

Unprepared

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/17243081) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/17243081>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
Relationship:	Harry Potter/Severus Snape
Characters:	Harry Potter , Severus Snape
Additional Tags:	Master/Slave , master!harry , Slave!Severus , Anal Play , Anal Plug , Out of Character , Implied/Referenced Rape/Non-con , Implied/Referenced Abuse , Sub Severus Snape , Dom Harry Potter , Oral Sex , Blow Jobs , Dubiously Consensual Blow Jobs , Punishment , Begging , Submission , Dominance
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-01-01 Updated: 2019-09-11 Words: 2,638 Chapters: 3/4

Unprepared

by [Dushyanta](#)

Summary

Severus wants to prepare himself for Master's use

Notes

Hi, first fanfic posted here, I hope you enjoy. Kudos, comments and suggestions appreciated
<3

No characters are mine, I'm just playing with them.

If you prefer to read in Spanish, head on to the translation by the amazing Sinimeg:

<https://archiveofourown.org/works/17264114>

Plugged

Severus glanced nervously at the closed door as he rummaged through the ridiculously extensive set of cabinets. With every second that he failed to find what he was looking for, more tension rose to his shoulders.

“Where is it, where is it”, Severus muttered to himself. Reflexively, he looked around for a calming draught. With some irritation he recalled that even if he found some he would need to seek Master’s approval before drinking it. With a quiet whine Severus lowered himself to the floor, head rested in his hands. Where could it be?

Then Severus sat ramrod straight as an unwelcome thought entered his mind. Was he even allowed to look through the cabinets? He was doing so in hopes of pleasing Master and Master hasn’t explicitly said he is not allowed to search through the cabinets... then again this wouldn’t be the first time a master punished him for breaking a rule he hadn’t known existed. Either way Severus was in for punishment. If not for touching furniture he was not allowed to then for not preparing himself adequately for Master.

He stood to straighten the comforter he rumpled in this feat of anxiety and froze. There. The medium-big blue buttplug he’s been looking for, hidden amongst the sheets from the last time he was preparing himself. Severus allowed himself a relieved smile. Maybe there was still a chance Master won’t throw him away for his failures!

“Don’t smile just yet, Severus”, he reminded himself, “you are still far from done”. Mouth set, he lowered himself to arms and knees to apply the toy. Master hasn’t said he has earned himself lube, so Severus put the plug in his mouth first. He concentrated on coating it in saliva evenly. He knew from experience it would last quite a while—just another proof he was always supposed to be a bed slave.

Relaxing as much as he could, Severus started pushing the blunt object inside. He paused briefly to wonder if he should have had begun with fingers, then dismissed the idea as stupid. He damn well can take the discomfort to please Master. The discomfort soon bordered on pain as the plug widened. He withdrew, then pushed inside again, fucking himself on the object. He continued thrusting a tiny bit further every time until the door opened with a click. Severus, startled, forced the plug inside and closed his eyes in shame as he felt warm thick liquid dripping down his thighs.

“Severus!”, Master called and the slave knew he had fucked up. He couldn’t even ready himself for Master’s use without tearing his anus. Now he won’t be able to keep silent as Master fucks him. What a failure he is! However Master decides to punish him, he surely deserves worse.

“Your slave is so sorry, Master! It will gladly take any punishment for damaging your property!”, Severus pleaded, laying prostrated on the floor, “Please have mercy on this worthless slut...”. Severus desperately tried to contain his sobs, as to not anger Master further. Master Harry Potter proved himself to be kind so far, providing his slave with food

and permission to stay indoors, but surely even a kind noble Gryffindor would lose his temper upon seeing such conduct from his possession.

“Enough, Severus. Take the plug out and lean over the desk,” Master commanded. The slave couldn’t contain his joy at being given a chance to please Master. He quickly did as ordered and spread his ass cheeks, showing how eager he was to serve Master. “Thank you, Master”, he said quietly. He decided to try his very best to not disturb his owner while he takes his pleasure, even though the pain was sure to be blinding.

A wet cloth touch his thighs and ass, cleaning him. Severus soon felt a lubed finger press against his hole. The appendage did not ram in as expected though. Instead, it gently circled around the damaged hole and the pain subsided.

“Master?”, he enquired.

“It’s just a healing salve, don’t fret.” A healing salve? That must be so expensive!

“Please, Master, don’t waste it on me. I’ll be good and keep quiet as you use me.”

“I know you would, you’re a good boy” Severus blushed at the praise, “but you need to understand I prefer my pet to enjoy sex” Severus did not understand, but dared not question Master.

“Yes, Master.”

Master slapped his ass playfully. “You should be all healed by the day after tomorrow. Do not attempt to stretch yourself without my permission. Is that clear?”

“Crystal, Master.” Severus wouldn’t dare disobey any direct order. Even if it meant the intercourse would be more painful. *Especially* if it made it more painful. A tight slave is a happy master. And a happy master is a happy slave.

Stripped

Chapter Summary

Severus is (un)prepared for a flight

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all the support, comments, kudos and encouragement!
I hope you enjoy, any feedback is appreciated.
Comments make me type faster :)
Cheers to you, readers!
Dushyanta

Severus floated through clouds in a bright blue sky. Although he was no ace on a broom, he seemed to enjoy the soft touch of vapour on his barely tanned skin. Something at the back of his mind was hinting that it couldn't feel this good to be so high up, especially with his innate fear of heights. Still, disembodied emerald green eyes seemed to watch over him as he steadily and surely soared through the unending air.

He should be shivering from the freezing cold, but the sun was giving enough warmth to comfort his old, tired bones. And – best of all – he was fully clothed. Trousers, long-sleeved shirt, gloves and a *robe*, all in his favourite colour. “I’ll stop wearing black when they make a darker colour,” he incanted softly, quoting his favourite movie – the only one he ever watched, to be honest – “The Addams Family”. A smile graced his face, life was good.

But it was getting colder with every passing minute. “It must be getting late,” Severus reasoned. He had no idea where he was, or even which direction he should go in to return to Hogwarts, but decided downwards is a good way to start. He glanced down at his hands and was surprised to see his palms bare.

“Hmmm, I must have not worn them after all,” he thought. Severus shivered as his fingers started to get numb from the temperature. His shoulders tensed as he became unsure if he would be able to get back down safely. He resorted to what he knew best—potions. Severus let go of the broom with his right hand and reached to the inside of his robe to retrieve a warming potion and a strengthening one, which he proudly always carried.

“Good thinking, Severus,” he congratulated himself. The praise was untimely, however, as his hand failed to meet its destination. “What?” he was sure he had his robe with all the most important potions on. He shivered. Indeed, there was none. He returned the hand to the

broom to better manage the prevailing wind, but aborted the movement in favour of pressing it to his chest in a desperate attempt at calming his exponentially increasing heartbeat.

He nearly shrieked as he felt the touch of soft hair and skin. No no no no *no*. This must be a mistake. He looked down and, surely enough, he was naked from the waist up.

“A slave never hides its body from its master,” a voice dictated straight into his ear. Severus looked around but could not find its origin. “I am not a slave,” he argued with no one. When a particularly strong air current caused him to lose his balance, Severus grabbed the broom with two hands, only to notice them become bound to the piece of wood.

“You will learn you are nothing but a tool for your master’s enjoyment soon,” the chilling voice commanded yet again.

He began to struggle against the rope, murmuring spells to get him out of the predicament, but nothing worked. He directed his eyes down in time to see his trousers disappear and briefs follow. His limp penis seemed to retract into his body, as if trying to escape the blizzard.

“Are you now ready to submit, slave?”

“No.”

“Admit you are a thing. For Master’s use, pleasure and entertainment. Accept your place, slave.”

“No.”

“No? Are you sure?”

“I am my own person.”

“Here you are mistaken.” Severus saw a tornado form as if proving the voice’s point. It was getting harder and harder to stay abroom. His grip began to loosen, fingers too tired and too chilled to hold on, even to save his life.

Then he was falling down. The humiliation and terror of the situation stopped any fearful screams from escaping his lips.

“Ready to admit you are the lesser being, slave?”

“Nhhh.”

“You are nothing.”

“Please save me.”

“Your only job is to please.”

“Please make it stop, I beg of you!”

“A fast learner I see.” The smirk was almost audible in the voice, but at this moment the once proud man couldn’t care less. He just wanted to get out alive. “What are you?”

“A—aaaa-a. A slave.” Yes, that was right. That was true. A slave, just a slave. Nobody more. *Nothing* more.

“Hmm, that’s right. Then why should I care about what happens to you?”

“Please protect your property, sir. This slave cannot please you if it is dead, sir,” Severus pleaded. He closed his eyes, expecting to hit the hard ground and die any second now. “I am so sorry I wore clothes, sir! Please forgive me and make it stop. Please save me!”

Then he couldn’t take it anymore and screamed.

Sucked

Chapter Summary

Severus is (un)prepared for the morning

Chapter Notes

It's been a while, I know. I apologize for the delay: it seems I was unprepared for the amount of work there was for me xd

I cannot express enough how grateful I am to all of you for reading, kudos-ing and commenting *sends love*

Dushyanta

He couldn't take it anymore and *screamed*.

Hands flew up and pressed against his mouth, effectively silencing him. It was getting difficult to breathe after a while and Severus tried to recall if he displeased Master in any way for him to resort to this particular form of punishment. Or did Master tire of him? It was only a few days since Master acquired him, so it was unlikely to be an effort to off the slave. Comforted a tiny bit by this conclusion, Severus' mind caught up to the present moment. He relaxed his palms and uncovered his nose, taking a deep breath.

Even though his own reflexes did sometimes cause him unnecessary panic attacks, they were a life saver. Take now for example: if not for his hands silencing him, he would disturb Master's sleep and this would result in punishment, possibly in a *Crucio*. And where would that leave him? The pain could render him useless for hours! Master was, after all, a powerful wizard—capable of torture way more debilitating than the one administered by the Dark Lord. He was meant to *serve* and so must make sure he is able to do so.

Serve. Right.

He turned his attention to the warm softness encompassing his body and caressing his skin, to the cloud that supported his head. Ever so careful not to disturb Master's rest, he shuddered gently against the silk to make sure the kindness is not merely a product of his tormented mind. He allowed himself a silent sigh of pleasure. He must have pleased Master exceptionally well yesterday to be allowed to sleep by Master's side, in Master's soft bed. He scanned his body carefully, looking for any soreness or pain that would hint at night activities but he could feel nothing worrisome. Nothing beyond the dull ache he inflicted upon himself

when inexpertly attempting to ready himself for Master's pleasure. Disgusting: a slave boy that didn't stretch himself enough for bloodless penetration!

"Not everyone wants their cock stained by your disgusting body fluid, whore," he chastised himself, "and definitely not your great Master. He doesn't deserve a dirty slut, but a skilled body servant!"

Severus sighed yet again, but this time not in pleasure. Quite the opposite. Master refused to take pleasure in His slave's body after said slave proved himself incompetent. Yet, in his unbelievable kindness kept the disgraced slave near? That didn't make sense to Severus' mind. It wasn't logical. Although maybe it is to be expected from a Gryffindor, to be impulsive at times...

It was not Severus' place to question Master's whims and desires and what he did with and to his slave, but it was always a comfort to have at least a vague idea of what was going on. Severus didn't believe it made him a bad slave, exactly, because any knowledge he had, he aimed to use to heighten Master's pleasure and satisfaction in him, not fight or hinder. If Severus found out Master wants him bald, he would happily start ripping hairs off his head; if Severus found out Master wants to cut his arm off he would sharpen the knives (in case Master didn't think Severus deserves magic performed on him), clean his arms thoroughly so Master doesn't have to touch anything dirty and present them both humble and willing to endure the pain for his beloved Master.

But it did make him wonder if it meant he didn't submit unquestionably to his Owner. Was he trying to *top* Master from the bottom? Inconceivable! "Maybe it is bad, maybe I am holding on to false control?" Severus pondered. Severus wasn't sure how to stop that or even if the mere act of figuring out a way to change something Master did not order him to change wasn't just as bad as the act in the first place.

And some Masters do enjoy their slave showing some enthusiasm and initiative...

Severus slithered his way lower on the king-sized bed, careful to make as little noise as possible. The mattress was of good enough quality to absorb most of the bounce he couldn't avoid making and so Master barely stirred. It surprised the slave that Master wore pants to sleep. They were made out of a soft, silken fabric that spoke about Master's wealth. Even though Master inherited a significant sum off of his parents, the slave still believed Master has earned it enough based on his own merit: He was, after all, the Slayer of the Dark Lord.

Severus was so lucky to be wanted by such a graceful, wonderful and strong personality. This thought made him smile and aim to show Master his gratitude. Carefully, using his teeth only, he moved the fabric to free Master's morning wood.

It was a little difficult to do, with Master laying on His side—the material was reluctant to release the hardness. It poked Severus in the eye a time or two, but he didn't mind. He was here to serve, after all, and his face was Master's playground. Ever so careful to not awaken his owner, Severus tagged at the waistband one more time and was rewarded with the sight of Master's inviting cock. Almost greedily, as inappropriate as greed is in a slave, the servant licked at the pink head.

He circled the head with his tongue, loving the salty taste of sweat on the skin. He progressed further and further, engulfing more of the length with each completed movement of tongue. He withdrew for a moment to tease the sensitive underside and was rewarded with a more generous flow of blood to Master's cock. Even erect, the appendage was of average length and thickness, so Severus took Him in his mouth with ease.

The slave began to suck as Master started to thrust ever so gently into the willing mouth. Encouraged by the soft moans and pleasure-filled sighs, Severus tried to relax his throat as much as possible to take his owner a bit deeper with every movement.

Alas, just as the slave's hooked nose brushed against Master Potter's dark thick pubes, a cramp in his made itself known and the servant let his teeth graze Master's appendage.

"Aah!" Harry screamed, "what the FUCK are you doing?!"

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!