

The Will of Vampires

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Cali's Request: leather gloves, emerald earring, incense

Pairing: Vamp!Snape/frightened virgin!Harry

Summary: Snape disappeared a year ago, now the side of the Light find out what happened to him, and the price the vampires are demanding for their affiliation.

Rating: NC17/18

Warning's: toys

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Author's Note: Thanks to my wonderful beta for doing her usual splendid job, and to Cali, I so hope you like this.

Word Count: 8,337

Harry was quite honestly terrified. How he had ended up agreeing to this he had no idea, but agreed he had and he was not about to back out now. This was important to the war effort; it could save literally thousands of lives and the fact that Snape had already sacrificed himself for this cause was not lost on Harry. It had been over a year ago that Snape had disappeared on a mission for Dumbledore and last week that he had returned, no longer the man anyone remembered.

It had seemed to Harry that Snape had finally found the place where he belonged. The Potions master was still sarcastic and did not suffer fools gladly, but there was an ease to Snape that had never been there before; a knowledge of his own power that had always been missing. The one thing no one had been expecting was that Snape was now a vampire.

When questioned by Dumbledore, Snape had revealed that when sent to petition the vampires for their support he had been offered a choice; to return to Hogwarts with a refusal or to show the Light's seriousness by becoming one of them. Snape had chosen the latter option and appeared to have no regrets. He was now the ambassador from the vampires to the side of the Light and the vampires were demanding traditional hospitality. That was where Harry came in.

The most important things to a vampire were blood and sex, and the ancient tradition when inviting vampires to one's home was to provide both. To one of such standing as an Ambassador that meant a blushing virgin willing to give up bodily fluids of several kinds. It being the summer holidays and there only being a select group of people at Hogwarts trying to teach Harry to stay alive, that meant there was only one candidate in residence; him. Not that he would have let anyone else sacrifice themselves in his place; he was after all a Gryffindor. Snape had looked almost gleeful at the prospect.

That was why Harry was petrified. The look in Snape's eye when the arrangements were revealed had been worse than looking into Voldemort's face when he was reborn. Vampires were nocturnal by nature although they could move around during the day, so the meeting had been set for just before midnight. Snape had taken up residence in what had been his dungeons before

his disappearance and that was why Harry was standing outside a very familiar door trying to control the thudding of his heart.

[Come in, Mr Potter, I will not bite until invited.]

The words floated into the forefront of his brain; the part not covered by his Occlumency shields. Vampires were telepathic to a point that they could communicate mind to mind, but it was not the same as Legilimency in that they could not invade another's thoughts for information without using the same methods as wizards.

Harry did his best not to hyperventilate, but he was only just able to make himself reach out for the handle and open the door. What he found was not quite what he expected. Snape had always been a stiff, stuffy man whom the whole school had been convinced sat on a rod to keep his back straight. The Snape Harry was looking at was almost completely different; the Potions master was lounging in front of the fire on a chaise, dressed in a robe that was neither stuffy or completely done up, although it was still the customary black.

The simplicity of Snape's robes made Harry feel completely overdone in his dress robes, but this was an official occasion and he had nothing else. School robes were designed to go over clothes and everything he owned was far too tatty for something like this. He had intended to buy some decent things once he was away from the Dursleys, but there just hadn't been time.

[Hovering in the doorway is not polite,] Harry was pretty sure Snape was using the mind communication because the vampire knew it made him nervous.

Snape indicated the other end of the chaise with a wave of his hand and it was then that Harry noticed his host was wearing black leather gloves. People didn't tend to wear gloves for something like this did they? Harry was confused, although his treacherous libido could not help imagining what that leather would feel like on his skin and he found that for a moment his fear was overcome with lust. He walked across the room, trying to appear as relaxed as possible and sat where he was bid.

The eyes that pinned him down almost took away his will, but he knew about a vampire's gaze and he pushed it aside. Snape's eyes were still black, but where they had been flat and hard, now they seemed like a bottomless pit with tiny jewels in its sides and Harry knew he could become lost in that pit if he wanted to. He had not found Snape, the Potions master, even remotely attractive with his sallowness, hook nose and yellow teeth, but this creature beside him was a different matter. There was still the hook nose, but Snape's previously unhealthy skin was pale and perfect as if no impurity had ever touched it, and the vampire's teeth were gleaming white with two deadly fangs extending from the top set.

Snape was a high vampire, one of their royalty, and he looked every inch the Prince. Harry had been surprised to find out that the vampires they learned about in Defense Against the Dark Arts were not the only ones; they were the common vampire, and there were several others. It was what a person was before they were turned that decreed what kind of vampire they would become and the vampires must have known what Snape would be before they made their offer. It was impossible for a mortal to tell, but the vampires had known. Thinking about it, Harry suspected that had been why they had demanded their price; vampire royalty was rare.

"Glass of wine?" Snape offered, much to Harry's surprise.

There was the familiar derisive smile when he failed to answer, but the glass was passed his way none the less. Taking it, he tried not to shake.

"Contrary to what you seem to believe, Mr Potter," Snape said, picking up his own glass from the small table, "I will not hurt you. This is an act of faith on both our parts."

"Why?" Harry did not really understand politics; he was a weapon and no one had seen fit to explain the whys and wherefores of the more conniving side of the war.

He was not stupid, but he knew very little about vampires, or what this meant and why it was happening. As far as he knew this was the Light pandering to the whims of a possible ally.

"How like Albus to fail to explain," Snape said, with the bitterness in his voice that Harry remembered. "He also failed to explain what could happen when I was sent to my current brethren. This is not merely a game, Mr Potter..."

"Harry," he interrupted, unable to take the tone in which Snape said 'Mr Potter' any longer, "if we're going to do this, my name is Harry."

'Mr Potter' took him back into the potions' classroom and that was not helping his equilibrium anyway. Snape stared at him blankly for a while and Harry was not sure if his request had been acknowledged or ignored.

"The gift of you to me to do with as I wish for one night is the deepest sign of respect one of my kind may be given," Snape continued his explanation. "Returning you in the morning, unharmed and satisfied is my duty and my challenge."

Harry wasn't sure he liked the sound of the word 'challenge'.

"Satisfied?" his voice was far less steady than he had hoped and he felt like an idiot.

"We take sex very seriously, Harry," the way Snape said Harry was almost as bad as 'Mr Potter', but at least it only sounded as if he was being laughed at rather than he was fifteen again. "It is almost as important to us as blood, and sending a partner away less than sated is the act of a common vampire; unthinkable for the rest of us."

Harry found his breath catching in his throat, but it wasn't exactly fear that caused it this time. Snape was actually sexy; it was an amazing concept for Harry's conscious brain, but his libido was very sure on the matter. He was the prey and Snape was the predator and it was all rather exciting even if he had no idea what to expect.

"How is it you are still a virgin, Harry?" Snape asked as Harry tried to think of something to say. "Surely there are hundreds of little wizards and witches queuing up to have the famous Boy Who Lived."

There is was, the resentment that had always been between them. Harry had wondered how long it would take to come out and it annoyed him, because as usual Snape had no idea what he was talking about.

"When have I had time to have a life?" he asked without trying to hide the heat in his tone. "I've never had a chance to figure out anything. I've had one bloody girlfriend in my entire life, and that was a disaster, because everything else is more important. Killing Voldemort is the only thing I get to dream about. I didn't even know I could fancy a man until just now."

He found himself glaring at Snape, standing up and wondering how he had come to be there. Where his anger had come from he wasn't sure; he usually kept it in check these days, but he had never been very rational around Snape. For his part, the vampire's face was blank. Harry expected a reprisal, but there was nothing but stony silence for what had to have been minutes until he slowly sat back down.

"You agreed to this without ever having considered being with a man before?" Snape's tone was completely neutral as the vampire asked his question.

Harry just nodded, he did not trust his voice.

"Take you clothes off," the instruction came after even more silence and shocked Harry completely. "I want to see what I am getting."

It was such an abrupt change that it caught Harry completely off guard. He sat there stupidly for a while until Snape glared at him. So much for polite conversation. Standing slowly he reached for the buttons on his robes with shaking fingers; he couldn't stop the trembling this time. He had agreed to this and he was at Snape's mercy until the sun rose, unless he was willing to break the tentative alliance he had to obey.

The outer robe went first, leaving him in a dress shirt and trousers, and all the while Snape just watched him from behind his wine glass, saying nothing. The vampire's eyes revealed nothing as Harry stripped out of his shirt, at which point he paused wondering if that was far enough. His companion made no indication one way or another so Harry continued what he was doing, slipping out of his shoes and socks before slipping down his trousers and stepping out of them. He was painfully aware that his jersey boxers would not hide the fact that he was partially hard already, but he refused to look away as Snape ran his eyes up and down his body.

This should have been humiliating, but there was something in the way Snape looked at him that made Harry feel a little light headed. He had never been coveted before, but he knew it when he saw it.

"All the way, Harry," Snape said, but this time it was said with far less coldness, as if something about what he saw had thawed the ice that had suddenly gone up between them.

Feeling very self-conscious, but also very warm, Harry slipped off his last piece of clothing. The way Snape's gaze fixed on his growing erection made the blood pool to his groin all the faster. He had never been in a situation like this before and he was finding it very different from what he had expected. Part of him was still afraid, but part of him wanted this as well.

"You were not lying," Snape observed, and Harry suddenly realised what had caused the ice; Snape had thought he wasn't telling the truth.

When the vampire looked back into his face, Harry realised that they had narrowed the divide between them.

"If you had found me completely distasteful I would not have forced you," Snape said seriously, as if it was very important Harry understand this, "but it seems that will not be necessary."

It wasn't really as if Snape stood up then, more like he flowed out of his seat so that one moment he was sitting and the next he was standing. In his current state of mind, Harry found it one of the most erotic things he had ever seen. As Snape walked around him, looking him up and down like some sort of exhibit, the material of the vampire's robe brushed his leg and he shivered. He was on display like an animal in the market and yet he didn't want to be anywhere else. When a gloved hand touched the back of his neck he almost jumped out of his skin.

"Relax, Harry," Snape whispered in his ear, "I will not hurt you. You have grown considerably since I last saw you and you are almost as exquisite as the young Mr Malfoy."

That made Harry turn; when had Snape seen Draco like this?

"I have been to Voldemort as well," Snape said with a smile somewhere between amusement and maliciousness. "It was amusing to be treated as royalty by the wizard who had once used me like a work horse. His gift was Draco, not a virgin, but never the less, delectable. Once we were alone Mr Malfoy made it very clear where his true loyalties lie; I was surprised that he would agree to be a spy. I assured him the vampires would not ally themselves with the Dark Lord as long as he said nothing about our visit to Albus. That trip was a game of intrigue, this is not."

Harry could barely breathe as the gloved hand on his neck moved down and over his chest, moving soft leather on his skin in a way he had never felt before. He let out a small sound of surprise as deft fingers brushed one of his nipples and he lost himself in the sensation for a moment. Snape pushed himself against Harry's back and Harry could feel velvet brushing across his skin from back to ankle as the gloved hand continued to move over him.

"Do you pleasure yourself, Harry?" Snape asked, whispering in his ear.

"Yes," the word slipped out of Harry's mouth before he had even thought about it.

"How do you like it," the vampire's voice held him in a kind of spell; "hard or soft, fast or slow?"

"Hard and slow," Harry all but moaned as he leaned back against the body behind him, unable to keep his balance properly as the sensations running through his body took his control away.

These were intimate questions that should have embarrassed him, but he could no longer find the place within himself that held that emotion. As Snape's other hand joined the first, descending slowly lower against his abdomen, Harry knew he was lost.

"I must feed first," Snape told him in a low voice, breath ghosting across his neck.

That was all the warning he was given as fangs struck at his neck in perfect unison with a hand curling around his cock. It was too much sensation at the same time as Harry did not know whether to react to the pain or the pleasure and

his knees were suddenly weak. The cry that came from his mouth was somewhere between the two extremes and he wrapped his fingers in Snape's robe, trying to hang on to reality.

As leather clad fingers stroked his cock firmly and a powerful mouth sucked on his neck, vampire power flooded into him and his own magic jumped in response. It felt so incredibly good that the real world began to slip away as his whole focus became nothing but sensation. This was like nothing he had ever experienced and he had never imagined what it would be like. Every text on vampires in the restricted section described the bite as painful and unpleasant, although they did admit to the race's sexual prowess, but the pain was so small compared to the pleasure that Harry did not understand how anyone could describe this as distasteful.

He could no longer separate the different sensations in his body and they were one heady mixture driving him to reach a peak he did not quite comprehend. It wasn't just sexual, and yet that was part of it, but his magic was doing things as well, reacting to Snape's vampire touch and causing feelings that Harry would never have dared dream about. He could not have stopped this now even if he had had the strength to break the vampire's embrace. It was difficult to even drag air into his lungs as his body and soul surrendered to the invasion and just as he thought he couldn't take any more he exploded with sensation.

There was too much feeling; too much energy running through his body and he couldn't contain it. Losing all control everything vanished into unending blackness.

Reality seeped back in slowly, and the first thing that Harry realised was that he was horizontal; the second was that there was a strange smell in the air. He opened his eyes wondering about both occurrences to see Snape putting incense on a burner.

"Welcome back," was the somewhat snide greeting as he slowly looked around.

The overwhelming pleasure in his memory dimmed a little as Harry realised they were in the bedroom and nervousness returned to him. He was still naked and Snape had placed him on top of the bed which made him feel rather vulnerable.

"I have never had a donor as responsive as you," Snape said as if this amused as well as slightly impressed him. "When speaking to the others I have heard of reactions like yours, but it was most interesting to be a part of it."

It sounded to Harry as if the whole thing was being recorded for posterity, as if he was a potion in the making or something. He wasn't sure if he liked it that way. However, it was then that Snape chose to turn from what he was doing and Harry was given a good look at the vampire's face. For a moment Harry forgot to breathe. Feeding had changed Snape; it was almost as if he glowed. Snape's pale skin was luminescent and his whole being seemed ethereal.

"Now you see the face that only a willing donor sees," the vampire said as if this was important. "No one speaks of this."

All Harry could do was nod as his mind tried to comprehend the creature in front of him. Seeing Snape like this there was no doubting his power. Royal vampires were famed as legendary fighters, but only now did Harry understand. This was elemental power, older than the Wizarding world and older than even humankind.

"How long was I out?" he managed to stutter in the end.

"A little more than fifteen minutes," Snape replied turning back to the table. "At your age I would have expected a shorter recovery time."

It was such a snide comment that it actually made Harry feel a little better; under the whole vampire demeanour it was still Snape.

"Yes, well, if someone had warned me that it was going to be that mind blowing I would have remembered to take a restorative first," he replied in as sarcastic a manner as he could manage, naked on a bed next to a power vampire.

That earned him a look from Snape and he couldn't quite tell, but he thought his companion was at least a little amused. However, when Snape turned around fully with what he had been preparing on the table, all Harry's bravado fell away. Snape was holding a tray, and on the tray were various items that Harry only had a vague idea of what they were for. His expression must have said a lot about what he was thinking because Snape smiled as if he was enjoying Harry's reaction.

"Breathe deeply, Harry," the vampire said, "the incense will relax you. It will calm your nerves."

Harry wasn't so sure; he didn't feel as if it was calming him, but he did take a few deep breaths just to make sure it was reaching his system. Snape placed the tray on the bed the other side of Harry and then sat down on the opposite edge, just looking at him.

"The secret is to relax and do as I tell you when I tell you," Snape said in a manner that reminded Harry very little of when the vampire was his professor.

Harry gave another nod and it was only as Snape reached over and touched his chest that he realised the gloves were gone. The moment Snape's fingers made contact with his skin he found out why his ex-professor had been wearing them in the first place. It was like a very mild electric shock and he arched into it automatically as it sent wonderful little shock waves through his body.

"I am gifted with the touch," Snape said as if he appreciated Harry's reaction, "I can bring pleasure or pain with a brush of my fingers."

To illustrate this, the vampire ran three fingertips down the centre of Harry's chest, causing him to buck and moan into the caress. He could feel blood returning to his cock already and his nervousness was beginning to muddle away slowly.

"If at anytime you wish me to stop," Snape said in the same serious tone he had used earlier, "say so."

At that moment Harry couldn't imagine wanting this to stop, but as Snape stood, moved to the end of the bed and climbed on he remembered why that might be a possibility.

"Spread you legs, Harry," the instruction was not a request.

Feeling vulnerable and exposed Harry did as he was told and Snape moved into the space he had made. Still wearing the long velvet robe the vampire appeared

large and menacing, but it was obvious Snape had no intention of taking it off yet.

"You are a virgin," Snape spoke slowly as if teaching a child, "and as such are the greatest prize. Your blood was the sweetest and when you allow me to take your body, the energy you will give me will be cherished. As such you deserve to be taken slowly and with the utmost care. I cast a preparatory spell on you while you slept, one you will have to learn if you wish to continue relationships with males, but there are many other ways to prepare you for me. All I ask of you is that you tell me if there is something you particularly dislike, or something that you enjoy."

Harry agreed with a short nod and tried to filter the tension from his body.

"Would you rather I explained what I was doing?" Snape asked in a perfectly reasonable tone.

One thing Harry had always hated was being left in the dark so the answer to that question was easy.

"Yes," he said, finding his voice, "please," he added as an afterthought.

"Your interest in learning seems to have improved at least," Snape said, but the vampire's tone was nowhere near as scathing as it had been earlier.

Harry thought it might actually have been a joke, but he was far too nervous again to find it funny. Snape picked up one of the objects on the tray and held it up to the light so Harry could see it. Without his glasses things were a little fuzzy on the edges, but Harry could see well enough to make it out.

"This," Snape explained, "is a cock ring. As I have already found out, you are extremely responsive and I do not want you going off, shall we say, before I wish you to. It will feel somewhat strange, but if it causes you any major discomfort I will remove it."

Thanks to his nervousness Harry was only partially hard and Snape was looking at him thoughtfully.

"Touch yourself, Harry," Snape said after a moment, his voice suddenly deep and husky; "stroke yourself until you are hard."

That voice was almost enough to make the touching himself unnecessary as Harry's cock twitched at the sound. This was the creature that had taken him and fed from him; this was the Snape he barely recognised and the one he found incredibly sexy. Reaching down he wound his finger around his mostly hard cock and stroked down firmly. Lying in the middle of Snape's bed, legs spread with the vampire looking at him with lust-filled eyes it took only moments before Harry was aching hard. Instinct told him to keep going and to find release, but shining black eyes stopped him.

"Good," Snape said with a slight smile as Harry removed his hand.

When Snape's fingers touched him he thought he might come there and then anyway as shots of pleasure ran through him, but the cock ring was fastened and tightened so efficiently that he had no chance. The pressure it caused left him panting on the bed as his cock throbbed and ached in his need and he moaned loudly as his release was denied him.

"Trust me, Harry," Snape said, brushing his fingers over Harry's tortured cock, "it will be worth it."

Well it certainly gave him something else to think about other than what Snape was doing to him and the vampire had promised to remove it if it became too uncomfortable. Snape was reaching over him again and came back with a pillow, before Harry had a chance to figure out what was going on he found his middle being lifted and the pillow being placed under his arse. Now he was open, exposed and raised. At least the throbbing in his cock kept him too distracted to worry that much.

"The human body is an amazing thing," Snape said, reaching for the small bottle and the smallest of the black cone shaped instruments on the tray. "Certain parts of it while quite narrow in their natural state may be stretched to a surprising degree without pain; all that is required are the correct instruments and patience."

As he spoke, Snape dribbled a little of the contents of the bottle over the base of Harry's cock and allowed it to run down behind his balls and into the crack of his arse. It was cool, but that was not an issue for long as Snape began to slowly rub the back of his thighs in slow circles.

"I made the lubricant myself," Snape told him, all the while moving closer to where Harry could still feel the dribble of liquid. "Can you tell me what property of Basilisk root I wished to take advantage of when I added it to this particular batch?"

Potions, Harry had known that Snape would have to bring potions into it somewhere. The funny thing was he did actually know, but then it was something that was talked about in hushed voices in the boys dorm every now and then.

"Enhancement of sensation," he managed to gasp out as Snape's fingers reached their destination and began massaging the lubricant into the crack of his arse.

It felt so bloody good that his legs relaxed even further open without him even having to try. The tiny pulses of pleasure that Snape's touch caused along with the normal sensation made him whine with arousal.

"Do not remain quiet on my account," Snape said in his deep husky voice, "these walls are sound proofed, no one will hear you."

The only sexual experience Harry had had was with his hand behind the curtains of his four-poster, which meant he had always had to be quiet; he had never considered being loud about sex before, but as he let out a loud groan he found that it helped enormously. If Snape kept up what he was doing, Harry suspected he would be screaming before the vampire was done. At some point he had closed his eyes, but he opened them again as he felt his buttocks being spread and something cooler and slicker than one of Snape's fingers pushing at his entrance. He looked up to see Snape looking down and carefully positioning the tool he held in his hand. Harry gasped in surprise as the sensation of being breached and his anal muscles clenched in response around the intrusion. It felt huge even though Harry had seen it and knew it wasn't.

"Let go, Mr Potter," this time the title brought no unwarranted memories; Harry was far too involved in what was going on and the voice Snape was using was as

far from the one he had used to teach as someone could possibly get. "This is not yours to control."

It was almost a revelation as those words seeped into Harry's brain as he realised that even splayed on the bed, virtually helpless he had been trying to maintain some control. It was a strangely liberating feeling as he realised that any control he might have felt he had was an illusion; in this he had to trust Snape because there was nothing he could do. He had no responsibility in this; his entire duty had been to show up at the door and from there the rest had been all Snape. All he had to do was react, and as Snape moved the intrusion in his arse backwards and forwards Harry had no choice but to do just that.

At first the sensation was strange and a little uncomfortable as his muscles objected to being spread, but Snape's movements were gentle and Harry found his body becoming used to the idea. Then, after a few moments, Snape pushed the device a little further in so that its wider part was opening him and Harry couldn't help it; he moved and found himself panting out a moan as the tip bumped a place inside him that sent the most amazing sensations through his body.

"I will assume that you find that pleasant," Snape said in a very dry tone.

Since Harry was seeing little spots in front of his eyes he did not bother trying to reply. Moving one hand from his death grip on the blankets he reached behind his head and held on to the headboard, letting his eyes fall closed and waiting for the world to shift on its axis again. The second time his moan was even louder as Snape maintained the contact inside him and he was panting again when the intrusion was withdrawn a little.

"That, Harry, is your prostate," Snape's tone was low and he annotated his point by another brush touch. "From the look of you, I would say definitely the second most erogenous zone on your body."

Harry had to agree, although he wasn't sure he was intelligible; the only thing that felt better was touching his cock. All he could wonder was how he hadn't found time for anything like this before; he had had no idea what he was missing. As the intrusion in his arse was withdrawn he found himself whining in displeasure, which drew an amused laugh from Snape; it was one of the truly amused sounds Harry had ever heard from the man and caused him to open his eyes and look at his tormenter. He didn't know when Snape had moved but the vampire had picked up another of his toys from the tray; this one was identical in shape to the previous one, only it was bigger.

At one time Harry was sure that would have made him anxious, but he seemed to have lost that ability somewhere when Snape was brushing his prostate and he just put his head back on the bed and waited to find out what the new toy would feel like. He was expecting the slight burn this time and he let himself go, making the most wanton noises he had ever heard from his own throat as the toy penetrated him.

Snape's movements were slow and methodical as the vampire eased Harry looser and looser, brushing his prostate at regular intervals and making his cock throb and ache in a way Harry had not realised was possible. In this Harry was free of all responsibility and it was wonderful and liberating as he was prepared and teased into a sexual haze that made him give himself to the experience completely.

Harry had lost track of what toy Snape was using or how many had been pushed into his compliant arse, but he did notice when the intrusion was withdrawn and not replaced. When he opened his eyes this time he saw something that made the breath stop in his throat. Snape was kneeling up between his spread legs looking every inch the royal vampire and was slowly and deliberately releasing the fastenings on his robe one by one. Harry was captivated and watched, barely breathing, as more and more pale flesh was revealed.

Snape did not take off the robe once he had finished unbuttoning it, he merely pushed it back at the sides out of his way and Harry could not help staring. He had caught sight of the other boys from time to time, catching them wanking in the shower every now and then, but he had never seen an erect, adult male and Snape was far bigger than he had expected. Long, wide and purplish red, Harry was absolutely sure that would never fit back there no matter what Snape had been doing before.

"I will not hurt you," was all Snape said as he poured more of the lubricant he had been using so masterfully on Harry over his hands.

When the vampire began to spread the liquid over his own cock in slow even strokes, Harry could not take his eyes from it. He had truly never seen anything like it and it both scared and enticed him. When Snape finally leant over him and he felt the vampire's erection brushing lightly against his arse he almost shied away, but Snape looked into his eyes and Harry remembered trust.

"Relax," was the whispered instruction.

Harry tried, he really did, but he could not help the whimper as Snape slowly pushed the head of his cock into him. It was bigger than anything the vampire had used before and it burned.

"Wait, my pupil," Snape said in a low tone, leaning down and bushing his face close to Harry's, "you are ready for this."

Harry needed something to distract him from the screaming of the muscles in his arse, so he did the only thing he could think of; he kissed Snape. Moving his head he captured Snape's lips and at first the vampire stiffened as if shocked and unsure of the move, but as Harry opened his lips slightly he found his mouth being invaded by an eager tongue. The kiss was hard and passionate, belying the gentle manner in which Snape had so far prepared him and Harry whimpered into it as the vampire slowly eased his cock further into his body. The burn was bad, but there was no sensation of tearing so Harry had to believe that Snape was right; he could take this.

He felt as if he was being claimed and he wrapped his legs around Snape needing this even though it caused him pain. The pressure inside him was almost more than he could bear, but at the same time it was incredibly good and he wanted everything Snape had to give. When the vampire was finally fully embedded in him Snape pulled back from the kiss and looked down at him with his deep black eyes and, oh yes, Harry knew he had just been taken and made the vampire's own.

He felt more at peace than he had ever done in his entire life. There were no expectations of him, no one looking at him to save them, or to just disappear and leave them alone; at that moment there was only him and Snape, and Snape demanded only his submission. For long seconds Snape remained almost statue like still, until Harry could feel his muscles giving in to the strain and then the

vampire moved. It was the most incredible sensation, feeling something so warm and alive moving inside of him and Harry gave himself to it completely. All he could do was pant and accept the sensations running through his body as he surrendered to the dominating force of Snape above him.

Every thrust built the pressure he could feel in his body and the aching in his cock and at last Snape appeared to be affected by everything that was happening. The low moans coming from the vampire were almost more erotic than any of the words he had spoken, sending shots of delight straight to Harry's erection as it strained in its bonds. Every movement brushed against the spot inside him that made his mind want to fall into unreality and he found sounds falling from his lips that had no meaning except in the heat of passion. His body gave to the onslaught and Snape increased his pace, groaning in time with his thrusts and Harry finally understood how much the vampire had been holding himself in check.

Vampire's were stronger than humans and faster, and yet there were still tremors running through Snape's body as he moved, and Harry could feel the undercurrent of power seeping between them. Clinging to Snape as the vampire drove into him deeply with every thrust Harry felt he was as close to dying as he had ever been. He needed release and he was almost desperate as Snape pounded him into the bed with smooth even strokes. It was torture and yet the most pleasure he had ever felt at the same time; nothing had ever taken him away from the reality that was his life like this.

"Beautiful, beautiful boy," Snape whispered in an almost reverent whisper and then thrust into him one more time; shuddering the vampire put his head back and uttered a string of words that Harry did not understand.

All Harry knew was the pressure in his body was driving him completely crazy. As Snape pulled out, Harry was almost crying with need, but the vampire did not release him. Instead Snape reached for another object from the tray and Harry felt something blunt being pushed into him. At first it was about the same size as Snape's cock, but as it was pushed in it became wider and Harry moaned at the overwhelming feeling of being stretched even more. When he thought he couldn't bear it any more the intrusion became slimmer again and his body seemed to welcome it inside as it slid into place against his prostate. Now he did howl.

"Just a little longer, my pupil, just a little longer," but Harry didn't know if he could wait a little longer.

His cock was throbbing and his body was demanding release. He needed to come like he had never needed anything in his life and the cock ring was preventing it. Snape had moved further down the bed and as Harry struggled to hold on, the vampire was lowering his head towards Harry's neglected erection. Everything seemed to happen at once then; Snape's lips closed around his cock in torturous wet heat; the cock ring was released and Harry bucked into Snape's mouth screaming like a banshee and shooting his seed down the vampire's throat. With his release came a flood of power almost as great as when Snape had fed off of him and he almost passed out again.

It was a long time before the shuddering in his body subsided and longer still before he could put anything remotely resembling thought together. His whole body felt as if it was made of jelly and he could barely summon up the energy to open his eyes. When he finally did he found a very self satisfied Snape looking at him. Moving reminded him that there was still something intrusive up his arse

and it rubbed his prostate sending tiny sparks through him causing him to groan as his over sensitised nerves demanded a break.

"Please," he all but begged.

"Relax," Snape said, clearly amused, "I intend to keep you semi-aroused until dawn."

Harry could not help staring at his companion then, not believing that the vampire was serious, but if there was one thing he knew it was when Snape was not joking. As Snape ran a hand over his abdomen Harry knew he was either going to be 'sated' once the vampire had finished or dead.

Harry woke slowly and couldn't actually remember when he had fallen asleep. His mind was a haze of sex and wonderful sensations and he had no recollection of sleep coming into it. It took him a while to realise that he was covered in a warm blanket and spooned into a warm body behind him. He wasn't quite sure what he had expected, but it had been hours since Snape fed and some part of Harry had been thinking that the vampire would be cold.

"You look very innocent when you sleep," Snape said close to his ear and Harry found himself turning in the embrace of the vampire.

"Probably the only time that I am," Harry replied, but he was not in the mood for a philosophical discussion.

His muscles were aching gently, but surprisingly, given what Snape had spent most of the night doing to him, Harry was not particularly sore. He definitely knew that he had been engaged in acts of a sexual nature and would probably still be feeling them in a couple of days, but he did not hurt.

"I'm sorry I fell asleep," he apologised, looking over to the clock on the table, "it's not dawn yet."

"You were exhausted," Snape replied with an amused smile, "I believe I wore you out. Your attention span is at least greater than it used to be."

"I had a lot of reasons to pay attention," Harry quipped back, moving carefully to find out if anything felt uncomfortable.

Snape seemed to find what he was doing even more amusing as the vampire sat up and slightly away from him.

"You were a most interesting bed partner, Mr Potter," Snape said in a cordial tone, "you exceeded my expectations. The lubricant will have prevented any irritation and should sooth most muscle strain so you do not need to worry."

That was a good thing, but Snape seemed somewhat distant suddenly and Harry found he didn't really like that. He knew this had been a one time event, but he found now that he was not comfortable with the way Snape was withdrawing into himself.

"Will you stay?" he asked suddenly, not sure quite why he wanted to know.

"I cannot," Snape replied with a small shrug, but did not continue to move out of bed.

"Don't you miss Hogwarts?" Harry continued to question, although his reasoning was escaping him.

It was suddenly important to him that he at least connect with Snape a little before this was over. His question drew an expression from the vampire that was somewhere between a smile and a smirk.

"I do not miss impertinent brats," Snape replied as if this amused him greatly, "but I must admit to feeling some small amount of nostalgia now that I have returned, but that is neither here nor there. I am a royal vampire, my presence is required to negotiate the initial treaty, but it would be imprudent to remain longer. The job of liaison will be given to one of lowlier blood."

"Would you stay if you could?" Harry found himself asking before he had had time to think.

Now Snape frowned at him and Harry recognised the expression he was more used to from his ex-Potions professor.

"I have said, that is not an option," the vampire replied shortly.

"What would it take to be an option?"

Harry found himself speaking without having a chance to consider what he was doing and it suddenly hit him that he wanted Snape to stay. Somewhere over the night he had connected with Snape in a way he had never connected with another living being and he did not want it to be over. He was a little shocked by the realisation.

"Mr Potter," Snape said slowly and behind the cold calm mask Harry had not seen since the vampire first arrived at the school, "do you wish me to stay?"

It was a difficult moment, Harry did not know what to say; he could not tell if he would anger Snape or not, or if he was ready to admit what he was thinking, but he had no choice.

"I..." he said, totally unable to decide what to do.

Throwing off the blanket he slid his legs off the bed and sat looking at the wall.

"Yes," he finally admitted. "I never thought it would be like this, but with you I was free for the first time in my life when I wasn't on a broom."

He didn't know what else to say except the truth and he held himself still, waiting for a reaction.

"The only reason for me to remain would be if I had a distinct liaison with one of our allies," Snape sounded calm and sure, although his voice was quieter than it had been.

Harry slowly turned back around to look at where the vampire was sitting on the bed. Snape was still in his robe and the vampire had it wrapped around him like wings. The power that had been so evident earlier in the night had faded, but it was still there and Harry still found it alluring.

"What kind of liaison," Harry asked, almost afraid of the answer.

"A permanent one," Snape said evenly.

Sitting still and letting that sink in was the only thing Harry found himself able to do.

"Or rather one that may be dissolved only from my side," Snape clarified slowly. "If I were to find someone who wished to be a full donor, then it would be advantageous to remain as Ambassador."

Harry madly searched his memory for anything he knew about a 'full donor', but he came up with nothing. His confusion must have been obvious because Snape did not make him actually ask.

"A full donor is bound to their vampire by their symbol, they remain together until the relationship is terminated by the vampire," Snape said evenly. "The donor provides for all the vampire's needs."

It sounded so completely intimate that Harry found himself swallowing hard.

"And how does a person become a full donor?" he asked, feeling as if he was standing on the edge of a cliff.

"All that is required is to accept the mark," Snape said without moving from his spot on the bed.

Harry sat just as still for a few moments and then, completely unconscious of the fact that he was naked he crawled towards the vampire until he was kneeling in front of Snape.

"What's your mark?" he asked in a very low whisper.

"This," Snape replied and pushed back his thick hair over his ear; there, where Harry had not noticed it before, was a small green emerald encircled by a silver snake. It was a delicate, almost feminine earring, and yet it spoke volumes about the man who wore it.

Ever so slowly Harry reached out to touch the earring and then he sat back on his haunches.

"Will you mark me?" he asked, terrified that the answer would be yes and terrified that it would be no all at the same time.

"No," Snape said firmly and Harry went to move away before one of his wrists was caught.

He found himself being pulled into an embrace.

"Not permanently, not yet," Snape said as he held him, "not until you fully understand. But if you ask again I will give you something of mine that will announce to all that it is what I intend."

Harry looked deep into Snape's black eyes and he saw eternity. That scared him, but it also comforted him in a way he could not explain.

"Mark me," he said in little more than a whisper.

Slowly and calmly Snape reached up to the earring and pulled it from his ear. It was like all Wizarding earrings for pierced ears; it was as sharp as the day it had been first put in and had no back, blunting and rounding when in place until such time as the wearer wished to remove it. Harry held very still as Snape took hold of his ear and then there was the tiniest pricking sensation.

"You will be none but mine," Snape said, and Harry went to his arms without further encouragement.

The End