**Child's Play**

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**Child's Play**

by Fearless Cookie

**Summary**

In a world where Vernon decided to get the freak out of his house as long as possible before he starts training his magical powers, the man sells Harry to his boss for the next five years when Harry was five. How will being left in the hands of a sexual predator at a young age affect the upcoming war? DO NOT READ IF THE TAGS MAKE YOU SICK NOT A HAPPY STORY FOR HARRY!
DISCLAIMER: I do not own Harry Potter, if I did, Harry would have been gay, Draco would have been a Hufflepuff, and Snape wouldn't have been such an ass.
This is the first time I've ever written something as graphic as this. Please keep the criticism to polite words
Please note:
EXTREMELY UNDERAGE IN THE BEGINNING!
Harry is only five when he is first raped. This story has no romance for the boy. It is nothing but Harry Potter being turned into a FUCKTOY. That's it. This isn't a happy story.
Please also note that ungerage means that it shouldn't be used in reality. This is a STORY, meaning that it is fictional, and it should stay fictional. Anyone who does these things to a child should be arrested and should be forced to suffered extreme pain. I do not condone sexual abuse, be it an adult or child.
Things in this story should be roleplay between two consenting adults.
His Training

CHAPTER ONE:  
Fucktoy

Vernon Dursley blinked at his boss's order in surprise. The Man was fit for his age of fifty-five, looking more like his mid thirties. His eyes bulged as he looked down at the price on the check that was only half of what the man was going to get for doing as asked.

All he had to do was leave his five year old nephew with The Man for five years.

Harry Potter sat tensely on the bed in the nondescript room, naked. It was better than his cupboard under the stairs, but it was plain. Only two doors, the one his uncle had tossed him in from, and a bathroom with no door. There were no windows, and the only light came from the one hanging overhead. The bed was just a simple cot, with a thin sheet.

The door opening had him holding his breath as a handsome man entered. He was just as naked as Harry, holding a big case, and the little boy feared what that meant. He could remember Dudley talking about a teacher from his school that got locked away for touching a little girl with no clothing on, and realized that The Man was about to do that to him too.

Having grown up with the Dursleys, he knew not to talk unless given permission. His body shook as The Man walked closer, the door falling shut mechanically.

A sinister grin was on his face as he sat beside Harry, his hands touching the boy's shoulders. Those hands started to move. First up and down his arms, across his back, and his neck. Then the hands touched his chest, pinching at the little bumps there. The boy whined at the painful sensation. The Man groaned, pinching as hard as he could. Tears fell from jade eyes as Harry tried to pull away.

It was the wrong thing to do. The Man glared, grabbing Harry's small wrists in one hand, and yanking the five year old across his lap. The first hit landed painfully on Harry's exposed penis. Then The Man rained down smack after smack on the pain bottom sticking out, even as the boy screamed, and cried, and pleaded.

When The Man stopped, he admired his work. The little boy was limp in his grasp, still crying. His pale skin, though, was now red as a cherry, and turning darker by the second. When he was done with the boy, he wouldn't be able to move let alone sit for a week, if not more. He moved the boy's hands to the top of the bed with an order to leave them there.

He reached into his case, pulling out metal manacles that would hold his hands together, and hooked to a chain that would connect to either the hook in the ceiling, or to the wall that the head of the cot connected to. He connected the small wrists to the hook beside the bed, tightening the clasps until the boy sobbed with pain.

Harry didn't understand why his hands were in the painful bracelets, or why he was on his knees, head between his arms painfully. He could hear The Man moving behind him, muttering too softly for the boy to make anything out. He flinched when those large hands started to spank him once again.

The Man chuckled as the boy's throat gave out on him. He would take that throat sometime soon, but not that moment. Maybe he would let the boy taste himself on his cock when he was done. He
grabbed the bottle of lubrication that he had brought, and thinly coated one finger. He started to rub at the boy's little rosebud, watching it flutter as the boy was too tired to fight it.

Harry whimpered when The Man pushed his finger into his butt. He didn't understand why The Man wanted to touch him there. The Man groaned as the tight muscles were forced to part way for him. Harry flinched violently as another finger, dry this time, entered his hole along side the first.

The Man harshly used his two pointer fingers to pry the hole open enough to place his penis at Harry's small opening. He grunted as he forced his way into the boy's ass. Harry managed to find the strength to scream one last bloodcurdling scream as he was violated. His eyes went wide as he saw his stomach expand from the older male's penis.

"You love my cock, you little whore!" The Man sneered as he pulled out swiftly before fucking into the little sleeve again. "Every time I pull out, your pussy tries to keep me in! Then when I push in, your greedy little pussy gobbles me up!" Harry sobbed as The Man described what his cock was doing to the boy's small body. How the child's body responded. "This is all you're good for. Being a little whore for your own uncle to sell!" Each word was followed by a punch of The Man's cock. "A little sissy-boy that is good for nothing but being used like a sleeve to please others!

The Man's hips stuttered as he came into the bleeding hole. When he pulled out, he watched as the muscle tried to close itself, but was too worn, too torn. His cock twitched at the sight of blood tinged cum spilled from the ripped rim. The boy was shaking with pain, but was staring at nothing. He was broken already. A perfect fucktoy.

The man grabbed a ring gag that was swiftly applied and locked behind the boy's head. Before Harry could process what was happening, the man forced his flaccid cock into his mouth. Even flaccid, the cock touched the back of Harry's throat. The sour taste of taint, the copper of blood, and the salt of cum had him gagging, trying and failing at throwing up. He hadn't ate in nearly a week and a half, so he had nothing to expel.

"Your throat feels great, slut." The Man held the child's head to his pelvis as his cock grew hard once more. He moaned as the tiny throat convulsed around his cock. The boy choked as his airway was cut off. The Man groaned as his ten inches slowly changed to fifteen. His dark brown eyes were drawn to the boy's bulging throat. "That's it, choke on it! Beg for my cock, whore!" He started thrusting in and out, groaning as the boy's throat protested, trying to keep him out, yet swallowing around him to take him in.

The Man held the child's head down as he came, filling the small body once more. He paused before he left. "Expect a few playmates during your stay, whore." Harry passed out.

His first 'playmate' was a Great Dane. It was a beautiful black and white dog, that, if he stood on his hind legs, he would be taller than The Man. A wooden horse had been brought in, and Harry was tied faced down, his arms and legs spread wide. His hole glistened, stuff full of a liquid The Man hand forced in after cleaning him out with an enema.

"This is Brutus, whore. His Bitch is pregnant with my next fucktoy, so he is going to breed you until you swell with his pups." Harry whimpered around the gag lodged in his mouth. The Man rolled his eyes, moving forward to slide his cock down the toy's throat. "Brutus, mount.

It wasn't bad at first. Though long, Brutus was nowhere near The Man's girth and length. Then the thrusts started. Brutus was named aptly. His thrusts had quickly caused Harry's barely prepared rim to tear already. However, the pointed tip kept hitting something that made Harry's own cock to
swell. It felt strange, and scary, as it got stronger.

"How cute!" The Man sneered. "Your little clit is swelling." He held the child's head as close as possible, enjoying the gags caressing his cock. "Don't worry, you'll become the perfect little slave bitch by the time I'm through with you." The Man told Harry as he watched Brutus fuck the sleeve between them.

The feeling inside Harry increased as Brutus sped up. Something kept pulling at the torn muscle, causing Harry to whine around the cock in his throat. The tension increased until, with a snap, it came undone. His body seized up around the cocks lodged inside him. The thing swelling on the dog's cock locked it deep inside as a guizer of sperm filled his small stomach, bloating it to painful proportions. It could only go up as the knot kept everything in.

The Man started to fuck the boy's throat once more. With a grunt, he started to add to the cum filling the boy. Harry panted for air when the older male pulled out, and moved about the room. Harry screamed as the cock in his pussy was twisted. He could now feel the Great Dane's tail beating against him, adding new bruises. A couple of yanks, and the dog was freed. The Man didn't allow anything to escape. Cold metal that was increasing in size was pushed roughly into Harry. The plug thinned dramatically until the emerald studded end came to a rest. Man and beast left the unconscious child.

The next set of 'playmates' came as two large men introduced as Aee and Bee. Both were black, but Aee had hair. Their cocks had Harry shaking in place. His hands wouldn’t be big enough to encircle them. Aee, the longer of the two, laid back as Bee picked Harry up and forced him down onto the cock. His ill prepared rim tearing again after healing only for two days. The boy didn’t even scream at the penetration.

"Damn, where did you find this whore?" Aee moaned as Bee forced Harry up and down, blood being the only lube Harry's body had.

"I bought him for the next five years." The Man smirked. “He’s mine to use as I please. Apparently, a school will come looking for him when he turns eleven though. So I have to give him back, else go to jail. But the boy won’t be what they are expecting. He’ll be nothing but a sexual toy. A fuck hole to please those who wish to use him.” The men shared evil looking grins.

Aee started to toy with Harry’s already torn hole stuffed with Bee’s cock. He yanked and tugged until the skin stretched and bled harshly, and Harry’s mind was blank by the time the man pushed into his too small body.

Harry was a sleeve between the men as Aee moved his body up and down their large cocks, making it feel like it was one. It crushed the boy's prostate, causing sparks of pleasure to shoot though his body. Tiny 'ahh, ahh, ahh' sounds echoed after the grunting of the men, and the slaps of skin.

Harry's tiny cock started to harden. It wasn't that noticeable, and when he came, nothing gushed out. His body tightened around the men inside of him, causing them to jerk him up and down harder than ever. With twin shouts, their cum shot inside the small body. They pulled out, leaving him in the puddle of cum and blood.
Toy smiled as Master entered the room. The man smiled back, walking forward with his cock swinging between his legs. The now ten year old Toy was the perfect fuckhole who left anyone fuck him so long as he was told it was okay. The man felt some what cheated that the day would be the last he would have of the little child. However, he had written a contract, and Vernon knew cops that would arrest him under something other than what was truly why he was being arrested.

"Toy, you remember how I told you that you wouldn't be here forever? That there would come a time when you would go back to your uncle, and serve him, and whoever wanted you? That you would have to go to a school that your parents wanted to send you to?" The boy stiffened, nodding hesitantly. "Today is your last day here. So, after I fuck you, Brutus will have his fun, and then Aee and Bee."

"Yes, Master."

"And today, Toy, you will be called Harry. Harry the Cunt. As that is what you are." The man slipped his hard cock into Harry's throat, groaning as the boy swallowed around him. His girth no longer choking the small body under him. "You will go to that school, and get as many cocks as you can to stuff you. After all, this is all you are good for, being a cunt to cocks. A sleeve to keep them warm, or be used as a toilet. You will do whatever pleases the men who use you. Isn't that right?" Harry gave a hard suck, and the man came. "Get into position, Harry the Cunt."

Brutus came trotting in when Master whistled. Harry was on all fours, as if doing yoga. Though small, he took the brunt of the Brutus's weight as the dog mounted him without prompting. The large dog started to piston inside the tween, chasing after his own pleasure, even if the boy got rock hard. A whimper escaped Harry when the dog's knot caught on his rim before slamming home against his prostate. Tightening around the dog's knot, Harry locked him in place, taking pleasure when the knot would spasm against his pleasure button each time a wad of cum shot inside of him.

His dry orgasm shot through him powerfully, and he sagged, his rim tugging against the knot. It felt like it was trying to pull him inside out. Eventually Brutus turned over him, and tugged hard. Master was on him in an instant, an anal plug stopping the dog cum from flowing out of his used boy pussy. His mind swirled with the pleasure that he had just went through. He didn't even comprehend when he was moved to the bed.

He didn't, however, miss when Aee started to remove the plug. Snapping out of his bliss, he rolled over, and got into position once again. Bee was there, sharing a heated kiss with him almost instantly. The plug was pulled out sharply, but none of the cum escaped before Aee was working four fingers into his used cunt.

The man searched for a few minutes, looking for that one spot that always sent Harry into a frenzy. It didn't take long before Harry was sobbing with need, his tiny cock jerking with the pokes that Aee was giving his prostate. The boy gasped when, with little effort, Aee slammed his whole fist into his soft heat. The men scooted closer, Aee lifting Harry up, and Bee lining their cocks up to the tiny opening that was still being plunged into by that thick hand.

With a swift movement, Aee removed his hand and slammed the boy down. A strangled noise came from the delicate pale throat as Harry pulled away from Bee to gasp in air. Before he could catch that breath, Aee was kissing him. His fingers played with the rim that always tore when they had their turn with him.

The Master saved them for only the Toy now. The boy was breathtaking between the two. The videos that the three were in sold out within days of being announced to the underground community. Harry was always getting rented out to those with kinks that their own toys couldn't handle. The boy seemed to heal within hours of being taken apart. His uncle had claimed it was a
mutation, and that he was willing to continue to rent the boy out during the Winter Holidays, Easter Holidays, and Summer Breaks. The boy was booked until he turned eighteen. Then Master was going to buy him for the rest of his life.

"Ahh, ahh, ahh!" Harry screamed into Bee's mouth as he came, his dry orgasm causing his already tight cunt to tighten. Fissures formed around his rim as it tore once again, blood covering his white sheets. With twin growls, the men came inside the boy, but didn't pull out, letting their cocks warm inside the exhausted body between them. Harry laid between them, tears filling his eyes. "Don't send me away, Master." He sobbed, clinging to the shoulders of Bee.

"I'm sorry, Toy, but you must. You will be back, I promise. Do you honestly think I would let you go? You're too perfect." Harry gasped in shock, looking up at his Master in surprise. "That's right, you're my perfect little fucktoy. The one that will do whatever I want him to do. Why would I give you up?"

"Master, thank you!" Harry glowed with the praise. A gasp escaped him as his stomach expanded as Aee and Bee released their full bladders inside him. Master was there the instant they were done, pushing a clear glass plug inside of him.

"A gift, that dubs you Harry the Cunt. You must always plug yourself up after being used, and never take it out. Be sure to stick to your diet, and give yourself daily enemas. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master! Toy will make you proud!"

"Harry." Harry blushed, hanging his head in shame.

"Harry the Cunt will make you proud. I'm sorry Master." The man nodded, holding a white cloth to the child's nose. Harry's head swam before he passed out.

When he woke up, he was in the smallest bedroom of the Dursley home with Vernon slamming into his well used cunt, a dildo resting inside of him as the man thrusts in and out went at a bruising pace. The man came, pulling out as he glared at his nephew.

"Those freaks that will be coming for you use magic. You will learn everything that will help you become the best fucktoy in the world, and let everything else go over your head. Do you understand, boy?" Harry nodded, understanding the order for what it was.

He wasn't to learn anything that didn't involve sex anything else was useless. He was useless outside of sex, so that made sense to Harry. The boy quickly slipped his glass plug back inside after removing the dildo. Vernon tossed clothing, that Master had obviously given him, as they were what he normally wore when he had to wear clothing.

A pair of short leather shorts, a thin pink tank top, a strap of leather that was actually a thong that kept him clit in place. His ears were pierced with diamond earrings, and a leather choker was around his pale neck. His hair had been allowed to grow out, and the black strands were tied up in a braid that was kept together with a strap of leather. A suitcase at the end of bed told him that similar outfits were sent along.

He fell asleep without eating, as he had ate before servicing Aee, Bee, Brutus, and Master earlier. He was ready to learn things that would help him become a better fucktoy for his Master, and his Master's friends.
New Life

Chapter Summary

Diagon Alley? Magic? What will Harry do? What will his guide do?

Chapter Notes

Please remember, this story is all about HURTING Harry Potter at a young age. I do not condone anything used in this story, unless it is between consenting partners, and they are of age. I also do not recommend most of anything I write. I have a sick imagination, and you shouldn't think anything written here is for anything but that. If you consider committing anything like this story, I suggest you get help as fast as you can.

Also, some of this I am unsure how to tag, but that is why I left so many tags out. Tell me what needs to be tagged, and I will add it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

CHAPTER TWO

Diagon Alley

Harry woke up to someone knocking on his door. Petunia Dursley frowned at the boy that was her nephew when he opened the door. He was too...strange. Even for being a wizard. She was grateful, wherever her husband had sent him, but she didn't know where that had been. What had been done to the sweet boy that had used to cling to her. He now seemed to shy away from her.

However, she pushed the thought away, and told the boy to get dressed, as another Freak would be coming to collect him shortly. If he wanted to be dressed as a slut that was begging to be fucked, who was she to stop him? The woman just returned to making breakfast.

The only thing that seemed to change about Harry’s outfit, was a long trench coat, and another tank top, that was white and said “May I lick your loli, Master?” in fancy rainbow script. The boy went downstairs, and asked for things to make tea.

Using a serving of special blend that his Master gave him, Harry drank the tea as he awaited the person that would take him supply shopping. He wondered if they would use him too, and how big was their cock? Would they fuck him hard, or soft? He couldn’t wait to being learning things that would help him please those that wanted to have sex with him.

A knock brought him out of his reprieve. Petunia answered, and screamed, causing his uncle to rush into the foyer. After some shouting, that Harry allowed to drift though one ear, and out the other, the three adults entered the living room. The only thing he took into account was the name of the man, Severus Snape.
The man was tall, like Petunia. He was thin like her too, unlike Vernon, who was overweight very much so. He had shoulder length greasy black hair, black eyes, sullen skin, and a cooked nose, like someone had broken it more than once. He had a sneer upon his face the moment he entered.

“Potter.”

Harry, assuming that was his ‘last name’ like the clients that Master passed him onto had, nodded slowly, shivering as the man looked him up and down with a sneer. However, the boy could sniff arousal, figuratively, a mile away. Yet there was something else in the man’s eye that seemed to always be in the eyes of the men who hurt him more than the others.

It made his clit harden.

“We do not have all day.” The man snapped.

Harry lightly hopped to his feet, reaching down to slip a pair of knee high leather boots onto his feet. They made his coltish legs look even longer. Even with the extra two inches, Harry the cunt knew not to make noise as he followed the man.

A cunt and fucktoy are meant to be seen and used, not heard. That is, unless the one using them liked noise.

Once outside, the man lead Harry around to the back of the house, and gripped his arm tightly. A sensation that he had came to associate with a chastity cage around his clit surrounded his whole body, sending bolts of pleasure straight to the former mentioned body part. His dry orgasm hit before they even arrived at their destination a split second later.

Severus Snape landed them in an alleyway that was deserted and dark, tossing the boy to the ground. His eyes were heated in a way only Master’s best client were. An evil that spoke horror for the boy at his booted feet.

As if realizing that was what he was wearing, the man shot his steel-toed shoe forward, catching Harry right between the legs. A choked gasp was all that came forward, and the man pressed harder against the prepubescent balls and Harry’s clit, smashing them. Harry could feel both bruising as the man pressed even more against the sensitive skin.

“You are useless Potter! A no-good freak that shouldn’t have lived! You should have died, not your mother! You, a freak that is only good for those around him to take pleasure out on, shouldn’t have survived, but you did!” The man snarled, Harry shaking as he felt his balls burst inside his body. “You throw her sacrifice in her face!

“You prance around, dressed like a whore, begging to be used! Your mother would be disgusted with you! She would toss you out, maybe even kill you herself! You are nothing!”

For the first time since that first day, Harry felt shame wash over him. Sure, he’d never known his mother, but the thought she would hate who he was now made him nauseated. The man was right, he was disgusting, he was a freak, and he was a whore. He was nothing but a toy to be used and used and used until he would break one day, and couldn’t be used anymore.

Tears of grief, something else he hadn’t experienced since five years ago, started rolling down his face as the man continued with his rant. Realization of how he was ruined because of Master caused him to shake.

Because he knew. He knew that he wouldn’t stop being a whore. It was his life now. It was what he was made to do, and nothing was going to change it. It didn’t matter that he could disappear into
this world, a world filled with promises, because he knew he would only crave what had been done
to him.

The pressure was removed as soon as his tears started. The man was staring at him, as if staring
into his soul. Already, Harry could feel the strange energy inside him rushing to heal his damaged
appendages. Energy he now knew to be magic. He was yanked up by the arm, and Severus Snape
spun once again.

This time they arrived before a large white building that the man told him was a bank, where his
large inheritance was. Harry instantly filed that away to mention to Master, and followed the man
inside. Already his breakdown hidden away. His shame over loosing control stopping him from
asking questions. His face still spoke volumes. The strange creatures at the tills, the man said, were
called Goblins, and they were war hardy creatures. The man proceeded to set Harry up to get a
guide, and then went to another vault after telling the boy to get a decent amount of galleons.

The Goblin showing him around was named Griphook. He was a mean looking little thing that was
nearly as tall as Harry, due to Master wishing he stay small. Harry had a feeling that what he was
going to be learning at the school, magic if the man was to be believed, would give him ways to
stay young and perfect for his master for as long as he could.

The Goblin pushed Harry to the ground inside a vault, and more seemed to appear around him in
the vault that didn’t have the same number as his key, and the Goblin had used his claws to open.
The Goblins had a familiar look in their eyes. The look of sexual lust.

Harry got onto his hands and knees, flipped up his trench coat, and unzipped his shorts in the back
over his pussy. His mouth instantly opening as wide as possible as he lowered his arms into
position to wait.

It wasn’t long before he felt a clawed hand remove his glass butt plug. He shivered in anticipation
as those same claws dug into his hips, piercing the skin as a blunt head touched his already
tightening hole. Though big, the plug was smaller than anything he had ever had inside his cunt.
Especially the cock entering him.

Another Goblin stepped up, pushing his rather thick cock into Harry’s mouth, stretching the skin
thin. It was larger than a fist, and stretched his jaw widely. The skin felt like sandpaper as the
Goblin forced it down his throat, causing him to tear up and gag for the first time in years. It
wasn’t very long, only five inches if Harry had to guess, but it hurt going in.

Especially since he hadn’t been used this morning.

His eyes widened as he realized what that would mean for the cocks pulling out of his body. A
gurgled screech left his throat as the two using him pulled out as one movement. He shook as his
inner skin was rubbed raw, almost bleeding.

Above him, the goblins grinned evilly at each other. Griphook speared into the eleven year old’s
body harshly, and quickly. Just as he yanked his cock out, his fellow goblin, Ironfist, slammed into
the too small throat. Ironfist grunted, watching as the throat distended past what it was supposed to
be, giving a noticeable bulge in the wizard child’s body.

“He’s taking it like a professional whore.” Griphook grunted. “If only this vault’s time magic lasted
days, and not a measly ten hours.” Harry’s eyes widened as the meaning behind the goblin’s words
hit.

It was a time vault somehow, and he would be stuck in it with these vicious creatures for that long.
Only minutes would likely pass outside, but in here it would be hours.

“That’s right, cunt, you’re ours to use for the next ten hours, or as the world sees it, ten minutes.” Ironfist crackled, and Harry moaned around his cock.

The goblins cum was unlike his master’s cum, or Brutus’s watery cum. It reminded him of when he got sick one day, and his master had forced a thick mixture of goo down his throat. It was sticky, and bland in flavor. It left Harry smacking his lips when the goblins moved aside for the next to take their place.

If there was one thing that Harry was grateful for, was that they didn’t try to double penetrate him. He knew that if they had tried, he would have torn too much to hide. He also knew the only reason was because it was too much effort to figure out how to maneuver his larger body into doing as they wish.

Eventually, the goblins tired of their toy, and sent him back up with Griphook, and into Severus Snape’s care. Harry, bliss pouring from his pores, followed the man throughout the streets to get his books, which he spent looking for as many books on healing and sex as possible, the man paying almost gleefully.

The potions master left him in the clutches of Ollivander, the wand maker, while he went to get potion kits and other such items.

“Mr. Potter, I’ve waited a long time. Please come with me.” Harry, instantly noting the lust filled voice, followed the man to the back room. “Bend over the table.” The boy did as told.

The first thing that Ollivander did was remove his trench coat, and unzip his shorts on both sides. Then he started moving around, collecting items, and chanting. Harry felt an oppressive magic fill the room as the man stopped behind him.

“This, I’m afraid, will hurt. It’s just so rare to find a whore at your age, that I must collect a few things from you.” The man said unapologetically. His hands cold as he teased around the plug inside the boy.

A mumbled Latin word, ad Harry paled as the amount of semen from the goblins disappeared from his insides. Leaving nothing inside of him, but his own bodily fluids. His plug was removed, but nothing was placed inside, causing him to burst out into tears as he felt his hole close.

“Stop that useless blathering.” The man snarled, slapping Harry’s thigh.

“Empty! Not allowed to be empty!” Harry sobbed, reaching back to try and finger himself open. The old man flicked his own wand, and Harry was bound from the wrists to his elbows.

“Are you allowed to disobey those who fuck you? I want a tight hole to fuck, and the only way to do that, is to let your body heal. Don’t worry, you’ll be full again soon.” Ollivander said darkly.

Harry closed his eyes tightly as he felt his pussy stop tightening, telling him that his magic had completely healed him, and it was useless to struggle now. He was virgin tight, as Master would have put it, as they had done this before.

Green eyes flew open when something cold, blunt, and hard was pressing against his boypussy. His mouth fell open in a silent scream when what felt like a baseball bat was shoved up into his body,
tearing the entire way. Glancing over his shoulders, his eyes widened impossibly further.

“Yes!” Ollivander crooned as he pushed what appeared to be his wooden cock deeper into the body below him. He shuddered as he paused.

The wooden cock was the size of a baseball bat, as Harry had thought, however, it was thicker at the base instead of thinning out as one did. The man wasn’t even half way into his cunt, and he was already feeling the wear and tear of the lack of preparation. He shook as the man pressed closer, and glanced down.

His stomach was already expanding, making a path for the wooden cock inside him. When he finally felt Ollivander’s hips against his own, the bump was just below his ribcage, and it hurt when the man moved.

“You see, the Ollivander family have special cocks. Normally we use women, but I’ve never particularly cared for the fairer sex.” The man said calmly as he dug himself back out of the ruined boypussy. Like the fact he was fighting a tight cunt meant nothing. “We have to fuck to make the branches for our wands. It makes our wands unique to others, as we are part druid, making us part tree. Everyone we fuck, produces different wood from the last.”

Harry cried silently as he listened to the man. His monster branch was now moving more freely, seeking it’s own release, and uncaring for the body beneath it.

Harry could feel the splinters that would break off of the wooden cock inside of him. Every time the man moved in or out, they seemed to grow. They kept growing the faster the man moved. It hurt, and felt like the man was stuffing chopsticks inside of him as well as his cock.

When it felt like foot long slivers were stuck inside of him, around twenty it seemed, the man tore backwards, causing a loud wail to screech from Harry’s throat. The man tutted, his hand reaching down and shoving in before the hole had a chance to close.

Ollivander uncaringly ripped the blocks of wood from the boy’s ruined cunt, grinning as the blood and chunks of flesh were absorbed into the wood to reveal it was cherry wood.

“Oh stop with the tears, as if you haven’t had something larger inside of that stretched out pussy.” Ollivander sneered, kicking a steel-tipped toe down and into the ruined cunt.

Which was true, however Master had always stretched him and made sure that he could take the horse cock without too much tearing. Even if Harry’s magic rushed to heal him.

The wand maker waited until he was completely healed before stuffing Harry’s boypussy full with his plug. His rim cried a couple drops of blood, but then his mind went numb as the man reached around and started to yank on his clit. He shuddered as an orgasm rippled through his body.

“Get up.” The wand maker sneered, kicking Harry as the binds left his body. “Professor Snape will return soon, and you still need your wand.”

The Potions Master returned an hour later, Dragging Harry away from the shop, and into a place called The Leaky Cauldron, where he didn’t stop until they were in a room that he apparently had gotten while Harry was servicing the wand maker.

“Tell me, Potter, does your master take proper care of you?” Harry stared blankly at the man, unsure how he meant his question. “How often are you fucked? How hard are you fucked? Do you always have cum inside of you, or is it only until you are cleaned? How many cocks have fucked your cunt? How old were you when he first took you?”
“I’m fucked normally every hour. Most times I am bleeding, but sometimes he treats me as his lover. I have cum inside of me until master believes I am getting too round with the milk, and looks like a pregnant whore, and then he waits until I have more cum inside. I have had so many cocks, that I can’t remember the amount, because Dudley had just began school, which whores aren’t allowed to attend in the Muggle World. I was only five the first time he fucked me open.”

The man was smirking as he pulled out a vial. Harry looked at the murky contents in confusion, curious as to what it was. What it would do if he drank it.

“This potion deages one to the point where they are a virgin. It removes all memories of their lives before taking the potions until that age. Tell me Potter, do you wish to start over? To have your life back to normal? To grow up again? I can tell the Headmaster that you were abused, and had to deage you to save your mind. Then I would take you in as my own.”

“Why?” Harry questioned in confusion. “What do you mean as your own?”

“I do not like using a seasoned bitch.” Harry lowered his head in shame. “I normally train my own fucktoy out of those at the school. However, I could imagine walking into my chambers with you chained up, and left for my pleasure. Once I’ve broken you in how I like my toys, I would then invite those that you’ve wronged to have you.” Harry shook, eyes wide.

“But I wouldn’t remember Master.”

“That’s right, because I would become your new master. With my potions, and magic, I could constantly return you to a innocent state. Times I would woo you, others I would ruin you.”

“You said I was a disgrace to my mother.” The man sneered. “What if I wanted to grow up normal, and make her proud?”

“Too late for that, whore!” Harry flinched back, realizing he had spoken out of turn. “You are good for nothing but a man’s pleasure.”

“I am sorry, Master.” The man gave a curt nod. Before Harry knew what was happening, his nose was clogged, and his head tipped back. “No! No, I don’t want to forget!” However, the man poured the contents inside of his mouth, closing it. Harry tried to keep from swallowing it, but it absorbed into his mouth. He swayed where he stood. “Why?” The boy croaked before blacking out.

Chapter End Notes

I’d like to thank my first three commentators:
Bloody_Princess thanks, I admit, he does sound hot, but that’s only because this is fiction, and should never be done in real life.
MistressYum I can't promise an update every month, this story is something I work on when I can't work on my novel, but I will update whenever the next chapter reaches fourteen pages.
DivineImmortal (Scizorme) welp, this chapter you probably weren't expecting. I like making Severus Snape into a bastard that preys on children, it just seems like something he would do, and the fact he will be taking Harry as his own whore, I couldn't help it.
Part One

Chapter Summary

Well, Severus Snape is really nasty, yet really sweet and confusing even me!

Chapter Notes

Please remember, this story is all about HURTING Harry Potter at a young age. I do not condone anything used in this story, unless it is between consenting partners, and they are of age. I also do not recommend most of anything I write. I have a sick imagination, and you shouldn't think anything written here is for anything but that. If you consider committing anything like this story, I suggest you get help as fast as you can.

Also, some of this I am unsure how to tag, but that is why I left so many tags out. Tell me what needs to be tagged, and I will add it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Three

Training Anew

Harry awoke with a start. The last thing he remembered was being left by his uncle, completely naked, in a room on a bed. He was still naked, but in an entirely different room.

“Awake, are you?” A voice sneered from the doorway. Green eyes snapped up to stare at the blurry figure. All he could make out was pale skin and dark hair. Harry didn’t reply, it was pointless to reply to something that was rhetorical. He also knew to only speak when spoken to. “What is your name, boy?”

“Freak.” Came the automatic answer. After all, his uncle punished him everyday after school, reminding him of his true name, and place, in the world. Always asking that question, and expecting the proper response.

The man stepped forward, closing the few feet separating them.

“Wrong. Your name is Whore.”

Harry flinched when a hand reached out and backhanded him. His face burned as he stared at the wall, where his head had been forced to turn. Tears formed as he realized that he would have to learn new rules. The five year old stifled a sob.

“Do you know why you are here, Whore?”

The boy shook his head, fighting not to raise his hand to his stinging cheek. Though it hurt, he knew not to raise his hand to his better. Even if it was to soothe his own hurt.
“You are here for my amusement. For me to take pleasure from your body, however I shall wish. It matters not what you feel, all that matters is what I wish.” As the man spoke, he removed his clothing.

Harry felt his heart sink, as he remembered the teacher that had gone to jail for hurting a girl at his cousin’s school. After that, a woman came in to talk to all of the children, telling them to never be naked in front of an adult, and that they didn’t have the right to touch you anywhere.

But Harry was a freak, whose new name was Whore. He wasn’t human like everyone else. That probably meant the rules were different for him. It was probably allowed for freaks to be touched in their no-no places.

“Hands and knees, Whore!” Harry scrambled to do as commanded. He shook as he felt the bed dip behind him. “Where to start?” The dark man mused as he ran a hand down Harry’s back.

The child shivered, but slowly relaxed, humming softly to himself. The man froze, causing the boy to whimper in protest as he arched into the hand. He rarely got a kind hand, and those he did get were so fleeting. He soaked up any good contact he could get.

“Tell me, Whore, if I treat you as a pet, would you do anything for my affections?” Harry hesitated, before slowly nodding. “Very well, your new name is Kitten. Turn around.” Harry rushed to do so, ending up eye level with the man’s pee-pee. “I will not force you to act as an animal. You may ask questions about anything, but you will do as I ask without question. Now lick.” Wincing Harry started to do as ordered.

The taste was a strange one. Like copper coins. The texture reminded him of the hairless cat that Ms. Figg from down the lane used to have. A strange liquid was starting to drip from the small hole where pee normally came from, and tasted kind of bitter and salty.

“Put your lips around the tip and suck.”

The little boy winced, but did as ordered. His lips had a difficult time wrapping around the thick appendage. His little lips were stretched thin, when the man looked down. Pink had gone completely white. The green eyes staring up at him were watering.

The man’s pee-pee was large, the boy whimpered in his head. Bigger than his fist, and arm. The only thing he could think to compare it to, was a baseball bat, but it was smaller than that.

The man, as if reading his thoughts, smirked, forcing a bit more of his pee-pee into the tight mouth. Kitten gagged as the head touched the back of his throat. The man held it there, allowing the saliva to pool around him.

“It’s going down, one way or another, Kitten. You best swallow.” Severus smirked, loving the pained look on his enemy’s son’s face. The child whined deep down in his throat as the man pushed deeper.

With an audible pop, the appendage slipped passed Kitten’s gullet, and the boy started to turn red as his air was cut off. Tears cascaded down flushed cheeks, as emerald eyes stared hurtfully at the man. The man moaned, pressing the child’s head down until the small, cute nose was pressed to his pelvic area. He shivered as he watched the little throat bulge under the onslaught of his cock.

He pulled back just as the boy’s eyes started to go unfocused. The child started coughing as soon as his mouth was empty, gasping for air. Once Severus deemed the boy ready, he slammed his cock back inside, reveling in the spasm that went through the throat he was lodged in.
He repeated the process a few times before growing impatient with the lack of speed. Each time he pulled out, his need to cum lowered a bit, preventing him from spilling inside of his new fucktoy. It was becoming frustrating, and he grew tired of the length of time it took for the boy to adjust.

With a snap of his hips, he was buried to the hilt again. Starting a furious pace, he snapped into the gagging boy, uncaring about any damage, knowing the boy naturally healed anytime he was hurt.

All that mattered was his own satisfaction anyways. The boy was just a shell of a human. No one even knew he had the boy. Memories of him returning the boy to his aunt’s home had been implanted, where he had ‘ran away’ soon after.

With those thoughts, Severus buried himself deeply into the small throat, cumming with a roar. His cock was lodged so deep, that he delivered his cum directly to the boy’s stomach. It had been seven years since he had the pleasure to use one as young as Kitten.

With a pop, he removed his cock, smirking at the boy who was struggling to get air back in his system. He had plans for the Boy-Who-Lived. Plans his true master would thank him for.

Albus Dumbledore may think he had Severus by the balls, but in actuality, the man thrived for the world that his true lord promised. Dark Lord Voldemort had promised his followers that he would resurrect the old world laws, and enslave muggleborns.

His favorite law, was the one in which children were fair game the moment they no longer needed their mother’s milk. You were free to take pleasure in any child, but your own. Children had charms on them to keep them warm, and were forced to go around naked. The one who owns them, the first person to fuck the child, can decide what to do to them. Be it keep them young, or let them grow up, and have their own family.

Harry Potter would never have his own family. Severus had Lily’s son right where he wanted him, allowing him to keep the boy safe, but to do as he wish to him. He would not suffer from the Unbreakable Vow that Dumbledore placed on him.

Standing, the man summoned a potion from his storerooms. It was poisonous in coloring. The taste was unpleasant, apparently, but Severus couldn’t risk having someone figure out who the boy was, so he forced it down the child’s throat. He ignored the fact that pain would course through the five year old’s body for many hours, leaving the boy to suffer once he swallowed everything.

It also didn’t matter that the potion left a male impotent, unable to have children in conventional ways. The boy would never again gain an erection, but he would produce a pre-cum any time his prostate was simulated. The boy’s small penis was nothing more than a place to piss from and a clit.

Kitten gagged as the man pour the foul liquid into his mouth, holding both it, and his nose until he was forced to swallow it. It felt like slime going down, and the moment it touched his stomach, fire snapped around him, coursing through his veins.

It centered on the strange scar at first, burning through him as it slowly started to shift downward. A pained scream used up the little air he managed to supply his small body. The burn continued to move, down, and down, until reaching his pee-pee, where it started to move up to the tip, making him sob as he curled in on himself.

For a moment, he thought it was over. Then Kitten’s back arched as a burning sensation took over his ears, and exploded from his spine. The pain where his ears were, slowly started a similar pattern as his scar, only moving up, to the top of his head.
It was so painful, yet Kitten was unable to pass out. His body trembled as his pain receptors lit up, telling him that it was too much. To get away. However, he was unable to even move, let alone retch up what had been forced down his throat.

He didn’t understand why the man, who made him lick his pee-pee, but still had been kind, had done this to him. Why poison him? Couldn’t he still use Kitten? That was why Uncle Vernon had brought him here, Kitten thought.

Finally, his world went dark.

When Severus returned to his pet, he smirk at the sight. The Potter brat was passed out, limbs twitching from the lasting pain that the pale body had gone through. Tears still fell, even as he was unconscious.

His eyes were draw to the flick appendages that weren’t expected. It only happened if one had an animagus form. The boy before him truly suited the name Kitten, as his ears, and tail, belonged to either a house cat, or a panther.

Severus’s thoughts turned to his plans for the boy.

What he had told the Potter brat was true, no one would look for him. He was going to destroy the boy many times over. As soon as he broke, he would return the boy to his virgin state. He hadn’t had a pet like him in years, he would savor the boy.

Walking over, he ran a hand through the boy’s hair. It was silky smooth, and the ears twitched when his fingers toyed with the tips. Watery green eyes opened to stare at him fearfully. Severus groaned, pulling out his cock again.

“Kitten, drink my milk, and I shall get you something to eat as a treat.” Severus smirked at the small boy laying on the bed. "Crawl to me, Kitten, and lick gently.”

Training this one would be heaven.

Chapter End Notes

I like to thank people here in the end notes.
Bloody_Princess: Yes, yes he is. I'm pretty sure this is just random fap material, but there is some porn with slight plot going on.
Emaria: I can assume that you like my story ;)
DivineImmortal (Scizorme): I hope to continue to surprise you, then!
ALiveTodaytoWrite: Aw! Thanks. And yes, Snape...Snape is a bad guys, and while he is ultimately good in JK's eyes, I don't see him as good.
rpsa22: I'll be honest, I had a hard time reading your comment, but I'm glad that you liked my story!
kingkjdragon : Yeah, well, I'm curious too. I mean, this is just random filth that is pouring straight from my mind to my keyboard, no filter.
Snow_Owl: Thanks, I'm glad you like it. I try to update within two-three weeks after the last chapter, but I have no guarantee because real life is a bitch, and I'd love to squeeze lemons in her eyes! I get writer's block easily, hence this story.
Rooandyoshi: Well, here's the next installment. If you didn't feel guilty, I would suggest turning yourself into the police. As long as you don't act on this, I see no
problem with you enjoying the lit.
Thisissosobad: Well, I suppose that you'll just get even more innocent Harry in the
next few chapters. His next bit of training is going to be a bit slow. Yes, he was around
ten-eleven in the last chapter, but five-six( I can't remember which) in the beginning,
and returned to that age in this chapter.
SailorTala: Thank you for reading my story, and enjoying it. I'm used to reading
similar stories, and their comments, and finding people hating just because they can't
enjoy fiction. I even had similar incidents with my fanfiction profile, and it wasn't even
anything graphic. :P whelp, they don't know what they are missing.
Training Continues

Chapter Summary

Severus shows his true nature....Kitten is in for a shocking encounter.

Chapter Notes

DISCLAIMER: I do not own Harry Potter, if I did, Harry would have been gay, Draco would have been a Hufflepuff, and Snape wouldn't have been such an ass.
This is the first time I’ve ever written something as graphic as this. Please keep the criticism to polite words
Please note:
EXTREMELY UNDERAGE IN THE BEGINNING!
Harry is only five when he is first raped. This story has no romance for the boy. It is nothing but Harry Potter being turned into a FUCKTOY. That's it. This isn't a happy story.
Please also note that underage means that it shouldn't be used in reality. This is a STORY, meaning that it is fictional, and it should stay fictional. Anyone who does these things to a child should be arrested and should be forced to suffered extreme pain. I do not condone sexual abuse, be it an adult or child.
Things in this story should be roleplay between two consenting adults.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Four
Part Two

Severus smirked as he entered his chambers two weeks after successfully kidnapping the boy who lived. Kitten was lounging by the fire, a vibrating purring noise coming from the back of his throat.

“Kitten, come drink your milk.” The man said, pulling his cock out as he sat down. The boy easily complied. Severus allowed his tension to disappear as he relaxed into his favorite black winged chair.

Kitten still couldn’t comfortably swallow more than a couple of the fifteen inches. Severus watched, plotting his next move, as the boy gave small licks to his cock head. He shivered at the possibilities as copious amounts of pre leaked into the boy’s mouth.

Glancing at the clock, Severus groaned. He had fifteen minutes to get to the staff room for the start of the year staff meeting. Something that the Headmaster insisted on every year.

Reaching out, he grabbed a fist full of black hair, and yanked. Kitten gagged as more of the monster cock was forced into his mouth. At five inches, Severus’s cock reached the back of his throat.

With a snap of his hip, he buried himself to the hilt, groaning as the throat convulsed around his
length. Kitten swallowed quickly, gasping for air that he couldn’t catch. After a few second, Severus pulled back before snapping forward at a brutal pace. By the time he spilled deep in the boy’s body, Kitten was blue in the face.

“I expect you to be naked and on my bed when I return.” The man ordered, glaring at the panting boy. The pet nodded, lowering his head. With a sneer the man left.

When Severus returned, the boy was naked at the foot of his bed, asleep like a real cat. The man smirked as he thought of Dumbledore’s look when the students had arrived that night, and his precious Potter wouldn’t be there. The fear and worry had him shivering in anticipation.

“Kitten, wake up.” He ordered, causing green eyes to peek open. Severus opened his fly, leaving the rest of himself clothed. “Hands and knees.” Hesitantly the boy did as ordered.

Kitten was tiny, Severus knew. However, he was going to enjoy ripping him open by force. The brat would learn that his place was to please his master. That it didn’t matter about his pleasure, and that Severus had the choice to decide if he deserved preparation or not. The only preparation was a thin layer of lubrication to Severus’ cock, to prevent the man’s discomfort.

“Reach back, and hold yourself open, Kitten.” It was normal for him to give this command, as he often spanked the tight hole and balls when the boy misbehaved. “Tonight, you learn your place as my fucktoy.”

Kneeling behind the boy, Severus took careful aim. His fifteen inch monstrosity looked like a muggle beer can next to a faucet. It was going to destroy the child, toddler really, below him. The thought alone had the dark wizard clutching at his cock to prevent himself from going off too soon.

With bated breath, Severus started to push against the muscle. The resistance seemed like it wouldn’t give. That he was going to snap his own cock in half trying to destroy the boy before him. However, as a spy, he had patients beyond what many knew.

If he could just get the head to enter…

The sickening sound of flesh tearing accompanied his cock sinking into the tight channel. The boy froze, pain and fear covering his entire being as his master pulled out before setting a brutal pace. Blood flew from the torn perineum. A flick of the wand would heal the slut.

If he deserved it, that is.

“This is all you are good for! The pleasure of males who wish to abuse you! When I tire of you, I’ll give you to my Lord, and he will enjoy the fruits of my labor! I can’t wait to watch Lucius fuck you as his animagus form. Or maybe I will take you in mine. Shall I let the herd of Centaurs fuck you with their horse cocks? Maybe I’ll Imperio the lake’s Squid one night. Their cocks are the same length and size of their body.”

Kitten was silently crying, his voice unable to give sound to his pain. Master kept pushing and pulling from his body, uncaring for the damage being done. Yet, something about the motions seemed familiar. As if he had done this before.

Severus groaned, panting for breath as he slammed into the small body. Blood soaked the sheets beneath them, and covered his thighs. The man exploded into the shredded boy pussy with a long moan. A whimper from the boy told him the salty liquid was burning his wounds, and it made his cock twitch.

However, he had already came twice that day without a potion to help him recover. Severus pulled
out, watching to see if he needed to cast a healing charm, or if the boy would be fine. Deciding the boy would heal on his own, enough so he could fuck him again first thing in the morning, Severus turned the boy around.

“Clean me, pet.” Sobbing silently, Kitten did as ordered, slowly licking the blood and cum from his master’s member.

Narrowing his eyes, Severus plotted. He watched as the boy warmed his flaccid cock, mind whirling with possibilities. He should invite Lucius soon, introduce the pet to double penetration. Maybe take that oaf, Hagrid’s boarhound, and have it put puppies into the child.

The man shivered, surprised when his cock lengthened, choking the boy below him. A flick of the wand revealed a stamina spell had been cast on him. Likely wandlessly by the boy sucking him. A sneer crossed his face as he yanked the boy by the hair, burying his cock into the struggling throat once more.

“Hands and knees, pet.” The boy froze, terrified eyes looking up. “Now! Do no make me angry.”

“B-but I’m bleeding-”

A punch to the eye shut the bruised mouth. Severus flicked his wand, forcing the boy into position. The hole he’d just fucked was bleeding, heavily, but he wouldn’t die from it. Kitten would understand that his needs didn’t matter.

“I know.”

The man forced his cock inside once more. Only, he paused at how loose the boy was. He pulled out with a growl. Aiming his wand, he cast a spell he had created for his fellow Death Eaters in the Inner Circle. It had no words, only intent.

It caused his cock to double in size.

Another flick had the boy spinning around to be laid spread eagle in front of the man. Kitten’s eyes went wide at seeing the monster pointing at him. Another spell silenced anything that would escape his mouth other than a scream, moan, groan, or sobs.

This time, Severus didn’t hold back. He slammed inside, watching as his cock made it’s home inside of the too small body. He could see the outline disappearing up the boy’s chest. If it wasn’t for the brat’s magic, he would be dead. However, Severus moaned as his cock hit the beating heart, and was caressed by the rapidly filling and emptying lungs. The boy wasn’t even screaming, eyes dull and unseeing.

Pulling out was just as heavenly as entering, as the brat tried to follow him back, forcing Severus to hold him still long enough to apply manacles to his wrists and legs. The small body wouldn’t be moving, without tearing it’s limbs from it’s socket.

Thanks to coming already, the man could prolong the session. His eyes rolled as he destroyed the boy below him. Just before he hit his peak, he cast a series of spells.

The first was to make any liquid he spilled inside to stay inside.

The second was to increase his load.

The final was a mild electrocution spell that made the child spasm uncontrollably against his bonds. His whole body tightened, causing an unbelievable sensation to grip Severus’s cock.
He exploded into the body below him, filling him enough to cause a bit of bloating.

A sensation he was familiar with from over stimulation washed over Severus. His bladder let go, filling the child impossibly further. By the time he finished, the man was stunned to see the child appeared six months along in pregnancy.

It made his mouth water at the thought of forcing the child to carry his children.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you have enjoyed the newest installment. I am so sorry it took so long to actually post this, guys! I meant to post before now, but things have been hectic. RL sucks that way.

I'm also asking that you guys send in some ideas, please! I know how this story is going to end, but there are a few things I'm not sure on. Give me some votes, or suggestions.

Lucuis' Animagus: Pegasus, Tiger, Snake, Poodle, or something else?
Severus' Animagus: Wolf, Snake, Jaguar, Elk, or something else?
How old should Harry be when Severus impregnates him? Keep in mind, Harry won’t be allowed to age past eleven.
When should Draco find out? How old should Harry be (in this first deaging) when he meets the Slytherins?
Completed Training

Chapter Summary

Training completed, and a little from the 'esteemed' headmaster of Hogwarts

Chapter Notes

In a world where Vernon decided to get the freak out of his house as long as possible before he starts training his magical powers, the man sells Harry to his boss for the next five years when Harry was five. How will being left in the hands of a sexual predator at a young age affect the upcoming war? DO NOT READ IF THE TAGS MAKE YOU SQUICK

Oh, and I don't own Harry Potter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

End of Training

Albus Dumbledore entered the staffroom sadly. Severus watched with concealed excitement as the others fell silent. Everyone knew where he had gone.

The Dursley residence.

“Harry Potter has ran away from home.” The man started, “and I am sad to say, I do not blame him. The Dursley home was not kind to him. Apparently his uncle had sold him to a man until he was to come to Hogwarts.”

“Sold, Albus? What do you mean?” Pomona Sprout asked, naive to most horrendous crimes.

“Child prostitution.” Severus took glee as he spoke the words. The female staff members looked stricken, while some of the men, namely Rubeus Hagrid, and Quirinus Quirrell, looked intrigued.

“No! The poor boy!” Minerva McGonagall gasped, slumping. “I told you, Albus! I told you they were the worst sort!”

Hours later, Severus returned to his room with Hagrid following him. His eyes were glazed, as if drunk or drugged. The oaf had no defense against the Imperious Curse. The dark haired wizard knew the half breed wasn’t expected back for a long time.

“Master?” Kitten inquired as they entered. Severus smirked.

“Get on your knees and greet Mr. Hagrid.”

“Master?” The boy was confused. Severus’ lip curled.

“Are you disobeying me, pet?”
“B-but-”

“You will suck Mr. Hagrid as I give you your punishment. If you injure him in any way, I will increase your punishment.”

Tears falling, Kitten fell to his knees, spreading them to brace himself for the man’s strikes even as he opened Hagrid’s robes.

The monster that fell out sent a shiver though Severus’ body. It fell even at around forty-two inches. The width was around ten. The boy wouldn’t be able to get it in his throat, but it was going to be amusing to watch him try.

Just as the boy managed to get the tip in, Severus hit him with the Cruciatius Curse. Kitten’s body was out of control as he tried to keep moving forward. A flick of his wand and a thought had Hagrid gripping black hair, and ears, as he thrust his hips forward.

After five minutes, Severus ended the curse on the boy. The body fell lax, allowing two inches of the monster cock to slip into his throat.

“Enough. Hands and knees, pet.” The boy shakily did as ordered. “Crawl to the ottoman.” Dull green eyes landed across the room, a good two and a half yards, and tears fell. “Do you wish for me to punish you again?”

“Sorry, master.” The boy murmured as he started to crawl. Hagrid followed, cock pointing as if it were a dowsing rod locked onto water. The boy draped himself against the ottoman. “No, no. Crawl onto it, and kneel for Mr. Hagrid.” The boy sobbed, but did as told. His muscles shook as he held himself still. “Force him open, Hagrid.”

It looked like a small post was trying to be placed in a hole the size of a dime. Severus had ensured that the boy had healed over before making his plans. A few small vials of healing potions, and a couple of spells made it easy. A quick fire of spells before penetration promised the boy would live.

With a grunt, Hagrid ripped through the boy’s skin. Blood gushed as inch by inch, he tore through the fucktoy’s body. The child was screaming, begging for the pain to stop. His stomach was distending, showing Hagrid’s path through the body. Severus could see that the boy had ripped clear up his small ball sac.

“Take it all.” Hagrid roared, slamming into Kitten. With a gag, the man’s cock exploded from the boy’s throat. Severus could see the head as the child gasped for breath. Blood poured from his mouth each time the half-giant fucked into him. Tears fell nonstop down that pain stricken face.

Severus groaned as he shoved himself into the gaping, gasping mouth. He couldn’t go all the way in at first, but he was able to fuck the boy’s throat each time Hagrid pulled out. They took turns slamming inside the broken toy, enjoying the cock sleeve between them.

Hagrid came with a roar, pausing mid stroke to ensure the fluid stayed inside the child. Severus buried himself to the hilt, shaking as the boy’s throat swallowed reflexively around him.

With nowhere to go, Hagrid’s come filled the boy’s stomach, expanding it well past what Severus could ever hope to do without an enema or stamina potion. Eventually it was so pressurized that it exploded from Kitten’s nose, preventing him from breathing.

Severus pulled out, coming onto his pet’s face. The boy was throwing up the other man’s sperm. Cascades of white, slimy liquid flooded the floor as Hagrid thrusts started again. Severus set back
to watch as the giant man started to fuck the toy once more. Pink spunk frothed at the torn hole as the boy tried to inhale, only to choke on the cock. With a sneer, Severus cleared his pet’s throat of the remaining liquid.

“This is all you are good for, Kitten. Being a toy to be used by anyone I deem fit. A few may even use you to have their own fucktoy. You’ll watch their first fucking. Watch as your children are defiled. Watch as your little, tiny babies take their first cock.

“You are nothing. You have no power here. You are mine to use and abuse.” The man snarled, flicking his wand to cast a spell that would force the child to keep all the fluid inside of him that was possible without killing him.

He ended up looking nine months pregnant with quadruplets.

“Obliviate!” Severus cast on Hagrid at the door. The man looked around confused. “Thank you for the runespoor eggs you found, Hagrid.”

“O-of course Professor! I’ll leave you to your evening.” The tall man bowed out, leaving.

Severus turned to his toy, casting a spell to heal all damage to the fuckhole. He shivered, wishing to fuck him as well, but unable to force himself to harden without a potion.

He had to contact Lucius anyway.

It was time to watch Lucius fuck him as an animal.

“Malfy Manor, Lucius Malfoy’s study, Purist.” He grumbled as he threw a pinch of floo powder through the flames.

“Severus? Is something wrong with Draco?” The blond man questioned as he kneeled onto the soft pillow in front of his fire.

“No. I took in a new pet. Someone I’m sure you have noticed is missing. I thought you would like to have fun with him. Kitten is so delectable to play with. The Honeyduke passage is still usable. Also, let the others know about him. I plan on letting others use him to carry toys.” Silver eyes glinted.

“I see. I shall let the others know. Do you plan on using speed pregnancy?”

“Yes. However, I won’t be doing so until he is completely broken in first. I figured our animal forms could have a turn, as well as a few creatures.”

“This is wonderful news, Severus!” Lucius grinned evilly. “I’ll be there this weekend. How broken is he?”

“The pet heals on it’s own, but I can speed up the process. His first owner capitalized on his healing, training his body to take anything. I already had that oaf of a games keeper fuck him. He screams were so delicious.” Lucius licked his lips.

“I’ll prepare everything on my end.” The blond disappeared.

“Now, what to do with you.” Severus mused as he turned to the bloated child. The boy was still out cold. The man approached the child, placing a hand on the stomach, and pressing.

Pain crossed the angelic face as the boy tried to flinch away. The cruel man smirked before
pressing harder. Green eyes flew open as the mouth open in a silent scream.

“Good you’re awake. Go to the bathroom and force everything out.” The man smirked as the boy blanched. “And no crawling, you will walk.” With tears in his eyes, Kitten did as told. Severus felt a vindictive thrill at the thought of the boy trying and trying to expel something when the spell that prevented it was still in place. “If you aren’t empty by the time I come to collect you, I’ll punish you.”

Severus shivered as he watched the boy struggle to the bathroom. Once gone from his sight, the man went to take stock of his potions. And to plot.

Looking at his potions, the man frowned as he realized that he had no idea when he would apply most to the slut. He played with the idea to further de-age his toy, but put the thought aside for further review. Finally, he grabbed a stamina and aphrodisiac potion for himself. He wanted to have as much fun as possible before he had to report back to the classroom the day after tomorrow.

Entering the bathroom, Severus hid his glee at the sight of the boy straining to empty himself. Tear filled eyes opened at the same time as the boy’s mouth. Likely to say he couldn’t get it out.

The screams that the Cruciatius Curse brought out were music to the demented man’s ears. Kitten fell to the floor, withering nonstop in pain. Severus played with the idea of keeping the curse on him until he was a shell, but thought differently. A flick of his wand cancelled both the pain and the spell blocking the liquid.

The semen exploded from the tiny hole as if it were a geyser. It covered the floor, and the body shaking upon it. It stunk heavily, and made Severus crinkle his nose as he cast a spell to remove the scent.

Figures the half breed didn’t clean himself properly.

“Get up.” Severus spat at the boy. Once the boy stood shakily, Severus grabbed him by his tiny penis. The boy shouted as his master started to twist the pathetic piece of skin. “I should remove this.” He mused, smirking at the pale skin. “It is useless, anyways. So why should you keep it?

His eyes landed on the scar that was pulsing with dark magic.

“I will consult with my master first, I think.” With that, he released the boy. “Get in the shower. You are filthy. This is why I told you to use the toilet. You are just a worthless pet who can’t listen. Do you need to wear a diaper?” The boy shook his head. “Why shouldn’t I put you in one?”

“I… I couldn’t get it out until you entered, master. Like it was blocked.” The boy whispered, lowering his head. Severus grinned maliciously.

“So you like having people watch you use the toilet? You naughty, dirty, pet! I should punish you even more!” The man spat, all but throwing the child under cold water. A flick of his wand, and a hose appeared. “Let’s clean you out properly then!” He inserted the tube into the healing hole.

It went in far too easily.

Placing his wand at the other end of the tube, Severus cast the Aguamenti charm. The icy water shot inside, filling the boy to unimaginable quantities once more. The boy was sobbing as his body protested the fluid’s temperature. His expanding stomach would spasm with each new liter.

Once he reached that of which the half giant had filled him, Severus removed the tube and watched with glee as the boy emptied once more. He repeated the process two more times to completely
remove all traces of the imbecile before him. By the end of which the boy was dull. Unmoving, and unresponsive.

A flick of the wand levitated the toy to Severus’ bed. The man wished he could act upon his desire to fuck the brat in his Animagus form, but knew he needed a breeding stand for it. So he settled for casting his enlargement spell, and fucking the boy into the mattress all weekend.

He was grinning when he greeted his sixth years.

Chapter End Notes

Poll ends next chapter.
Poll results so far:

Lucius: Pegasus: 7 Tiger: 4 Snake: 1 Poodle: 1 Other: Thesra1l Peacock1

Severus: Wolf: 5 Snake: 2 Jaguar: 3 Elk: 2 Other: Dragon1 Panther1 Basilisk1

Meet Draco: 10:4, 9:5, 8:1, 7:1

Pregnancy: 8:3, 7:1, 11:1, 9:5, 10:2
Deage further: 2-4 only

Slytherins: 7:1, 8:3, 9:2, 11:1

Fluffy maybe?
Meeting Lucius

Chapter Summary

Lucius comes to play, and things get bloody. Also, what’s this? He has a surprising bit of news.

Chapter Notes

DISCLAIMER: I do not own Harry Potter, if I did, Harry would have been gay, Draco would have been a Hufflepuff, and Snape wouldn't have been such an ass. This is the first time I've ever written something as graphic as this. Please keep the criticism to polite words
Please note:
EXTREMELY UNDERAGE IN THE BEGINNING!
Harry is only five when he is first raped. This story has no romance for the boy. It is nothing but Harry Potter being turned into a FUCKTOY. That's it. This isn't a happy story.
Please also note that ungerage means that it shouldn't be used in reality. This is a STORY, meaning that it is fictional, and it should stay fictional. Anyone who does these things to a child should be arrested and should be forced to suffered extreme pain. I do not condone sexual abuse, be it an adult or child.
Things in this story should be roleplay between two consenting adults.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Meeting Malfoy
Part One

Kitten was breathtaking. At least, he was in Severus’s eyes. The boy was bound, ankles to thighs, and arms locked from wrist to elbow behind his back. A blind fold blocked beautiful eyes from the world, while a ring gag kept his mouth open, and drooling. He lay draped over a wooden table that was shaped like a Y, with his small thighs pulled taunt to show off his small bits. Said bits were painfully red, tightly bound by muggle fishing line of all things, which was spelled to tighten each time he moved. His tiny boy pussy was fresh, as if he’d never been touched before. Not a scar could be seen where the oaf of a ground’s keeper had torn him.

Severus couldn’t wait to destroy him once more.

“Do you know how undignified it is to come through Honeydukes like that, Severus Snape?” The cold voice of Lucius Malfoy had the head of Slytherin smirking.

“Of course I do. How do you think I snuck away to find a victim all these years. Though, now that I have a pet, that is unnecessary.” The two adults shared a look that could only be described as demented. “What toys have you brought with you, Lucius?”
“Well, I did bring this wonderful device that prevents an erection, however, I can see that it is useless. The boy is impotent, and unable to get hard. I also brought my favorite clamps, and sound.”

“The clamps that chew the subject’s chest until it is in ribbons? And sound? When did you find a sound?”

“Oh, on my latest project. I’m not sure if you know this, but a Weasley boy is missing from the school. I Imperio’ed him into telling his brothers that he wasn’t feeling well, and that he was going to the med witch, after the sorting. Then I had him leave via the same tunnel you told me about. With the commotion you’ve created, no one has noticed Ronald Weasley isn’t where he should be.”

“I see. I hadn’t even known that another traitor was supposed to be in this school.” Lucius chuckled, a devious sound. “Anyways, the sound device I found is wonderful. It works much like a porcupine quill. It digs its way deep inside, and removing it is to surely cause damage beyond what one would wish on someone in a loving relationship.”

“Sounds delightful, don’t you believe so, pet?” Kitten whimpered, shrinking away from the hand that patted his thigh. “Ah, careful, much tighter, and you’ll be a little Kitty.” The catboy froze. “Good Kitten.”

“We should invent a spell that allows him to get hard and squirt like a little girl.” Lucius sneered. “He’s much too girly. Took after his high and mighty bitch of a mother. To think they thought you’d loved the whore.”

“Yes, well, obviously I only wanted her because she would make me a beautiful pet. Which she did.” The men turned to the toy once more.

“You know, maybe once my toy turns fifteen, I can have him mate with yours.” Lucius said, smirking. “Imagine, the price of a redhead with green eyes that looked just like Lily Potter. The bitch would go for thousands.”

“Hm.” Severus smirked as he idly drummed his fingers on the child’s nipples. The boy flinched. “Yes, I think that would be wonderful. Now, did you set up a party yet?”

“They’re awaiting confirmation on the date. I figured over the holidays. Narcissa and Draco are planning to go to France to visit our cousins. The manor will be ours the whole time.”

“That sounds lovely. Now, shall we apply those toys to Kitten?” Lucius smirked, moving forward to work the nipples into a peak before he applied the clamps.

At first, the boy screamed at the initial bite. Then he sobbed as the blond tapped each one in turn. The little teeth started to gnaw like a dog with a bone. Blood pooled quickly as the metal dug in deeper and deeper. The men watched in awe as the boy thrashed. More so as the fishing line dug into his tiny clit.

With that thought in mind, Lucius once again moved forward to apply the other toy. The sound was huge compared to the small penis it was about to enter. More so than the redhead slave Lucius had. The boy’s penis was no larger than a baby carrot, and wouldn’t get hard ever again. So it took time to force the rod into the tiny hole.

Severus was right, the boy’s screams were delicious.

“Have you doubled him yet?”
“No. I haven’t had a chance to imperio someone since the oaf. The half breed had a cock that nearly poked through the boy completely.” Severus shuddered. “Imagine if I’d used my spell on that. The boy would likely split in two.” Lucius hummed in agreement as he ran a hand down the boy’s thigh.

“We should really thank Mr. Dursley by inviting him, and the boy’s last master, to the party before we punish them for taking what was ours.” Severus smirked with Lucius. “Enjoy yourself with him, Lucius. I figured we can double on him before using our animal forms.”

“You’ve always had such good ideas, my friend.” With that, Lucius took his cane and started to strike the child everywhere in reach, making sure to catch the fangs of the snake head on sensitive nipples and balls. The screams had both men leaking pre before long.

Taking the cane, Lucius started pressing on the small whole. The handle of his wand was likely the smallest thing the last Potter would ever have in his boy pussy ever again. Lucius only entered it far enough to place it on the prostrate. Ensuring the fangs were digging into the small bundle of nerves, he ripped the wand-cane from the small boy.

He couldn’t even scream, mouth failing to express his pain. Severus shivered as the snake head appeared, and strips of skin, and nerves, clung to it. Lucius paused before grinning.

“Why don’t we make it where he’ll never feel pleasure, ever? Why let the slut get the honor when he destroyed our master? He can always be returned to his first time again and again, correct? Let us make his first years with us painful.”

“Hm. I believe you’re correct, Lucius. Are you planning on digging the nerves out with your cane?” The Slytherins shared sadistic looks as Lucius shoved the cane in again and again, casting a cauterizing curse to ensure the boy didn’t grow them back. The boys screams died out towards the end, his mouth gagging up blood.

“Aw, did that hurt Kitten? That’s too bad. I told you, your place is to please me, and it doesn’t matter what you feel. Your pain is what we crave from your body, so we will take it.” Severus sneered, glaring down at the twitching child. The five year old let out a gasping noise. “Lucius, please, take him hard and fast.”

“It would be an honor, Severus.” Before he could place his seventeen inch long, seven inch wide, cock in the boy’s whole, the Head of Slytherin cast his favorite spells on the man. “You really hate Potters, don’t you?”

“I plan on changing his gender for a few regressions, and treat him like my little daughter, with red hair, before fucking him hard in his virgin pussy.” Lucius shivered.

“No wonder why you were our lord’s favorite. Tell me, are you going to deage him to a baby?” Severus nodded, watching with excitement as the now doubled cock started to press into the child. Thirty four inches and fourteen wide. It was beautiful to watch the tiny entrance try to accept it, only to tear wonderfully, showering the monster appendage in blood.

Lucius moaned, rutting into the boy, moving forward more and more until he had the child’s legs lift up, and practically crouching over the boy. Severus smirked, practically reading the blonde’s mind as he climbed behind, reaching with a finger to pull at the hole hidden by large balls. Lucius paused his movements, waiting until his fell Death Eater had pulled enough to tear the boy enough so he could press his enlarged and engorged member to fuck into the child as well. As one they started moving in and out. The boy practically dead as they took their pleasure from his body. Only his magic, and Severus’ spells kept him alive.
As one they came, filling the boy so full with sperm that he started to throw it up. The men watched in awe as the boy’s stomach filled to the point of bursting. It made them tempted to split him with spells to keep him alive.

Severus was, after all, a pedophile that loved his job in his lord’s service. Creating potions and spells had been his dream, until Dumbledore had ruined most of his chances. Hell, the man had been in the process of getting a mudblood pregnant with a perfect slave. All of which was down the drain because the old man had let slip a bogus prophecy.

The dark haired man pulled out, moving around to shove his cock down the gagging throat. Another enlargement spell, and the boy was tighter than ever as Lucius started thrusting again. The two shared a look, and cast multiple spells to keep Kitten alive. Then Severus was enlarging his own cock, causing lips to split at the corner, and the boy to cease breathing. The had of his cock so large, he couldn’t pull it from the boy’s throat. Lucius copied him, now sporting a cock so thick that the boy’s torn rim was tearing up pass his worthless cock, and into his stomach.

Both adults moaned as their cocks passed each other in the boy’s stuffed guts. They could see it all as the boy was so stretched that his skin was nearly translucent. It didn’t take much for them to start loosing their minds to orgasm. The small stomach burst, spilling the child’s guts, and their sperm, all over his body. Both men ripped themselves from the sleeve, using their hands to hose him in come.

“Damn, I am not one for gore, but the whore deserved it.” Lucius murmured, running a hand through the boy’s entrails as his own cock shrank, returning to normal. Severus smirked in agreement.

Together, they set about repairing most of the damage, leaving the boy’s prostrate and vocals alone. A pet didn’t need to talk. Already, Severus didn’t care about his promises that he’d made when he first took the child. It was all about his pleasure, and that was it. Severus had no qualms about going back on his words, and planned on making the boy into a breeding machine for slaves, sluts, whores, and weapons.

“Have you acquired a breeding stand yet, my friend?” Lucius asked, resting on the man’s sofa. Severus snorted in amusement.

“Of course I have, Lucius. I plan on both of us taking him in our animal forms. I thought we could flip a galleon to decide who takes him first. That is, unless you are willing to wait until I finish.”

“Coin it is, and I’ll provide it.” The blond man smirked, pulling one from his robes, and flicking his wand, which sent it flipping into the air.

“I call Heads.” Severus called, smirking.

It landed on tails.

“It seems, old friend, that I shall enjoy the child first.”

Chapter End Notes

Poll Results as follow:
Lucius:

Pegasus: 10
Tiger: 4
Snake: 1
Poodle: 1
Other: Thestral1 Peacock1

Pegasus Wins!

Severus:

Wolf: 6
Snake: 3
Jaguar: 3
Elk: 2
Other: Dragon1 Panther2 Basilisk1

Wolf Wins!

Meet Draco:

10: 5
9: 7
8: 1
7: 1

Nine is is people! That means Draco will be Fifteen

Pregnancy:

8: 4
7: 1
11: 1
9: 6
10: 3

Once again, Nine is the winner!

Slytherins:

7: 1
8: 3
9: 4
11: 2

Whoa, you guys like the number nine dont you?

Okay Another Poll:

Fluffy is wanted by two people so far question is:

Should Harry meet him now, at Five? Or should he be older? I've been asked for age ten so yeah. Here are your options:
Animagus Time

Chapter Summary

Things get graphic once again, and the men enjoy some time with their pet in a breeding stand before plotting for the future.

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter. This is a sick, messed up, should never happen even between two consenting adults. This is not a happy story for Harry. He is used constantly, and will never escape.

HARRY IS A SEX SLAVE

He was trained since he turned five the first time by a muggle, when Severus showed up to take him to Diagon, he decided to kidnap the boy, deage him to a virgin state, and ruin him. So Harry is FIVE again.

Animals Everywhere
Malfoy Part Two

“Are we going to allow him to heal naturally, or are we speeding things up?” Lucius questioned as he and Severus took a break to sip at Ogden’s Finest.

Their pet was slowly healing. His organs moving back, inch by inch, into his body. The five year old was deathly pale. If one didn’t know about magic, they would likely fear for the boy’s life. However, the men knew differently, and planned to enjoy it. It was strange that pederasty fell out of style in the wizarding world, as one could keep their lover forever young.

“Let us enjoy the whiskey. If he isn’t healed before that, we will heal him before punishing him for failing to appease us.” A small twitch was the only response from the catatonic body.

To the men’s pleasure, the boy wasn’t healed once they finished their drinks an hour later. Severus set about righting the boy’s body, while Lucius prepared the breeding stand for Kitten. The man needed it higher for his animagus form, as it was a magical breed of horse with wings called a Pegasus.

“Severus, why don’t you cast our favorite spell on me while I am taking him as my mare?” Lucius inquired as they moved the boy into the stand. Kitten made a hissing noise, but couldn’t voice any other complaints.

“How large?”

“Just big enough so that I can rest the head against his teeth.” Severus chuckled, nodding. He
blended, and smiled at the now white Pegasus standing before him.

The horse knickered, before lashing out with his front legs to slam into the small boy’s back. Ribs cracked and the small child’s mouth opened in a silent scream. His breathing was labored, as a rib had likely punctured his lung. Lucius attacked once more, catching the boy’s uselessly bound, and plugged, penis, smashing the balls flat.

As he steadied himself on the breeding stand, he made sure to his the boy’s head that was unprotected. The dazed child lay limp as Severus lined up the already impressive forty one inch monster that would fuck him. The head was wider than a bottle of elven wine. The flared head was already leaking as Lucius stepped forward to press against his new home.

The sound of flesh ripping was beautiful.

Once again, the child ripped to his balls. It made Severus wish that he could fuck the boy at the same time, but knew that Lucius would be in a primal state of mind. So instead, he lengthened the equine cock just a few inches to allow it to reach Kitten’s teeth. They rattled, and a few even came loose, the next time Lucius slammed back in.

Lucius couldn’t believe how wonderful it felt to have a toy for his animagus form. Narcissa refused to help him prepare a child for such breeding. Maybe once he got bored with the Weasley brat, he would force him to watch as Lucius fucked the redhead’s bastard son. Even make the boy help maybe. The thought alone had Lucius pumping furiously into the body below him. A body that was only living because of his friend’s spells, for the boy wasn’t even breathing. He was just a living doll for them to fuck.

With a bellow of completion, Lucius hilted himself. His come forced through his penis and shooting out the boy’s closed lips. The flared head was locked in front of the boy’s teeth, preventing the white equine from removing himself unless his friend cast the spell to shrink him.

“Oh please, Lucius, just remove your cock. Even if you break his jaw, we can just fix it with a wave of a wand.” Severus sneered. Lucius knickered in joy as he started yanking on his cock. It was still coming, but he liked the idea of filling the boy’s rearranged insides with his sperm.

With a mighty yank, teeth tore from the five year old’s gums, and Lucius was painting his insides white. Once again, his cock got caught on the child’s body. This time it was the too stretched hole that was already torn.

The boy split up his penis when Lucius pulled free.

As the blond enjoyed his high from a thorough fucking, Severus set about completely healing the boy. The head of Slytherin could see that the jade eyes no longer held a spark of life. Even if his body lived, Kitten would just be a toy for Severus to use. Severus knew the boy would find strength eventually to try and fight back, but until that time, he would have an unresisting pet.

Once the damage was healed, Severus lowered the breeding stand. Adjusting it for his Animagus’ height. Just as he was finishing up the adjustments, Lucius returned to human form.

“How large do you wish to go, Severus?”

“Just double my length. I want you to enchant my knot. I want him to tear again and again for what that damn father of his did to me. To think, the man who raped me, created me the perfect fucktoy.” Severus chuckled darkly, wondering if it was possible that his lord could revive the man who had hurt him so badly.
Wouldn’t it be wonderful to watch James Potter fuck his own son?

With a shake of his head, Severus transformed into a wolf, a Dire Wolf to be exact. His form easily covered more than the boy as he perched himself on the breeding stand. Lucius moved forward, wand pointed at his friend’s unsheathed cock. The wolf’s cock would end at the boy’s heart.

With a sharp thrust, the pointed tip hit home.

The boy limply laid there as Severus took his pleasure. The wolf had no qualms about biting into the flesh of the boy, tearing his back and neck into shreds as blood cascaded down the toy’s body. Each thrust and pull moved the boy’s rectum in and out, tearing more and more as Severus’ knot started to form.

Severus came with a snarl as he clamped his jaws around the slim neck. Only fast casting from Lucius allowed the boy to live after his neck was both punctured and broken. The animal that was Severus started to hump at the limp body below him. His knot still growing as another spell from Lucius hit him.

It was hours before his knot finally let up.

Turning back into a man, the house head was proud to see that not only did he split the boy up to his clit yet again, but up his tail as well. Cat ears drooped low as the boy didn’t even flinch as Severus bent the tail painfully to stuff it into his wrecked body. Both men groaned as it caused the boy to silently cry out when Severus cast an enlargement spell, and a spell that allowed him control over the appendage’s movements.

“The others are going to love him and his playmate. You should try to get a day away on a Hogsmead weekend, Severus. I don’t think I can wait.”

“I think you will, after I tell you what I have planned.”

“Oh?”

“Why stop with the blood traitor and the precious golden boy? Why don’t we give our friends gifts when we go home. Longbottom is already a menace, and I’d love to show Justin Finch-Fletchley the true meaning of the word gay.”

“Any others, Severus?”

“Terry Boot, Dean Thomas, Seamus Finnigan, and a few others.” The blond hummed, stroking his already hard cock. Severus motioned for him to use the toy as they spoke. Lucius’ grin was all teeth as he shoved in beside the wriggling tail. “It won’t take long until we have all that we could ever want. Our lord will be pleased, I believe, with how we have continued our work. Of course, we can’t have them disappear during Hogwarts, so we must wait until holidays, but we need to plan for it.”

“Yes!” Lucius moaned. “I’ll tell the others to be ready. Make sure that the train stops somewhere out of sight.”

“I’ll do one better, I’ll Imperio the Trolly witch to drug all the mudbloods and blood traitors. Hogwarts won’t know what happened, and I’ll force the witch to forget everything.” Lucius bucked hard, spilling himself into the ruined toy under him. “I am also thinking of allow a Cerberus to enjoy him.

“Severus, are you sure he can take that large of an animal? The thing’s cock is twice as large as
him.” Severus lifted an eye brow.

“I intend to make Potter’s brat suffer for eternity. Of course he’ll survive. Maybe he won’t be wholly intact after, but I can always deage him later.”

“And the others wonder why you were a favorite.” Lucius breathed out. His friend’s lip twitched. “I’ll tell the others, and try to find our lord again. I believe the time is among us to help him once more.” Severus nodded, smirking.

“Tell him, if you find him, I am working on getting the stone for him. I already have a potion that will negate the mudblood’s protection so that he can touch the toy.”

And so they spent the night planning how to continue their work.

Chapter End Notes

Fluffy Time will happen soon, don't worry. Most of you voted for Age 5, and I decided to make a returning visit when Harry is 10.
Canines Everywhere

Chapter Summary

Severus breeds Kitten with three different Canines, his wolf, Fluffy, and Fang.

Chapter Notes

I don't own Harry Potter. This is a sick, messed up, should never happen even between two consenting adults. This is not a happy story for Harry. He is used constantly, and will never escape.

HARRY IS A SEX SLAVE

He was trained since he turned five the first time by a muggle, when Severus showed up to take him to Diagon, he decided to kidnap the boy, deage him to a virgin state (including his mind), so he can ruin him. So Harry is FIVE again.

Harry being FIVE again is part of the plot. Despite this being PORN, it does have a plot.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Puppies

Severus frowned at the Defense Against the Dark Arts professor. The man had demanded they meet in private. Now he was acting shifty as he cast privacy spells.

“What do you want, Quirrel?” The meek man shook his head, turning his back to Severus and pulling off his turban.

“Sssevenussss, it hasss been a while.” The man’s black eyes widened.

“My lord!” He cried with a bow.

“Indeed. Tell me, Sssevenussss, wasss the disssappearance of Potter your doing or Luciusss?”

“My, milord. I decided since he was already a whore, why not perfect him for your return?”

“I sssee. Well, Sssevenussss, bring the boy to that blasphsted Mirror that Dumbledore brought. I wisssh to ussse him to get the ssstone. In return, I ssshall allow you to continue usssing him until your tire of him.” Severus nodded, smiling gratefully.

“Thank you, milord. You are most generous.”

Severus bowed, and was dismissed. Not even three hours later, the husk of a man would be found by Filch, and the Stone would be missing. Severus had made sure to be seen not long after he had his toy retrieve the item. He knew he would find his lord waiting for him in his chambered,
yea**r**ning to touch his pet, but unable to do so.

“SSseveruss, I wisssh to know, what did the boy sssee before he got the ssstone from the mirror?” Voldemort demanded as his servant set about brewing the potion needed for his body, even going as far as to take the boy’s blood.

“He saw himself filled in multiple ways, not knowing any better. He even saw his father fucking him. It was wonderful, my lord. I wish, if you’d allow me to, to revive James Potter under a slave spell and ensure that he understands everything that we force him to do, and make him fuck his own son. Maybe even allow him to have another baby. The very thought had me torturing the boy for hours.” Severus shivered in want. Voldemort laughed in return.

“Continue your good work, Ssseveruss. Upon my return, we ssshall do ssso.” Severus was trembling in glee. His pet lay, passed out, on the floor at his feet. “I ssshall return sssoon. He’sss not to have a child until he isss older. I wisssh to have the child ass my pet.” With that, Severus was alone with his pet.

Reaching into his pocket, Severus brought out the stunned and shrunken form of Fluffy, the Cerberus that the oaf Hagrid had supplied to protect the stone. He wouldn’t be returning the dog to full size, his chambers weren’t large enough. However, even half his height, Fluffy would have two large, two foot cocks that would be seven inches around each. Unlike a female Cerberus, Kitten didn’t have two vagina’s to accept the cocks. He would take both in his small rectum.

With a shake to clear his head, Severus revived the boy, healing any lasting injuries, and tying him to the breeding stand. He was tempted to provide a potion that would allow his pet to carry puppies to term. Cerberus puppies were sought after in the black market because they made excellent guard dogs. With a few other potions, he would be giving birth in just a couple of days, and not weeks.

With a dark grin, he summoned the potions, forcing the boy to drink them. Once he was withering in pain from the potion giving him a temporary womb, and the one that caused him to release slick like a female dog, Severus turned to the panting dog. A wave of his wand had the dog standing at an impressive ten feet.

Of course, Severus had to help place the cocks at the unprepared hole they would be fucking. The pointed tips went in easy, starting at an inch before gradually dilating in diameter.

As soon as Severus let go, the monster dog surged forward, slamming in fully. A silent scream escaped the boy, making Severus shiver in glee. The dog was relentless, hips shaking as it wagged it’s tail. Kneeling revealed the boy’s distending stomach each time the dog pushed fully in. His intestines followed the dog cocks back out, meaning the boy would have a prolapse. Tearing could also be seen, a flood of blood already pooling around the mating pair.

Kitten was dull eyed and drooling by the time the dog started to knot him. The seven inches expanded to a full eleven each, causing twenty two inches to spread the boy wide. Severus debated for a moment before casting the imperius curse on the mindless beast. With a sharp tug, the dog pulled his knots out, before thrusting back in. It repeated the process until it was completely limp.

Casting a Pregnancy Detection Charm, revealed the seed had taken, and Kitten was now carrying seven Cerberus puppies. Severus shrank Fluffy once more, spelling him asleep, before leaving him on the rug before the fire to rest. Turning to the boy had him moaning in delight.

A good foot of the boy’s intestines had followed the dog’s cocks. The Potion Master couldn’t resist reaching out to stroke the red muscle. Kitten didn’t even flinch, too far gone. Severus was saddened a bit that he’d broke his toy so much, but knew that he had to have a broken pet before he could
share with the others.

Though, he regretted the boy’s first pregnancy was to a mutt, Severus also knew that his first child would be the Dark Lord’s new play thing. Of course, his lord also wanted to wait in order to take over the world before taking on a pet. Understandable.

Shaking his head, Severus shifted into his wolf animagus form after healing Fluffy’s damage, and slipping into the tight hole. His cock was smaller in this form, without someone to enlarge it. Only ten inches, and swelled to an impressive nine when he knotted.

The boy’s stomach was rounded with seed once Severus finished. Leaving the boy, Severus hurried down to Hagrid, where he imperio’d Fang into wanting to be let out. Hidden by the shadows, he was able to direct Fang from being followed by the large man. He had plans.

By the end of the night, Kitten was carrying seven Cerberus puppies, one Neapolitan Mastiff pup, and two wolf cubs.

Casting a contractive spell on himself, Severus slipped into the loose hole in front of him. He moaned as he cast the spell to enlarge himself so that the walls hugged him tightly. He didn’t go very long, wanting tightness, not length. He fucked the boy well into the next day, thankful that it was a weekend.

Chapter End Notes

I know, I know, Harry is supposed to be ten for his first pregnancy, but I couldn’t resist this. Thank you all for being patient. A few things have happened in real life, and made it difficult for me to update. One of those being the fact I was homeless for over a month, another being the lack of internet. So this brain child was born.

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