

Blinded By The Dark

a Snape adopts Harry fic

Von Astrido

Kapitel 1: The Beginning

Title: Blinded By The Dark

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Chapters: 1/?

Pairing: Harry/Draco

Warning: mild **RAPE!!!!!! SLASH** in later chapters. If you don't like it, don't read it!

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Summary: Harry gets accidentally blinded by the Dursleys and is thereupon abandoned by them. What happens when Snape is the one to find him??? Read and find out. A Snape adopts Harry fic.

NOW BETA-ED!!!!!!

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Chapter One: The beginning

It was evening. The sun had set not long ago, but it was still quite bright and a slow hot breeze ruffled the leaves of the few trees at Privet Drive.

The young man, living in number four, was oblivious to the beautiful sunset. He'd only been home for two weeks until he'd been locked in his small cupboard under the stairs - again. He didn't know what had made his aunt and uncle so angry, but they obviously were, and that was bad enough.

Since he returned to Privet Drive, his aunt had been screeching at him non-stop.

Dudley treated him like his punching bag and would let him trip over his feet or something like that, like he'd always done.

Whatever his aunt and cousin might do to him though, it was nothing compared to the way his Uncle treated him. Uncle Vernon was... uncle Vernon - unfair and malicious. And if he was angry, for whatever reason - whether it was because he'd had a bad day at work, or whether it was because he thought that Harry was getting on his nerves - Harry knew from experience that he would bear the brunt of that anger.

He had experienced his wrath just a few hours ago again. Harry thought that something must have happened at his company, because his uncle had come home dead drunk when aunt Petunia and his cousin Dudley had gone to bed already. It wouldn't have mattered if they hadn't, they never noticed anything that happened to Harry and even if they did, they obviously didn't care. Aunt Petunia may scream at him but she had always let uncle Vernon punish Harry as he saw fit.

Harry had heard his uncle come home and slam the door behind him. He could hear him trip over imaginary things in the corridor near his cupboard door and Vernon had slurred a few unrecognizable, but clearly angry words so that Harry could tell that he was drunk. This had worried Harry, because he knew from experience that when Vernon came home like this Harry was in for a beating, or that he would simply vent his bad mood on him.

Uncle Vernon had pulled the from earlier beatings already severely hurt Harry out of his cupboard and dragged him into Dudley's second bedroom where he'd shut the door behind him. His uncle didn't have to threaten Harry to be quiet - he knew that already. Uncle Vernon had that look in his eye and Harry knew what that meant - he was in great trouble.

He didn't know what he'd done to make him angry and he didn't care because it didn't make any difference. The first time, when his uncle had done this to him, he had screamed for aunt Petunia or anybody else to help him. Help never came, because uncle Vernon had coerced his mouth shut with his fat fingers and had almost suffocated him. After that he'd known that if he didn't want to die he'd better be quiet.

Before the first time it had happened, Uncle Vernon had babbled something like that if he couldn't get it from Petunia then he would get it from Harry. Harry had known what would come then. It was what he'd done ever since. Harry was too weak and too small to be much of an effort, so he'd rather raped him than struggled with aunt Petunia, since she said she wouldn't have sex with him because he was too drunk, or whatever she said.

However, she didn't care if he did something to Harry, he only had to be healthy enough to do his chores, which he wasn't anymore.

Then uncle Vernon had thrown him on the bed and Harry had struggled and kicked, but in vain. Vernon had easily held him down and ripped his clothes off him. He had been scared as hell, because Vernon had been even more vicious than normal, but he

still didn't dare to scream in fear of 'accidentally' being beaten to death.

He had tried to bite him, when he stroked Harry mockingly across the cheek. In response to that, his uncle had slapped him hard. Harry couldn't see him, as his glasses had been knocked from his face sometime ago and his eyes were moistening rapidly due to the burning cheek.

Uncle Vernon had leaned forward and hissed in a deadly whisper into his ear.

"Be a good boy, Harry. You wouldn't want me to hurt you more than necessary, do you? I promise I won't be gentle, because I know you like it rough!!"

Then he had captured Harry's lips in a bruising kiss. Uncle Vernon had straightened a bit afterwards, though never letting go of him and pressed his beefy hand on the small boy's chest. He had gotten a whip from somewhere near them and after turning him around, had struck his back numerous times. Harry had lost count after the fifth.

He was concentrating on stopping himself from crying out, though he couldn't prevent a small whimper from escaping his lips. His uncle started to rant, but he was only half listening.

"You... ungraceful... no freakiness in my house... friends of yours... no help... deserve nothing more than you get..."

He tried to crawl away from his uncle, but he had just grinned in a wicked way and pulled out a pair of handcuffs.

"Got them especially for you, boy!" he had said lewdly and had fastened Harry's arms at the bedpost. The boy had kicked out and had successfully hit his uncle in the face.

"Oh, no! Not with me, boy!"

Uncle Vernon had growled in a deep voice. Then he had punched Harry in the stomach. Harry didn't stand a chance. Coughing he coiled up as best as he could in his position. His whole body was bruised and on his back were an uncountable number of welts. The pain was excruciating.

By this time Harry began crying and pleaded faintly for his uncle to stop, but he knew he wouldn't. He never did.

"Please.. I.. I'll be a.. a good boy!" He had begged.

"Shut up this instant or.." Uncle Vernon had replied scathingly.

He had shaken his head and struggled wildly in his uncle's grasp. His uncle had turned him on his back and had gripped his hips tightly.

The small boy didn't want this. But freeing himself with magic was out of option, he knew. He wasn't allowed to use magic and would have gotten himself expelled from

Hogwarts. He didn't want to be expelled, because Hogwarts was his home, his sanctuary. Besides, he had to go on studying or he would never defeat Voldemort.

Then his uncle had turned Harry back on his stomach and had opened his belt. The jingle of the belt sent Harry's heart right into his throat and tears welled up again. His uncle had pulled his pants down, the sound of the zipper ringing loudly in Harry's ears. Tears were running down his cheeks, but he knew he couldn't stop his uncle and didn't struggle again. He was too exhausted anyway.

Then uncle Vernon had thrust his horny disgusting erection into the small boy. Harry had bit into the sheets to prevent himself from screaming. Searing pain shot through his whole body.

At first his uncle was slow, but he got more and more violent. Harry could feel that his uncle was reaching his climax. He was close. His member swelled inside him and his thrusting became more violent and more erratic. His thumbs were digging into Harry's hips where he held them still and the whole bed creaked and groaned as Vernon slammed into Harry's prone body. With a final lusty groan he came and spilled his seed into Harry. He repeated the procedure twice before he was finally satisfied. Every time, he had groaned lustfully. Then he had finally stopped and moved from him.

"You've been a good boy for once," the over weight man muttered, as he rolled off the young boy and pulled his pants back up.

Relief flooded through him, only to be replaced with shame and helplessness. He was so pathetic. He couldn't even defend himself from a mere muggle. Fresh tears trickled down onto the filthy sheets. His mind had been in a thick haze and he had only caught half of what happened around him, because he had nearly entirely withdrawn from reality.

Uncle Vernon had pulled his trousers back on. The room had been silent except for the faint labored breathing of Harry and the huffs of his still winded uncle.

He unfastened the handcuffs, which were bloody now, because the sharp edges had cut into Harry's delicate skin when he had tried to free himself.

Then uncle Vernon threw Harry's limp form over his shoulder, picked up the remains of his clothes, and carried him down the stairs before he threw him back into his cupboard with his clothes.

That was where the small boy was now. He lay half conscious on the tiny mattress that served as his bed, curled loosely into a tiny ball. He wondered whether there had ever been a time in his life when he had felt worse than he did right now, and decided that there wasn't.

The warning that the Order gave his uncle against treating him badly obviously had no effect on him at all. If anything, it seemed to have made him even more determined to make Harry's stay at the Dursleys' as painful as possible. He had no doubt that his uncle still remembered the incident with Fred and George's ton tongue toffee as well, and this probably added fuel to his fire.

If he had to be honest with himself, somehow he had known that it would come to this one day. His whole body was bruised and hurt like hell and he thought that he had some broken bones in his chest or his left foot, but he didn't know for sure. He was in too much pain to be able to really tell.

Even if he did, his uncle and aunt wouldn't bother to get him to a doctor. That would only mean he was officially declared incapable of working for them. Not having to be Petunia's slave was a small comfort considering that he would aggravate his injuries further, if he were.

However, they never had been so extremely violent before. This certainly wasn't the first time they'd been rough with him, but they had never hurt him so often as they had these holidays.

Since Harry turned eight Vernon had raped him six times - and THREE of those occasions were during this holiday break!

The order had a twenty-four-supervision on his home and the raven-haired boy wondered idly whether there was somebody that would rescue him.

'How effective was their supervision if they didn't realise what was going on?'

They probably neglected their work again, like they had the last year when the Dementors had attacked him and his cousin. Actually, they should know by now that the protection from his mother was annulled when Voldemort had gained a body with his, Harry's, blood again.

The supervision was useless, thought Harry. For all the good it seemed to be doing he may as well have been left on his own, just like the other years before. Then there hadn't been anybody to help him either.

He thought he'd been all alone and that he had nobody, until he found Sirius, but Sirius was dead now and any hope that someone would come for him had vanished when he died. The chance was that there at least someone existed that would be able to rescue him, even if he didn't, had shrunk to almost none. If the Order hadn't noticed that something was wrong, they were obviously too useless to do anything properly.

Harry had sent away Hedwig on the first day home, because unlce Vernon had told him to. When Harry did so, uncle Vernon had said he would kill any owl that neared his house and consequently Harry had sent a short note not to owl him.

He couldn't write to anyone and his contact line had been severed. Ron wouldn't write any letters because of his note and neither would Hermione or Remus who Ron had certainly informed. That eliminated all of his contact with anybody and anything outside of the house. He was trapped and he had no one.

Harry had no doubt that Sirius would have realised that something was wrong, and he would have done everything in his might to take Harry away from the Dursleys forever. But he, he had been killed. Two glistening tears rolled down his cheeks and he had to stifle a sob.

He had wanted to do many things with Sirius and had wanted to show him a few of his

accomplishments. He would never know that he'd finally learned to use his magic without a wand. But that couldn't help him now. Magic was magic and the Ministry would take issue with him regardless of whether it was done with or without a wand.

He shifted his position on his cot. He was tired, but the pain - and his overwhelming sense of self-loathing - kept him awake. He was too scared to fall asleep anyway. His nightmares that had begun after the Tri-Wizard tournament and had grown worse after Sirius had died had kept him awake many nights.

That was not all, his screaming always woke the Dursleys and uncle Vernon would always reward him with a sound beating...that didn't come out right, but you know what I mean.

Harry idly wondered why he was being forced to suffer so much. He wasn't devoutly religious. He knew that there was a higher Order out there, something bigger than him, who watched over everything. Had he done something to deserve it? Yes, he answered himself. He was barely sixteen, but he'd done so many terrible things.

His friendship with Cedric had cost Cedric his life, he helped Voldemort gain power again. Only because of that stupid prophecy he had been captured and his blood had been used to resurrect the bloody bastard. And... and... his interference had gotten Sirius killed. If he hadn't been so stubborn and listened to Hermione and Snape, he would never have fallen into Voldemort's trap and Sirius wouldn't have died trying to rescue him. There was no excuse for that. But it hurt nevertheless.

Maybe he shouldn't be so friendly anymore. Who knew? It seemed that every time he was close to somebody Voldemort would murder him or her just to agonize him. So many people died because of him. His Mum and Dad, Sirius, Cedric and countless muggles. Harry thought it was a wonder that Hermione and Ron hadn't been murdered yet.

Maybe it would be the best, if he killed himself, so that he didn't have to experience their murder. There was just the problem that if he did that, the whole world would be lost, as he was told to be the only one to put an end to Voldemort's reign.

He didn't want to become a real murderer, though. Up to now it was just his fault that they died, but he didn't murder them directly. The small boy never thought himself to be capable to do that. He felt weak and helpless and he couldn't seek strength of the people surrounding him, when they all died. So how was he to defeat Voldemort?? To Harry it seemed an impossible deed.

How could he actually win when he couldn't even prevent his uncle from doing such awful things to him? He didn't know!

All he knew was that he felt dirty for letting a muggle do such things to him. He was a wizard, damn it. Wizards are supposed to be strong, and he was strong... normally. He was strong enough to at least duel with Voldemort and had done so five times, so why let he such a disgusting muggle get the best of him? He couldn't believe himself, even though he suspected that deep in his heart he knew why.

But at the moment all he felt was weak and used and dirty.

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