

Debts of Honour

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Debts of Honour

by [Trickster32](#)

Summary

What would happen if Severus saved at the start of 5th year his whole Potions class, because of James' and Sirius' stupidity. He got badly hurt in the backlash of the explosion and had been brought to St. Mungo's. How would the class deal with the knowledge that they now owe a life debt to the Slytherin outcast?

Notes

Many thanks to my beta Lizzybeth74 - and Happy Birthday to you! XD

The Creating of a Life Debt

The Creating of a Life Debt

5th September 1974 – They were in the first potions lesson of the new school year and it seemed like many of their classmates had lost the ability to read or to use their common sense while brewing potions. That could be the only way to explain the idiocy of James Potter and Sirius Black, who had somehow managed to grab the wrong ingredients from the student's stores as they were working on brewing a standard burn salve.

Severus and Lily were almost finished with their potions because, once again, Severus used his own adaptations and he had taught Lily, who preferred to brew following Professor Slughorn's method, well. Severus had already reduced the heat under his cauldron and started to clean his work space. Even though he had begun cleaning up and his potion was nearly finished, Severus kept a strong shield up around his work station, to avoid anyone sabotaging his potions. It was one of a few shields he could perform using wandless magic— and he had drilled Lily mercilessly until she could concentrate and maintain her own shield, even at a time when somewhere in class a cauldron melted or exploded.

Checking the cauldron again, Severus noticed that his burn salve was finished, so — dousing the heat, Severus lifted his hand to call the professor over while carefully filling a vial with his potion. If Slughorn deemed his potion acceptable, then he would empty the cauldron into numerous vials so that he would have enough to get rid of some of the evidence of his prior abuse at his father's hands. It was the only remedy he had found that was strong enough to remove the scars from cigarette burns from his limbs.

That was another secret he could not share with Lily, or most people really. She didn't know anything about his previous home life...well, except the bare necessities, and Severus would do anything for it to stay that way. He would not be able to endure her pity, nor did he want to be responsible for making her cry. And Lily would cry if she saw all the scars caused by Tobias' fury and cruelty.

Professor Slughorn walked over and tested the salve before marking an 'O' for Severus in his notebook. He patted Severus' shoulder and informed him that his potion was good enough for the hospital wing and asked if Severus would please fill at least ten vials with his potion for Poppy, while Slughorn took one for his own stores.

Severus grimaced as he had plans for that salve, but he obeyed his professor. He could always brew more since he knew that his modified recipe worked, and that was enough for the young Slytherin. Severus filled the requested vials and sealed them, before continuing to clean his workstation. This was the moment when the young Slytherin looked up and his eyes landed on the mishmash ingredients on Potter and Black's workstation, and Severus lost his last bit of colour.

Those dunderheads had not just grabbed the wrong ingredients — aren't they able to read?! Severus mind screamed. In addition to getting the wrong ingredients, they were preparing them incorrectly. If they mixed those into the boiling mixture as they were preparing to do, it would explode and harm the whole class. Not only was their concoction explosive, but it also looked to be very acidic.

Without considering the consequences, Severus drew his wand and cast the strongest protection shield he knew for such problems around Professor Slughorn and the other students, before tackling Black and Potter. It worked... too well for them, but Severus had still been right in front of the exploding cauldron and he got a direct hit — his own shield disappeared, as did all his clothes due to the acidic mixture and the of fumes and potion. Finally, the lithe Slytherin got thrown directly into Professor Slughorn's desk.

Gasping in shock at the scene, Professor Slughorn belatedly pulled out his own wand to contain the exploded potion under a strong stasis field, as was the procedure demanded by the Potions Guild for such an occurrence. The professor then sent a Patronus to Poppy, urgently demanding her presence in the Potions class room.

Potter and Black didn't really understand what had happened, not even as they saw the unconscious Slytherin lying in front of Slughorn's desk. Lily had knelt beside him, crying silently, when she realised how much her best friend had to suffer at home. Due to him being naked, she finally saw Severus' scars, though she realized that those scars were most likely only a small part of the story. Lilly felt like her heart would break as she began to realise the truth.

Poppy stormed into the room and she wasn't alone. Minerva had been with her since she had a free slot during this hour. Together they conjured a robe to lay over Severus and transfigured a stretcher and placed the injured boy on it.

“I can’t heal him here, Minerva, there is too much damage. He needs to be taken to St. Mungo’s. We also need to collect the memories of the students and Professor Slughorn in order to learn how this fiasco could have happened. But I can already tell you that they are very lucky that nothing more happened, because from the way things look, they all could have died if young Mr. Snape had reacted one minute later”, said Poppy seriously.

“Does that mean that they all owe him their lives, Poppy?”, asked Minerva flabbergasted.

“That is exactly what it means, Minerva. I told you and the others time and time again that Severus is a good person. It is quite overdue that you lot took off your blinders regarding Severus, but that is not what is important right now”, Poppy responded. “We need to call for help from St. Mungo’s and then someone has to inform his legal guardians.”

“Er, Madame Pomfrey”, Evan interrupted quietly, “Severus has been living with the Malfoys since last Yule. I don’t know why, but Lord Malfoy had been adamant, at the time, about the necessity of becoming his new guardian.”

“It doesn’t matter now, but thank you for your information”, Minerva answered for Poppy. “We need to get him to St. Mungo’s and then we need to figure out how this could have happened. But all of you should be very grateful that Mr. Snape acted to protect your lives when he did. Without his actions you would all have died in that explosion!”

Poppy sent her Patronus to St. Mungo’s while Minerva sent her own to Malfoy Manor to inform Lord Malfoy about the accident. This day would change the course of history, as never before had one single action resulted in **50 life debts owed to a single person** . Both women were convinced that Albus would not like the results of this day at all, but there was nothing he could do to stop it. Magic simply would not allow it.

The healers arrived with their own stretcher and carefully placed the injured boy on it. They then used their emergency portkey to take them to the surgical area of St. Mungo’s. Their scans had shown that at least one surgery would be needed to ensure that Severus would wake up again.

Both the Slytherins and the Gryffindors waited until Minerva ordered them back to their common room — none of them would need to go to class for the rest of the day. But they were told that they should be ready to be interviewed about the accident at any time. Meals would be served in the common rooms for both houses.

“When will we be allowed to visit Severus, Professor?”, Avery asked Minerva politely. “We want to see how he is doing, and we want to thank him for saving our lives.”

Minerva smiled sadly at them and replied, “I do not know at this time. But I will go to St. Mungo’s and speak with his healers about it. Until then, I want you all to promise that none of you will speak or even write to anyone about what has happened here today. Should you disobey me, I will be very displeased and punish the offenders harshly. You have been warned!”

Professor Slughorn coughed and told them all to go back to their common rooms. Homework would be ten inches about lab safety and potions accident prevention. The homework was set to be due the next morning at breakfast.

The students left the Potions classroom with their book bags in their hands, quietly murmuring to each other about what had happened. Evan made sure to grab Severus’ satchel and would place it on Severus’ bed when he got back to the Slytherin dormitory. It was the least he could do for his friend. He hoped that Severus would soon be feeling better and return to Hogwarts. Things would not be the same without him.

And then Evan remembered something else. Severus was being courted by an older man — something which had begun after he had moved in with the Malfoys. There may even be an old marriage contract between their families, but the older man had still decided to court Severus according to their traditions. After all, it was only fair in his opinion. Severus deserved to be treated much better than he was in the past. When his suitor found out what happened...well, that would not end well for any of them. It was too bad that someone would need to inform him, despite Professor McGonagall’s warning to keep quiet about it, or the reaction would be even worse. The suitor’s temper was legendary among the Slytherin families.

Marvolo, Severus’ suitor, had offered to hire the best tutors available should Severus decide that he did not want to return to Hogwarts after passing his OWLs, but Severus had not

indicated that he would accept or reject this courting gift. Even though Evan would miss his friend, he felt that Severus would benefit far more from having excellent tutors, than staying at Hogwarts. Especially after having to put up with the abuse from the Marauders and neglect from most of the professors.

Come what may, they would inform Lucius about the accident and ask him to inform Marvolo. Hopefully they would not need to wait long for Severus to wake up again. A short nod to Mulciber indicated that they would talk later about it. It was time to devise a strategy for how they would handle certain Gryffindors. They really could not wait to see the student's reaction once the events of that morning got around, particularly the reaction of the Marauders, after the shock wore off. Honestly, Evan and his friends would enjoy holding the fact that the Marauders now owed their lives to Severus over their heads. They wondered if the Marauders would still dare to behave like they were Merlin's gift to mankind after it got around school that a *slimy Slytherin* , one who they had bullied relentlessly, had to save their pathetic lives.

Informing the Lords

Chapter Summary

The Malfoys, Prince and Severus' suitor were informed about the incident at Hogwarts, while Minerva McGonnagal takes her house to task for the incident.

Hadrian Marvolo Slytherin-Peverell, formerly known as Tom Marvolo Riddle Jr., had spent the day with his old friend Abraxas Severus Malfoy and his godson Lucius Abraxas Malfoy. Officially it was to reconnect with his old friends, unofficially they wanted to talk about the courting contract between Marvolo and Abraxas' young ward Severus. The Slytherin Lord had been smitten with the young student since their first official meeting during one of the Yule festivities. Since then, his affection had steadily grown.

Abraxas had been extremely protective of the young Slytherin. Especially after learning that Severus was one of the rare submissive male bearers. His protective behaviour was understandable because many would try to take advantage of Severus. He even insisted that his friend Marvolo – Voldemort to his Knights – would have to wait until Severus was 14 years old to officially begin courting his young shy prince.

The sly old fox had known that Marvolo couldn't deny his attraction to Severus nor could he escape Abraxas' rules, but honestly, did Abraxas have to use Walburga Black and Lady Honoria Prince as chaperones when he wanted to meet in public with his shy, young, prospective lover? Why couldn't he have chosen Cassiopeia, she at least liked him. And she wouldn't force the couple to maintain such a large distance between themselves.

With the help of the Goblins, Marvolo had not only been able to claim his legal titles, but by naming a proxy, they had ensured that Albus Dumbledore would not know that the orphan he had shunned and badmouthed over the last few decades had received his wealth and his titles. Also unknown to the old coot, was the fact that Abraxas had ensured that Lord Prince would reconcile with Severus, and accept him as his heir, while agreeing that Severus would be living with the Malfoys. The young Prince got the chance to finally learn more about his maternal family, while getting the required heir training. And Mathias Prince, the younger Half-brother of his grandfather had even promised that he would personally deal with Eileen and Tobias as a wedding gift for the young couple.

Neither of their families had a problem with Marvolo being more than 30 years older than Severus. Since Marvolo would be the head of their household, it was even considered a good thing as Severus could focus on his career and their family, while Marvolo would deal with politics and business.

The sudden appearance of a patronus shocked them. Even more so after they heard the message, “potions accident, badly hurt, St. Mungo’s”, however, even shocked as they all were, they sprang into action. Lucius would be informing Lord and Lady Prince, while Marvolo and Abraxas would floo directly to St. Mungo’s. Should it be necessary, they would also go to Hogwarts for answers as to what happened, before bringing the DMLE and the Board of Governors into their investigations.

A potions accident during an OWL-course was bad news, as the students would be studying the more volatile potions and a simple mistake could often result in dangerous consequences. But who was responsible this time? They all knew how extremely careful Severus was when working with Potions. Never once did his attention wander, nor was he ever unprepared for potential dangers. There was yet more bad news when they learned that Severus had to be put into an enchanted sleep and that the healer was even considering surgery...well, things were not looking good at all.

Marvolo had growled that he wanted the names of the culprits. They would pay for making his beloved suffer. At this point, he was considering whether he wanted them handed over to the DMLE for prosecution – or if he would feed his own darkness by taking justice into his own hands.

Unsurprisingly the second course of action had been vetoed by everyone else, much to his dismay. Somehow, he managed to keep an iron hold on his temper, although he knew that he would have to blast a few training dummies to pieces at some point, to put himself into a better mood.

But this incident proved, once more, that Hogwarts had become too dangerous for his young lover. Brilliant and stubborn — a dangerous combination. But perhaps this time Fortuna would smile on them and convince Severus to opt for private tutors instead of staying even one day longer at Hogwarts.

Eileen should have given him another middle name – Pertinax would have suited him so much better. What had she been thinking of, naming Severus after the brutish muggle she ran off with — and why did she even stay after he started to beat them both? It didn't make any sense for the young Lord Slytherin.

In Gryffindor tower the mood was dangerous. The Marauders, and especially James and Sirius wanted to start a mutiny. Anything would be better than to admit to their idiocy in choosing the wrong ingredients. To owe Snivellus a life debt, oh, what a disgrace. Peter had timidly asked what would happen to them if Severus did not wake up again? Could it cost them their magic? The whole thing was impossible for them to comprehend and they hoped it wouldn't come true.

Not one of them would be able to survive in the Muggle World. They had no education of it, no knowledge of the rules nor did they have any idea of what was necessary to blend in. Their fear steadily increased until their head of house entered the common room and all eyes fell on her.

“Fifth years to me!”, called Professor McGonagall.

It took some time, but finally all fifth year Gryffindors stood before her, awaiting their judgment.

“I have never been so disappointed in my students”, McGonagall began. “You could have been killed because of your own idiocy! Potions are not a toy or something to be trifled with. The life debt you all owe Mr. Snape for his selfless action has been confirmed and archived by the Department of Mysteries. The Ancient and Noble House of Prince, to whom Mr. Snape belongs, is most displeased with our school and has demanded retribution on his behalf. That Mr. Snape is the grandson and heir of Lord Prince, is an open secret in Slytherin House. Lord Prince has already submitted a message to the board of Governors and to the staff, that due to the injuries suffered by Mr. Snape, the culprits responsible for the explosion...and all their future children...will become slaves of House Prince. The families will remain enslaved until their grandchildren have been born. If Mr. Snape does not wake from his coma, the culprits will also be expelled from Hogwarts!”, Minerva icily informed them.

“WHAT? They can't do that!”, screamed Sirius before he was silenced by Remus.

"You will find, Mr. Black, that they can. You should hope and pray that Mr. Snape awakens and regains his health. Tomorrow morning, Mathias Prince will come to Hogwarts and perform the enslavement ritual on the culprits. Give me your wands, gentlemen, they are being confiscated until the end of the ceremony. You will be confined to Gryffindor Tower. Neither of you will be able to leave the tower until I have released you from the confinement spell. You will be sitting your OWLs this year. Neither of you are children any longer, and it is time that you prove yourself to be capable adults or face the consequences. You should be glad that Lord Prince decided against requesting that the two of you be prosecuted or you could be facing Azkaban. This is not a game, gentlemen. Your classmates could have died because of your carelessness...and one of your classmates may still die."

Silently summoning their wands and confining the fuming Marauders to Gryffindor Tower, Minerva turned around and prepared to leave. Before she exited, she warned them that any more persecution of the members of the Slytherin House would result in dire consequences.

How to Leave a Very Bad First Impression

Chapter Summary

How to Leave a Very Bad First Impression aka the first meeting between Severus and Marvolo...

Chapter Notes

🥳🥳🥳 Three cheers for my beta "Lizzybeth74" 🍷🍷🍷

Thanks to her support and assistance you'll be getting new chapters, today... ;3

A/N: This chapter contains a flashback of the first unofficial encounter between Severus and Marvolo at the Malfoys, before they start to court. It also explains why the families chose Walburga Black and Honoria Prince as chaperones for the young lovers.

Severus had been 14 years old at the time, while Marvolo would be celebrating his 47th birthday a few days later, where Severus would attend as one of the guests of honour. Maybe Marvolo should have been more careful to avoid Murphy's Law...

It had not been easy, but after some negotiations with the healer and an update on Severus' current medical status, it was decided that Severus would be kept in an enchanted sleep through the night. When morning came, a quick health scan would be performed to find out if surgery was needed. At this point, Severus was too weak to consider surgery.

A potions accident is not something to be taken lightly. After learning that he had been harmed while saving the lives of his classmates, Severus' standing with the staff of St. Mungo increased substantially. Especially after learning that he was planning to become a Potions Master and go into potions research.

A quiet debate later resulted in allowing two of the men to stay with Severus during the night – his betrothed, Marvolo and his foster brother Lucius. But this minor victory did not mean that Marvolo would be allowed to sleep in the next bed to Severus. Marvolo had to sleep in the bed next to the door, while Lucius lay between them in order to maintain appropriate conduct during the courting process. Lucius had received permission by the chaperones and

Severus' grandfather to use a full body-bind on Marvolo, should he attempt to move too close to Severus without permission.

Grumbling Marvolo agreed to it. Why did they still have to punish him for a mere accident, that happened last year? He had not tried to grope Severus at all, and yes, he knew how it had looked as the house elves had summoned the adults and the other teenagers to the library in Malfoy Manor.

Flashback — 21th December 1974

Severus had received permission to spend the Yule holidays of 1974 with the Malfoys in Wiltshire. Ever since his maternal grandparents won custody of him, his life had improved a lot. He was finally being fed properly, had clothes that suited him, they were not too small or large and not full of holes, and he was taken care of the way his parents should have been doing.

Learning was encouraged, and his interests in the Dark Arts, Spell crafting and Potions were not dismissed, but were supported by his new family. His great-uncle Mathias Prince and his godfather Lord Abraxas Malfoy had already started to teach him proper duelling rules and techniques. Even the attacks by the vexing Marauders had lessened after Lord Prince had made public the fact that Severus is his heir. Lord Prince's solicitor submitted dire a warning to those toe-rags, that they behave.

It had been a surprise, and not a good one, that Lily didn't seem to be happy about his new life, and Severus couldn't understand her reservations. For the first time in his life, he had adults who cared about him, who supported and encouraged him to follow his dreams and who accepted him as an individual.

The physical he'd had to undergo had been uncomfortable but was a necessity. Especially after learning that he was able to bear children – the result of a rare gene, that was once common in the Prince family. This was a shock to Severus and his new caretakers because rumour had it that only a true pureblood could inherit the gene.

But his mother would have told him if his sire was a pureblood. She wouldn't have lied about his heritage, or would she? Eileen hadn't even tried to contact him after the magical court in

Britain had decided that his maternal grandparents should gain custody of him. It had hurt that she did not seem to care, but maybe it was for the best.

Looking up, Severus felt a blush creeping up his face, as a very handsome and powerful wizard entered the library. Automatically standing up to greet him politely, Severus gasped in shock as the stranger stumbled over the carpet, and both crashed to the floor.

Too add even more humiliation to the current situation, Severus felt his own cock harden, and the stiff prick of the stranger rubbing against it even through the layers of his clothing. It was so embarrassing for Severus and he wondered why fate seemed to hate him so much.

The young teen closed his eyes to try and prevent the tears from running down his face and turned his head the other way. Marvolo honestly wasn't faring much better. If this would have happened to anyone else, it would be very funny, but this was humiliating and to make it even worse the constant friction would sooner or later result in an unwanted orgasm in his trousers. Something he had not experienced in years. Not to mention what the reactions would be if anyone found them in this indecent position. But neither he, nor the shy teenager beneath him were able to free themselves and get up.

Normally, given his reaction to the boy, he would have inquired after the boy's name, age and interests, but this was not possible at that moment. Marvolo felt unexpectedly drawn to the teen and could easily imagine stealing a kiss or two. What was happening to him? He had never felt like this before. He felt like he wanted to keep the teenager in his arms forever. Shockingly, a sprig of mistletoe suddenly appeared above them. Seeing this, Marvolo did not hold back any longer, and he started softly caressing the face of the unknown teenager beneath him. He wiped away a few stray tears, before kissing the shocked boy slowly and deeply.

Severus gasped. This was his first kiss, and because he is a true Slytherin, Slytherin's heir didn't waste any time conquering the delicious mouth of this unknown treasure, with his tongue. Automatically following the movements of the older male, Severus' eyes closed again, and he submitted to the stranger, who released his mouth only to whisper sweet nonsense in his ear.

Marvolo's magic sang as soon as contact was established between them. Yes, this was it. No matter what, he needed to keep this special boy. Marvolo vowed to himself that he would cherish him for the rest of their lives.

Alas, as these things tend to happen, this was the moment that the door was flung open and not only did house elves enter the library, but Lord Malfoy and his son and heir, Lucius rushed into the room. Last, but not least Walburga Black and Honoria Prince walked in and that's when things took a drastic turn.

A shriek brought man and boy back to reality, as Walburga's magic flung Heir Slytherin to the other side of the library. Marvolo's fall was thankfully stopped by the house elves, while Severus lay heavily breathing, with kiss-swollen lips and a dazed look upon his face, on the floor.

"Kreacher, you will accompany Heir Prince to his quarters and inform our family healer of what has transpired here. In the meantime, a serious talk is in order with Lord Slytherin, gentlemen", Walburga ordered, quickly taking charge of things. She really did not like that Severus did not respond in any way to their appearance in the Malfoy family library.

"Kreacher will obey, Mistress and guard the young Master", Kreacher replied as he carefully used his elven magic on the young Slytherin so that he would not be startled.

"Let us have a little talk, Marvolo", Walburga started. It was clear that she was quite displeased. "How dare you? He is still innocent of our ways, and you are old enough to be his father!", screamed Walburga, thankfully after Abraxas had used a strong privacy and silencing ward on the library.

Marvolo gulped. It seemed as if this would be an extremely long day. Very slowly breathing in and out a few times, the Dark Lord tried to control himself before readying himself for battle. It did not matter in the least that he still did not know the name of the mysterious teenager yet. The boy belonged to him and nobody else would stop him from claiming his prince.

End of Flashback

Lucius hid a smirk. At times his godfather could be so hilarious. But he still wondered who could have set up that prank last year. Normally only dark families attended the Yule Ball hosted by the Malfoy family. And the house elves had strict orders to follow any invisible guest around, so the culprit remained a mystery.

Still, he had to admit that Marvolo and Severus would make a striking couple. And he also knew that Marvolo would protect Severus with his life. They really had been lucky that

nobody, neither the Ministry or the old coot...or worse radicals from the light side, had thus far discovered that Severus is a male bearer. Otherwise, the young Malfoy heir knew for certain that they would have already lost Severus forever.

Thanks to Lords Prince, Slytherin and Malfoy, this information had been classified and sealed. Only blood relatives had the right to the most crucial information in Severus' medical files, and only after the three lords had independently, and without being compelled in any way, agreed that a third party could read it.

But why did he have a feeling that something bad was going to happen? Surely nobody would dare to ignore the seals and wishes of the family that was involved, or would they? Lucius sighed, maybe he needed to help his godfather with convincing his stubborn little foster-brother not to return to Hogwarts or if he felt that he must return, that he would only return with a specialised bodyguard.

Convincing Severus would be the true problem, Lucius had rarely met someone who was more stubborn than his young Slytherin brother. Maybe they should have named him Pertinax, instead of Sebastian. But Sebastian had been an old family name, the last Prince who had received his mastery in Potions, Spell crafting and Defense Against the Dark Arts, before he turned twenty-five years old.

Severus had already declared that he would obtain them before he was twenty years old. And only afterwards would he be willing to bond or even consider children. Marvolo supported his young lover, even if it was rare that he was able to do more with Severus, than stealing a kiss or two, now and then. No, the chaperones, and their elvish assistants were much too proper to allow a tryst or two.

It didn't matter. Marvolo enjoyed a good challenge, and it would be worth it when Severus submitted to him totally, along with accepting a collar, which would tell the world that he had already been claimed. Even if the collar would be hidden beneath a traditionally high shirt collar most of the time, it was good enough that Marvolo would know that it was there.

For Lord Slytherin it only meant that his young lover trusted him and enjoyed the obvious ways that Marvolo marked his territory. It hadn't really been unusual to see him jealously eyeing the dance floor when Severus had to dance with other guests of the Malfoys during the social season. There was a reason why Marvolo had to give up his wand – exactly like all the other guests when entering the ball room, and didn't that hurt most, but for Severus, Marvolo would be willing to sacrifice everything just to see Severus happy and smiling.

The Enslavement Ritual

Chapter Notes

🥳🥳🥳 Three cheers for my beta "Lizzybeth74" 🍷🍷🍷

Thanks to her support and assistance you'll be getting new chapters, today... ;3

A/N: Warning – It's just a dream, but yes, the old man is totally insane and wouldn't hesitate to act on his greed if it meant that he would gain full control over a submissive male bearer.

At 7:00pm, Minerva led the Gryffindors to the Great Hall. Sirius and James had been bound, their wands were in the custody of their Head of House, and they had been silenced. Being hexed silent - on top of their looming punishment, was not even enough to stop the duo from inwardly growling about their predicament.

Dumbledore tried to stop the punishment, of course, but he was unsuccessful. Alastor Moody was to supervise the ritual for the DMLE and had silenced the Headmaster and made it clear that that he would not hesitate to arrest him, should he consider interfering in any way.

Mathias Prince was already waiting for the miscreants. He was glaring at them with such a cold look that the majority of the students and staff started whispering warming charms. He could imagine a lot of things he would prefer to be doing instead of doling out discipline to the two spoiled brats. At least Honoria had assured him that they would send him a message, as soon as Severus woke up.

Both teenagers shivered in fear. The wizard in front of them emitted a powerful aura of coldness, that seemed to attach to their souls and not let go. "Kneel", Mathias hissed, and for once the rebellious boys obeyed, shivering even more as a non-verbal spell removed their robes and shirt. They gulped and their eyes widened when the dark wizard removed a black ritual knife from his belt.

"If I were you, I wouldn't move or the cuts I am about to make could go deeper than intended. That would be a real pity, don't you agree boys?", Mathias stated, smirking maliciously. "You are very lucky in your punishment. In the old days, you would have been exiled for life from all magical shores. But fortunately for you, we are more merciful now.

You are about to be made slaves of the Ancient and Noble House of Prince. Depending on your behaviour, this may also include your children and grandchildren. The only way to prevent that from happening is if you two utter morons manage to gain the forgiveness of my beloved great-nephew and you impress our family enough to release you from your punishment.”

With a steady hand, Mathias drew three runes on the boy’s collarbones before removing his signet ring from his pocket. After heating it up with a non-verbal spell, Mathias branded them with the Prince family crest.

“Your own actions have shown that this is necessary, boys. Attacking your godbrother is despicable, and you should be glad that the Black Family charter allowed this sort of retribution and atonement. Otherwise, it would be life-long service in the Goblin mines, or you would be used as test subjects for new Goblin wards. I have heard that they can be very creative and quite nasty. It was their wards, after all, that have prevented anyone from discovering or entering the *Forbidden Countries* on a whim. It really is a beautiful piece of work”, Mathias informed them, as he cut his own finger to mix Prince blood into the runes. This would not only strengthen the bond between slave and master, but also make it impossible for the slaves to escape their destiny.

Sirius had paled – *godbrother, Snivellus was his godbrother? No, that could not be true, could it? But why would his mother — or was it his father, accept a half-blood as godchild ?*

“Did it hurt?” Mathias mocked when he noticed Sirius frown. “That frown does not look good on you slave”, Mathias continued as he cleaned the ritual knife, and the fresh cuts on their collarbones. He whistled, summoning a Prince house elf, who held two new tunics that were traditionally worn by slaves of their household who had not gained the trust of their masters.

“Wait — you can’t owe a life debt to family!”, Sirius yelled.

“You are incorrect, slave. There *have* been instances where Magic itself decided that the fallout from acts committed against a family member had been so great, that it had to be punished harshly. Such is the case for you and your crony. You can thank your lucky stars, however, that Lady Magic did not destroy your magical cores for your idiocy. It would have been within her rights to do so. But in her eyes, you are both still but thoughtless children. Take this as your final warning. Let us see if the two of you are capable of learning.”

Stepping back, Mathias turned around. He had a gleam in his eyes made the two boys start shivering again. They knew that the gleam hinted at the fact that things didn't look good for them.

"Let us see if the ritual worked as it should have", Mathias said with a smirk apparent in his voice. "Turn around three times where you stand, as fast as you can while humming *London Bridge is falling down*." At once, the compulsion to obey worked. James and Sirius made complete clowns of themselves in front of the crowd before Mathias allowed them to kneel on the floor. Mathias then issued the next of many orders that would come over the next few years, "You will graduate with *top scores* on your NEWTs. In addition, you will no longer be able to insult or to prank anyone, and you will hand over all items you have used in the past to hurt or harm your classmates and staff members."

"You two will be living with me until I see fit to send you to Prince Hall after your training is complete. Now, get up boys...we will go home since I need to add you two to the wards. It would be a pity, after all, if you are constantly getting zapped by them during your service, wouldn't you agree?", the dark wizard chuckled.

"When will we see them again?", Minerva asked nervously. She may be very angry at Sirius and James' thoughtlessness, but they were still her cubs.

"It depends on the boys Minerva", Mathias shrugged carelessly. "You may see them after Yule...or after Ostara. It really is up to them. Good behaviour will increase their chances to return to Hogwarts quickly. And there is no need to worry about their education, my dear. They will most certainly be keeping up with their studies. You know how important knowledge is for my family", Mathias replied. The elf then followed his master's orders and transported the teenagers to Prince Cottage.

Moody growled, "I'll be leaving as well, Albus. Remember that you are on probation for allowing the Marauders so much leeway with bullying and other atrocious behaviour. Should anything else happen during your probation, you will not only lose your pension and your position as Headmaster, you will also have to stand trial in front of the whole Wizengamot."

"But they are just boys, Alastor, these were just harmless pranks. Why are you treating them and me like this?", Albus asked, seemingly completely baffled at being called to account for his behaviour.

“Oh no, not this again. Magic is not a toy, Albus! Just reading the detention records was enough to make some of us sick. Their behaviour should have been stopped during the first semester at Hogwarts. They should not have been encouraged by the Headmaster - of all people, in malicious pranking and bullying. To make matters worse, you never even informed their guardians about their wickedness. Instead, you decreased the punishments the other professors attempted to give or eliminated them altogether as you saw fit. How could you, Albus? Why did you?”, Moody growled. He was extremely upset and let down by the things he found out about Dumbledore.

“Alastor really, they are just boys. They didn’t mean any harm”, Dumbledore insisted, defending his decisions.

“You just don’t get it. Maybe you should not continue as Hogwarts’ Headmaster. You have messed up big time. Not only have you managed to anger one of Hogwarts’ heirs – which, believe me, is bad enough, but you have also almost successfully turned the Prince family against Britain. Lord Prince is not a man who forgives easily, he can hold a grudge for a long time. And he is not a fool. It is quite possible that he will send someone to really take a closer look at your past. Should that happen, well, let’s just pray that you do not have any skeletons lying around, or he will end you”, Moody warned the Headmaster.

Mathias smirked knowing that he was about to ruin Dumbledore’s day even more. “I have a magical restraining order here, for Albus Dumbledore. It states that he is not allowed to meet, speak with or spend even a few minutes alone with my Great-nephew Severus. To ensure that this order is followed, a few precautions have been put into place by my family that will be revealed when the time is right. In addition, on behalf of Lord Slytherin who is in a courtship with Heir Prince, the control over Slytherin’s part of the school and wards will be handed over to the Deputy and to the Slytherin Head of House for the next ten years. Both will visit Gringotts regularly for a thorough medical check-up and a purge to ensure that they are not being compelled or hexed to behave against Hogwarts itself, or its students. This testing will be paid for by Gringotts. If the goblins find anything that would indicate foul play on your side, Headmaster, you will not be facing the Wizengamot, but a full trial in the Goblin court. This is your only warning. You will stay away from my family...especially Severus, or we will take our pleasure in dealing with you once and for all”, Mathias coldly informed him before leaving for Prince Hall.

Dumbledore was seething. *How dare they threaten me – the Great Albus Dumbledore? What did they have to hide? I will find it out what they are planning. It might be necessary to remove young Severus from their influence so that I can make him see reason. Yes...that will be for the best. But where would I be able to hide the shy Slytherin? Perhaps Nurmengard?*

Maybe in his and Gellert's old private Master rooms. It was only accessible for the two of them, and they were hidden with blood wards.

Dumbledore needed to figure out why young Severus was so important to the Princes and to Tom. He also needed to figure out how Tom had even received his inheritance. He should have been going mad and turning into a Dark Lord - not be acknowledged as one of the Hogwarts' heirs. But Tom had made a mistake. His courting Severus ~~Snape~~-Prince would give Albus the *perfect* opportunity to end Tom and once more be acknowledged as the Greatest Wizard since Merlin.

"If you would excuse me, my dears, I seem to have forgotten some paperwork that needed to be done. Please eat and drink, all will be well — this is just a small misunderstanding", Albus said, smiling cheerfully.

The only paperwork he was interested in at the moment, was taking a closer look into the medical files of the young Slytherin. Even though Poppy's files may not contain everything he needed to know, he knew that he could always sneak into Gringotts and St. Mungo's, at a later date to obtain more information. He had spies in both locations who would do anything and everything for him. All he needed to do was ask.

Maliciously chuckling to himself, Albus daydreamed of successfully whisking the shy teenager away to Nurmengard, without his enemies any wiser. After looking through Poppy's files, he had discovered just why Severus was so important to Tom and the Prince family, and he started to scheme. He drank an entire vial of Liquid Dreams and lounged on his bed. There was no one around who would dare to accuse him of not doing his duty after all. His bedchamber only had portraits that were bound to him. He deserved this pleasure and could certainly afford to indulge himself.

None of the sheeple realised that portraits could be bound one's will, one only needed to know the correct spells and have the correct potions. Starting to feel the effects of the potion he had just consumed, a bright, evil grin etched itself onto Dumbledore's face. *This is going to be delicious.*

Cackling madly, Dumbledore dragged his precious prisoner to the hidden chambers in Nurmengard. Who cared that he had lost his positions to those self-righteous upstarts? He possessed the most valuable treasure of all in his very hands - a virginal male bearer. And by Jove, he would ensure that nobody except himself would defile this rare creature.

“Resistance is futile, my dear boy. Accept your fate or learn to fear me, I will get what I want in the end. And you will be such a good little boy for me, Severus, or I will punish you”, the geriatric wizard growled.

After reaching the chamber, a small spell was used to remove all clothing from the body of his prey. Severus’ wand had already been lost during the struggle when Severus had fruitlessly tried to stop the crazed ex-headmaster from abducting him. Tears gleamed on Severus’ cheeks, but this only seemed to delight Dumbledore even more, as he shamelessly and indecently caressed his prisoner. Having removed his own clothes automatically via spell as soon as he set his foot in his chambers, Albus readied the Death Stick to cast the necessary binding spells on his prey. Never before had Albus felt so alive.

“You are much too tense my sweet boy. You do not need to worry. I know just how to make you relax. I will make you feel so good that you will be begging me for more”, the lunatic chuckled. He was thoroughly enjoying the naked fear in Severus’ eyes.

“You will never again leave these rooms, my sweet shy boy. Daddy will not allow it, and who knows — maybe you will even get another playmate...then you will have two Daddies and you will be our little prince. You will be a good little boy for us. Did you really believe that I would not figure out your secret Severus? We will have so much fun together and you will never be free of me, or my shade. That is a promise that I intend to keep.”

Dumbledore was abruptly kicked out of his dream, but he still smiled happily. This was unexpected, but oh so satisfying. Male bearers were thought to have been extinct nowadays. Finding a *submissive male bearer* — and one ready to be claimed and bred, just in his reach, was proof — to Dumbledore’s crazed mind, that a higher power was on his side.

“When the time is right, I’ll grab him — well, my spies at St. Mungo’s will keep me informed of Severus’ progress. After young Severus has recovered a bit, an attack on the hospital will get me my little treasure. A double success in framing the Dark side for the attack will give me much pleasure, especially if Lord Slytherin is directly blamed for it. That would kill two birds with one stone. My little treasure will be hidden in Nurmengard, where I will enjoy breaking and taming him, until he is ready to follow my every command. Who knows, perhaps Gellert will recognise my superiority and bow to me, acknowledging me as his master. In that case, it would be quite possible that I would allow him to play with my little treasure from time to time”, Dumbledore thought to himself.

Dumbledore let out an evil laugh, “Severus will be your downfall. The whole world – magical and muggle – will cower at my feet. Slytherin House will be banished from Hogwarts, and all Slytherins will be enslaved or sent to work camps, while their fortunes would end up in my pockets. It will be so glorious! I will force Severus to watch Tom and his most loyal be executed and then use their blood to increase my hold on my sweet innocent treasure. You will not escape me Severus, nor will Tom be able to defeat me. **Nobody** is better or greater than I am. I am even more incredible and powerful than Merlin. And the whole world will realise this after I have presented my pet – my shy little submissive male bearer to the world. Then I will fuck him properly, in front of them all. Really,” Dumbledore cackled madly, “Who could stop me?”

Facing your fears

Chapter Summary

It's time for Lord Slytherin to face his fears, and to meet Lord Prince for the first time...

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the *long delay*, but my beta was quite busy...nevertheless, we wish you a lot of fun by reading the new chapter^^

Marvolo was thinking about what happened after the first kiss he shared with the delightful young Slytherin. Within him sparked the wish to keep him forever. But he knew that such a thing would not be easy. The Prince heir had been blessed with *extremely* protective relatives...the exceptions being the unworthy mother and his muggle father, but that didn't matter. No, Walburga Black had been right. Marvolo had been told to meet with Lord Prince at a neural place so that nobody would be able to eavesdrop on them. His ears were still ringing from the vicious verbal attack that he received from the Prince patriarch.

Forget Dumbledore...he did not fear the old coot. But the same could not be said regarding Lord Prince. And it did not matter how often they met. The fear stayed alive. He didn't know how the Lord Prince managed to instil fear in him with such ease.

Flashback — 5th January 1975

“Lord Slytherin, please take a seat”, sneered Lord Prince.

*If looks could kill, Marvolo would likely already be six feet under. Maybe his allies had been right, and the Prince glare **could** kill. Marvolo certainly hoped not...not after having found his soulmate.*

“My wife — along with the godparents of my heir, have informed me about your shameful behaviour during the Yule holidays Lord Slytherin”, hissed Augustus Prince. “Give me one reason why I shouldn’t rip you apart with my bare hands...why I should even consider allowing you any further contact with my grandson”, clearly furious at the treatment of his precious relative.

Marvolo coughed uncomfortably. He wondered if it was fear that seemed to be making it hard for him to breath. Truly, he was not used to this feeling.

“I have apologised for the incident in the private library at Malfoy Manor, Lord Prince”, Marvolo replied, “It was never my intention to dishonour your heir in any way. However,” Marvolo continued, “I do not apologise for being blessed to have shared his first kiss. Lord Prince, I am willing to undergo any punishment you see fit”, Marvolo finished calmly.

“Really? Any punishment I see fit?” the Prince patriarch inquired coldly, “And afterwards, will you cease and desist all contact with my beloved grandson, Lord Slytherin?”

“No, Sir”, replied Marvolo, “I am unable to do so, because my very blood sings when I am close to young Master Prince. He seems to complete me, and he soothes my soul. That is why I humbly beg to be allowed the privilege of courting your grandson according to our laws and traditions, so that — in a few years, he will become my rightful consort and the bearer of the next generation of Slytherins, my Lord”, explained Marvolo.

“Such audacity...but I really shouldn’t be surprised that a half-blood like you lacks the appropriate manners. It seems that you are not satisfied with tainting the innocence of my heir, you want more”, growled the Prince Lord.

“Please, sir”, Marvolo pleaded, “I am willing to face any challenge you see fit, but do not deny me the right to court Severus. I give you my word — as the heir of Salazar Slytherin and the rightful Lord of my family, to not only cherish Severus every moment of my life, but to treat him with love, respect and honour...just as he should be treated. Please do not deny us our happiness. I promise that I would not touch him inappropriately, before our wedding night...and I will let him set the pace for the courtship, while submitting to any chaperones you deem worthy for this endeavour”, Marvolo continued — graciously surrendering to the judgement of the Prince patriarch.

“How very interesting”, Lord Prince responded, “you are willing to face any challenge I set just for the chance to court my grandson. Hmm, so be it. You and I will meet in four days at Gringotts to set up a proper courtship contract, and so that you can face the punishment for your disgraceful behaviour towards my heir at the Malfoy Manor. Should you survive the punishment, only then will we negotiate — under the supervision of three carefully chosen witnesses, a possible courtship and marriage contract. Be warned...you are not allowed any sort of sexual relations with my heir, until he is twenty years of age. Kissing him will only be allowed under special circumstances, and you will not be allowed to sleep next to him until the wedding has taken place. Are you in agreement, Lord Slytherin?”, Prince challenged.

“I agree”, Marvolo responded, “I swear on my magic, my life and my honour, that I will respect your decisions with regard to my courting your heir...and I hope to prove myself worthy of this opportunity, Sir.”

“Wonderful. I will meet you at Gringotts at 9:00am in four days. Do not be late, young Slytherin because if you are, nothing and nobody will be able to protect you from my ire”, Lord Prince stated before leaving the table.

Weak with nerves from the verbal confrontation, the Dark Lord stayed a bit longer. He consoled himself with the realisation that now he at least had the chance to court the Prince heir. But he couldn't shake off the fear and uncertainty that the Lord Prince would prepare something dangerous and extremely humiliating to get even with him for the encounter at Malfoy Manor.

No matter what he had planned, it would be worth it, Marvolo decided. To know that nobody would be able to take young Severus away from him. The sinfully tempting young wizard would forever be at his side, as his lover and consort. He would be a fool to back down. No, for Severus he would do everything in his power to prove himself worthy — no matter what it would take. Severus would belong to him, and nothing would stop him.

End Flashback

To pass the time, Marvolo thought of different things he could do to make himself more appealing to Severus and his protectors. One thing he thought about was the current age difference between himself and his intended. At the moment, the age difference is 33 years. He had no desire to endure tasteless cradle robber jokes. He thought about what the best age possible would be. After all, he really didn't want to appear to be too old for his young intended. Especially not when he could do something about it. Perhaps he should ask his library elf to look up some books for him on permanent de-aging rituals, spells and potions. He thought 10-15 years older than Severus would be sufficient.

Of course, he would have some fun with it and rub it into the old coot's face. He would ask the Goblins and some of his Allies in France to create a new identity for him. He remembered a delightful French pureblood lady who was the proper age to have given birth to the next Lord Slytherin. From there, it wouldn't be too hard to arrange for a death certificate for Tom Marvolo Riddle, Jr. — a plane crash would do quite nicely as the cause of death. It wouldn't be a surprise to anyone that a half-blood had used muggle means for travel every now and then.

This would also ensure that Tom's son — Marvolo S. Slytherin would inherit the Lordship. Since he grew up in France, his dear mother had him home-schooled to prevent unwanted attention from a distrustful old coot, while he studied from the curriculum of Beauxbatons. Since he had French citizenship as well, he also had a solid muggle education and had studied for a few years at the Sorbonne. Though he may have to tweak a few things here and there, he felt that his new background was fairly solid.

As soon as he was back in the good graces of Lord Prince, he would speak with his vault manager about a name change. He would also take some time to look for suitable courting gifts in his family vaults — not only for promise rings, but also books and other treasures that would protect and please his beloved while he still attended Hogwarts.

And luckily, his beloved had loyal friends at his side to protect him, should it be necessary. He knew — all too well, how important having friends for protection was. Marvolo clearly remembered that if Orion and Abraxas hadn't been watchful, he would have started creating horcruxes and not only would he have descended into madness — He would have fallen right into Dumbledore's trap. However, his two friends had been alert, and recognized the book he'd been given. They had not only petrified him...but had levitated him and the book to Gringotts via the floo system in Slytherin, where the Goblins destroyed the book after making a copy of all the spells on it. They also made sure to copy and store Marvolo's memories as well.

After learning that Professor Slughorn had given a student that awful book, Ragnuk ordered the Slytherin head of house to Gringotts for a meeting. There, he made clear what would happen if he **ever** handed such dangerous books to any student under his care again. Needless to say, old Slughorn was a weeping wreck, who had to be freed from numerous compulsions himself. He received a special Goblin pendant, which would keep him safe from further mind manipulations. He would also have to pay **25,000 Galleons** in restitution to the designated Lord Slytherin.

9th January 1975 — 9am, Gringotts

Tom had indeed used the time before his meeting with Lord Prince for his permanent de-aging. He had also informed his closest friend about his decisions and what was going to happen on the 9th of January with Lord Prince at Gringotts. He was slightly nervous because he had no idea what kind of challenge Lord Prince had in mind for his retribution, but he would face it so that he would have a chance to be with his beloved. There was no doubt in his mind that Severus was worth it.

Trying to stay calm was not easy...not when Mathias Prince smirked deviously in his direction, but Marvolo had promised himself not to rise to any bait. He needed to be back in their good books, or he would risk losing the chance of courting and marrying Severus in the future.

“I think I’ll go for a short visit to Hogwarts. It’s always good to scare the old coot now and then...keep him on his toes, especially today of all days”, Mathias said cryptically before apparating to Hogsmeade.

Frowning the newly de-aged Slytherin lord looked at Lord Prince, who only silently gestured for Marvolo to follow him. They reached two huge ornate Goblin doors- full of runes and sigils, which made Marvolo’s heart start to beat faster. This was it...and yet, he still didn’t know what to expect.

“The Goblins were most helpful by creating this Gauntlet for you, Lord Slytherin. It will resemble a part of our past. You need to find all the missing items that belong to my grandson while searching for cover or else you risk getting hit by bombs. You will have 30 minutes. Should you succeed, then we will proceed with the marriage negotiations. Fail and I will **personally** ensure, that you will not be able to come near my grandson again. I vow this as Head of the Ancient and Noble House of Prince”, declared Augustus Prince.

Marvolo looked at the older wizard in shock. This was evil. It seemed that Lord Prince had known exactly what Marvolo would fear most, besides the loss of Severus...but he had no choice but to comply if he wanted to win the approval of Severus’ guardians. He couldn’t fail, he wouldn’t fail. Failure was not an option. Breathing in and out once more, he attempted to calm himself and his magic in preparation to cross the threshold.

“Ah, before I forget, you can’t use any magic during the gauntlet. May Lady Magic be merciful to your soul, young Slytherin”, Augustus smirked triumphantly.

His grandson was one of the most important people in his life, and anyone who even dared to imagine a future with Severus, would face a similar gauntlet and had to defeat his biggest fear. How else could he be sure that they would be able to protect Severus against greedy and corrupt wixen — whether they were in Britain or anywhere else around the globe?

“Er...one last question Lord Prince, how many items are hidden within the gauntlet?”, Marvolo inquired fearfully.

“Hm, since my grandson celebrates his birthday today, we have placed 15 items within the gauntlet”, Lord Prince replied, “Will you accept the challenge or not, Lord Slytherin?”, he asked calmly.

“I accept”, murmured Marvolo, before placing his wand into the little alcove on the left side of the portal. Only the rightful owner of the wand could remove it afterwards. This was the only reason Marvolo could accept the thought of being without this wand for the challenge.

He accepted the satchel decorated with the two crests of Prince & Slytherin, which is where he was to store the items he would retrieve. Marvolo bowed respectfully to the Goblins and to Lord Prince and began to enter the gauntlet. For better or worse, he would not back down. Not when the reward would be a future with the young Prince who had captured his heart without even trying.

“My dear Augustus, you can be so devious at times”, the Goblin King murmured... complementing him on his plans, as he watched from a distance.

“Am I?”, Augustus replied, smirking. “It was your kin, who created the gauntlet, Jareth.”

“So, do you think he will be successful, or will Lord Slytherin fail?”, Jareth asked curiously.

“Knowing how smitten he has become with my heir, Lord Slytherin will do his utmost to pass the Gauntlet. However, he will have learned to fear me...and to never dare to step out of line again. Should he prove himself worthy, then he will receive my blessing to marry

Severus — after he has completed his Mastery, or on his 21st birthday. I am not an ogre, but I need to ensure that only the best will have a chance to court Severus”, Lord Prince explained.

Meanwhile, Marvolo had stepped over the threshold to the gauntlet. He heard the portal close with an ominous sound, which didn't really fill Marvolo with a lot of confidence. What he saw was shocking, the area looked like a warzone – like the Blitz in his youth. There were sirens...and oh, no...bombs and an eerie laughter sounding all around him.

Without thinking twice, the de-aged Lord Slytherin reflexively dived for cover while luckily finding the first of the items he needed to collect. This was not a gauntlet, this was hell!

He was running, ducking, diving for cover, and trying to stay safe...always searching for the items he was to collect. Photos, potions recipes, muggle literature, school books...even toys, none of it made any sense, but somehow his luck held and he found everything. Even the last item...a Japanese Shinobi Weapon set, and a scroll that contained family pictures of the Uchiha clan.

The sound of the sirens all around him grew louder and more ominous. A big unidentified shape was released as the portal appeared in front of the heavily breathing Slytherin, and he jumped through it before the shock wave destroyed the gauntlet.

The sound of clapping made him look up, and for the first time he realised that Lord Prince wasn't alone any longer. At his side was the Goblin King. Both were clearly amused and wore a smirk on their faces. Jareth floated Marvolo's wand back to its owner and Lord Prince used a spell to verify that Marvolo had fulfilled his challenge.

“How fortunate for you, it seems that you have found everything”, Lord Prince said calmly. It's such a pity, my dear brother had hoped that you wouldn't be successful before running out of time. All is forgiven and you have a clean slate for now, Lord Slytherin. Come, it is time to negotiate a marriage contract between our houses. But remember my warning...I only give it once before I make my enemies pay.”

“Thank you for your generosity, my Lord. I promise that I will not disappoint you. I will cherish Severus as long as we live, and never forget the lesson you have taught me today”, Marvolo politely replied.

Inwardly Marvolo was celebrating. Severus would be his partner...he didn't even care that they would have to wait for a few years. Being able to court his delightfully shy serpent, knowing that he would be the only one who would taste those sinful lips and would have every other 'first' that the young Slytherin would someday grant him was better than anything he could have hoped for.

After he returned home, Marvolo would order his elves to begin preparing things so that Severus could move in, once their courtship was over. He would also have the best and most expensive potions lab in the world built for his beloved. It would include a private potions library and a study so that nothing would stop his beloved from revolutionising the subtle art of potions and achieving his Mastery!

Discovering the Mirror of Erised

Chapter Summary

Once more is the Mirror of Erised luring a victim to their doom...

Chapter Notes

Another chapter, that hadn't been edited by my usual beta, yet...enjoy^^

Deeply hidden within the castle walls was an infamous dark artefact – the mirror of Erised - it had been deemed too dangerous for most wixen, but for unknown reasons the mirror had proven to be indestructible. And to make it worse the legend, that a malicious spirit (the original creator of the mirror) had been imprisoned in the mirror had been forgotten during the centuries.

As the Marauders and young Severus Snape started at Hogwarts, the Ghost within the mirror woke from his long slumber and began to plot. Once upon a time he had already lusted after another submissive male bearer from the Prince clan, who had also been named Severus – and this time the ghost had vowed to succeed. He just need to lure a gullible young wixen into his clutches, and ensure that the wixen got ensnared by the Mirror, which shouldn't be overly difficult.

Gender didn't matter for the ghost, as he had known about potions or even rituals, that would permanently change the gender of a young wixen, or even enable the creation of a mindless golem, while the soul of the victim got trapped into the mirror, allowing the ghost to break free.

Lily Evans was furious, not only did she owe a life debt to her former childhood friend, but she had lost any chance to influence Severus, and that galls the young muggleborn witch quite a lot. How could she turn back the time to go back to the original status quo, as Severus was looking up to her, as if she hung the moon and the stars at the night sky?

A door creaked open, and the curious witch entered, coughing due to the dust and the stale air, as her eyes noticed a grand impressive mirror, that seems to beck her closer. Like a puppet on a string did Lily follow, not even realising, that she cut her hand on the mirror and her blood soaked into the wood.

The founders had heard the rumours and transported the mirror to the castle, so that never again a victim can be enchanted and succumb to its nefarious influences. They've created a chamber deep within the heart of the school, that could only entered by those the castle had deemed worthy. And where it had been kept safe during the next few centuries, hoping that the world would forget the dangerous mirror.

Unfortunately, Dumbledore discovered the mirror during his own school days and using an obscure ritual to break the protection wards on the chamber, before relocating the mirror. He had planned to use it after adjusting it to leech magic from the unlucky victims, that stumble over the mirror, while it would strengthen the headmaster and also stop him from aging.

Therefore he'd put it in one of the abandoned classrooms in the lower parts of the castle, after being nominated as deputy, and slowly forgot about it. This was due to the trapped malicious spirit, who had ensured, that he is the only one, who can benefit from the dark powers of the legendary Mirror of Erised.

From time to time the Mirror had tried to use a sort of Siren call and luring in new victims. Nothing could cause greater joy, as when it was one of the descendants of those, who had locked him away, or even someone of the Prince family.

Just being there, no longer locked up, and free to feed on the hate of the students, while also increasing their darker urges, the mirror got daily stronger. Soon the spirit will switch places with an unlucky victim and get his hands on the young tempting submissive male bearer, without his enemies any wiser.

Lily did not see her biggest desire in the mirror, but a handsome warlock, who becked her closer, and like in trance the young witch followed. It had to be a dream, how else should it possible to travel via a mirror?

“So young, so powerful, and so gullible, too. Oh, my dear girl, will you do my bidding, then I'll ensure that all your dreams come true!”, whispered the malicious spirit, as he caressed the teenager.

Lily nodded, unable to talk, but due to the blood, unable to deny him anything.

“Excellent, my dear. Show me your devotion, strip and gift me your virginity. It’s a small price to ensure, that you’re free of this pesky life debt, don’t you agree, my dear girl?”, suggested Estevan diabolically.

“Yes, Master. But how can we succeed?”, asked Lily, as she swiftly follow his orders.

“Leave this to me, my child, just listen to my chant, as I’m claiming you as one of my servants, Lily Evans.”, smirked Estevan, as he ruthlessly thrust into the tight cunt, while his chant ensure, that Lily loved every single moment of it, moaning lustfully and begged for more, as the warlock corrupted and marked her with his personal crest.

Only in this realm between reality and dream could he take his original form, but Lily didn’t need to know it, she was utterly lost and begged him to be allowed to have his babies, just to show her devotion to her dark master. Babies to ensure, that they can lure Severus into a trap, and her Master praised her, while merciless fucked her the whole night – no hole did he miss, and in the end, she’d even crawled on the floor and begged him to do it again.

“Oh, my little gullible slave, you will not longer be able to refuse any of my orders. Therefore heed me well. Before the next full moon is rising, bring me the wolf and the rat, so that they will become my slaves, too. Do it, and I reward you quite well, with jewelry and galleons, so that you can buy a proper wardrobe, fitting for your new status. Do not disappoint me, or I have to punish you, my dear girl.”, hissed Estevan.

“Yes, Master, whatever you want.”, murmured Lily, her mind under the control of the dark entity, she was only a mere puppet, and she didn’t longer care about any possible repercussions for her peers.

Should he take over the body of the wolf or the rat, why should she care, as long as she would get her rewards? The Marauders needs to pay for their crimes, and her Master will only dole out justified punishments.

“Now go, and do not come back without my other slaves, child.”, commanded the dark entity.

Lily obeyed, no longer able to remember, what have happened to her in the abandoned class room, or able to find her Master’s mark hidden on her cleavage. A mere thought is enough to make her burning in lust, and feeling the need to have sex with the next wixen or magical creature – no matter if they’re male or female, just to stop the burn. Not knowing, that only her master’s cum can stop it.

Should she had sex with other wixen or magical creature, who does not belong to her Master, then she will slowly turn into a mindless bimbo, after all, she had no permission to seek sexual gratification from anyone else, except her dark master.

Severus' birthday

Chapter Summary

Some fluff, it's Severus' birthday :3

Chapter Notes

A/N: Well, it had been some time...what should I say, It can happen :)

Another unedited chapter - enjoy^^

Some more fluff, after all, we can all need this from time to time^^

After observing the gauntlet, and dealing with Lord Slytherin, it was finally time for something complete different. Why had it to be him? Alas, Lord Prince couldn't change it, so he would keep his word, as long as Marvolo Slytherin will not mess it up. Well, you could still dream, right?

Mathias had already prepared everything for this special day. Lucius had as promised watched over Severus at St. Mungo's, and even set up wards, so that only the healers and nurses, who had been approved by the Prince clan could enter Severus' room.

To be honest, Mathias wasn't the only one, who would have enjoyed to rip apart the old coot. A shame, that they had to follow the law, but should he only dare to make a wrong move, then nothing will save him!

Severus had frowned, but obediently put on the clothes, that Lucius had set out on the bed for him. Maybe he should be glad, that they wouldn't go clothes shopping today! Following the rules of his grandparents had proven to be quite beneficial for the young shy Slytherin prodigy, but do they really need a house elf to check, if he is eating and drinking regularly?

Mathias knocked on the door, and Lucius let him in. A silent glance between the two Slytherins, before Mathias embraced his grand-nephew and wished him a happy birthday.

“Is everything alright, Sir?”, asked Severus.

“Sure, everything is fine! We only had to deal with some errands at Gringotts, but your grandfather will clue you in later. I’ve also spoken with your healer. We can take you home today, so better pack your things, I doubt that you will spend here another night!”, smirked Mathias.

Severus smiled back, before using a non-verbal wandless spell to pack his luggage. He was happy, that he hadn’t had to keep his abilities a secret among his family.

“By the way, we’d also put a Fidelius on any of your medical files. And we will automatically be informed should a third party try to open them without our permission.”, informed him Mathias.

“You really think, that there are wixen out there, who would ignore my privacy?”, inquired Severus.

“I do, we do have some enemies, and also have to deal with a corrupt ministry, so we do not take any chances. The family council will also debate if a return to Hogwarts is a good choice, or if we should opt for homeschooling instead. We just want you to be safe, healthy and not have to hold back any longer, due to biased old fools!”, answered Mathias.

“I understand, but maybe it can be better without the Marauders be able to attack me all the time!”, murmured Severus.

“Well, should you want to go back, then we will send some bodyguards with you. Some Shinobi from the Forbidden Countries would be the best choice to keep you safe. Think about it, Sevvv.”, smirked Mathias.

“I’m not a damsel in distress. I can defend myself quite well. This isn’t necessary, uncle!”, hissed Severus.

“Why not, they can also ensure that you learn some more martial art skills.”, commented his uncle amused.

“Let’s talk about this later, and enjoy the day!”, interrupted them Lucius.

“Fine, but I do not need any bodyguards. What next, dire wolves to ensure my chastity?” growled Severus.

“Not a bad idea, let’s see if I can find a breeder!”, chuckled Mathias.

“Will Lord Slytherin accompany us, today?”, asked Lucius.

“No, he needs to rest, after passing a certain gauntlet at Gringotts. You are now officially contracted to each other. But there will be no meetings without chaperones. And should he only try to overstep his boundaries, then I’ll ensure, that he’ll be regretting it!”, replied Mathias.

Pulling out a portkey, the trio touched it and got whisked away. Just seconds, before one of Dumbledore’s minions opened the door. Nobody was there, well, Dumbledore will not like this at all! The nameless minion send a short message to the headmaster, before disappearing into the shadows.

“Welcome to Florence, your grandfather is already waiting for us!”, said Mathias jovially.

“Why are we here?”, asked Severus suspiciously.

“It’s a wonderful city. No need to ask such questions, Sevvy.”, replied Mathias quickly.

“Sure, and it’s a pure coincidence, that this is the city with a special magical academy, and we’re here on a day, when it’s open for visitors.”, commented Severus.

“Exactly, we just thought you would enjoy a quick trip to Italy.”, agreed Mathias.

Severus and Lucius greeted Lord Prince and after perusing the menu make a choice for their lunch, before enjoying the beautiful scenery. Severus could secretly admit, that he'd enjoyed to be in Florence, but a school transfer, no way, he will not allow the Marauders this victory!

He also didn't want any Shinobi bodyguards either, but try to convince his family, that this wasn't necessary. It would probably be easier to make a stone cry!

After their lunch did they take a stroll through the old part of the city, and also decided to visit the famous art gallery. Lucius had never left Severus' side while the two half-brothers watched them fondly.

Lucius had proven himself to be a loyal friend and protector for Severus. He was among the first of the younger pureblood generation, who had successfully managed to lure Severus from his shell. Making him smile and even laugh on rare occasion.

Regulus had been another loyal friend, someone, who had earned the place as honourable brother. Orion and Walburga had surprised them greatly, as they had immediately accepted Severus as one of their own. Encouraged him to follow his dreams and to study the dark and grey branches of magic, without losing himself.

Marvolo Slytherin, they didn't really trust him, yet. There was too much unknown about the young Slytherin heir. Sure, he did pass the gauntlet, but was he the best choice for Severus? Severus needed a strong and powerful wizard, who didn't view him as a trophy, but as an equal and strong partner.

“Don't worry, brother. We will test him again and again. Either he passes them all, or we'll be looking elsewhere for a better choice.”, murmured Mathias.

“I can worry, Severus means everything to me. But do tell, how are the two new slaves, any troubles?”, complained Lord Prince.

“Well, the usual troubles. Potter seems to be an extremely spoiled and selfish brat. Sirius is a surprise, as I know that his family isn’t known for ignoring bad behaviour and flaws in their heirs. The Goblins should check the wards, and we need a full inquiry in regards of the behaviour of staff and students. This should have never happened! And then there is the young werewolf. I’ve checked the lists, he isn’t on them, and you know exactly, what that means!”, mused Mathias.

“I do, it seems the old coot is once again meddling. Yes, we need to get more active. It was a grave mistake to withdraw more and more, after Eileen decided to run away. And she would have never be able to hide so long, without having any allies. I want them to be found and punished harshly! Dumbledore’s illegal vigilante organisation needs to be forbidden! We can’t allow anyone to have their own private armies, we’re not living in medieval times any longer!”, commented Lord Price.

“I do agree, but it will not be easy to discover the skeletons in Dumbledore’s past. He is not an easy foe. Should he only assume, that Severus is a male bearer, then he will not rest, until he had Severus in his clutches, just to feed his superiority complex.”, agreed Mathias.

“Indeed, Dumbledore needs to disappear, without being turned into a martyr. Too bad that we can’t hire one of the Shinobi squads to deal with the old coot. However, if the rumours are true, then he’s still obsessed with the legends of the Deathly Hallows, and should that be the case, then we can lure him into a deadly trap”, chuckled Lord Prince darkly.

“What do you have in mind?”, inquired Mathias curiously.

“Well, first we need to find a way to contact Death – maybe on Samhain to ask him for advice. I doubt that he would want a mortal, and especially someone like the headmaster as his potential Master. Maybe he had an idea how to remove those three artefacts for good from our world.”, pondered Lord Prince.

“Excellent idea. Let’s ask Marvolo, if his family had one of those legendary items. It’s quite possible. Should that be the case, then we have a good opportunity to see how far he is willing to go for our Severus!”, smirked Mathias.

“Ah, I see. Should he really love him, then he will give up this item. Even if that meant, he will lose an invaluable family heirloom. You’re such a sly fox!”, praised him Lord Prince.

“Indeed. And should he refuse it, then we know that he doesn’t mean it seriously, and can already look for a better choice abroad. I would also advice tonight to renew the geas, that would ensure that nobody can take Severus’ virginity, before his 20th birthday!”, suggested Mathias.

In the late afternoon did the quartet also take a tour through the private magical academy and spoke with numerous tutors, students and professors. Severus may not show it, but he was quite impressed with this academy. It would be an excellent challenge for him. An entry exam would also ensure that he had time to prepare for it, should he consider a school transfer, and who knows, maybe some of his friends would want to go with him. He could always ask them!

At 8pm the group took a portkey to Prince Hall, where they were already greeted by a group of friends and family. Severus blushed, as he was still not used to it, but he couldn’t hide his joy, as among the guests was also Marvolo. And he would be even sit next to him, which made him very happy.

A short birthday song, and a report about what had happened at Hogwarts, since Severus had been at St. Mungo’s was a wonderful distraction. Severus had also seen the table with birthday gifts, but had agreed, that he will open them on the next day, he did still tire easily, and therefore will take it slow for the next few days.

“Florence was a wonderful idea, Grandfather. Thank you for this surprise. Thank you for making my birthday to such a fantastic occasion. I can’t tell you, how glad I am to have found such great friends and a true family. Should this be a dream, then I will never wake up!”, thanked Severus his guests.

He was not the only one, who had tears in his eyes.

“Oh, Severus. You have changed our life so much. Without you, this wouldn’t be possible. We will be doing our utmost, that you and your generation will be able to thrive and spread your wings. And we will do, what needs to be done, so that none of you will be forced to endure a magical civil war!”, confirmed Lord Prince, as he hugged Severus.

Since it was getting late, Lord Prince had offered their guests to spend the night, and most of them accepted graciously. Mathias was carrying his sleeping grand-nephew to his bedroom.

Of course, he had seen how disappointed Marvolo had looked, but he hadn't earned such a privilege, yet. All in all, it had been a fantastic day, but maybe it was really time to hire a few Shinobi, as Severus' security would always come first!

Danzo vs. Mathias

Chapter Summary

Danzo vs. Mathias

Chapter Notes

A/N: Oh, look another unedited chapter...^^

I was never a big fan of Danzo – I've disliked him immensely, so I've decided to change a few things, before we can add Shinobi to the madness.^^

The timeline will be after Kyubi attacked the village and got sealed in infant Naruto. Danzo had ensured that the Uchiha clan wasn't allowed to defend the village, deliberately taking numerous victims into account, just to claim afterwards that the Uchiha clan were traitors to Konoha.

Mathias is related to the Uchiha, as his mother was a member of the clan, before meeting Lord Prince and followed him to Magical Britain. He and his older half-brother Augustus had both developed the Sharigan, after Augustus got blood-adopted by his stepmother.

After Severus' birthday party Mathias did inform his older half-brother of his wish to travel to the Forbidden Countries. He knew how to reach them, and he had some business to take care off. Who knows, maybe fortune would smile on him and he could get rid of Danzo.

The old Shinobi had always put him on edge, and should have been dealt with ages ago. Either those Shinobi had been gotten worse during the past decades, or they're blindly following manipulative fools.

It doesn't matter, but it had been years, since he had been able to roam freely through the Forbidden Countries. How he would have enjoyed to show them to Severus, but it was much too dangerous at the moment.

Not many knew that his mother had been an Uchiha, who was able to impress Lord Prince and willingly following him back to Britain. She was a true force to be reckoned with and taught him and Augustus how to fight with chakra, as well as with their magic and any weapon, that they could find.

Learning, that Danzo had planned something that would wipe out almost his whole clan, no, Mathias wouldn't allow this to happen! He would probably do Konoha a favour, when he killed the foolish Shinobi.

Nobody knows that thanks to the blood adoption of his half-brother he had also been gifted with the Sharigan. And chances are high, that Severus also inherited it, too. That was another reason, why Mathias was now travelling to the Forbidden countries. Severus would need someone, who understands this rare power, and teach him how to master it.

Danzo had no idea, that he had early on landed on Mathias' bad side and he would have loved to tear him apart limb by limb. He had heard, what Danzo had done to paint the Uchiha in a bad light. Not only had he ensured that they weren't allowed to attack the nine-tailed Fox, but later he accused them of plotting against the Hokage and the village. Oh, please – they wouldn't plot, but ensured that they came out on top!

No, Danzo would die, today, and at least two of the Uchiha would be accompanying him to Britain.

Imagine his surprise as he stumbled over the orphaned toddler Naruto. Those dunderheads had not learned anything from the past. Sealing a powerful mythological creature like the nine-tailed-fox in an infant. Are they out of their minds? No, he wouldn't allow them to mistreat this innocent child, he'll be taking Naruto with him. They would be able to give him a much better education, and it wasn't the first **Jinchūriki** which his family had taken under their wing.

Danzo had been informed that a stranger would be coming to Konoha, but why did he feel as if his plans would be turning to dust? There was nobody he had to fear, and soon he would force the young Itachi Uchiha to become a kin killer, should he wish his baby brother to survive.

He couldn't allow any Uchiha to survive his purge. They would be able to realise, that he had stolen numerous Sharigans and now wearing them on his own body.

The Hokage had been stunned to see Mathias Prince entering the village, carrying toddler Naruto in his arms.

“Would you entertain the tyke, I’ve had something to settle, and I do not want anyone to intervene!”, growled Mathias.

The Hokage had been surprised, even more as Mathias told him, that he wouldn’t let the toddler in their care any longer, but take him back to Britain. Not even his guard dare to oppose Mathias. They had already learned a few years ago, that this was not a wise move. Besides most of the villagers would be celebrating that the cursed brat isn’t with them any longer.

“Fine, if you want to take care of Uzumaki’s son, who am I to stop you.”, admitted the Hokage.

“Oh, so you can learn? Who would have thought!”, commented Mathias cynically.

“But why are you here?”, inquired the Hokage.

“Different reasons, I need at least 2-3 Shinobi for a long-term mission, and to deal with a thorn in my side. As I said, do not intervene, or suffer the consequences. Danzo had been warned, and still he will not stop his meddling.”, hissed Mathias.

“Are you sure, that you won’t taking this too far?”, asked the Hokage carefully.

“Watch our duel, and I will deliver you the evidence, what for a scumbag he really is.”, replied Mathias unimpressed.

“As you wish. It had been years, since I have seen you duel. Entertain me, Mathias.”, grinned the Hokage.

“Sure, but don’t blame me for losing your lunch!”, smirked Mathias.

He did his usual warm-up exercises, and calling his favourite Kunai into his hand, before making it disappear again. This would be a perfect opportunity to test out Severus’ new spell. He had crafted it as a special birthday gift for Mathias, and the older wizard had been impressed with the power behind this spell.

Danzo got presented the scroll with the duel demand and frowned. Then he read it again and started to cursing – Mathias Prince, why had it to be him?

He had no choice, but to appear at the duelling ground. Mathias wouldn’t be an easy opponent, but Danzo was confident, that he could win, and he had also read, that it would be a duel on life or death, therefore he could kill the vexing Prince and getting away with it, too.

The whole village had appeared, Naruto was in Mathias’ arms and giggled happily. He would be handed over to the Hokage for the duration of the duel. The village had been put on lockdown, so that everyone would be able to watch and learn.

Finally did Danzo appear, and trying to fool them once more, but Mathias didn’t fell for it, and hit him immediately with a wandless crucio, just to raise his ire. He’d also used another spell to remove the bandage over Danzo’s eye, and then a wandless Sectumsempra to cut off Danzo’s bandaged arm, before making the bandage disappear as well.

Danzo cursed and attacked, using the Sharigan, but without much success. Mathias smirked, as he avoided his attacks, before making Danzo sunk into the earth like quicksand and then keep him there.

“Still a fool, you will never learn from your mistakes. Let’s end it now, Danzo!”, sneered Mathias.

Danzo growled, hissed and cursed, but Mathias’ magic kept him imprisoned, and the last thing he ever saw was a sharp blade, before he gets decapitated. His body got burned to ashes, before Mathias banished it.

Danzo's secret organisation had looked shocked at the fate of their leader, one or two of the more reckless ANBU-members even tried to attack Mathias as his back was turned, but they did only share Danzo's fate.

"Dunderheads! Don't forget this lesson!", growled Mathias, having once more accepted toddler Naruto from the Hokage.

None of the clan leaders even try to utter a single word of protest. They knew better as to insult such a powerful duellist. Naturally, the Hokage did also agree to Mathias' plea for Shinobi protection and send 2 adult Shinobi (Kakashi & Iruka) with him back to Britain. However the village was surprised, that the mysterious Prince would also accept Itachi and his baby brother Sasuke, too.

And since Mathias enjoys to surprise and awe them now and then, he procured a portkey, which all had to touch, including the two toddlers, before disappearing out of their sight.

"Do you really think, that this was a wise decision, Hokage?", questioned him one of the clan leader.

"Indeed, I do. Seize the ANBU-members, we need to question them immediately.", ordered the Hokage.

He wouldn't show it, but he had been quite shocked to learn about Danzo's betrayal. When had Danzo lost his way? They will probably never learn the truth, but at least now his village was safe once more.

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