

Crucio

by Cosette

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Part of Severus had always, no matter what he tried to tell himself or Dumbledore, wanted the best for Voldemort. When he'd joined with Tom, all those years ago, he'd been first drawn to Tom's power and his innate ability to gather followers around him. He'd felt important, liked, and sometimes even admired by his fellow Death Eaters. Years later, when Tom had slaughtered Lily and James, part of him wanted out. It was that part of him that led him to Dumbledore, begging for forgiveness. Ironical that the only man who had ever truly forgiven him was the one man whose forgiveness Severus did not deserve...

Voldemort summoned Severus early one morning when Severus was still asleep. The pain coursed through him at first, and he was tempted to stay in bed and let the pain intensify... He'd tried that once, long ago; that had been the first day Tom had learned of Severus's addiction to pain. He knew now that if he stayed in bed and ignored the summons, the pain would turn to pleasure instead. His Dark Lord was very careful to deny Severus the pain he so needed until Severus was with him and had done his bidding. When he'd first used Crucio on Severus after he'd found out that Severus had gone to Dumbledore and attempted to betray him, Tom had been surprised by Severus's powerful reaction. Crucio had coursed through his body, pain tearing into each and every fiber of his being, and beyond that, the golden threads of pleasure seeped through him with every spark of pain. Tom had watched in fascination as his preferred form of punishment had led Severus over the edge, staining his pants and leaving Severus begging for more. Since then, Tom had ordered his Death Eaters to never lay a finger on Severus, no matter his betrayal, and had reserved Crucio for the ultimate reward.

Trying to mute his excitement and arousal, Severus rose from bed, his cock twitching with eagerness. He tried not to think of what he'd done to deserve Tom's reward now -- *Dumbledore had had it coming anyways, he thought warily. If I hadn't done it, one of my fellow Death Eaters would have* A potent mixture of guilt and excitement had confused him all last night. Try as he might, he just couldn't convince himself that he'd killed Dumbledore only because it was inevitable. The truth was too obvious, even for him, and his twitching cock only reaffirmed it... He'd killed Albus because he'd been desperate for the type of pain that only Tom could give him; because Tom, knowing how close he'd become to Dumbledore, had denied him that pleasure for nearly a year to force him to be the one to kill Albus.

He pushed his feelings of guilt and disgust for what he had done away as he dressed quickly and Apparated to the Dark Lord's side, where the world would now always assume he belonged.

Respecting not only Severus's need for privacy, but the power of a secret, Voldemort was alone in a small room. Doubtless his guards were outside, but no one could Apparate into this room without Voldemort's permission anyway. The guards were there to protect Tom lest someone break into the mansion from the outside, not from within. Severus appeared in the center of the room and tried vainly to cover the bulge in his pants with his long robes.

"You did well yesterday," Tom said, his voice smooth and alluring.

"Thank you, My Lord," Severus muttered, barely able to contain his anticipation. Tom noticed the eagerness in his voice and smirked in amusement.

"Now that Dumbledore has fallen, we'll have no problems overtaking the rest of the Wizarding world. Without his precious Dumbledore, Potter will fall easily." Tom's smile turned sinister. "I bet despair has already started to do our job for us." He paused, assessing the state of his most loyal servant. "You know what I will ask you to do next?" he asked.

"Yes, My Lord, and I am prepared. The boy is loyal and will be quick to trust me. He did not see me kill Dumbledore; I will be sure to convince him that I've been framed. He will be easy to dispose of," Severus replied, desperately trying to hide his eagerness and impatience.

"Remove your clothes, Severus," Tom ordered in a voice barely above a whisper. Severus rose his wand, and Tom interrupted, "By hand, Severus, by hand. You know the rules."

Severus's face was flushed with desperation now as he tried to remove his robe button by button. After several agonizingly long moments, Severus stood in front of his Dark Lord, barren.

"Lie on the floor, Severus. Not on the carpet," he interjected as Severus had begun to descend onto the oriental carpet that mostly covered this floor. Instead, he lowered himself onto a barren area next to the wall closest to his Lord.

"Good," cooed Tom. "Now, before I reward you, I must remind you that your next reward will last even longer than this one. Let no one claim that I don't reward my faithful followers."

Severus squirmed on the floor, hoping his impatience hadn't been noticed by his Lord. It had.

A sinister grin crossed Tom's face as he carefully stood from his chair and proceeded to walk as slowly as possible over to Severus. Severus's cock pulsed in excitement as he tried desperately not to give in to his desire. Amusement played in Tom's eyes, as he and Severus both knew he did not have to be so achingly close to cast this particular spell.

Once he reached Severus, he knelt beside him and allowed his wand to press into Severus's inner thigh. His mouth opened, and the blissful words slowly seeped from his lips.

"Crucio."

His body became enveloped in fire as wave after wave of pain assaulted each fiber of his being. His nerves felt like they were being strung to an instrument while his muscles, his tired muscles, had slice after slice being cut from them. His mouth opened, and a scream escaped as the pain overtook him...

And then, pleasure. The pain hurt no less than before; his awareness and attunement of it, in fact, increased its intensity. His body writhed with pleasure as the pain continued, each new wave sending shockwaves to his penis as he felt himself nearing the end. He was achingly close now, another wave would finish him.

Then, all too soon, the pain stopped. His balls and cock ached in frustration, and he struggled to still his body.

A voice whispered in his ear, "Remember, Severus, it will be longer the next time." His Lord left him in that room, giving him the time to recover and Apparate when he was ready to.

His hand meagerly finished what the Crucio had started, but the orgasm was flat, bland. He Apparated home, feeling even more desperate than he had when he had left that morning, and his mind was filled with thoughts of what he must do to experience that again. No matter what lies he would try to tell himself, he already knew that he would kill Harry Potter and would kill him as quickly as possible.