And With a Twist of Lemon

by abstractconcept

Summary

Draco has a plan to destroy Harry. Started out smut, kind of turned into crack.

Notes

BETA: The Iridescent asimplechord, all further mistakes are mine.
A Snarry ficlet for the magnanimous dragynville, who gifted me with “Everything She Wants.”

“And with a twist of lemon...my vengeance will leave a very sour taste in Potter’s mouth,” Draco breathed, deftly squeezing a drop of citric retribution into his bubbling creation.

“What’s it supposed to do again?” Goyle asked.

“I’ve only told you a hundred times,” Draco snapped. Then, with a sigh, he capitulated. He did love the sound of his own voice. “It’s a potion that will turn Potter’s life upside-down,” he explained patiently. “And tonight, during the celebrations, will be the perfect time to do it. Everyone is too busy congratulating themselves on the death of the Dark Lord to be on guard. One sip of this, and Potter’s opinions will take a drastic turn. Everything he hated, he’ll love. Everything he held in esteem, he’ll spit on. It’ll be the most wonderful night of my life. He’ll alienate his friends, he’ll proclaim himself on the side of darkness and destruction—with luck, he’ll even attack his former followers, and force them to kill him.”
Draco and his henchmen stared at the brew.

“But it looks like regular old champagne, to me,” Crabbe noted.

Draco smiled a vicious smile. “Yes. Cheers to that,” he murmured.

Harry raised the glass to his lips, looking out over the room. What a party. Across the room, Ginny threw him a flirtatious wink. Harry grinned. What a night. And it would only get better...

Of course, it would be even better the moment Severus Snape left, and Harry could really enjoy himself without the man breathing down his neck, making snide comments, and generally being a wet blanket.

Harry gulped at his drink.

"Enjoying yourself, Mr. Potter? Loving the attention they're all giving you?" Snape hissed in his ear.

Harry turned to him, and was mildly surprised when his own voice replied, "Yes. I love getting everyone's attention." Snape scowled, and Harry couldn't hold back a wide smile. "Not as much as I love your attention, though," he purred. On some level, he was horrified, but that bit of him seemed to be dwindling away...

"That certainly would explain your relentless cheek in my presence," Snape replied grudgingly, as though Harry had scored some sort of point in a game Harry didn't even know they were playing.

Suddenly, Harry really, really wanted to get away from all these disgustingly happy people. Luckily, in Hogwarts, there was always somewhere else to go. He grabbed Snape's hand. "Let's get out of here," he suggested.

Snape looked floored, but allowed Harry to drag him from the room.

Ginny reached out as they passed, touching Harry's sleeve. "Do you want to dance?"

"No," Harry replied shortly. "So stop simpering at me."

She looked outraged, and from the corner of his eye, Harry saw Snape's lip curl in malicious amusement. Harry nearly steamrolled those nearest the door in his rush to exit the Great Hall. "My goodness, we are in rare form tonight," the man observed.

Harry shrugged. "I'm sick to death of Weasleys," he said. "It seems like there's always one hovering around."

Snape gave him a suspicious look at this announcement, but then he shrugged slightly. "Where would you like to go?" he asked, a parody of a polite inquiry, since in the first place he didn't give a damn, and in the second Harry was already hauling him down to the dungeons.

"Your office," Harry grunted. "Does Filch keep any stuff there?"

Snape blinked. "Such as?"

"You know...chains...whips...handcuffs...fun things like that," Harry replied in an offhand tone.

"If you think I'd ever allow you to try something like that on me—" Snape began, but Harry rushed to interrupt.
"No, no; I don't want to hurt you or anything. I want to be tied up. I want you to be mean to me."

Now Snape really looked off balance. "I...see," he replied. "Well, I haven't anything in that vein in my office—Minerva would catch me out—but I'm sure I can easily transfigure something to fit the bill," he offered.

"Good." Harry gave an impish grin over his shoulder, and Snape stumbled a little.

OoOoOoOoO

"Wait a second—where's Potter gone?" Draco demanded of Ginny as the girl marched past him.

"How should I know?" she retorted angrily. "Off somewhere with his new best mate, Snape."

"What?" Draco shouldn't have turned his back on Potter—or Snape either, for that matter. Snape was always interfering in his plans—killing Dumbledore when it should have been Draco, helping to kill the Dark Lord and then insisting he and Draco be recognized for doing so...

"I don't care what Harry does," Weasley insisted. "I'm not going to let him treat me like that."

"...Whatever," Draco replied absently, giving her a dismissive gesture. "I'm going to find out what they're up to." He headed out of the Great Hall.

OoOoOoOoO

Harry hadn't ever known he could have so much fun. He hadn't known that having Snape's hand reddening his backside as he slapped it over and over would be enjoyable. He hadn't known the sharp sting could bring with it such dizzying arousal.

"Ooooh, harder," he moaned.

Snape shrugged philosophically, increasing the tempo and strength of his blows. "I think I'd enjoy this more if you were enjoying it less," he noted with frustration. "I mean, I don't know...all these years wanting to throw you over my desk and beat the daylights out of you, and now it turns out you're into that sort of thing... It's rather unsatisfying."

Harry pushed himself up from the surface of the desk, panting. Snape's eyes roamed over Harry's body, fixating on his swollen, dripping cock, which was currently making rather a mess of Snape's desk. The man couldn't seem to look away.

"Well, if this isn't any fun for you, why don't we find something that is?" Harry suggested. He turned and hoisted himself up onto the desk, spreading his legs wide.

Snape groaned softly.

"You'll like this, right?" Harry breathed, his fingers circling his pucker.

When Snape was balls-deep in him, Harry gasped. "I do like this," the man grunted.

Harry's grimace of pain slowly grew to a hungry smile. "Harder," he commanded.

OoOoOoOoO

Draco made his way to the dungeons. He'd tried a number of other places, but he knew somehow, deep down, that they would have gone to the recently reinstated Potions Master's office.
There were hoarse cries emanating from behind the door.

Draco's footsteps slowed. Were they killing each other? That would be...good. Two birds with one stone, that.

He carefully opened the door just a crack, then peered in.

Potter was on his back on the Potions Master's desk, writhing. Snape, still almost fully clothed, was thrusting, pounding into Potter, one hand fisting Potter's prick, the other buried in Potter's hair. "Such a tight—oh, fuck—tight arse," Snape was growling, his dark gaze nearly scorching the boy below him, its carnivorous heat roaming over Potter's naked form.

"Oh—that's it—Snape—that's it—pull my hair oh yes, Snape--oh GOD YES!"

Draco shut the door, walking away on unsteady legs. He closed his eyes tightly, but the image of Potter impaled on Snape's cock wouldn't go away. So that had been the results of his brilliant potion, had it? He wasn't sure if he'd won or lost.

All he knew was that he needed a stiff drink.

OoOoOoOoO

"Wow. That was SO GOOD," Harry enthused.

"Mmmm. Yes, it was. Of course, when you're as talented at love-making as I am..."

"We should get married," Harry announced.

Snape made a croaking noise, reaching over Harry to grab his pants. "Not tonight, Mr. Potter."

"Yeah, not tonight," Harry agreed. "But later. Because I think you're the sexiest, most terrific bloke I know, and anyway tonight I think I'd like to start building an empire."

The man paused, giving Harry an odd look. "A what?"

"An empire. Like Voldemort had, only greater. He was way too soft, you know? I think I could do a lot better. Kill all the Mudbloods, crush my enemies to dust, that sort of thing. I wouldn't put up with a lot of incompetent nonsense like he did. You do it right the first time, or you're dead; that's MY motto."

"I...see. Potter, you didn't happen to hit your head during our admittedly rambunctious copulation, did you? I mean, I know I yanked your hair a bit, but I never expected to have tugged your brains loose."

Harry frowned. "No, I didn't hit my head. I just want to rule the world and hurt people and be surrounded by adoring slaves. What's so off about that?"

"Oh, dear. I should have suspected something was amiss when you begged me to transfigure some reins and a riding crop and call you my little pony."

"Nothing wrong with it. Good clean fun," Harry pronounced.

"I'll have to borrow something from Filch after all," Snape answered. "Can't have you taking over the world and forcing everyone to bugger you. I have a suspicion that would be letting Albus down."

Harry soon found himself chained to the wall and gagged.
At least he enjoyed that sort of thing.

Harry opened his eyes. It was something of an effort—every muscle in his body seemed to ache, and most of them were exhausted as well. Unfortunately, there was some sort of thing in his mouth keeping it open, and it was making it too uncomfortable for Harry to drift back off. He shifted irritably and tried to remove the thing.

His hand wouldn’t budge. He seemed to be handcuffed...to...the...wall?

His eyes slammed open.

He was in Snape’s office. He was handcuffed to the wall! In Snape’s office! And gagged! His heart drummed furiously in his chest, and his breath quickened as he thought hard, trying to figure out what had happened. He’d gone to a victory party at Hogwarts. He’d been drinking, mingling, considering chatting up Ginny…

*Ginny* wouldn’t have tied him up and left him in Snape’s office, would she? No—that was crazy. She wouldn’t even have the keys for Snape’s office. And she probably wouldn’t chain him to the wall, although in some of her worse moods, she might consider it. And certainly she wouldn’t have spanked him.

Spanked. OhdeargodheletSnape*spank*him! The night before was all coming back, and bringing its friends, humiliation and horror. No. *No!* Harry *never* would have asked Snape to bugger him.

Harry began to whimper.

“Awake, are we?” The chair beside Snape’s desk swivelled, revealing the man himself. “I expect you’re wondering what hit you—apart from me, of course.”

Harry winced.

“You see, Draco Malfoy drummed up a lovely little concoction that makes the drinker despise everything he once held dear, embracing the things he hates most. Of course, it wears off soon enough, but it’s a devious draught all the same. I’m quite proud of the boy. Or I would be, if he hadn’t been asinine enough to accidentally ingest some himself. Apparently he’d passed the extra off to one of his lackeys for disposal, then came back later and demanded a drink. Well, why go looking for one when you already have one at hand?”

Harry felt minutely comforted by the fact that Draco had fallen into his own trap.

“I found him waltzing Granger round the floor, declaring eternal devotion and, when Weasley interfered, trying to embrace him like a brother. Then he proclaimed that he wanted to found a charity, and began handing Galleons out to bystanders. As amusing at it was, I had to drag him away long enough to find out what was going on.”

Harry sighed.

Snape leant over, unfastening the gag. He undid Harry’s restraints as well, and Harry began rubbing life back into his extremities, which had fallen asleep. “Er...sorry about last night?” he said.

The man sniffed. “You should be. Next time I strike you, I expect you to say ‘Ouch, that hurt,’ like a normal lad, and not thank me and request another fifty.”
The heat roared in Harry’s face, and he ducked his head in shame. “Yes, sir. Sorry about that.”

“Your clothes are on the desk.”

As Harry was dressing, something occurred to him. “You shouldn’t have taken advantage of me,” he said angrily.

Snape looked surprised. “How was I to know you’d be stupid enough to quaff down a beverage handed to you by Vincent Crabbe?”

Harry buttoned his fly, still scowling mutinously. “You should have figured something was wrong when someone actually volunteered to let you shag them,” he grumbled.

“I still have the riding crop, Mr. Potter,” Snape warned.

“Yeah, yeah.” Harry jerked his shirt on over his head, trying to smooth his hair down. “If you ever tell anyone about this…” he trailed off.

“Trust me, my reputation has taken enough of a beating. Having someone find out I had an evening of sadomasochistic misadventure with the Chosen One would only cause them to look at me more askew.”

“Well, they should,” Harry replied severely. “You really got off on hitting me. You’re a right freak, you know that?”

Snape lifted his lip. “Go back to your mundane little ‘girl next door’ and her vanilla-prince dreams,” he said scathingly.

Harry grabbed up his wand and ran from the room.

OoOoOoOoO

Outside the door, he stopped for a moment, trying to regain his dignity and act less flustered. When he had it more or less together, he walked more leisurely down the hall.

He wasn’t a deviant. That wasn’t him at all. It had all just been a potion, and potions wore off. He’d go back to Ginny and apologise for anything he might have said, and he’d get things back on track.

And if he wasn’t feeling better by tomorrow, he’d come back to Snape and see if the man couldn’t brew him an antidote.

And ask if he had any nipple clamps.

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