

The Wrong Side Won

by Pearle

Extremely dark one-shot. What happens if the light doesn't win and Snape is not the honorable man the fanfictions make him out to be? HGSS.....**WARNING:** Very dark. There is nothing light or fluffy here and no happy ending. Warning for crude language, bondage, abuse, non-consensual sex, and violence. If this is upsetting to you, please look elsewhere. This is not the Snape I normally write. You have been warned.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Summary: Extremely dark one-shot. What happens if the light doesn't win and Snape is not the honorable man the fanfictions make him out to be? HGSS

Disclaimer: The characters, settings, etc. of the Harry Potter series are not mine they belong to J.K. Rowling and Co. I promise to return them when I am through. Well, most of them anyway.

[illegible]

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[illegible]

~~~~~ The Wrong Side Won ~~~~~

The final battle has come and gone. I am still a free man, but at what cost? The 'wrong' side won. The light died when Malfoy hit Albus with the killing curse. Potter stood there, stunned to see the old wizard was human after all. That was all the time the Dark Lord needed. Maybe it was a blessing Minerva was lost when the school fell, she would never have survived watching Albus or Potter die, or knowing what I have become just to stay alive.

Or what has become of her favorite little Gryffindor.

I look at her and anger surges through me. She is a reminder of what I lost. It is not her fault that the events turned out the way they did, but I blame her none the less. My Lord has seen fit to reward me for a job well done. She is mine, to do as I wish. The collar she wears around her neck proclaims her to be my property.

Lucius practically drools at the sight of my little pet lioness. He tried to claim her for his own little toy. My Lord thought I would enjoy ravaging the bane of my existence, if

my rants were to be believed. Potter's best friend, she is a child, barely eighteen. My tastes run to older, more experienced women.

Still, the feel of her soft supple skin under my hands, her lithe body, young breast riding so high and proud on her chest. The cry of pain as I twist a nipple. Mine to do as I please.

She is still chained to the bed where I left her this morning. Chained to the collar that declares she is mine. Our joining was rough. Her blood still stains her thighs, the sheets, the blood of her maidenhead. For all the times I caught Weasley rutting like some animal, I would have thought he had a go at her. Foolish chit was grateful that she was given to me. She failed to understand my tastes run to the more...unusual. I find it hard to climax if my partner is willing.

Maybe I really am the sadistic bastard others have always accused me of being. If I am, I was forged by their hand. The Dark Revels, my forced obedience to the Dark Lord for the sake of the light, have set my sexual tastes to the extreme. I have participated in the dark far too long not to have acquired a taste for brutal sex.

I watch her sleep. Her body is still twitching from the last spell I cast on her. The sight of my handprint across her cheek hardens my cock. I am no longer Professor. I am now Master. Something she needs to learn, and learn quickly if she is to survive. If she wishes to go on drawing her next breathe.

I watch as my hand reaches out of its own accord, my mind not even registering it is my doing and no one else. I gently run a finger around the hard bud of her nipple and listen to her moan through parched lips. Her moan turns to a yelp as I twist the hardened nub. Her eyes fly open, fear evident in her cry. I am fully aroused now, her fear feeding my arousal.

Scream, my little pet, let me hear you.

I am fully hard as I watch the tears course down her cheeks. I lick and bite her breast, drawing blood along the path I have carved on her body. The coppery taste adds to my lust. I will let her have some pleasure before I bring on the pain. It will only serve to fuel her fear of me. What will she receive at my hand? What will it be this time, a gentle caress, or pain?

I lick and suck a path along the curve of her belly, gently teasing the sensitive skin. Her hip still bears my teeth marks from last night. My tongue gently soothes the aching flesh. I can feel her body tense as I worry the skin before leaving a chaste kiss over the mark. She is wondering if I will bite her again. Her body arcs off the bed as I move to suck her clit. Two fingers probing her wet slit. The taste of her blood and my dried come on her body makes my cock throb in anticipation. I can feel the walls of her cunt tighten as she approaches orgasm. I will let her come. I will let her have this before I continue with her training. I will let her be lulled by this simple gesture before I take her. I have never claimed to be a nice man. She will understand soon. It is not her cunt I intend to release in.

My Lord has seen fit to reward me for my service to him. He will never know I would have helped Potter if the little bastard had not froze on the spot. If I could have thrown off the effects of the Stupefy that bloody Auror had hit me with, I would have killed him. If nothing more than to avenge Albus's death, I would have killed him. It was too late by the time I could move again.

It no longer matters what I would have done. The battle is over and done. The wrong side won.

Perhaps I have enough time to play with my new toy before I am summoned to the main chamber again. I fear I am sinking further into my own madness. It doesn't seem to matter any more.

~~~ Finis ~~~

A/N: You made it this far? I kept thinking, what would happen if Voldemort won and Severus was not the honorable man most of the fanfictions make him out to be. This is not my normal portrayal of the Potions Master. I usually write him as a cross between Rhett Butler, Han Solo, and Indiana Jones, infused with sarcasm and played by Alan Rickman.

Let me know what you think.

Please review, I love hearing from you! As always, thoughts, comments, reviews, whatever are always welcome.

Regards, Pearle