

# Living Up to Expectations

by Good\_Witch

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**\*PLEASE HEED THE WARNINGS!\***

This is a response to the Livejournal HP\_Darkfest, 2010, prompt: Pomfrey leaves Snape in charge of the hospital wing for a weekend when a family emergency calls her away from Hogwarts. When one of his most disliked students ends up in the hospital wing, he gets revenge by way of a thoroughly invasive, humiliating, and uncomfortable/painful exam. Prostate/vaginal exams, urethral insertions, breast exams, etc.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: Thanks to Gelsey, sbrande, darkcelestial20, SnivellusSnape, and FiendishThingy for feedback and beta and moral support as I horrified myself by having this story come from my own brain. This was definitely a stretch for me, and the first time I've ever written anything dark like this. I hope it works!

Living Up to Expectations

"Headmaster?"

Snape looked up from his desk to see Madam Pomfrey's face wavering in the green Floo flames. "Yes, Madam Pomfrey?"

"I just received an urgent message from St. Mungo's. My son has been attacked, and they want me there as quickly as possible... in case he doesn't last long." Her voice broke as she trailed off, and the flames reflected in the tears welling in her eyes.

*I wonder if this attack was one which the Dark Lord ordered, or if it was simply a jaunt by some of the more sadistic Death Eaters with too much initiative.* Snape inclined his head and murmured, "Terrible news, indeed. I assume you're prepared to depart immediately?"

Madam Pomfrey nodded. "Yes, but I don't dare leave the hospital wing unstaffed. If I had been given even a little notice, I could have arranged for a substitute to come in my place, but this...this is so sudden."

"Emergencies generally are." Drumming his fingers on the desk, Snape added, "What exactly do you need so that you may join your son?"

Madam Pomfrey bit her lip, then blurted, "Oh, Severus, please... couldn't you just look after things until I can either arrange for someone to get there or make it back myself?"

Snape's gut twisted at her use of his given name; it reminded him of brighter times. He and Poppy had developed rather a cordial professional relationship during his tenure as Potions Master and DADA professor, until... Ever since that night on the Astronomy Tower, Snape counted himself lucky that the rest of the staff hadn't revolted and attacked *him*. Technically, as it was Friday night, he could assign any of the other teachers to staff the infirmary, since they didn't have classes to keep them from stepping in. But...and he realized it was a vain hope...part of him hoped that, if he stepped in, Poppy would revile him a little less, and perhaps he could regain a fragment of the mutual respect they had shared.

Inhaling deeply, Snape said, "Of course, Poppy. I'll look after everything. That's my job; isn't it? If you can't return by Monday, however, I do ask that you arrange for a temporary replacement."

Madam Pomfrey's eyes closed in relief, and she exhaled a shaky sigh. "Certainly...of course. Thank you, Sever...I mean, Headmaster."

Snape flicked a wry glance at her and said, "Either will do, Poppy." Then, shooting to his feet, he said, "Now, why don't you vacate the Floo and I'll come right down."

As soon as her face vanished from the flames, Snape cut an acid grimace at the portrait of Dumbledore and growled, "This is entirely your fault, Albus."

Dumbledore shifted in his doze and mumbled, "Mmm...yes, quite right, my boy..." before settling more comfortably and snoring once more.

Snape Flooed to the infirmary office and found Madam Pomfrey wringing her hands, the personal nature of the crisis managing to edge past her normally unflappable façade. "All right, now, over here is where..."

Snape cut her off, saying, "I know where everything is, Poppy. I'll be fine. Go. See to your son. And I hope he makes a full recovery."

Madam Pomfrey nodded and picked up her bag. "As do I. I'll be in touch as soon as I know more. Thank you... Severus."

Snape inclined his head and she Flooed away, leaving him alone in her office. Sighing, he stepped out into the ward, his gaze sweeping over the...thankfully...empty beds. *At least we don't have any patients right now, which is a blessing, considering how those blasted Carrows like to exceed their orders.*

He went back into the office and made himself comfortable at her desk, glancing at the door that led to her private quarters. *I daresay there's enough room here to transfigure a cot; I wouldn't appreciate someone else sleeping in my bed, even if he were doing me a favour.* Not ready to lie down yet, he crossed to the student files, grimly noting how many more pages there were in this year's collection.

After a few hours of reading through Poppy's notes on the current year's injuries and illnesses, Snape was both tired and frustrated beyond words at how much things were teetering over the edge of his ability to control them. Seething at how difficult it was to protect the students while playing disciple to the Dark Lord, Snape transfigured a cot and flopped down, staring at the ceiling in impotent irritation, his heart thumping at the pent-up anger boiling in his veins.

He had been lying there, stewing for a while, debating whether or not to take a potion to calm down and hopefully sleep, when he heard a faint noise outside the office door. Eyes narrowing, he silently drew his wand and turned to face the doorway. The shuffling came closer, and a faint knock followed.

"Madam Pomfrey?"

The whisper was vaguely masculine, and Snape carefully rose, crossed quietly to the door, and paused, his hand on the knob and his ear nearly pressed to the wood. His assumption was confirmed when the person continued to whisper.

"Madam Pomfrey, are you there? It's Neville. I need your help..."

Snape interrupted the boy's hiss by flinging the door open and grabbing his shoulder, roughly propelling him into the office before slamming the door shut again. Neville's eyes went round at the sight of Snape towering over him in a fury.

"P-Professor..."

"*Headmaster* to you, boy! What the devil are you doing out of your dormitory at this time of night? And for what could you *possibly* need Madam Pomfrey's help?" He kept a tight hold on Neville's robes and scanned from head to toe, looking for the boy's injury.

Neville was hunched forward, one hand guarding his groin even as the other scrabbled against Snape's vise-like grip. His flushed face had paled, then darkened again, leaving him mottled as he grimaced in fear and pain.

"Well? Answer me!" Snape glared at the boy, but when Neville didn't respond, all the frustrated rage welled up and overwhelmed him, making him want to lash out. Instead, he forced himself to let go and pushed Neville toward the cot, hissing, "Sit down!"

Neville fell, yelping when he landed on the low cot, then curling forward and moaning. Snape backed against the desk, gripping the edge to still the trembling itch of his hands wanting to rend and tear and hurt. After a beat of fighting for control, Snape flicked his wand at Neville and snapped, "*Accio* wand!"

Neville flailed, attempting to catch his wand before it reached Snape, but missed. Snape slid the other wand up his sleeve and said, "Now, I am your headmaster, and I demand an explanation. *What* are you doing out after curfew, and *why* do you need to see Madam Pomfrey?"

Neville cut a sullen glance up at him and muttered, "Your *colleagues* leave nasty booby-traps... *sir*."

Snape's teeth clenched and he sucked in air through his nose as he drew up, incensed. "*What did you do, Longbottom?*"

The boy looked like he was struggling between terror and defiance, and he lifted his chin as he said, "What Dumbledore wanted us to do; what Harry wanted us to do!"

Snape froze, his mind screaming, *Bloody fucking Albus Dumbledore! This is all your fault! Children shouldn't have to be in situations like this! I shouldn't be put in this position! How many more lives will be destroyed in your power play even whilst you are in your grave?*

Neville seemed to draw strength from Snape's silence and added, "We're fighting... Dumbledore's Army is fighting back."

Snape breathed, "To which of my esteemed *colleagues* were you referring?"

Neville sneered...it was strange to see such an expression on the usually timid, retiring boy...and said, "Who else? The Carrows."

*Fuck!* "What did you *do*, Longbottom?"

Neville's lip curled in triumphant memory, then morphed into a grimace as he said, "I just wanted to leave them a message...like the others that have been painted around the school...but they booby-trapped their door. And it's pretty twisted...for someone who's supposed to be a *teacher*."

Realization of several suspicions washed over Snape, and he wanted to beat some sense into the boy *make* him understand Snape's true loyalties and precarious

position, force him to stop his subversive pranks that served to make Snape's attempts to safeguard the students that much harder.

"You. *You've* been heading up the campaign of mutiny! Unbelievable, Longbottom. I would never have expected you." Grimacing, Snape added, "So, what hex did you encounter that sent you scurrying up to the hospital wing after all? Madam Pomfrey is gone. A family emergency. I am here in her stead. If you need help, you must tell me."

Neville covered his groin with both hands and winced, bowing forward again as he squinted up at Snape in disbelief. "Tell *you*? Are you mental? I don't trust you! Why would I ever believe you would do anything to help me? You and your Death Eater friends would rather torture me, just like they did to my parents! Well, you've got me here, all alone now, and I'm unarmed, just like Dumbledore was when you killed *him*...you bloody *coward*!"

As Neville's outburst grew, he shoved gingerly to his feet, staring hatefully up into Snape's white face. His final epithet hung in the air between them, echoing in Snape's ears. It was that word, spat by the ignorant boy before him...in one swipe completely denigrating all that he had done to advance Dumbledore's plan...that crumbled the dam holding himself in check. The white-hot anger...demented in its overwhelming magnitude...broke Snape, and all he wanted to do, under the burning madness of his fury at being misunderstood and unappreciated, was to strike back at those who hurt him, who trapped him in his miserable excuse for a life.

*Nothing* he did was good enough. *No one* would ever understand all that he had sacrificed for them and their righteous indignation. *Everyone* reviled him, hated him, wanted him dead, dreamt of hurting him more...

Well, if he was supposed to be so horrible...beyond redemption...then *why* keep fighting?

Snape's hands snapped up to clamp onto Neville's arms, and he pinned the boy with an inhuman glare. Neville noticed the change, saw the deranged glint in Snape's dead black eyes, and failed to suppress the shiver at the chill that swept over him.

The first thing Snape did was stab straight into Neville's mind with a subvocal, *Legilimens*." Flashes of all the things Neville and his cohorts had done, as part of their insurrection, tumbled one after another across the screen of his mind. Then, finally, they came to the latest stunt, and Snape saw the Carrows' hex blossom over Neville's body, ending in a burst of light concentrated on his crotch. Neville doubled over, stifling a howl as he stumbled away as fast as he could, intent on finding Madam Pomfrey to heal him. More flashes of previous times he and his cronies had turned up at her door after curfew...showing her aiding and abetting their vandalism...strengthened the stinging injustice coursing through Snape's veins.

The hex that booby-trapped the door was one that felt like scores of bees stinging one's genitals, with the accompanying inflammation and tender flesh. Snape recognized the colour and flash of the spell from his days learning darker magic to defend himself.

Ruthlessly withdrawing from Neville's mind, Snape pushed the boy back onto the cot and grabbed his wand to point at him, growling, *!hcarcerous!*"

Neville gasped as the silvery ropes shot out of Snape's wand, binding him to the cot. The stinging in his groin intensified as his clothing was pulled tight across his body. When he sputtered, "St-Stop!" Snape rolled his eyes and murmured, "*Langlock*."

Now that the boy couldn't distract him with inane babble and pleas for mercy, he could focus on "helping" him with his plight. He shoved Neville's robes to his sides, baring the boy's trousers, which were stretched tight over his swollen groin. Pointing his wand at the placket, he murmured a charm to open it, Neville's belt unfastening of its own accord above it. A high keen emerged from Neville's throat, even though his tongue was unable to give it shape into words. Snape ignored it, eyeing the expanse of soft white cotton before him.

With a thoughtful air, he poked at it with the tip of his wand, eliciting a strangled yell from the panicking boy. "Yes, I imagine that hurts quite a bit. I happen to know the counter-curse for this nasty piece of work, but why would I use it? I mean, if I'm just an evil Death Eater, then I should be enjoying your pain, shouldn't I?"

Neville's face was red, and his eyes were wide and glassy. His breathing had gone shallow. If he wasn't careful, he'd soon be hyperventilating.

"That's right; I'm supposed to want to torture you. So kind of you to remind me." Snape traced the tip of his wand over the boy's pants, slicing through the fabric and vanishing the cut scrap, leaving Neville's inflamed genitals naked to his calculating gaze.

Snape's voice was silky and deceptively mild as he said, "The maddening thing here, Longbottom, is that I was ready and willing to help you, not hurt you. But, you said yourself, you'd never believe that. So, why should I fight your preconceived notions?"

He reached out and lifted Neville's puffy, welted penis from his equally swollen testicles, his lips twitching at the boy's muted cry. Locking eyes with him, Snape smirked and squeezed, watching as Neville's whole body stiffened in shock and agony. "I can stop the pain. Madam Pomfrey has any number of things that can be used instead of the counter-curse. Of course," and he smiled, "sometimes the treatment is worse than the affliction...in some ways."

With that, Snape rose and crossed to the tall cabinet housing all the potions...both internal and topical. Lifting a small jar of lotion, he spun and brandished it at the boy. "This will numb the sting and reduce the swelling. But it has to be rubbed in. Normally, Madam Pomfrey would just hand it over and instruct you to find someplace private in which to address your problem. But, I think you deserve to suffer at my hands...literally."

He started to return to the cot, then whirled back to the cabinet, searching it with a thoughtful expression. In a murmur that was clearly meant for himself, he said, "No, I think not. There's no reason why she would have anything like that in here." He glanced back at Neville, adding, "But I keep some in my private stock, just for fun." Placing the jar on the desk, he strode over to the hearth and said, "I'll be right back; don't go anywhere. Oh, indeed, you can't!"

His dark chuckle as he flooded to his personal quarters filled Neville with dread. Tears trickled past his temples, despair at being saved from this hellish encounter welling up within him as much as his tears.

Within moments, Snape was back, another small pot in his hand. He snatched the first one and dragged the desk chair around to settle beside the cot. One corner of his mouth quirked in twisted amusement, he opened the second pot and scooped a dollop of cream onto his fingertips. When he reached down to smear it over Neville's genitals, the boy struggled against the ropes, his voice shrill in protest.

Snape's fingers were deliberate as he smoothed the cream over his captive's penis and testicles. Neville's head slammed back against the cot, his face contorted in a rictus of agony. The cream's purpose was to enhance sensation...it was quite popular in sexual games...but all it enhanced was the prickling and burning of the phantom bees attacking him. Snape massaged the cream along the entirety of the boy's exposed genitals, stroking along the length of his puffy cock and squeezing his inflamed balls. Once it had been completely absorbed, he turned to the first jar.

Neville was panting, his muscles strained over his whole body, sweat beading on his skin as he fought the pain. The humiliation of Snape fondling him so intimately added to his torture.

"I could leave you like this until the effect wears off. But I won't be that cruel. See this? This is what I showed you earlier. I'll help you feel better. You'll quite likely even feel *good* before I'm done."

Neville's eyes bugged out as he watched Snape pour some of the lotion into his palm, horrified at the man's implication. Snape rubbed his hands together, spreading the lotion over them, then reached forward, one hand sliding along Neville's cock, and the other enveloping his balls. The relief was immediate. The pain faded dramatically, allowing Neville to suck in a deep breath, his eyes closing involuntarily. It wasn't gone, but it was much more bearable. What wasn't bearable, however, was Snape stroking him.

Snape continued his ministrations, waiting for the healing potion to work and for the other one to kick into high gear. The swelling receded, and the angry redness turned

back to healthy pink and white. Eventually, Neville's flesh was back to normal under Snape's fingers, and Neville's face was turned to one side, unable to look at his abuser.

Neville's shame grew as Snape's words took on nightmarish meaning. His cock was reddening and swelling again, but it wasn't from a hex or in pain. The first cream was heightening the feel of Snape's hands fondling him with quiet skill, and the pleasure grew as the pain disappeared.

Snape felt the boy's erection blossoming in his grasp and smirked in triumph. *Good! His humiliation must be acute. He can feel what it's like to have no control, to be betrayed, to be naught but a toy in someone else's grip!*

He continued stroking Neville's cock until it was rock hard, bouncing and twitching against his palm. Neville kept gasping and biting his lip, struggling to suppress the moans of pleasure that wanted to be released. As Snape shifted position, he felt Neville's confiscated wand up his sleeve and was struck with an idea. Slipping the wand free, he murmured, "I daresay the pain is gone now... Well, at least the physical pain. But, we have to make sure that there hasn't been any internal damage."

Neville's eyes flew open in shock and he stared at Snape in fear of what was coming next. Snape flourished Neville's wand and peered at the tip. "The end is quite thin. This should do."

With an unholy grin, Snape dipped the wand into the healing lotion, then spread the lotion several inches down the shaft. Adding another dollop at the tip, he gripped Neville's erection in his other hand and placed the end of the slippery wand at the head of his cock, dipping into the bead of moisture that crowned the slit.

Neville's shriek was strident enough that Snape paused, frowning. The *Langlock* wasn't enough. For good measure, he cast *Silencio*, cutting the boy off mid-scream.

Returning his focus to the task at hand, Snape slid the wand deeper into Neville's cock, watching the lotion gather at the head around the stretched slit. There was some initial resistance after about an inch, so he backed out and began fucking the boy slowly, determined to go deeper, making sure that there were no blockages within. It took several tries, adding more lotion and wanking him with the other hand, before the wand dropped past the first stricture with an unexpected suddenness. Once past it, however, it slid several centimetres before slowing again.

Glancing up in surprise, Snape saw Neville's head canted back, his mouth open in a silent scream, the cords in his neck standing out in stark relief against his skin. A flare of sadistic satisfaction rippled over him. He knew that any actual pain from his invasion was soon to fade, as a result of the lotion lubricating the way, but the stretching pressure inside the boy's cock would still be felt. Add to that the heightened sensual pleasure of being wanked, and Snape knew it was only a matter of time before the boy would climax...completely against his will and beyond his control.

Deftly sliding the wand back out, Snape stroked upward along Neville's cock at the same time, then delved in again while stroking downward. The wand sank deeper with each stroke, a millimetre at a time. Neville's breathing became more erratic, and Snape could tell by the pulsing against his palm that the boy was climbing higher toward his peak. Just to throw him off, Snape changed his rhythm, fucking Neville's slit while stroking upward, then withdrawing the wand while his hand slid back down, adding a quick squeeze at the base.

Neville's brain was roaring in protest and anguish as he felt the orgasm building, tightening his balls, tickling at the base of his spine. Feeling the familiar sensation of jerking off...at Snape's hands!...was bad enough, but the wholly alien feel of being *fucked* so deeply, being penetrated...the pain had disappeared, replaced by a stretching, sizzling, *fullness* that lit a fire in his innermost being...buried him in shame.

Snape's eyes lit up with demented glee as Neville's body curled forward against the ropes, bucking and shuddering as he came, his face contorted in mortification. Snape held the wand in as deep as it would go, milking Neville's cock around it, drawing out the throbbing. Then, when the boy lay gasping, weak and spent, Snape stared hard at Neville's eyes, willing him to look at him.

Neville felt the weight of Snape's gaze on him. Completely unable to process what had just happened, he opened his eyes and peered blankly up at his headmaster. That was when Snape pinned him with a predatory smirk and slowly drew Neville's wand out of his cock, his come bubbling up around it and spilling over Snape's knuckles...evidence of the betrayal of Neville's body. Neville shuddered and closed his eyes in horror, turning away.

Snape voiced a low chuckle, squeezing the last dribble of come from Neville's deflating erection. Then he leant forward, laid the soiled wand across the boy's chest, gripped his chin in one hand, and smeared the come over Neville's lips, shoving some inside his mouth when the boy gasped in shock.

Wiping the rest of the sticky mess on Neville's clothes, Snape sat back and said, "See? I told you you'd feel good by the time I was done with you. And you thought I would just injure you further..." Surging forward until his face was hovering just above Neville's, his hair swinging to brush the boy's cheeks, he said, "There are some pains that are worse than physical hurt, foolish boy."

Wanting to howl his shame and hatred, Neville grimaced and drew back as far as he could into the surface of the cot, but the rage at all he had just suffered reared up, and the Gryffindor within him snarled and spat into Snape's face.

Snape jerked back, his lip curling in a deadly sneer and his eyes kindling with a dangerous light. Wiping the spittle from his face, Snape backed away, leaving enough room for him to swing a backhanded blow to Neville's cheek, hard enough to rock the entire cot, leaving the boy dazed from the force of it. His voice a deep, black, growl, Snape said, "Then again, sometimes physical pain has its benefits, too."

As Neville rolled his head back to centre, Snape could see the spectacular bruise blooming across the boy's face, and the trickle of blood from the corner of his mouth. The white-hot fury inside him begged to be set loose on the defiant boy, but his inner Slytherin offered counsel, reminding him that he couldn't indulge himself too much, lest he not be able to cover it up.

*You've got to get him out of here at some point, and you don't dare let anyone find out what you've done. Everything you've been doing would come to naught if you gave this idiot what he so richly deserves. You can't take the chance of him squealing to anyone about what happened here, so you'll have to erase all evidence. But, you can make the most of it while you have him here...*

Snape straddled the cot, looking down his nose at Neville, who lay there, still dazed. Bending over, he gripped Neville's chin again, forcing the boy to look at him. "Your flesh may be bruising, boy, but I've poisoned your soul. You, who think me so disgusting, *orgasmed* to my touch, even while I did the most deviant things to you."

Neville tried to shake his head in denial, to wrench his face from Snape's iron grip. Snape smiled, but it was pure cruelty. "Oh, like I won't see how much you enjoyed it when I *penetrate* your mind as well?"

With that, Snape hissed, "*Legilimens!*" again, plunging into Neville's bewildered mind with ease. The self-disgust, the despair, the lingering pleasure... the boy's self-torment was exquisite. Smirking in triumph, Snape withdrew, murmured, "And by the way... *don't* call me *coward*," and then flung another backhand across Neville's other cheek, nearly knocking him out cold.

Sighing with regret for having to cut things short, Snape lifted his wand and trained it just under Neville's drooping eyelids, once again holding his chin and forcing him to meet his gaze. "*Obliviate!*"

Snape continued the memory charm long enough to track back all the way to Neville's encounter at the Carrows' door. Then, wedging in what amounted to a post-hypnotic suggestion that Neville enjoyed sexual aberrations and being roughed up, he finished the spell, following it with a lazy, "*Stupefy.*"

Neville was truly unconscious then, and Snape quickly repaired the boy's pants and fastened his trousers before removing the ropes and tucking Neville's wand in his robes. In a flurry of wand waving, Snape levitated Neville, disillusioning them both before leaving the office. Floating the invisible boy beside him, Snape stalked through the corridors until he came to the door to the Carrows' suites. Abruptly ending the spell, he snorted at the sound of Neville's body collapsing to the stone floor. A quick

glance showed that no one was in sight, and he ended the Disillusionment charm on Neville, leaving him crumpled in an ungainly heap, his cheeks bruised and bloody.

Quelling the urge to land a swift kick to the ribs, Snape spun on his heel and returned to the hospital wing, wondering how long it would be before someone found Neville's unconscious form in the corridor, an apparent victim of the Carrows' security spells. Or perhaps the boy would come to on his own, dragging his battered body to the hospital wing again in search of assistance...

Snape smiled. He could only be so lucky.