

Serious Power to Corrupt

by Good_Witch

Severus is on a mission to get the Marauders expelled, only to be set upon by a motley group of animals. Only one, a huge black dog, finds him hiding in the Forbidden Forest and teaches him a lesson he'll never forget. No happy endings here. Dark/disturbing/triggery—please pay attention to the warnings.

Content Notes/Warnings: Noncon/rape, bestiality, fitting into canon

Written for Livejournal HP_Kinkfest, prompt #456, submitted by serpenscript, optional supplementary prompt: Sometimes the thing to fear is not the thing that goes bump in the night, but the thing that goes hump in the night... Forced to run an errand at night,

Severus runs into someone he'd rather not, and they're not about to let him go without a little fun first. If Snape is a virgin & straight, it would be especially delicious.

As dark as you care to go, but no death please? Canine knotting is a deliciously perverse thing. :3

Showcasing kink: nonconsensual (penetrative) bestiality (werewolf or animagus)

oneshot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Notes: I completely forgot that I hadn't posted this to archives yet. Oops!

All text in bold is quoted directly from J. K. Rowling's Harry Potter books #4 and #5. My gratitude for beta/feedback go out to darkcelestial20, sbrande, and tripperfunster. Once again, I have written something that rather horrifies me that it came from my own brain. Fitting this into existing canon just made it more awful to me, so those of you who like it dark, I hope it works for you. serpenscript, I know this doesn't quite follow your optional supplementary prompt, but it pointed me in this direction, so I hope you enjoy it after all.

Serious Power to Corrupt

I just know they're out here somewhere! I saw Lupin heading toward the Whomping Willow this evening, and the rest of their little gang were hovering around the front

doors after dinner. If only Avery hadn't demanded I fix his potions project, I could have stuck around to see them when they left. Every month, they sneak out...They think I don't know! This time, I'm going to catch them and get them booted. Maybe then, I won't have to keep watch over my shoulder all the damn time. Sociopathic wankers...

Severus skulked through the shadows outside the castle, secure in his anonymity with a well-practiced Disillusionment Charm and the naïve confidence of a sixteen-year-old boy. He had managed to find a secret passage from the dungeon corridor to outside the castle, and, after weeks of persistence, had finally broken through the enchantments keeping it locked away from meddling students. He'd have to send an owl to Malfoy to thank him for that powerful spell he had sent...who was it that had taught it to him? Malfoy had been waxing more and more enthusiastic about the leader of some new movement, courting Severus and his cronies into joining them when they left Hogwarts. *Lord Voldemort, was it? I think that's right. Malfoy said he's pretty powerful, and if that spell was any indication, he's spot on. Well, less than two years left and I can go learn more myself. I wouldn't mind having more ammunition in my arsenal around Black and Potter... especially if it would give me a chance to show Lily once and for all what toerags they really are.*

The further he got from the castle walls, the more freely he moved, taking long, purposeful strides toward the Whomping Willow, hoping to find evidence of the Gryffindor rule-breakers. He was over halfway there when he stopped, peering through the light of the full moon at the motley group of animals loping and cavorting across the grounds.

Is that... a stag? And that looks like just a big dog. But what is that? Icy sweat prickled his scalp as he recognized the massive beast darting between the two others. *Buggering hell... that looks like a werewolf!* Glancing up at the moon, his muscles seized in terror and he gulped back the whimper that wanted to surface in his throat.

The dog and wolf were nipping at each other's legs as they trotted, snarling and yipping in what looked like a playful manner. The stag tossed his head and fell behind, waiting for the tiny bouncing shadow to catch up. Severus saw a rat leap onto the stag's lowered head, racing up to grip his antlers as the stag galloped forward again to join the others.

Severus realized that they were heading his way and desperately wished he could Disapparate.

I don't want them to find me. I'll be killed! I have to get out of here...

He started backing away, trying with all his might not to panic or make a sound.

The animals were closing in faster than he could back away, and he gave in to his panic, turning and sprinting toward the nearest shelter: the Forbidden Forest, so much closer than the secret passage he had used to exit the now-locked up castle.

The rustling of his feet in the grass caught the dog's attention. He paused and stared pointedly in Severus's direction, sniffing the air. The wolf noticed and began tracking, his nose to the ground as he advanced toward where Severus had turned tail. The stag's nostrils flared as he inhaled, and he nearly flung the rat from his antlers as he whipped his head around so quickly. The wolf and dog sped up, hot on the scent of the fleeing boy, hearing his pounding footsteps as he tried to escape.

The stag knew he couldn't let the wolf catch the invisible boy, no matter who it was. He galloped ahead and cut across the path of the pursuing canids, making them pull up short to avoid the sharp points of his antlers.

Severus spared a terrified glance over his shoulder as he pelted into the Forest, barrelling through low-hanging branches and piles of leaves. He clambered up a rise and fell, panting, against a tree. Straining to hear more than his frantic heartbeat, he peered into the dappled darkness, hoping that he had managed to lose the animals that trailed him.

The stag kept diverting the others, blocking their path again and again, until the wolf snarled and snapped at him, then threw back his head and howled. In the Forest, Severus trembled at the hair-raising sound. The stag stood his ground, head lowered threateningly, and the wolf growled as he detoured, sniffing for something else to chase. When the wolf took off in a different direction, the stag lifted his head and pawed the ground, nodding at the dog and pointing his antlers at the Forest. The dog voiced a grumbling grunt and shook himself, dropping to the ground in a gesture of acquiescence. The stag looked after the disappearing wolf and galloped away, the rat still clinging to his head.

Snuffling, the dog stood again and sniffed at the grass, once again finding the path of the departing boy. Loping along, he knew he had to find out who had seen them together. They couldn't allow Lupin to be outed!

Severus was still leaning against the tree, listening hard and trying to regain his self-control. Clouds were passing over the moon, and the rising breeze rustled the leaves around him, startling him over and over at the whispering, crackling sounds. The darkness of the forest when the moon was covered was profound, and Severus debated lighting his wand. *But it could just draw attention to me...which I certainly don't want in here!*

The dog slowly followed the trail in the forest, taking care to be as quiet as possible. The last thing he wanted was to get hexed! He could smell the acrid odour of the boy's fear and it set off a curling thrill of excitement in his belly. It didn't take long for the dog to realize where the boy was hidden in plain sight. He could smell the apprehension and terror rolling off him in waves. Plus, he could see the smushed leaves under the boy's invisible feet. *I have to know who he is!* Creeping further away and out of sight, he changed back to his human form so he could use his wand. Carefully hiding behind a tree, he pointed his wand and whispered, "*Accio wand!*"

Severus jerked to attention as his wand was forcefully Summoned from his grip. His agonized gasp was loud in the muted sounds of the Forest. He tried to see who had disarmed him, but the shadows were too dark. He could only see which tree it had sailed behind.

The moment he caught the boy's wand, he recognized the smooth black wood. *That's Snape!* Dropping the ebony wand in the leaves, he swiftly hissed, "*Finite Incantatem!*" and watched as the Disillusionment Charm faded, leaving Severus visibly ashen and sweaty in the shifting light of the moon. Anger mushroomed in his gut, and a desire to teach the snooping boy a lesson he wouldn't soon forget broke over him like a tidal wave. Pulling back behind the tree, he shifted into his animagus form again, waiting for Severus to come looking for his wand.

Severus was rooted to the spot, shaking. He stood there for what felt like an eternity, waiting for whoever had disarmed him to show themselves. Listening to the continued rustling and crackling of the forest around him, he strained his eyes trying to see into the deepening darkness. After several minutes, he took a tentative step forward, primed to bolt at the first sign of his pursuer. Slowly, he tiptoed across to the tree where he had seen his wand disappear and carefully knelt to search the leaves.

The dog waited, mouth open to taste the maddening scent of fear as well as smell it, listening to the snapping of twigs as Severus came closer. When he lowered to his knees, the dog stepped forward out of the shadows, yellow eyes gleaming with malice as a low growl rumbled forth.

Severus froze, bowels twisting in horror as he stared at the glistening fangs so near him. He started to rise, but the dog growled louder, baring his teeth. He jerked back down and the dog stopped growling, stepping closer and breathing on his face. The dog sniffed deeply, almost burying his nose at the boy's throat, making Severus squeeze his eyes shut, petrified.

The dog circled around the boy crouched in the leaves, noting how much larger he was than the stringy youth. Enjoying the surge of animal power, he shoved his nose at the boy's vulnerable spots, enjoying the anxious hitching of breath and barely suppressed squeaks of despair. A choked sob burst forth when the dog's muzzle nudged between the boy's legs, and he could feel the boy's shudders.

Severus tried to blink away the tears that kept welling up, bracing himself for the pain of the beast's first ravaging bite. He knew better than to lose himself in the Forbidden Forest, full of Dark creatures. He hadn't paid attention, and now he would pay for his folly.

The dog started panting more, snuffling closer along the boy's body, pausing at his neck. He dragged his tongue across the fluttering pulse point at his throat, and the boy cringed, crying out as he dropped to the ground, covering his head with his arms and sobbing.

A primal jolt of control electrified the dog, sending sizzling tingles through his gut and ending in his groin. The savage thought of how much he could debase Snape swirled with the image of the boy bent low on his knees and elbows, his face buried in the dirt and his arse high in the air. The dog felt his cock swelling, and he glanced underneath him to see the red tip poking out of his furry sheath. A deep rumble surfaced, making Severus shake even more as he started to curl up. The dog voiced a sharp bark and shoved his nose under Severus's hips, forcing his arse back up. When Severus started to lift his head, the dog propped one massive forepaw on the back of the boy's neck, holding him down.

Severus gasped and froze, except for the uncontrollable trembling. His mind raced, wondering at the dog's actions. His fear spiked when the dog started sniffing at his crotch again, and his fingers clawed into the dirt at the feel of the dog biting at his trousers. The dog's hot breath bathed Severus's groin, and his bollocks contracted violently as he tried to close his spread legs. He desisted immediately at the dog's menacing growl and the warning pressure of those sharp teeth over his cock and balls.

The dog pulled and scratched at the boy's trousers, tearing the cloth and ripping at the seams. Severus stiffened, expecting to be torn and bloodied, but the dog merely tugged the cloth away, leaving his arse bare to the cool air. He jumped at the cold wetness of the dog's nose dragging over his haunch, down his crack, butting against his cock. Severus's voice stuck in his throat until he felt the dog's hot tongue snaking out to lap at him, then he let loose a high-pitched keen of shock.

The dog buried his nose in Severus's bollocks, inhaling the pungent odour of his terror and getting high off it. His brute power exhilarated him, and his cock slid fully out, dusky pink and glistening in the moonlight. He considered shoving his cock into the boy's mouth, but decided that would put him at too much of a disadvantage as it would give him a chance to bite him in his most vulnerable place. But he wanted to cow this snivelling prat...show him he wasn't the one in control.

The dog licked along the boy's crack again, snuffling at his wavering cry. The taste was strong and intoxicating, nearly overwhelming to his heightened dog senses. Heart racing in excitement, he licked again and again, shoving his tongue into the boy's hole. Whenever the boy tried to move away, he growled and dragged his teeth over his arse or balls, and the boy resumed his submissive position, his breath coming in shuddering sobs.

Severus didn't know what to do, trapped as he was by the beast. Somehow, he felt like it was toying with him, humiliating him. He had no choice but to take it, and he had never felt so helpless in his life. That feeling intensified beyond belief when he felt the dog starting to climb onto his back. Hot breath wafted over his back and neck and he winced at the sting of the dog's claws as they scrambled down his sides and shoulders. But he wasn't prepared for the degrading pain of being mounted. His mouth filled with dirt and leaves as he screamed, the dog's paws pressing him into the ground and the dog's cock smearing liquid over his arse until it found his resisting entrance and shoved in deep.

The dog's weight as he straddled the boy forced his legs further apart, skidding through the leaves. He wanted to hump and thrust more than he had ever wanted anything else in his life. The urge was overpowering and his human mind seemed to take a backseat to the beast as he jerked his haunches, stabbing at the boy's tight ring of muscle. When he reached his target and sank in, he flexed his paws, not caring that his claws left raw weals on the boy's arms and shoulders. The sound of the boy's ragged scream sent another jolt of power through him, and he growled and snarled as he pistoned in and out of the boy's arse, taking what he wanted.

Severus choked and keened, whimpering and begging the dog to stop, to let him go, his tears mixing with the dirt to leave mud smeared on his face. The searing agony of the initial intrusion settled into a steady burn, and he struggled to regain his breath, willing the dog to hurry. He wanted nothing more than to make it back to the security of his bed in the Slytherin dormitory so he could heal his wounds.

The dog was nearly insensate but for the building pleasure. His need to dominate reared up again as he was about to reach his peak, and he sank his teeth into the boy's trapezius, growling as he tasted blood and orgasming to the boy's shriek.

Severus felt like he could not scream enough to express the blinding pain of the dog tearing at his shoulder even as he felt his cock stab deeper and swell inside him. The base of the dog's cock ballooned, stretching Severus beyond imagination and sending white-hot flares of agony through his limbs, making him break out in a freshet of sweat. Assailed as he was by the two very different but extreme pains, he still noticed the burn of the dog's come as it pumped into his ravaged arse, filling him with jet after jet of the thin fluid. It went on for an eternity...the pulse of the dog's come punctuating the throb of the dog's knot locked inside him and the dog's teeth embedded in his flesh.

Eventually, the dog's climax subsided, and he released the boy's shoulder, licking at the bloody puncture wounds. Severus moaned in misery beneath him. Satisfied that the boy had finally learnt his lesson, the dog tried to back off, only to find that he couldn't retreat. His cock was stuck inside the boy's arse, held there by the knot that locked his come inside.

Severus shouted in pain when the dog pulled back, unable to separate. He knew what had happened; he had seen dogs rutting in his old neighbourhood as a boy. He was doomed to wait until the knot shrank and the dog could withdraw.

The dog's primal urge had been sated, and he was ready to go find his friends, but every time he tried to pull out, he found he was stuck fast. And every time, Severus cried out at the pain. Unsure how long he would have to wait, the dog smirked inwardly and just kept trying to withdraw, torturing the boy even more. Finally, after what must have been at least fifteen minutes, he pulled and his cock popped out, followed by a torrent of his come.

When the dog's knot pulled free, Severus shouted in relief and agony, his legs collapsing even as he felt his abused arsehole gaping and contracting, trying to expel the stinging fluid filling him so uncomfortably. He felt the hot liquid trailing down the backs of his legs and heard it spraying onto the Forest floor. His voice was hoarse as he begged, "Please... just go away... please... leave me... just go... please... don't hurt me... please..."

The dog sniffed at his come gushing out of the boy's arse and oozing down his legs. Then he padded up to the boy's back and licked again at the blood pooling on his shoulder. Severus jerked and cried out but didn't do anything else to defend himself or protest whatever the dog wanted to do to him. He hovered over the boy, smelling his tears and blood and watching him lie there submissive and pliant and *broken*.

Satisfied, the dog stepped away, turning and giving a low bark before racing off, leaving the boy in the shifting moonlight, thoroughly debauched and debased.

Severus lay there, face down, listening, praying that the dog wouldn't come back. After several minutes, he realized that he had better get out of the Forest before some other Dark creature found him and added to his torment. He lifted his head and shoved to his hands and knees, wincing at the searing pain in his arse and the sickening gush of dog come that pushed out of him. He still had to find his wand. After a while of crawling through the leaves and groping in the darkness, he paused, angry with himself as he hissed, "*Lumos!*" and watched the tip light up not far from him.

Wishing he had thought of that earlier, he grabbed his wand and cast *Reparo* on his clothes, gingerly getting to his feet to limp back to the castle under a new Disillusionment Charm, hoping that he could avoid the marauding animals on this trip and avoid any more injury. If the dog was that bad, he could only imagine that the werewolf would be even worse.

It was nearly dawn by the time he made it into his curtained four-poster bed, hiding his bruised and bloodied body from the possible prying eyes of his House-mates, and cast enough spells to heal his wounds. He couldn't go to Madam Pomfrey without inciting too many dangerous questions, and he had to learn to take care of himself anyway. That was one thing his mind was made up about: he would never allow himself to be controlled like that again. From here on out, he would seek power and control. Malfoy had the right of it; there was surely much to be learned from his Dark Lord.

He would never be able to get rid of the scars, but at least he was mended...physically. He didn't know if he would ever be healed mentally of the trauma of being raped by an animal that displayed more sentience than he would have ever expected.

There was one thing for certain: if he ever saw that dog again, he would hex first and ask questions later.

Nineteen years later...

Severus stood in the hospital wing, seething with contempt for the ridiculous little man who refused the evidence of Voldemort's return. He watched silently as Dumbledore

argued with Fudge, and when Harry burst out, "**Look, I saw Voldemort come back!**" and Mrs. Weasley forced him back into the bed, Severus saw something dark moving in the shadow behind it.

Harry continued to shout, "**I saw the Death Eaters! I can give you their names! Lucius Malfoy...**"

That's when Severus saw the huge black dog of his nightmarish memories materialize in front of him. A wave of panic washed over him, but he clamped down on his urge to flee almost as soon as it hit him.

Snape made a sudden movement, but as Harry looked at him, Snape's eyes flew back to Fudge.

It can't be! It's been almost twenty years! How could that same dog be here now?

Severus's thoughts raced, trying to figure out what was going on and attempting to rebuild his inner composure to match his outward calm. Eventually, his attention was drawn to Fudge's continued denial that the Dark Lord was back, and Severus snapped, shoving his bared left forearm under the little man's nose and snarling the truth.

He seethed at Fudge's idiocy, still fighting his body's hyperawareness of the black dog eyeing him with yellow eyes glowing with smug malice. He wanted nothing more than to hex the animal and run, just like he had promised himself he would years ago. Fudge left, and Dumbledore dispatched his staff to various tasks in their plan to fight against the Dark Lord. Severus turned his attention to the headmaster as he spoke again.

"And now," he said, "it is time for two of our number to recognise each other for what they are. Sirius...if you will resume your usual form."

The great black dog looked up at Dumbledore, then, in an instant, turned back into a man.

Yells erupted around him; Severus **had not yelled or jumped backwards, but the look on his face was one of mingled fury and horror.**

NO! It's him! I should have killed him in the Shack when I had the chance. That filth raped *me!* *He deserved Azkaban...*

"Him!" he snarled, staring at Sirius, whose face showed equal dislike. "What is he doing here?"

Other than staring at me and gloating over what he did to me back then! Rest assured, you disgusting mongrel, I will revel in the day you get what you deserve...

One year later...

"He's got Padfoot!" Harry yelled from his imprisonment in Umbridge's office. **"He's got Padfoot at the place where it's hidden!"**

Umbridge was assailing Severus with questions, but he was galvanized at the thought that Sirius might actually be in danger with the Dark Lord. A frisson of satisfaction raised gooseflesh and he **looked round at Harry. His face was inscrutable.**

Deigning to answer Umbridge's questions, Severus **said coldly, "I have no idea."** His mouth continued to speak, but he didn't much care what he was saying, as his mind was filled with ideas of what sorts of tortures Sirius could be subject to at the Dark Lord's hands.

He closed the door behind him with a snap and allowed himself one smile of satisfaction before going on his way.