

Voldybear and the Three Wizards

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Pairings: Voldemort/Lucius, Voldemort/Severus, Voldemort/Harry

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Warnings: AU, slash, crack, massive OOCness, camp

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Summary: My take on a fractured fairytale. Featuring innocent, naïve ~~Voldemort~~ Voldybear.

Notes: It came to me while I was out having a smoke.

Voldybear was wandering along a dirt path that wended through a forest, quite nearly desperate. He had been on his feet for simply ages and was close to the point of collapsing where he stood for a nap, despite the potential dangers of his situation.

And then he spotted a cozy little thatched cottage off to the side in a small clearing and breathed a sigh of relief. He stumbled over and knocked at the door, several times, but there was no answer. He cautiously eased the door open and called out, but there was still no answer.

Voldybear spared a moment or two to consider, then slipped inside the cottage. A stairway was just in front of him, and arches to either side led to a kitchen and a sitting room respectively. He considered again, thinking about how incredibly tired he was, then skipped up the stairs as best he could and ducked into the first bedroom he spotted, and collapsed on the bed. Moments later he was fast asleep.

He came awake at some indeterminate point thanks to someone gently shaking his shoulder, and rubbed his eyes and tried to blink away sleep, eventually able to see that an aristocratic-looking man with shoulder length, white-blond hair was looking down at him, his icy grey eyes somehow sympathetic.

“You poor dear,” said the man.

“I’m so sorry,” Voldybear said. “I didn’t mean to trespass, but I was so tired, and so. . . .” He rambled on for a bit, trying to explain, and all the while the man just nodded understandingly and made sympathetic noises.

“You poor, poor thing. You look like you could use some comfort. I’m sure even with a nap you must feel just dreadful!” The blond sat on the edge of the bed and continued, “I’ll tell you what. In exchange for you telling me all about your hardships, I’ll give you a nice massage to relax you so you can have a proper rest, okay?”

“Um, okay,” Voldybear said somewhat uncertainly.

“Fantastic! Now, be a love and nip behind that screen and disrobe, then come back and stretch out. I’m an absolute whiz with my hands, and I guarantee you’ll be feeling better in no time.” The blond gave him an encouraging smile and pointed.

Voldybear slowly slipped off the bed and did so, wondering if he should be at all concerned. But then he shook his head; the man was just being kind, and a massage did sound wonderful. He stripped down and returned to the bed, stretching out on his stomach with his head propped on a pillow and turned to the side.

“Fabulous. And, oh my, you do have a lovely physique. Do you work out, perhaps?”

“Not . . . really.”

“Well, I suppose that’s not important. Now, tell me all about it,” the man said.

A moment later Voldybear felt the blond straddle his hips and hands began to work his shoulders, making him want to groan in appreciation. He began his story, explaining all about the terrible things he had had to endure of late, all the while relaxing further and further into a certain sort of bliss as the man’s hands worked magic on his sore muscles.

He was slightly startled when those same hands slid over his backside, then relaxed as they continued on to his thighs, though he supposed it made him feel a bit . . . squirmy . . . when they were gently nudged apart so that the blond could properly massage them.

By the time they returned he couldn’t quite remember what he was saying, especially when those strong hands began kneading his backside very firmly, but that did not seem to bother his new friend. Voldybear had nearly fallen asleep again when he felt a finger brush against his . . . He quite nearly blushed at the thought, actually, but it felt so good that he didn’t protest, and in fact, realized he had raised his hips up off the bed.

“That’s right, dear. Just let me relax you. You’ve had such a hard time of things,” the man said soothingly. “Why, in no time, you’ll be feeling just blissful.”

Voldybear could certainly see that happening considering he was already feeling limp and languid. He tensed slightly as a finger slid inside him, then actually moaned, to his embarrassment, when that finger brushed against . . . something.

“See? Now doesn’t that feel lovely? Would you like more?” came the solicitous voice.

“Yes,” he breathed, not quite himself, then raised his hips higher for some reason. He was moaning quite a lot a short time later, then groaned loudly when he felt something brush between his legs.

“I don’t suppose you know this, but internal massages are quite the rage these days. It’s an art form!” the man said. “If you like, I can give you the complete treatment. It’s no trouble at all, really.”

Voldybear moaned, beyond the point of concern when he began pushing back against the fingers inside him. He heard a faint chuckle and felt rather bereft when the fingers were removed, but then he felt something else pressed against him, something that eased into him with excruciating slowness.

“There we go, dear, that’s a good boy. I can see you really like massages, and I think that’s just wonderful. I do so like someone who is appreciative of my work.”

Voldybear pushed back, thinking this was a fine massage indeed, and wondering if he might some other time have another. The man began to ease whatever was inside him in and out,

slowly at first, then faster, and shortly Voldybear was being quite nearly pounded into the mattress, and loving every second of it.

Strangely, though, his . . . unmentionables . . . were being affected by the massage. The more vigorous the massage, the more they tightened up and twitched, until at last he was completely overcome in a dizzying amount of overwhelming pleasure.

He came back to himself a bit later; the blond was patting him on the backside gently. Voldybear rolled over and sat up, then yawned hugely. "I've never had a massage like that before," he said admiringly, "and you're so right, I am very much inclined to rest again."

The blond beamed a smile at him and stood, then extended a hand. "Why, I feel like a nap myself. Actually, that's my bed we've been using, but there's another just in the next room if you'd like to take that nap now."

Voldybear nodded and allowed himself to be helped up, then led off, sparing only a brief thought for his clothing. He was quickly beneath the covers of a second bed, just as comfortable as the first, and fast asleep.

He awoke again to someone shaking his shoulder gently, and when he was able to see properly took in the visage of a proud-looking man with shoulder length black hair and liquid black eyes sitting on the edge of the bed.

"You poor, poor thing," the man said, a strange echo of the blond's words earlier. "I overheard part of your tale and I must say, it's just dreadful. Nobody should have to endure such suffering. But you're safe here, so don't you worry about a thing."

"Thank you so much," Voldybear said sleepily, vaguely wondering why he had been woken.

"Now, I hate to say it, but my friend is sometimes a bit lax when it comes to his massages, so I really ought to ask you, did he only work from behind? Because really, if so, I simply must complete the job. We would not be proper hosts otherwise."

"Um. . . . I was on my stomach."

The man tossed his hands in the air and shook his head. "I really must insist, then. He's only done half the job!"

"Um, okay?"

"Brilliant. Oh, I see the light is bothering your eyes. Let me just fix that, shall I?" The man slipped off the bed and rummaged in a drawer, then returned with a length of cloth. "I'll just slip this over your eyes and secure it. That way you aren't distressed, and I'll still have enough light to work by."

Voldybear agreeably lifted his head and waited until the cloth was secure, then relaxed back, and a few moments later felt the man draw down the covers a bit and straddle his hips. Strong hands began to massage him, starting again at his shoulders, slowly working downward over his chest.

He thought it was ever so slightly peculiar that the man seemed inordinately fond of. . . . But he dismissed that, as it did feel really quite good, and he barely spared a moment of concern over the fact that his unmentionables were being affected again.

Voldybear was feeling quite languid when the man shifted position and pulled more of the covers away, and did not protest when his legs were nudged apart. After all, the man needed to be able to do his thighs properly, right?

He didn't even think about the fact that his hips were arching off the bed again, far too caught up in how good it felt when those hands swept back up. Though, he did mentally pause when a hand brushed his unmentionables in something other than an accidental manner. He might have spoken, but decided against it.

After all, the man seemed to know exactly what he was doing, and it wasn't as though he himself was greatly experienced in massage. Prior to this he had only ever seen a person rub another's shoulders or neck, and that was the extent of it. A guttural moan escaped him when a hand cupped between his legs, and another wrapped around him and began to stroke.

"As you can see," he heard, "my friend didn't quite manage everything. Parts of you are still horribly tense, but I'll take care of that, never fear. You are in excellent hands, I assure you."

Voldybear nodded and arched his body, seeking more of that delightful contact and friction. And within a fairly short time, he was once again completely overcome, exploding into a delirious amount of pleasure as the massage came to its conclusion.

The next time he awoke it was natural; no one had prompted it. Voldybear had to admit he was feeling like he could take on the very world! He opened his eyes and started slightly; lying on his side on the bed was yet a third man, this one rather younger, with messy black hair and intense green eyes. One hand was supporting his head.

"Hi," the youth said. "I hope you've had a nice rest. My bed is quite comfortable."

"Oh, I have," he mumbled, not entirely awake yet. "It's like a dream."

The youth smiled and nodded, then reached out to pat Voldybear's thigh a few times. "It's very nice here, I agree. You know, you still look a little bit tense."

"I do?" Voldybear rubbed his eyes and brushed the hair off his forehead, absently realizing the cloth was gone.

“Oh, yes,” he was assured. “It quite upsets me, really.”

Voldybear felt rather stricken at that. His hosts had been so incredibly kind to him and he had managed to upset one already. “I’m so sorry.”

The youth furrowed his brow and slid his gaze off to the side, then said, “It’s our fault, really. Please, allow me to make it up to you? The others would be just devastated if they found out you were still tense. Why. . . .”

“Oh! Please. If you truly think you must. I feel terrible that you’re upset.”

The youth looked back at him and smiled softly, beginning to stroke Voldybear’s thigh. “Are you sure?”

“Yes, of course.”

The youth smiled in obvious relief and sat up properly. “You’re so understanding. I think we could be such good friends. May I start?”

“Please.”

The youth reached over to draw back the covers, making Voldybear realize he still wasn’t dressed, but he really did feel relaxed and comfortable, so the thought passed from his mind quickly. His legs were nudged apart again and the youth settled between them, a slight smile on his face as he licked his lips.

“I think this will really do the trick,” he commented, then slid down onto his stomach. Seconds later there were hands against the back of Voldybear’s thighs, urging them into a particular position, and he felt something very wet slide over his. . . .

For some reason, he was beyond caring, and dropped his head back, closing his eyes. That same wetness somehow managed to give him a bit of an internal massage, then slowly worked up to his unmentionables, lavishing him with attention, sucking, and licking. It was, in some respects, becoming similar to what the black-haired man had done, but without the use of hands.

And when that warm wetness slipped over him a groan ripped free from his throat, and hands moved to press down against his hips, gently restraining him. He could never have imagined that a tongue massage could be so incredibly pleasurable. It hardly seemed like any time had passed when he exploded a third time, and then there was simply darkness.

He awoke, again, but this time he was quite alone. Voldybear did notice, however, that a robe had been left draped over a chair, so he slid out of bed and slipped it on, absently wondering where his clothing had gotten to. He felt a bit uncertain, actually, as he crept quietly out of the

room and down the stair, and found his three hosts in the kitchen sitting at a table. They smiled in welcome so he sidled in and took the remaining seat.

“You look so much better now,” the blond said. “So relaxed and rested. I think we finally managed, between the three of us, to get it right.”

“Oh, I do feel wonderful,” Voldybear said. “I can’t even think how to repay you for all your kindness. And now . . . now I feel almost bad.”

“Whatever for?” asked the youth, a faint frown gracing his forehead.

Voldybear felt rather shy about saying it, but bravely managed. “I allow, I am a touch hungry.”

The blond reacted instantly, looking stricken, almost horrified, and shot to his feet to prepare a simple meal of bread and cheese, and was shortly serving it along with a basket of fresh fruit. “You go right ahead, dear. I feel just awful that we didn’t think of this.”

“No, no, I’m the one who feels terrible, asking for something when you’ve already been so nice, and to a stranger!”

The blond shook his head. “Have as much as you like, dear. We’ll talk when you’re done!”

Voldybear sat back a bit later feeling nicely full, but with that out of the way, he once again felt somewhat awful. “I don’t know how I can repay you,” he repeated.

His three hosts exchanged a look. The dark-haired man said, “Well, it is true we need a little help around the house.”

“We do!” said the blond. “And it would be nice to have another friend with us.”

“Maybe he’d like to learn how to give massages, too?” questioned the youth. “We do occasionally have visitors, and there are only so many of us.”

“Please let me help,” Voldybear said passionately. “And I’d be happy to learn anything you’d like to teach me. Really, I insist. It’s the least I can do.”

Another glance went around, and Voldybear noticed that the youth licked his lips again and blinked at his friends. They gave nearly imperceptible nods; Voldybear might not have noticed had he not been so intensely concerned and watching closely.

The youth turned to him and said, “You know, I could give you a quick lesson right now. Here, actually.”

“Okay. What shall I do?”

The youth smiled and licked his lips again, then gestured for Voldybear to stand, which he did. The cushion from the chair he had just vacated was removed and placed on the floor at the youth's feet. "Kneel there?"

Voldybear did so quickly, eager to begin learning, and watched as the youth straddled his chair a moment to unfasten his trousers and reveal his . . . unmentionables. Or at least, one of them. Then he sat back down, letting his legs fall apart.

"Now, this is a fairly simple sort of massage, so I'm sure you'll catch on quickly," the youth assured him. "Just think back to when I gave you one, and give that a go, okay? I'll guide you along the way, so don't worry about a thing."

Voldybear gave a decisive nod and leaned forward, happy he had a way to begin repaying them.