Can I come back tomorrow

by LustilyFaust

Summary

Harry Potter finds himself strangely attracted to the sleek figure in black robes. He is confused by his newfound feelings towards his most hated Professor. Snape's teasing presence seems to relentlessly pursue him until Harry finds himself called to after class Potions tutoring. Snape is waiting to teach Harry many new things.

Notes

I dont own HP but I love to write about these characters :P

“Potter, what is this abomination you have brewing in that cauldron,” Snape sneered over Harry’s shoulder.

“It would be the potion you, err, asked for, Professor,” Harry replied, feeling heat rise uncomfortably in his neck.

Snape moved closer, his face inches from Harry’s own. Smirking, he pulled out his wand, “Evanesco” he chimed, the contents of Harry's cauldron disappearing within.

Harry stared purposefully away from Snape, refusing to betray the unease he already felt.

“Looks like you will need some extra tutoring. Be here after classes so I can teach you a few things,”
he said with an awful grin, before turning swiftly on his heel to return to his chair.

Harry could feel cold eyes watching him, though he was too afraid to look.

It was the third night this month he had been called in to tutor with Snape. Things never went as Harry planned. His first visit had almost sent him running away in fear, but something about Snape enticed Harry enough to continue to come back. Being near the man gave Harry strange and blissful sensations. He felt a lingering tension whenever Snape drew near.

Fearfully he tried to suppress the feelings he didn’t know how to comprehend.

Harry tried to pretend with Ron and Seamus that he thought the girls looked amazing in their skirts, snickering when they used charms to get them to blow up, but truthfully, Harry found nothing appealing about any of the girls in his House or Hogwarts. He found himself often admiring the sleek form of Snape’s body beneath his billowing black robes. He was intrigued by his dark features and all knowing attitude.

Snape gave him the feeling he would show Harry things he could never imagine. The embarrassment of these feelings brought bright red patches to Harry’s cheeks as he realized he had locked eyes with his Professor mid daydream. His expression was peculiar, almost hungry, as though he could read Harry’s thoughts and liked what he saw.

Thankfully, class ended before Harry had to endure another moment of his awkward feelings. Although, he dreaded facing Snape that evening. He had been undeniably strange of late. Harry couldn’t figure out if he had never noticed, or if Snape had started making a point of standing unnecessarily close to Harry whenever he was in his presence. It almost felt like he was teasing him.

Harry shook his head, refusing to make more out of it than he needed to. He would simply work on getting better at potions so he could avoid the insufferably attractive man as much as possible. Perhaps it was a stage, and soon he’d be enjoying blowing up skirts like the other boys.

The day was long, Ron ditched Harry for the Hospital Wing after one of his charms backfired, sending him into a fit of puking. Harry had the slightest suspicion he might have done it on purpose, seeing as Hermione had spent the last two days there and Ron had been anxious to see her.

Harry dragged himself out of the great hall back to the dungeons, forcing himself not to get worked up before the lesson began. The last thing he needed was to make it any easier for Snape to humiliate him.

“Welcome, Potter,” echoed his familiar sneer through the dim dungeon.

The sound of his loathing sent a prickle up Harry’s spine. But he repressed his fear, moving towards his Professor.

“Follow me to my private work room,” he said idly, leading Harry through another cold hallway.

The room they entered was much smaller than the class room, with no cauldrons, or ingredients to be found. The door slammed shut behind Harry, the lock clicking in place.

Snape leaned effortlessly against his desk, twirling his wand between his fingers.

“Err, Professor?” Harry stammered, feeling completely at a loss for how to respond.

“I told you I’d teach you some things, Potter. Do you want to learn?” he asked, staring curiously in his direction.
“You called me here, Sir, I’m not sure what you want of me?” Harry replied, feeling the heat rise up his neck once more.

Snape smirked down at him, through his locks of slick black hair.

“Well, come here then and I’ll show you,” he dared, his eyes bursting with cruel excitement.

Unable to resist the invitation, Harry walked clumsily towards the desk. Snape reached out to tap Harry on the nose with his wand, sliding away from the desk.

He stepped forward, dragging the wand downward Harry’s neck. Snape circled Harry like a lion with it’s prey, stopping just behind him.

“Why so nervous Potter? Haven’t you been daydreaming about this.” he said in a biting whisper, causing Harry’s heart to race.

He felt his undeniable urge start to press against his pants. Snape hadn’t even touched him, but the proximity of him made Harry want to let himself go.

He wanted Snape to feel it.

As though responding to Harry’s internal request Snape pushed him forwards, crushing Harry’s hands onto the desk, thrusting forcefully against him.

Harry couldn’t contain himself a moment longer, the feeling of Snape's hardness against him forced a moan from his mouth.

Gliding his firm hands downward, Snape worked himself into Harry’s pants, taking a firm grip on his penis.

Instinctively, Harry thrust into his hand, begging him to continue.

“Oh, please, Professor;” he said out loud, his head falling to the table in ecstasy. Snape obligingly continued his rough fisting, almost sending Harry into the brink of an orgasm, but he stopped tantalizingly short.

“One must give to receive Potter,” he teased in his ear.

“Tell me what to do, just don’t stop.” Harry begged, feeling manic with need.

Moving swiftly, Harry heard the sound of Snape’s belt buckle, before feeling the cold air hit him as he pushed away Harry’s own pants.

“Relax, Potter.” he said smoothly, pressing his eager penis against Harry’s opening.

Harry tensed, afraid what he would feel but Snape smacked his arse, causing him to yelp.

"Open your legs Potter, if you want me to give you what you've been dreaming about."

Without hesitation Harry obliged the hand that held his cock. His legs spread, his muscles relaxing as slick fingers massaged his rim. When he was satisfied, Snape again pushed himself against his hole, demanding entry. This time it opened willingly.

At first Harry felt pain, crying out as Snape opened him. Mercifully he took hold of Harry’s head, kissing his ear gently.
“Shhh.” he cooed, pushing deeper still.

Moving his hand back to Harry’s erection, he thrust himself less kindly. The feeling of his perfect grasp removed any feelings of fear Harry had felt. The thrusting of Snape began its violent tirade, slamming Harry cruelly into the desk, again and again. Harry found himself overcome with the need to thrust back, throwing his force back at Snape, feel the need to make him blow as hard as he felt he would.

Snape’s hand worked his arousal as hard as he worked himself, they moved in a rhythmic motion of complete, brutal ecstasy. Snape's hard breathing, transforming into untamed moans of desire. Harry crying out Snape's name, as he felt himself reaching his brink.

“I’m coming,” they cried out together in their final moment of pleasure, Harry exploding all over Snape’s hand, Snape losing himself inside Harry.

Snape fell on top of Harry, panting into his sweat ridden hair, not yet removing himself. Instead he thrust himself a few more times, savoring the submission of Harry before sliding out delicately and doing up his pants.

Harry turned to face him, Snape's face back to its horrible grin. Moving his cold hands to his face, he licked the sperm from his fingers enticingly, making Harry wish he could already get another erection.

“You did well, Potter. Continue like this and you won’t need any more private lessons,” he mocked, unlocking the door with a wave of his wand.

Face red, Harry grabbed his things and headed for the door.

“Err, can I come back tomorrow?” Harry asked tentatively, staring determinedly at the floor.

“The same time, Potter, and know that I punish tardiness,” he replied, slamming the door shut behind Harry.

Running through the dungeons, Harry wondered how he had gotten himself into such a situation, but for the first time in all his time at Hogwarts, he no longer felt like something was wrong with him.

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