

The Secret of Surrender

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Pairings: Snape/Bill, Snape/Hermione (sorta), Snape/Draco, Snape/Harry, Snape/Ron, mentions Ron/Bill

Rating: NC17/18

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Warnings: incest, humiliation, bondage

Summary: Severus knows something strange is happening and he thinks there is a new Dark Lord, but things are stranger than he could ever have imagined.

Authors notes: Thanks to my beta for the excellent job and I do hope Kitsune likes this.

Word count: 8153

Original request:

Anything really, my only requirements are that it be NC-17 rated slash with kinky sex, and please DON'T have Snape as the vampire doing the conversion! There's enough vampire!Snape fics out there already. Now, if you wanted to have vamp!Ron converting Snape... that would make me really happy. As for particular pairings, I'll take any combination of Severus, the Weasley brothers, Lucius, Draco, Sirius, Regulus, Harry... pretty much anyone except Remus (I love him dearly, but just can't see him as a vampire).

Special requests: my big kinks are - urophilia, incest, chan, cross-dressing, bestiality and humiliation. I know these aren't easy things to fit into a vamp fic, but anything you can work in would make me happy.

Severus knew he was in trouble the moment he opened his eyes. The Dark Lord was dead; Albus' pensieve had exonerated him of all crimes of which he had been accused and he had been finally free for almost a year now, but he had known for weeks that all was not right with the world. There was another Dark Lord coming and he seemed to be the only one who could see it happening; even Potter and his little friends had appeared oblivious to it. He had been returning home from shopping in Knockturn Alley when someone had hit him with a stunning hex from behind.

The fact that he was unconfined was a surprise, but he was not comforted by it much. He was lying on some sort of padded bench and the fact that there were points for restraint on it did not escape his notice. Sitting up slowly he took in his surroundings and it worried him greatly although he allowed none of the emotion to show on his face: he was bathed in light while the rest of wherever he was, was swathed in darkness.

"Hello, Severus, it's been a long time."

The voice was like silk and shockingly familiar in that the owner was supposed to have been dead for three years.

"Weasley?" Snape asked, not bothering to hide his confusion.

"You'll have to be a little more specific," said another familiar voice, "there are several of us here."

Snape peered into the darkness around his well lit spot looking for the owners of the voices, but he could see nothing. All he knew was that he had just heard the supposedly deceased Bill Weasley and Potter's annoying tag along Weasley as well. His Slytherin mind came to only one conclusion; the Gryffindors had decided it was finally time to take revenge.

At first he thought it was a trick of the bizarre lighting arrangements, but he quickly realised that part of the rest of the room was becoming lighter. At first all he could see were two dark shapes in the murky half light, but the level continued to rise as he watched and eventually he found himself looking at the two Weasleys; they were not quite what he had expected.

Bill looked very far from dead, in fact the man appeared much healthier than the few pictures of him that Severus had been subjected to on the one occasion someone had managed to convince him to visit the Burrow after the war. To this day he did not know why he had gone, but it had given him a glimpse of Bill's wedding and the dreadful scars the man had been left with after the attack on Hogwarts. It had been on their honeymoon that Bill and his wife had vanished and both had been assumed dead when the Veela woman's body had been found several months later.

As it was, the elder Weasley's scars were almost completely gone, and he looked as Severus remembered him as a studious seventeen year old in his potions lessons.

The other Weasley did not appear much different from the last time Severus had seen him with Potter; freakishly tall and brimming with life in a way Severus had lost years earlier.

However, there was something about them that made him look harder; something that made him question what he was seeing and it was not just the way they were dressed. Both men were scantily clad, the younger in leather trousers and nothing else and the elder also in leather, but with an open silk shirt draped across his upper body as well. Severus felt as if there was something he should recognise about them, something that was important, but he could not quite figure it out.

"Why am I here?" he asked eventually, settling for finding out what was going on rather than standing in mute silence.

"We want to make you an offer," Bill said with what would have been a disarming smile had Severus been an average wizard.

"Attacking someone from behind is not usually a good way to start such a conversation," he said acidly; he did not like Gryffindors and he definitely did not like being kidnapped.

"This isn't the kind of offer that can be made in public, Severus," the elder of the two Weasley's told him in a way that worried him as well as grated in his nerves since he had given no one permission to use his first name, "and you have to know your place to take advantage of it."

That didn't make much sense and Severus did not like being toyed with, it made him angry.

"Dispense with the drivel," he snapped, "and make your point or release me immediately."

"You're free to go any time you please," Weasley said and appeared amused, "the door is right over there."

A small section of wall lit up and in it was indeed a door. Severus almost strode straight for it, but the something that was bothering him kept him in place.

"Of course if you go you will be Obliviated and you will never know you were brought here," Weasley continued in a most infuriating manner. "If you leave before you become one of us we cannot let you remember."

"One of us?" he did not like that phrase one little bit; he had heard it before twice, once when he had become a Death Eater and once when he had become a member of the Order of the Phoenix. "What game are you playing, Weasley?"

"No game," another all too familiar voice entered the conversation and another part of the room began to lighten.

Severus mentally kicked himself, of course where there were Gryffindors there would always be Potter. He waited for the ridiculously dramatic lighting to finish rising while glaring in the direction from which the voice had originated. What he saw as the darkness withdrew almost made him think this was some bizarre dream. There was not one person being revealed, but two and one was definitely Potter, although sans glasses and dressed in a similar manner to the younger Weasley, but the other was draped over Potter's side in a languid, relaxed pose, wearing a very short black skirt with a frilly petticoat and a small wrap around black top which finished mid torso. This would not have been particularly shocking had it not been for the fact that said person was male and Draco Malfoy to boot.

"They make a lovely couple, don't they, Severus," the elder Weasley said and Severus was sure he was being laughed at. "Draco was our first Slytherin; you have the honour of being the second."

"Tell me what is going on this instant or Obliviate me and be done with it," Severus said pointedly, his anger finally getting the better of him. "I refuse to be party to your twisted sex games."

It was clear that they were attempting to humiliate him and a voice in the back of his mind was trying to tell him to leave, but there was more than sex going on here and that idea held him. Too many ideas were trying to come together in his

head at the same time and Severus could not figure out what this was really about.

"This better?" Weasley asked and smiled at him, only now the man had long white fangs and the blue eyes looking at him were gently glowing.

Severus actually found himself taking a step back.

"Vampire," he found himself saying like some stupid Hufflepuff.

He knew he did not have his wand, it had been obvious the moment he woke up, but he still reached for where it should have been. The danger he was in was all too clear, but how one vampire could claim so many strong minds was a mystery.

"Not exactly," Weasley replied and returned to human guise, "but close enough. That's what killed me, but I came back as something a little different. Fleur and I were travelling through Romania after visiting Charlie's dragons when we were attacked by a group of vampires. They didn't believe women should be granted eternal life so they used Fleur for food, but they changed me. What they hadn't taken into account was the wolf already in me and instead of turning out a faithful acolyte I became something else. I killed every last one of them."

"Then Bill came to me," Potter said, still not moving from where he was wrapped around Malfoy. "He decided that dead he could do more good than alive so we never told anyone else and he gathered information for me. In the end I asked him to bite me just before the final battle; I could never have cast that last curse as a mortal; my own magic would have destroyed me."

Severus remembered the final battle very clearly; he had almost lost his life several times and he also remembered it had been a blazingly hot day. Vampires and bright sunlight usually resulted in human shaped fires and he made a mental note that when Weasley had said whatever he was was different from a normal vampire, it was more complicated than freedom from the vampire hierarchy. He could not help his curiosity, but being a Slytherin and not a Ravenclaw he was all too aware of the danger as well.

"You have bitten them all," he concluded, looking from Gryffindor to Gryffindor to Slytherin.

"Actually, I only changed Harry," Weasley said almost in a casual tone; "Harry changed the others, but I am the source of the bloodline. Haven't you noticed that our world is sinking back into apathy and stupidity, Severus? You are the only person that has noticed anything at all, and although you have come to the wrong conclusions you were right about what has been happening. We mean to change the way our world works and we would like you to be part of it."

"You are a unique intellect," yet another voice entered the discourse and the last part of the room began to lighten; where there was Weasley the younger there was always Granger.

Severus was not too surprised when the young woman was dressed in leather like the other Gryffindors; her trousers were tighter and she was also wearing a

bodice and leather gloves, but she was obviously attired for the same reasons as the others. Something about this whole arrangement was sexual, that much even a moron could have seen.

"I have had my fill of Dark Lords," Severus said, finding that for once what he said was completely true, "you may as well kill me now."

Once upon a time he might have tried to turn the situation around, tried to be the perfect Slytherin, but he found that he was tired and he did not want to live through another war. He would rather take tea with Albus in 'the next great adventure' than live through another Voldemort, even though he was not really ready to die.

"There will be no Dark Lord," it was Potter who spoke this time, "we are just going to change things. It will take generations, but we will steer our world to something that makes us proud. This is not a game of blood purity anymore and none of us will ever be Minister of Magic, but we do not want our world to stagnate. This is about freedom, not slavery."

"Not from where I'm standing," Severus said, looking directly at the only other Slytherin in the room.

Draco looked directly at him for the first time and slowly stood away from Potter. When the younger man was standing at his full height Severus could see Malfoy pride in his stance, regardless of the dress he was wearing.

"No one forced me, Severus," Draco spoke with the same authority and tone that Severus remembered from school; the one the boy had lost after the debacle of his sixth year and only regained after Voldemort had fallen, "I am exactly where I want to be."

Draco held his gaze for a while longer and then calmly moved back against Potter. The submissive pose was completely at odds with the short speech, but it was very clear that either Draco was telling the truth, or very clever magic was being employed to control him. Vampire control was not subtle and the Imperius curse left traces that those skilled in the dark arts could see. Severus was undecided as to what was falsehood in this situation.

"Look into my mind," Potter said as Severus considered, "I know you can do it without a wand if I lower my barriers."

"You are an Occlumens," he pointed out, unimpressed by the offer, "it would be a pointless exercise in manipulation."

Surprisingly Potter laughed, a genuinely amused sound.

"Thanks for the vote of confidence, Professor," the irritating Gryffindor said, "but I have never been that good. I can keep people out, but once in you'd see anything I tried to do; my last teacher told me I had all the subtlety of a brick."

"You are a vampire, Mr Potter," Severus returned as coldly as he could manage, "no matter what breed you may be, and vampire powers would have increased you subtlety significantly."

At that Draco laughed, but Severus did not find anything amusing. The blond Slytherin whispered something into Potter's ear that Severus could not hear and it annoyed him further, but he held his tongue as something passed between the two. When Potter whispered something back and ran the tips of his fingers down Draco's face it almost seemed tender, but Severus did not hold with such fanciful notions. Sex was a weapon like anything else and it seemed Draco had become its victim.

"I did not believe them either," Draco spoke again, but this time he did not pull away from Potter. "It took Harry three days to convince me before I let him have me, don't take as long Severus; it is a pointless waste of time."

"If I were foolish enough to capitulate why involve me in your games," he had no intention of allowing any of those in the room near him, but he wanted to understand; any knowledge could be useful; "I am many years all of your senior, what interest could I hold for any of you?"

"You'd be surprised," it was the younger Weasley who spoke and Severus felt the younger man's stare on him like a heavy heat.

He did not believe the intimation for a second.

"We are a pack, Severus," Bill took up the mantle of speaker again as his brother carelessly leant against him from behind; it became eminently clear from the way the elder leant back slightly that the boundary between brothers had long since been crossed, "and we have a pack hierarchy, but it doesn't work by age like our night dwelling brethren. It's about power and submission."

The whole world was about power and submission, but Severus did not bother to enlighten the Gryffindor dunderheads since they would never understand.

"Harry figured it out," Granger drew his attention next and he did his best to hide his surprise at the statement; Potter had always seemed slow witted to him.

"I felt it," Potter said as if it explained everything and Severus sneered at him.

"Harry is more powerful than me," the elder Weasley re-entered the conversation, "and, although I made him, I acknowledged that at the time, which makes me submissive to him even though he would rather I wasn't. Hermione and Ron submitted to both of us before Harry converted them."

"So we are submissive to both of them," the younger Weasley said, moving out from behind his brother, "not that that means much unless things get out of hand. We don't kill when we feed, but Harry had to stop me the first time because I couldn't stop."

"And Mr Malfoy is the lowest in this hierarchy I suppose," Severus did not bother to hide his disdain; this was obviously a Gryffindor clique with token Slytherins.

"Actually Draco is the same level as me," Bill said with an expression that on one of the lions was rather perturbing; "no one touches Draco but Harry."

Still leaning against Potter, Draco gave him a smile like the cat with the cream.

"Enough of this," Potter said suddenly and when Severus looked in the Defeater of Voldemort's eyes he found himself pinned down by a very impatient gaze.
[You will not look, so I will show you.]

The last words were placed straight into his mind and then Severus felt as if the universe opened up and swallowed him. Too much information came at him all at the same time and he was swamped, his mind retreating from the torrent of images and feelings. Potter was not a brick, he was a whole damn building. Then just when he thought his mind would crack under the onslaught it stopped, cut off like a broken spell and Severus found himself leaning on the bench breathing hard. He also found himself shocked and surprised.

Coming out of something like that, he expected to be mentally shattered and confused, but what he felt was a clarity that made him shiver. Potter's mind had slammed into his and he was starkly aware that the man's power could have wiped away every thought in his head, but instead it had flooded over and through him and left things behind. Now he looked around the room at the five occupants and he did not see simply a group of mismatched wizards and witches; he saw the future and he did not know whether to be afraid or not.

"You are a proud man, Professor," Potter said, looking him in the eyes again, "too proud to fit with us as you are. Your arrogance would tear us apart."

"To be one of us you must submit to all of us," the elder Weasley said in a tone that begged no argument. "We are bound by blood and sex, Severus; do you want to join us?"

In that moment Severus could feel the power in the room as if it was a tangible thing and it awed him. Potter's mind had sliced through his own and it had ripped away the exhaustion of his existence and reawakened a part of him he had thought long dead; a part that he had felt shrivel when he had first realised what Voldemort truly was. It was the part that had seen the Dark Lord the first time and been excited by the possibilities of power; it was the part that could see the world and look forward to finding new things; it was the part that was sure where the winning side would be; it was the true centre of his Slytherin heart.

There was no turning back if he joined them; Severus knew that as clearly as he knew his own name and part of him did not like that. There was no way out of this, no Albus to redeem him, no light that could undo the darkness, nothing that could make him human again if he chose this path. He knew who would triumph in this and he knew Potter and the others were the only future now, but it took him a moment to decide if he could be a part of that. To himself he could admit his fear; it was only practical, and this scared him deeply.

He did not know if he could submit to these children no matter how great they were, but he understood that he would have to give up his pride to be one of them.

"Yes," he said finally as all the chess pieces in his mind finally came down on the board.

He was a Slytherin and the game was clear in his head; there was no other choice. Potter just looked at him, but both Weasleys smiled; the younger in a very hungry manner.

"Ron will convert you," Potter said eventually, a strange light in his unfettered green eyes, "after we have all had you. If you refuse you will be Obliviated and we will find others."

It was not a request, it was a command and Severus felt his anger begin to rise and the objective part of his mind realised that that was the point. He had never been kind to Potter and Potter would never be kind to him and if he wanted a place in this new power he would have to pay for it. Payment was something Severus understood and he nodded once.

"Take off your clothes, Severus," the elder Weasley said in a tone that begged no argument, "all of them, now."

He hesitated for a moment, but the look in the other man's eye told him that the first time he said 'no' this would be over. He may have been told as much before, but that was different to being certain it was true; there was no room for negotiation here; it was their way or no way. With as much dignity as he could maintain he stripped, leaving his clothes in a neat pile on the floor. It was not as if he had never been humiliated before, but never in quite this way as he stood there naked, knowing that all eyes in the room were on him.

"You have a nice body for a man your age," Weasley said seemingly taking the lead from the impassive Potter.

Severus had to firmly sit on the instinct to hide himself from the all encompassing stare that passed over him.

"When was the last time you used it?" Bill asked him teasingly.

There was no subtlety to the question, Severus knew exactly what he was being asked.

"Two weeks," he said shortly and did not elaborate; the fact that he had bought a whore in Knockturn Alley was not something he would reveal unless forced.

The way the younger Weasley grinned at him then, he knew that they all probably knew anyway. They had to have been watching him closely; they weren't as stupid as they sometimes appeared to be.

"You have never surrendered, Severus," the older Weasley drew his attention back, "not really, not to Voldemort and not Albus, but you will surrender to us. Lie on the bench and place your wrists beside the upper restraint points."

Feeling completely exposed under so many gazes Severus did as he was told. He felt every year of his age as he lay down and put his arms beside his head as he had been instructed. The movement was almost too quick for him to see, but Potter waved his hand and Severus found his wrists encased in padded leather cuffs that were firmly attached to the bench.

"From now on," Granger said as she leaned over him, "there is no 'no'."

He felt the first curling of true fear in his stomach and his Slytherin intellect pointed out that he had agreed without knowing the true extent of what the vampires had planned. Almost as if to underline this idea the bench began to change even more: it shortened so that he found his legs hanging off it and two metal struts grew from either side of the new end, slowly morphing into stirrups. Without so much as asking Granger took his right leg and lifted it into the right stirrup, strapping it in firmly and then did the same with the other leg. Severus was completely helpless and now totally exposed for the audience of men looking at him; he had never felt so humiliated in his life.

"I did consider a rather interesting potion so I could join in tonight's activities," Granger continued to speak and she had the same know it all tone as he always associated with her, "but the risks outweighed the advantages unfortunately, so I asked if I could be the one to prepare you instead. I read all about how muggles do it and it was really fascinating, so much more interesting than a simple spell. In the end I combined the two; a muggle douche and a potion I designed myself."

All the while she spoke, the young woman was moving and there must have been some sort of space in the bench because she produced several items from within it that Severus could not see. It was like some strange lab experiment right up until the moment that she touched him. As he had come to expect of her, Granger was not one to beat around the bush and the woman took hold of his flaccid cock in one of her gloved hands and gave him a quick stroke. He felt his body react to the stimulation no matter where his mind was at that moment.

"You're well endowed, Professor," Granger told him and he felt even more like he was in the lab, only he was definitely a specimen under a magnifying spell, "I like that in a man. I want you hard before I begin, Professor, hard and aching, but I can do without your tongue."

And the way Granger looked at him Snape had no doubt she would get her way. When she looked him in the eye and there was the slight glint there of the creature that her human façade hid, he knew it was inevitable. When she pointed her wand at him and cast a silent spell he felt his larynx stiffen. He tried to speak, but all that came out was a grunt and he realised Granger had rendered him mute.

When she took hold of him again he had no defence, not even coherent sound and Granger moved her hand over his cock expertly. She seemed to be able to

touch him in a way that bypassed any rational thought and as Granger worked him from soft to hard he could not help thinking maybe he had been bespelled. No matter how his mind told him he should be reacting his body seemed to be listening only to the primeval sensations running through it and he could not stop himself from reacting. It was as if the universe had narrowed to the feelings in his cock and balls and nothing else mattered.

Granger had him so close that he could feel the beginnings of the orgasm swirling around his belly and heading towards his balls. He had not felt like this in years as the chit of a girl played him like a professional and he almost lost control completely. The only thing that prevented him going over the edge was when Granger let him go and waved her wand at his engorged cock. The effect was instant as he felt the blood vessels constrict around the base and his cock felt strangely full, but it was not the first time he had been on the receiving end of a chastity spell; he would be as hard for as long as she wanted him hard now. He could not catch the whimper of protest as his goal was taken away from him.

"It's not that easy, Professor," Granger said, picking up something else from where she standing between his legs.

The young woman held up the item so he could see it and he was reminded of a giant pipette. The large black bulb was clearly full of something which he assumed was the potion and he could guess where the thin white tip was supposed to go. Still wearing her gloves Granger smeared some sort of lubricant over the nozzle of what she had referred to as a douche and then she smiled at him.

"This is going to feel a bit odd," was all she said and then Severus felt her hands on him again.

Her gloved fingers expertly parted the cheeks of his arse and then he felt the slick nozzle poking at his entrance. The pressure was gentle but firm and Severus could not help the moan the escaped him as the intrusion slipped into him. Then he felt a coolness inside of him and a slight pressure that built as Granger squeezed the bulb of her toy.

"Very good, Professor," Granger said, smiling at him and praising him as if he was her student, "now it's time for the fun bit."

She ran one of her gloved hands between his legs and he felt himself being spread again. This time it was nothing so innocuous as a slim nozzle that was lined up with his arse and he gasped as a lubricated, leather clad finger was pushed in with no chance for him to adjust. He had no doubt she had done this part before as she curled the finger and pushed in hard finding his prostate with uncanny accuracy. He would have pulled away if he could have, but he had nowhere to go and Granger was merciless. Only once before had he been on the receiving end of anything quite so direct and that had been when Lucius Malfoy had taken him from a Death Eater meeting and relieved him of his virginity in a broom cupboard.

Draco's father had not been gentle with his seventeen year old self and he had been mortified when he had come with Lucius pounding into him and calling him

a halfblood slut. Severus had not sought out another man since and he felt the shame of it renewed as Granger worked him loose, pushing in another finger and spreading him wider.

"Bill's big, Professor," Granger told him as he gasped at the sensations running through his body, "it feels like he's going to split you open as he pushes inside and then he fills you so much you think you're going to burst. You're going to take every last millimetre."

Severus pulled on his restraints as she forced in another finger before he was ready, but he refused to cry out. It burned, but he refused to give in completely.

"Pride comes before a fall, Professor," Granger said with a worrying smile and lent forward to take his cock into her mouth as she forced her fingers in as far as they would go.

He could not stop the chocked sob that came out of his mouth as his cock pulsed hotly and his arse filled with the most delicious ache. At that moment he would have done anything to have been able to come, which the rational corner of his mind pointed out was the reason Granger had done it. When the pleasure was withdrawn as quickly as it had been given he just about caught the moan trying to escape his throat; he would not beg.

"You're attractive when you're desperate, Severus," the elder Weasley walked down the side of the bench, running one finger over Severus' chest.

He bit back any reaction when that finger trailed over one sensitive nipple and he glared at Weasley for good measure.

"You're going to submit to me, Severus," Weasley said with a knowing smile; "you're body's going to open and I'm going to fuck you until I come."

As Severus watched, Weasley ran one hand up over his immobilised left leg and strolled round to stand in the space Granger had vacated. As Weasley slowly unfastened the tie holding his trousers together Severus could not help but follow every movement. The soft leather did nothing to hide the bulge below and as Weasley loosened the laces it only seemed to grow larger until the vampire pushed the trousers apart and pulled himself free. Weasley was as large as Granger had said and Severus could feel a phantom burn even as he looked.

Slicking himself, Weasley ran his lubricated hands down the underside of Severus' thighs and then the vampire lined himself up. When Weasley began to push into him, Severus felt only pain and he was sure he was not ready.

"No," he tried to say, but of course his voice would not work and Weasley just smiled at him and pushed harder.

He did feel like he was breaking as his muscles resisted and the memory of Lucius came back to him and he remembered the Death Eater's instructions. In self preservation he bore down on the cock pushing into his arse and felt his muscles finally give as Weasley forced himself home. There was pain, but something in him must have liked it as his cock throbbed mercilessly.

"Well done, Severus," Weasley said in such a patronising tone that if he had not been so focused on the cock in his arse, Severus was sure he would have been furious, "I knew you knew how to surrender; am I bigger than Lucius?"

If Severus had thought he could not be more humiliated he had been wrong as the shame of the memory washed over him. He did not know how Weasley could have known and he was suddenly desperate to get away.

"When in intimate contact we're telepathic," Weasley said, clearly reading his mind. "I never would have guessed at you whoring yourself to Draco's father."

That his final protection had been taken away and his mind was open was more than Severus could take and he closed his eyes against the white hot shame running through him.

"Shame is a sign of pride, Severus," Weasley said as he began to move, "when we are done you will have none left."

Weasley was not gentle and for that at least Severus was grateful because he was sure he would have come apart completely if offered any compassion. The vampire started slowly, but his thrusts were long and deep and Severus felt his muscles loosening with every movement. Soon Weasley was driving into him hard and fast and it was pain and pleasure all wrapped into one. He bit his lip to keep any sound inside, but it was too much and he began to gasp and pant as Weasley angled to hit his prostate with every movement. He wanted to come so badly, but still he would not beg and when Weasley thrust into him as far as he could go, stiffened for a moment and then shuddered he was relieved and disappointed at the same time.

The red head rode out the orgasm deep inside him and then he pulled out, turning his back and leaving Severus aching and wanting in equal measure. He could feel the semen leaking out of his abused arse and he was not sure if he was more ashamed at being used or wanting more.

"Look at that slick hole, Draco," Potter's voice made him look and the green eyed devil was standing at the end of the bench with Draco next to him; "all for us now."

There was something obscene about seeing the image of Lucius Malfoy in a short black skirt and woman's top, something that made Severus close his eyes and look away.

"No, Professor," Potter's voice was merciless, "you will watch or I will make you. Open your eyes and look at Draco."

There was power in that voice and Severus did as he was told, although reluctantly. Not to do so would have meant that he was too afraid and he refused to be that, not with Potter there.

Potter was behind Draco now, standing at the Slytherin's back with arms around the slim man. One hand dipped, gripping the skirt and what was beneath it,

rubbing firmly and as Severus watched his one time favourite student leaned back against the Gryffindor and moaned in pleasure.

"He's already hard, Professor," Potter said, looking him in the eye, "and he's going to fuck you while I fuck him. Aren't you, Draco?"

"Yes, Harry," Draco replied and then Severus found himself being pinned down by silver eyes.

The Slytherin's eyes were no longer grey, they were real silver and Severus knew that if the vampire smiled full fangs would be visible. As Potter lifted the front of Draco's short skirt those eyes continued to bore into Severus' until his gaze was drawn by the long, hard cock that had been revealed by Potter's movements and it was clear that Draco did not wear anything under his skirt. Severus could not help watching as Potter slicked Draco's cock with slow even strokes, drawing appreciative moans from the standing Slytherin and then Potter guided Draco towards Severus.

Draco was not as big as Weasley, but he was still aching and he bit back a long groan as his one time student pushed nearly all the way in. When Draco leant over him, pushing his aching cock between their bodies he could not stop the moan of complaint. As Potter pushed the skirt up over Draco's backside Severus felt the cock inside of him jump and then Draco was pushing in even more as Potter slid into him from behind. The purr of bliss from Draco was one of the most erotic sounds that Severus had ever heard and he found himself wanting to understand where that ecstasy came from.

"Fuck him for me, Draco," Potter's words were just loud enough to carry to him as well, "fuck him while I'm buried in you."

Draco, it seemed, did not need telling twice and Severus found himself on the receiving end of yet another hard pounding. Draco and Potter moved like one and Draco's thrusts were all the deeper for it and Severus found himself unable to look away as the pair made love to each other and fucked him. Potter pulled Draco flush against his body as they moved in tandem and Severus could almost feel their attention on each other. He knew he was a tool, nothing more as the pair were so wrapped in each other that he was no more than something to be used.

"Come now," the words were like a prayer and Severus felt Draco shudder and push into him, finishing with the tool as if he did not really exist.

Now he looked away, not wanting to see what was clearly between the two as he understood that it was something very real that he could not touch. Potter did not demand his attention and he closed his eyes, willing himself away from the humiliation that he was suffering. Only when he felt a body being pushed against his own did he dare look again and green eyes met his own.

The ultimate humiliation; the image of the boy who had tormented his childhood had him completely at his mercy. Potter was still hard and slick and Severus waited for the scathing comments as the younger man pushed into him, but none

came. Potter pushed in once and then stiffened immediately before shuddering silently and pulling out.

"He doesn't want to break you," a voice whispered in his ear and he found the younger Weasley bending down beside him, "your surrender is enough for him. Are you ready for the final surrender, Professor?"

Severus really didn't know; his body was so strung out and his mind so confused that he had no idea what he was or was not ready for any more. Weasley did not mess about, he took up the position Potter had vacated and eased himself into Severus' already abused hole.

"When you say 'yes', Professor," Weasley said with a knowing smile; "that's when I'll bite you."

The younger Weasley was as easily well endowed as his elder brother, but by now Severus' muscles were loose enough that it did not hurt. There was discomfort, but no real pain and when Weasley found his prostate, Severus found that his flagging arousal could be reignited. Weasley started slow and each thrust was angled with more skill than Severus would ever have imagined the once inept potions student could ever possess. It seemed Weasley knew exactly what he was doing.

"My brother taught me everything I know," the words sent a strange thrill through Severus that he did not quite understand.

He had almost forgotten the telepathy, but it was clear that the younger Weasley was reading his mind. Almost before the thought solidified he found his mind invaded by the image of the man pushing deep into him lying on a bed face down, his brother lying across him, buried in his arse. It was so detailed Severus could even see the beads of perspiration on the two men's skins.

[One of Hermione's memories that she shared with me.]

The words floated into his thoughts and Severus looked into the vampire's gaze.

[She likes to watch us before we both take her. When you're one of us, Professor, you can watch too...]

The thought trailed off, but Severus did not miss the implication even as fingers wrapped around his cock and drove away most coherent thought. The thrusts into him and the stroking of his cock were in perfect time and at last he finally let go of the control he had been trying to hold onto. The last vestige of his pride dissolved as he gave himself over to the pleasure/pain running through his body. He had never been so open, so exposed, so helpless, not even with Lucius Malfoy and he let himself just be.

[Do you want to be one of us, Professor?]

The voice in his mind seemed to be many and one at the same time.

[Yes!]

His voice was gone, but he screamed the reply with his thoughts and then there was a body smothering his own. Skin touched skin from groin to chest and he did not resist as his head was pushed to the side. When fangs slid effortlessly into his neck, it was at once the most exhilarating and the most frightening experience of his life. He felt the mouth on his neck clamp down and the cock in his arse push in tight and the spells on him fell away. He screamed and came at the same time unable to control his reactions any more and the world lit up with bright colours.

It was one of those experiences that he knew the human body could not take for more than a few seconds and he felt his giving out as the life blood was quickly drained from his body. He had surrendered and, as the vampire in him and on him fed, he let the world slip away.

"Severus," an insistent voice called him from the darkness, "it is time to drink."

He felt his mouth being opened and he tasted copper as he swallowed reflexively, but he could not open his eyes. He was so tired and the burning that started at the back of his throat did nothing to give him energy. A hand gently stroked his hair and he was reminded of how his mother had been when he was a very small boy, but the memory danced away almost as soon as it had come. He was so very, very tired and as fingers continued to card through his hair he let himself slip back into blackness.

He was warm and comfortable and not alone, at least that was what Severus concluded as he slowly drifted awake in the blissful haze of remembered dreams. It was a few moments before what had happened came flooding back and he opened his eyes. The first thing he realised was that he was in a large four poster bed; the second was that he was still naked; and the third was that the arms curled round him possessively were male and covered in freckles.

The rational part of his brain tried to tell him that this was all wrong and he needed to get away, but his instincts were far too happy with the situation to even think about moving. He felt comfortable and safe, no matter what his logical thoughts were trying to tell him.

He remembered everything that had happened very clearly and part of him wanted to be outraged and horrified, but most of him didn't like that at all. Something inside him was telling him about family and pack and home; things he had never really understood and he found himself sinking back into the embrace wanting to feel more of it. What he discovered was that the person behind him, that he knew without looking was Ron, was sporting a very healthy erection.

A feeling stirred in his belly as he pushed back against Ron, a feeling that he had not experienced since the first time he was cruelly used; true desire. He had felt it for Lucius before he knew what Lucius really was, but every other sexual encounter of his life had been simply lust, but not this. He felt himself growing hard and for the first time he considered that sex was more than simple physical gratification.

"You should feed first," Ron's sleepy but amused voice whispered in his ear.

"I need," Severus was not sure what he needed, but it was something he had never known before.

"Turn around," Ron said and only as he obeyed without question did Severus realise quite how fundamentally his thinking had altered.

Resentment tried to flare in his chest, but it had nothing to hold on to and it flowed away.

"Strange isn't it," Ron said with a smile; "I remember waking up like it was yesterday. When Bill fucked me the first time, before Harry changed me I thought I would die. He was my brother and I let him take me, but after I woke up it all seemed so right. Harry says that when we die our minds fundamentally alter and our last memories form what we become. I don't really get it, but it seems to work."

Severus just looked at his bedfellow for a while trying to sort out his disordered thoughts. He recalled the last few minutes of his old life with a clarity that almost hurt and he realised that in those last few moments he had submitted completely and with that any shame and pride had totally gone. The bitterness that had plagued him for so many years had been destroyed in that moment and although he was sure, had he still been human, it would have come back, as he was now it was gone for good.

"Am I still me?" he asked, unsure of the truth anymore.

"Gryffindor will win the Quidditch cup this year without even trying," Ron said rather unexpectedly.

"And I am the Queen of Sheba, Mr Weasley," Severus found himself saying.

Ron grinned.

"You're still you," the younger man said cheerfully.

Severus would have commented further, but he found himself fascinated by the pulsing blood vessel in Ron's neck. The artery had come to the surface as Ron moved and he found he could not take his eyes off it.

"Bite me."

The instruction shocked Severus out of his daze and he looked at his bed companion with a frown.

"You'll need to feed from me until you have control," Ron said with a more reassuring smile; "you can't hurt me. Give in to the instincts and bite me. Then we can have sex."

The last bit caught part of Severus' attention, but mostly he was focused back on the artery again. He felt his awareness shift and it was as if he could feel the life running through Ron. Opening his mouth and leaning forward, it never occurred to him to hesitate and his fangs sank into willing flesh so easily it felt effortless. Blood spurted onto his tongue and he drank and suckled and swallowed as Ron wrapped him in a loose embrace and moaned. This had to be what the Muggles meant by heaven.

The day seemed to be one shock after another: there had been feeding; incredible sex where Ron had even let him top; and now there was the mirror.

Severus knew that his face showed every year he had lived; it had been a hard life and his body showed it, or rather it had. He had climbed into the shower without taking much notice of the mirror, but when he had stepped out it had caught his eye. It was hard to miss really when you looked ten years younger. His sallow skin was now milky pale as if twenty years of making potions in dark dungeons had just been wiped away, and his teeth were white and straight.

"It makes us what nature really wanted us to be," the voice from the doorway made him jump and he turned to see Harry leaning casually against the doorframe. "I grew four inches when Bill changed me. We all use glamours when we go out."

Severus didn't know what to say as he looked back at his reflection again; he could not believe he had failed to notice how different Harry was the night before. Everything today was amazing him.

"I'm not ugly," his rational brain pointed out that it was a very stupid thing to say, but his logical side was not having a lot of luck today.

"You were never ugly on the outside," Harry replied, "not really; it's what's on the inside that makes us ugly or beautiful. It took dying for me to really believe that."

Severus just stood there gob smacked as Harry gave him a smile and walked away.

The End