

Detention at Spinner's End

by potionmistress60

This piece was written for TPMM's Smut on Spinner's End challenge. The story takes place after HBP and Severus Snape is hiding out at Spinner's End with Peter Pettigrew. Life with the Animagus leaves much to be desired and Snape finds he needs a diversion. Contains smut, elf wine, polyjuice and more smut.

Chapter 1: The Indulgence of Spirits

Chapter 1 of 4

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Disclaimer: *I do not claim any characters that are connected to the Harry Potter series. They are not mine in any way, shape or form. They belong to the highly talented J.K. Rowling. She gets the cash and credit.*

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The sun had settled behind the dingy little row houses, their shadows casting long irregular forms across the ground before them. Dirty little Muggle children were still playing along the black river that ran through the field nearby. One of the boys yelled out to the others as he found something lying in the grass. The children quickly gathered by his side to observe the object. The young urchin poked at some bones with a stick until he fished out a skull.

"Look at this! It's a head of some animal!"

All wide eyed, the kids closed in for a closer inspection.

One of the girls whispered, "What do you think it is?"

"Looks like a dog or something," replied one of the older ones.

"Eeew!" cried out a few of the older girls.

A small girl, by the name of Lucy, put her hand up to her mouth and backed away as if the bones would suddenly spring to life. She was considered a bit odd by normal standards, but the children of this raggedy gang considered her useful. Lucy saw and sensed things that they did not. She often warned them of certain dangers, and many times it saved their bums from impending whippings. Hence, when Lucy spoke, which wasn't much, they listened.

"It's not a dog." The little girl's eyes were catatonic as she viewed the mass in the weeds. "It was a fox."

The children became very quiet as Lucy's voice had become almost inaudible.

"Something very evil happened here...The evil is still here."

Her eyes traveled across the field as if she were following some invisible footsteps. The evening fog was settling in, wrapping the dingy little neighborhood in a blanket of white and grey. The children's eyes followed Lucy's until they were all staring at the same dark house at the end of the row.

The anxiety and fear of the moment got the best of some, and they let out a collective scream. Most of the children scattered, heading to the safety of their homes. The older boys only shrugged, trying to cover their nervousness. Lucy continued to stand still, looking strangely in the direction of the ominous dwelling.

"Come on, Lucy." A taller, dark-haired boy grasped her shoulders. "It's getting on supper time. Just put it out of your head."

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Wormtail scuttled around the kitchen floor, wringing his hands. He felt anxious and a bit frightened. His housemate, the owner of these shabby quarters, was in an unusually bad mood. If it weren't for official orders that he stay put, Wormtail would have fled this place months ago. Since then, Severus Snape had managed to make him quite miserable, insulting him at every turn, ordering him about like some kind of servant and hexing him daily without real cause.

"I feel like one of Malfoy's house-elves," he whimpered.

"Wormtail!"

The dark voice made Peter Pettigrew cringe. Ever since the death of Albus Dumbledore, Peter didn't know whether he was more afraid of Voldemort or Severus Snape. In the weeks after the attack on Hogwarts, Pettigrew noticed that the Potions master had become increasingly short-tempered, only to turn around and fall into bouts of melancholy. He didn't mind the bouts of melancholy as Snape would just sit and stare into the fire. It was, however, the increasingly long periods of irritability and malicious behavior that bothered Wormtail. Especially since Snape's nastiness would center on him.

"Ye... Yes, Severus?" The chubby little man cursed himself for sounding weak, as he knew it would only annoy the wizard in the next room. Snape, he had felt, was prone to being a bit delusional after drinking a few bottles of elf-made wine. The last time, when Severus was in that condition, he started referring to Peter as Neville Longbottom and took pleasure in hanging him up, mid-air, by his ankle and throwing spoonfuls of Bubotuber pus at his body. It was a most painful experience, and he had to seek the help of a back alley mediwitch to alleviate the boils that formed.

"Wormtail!! Get in here! I order you!"

Wormtail ducked his head instinctively and shuffled into the living room.

"Yes, Severus? What do you need?"

The former Hogwarts professor sat in the worn out armchair with a rickety old table and a half empty bottle set next to him. Behind him, a fire in the fireplace cast a flickering light about his form giving the illusion that he was the devil himself perched upon his throne. His dark eyes peered out at Peter, studying him for just a moment.

"I believe," Snape said, "that tonight is a night for debauchery." A wicked smile appeared as he continued to stare at Pettigrew.

Peter grew cold and swallowed hard. The thought of fleeing for his life came quickly. *He's planning to torture me; I just know it!*

"But... I don't want to be Neville Longbottom again!" Peter immediately clamped his hand over his mouth as the words escaped.

"What?" Severus sat up in his chair and looked at Wormtail as if the Animagus had gone mad.

"You don't remember?" The man's voice shook as he asked the question.

"Remember what?" Snape stared intently at the man before him. A few seconds passed before Severus acknowledged his past treatment of Pettigrew with a sardonic laugh. "Well, I take it, Wormtail, you're not in the mood for a little role playing game tonight? Pity!"

Snape looked at the sniveling wizard with disdain. How he hated this man and blamed him as much as he blamed himself for the events that started some past 18 years ago. *Foolish boys obsessed with the need for acknowledgement, acceptance and power. Look where it's gotten us. We're accused murderers living together in this dank, smelly, putrid part of town in this horrid little hovel.* Teaching insipid brats at Hogwarts was no prize, but at least he had had his own quarters, had the use of a rather well equipped potions lab, and there were at least a couple of intelligent bodies to converse with, on occasion. *What I wouldn't do to have a heated Quidditch debate with Minerva at this moment.* Feeling more frustration and anger grow inside of him, Severus reached for his wand and flicked it at Wormtail.

"OUCH! What was that for?!?" Peter cried out as he rubbed his backside.

"For merely existing."

Severus had realized for some time that he was getting quite bored with tormenting Wormtail. It didn't have the same satisfaction as it had in the past. He knew that as each day passed, and he had to sit and wait for the Dark Lord to make his move; he had also become progressively more antagonistic towards Pettigrew. It was as if pushing the limits with Peter would fulfill some need. The Bubotuber episode was bordering extreme; of this, he was well aware. If he wasn't careful, he might end up killing Voldemort's little pet rat. That would not be good for his health or well-being. He needed something else to break up the monotony of his days. He needed to channel his energies into something more pleasurable and gratifying.

Reaching into the pocket of his cloak, Snape withdrew a letter.

"I would like you to run a small errand for me, Peter."

Still smarting from the hex Severus hit him with, Pettigrew was not sure he wanted to do the abysmal wizard any more favors today. In his anger he spat out, "I don't think I should like to!"

Snape leaned towards his housemate and looked at him threateningly. "Then perhaps you would like a repeat of the other night's performance." A cold smile crept at the corners of his mouth.

Wormtail quickly held out his hand to receive the letter.

"I want you deliver this letter to Madame Morbida's in Knockturn Alley," Severus said smoothly. "Inside are complete instructions as to what I require of her." The Potions master stopped briefly, making sure that the little rodent was truly listening. How many times had he given explicit instructions to incompetent dunderheads, only to be half followed or ignored completely? Visions of Ron Weasley, Neville Longbottom, Seamus Finnigan and Harry Potter began surfacing. Severus shook his head slightly, as if that would dispel the intruders, and continued. "She will be giving you two items to be delivered to me safely and intact. You..." he emphasized, "will not tamper with them in any way. Do I make myself perfectly clear?"

Wormtail nodded, took the letter and stuffed it inside his shirt. Hesitantly, he walked past Snape to the fireplace, grabbed some Floo powder from a rusty canister and yelled out, "Knockturn Alley." In a green flash, Wormtail was gone.

Severus waited for a few moments after Peter disappeared before getting up and heading for the bookcase that surrounded the room. He pressed against a section of shelving that sprung open and vanished behind the secret compartment.

Behind the concealed door were a stairway and several rooms. To view it from the outside, one would never guess that the small, shabby dwelling encased the additional living space. In order to add a needed work area and sleeping quarters, the present owner had magically enchanted it. Snape entered the room that he had set up as a small potions lab. It certainly didn't have all the equipment and capabilities of his old lab at Hogwarts, but it was functional. There was enough room and table space to have several cauldrons brewing at once if needed. A wall-sized cupboard acted as storage for large specimen jars or containers holding ingredients such as dead cockroaches, porcupine quills, and tubeworms. Natural light would filter through two dirty windowpanes during the daytime, but in the evening, the makeshift lab was lit with various-sized beeswax candles.

Adjusting the candlelight with little flicks of his wand, Severus walked up to a small cauldron simmering on a stand in the corner of the room; the dark contents of the pot hissed and bubbled lazily. The wizard leaned over and examined the potion with his keen senses. Satisfied with the creation, he extinguished the flame and ladled the liquid into two earthenware cups. From a nearby table, he picked up a black leather case that held various small, odd shaped bottles and vials. Each one contained individual ingredients, small dosages of prepared potions, and specimen samples. Snape had meticulously labeled the glass containers and arranged them into several categories. He quickly surveyed the array until he found the two vials that he needed. The Potions master gently removed them from the case and walked over to where the cups sat. He examined the glass tubes once more before he took out the stoppers and carefully extracted a fiber from each, placing one strand in one cup and the other strand in the second cup. The contents of the cups bubbled and frothed before changing color.

"The first process is complete," Snape said as he smirked with satisfaction. "Now we just have to wait for the rest."

Severus closed up the vials and put them back in their respective places. Then he took each cup, placed them on a small serving tray and proceeded to carry the items to the main sitting room of the house.

Once he was in the main room, he removed the bottle of elf wine from the rickety table and set the tray and its contents down on it. He settled himself back in his chair and waited for the return of Wormtail. The anticipation of what he perceived as a potentially entertaining evening grew, and he found himself grasping the arms of the chair more intensely than normal. Soon, something else signaled his eagerness for this evening's event to unfold. Annoyingly, at times, it was the one thing that he was never able to physically control or conceal... the one thing that made him as equal to any man on the face of the earth... and it was pressing against the buttons of his trousers.

A series of green flashes filled the small room as Wormtail and two witches exited the fireplace. The Animagus' watery eyes sparkled with excitement as he presented the young ladies to Snape.

"I've brought you the items you requested, Severus." He could barely contain himself while he lightly played with the yellow hair of the one standing nearest him. His hands shook as if he were touching something utterly taboo but could not resist the temptation. "If you don't have a preference, Severus, I would like this one for myself." Peter grinned like an idiot and salivated like a dog as he leered at the witch of his choice.

The blonde-haired witch looked at Peter and then at Snape before sighing disappointedly. The brunette witch batted her eyes at the wizard sitting in the chair and smiled seductively.

"Oh, good Merlin, Wormtail, don't wet yourself." Snape looked at him with distaste. "These delightful treats are for my entertainment only."

Peter's face crumbled as he realized he would not reap any rewards for completing his task. The blonde witch's face brightened as she realized that she wouldn't be stuck all evening with such a disgusting little toad.

Severus reached into his pocket, dug out some wizard coins and promptly threw them at Wormtail. "These are to show you some sense of gratitude for obeying my orders." The coins bounced off the Animagus and rolled about his feet. "Go get yourself your own street tart."

Wormtail stood still as he stared at the whores before him, his hope of sinful pleasures vanishing as quickly as if someone had thrown a bucket of cold water in his face.

Snape cleared his throat and smoothly said, "Don't you have something else to do, Wormtail, like spreading some death and pestilence, perhaps? It certainly seems that the Black Plague is quite overdue, don't you think?"

Pettigrew glanced over to his roommate only to see the dark wizard smirking, dark eyes laughing with amusement at making him such a fool. He angrily bent over and snatched up the few miserable coins.

"What street walker would take this pittance!?"

"A desperate one, I suppose." Severus smiled slightly at Wormtail's agitation. "It's time for you to leave, Peter. If you can't find a woman you can afford, there are at least enough coins for a couple of Firewhiskeys and a few tugs with that silver appendage of yours."

The chubby little wizard glared at Snape before he shoved the money into his tattered trousers, transformed into a rat and scurried into a hole in the wall that led to the outside.

Severus rose from his chair only to peer out through the curtains, making sure that his furry rodent companion had indeed run off down the street. He certainly didn't need the nosy little spy to watch his every move tonight. A despicable thought crossed his mind as he watched Pettigrew scamper down the alley. *How easy it would be to set out a nice little trap in front of Peter's escape hole. One quick snap of the spring, and I would be rid of the annoying rat boy forever. Ah, but then I would have to answer to the Dark Lord. That man has no sense of humor.*

Removing himself from the window, Snape pulled himself up to his full height and turned to face the two whores standing in his home.

"Shall we continue?"

Chapter 2: Of Wine and Wenches

Chapter 2 of 4

The detention role-playing game begins! Professor Snape discovers the beauty of Polyjuice potion and prostitutes when he enlists a couple of "Ladies of the Night" to help him relieve his mounting stress.

"Oh, you are a right naughty one, Professor!" The dark-haired whore, by the name of Serafina, smiled and winked. "I read the instructions you gave to Miss Morbida." Serafina twirled a lock of her hair around her finger while she studied Snape's features. "So, you fancy schoolgirls, do you now? Well, Willow and I have lots of experience playing that role. Don't we, Willow?"

The blonde giggled as she answered her companion. "Oh, loads of experience! Why, you wouldn't believe how many times we are asked to be naughty boarding school girls. We had this one wizard who used to come to us regular like... old, old chap. I think he said he was a "headmaster" at some nearby school. Come to think about it, I haven't seen him in a while. Have you, Sera?"

"Nah! Probably had a bad ticker and died by now. He had to be at least 150 years old. But he sure was a right randy one." Serafina laughed. "Just goes to show you that there may be snow on the rooftop, but the fire still burns in the hearth.

"Oh, you're so right! Some of those old guys... well, lets just say I don't know where they get their stamina. I had one that...."

"SILENCE!"

The two whores stopped talking and stared at Snape. It was suddenly clear to them that he was not the sort to be trifled with.

"If you can keep those insufferable tongues still for one blasted moment, I would like to get on with my evening. I *am* paying you for something other than idle chit chat, am I not?"

The girls nodded, afraid to answer verbally.

Severus continued, "Since you were astute enough to read the directions prior to arriving, I will not waste anymore of my valuable time reiterating my expectations. However, I would like to stress that I am *not* some old pervert who "*fancies*" young pubescent girls. The girls you are about to become are now of age. This exercise is merely a means for me to act out some personal issues. Think of it more as.... stress therapy."

Serafina leaned over to Willow and whispered, "Oh, right! And I'm the Queen of Bloody England."

Willow covered her mouth to hide her snicker, but it was cut off quick when she met the menacing stare of the dark wizard.

Snape grabbed up the two cups and handed them over to the whores. "This is Polyjuice Potion. I trust you know how it works?"

Both ladies wrinkled their noses at the vile stuff in their cups and nodded again.

"Very well, then. Please go make yourselves presentable."

As the whores left to transform themselves, Snape sat back down in his chair to wait. The banter between Serafina and Willow took a bit of the excitement out of the moment. His male member had withered at the thought of Albus playing sexual games with these two nitwits. It was rather like thinking of your grandparents bedding down.

"Gah! I wonder if Minerva knew."

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Serafina and Willow, fully transformed, gave each other the once over, giggling as they talked.

"Why, look at you, Willow! All pretty in your little French maid outfit." Serafina pointed at her friend.

"Men! Don't they have any imagination? Always with the French maid thing. Oh, and look here!" Willow bent over and pulled at her panties. "A little black thong! Very original!"

"Eh, you're getting paid, so put out and shut up."

Both women giggled again.

"Look at your hair, Sera! You really must use something to tame it down a bit."

"Goodness, it does feel rather frizzy! Whoever this girl is, she really is in need of some serious hair care products."

A voice from the other room bellowed, "Ladies! I'm not paying you to talk!"

"The Master beckons," Willow said in a singsong voice.

Grabbing their ostrich feather dusters, the two witches pranced out to face Snape.

"Well, is this what you expected?" asked Serafina as she slowly spun around.

Severus's eyes examined the detail of his handiwork. He secretly had to admit that the French maid outfits were not exactly his taste in woman's attire. He much preferred a basic black bustier ensemble. However, it was entertaining to think of how irritated Hermione Granger would be if she really had to wear such a piece. He doubted that the real Miss Granger would consent to such a subservient role. Such was the beauty of Polyjuice Potion and prostitutes. He could combine physical needs with a real visual fantasy.

"Amusing." Snape, trying to keep his outward appearance serious, pressed his fist against his mouth to keep himself from laughing.

Willow sauntered over and straddled Severus' lap, positioning her breasts just below his chin. "How about me, sir? Am I amusing as well?"

As the wizard stared at the cleavage before him he thought, *Lavender Brown never looked so enticing or so well endowed. Those school robes are more concealing than I thought.* Feeling the heat of the woman sitting on him, Snape became very aware of his renewed interest. The Polyjuiced whore noticed it as well and shifted her body strategically, creating a bigger response. It had been too long since he bedded down with the opposite sex, making it very tempting to just throw this woman on the floor and screw her mercilessly. *Restrain yourself, Severus... you're the one in control tonight.* Gritting his teeth, he decided, *It's time to play the game by my rules!*

He stood up, allowing Willow to fall onto the ground. "Miss Brown, please restrain yourself! I understand that women of your age are hormonally uncontrollable, but seductive tactics will not excuse you from fulfilling your detention duties." Looking towards the one called Serafina, he continued, "And you, Miss Granger, it will serve you best if you follow my every instruction *without* question. Do I make myself perfectly clear?" He nearly growled out the last sentence.

Once he established that he was back in command, and the women had his full attention, Snape continued with his role-playing game of "school girls in detention."

"As punishment for years of making my life miserable with your foolish antics and incessant babbling, I will now deal with you as I wish. There will be no headmaster, Head of House, or the dunderheaded duo of Potter and Weasley to save you this time. You are both at my mercy and I will enjoy every minute of your retribution."

The two witches glanced at each other, wondering what in the world these girls, Lavender Brown and Hermione Granger, did to torment their professor.

"The first order of business is to make these disgustingly shabby quarters much more presentable. It's bad enough that I'm stuck living with a man who has not yet shown he has mastered the concept of personal hygiene, but this..." he waved his hand, showing off the contents of the entire room, "I can not tolerate anymore! So, Miss Granger and Miss Brown, I want you to go through and clean every surface, straighten every object, paper, magazine and don't forget the windows. Oh, and do take special care not to destroy any of my books. They are from my personal collection. Doing so would result in most unpleasant consequences for you."

Sera and Willow stared at the Potions master as if he had gone completely nutters. Never before had their paid services included actual housecleaning.

Willow leaned close to Sera's ear and whispered, "Just when you think you've seen it all, one shows up to best the whole lot of 'em."

"Do I detect a problem, Miss Brown?" With eyebrow arched, Snape glared at the offender.

"No, sir," Willow replied, sheepishly.

"Then begin... now!"

Both women immediately started in on cleaning detail, magically charming their dusters to work independently around the room. Severus relaxed in his chair, poured himself another glass of elf wine and watched the show. He enjoyed viewing the images of Lavender Brown and Hermione Granger as they wiped, scrubbed, dusted and mopped. He did allow them to use some magic, as he didn't want the whores to wear themselves out before the final, most satisfying part of his evening's plan. Every so often, he would use magic to knock an item onto the floor, giving him a very nice view of pert little derrieres as the women bent over to retrieve the fallen articles.

As Serafina was straightening a stack of parchments on the corner desk, she found Snape's copy of *Playwizard*. She picked it up and gave him a sly smile. Severus pointed his wand towards the magazine and pronounced, "Page 69." The magazine pages flipped rapidly to the centerfold, which displayed a nude witch playing with her clitoris. He gazed intently at the Hermione look alike, the corners of his mouth slightly curling upward.

"Demonstrate that for me, Miss Granger."

Serafina laid the magazine down on the desk, promptly pulled up a chair and proceeded to pull her thong off.

Snape flicked his wand at the chair, bringing it up in front of him.

"You will need to move a little closer."

The witch dropped the thong on the floor, strolled over to the chair, and sat down. She placed her feet on either side of Severus' knees and began engaging in self-gratification. Her nimble fingers expertly teased herself into seductive gyrations, moans and looks of ecstasy as she performed for her Master. Snape, fixed on the show before him, felt his cock become increasingly hard and threatening to burst open the buttons that were holding it back.

"Enough," he ordered. "Finish your cleaning duties."

Disappointed in not being able to complete her act, Serafina sighed. She knew it was in her best interest to obey Severus' command and reluctantly removed herself.

"Miss Brown, come forward."

Willow, recognizing her character's name, stopped cleaning the windows, walked over and stood in front of Snape's chair.

"Yes, sir."

"I have a title, Miss Brown. I expect you to use it."

Willow seemed confused for a moment and looked to Serafina for help. Sera mouthed the word "professor" to her friend.

"Oh! Yes, sir... I mean, yes, *Professor*." Willow turned and gave Sera a quick smile as thanks for her assistance.

"Miss Brown, is it beyond your capability to pay attention while I am speaking to you?"

"No Professor."

"For years, Miss Brown, I have listened to you prattle on incessantly to your fellow Gryffindors, namely Miss Patil. Your idle gossip, emotional dramatics, and that screeching you refer to as laughter has worn my nerves down to a frazzle. For six long years, I have had to put up with you in my classroom, the hallways, and the dining hall. Your voice has even carried across into the one moment of peace I can fully enjoy and that is my sleep. Tonight, I will finally receive some satisfaction and pleasure from that overused orifice or yours." Severus stopped his small lecture and smiled wickedly as he unbuttoned his trousers. "Now, Miss Brown, let's put your mouth to better use."

Willow stared at the large penis standing erectly from the folds of the black fabric. She had seen many of these, during her career, in various shapes and sizes. Some were more worthy of her talents than others. This wizard's wand definitely fell into her "Big Ben" category. Sinking down onto her knees, Willow placed herself between Snape's legs and grasped the length of his cock. She gave it a couple of quick strokes before she licked the pre-cum off the tip and inserted it in her mouth.

Severus grasped the arms of the chair as he felt the sensation of warm, wet lips taking him in. Even though he knew that this wasn't the real Lavender Brown, Snape took pleasure in the visual effect of her sucking, licking, and massaging his member with her mouth and tongue. It had been much too long since he experienced a proper sexual indulgence with a woman. His sense of control would soon fall by the wayside, but for now, he fought the urge to thrust himself farther into the whore's throat. She clearly was an expert at her craft, and he would enjoy her every move.

Closing his eyes, he pictured himself in his lab back at Hogwarts. Lavender, in her school robes, kneeling on the stone floor, pleasing him while other female students watched and waited for their turn. They all wanted detention with Professor Snape and were more than willing to perform whatever he instructed them to do. Sometimes the girls were shy virgins, sometimes they were bold and aggressive, and sometimes they were willing to try unorthodox forms of sex. In every detention, they wanted him... Not Remus Lupin... Not Sirius Black... And not James or Harry...

"Fucking Potter!" The words flew out of Snape's mouth as he was brought to a climax.

Willow sat up and started to laugh as she wiped off her mouth. "I've heard a quite a few expressions yelled out in the heat of passion, Professor, but that's a first!"

Severus never answered but laid back in his chair and concentrated on the feeling that had just overcome him.

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Coming out of his reverie, the Potions master noticed that the effects of the Polyjuice Potion had started to wear off. Serafina and Willow were beginning to change back to their original states.

"I see it's time to take more Polyjuice," Severus said lazily. Not really wanting to get up out of the chair, he hoped that the two women still had some left in their cups.

His wish was granted when Serafina and Willow both retrieved their cups with half the contents still within.

"I really hate the taste," whined Sera as she downed the rest of the potion.

Willow nodded her head in agreement as she plugged her nose and finished her cup off as well.

"Now, you may finish your cleaning detail." Snape tucked himself back in his trousers and began to button them up. "I will let you know when I am ready, again, for your exclusive talents."

"But we are done cleaning!" cried Sera.

"We've even washed the windows, just like you instructed," moaned Willow.

"You've only cleaned half of the house. The other half is behind the bookcase." Severus smiled as he waved his wand, causing the bookcase to reveal the hidden staircase and rooms.

The women groaned. If they had known that they were going to really be maids instead of acting the parts, they would have never offered themselves for this job. They were sure to have a few words with Madam Morbida when they returned.

"Since, however, you have done such an exceptional job with cleaning the main quarters, I will only have you clean the two rooms which I occupy. Miss Brown, you will clean my laboratory, and Miss Granger will clean my bedroom. These rooms will be at the top and to the right of the stairway. I trust you know your right from your left?"

Willow and Serafina grabbed their feather dusters and grumbled as they made their way up the stairs.

Severus reached for his glass and emptied the rest of the bottle's contents into it. As he sat with his glass of wine in hand, he took his finger and played with the rim, circling it until it made a soft ringing sound. He was contemplating what he would do with Miss Granger.

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Serafina brushed away a stray lock of frizzy hair out of her face. The bushy hairdo was really getting annoying, and she couldn't wait to have her own hair back. Her movement must have knocked something off the dresser as she heard it fall on the floor. Bending over to look for the item, she suddenly felt a hand on her backside.

"Don't move, Miss Granger." The silky voice resonated across the small room.

Serafina obeyed and remained in her present position. She felt Snape's hand rest on the small of her back while the other massaged her buttocks, occasionally slipping between her thighs. He scrutinized the woman's body before him, enjoying the feel of the soft skin, anticipating the pleasures to come. It would be so easy for him to take her now, receiving immediate sexual gratification. However, part of Severus' intention was to toy with the witch before submitting to carnal delights.

"I've been meaning to have a private audience with you for quite sometime."

There was something dangerous yet seductive in the way he spoke to her. Sera entertained men nearly every night, but rarely did her body react to a mere voice. The wizard's hand and fingers continued to explore, becoming bolder as they dipped into her slick warmth. She found herself suddenly aroused by the man behind her and for the first time in a long time, was at a loss as to what to do.

"I've watched you grow up, Hermione. Once you were a little insufferable know-it-all, and now you've grown into an enchanting, smart and clever woman. I once knew another smart and clever witch, much like you. I use to watch her, follow her, and obsess over her. I would have given this woman everything had she agreed to take me as her suitor. Instead, she chose someone unworthy of her power, and now she is gone." Severus wrapped his arms around Serafina's waist and pulled her into him. She felt his nakedness against her back as he leaned close to her ear and softly spoke, "I see you making the same mistake, Miss Granger. You are wasting your time and talent on a fool, someone who would never appreciate you for what you are worth. I can assure you that I would not make that error."

His breath was warm as it played against the side of Sera's face, yet she felt a chill. She wasn't quite sure if it was from a sudden draft in the room or her body reacting to the man standing behind her. Catching a whiff of alcohol, she also wondered if the professor was too influenced by the elf wine to remember that she wasn't the real Hermione. The conversation he was having with her seemed a bit too personal, and it made her slightly uncomfortable.

"I wonder... Do you find me repulsive?" Snape's hands began working along the length of the woman's torso, lightly touching her white skin. "Do you see me as terrible and evil as everyone else does?" His voice took on a hard edge, and he slowly grabbed a handful of hair and pulled her head back to meet his face. "Do you fear me... think I'm still a Death Eater... a murderer?" His dark eyes glinted as he spoke. "Look at me, Miss Granger! If you're so clever, see if you can figure out who I really am." Severus laughed mirthlessly as he gazed down at the witch. "I'm a nasty, bitter man and with good reason, but I think you know the truth about my priorities and intentions. Let's see if that clever little mind of yours will overcome the thick headedness of others and see through what only appears to be the obvious."

The wizard let go of Serafina's hair, and she turned and pushed some distance between them. He smiled slightly, staring intently at her.

"Have I startled you, Miss Granger? Not feeling quite as brave tonight without your friends?" Snape took a step towards his victim. "My, my, but this is refreshing. How quickly that Gryffindor bravado disappears without your support system."

Using wandless magic, Severus suddenly waved his hand to close the door and place an Imperturbable Charm on it. "I hope you don't mind. I don't wish to be interrupted."

Taking another step towards Serafina, the Potions master continued, "It's time to proceed with my final plans for this evening."

Sera, unsure of the man's intentions, backed up some more while quickly glancing around the room in case she needed an escape. Instead of pursuing her, Snape strolled over to his bed and invited her to join him. The woman hesitated, unnerved by the change in his demeanor.

Growing impatient, Severus sneered, "Surely, Miss Granger, you don't think after years of protecting you and your cohorts from the results of your stupidity that I would really want to harm you? Oh, yes, there were certainly times I wanted to take a hefty switch to your backside, and mind you, I came close. Your benevolent headmaster and dear Professor McGonagall, however, always seemed to step in for your defense." Snape patted the bed. "Now you can make up for all of your irritating behavior, the constant rule breaking and your habitual persistence to talk out of turn in class."

Serafina breathed a small sigh of relief and relaxed. She was used to the business of satisfying some odd requests, but whores had to be careful of things going too far, getting too dangerous. Since starting her chosen profession, it had been her main goal not to end up murdered and dumped in some back alley because some customer was psychotic.

This Snape fellow behaved a little strangely but despite his unusual behavior and comments, she really didn't find him repulsive. He certainly was mysterious, brooding, and somewhat sadistic; there was, however, something about him that appealed to her. He didn't have the physical beauty that would normally interest women, but there was an attractiveness in the way he moved... graceful and fluid. His dark eyes, so penetrating, and his voice, so deep and smooth, were mesmerizing. Sera didn't presume that she could ever become romantically involved with this wizard, but she did hope that if she played her part well enough, he would hire her again.

Snape reached out and guided Serafina to his bed. "Undress yourself, Miss Granger."

He watched her closely as she slowly slipped out of her outfit. His cock twitched at the sight of the fully naked Hermione Granger. How many hours, days, weeks, had he sat in this disgusting hut entertaining himself with his fantasies? Snape realized it had become too long when, one day, he considered Polyjuicing Pettigrew into a leather clad Pansy Parkinson. Driving that thought quickly out of his mind, the Potions master set his sights on something more appealing.

Taking hold of the witch's delicate shoulders, he firmly maneuvered her back onto the bed, spreading her legs apart, viewing what he craved for so long. Again, Snape fought the urge to plunge right in and release his painfully hard erection. It had been an eternity since he had access to a woman, whore or otherwise, but he was determined to indulge all of his five senses.

Kneeling down on the floor, Severus pressed his face in-between the well-shaped thighs and inhaled the musky scent of her body and arousal. His tongue flicked out, tasting the vision that offered herself to him. The woman's sexual aroma and flavor steadily infused his senses, heightening his already excited state. Not wanting to lose control of himself quite yet, Snape tried to visualize some distracting images. *Quidditch... grindylows... Mad-eye Moody... Albus having sex. Ah, Right then! That did it!*

While the professor greedily savored the long awaited delicacy, Serafina expressed her pleasure by making a series of soft whimpers. Not often did a man want to please her in such a way. They were more interested in what she could do to satisfy their needs. As Severus' mouth teased and nipped at her clitoris, Sera gasped in a breath and quickly seized the back of his head, arching herself into him. Pleased that he hadn't lost his touch, Snape smiled to himself and continued to lick, suck and nibble her to the brink of an orgasm. Soon the witch felt the familiar tightening of her inner muscles as her body readied itself to explode into ecstasy when, suddenly, Snape stopped.

"Has Mr. Krum or Mr. Weasley touched you in this way, Miss Granger?"

By now her breathing was ragged, and she wanted nothing more than to shove his face back down to finish what he started. Sera managed, however, to control herself long enough to answer his question. "No, Professor Snape. You are the first."

Noticing the slight smile on Severus' face, Serafina knew she had given him the answer he wanted to hear. Hoping to be rewarded, she arched herself towards him, coaxing the man to continue with his oral ministrations.

"Patience, Miss Granger. I'm not through with you yet."

Serafina groaned in frustration. The Potions master must have been pleased with her reaction as he chuckled when he stood up and circled around to the other side of the bed. She heard it creak from the weight of the wizard as he settled himself next to her. Soon, Severus was quietly admiring the body that was now lying against him, stroking his fingers along the curves of what he saw as Hermione's breasts and hips, circling the pink nipples and her perfectly formed navel. He enjoyed the flawlessness of the young body and was extremely ready to explore the untouched. As his hand moved methodically down her body, it finally came to a stop at the dark curls between her legs. His dark eyes gazed intently, studying every part of her. Sera noticed that he looked at her, not with affection or fondness, but as if she were some coveted item in a collection. Like so many other men she encountered, she knew Snape must have needed a conquest, to have control over something or someone.

The silence was broken when Severus finally spoke. "One day soon, you'll marry that idiot boy, but I want you to know what it's like to have a man that would have valued your talents... your essence... a man who would sacrifice himself so that foolish boys had a chance to grow up."

Leaning over the image of his former student, Severus kissed her roughly at first, his tongue probing deep. Serafina fought to catch her breath before he eased up and worked his way along her neck and shoulders. Nibbling and biting at her exposed flesh, the Potions master targeted several pleasure points, which caused another wave of excitement to surge through Sera's body. His mouth searched out her breasts and he lavished them with hot, wet kisses, suckling and teasing her erect nipples with slight flicks of his tongue. Wanting more, the whore worked her arms around his body and began caressing his back while pulling him closer. She was suddenly compensated with a sharp bite to her left nipple. Startled by the pain, Serafina cried out. The dark haired wizard smiled maliciously before he broke the embrace and sat up on his knees.

"I don't want to rush this, Miss Granger."

Serafina couldn't help but notice the large, engorged penis jutting out from the man towering over her. Its purple head pointing directly at her had every indication it would burst immediately if someone didn't bang one out soon. *How in Merlin's name can he hold out this long?* she wondered. Most men were in and out of her quicker than she could say "boomslang." Sera continued to stare at the large protrusion while her own genitalia throbbed, begging her for some relief. Knowing, first hand, the pain of sexual desperation, the witch couldn't help but think that the professor was perhaps a bit masochistic as well as sadistic.

The mattress began to shift as Snape moved his body between Serafina's legs. She felt a trickle of wetness run down her inner thigh, indicating her readiness for something more enticing. His sharp eyes caught a glint of her moistness and smirked. He slowly reached down and collected it on his index finger, bringing it up to his lips. The tongue that, moments ago, ravished her body and nearly brought her to climax, stretched out and tasted a small amount. His eyes gleamed as his smile turned predatory. Staring at the vision of a fully aroused Hermione Granger, Snape rubbed the remainder of her juices between his thumb and finger before applying it to the tip of his cock. He gently rubbed the essence together with his own pre-cum, spreading the mixture along his hardened shaft.

"It's time to finish your obligation to me," he hissed.

Serafina barely had time to react before Snape brought her legs up and thrust his cock deep into her. The pain and pressure of him entering caused Sera to cry out. It had been many years since she experienced that quick sharp sensation, and she realized that this Hermione was a virgin.

"That's right," he sneered. "I'm not some fumbling adolescent boy." Severus thrust hard into her again. "I'll save that role for your precious Mr. Weasley."

Snape could almost guarantee that the real Hermione Granger would be sorely disappointed with her first sexual experience with Ronald Weasley, thinking *Mr. Weasley, in all his dim-witted Gryffindor passion, would probably burst before he made it to the door.*

For the moment, the professor kept himself pressed tight against the woman below him. The feeling of her warm, taut muscles encasing his penis had nearly set him over the edge. It didn't help matters that the Polyjuiced whore now had her legs wrapped firmly around him and was trying to persuade him to move along.

Severus smirked when he saw the witch's look of aggravation when he did not immediately cave into her desires. He was, in fact, the one in control of this little game that they were playing. It was he, Professor Snape, who decided when she would earn her release from detention.

In the silkiest of voices, he began, "Now, Miss Granger, repeat after me: I will not speak out of turn in Professor Snape's class."

"What?!" Serafina practically sat straight up and would have if this sadistic bastard wasn't sitting on top of her with his cock buried to the hilt.

"What don't you comprehend, Miss Granger? Am I to believe that you have made through all these years of academia without grasping the basic understanding of proper English?"

"You crazy..."

"Yes?" he drawled.

Snape couldn't hide his amusement of the situation and smirked, waiting for the correct response.

"I..." Sera groaned in annoyance before reciting the whole line. "I will not speak out of turn in Professor Snape's class. There! Now finish fucking me!"

"Tsk! Tsk! Miss Granger, that attitude will cost you 50 points from Gryffindor. Please try again, without the insolent behavior."

With as much sweetness as she could muster, Serafina repeated her line. "I will not speak out of turn in Professor Snape's class."

"Again."

"I will not speak out of turn in Professor Snape's class."

"Again."

"I will not speak out of turn..."

Snape slowly started sliding out his cock.

"In Professor Snape's class."

Then he slowly pushed it back in.

"Again."

"I will not speak *out* of turn..."

She felt him withdraw.

"*In* Professor Snape's class."

Now, he pushed deep into her again.

"Again, Miss Granger, and do not stop until I indicate to do so.

Sera caught on to what the professor was doing, and her enthusiasm increased. She noticed that Snape's movements coincided with certain words in the sentence. As she repeated these words, Severus continued slowly pumping back and forth, the two creating a steady chant and rhythm. His long, hard cock slipped easily in and out of her, and she relaxed to his continual movements, concentrating on her own pleasure.

"Say it faster, Miss Granger."

Serafina noticed that the slight urgency in the professor's voice matched her own need to speed things up and was only too glad to quicken the tempo. Severus grabbed onto Sera's hips as his movements became faster. In moments, every other word was accentuated with quick, deep thrusts and grunts as he pounded in and out of her slick, tight pussy. The physical exertion made their bodies sweaty and their breathing labored. Sera was finding it harder to speak, her words breaking off into short monosyllables.

"I... will... not... speak... out of turn... in..."

The intensity building up in their bodies was ready to unleash. Severus' smooth strokes became more frantic, and the two bucked wildly, caught up in ecstasy.

Throwing his head back, Snape growled, "Don't... stop!"

Serafina dug her nails into Severus' back while she tried to finish her sentence. She was so close to letting go. Her body signaled itself to surrender to the impending climax.

"I... in... Profes... Professor Snape!"

Snape groaned loudly as he took one last deep plunge before losing control. He gripped the young hips beneath him and jerked as the orgasm seized his body. His throbbing penis spurt hot semen as vaginal walls clamped down upon it. Sera screamed out her pleasure as she vigorously worked her fully aroused clit against the man's pelvis. The two clung together as their bodies rode out the spasms, enjoying the release of their sexual tension.

As the couple lay exhausted, catching their breaths, Serafina stroked Severus' dark, lank hair. She felt the slight perspiration that had accumulated at the back of his neck and temples. Knowing better than to let herself become too attached to her clients, Sera couldn't help but give the wizard a tender kiss on his cheek.

"It's been a long time coming, hasn't it, Professor?" she said softly as she continued to fondle the long strands that fell along his face. "Well, don't you feel in a rush to move. I'm here all night, if you want me."

Severus grunted his approval, taking pleasure in the soft touch and feel of the female companionship. The soothing touches and the warm body beneath him soon lulled him off to sleep. He dreamed not of irritating students or the past horrors he had witnessed, but of a bright young witch with dark red hair and brilliant green eyes.

## Chapter 3: Seducers of The Senses

*Chapter 3 of 4*

Severus Snape finds he is in a bit of a bind as Serafina and Willow take control of the rest of the evening's escapades.

"Psst! I think he's finally waking," the voice whispered in warning.

Snape was slowly coming to after falling asleep for a couple hours. As he lay there, trying to recover his consciousness, his mind hazily recalled the evening's events. Humiliating Peter Pettigrew, French maids cleaning his house, Lavender Brown sucking his cock, and Hermione Granger screaming out his name while they had sex; several fantasies were satisfied in one evening. It was much more gratifying than torturing Wormtail, on a daily basis, and he could tell that this night's activities had already elevated his mood. Even his dream was most pleasant as he found himself back in his youth, pursuing and seducing a young Lily Evans. To Severus' delight, the dream ended with Lily choosing him over James Potter, allowing the dark, awkward boy to be her first sexual encounter.

The dream had a powerful effect on Snape, and it was very apparent to those in the room.

"I think someone is ready for more fun," Serafina said quietly to Willow.

Both whores stifled their giggles as they watched.

Unconsciously, Severus went to stroke himself, unaware that he had an audience. His hand, however, wouldn't budge. He tried to move it again but found it held fast. Alarmed, Snape's eyes flew open, only to discover both arms securely tied to the bedpost and two naked women smiling mischievously down on him.

"What is going on here?! How dare you!" Snape struggled as he spat out his angry words.

The more the professor struggled, the tighter the ropes wrapped around his wrists.

"Tsk! Tsk! Professor. Now, don't get yourself all worked up," giggled Willow.

"That's right, Professor. Just relax." Serafina crawled across the bed and positioned herself next to Snape. "Those ropes we tied you up with have Devil's Snare fibers in



them. We don't want you cutting off your circulation."

The brunette whore leaned down and kissed Severus' cheek only to be rewarded with a dark menacing stare. She laughed at his attempt to intimidate her and playfully brushed his nose with her long finger.

"What was that little rhyme we use to say as children?" Sera thought for a moment before reciting the poem.

*"Devil's Snare, Devil's Snare,*

*The stronger its hold, the more you fight.*

*Living in a dark, damp lair,*

*Its tendrils grow, avoiding the light."*

In an attempt to escape from the ties that bound him, Severus tried to retrieve his wand.

"Accio..."

Snape's words were cut off quickly as he felt a warm, wet sensation embrace his cock. Looking down the length of his body, he saw Willow putting her talents to use, sucking and licking him to distraction.

"Don't bother calling your wand, Professor," Sera whispered in his ear. "Willow is taking right good care of it... Don't you think?" With that said, Serafina teased Severus' ear with her tongue, tracing the ridges and folds before targeting his sensitive earlobe.

Snape growled while he half-heartedly pulled at the bindings again. He knew it was fruitless to fight; he just didn't want the whores to know he would give in so soon.

"Don't worry, my dearest, we aren't going to harm you. Just sit back and let the experts take care of everything." The brown-haired witch's warm breath played against the side of his face, feeling much like a gentle spell cast upon him.

Actually enjoying the combination of Serafina's seductive tones and Willow's oral ministrations, Severus finally resigned his fate to the two sirens, his will to struggle forgotten.

"Willow, shall we start the show?" Serafina asked.

Willow gave Severus' cock one more long suck and circled the tip with her tongue, before she sat up to answer her friend. "No time like the present." She gently poked Snape's hard appendage and laughed. "Looks like our dear professor is ready as well."

Snape suspiciously glared at the two women, feeling extremely vulnerable at the moment. Inwardly, a part of Severus chastised himself for making such a tactical error as to let his guard down with two such unscrupulous characters around. However, another part of him couldn't help but be intrigued by the turn of events.

Serafina kissed the wizard again and gently smoothed his hair back. "We've seen how you like to act with those young school girls, but now we'd like to show you how the big girls play."

As Willow moved to the foot of the bed, she turned around and said, "Trust us, Professor. I think you'll find our little performance very enjoyable."

Snape looked about the room and noticed that the women had made a few changes while he was sleeping. The room was lit with floating candles, which softened the atmosphere, while the spicy aroma of ginger, cloves, and nutmeg drifted throughout, the fragrance giving the private quarters an exotic quality. He also noticed various large mirrors strategically placed above and around the bed. From his vantage point, he realized that the view of the bed was all-encompassing. The stage for "the show" was indisputably at the foot of his bed, and the anger that Snape felt began to subside as he grasped the whores' intentions.

On the nightstand sat a wooden box, plain in design with some decorative engraving on the top and sides. Serafina reached over and lifted the lid, softly spoke a few words and then joined her counterpart on the end of the bed. Suddenly, music permeated the room, and Severus realized that the object was a music box. It wasn't, however, just an ordinary music box that played a tinkling melody; the music emitted from this one was very realistic. The air filled with drumbeats and the melody of wooden flutes, all playing some hauntingly erotic and primal song.

The two witches knelt and faced each other, turning slightly to present the professor with sly winks and wicked smiles right before they kissed. Their hands moved out and caressed each other's shoulders, slowly moving downward along their arms, settling on one another's waists. Willow's tongue snaked out and lightly circled Sera's lips. The brunette moaned softly while seductively exploring Willow's tongue and mouth with her own. As their mouths were busy tantalizing each other, their hands took turns tugging, pinching and massaging nipples and breasts. Sometimes they played with each other's, sometimes their own. The women moved in syncopation, no doubt having performed this little act many times before. Snape watched with great interest, catching different views of their reflections in the mirrors.

The whores continued their sensual game, teasing Severus with their intimate gestures and fondling. The melodic tune of the flutes continued to swim through his head, casting its musical spell. Meanwhile, the rhythm of the drums accentuated his growing desire, his blood raced, and his heartbeat pounded in time with the beats. He felt the urgency and the need to join the two witches at the foot of his bed, but at the same time suffered from the frustration of not being able to do so. Realizing that he had become uncomfortable watching the show in his prone position, Snape tried to use the ropes to pull himself upward. He had forgotten that they were magical ropes and cried out as they tightened painfully around his wrists. The whores giggled at his discomfort, but Sera finally placed a Levitation Spell on the secured wizard and slightly raised him up into a sitting position. The change in resistance signaled the ropes to ease up on their hold, giving Snape's circulatory system a reprieve.

Willow laughed some more and pointed towards Severus' lower torso. "Good thing we didn't place those ropes around another part of your body."

The part Willow was referring to was standing fully erect, straining desperately towards the women. The wizard's eyes narrowed into a fierce stare until Serafina interceded.

"Would you like to join us, Professor?"

"Yes," he hissed.

Snape's dark eyes were intense as he watched the women break apart and slowly maneuver on either side of his body, feeling their warmth as they cozied up to him. Soon, Willow began softly caressing his left cheek while Serafina placed gentle kisses on his right. Their free hands traveled slowly and seductively over his shoulders and chest, moving in rhythm to the music. The wizard closed his eyes briefly and let out a breath of air as he tried to relax into their touches.

"That's right," Sera whispered breathily, "let yourself get lost in the sensations... the music... the feelings."

Severus could feel himself start to give in to the whore's directions, his mind and body unwinding, floating towards the unknown, yet every beat of the drum, touch of a finger or brush of a lip became more intense, more real. He wanted to lose himself to this new experience but he had lived too many years on the edge, meeting each turn of events with suspicion. Snape fought back to recover his alert state of mind. He noticed, however, that the rope binding his hands had loosened in his state of calm, only to regain its hold when it sensed his tension.

"Relax, Professor." Willow's voice was now soothing, lacking some of the teasing quality it had previously. "If you want to play with us, you have to let go... Trust us... We're here only to pleasure you."

"That's right," said Sera as her fingers lightly explored Severus' body. "The rope won't let you go until it feels you're ready."

The ladies continued on with their touching game. It was against the wizard's better judgment to give in to the women's manipulations. Trust was not in his nature, and he certainly did not relinquish control easily either, but his desires had overtaken his will and he surrendered. He wanted desperately to touch their supple bodies, soft skin, ample breasts, and explore their intimate regions. He wanted to fall into a tangle of arms and hands that fondled and stroked him until his physical needs were satiated. Drawing in a deep breath, Snape made the decision to let himself be consumed by the witches. If this was a trick to subdue him and hand him over to authorities, he felt with certainty that he would die a satisfied man.

As Severus relaxed into the hands of the temptresses, he felt their fingers brush lightly up and down his torso. The flickering movements felt like twenty feathers set upon him, erotically dancing and teasing his skin. He felt their touches as they expertly worked their magic over his face, shoulders, chest and abdomen, never stopping, always seeking. They moved along his legs, creating chills as they touched his inner thighs, and he silently begged to be touched on his most intimate region. Then, as if to taunt or mock the wizard, the fingers slyly grazed his scrotum and continued on their way. Closing his eyes, Snape concentrated on the moment, losing himself to the seducers of his senses.

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Severus had lost track of time. The wizard was unaware of whether one minute or one hour had passed as he had been swallowed up into a world that tantalized every nerve in his body. Also unnoticed were the hands that slowly slipped the bindings away from his wrists, tenderly laying his arms at his sides. It wasn't until a sultry voice broke through the haze in his mind that he realized he was no longer a captive.

"Play with us, Professor," the woman begged in a near whisper.

Snape felt his hand being guided through the air, landing gently upon soft, warm skin. With some difficulty, he slowly opened his eyes to view Willow coaxing him to massage her right breast. Her hand covered his as she encouraged the professor to copy her movements. At first, he was tentative, trying to discern between the world he had just come from and the present moment. As his mind cleared and he concentrated on the task at hand, Severus felt wisps of hair dance across his face as another pair of hands offered him a taut, pink nipple. Like a suckling child, the man instinctively turned his head and took in its sweetness, first testing it with a few flicks of his tongue before clamping down and eagerly relishing the treat. Serafina let out a slight moan as the sensation created by the enthusiastic mouth surged through her body. Overwhelmed by this feeling, she tangled her fingers in the wizards' dark hair and pressed her bosom in closer, nearly smothering him with its fullness. In Snape's slight struggle to draw breath, he squeezed Willow's breast firmly, causing the whore to gasp aloud. For a brief moment, Severus had forgotten the other half of the sex-laden duo, and as if a startling new revelation had entered his mind, his dark eyes lit up with heightened enthusiasm. Wishing to exercise his newfound freedom, the Potions master reached out, grasped the blonde witch's thigh with his free hand and began to explore her earthly delights.

As irritating as he found Willow's insufferable chatter and inane behavior, Snape considered her talents and looks very appealing. He broke away from Serafina's breast and now focused his attentions on the contours of the other whore's body. He rolled over on his side, pinning her slightly with his body, feeling her silky skin as his right hand moved along the firm buttocks and up along the small of her back. Just as the women had performed for him earlier, Severus too began moving his hands in rhythm to the erotic and pulsing beat of the music. His hips pressed and rubbed against her as his carnal being fought desperately to bypass all the foreplay, wanting only to complete the sexual act. However, the self-control that he had honed so well was stronger and promised him a much more satisfying experience.

Willow sighed pleasantly as she felt the wizard's heat against her. Throughout the night, she had developed her own sexual tension and was quite aggravated by not having the opportunity to release it. The blonde witch realized that, in fact, she had felt slight jealousy and resentment towards her friend, Sera, as she became conscious of their coital activities in the next room. There was even a sense that she was somewhat ignored by the dark wizard, dismissed so casually to clean his house. *After all, she thought, didn't I give him the best blow job available out of Knockturn Alley?* Willow was fully aware that this was just another "job" and that it was silly of her to feel this way, still... The professor had sparked her desire. She wanted him to touch her intimately with those long, delicate fingers, to taste and tease her with his mouth and tongue, to plunge into her wetness, stroking her until she screamed out her relief. It was her sexual yearning that had inspired the game they were playing at this moment. Willow only needed to create the opportunity to be with the professor again, and it didn't take much to convince Serafina that a ménage à trois was in order. Only this time, she would be the receiver of his swollen cock. With no time to waste, she reached down, cupped the professor's balls, and massaged them purposely. Hearing his breath catch in his throat, she knew she had a very captive audience.

Quickly adjusting his leg, Severus offered the whore better access to his hardened groin. Burying his face between the blonde witch's breasts, the wizard groaned in pleasure as Willow's hand continued to tease and manipulate his scrotum. He felt his engorged shaft strain desperately, its blood pulsing to the beat of the erotic music. Each throb, each pulsation, pushed him closer to the brink, further out of control. He needed more of her. He needed to drown himself in what this woman had to offer. As he started to shift his body further against Willow, he felt another presence move in behind him. It was Serafina, who positioned her warm body along Snape's, her mouth blazing a trail of hot, moist kisses along his neck and shoulders. The brunette's tongue played with his ear and traced along and down his spine, nipping the sensitive areas of his skin, producing a new burst of excitement to run through him. Willow noticed the professor's distraction and became annoyed with her cohort. Her eyes blazed as she watched Sera's hand snake along his side and over his abdomen, caressing him as she made her way to her target. Severus delighted in the sensation as fingers brushed lightly through the coarse hair that grew thick below his abdomen. Before Sera could make her next move, however, Willow grasped Snape's cock, snatching the possession away from the other witch.

The blonde whore hissed agitatedly. "It's my turn!" With that said, the witch began stroking the penis with a determined grip.

Serafina's eyes widened with surprise. In all the times the two of them had worked together, she had never seen Willow act in such a way. They always participated in such acts as a team, pleasuring their client together. It was never to be taken personally if a client chose one over the other and up until now it never had been.

Confused, she whispered, "Willow, what's gotten into you?"

Severus was too wrapped up in the ministrations of Willow's hand to notice that a fight was about to ensue over his family jewels.

Willow snarled at her friend, "You got him not once, but twice! All I got was his cock in my mouth, dirty knees and dishpan hands from scrubbing his bloody floor!"

"Twice? I only fucked him once! Have you forgotten how to count?"

"He pleased you *twice*." Willow's half whisper laid a sharp emphasis on the last word. "*Once* downstairs and *once* in his bed. Don't think I couldn't hear you two going at it." The blonde witch's eyes glared at her friend accusingly as she increased the speed at which she pumped the shaft in her hand.

Sera was now the one feeling agitated and hissed back. "The first time, I pleased myself if you had wits enough to notice! And the second time... Yes! We fucked! That's my job, Willow. That's what we get paid to do."

Suddenly, the two whores heard a groan, and Willow noticed that the professor was grasping at the sheets.

"If you are going to fuck him, you'd better hurry, dearie!" Sera's voice was heavy with sarcasm.

Willow slowed her hand motion down and released Severus' cock, ignoring the moan of frustration emitting from the wizard beside her. She looked at her long time friend and sighed. "I'm sorry, Sera." The blonde reached out and touched Serafina's cheek and gave her a small smile. "We've worked together too long to let this get in the way."

Sera's eyes softened as she listened to Willow.

"I don't know what has taken possession of me," Willow continued, "but I do know of a solution." She gave the brunette a sly wink before leaning down and whispering something in the professor's ear.

Willow then sat up and positioned herself over Severus' hips, gyrating her bottom in order to tease the man below her. Like a viper striking out, Snape reached out and

caught Serafina's arms.

Pulling her down to meet his face he said, with quiet intensity, "So, you wonder if I'm wizard enough to please the both of you." His dark eyes taunted Sera as he continued. "In many ways, the tongue can be more satisfying than the wand... Perhaps you need another demonstration of my talents."

Serafina grinned, as she understood the professor's meaning. Without much hesitation, she gracefully situated herself over Severus' face, granting him access to what lay nestled between her thighs. As she pressed closer, she felt his warm breath against the folds of her femininity while his mouth began its exploration. She closed her eyes and began concentrating on the well-placed movements of the wizard's tongue as it seductively traced her labia before flicking and swirling across her aroused nub. A jolt of pleasure shot through her body when Snape's tongue suddenly dipped into her vagina, lapping up her excitement. Releasing a small gasp, Sera barely noticed Willow's hands grasping her torso as the blonde witch braced herself, rocking against the man below them.

It was what she had wanted all evening. Willow finally had control of the professor, intimately, pressing against his hardness. She suffered most of the night, wanting what she couldn't quite have...until now. The past few years of satisfying men had made the whore indifferent to sex. She had learned to put on a very good act when playing up to her clients' desires and faking orgasms with mediocre "lovers." It was always a job, and she became an actress, as such. Tonight, however, this mysterious man had reawakened some latent sexual feelings that Willow thought she would never again experience. As she rocked herself against the professor, she focused on newly found sensations, savoring the excitement caused by the contact of her flesh against his. The feel of this wizard's sex sliding in and pressing deep within her body made her alive, and she moaned out her satisfaction. The intensity of their action was building; the friction against her clit sent waves of pleasure from the depths of her soul to the tips of her curled toes. Willow felt her body consumed by an uncontrollable power and grasped Serafina's hips as she gave in to the force. Her screams of liberation set off a chain reaction, for soon, Severus was bucking hard, seeking his own release, as sounds of Sera's fulfillment filled the air.

The trio fell in a tangle of arms, legs and perspiring bodies. Long tresses of black, brown and blonde hair lay spread out upon the bed and across each other, framing their contented faces. No effort was made to talk as they each basked in their own post-coital world.

Chapter 4: Retribution for Wicked Ways

Chapter 4 of 4

The evening's fun is over and a new day begins, but not without some consequences. This is the final chapter to my "Smut Challenge" fic.

Chapter 4: Retribution for Wicked Ways

An early morning fog blanketed the shabby row houses, causing the outside light to drift in hazily through the bedroom window, much like the muddled thoughts that circulated around Severus' brain. As he lay in bed recovering from a night of self-indulgence, the professor sorely wished he had not consumed quite so much elf wine. His head had the unmistakable throbbing of a hangover, and if Snape didn't know better, he would have sworn he had a mouth full of Pygmy Puffs. He placed his arm over his eyes, shielding them from the offending brightness as he tried to ease himself into the present moment. The soft snores of his companions were the only sounds in the room, and for that he was thankful. Not ready to make any more effort to move, the wizard remained motionless, letting his mind wander over the past evening's escapades and various broken bits of memories.

Severus' mind eventually drifted to Madam Morbida. It was in her establishment that Snape had his first sexual encounter. He remembered her as quite the handsome witch in her earlier years. When Severus was younger, he often wished he had enough Galleons to pay for her talents. However, as a young schoolboy of 17, he had to take what he could afford. The years, he noticed, had left their toll on her complexion, and she now lacked the once desirable beauty he remembered. These days the Madam concentrated her efforts on running a very discreet and profitable business. Her girls entertained Ministry officials and Death Eaters alike, and she took precautions to make sure that her clients' names were kept anonymous. It was because of this fact that the professor chose to enter an arrangement with Madam Morbida, one in which he provided her with the necessary potions in exchange for monetary relief and her silence. Of course, the extra benefits she had recently offered him weren't bad either. This thought brought Snape's attention back to Serafina and Willow.

Braving the light, Severus removed his arm from his eyes and allowed them to adjust to the white rays that sifted into the room. Once the wizard was able to see clearly, he slowly turned his head and focused on the two shapely bodies lying askew in his bed. The women looked so vulnerable, so enticing, as they lay half-covered in the tangled sheets. It would be so easy for him to just reach up, grab the loose ends of the Devil's Snare rope and begin another session of "detention". However, knowing full well that all things had to come to an end, he sighed heavily and prepared to rise from his bed of sin to relieve himself of a full bladder and more importantly... locate his bottle of hangover potion.

Willow was awakened from her slumber by the stirrings of the professor. She felt him crawl out of the bed and heard him pad slowly off to the bathroom. The witch was not in a hurry to move from her warm spot and enjoyed basking in the memories of last night's encounter. In a wistful attempt to replay some of the wonderful sensations the Potion master created in her body, the blonde lightly stroked her own breast, circling the sensitive area of her nipple. The thought of seducing the dark wizard one more time before she left this morning danced through her head until she heard a retching sound echoing out of the bathroom.

"Oh, bloody hell," she said before sighing disappointedly.

Snape was still leaning over the toilet, watching the contents of his stomach swirl away, when a matter-of-fact voice sounded out in the small lavatory.

"When the wine goes in, strange things come out."

Severus ignored the comment as he wiped his mouth off and stood up. Facing the mirror above his bathroom sink, the wizard stared at his reflection. He looked like hell and felt even worse. *That wretched elf wine must have been cursed*, he tried rationalizing to himself.

"So, Snape ol' boy, you've found out, yet again, that there is a price to pay when indulging in the pleasure of spirits."

Severus groaned at the irritating voice of the mirror.

The object continued, using its best imitation of the Potions master's voice. "O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou has no name to know by, let us call thee devil."

Fighting the desire to fire back a fitting retort to the insufferable, self-righteous looking glass, Snape thought it best to just open the front of his medicine cabinet and find the potion that would make him feel whole again.

"So tell me, Professor, do you find that alcohol is the cause of and solution to all of life's problems?"

Severus continued to disregard the voice and found the hangover potion right where he'd left it the last time he was in this condition. Pulling it out, he clumsily opened the bottle and downed some of the contents. The effects were nearly immediate, and he felt the roiling of his stomach and the throbbing of his head start to dissipate.

"Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter, sermons and soda-water the day after."

Snape looked at the mirror with renewed strength and a menacing glare. "Bugger off!"

The mirror just laughed back at him and spewed out yet another quote. "Wine and wenches empty men's purses."

Thoroughly annoyed with the magical object's moral attitude, the dark wizard growled. "Why not stick this pearl of wisdom up your reflective arse. An intelligent man is sometimes forced to be drunk to spend time with his fools!" With that said, Severus opened the door and stalked out.

As Snape entered the bedroom, he noticed that Willow was awake and propped up in bed.

"You two will have to go back soon." A trace of irritation laced the words. "I have arranged for an escort to take you and your friend back to your establishment."

The Potions master quietly gathered up some clothes and walked out of the room.

The whore was quick to notice her client's mood. The cold detachment that she was accustomed to when her services were no longer needed - was evident. It hurt. It always hurt, but that was part of the job too. She would get over it. She always did.

With a sigh, she nudged Sera. "Come on, sleepy head. The night is over, and a new one will be brewing soon."

Fully dressed, Serafina and Willow descended the stairway that led to the first floor of the house. The hidden passage stood open, allowing the two whores to walk back into the main quarters. As they looked around, the professor was nowhere to be seen; however, an older chap, wearing a dingy brown frock coat, stood by the window looking out across the street. He was a balding man with streaky grey hair that hung below his coat collar.

"Do you think he's our escort?" Willow whispered to her friend.

"Who knows," said Sera rather disappointedly. She was disheartened when she learned she wouldn't have a chance to give the professor a proper farewell, either.

"Well, at least it isn't that chubby little twit who was drooling over me." Willow shuddered at the thought.

The man at the window heard the witches enter the room and slowly turned around to face them. He offered them no introduction but stood in silence, clutching a rather large, leather bound book. His thin lipped mouth seem to sport a perpetual, sour grimace, and he quickly gave the two ladies a once over with his bulging, lamp-like eyes.

"Eew, someone needs a little pick-me-up this morning, if you ask me."

The brunette snickered at her friend's comment and gave her a little push. "You're so bad!"

This caused both whores to break into a fit of giggles. The stranger, however, just stood and glared at their nonsense before rolling his eyes and shuffling over to the fireplace.

"Come on... I don't have all day," the man grouched impatiently.

He reached up and grabbed the rusty old tin of Floo powder, shoving it towards the two whores, indicating that they should hurry up and grab their share. One by one, the trio threw their powder into the fire and plainly said, "Madam Morbida's," before disappearing into the green flames.

As the group landed in the parlor of Madam Morbida's house of ill repute, the matron of the establishment was standing nearby, awaiting their arrival.

"Back in time, I see." The older woman gave the three a sly smile and walked up for closer inspection. "I was wondering if I would have to send my house-elf, Fletcher, off to retrieve my two most precious parcels."

Willow and Serafina caught their bearings and began brushing soot off their clothes as they greeted the Madam.

"You have something for me, Mr... ah... Filch, is it not?"

The older man looked cautiously around before answering. "Indeed."

Madam Morbida chuckled softly at the look of slight surprise on the man's features. "I never forget a face." She then turned to her two ladies and spoke again. "You two stay here a moment. I need you to take your potions before you go off to your rooms."

Sera and Willow looked at each other and sighed. They really didn't care for the taste of the Memory Cloud potion that the Madam always forced them to take. They accepted it, however, as they knew it was one of her precautions to keep them from spilling out clients' names. If Madam Morbida's establishment was ever raided by wizarding authorities and names were released, they knew they would be out of a "home" and out of a job. The Madam treated her girls well, and they felt a strong loyalty to her.

"Mr. Filch, I believe you have the potions I require?"

Filch nodded and brought out a couple of vials from his left coat pocket. He handed them to the older witch and watched with some anticipation as the vials of potion were passed over to and consumed by the whores.

After, seeing to it that every drop was taken, Madam Morbida posed a series of questions to Sera and Willow.

"So, what did you do last night, girls?"

The two whores looked at each other briefly, and Filch noticed slight confusion passed through their eyes.

Willow spoke up first. "We went over to some wizard's house and did a bit of house cleaning..."

"Before we showed him our real talents!" Serafina interrupted. Both women smiled mischievously at each other and giggled.

"Who was this wizard?" Madam Morbida inquired seriously.

The witches thought hard for a moment and then looked at each other for help. Neither could come up with a name. Satisfied so far, the older witch continued.

"Well, do you remember where he lived? What did his house look like?"

"It was a little, old house, nothing special about it really. Big bed... of course, we charmed the room to fit our needs." Serafina, however, couldn't come up with an address

or street name and just shrugged her shoulders.

Willow tried to answer the question as well, but stood there silently, biting her lower lip.

"Did you notice if he was a professional man?"

The two looked at the Madam with confusion.

Madam Morbida smiled slightly as she rephrased her question. "I mean, did the wizard have a job or a title?"

They looked at each other again and shook their heads "no".

"Very well. Now just a few more questions and we'll be done." The two young witches faces brightened, anxious to get on with their day.

Madam Morbida glanced over at Mr. Filch as she asked the next set of questions. She noticed that even though he stood in the room, patiently waiting while she assessed the effects of the potion, he had an intense interest in the girl's responses.

"What did this wizard look like?"

Willow piped up right away. "Oh, he was dark and mysterious. Sexy too!"

Sera nodded in agreement and her eyes lit up at the thought of him. "He was a little nasty at first, but we turned that attitude around."

Filch snorted at that comment.

"Now this is important, ladies, so try and concentrate," the older witch stressed. "What about his features? Color of hair, eyes, distinguishable marks?"

"Dark hair..." the brunette witch answered hesitantly. After some more thought, she finally gave up. "I'm not sure. I just can't seem to remember the particulars."

"He was rather large," Willow said with a smirk.

"Oh, yes! That he was!" Serafina agreed and then nudged her friend playfully.

"Satisfied, Mr. Filch?"

Filch nodded and Madam Morbida dismissed her two ladies.

"Mr. Filch, would you please join me in my private quarters for some tea?" The Madam gave the man a quick, knowing smile. "Or, I do have something stronger, if you prefer. Coffee... with a shot of Ogden's?"

Feeling his stomach roll at the thought of consuming Firewhisky so early in the day, her guest simply replied, "Coffee, strong and black."

"Very well, then." Calling out to her house-elf, Fletcher, the older woman made her request of tea, scones and coffee, before ushering Mr. Filch into one of the side rooms.

As soon as the door closed, Madam Morbida placed a Silencing Charm around the room. Filch watched the gracefulness of her moves while noting that the old witch still cut a nice figure.

Aware that she was being stared at, the Madam turned to face her caller. She looked at the grey haired man before her with amusement and laughed. "It's been a while since I've had a wizard look at me in such a way, much less pleased him."

Filch caught himself and blushed.

Madam Morbida waved her hand and directed the man towards the small table by the fireplace. Still smiling, she continued. "I am well aware of how age has robbed me of my beauty." Walking over to her dressing table, the witch picked up a picture frame and looked at the photo briefly before handing it over to Filch. A dark haired, dark eyed, exotic looking woman smiled seductively back at him, while she twisted a tendril of hair around her finger. Gone were the creases that now covered her face, and behind her bright smile were teeth that were straight and white instead of those that were aged yellow and crooked. A mixture of wanting and sadness gripped at his heart as he continued to watch the attractive woman flirting with him from behind the frame.

"I chose the path I took, and my business venture has paid off nicely. I have no regrets, really." Madam Morbida sighed as her guest looked up into her face. "I went into this career with my eyes wide open and knew my sins would catch up to me..." The woman's voice drifted off shortly, only to regain some strength as she continued. "This was why I was determined to become a shrewd business-woman."

Just then a flash of green came through the fireplace. Standing before the couple was Fletcher, balancing a silver tray full of scones in one hand and holding another with a delicate tea service in the other. After placing the items on the table, the house elf looked expectantly at his mistress.

"Did you make the coffee strong as requested?"

"Indeed, mistress. I made it with the proportions used to sober up young men." The house-elf waited for his dismissal.

"Thank you, Fletcher. That will be all."

The elf bowed gracefully before Flooing back to the kitchen.

While Filch sipped his coffee, Madam Morbida sat down and daintily poured herself a cup of tea. "Do help yourself," she said as she gently pushed the tray of pastries towards her guest. "I believe it will do you a world of good to get something a little more substantial in your system." As Filch reached for a scone topped with fresh berries, the Madam stared at him with great interest. After allowing the man some time to digest a few bites, she continued with their conversation. "As I mentioned, I was determined to be a shrewd business woman." She set her teacup down and again fixed her sight on the man sitting across from her. "I trust, then, that our recent little arrangement was quite satisfactory, Professor Snape?"

The ever-present scowl lifted as the Polyjuiced Snape acknowledged her question. "Be it never said that you don't deliver your promises, Madam."

The devilish smile on the man's face told the old witch everything she needed to know. "Perhaps you will be agreeable to similar business transactions in the future?"

"I think that I would be quite amenable to such arrangements." With a smile still playing at the corners of his mouth, Severus reached out and pushed the leather book across the table. "If you open this, you will find several weeks worth of the improved Memory Cloud potion, per our agreement."

Madam Morbida reached out and grasped the object with both hands, pulling it slowly toward her. As she opened the cover, her sharp eyes inspected the contents of the deceptive tome. The small glass vials were meticulously packed inside the hollowed-out book. To prevent breakage, Severus had layered each row with folds of dark felt. The old lady lifted one vial out of the box and scrutinized the opalescent substance. Her hand shook slightly as she held it up to the light. Satisfied, she laid it carefully on the table and began counting the rest of vials.

The disguised gentleman crossed his arms and said with slight indignation, "I believe that you will find that they are all present and intact, Madam."

"I'm sure that they are, Professor, however, when you deal with as many unscrupulous characters as I do, it becomes second nature to trust no one." Madam Morbida closed up the book and gave the man across from her a wry smile. "You can appreciate such tendencies, can you not?"

Snape gave the astute woman a brief nod and resumed drinking his coffee, but not before the witch noticed a look of uneasiness cross his features.

"Professor Snape, I am fully aware of your past and present situation. A person of my occupation and connections doesn't go through life without keeping abreast of the local gossip. I do, however, pride myself as a very perceptive woman, and I would not have attempted dealings with you if I did not trust your integrity." The Madam paused to give her statement some weight. "It's not to say that I would ever fully trust you or anyone else, for that matter, but my judgment in a person's character has let me survive in this business for quite a long time. I am not a stupid woman, Professor, and I do have enough foresight to know that I must have certain plans in place to ensure my success. I am a firm believer that in order to run my business discreetly and keep my customers happy, I must insist that whatever goes on here stays here. That is why I have made quite clear, to certain influential persons, that if my business should become a part of an investigation, or if anything *unnatural* should happen to me, that I have a very long list of clients that will suddenly appear in the hands of those capable of destroying lives and careers. Do we understand each other?"

"Completely." Snape felt his sense of respect and admiration grow for the woman sitting next to him. Suddenly, a brief flicker of hope brewed within Severus, and the thought crossed his mind that perhaps he could have an ally in Madam Morbida. Of course, by his own nature, he would never fully trust her either.

"Very well, then. I will go ahead and place my next order with you. When it is ready we will work out a suitable arrangement at your convenience."

"I look forward to it, Madam." With that said, Snape stood up and took Madam Morbida's hand and gave it a light kiss.

The old woman smiled. "I wish I knew you years ago Severus Snape, I would have shown you a few tricks of the trade."

"Ah, but I knew you, only I couldn't afford such beauty at the time."

"A smooth talker, you are. I like that! Now, perhaps you will do me a favor next visit?"

The wizard looked at her cautiously. "That would depend."

"Would you be so kind as to Polyjuice yourself into something a little more pleasing to the eye? It would make our tea so much more pleasurable."

"Of course, Madam." With a wicked smile, Severus threw out a suggestion. "I do happen to have a few strands of hair from one Gilderoy Lockhart."

Madam Morbida let out a short laugh and rolled her eyes. "Oh, not that damnable peacock! More fluff than fortitude, that one... At least that's what my girls say."

Snape chuckled. "I always suspected that."

After his visit with Madam Morbida, Severus Flooed back to the quiet solitude of his domain. Still in Argus Filch's form, the Potions master thought he would sit down and read his latest copy of *Potions Today* until the transformation took place. He had barely settled in when, outside his home, a loud ruckus occurred. It was distinctly the sound of children causing havoc in the street.

The neighborhood children had been giving chase to a rat until they cornered it in front of Snape's house. With sticks in hand, they surrounded the rodent, ready to bludgeon it to death. The commotion caused Severus to come to the door and yell out, "What's going on here?" He gave the group a menacing stare before he mumbled to himself, "Can't a man have some peace and quiet in this forsaken place?"

The children froze at the sight of the odd man. They had recognized most everyone in the neighborhood, but this man was a complete stranger to them.

One of the braver boys stepped forward and said shakily, "It's a rat, sir."

"A rat?" Snape inquired silkily. He scrutinized the circle of children before stalking over and peering down to see Pettigrew, in Animagus form, cowering in the middle. A slight sneer formed at the corners of the wizard's mouth, his eyes sparkling with sadistic amusement. *'How unfortunate for you, Peter. I believe I hold your life in my hands. What ever shall I do?'*

As if Pettigrew could read Severus' mind, he let out a loud squeak and ran about desperately seeking an escape. Snape quickly pushed through the children and stamped down on the frantic rat, catching his tail under his boot. Peter squealed out in pain. In one deft move, Snape snatched him up and held the furry figure up in front of his face. With the effects of the Polyjuice still having hold of his body, the bulging eyes of Argus Filch examined the wretched creature, as the wizard contemplated his next move.

"Kill him!" the boy shouted out. His voice had become stronger, and Snape surmised that this Muggle was the ringleader.

"Yes, kill him!" another shouted out.

Then all the children began chanting, "Kill the rat! Kill the rat! Kill the rat!"

Peter began squirming, trying to bite the hand that held him. As much as he enjoyed having this control over Pettigrew, Snape was quite tired from last night's activities. It was time to call an end to this entire disturbance.

Falling into his old classroom behavior, he gave the children an icy look and yelled, "Silence!"

The method worked just as effectively on this gang of misfit Muggles as it did on the students at Hogwarts. The shouting stopped abruptly while they stood unmoving, eyes wide open.

"Now that I have your attention..." Severus let the word hang before continuing. "Suffice it to say, you will not have the pleasure of killing this unfortunate creature. In fact, I have decided to have him for my supper."

Most of the children gasped while some looked rather disgusted.

Using his dramatic talents, the professor resumed his tale of how he would dispose of Wormtail. "You see, I have been living on gruel and cockroaches for many months, and a nice, fresh, juicy rat will be a welcomed treat at my table. I will just keep him alive until mealtime, at which time I will *bite* off his head and *suck* out his brain."

Snape heard another collective gasp from his audience. Relishing the fact that he was frightening these Muggles, he carried on. "Then I will *peel* the skin away from that sweet flesh and devour him whole. Of course," he sighed, "it will not be enough to quench my taste for red meat, so I will be compelled to search for more. Rats, however, are... so small." The wizard glanced intently at each of the children, lingering on several select individuals. "I'm afraid I will have to seek out a larger living species.... Children, perhaps?"

With that said, the gang of kids scattered with nothing left behind but their screams and cries. Snape chuckled to himself, knowing that he wouldn't have to worry about the neighborhood's inhabitants hanging about. He was positive that word of his eccentricities would spread quickly and that the local children would give him a wide berth. It was just what he wanted.

Remembering that he still held fast to Wormtail, Severus brought the Animagus up close to his face. "Seems you owe me a life's debt, don't you agree, Peter?"

The rat squeaked and struggled some more, clearly annoyed at the situation.

"Well, perhaps you can start by preparing me something to eat. I am feeling rather peckish."

The professor turned and walked back into their dwelling, closing the door behind him.

Meanwhile, several houses away, a small girl had been watching the wizard as he spoke to the rat. She had not chased the rat like the rest of the children, but chose, instead, to hide herself behind a corner. The sight of the old man and the rat transfixed young Lucy. As she tried to decipher what was so fascinating about them, a hand grasped her shoulder, causing her to start.

"Lucy, come on."

It was Lucy's older brother, Thomas. The dark-haired boy had come back looking for her.

"That's not a rat," she whispered.

"Well, it certainly looks like a rat," Thomas said, a bit agitated. "Now let's get out of here."

"He's not what he seems... he's evil."

"That man? He's just nutters! Let him be." Thomas tried to pull Lucy away.

"No! The rat is evil!" She continued to stare at the direction of Snape's house. "The man... he's like us."

"What do you mean, like us?" Thomas turned his sister towards him so he could look into her face.

"He's half magic-people, Thomas. Like us! We can trust him. I can feel it in my bones."

Fear and anger took hold and Thomas grabbed Lucy by the shoulders. "Don't talk of it! Don't! It's too dangerous! Now, forget about it, Lucy, and let's go home."

Thomas took his sister's hand and hurried down the narrow street. He knew he would have to tell his mum about Lucy's latest visions. It would probably mean moving yet again, but if it kept their family safe from the evil ones, then that was what they had to do. He had learned early on not to trust anyone, to conceal his parentage as if it were dirty laundry. Half-bloods, he realized, were not safe in either realm.

Notes:

Quotes from bathroom scene:

1. Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller, *Die Piccolomini*, Act 2, Sc. 6, 1799

2. Shakespere, *Othello*, Act 2, Sc. 3

3. A slight variation of a quote by Homer (*Simpson, that is*)

3. Lord Byron, *Don Juan*

4. Old English Proverb

5. Ernest Hemingway, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*

A big thanks goes out to my Beta, Periwinkle, and to those who have encouraged me along on this little smut story (although my dear, departed mother would have told you to "stop encouraging her!"). LOL!