

The Curse

by cmwinters

Severus Snape has been under a 15 year-long anorgasmia curse that was invented and cast by Sirius Black. Not knowing the incantation, he has yet to find the counter-curse. When the Dark Lord assigns Wormtail to "assist" him, Snape tasks Pettigrew with finding the cure. Woe unto Wormtail when he doesn't comply quickly enough to mollify Snape's 15 year standing case of blueballs.

HEED THE WARNINGS - this fic is *vile*

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: This fic contains **violence, rape, abuse and torture**, concurrently. It is violent, angry and full of hate.

This is not at all like what I "normally" write.

Many thanks to The Havah for being my first beta, and to NotSoSaintly for being my second beta!

"Ah, Wormtail... How good to see you!" Severus Snape sneered at his new house "guest" in a voice dripping with complete insincerity. "So the Dark Lord has sent you to be my assistant, has he?"

The smaller man trembled in fear. "Y-y-y-ye-yes... Severus... he did."

Snape scowled. *This* was a Gryffindor? "Bravery"? Ugh, the whole wizarding world was going to the dogs.

"Good... How fortuitous for me. Let's begin, shall we?" he said.

Without further preamble, and so quickly that the traitor hadn't a second to react, he swiftly rose from his chair, hissing *Accio Wormtail's wand!* before towering over the rodent of a man. The fool looked at him in alarm, and he smiled unsweetly. "You won't be needing this. *LEGILIMENS!*"

He was, of course, perfectly capable of casting that completely without wand or word, but doing so just now wouldn't serve his purposes. Unable to defend himself, better that the Mudblood traitor filth know he was being violated.

