

## The Chase

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**Rating:** NC-17

**Pairing:** RL/SB/SS

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**Warnings:** Bestiality, D/s

**Summary:** Sirius is the prey, and he cannot escape.

**A/N:** This fic is an extended version of The Chase which was a few hundred word temporary gift until the longer version was finished. Thanks to my beta thwax for doing such a great job as usual. Sorry it took so long I was distracted by a certain book and the fact that I couldn't type for four days.

**Word Count:** 4835

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The moon was high in the sky and Sirius ran, heart thudding in his chest as adrenaline pounded through his body. The trees seemed to grab at him trying to slow him down, and his pitiful human vision could make out little in the dark. He wished desperately for Padfoot's keen nose and clear eyes, but they had made sure he couldn't transform when they had forced that potion down his throat. It was a brilliant concoction really; left him completely lucid, but confused his magical sense enough that even if he had had a wand he wouldn't have been able to perform a good Wingardium Leviosa let alone an Animagus transformation.

It was like being cut off from part of himself and he didn't like it. Raging against the potion in his blood had made him fast, but he knew it was only a matter of time. He was human and the thing chasing him was not and time was not on his side.

Pulling himself up a small bank he could not help turning when he heard Moony's howl only a few yards behind him. The werewolf was closer than he had imagined and he cursed himself for being over confident. He was going to be caught, he just knew it; caught and then devoured. This was how they wanted it to end with him the prey and that's how it would be, because he was just a man with his magic beyond his reach.

It caused an excitement in his body that only danger brought and he knew all he could do was keep on running. He had no chance, but he still had to run; for Moony he had to keep going. With his heart feeling like it would burst he put every last ounce of strength he had into forcing himself forward, away from the werewolf. Adrenaline soaked through his system at the danger so close behind and a sense of euphoria settled over him as he forgot about needs and wants and just ran. He was the prey running from the hunter and somewhere in his mind he accepted that, knowing that he was lost.

The sound of a large body crashing through the undergrowth sounded to his rear and reality made it back into his mind. The moment lost, his frantic brain concentrated on pinpointing the werewolf behind him. Desperate ideas filled his head as to how he might be able to get away; how he could avoid the hunting force that most of the time was his best friend. Sirius was so busy trying to figure

out where Remus was behind him that he was not paying attention to what was in front and he ran straight into another body.

It was such a shock that it took all the wind out of him. The body barely flinched, whereas he began to fall from the impact, totally unable to breathe for a moment. Panic filled his head as strong arms reached down and caught him, but he struggled, knowing that his saviour had anything but pure intentions.

"Give it up, Black," the acidic words brought his struggles to a halt, "you are caught."

As if on cue, there was a crashing in the undergrowth and Sirius turned just in time to see Moony tear out of the bushes; black eyes pinning him down and teeth bared in dominant victory. The werewolf paused, whining in the back of his throat and then began to stalk forward. Sirius looked up at his captor and knew there would be no safety there.

Snape's pale skin glowed in the moonlight and he smiled down at his captive, revealing long white fangs. Caught between a vampire and a werewolf, Sirius had nowhere to go and he sagged in defeat. He was a mere mortal where as they played the night like a fine instrument and his flight was over. The prey was captive and Sirius knew that it was time to stop fighting.

Moony closed in; eyes glittering in the moonlight with animal desire and Sirius shrank back into Snape's hold as the werewolf loomed over him. Such power in the hands that held him and the wolf that stood before him made Sirius' heart hammer even faster and he looked deep into those eyes watching him hungrily. It was not the hunger for meat he saw in those black depths but the hunger of a man that caused his blood to heat up. Moony looked at him with an intelligence deep within his gaze that the Wolfsbane gave him. The wolf was there as well, but the chase had not been about feeding, it was about surrender.

Sirius had remained free far longer than usual tonight as they played out their usual game, but now he was conquered; all he could do was accept whatever his lovers wished to do with him.

Snape hauled him to his feet and pulled him to his chest, pinning his back against firm muscle and holding him there with one immovable arm.

"Ready, Black?" the vampire asked, mouth so close to his neck that it made Sirius tremble.

These two beings were so dangerous and could have killed him in a second if they chose. His body knew this even if his mind saw them as those he loved and the peril caused all sort of wonderful sensations. Since Azkaban he had never been able to feel properly, as if he had forgotten as the Dementors took everything good from him, but these two had changed that. Remus had found him after the Veil had stripped him of everything he was and spat him out in some far away place. Remus had given him back his memory and his life and Sirius had brought them to this to save Remus in return.

"Yes," he said and with that Snape swung his cloak over him and Moony, and Sirius felt the now familiar tug of being moved from one place to another by a vampire.

It was not like Apparition; it was colder and scarier and Sirius was glad that Severus always made sure he could not see where they went before they reached

their destination. It felt a little like the Veil but darker somehow and the moment he was there rather than in the real world felt far longer than it should have done. It made him feel his mortality more than anything else he had ever experienced, even the dead place behind the Veil, and his hands were clinging to Severus's robes when the real world reasserted itself.

The vampire chuckled in his ear as the cloak was removed from in front of his face, but he could only feel relief. Severus liked him scared; said it made him taste better, and by now his ex-adversary knew how to push all his buttons. He and Severus had hated each other for so long that their current relationship would never be like the comfortable one he had with Remus. They argued and fought and Severus enjoyed the power mismatch of their games, but there was a place, deep in Sirius' heart just for the vampire.

As Moony sat watching him and Severus's nimble fingers worked on the fastening of his clothes, Sirius felt his body begin to respond with desire instead of fear. There was plenty of adrenalin still coursing around his system; the inherent danger of his companions saw to that, but it was matched by the awakening of his cock.

"You belong to us, Black," Severus whispered in his usual snide tone as he divested him of his clothes, "are you going to behave?"

"Yes," Sirius replied in a slightly strangled voice as Severus's hand disappeared down the front of his trousers.

He arched into the touch as unrelenting fingers squeezed and played with his hardening body. Sirius would not have tried to get away now even if he had the chance. The chase was over; he had lost and now he had surrendered. Moony whined and Severus laughed again.

"I think our wolf wants you," the vampire said, pulling his hand back and making Sirius moan in loss. "Shall we let him have you?"

Sirius really didn't care; all he wanted was someone to touch him again. How exactly he ended up on the bed he didn't quite follow, but somewhere between there and where he had been standing his clothes had been removed completely and he was half lying, half sitting against Severus's equally naked chest. He could feel Severus's hardness against his lower back as he leant against the vampire and Severus had his hands pinned to the bed with immovable limbs so that he was completely helpless. Vampires were far stronger than humans and Sirius could not have broken free if he had wanted to. When Moony jumped onto the bed to join them he actually started as the adrenalin in his system made him hyper aware of every movement.

The werewolf stood looking at him with the hunt still in dark eyes and Sirius knew he remained the prey. He would be devoured; maybe not in the sense of being eaten, but devoured none the less. Moony wanted him and there was no defence against that. Moving in the werewolf lowered his head and Sirius was overcome with the sensation of canine tongue on his nether regions.

"I would suggest you lift you legs, Black," Severus said as the vampire nibbled at his neck without breaking the skin, "I do not believe our wolf is in a patient mood."

The way that tongue felt on his balls, Sirius was not sure he was capable of moving, but somehow he managed lift he knees and place his feet on Severus's

calves. That opened him to the onslaught of Moony's tongue with no defence at all and he let his head loll back against Severus as all coherent thought left him. A human tongue just couldn't do what a wolf's one could and Sirius knew there was nothing quite like the attack of Moony's tongue on his entrance. When the slick muscle finally breached him he arched into the touch and moaned as Severus kept his upper body firmly pinned in place.

Sirius knew he was out of control. When his lovers subjected him to their complete attention he could do nothing but submit and give up all command of the situation to them. They could elicit his deepest secret if they chose and once he was caught his only job was to submit and allow his body to react. Severus's flesh was cool against his back since the vampire had not yet fed and it was a delicious contrast to Moony's heat.

Before the night was out Severus would be hotter than both of them; burning with the life the vampire had taken from Sirius, but it would not happen all at once. Severus did not like to rush these things, always drawing them out so that Sirius was aware of each agonisingly delicious moment. Even as he felt himself plundered by Moony the lips ghosting over his neck finally found purchase and he gasped as sharp fangs bit into his flesh. He tried to struggle away as the sensations overloaded his senses, but he was held firmly in place by Severus's strong grip and Moony's insistent muzzle.

Vampire magic seeped into his body through the bite and against his will his muscles began to relax. He could not fight it as his body reacted to the calming touch even though his nerves were still overloaded with feeling. It was wonderful and terrible as his physical form surrendered without his consent, opening him to the ministrations of his captors completely.

When the teeth withdrew from his neck, Sirius could only gasp as partial control was returned to him and he moaned, not fighting anymore even though he could. It was always this way no matter what they did to him; at first he would fight as his body demanded he rebel against what he was experiencing, and then Severus would teach him true helplessness with one bite and Sirius would struggle no more. The force holding him down lessened and he wrapped his hands in the sheets of the bed to keep them in place.

Moony's tongue was rough as it bathed him and entered him and made him mew in the back of his throat. He let his legs fall open as far as they would go as the beast between them ravished him; so dangerous and so primal. His muscles felt as if they were turning to liquid and his bones to jelly and his cock felt like it was encased in ice and then surrounded by fire as desire pulsed through him. Moony was driving him to the edge and Sirius was quite willing to jump.

The pressure in his loins continued to build as the arms that had been holding him down wound slowly around him. Skilful fingers snaked across his skin, lightly allowing sharp nails to leave little trails across his chest and it was too much. Sirius' orgasm burst from him as he arched off the body cradling him, throwing his head back onto the seemingly immovable chest and crying out his pleasure in shuddering gasps.

The arms held him in a much more gentle embrace as his body continued to spasm and Moony cleaned all trace of his orgasm from his body. It was what the werewolf seemed to enjoy the most; the taste of him, and Sirius would never deny Remus what he wanted. Even as he lay there, spent, Sirius knew it was not over.

Severus's skin was slightly warmer now and he knew that the vampire's efficient system had already processed the blood his lover had taken.

"I think you are ready now," Severus whispered in his ear in the most incredibly sexy voice, and, although part of Sirius wanted to flee, all he did was open his eyes and look up at the vampire's black gaze.

In the depths of the black orbs was the tiniest tinge of red and Sirius let his mind sink into it. When Severus lowered his head, Sirius was waiting and he opened his mouth willingly as sensual lips descended on his own. A tongue snaked beside his as soon as he allowed it access and he tasted blood. It was not the remnants of Severus's last feed; this was fresh blood from the vampire's own veins where Severus had bitten his own tongue deliberately and Sirius let it dribble down his throat.

It was like ice where it touched him and he moaned into the kiss, waiting for what he knew was to come. Only when the daggers started at the core of his being did he finally break away and Severus held him as he writhed and screamed in the vampire's embrace. It was a pain like no other that spread through every nerve and every cell, consuming him and taking away his mind. In that moment he knew nothing but the vampire power moving through his body, purging and electrifying as it went.

To be with those he loved Sirius would have endured anything and this was not a large price to pay for the gift Severus had given him. One day Severus had promised he would make him as he was; make him immortal to live and love forever, but for now this was all he would do. Each time he drank the blood his body was restored; returned to a youth that had been stolen from him by the walls of Azkaban. With the vampire's touch in his blood even werewolf venom could not touch him, but it meant Severus had complete power over him. If his lover so wished Sirius would be little more than a slave, but Severus had never used the influence this gift gave him. Oh they played master and servant some times, but Severus had never forced him into anything.

The pain died away as it always did, leaving him slumped in the vampire's arms, exhausted. Sirius could not move at all and even breathing was hard, but he knew it would not last. As he lay there a different kind of heat started at his centre and began to spread through his muscles bringing relief and renewed life. This was an altogether different experience and he found himself smiling in delight as the power reached through his system. He opened his eyes and looked up to see the slightest of smiles on Severus' face and then he looked to Moony.

The huge wolf was still lying between his legs and watching him with his black and yellow eyes. All that most of the Wizarding world would have seen was a monster, but Sirius could see the love. It was sometimes impossible to believe how they had come to this; it seemed so long ago, almost a different life.

He closed his eyes again, revelling in the feeling of energy returning to his body and he thanked everything he knew for his lovers. Being brought back from the un-death the Veil had condemned him to had been a miracle, but this was even more so. When Remus' curse had started to kill him, Sirius had found a way to save him, a way that involved tracking down Severus Snape, the exonerated spy turned vampire and begging for his help.

Remus was still a werewolf, but he was no longer human thanks to Severus' bite. Legend would have called him a hell hound; partially vampiric and wizard most of the month and werewolf at full moon, before the Wolfsbane one of the most

deadly creatures known to wizardkind, but with it merely one of the most powerful.

The warmth had spread through his entire body and arousal was returning with it. Looking down at himself he knew he would not be hard again yet, but it never took long as Severus' blood chased away time. One day it would fail and his magic would reject the life blood, which would be the day Severus would drain him dry and bring him over, but until then he was human, although a human with a few tricks.

Just after the blood his power levels were high and magic was easy. Even without his wand he was capable of casting some spells and he waved his hand over his midsection, preparing himself with a simple thought.

"Move, wolf," he said with a smile and shoved Moony with his foot.

The werewolf huffed at him, but did slowly climb to his feet as Sirius slowly sat up and turned to face Severus.

"Do you want me before or after Moony?" he asked, raking his eyes over the recumbent form of his vampire lover.

They would both have him, of that he had no doubt, but it was not up to him when or how. When his lovers hunted he was the prey and no matter what their relationship the rest of the month they would take him. It caused an excited fluttering in his stomach to know that he was at their mercy. Severus just smiled at him, running a finger down the sensitive skin of his neck where the vampire had bitten him. The light touch made Sirius shiver and he awaited his fate.

"I think," Severus said, his voice more silky than ever, "it is my turn."

And with that Sirius found himself being pushed back towards the bed on his back. Severus covered his body with his own and then stilled, looking down at him with bottomless eyes. It was to Sirius as if he was being devoured by his lover's gaze alone, and it made his heart beat faster. The hatred they had felt for each other so long was hidden in those depths somewhere, consigned to memory thanks to Sirius' willingness to do anything for Remus. He had offered his life for Remus' and Snape had almost taken it, and it was at moments like these that Sirius remembered that time. He had never expected to wake up from that encounter, and yet here he was and he was loved.

When Severus lifted Sirius' hips he went easily and then his lover was sliding into him, joining them like two pieces of a puzzle. Moony's attentions had loosened him and his own preparations had made him ready, but he still felt the pleasant burn as he was stretched. The sensation made him purr in the back of his throat and he wrapped his legs around Severus wanting all of his lover.

"Do I fill you, Sirius?" Severus asked in a smooth whisper. "Am I what you want?"

"Yes," the reply fell from his lips like a prayer.

This was the only time Severus would call him by his given name; the only time he was Sirius. When they made love, when Severus was buried in him or he in Severus he was not 'Black' or 'Idiot Gryffindor' he was Sirius and he revelled in it. He liked to believe that was why Severus never called him that at any other time; because it meant so much when the vampire did.

Powerful muscles moved against him as Severus pulled out and pushed back in, in one smooth movement sliding across Sirius' prostate as the vampire did so. The gasp caught in his throat as Severus covered his mouth, this time for nothing more than an ordinary kiss, but it still filled his senses with the smell and taste of his lover. A tongue forced its way into his mouth and Sirius surrendered to the potent kiss, moaning as he opened himself to Severus.

Each thrust filled him completely and then deprived him of the feeling as Severus plundered his body. He loved this sensation as his physical shell fought the line between pain and pleasure that this act brought and he gave himself to his lover. To reach orgasm a vampire had to bite their partner and Sirius knew Severus was close when the kiss broke and he looked up to see his lover's eyes glowing and long white fangs in the open mouth.

Turning his head to the side Sirius surrendered like the prey he was and Severus swooped on him instantly. Sirius cried out as fangs sank into the already tender skin over his jugular and then he felt Severus shuddering above and within him. The bite made him relax again whether he wanted to or not and his muscles went limp as Severus drank his fill. All he could do was moan as his still aroused body protested his lack of participation.

Severus' skin was warm now and growing hotter and Sirius could feel the heat seeping into his own body. It was energy which burned below his lover's skin and it was almost more than Sirius could bear in his over sensitised condition. When Severus finally drew back it was a loss and a relief and he stared up into those eyes wanting more and yet dreading it as well. He was aroused, painfully so and his body demanded to be touched, but Severus' skin felt like such sweet agony.

The moan that rose in his throat without his conscious consent as Severus pulled out of him made the vampire smile and he was sure there would have been a comment if a growl had not come from beside them. Wrapped up in each other, Sirius had not been taking any notice of Remus and he turned to see the magnificent sight of his other lover. Hell hounds had an advantage over normal werewolves; they were forced to be wolves at full moon, but they did not have to be full wolves throughout their entire forced change.

Moony was no longer a wolf and although still bestial he was humanoid as well. Covered in fur with a wolf's muzzle and ears he looked like someone caught halfway through an Animagus transformation, but what caught Sirius' eye the most was that his lover was very definitely male. Remus was erect and proud and his gaze was aimed at Sirius. Clawed hands reached for him as Severus moved out of the way and Sirius found himself flipped onto his front by ridiculously strong arms. Those arms held him up, half lying, half kneeling until he caught up with the fact that he was supposed to be on his hands and knees.

Sirius was still dazed, but Moony it seemed was very impatient since, the moment he held himself up, Sirius found himself breached once more. The werewolf slid into him with little or no warning and a little voice at the back of his mind pointed out that it was probably a very good thing Severus had had him first. He was at the mercy of the powerful beast his lover had become and Moony was not in a gentle mood. Remus did not hurt him, but Sirius could barely hold himself up as the werewolf pounded into him. It was completely overwhelming and his whole world was swallowed in the sensations of being had.

When a hot firm hand wrapped around his cock as well, Sirius' mind flipped out and nothing in the world could have prevented his limbs collapsing as his second orgasm ripped through his body like a tidal wave. He had no brain power to know

if Moony had had everything the werewolf wanted as electricity in every nerve wiped away his mind. Nothing made sense; not up, not down, not light nor dark and his magic exploded out of him without his consent or giving him any idea what it was going to do. Accidental magic was something that happened to children, but Sirius had discovered that it was also something that happened to sex crazed, full grown wizards as well.

The world finally began to make sense again after what seemed like an age and other than the fact that he was lying on his front one other thing made it through first. There was a tongue on his tortured arse, and surprising himself he actually managed to move and crawled away from the insistent touch.

"Wolf," Severus' voice sounded amused, "I do not believe our little mortal can take anymore."

Sirius objected to being called a 'little mortal', but his complaint consisted of a moan into the pillow he had just found, rather than anything sensible. He'd played the good prey and now they were insulting him when he couldn't defend himself; it really wasn't fair. Sirius ached and his body was humming with the afterglow, but when a hand touched his arse he still jumped.

"Lie still, idiot Gryffindor," was the instant reprimand, "I am checking for damage."

The vampire blood Severus gave him made him tougher than a normal human, but it did not make him invulnerable and Sirius buried his head in the pillow and tried not to squirm. The feeling of magic on his skin reminded him of what had happened as his orgasm took him and once Severus was finished Sirius rolled himself over so he could see what was going on. He found himself looking at a self satisfied werewolf and a sated vampire, both of which made him smile, but he could not tell what his errant magic had done. There did not seem to be any evidence in the room that anything untoward had occurred.

As one his two lovers moved towards him and suddenly Sirius found himself rather nervous. Both were predators and he could not stop the fear response that this evoked in him completely.

"Thank you for sharing, Black," Severus said as the pair loomed over him, "that was a most interesting experience."

Sirius didn't quite understand. Severus laughed at him, but Moony seemed more sympathetic, lying down beside him and pulling him close against soft fur.

"Your magic joined us together for a moment," Severus eventually relented, "definitely most interesting."

The sheets and blanket slid up over them as the vampire took up a place the other side of Sirius and held out a hand, and slowly what had happened began to dawn in Sirius' mind. The lights went out just as a smile started to form on his lips. By the sounds of it he had actually surprised Severus and he did not remember ever having done that except when he had first turned up at the man's door.

"Go to sleep, Black," Severus' tone was snide, but it just made Sirius' smile wider.

**The End**