

The Dark Lord's Pleasure

by Agnus Castus

A Ministry witch has her darkest fantasies fulfilled, but at what cost?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Low-lying mist carpeted the grounds of Malfoy Manor, eerie in the stark white light of the full moon. A vestigial glow of sunset lingered on the western horizon, contrasting its baleful pink glare against the deep indigo of the darkening night sky.

Orla Quirke took her first steps outside. Her descent into ground fog resembled a dreamlike illusion, as though she'd stepped onto a cloud, floating outwards into the velvet night.

At her side, her dark-haired escort fastened his cloak and pulled forward his hood, shrouding his features from the luminous moon.

She shivered.

The night had drawn in faster than she'd realised, as though autumn had usurped summer's privilege, weighing the air with cool humidity and teasing their faces with delicate, clammy caresses. Very soon, the atmosphere would fill with amorphous swirling fog, blotting out the moon in a pall of impenetrable darkness.

Pausing on the stone steps, Orla noticed a bright star shining stridently alongside the moon.

"Venus?" she posited.

"Jupiter," Snape replied.

"Ah." Orla laughed nervously. "Astronomy never was my strongest suit."

The conversational gambit reaped no further reward. Instead, Snape offered his arm. With a flutter in her chest, Orla's hand slid into the nook of his elbow, and she allowed him to lead her safely down the path towards the gate, into the dead of night.

"Thank you for a lovely evening." Orla swayed ever so slightly, emphasising sincerity. The motion pulled him gently towards her.

Snape allowed some movement and then stopped short. Feeling the familiar edge of his defences, she refrained from further physical flirtation.

Shoes trod into gravel, and the scrapes of hard stone edges filled the void.

Orla was wise enough to know she'd make no further progress tonight. In all the time Professor Snape had visited the Department of Magical Education, he'd never once glanced in her direction. One time, she'd daringly dropped a roll of parchment near his feet but had been disappointed by his polite, curt response.

Then, when the man she admired became Hogwarts' Defence Against the Dark Arts professor, the playing field changed. Finally, he was sitting on the other side of her

Ministry desk, engaging her in conversation. Orla felt like the cat that got the cream.

Trying not to be too obvious, she'd avoided twisting her strawberry-blonde locks around her fingers and refrained from adjusting her robes, but there was little she could do about dilated pupils and flushed cheeks. Her Celtic complexion gave too much away. Anyone who cared to look would have noticed her attraction shining like a beacon. She suspected that Narcissa Malfoy had sized her up in a trice.

"Tell me, Severus," Orla ventured, savouring the sensation of his name on her tongue. "Did you only invite me here tonight at Narcissa's suggestion, or did you have an ulterior motive?"

A bold question, no doubt about that, but Orla had grown tired of flimflam. She felt ready for the honest truth; the time had come to make a move or cut and run. She would not waste any more time on this unobtainable man after tonight.

"Yes, it was Narcissa's suggestion," Severus replied smoothly. "And, yes, I had an ulterior motive." Grinding gravel punctuated his steady steps. "There are changes afoot, Miss Quirke. In the absence of Professor Dumbledore, things will not continue as they once did."

"Undoubtedly, things at Hogwarts will change... I fail to see how this has resulted in my invitation to Malfoy Manor."

"There were certain movers and shakers sitting around that dinner table tonight."

"Come now, Severus. Lucius can barely say 'boo' to a goose at the moment. Azkaban has broken him. He spent most of his time staring vacantly at me this evening."

"I'm not referring to Lucius."

Orla stopped walking and held Severus's arm firmly, forcing him to slow. "Then to whom are you referring?"

Sourness curled the corners of his mouth. "Amycus and Alecko Carrow."

Fighting back a scoff, Orla took a moment to regroup. "I hope you're joking."

"I do not joke. However you view the situation, the facts are these: the Defence Against the Dark Arts syllabus will gain new emphasis, and the Muggle Studies curriculum will be transformed. We are the cusp of a new world, Orla."

The sound of her name in his redolent baritone pushed her heartbeat north into her windpipe, thwarting any verbal response. He tugged her to resume their walk towards the gate.

"You will be an integral part of that change. We wish... I wish to ensure your sensibilities match my own."

"I see," Orla managed.

She'd often speculated about Snape's sensibilities and whether or not they were comparable, but his motives and values remained ambiguous. Perhaps he was simply out for himself. Nevertheless, she'd witnessed great passion in his application of the Dark Arts since he'd taken the post, and she wondered if he meticulously guarded other great depths of love behind his cool, imposing exterior.

"Did I pass the test?" she asked, slyness sneaking into her voice.

"Adequately enough."

"High praise indeed, coming from you." She chortled quietly.

"This is no laughing matter, Miss Quirke."

"I beg your pardon, Professor Snape," she mimicked.

She regretted the comeback when silence resumed.

Upon reaching the gate, Orla searched his features for some small clue, but the shadow of his cloak in the gathering mist occluded all expression. Ripples of anxiety clenched her stomach as he produced his wand and cast the charm which allowed passage through the barrier. She knew unequivocally that it was now or never.

Tongue-tied, Orla followed him wordlessly through the gate.

"It would be better for you to return home immediately," Severus said, quiet caution filling the air.

The ornate ironwork clanged behind them as the gates closed.

"You can Apparate safely from here. I shall call at your office during the week to take matters forward. Goodnight, Miss Quirke."

Orla chanced a step in his direction, her hand moving to touch him, but he turned and Disapparated before her hand found the warmth of his chest.

Orla pulled her cloak firmly around her bare shoulders, blocking the late-evening chill. He had been gone mere seconds, yet already her heart-rate had plummeted and the warm, fuzzy feeling of the last few hours had been replaced by saturnine disappointment.

She'd placed all her hopes on this evening.

Standing beyond the reach of Malfoy Manor, Orla vacillated between heading straight home as Severus had suggested and roaming the dark country lane for a while to work through her failure.

If only Severus had...

She spun around at the sudden sound of crunching gravel, but there was nobody there.

Then the air crackled with energy, and when she turned back to the spot where he'd said goodbye, Severus reappeared, Apparating with a resonant thunderclap.

Her eyesight adapted to darkness, Orla noticed his hood had slipped back, revealing pale, thin features, and for the first time, barely-repressed emotion.

Before she had time to process the turn of events, Severus swept towards her, his long, fork-tailed cloak billowing in his wake. Mist swirled around him as he placed the palms of his hands firmly over her ears and pressed a kiss upon her partially open mouth.

His lips were ardent and unyielding, causing Orla's surprise to fade. Any remaining resistance melted at the sensation of Severus's plunging tongue, delivering pressure and warmth, claiming her as his.

Unsure of how many minutes had passed whilst caught in their passionate embrace, Orla found herself being led by the hand, back through the gates.

Once inside the perimeter, Snape took hold of her lower arm commandingly. "Once I take you inside the building, you belong to me."

Orla swallowed a lump the size of a bezoar in her throat.

"Do you understand?" His tone communicated deadly seriousness.

She knew she would be judged by the length of her pause. Regardless, she took a moment to steady herself. The situation had turned inexplicably on a sixpence, and she sensed all her hopes were about to culminate in a night of unfettered desire. Giddiness threatened to weaken her knees.

Severus held her arm securely, holding her upright, inviting her to give herself to him. As the seconds trickled by, his unflinching gaze pierced her mind, threatening to read her secrets and uncover her darkest fantasies. Orla swooned.

"Your answer?" Severus prompted, his voice tight with restrained desire.

Orla nodded shakily, feeling a thrill of anticipation mixed with an equal measure of dread.

Within seconds, her body compressed as Severus led their side-along Apparition indoors.

Dark mahogany lined the walls of the guest room, and the curtains were open, revealing ornate leaded windowpanes. A ceiling candelabrum warmed the space with low, flickering light, and a four-poster bed with bottle-green drapes dominated the room. Near the doorway, an antique settee and one armchair nestled in front of the fireplace, basking in its warm glow.

Orla had barely taken in her new surroundings when Severus pushed her up against the nearest wall, reclaiming her with his mouth. Excitement flurried as the wooden panels pressed against her back and Severus pushed his hard bulge just below her navel. Relaxing into erotic submission, Orla's remaining doubts departed.

Severus took hold of her wrists and lifted them over her head, pinning her with his vice-like grip. His assertion of power fuelled her arousal, and she felt the strength leave her legs.

Seeming to sense this, Severus scooped her up in his arms and carried her to the bed, placing her down gently on top of the quilt. Orla felt luxurious goose-down pillowing her head, and she watched as the dark-haired wizard removed his cloak and climbed onto the bed, straddling her at the hip.

Sliding his wand from his sleeve, Severus cast a charm, conjuring silvery serpent-like ropes which sought her wrists, tying them firmly together. His hot breath rippled against her neck as he placed her bound hands over her head and fastened the restraints to the headboard.

Orla quivered when he sat back to look at her, his weight resting on her thighs with an odd quirk on his lips. Unsettled by his expression, Orla became aware of her vulnerability and a growing sense of abasement.

Satisfied by her reaction, Severus placed his wand on her dress, and the material peeled from her skin without protest. Within moments her gown had hung itself demurely on the wall, her shoes on the floor beneath.

Orla lay almost naked on the bed, feeling glad she'd worn her best green and black silk set. She tried to stay calm.

Severus's wand traced the plunge-line of her bra, nudging into the fullness of her breast, and then ran his free hand up the top of her leg, underneath the seam of her knickers. She trembled like a turning leaf caught in the wind.

"You won't need these." Severus flicked his wand and Vanished her prized underwear with a non-verbal spell.

Fully exposed, Orla gasped, her nipples tightened and heat flowed wantonly between her legs.

"To whom do you belong?"

Orla's eyes flitted shut for a moment. "To you, Severus."

When she opened her eyes, his long fingers had already unbuttoned his frock-coat. Severus shrugged the garment from his thin frame and draped it over the foot of the bed. He removed his necktie, loosened his top shirt buttons, and unbuckled his belt. All the while his dangerous black eyes never left hers, assimilating everything.

Soon, his lithe body smothered her recumbent form, rubbing his hard length against her pubis.

Only when she became poised to beg did Severus enter her with a smooth, measured movement.

Orla lay supine on the bed, her body deeply relaxed in the fading warmth of climax.

Severus had already secured his attire and lay fully-clothed on his side, one long index finger running down the pale skin on Orla's side. She felt its warmth trace her contours and flinched when his finger reached her waist, tickling her slightly. She attempted escape from the silvery rope which held her hands over her head, but the binding was firm.

"When are you going to untie me, Severus?"

Severus ran his finger down her hip, zigzagging lazily across the expanse of her thigh. "When I've finished with you."

A quiver descended Orla's spine. Realising their union was not yet over, a new whorl of pleasure effused her core, and her legs parted in relaxation.

Soon, Severus's index finger explored her folds, rubbing her nub with deft flicks of his finger. She moaned quietly, encouraging him to continue his ministrations, knowing she'd do anything for him when he slipped his finger inside her, but Severus held his position.

His finger stilled and Orla opened her eyes, turning her head to face him.

"What will you do for me?" he asked.

"Anything," she answered without hesitation.

Severus smiled slightly, stroked the length of her sex once, and removed his finger.

Orla strained her body, seeking further contact.

"You belong to me now." He rewarded her by plunging three fingers into her core.

"I do." She shuddered in pleasure, and her eyelids dropped once more.

"You will do whatever I ask."

"I will."

"And when you have done so, you shall return to me."

At this, Orla looked at him, questions covering her countenance.

Severus looked towards the bedroom door and her gaze followed. The double doors remained closed.

"When the doors open," Severus began, "I will give you to whoever enters the room. You will do their bidding without query or resistance. If you do this willingly, I shall reclaim you as mine, knowing that you truly belong to me."

Orla's mind leapt into high alert, whirring like a Sneakoscope. Her head shot back, meeting Severus's gleaming eyes.

"Do you accept?" he asked, his eyes focused seductively on her mouth, his finger nudging her hot, moist centre once more.

When she didn't answer, his finger encouraged her with a long, teasing stroke.

"I do." She trembled.

Severus removed his finger, rested his head against his hand and surveyed her naked form. "These are the terms: you shall give yourself freely to whomever I select and do exactly as they instruct. I shall watch and listen carefully for evidence of your subservience: proof that you belong to me. Do not deny these men. I only wish to hear sounds of pleasure from your lips."

Orla tried to absorb his instructions. Her chest heaved as she fought to breathe. Her body yearned for him whilst her mind railed against his demands. The length of his finger felt strangely distant.

Insinuating further into her thoughts, his voice almost a purr, Severus continued, "After this, you will be mine. Undeniably, irrefutably mine. Do you accept these terms?"

Hypnotised by his obsidian eyes and anodyne voice, Orla's thoughts tumbled like overripe fruits falling from their branches onto the soft, dewy ground below. Her chin dipped when she nodded her consent.

Gratified, Severus wiped his fingers on a handkerchief and his wand dropped from his sleeve once more.

"Alohomora!"

When the doors opened, Orla watched four men enter the room. She recognised all of them from the dinner table earlier. Three men took seats by the fire, and one man walked towards the bed, his long blond hair tied back with a black ribbon, his grey eyes roving her naked body as though beholding newly uncovered treasure. She noticed the man's chin was now clean-shaven, and the dark circles had gone from his eyes. Years appeared to have dropped from his features.

Orla sequestered her curiosity into a corner of her mind as Severus rolled off the bed to shake hands with Lucius Malfoy.

Holed up in his living room at Spinner's End, Severus Snape paused for a sip of morning coffee. On his lap, the front page of the *Daily Prophet* bore his photograph, announcing his appointment as headmaster. Soon, the newspaper would be publishing details of sweeping changes to Hogwarts' entrance requirements and curriculum. His meeting with Orla Quirke in the Department of Magical Education would be just the beginning.

An unexpected knock on his door broke his concentration, quickly placing him on the qui vive, ready for anything. Standing up, he peered through his back window, noticing the fog had not yet cleared enough to see past the end of his back yard wall. He shuddered. It seemed the Dementors were breeding.

When Severus opened his front door, Lucius Malfoy stood on the cobbled street, carrying an unconscious woman in his arms. Her head lolled to the side, neatly coiffed hair falling away to reveal her pale face, eyes darting in Rapid Eye Movement sleep, smudging her mascara underneath. Otherwise, Orla's carefully applied makeup was immaculate; she looked almost exactly the same as when he'd left her last night.

Reining in his surprise, he opened his door further and gestured Lucius inside, glancing out at the street for witnesses before sealing the entrance to his home once more. He turned to see Lucius ascending the stairs, carrying the cloaked bundle into his bedroom.

Bemused and concerned, Severus waited for Lucius in his kitchenette, preparing a second cup of coffee.

"My apologies for arriving unannounced," Lucius said through the open door moments later. "The Dark Lord sent me."

Severus nodded, and Lucius followed him into the lounge-cum-reading-room.

In the grey light of day, Lucius appeared ragged, days-old stubble covered his chin, dark circles underlined his eyes. Even his blond hair hung unkempt on his shoulders. He rubbed his left forearm.

Severus handed him the mug of coffee. "You look like you need this."

Lucius accepted the hot drink, and Severus gestured for him to sit down.

"I can't stay," Lucius said. His tired eyes swept the room but appeared to take in none of the surroundings. Cautiously, he took a sip.

Severus remained standing, waiting for an explanation, but none was forthcoming.

"Well?" he finally enquired.

Lucius seemed unable to make eye contact. "The woman upstairs is a gift... from the Dark Lord."

"A gift?" Severus experienced a swell of nausea. He picked up his own coffee cup to hide any cracks in his composure, taking the smallest of sips.

"She's your reward for loyal service." Lucius strummed his fingers against the faded ceramic mug, plainly hoping Severus would fill in the blanks.

Severus wanted to oblige but didn't know where to begin.

Lucius sighed. "The Dark Lord has ensured she will do your bidding."

Keeping his tone neutral, Severus replied, "I already had her in the palm of my hand."

"The Dark Lord thought otherwise."

"I see." Severus took a seat. "Has she been tortured?"

Lucius shook his head slightly. "Not exactly, no."

With some relief, Severus leaned back in his armchair. "What happened?"

"He entered her mind shortly after you departed."

Severus clenched his jaw, and his mouth dried to sandpaper.

Lucius diverted his gaze. "The Dark Lord discovered the depths of her attraction and decided to play a little game to ascertain where her loyalties lie. It turns out she'll do anything for you."

"Anything?" Severus spoke the word before he'd processed the implications.

"The Dark Lord wished to bend her to his will, but then realised she was more malleable in your hands."

The antique clock on Severus's mantelpiece ticked through several inexorable seconds.

"The Dark Lord posed as me?" Severus eventually asked, not truly wishing to have his interpretation confirmed.

"Yes. He created a vision which quickly determined her propensity for submission. She will not present resistance to the curriculum changes. It seems she won't resist anything you ask of her."

Severus frowned.

Lucius took a long gulp of coffee and placed the cup on the wobbly side-table. "You should be honoured, Severus. The Dark Lord does not usually share his toys."

Severus held a neutral stance, discreetly masking any outward sign of the seething pit of serpents writhing in his stomach.

Lucius watched Severus closely for signs of comprehension. "Come now, do I really have to spell it out to you?" The blond wizard closed his eyes and inhaled audibly. "The Dark Lord has transformed her into your slave."

Severus blinked. He paused for a moment until the penny dropped. *Surely not?*

Lucius nodded, confirming his suspicions.

"Enjoy her, Severus. Few are this willing to... serve so loyally." He reached inside his cloak and extracted a small, amber dropper bottle. "This will awaken her from her slumber."

Severus accepted the potion and followed Lucius to the front door where he bade him goodbye.

When the fellow Death Eater Disappeared, Severus banged the front door shut and clenched his fists. His insides numbed in defeat as though hit by a Freezing Charm.

Once again, he'd been outplayed by the Dark Lord.

Anger flared, warming his frozen chest and encouraging movement. Slowly, he climbed the stairs to his bedroom.

Orla Quirke laid on his queen-sized bed, wrapped in her cloak, bewitched sleep relaxing her features, lending her an innocent, serene expression.

Severus sat on the edge of the bed and stared at her for a protracted period, knowing her appearance belied the ordeal she'd endured after he'd left her at the gates of Malfoy Manor last night. He admonished himself for failing to protect her. Safeguarding any woman in his life continued to be impracticable, and the costs continued to pile up.

He noticed the black lace of her bra visible against the edge of her gown and carefully adjusted her cloak, retrieving a modicum of modesty.

When guilt and sorrow abated, he began to assess the repercussions. How might Orla react when she awakened? Would she be lucid and level-headed enough to fathom the truth, or had she been broken by the Dark Lord and tortured into madness?

Could he salvage the situation enough to maintain some semblance of privacy? Or would he be burdened by a dependant who required frequent attention? How would he cope if the situation proved irretrievable?

His analytical mind picked up the mantle, seeking out options. Obliviation. Memory Potion. Both were in the realms of possibility, but neither would ensure safety from the Dark Lord if he expected Orla to submit to Severus's every whim.

The alternative of no action seemed even less appealing.

He placed the small amber potion bottle on the bedside table.

Getting up, he tiptoed out of the bedroom and closed the door quietly behind him. Downstairs, he opened a creaky kitchen cupboard and extracted a bottle of Ogden's finest.

His first shot of Firewhisky warmed the back of his throat much earlier in the day than usual.

And the morning remained young.

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