

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-e-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.

Snape dug about viciously, resorting to bodily holding his charge up as he picked deliberately through his mind. This continued for long, torturous minutes, until Snape, finally giving up in disgust, retreated after throwing three particularly vile memories to the forefront for effect.

"A most *disappointing* performance," he spat, swooping back to his chair where he folded himself into it, and turned away after watching the newcomer slide helplessly down the wall into a puddle of his own urine.

"A-a-a-ar-are y-y-yo-you t-t-t-tr-try-trying t-t-to t-t-teach me Occ-occlumency, S-s-severus?" whimpered the pathetic human on the floor.

"Now, why... would I want to do something... *asstupid* as that?"

"I... I j-just t-th-thought..." began the other man weakly.

"SILENCE!" he hissed. "Clean your mess. You have befouled my residence. And clean yourself... You stink... even more so than normal."

Quivering, the smaller man got up and scampered off, presumably to the lavatory.

Snape turned away to stare out the window.

Damn and blast!

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Interrupted by the dunderhead for the third time that day, Snape whirled on him and advanced threateningly until the fat fool cowered, hands in front of his face, against the wall.

"Do you know *why* the Dark Lord sent you here, Wormtail?" Snape whispered viciously, inches from the man's face.

"T-t-to help you!" the man squeaked in terror.

"To help me, yes. Not to get underfoot! I will advise you when your services are needed... now *get out of my sight!*" he hissed in contempt, then turned his attention back to the cauldron.

Full of an experimental potion he'd known from ten minutes into the exercise wasn't going to work, he sat about making it explode as loudly and violently as prudently possible. The fear from the resulting loud explosion certainly made for better control of his "assistant."

"SIT!" he commanded upon exiting the laboratory. Wormtail very nearly crashed into every piece of furniture on the way, bringing to mind Andromeda Black's daughter, as he stumbled to the couch. Great Scott. As much of a disaster as Longbottom was in his class, at least that twit could remain standing.

Pettigrew sat opposite him, trembling. "S-S-severus? M-mm-may I have my wand back, please?"

Snape scowled. "You have no need of it." Then he paused to adjust in his seat, wincing in pain. He'd lived through twenty years of this unjustified torment, and with the end finally in sight, his body was betraying him.

"The *ONLY* thing I have need of your pathetic attempt at assistance with *islifting this curse* your 'good friend' Sirius Black put upon me *while we were still in school*" he whispered dangerously.

Wormtail blinked in apparent confusion. "W-w-wh-what curse, Severus?"

FUCK!

"Has it possibly escaped your notice, Wormtail, that I, alone amongst the Death Eaters, do not partake of any of the more carnal pleasures the Dark Lord affords his loyal followers? Neither with men or with women? Why, even yourself... You have been known to go back in after the scraps. Surely, even your pathetic little mind can comprehend what refusing such a thing would cost me in the eyes of the Dark Lord... if I did not have a good reason?"

Pettigrew's eyes widened as he considered that, but then narrowed again. "I fail to see what that has to do with me, Severus... or with Sirius, for that matter."

Snape's admittedly short fuse blew at this, and he launched out of the chair, flying over to Wormtail to tower above him once again. "Since I was a *child*, I have been struck with an anorgasmia curse. I can perform *in all ways* except one... I can achieve no release! After *twenty years of this*, I grow weary!"

Wormtail, at least, had the decency to wince in sympathetic discomfort.

"I don't understand what you want me to do, Severus..." Wormtail hedged.

"Find me the counter-curse, you imbecilic moron!"

"Severus... you're the master of the Dark Arts... Why ask me such a thing? Surely the Dark Lord..."

"IDIOT! If it were a Dark Curse I would have had it cured ten seconds after he cast it! It was one of his own creation! You knew him best, *you fix it!*"

"Severus, I...!"

"You have *three days*," Snape threatened menacingly, "before you find out exactly how persuasive I can be."

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The next morning found Pettigrew waiting patiently outside the laboratory door. Sometime after midday, Snape emerged.

"What are you doing here? Listening to me brew? Have you at least made use of your worthless self and prepared a meal?"

"I have not, but I can make sandwiches quickly if you're hungry. But Severus, I will need a Pensieve and my wand."

"And pray tell, why precisely do you think I am foolish enough to believe your claim to need a Pensieve to mak*s* sandwiches?"

"No... not for the sandwiches. I need the Pensieve to go through old memories. I thought about what you said yesterday, and I don't ever recall seeing or hearing Sirius mention any such curse, but there's something I could have missed... and I dunno, maybe I missed him casting it? And I need my wand to extract the memories."

Snape's eyes narrowed in suspicion. "You will get your wand when I have acquired the Pensieve. Now make yourself useful."

Wormtail scampered off.

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As it turned out, Snape left to get the Pensieve that afternoon and returned with it before dinner. Disagreeable though he may have been on his best days, he was incredibly eager to be done with this. He thrust the stone basin and Wormtail's wand on the table in front of him, and with a curt "Get to work. You are down to two days," he spun back off to the laboratory.

The following morning, a thoroughly uncaffeinated Severus Snape found a bleary-eyed Peter Pettigrew emerging from the Pensieve once again. "And?" he demanded.

Pettigrew shook his head wearily. "Do you know exactly when, or where, Sirius cast the curse at you? Maybe I could, oh, I dunno, narrow down my search?"

Snape shot him a quelling glare, providing him his answer.

Pettigrew winced, knowing he'd regret this. "How do you *know* it was Sirius, then, if you didn't see or hear him do it?"

Snape rolled his eyes while pouring himself some coffee. "Because, you moronic fool, when I finally narrowed down the curse, it had his mark all over it!"

"Oh." Peter said, rubbing his temple. "Are you hungry?" he said, rising from the table and wincing painfully as he worked out some cricks in his joints. Twelve years as a rat had not been good for his cartilage.

"I do not eat in the morning."

"All right. I'm not going to make anymore headway here for now; I need to go nap a bit, at least."

Snape raised his eyebrows sardonically. "As you wish... 36 hours, Wormtail..."

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Snape perched in the armchair uncomfortably. The ache in his balls, the painful throbbing of his unreleased erection was so much a part of him now that there were actually some days when it didn't bother him... much. He wondered how this would affect him in the long-term, if the cure were found. Would he still be tormented by having lived with this excruciating hell his entire adult life? Would he be able to "perform" with any semblance of "normalcy"?

It had taken him *years* to train himself against self-stimulation, even in his sleep. The agony upon waking ensured a long-since established tradition of casting a silencing spell on his chambers when he went to sleep, such that he did it without thinking anymore, even though he'd not needed it for *that* reason in years.

But today, the pain was worse than usual. He knew it was because he'd convinced himself his elected course of action was going to prove to find the cure, and his subconscious, eager to be rid of the curse, was causing him to "rise to the occasion" in anticipation. Nothing he did to redirect his mind seemed to be working. And he certainly couldn't inebriate himself, even into oblivion. Not with a live-in spy. Particularly not when that live-in spy was both a long time enemy and someone of even more suspect affiliations than a spy NORMALLY would be.

Not for the first time, he eyed a potion in the corner on his dresser. He was more sorely than ever tempted to take it... even found himself rising from his chair and staggering forth painfully to the bottle, watching through pain-clenched eyes as he reached for it.

The only thing that stayed his hand was the assurance of the permanence of that solution. He wouldn't have the pain, true... and that surely would be a relief. But at least now he was mostly functional, and he'd lose even that.

And truth be told... he rather liked it when a woman writhed beneath him in abject ecstasy, even if he couldn't share in the pleasure of release, and even if causing her to do so was more agonisingly painful than a human should be able to withstand.

Not yet. Not just yet. The end may be in sight he thought to himself, cringing. With a growl of frustration, he pulled his hand away, and in a towering fury, spun on his heel and stalked off to take yet another freezing shower, slamming the door so hard it flew off its hinges on the way.

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Snape stood menacingly in the doorway, glowering at Wormtail as he repeatedly plunged into the Pensieve, shooting more and more disturbed glances in his direction.

When the deadline passed, the Animagus was face first in a memory. Snape calmly retrieved Pettigrew's wand from the table, and stashed his own. He waited impatiently for the other man to emerge. Presently, he obliged.

"Your time is up," Snape said softly. "What have you found?"

Pettigrew winced, but, assuaged by the calm tone in Snape's voice, sat back. "Nothing... yet. I have seven years of... EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEK!" he squealed, taken utterly by surprise at the violence with which Snape thrust everything rapidly off the table and threw Pettigrew onto the table on his face. "SNAPE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?" he howled in fright as Snape viciously ripped Wormtail's robes from him.

"It is time for a little bit of payback, don't you think, Wormtail?" he whispered dangerously, contempt dripping from every syllable. "If you thought I was well versed in the Dark Arts as a first-year student, JUST IMAGINE the horrors I have mastered after seven years of brutal abuse at the hands of you and your so-called friends... friends whom you could not wait to betray to MY friends! Imagine how much more I have mastered in the fifteen years since one of your so-called friends has afflicted me with what surely would have earned him yet another term in Azkaban had I dared speak of it..."

Mesmerized by Snape's words, yet horrified by what he knew was coming, Pettigrew was bucking and writhing horribly underneath the taller, yet more slender man.

"*IMPERIO!*" Snape spat. But so many of the Death Eaters had brought themselves to be immune to this over time, and even on Pettigrew, the curse didn't hold for long. Instead he cast a silent full-body bind. Pettigrew, without a wand, was unable to resist, and groaned in horror, panting desperately.

"Good," Snape said silkily, "it will hurt worse this way." Wrenching Pettigrew's flabby thighs apart, he slammed forcefully and without preamble into his spell-clenched rectum.

"Your screams are music to my ears, Wormtail... For 15 years I have been reduced to only being able to find pleasure in my dominion over another, as I am accorded no physical release. I am afraid I have grown rather used to it... although the aching in my balls serves only to fuel my desire for power." He bit viciously into a tensed trapezius muscle, unnecessarily drawing blood, which he immediately spit out. But then, it was all about causing unnecessary pain and anguish, wasn't it?

With Pettigrew unable to resist, it wasn't long before Snape's achingly hard cock bore a torn and bloody tunnel through the Animagus' sensitive tissues. Disgusted, unsatisfied, bored and in pain, Snape withdrew. His point had been made, in any case. He released his victim from the spell, but the man lay quavering on the table, sobbing silently.

"The sooner you find a solution to my problem, the sooner this will stop. Dally, and it will only escalate. And even I have limited patience."

Not wanting to deal with the tiresome interrogation he'd undoubtedly have to suffer through should his... ministrations... have caused the rat to go septic, he thrust a basic healing salve into his servant with the tip of the man's own wand, and leaving it there, stalked away.

He gave him nothing, however, for the pain.

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The next day, Narcissa had arrived with her highly unusual request, her cunt of a sister in tow. Narcissa had virtually thrown herself at his feet, pledging to do **anything** if he would only agree to help her.

Oh, dear gods, he thought to himself. *Is she propositioning me? Offering herself to me?*

It was widely rumoured amongst the Death Eaters that one of the Black descendants had been horribly misnamed. Lucius Malfoy himself had offered Snape the opportunity to "entertain" his own wife whilst he was out on business, although Snape had respectfully declined. But with Lucius in jail, and the permission never rescinded, he wondered.

A short flicker of Legilimency later, and he confirmed she was, in fact, willing to do just about anything.

Dear, sweet Narcissa, he thought. *Beautiful Narcissa... would willingly take her pleasure in me....* He fought back a groan, fruitlessly attempting to will the painful ache in his midsection away. *Darling, luscious Narcissa wants me to take my pleasure in her...*

The resulting response from his body left him light-headed.

Very shortly after they left, after he'd made that accursed Vow pledging to protect and assist Draco, he'd noticed Wormtail was missing.

FUCK!

Assuming the traitor had gone off to tell the Dark Lord of his treachery, he was not at all surprised when he found two men knocking at his door.

"My Lord," he said calmly, bowing courteously and stepping back to allow his superior entry... but not before taking in the look of savage satisfaction on Pettigrew's face. "How may I be of service to you this evening?"

"Wormtail comes to me, Severus, with a most disturbing story."

Snape's impenetrable black eyes flickered over to Pettigrew, who was by now hovering in the back corner of the room. "Really? Does he now? And what might that be?"

"He feels he is being mistreated."

What?!

Snape blinked... that had NOT been what he'd expected. His eyebrows quirked in half-amusement, as a cruel sneer curled his lips. "Does he indeed? Begging your pardon, My Lord. If you feel I have overstepped my bounds..."

"Why don't you tell me your side of it, Severus?"

Oh this is rich... he thought, with a savage glee, allowing a languid smirk to cross his face. "My Lord... he seems... *reluctant*... to assist me with the only matter I have need for him. I thought, perhaps, he would respond better if punished."

"I see," Voldemort said, apparently mulling this over as he tapped his fingertips on the arms of the chair in which he sat as if it were a throne. He rose gracefully from his perch and said, "Well... I shall not detain you any longer, Severus. You may carry on as you see fit," he declared with a pointed glare at Wormtail. "If he continues to disobey you, you have only to mention it to me, and I will be sure to *take care of it*" Voldemort promised darkly and Disapparated.

Snape chuckled triumphantly as Pettigrew squeaked in horror from the corner. Snape spun viciously on him as the man nearly fainted. "**ENNERVATE!**" he commanded, followed by a quick Summoning of the other man's wand and an equally quick full-body bind. "Oh no..." he said silkily. "Oh no, my dear Wormtail. If you honestly believe that I will allow you to faint, and weather this attack in silence, after your treachery... After all the years you have known me, I simply cannot comprehend that you do not know me better than that." He advanced quickly on the other man, shedding his own robes and disposing of the other man's as he did so. The Animagus squealed in terror at the vicious look of hatred in Snape's eyes, before he was spun around and slammed forcefully against the wall.

"Now, let us see," Snape pondered aloud. "You were here when Narcissa and Bellatrix arrived, but appeared to have left shortly after that. That was two and a half hours ago. Since I am not bound by normal 'performance standards,' I do believe that is how long you should be punished for..." Snape whispered over Wormtail's shoulder into his ear, right before casting well-aimed Stinging Hexes. Pettigrew's shriek of torment was nothing to his howl of agony when Snape followed those up with a few slicing hexes to Wormtail's testicles, glans and anus, right before he plunged unceremoniously into him.

It was the longest two and a half hours of Wormtail's life.

When the two and a half hour mark passed (truth be told, Snape was tired of it long before the two hour mark, but never let it be said that Severus Snape didn't dole out a full deserved punishment), Snape withdrew, and leant down again to hiss in Wormtail's ear. "You alone have the potential to release me from this. Since you fail to comply, I am forced to conclude, that, for all your protestations to the contrary, you are rather enjoying it. Be advised, I will not be so forgiving in the future."

Delirious from the abuse and the loss of blood, Pettigrew collapsed in a shuddering heap on the floor.

Snape left him there.

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The third day after the deadline approached, and Snape was even in a more towering mood than usual.

Having suffered from this accursed affliction for so long, he'd long since learned to not do anything that may exacerbate the pain. Having not had an orgasm in fifteen years, just about *everything* exacerbated the pain. Certainly the last two nights of rigorous activity, while unsatisfying, left his body with an instinctive need for release that was proving harder than normal to tolerate.

Despite what he'd taken great pains to have Wormtail believe, this was not his idea of a good time. In fact, the only good physical thing that could be said about forcing himself upon Pettigrew was that it gave him something else to focus on for a short while, allowing him to temporarily put the ache out of his mind.

That the ache rebounded ten-fold when he stopped was another matter entirely.

He could do this. He had to do this.

Slowly, he removed his robes, and absently, with the lightest of caresses, barely flickered his fingertips across the engorged purple head of his cock. He winced and groaned in agony; the nerves in his glans felt as if they were on fire. The clear, thin fluid was dribbling steadily out of the parted opening of his urethra; somewhere in the back of his academic mind, he realised he could still impregnate a woman if he weren't so diligent about taking the contraceptive potion he'd surreptitiously also been distributing to all the Slytherin males since he'd started as Head of House.

He was beyond light-headed; his cock and balls felt as if they'd swollen to twice their achievable size. Blinded by rage and lust, he staggered into the room where Wormtail sat cowering, even as the man emerged feet first from the Pensieve.

Snape seized his opportunity, and blasted his way past bruised and bloodied tissue while yanking Pettigrew out of the Pensieve by what remained of his greying, brownish, lank hair.

"You think you have known terror and pain at my hands, Wormtail?" Snape whispered viciously as the man sobbed and begged for mercy. "You have seen nothing yet."

"**ENNERVATE!**" Snape howled, as Pettigrew nearly blacked out from the pain and fright.

And with Wormtail's own wand, Snape cast *Crucio* on him, never relenting in his pounding penetration.

Pettigrew's shrieking and convulsing, which carried on until the man screamed his throat raw, were *almost* enough to push Snape past that unachievable cliff.

Almost.

"Almost" wasn't quite good enough, and Snape thrust Wormtail away from him with a roar of fury, releasing the *Cruciatus* at the same time.

Pettigrew collapsed, silently sobbing, in the corner.

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Never known for his compassion, Snape hovered over Pettigrew all the next day. The man snivelled and sobbed the entire day, which was horribly tiresome for Snape, yet he watched unblinkingly as the man dove, again and again, into the Pensieve.

As nightfall approached, Snape rose to tower threateningly over him. With the encroaching darkness, Pettigrew squealed in terror, realising Snape was advancing on him nearly imperceptibly with every memory.

Nearly.

"**SEVERUS, PLEASE!**" Pettigrew shrieked in a voice to raise the dead. "I SWEAR TO MERLIN I AM TRYING!"

"I am two inches from you, Wormtail... and there is a silencing charm on this house. You have no need to squeal," Snape whispered dangerously. "No one but I will hear you anyway, and I am not inclined to take favour upon one who insists on damaging my hearing with pointless histrionics."

"S-s-s-everus, pl-pl-please!" Wormtail sobbed openly, tears running freely down his face. "I swear to GOD I am looking, I cannot find it! Give me more time, I beg you!!!" Finally betraying his Muggle-born heritage, Snape realised that Pettigrew lapsed into Muggle epithets when properly provoked.

"One. More. Memory," Snape conceded acidly.

Pettigrew wasted no time in extracting one, and thrust himself face first into it.

Snape laid his hand calmly on Pettigrew's shoulder and waited equally calmly for the man to emerge. When he did so, the Animagus started at the non-threatening touch, and backed away gasping. "Please, no!"

"Tell me the counter-curse," Snape demanded.

"I don't know it!" Pettigrew screeched.

"Too bad for you, then," Snape said, advancing more rapidly upon him, wand raised. "My patience knows bounds, and it has evaporated. *Everything* I have done to you these past nights, I will do again tonight... Only this time, when I grow bored, I will then transfigure you into the rat that you truly are. Thus, impaled on my long-aching cock, you will die a most... painful... death."

Backed completely into a corner and insensate with horror, Pettigrew shrieked "**NOSEVERUSPLEASE!**" and then blubbered something that sounded like a Latin incantation.

Snape paused in his advance. "What was that?"

"*Bulbocavernosa inhibita*," Wormtail stuttered. "It was the incantation. An incantation."

Snape thought on that quickly. By virtue of studying Potions, and having worked with the Hospital Wing over the years, he had, perhaps, a much greater knowledge than his peers of anatomy. His additional own prodigious skill at spell creation served to have him racking his brain in a therefore more productive manner. He mentally came up with a potential counter-curse in short order and then doubled over in agony as he felt as if something slammed into his gut.

"**INCARCEROUS!**" he hissed; then quite unnecessarily demanded, "Stay here."

Stopping only briefly in his laboratory to grab two bottles, he Disapparated to Knockturn Alley.

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"Professor Snape, what a pleasant surprise!" crooned the madam in the brothel whose doors he'd not ever darkened.

"I am in an extraordinarily foul mood. Do not toy with me. Someone. Appropriate. Quickly," he commanded icily. One of the women in the corner raised her eyebrows, but strode sultrily toward him.

"How may I be of service?" she purred.

Thrusting an entirely too-full bag in her hands, Snape grabbed her arm and dragged her out to Diagon Alley. "Who here do you fancy?" he demanded.

"I beg your pardon?" the whore looked at him in confusion.

Straining to contain his temper, he took a deep breath and clenched his eyes. "Who. Here. Do. You. Fancy?! I am not an attractive man, madam, nor am I stupid. And despite the fact that I have paid you quite well for your 'services,' as you have so aptly described them, I would far rather you not look upon me with revulsion. Who here do you fancy? Pick one, and I will not hesitate to accommodate you."

The woman blinked at him for a moment, but dutifully eyed the wizards walking obliviously along. She spied one, and a lusty smirk crossed her face. "That one," she pointed.

"**Accio Capillus!**" Snape whispered, and plunged the resulting hair into one of the bottles he'd taken from his laboratory. "Follow me," he commanded, leading her to the nearest inn. He didn't even care that it was a complete dive.

When they arrived in the room, he thrust the other bottle at her. "Drink this," he commanded.

"What is it?" she asked suspiciously.

Shrugging, she downed the contents of the bottle as he fought down the Polyjuice. It was, by far, not the strangest request she'd ever received... and certainly far more reasonable than many.

He didn't feel it for long, as he immediately blacked out.

The next morning, a rather deliciously exhausted Severus Snape rose from the bed. His lover lay in an exhausted puddle on the bed. The room stank of sex so strongly, he suspected they could smell it on the streets, even through the windows. He didn't care.

Snape threw Pettigrew's wand at him and hissed, "Get out of my house. Your services are no longer needed."

Snape found he didn't care where.

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In this version of my little universe, Narcissa is a sex fiend. The "misnamed" comment is referring to that perhaps Narcissa should have been named "Nymphadora", instead. I've tried to rewrite that, and it just. wasn't. working.