her tight arsehole. The potion will heal the ripped tissue.

It would be careless of me to let my little pet bleed to death. Who would I play with?

As much as it is against her nature, my pet has tried to learn the rules of this new game called Survival. Unfortunately for her, I have not been constant with my torture. She has been allowed to roam around my quarters for the last few days. I have charmed her collar to act as a tracking device. The collar is spelled to give her a large shock if she tries to leave or enter an area that has been forbidden to her. After she felt the pain of the electrical shock the first time, there was no need to repeat it; she has always been a quick study.

I see her watching me with intense interest. Most likely trying to find a way out of her situation. Her desperation is tangible at times. She flinches each time I raise my hand near her, but does not pull away. Stupid girl. She still has a belief in the basic goodness of human beings. It is the reason only a few of her house are left. People are only as good as it serves their purpose.

I presume she is trying to find a way reach me. The foolish little chit still believes I will *protect* her. She is nothing more than a distraction to me, now. Her eyes, eyes that flashed with such anger and indignation that first night, no longer hold hope; all I can see now is desperation. She has barely spoken since that first night, when she thought I was still on the side of the Order. A few well-chosen binding charms, my cock ripping through her virgin channel, quickly set that idea to rights.

I am on the side of Severus Snape, no one else. Whether she lives or dies is of no consequence to me.

A wave of my wand and she is splayed open before me: her knees pulled backward, bound magically to her shoulders. Her hands are wrapped around her calves, as if holding her legs open for me.

No, pet, I am aware you would never submit this easily if I allowed you the choice. I'm not sure I would enjoy you as much if you did.

I lean back against the headboard of the bed and allow her fear to build. What will I choose to do tonight? Fuck your pussy? Your tight little arse? Your mouth? Some combination? Maybe find an object or two to fill a hole while I take my pleasure?

I move on to my side and watch your eyes. Every so often, I still see life in them. Still see the student, the insufferable know-it-all, I once taught. Have I ever told you how much this infuriates me? How it feeds my desire to see you suffer?

Slowly, very slowly, I stroke one finger around the tight bud of your nipple. The skin puckers in the cool dungeon air. Your breath is coming in small pants. Pain or pleasure? What will it be?

My hand travels through the thick curls of your sex. A quick charm, and all evidence of blood and come are gone. Fresh, a chance to start over. My fingers drag lightly over your clit. I watch as your eyes slip closed, tears falling to run silently down the sides of you face. One finger, then two, slips into your slit. My thumb starts a rhythm against your clit as I slowly fuck your pussy with my fingers. You start to move against me, deciding tonight I will give you pleasure instead of pain. We are reduced to this: action and reaction.

Pity you haven't learned one of the basic rules of your new existence: do not count on me to do what you think will be right, or fair. Your eyes fly open at the feel of my free hand softly pressing against your throat. Maybe you have learned more than I realised. You try to buck against my hand, reaching for one last orgasm before I fully cut off your air supply. It appears you would almost welcome death.

Sorry to disappoint you; I'm enjoying your training too much to let you go just yet. Your eyes fly open as I take your bound body, my hand at your throat eases a little, allowing just enough air to survive.

I'm sorry, pet. Death is not an option for you at this time. It would be rude of me to destroy a gift so graciously given to me by My Lord. The tears start again in earnest as I ride her body and find my release.

"Take heart, little one. You will get to meet others of your kind this weekend. My Lord has called for a meeting at Malfoy Manor," I whisper silkily in her ear. Ah, her eyes are alive once more, opened wide with fear. I was wrong; she must still have some fight left in her. A raven at the window draws my attention. I pat her open sex as I move to let the bird in. I wonder if my little pet would be interested in meeting Lucius's hounds? A backward glance at my pet, struggling anew at her invisible bonds, makes me think I should mention them to her as a…kindness? After all, we fear what we don't know, not that which we have knowledge of.

It's a new world, though not one of my making; but I will survive, no matter what. The question is, will she?

The end?

A/N: Had this hanging around my computer after I wrote The Wrong Side Won. Actually, I have several bits and pieces of stories (old and new). Some may get a dusting off and see the light of day, or not. Not sure if I will post a visit to the Manor; we shall see.

A grateful thank you to my beta, Nakhash, for her corrections, suggestions, and never ending supply of commas. She is truly the best of the best. Another set of eyes is always helpful, the mistakes, however, are still mine.

Please review and let me know what you think. I love hearing from you! As always, thoughts, comments, reviews, whatever are most welcome.

Pearle