

The Enforcers: Claiming Severus

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/14896113) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/14896113>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Major Character Death , Rape/Non-Con , Underage
Categories:	F/F , F/M , Gen , M/M , Multi
Fandom:	Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
Relationships:	Severus Snape/Voldemort , Lucius Malfoy/Narcissa Black Malfoy
Characters:	Severus Snape , Tom Riddle , Voldemort , Albus Dumbledore , Abraxas Malfoy , Lucius Malfoy , Narcissa Black Malfoy , Lily Evans Potter
Additional Tags:	Drama , Dumbledore Bashing , Mystery , Natural submissive , Male Bearer , m-preg , Never annoy an Enforcer , Stay away from the Ores Clan , Time Travel , Sane Voldemort (Harry Potter) , Jealous Voldemort , Lily Evans Potter Bashing , Confused Marauders , No Horcruxes!
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Enforcers
Collections:	Da leggere all'occorrenza
Stats:	Published: 2018-06-10 Updated: 2023-01-08 Words: 23,779 Chapters: 10/?

The Enforcers: Claiming Severus

by [Trickster32](#)

Summary

Voldemort used an arcane ritual to merge his *sane mind* with his former body and chose a new age for himself. He wants to return to the past, during a time, where Severus was most vulnerable. On the 1st January 1975 after the death of Eileen Prince, the future Lord Slytherin wants to change history and claiming his future consort Severus.

He is willing to do anything to ensure that Severus will stay at his side - even if that would mean to kill practically anybody who lives in Magical Britain. Can the Ores clan save Severus from this fate - or is the Magical world doomed to submit to an immortal Dark Lord?

Notes

Spin-off to the Enforcers - what happens if you try to change History, will you win or lose?

Return to the Past

Chapter Summary

After fending off some assassins Voldemort decided to use an arcane ritual and return to the past. It will be the only way that he can claim his stubborn future consort Severus, before anyone - especially a member of the Ores Clan - can interfere with his plans. Neither Severus nor the magical world will know what will hit them.

A sane Voldemort is willing to do anything, if that ensures that Severus never leaves him again and he'll accept any advances by the Dark Lord. The killing list is already written, it is time to claim his youthful lover.

Chapter Notes

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Return to the Past

Summer 1992

Voldemort had been furious, not only had his plan failed to claim his stubborn little serpent and to rule with an iron fist over Magical Britain. No, it had even been worse, the Ores clan had poisoned Severus' mind so that his beloved Potions Master had tried to kill him during their last encounter. As he tried to escape Voldemort again, he had stabbed his old lover twice.

This shouldn't be happening at all. Luckily Voldemort was a smart man and had found a way to return to the past via an old arcane ritual. It would merge his sane mind with his old body and allows him to return to a freely chosen date. Severus belongs to him, and he would pay any price to ensure that the young Potions Master won't be able to escape him ever again.

The Dark Lord knew that it would cost him all his horcruxes, which already existed in the past, as the soul shards would be used to heal his old body and his immortality. Nagini was safe, even the removal of the horcrux wouldn't kill her. But the advantages outweigh the risks. Especially as he had already chosen the perfect date for his return – the **1st January 1975** – the day which Severus had spend totally numb in Voldemort's room at Malfoy Manor, after his mother succumbed to her pneumonia in a local NHS hospital.

This was the day, on which his little serpent had completely succumbed to Voldemort's advances and accepted that only Voldemort would really love him and never leave him alone. Severus hadn't even the chance to say goodbye to his mother, as Tobias had burned the corpse and buried it at a secret place, which he never shared. Not even under torture, did the despicable muggle scum break.

“You will be mine, Severus. But this time, I will ensure that nobody and nothing will ever separate us again. My loyal followers will be conquering Britain, before the year is over. And Albus Dumbledore will die at my own hand, powerless and fearing his last moment on this planet.”, smirked Voldemort.

On last time did he look around in room 394 at the St. Mary's Hospital in London. The dead bodies of his hapless assassins, brought a smile on his face.

“Mipsy ensure that the world will get my message. I will go to my estate, so that the ritual will be happen without failure. Very soon I will be united again with my future consort. But this time, he will not even consider escaping my arms ever again.”, ordered the Dark Lord.

The elf obeyed and arranged the dead bodies in a row that spelled the letters ***he is mine***. It was a shame, that he needed such crude messages to bring the point across, but sometimes it was necessary.

The elf transported them to Slytherin Manor well hidden in the North of England. For the ritual he needed his ritual room, knowing just too well that he would eradicate this timeline completely, however this was exactly what Voldemort wanted to do.

The ritual had two important side-effects – firstly it would send his mind back in time and ensure that his younger self regain his sanity, which he had sacrificed as he created his

horcruxes. The second side-effect was the choice to choose his new age - at 35, Voldemort had been a terrifying figurehead – and even Dumbledore wouldn't have been able to stop him for long on the political field.

He had been too impatient, but this will change. Soon he will have all of his wishes fulfilled. And after successfully claiming his teenager lover, the world would belong to Voldemort and his followers forever.

Not even five hours later Voldemort woke up, lying on the floor of his ritual room, as a 35-year old male with eyes, that were able to switch between red and his originally eye-colour. A quick tempus confirmed his biggest wish. He had been successfully and the date confirmed it — *1st January 1975* — now the Dark Lord was prepared to make history.

1st January 1975 8am

Voldemort stood up, a non-verbal wandless tempus had given him the required facts. He used the Dark Mark to call two of his most loyal followers. Their task was quite simple – go to the local NHS-Hospital in Cokeworth and bring back the corpse of Eileen Snape née Prince.

She deserved a proper magical wake and burial, and it would be part of his traditional courting gifts, which will bound his young lover to him. The Dark Lord would bury the mother, who had born his beloved dark prince on his private cemetery at Slytherin Manor.

Since Severus was too young to lead the ceremony, it would fall to Lord Slytherin aka Voldemort, and he would show the world, why the old ways are still the most important to follow. Maybe he could even arrange a proper interview with one of those young upcoming journalists – Rita Skeeter – yes, anything that would ensure that Lord Slytherin will be getting a more positive feedback could be helpful.

Severus had been woken at 7am – a house elf had brought him directly to Lord Abraxas Malfoy, who informed him, that Severus' father had sent a letter - using the owl of Eileen. She was dying and wished to see her son for the last time.

Neither of them knowing that she had already passed away during the night and prepared the final strike of revenge against her family and the magical world. Severus would be forced to

understand that not all parents loved their children and how strong madness can impact on the daily life.

Lord Abraxas would accompany the teenager to the Hospital and depending on the wishes of father and son, either returned alone to Wiltshire or bringing Severus with him. Neither Lord Malfoy nor Severus had realised that they had been watched from the shadows.

Voldemort had returned to the manor, his knowledge and sanity intact, did he enjoy the youthful lithe figure of his future consort. He already saw the numbness taking over Severus' mien. It was perfect, soon his young lover would belong to him and followed his word without second thought.

It was time to taking up the mantle as Lord Slytherin, before a certain obnoxious mudblood will die during a tragic accident. Depending how he could do it, maybe it would destroy Dumbledore's career, too.

Voldemort knocked at the door of Abraxas' office and entered the room, where he saw his distressed young lover. Without a word drew Voldemort the younger male into his arms and coaxed him into crying his pain out, while he used his Parseltongue abilities to ensure that Severus wouldn't be able to resist him.

"Should I accompany you to the Hospital Severus? I would like to pay her my respect. And afterwards organising her wake and funeral, my little prince?", asked Voldemort.

The teenager looked surprised in Tom's face and murmured. "Why would you do this, Marvolo?"

"As a token of my love, my young serpent. I am willing to do anything for you, trust me.", replied Voldemort sincerely.

"I-I-I w-would like if you could come with me, Marvolo. I do not know how my father would react, but you do not need to come. I'm used to handle it on my own.", stammered Severus shyly.

“It is no hardship for me, my little prince. I have a little token for you, this pendant will notify me, if you’re stressed or in a situation, where you could need my help, Severus. Please, wear it for me. I want to keep you safe, and this would calm my mind.”, answered Voldemort.

It was a pendant, that showed a skull & a snake, very unique, but as if he was in a trance, Severus accepted that Voldemort would have put it around Severus’ neck. The Dark Lord smiled, it was the first step for claiming his young reluctant lover. This time nothing would go wrong.

This special pendant would ensure that Severus would be filled with an unexplained longing for Voldemort, this would even increased after periods of absence between them. It had been part of the Slytherin heirlooms and could only be removed by the direct lord of the family and Head of the Noble and Ancient House of Slytherin. Of course this interesting titbit of information had Voldemort omitted.



The dark lord smiled, lifting Severus’ chin with a gloved hand, pressed he a soft kiss on the lips of his young lover, which made Severus gasping in surprise. Voldemort didn’t deepen the kiss, but enjoyed how the teenager unknowingly sought the warmth and familiarity of Lord Slytherin’s body.

“I will never leave you my shy little serpent.”, murmured Marvolo into Severus’ ear before he retreated in the shadows once more.

The young man shook his head to return to the presence and commented still slightly dazed. “I’m ready, Lord Malfoy. I really appreciate your hospitality and your companionship on this part of my journey, Sir. But I have to go home first, I have promised my mother I would always look out for my father.”

“As you wish, Severus. I’ll apparate you close to your home, but promise me, you’ll call should you need help.”, replied Lord Malfoy.

“Of course, Sir. I won’t forget it.”, agreed Severus.

What was this feeling, since the kiss he had shared with the older man, he felt strange. An eerie longing had overcome his mind and a voice whispered in his ear, that nobody would ever be able to love him more like Lord Voldemort aka Slytherin.

Together the trio left the manor, Voldemort apparated directly to the Hospital, while Abraxas and Severus apparated to the small park in Cokeworth. The teenager runs home, he didn’t know why, but his instincts screamed that something bad had happened and that his Da would need help.

No matter how bad Severus had been treated over the past decade by his father, deep in his heart did he still love Tobias with his whole heart and soul. He remembered a time, where his Da was kind, protective and loved his little son more than life itself. A father who protected his son against the danger, which lurks within the shadows and always put the little family first.

But he hated the monster, which more often comes out, after his father drank too much and then started to take his rage out of wife and child. Especially the nights, when the monster comes into his room during a thunderstorm and whispered to the terrified boy, what could happen, should he didn’t keep his mouth shut tightly.

Needless to say Severus began to fear those nights more than anything else. He didn’t dare to sleep inside the house, but outside in a small cave near the river, which he hoped that the Monster would never find, so that he would be safe from his ire.

He wasn't a child any longer, but a young man, who had caught the interest of one of the most powerful wizards of their era. A man, who stakes a claim on the young man and was willing to do anything to made his vision come true.

Is this love or only lust? Severus couldn't say it, but he knew exactly how a Slytherin had to excel at this game. Even if this would meant to sacrifice himself to the whims of one powerful dark wizard, who wouldn't hesitate to destroy the whole world. At least Slytherins would be able to understand him, and the rest, wouldn't be able to change his mind.

His new lover may be dark, but was he evil? He stopped, if Severus asked him, too – and the pendant shows, that Voldemort really cared for him. A mentor was something that Severus always wished for, so why shouldn't he accept Voldemort's advances?

Lily wouldn't understand him she was popular and good-looking, she would made her way. Severus however needed someone on his side, who understand his darker side and didn't made fun of his daily struggles with the Marauders.

Yes, It can only be getting better, he still had hope left, but now it was time to go home and to look after his father. Let him be okay, he was the last member of the family who had ever give a damn about him.

Tobias Snape

Chapter Summary

Severus returns home after getting the message that his mother is dying. He didn't know that Eileen had started her revenge against her own family, which will not exclude anyone. Who is the true monster - she or Tobias?

Chapter Notes

Picture 1: Tobias Snape

(<https://i.pinimg.com/originals/4c/c7/24/4cc7243ff43569253e0109a4a7c3853c.jpg>)

Picture 2: Eileen Snape née Prince (<https://st.kp.yandex.net/im/kadr/1/7/6/kinopoisk.ru-Cristina-Brondo-1762203.jpg>)

Picture 3: Toddler Severus

(<https://i.pinimg.com/originals/f2/01/27/f20127b7f6ff6969b4ba2dd11aa2cafb.jpg>)

Tobias Snape

Tobias Snape wasn't a nice man, growing up in the Slums of Cokeworth had made him into a hard person. He enjoys fistfights, booze, drugs and lording over wife and child. It was just his bad luck, that the woman he bedded and begging for his big cock turned out to be a godforsaken witch.



Something that she didn't tell him, before he married her and impregnated her with a son. He wanted a normal family, not freaks, and he had made it quite clear to Eileen that he was willing to do anything to keep them in line, no matter what it takes.

There was even a time, before Severus' powers manifested that Tobias had really loved his son, before his wife corrupted him. But as soon as his powers emerged, his love turned to ice. He was rather prone to smack his son and wife, instead of providing proper care.

Luckily his boss was on his side Cháris often met with Tobias in the local pub and gave him hints how he could save his son from the evils of magic. He ensured that Tobias would watch Eileen as the root of all evil, without her Severus would be an obedient little boy, who would follow Tobias' lead and forget that magic ever existed.

What he had found among Eileen's documents destroyed the last shreds of Tobias' sanity. A picture with the true looks of his son, files, which contains information about Severus' health, abilities and the medical files, which confirmed the young handsome boy is a submissive male bearer.

The files explained the backgrounds and the accolades, which was once standard for the families, who had one of them in their ranks. The picture of his son's true looks enraged Tobias, so that he wrecked their bedroom, the kitchen and even the living room, before calming down.

But nothing had enraged him more as the little note written by Eileen's hand.

Muggles can be so gullible. My little Severus is a submissive male bearer, anyone in the Magical world would pay a little fortune for getting his hand in marriage. The Malfoy family had already declared to take Severus in for the school holidays should I wished it.

Of course, this would help my plans immensely. Tobias will never know how Severus would have looked without his pendant. Should I play my cards right, then even Lord Slytherin will not be able to resist Severus' charms.

I had consider to ask Tobias' boss if he wanted to buy the little nuisance. Some people are willing to pay a higher prize for virgins. It was good to lace his drinks with the potion that would kill all fatherly affection for Severus. I couldn't need a strong protector for the brat, who would even stand in the way of his destiny.

Maybe I should have used the other one, which made him want to violate Severus. There exists one, which made muggles horny and only able to think with their cocks.

Anytime the brat tried to breaks away from me, did I threaten him that soon enough his Daddy would made him sing to a new tune and he would be giving him riding lessons.

I have done it, I have found a potion, that would ensure that no matter how many muggles bed Severus, he would still be staying unattached to them. While his fear from them would increasing steadily.

Should I die, then the potion will be activated and my beloved husband will thrust his dick into Severus' tight heat. It is Severus' fault, why did he have to befriend a mudblood?

I can feel how I'll be getting weaker, soon my revenge against my family and my innocent child will be complete. Can you already feel the heat, Tobias? You will force Severus to accept your dominance or losing your mind. No great loss after all!

See you in hell, husband!

Eileen V. Snape née Prince

Tobias fell on the ground, as if he gotten hit by a bolt out of the blue. The potion worked his way through his bloodstream and destroyed the last shreds of decency in his body and his mind.

Only one thought was clearly visible in his brain. "Take the brat, ram your cock into his tight arse and then sell him to other men for a bit of cash. Never letting him return to this posh school again. School is over, sonny!"

Tobias looked up as he heard the door closing and soft footsteps sounding through the house. Severus had decided to go back home, as he wanted to ensure that his father would be alright.

“Da, are you home?”, called the teenager.

It was silent, much too silent for their little home, should his Da be totally drunk, you would hear his snoring, but there was nothing to hear, only silence.

Without shoes snuck Tobias the stairs down, lurking in the shadows, until Severus turned his head to the door, as he went to the kitchen and slammed his son into the wall.

Dizzy looked Severus up, blood running down his face from a cut at his forehead.

“Missed me, Sevvv?”, asked Tobias a predatory look in his eyes.

“Da, what happened?”, began Severus.

Tobias grabbed the teenager and slammed him into the wall, using his stronger body to pinned him against it, and kissed him brutally, enjoying the fear in Severus’ eyes.

“Teaching you a lesson, my boy. Since your mother isn’t here any longer, you will take her place in my bed, Sevvv.”, smirked Tobias. “You won’t return to your posh school any longer, but no need to worry, I will ensure that you’ll be getting a top education, as you will earn your share of money, lying on your back or kneeling on the ground.”, laughed Tobias.

“No, y-you c-ca-can’t do this, Da!””, stammered Severus. Tobias didn’t listen and ripped the clothes apart, which Severus wore on this fateful day.

“Don’t worry, son. It is for your own good. You will beg me soon for it. Not another word, or I’ll take you dry.”, warned him Tobias as he started to fondle his terrified son.

“I’ll give you a choice, as a late x-mas gift – floor or wall, Severus – choose.”, ordered Tobias coldly.

“Neither, please Da. Don’t do it.”, pleaded Severus.

“Wall it is. This is for your own good, Severus. Or do you wish that a stranger take it, who isn’t so merciful as I am?”, asked Tobias rhetorically as he turned Severus around and used his body to pinned the smaller teenager to the wall. Spitting on his hand and jerking himself off, until his cock spilled his first load on Severus naked back.

“Beautiful, soon you will forget your former life, son. And be glad to suck on a tool such as mine or to take it up your arse.”, said Tobias as he positioned himself behind his trembling son, his cock already ready for the next round.

Rescued by a goddess

Chapter Summary

Severus has been rescued, however it is not his lover who saved him, but a Greek Goddess who comes to his aid. Voldemort had been stopped by 3 Greek meddlers. He gets a new mission, should he succeed, then he will get his lover back into his arms, should he fail the magical world is doomed. After bringing Tobias back to his estate, Voldemort is reminded of two portraits, which hung in his Italian Villa. Could there be a secret hidden in Tobias' past?

Chapter Notes

The Twist in this chapter had been inspired by The Black-Prince Rises written by Logos_Faber

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/5657350/chapters/13030498>

It is one of my favourite stories ;3

Rescued by a goddess

Severus closed his eyes, biting on his lip. This was it, he couldn't do anything to stop his father from violating him in a way that would leave not only physical, but also mental scars. Why did he deserve this? Was he such a bad person, that fate saw it fit to punish him?

In his mind he screams for Voldemort to come and save him, even if he didn't believe any longer, that the dark wizard would appear on time. And Voldemort heard him. A quick nod to Abraxas and the Dark Lord stormed outside, ready to apparate directly to Severus as something or someone stopped him cold.

An eerie laughter filled his mind. As a voice whispered mockingly in his ear:

“Did you really think that it would be so simple, Voldie? No, we will not let you save your young lover. Someone from the Ores Clan will have the honour. But no need to worry, we will gift him the memory, how you have tried to go to him in time, before we stopped you. If you love him so much, you will have to prove it to us. Or you will lose him for eternity, Voldie!”

“What do you want? Tell me?”, asked Voldemort angrily. He felt Severus’ fear. No, he had made a promise not to leave him alone. He had never broken his word before. This was after all one of the reasons for returning to the past, so that Severus would have a better, happier life.

“Conquer these isles within 12 months, and give back your part of the hollows, as well as kill a certain meddling old coot for us. Do this all, and we will let you be re-united with young Severus. We would even give you our blessing.”, replied one of the Moirai as they stepped as one out of the mist.



“Fail and we will ensure that you will never again see your young lover again. Such a pity, you would have made such a perfect couple.”, laughed Atropos.

“We’re not heartless”, added Lachesis,” you will get a last glimpse on your young lover, as he will be taken away by a member of the Ores clan. Ah, we should tell you, that Eileen Prince had begun her revenge on the Magical World and her family. You will find her letter, in which she confessed her dastardly plans upstairs in their house. She had drugged her muggle husband for years to ensure that he will become insane and then be so randy, that he will even try to rape young Severus.”

“You will still give her a worthy burial, she wasn’t completely sane after marrying her muggle beau, and the Princes were always known for being quite extreme in their actions. Your task will be to find a cure for Tobias, which will not kill him and enable him a life free from the bounds of magic.”, said Clotho.

“One last warning, the fate of the magical world had been bound to your young lover. Should he die or be killed, than all magic will suffer his fate. No need to stress out, don’t you agree.”, smirked Atropos.

“Be a good dark lord, and we will ensure that you can take the lad back to your estate on the 1st March 1975 – at a time, where he would be completely under your control. Following you willingly wouldn’t that be like one of your wet dreams coming true?”, smirked Atropos.

“Watch, sonny. The cavalry is coming.”, cackled Lachesis.

A strong invisible force separated father and son, and rendered Tobias unconscious. Suddenly a woman appeared in the room, she saw Severus, and stood frozen for a few seconds, before a finger snip ensured that Severus had been clothed in a black outfit that had been worn in medieval times by Knights of the British Crown.



Nemesis hoisted him carefully in his arms and wanted to disappear with the young boy to her father's British estate as Lord Voldemort appeared out of the blue in the destroyed room.

"Please, do not take him away from me. He is my fiancé and because of those damned Moirai I couldn't be here on time.", began the dark wizard.

He bowed down modestly, while his gloved hands carded through Severus' silky hair.

"We will see, mortal. My father would wish to see him, should you wish to see him again, then you'll have to face the murderous test of my family.", replied Nemesis

"A kiss, please Mylady?", asked Voldemort timidly.

Nemesis granted his wish silently and after pressing a soft kiss on the lips of his unconscious lover, Voldemort stood up and looked at the fallen body of Tobias Snape.

“I have gotten information that Eileen had used potions and possible even dark curses on her husband. Would there be a way, that we could heal him, Mylady?”, inquired the Dark Lord.

“I will send someone to this house later, but I can’t say it yet. Depending how long the potions or other compulsions were already active, it is a gamble especially regarding his blood status.”, answered Nemesis.

“I’ll keep it in mind, Mylady. When can I meet him again?”, inquired Voldemort.

“You want to gain your rightful Lordships?”, asked Nemesis.

“Yes, Mylady. It is the best way to protect our interests. I would also like to inquire for Severus’ benefits, if he had a chance to be accepted as Heir of the Ancient and Noble House of Prince.”, answered Voldemort.

“There is something strange with this family. I feel to be drawn to him, but first he had to be cured from these bad influences before anything else can happen.”, admitted Nemesis. “Prove yourself to be worthy of being his partner, and you will win my Father’s clan – the Clan of Erebus Ores – as your allies. Fail, and we will made your life a living nightmare in hell for the rest of your pathetic life. My father will wants to adopt the young man, he resembles quite uncannily my late half-brother.”

“I will keep it in mind, Mylady.”, replied Voldemort bowing deeply. He looked longingly at his unconscious fiancé, before hoisting Tobias’ body into his arms, and apparated away to his estate in Northern England.

Voldemort brought the unconscious man to the infirmary, which were in the east wing of his estate. After laying Tobias on the bed he called his personal healer and gave him instructions how to treat the muggle to the best of his abilities. He should be put in a healing sleep, while a deep scan will be used to see, what had be done to him.

On the questioning looks of the healer, replied Voldemort shortly:

“He is my future father-in-law, treat him well. We have to find a way to heal those damages. Is Abraxas already back from his mission?”

“Yes, Sire. The body of Eileen Prince had been placed in the chapel with the necessary spells for keeping it unspoiled and in stasis. Anything else, Sir?”, wanted the healer to know, before looking back to his new patient.

“Indeed. I want you to produce a full genealogy of our guest. There are some aspects that do not adding up quite well.”, mused Voldemort before he left the infirmary. He had secretly used the paternity charm on his unconcious guest/prisoner and had been gobsmacked, even when he didn’t show it outwardly. The names of the parents were listed as ***Edmond Dantes/Haydée Dantes – Eliot Snape/Beverly Snape*** – something was really odd. A second non-verbal spell showed a bound magical core and a compulsion to hate magic and be abusive to any magical being, that was currently weaker as Tobias. While another compulsion urged him to encourage submissive behaviour in his only child. Yes, something didn’t add up, and that irked the Dark Lord very much.

He couldn’t be sure, but Tobias Snape had reminded him of a set of portraits he had found in an Italian villa in his early 20s – which showed the infamous Count of Monte Christo – Edmond Dantes and his wife Haydée a few months after their marriage. The Dark Lord had bought the Villa, quite cheap to his surprise, but according to the real estate agent, the family had faced the unexpected loss of their firstborn son during the summer of 1910 - the child had been abducted by old enemies of the family and the Count and his wife had been poisoned by said enemies during the Yule Ball 1910 – a true tragedy.



Nobody could say what happened to their son, whose name was lost in history, but his parents, who had both been magical had cleverly secured their wealth and ensured that only a member of their bloodline would be able to claim it.

Edmond Dantes had pledged his family to the service of the Goddess Nemesis, and vowed to become one of her avengers, as would it be the obligation for any child of his bloodline.

Had someone taken the child and brought it to a different time? This mystery had fascinated the young Tom Riddle, because for him Edmond Dantes was a hero. He succeeded on his own, after spending over 15 years in prison. Found a huge treasure and helpful allies, as he planned and executed his revenge.

Saving Ali Pasha's daughter Haydée and fall in love with the young brilliant woman helped to sooth his heart. Together they had been a true force to be reckoned with, cunning, lethal and beautiful - the perfect Slytherin couple. This would have been the sort of people, who Voldemort could have consider to be worthy to be his parents. Both had been magical – Haydée had even been a pureblood, while Edmond Dantes had been a half-blood.

Tom went to the apparition point, it was time for his appointment at the bank. This meeting was one of the most important of his life. Only if he could convince the Goblins, that he was the best choice for the Slytherin Lordship, would they allow him to stake his claim on the title.

Testing for the Slytherin Lordship

Chapter Summary

Voldemort faced one of his biggest challenges in his life - the test for the Slytherin Lordship - will he pass - or will he fail and lose Severus forever? And who is the mysterious man, who wants to talk with him after the test, and lurking in the shadows as the young Lord met his account manager?

Chapter Notes

<https://i.pinimg.com/564x/15/6e/1c/156e1c71f91640bede194fd369a66e07.jpg> (Thanatos Ores aka Death) - Picture 1

https://i.etsystatic.com/16507927/r/il/2ae53d/2793773266/il_1140xN.2793773266_mf1p.jpg - Picture 2

https://cdn.notonthehighstreet.com/fs/8f/88/a5b5-8ca2-4ee3-87c7-220d7c072826/original_men-s-personalised-script-reverse-denim-sleep-mask.jpg - Picture 3

<https://www.ancient-symbols.com/images/symbol-directory/gordian-knot-dragon-silver.jpg> - Picture 4

Testing for the Slytherin Lordship

At 12.00 o' clock Tom Marvolo Slytherin entered Gringotts in Diagon Alley. He had asked for a meeting with Ironclaw regarding his right on the Slytherin Lordship and had been told to come at noon to the bank.

Before he went to Gringotts he had retrieved the Gaunt-Peverell-ring from the Shack in Little Hangleton, and cleared it from all curses. He knew that he had to prove his worthiness for certain titles, but Voldemort had to admit, it would be a genius stroke, should he be able to claim the Peverell Lordship on top of Slytherin, too. Especially as this would meant, that the Potters would lose the majority of their wealth, and could only keep a small amount of the original vaults for themselves.

They were allowed to keep the family vault with the priceless heirlooms, the trust vault for their heir – ***James Charlus Potter*** – the dowry vaults of Euphemia and Dorea, and of course the personal vaults of Charlus and Fleamont Potter. The rest of the vaults – 12 vaults in total would be annihilated into the Peverell vaults, all vault keys, who were in rotation would be automatically destroyed and anyone, who tried to use one of the vaults without the explicit permission of the new owner would be tried for theft and be forced to pay the taken sum back to the last knut, if they do not want to face Goblin justice.

An added bonus, this would hurt the old coot immensely. Therefore, Voldemort didn't have any problems at all to give up a priceless artefact, if the true prize would be having Severus back at his side for the rest of eternity. A lover, who would love him so devotedly, that he wouldn't ever consider leaving him again.

He knew that he had made a right mess out of their relationship in the original timeline, this was one of the reasons, that had cost him Severus' love in the other timeline. But now he was wiser and he knew what he wanted to do in his life. Although, he smirked triumphantly, those 3 Moirai had given him green light to kill not only Lily Evans and Albus Dumbledore, but anyone else on the light side, who could endanger his young vulnerable lover.

Thanatos aka LORD DEATH had been called earlier to the bank, he had been pleasantly surprised that one of the holder of his hallows would be willing to give it back. To made it even more interesting, this was the current Dark Lord, who had once being so lost within his madness and into the blackest and evillest of magick, that he even begun creating horcruxes.



However thanks to the use of an arcane ritual all horcruxes had been destroyed, the Dark Lord regained his sanity. And if you could believe the rumours, then he had used the ritual to return to a time, where it would be possible to win his wayward young lover back. A young man, who had once been the sole focus of the Dark Lord. For whom he was willing to destroy the world, just to see him smile at him.

That he had even been able to get rid of the compulsion and the hidden madness, which had been caused by Dumbledore, showed that destiny had chosen her champion wisely. Should all went well, than it shouldn't be any hardship to allow him a future with his young virile lover, but support him in his quest of getting rid of a meddling old coot, who had almost managed it to destroy magick and to let them all be discovered by muggles.

Thanatos wanted to talk with the young man, learning his reasons for shying back from his self-destructing path and should it be possible giving him guidance for better decisions.

“Please take a seat, Lord Peverell.”, smirked Ironclaw, who had already Thanatos well hidden in his office.

“Excuse me, I'd have no right to this title, yet. As I do not have to face the necessary challenges to prove my worthiness.”, replied Voldemort baffled.

“In that point, you have erred, Lord Peverell. The Peverell Lordship is bound to the bloodlines of the 3 legendary Peverell-brothers: Cadmus, Antioch and Ignottus Peverell, but the stipulation is completely different as it is the case by the other ancient bloodlines. Let me explain it to you, Lord Peverell.”, began Ironclaw amused.

“I would appreciate it, Ironclaw. Please continue.”, said Voldemort politely as he leaned back in his chair.

“As you may have learned in History of Magic or through the fairy tales by Beedle the Bard, the 3 brothers had been ingenious enough to tricked Death and got rewarded with the death stick – a legendary wand, the resurrection stone and Death's own cloak, which would made his wearer invisible even to Death himself. The eldest brother got murdered in his sleep, the wand stolen and thereby the cause of a very bloody history until the days of Grindelwald himself. The second brother left his heirs the resurrection stone, the stone that had been a part of your family ring, as one of Cadmus' children married a Gaunt. The youngest brother, who

had won Death's cloak was married and one of his daughters married a member of the Potter Family. Contrary to the usual inheritance rule, the cloak was only handed over to the youngest child, in honour of Ignotus, who had been the youngest of the 3 brothers.", explained Ironclaw.

"I hadn't known that I was related to those 3 infamous legendary brothers, Ironclaw. Unfortunately due to my own origins, I hadn't had many chances to learn much about my family history. Without the help of two of my best friends during my Hogwarts' years, I wouldn't even had ever consider it to claim the Slytherin Lordship. Myrtle's death was a tragic accident, and yes I did frame Hagrid for it for personal reasons. He didn't seem to care about endangering anyone of use to his pets. And Headmaster Dippet had already put him on probation, as Myrtle encounter the Basilisk."

"It was my fault, normally I had warded the bathroom, but this time I had forgotten it as I talked with the Basilisk by the sink in the back of the room. There had been rumours that, if no culprit could be found they would closed the school forever. I would have been homeless and without the access to a vault, I wouldn't stand a chance. Add to this that the great war still happened and bombs had been dropped on London. We would have been killed instantly. As I had encountered the Basilisk and he recognised me as heir of Slytherin, did I wanted to test his powers. She had explained to me, that she could use a weaker form of her glare, with the help of special lids over her eye, and she would only petrify people. Together we chose some m-muggleborns, who had bullied firsties from Slytherin House and escaped their justified punishments because of Dumbledore. But after learning that he had a pet Acromantula, I couldn't keep silent any longer. Hagrid may be a good soul, but he isn't able to understand the difference between himself and other weaker humans. Nor did he understand the danger of his pets, should they encounter anyone else. He had to go, and this was the only way, but I had send with the help of my friends a message to Newt Scamander, who agreed to take Hagrid in as his new apprentice.", answered Voldemort sincerely.

"However, as a young man had won my heart, and I hope to court him successfully, I had vowed to do **anything** in my power to grant him happiness at my side. For Severus Snape did I now return to this time, but I have sacrificed my old plans, which would have only cost me my sanity, and my partner in the end.", added Lord Voldemort after a short pause.

"In other words, you have learned from past mistakes, Lord Peverell.", remarked Ironclaw amused.

"Indeed. I would do anything in my powers to win my young lover and to ensure that he will never be leaving me. Without him my life would be useless.", proclaimed Voldemort

enthusiastically.

“Let me tell you about your test, Lord Peverell. It is called Snake pit, we will bound your magic with special cuffs behind your back and a blindfold, the only gift which will not be bound is your Parselmouth gift, as you will need this to pass your test. It will be dark and filled with snakes of every kind, we even have some very rare species in it. You have to pass the room, while asking the snakes to let you pass, without being able to see them nor being able to use anything to keep you from falling. Should you manage to reach the other door, you will be asked a riddle, which you will have to solve. Only then will you be allowed to leave the room again. Now, are you up to the challenge, Lord Peverell?”, asked Ironclaw.

Thanatos, still hidden in the shadows, leaned forward, he was interested to hear Voldemort’s decision.

“I am willing to face this test, Ironclaw. However should I fail and die, then I have willed the contents of my vault to *Severus Snape*, this is true for all my estates as well. He should have full rights to them after reaching his majority.”, replied Voldemort as he placed his wand on the desk and stood up, waiting to be cuffed and blindfolded.

“So be it, Lord Peverell. Should you pass it, then one of the tellers will bring you back to this office, as one of our oldest clients wanted to speak with you personally.”, remarked Ironclaw ominous.

As ordered, laid Voldemort his wand in a special casket, that had been brought to Ironclaw’s desk and was secured by the own magical signature of the Goblin. He showed the young Lord the items, which would be needed for the test itself, before Voldemort calmed himself down and handed his wand over to the older Goblin. Afterwards he stood up and laid his hand behind his back, as he waited on the next part of his test. Now there was no turning back, he would either pass the test or fail. Something he didn’t even want to think about it.

With quick motions, did Ironclaw cuffed the young Dark Lord, he affixed the blindfold over the dark eyes, before leading the blind and magically bound man to the door for his test. Because of Thanatos’ presence, not even the unguarded look of a Basilisk would kill or petrify the Goblin, even when they housed one of the eldest Basilisks in the whole magical world. Once hatched by Salazar Slytherin and handed over as a sign of his alliance with the Goblin Nation. The other Basilisk kept Slytherin well hidden at school, it should have been the last defense, should once again witch hunter try to exterminate all Magical Beings.



The many rumours about Salazar Slytherin were wrong, he may not like muggleborns overly much, he was a child of his area, lost many members of his family to the witch hunts, and

even more of his most promising students, which was the reason, why he wanted to keep muggleborns and purebloods separated. They weren't on the same literacy level and it wasn't fair to demand that the more experienced students have to be held back over and over, just because muggleborns aren't able to read and write.

Unfortunately the other 3 founders didn't care for his reasoning, and as he left the school to look for the unexplained absence of one of his brightest students – a muggle-raised orphan, he found only a dead stabbed body, in his rage he killed the whole village, except the few squibs who had found sanctuary in its walls and buried the 12-year old boy under a Birch tree – the favourite plant of his late apprentice.

Salazar retired far away from Scotland, bitter from his own experiences, did he craft plans, to finally separate both worlds and creating an oath for all magical beings, which had to be sworn as soon as they reach their majority. It should force them to pick one of those two worlds, and after making a decision, it was irrefutable.

Voldemort had been led in the snake pit, it was time for his lordship test. Alone in the dark with dozens of snakes of every kind, without his magic had he prove his worthiness for the Slytherin Lordship. The Dark Lord breathed slowly in and out. He recalled once more, why he was willing to undergo this test. He wanted to prove his worthiness for being Slytherin's heir. But that wasn't all of it, no should he be able to pass, then he wouldn't even get one of the most important Lordships of Magical Britain, but it enables him to secure a better future for his beloved young lover Severus Snape.

Hopefully, the strange lady, who had taken him away from his home, would allow any contact between Voldemort and Severus. He had been returned to the past for getting a new chance with his beloved. And he was willing to do anything to made his dream come true.

He was honest with himself, as soon as possible he would take Severus from Hogwarts, the school wasn't safe enough for Severus. Dumbledore would ignore anything his golden Gryffindors do, and Lily Evans was another factor, which made this school undesirable in Voldemort's eyes.

Instead, he would kept Severus on one of his estates, with the best tutors, money could buy, after they had proven that they're worthy of their titles and masteries. He wouldn't let anyone near his little prince. With the correct tutors, Severus could graduate much earlier. And then focus on his plans for his future. Yes, Severus would be an excellent Potions Master, and with

Voldemort's support, he would even be able to gain his Potions Mastery much earlier as in the original timeline.

Tobias Snape – Severus' father, he would need to heal him, something wasn't right with him. Could he be magical, his similarity to Edmond Dantes and his wife Haydée was strikingly. Hopefully this test allow him to find a cure for the man. Voldemort was only glad, that the man in his intoxicated state didn't manage to rape Severus. The strange woman had rescued him in the last moment.

The young Lord hadn't even taken more than two steps his hissing stopped him. One hoarse hissing, reminded him of the Basilisk in Hogwarts. He had missed the old female basilisk, he had liked to talk with her. She had him treated like a young hatchling, and they didn't meant any harm. The muggleborns who had been found petrified had all been paid well for their participation in this little ruse. 10 Galleons for getting petrified and taking a potion, which would prevent anyone from stealing their memory for this incident.

Unfortunately Myrtle Warren had him surprised in the bathroom. Normally Tom had checked the bathroom and laid a ward, so that nobody would enter the bathroom for the next 30 minutes as he held his little chat with the Basilisk. He couldn't even say more than 30 years later, why he had forgotten it on that fateful day, but it was too late for crying about the unfairness of life. He could only try to not repeat such graves mistakes ever again.

Severus was his chance for a better future, and he wouldn't let this shy, precious boy slipping away from his grasp. Not even if that meant to hid him from the world, and then manipulate – er, convince him that Voldemort knows it best.

Slowly, very slowly crossed Voldemort the huge room, none of the snakes was willing to let him pass easily. He needed patience, staying polite and do not lose his temper, if they made fun of him, for stumbling around in the dark, completely helpless. Until he had to face the basilisk, who smelled his sibling on Voldemort's scent.

Therefore the dark lord had to explain, how he met the other basilisk and what happened at the school during his school days. He even had to tell him about his future mate, as the basilisk realised the unknown scent on Voldemort's robes.

"Is he your mate, young hatchling?", hissed the basilisk as he coiled around Voldemort, to keep him from walking further.

“Yes, I know that he is my destined mate, but he is still young, not even 15 summers old. I want to keep him safe and give him anything he ever wished to have.”, hissed Voldemort back.

“I want to meet him, bring him to us, the next time you come to this location.”, ordered the basilisk.

“That’s too dangerous, I do not think that he shared our gift. I won’t endanger my Severus.”, refused Tom angrily.

“Silly hatchling, we basilisks have certain protections – a special lid for our eyes, to prevent unwanted deaths or petrification. Bring the boy to us, so that we could bless your future consort.”, chuckled the ancient Basilisk.

“Give me your word, that you won’t harm him. Severus means everything to me.”, begged Tom.

“On my honour as Salazar’s guardian, your mate will not come to harm in our midst.”, declared the ancient basilisk solemnly.

“I will bring my little prince to you, as soon as possible. Thank you for this kind offer.”, replied Voldemort and bowed deeply in front of the ancient snake, who let him free of his coils.

After reaching the door, that would lead outside a hoarse voice whispered threateningly:

“Puny Mortal, are you willing to listen to our riddle, or will you waste your last breath in this sacred halls?”

“I’m ready, please give me your riddle.”, answered Tom politely, as he braced himself. This was it, he couldn’t – no he wouldn’t fail. This was the first step to secure Severus as his

future life-partner. He would pass the test and then keep his little prince safe.

“What am I?

I’m ancient and can be found in different cultures around the globe.

Angering me, is a certain way to die!

Many people have I taken their last hope.

It is said that I’m able to bite myself out of spite,

Powerful emotions can I ignite.

Many secrets have I hide in my long life.

And often I was the reason for strife.

I’m a symbol.

Are you able to discover me nimble?”

Tom hesitated, he felt that he knew the answer, it had to do something with snakes, yes – it could only be this. He prayed silently that he hadn’t gotten it wrong and stated confidently:

"You’re Ouroboros, the snake, who is known as symbol for eternity and for biting its own tail. You can be found all around the globe, be it Egypt, Greek or even Southern America."

“Correct, young Master.”, hissed the disembodied voice, and only a few seconds later felt Tom a cool metallic chain around his neck as the door swung open to let him pass.



“Farewell, Lord Slytherin. May your enemies tremble in front of your greatness.”, hissed the disembodied voice, as Tom stumbled into the light.

He had done it, from now on he would be known as Marvolo Thomaso Slytherin-Peverell – Lord of the Ancient and Noble House of Slytherin – and of the Ancient and Noble House of Peverell. It would be his goal, that Severus’ grandfather Lord Augustus Prince will accept Severus as his heir, so that Severus had the chance to add Prince to his legal names, but in the end the decision lay with the stubborn head of the Ancient and Noble House of Prince.

He needed something to eat and to drink, before facing his next challenges. Hopefully this amulet would help to cure Tobias Snape and maybe it would be able to remove all blocks from his body. Should this work, then Tom could use it as another courting gift for his beloved. Ah, how he yearned for another kiss of those innocent lips. His little prince blushed so prettily, and nobody had the right to see him like this, besides Lord Voldemort. Severus belonged to him – and anyone who tried to take him away will pay for this audacity with his life.

Meeting Thanatos – becoming a member of the Ores' clan

Chapter Summary

Tom and Thanatos(Death) meets officially at Gringotts. At the same time Nemesis brought Severus to her family home. How will the rest of the family react on the teenager? And will Severus be able to understand the changes of the last 24 hours?

Chapter Notes

Okay, okay... this had taken a few months longer as I had it originally planned... writer's block is really annoying most of the times... ;/

Still, I'm looking forward to your comments, and I do hope you enjoy the pictures of Severus' adoptive family... XD

Picture 1: Phobetor Ores -

<https://i.pinimg.com/236x/13/17/cc/1317cc7aa3e1064fbe5b1bce1dfe0f1b--oded-fehr-the-mummy.jpg>

Picture 2: Eris Ores -

https://vignette.wikia.nocookie.net/charmed/images/9/90/Evil_Phoebe.jpg/revision/latest?cb=20130323151858

Picture 3: Nyx Ores -

<https://i.pinimg.com/originals/61/17/15/611715ab0d42b25dfed32f17933b2832.jpg>

Picture 4: Erebus Ores -

https://vignette.wikia.nocookie.net/dracula/images/f/fc/Christopher_Lee.jpg/revision/latest?cb=20121130015716

Picture 5: Thanatos Ores -

<https://i.pinimg.com/564x/15/6e/1c/156e1c71f91640bede194fd369a66e07.jpg>

Picture 6: Nemesis Ores -

<https://irlandairlanda.files.wordpress.com/2014/06/nemesis.jpg>

Meeting Thanatos – becoming a member of the Ores' clan

Tom had been led back Ironclaw's office and freed from cuffs and blindfold, before he was able to hold his wand once more in his hands. Refreshments were offered and he had been inquired about his experiences during the test. Answering politely while still wondering, what would happen next, Tom had been surprised to hear the suggestion he should tell Ironclaw more about Severus Snape.

Since first meeting a Gringotts Goblin Tom knew not to get on their bad side, but Severus belonged to him. Reluctantly did he share the barest of facts with Ironclaw, still not knowing that a third party observed them from the shadows.

Asked about his interest in the teenager, Voldemort had openly admitted he had been smitten after seeing Severus the first time in Yule 1972 in the Malfoy Library. Lucius and Severus had been in the room, where Lucius gave the younger boy etiquette lessons. After hearing his name and the name of his mother the Slytherin heir had ordered his elves to look for an old marriage contract between the House of Prince and the House of Slytherin. Originally it had been between the House of Black and the House of Prince – a marriage contract for Marius Black and Eileen Prince.

“And why did you have it, Lord Peverell?”, asked Ironclaw. He had been instructed by Thanatos to inquire certain information.

“I had once saved Marius Black's life as we were part of a classical fox hunt in the Summer of 1955. I had been invited by Orion and Cygnus Black to the hunt. We were on our own far away from the group hunting a red fox as Marius' horse shied back, bitten by an adder, he threatened to fall and as we had been much too close to an abyss he would have broken his neck. Luckily I was able to grab his reigns and led his horse away from the danger.”

“Honour demanded a recompensation and Marius had only been diagnosed as a squib after surviving dragon pox in the same month. This was his last chance to be with his cousins, as Walburga and Druella demanding him to cut all contacts to them for losing his magic. Lord Arcturus had been ashamed that one of his own would lose his magical powers as the result of an epidemic sickness, nevertheless he had arranged that Marius would be tutored in muggle subjects and gets an appanage to live comfortably for the rest of his life.”

“Eileen had disappeared on the day of their bonding, but it didn't take long that rumour starts to fly — especially on the newly ordered family tapestry which showed both families Prince

and Black, that Eileen had born a magical child. As the law demands it, this child would belong to the shunned party. But none of them had been able to find her, Lord Prince disowned her, but not the newborn boy. And since Marius had long ago set his eyes on another squib-girl that had helped him to adjust to a magic-less life he had no need any longer for the contract and offered it to me as cancellation of the life debt. I accepted it graciously and Magick accepted our trade and changed the names of the parties accordingly. Still we couldn't find hide or hair from her family, not until Severus started Hogwarts and had been sorted into Slytherin.", explained Tom calmly.

"How did you react on seeing the young Master Snape, Lord Peverell?", asked Ironclaw.

"My magic started to sing, I knew at once, that Severus **is the one for me**. The contract was helpful a few years later to establish a relationship between us, and learning about his dismal home life and his daily hardships at Hogwarts, well – I wanted to keep him safe. I respected most of his boundaries, even if I can't condone certain friendships. At the moment, I have refrained from going to the point past no return. I haven't had intercourse with him, yet. A few hand-jobs and oral sex to show him, there is nothing to fear, but nothing more. I wanted to wait, until he is 16 years old and he consented to it. Severus means the world to me and I wouldn't hesitate to destroy it, should he asked for it.", added Voldemort vehemently.

"Anything else, young Master Peverell?", inquired Ironclaw amused.

"Indeed, soon after my first kiss with Severus, I had been able to conjure a corporeal patronus.", smirked Voldemort.

"Interesting, but a **dark wizard** should be unable to conjure *such light charms*, according to a certain old coot.", replied Ironclaw.

"That's a lie, we can have happy memories as well as other people, but we're different and I have no problem with being a dark wizard. But I have a serious problem having my young fiancé in any vicinity to the old coot. It is *too dangerous* for Severus to remain at Hogwarts. The past four years he had been harassed practically daily, his belongings and homework had been destroyed, four Gryffindor bullied him for being a poor half-blood in Slytherin — the son of a blood traitor — and the staff didn't intervene even once for his benefits. No more, I have rather educated him with the best private tutors, that money could buy, as letting him being endangered only a single day more.", growled Voldemort.

“Would you please wait for a moment, I have a customer who wanted to meet you, Lord Slytherin?”, asked Ironclaw as he gestured for Thanatos to take his seat at his side.

Tom looked up and paled drastically. Of course he heard rumours, but that was nothing to see in the flesh – Thanatos Ores – or better known as DEATH, sitting smirkingly at his latest victim.

“Well met, young Lord Slytherin-Peverell. You can count yourself lucky, that you had taken it upon yourself to rectify certain grave mistakes. Otherwise I would have enjoyed hunting you down personally and made you suffer for your folly for millennia. And I can be *extremely* patient.” smirked Thanatos viciously.

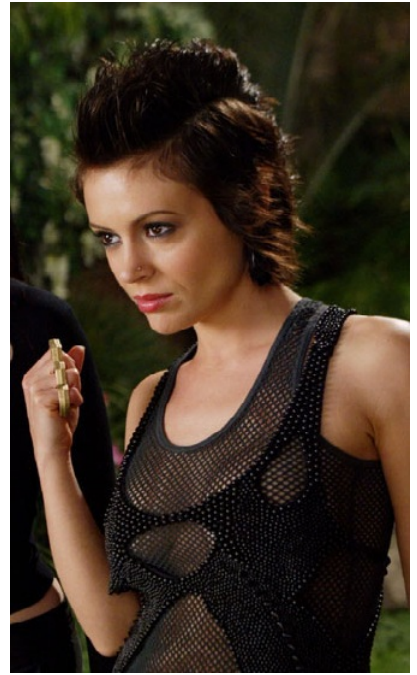
“Does that mean you want to still punish me for my youthful mistakes, my Lord DEATH?”, inquired Tom trembling.

“Depends, the boy you have mentioned in your informative tête-à-tête, could you describe the woman, who took him away?”, wanted Thanatos to know.

“She called herself Nemesis Ores, Sir. Do you know her, Sir?”, replied Tom warily.

“Maybe. Tell me more about it, Tom.”, ordered Thanatos.

Tom obeyed, what else should he do, when being ordered by a deity, who could still crush him like a fly for his past idiocy. He reported everything that happened today, including his gift for Severus. Thanatos listened, encouraged him to tell more and the Dark Lord obeyed without second thought. It was really freeing to speak about this with someone, who had only your best interests in mind.





In the meantime had Nemesis reached her goal – the estate of her father, Erebos Ores, well-hidden in the Lake District. With ease carrying the lithe body of her new ward in the house, the young woman didn't care about anything except ensuring Severus' safety. Should they needed answers or information they could also be gathered at a better time, when her young ward would be awaken once more.

In the comfortable lounge were already waiting her sister Eris, her brother Phobetor and her father Erebos. All of them were stunned to see her carrying a young man into their living area, who had an uncanny resemblance to their late half-brother Liir Ores.

Her mother Nyx Ores still lived on Stormland as one of the most valued member of the High Council. Her parents had separated decades ago, but still kept a friendly and harmonious relationship. They had even together decided to looked for new partners with the blessing of the ex-partner.

Nyx had been offering her support and compassion after the murder of his young wife and the abduction of his youngest son Liir. The teenager had been kept imprisoned and enslaved by a ruthless merchant, who was active as a human trafficker, before deciding to drug Liir with deathly consequences.

Unfortunately for the family, Lilith – an old enemy of the clan had been one of the first at the site and ensured that Liir would be punished mercilessly. With bound magic and abilities and brought after a fake trial to the icy prison in the Antarctica, his fate was sealed. He had succumbed a few weeks ago – on the 9th December 1974 to pneumonia. He had been 14 years old at the time of his death – born on the 9th December 1960 in Vienna/Austria.

Lilith had once set her eyes on the males of the Ores clan, but had been politely rejected by Erebos, Thanatos & Phobos, she wasn't their type of woman. Therefore the infuriated female demon had sworn revenge. Liir's abduction and the death of his mother had been caused by her manipulations

The only reason for her continuing survival had been due to the fact, that Nyx didn't know about Lilith's advances to her ex-partner and to any of her sons. Otherwise she wouldn't not only had learned to fear Nyx, but probably ended up dead. There was a reason, why nobody in his right mind would dare to aggravate Nyx. And Zeus feared the goddess, much to the amusement of her ex-partner and their children.

"Why did you bring a stranger to us, child?", asked Erebos warily.

"I'm not sure, if he is a stranger, father. My magic sung out, as I encountered him for the first time. Somehow we're connected. And I had to rescue him from a muggle. It could be his sire, but I'm not so sure about that. Something was wrong with him, even as he tried to sexually assault the teenager.", explained Nemesis.

She handed the letter over to her father and watched him closely.

Erebos sighed, he shouldn't be surprised about the evilness and depravity. But how much must a mother hate her own child to plot the downfall of husband and child? Not only had she systematically destroyed their relationship, now she has gone even a step farther and developed a potion, that would force the man to attack his own flesh and blood sexually, before selling him to other men for a bit of cash.

A nod to Eris, and she used a scan on the unconscious teenager, gasping loudly, before turning her face to her family. What could be the reason for that? She breathed in and out a few times before sharing the unexpected news.

“He is a male bearer, father. And according to the token around his neck, already being courted by another party. Can we adopt him, you know how corrupt the government is, should they figure it out, it wouldn’t bode well for him, Sir.”, asked Eris.

“Phobetor, any reasons against making him one of us?”, inquired Erebos, he had always allowed his children to speak openly. It had helped them through a few crisis quite well.

“Not at all, Sir. He could be one of us, with that colouring. And we could protect him even better, than any of those mortals. Should we wait on Thanatos and asked him, too?”, replied Phobetor.

“No need for that.”, answered the Thestral patronus of Thanatos, which caused a sneer by his siblings. “Sorry, not sorry for that stunt. I’m still at Gringotts, we have a new Lord Slytherin-Peverell. A worthy candidate, who had not only given back his part of the Hallows, but passed the test for the Slytherin Lordship. It seems that he has a crush on your guest. At least he is very eager to kept him safe no matter the cost. The old coot had tried to use him as reason for another civil war on British soil. Even involved Horcruxes into his latest schemes. Therefore I will stay a bit longer and offering him my guidance.”, informed them Thanatos amused.

“Thanatos, you are needed with us, for an adoption ritual. Eris, summon your mother. Otherwise it wouldn’t be accepted. Phobetor fetch a blood-adoption potion from the lab. We will do it in 2 steps. Firstly to honour our roots, and secondly the wizarding way.”, decided Erebos calmly.

“As you wish, Father. I just need to postpone the meeting and suggest a new date, shouldn’t be too hard. It seems that the Moirai have challenged my young ward should he want to rescue Severus from a bad fate. I’m sure he will hand me a copy of their encounter, so that we can watch it together.”, agreed Thanatos.

He turned around and told them, that he had to cut it short for familial reasons. As a sign of his goodwill Tom should hand over the copy of his encounter with the Moirai. He did it without any hesitation, before returning to his Manor, where he had to arrange the burial for Eileen.

Nyx had been summoned by her daughter and followed promptly, she knew just too well that none of her family would call her without a very good reason. Erebos had in the meantime carefully hoisted Severus into his arms and carried him to the ritual room. Stripping him from his clothes, he laid him on the altar, while Nemesis and Eris started to burning the incense and starting the chant for family and blessings.

A silver light had filled the room, as Phobetor and Thanatos arrived on time. On Erebos' command all of them cut their hands and let 7 drops of their blood fall into the potion, before healing their wounds and handing it over to Erebos, who shook it harshly to mix the content and the blood.

Severus had opened his eyes, not quite sure, where he was, the last he remembered had been his father trying to... no, he refused to relive it again. The teenager gasped, as he realised that he lay naked on a basalt altar and 6 powerful persons surrounded him. He felt the power and the magic electrifying the air in the room.

Before he could even utter any protest all of them touched softly parts of his body, and resting their hands on it. Nyx pressed her right hand against his temple, Erebos touched his cheek. Thanatos and Phobetor touched his arms, while Eris and Nemesis carefully touched his bare legs.

“Trust in me, my boy. We don't want to harm you. You will become one of us, flesh of my flesh, son of my blood and heart. From this day on you will be my child, you will gain a new mother, a new father and siblings, who will be there for you until the end of time. Your battles are our battles. Your joy is our joy, and you will be never again alone and unloved.”, chanted Erebos, while his gaze never left Severus' dark eyes.

“Yes, please. I accept it.”, agreed Severus as if he was in trance – a quick cut on his cheek, and 7 drops of Severus' blood dropped into the potion, once more Erebos mixed it, before handing it over to his wife.

Nyx helped Severus to sit up, before feeding him the potion. The silver light glowed even stronger, before it entered all of them. And slightly Severus' features changed to adapt better to his new family.

Since the ritual used a lot of energy, none of them were surprised as Severus fainted again. A non-verbal spell from Nyx clothed him into a pair of dark silk pyjamas. She would carry him to his new room and guarded his sleep.

From this day on Severus had become a member of the Ores clan and woe them, who dared to harm Severus ever again. A lesson that not only Dumbledore would have to learn, but also a certain group of thugs, commonly known as the Marauders.

James & Lily

Chapter Summary

Time to take a closer look at James Potter & Lily Evans...

Chapter Notes

Warnings: Mention of "Dub-con", "Non-con" - attempted suicide in the *dreams*

Albus Dumbledore, Lily Evans and James Potter are really in need of a mind healer and have to be locked away with their magic bound from anyone else...

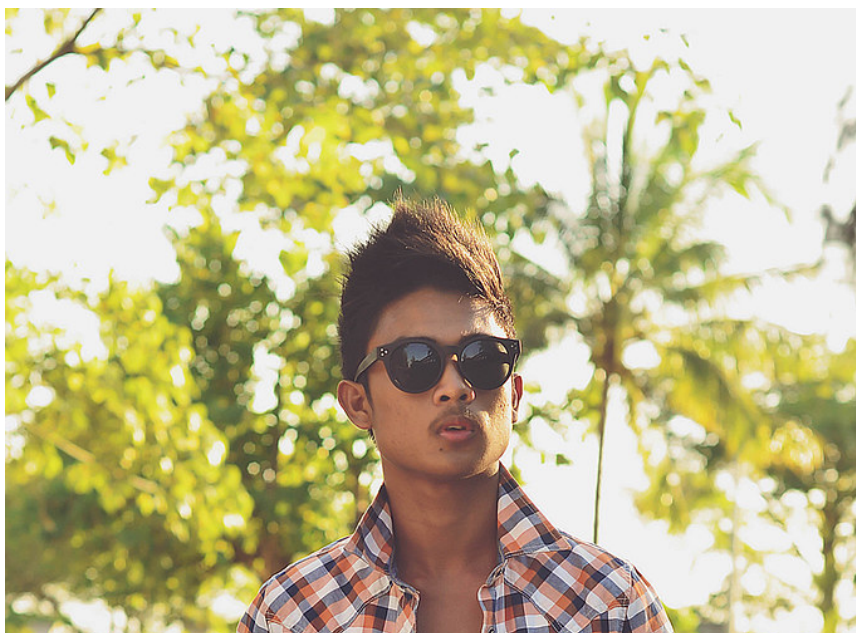
<https://i.pinimg.com/564x/a9/61/92/a96192033caa9df780cc021fda0b4dca.jpg> (Picture 1: Lily Evans)

https://farm9.staticflickr.com/8743/16636008979_ba38a22a3b_b.jpg (Picture 2: James Charlus Potter)

Chapter 6 - James & Lily

James Potter was a spoiled brat and a creepy rich stalker. He didn't think twice before harassing others, and if he wants to own something, than he felt justified to make his dreams come true.

Luckily for James' image, nobody of his peers or his best friends knew his deepest and darkest secrets. It's true James had a crush, or better he was obsessed with another student of his year – but it wasn't Lily Evans as the rest of the school wrongly assumed. No, Potter had the hots for the shy Slytherin Severus Snape.





Unfortunately he won't even allow James to convince him that it would be for the best, if they would unite their families. Therefore James had developed a Plan B – making Severus' life at Hogwarts a living hell, until he submits to anything James wanted to do with him. It was just too bad, that his elusive serpent had proven himself as being extremely stubborn.

James had grudgingly being satisfied with watching Severus' eyes narrowed in anger at another of their cruel pranks. Always imaging how much more fire would be in them, when he finally claimed his little serpent. He would succeed, after all he was a Potter and a Potter gets always, what his heart desires.

Maybe it was time to create a life debt between them. As this would allow James to demand **anything** from Severus. Forcing Severus into a marriage with him, that contained a fidelity clause would really made his day. It doesn't matter if Severus disliked it, he belongs to James, and the Gryffindor would ensure that his desires will be satisfied.

Pursuing Lily served only as a means to an end. As if James would even sully himself with a mudblood. No, he wants Severus and he will have him, no matter the cost. Therefore the sneaky Gryffindor planned to steal Severus' medical file, the next time he would visit his beloved Godfather Albus during the summer holidays.

The Potions company that his late grandfather had founded and nowadays being in the hands of his Uncle Charlus – the twin of his own father – had flourished even more in the care of the former hit wizard. It wasn't unusual for James to fill regularly his pockets with rare potions and ingredients. Charlus had spoiled him even more than his own parents.

Severus lives for Potions, maybe someone should offer him an intership with their company, which had been named after their most important product Sleekeazy. James only need to lure his elusive serpent for a job interview on the premise. Ambushing him from behind, and claiming him, before Severus had a chance to protest against this treatment.

He would not only snog Severus, but also suck him off, and before the Slytherin would have been able to refuse him, using a chant, which he had found in his godfather's hidden books for claiming unwilling partners. Or he could use one of the illegal enslavement potions. The more evil ones would be stay activated until the birth of an heir, and then it would be too late, as the enforced submission to a Master would be permanent. He would enjoy to have Severus at his mercy without any chance of escape, and he was ruthless enough to do *anything* in his powers to make this happen.

The Gryffindor felt himself going hard, just at the thought of having Severus Snape on his knees, while he thrust his own dick again and again in the sinful mouth of his snake. Looking down, he realised, that he had first to take care of this little problem. Sneaking into the shadows behind Flourish and Blotts, James didn't hesitate any longer to free his prick from his trousers and masturbate in public. The thrill of getting caught, made the teenager speeding up, while he moaned the name of his obsession. Imaging Severus kneeling on the rough pavement, eyes blown wide with lust, hands tied behind his back with James tie, as he could only accept James' cock and suck him off, while James fucked the Slytherin's face. "Yeah, that's it, baby. You can do it, Swallow it all, Sevvv. There is still more for you, be a good boy for your Daddy.", groaned James as he exploded with a yell.

He vanished the fresh cum and cleaned his clothes, before once more tucking his soft prick back into his trousers. Soon, he will made this fantasy come true. James didn't doubt it at all. Should it be necessary a short talk with his godfather, and Severus would be forced to share quarters with the brash Gryffindor. Quarters, which would be charmed to only obey James' commands. Wouldn't that be nice? He could practically see it with his inner eye.

Severus lay naked and bound on the big bed in the middle of their shared quarters, trembling in fear, as a highly aroused James strips slowly, never letting his gaze wanders away from his

prey. The quarters were sealed and deep within Gryffindor territory, nobody would be able to disturb them, before the deed was done.

“Scared, Sevvie? Don’t worry, soon you will realise that there is no reason to be scared, pet. Just submitting to me and doing anything I demand of you. I will claim you, shoving my prick down your throat and up your tight arse, while ensuring that nobody can taint you ever again, baby. You will be mine for the rest of our natural lives and if I get my will, then you will be carrying my babies, Sevvie.”, laughed James as he straddled the bound body of the unlucky Slytherin.

He chuckled as he bend down to finally taste his prize. Deeply inhaling Severus’ unique taste, the Gryffindor didn’t wait, before he rubbed their erections together. During the last few years James had enough experiences collected how to arouse anyone – even against their will – within seconds.

“What a shame, that even your own body betrays you and will be bend to my will, Sevvie. Hush, there is no need to cry. After tonight, nobody can take you away from me. The whole world will know that I have claimed you, and the only cock, that ever explored your tight hole, will be mine, Sevvie. I can’t wait until I have you round with my children. Yes, you will be glowing with each new pregnancy and you will give me as many children as I wish to have, baby. Until you have forgotten that a world exists outside our shared quarters.”, smirked James as he generously oiled his hard cock, hoisting Severus’ long legs over his toned shoulders, and thrust with one deep thrust inside the tight heat of his prisoner. This was pure bliss.

Severus screamed, as he lost his virginity to his main tormentor, unfortunately this was just the start of his suffering. James started to chant in an old forgotten dialect to claim Severus as his submissive husband. His smirk grow even bigger as rings and collar appeared on the soiled bed covers. A clear sign that his ritual was a success.

The Slytherin squirmed and tried to escape his destiny, but it was fruitless. James had ensured that he couldn’t escape him. He was much more heavier than the lithe Slytherin and the spells on their chambers ensured that not even magic would be able to aid Severus against his future husband and dominant Master.

Taking the collar, he smirked again, before locking it around Severus’ pale neck. Nobody could remove it, except James. It had not only an obedience spell and compulsions

embedded, but also a tracking charm and an instant portkey should James wished to once more holding his husband in his arms. Any escape as long as Severus would have to wear the collar – no chance at all.

James shook his head, as he returned from his daydream. This would be perfect. Another reason to ensure that his wishes came true. Poor Severus wouldn't know what had hit him. He belonged to James, no matter how strong he protested against it. Oh, he would be so tight and if James gets his wish, then he would be the only one, who ever see the Slytherin coming undone.

He grinned, time to restock his potions, there was one for lucid dreams, only sold in Knockturn alley, but James had never really cared for rules. It would be so worth it. Checking his purse, yes, he still had enough to buy at least 2-3 big bottles full of the stuff – and maybe even time for venturing into one of the numerous sex shops for a few helpful equipment to tame his elusive serpent. He checked his pockets again, as always he had two vault keys with him, the key for his trust fund and a second one, that was linked to a Peverell vault, which he used for the bigger expenses.

Nobody in Knockturn Alley batted an eye about a minor entering a sex shop, why should they? Whether magical or muggle, teenagers tends to experiment during their teenage years. And James had deliberately chosen a sex shop, who even sold potions of any sort to their customers. Be it lube, lucid dreams, lust potions – you got practically anything that allows sexual pleasure.

The sex shop had a new line of lucid dreams potions and offered a secluded back room for testing the potion, an offer that appealed to James. Taking one of the smaller potions vials for testing, he walked very briskly into the back room, that automatically sealed itself off, until James would come out again.

Removing all of his clothes and shoes, the teenager lied naked and already aroused on the red silk bed sheets, the air was filled with incense and lust fumes, while he doused the potion in one go.

James smirked, as he took in the lovely scene displayed in front of him. A playroom in a hidden, exclusive club, and in the middle of the room, blindfolded and chained at his mercy,

his elusive serpent.

“You’re so lovely, baby. Oh, I could take you right here, but let’s warm you up a bit first, don’t you agree, Sevvie?”, whispered he into the ear of his prisoner as he caressed the trembling naked body.

“Don’t deny it! I can make you feel so good, baby. But for that you will have to give up this foolish defiance. You’re already mine – no matter how much you may fight and struggle against it. One word to my godfather, and you would be forced to live with me in a secluded part of the school, until I have tamed you.”

Severus shook his head, but the chains and the blindfold prevented any escape, much to James’ delight. But as he bend down to kiss the Slytherin again, he got hit by a strong stunning hex, and a lucky kick in his groin, before everything got blurry.

James woke up, having once more climaxed during the lucid dream, but his grin was even broader, yes – he would win, even if he should ensure that Severus wouldn’t be able to physically, mentally or even magically attack him, when he tried to successfully claiming the Slytherin. He would succeed, he was a Potter, and now it was time to reward himself with something that would show Magical Britain, how important James Charlus Potter is.

Since such a good idea deserved a reward, he walked whistling to Quality Quidditch Supplies, where he was going to buy the latest Nimbus – the ***Nimbus 1700*** . James would enjoy to made those slimy snakes eats his dust, as he crushed their team during the first match of the year. Maybe on that day, he would even manage to steal Severus away and claiming him, before anyone else would be able to get his paws on his delightful prize.

Too bad that James hadn’t realised that something had changed, but he would be very soon clued in about it. The spoiled Gryffindor would learn a very important lesson – life isn’t fair. Not that he would appreciated it.

Far away in Cokeworth Lily Evans enjoyed a lazy day with her parents. She had known that she was adopted, and that she was related to *the Great Albus Dumbledore*, but she had even been more thrilled, after Uncle Albus had given her a very important mission. Her adoptive

parents had been squibs, who had been personally chosen by Uncle Albus to marry and to keep a close eye on the Snape family.

After she had befriended Severus, her uncle had praised her and bought her a reward, before giving her the next tasks. She should ensure that the shy and quiet boy would become dependant on her. That he had been sorted into Slytherin had been a disappointment, but for unknown reasons the compulsions on the Sorting Hat didn't stuck during Severus' sorting. Even then Lily had managed that Severus tried to stay away from most students, all according with Dumbledore's plans.

Of course, Lily had realised that Severus tried to break her control over him. She had been too vocal in the defense of the Marauders, and even going so far as to leak some of his own crafted spells to them for a laugh. Needless to say her uncle had been displeased and demanded that she make amends.

He hadn't been pleased to learn, that Severus received an invitation from the Malfoys – one of the darkest British families. Malfoy Manor didn't allow Dumbledore easy access and who knows what they could do to prevent Dumbledore's plans to succeed.

Not knowing why her uncle had made such a fuss about it, Lily had been shocked to learn, that Severus was one of the rare male bearer and had to study the old tomes first, before asking why this was so important? She still didn't really understand it, only that the control over one of them would allow her uncle to improve the Magical world even more. That's why it was important that he had to bound with the offspring of a light family, who is dependant on Dumbledore. Otherwise Dumbledore could lose his control over Magical Britain.

Asking why he didn't just use compulsions or potions on Severus, had gotten her severely punished, did she think she was smarter than the great Albus Dumbledore? He needs the boy to stay pure and far away from any dark influence. Compulsions wouldn't help him to reach his goal. Especially when the rumours are true and Lady Magic had protected her favourites with unknown spells, but Dumbledore wouldn't risk his magic for that. Although he hadn't had any problems to use scapegoats for that, but alerting his victim about his plans wouldn't be helpful at all.

No, what he needed, was a contract willingly signed by the young man, ensuring that Albus Dumbledore would have absolute control over him, and then he would make it public, who Severus is, before using the boy to make his vision come true. It's true that male bearers normally only have one mate, but there are spells and potions to take away those memories, and ensuring that many could bed them all for the Greater Good of course.

Dumbledore only needs to find those lost tomes, where the obscure potions had been described, which were needed to control male bearers. He would only have a connection to his brats, but not to those, who had sired them, unfortunately they had become quite rare and without them and the missing books about the rituals to subdue male bearers it was too dangerous to exploit the young boy.

Smirking, he relaxed on his couch, as he downed a liquid dreams potion and waited for the vision to occur. It would help him immensely to plan his next steps.

Looking around, he recognised his office, all portraits had been frozen and there with a delicate silver chain to the wall sat his prize – the young male bearer – not older than 16 years old – and quite terrified, what could happen to him now. Dumbledore smirked, as he stepped closer and caressed the lithe body through the thin school uniform. Enjoying the fear, that his victim couldn't completely suppress.

“There is no reason to fear me, my dear boy. As long as you behave, all will be well. In a few minutes you will be getting 2 different contracts to read, you can even chose which you want to sign, but afterwards it can't be changed ever again.”

“I can't sign any of them. I'm already promised to another.”,replied Severus quietly.

“It doesn't matter, my boy. Contracts can be broken, especially if one of them is an enemy of the realm. And we have checked you very thoroughly, after rescuing you from those dark wizards, my boy. You're still pure, therefore Tom will not win. Do what I say or I would be forced to punish your fellow Slytherins. It would be a pity, if someone left a werewolf into the Slytherin Common room and closed off all exits, don't you agree my dear boy.”, chuckled Dumbledore evilly.

Bowing his head in defeat, the boy shivered even more, but there was nothing he could do. He was doomed either way or his fellow Slytherins would be punished for his own mistakes.

“Swear it, on your life, your magic and your honour, that neither you nor anyone from your minions will lay a hand on a Slytherin ever again, Headmaster. Then I will sign those thrice damned contracts.”, agreed Severus calmly.

“Do you really think, that you can dictate me any conditions, my dear boy?”, chuckled Dumbledore.

“No, but I would rather die than be a part of your insane plans.”, smirked Severus as he bit on a hidden cyanide capsule in his mouth. He didn’t fear death and if this was his end, then so be it.

Dumbledore screamed, but the poison did its job quite effectively. Nobody would be able to abuse or exploit the young male bearer ever again. And his death would doom the magical world, as nothing would be able to tame the fury of his adoptive family. While Dumbledore’s name would be cursed as the cause for this war.

Violently thrown out of his vision, the headmaster cursed. Yes, the little outlook in the future helped him a bit. Should they really managed to get their hands on Severus, then a very thorough body frisk was needed, no escape via a cyanide capsule, even if that shows how far the young Slytherin was willing to go to protect his family and friends.

“You will submit to me, my dear boy, sooner or later, and this time, an escape will be impossible. I will enjoy to take away your last defenses. Before I isolate you, and ensuring that you will agree to any of my plans.”, smirked Dumbledore.

James had entered the Quidditch store and sauntered to the display with the latest broom models, warily watched by the shop owner. Sure, James Potter left a lot of galleons in the shop, but his attitude displeased most business owners. Unfortunately they weren’t able to blacklist, the young Potter heir, yet. Even if they ensured that none of their apprentices had to deal with the overconfident young wizard.

Rita Skeeter had recognised James Potter and changed into her animagusform after performing an eavesdropping and verbatim spell on the duo. She would be able to spy on them and who knows, a juicy story would always sell best.

“How can I help you today, Heir Potter?”, inquired the shop owner.

“Ah, I want the new Nimbus 1700, and a look at your most expensive Quidditch gear, for a friend of mine, who didn’t enjoy the game as much as I do. I want to change it, when we met again.”, chuckled James Potter and brandished one of the keys of the Peverells vaults.

A quick spell gathered the wished goods on the counter, and the whole sale would cost at least **5000 Galleons**, but as he tipped his wand against the key, did it melt into a puddle of gold.

This hadn’t happened before, and for the shop owner it means that he wouldn’t be able to sell anything to James Potter, before the necessary funds will be transferred into another account.

“I’m sorry, should I reserve those items for you, Heir Potter. It seems there are problems with your key.”, asked the older man politely. He had problems to hide his grin about James’ misfortune, but the teenager didn’t realised it at all.

“Why did this happen, I have used the key a few days before without any trouble?”, screamed James. His accidental magic flared up and destroyed 4 top brooms, 2 Quidditch ball sets, and 5 new sets of Quidditch uniforms, before James got it under control. Not caring about anything. “Yes, lay them back, how dare they to do this to me? My father and godfather will hear about it! Good day!”, and run off.

The shopkeeper shook his head in dismay, before calculating the loss. He would send a copy of the damages to his solicitors and to the Potters. They really need to reign their offspring in. He was almost a man, such tantrums where shameful to his family, but since when had the Potters ever cared about setting their demon spawn any sort of boundaries.

Rita flew to Gringotts, transformed back and asked for a few information for her articles, which the Goblins offered in exchange for the memory of James' minor tantrum in the Quidditch store.

"Ms Skeeter, it's quite simple, a key would only liquefy themselves, if the customer had no rights to access the vault any longer. Did you know how much he wanted to spend from the vault?", inquired Sharptooth.

"Yes, 5000 Galleons, does it matter?", asked Rita.

"Not at all, the vault belonged to the Peverell family, but as I have heard, a new Lord Peverell had been chosen, and therefore it's quite possible, that the Potters had lost their rights to access the Peverell vaults for their personal gain any longer.", smirked Sharptooth.

Rita smiled happily, before asking, if she was allowed to write a short report about it. Sharptooth agreed, for a copy of her memory, she was free to write a short article about the latest events.

James was furious, how could he be humiliated like that, he had used this vault before without any trouble, many times in fact. Growling, he called one of the family elves. Since he was too young to apparate, he needed someone, who brought him home. As soon as the elf landed with his young master in front of the manor, did James stop him, and ordered the young elfling to go to Hogwarts and make a copy of Severus' medical file.

Silently nodded the elfling, all elves, who had been bound to serve the Potters had known that they wouldn't listen to them. At least he didn't have to spy on the young Slytherin, as James had used another elf for that, even if the elf wasn't able to enter Malfoy Manor. The Malfoys had quite early with the help of their own elves in 1066 set a ward, that only allowed elves, that are bound to the Malfoys or those they consider family to set a foot within their wards.

Taking a cold shower, before returning still dripping wet to his bed, a towel slung around his toned hips, the teenager cast a drying charm on himself. Thanks to their strong ward, nobody would even bat an eye on any magic, that had been registered on their estate. He carelessly flung the wet towel on the floor, before slipping under the covers, summoning a potion from his nightstand, at times James was too lazy to do anything by hand, he drank it in one go – it

was a potion for pleasant dreams – he vanished the empty vial, and deposited his wand under his pillow.

The potion worked like a dream, James soon slept soundly, while his arms cuddle an invisible lover closer to his chest, never willing to let him go.

A smile was visible on James' face, and why shouldn't he be happy, he had his beloved Slytherin in his arms, and it had been years, until Severus had tried fruitlessly to escape James. Now at age 20, he was even more handsome as during their school days.

James had forbidden his stubborn partner to wear any amulet to conceal his true looks, and as Severus was unable to leave the estate without James, nobody would be able to steal his elusive serpent away.

The Gryffindor could have spend the whole day watching Severus, and his pregnant belly, talking to their unborn child, while increasing his dominance over his reluctant partner. It was good for him, that nobody knew the evilness of James' soul. He had killed without any remorse over the year – Lily Evans, Albus Dumbledore, Tobias Snape,... and nobody knew that it was him, life was good, even better as he had Severus at his side again.

Severus watched the Gryffindor, he hated to be unable to escape the insane Gryffindor, but sadly James wasn't stupid and had covered his bases quite well. Not only had he hidden Severus' wand too well, but found a way to keep Severus permanently imprisoned on the estate. Forcing himself on Severus wasn't even the worst of James' depravities, no that was only the tip of the iceberg. The constant threats against Severus' last few friends and family had wore the Slytherin down.

To be honest Severus had learn to fear it, when James came home covered in blood, as it makes him extremely horny, and then he wouldn't accept any rejection, until he had sated his lust. Especially as he inquired anytime, if Severus loves him. The few times at the start of his imprisonment had seen him punished quite harshly, therefore he wouldn't even try to deny it, instead he would only silently nod without looking his tormentor in the eyes.

“Cuddle with me, Severus.”, ordered James. “Do I really need to repeat myself?”

Severus shook his head, as he slowly rolled over into James' waiting arms. His face a blank mask, but even then both knew, that he disliked his imprisonment.

"Ah, that's perfect, babe. You, me – and in a few months our child. Nothing can destroy this. Don't forget, Sevvv. As long as you behave and do what I say, I won't kill any of the Malfoys – or any of the other Slytherins. Should you be naughty, then they're fair game, kitten.", chuckled James, as he drew the distressed Slytherin closer to his chest.

James woke up with a broad smile on his face, it had really been a pleasant dream, and should Fortuna smiled on him, then he would very soon be claiming his little kitten. Severus will not know what hat hit him, ah, but that was part of the fun.

A light pop and on the cover lay a copy of Severus' medical file, James smirked, breaking the magical seals of Madame Pomfrey and study any entry very thoroughly. This was a goldmine, and very soon it would help him to claim his elusive serpent. Severus would be his, or James wouldn't hesitate to make the Slytherins suffer, until Severus submitted to him.

He will inform his parents, about the problems with the vault key, and knowing them, they would gave him another one, from an even bigger vault, as an excuse for their oversight. Enough gold to order a special collar, that would force Severus under his absolute control.

Securing the medical file in a hidden compartment of his nightstand, that could only be open with James' blood and the correct password, the teenager chuckled loudly. He had laid back on the back, naked, as he masturbated leisurely, while daydreaming, that it wasn't his own hand, that brought him satisfaction, but the adroit hands and the sinful mouth of his little kitten. His cum splashed everywhere – bed, James' stomach, his hand and even the floor near his bed, but James didn't really care about it. He was in an excellent mood, nothing could destroy this for him.

Let's talk about family!

Chapter Summary

Let's talk about family... or what can happen, when an immortal clan takes a liking and adopts a young Slytherin...

Chapter Notes

Warning for violence at the end of the chapter... but it seems some wizards and witches are unable to listen... muahaha

Erebos had carefully carried Severus to his new quarters on their estate. Every family member had their own set of rooms, it doesn't matter if they were here quite often or not, they had the right to call something their own. Magically changing his clothes into nightclothes, he tugged Severus in, before summoning a house elf and instruct it to watch over his youngest son, as Erebos would be gone for a few hours. The elf nodded and used his own magic to ensure that Severus would only have pleasant dreams. The smart sentient creature had also created a temporary spell net, which would deflect any attacks on the dreamscape of his young charge. Nothing should disturb his much needed rest.

Erebos had planned to visit the Prince family, he may have adopted Severus, but that doesn't mean that he had to be cut off from his maternal family totally. While his daughter Eris should gather Severus' file from the Ministry, after shocking those hypocrites, it was overdue to remind them, who holds the true power in their hands.

The Prince family – Mathias, Augustus and Honoria enjoyed a restful evening in their conservatory, as the head elf bowed deeply in front of his Master and announced the entry of Lord Erebos Ores – only decades of experience allowed Augustus to overcome his shock and asked his elf to bring the visitor to them.

“Good evening, gentlemen, my lady. I apologise for the late disruption but needs must.”, smirked Erebos as he accepted a free seat and the offering of a glass of red wine.

“How may we help you, my lord?”, inquired Mathias politely.

“Ah, let’s cut to the chase, shall we? I’m here to inform you, that Eileen had died in a muggle hospital, and that your grandson Severus had been adopted by my clan via the old ways. It seems that you have been mislead, Augustus. Somehow the man your daughter chose to marry is not a mere muggle, but the child of Edmond Dantes – the Count of Monte Christo – and his late wife Haydée. How he ended up in this time or who is responsible for crippling his magic, who can say. However your daughter seems to have gone mad, and enacted a gruesome revenge on husband and child. At the moment he is held in an enchanted sleep under supervision of one of the personal healers of Lord Slytherin-Peverell.”, replied Erebos.

“I do not understand?”, murmured Lord Prince.

“I’m not surprised. Your grandson – my adopted son is a *submissive male bearer* and according to my eldest son had won the favour of the reinstated Lord Slytherin-Peverell. He wishes to court and bond to him according to the old ways. However, that’s not why I’m here today. I need to know if you have cut him off your family or not.”, informed him Erebos calmly.

“How can that be – no half-blood is able to inherit this gene, it’s impossible.”, muttered Mathias perplexed.

“Well, maybe it has to do with the mere fact, that his sire – was never a muggle, but a pureblood. And from a family, that had vowed to enact as enforcer of justice for my daughter Nemesis. Normally the official training would have started as soon as they’re old enough to wield a sword.”, commented Erebos.

“I haven’t disinherited him, the reports I received regularly from Abraxas spoke in his favour and Abraxas had already accepted him as a ward of the House of Malfoy after he started his formal schooling at Hogwarts.”, admitted Lord Prince.

“Be it as it may, but we both know, that Severus wouldn’t be longer safe at Hogwarts should any of our enemies learn about his true nature. Do you accept him as your heir, Augustus?”, asked Lord Ores.

“I do, he is the first of my heirs, Mathias is the second in line. What do you mean, that Hogwarts isn’t safe for him any longer?”, answered Lord Prince.

“The old coot had always an unhealthy fixation on male bearer, should he or one of his goons discover Severus’ secrets, than we’re doomed. I would advise that Severus will either not return to Hogwarts or not going alone. It’s much too risky for this. He needs to recover from neglect and abuse, before we can gouge his academical level. Maybe it’s even possible for him to sit the OWLs much sooner. But in that case I would either suggest that he sit them at either of our estates or at Gringotts, the Ministry is too risky for that.”, suggested Erebos.

“Lord Slytherin-Peverell, is it wise to let such an unknown Lord court, Severus?”, inquired Honoria.

“Indeed it is very wise, he had passed the Lordship tests at Gringotts for Slytherin and also for Peverell, and is very invested in returning the old ways to their former glory. And I doubt that any of his age group will caught his fancy. Severus had often been at odds with the band of miscreants – the Marauders, who never left him alone, and their leader is the godson of Albus Dumbledore.”, replied Lord Ores.

“I see, when can we meet again?”, wanted Mathias to know.

“Hm, how about the **9th January 1975** on my estate. I will send a portkey attuned to your magic for 11am and I’m sure that Severus will be pleasantly surprise to finally meet all of you. If that’s all, then I’ll bid you adieu.”, said Erebos, before he disappeared from the conservatory, showing once more, why the *de Immortalis* had been feared for ages.

Eris had in the meantime entered the Ministry, it was laughable how badly protected the key departments had been. Within minutes Eris had located the file of her baby brother and switch it with an empty one. Whoever even tried to open it without permission of her family was in for a nasty shock.

Luck was on her side as once more had Dumbledore called in a secret meeting with only those he could control and his allies among the light and neutral families. Two unexpected guests were among the peers – Cornelius Fudge a freshly minted Auror from the Auror Academy, who had ambitions on the Ministry position and the new undersecretary Dolores

Umbridge, already infamous for her hate on (dark) creatures and half-breeds. She was the one, who had made it almost impossible for vampires and werewolves to find jobs, getting a donor or even were possible to care for their families or getting an education.

The meeting tonight should enable Dumbledore to become the rightful guardian of any magical child, whose primary caretaker had died or were unable to care for them any longer. This included full access to any inheritance and vaults the child may have, the choice which career the ward may be allowed to achieve and most important, whom they were allowed to bond with.

Since Dumbledore's spies had informed him about Eileen's death, this was the ideal opportunity to snatch the teenager and to mould him into his (un)willing puppet. Who cares, that the Malfoys care for him, like for their own son, no, the brat was too important to let him stay with such a dark family.

"I'm here today to ask for your help. Because only then will we be able to save a young confused talented student from the allure of the dark. But first I need an unbreakable vow from you, not to share this information without my permission.", began Albus.

None of them know, that he had long ago infused the water source of the Ministry, and the goblets from the members of the Wizengamot with a strong compulsion – at least from those from the light and neutral families – so that they won't be able to refuse him anything at all.

Confused staring at him, but all gave their vow. The old coot smirked, finally, he will get his wishes fulfilled.

"Among my student – one of the brightest students of this age – is a *submissive male bearer*, young Severus Snape will be turning 15 in January. And this is the age, where he would be able to bear children without troubles, which put him in a very vulnerable situation. Especially since for unknown reason the Sorting Hat had saw it fit to put him into Slytherin House. He didn't have any contact with his maternal family and his mother died a few days ago, therefore I need your help. Grant me custody so that we can ensure that the light side will prevail, and we are able to chose the *perfect* husband among one of your sons. We can't let the dark get him into their clutches, or all will be lost.", reminds them Dumbledore.

"How can this be? It had been ages since one of them had been born?", muttered Cornelius.

“It’s a sign, that our crusade is justified, grant me my wish, and I will personally ensure that young Severus will be unable to stray ever from the light. I would treat him like my own flesh and blood.”, declared Dumbledore.

As soon as those sheeple will vote for it, he would be able to send one of his elves to capture the rebellious teenager and since Yule holidays had only started, it would be enough time to start with Severus’ reprogramming, maybe a ritual or two, just to ensure that the teenager wouldn’t be able to escape Dumbledore’s plans. And who knows, maybe if James proves himself worthy to Dumbledore’s cause and sign a contract for him, that would automatically grant Dumbledore all rights over the Potter’s estate as well as over James’ husband and future children, then he could bond the Slytherin to his favourite Gryffindor.

Or he could always chose the second option, using potions, dark forbidden rituals and compulsions on Severus to make it unable for him to be in a relationship with another wixen, but still able to bear numerous children, while his nature would force him to accept Albus Dumbledore as his sole lord and master for the rest of his life. Both ideas had merit and it would ensure that Severus’ life became a living hell, until he voluntarily submit to the wise old headmaster.

Just too bad for him, that he wouldn’t get his wishes fulfilled, as Eris had already invisible entered the room and used a spell, that shattered permanently his magical core, before appear in front of the shocked group and growled:

“This was only a minor warning, old man. Stay away from my baby brother or, I’ll rip you apart with my bare hands.”

Smirking coldly, she used a second spell on all of them, made it impossible for them to ever lie again or telling half-truths. Also they would feel the urge to confess any crimes or plots, they had ever consider or even executed. Before a strong light hit the group and blinded them for hours, while on the floor the Greek name and family crest of the Ores clan had been burned into it.

Either those dunderheads would heed the warning or facing the consequences. Eris had to admit, she had enjoyed to shatter Dumbledore’s magical core. Let the old coot suffer as he had made others suffer, her spell would ensure that nothing and nobody would ever be able to

fix Dumbledore's magic again. Not even a transfusion of another magical core would help him, and this satisfied Eris very much.

This was her own gift for her adopted baby brother – no longer need he to fear Dumbledore and none of those morons would even dare to go after Severus, or she would enjoy to do the same to them, too. Still chuckling did she return to their family estate, this was one of the times, where she enjoyed to share memories with her family, as they normally did it during this season.

Eris had been very pleased with her own actions and Severus' adoption in their family meant that the boring phase was now finally over. She was really looking forward to the next group of idiots, who dreamed of having a chance to court her little brother – no, not before Eris & Co. will test them all very thoroughly, before letting them even near Severus ever again.

Learning to adjust

Chapter Summary

Severus meets his new family....

Chapter Notes

How time flies^^

This story will from now on getting edited with others by my lovely and fantastic Beta "Lizzybeth74"

No matter, how crazy life can be, fanfictions can help us to overcome it...

The next morning, Severus woke up in a Victorian era styled bedroom with a huge fireplace across from the bed. He wasn't sure how he ended up in the bedroom and how he ended up dressed such elegant pyjamas. Severus searched his memory, but that didn't really help as he could only recall little snippets of things happening, that didn't make any sense at all.

The door opened, startling Severus, and a woman entered the room. She smiled at the surprised teenager before sitting on the bed and quietly observed him. Severus couldn't say why but...somehow, he felt safe with this stranger. He automatically returned her smile... although a bit shyly, and before he could stop her, she hugged him lovingly and gently ruffled his hair.

"Good morning, Severus", Nyx greeted.

"Good morning", Severus replied, "Er...sorry, who are you?" Severus asked baffled by the situation he currently found himself in.

"Ah, I see you are suffering the side effects from our ritual last night", Nyx replied. "I am Nyx, your adopted mother. My son, after my daughter...your sister, saved you and brought you to the estate, our family decided to adopt you in accordance with the Old Ways. We used a special potion and an ancient family ritual for this", Nyx explained patiently.

“Adopted...but why, I do not understand?”, Severus asked, confused.

“We adopted you for many reasons, but most importantly it is because you fit perfectly in our family, Severus, and the adoption will protect you against most of the dangers you will be facing. Speaking of which, I need to explain a few things to you about our family. Our family is incredibly old, and we have a lot of gifts infused into our line that are not easy for mortals to understand. Considering all of this power...and the fact that each of us has infused some of it — even beyond our intentions into the ritual, it is quite possible that you have ended up with some new powers. This means that you will need some time to adjust to your new gifts and power levels. It is not advisable for you to return to Hogwarts at this time, or to use your wand until you have been trained to properly handle your power”, Nyx explained seriously.

“What, why?”, asked Severus aghast. His mind was spinning from the information he had received since waking up in the unfamiliar bedroom.

“Well, for one, I do not think that you want to blast someone into the wall just because they may have accidentally startled you...nor do I think that you want to be responsible for the destruction of the classrooms when performing simple spells”, Nyx replied calmly, “These are very real possibilities as a result of your additional powers. Erebus and I would also like to gift you with a special geas, which would protect you against unfriendly and malicious attacks by reflecting the attacks back on to the attackers and branding their foreheads with their crimes for 24 hours. We would need to adjust the geas in such a way that you will still be able to participate in your DADA lessons.”

“Am I still allowed to contact my friends?” Severus asked, “And what about Marvolo? He wanted to court me...”

“We will see”, Nyx responded. “First, you will need time to recover. Our family healer will need to give you a medical check-up. My husband...your father, has spoken with your maternal family and they were quite happy to hear that you are safe and being taken care of... and are planning to come and visit you.

“But they never contacted me before, so why are they interested in me now?”, asked Severus in irritation.

“That is something you will need to ask them, Severus. I can only say that your family has searched for you and your mother for a very long time, without any success. As soon as you have a better control over your magic and your emotions, we will go to Gringotts for an inheritance test. Maybe we will get some answers then”, his new mother suggested.

“Alright”, Severus agreed. “You mentioned siblings – how many do I have, please?”, he asked, changing the subject.

Nyx smiled, before she replied, “You have two brothers – Thanatos and Phobetos, and two sisters – Nemesis and Eris. You are the youngest of our family — but don’t worry, family is particularly important to us.”

Their discussion was interrupted when a Hogwarts owl landed beside Severus with an official looking letter. Nyx gestured for Severus to take the letter, while she handed the owl an owl nut.

Dear Mr. Snape,

We are unhappy to report that the start of the next school term will be delayed until February 1, 1975. This is because Albus Dumbledore, along with many other members of the Ministry and the Wizengamot have unexpectedly fallen ill and are now in St. Mungos. Deputy Headmistress McGonagall will be taking over as the head of the school, and a suitable replacement for her position as Transfiguration professor and Head of Gryffindor will be chosen.

During this time, the school wards will be receiving a much-needed thorough check-up by independent curse breakers – Gringotts has offered their help – and an audit of the school records will be conducted.

We are very certain that school will be able to start without a hitch on February 1st. For those students who are studying for their OWLS and NEWTs, in accordance with the WEA, the exams will take place at Hogwarts during the last two weeks of July. Additionally, you may opt to take them at a later date at the Ministry of Magic or at a Gringotts branch near your home.

*Please have your parent or guardian sign the enclosed permission form that will allow you to visit Hogsmeade during the coming terms. We want to remind **all students** that career counselling is available during the Spring term with your head of house. Students are strongly advised to make sure that the correct courses are being taken for their desired career path.*

Kind regards,

Minerva McGonagall

Transfiguration Master & designated Headmistress

Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry

Silently, Severus handed the letter to his new mother *that would take some time to get used to, but I am willing to try* Severus thought as he looked around. After reading the letter, Nyx nodded and told him that he should freshen up for breakfast and that she would be waiting outside so that she could accompanying him to the dining room.

Severus agreed, and after his new mother showed him his new wardrobe and the ensuite bathroom, she left him to his own devices. The teen opted for a quick shower. There was no reason to make them wait, and he was not sure what the consequences would be for misbehaviour. The young Slytherin was surprised at how well his new clothes fit him and that they were in the style he preferred. Shrugging, he decided to leave this particular mystery be and left his new bedroom for the first time.

When Nyx saw Severus emerge from his bedroom, she beckoned him to follow her. “Wonderful Severus. You look good. After breakfast, you will receive a quick tour of our home. I am convinced that you will fall in love with our private library and our potions lab but remember that you still need time to adjust to the changes, Severus”, Nyx gently reminded him.

“Of course, mother”, Severus responded politely. He looked on in amazement at the gardens and stables he could see from the windows they passed on the way to the dining room. Even though he didn’t know which sorts of animals his new family owned — riding was something he had enjoyed immensely anytime he was able to spend the holidays with the Malfoy family, so he was hopeful that there would be horses at the very least — and that he would be allowed to ride. Lord Abraxas had even said that he had the grace of a natural rider. The

Malfoys were known for owning both regular horses and magical creatures. They had different types of flying horses, even Hippogriffs and Griffins, and they had taught Severus everything about the animals that a young wixen needed to know.

“Will I be allowed to ride, or must I wait, Mother?”, Severus inquired curiously, figuring that this would answer both of his questions.

“Hm, I would prefer that you wait until after you have had your check-up, Severus”, his mother replied, then asked, “Do you enjoy riding?”

“I do. Lord Malfoy began giving me private lessons during my first stay with his family a few years ago. He has said that I am a natural and has encouraged me and given me a great deal of support since that day. He has declared himself to be my unofficial godfather and acted as my magical guardian since 1972, on my late mother’s behalf. Because of my bad experiences with certain troublemakers and biased professors at Hogwarts, he has been looking into alternatives for my education”, Severus replied.

Breakfast went well and afterwards Severus was given a chance to explore the house and grounds. He found out that they had two pools...one indoor and one outside. The outside pool called to him and Nyx allowed her son to swim a few rounds as long as he did not overtax himself, which Severus promised without hesitation.

After his swim, Severus dried himself off and changed into some comfortable clothes before deciding to write a few letters to his friends from school, the Malfoys and — of course, Marvolo as well...to be sent out after he received permission. They all needed to know about the changes in his life so that they wouldn’t freak out if they could not find him...or if they found out the information from another source. This reminded Severus that his mother planned to take him for an inheritance test at Gringotts once his magical core had settled. Thinking about what they would find out made him nervous.

Severus did not know that just then, his family was discussing what they needed to do to keep him safe. His new sister, Nemesis, was telling her parents how much he resembled Edmond Dantes – the Count of Monte Cristo and his wife Haydée, not only in his colouring, but also in his behaviour. It was no secret that their heir had disappeared without a trace after the cowardly murder of the Count and Countess of Monte Cristo.

“Do you truly believe that Severus could be related to them, sister?”, Phobeter asked.

“I do. I have already given you my thoughts in support of it, but only the Goblins would be able to say for certain...and perhaps Lord Slytherin-Peverell would be willing to answer some questions as well. He has been caring for Severus’ sire so he may have some information. Our personal healer will do a full check-up on the man to see if his actions toward Severus were of his own volition. Things do not add up, and I do not like this situation at all”, Nemesis replied.

“You know best, Sis”, Thanatos agreed, “Father and Mother will be helping Severus to adjust to his changed power level. We have been incredibly lucky that his school term will not start again until February 1st. But I do not want him to go back unprotected

Together, they would make certain that Severus would be safe. They also planned to test his betrothed in various ways. After all, they needed to make sure that he was good enough to court and maybe one day bond with their baby brother. Being an elder sibling could be so much fun, and as long as Severus never found out all the things they planned to put his betrothed through, all would be well.

Playing with fire

Chapter Summary

James making plans for the future and experiencing a stronger version of liquid dreams, that enable a higher number of vision. How far is James willing to go?

Chapter Notes

Another unedited chapter - enjoy^^

A/N: A few parts of this chapter can be skipped – James' wet dreams do not bode well for anyone...he really needs a mind healer! (every vision in italics, should this be your wish)

James had not taken it well, after the mysterious young woman had destroyed Albus Dumbledore and many others during their secret Wizengamot meeting. Not only did she claim to be Severus' sister. How dare she to stake a claim on James' kitten? But Albus Dumbledore was no longer a true wizard, or be of any use to James' plans.

It was just a minor setback, and as Dumbledore's heir, due to a lack of other alternatives, James had now a few estates to call his own, and he can't wait to explore them all. He may not show it, but he is quite good at Potions. As if his family would allow him to shame their famous Potioneer ancestors, and he may have hated the extensive tutoring during his childhood. Now however he was able to appreciate it as it was just another thing he had in common with his crush.

With the help of a loyal house elf did James visit each of the estates, that Dumbledore left him, he also had now a nice fortune to call his own and a new trust fund to use as he saw it fit. Currently he was exploring an estate, that hold Dumbledore's extended private library, and what treasures could be found.

Before crossing the ward, he need to sacrifice some of his blood to be accepted by the wards as the new owner, as he chanted an ancient spell to declare himself the new master of the

estate. Grinning in delight, as the wards settle within his magical core, James passed the wards and got greeted by the house elves, that had taken care of the estate for generations.

The teenager couldn't say at first, what had made him choose this estate compared to the others, which he also inherited, but while he explored the house, the elves informed him about the history. Once upon a time it had been build on the orders of *Albion the Scourge*, the infamous magical warlord, who had conquered most of Europe during his reign of terror. He was rumoured to have sired the Dumbledore line, and that his hidden estates were still equipped to ensure the taming and imprisonment of any male bearer, that caught the fancy of its owner.

This estate would have everything at James' disposal to help him capture Severus, and to tame the stubborn Slytherin. James couldn't wait to order the elves to prepare everything for the required rituals, his kitten will not be able to escape him any longer.

"Does Master wish a refreshment or a vial of liquid dreams?", asked the Majordomo elf the Potter heir.

James consider the offer, before choosing the vial of liquid dream, since he would spend the rest of the holidays at this estate, it was a good way to stake his claim on the Master suite. He showered in the luxurious bathroom, before laying naked on the opulent bed, while downing the huge vial of liquid dream. He had never before seen such size before, and as the elf had told him, this size would grant him at least 5 visions, instead of the standard 2, young Master should just lay back and enjoy it, while the elves prepare a delicious meal for him.

Unlike the standard dose this would also affect him much quicker, but James didn't care, each minute at the estate corrupted him even more and turning him into a dark warlock, who just yearns for his dreams and obsession to come true, not knowing, that from now on, he would be seen as Albion's true heir.

James' first vision

James chuckled, this was great, nobody can disturb them here, and his prisoner was already waiting in the dungeon to be tamed by his new owner. He had no reason to feel bad, that he had Severus being set upon to abducted and offered on an illegal Ministry auction.

Nobody had recognised him, the ritual had cost a lot of energy and also demanded 2 human sacrifices, but the magical cores of his victims did strengthen his own, while allowing him to gain more magical talents at the same time. Who should stop him now.

It had cost him a lot of self-restrain after seeing his precious kitten, naked and drugged on the stage, a blindfold over his dark eyes, while the auctioneer informed the audience about the rare treasure. Wanting nothing more as to claim Severus immediately, he had kept his temper, but offered such a high sum, that nobody dared to bid more.

James caressed the trembling body, while stealing a first kiss, basking in the envy of the audience. Those weaklings wouldn't dare to make any trouble. And as it was tradition, they'd bowed deeply while pledging their loyalty to him. It was a glorious moment for the young Potter.

The drugs would be wearing off soon, which suited James quite well, he wanted Severus to be able to register what James is doing to him. And not being able to blame it on drugs or spells.

"Hello kitten, time to wake up, darling." smirked James, as he fondled his prisoner mercilessly.

Severus groaned, he wasn't sure about the date, or who is speaking to him, but this didn't bode well for him.

"Follow my rules, Sevvy, and all will be well." chuckled James, as he pulled the butt plug with James' personal crest from Severus' arse.

"P-Potter, l-let m-me g-go!", stammered Severus.

"No, you're mine. Scream for me, Sevvy. I'm going to put a baby into your belly, and nobody can stop me now!", giggled the insane Potter.

Exactly as he claimed it, so he did it, uncaring about Severus' screams of pain and a slave of his own lust.

“So tight, darling, you’re mine, never forget it”, growled James, while he cut his name on Severus’ chest. A clear reminder to whom the male bearer belonged.

End of James’ first vision

Not bad, this could even work, admitted James, while masturbating to the pictures evoked in his mind. How he wished it to be true, but who knows, what comes next?

James’ second vision

James snickered, as he looked around in his new study and spotted his Slytherin, who hung in chains from the ceiling. No clothes to stop James from having fun with his favourite prisoner.

“Oh, Sevvy, I did warn you, but you didn’t want to listen”, commented James, as he ignored Severus’ glares and caressed the pregnant body.

“You can’t escape me, so why even try? Even should you by mere luck be able to pass the wards, your collar and the piercings on your nipples just make it obvious, that you’re my property. I would get you back within days, and it would mean death of mutilation for some of those slimy Slytherins.”, reminded him James coldly.

“You’re a monster. Without any honour”, sneered Severus.

“Oh, darling, I do like that you still have your fire. But let me remind you, who is the master, and who is the slave.”, chuckled James, as he thrust quickly into Severus’ tight heat. “Still so tight, and all mine.”

End of James’ second vision

“Oh, baby you will submit to me, or suffer, while I impregnate you as often as I’m able to do it. Who knows, maybe my father can even create a potion, that will impregnate you during

oral sex. Just imagine your dismay, when nothing can stop me from putting babies into your belly, my kitten.”, mused James.

He startled, as the majordomo elf popped into the room, bowing deeply, as he offered a book to his young master. James couldn't believe his eyes. Why hadn't he known about this potion before? A potion, that just needs the cum/semen of a wixen to impregnate a chosen victim. It doesn't matter if the victim is still a virgin or not, as the Wizengamot would declare bearer and child automatically property of the sire.

This did immediately caused the next vision, and James had never felt better. It could only be topped by having Severus here, and sooner or later James will achieve it!

James' third vision

James had added his cum to the potion, that would allow him to impregnate Severus, without any intercourse. Of course, he was still preferring to impregnate his stubborn Slytherin on the usual way, but this was a good way to break Severus' resistance. Since the potion was tasteless, it couldn't be figured out as easily, and an anonymous tip to the Aurors will be enough to take Severus into protective custody, before a healer is checking him over.

As soon as they've do the paternity charm, they will be forced to alert not only James, but also to hand Severus over to him. Exactly, what James wants to happen.

“Everything prepared?”, did James inquire, before gleefully rubbing his hands, he couldn't wait to have Severus at his mercy once more. This is something, that his kitten will never see coming.

Within days did the Aurors do what James wanted and handed him the shocked Slytherin over. An obedience collar around his neck, and his wand out of Severus' reach, while James enjoyed the outcome immensely.

“Didn't I tell you, that I will always win, baby?”, gloated James, as he caressed his devastated prisoner. You're mine, and soon we will be able to welcome our child. Accept it, I've won, and you're my prize, Sevvv.”

“How dare you, I’m not yours, no matter what they say. You’re just a spoiled brat, Potter!”, sneered Severus angrily.

“Dear me, it seems you still need to learn a few lessons, Sevvie. Well, so be it. Let’s start with something simple. You can only eat, what I give you, nothing else. No clothes, and you have to suck me off at least twice a day, or I’m going to spank you a dozen times, darling.”, replied James calmly.

End of James’ third vision

James was in an excellent mood, this vision did offer so many opportunities to get his hands on his elusive Slytherin, while also ensuring, that he can’t escape his new owner for good.

However James couldn’t help himself, as remember, that he had the best opportunity to claim Severus directly after the Shrieking Shack incident, and ended up in another vision.

James’ fourth vision

James had managed to prevent the werewolf from following them, as he used a dark spell, that not only knock Moony out, but to chain him with strong silver chains to the bed. Instead of leaving the shack, he dragged Severus upstairs, where a second bedroom was hidden.

Not giving Severus any opportunity to escape he vanished their clothes, before pouncing on the terrified Slytherin, as he ravished him.

“Mine, never forget it, Sevvie. Time to claim my reward. We can’t leave before sunrise, therefore it’ll be good to have some fun, darling.”, commented James, as he spread Severus’ legs far apart.

“Don’t do it, please, Potter. Stop it, I do not want this”, cried Severus fruitlessly.

“Don’t be silly, Sevvv. This is what you’ve been born for. To take my cock and be mine. If you dare to be difficult, then it’ll be Evans who will end up as werewolf bitch the next time, she mouths off to any of us Marauders.”, scolded him the Gryffindor.

“Leave Lily alone.”, screamed Severus, before James lost his patience and roughly claimed the squirming Slytherin. To add insult to injury, the Gryffindor began to chant the spell for claiming a captive bride and giggled in mad delight, as the cuffs and the collar appear on Severus’ naked body.

He just need to make them both cumming at the same time, and Severus will be belong to him. But this was child’s play for a devious mastermind. He did succeed and couldn’t hide his glee at the helpless tears of his victim.

“See, I’ve told you, that you’ll be mine, Sevvv. Nobody can separate us now. Be good for me, and the mudblood will not only survive, but also graduate from Hogwarts in a few years. But mouth off to me, just one more time, and her fate is sealed, my little kitten.”, reminded him James, as he spooned the Slytherin.

End of James’ fourth vision

Oh, he did enjoy this quite a lot, but he would enjoy it even more, forcing his proud kitten to declare his love for James. And he would be able to make him do it, no matter what it takes. James had no doubts about it.

James’ fifth vision

Once more back in the dungeon, James did demand that Severus declared his love for James, but the Slytherin refused. He may keep him chained into the dark, violating him or drugging him, as often as he wants, but Severus will not declare his love for this mad Gryffindor. No way!

“Oh, Sev, you will say it, or else something will happen to your Slytherin friends. You will not be able to get free, and if you do not change your tune, then I’ll be imprisoning you in a white cell, where you can listen to the tortured screams of those slimy Slytherins 24/7, how long can you endure it before you break?”, asked James mockingly.

Disbelievingly did Severus look at his tormentor. However the madness, that was clearly visible in the hazel eyes convinced the Slytherin, that James wouldn't hesitate to do it. It was the moment, as his hope died, and tears began to running down his pale cheeks.

James had finally broken the shy Slytherin. Who cares, that he looks like a monster; he had won, and to hear a love declaration would only confirm that his plan is a success.

"I l-l-l-love y-y-you, J-James.", whispered Severus sadly.

He flinched, as James freed him from the chains and embraced him joyously.

"Good boy, see I knew it best. You're mine, I do love you more than life itself, my kitten. And I can't wait to see you round with my children. Come let's celebrate, that you've accepted your destiny, Sevvie.", declared James, as he dragged Severus to the Master suite.

Severus didn't resist any longer, it was pointless, James had exactly known how to break him, and the Slytherin is much too tired to fight back any longer. Maybe as long as he did follow James' rules, his friends and loved ones will be safe, at least Severus hoped, that this is true.

End of James' fifth vision

James got released from his last vision, his stomach growled, not quite surprisingly since he had spend a long time emerged in those visions. But this allowed him to develop a devious plan how to get Severus back into his arms.

The Slytherin belonged to James, and no matter, if he had to move heaven or hell, James will win. Nobody is able to stop him.

"My Severus, soon I'll be having you back in my arms, and I will tell you each day, that I love you, while ensuring, that you will someday be able to say it, too. I can't wait to see you round with my children. Don't worry, I will take good care of our family, and you will no

longer be able to remember any of those annoying folk, they're not worth it. You'll be so much happier without those vexing memories, that I guarantee, my precious Prince.", vowed James, before going to sleep. His dreams filled with a happy future, where Severus is happy to be James' husband and the bearer of his children, while a world outside of the estate no longer seems to exist.

Bad luck, Evans!

Chapter Summary

A foolish idea...

Chapter Notes

A/N: Some young wixen are unable to listen to warnings. Maybe Lily should have never ventured into Knockturn alley – no matter the last letter she'd received from her distant Great-Uncle Albus Dumbledore.

It only sealed her fate, since Dumbledore had many enemies!

Another unedited chapter - enjoy^^

Picture 1:

[https://www.foodandwine.com/thmb/4l3gUxxju1XdeVEhKmmB8AfBHH8=/1500x0/filters:no_upscale\(\):max_bytes\(150000\):strip_icc\(\)/toad-in-the-hole-FT-RECIPE0321-b29a6a1cbfb640138c0494eadf106a54.jpg](https://www.foodandwine.com/thmb/4l3gUxxju1XdeVEhKmmB8AfBHH8=/1500x0/filters:no_upscale():max_bytes(150000):strip_icc()/toad-in-the-hole-FT-RECIPE0321-b29a6a1cbfb640138c0494eadf106a54.jpg)

Picture 2: <https://media01.stockfood.com/largepreviews/MTAzMTcyMzQ=/00332814-A-plate-of-chips.jpg>

Picture 3: <https://therecipecritic.com/wp-content/uploads/2022/09/Butterbeer.jpg>

Lily Evans had a bad start into her holidays, not only couldn't she find Severus anywhere. It didn't make any sense, since her parents had given him a lift to Cokeworth at the end of term. Uncle Albus will not be pleased with her, should she mess this up again.

But then did she had to read in the press that an unknown woman had openly attacked Uncle Albus and other members of the Wizengamot. What should she do? Nobody knows that she is related to the headmaster, but she can't let such a bitch getting away with it either!

Finally she did receive a strange letter, it was written by the headmaster. The young witch tried to calm herself, while reading it again:

My dear girl,

it seems that I have underestimated the depravity of the Dark side. You are my last hope. Unfortunately, due to your gender, I am not able to name you my heir. Only a male heir can inherit my legacy.

*Do not look so gloom, child. I have a very important mission for you. I have send you a small bag with **5000 Galleons** and arrange for a small fully furnished apartment in Knockturn Alley. There will be everything that you need to get the necessary information for me. Do not disappoint me, my girl.*

It has even a small laboratory, so that you can brew any potion, that your dark heart always wanted to try. I've even added some special books of my personal library so that you're well prepared for your mission.

May those men lust after you, build up your new harem, but do not forget your true goal, find young Severus and bring him back to our side. Should you succeed, then I will grant you the wizard of your dreams. No matter, who should be making your heart running wild, nothing is out of your reach, my darling girl.

Love,

Albus Dumbledore

The teenager did hesitate for a few minutes, Knockturn Alley, why couldn't he provided her with a flat in a much better magical area? She hadn't been able to explore Magical Paris, yet – and she knew how much certain arrogant pureblood heiresses like to gossip about it.

However, she could do it! She'll be showing the headmaster, who is the better choice for his heir. Potter is just a spoiled rich brat, unable to do anything without his cronies. He was handsome, but he is joined at the hip with the Mad Black, and that just wouldn't do!

Never considering the danger, did she pack her stuff, including her magical supplies and her wand, before leaving the house. No reason to look back, her new life will soon begin.

Petunia was the only one at home, while her parents had been out grocery shopping. She sneered at the unloved sister, and as soon as Lily had turned the corner to call the Knight bus. Another blatant breaking of the rule, but why should she care? The young woman, cut her finger and wrote a few runes in the fresh blood. Lily shouldn't have left those books lying around. Not that Petunia would tell her about it.

She did cast not only Lily out of the family, but disowned her and changed the memory of her parents, too. Not knowing, that this would also break any malicious curses that a young selfish Lily had placed on her older sister.

Suddenly Petunia did feel much better, as if she gotten rid of bad memories. With a spring in her step did she close the window and went down to the kitchen to prepare a fantastic lunch for her family. Unlike Lily, Petunia had been a fantastic cook, and it was one of the few things that even after Lily's magical talent appeared, never changed.

Lily was still quite gullible and had no idea, how malicious the headmaster could be. He still hold a grudge against Aberforth for daring to break his nose all those years ago, and that's why he had decided to ruin Lily's life should he ever lose his power over Magical Britain. Should the gullible girl really follow his last instructions, then she just sealed her own fate, and Dumbledore wouldn't have to worry about her any longer.

A shame, that he can't use her to give birth to a sacrificial lamb to get rid of Voldemort, but he just couldn't trust her do to as she was told. He couldn't risk dosing his godson with love and lust potions just to sire a child with her. And then it would taint any possibility to win the war. After all children conceived with love potions are soulless little monsters. Voldemort is the living proof of that!

Instead she'll be just disappearing without any trace. A mudblood who nobody will cry about, and therefore unable to ruin any more of Dumbledore's plans. It just pains him, that he couldn't be the one to take her virginity. Or could lure Slughorn to his doom and do it. As the old Slytherin wouldn't have no other choice but to hand over the true memory of his encounter with Tom, shouldn't he want to be facing time in Azkaban for assaulting a minor.

Lily did reach her destination without any trouble. Who would have thought that the Knight bus can drop someone off at Knockturn alley. And her turquoise robe did cover her up quite

well. Since the journey had made her thirsty she decided to stop at a small inn for lunch.

Once more, Lily should have listened to the warnings of her friends, alas when had she ever listened? Toad in the hole, a big plate of chips and a mug of butterbeer, ah, that's life. Naturally, she had already caught the attention of some dark wizards, as she foolishly removed her hood to enjoy her meal better.



And she had already made many enemies during her time in the magical world. It only got worse, as they got their hands on her blood and learned about her close relationship with Albus Dumbledore. Now that he is a nobody, without any magic, it'll be so easy to snatch the arrogant young witch and to make her pay. She doesn't even look too bad, so that the snatcher will be able to earn a small fortune, while she'll be suffer.

It was almost too easy, he just ordered 2 glasses of fire whiskey, and added a strong sleeping potion to the second glass, before taking them to the young girl. Lily didn't believe to be in any danger, as she accepted the free drink and drank it immediately. It was a grave mistake, but the stranger did catch her, and ordered his companion to take the luggage with them, too. He even throw 5 galleons to the innkeeper, as Lily had already paid for her lunch.

Bowing did the innkeeper wished them a nice day, no need to stop them. This is Knockturn Alley and you wouldn't want to be killed for a young fool, who is unable to read the signs. He didn't know the girl, and why should he lose any sleep about it? Life isn't fair!

The stranger chuckled darkly, as he disappeared with his prey deeper into the shadows of Knockturn Alley. He was looking forward to check his prisoner over, and should his assumption be correct, well, it had been quite some time since he could break one of his new slaves in. But none of them will be able to resist them for long. Her fate is already sealed.

Let's see if she's a quick learner, otherwise her new life will be quite painful, until she had learned her lesson. Of course, after her training had begun, they will ensure that she had no longer any memory of her old life. And any escape will be pointless, since she will be only getting the name and the history that her new owner deems necessary.

He won't believe that anyone will even bother to look for her. Students do not always return to school, and most of the time muggleborns will just taken from the lists, while a memo got send to any Aurors, should they found them before their 17th birthday to snap their wands, bound their magic before throwing them somewhere into the gutter.

“Ah, my little flower, you will make me a very rich man, and soon you be very keen to make me happy and to please me. Or else I'll be teaching you a few lessons, that you will never forget. Your lazy days are over, and you will soon learn to dance to my tune, or fear the whip, little flower”, mused the stranger.

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