Summary

Severus has a passion for the ballet. Harry has a passion for Severus.

Notes

Written for adventdrabbles 2013 challenge #9: Nutcracker/naughty or nice

As the final curtain closed and the lights went up, Severus turned to Harry. “What did you think?”

Harry blinked. “It was certainly… inspiring.”

Severus nodded. “Tchaikovsky was a genius. A man who lived his life in guilt and shame, terrified the secret of his sexuality would be revealed… there are some who believe that is why his later works required little in the way of self-reflection. Too much risk. And yet, some of the most beautiful music known to man.”

Harry nodded, not quite meeting Severus’ eyes. “Interesting.”

“What was your favourite part?” Severus asked as they collected their coats.

An odd flush crossed Harry’s cheeks. “Um, I quite liked that dance near the end with the Nutcracker Prince and the Sugar Plum Fairy.”
“Really,” Severus said, surprised. He knew Harry had very little interest in ballet, only agreeing to attend this performance of The Nutcracker because he knew it was one of the few holiday traditions in which Severus looked forward to. He rather expected Harry to claim The Battle, featuring the intimidating Mouse King that had so terrified Severus as a young boy, or the athletic Russian Dance as his favourite. He was pleasantly surprised to hear that it was the exquisite Sugar Plum Fairy who had so captured Harry’s attention.

“Yeah,” Harry said, buttoning up his coat. “It was… mesmerising.”

“Yes, precisely!” Severus said as they stepped outside into the cold. “Ever since I was a little boy and my mother would save up her coins to allow us to attend a student production each December, I have been completely enthralled. Despite it being a Muggle show, I remember being convinced that this, this is what magic was. The mad, intoxicating, beautiful combination of sight and sound, swelling outbursts of joy and terror and childlike innocence. An experience so powerful no words are needed to share the story.”

Harry slipped his hand into Severus’. “You truly go every year?”

Severus nodded. “When my mother died, Lucius began taking me to performances here at the Royal Opera House. It was only time he’d set foot in a Muggle institution.” He snorted. “Even wizards can’t replicate this kind of magic.”

Harry’s eyes narrowed. “But you don’t still go with Lucius?”

“Of course not,” Severus said. “Eventually it simply turned into my annual treat to myself. It sounds ludicrous, but somehow I felt that I could escape into this mystical land of dancing toys and sweets and be absolved of a year’s worth of sins. Such beauty, such passion… it is humbling.”

Harry bowed his head. “Wow. I can’t believe I didn’t know. All these years we’ve been together…”

“I never thought you’d be interested in attending,” Severus said. “I wouldn’t want you to sit bored for an evening for my sake.”

“But this year – ”

“This year it seemed foolish to keep such a thing secret,” Severus said. He glanced back over at Harry, who looked like he’d like to melt into the snow. “Are you all right?”

“Yeah,” Harry said. “Just feel like a bit of a berk, is all.”

Severus frowned. “What ever for?”

Harry sighed. “Well, clearly this is something that means a great deal to you, and it meant a lot for you to share it with me, and I was sitting there with a hard on as I was ogling the Nutcracker Prince himself.”

Severus’ jaw dropped. “Excuse me?”

“Well, it’s not like those tights leave much to the imagination!” Harry exclaimed.

“So here I was, thinking you and I shared a mutual appreciation for the aesthetics of The Nutcracker, and instead you were staring at the Prince’s nuts.”

“And his arse,” Harry said miserably. “But Merlin, Severus! Did you see it? I’m sorry, but that bloke is fit!”
“Of course he is! He’s been training at least ten hours a day nearly since he could walk so he can leap about the stage with the utmost grace and precision. Naturally he’s developed muscles.”

“In his cock?”

“Harry!”

“I know, I know, I’m sorry!” Harry said. “I just couldn’t help it. It was just… there.”

Severus shook his head. “I’m dating a Philistine. A perverted Philistine. If I’d known you’d spend the evening fantasising about the Prince, I would have left you at home.”

“Hey,” Harry said, forcing Severus to look at him. “I’m sorry. I really am. I just… I’ve never really been to anything like this, you know? It’s a lot to take in.”

Severus nodded. While he was slightly disappointed Harry hadn’t immediately fallen in love with the ballet, he wasn’t truly upset. He knew Harry was never one for the fine arts; hell, it was why he never to share with him how passionate he was about the ballet. For Harry to attend strictly for Severus’ sake was actually quite touching.

But Severus was a Slytherin, and he wasn’t about to let Harry off that easily.

“If it makes you feel any better,” Harry said, pulling Severus to the side of the building. “I wasn’t really fantasising about the Prince. Well, I was. But a different Prince,” he said, eyeing Severus significantly.

Severus raised an eyebrow. “Is that so?”

“Mmhmm,” Harry said. He wrapped his arms around Severus’ waist. “My Prince, up their on stage in those damn tights, leaping and pirouetting all about.”

“I don’t have the leg muscles as the Nutcracker Prince,” Severus said. Standing this closely to Harry, he could tell he hadn’t been lying about having a hard on. He thrust gently against it.

“Perhaps not,” Harry said. “But I reckon you’ve got a much bigger cock.” He reached a hand between them, squeezing Severus gently. “And I far prefer your nuts to anything that Prince might be cracking.”

An odd noise, something between a snort and a gasp, escaped from Severus’ lips. “Harry! We are at the Royal Opera House.”

“Yes, we are,” Harry said. “And everybody looks so very nice. Did I mention how much I like you in a tux?” Severus was dimly aware of Harry casting a wordless Disillusionment Spell around them, but mainly he was focused on the feeling of Harry’s lips on his neck. “But now? I think we’re about to get very naughty.”

Severus groaned and pulled Harry closer to him. Ah, the benefits of having a fit, younger lover. Harry was exceeding generous, adventurous, and seemingly up for it at nearly any time – including the middle of December outside a stately opera house.

“Yes,” Harry whispered, and pressed Severus against the wall. Unzipping Severus’ flies, he reached his hand inside and gripped Severus’ cock. “This is what I was thinking about. You in those damn tights, showing off every curve of your arse and bollocks, leaping about the stage. Dancing, you say, but we all know what it is: teasing me, taunting me with what I want.”
Severus moaned as Harry’s thumb pressed against a particularly sensitive spot. “Little… heathen.”

“Oh, yes,” Harry agreed. He dropped to his knees, carefully licking Severus’ balls. “But only for you. And you… only for me. Only I get to see this.”

“Strange thing to say when you’re blowing me in the middle of London,” Severus managed to bite out.

“Haven’t blown you yet,” Harry said, and as if to prove it, licked Severus with the most delicate of touches from root to tip. “Besides, they can’t see us.”

Severus swallowed hard. He understood Harry’s words, and he knew Harry’s charms were impeccable, but there were countless people around, people in tuxedos and evening gowns and furs laughing gaily into the chilly night air, some of them so close that Severus could reach out and touch them. At that very moment, a rather handsomely dressed man paused in his stride, glanced their way, and frowned. Then, almost imperceptibly, he pressed the heel of his palm to his crotch and hurried away.

“But,” Harry said, a wicked smile upon his face. “I think they can sense us. I think they can tell we’re here, can tell that we’re hard, can tell that I’m about to suck you off. They can tell you’re going to come down my throat, and they love it.”

Severus’ cock, if possible, grew even harder.

“You like that,” Harry noted, still drawing his tongue lazily around Severus’ shaft. “You like the idea that maybe my charms will slip and somebody will catch us. And they’ll be so jealous. It’ll make them so hard, but they’ll just have to go home and wank, because they can’t have this.”

“Fuck, Harry,” Severus gasped. “Suck me, please.”

“Tell me what you see,” Harry said, his mouth poised at the head of Severus’ cock. “All these people around. Tell me what you see.”

“You,” Severus said honestly. For yes, there were people all around, all looking very fine and elegant in their evening dress, but there was nobody, nobody as exquisite as his Harry. “Only you.”


“Love you,” Severus repeated. He thrust into Harry’s throat, loving the familiar but thrilling sensation of the heat around his cock.

“Tell me more,” Harry said. “Tell me more about what you see. I love hearing your voice.”

“I see… I see you sucking me, looking up at me,” Severus said. “I see your eyes, bright, green, staring up at me.”

“More,” Harry said. He drew one ball in his mouth, sucking gently, before releasing it with a soft pop.

“I see your hand on my thigh. One of my thigh and one cupping my balls. And your mouth. Your hot, sweet, perfect mouth kissing me, and, ah! And taking me in. And you’re sucking, sucking… oh, please, Harry!”

“What do you want?” Harry asked.
“I want to come,” Severus said. “I want to come in your mouth, down your throat. I want you to feel my entire body shake so much and you have to hold me, you have to, have to – ahhh!”

Helpless, Severus surrendered to his orgasm, climaxing down Harry’s throat. Harry swallowed eagerly, intent on getting every last drop. His breath coming in heaving gasps, Severus pulled Harry up. A bit of come dribbled from the corner of his mouth, and Severus wiped it gently with his thumb.

“Mmm,” Harry said, sucking the digit into his mouth. “Perfect.”

“Quite,” Severus said. He kissed Harry possessively, loving the addictive taste of himself on Harry’s tongue. “And now what about you?”

“I look forward to an invigorating evening at home,” Harry said.

“Why wait?” Severus asked.

Harry blinked. “Here?”

“Oh, sure, you’ll blow me in the middle of Covent Garden, but you’re suddenly prudish about a good shag outdoors.”

“Well, I just… don’t you need a minute?”

“What ever for?” Severus asked. He turned around, bracing his arms in front of him against the wall, and spread his legs. “You’re the one who was ogling the Nutcracker Prince’s bum; you’re the one who’s going to be doing all the work.”

It was one of the moments Severus dearly wished he had eyes in the back of his head. Severus had no real opposition to bottoming, having done so on more than a few occasions with former paramours. But he and Harry had fallen into a comfortable pattern (possibly due to the fact that Severus was a greedy bastard who was addicted to Harry’s arse), and the situation just hadn’t presented itself yet.

But now…

“Oh, yes,” Harry breathed.

Severus glanced back over his shoulder and saw Harry dropping to his knees once more, bringing Severus’ trousers down to the ground with him. Harry then dropped out of Severus’ line of vision, but made it clear very quickly exactly where he was hiding.

“Fuck!” Severus shouted. He thrust his arse back against Harry’s tongue, desperate for more. Harry nibbled and bit and licked, reducing Severus to a trembling ball of need. His cock was already hardening again, and his body felt like a too-taut string, about to break at the slightest pressure.

That slightest pressure came in the form of Harry jabbing his tongue inside of him. Severus groaned and gripped his cock firmly, not ready to come again so soon. He felt the slightest tingle of magic, and then Harry’s fingers joined his tongue.

“Fuck, your arse, Severus,” Harry said. “It’s so hot. And you’re jutting up against me, like you want it, like you just need me.”

“I do,” Severus admitted, beyond caring. “Please.”

“Please what?” Harry asked. He scissored his fingers, and Severus cried out as one of them brushed
against his prostate. “Please keep stretching you? Licking you? Tasting you?”

“Fuck me,” Severus whispered.

“Sorry,” Harry said. He must have stood up, because Severus could feel his breath against his ear. “Couldn’t quite hear you.”

“Fuck me, Harry,” Severus said, louder. He would have shouted it from the rooftops at that moment, for how far gone he was. Yes he, Severus Snape, was hard enough to drive nails and was desperate for Harry Potter’s cock, and he was going to have it, thank you very much. “Fuck me, please. Please.”

“Well, since you asked so nicely,” Harry said. Despite his words, Severus could sense a hint of nervousness in Harry’s voice. He reached back, and was immediately gifted with a squeeze of Harry’s hand. “Now, Severus.”

Severus nodded. He hissed as Harry’s cock slowly entered him. Harry’s hand was trembling in his, and he knew it was just a powerful moment for Harry as it was for him. Merlin, he could hardly remember ever feeling so full, so whole. And, what’s more, despite the fact that they were outside, still with people milling about all around them, Severus with his trousers around his ankles and Harry with only his cock exposed, Severus was awed by how intimate it felt. The rest of the world could burn down around them, for all Severus cared. For now, it was only him and Harry and the burn, the exquisite heat of this moment.

“Fuck, Severus,” Harry gasped. “You feel incredible around me. So good. So. Good.”

More accustomed to the feeling now, Severus squeezed around Harry’s prick, smirking when Harry cried out. “Less talk, more action, hmm?”

“Oh, yes,” Harry said. He began thrusting slowly, driving in and out. Severus pushed back against him, meeting him thrust for thrust. It didn’t take long for the tempo to increase. “My Severus,” Harry said, his voice husky. He adjusted their hands so they were braced against the wall for balance, and used his other one to begin to fist Severus’ cock. “So hot. You look so beautiful like this. So beautiful. So mine.”

“Yes,” Severus keened. He was so close, so close…

“Come on, Severus,” Harry said, his voice hot in Severus’ ear. “Come for me. I want to feel it. I want to feel you come on my cock, screaming my name…”

And who was Severus to disobey so sweet an order? He came in hot, shooting bursts, shouting Harry’s name until his throat felt raw. Breathless and boneless, he was vaguely aware of Harry’s guttural moan, dragging out Severus’ name like he was speaking Parseltongue, as he filled him with his come.

“Fuck,” Harry breathed. “You’re bloody gorgeous. You know that, right?”

“I’m bloody debauched is what I am,” Severus said.

“Not a bad thing,” Harry said, and Severus could hear the grin in his voice. “Merlin, I wish I had a camera. Look at you, my come dripping from your arse… fuck, I don’t even need a camera. I’ll remember this for the rest of my life.”

“Yes, well,” Severus said. For the first time that evening, he was feeling vaguely uncomfortable. Not because of the setting, but the sheer intensity of Harry’s gaze. He’d been on the receiving end of it
many times before, but always in the comfort of their own bed. Here, out in public, it seemed almost obscene.

“One second,” Harry said, and, for the third time that night, dropped to his knees. Severus couldn’t help but whimper as Harry gently licked away the reminders of their lovemaking.

And wasn’t that the maddest thing of all? They had come to the ballet, then engaged in some of the filthiest sex of Severus’ life, and now Severus was practically purring like a cat, wanting only to curl up in Harry’s arms. The juxtaposition was enough to make any man dizzy.

“Well, that was a memorable first trip to the ballet,” Harry said. He carefully pulled up Severus’ trousers and helped him fasten them.

Severus turned around and returned the favour, tucking Harry back into his trousers. Then, with the utmost care, he reached one hand behind Harry’s head and pulled him in for a tender kiss.

“Hmm,” Harry said when they parted. “That was sweet.”

“Indeed,” Severus said. He buried his head in the crook of Harry’s neck. “Thank you.”

“For what?” Harry asked. His voice was sleepy, and Severus was reminded of how much he wanted to be back in their warm, comfortable bed so they could spend the rest of the night pressing lazy kisses against soft skin. “For fucking you in the cold?”

Severus snorted. “That was only an added bonus. No, for coming with me to the ballet.”

“Really?” Harry asked. “I didn’t ruin it for you?”

“Harry,” Severus said. “In case you didn’t notice, I am quite content and thoroughly shagged out at the moment. I’d hardly call the evening ruined.”

“But I didn’t –”

“Not everybody falls in love with the ballet,” Severus said. “For some it takes a long time to develop a passion for it. For others, it never comes.” He pressed his lips to Harry’s neck. “But you came because you knew it was important to me. And what’s more, you’ve now imbued one of my favourite holiday traditions with even more happy memories. Happy memories I am honoured to share with you.”

Harry pulled Severus closer to him. “I’m so lucky to have you.”

“You are,” Severus said. “And don’t you forget it.”

Harry chuckled. “You know, I wouldn’t be opposed to coming back. Maybe we don’t even have to wait till next Christmas. I’m sure they have more performances this year.”

“What, so you can check out the Nutcracker Prince’s cock and arse again?”

“I’ve got the only Prince I’m interested in right here,” Harry said. He captured Severus’ mouth in a quick kiss. “Home?”

Severus nodded and took Harry’s hand. “Home.”

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