

The 'Normal' Life of Harry Potter

by darkpyroangel06

Harry Potter's always been normal, right? I mean, nothing 'weird' or 'unnatural' ever happens to him. So why would I change anything? Vampires, Death Eaters, children, almost-death, and Hogwarts' resident Potions Master are all included in Harry's new, 'normal' life. (Severus/Harry with Harry as the sub to Severus' dom, but not BDSM.)

Prologue

Chapter 1 of 3

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-Prologue-

"What say you now, Harry Potter?"

Voldemort was enjoying one of his favourite pastimes: torturing Harry Potter. The ebony haired man lay on the floor before him, battered and torn but far from giving up. He may have been breathing hard, but he wasn't finished yet. A few select Death Eaters had been invited for this momentous occasion: Lucius Malfoy, Bellatrix LeStrange, and of course Severus Snape. Slowly, the boy got to his knees and then his feet. The very definition of defiance was written in his eyes. The emerald orbs practically radiated hatred toward Voldemort.

"Come now, is that any way to treat your host and his guests?" Voldemort chided.

"Fuck you, Tom."

"I am *not* Tom."

"Yes, you are. Do your little followers know this? That your name is really Tom Riddle and that, even though you're trying to rid the world of 'filthy Mudbloods and Muggle-borns and Muggles,' you're nothing but a half-breed yourself? Did you tell them about your half and half heritage, Tom?" Harry's jibes earned him another smack that cut his lip open and send him reeling to the floor once more. "Guess not," he groaned.

Severus watched with mixed emotions: fear, hatred, pity, malevolence, and a near happiness. Though by the look on his face, not a single one showed. Some of these emotions were toward his 'master,' and some toward his student. The boy's spirit would never give up, but the same couldn't be said for his body. Harry had lost a lot of blood in the last few days, let alone today. He wasn't being fed or given water. Voldemort only let him sleep for an hour maximum before another round of torture began for hours at a time.

This last bit from Harry was it; Voldemort was going to kill him now. So he tried everything he could to break Harry of his rebellion. But as expected, the fire in the boy's eyes wouldn't die. Voldemort did everything but say 'Screw it' as he decided that even though he couldn't ruin the boy's heart, he could kill the boy's body. So he brought Harry to the very edge of death and then turned to Snape with a malicious grin on his face.

"Not even your potions can save him now, Severus," he said with glee. "Take him back to Dumbledore with the piteous hopes that the old man can save him. The world is mine now." He turned and left with a wicked laugh. Malfoy and LeStrange took their exits as well, not wanting to stick around for the end of their master's good mood.

Carefully, Severus Snape gathered the Saviour of the Wizarding World in his arms and Apparated straight into Hogwarts. Impossible you say, but it wasn't, not really. Dumbledore had set up a special room for Severus to Apparate into because sometimes he couldn't Apparate to the front gates and Flooing was out of the question. Severus was a vampire, and ending up in front of the school gates so far from the actual school in the weakened state he would be in if he were Apparating there during the day would kill him quickly.

Sunlight was only fatal to one of his kind if they were so weak they couldn't shield themselves. And even then it was best to stay out of the UV rays as much as possible. The longer in the rays, the weaker the shields became. On this note, he went straight to the room as the castle read his magical signature to let him in. Voldemort was right on one count: Harry was about to die. However, he was wrong when he said that Severus couldn't help him. If he turned Harry, then Harry wouldn't die. But the backlash from the entire Wizarding world... Would he take that chance?

Yes, he would. The experience would be hard, confusing, and beyond weird for both of them in the times to come, but if it meant keeping Harry here just that much longer, then the decision was made. Laying the younger man out on the bed in his quarters, Severus sat beside him. "I'm sorry, Potter," he whispered. "I am so sorry." Then he bent his head and latched onto the ivory neck of his student.

* * * * *

A/N: So, what did you think? Please review. I'm a big girl, I can take criticism. As long as it's constructive. Also, the other chapters are longer than this one. Tell me what you really think, please? **-dpa06-**

Chapter 1

Chapter 2 of 3

Harry Potter's always been normal, right? I mean, nothing 'weird' or 'unnatural' ever happens to him. So why would I change anything? Vampires, Death Eaters, children, almost-death, and Hogwarts' resident Potions Master are all included in Harry's new, 'normal' life. (Severus/Harry with Harry as the sub to Severus' dom, but not BDSM.)

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-Chapter One-

He woke up to a horrible headache and a pain he couldn't describe. The light hurt too much so he kept his eyes closed *What... what's going on?* he thought to himself. *I don't understand. Where am I? It's so dark, but this is comforting. Not like... like...* "Voldemort!" he cried out, immediately wincing as his headache worsened. A shuffling noise was his answer, fabric rustling toward him. He wanted to shy away, but neither his body nor his instincts would let him. *I... know this person? I trust this person? Where am I? Why do I feel safe here?* He realized he could smell and hear really well. *Sandalwood... and roast beef? What...* "What's going on?" he asked aloud, this time softer than his last outburst.

"Nice to see you are alive, Mr. Potter," a voice sneered. This time he did flinch away. He did know that voice, but he sure as hell didn't trust it. Severus Snape, his former Potions professor. He was there when Voldemort beat him and hurt him and nearly killed him. "I'm sorry, Harry," the voice said softer, more kind. This shocked Harry into looking at the teacher. The light was still too bright for him, but he endured it. "I'm sorry for what I've done to you. How much pain are you in?"

"My back hurts, and my neck, and head, and arms and legs, and stomach, and..."

"Idiot childe, I meant hunger pains."

"I'm not hungry," he argued, but even as he said it he realized that unknown pain was hunger. It was a weird hunger though... not the same. "Well, a sandwich and some chips couldn't hurt."

Snape sighed. "Your Defense teachers have failed you. You still don't know what you are?"

"And what's that supposed to mean?" Harry asked defensively. "I'm a human being just like you. Well, maybe not like you. I have feelings and I care about things unlike you." Harry froze up. *Why did I just say those things?! I've never mouthed off to Snape like this; always wanted to but never felt compelled to. Why did it just... come out?* "Sir... I... That is... I was..."

"Save it. A childe is compelled to tell the truth to their sire."

"I'm not your child!"

"Not child, c-h-i-l-d, Potter. Childe, c-h-i-l-d-**e**."

"I think you're a Potions master because you don't need to know how to spell so well. I mean, look at how you're spelling right now. Is English your second language or something?" Again Harry sat appalled at his own words. Why was he blurting these things out? All he wanted to do was get out of... *Wait, where am I? This isn't the hospital wing.*

"Is it coming together yet, or do I need to get someone to spell it out for you since I'm so horrible at spelling myself? One would think you would have paid attention in your third year when you were taught about Dark Creatures." He sat completely still at the foot of the bed Harry was in.

Harry thought for a moment. Something about this seemed familiar. *Childe... hunger... Dark Creatures? Wait, 'Mione said something about this once. But when do I ever listen to Hermione?* He thought until it hit him and then his eyes opened wide. "You did this?" he whispered. "You turned me into...? You're a...? How could you *do* something like that?"

"I guess expecting a 'Thank-you, Snape, for saving my life' was out of the question," Snape said sarcastically. "You were dying, Potter. Do you understand that word? Voldemort had beaten you within an inch of your life. You would have died unless I did something. Not even my potions would have helped you at that point. Turning you was the only way. Now, do you know everything that comes with being a vampire?"

"You mean sunlight, crosses, and wooden stakes? Yeah, no problem. Stay inside unless it's night, away from churches, and anything wooden! Oh yeah, I forgot about the blood! I have to kill innocent people to live now!" he cried hysterically.

Severus shook his head. "This is going to be a lot worse than that. Allow me to explain a little more clearly. Sunlight, although deadly, is not instantaneous. You can be in the sunlight. How do you think I go to Quidditch matches and Hogsmeade? Crosses, although I have none, are a myth. Same with holy water and garlic. Stakes aren't wooden; they're pure silver. And only if stabbed into the main blood supply are they dangerous. Kind of like werewolves. Blood is a must, but killing innocent people isn't. I've never killed and I don't ever plan to. You... you will drink blood straight from a body, but it's complicated."

"What's so complicated about biting some man or woman and sucking their life force through the holes?"

"First off, there is a technique to feeding that will make it painless," Severus explained softly, carefully. "Secondly, it tends to be a very sexual act. And third, you have to drink your sire's blood for a while to get all the nutrients from the old blood. Unless you want a complete transfusion, and then I have to bleed you dry and replace all your blood with that of an elder vampire whom I too must nearly kill to drain that much blood. Even so, you need to feed now. That's the hunger I was talking of earlier."

"Okay, so I feed from my sire and then I..." Those words registered meaning in his mind *Sire is the one who turned me. Snape turned me. My sire is Snape. I have to feed from my sire. Feeding is sexual. Oh sweet Merlin!* "No way! Especially if it's a sexual thing! I'm not sleeping with my teacher! I'd rather starve."

"Your choice, but okay," Snape said, standing up again. "When the hunger becomes too much, I'll be in the front room reading. It's Saturday in case you were wondering, so no one is looking for you. Well, no matter. It's summer. And you live alone, yes?" Harry nodded dumbly. "Well then, you'll just stay here until you're not hungry anymore." And with that he swirled away to read in the front room.

Severus went into the front room, wondering how long it would take for the vampire in Harry to make the boy do its bidding. He remembered the cravings; they were a force to be reckoned with. Harry wouldn't last long, but he did have spirit so maybe he could fight it... for a while. He heard movement in his bedroom and smirked to himself. Maybe he'd thought too soon. But when no one emerged from behind the closed door, he suspected the younger man was exploring or something of the sort. *Why can't he just accept his fate? It would be easier on both of us.*

Hypocrite, his inner voice shot back. You didn't accept your fate that easily. Fought tooth and nail if I remember correctly. And I do. Because I was there.

Bite me. This is completely different.

Do you remember the last time you said 'bite me'? What happened then, hmm?

Shut up! He blocked the voice out and focused on his book. But it was hard. There was someone in his personal chambers. He hadn't had anyone in his rooms in... ever! He could hear the erratic heartbeat, smell the pulsing blood. It was driving him into a frenzy. So to the refrigerator he went. A pack of blood with his name on it, literally, was sitting there waiting to be heated and eaten. A simple heating charm to make it body temperature and a puncture with his elongated teeth did wonders for his system. However, there was more to it than a simple feeding.

Harry wasn't the only one suffering from his turning. The childe may need to feed on its sire, but the sire felt compelled to teach his childe everything! And that's what he didn't want. He'd told Harry that when he could take it no more to come and find him, but the truth was that *he* might not be able to keep his end of the bargain: to sit and wait for that to happen. Returning to the living room and his book was the hardest thing he'd done in a while. But he did it anyways.

When the bedroom door was thrown open, he didn't move. He tried to look like he was reading although he hadn't gotten past the first five words since he started. He was expecting words, or Harry's inexperienced bite on his neck maybe, but definitely not the hard fist that connected with his jaw. The book flew out of his hands as he nearly toppled out of the chair over the right arm.

"What did you do to me?!" Harry yelled, fists clenched and shaking. His eyes were so dark they were nearly black, and his fangs were lengthened due to hunger. "What is this? Why do I hurt? Why do I want *you*? Why?!"

"I told you!" Severus yelled back. "You were five seconds from death! Turning you was my only option. I explained that you would feel this: you're hungry. You need blood. And you want *me* because I am the closest thing with blood as well as your sire. You have to be taught to not want fresh human blood; another reason to stay close to your sire for a time after you're changed," he tried to explain. He knew Harry didn't hear him though. He stood up and straightened his robes. "Come here."

"Make me."

"Come... here." When Harry didn't move, Severus moved to attack him. A light swipe upside the head had the younger of the two growling and in a fighting stance instinctively. "That's right," Severus whispered. "Fight me." Harry rushed him, using what he'd gained from Severus' memories to fight the older man. However, he was sloppy and frustrated easily. Severus used this to his advantage and worked Harry into such madness. He was only slightly surprised when Harry knocked him over and pinned him to the ground while straddling his hips.

"I will win," Harry growled before sinking his fangs into Severus' neck deeply. Snape called out, the pain unbearable as his childe began to drink deeply. He tried to stay still; moving only made it hurt worse. Harry would want to drink his fill, to make the hunger stop. Severus couldn't allow this. He'd be killed.

"Okay, Harry, you have to stop now." His response was a growl. "You'll kill me, thereby making the hunger come back just as strong as it was. If you let me up for a few minutes, I'll let you feed again. Please, stop now." The sucking became less rapid and eventually Harry pulled away. Severus was able to push him off and return to his fridge while the new sensations of feeding clouded the younger's mind and senses. Not caring about temperature, Severus bit into a packet of blood and drank deep. Harry had taken too much...

"Oh Merlin," Harry whispered. "What have I done? What did you do to me? What did you make me?"

"We've been through this," Severus whispered after his first pack, a second in hand. "I told you the hunger wouldn't let you alone for long. You did right in coming to me. However, the feeding was painful for both of us, yes? And now you have another problem. I told you this was a sexual thing. You cannot feed without feeling something for the one you are feeding off of. If you'll let me drink a bit more, I'll let you feed again. But you have to listen to me. I can make it less painful if you trust me."

"Trust? I trusted you and look what happened. I'm a vampire who wants to shag his Potions teacher!"

Severus ignored him, downing another two packets of blood before turning to Harry with three more in hand. "Come with me, Harry."

"Don't call me that! I always was, always am, and always will be Potter to you."

"As you wish it, Potter. Follow me." He went back to the bedroom and set the blood on the table by the bed before sitting on the bed. "Get on the bed, Potter. Do exactly as I tell you, and this won't hurt either of us in the least. Which way feels more comfortable: your left or your right?" Harry thought for a moment and then answered right. "Then my left side is where you will feed. Should I ever need to bite you, and I will occasionally but not for the same reasons as you, then I will from your left side. The marks are invisible once healed, and they can be healed instantly so don't worry. Find a comfortable spot, *not* on the pulse point and suck there." Severus laid back on the pillows.

Harry looked at him with a horrified expression and then began to shake his head wildly. "There's no way I'm licking your neck! That's just..."

"That will bring the blood to the surface so you don't have to bite as hard or deep, and it will make the actual piercing easier. Just do it." After a long hesitation, Harry bent down and did as told. He was uncomfortable like he was, but the only option was to lay down next to his teacher, and that would happen the day Voldemort asked for Harry's forgiveness. He began to suckle on the spot. The sensations of his first feeding and the ones from everything so far were starting to fog his mind. He turned it into more of a kiss. His body sank down to mold into his professor's side. His left hand moved to the other side of the neck he was suckling on to hold the head steady.

"Now, very easy like, lengthen your teeth just below the surface and sip, don't gulp, the blood there. Easy now, Harry, easy." The voice was calm and soothing to his ears, and he followed the instructions, giving an apologizing lick to the neck when he bit in too fast and a gasp escaped Severus. Just a few sips had Harry moving against Severus' leg without him even knowing it. Severus wrapped one arm around Harry's waist carefully and slowly moved him so he was laying on top of him slightly. Now that their bodies were aligned, Harry began to move more against the warmth under him. It was so heavenly.

And that thought sent him over the edge. He came then, the shock of it snapping him out of his feeding bliss. He jerked away from his sire, causing the older man to cry out at the painful break. Harry threw himself to the other side of the bed and shuddered violently from what he'd just done. "You... you made me... you *let* me... What are you doing to me?" he said around his tears as he wrapped his arms around his knees in a fetal position with his back to his sire.

"Damn it, why can't you listen?" Severus asked on a sigh. "Feeding is sexual. You need to feed from your sire. Therefore, you are going to be sexual with your sire. I am sorry that that seems to be me. You are not my first choice of partners if it makes you feel better. You're not the only one suffering here." He paused to grab a pack of blood and drain it. "And please, never break away from me like that again. You could rip my throat out."

"I've never... I didn't... How was I supposed to... Is it always like that? That intense?"

"A feeding can be as intense as you make it out to be."

"No, not a feeding." Harry went silent for a few minutes. "Coming. With someone else. Is it always like that?"

"What do you mean?" Severus asked, fully alert now. *There's no way he's a virgin still.*

"Just what I said. Will it always feel like it hurts, but it doesn't? Does it always build up and build up until you don't think you can take anymore and then you realize you can when it all ends? Does it always bring real pain at the end when the realization that...?" He stopped short, not wanting to continue. He hadn't wanted to speak at all, but Severus had said he would feel compelled to tell the truth.

"Harry, are you a virgin?"

He nodded his head, knowing Severus couldn't see him. But he was telling the truth so his nature was happy.

"Harry? Answer me."

"I did."

"Verbally."

"Fuck you."

"I thought you said you didn't want that."

This made Harry freeze up.

"Don't even think something like that. I told you that you wouldn't be my first choice. I would never force anything like that upon you. Now answer the question verbally: are you a virgin?"

"Yes, damn it!" Harry yelled, tears coming back to wet his cheeks. He curled in on himself even more.

Severus cursed to himself. *If turning him wasn't enough to traumatize him, and explaining everything wasn't enough to put him into therapy, then this will surely kill him. I can't believe he... No. I'm not going to think about it because this will never go that far. I'll teach him what he needs to know and then have him do as I do: blood packs. Simple. Except that it takes months for the cravings to wear off, and then more still for the child to be weaned from its sire. Shite.* He placed a hand on Harry's shoulder, but took it away when Harry recoiled off the bed and to the wall.

"Don't... don't touch me," he whispered.

Well this is a minor setback he sarcastically stated to his inner voice. *What now?*

Give him space and talk to him. He needs to know what's going to happen to him. Explain things to your child.

Well, let's try that! It's worked so wonderfully in the past. Don't say it, I'll do it anyways. "Harry? I won't touch you, I swear it. Please, just get back on the bed. I need to talk to you. I swear I'll stay just like I am," he said softly as he moved to the foot of the bed and sat on the edge. Harry slowly made his way to the opposite side and sat as close to the head as he could. "Okay? I'm sorry. This is very weird and new and strange for you, but you have to trust me. I need you to do something for me. When you jerked away from me earlier, you didn't close the bite. I need you to close it before I bleed to death. Just lick it a few times. Nothing will happen," he rushed to assure him. "And I won't touch you."

Harry was deadly pale, but slowly made his way to the older man and slowly licked the wound a few times before scampering back to his spot away from Severus. After a few tense moments, Snape nodded a thank-you. "This makes it harder for the both of us. I will tell you everything I know, that you need to know about how this *usually* works. It will be different for us though, keep that in mind. When a vampire turns someone, the vampire becomes a sire and the turned their child. A bond is formed that is different for every pair. Some are telepathic, some are emotionally connected, and so on and so forth. There is no set boundary for the bonds. And I have yet to figure ours out.

"It's not often someone is turned for the same reason you were, although it has been done before. However, the sire and the child almost always has a relationship of

some sort already formed. *Usually*, the sire and the childe will form a deeper relationship due to the feeding process. And *usually* there are already feelings there as a base. The childe will have cravings that keep the sire close by so the childe can feed whenever they want. Which means you will be staying with me here. After a time, the cravings die down slightly so that once or twice a day is enough. *Usually*, a pair will feed after a sexual encounter. This is not so for us," he rushed to say at the look on Harry's face.

"I beg you to feed whenever you start to get hungry, just do it as I have taught you. I will continue to remind you until you are perfectly fine. Every childe has a different level of craving, so I don't know how often you'll want to feed right now, and I don't know how long it will take for the frequency to become once a day. However, a few months after that it will go down even more; maybe two or three times a week. It all depends on you really, but it's nothing you can control. Once this happens, I can wean you onto these," he said, holding up the last pack of blood that he had yet to drink. "It's a blood packet that you heat up. They work just as well as a regular person would, if not better than. It's still sexual though; you'll still feel the urge to... Well, that's another matter completely."

"So every time I feed, which will be several times a day for a while, I will...*want* you? Like that?" Harry asked quietly. Severus nodded slowly. "But you won't touch me?" Severus shook his head. "No matter what you feel?" Again Severus shook his head. "And then, after some months I won't want you or your blood as much? And then I can completely leave you?" Severus nodded. "And that's it?"

"Kind of. That's it for feedings for now," the older clarified. "You'll need to stay here for a while. To get used to me and I to you. This is completely new for me as well, Harry. I... It's not the same by any means, but it's just as weird for me."

"I said not to call me Harry."

"Damn it, you're my childe and I'll call you whatever I please! I cannot call you Potter when you are attached to my neck! I cannot call you Potter because it reminds me of the child you were and not the man you are! If I think you're a child, then I'd never be able to live with myself for turning someone so young. I'm already disgusted with myself that I turned anyone because I vowed I never would," Severus stated, walking toward the bedroom door. He turned back to face Harry again. "There is a pull on you to come to me and feed, and when feeding, you want to let all your inhibitions go. You know that. What you don't know is that there is a pull on me to encourage you to do both of these things. Don't you get it? We're both fighting ourselves. We both have to fight our new natures."

"But mine is stronger," Harry whimpered, starting to cry again.

"Don't be so sure," Severus said softly, but with a firmness that told Harry not to argue. "I'll be back in a moment. Try to sleep or something. You need it. I won't touch you." He left the room. Harry changed clothes into some of Snape's things he Transfigured into his own. Then he lay between the sheets and drifted into an uneasy sleep.

A/N: Ah, angst. Isn't it beautiful? Well, leave a review and tell me what you think please!-*dpa06*-

Chapter 2

Chapter 3 of 3

Harry Potter's always been normal, right? I mean, nothing 'weird' or 'unnatural' ever happens to him. So why would I change anything? Vampires, Death Eaters, children, almost-death, and Hogwarts' resident Potions master are all included in Harry's new, 'normal' life. (Severus/Harry with Harry as the sub to Severus' dom, but not BDSM.)

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-Chapter Two-

Harry's dreams jumped back and forth, horrors to make-believe fantasies that were worse than nightmares. And through it all he slept, trying to wake up but unable to. After one where he and Snape were found together naked and feeding by the whole Weasley clan, Harry woke with a start to find Snape beside him on the bed. He thought for a split second that maybe he'd been brainwashed and the dream was reality. But then he saw that Snape was on top of the covers, not between the sheets like he himself was, fully clothed, and all the memories of the previous day came rushing back to him. That's when the hunger hit like a freight train to his mind.

Slowly he sat up, wondering if he should wake the man or just feed. Technically he hadn't been told to wake his sire up, but he thought it'd be bad if he didn't. He needed Severus to walk him through it, and to teach him how to release after feeding since the last time he had jerked away. Deciding that waking him was the better option, he reached out a hand to shake the elder's shoulder. When he was about a foot away from said shoulder, a hand grabbed his wrist tightly. He gasped and tried to struggle away, but the hand only grasped tighter. Then suddenly it let go and the bed shifted.

"Harry? Merlin, I'm sorry," Severus apologized. "I'm not used to someone being in my chambers. I apologize, forgive me. Is there something you needed? Are you hungry?"

Harry nodded dumbly, completely aware that it was pitch dark in the room and that he could see... without his glasses? "Where are my glasses?" he asked without really meaning to.

"They're on the coffee table in the living room. You don't need them to see, do you?"

"No, I just... I just now noticed I didn't have them on. Nearly twenty years of habit I guess."

"It's okay. Things will take some getting used to. Come here so you can feed." Severus lay back down with his hands palm down on each side and turned his head slightly to the right. After a moment or two, Harry lay down beside him, trying not to touch him. "Just find the spot that isn't the pulse and bring the blood to the top like earlier." Harry buried his face into the neck and shoulder of his sire and gently attacked the spot. Severus mentally clenched his fists, fighting his nature which was telling him to touch his childe. Harry was fighting his as well; his was telling him to touch his sire. "Give it a few more seconds," Severus encouraged. "Now ease your fangs just under the skin and go slow about it. Anything too fast could hurt you." *Or me*, he thought, but kept it to himself.

After a few moments of Harry sipping off his sire's neck, his nature grew too strong to control. He moved closer to the body next to his, molded into its side. Sipping became drinking, and molding became rocking. Severus really did clench his fists then. *He can't help it. He can't help it. He can't help it* he kept repeating in his mind. *Stop this before Harry really hates you.* "Ease off now, Harry," he said between clenched teeth, trying to keep his voice calm and smooth. The drinking went back to sips, but Harry's continued thrusts into Severus' hip and thigh weren't stopping. Speeding up maybe, but not stopping. "You need to stop or you'll kill me," Severus moaned, still holding onto his last thread of sanity that wouldn't let him touch the younger man. "Harry, please stop. I won't be able to keep my promises if you don't. Just ease your fangs out of the skin and then lick the marks a few times to heal it. Please, I've never begged for anything but I'm begging you now."

Harry wouldn't listen, or couldn't, or didn't want to. He eased off of Severus' neck, but instead of moving away after healing the puncture wound he continued to lick and kiss his way up Severus' neck across his cheek to his lips. And that was it. His control was broken. Severus returned his childe's kisses and caresses with earnestness. Harry was pulled on top of his sire and bodies aligned once more. His hands were placed on his childe's hips to keep him in line while Harry was rocking his hips into Severus' harder and harder.

"Please," Harry whispered into a kiss. "I want you to... show me... everything... Please?" He ground his hips into his sire's as he suckled on the other side of his neck. Severus' semi-hard cock was fully hard now as Harry's own erection pressed into it. Severus lost all conscious thought of everything except Harry. He was more than happy to remove the younger man's nightshirt and sleeping pants as quickly but gently as he could. He usually only wore sleeping pants to bed himself, but to keep Harry calm he'd donned a long-sleeved sleeping shirt as well. He'd left the top two buttons open, but neither item of clothing would be coming off any time soon. The reminder that Harry was a virgin popped back into his head and soothed his hurried motions.

"Slowly, my childe, slowly," he whispered into the younger's ear. One hand moved from Harry's hip to his cock. The pulsing member was encircled by strong fingers and then rubbed roughly in slow movements. Harry cried out and once again thrust into Severus' hand. "Slow, Harry." But Harry didn't want slow, so he thrust again and this time he came into his sire's hand. He sank down onto the chest below him to catch his racing breath once more. After a few minutes, his mind came back to him and he scooted back to his side of the bed, under the covers, and into a fetal position once more. Silently, he cried for what he'd done.

Severus was still worked up though. He felt Harry leave him, and he reached for him again to bring him back. But Harry flinched away and Severus' normal frame of mind slammed back home. He smelt the tears being shed and sat straight up to look at Harry, absolute fear written in his expression. "Harry, listen to me. I'm sorry, Harry. I really am. I tried and I broke my promises to you. I... I can't stay here. I'll transfigure the couch into a bed in the living room. You stay here. I'm sorry. This was my fault." He muttered a cleaning charm over them as he made to leave.

"No, it wasn't," Harry whispered so softly Severus almost missed it. He stood on his side of the bed looking at the small, shuddering figure that was the saviour of the Wizarding world. "It was my fault. You told me to stop. You *begged* me to stop. I didn't want to. I wanted you to touch me. And what's worse is..." here he stopped: stopped talking, stopped shuddering, stopped crying, just stopped, "is I still want you to," he whispered. "You promised you wouldn't touch me, but I don't want your promise. I just don't know what's happening to me."

Severus stood in shocked silence. It was true, the feeding would loosen one's actions and speech and thoughts, but it didn't do what Harry was doing now. Once it was over and you returned to your usual mind, that was it. But Harry seemed stuck somewhere. Slowly, cautiously, Severus moved back to the bed and closer to Harry. He lay down on his side next to the younger man and softly rubbed a hand up and down his upper arm. "Harry? Look at me?" he asked. This was so unlike the two of them. Harry was always strong and ready for anything. Severus was always a block of ice with nothing but a sneer and a harsh word for anyone in his way. The cowering young man and the emotional older one would scare anyone if someone were to see them right then.

"This was not your fault. I may have asked you to stop, but I know better than to ask things like that. A fledgling, a new vampire, has a hard time trying to control the instincts that suddenly kick in." He scooted a little closer. "I want you to tell me exactly what you want me to do though. If you want me to leave, I will leave. If you want me to stay, I will stay. But either way you have to tell me something. I thought you didn't want anything to do with me; said so yourself this morning. But just now... what you're saying..."

"I don't know what I want!" Harry cried, turning over and burying his face in Severus' chest. "I'm so lost! I want what I've always had, what I've always done. But I know that can never be. I want to go back to my house on the edge of society where no one can find me again. But I don't want to be alone. I want to know why I want what just happened to happen again, but that thought scares me more than Voldemort. I want... I want..."

"What Harry? What do you want?"

"You, I think," he said in a pitiful voice as he raised his tear-filled eyes to meet his sire's.

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Severus sat in his living room, listening to Harry talk to himself in 'their' bedroom a few days later. He'd received an owl from his friends, redirected to Severus' chambers by Dumbledore, and was now reading it and replying to it out loud before writing back to them. When his childe's warm laughter rang through the dungeon rooms, Severus froze, wanting to capture that sound somehow. He hadn't heard that sound since before Harry had lost his godfather in his fifth year. Wretched Black went and stole Harry's happiness, leaving him to shoulder even more burdens on his own. The laughter rang out again and Severus could no longer stand it. He stood and walked to the bedroom, leaning on the doorframe to watch the younger man read the letters his friends had sent him.

"And what is so funny that you must disturb my reading?"

"Oh!" Harry said, turning to face him quickly. The light in his eyes dimmed to a mere spark compared to the flare it had been seconds ago, and his happy demeanor changed to the one he'd been sporting since he awoke a new vampire. "I'm sorry, Professor Snape. I didn't mean to interrupt anything. I'll be quiet."

Severus mentally backhanded himself. **Way to go, genius**, his mental voice chided. **Why not taunt him about Black and his parents as well since you've shot him down?**

Damn it! I didn't mean to hurt him!

But you did. Now what are you going to do? Severus grumbled something to his voice. **Sorry, what was that? Oh, you're going to apologize and stop being a prick? What a wonderful answer! Now do it.**

Damn you're demanding. "Harry?" He moved away from the doorway and made to sit next to the broken young man before him. "Listen to me. We have to share these chambers now. If you wanted to run around naked, I'm sure I'd find a way to cope with that." Harry's eyes flashed up to meet his, shock clearly written in them. "Although, I would prefer if you'd tell me first so I didn't leave and bring someone like the Headmaster back with me or something. This is your home too, now. If you want to laugh, then laugh. If you want to talk, we can talk. Just, don't go all weepy and girly on me."

"So no crying then?" Harry asked in all seriousness.

"No, if you want or need to cry, go ahead. Just not over stupid things like a broken vase or spilled tea."

"I can manage that." Harry smiled again, the shine returning to his eyes.

Severus made to leave, but turned once more to the young man. "And one more thing." Harry looked up from the letter he'd gone back to. "My name is Severus. I'm going to ask that you address me as such *in these rooms only*. Outside, I am Snape. Got it?"

"When will we be going out?" Harry, asked, clearly wanting to leave the dungeons.

"Not for some time," Severus answered softly. "You're not ready to be around all that yet. People can come to see you here, if I allow them: Minerva, Poppy, Albus. No one else yet. It will take some time yet to get used to me fully, much less hundreds of other people, walking around like everything's okay."

"Of course." Harry sighed, dejected. "What's for lunch?"

"Dobby will be here shortly. Albus will be joining us. Is this okay?"

"Sure. I'll be out in a few. I want to finish reading this." Severus nodded and left the room. Harry sighed, shuffling the parchments in his hands. He and Severus had had a talk yesterday about telling people about the vampirism and such. No one was to know besides those who already did. He walked to the desk in the corner and picked up a quill. *Sorry, guys, he wrote, I can't tell you what's going on. Just know that I'm okay, safe, and being well cared for. Give my love to everyone and I hope to hear from you again. Don't try to track me through Hedwig. The spells I have up protecting me could harm her if something were placed on her. Just trust me on this one, okay? I'll see you soon, I promise. With love, -Harry-*

He rolled the parchment up, gave it to Hedwig, and went into the kitchen for lunch with Severus and Albus. He nodded a greeting to his sire and turned to the Headmaster. "Good afternoon, Professor Dumbledore. It's nice to see you again."

"Harry, my boy, no more of this 'professor' business. We're both grown men by now, call me Albus. Especially since I have a proposition for you. Severus and I were just discussing it," Dumbledore announced, motioning for Harry to sit. Harry did, throwing looks at Severus as he did. "I think you should teach Defense this upcoming year. You'll be able to function around more people by the time term begins and you'd be a wonderful teacher, Harry. It would be your choice of what to teach, although certain things are required. I'm sure we could find a schedule to fit any and all needs."

Harry's thoughts were running rampant. *Defense? He wants me to teach kids? Helpless little kids that will be around me all the time? What happens if I snap? What if I can't find Severus when I get a craving or I need to stay after class for extra tutoring or detentions? What if—?*

"Harry!" Severus snapped, making Harry jump. "Calm down. By the time term starts, you'll be able to control yourself more than you can now. Your classroom will be connected to mine through a private room that will only allow you and me in, unless we change the settings to allow another in ourselves. If there are detentions to be served, let another professor take over. If you get a craving in the middle of teaching, come and get me. Of course, you don't have to accept. It was just a thought that you might want to do something more than just sit around and do nothing all day. Think about it. Albus doesn't need an answer right away. Now, let's eat."

The three men tucked into the meal, quickly changing the subject to goings on in the outside world. Harry's head continued to spin at the thoughts and fears of teaching. But as Severus had said, they didn't need an answer right that moment.

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Severus lay in bed with Harry subconsciously curled up to his side. He still slept on top of the covers while his childe slept between them. They were on a first name basis, they could be civil to each other for more than five seconds, and they hadn't killed each other yet, but that didn't mean much really. When Albus had asked him to speak to Harry about teaching, he'd had the same reaction Harry did. He was afraid because he remembered the first time he taught. Luckily, he was able to keep goblets of blood on his desk and drink from them whenever he wanted. Harry was still a fledgling who had cravings.

With a sigh, he looked into the face of his sleeping childe. *He looks so peaceful. Nothing to worry about in his sleep, no evil Dark Lord trying to kill him. At least not tonight. No Wizarding world treating him as if he has all the answers. No one misjudging him, thinking he's perfect and spoiled. And no comments from you. I know what I used to think.*

I didn't say anything!

"You think too loud," Harry muttered, pressing closer to Severus' side. "I can practically hear your thoughts. Anything I can do to make you stop thinking and go to sleep?"

Yeah you could—

Don't go there, Severus.

You don't even know what I was going to say Severus protested. Then he groaned aloud. *I've got to stop talking to myself.* "No, Harry," he finally answered. "Just go back to sleep. Everything's okay."

"Can't. Hungry."

"Then feed."

"Wanted to tell you first before..." He trailed off as his tongue slithered out to lick at the almost white neck of his sire. Soon the spot was flushed with the increase of blood and Harry altered his position to get closer. Slowly, he lengthened his fangs and began to feed. Severus closed his eyes, trying not to get too lost in the feelings. It was all for nothing when Harry moved to cover his groin with a hard palm and a hot touch.

"Sweet Merlin!" he breathed, arching into the touch ever so slightly. "Don't do that, Harry. You don't know what you're asking for."

"Damn it, let me touch you," Harry growled, licking the holes closed on his sire's neck. "It feels good to me and I want to feel good. And it obviously feels good to you," he said with a feral grin, clasping the hardness within the pants. "It's okay, I promise."

"You can't keep that promise. What if I can't stop myself and I take you tonight?"

Harry froze for a moment. "Maybe... maybe that's what I want. Maybe it's what I've always wanted and just haven't admitted it to myself. Either way, I'm touching you now and then I'm going to feed again, and then I want to try something." Before Severus could ask what that something was, Harry climbed out from beneath the covers and captured his lips while he continued palming him. It wasn't long before he gave up trying to fight the younger man; it was futile anyways. The small bite on his neck brought him from his thoughts. It wasn't on his neck this time, really. It was actually a little farther down, at the juncture of his shoulder and neck. Harry's tongue was still laving the spot even though he'd already pierced the skin.

When he broke away, he made his way down Severus' body. Completely lost and uneasy with where this was going, Severus tried to coax Harry into stopping. But the younger was persistent and continued. The elder forgot all notions of stopping the attack when wet heat surrounded his engorged member, taking almost all of it in. He gave a moan, tangling his hands in Harry's hair. When had his pants disappeared? Who cared as long as Harry kept doing that thing he was doing with his tongue? And, oh sweet Merlin, he was going to come if he didn't stop.

"Harry," he ground out, "you need to stop before you regret this."

When Harry did stop, Severus found he was horribly dismayed. "I know you're close. Let me finish." He went back to work, quickly bring his sire to the edge again and then pushing him over. The burning fluid filled his mouth and he choked on the tangy bitterness reflexively. He tried to make sure every drop was caught, although some slipped, before lying back down beside Severus. "Did I do that right?"

"Yes," Severus breathed. "But why?"

"Dunno. Felt like it."

"Cheeky little brat, aren't you?" Severus murmured as they both fell into deep sleep.

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A/N: There aren't any words to describe how sorry I am for abandoning all of you like I did. March! I posted Chapter 1 in March! I am... Oh, I am disgusted with myself. Truthfully? I forgot about this site. *gets on hands and knees* Please forgive this lowly writer! To make up for it, I have also posted both chapters of Countdown. It's an HPDM story that popped into my head one night. It's finished, completely, and posted now. So go enjoy that as a gift of my stupidity and apologies. Thanks for reading and reviewing. I promise not to forget you again. **-dpa06-**