The Penmanship Lesson
by Spitshine

Summary

Harry gulped as he unrolled the last few inches of parchment. Unlike every other essay he'd ever turned in to Snape, this lacked a grade and was not covered in bright slashes of red ink. Instead, under the last sentence, “Your penmanship is unreadable. See me after dinner tonight,” was written in curling green script.

Notes

Dubious consent warning due to the fact that they do not discuss beforehand what they want or are going to do. Both are extremely willing participants.

Harry gulped as he unrolled the last few inches of parchment. Unlike every other essay he'd ever turned in to Snape, this lacked a grade and was not covered in bright slashes of red ink. Instead, under the last sentence, “Your penmanship is unreadable. See me after dinner tonight,” was written in curling green script.

“That bad, eh, mate?” Ron nudged him companionably and proffered his own, marked with a fat red P as well as many crossouts and annotations.

Harry wanted to hide the words, which felt so incriminating, so obvious, but it was too late. Ron already had his chin hooked over Harry's shoulder and Hermione peered at him from the other side,
sternly disapproving.

“Bad luck, that. Probably just lines though.”

Harry mumbled something about Snape insulting him the whole time and ran from the dungeons without looking up, hoping to Merlin no one would see the blush heating his face before he got to the washroom.

*

Harry couldn't force much down at dinner. Instead, he took very small bites of bread-no-butter and snuck sidelong glances at Snape while his friends both, in their own ways, failed to cheer him up. Harry wasn't listening. Snape ate a full meal, if a little faster than usual—Harry didn't think that was just his optimism talking—and left the staff table with the absolute minimum of social niceties, disappearing through the doors to the Great Hall in a cloud of black fabric and a sneer in the general direction of the Gryffindor table.

“Right, then,” Harry said, and left.

As soon as he was out of sight of the Great Hall, he broke into a sprint, more eager for tonight's lesson than he was willing to admit.

Which is why he was sweaty and panting when he ran smack into the tall figure at the top of the stairs to the dungeons. It was too late to slow down, to catch himself, to pull out his wand, anything.

Snape landed on his cushioning charm.

Harry landed on Snape.

Who was not particularly cushioning in nature. “Bugger,” he groaned.

“You are obscenely lucky that, one, I can perform wandless magic and, two, that I'm going to overlook your admittedly eloquent request for the evening and carry on with the plans I've already made.”


“Yes, you insolent child. Now get up so we can carry on. There's really no need to drag out the inevitable, you know.”

Snape made a great and exasperated show of brushing the dust off his robes as they continued to his office, though Harry noted he didn't use magic for the task and wasn't actually dirty. He ushered Harry through the door first and locked the door magically behind them before turning to Harry with a predatory grin. “Tell me, boy. Why were you in such a rush to get down here?”

“I just, er, well, the last—detention, I really liked that.”

“Am I to infer from all this stammering and stuttering that you have finally accepted your status as student rather than Headmaster, and that you are eager and willing to learn?”

“Yes. Sir.”

“Don't nod like that. You'll strain something, no doubt, and it's terribly unbecoming.”
“Do you want me to be... becoming? Sir.”

“Glad though I am you seem to be finally learning manners after all these years, it is time for you to. Shut. Up.”

Harry started nodding again but caught himself. His breathing had calmed down during the walk to the office, but he felt it become fast and shallow again, blood rising in his cheeks, as he stared down at the toes of Snape's boots.

“Your paper was incomprehensible. I know you were raised by Muggles, but I thought they'd have at least taught you to read and write. As before, I will discipline you in a way that fits the transgression. You will recopy your essay. I presume you have it with you? Well? Answer me, boy!”

“I thought you wanted me to be quiet.”

“I asked you a direct question. Answer it, and then resume this blessed silence.”

“Yes. In my bag. Sir.”

“More than I could have hoped for. Get it, your quill, and ink, and then bend over this desk. You will be writing standing up. You'll need to employ all of your admittedly questionable ability to focus for this lesson.”

Harry stumbled over himself getting into position but dared to glance over his shoulder at Snape, who hissed out a long breath before griping, “No need to look at me like that; you aren't even ready to write.” Harry unrolled his essay as well as a spare parchment, laid out his quill, uncapped his ink, and turned his eyes back to Snape, who was still behind him but now much closer. If Harry just pushed back a few inches—yes, now they were touching, thigh to thigh, ass to crotch. “Insolent as always, I see,” Snape murmured, but didn't move away. In fact, he seemed to press tighter to Harry, gripping the boy's hips and pulling them together, until Harry could feel the hot line of Snape's erection pulsing through the layers of robes. “Now. Write.”

Harry dipped his quill into the ink and began the heading in his slowest, most careful penmanship. He whined when the pressure disappeared from his legs but kept writing, even as Snape flipped his robes up over his back and unfastened his belt, letting his trousers fall to the floor. When he felt long thumbs duck beneath the waistband of his pants, however, he couldn't help it—his hand jerked and a long line of ink shot across the parchment.

“Keep going,” Snape whispered. “We'll see how you've done when we've finished.”

Snape's fingers dug into Harry's ass cheeks, pulling them apart, as he whispered something Harry couldn't quite catch. It was a charm, obviously, as Harry felt a cool tingle spread through him, starting at his arse and washing through his insides. Any wondering about the nature of the charm, or the finer workings of wandless magic, were quickly pushed from his mind as Snape's tongue swept up his crack.

He gave up on the heading and turned to the body of the paper. Not that it went much better. He did, at least, manage to keep the quill on the parchment, and occasionally even dipped it into the ink. Beyond that, however, it was all he could do to stay upright, knees locked and fingers white-knuckling the desk. Snape's tongue circled his rim, over and over, before the tip pushed in. Harry cursed, loudly, and shoved his hips back, seeking more. Snape chuckled out, “Always impatient, aren't you, my boy? Keep writing,” before diving back in. Harry's knees quaked and Snape's fingers dug so firmly into his hips he thought dimly there'd be bruises there later.
Harry felt just the point of the tongue flicking back and forth across his hole before it thrust in all at once. He gave up on writing altogether and just moaned long and loud as his head slumped forward onto his parchment. He could feel his mouth moving but didn't know what words or noises left it, he just needed—something. His cock had never been so hard in his life, he was sure, and nothing had ever felt so good, so overwhelmingly pleasurable, as Snape's tongue working deeper and deeper.

It brushed something inside him and an explosion went off in his head as jets of cum shot out of him to drip down the desk. He clenched his eyes tight and wailed, because Snape was relentless, he'd found that spot and wasn't leaving it even though it was too much, too much, too much.

Harry rejoined the land of the living crumpled in Snape's arms, broken quill stuck to his ink-smeared fingers. “Think you can stand?” Harry nodded weakly. “Well then, pull up your trousers and get to it. I don't have to do everything for you, do I?” Harry shook his head hard but didn't object when Snape pulled them both up in one fluid motion.

Snape picked up the crumpled paper between two fingertips and clucked disapprovingly as he looked over the mangled, smeared, and generally scribbled-on parchment before him. “Well, well. This is, miraculously enough, even worse.” He ran light fingers down the side of Harry's face and whispered, “Tergeo.” Harry watched incredulously as a thin line of ink streamed off his face and hands and into the inkwell.

Harry didn't know where the sudden burst of boldness came from but he wasn't about to fight it. “Shall I come back tomorrow, sir?”

Snape raised one eyebrow. “Eager, are you?” Harry blushed but didn't break eye contact. Nodding wouldn't tell Snape anything new, and lying was worse than useless. “I have Remedial Potions tomorrow night. Better make it Thursday.”

Harry grinned and gathered his things to leave, walking to the door on shaky legs. He turned as Snape sent the unlocking charm over his shoulder and asked shyly, “Sir?”

“Yes, boy?”

“What did I really get on that essay? Because, you know, it's no messier than anything else I've handed in, and you managed to grade Ron's even though...”

“Let's not discuss Weasley, hm? I suppose it isn't fair to keep you in the dark, and I must say, you have certainly been exceeding my expectations these past several days. Keep it up, Harry.”

Harry nearly choked. Two dirty jokes in one night? Merlin! “See you Thursday.”

“Seven o'clock. Sharp. And don't mow me down in your haste, this time.”

“No, sir. I'll be careful.”

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!