

Bad Dobby

Summary:

House Elves have a history and power that wizards never understood. And a Free Elf able to do whatever they want might just be the most powerful thing in the world. As Snape and Umbridge are about to discover. Though whether they'll hate it is another question entirely, with an answer that might surprise Severus Snape, Albus Dumbledore, Voldemort and even Harry Potter himself

Content Warnings: Harry/Harem, Dobby/Snape/Umbridge

Trigger Warnings: Dobby/Snape/Umbridge

Thwack!

"Toady Miss has been very bad!"

Thwack!

"Toady Miss must be punished!"

The feminine shrieks that accompanied those sounds made Snape's eyes widen in shock as he stalked towards what should have been an empty classroom at this time of night.

He hadn't got a clue about what was going on. The voice he heard was high and reedy, and didn't sound like any student he knew. And the other voice was...

"Yes, So bad... pleeeeeease..."

Thwack!

There was that odd thwacking sound again. What on earth was happening? It had to be some students up to some shenanigans. He was sure. Probably some idiot Gryffindors. Though given how ecstatic the woman sounded... maybe a Hufflepuff. He always did say they were a bunch of deviants.

Well losing a few hundred house points would set them straight.

Snarling in triumph, he banged the door open, wand held aloft as he burst in, ready to send the recalcitrant students to detention for playing games after hours.

Clunk

The sound of wood clattering on stone echoed through as Severus Snape stood there, aghast, mouth open in shock trying to process the sight before him.

On her knees, facing from them was his... colleague. Or possibly erstwhile colleague. Dolores Umbridge. Except she had a pink blindfold covering her face. Though that was possibly the least horrifying part of that, since her lips were agape, her features contorted in obvious ecstasy. They had both frozen, but already, she was whimpering again, her large bottom swaying invitingly, demanding more from...

Snape's eyes wandered to who stood behind her. It was no student. Indeed he barely stood higher than Umbridge, even though she was on her hands and knees.

It was a house elf. Though dressed more ludicrously than any house elf Snape had ever seen before. He was wearing multiple hats. A shirt. A jacket - several jackets in fact. And two pairs of socks.

It was only then that Snape realized that something was missing. Trousers. Instead his eyes dropped inexorably to the monstrous thing dangling between his legs. It wasn't possible. It couldn't be. How could a creature that small sport something so large? Snape felt himself practically shrivel up just by way of comparison.

"Dobby knows Greasy Mister" the squeaky voice rang out. Though it was loaded with authority.

"Greasy Mister has been very bad to Master Harry who is the greatest of wizards. Dobby will deal with Greasy Mister after he is done with Toady Miss," Dobby announced.

Another thwack rang out, and Umbridge shrieked, arousal flooding down her thighs as she realized someone else was with them. Though she wasn't quite sure who it was given that she couldn't see. Not that it mattered. Nothing mattered beyond her discipline. Beyond being reminded of what she deserved for everything she had done this past year.

Dobby flicked his hand, and suddenly Snape stood there naked. Just as naked as Umbridge he realized, his eyes drifting to those wrinkled lumps of flesh that hung... Oh god those were her boobs. Snape felt himself shrivel even more, though he couldn't look away as they swayed from the fresh strike Dobby inflicted on the woman, making her plead for more.

"On your knees Greasy Mister. Dobby will be with you shortly."

He should have said something. He should have shouted. Should have snarled in anger.

Instead Snape simply fell to his knees as well, watching, awaiting his turn. Someone else was in charge of his life now.

“She hasn’t defied your orders explicitly. Merely in spirit.”

The sallow-faced professor, formerly of potions and now of Defense Against the Dark Arts winced at the silent look in reprisal. He wasn’t sure how he had gotten here. All his life it would seem he had served masters. First Voldemort. Then Dumbledore. And now...

He didn’t have time to reminisce though. Dumbledore allowed luxuries like that. His new lord was far more demanding. Though perhaps the most taciturn of them all.

“She has made no direct moves against Potter...” He had to hold back his instinct to spit that name out. Snape had learned early on that it would not do with his master. Unless he wanted some more time in the stocks. Which was tempting sometimes... But there were less painful ways to get tortured than to risk revealing his dislike for the ridiculous boy here.

“She continues to side with those who are either the Dark Lord’s followers or allied with his ideals. She has done nothing to stop the persecution of mudblo-”

Snape suddenly broke off, howling in shocked pain tinged with arousal as a magical lash struck at his back.

“The persecution of halfbloods and mixed breeds. She does whatever they want, and is quite gleeful about it. Perhaps she believes she has escaped your reach.”

He looked down right away, wincing as he expected another lash. But none came. His master was hard, but not needlessly cruel.

Looking up again, he watched the figure cloaked in darkness. Nothing was said, and yet...

“You could instruct her to start gathering evidence of it all. It would suit your purposes if someone high in the Ministry were to whistleblow, my master. If you judged the time right, it would strike a powerful blow against the Dark Lord’s schemes to take on the ministry. Especially if she named all his followers and their corruption of the Ministry. You would need to visit her of course. To tame her properly lest she rebel...”

Another lash struck him, making him cry out. This was different though. It wasn’t meant to hurt. His master was adept at inflicting punishments. Not all pain was without pleasure. Snape had learned in his time since he had truly awoken. He gasped and panted, trying to control the arousal coursing through him.

“I also believe I know what the Headmaster seeks. And what he is doing with Potter. He is after horcruxes. Containers of the Dark Lord’s soul. He believes they are scattered, places important to the Dark Lord. If we can destroy all his soul pieces, he will not be immortal anymore. The

threat to Potter will pass. Though there is something Dumbledore is holding back from me. Something he hasn't told meeeeeaargh!!!"

Another pleased cry, though this lash strike did hurt just a little more. The message was clear.

"I will make sure to find out what Master. I promise! If you would let this filthy slave know what your own plans are, perhaps I could aid in them?"

"How is this possible, Severus?" Dumbledore asked, looking at Snape with pure unadulterated shock.

"The Dark Lord was careless with some information. And I have resources of my own," he sneered smugly back at the headmaster. The sight of seeing the headmaster thrown this completely was on its own worth all the blood, toil, and tears it had taken. Yes, he might have done everything his master commanded for just this alone. But Snape knew now he would never betray his master. He would give his life for him if it came to that. Not even Lily could compete with what his master did for him. He had learned his true place in life thanks to him.

"Ravenclaw's diadem. Hufflepuff's goblet. Slytherin's locket... though that one you should know, Dumbledore, had been under your nose the entire time. The Black's house elf had it. It would seem there was more to the death of Black's brother than any of us knew. Only the Snake remains, but I already have a plan for her. It can only work after the ritual though."

Dumbledore hadn't seen Snape be this calm... ever. Snape had always been a little unhinged. Always somewhat off kilter. It was what had allowed him to keep manipulating the man. To use his grief and hatred, his anger and sadness against him. But now all of that seemed to have vanished. It was almost like he had some higher purpose in life now.

"What ritual, Severus?" the old headmaster asked almost with trepidation. None of this was right. Snape had far too much information. Far too much knowledge. Surely someone had to be giving it to him? But Dumbledore couldn't afford to question a gift horse. Not when he had such little time left.

"Love you old fool! Isn't that what you're always prattling about? A ritual of Love." Snape barked at him, his voice now openly contemptuous. It was the tone he normally reserved for students. Never before had Dumbledore been at the receiving end of it. It made no sense. He stared down at the various artifacts, all of them practically pulsing with darkness, especially in such close proximity to each other.

"Its an ancient cleansing ritual. Modified with Aphroditic subfunctions designed to eradicate darkness anchored to the soul. It is what you have sought isn't it? Something to save that useless boy as well?"

He was going to faint if Snape kept this up. How was this possible? His occlumency wards were impenetrable. How on earth could Snape know about his suspicions that Harry had a piece of Voldemort's soul tethered to him? And the rest...

"Severus I must insist. Where are you getting this information from? Aphroditic subfunctions? Ancient rituals? You're talking about magic that is older than even Hogwarts, that is older than-

"Our country itself. Yes. Someone had to pick up the slack did they not? It doesn't concern you old man. What matters is that this will win you the war you so desperately need to win. You won't even need to sacrifice Potter. It's certainly better than your plan wasn't it? Tell me, what were you hoping for? That they would somehow each kill the other at the same time? That the Elder Wand would fail Voldemort because it's not truly his, and somehow slaughter them both?"

He couldn't help himself. He was raging now. When he had first understood how deeply he had been played, it had taken all his willpower not to scream in frustration. But Snape did not scream at his master. He was better trained now. Instead he had held his temper in check. But he had no reason to hold back now.

"You have been raising that boy to be a sacrificial goat. All his life he's been meant to do nothing but die. Is that why you refused to train him? Why you let me abuse him? Why you've held him back from realizing his prodigious talents?"

Dumbledore had to try and get control of this. Try and reassert his will over the man who had previously been such a pliant pawn. "I really must insist Severus. Where did you get this information? It is touching that after all this time you care for the boy but..."

"I care nothing for the boy. What I care about is being lied to. I picked up the information when I finally did my homework Dumbledore, instead of simply blindly trusting you," Snape lied smoothly. Dumbledore was not to know who his true master was. He was not a friend to his master. That had been made painfully and exquisitely clear to Snape over several days of torture that had left him nearly out of his mind with pleasure.

"Your job, headmaster, is to merely assist Potter from now on. And to stop hindering him with lectures about morality. Powerful wizards have covens. Just because you had your head too far up your arse pining for Grindelwald's fat cock to dominate you doesn't mean he is the same." Snape practically spat the words at the old man who stared at him in shock.

"And what of Miss Granger's feelings on the matter, Severus? Or Mr Weasley and his sister?" He asked, one final, desperate gambit to try and understand what was happening. How to regain his position.

“Why don’t you let that be their choice instead of trying to decide for them? She’s the smartest witch in the generation after all isn’t she? Molly’s deluded if she thinks she’ll settle for her ape of a son. Both of you are finished interfering in their love lives. If you insist on a reason for all of this, fine. I’m doing it so Potter won’t exile me to some frigid corner of the world once he’s the most powerful wizard in Britain. That good enough for you?”

His mouth opened again, but there were no more words. The mighty and terrible Dumbledore stared at Severus, his lips opening and closing like a beached fish. Instead he just stared back down at the horcruxes. He felt a sense of helplessness creep over him, and yet there was relief too. Perhaps it was time to pass the mantle on?

“SEVERUS!!!!” Voldemort screamed in pure rage, tossing aside the crumpled up newspaper. Two killing curses shot out, striking down a pair of Death Eaters as the rest fled the room. “FETCH ME MY LOYALEST SERVANT! NOW!!!”

As the newspaper lay balled up to one side, the toadlike face staring out at the world continued to smile serenely

In a turn of events that is certain to shake the very foundations of the Ministry, Dolores Umbridge has made a series of allegations against the Ministry, accusing nearly the entire establishment of having been infiltrated by He Who Must Not Be Named.

The Senior Undersecretary to the Minister himself, readers of the Prophet will know, is one of the most powerful officials in the ministry, reporting directly to the Minister of Magic himself.

Undersecretary Umbridge has alleged that far from seeking to combat He Who Must Not Be Named, the Ministry has allowed itself to be bamboozled in the hunt for the Dark Lord. Her accusation of rank incompetence against the Minister of Magic however is only the most trivial of what she has alleged. She has implicated some of the noblest pureblood families of using their financial ties to the present Minister and his predecessor, Cornelius Fudge, to access information and use it to orchestrate their campaign of terror and murder, including that of high ranking Ministry Officials such as Amelia Bones.

In what is sure to convince observers though, and to leave those accused in trouble, Undersecretary Umbridge has implicated herself in numerous crimes. She has confessed to the illegal use of a blood quill on Harry James Potter, who many regard as the man destined to defeat Voldemort. A belief that she herself now firmly stands behind, and cites as the reason for her confession.

“Harry Potter will be the saviour of Britain. I know this now. I was wrong to act as I did, siding with the forces of darkness and evil against the man who will save us all. I learned the error of

my ways when I came across an ancient document that the Ministry sought to suppress. One that reveals that Mr Potter is the direct descendent of Godric Gryffindor, a surviving heir to the Noble Seat of the Founder on the Wizengamot, and entitled to all its ancient privileges, including the right to take up to four wives, with three permitted to retain their own names for the continuation of their own noble lines."

The document, a copy of which was turned over to the Prophet, has already been authenticated by Unspeakables from the Department of Mysteries. Arrest warrants have already been issued for Cornelius Fudge, Pius Thicknesse and others that Umbridge has accused of wrongdoing.

Yet amidst all this gloom, the most shocking aspect of the Undersecretary's revelations offer perhaps the greatest ray of hope as well. Miss Umbridge has revealed that Mr Potter has already taken action against He Who Must Not Be Named.

"The Monster had performed the darkest of magics to make himself immortal. But Lord Potter has gathered up the vessels of his immortality and has already begun the process to destroy them. He, along with his companions, will soon eradicate the You Know Who once and for all!" Umbridge continued to this correspondent in her exclusive interviews. "I reached out to him once I learned who he was, begging for his pardon. And Lord Potter revealed to me all that <Dark Lord's Name censored> had done. He even gave me his history, revealing the man's origins as nothing more than a mudblood himself, something I have turned over the proper authorities for investigation.

For more details on Undersecretary Umbridge's allegations turn to page 3

For a complete history of You Know Who's origins as Tom Riddle turn to page 5

For more details on the legendary ancestry of Harry Potter turn to page 7

For Rita Skeeter's article on Harry Potter's rumored affairs with Fleur Delacour, Daphne Greengrass, Susan Bones and Hermione Granger turn to page 9

Voldemort raged incoherently even after Snape had arrived, though to his newly awakened senses, the spy could finally see past the façade of fear that the Dark Lord maintained. Thanks to his new master, he could look past it, and see the insecurity and panic beneath. The last vestiges of subservience and fear of the Dark Lord had faded as Snape was confronted by a tantrum that would have made a toddler proud.

"How did he do this? Answer me? How did he learn of my secrets? MINE? Lord Voldemort's! Why have I heard nothing of Draco's mission against Dumbledore?! Why am I surrounded by incompetents?!"

Snape bowed low, deciding that it was probably best not to reveal that Draco had been attacked by half the witches of Slytherin when they had learned he was plotting against Potter. Malfoy had always underestimated the Greengrass faction. He would be in no condition to do anything at all for the rest of the year. He decided it would also be wise to not say anything about the fact that Draco's attack had occurred in the Slytherin Bathrooms, or that in particular Tracey Davies'

curse had left him impotent. He would save that information for the young man's parents later. Once his master's wishes were fulfilled.

"I do not know My Lord, but I do have a way to let you achieve your goals," Snape murmured, his voice disgustingly obsequious.

"Speak!" the sibilant voice whispered, finally mastering itself. Voldemort held one hand out, and his massive Snake slithered towards him, gliding up the throne-like chair he was sitting on.

"Since the fools, Potter and Dumbledore, yet trust me, they sought out my help for a ritual. Only with that do they hope to overcome your impenetrable charms over the artifacts, my Lord. But Dumbledore revealed to me that during the ritual he and Potter will be vulnerable. Their magical cores exposed. He told me that if you, aided with another being, one with a powerful soul of its own, were to mentally attack them... they would both perish. They are planning to do the ritual in two days, my Lord. If you attack them then, you can vanquish them both in a single moment!"

"You've done well, Severus. Return to Hogwarts. Alert me when the ritual is taking place. There is only one other soul I would trust for such an attack. Mine!" Voldemort chuckled, as if he was toying with some delicious mystery beyond Snape's understanding.

"You going up Harry? I've got to work, but Fleur and Susan have Daphne tied up and want to play." Hermione's lips brushed against Harry's ear, whispering seductively as she smiled to herself. "They want to celebrate Lord Potter becoming the youngest person to clear the Auror trials. And Daphne's earned a reward for shepherding my House Elf Rights Bill through the Wizengamot."

Harry Potter, Saviour of Britain as he was now popularly called, grinned as he leaned into the affectionate touch from behind. "In a minute Hermione." he whispered back, reaching around to pull her forward, then drawing her into his lap.

"You sure you don't want to join us?" He finally asked after taking several minutes to kiss her passionately. "All work will make my pet a dull girl you know..."

"No, I have to work on a few things. And I'm planning a surprise for you. You know it's our anniversary in two days right?"

How could Harry forget? It had been two tumultuous years since that fateful day. He doubted he would ever be able to let go of how absurd his life had become as he let himself sink back into his memories.

Harry remembered his meeting with Dumbledore and Snape, the day before the article that caused an earthquake in the Ministry. He still remembered how his brain had shut down as he watched Umbridge, of all people(!), explain what she was going to do. And yet, that was only the start of things. Dumbledore was next. The old man had revealed to him that somehow he had come into possession of all but two of Voldemort's horcrux vessels. Only Voldemort himself and Nagini were outside their power.

Finally it had been Snape. Who sat him down and revealed how Harry himself had a piece of Voldemort's soul latched onto his skull, feeding off his magical energy.

You'd think that would have been enough to overwhelm the Sixth Year student. But there was more to come. In a conversation that still made Harry cringe, they had both revealed how they were well aware that he was sleeping not just with Hermione, but three other witches. And then they had handed him a series of complex notes to take back to his girlfriends.

It was from Hermione and Fleur that he understood the final aspects of the plan. Snape, it seemed, had uncovered an ancient Elvish ritual. One that could be modified, though it required some key ingredients. Ingredients that would have been impossible in the normal course of things. But then his life had always been bizarre.

"Veela magics to burn ze tainted soul from you, mon amour," Fleur had purred at him, eagerly eyeing the pages.

"True love and loyalty from more souls than your foe" Susan had blushed, earning a chuckle from Daphne.

"And some hot kinky sex to go along with it all? Sounds perfect, where do we sign up?" Daphne had giggled, before shooting a challenging glance at Hermione. "You sure you're up for this Granger?"

"If it gets rid of Voldemort, of course!"

"Oh, so you don't want to do it for a chance to spend an evening with the rest of his girlfriends as Harry conquers us all with that magic cock of his?"

Harry smiled as he remembered Hermione's pretty blush. He would never forget it.

He felt his cock grow stiff as he remembered the ritual itself, making Hermione moan as she felt it beneath her. "Someone's excited..."

"Just remembering how we defeated Voldemort by having sex," Harry laughed, running his hands up her body, cupping her breast as he kissed the back of her neck, starting to feel himself grow warmer with desire.

Though even as he said it, he couldn't help but remember what had come afterwards. How the news had spread that Voldemort had died. He and his snake had burned up in a fiery explosion that destroyed Malfoy Manor, conveniently revealing that he had been hiding right under the Ministry's nose.

Already reeling from the damage of Umbridge's confession, it was all it took for the structures of power in the Ministry to collapse overnight. In the aftermath Kingsley Shacklebolt was declared Minister. Everyone had naturally called for Harry, their saviour- and now to many, practically their lord- to take his ancestral seat in the Wizengamot and to become the new Minister.

"I want to finish school first. Got NEWTS to prepare for. Can't be an Auror without those. And I owe some time to my girlfriends," was all he was willing to say on the subject, endorsing Kingsley for Minister, and backing whatever moves he wanted to make.

His humble charm had only elevated Harry's popularity. And when he elected not to take a political position but instead opt to start as a junior Auror like everyone else, under the oversight of Nymphadora Tonks (now head of the Auror Office), the Prophet had run a full week's worth of headlines praising his gallant humility and respect for magical traditions. It was as if everything he did drove the magical community to hysterics.

There had been upsides of course. As Harry rose, so too did his wives. Authorized by unanimous vote from the Wizengamot, Daphne was his proxy to the body, the Greengrass heir relishing her chance to play the politics she was groomed for. Hermione worked as a legislative consultant to the Minister, working with Daphne to pass law after law reforming Wizarding society and ending centuries of bigotry and oppression. Fleur, the oldest among them, managed Harry's vast holdings, which it seemed had come to him upon being revealed as the heir of Gryffindor. And Susan was the glue that held them together, mistress and matriarch of the house, mothering them all when they needed it.

The only smudge in all this fond reminiscing had been Dumbledore's last speech to him. The old man had declared his retirement, before pulling Harry and his companions aside for a secret meeting. It was then that he revealed to Harry the truth of his condition. How the curse in his arm was spreading, and how he would soon be dead, and how with him the magic of the Elder Wand would die too. Which was the first time Harry had heard about the Deathly Hallows, and how Dumbledore was bequeathing them to him.

Those things still didn't make any goddamned sense to him. But at least the stone let him speak to his parents and Sirius once more, letting him hear from Lily and James how proud they were of him, before he gave them some time with each of his girlfriends. He still didn't know what his mother had said to each of them, but they had all come out of that conversation with a mysterious, knowing grin, revealing only that she had given them all her blessing.

But while that had been happening, it was Dumbledore who had revealed his suspicions and concerns about Snape. How Snape had gathered knowledge that he could not possibly have possessed. And Dumbledore's fears about who might have been puppeting him.

That revelation was quickly followed a little later by the news of Umbridge's disappearance from Azkaban. As soon as the final set of convictions for the Death Eaters were handed down she had simply vanished. That continued to puzzle and disquiet him.

"Everything ok, love?" Hermione cooed at him, ready to get up and get back to work.

"Just... thinking of loose ends. Wondering what happened to Snape. To Umbridge. Wondering how I got so lucky and how it all worked out." Harry sighed, ready to rise himself. Nobody knew where Snape and Umbridge were. What had happened to them. But it had been two years of peace. Maybe it didn't matter?

"May Dobby speaks with Master Harry?" a quiet, almost shy voice suddenly intruded on them.

They both turned towards it, and they both smiled.

"Go ahead Dobby," Harry said encouragingly, looking fondly at his old friend. Dobby might work for him, and might have insisted on calling him Master. But to Harry he was one of his closest companions, as important to him as each of his wives.

"Dobby knows the answer to Master Harry's questions. Dobby believes it is time to tell Master Harry the truth..."

Both of them said nothing, simply cocking their heads, waiting curiously.

They watched as Dobby started to grin back at them, an oddly sly look on his face.

"Dobby has been a bad elf Master Harry. Dobby has been very bad. Bad Dobby."