

# Blinded By The Dark

## a Snape adopts Harry fic

Von Astrido

### Kapitel 2: Punishment

As the first chapter was so small I thought I would upload the second just as well.

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NOW BETAED!!!!

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#### Chapter Two: Punishment

"Get up, you freak! Dudley wants his breakfast!" aunt Petunia shrieked at him, banging against the cupboard door. Only then he realized he had stayed up yet another whole night.

"Yes, aunt Petunia!" He croaked, just so loud that she would hear. His throat was sore, because it was parched, but there would be no relief. Aunt Petunia never permitted him to drink even a bit of water from the tap. Whenever he prepared food in her kitchen, she would watch him to see whether he dared to sneak some of their food into his mouth, while preparing it for the Dursleys and if he did, she would slap him and make sure he was given no food for the rest of the day. It didn't matter, anyway. He only got food now and then when the Dursleys wanted to be lenient and never on a regular basis. If he were lucky, he would get the leftovers from dinner today.

He dressed as hurriedly as possible with his injuries. The pain had lessened over the night, but his back and his chest were still hurting like hell. His ankle and his bum hurt, too, but the pain there was manageable. His back had been bleeding, he noticed, when he saw the blood on the mattress. Harry had no real t-shirts, so he pulled an old baggy sweater and pants on. He didn't know which color they had possessed once, they were all a faded blue- or red-gray.

When he entered the kitchen slightly limping, she glared at him. She did always, but this day she glared harder than usual. That was why he knew that she noticed what

happened the evening before. He assumed that either she noticed he was more hurt than yesterday, smelled the alcohol on uncle Vernon or heard him grunting when he... he...

And, of course, she blamed him for that his uncle had to do such things to the raven haired boy.

While Harry made bacon with fried eggs and toast, she rattled off her list of chores for him to do. He tried hard to remember what she was saying, but the combined effect of the pain of his injuries, and the fact that he hadn't eaten in two days made him want to pass out on the spot and he found it difficult to concentrate on anything other than not burning the food in front of him.

She gave him no list, he always had to remember everything. Dudley could do what he wanted, as usual. Everything was just as it always been here.

His aunt told him what he had to do every day. He didn't know why she told him day after day the same, but perhaps she thought if she didn't, he would make excuses for forgetting something.

His daily routine looked usually like that.

Making breakfast, weeding the flower beds, cleaning the dishes after breakfast, painting something, this day it was the garden bench, and there would he hell to pay if he splattered paint onto the lawn - making lunch, doing the dishes, vacuuming the whole house, wiping the tiling and dusting the stuff in the living room, making dinner and doing the dishes. Sometimes he had to dust the photos as well - he wondered tearily whether there would ever be one of him. Not that he wanted to be pictured with his relatives, but all the photos he had were taken at school.

"Don't be so slack with your work like yesterday and don't let that happen ever again, understood? You will finish the work of yesterday first, before you do the work for today. You won't get any food today evening, if you don't finish everything!" She admonished the raven-haired boy.

Fortunately, Dudley chose that moment to shuffle into the kitchen and he spared Harry the task of having to answer. Harry dished out the food, never raising his head, but looking longingly at the breakfast table and feeling a wave of dizziness from hunger again. When he was finished, his aunt shouted at him to get started with his chores and he headed out meekly, making his way slowly to the flowerbeds. He knew from experience that it was best to do the things she said in exactly the same order. Before he left the kitchen, he caught a glimpse at the calendar that hung at the wall next to the door and knew now that this day was Saturday.

'This is bad', he thought. 'On Saturdays uncle Vernon and Dudley usually spend the day at home.'

Harry looked forward to any day when unclce Vernon and Dudley left the house for any length of time. Uncle Vernon seemed to encourage his son's fondness for using Harry as a punching bag, but Dudley was harmless. He might punch him every now and then,

but he usually found the Gameboy or the television much more interesting than his cousin. Uncle Vernon, on the other hand, was different. He really seemed to enjoy hurting him, and he went a lot further than Dudley ever would.

'A few days ago, I heard aunt Petunia talking about Dudley going to his friends for tea today. That means I'll probably be alone with unclce Vernon. I hate weekends! He will observe me precisely and if he's in the mood for punishment for the slightest things, he'll get out his whip again.'

He kneeled on the earth and his knees and hands were dirty. It didn't seem to matter to aunt Petunia that he'd just weeded the garden three days ago. At first he thought that she seemed to just give him things to do to keep him busy and make sure he didn't have time to do anything enjoyable. Now he suspected that she took delight in making Harry do physically demanding work while he was clearly injured.

This year, Dudley had come home frustrated one evening and uncle Vernon had allowed him to punch Harry as he pleased. That had left the small boy with broken ribs, he didn't count how many, a light concussion and a sprained ankle. His ankle had healed to some extent and he could walk normally again. The concussion had faded after a few days, but his ribs were still quite injured.

However, since yesterday when his uncle did that to him, his injuries seemed to have gotten worse again. His ribs hurt the most, but the pain wasn't too bad while he kept his breathing shallow.

Suddenly, he got really dizzy and his view swam. He fell forward, throwing his hands out and catching himself before he landed on Petunia's flower bed, a surge of pain stabbed through his chest. He knew that he was only an inch away from passing out.

"Get in here, freak!" uncle Vernon roared. Harry dreaded what he would have to do now. He cleaned up a bit, washed his hands under the garden hose and then limped as fast as he could to his uncle. Normally, he would wait for Harry in the living room, watching the telly, if he wanted him to do something for him. Today, he was in the kitchen, though.

"Finally, I hate waiting, you know that!" Uncle Vernon spat.

"Yes, uncle Vernon. It won't happen again." Harry answered meekly, looking down. Yes, he knew that he should come right away, when he was called. However, if he were too dirty, he would also be punished. His breathing increased in fear, but it was still shallow.

'Please, don't hurt me. Don't hurt me.' He thought frantically. His eyes were darting around searching for a reason that he was called.

"I hope so. Now, your aunt and Dudley went for a little shopping this morning, so do what you have to do, boy and take your time with me, you got that?!"

'Oh, please, no! Not that again! Anything but that!' he thought desperately, but nodded that he understood. The whole thought of sucking Vernon off repulsed him to the point that he'd actually take a brutal sexual assault over giving Vernon head any day of the week. Of all the things his uncle had ever done to him, forcing him to suck on him was by far the most disgusting. The man disgusted him, repulsed him, and the thought of taking his flesh into his mouth made him want to be sick.

He prayed for someone - anyone to save him from having to do this, even though he knew that no one would come. No one ever came and his silent cry for help stayed unanswered.

Trembling, he walked over to his uncle who leaned back heavily against the refrigerator that swayed precariously backwards and Harry almost felt sorry for the poor machine. Closing his eyes, unable to even bring himself to look at his uncle, he knelt down, wincing when he agitated his broken ribs. The raven haired boy looked to the light bulge that was in his uncle's pants and cringed internally. Then he mechanically undid uncle Vernon's belt and zipper. He was amazed that his hands weren't shaking so badly that he couldn't open his uncle's trousers, though on the inside, he was screaming at the thought of what he was going to do.

He knew what to do. He let his uncle's pants stay more or less where they were and just pulled the top of his briefs down a little. The throbbing erection sprang into view. He closed his eyes and gathered his resolve before he hesitantly reached out and grabbed it. Harry stroked slowly and gently, rubbing his thumb over the top, the way Vernon liked to be stroked. He knew how his uncle liked to be handled, he'd told him often enough, and he became very angry when Harry didn't follow his instructions. However, uncle Vernon always managed to find a reason to beat him afterwards though, regardless of what he did. He didn't know why he bothered at all, maybe because he hoped that one time, he would get away unharmed.

Harry leaned forward and took the penis into his mouth and began working on it with slow long moves. His uncle liked to be licked and sucked, but he gave little instructions now and then during the whole thing.

Harry did exactly what he was told, hoping to satisfy him enough that the punishment would be light.

His uncle groaned loudly, telling Harry that he was such a good boy and that he had to keep going. Harry felt strange when he heard him. The only time his uncle ever said anything nice to him was when he was forced to pleasure him like this and though it made him feel weird and disgusting, a small part of him enjoyed hearing it. He hated himself for feeling this way.

Uncle Vernon grabbed his hair to hold him in place and started pushing roughly into his mouth, his penis was twitching inside Harry's mouth. His groans were getting louder and the refrigerator was bouncing off the wall behind it. He was hitting the back of Harry's throat on every thrust who struggled not to gag, but it was getting difficult. If he didn't end it now, he would be sick, which he knew from experience,

would earn him a sound beating. Harry reached out and gently fondled his balls, which sent him over the edge. Uncle Vernon held Harry's head exactly where it was, forcing him to swallow the cum. It was always the same. His uncle never let him spit it out.

"Suck! There's a good boy. Swallow it all!" his uncle wheezed and panted. Harry's stomach churned at the thought. He tried to hold it all in his mouth, and spit it out when his uncle's back was turned, but uncle Vernon released too much this time and he couldn't keep it all in his mouth - he had to swallow it.

Harry had been concentrating so hard on trying not to throw up the cum he'd just swallowed, that he didn't realise his uncle had been speaking to him until he felt a sharp kick to the belly. Pain flared up inside Harry's stomach and along his already broken ribs and he clutched his stomach. He opened his mouth to cry out from the pain, and he retched pitifully, bringing up Vernon's semen - and the small amount of food he'd eaten in the past few days - all over himself, the floor and Vernon's feet. Then he fell to the floor whimpering.

"Answer me, freak!" He barked. To say his uncle was angry was an understatement. He was furious!

"How dare you spit that out?!! Our kitchen won't be spoiled like that!!!!!! You can't do anything right, can you? I always have to punish you! Do you think I've got nothing better to do than lecture you?" He raged while closing his trousers. Vernon's voice became louder and louder and Harry flinched under his tirade. He was throwing open cupboards and quickly rifling through them.

"I'll teach you to be so ungrateful. You wait till I find it. 'Deserved punishment', that's what this is. And believe me, you're going to be sorry," he snarled, crossing the kitchen to the cupboards behind Harry, kicking the small boy as he past him.

"Should have left you on the bloody step to die, or sent you off to an orphanage - ah, here it is," he cried, turning around and holding up a bottle to Harry. Through bleary eyes he saw his uncle holding a bottle of cleansing agent. Tears of pain and fear of what his uncle would do to him with the acid stained his face.

Harry scrambled away until his back touched the wall. Then he threw his hands up over his head to hide his face from him.

"No, no. Please, uncle Vernon, please!!! No!" he sobbed.

"Shut up, you freak!" he yelled and yanked Harry's arms away. The raven haired boy wrenched his arms out of his grasp immediately. He lashed out wildly and desperately, clawing and biting at his uncle wherever he could, but he was too small, and too weak, to really injure him. About all he managed to do was make it more difficult for Vernon to get a hold of him. His glasses had been ripped from his face some time during the battle he fought and along with tears blurring his view he saw now practically nothing anymore.

His uncle had had enough and he straddled Harry's hips brutally. The small boy was almost crushed to death under his uncle's weight and cried even harder. He desperately tried to free himself, because uncle Vernon could, and probably would, do anything to him with that bottle.

His uncle easily overcame Harry since he was considerably smaller than his uncle, and already weakened by his injuries. He screwed off the lid with one free hand and his teeth while he held Harry down with the other. Meanwhile Harry gathered his strength for a last time, now that his uncle was distracted. He kicked and writhed, but it was no use. He couldn't get free. His uncle was too heavy.

His uncle seemed to have had enough of Harry's struggling, because he slapped him hard.

"Stop that finally, you freak!" He roared.

Harry saw spots in front of his eyes. Before he could fully recover, his uncle pried his mouth open and poured the cleaning agent in. Choking Harry jerked his head sideways and clammed his mouth shut. More of the liquid ran down his face and neck. Harry coughed and thrashed about under his uncle's firm grip. His skin was covered in fresh wounds and open cuts and the solution seared its way into all of them. It felt like Vernon had taken a thousand knives and plunged them into every part of his face and his neck.

"This is what you get when you don't do as you're told. It's your own fault," his uncle raged, pouring the rest of the solution over his nephew.

Harry couldn't wipe it away. He spluttered and coughed, choking on the liquid that had been poured into his open mouth and slipped down his throat, almost hoping that it was toxic enough to kill him right here.

Harry shut his stinging eyes and flung his head left and right to shake the moisture off, but to no avail. He screamed in pain and cried.

"You deserve nothing less. That I have to do this to you is your own fault. You are worth nothing, I should kill you right now and make it look like an accident. No one would care, and I'd be much better off," his uncle said coldly. "And stop screaming, for heaven's sake! The neighbors will notice you!"

Harry was struck in the face again and he bit his lip, drawing blood with the effort of swallowing his cry of pain. The combined effect of the pain and the effort of being silent under his uncle's rage made him feel dizzy. He could see blackness creeping into his vision and then there was nothing.

He woke slowly. He felt groggy. Then he became aware of the pain he was in, like the pain hit him without warning, bringing him to his senses. Every wound in his face hurt from the cleansing agent and his eyes stung. His eyes hurt him more than anything

else. He opened his eyes a little but it triggered a fresh wave of pain, and he closed them again.

He sat up slowly and his broken ribs and bruised and battered limbs protested the movement. The sudden movement caused a wave of nausea to sweep over him. He doubled over and threw up whatever was left in his stomach, splashing some of the warm liquid down the front of his shirt, before he sank to the ground again. The taste of blood lingered in his mouth, but that was preferable to other tastes that might have lingered. He sucked a few deep breaths to evade the blackness creeping at his vision again, but it was futile.

The next time he awoke he didn't feel so groggy. However, he made no move to sit up. Instead, he cracked his eye open slowly, ready to squeeze it shut again if it caused him pain. It surprised him that it didn't hurt like the last time. He blinked a few times, thinking that everything was out of focus and tried to adjust his eyes to the dark. He resisted the urge to rub his eyes because he was sure that it was still painful to the touch.

It was dark and quiet and absolutely quiet. He heard nothing at all. Vernon must have thrown him in his cupboard after he'd passed out. He certainly wouldn't want him lying around the house and ruining the décor. Harry strained his ears but heard nothing. He must have been unconscious for some time, if everyone was already in bed. Harry breathed a small sigh of relief. At least no one would touch him so long as he was in his cupboard. He was safe...for now..

He groped for something to hold onto to help him sit up, but all he felt was grass beneath his fingers. Harry was utterly surprised and a little bit scared by his discovery. He focused his attention further on his environment and noticed that the air smelled slightly wet, like it did early in the mornings, not at all like the stale air of his cupboard. He could even smell the grass underneath him. A fresh breeze washed over him roughly, making him shiver, not caring that his skin felt raw, particularly on his face and neck, and that his body felt bruised and battered.

He swore under his breath while he strained his ears. He heard the faint sounds of birds chirping in the distance and bushes rustling. He was clearly outside somewhere, he thought.

'Why.. why is it so dark? It's never this dark outside, especially near sunrise.' He started to panic, looking around him, hoping to see something, anything. But there was nothing. He saw nothing. All he saw was darkness, blackness. He held his hand up in front of his face, but still saw nothing.

TBC