

The Smell of Hay and Leather

by chivalric

Dirty little missing scene, featuring Severus Snape, Remus Lupin, and the Room of Requirement. This takes place sometime during book three.

One-shot Story

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N & Warning: This story describes slash in detail and contains violence. Please don't continue reading if you are offended by either. Additionally, you might judge early during the story that Lupin acts out of character. I kindly ask that you finish reading before you make a final decision.

Endless thanks to my betas: shellsnapelover, Sampdoria, and Amor Eternal. Kittyfish, my newest wordsmith, did the last check-up and smoothened out the rough spots. Thanks & hugs, dear!

And I will never forget to say thanks to notsosaintly. Never, ever!

It was a rare thing that Severus Snape went out into the corridors after he'd had a shower. Usually, he preferred a drink in front of the fireplace and a good book, then went to bed afterwards. Far too risky that someone might see him with ungroomed hair, freshly brushed teeth, and a rosy glow on his cheeks.

Tonight, though, he was too restless to stay in his quarters. He had tried: had begun to mark essays, had forced himself to read, had even considered drinking a second glass of Firewhisky. For nearly an hour he had paced from wall to wall, hoping it would make him tired.

All in vain. In the end, he growled in frustration and went to swap his dressing gown for shirt and trousers. He was as clean as a newborn child and as nervous as a cat in a room full of dogs. No way he could go to bed and dream innocent dreams right now.

In his bathroom, he took a long look in the mirror. What he saw didn't really please him.

Black, shoulder-length hair, brushed back out of his face and still damp from the shower. Naturally, he hadn't flattened it to his skull with oil as he did under normal circumstances, when he needed to appear as greasy as possible—he had found out long ago that people didn't look too closely when one was ugly and unpleasantly looking. A good thing for a spy, not to be watched.

Pale skin. But not as pale as usual. The heat of the shower and the severe scrubbing had flushed his face, and he looked almost human. He didn't mind—most people considered it a good thing to appear human, and Snape was no exception. That during daylight he added an extra layer of paleness from one of his potion pots didn't change the fact that he preferred his face in its natural state.

His uneven teeth were inherited from his father. As a boy, he had kept his mouth shut so no one would laugh at him. As a teenager, when he was in his fourth year at Hogwarts, he had finally found a spell that straightened them—and Potter and Black, having commented nastily on his appearance before, made fun of him afterwards nevertheless. Of course he hadn't used the spell again, not for years. He hated to be laughed at.

Nowadays, he only straightened his teeth on nights like this, when he was about to leave his quarters against his better judgement and when he was too nervous and too wound up to sit still. On nights like this, even the sight of his teeth made him angry. Therefore, he cast the small charm he had learned so many years back. Nothing he did under normal circumstances.

But tonight... Tonight was special.

On an impulse, Snape picked up a thin, silver ring that lay in a small basket next to the basin and slipped it into the pocket of his trousers. Tonight was not a normal night. Tonight was different. And after a last look in the mirror, Snape refused to think about it any longer.

A sigh, and he picked up pacing again. His rooms were dark. His mood was darker.

It had been a hard week, a hard month even. Actually, the year had started awfully with the prospect of the Dark Lord's return and Albus's constant nagging to increase his efforts in spying. On top of that, Potter had become a real nuisance it was nearly impossible to keep constant track of the boy, which made it equally impossible to protect him. And of course there was the fact that again he hadn't got the job as DADA teacher. Getting it would mean that this farce would be over soon. Getting it would mean the final move towards the Dark Lord was close. But it seemed he would have to wait another year or two. This year, it was Lupin's turn.

Snape had passed the werewolf's classroom a few hours earlier. Lupin had taught his students how to deal with a boggart interesting, and useful on top.

Then, the Longbottom boy had opened the cabinet, and a Snape-shaped boggart had stepped out. *I'm a student's worst nightmare*, he had realised, peeking through the door. Harmless, actually, but it had hurt nevertheless. They really feared him, a fact that was reassuring and frightening at the same time.

Naturally, the little brats had laughed their bumps off when Longbottom had put his Snape-shaped boggart into his grandmother's dress and a vulture hat.

He had nearly hexed the boy. A very clear sign of the wrecked state of his nerves.

Yes. It had been a lousy week. After many other lousy weeks, Snape needed distraction, and after having tried to fight it for the better part of the evening, he finally left his rooms and the dungeons in order to find someone to kill, to torture, to scold...

Or at least a student out after curfew. Ideally, he would stumble over Potter and his lot. "Detention until the next millennium," Snape snarled experimentally at the dark stone walls and wasn't surprised to see Peeves vanishing into the next wall. His mood was foul and the poltergeist knew it wise move to hide from him tonight.

Snape patrolled the corridors for more than an hour and a half, wearing nothing but trousers and a shirt. He deliberately had left his robes behind, together with his socks and boots. Barefoot, silent like a black panther, he strolled through the quiet school, tired in a way, but highly alert on the other hand.

It was close to midnight and nothing seemed to be out of the ordinary. No students; no colleagues. Not even Albus, pestering him with impossible wishes and demands. "As if I could hinder the Dark Lord from rising," Snape muttered, white teeth flashing in the light of a flickering torch. "As if anyone could. Still, Albus insists that I risk my damn life every single day. Curse the old fool!"

One could have called the Potions master stressed out. One could have called him nervous beyond recognition, short-tempered, even dangerous. If one would have dared. If anyone would have been there to do so or cared for his well-being.

Finally, when the clock's hands turned past midnight, Snape faced facts and admitted to himself that he needed a break. It was no use spending the night patrolling, as he would be exhausted in the morning and unable to fulfil his tasks. This wasn't the first night he'd been out in the corridors until dawn; he hadn't slept much in the past few nights. He had been too restless and too tense, and he needed to calm down, for Merlin's sake!

Weary, Snape halted his long strides and slumped against the wall. The chill from the stones seeped through his feet up into his body, and he shivered. As much as he disliked the heavy robes, which in a way diminished his movements, they were perfect for keeping him warm. "Should have worn the boots," he murmured and rubbed one naked foot against the calf of his other leg.

Useless. He was cold, miserable, and most annoyed with himself. Absent-mindedly, he rubbed the silver band in his pocket, knowing well that his rooms down in the dungeons were not an option. "Somewhere sunny," he murmured. "I need a sunny spot, a warm and quiet place."

Well, this was Hogwarts. When Snape pushed himself off the wall, he became aware of a small door that hadn't been there a moment ago. The Room of Requirement turned up where it was needed, and obviously, it had sensed the Potions master's wish to stretch out on sun-dappled grass.

Frowning, Snape pushed both hands into his trouser pockets. His fingertips touched the ring and he began turning it in endless circles *A sunny, warm, and quiet place*, he thought, determined.

Thinking about this place and staring at the door, Snape considered his options for several minutes. Every muscle in his body ached, his eyes were burning, and suddenly, he longed badly for the smell of hay he surely would find behind the door. An hour or two, and he knew he would feel better. A few hours in a room where no one would find him, no one would make demands on him, where he could let his wards down, feeling safe. There were no options, if he was honest with himself. He couldn't go back to his rooms, not tonight, not after he had done so all those previous nights. His rooms were empty and cold. Too empty. Far too lonely.

A hesitant step towards the door. It didn't happen often that he felt weak and vulnerable enough to give in to his needs. He usually didn't even have needs. He functioned. He obeyed. He taught students too daft to see the dangers they were playing with, knowing that many of them would be dead in a couple of years, once the Dark Lord regained his strength. He served a man Dumbledore who honestly believed that a little boy could best the most dangerous wizard in the world. And he was bound to a monster Voldemort who was a creature too scared to die, too crazy to be killed, and who wanted nothing less than to rule the entire world.

"Goodness, I need a break," Snape murmured.

A gentle pounding in the back of his head announced a headache, and Snape closed his eyes for a moment. As much as he wished he weren't concerned by the things that happened to him and because of him, as much as he wanted to be without weaknesses at all, he knew he had to give in tonight. He had avoided this for weeks. Tonight, it was time, finally, not only to wish for the place he was longing for, but to open the door as well.

So he took another step. *Sunny, warm, and quiet*, he thought once more, holding the ring tightly in his fist. Slipping it onto his little finger only a moment later, he then stepped through the door into the Room of Requirement.

A gentle and golden light shone through the shadowy branches of high trees. The afternoon sunlight, cast on an autumn day, was warm enough to be mistaken for a summer's day if it weren't for the unique quality of the light. Tiny specks of dust danced in the beams; a gentle breeze stroked the grass. Here and there a bird sang, accompanied by crickets.

A barn, old and weather-beaten, was hiding behind an ancient oak tree. Half the roof was collapsed, the wooden beams looking more like cobwebs than something solid. A few tools a rake, a shovel, a huge wheelbarrow leaned against the door.

It smelled of hay. Snape's thin lips curved, and he knew he had made the right decision in opening the door. This place was just what he had hoped would turn up. The air was warm enough to easily melt his ice-cold feet back to life, and the hay well, there was always hay when he wished for a room.

Silently, Snape approached the barn, admiring the fact that it was not only hidden behind trees, but had a huge, ironclad gate as well. Inside, due to the broken roof, it

would be warm and bright as well, the smell of hay would be stronger, and maybe there would be an old saddle hanging on one of the many pegs.

With flat hands, he tried to push open the gate and was surprised at its weight. The hinges were rusty; the gate opened just wide enough for him to slip in.

Piles of hay were stored in the old barn, and strong beams carried the weight of the remaining roof. Sunlight played on the dusty floor; a fly buzzed somewhere above. He watched it fly into a cobweb, and only a few busy moments later, it was safely wrapped in a thread.

Silence fell on the barn, the grass outside, the half open gate. Snape spread his toes, felt the dry stalks and the wooden floor under his bare feet. Casually, he stepped out of the shadows and turned once in the middle of the barn.

A moment ago, when he had entered, he had felt unsure if he was in the right mood for this. He had been too annoyed with himself and too angry with everyone else; it had seemed impossible that he could relax. But this was his place. And he had to stay.

Absent-mindedly, he leaned against one of the old beams, thick and steady and impossible to break, and breathed in.

This smell. This rich, mellow smell of hay and leather. There was an old saddle, half buried under the haystack. The combined fragrances, more prominent due to the warmth of the sun, reminded him of the past, of a day when everything had been right, everything had been perfect the day he had first made love to a girl, in a hayfield and with her satchel propped under her head whilst he rode her. That day was one of his most precious memories. No surprise he simply loved that smell.

His eyelids dropped closed. Not that he was tired, but he felt safe here, in his room, especially because no one would be able to get in uninvited. Not even Albus could break the wards without knowing the precise description of the room and the password that warded the door.

It was really warm in here. With practised fingers, Snape unbuttoned his shirt until it hung open on his lean frame. Somehow, the breeze had made it inside the barn and now kissed his heated skin, hardening his nipples. With his palm he brushed across them, then went lower and opened the belt of his trousers. There was a familiar tugging between his legs and he fully intended to take care of it.

Without looking, he opened belt, button, and fly just enough to push his hands under the hem, but not enough to make his trousers slip to the floor. He hadn't put on underpants he hadn't planned to go patrolling, had actually fought the urge to move, to come here and he found his cock slightly stiff, awaiting his touch.

Snape sighed. Contently, he began to stroke himself slowly, even lazily. He knew he had all the time he wanted. He was away from Hogwarts, and nothing would disturb him here, in this most marvellous barn. For a change, he could forget worrying about his duties.

Only he couldn't, of course. It was impossible for him to leave his normal life behind, if only for an hour or two. Potions lessons rattled in his mind, Potter stared at him, Dumbledore twinkled over his glasses, the Dark Lord lingered in the abyss behind his eyelids. The constant pressure he was under, the complicated, daily tasks he had to perform prevented him from losing himself even in the simple task of wanking.

Snape sneered. He knew only too well that even if he climaxed, the result would be dissatisfying and useless for easing the tension from his muscles, his body, and his mind. Actually, he was certain that it would be worse afterwards, having spilled without having reached a real high.

Lots of reasons, but the result was the same: his cock refused to become hard.

What he needed really, badly needed was sex. Thorough, passionate, proper sex. Good enough to make him scream out loud, good enough to make him forget everything else, to leave him sated and satisfied.

Hell, how he was longing for a decent lay. And still, it was something he had tried to ignore in the past weeks and months. He hated to be ruled by his body; he immensely disliked to be ordered around by his cock, which was why he hadn't come here earlier to find some peace and the chance for an orgasm in the hay. He had fought against his desire, had fought hard, even tonight.

The silver ring glinted in the sun as the hand he wore it on grabbed the beam behind his head. His other hand slowly stroked across his groin.

As he was here now, as he had finally given in to temptation and hope, bathed as he was in light and surrounded by the sweet smell of cut grass, he considered it a good decision. He was not hard, but at least he could enjoy the rough strokes of his potion-stained fingers. In fact, only his standing position wasn't that comfortable. So Snape slipped down at the beam, to sit with his back pressed against the hard, unyielding wood. Actually, he would even take off his trousers. It had been a long time since he had masturbated, so he might as well make the most of it. After all, it was more than warm enough to be partially naked.

Comfortably, he rested his head against the wood; his legs, pushed apart, granted free access to thighs, belly, and the more private parts down there. A few stalks pierced his bottom, but that didn't matter all that mattered was his hand on his length, squeezing and stroking, trying to persuade his prick to stiffen properly.

He didn't hear the silent footsteps over his slightly ragged breathing. He wasn't aware that someone was watching him from only a few feet away. He didn't notice when this someone lowered himself until he was at eye-level. Only when Remus Lupin's hand shot forward and locked tightly at his throat did Snape jerk his eyes open, a curse on his lips and both his hands fastening around the werewolf's wrist. Something showed in his eyes not panic, not even fear. Anger, maybe, and outrage to be disturbed in so delicate a situation. Wordless, wandless, Snape cast a spell and nothing happened.

A smile spread on Lupin's face, and his gaze dropped to Snape's groin before letting his eyes wander across the Potion master's pale chest and back to his face. "Enjoying yourself, Severus?" he said in a pleasant voice, but with a sharp edge. "Not too much, it seems. Know what you need?"

Snape was about to snap a nasty answer, to hex the werewolf into oblivion, when Lupin brought his elbow up and smacked it hard against the Potions master's temple. A strained sound of pain emerged from the half-naked man, and he sunk to his side, not knocked out but dizzy and blinded for a moment. His arms had lost their strength; his hands opened and released the werewolf's wrist. Snape would have hit the ground if Lupin hadn't moved with him, his hand still round the dark wizard's throat, and caught him.

What happened next was too fast for Snape to prevent it. In his head and in front of his eyes small stars exploded, caused by the werewolf's blow, and had he been able to think straight, he might have been surprised by the casual brutality the werewolf had used. But thinking was not an option at the moment, nor was moving or fighting. There was nothing he could do but try to get his head clear again, and so Lupin just reached into his pocket with his free hand, pulled out a strong leather rope, and tied first one, then the other of Snape's hands to the beam he was leaning against.

The binding forced Snape into a sitting position again, and his head fell back against the dark wood. Trying to focus, trying to ignore the pounding inside his skull, he saw only legs and seemed to be wondering how on earth Lupin had managed to get in here unnoticed.

Snape tried to move, to get his legs under him, to free his hands. Useless. Lupin had bound him tight; he could already feel the leather ripping his skin. "You..." Snape began, only to find the werewolf's huge hand slapped on his mouth, covering it, killing the words he had wanted to say.

"Quiet," Lupin growled, his gaze a cross between amusement and demand. His other hand opened the belt of his trousers, and with a bit of effort he managed to step out of them without letting go of Snape.

Narrow-eyed, the Potions master stared at him. *Curious that I am not the only one not wearing undergarments tonight*, Snape thought distractedly when Lupin's cock jumped out at him, not entirely hard but impressive nevertheless. The Potions master now had a pretty good idea what Lupin was after, but he certainly had no intention of sucking a werewolf. Clenching his teeth, he stared at the man towering above him, aggression showing in his black eyes, as well as determination not to give in. Had he been able to use magic, he would have done so without a second thought.

However, he couldn't. His magic hadn't worked a moment ago, and he knew with certainty it wouldn't work now, either.

Lupin's hand on his mouth moved. With a swift gesture, he buried his fingers in Snape's hair and jerked his head hard against the beam. A soft 'tock' proved that the impact was painful, as did Snape's strangled cry of pain.

"Open. Your. Mouth," Lupin ordered, a definite threat in his usually gentle voice. "Open, or I will slam your head against the beam until your jaws loosen up."

"Fuck off," Snape bit out through gritted teeth, and then the pain on his scalp increased when Lupin nearly ripped the long, black strands out.

Tock.

"Open!" Clear words. And Lupin's face and his hard cock left nothing to the imagination.

Snape could feel a small trickle of blood running down his neck where the wood had cut the skin. Squeezing his eyes shut, he tried to think. Lupin was dangerous, and he was about three times stronger than a human man. He would get what he wanted a blowjob and the only question was if Snape fancied getting beaten unconscious before he had to do it.

Obviously, he thought about it too long.

Tock. Snape's head hit the beam again. Another moan of pain emerged from the Potion master's lips, and out of instinct, he moistened them. What he felt was Lupin's cockhead pressing against the barrier of his teeth.

"Suck!" Lupin whispered hoarsely. "Now."

Snape had no desire to suffer from a broken skull. And so he opened his mouth, parted his lips, and felt Lupin pushing his length into the dark cave deep enough to nearly make him choke.

The werewolf's shaft slid out and in again, rhythmically pushing against the roof of Snape's mouth. It was hard to breathe and even harder to concentrate, getting abused like this. What he would do if Lupin spilled between his lips Snape didn't know he already had a feeling of drowning, of being overwhelmed with the various smells around him. Male smell, sweet sweat smell, jeans smell from Lupin's trousers, cotton smell from his shirt. Leather smell from the saddle and the ropes around his wrists. Blood from the back of his head and his wrists. Snape fought now, tried to free his hands, although he knew that he could neither break the beam nor rip apart the leather ropes.

Lupin's hand dug in his hair, and Snape's head was immobilised whilst the werewolf fucked his mouth. Only the Potions master's hands moved, turned and turned in the tight grip of the binding, whilst he could hear Lupin's breathing getting rougher.

Snape swore a silent oath that he would kill the bastard, would do it slowly, if Lupin dared to come now.

But Lupin didn't spill in the Potions master's mouth. After an eternity of forceful pumping, he pulled back, and Snape slowly opened his eyes, looking straight up into his captor's face. Beads of sweat stood on the werewolf's forehead; his light brown eyes were darker today, in this barn, with the sunbeams at his back.

"Enjoyed it?" Lupin asked and lowered himself on Snape's thighs.

"You damn..." Snape began again, trying to get a whole sentence out at least while denying Lupin an answer at the same time. But Lupin swiftly gagged him with a piece of cloth, and if looks could kill, the werewolf would have dropped dead on the spot.

Smiling again, Lupin wiped a strand of Snape's hair out of the Potions master's face. He placed his hand once more around his victim's throat, apparently fully aware that it was a most uncomfortable feeling. "You can nod, or you can shake your head, Severus. It won't make a difference to me, but at least you can express some of your feelings." The werewolf ran his hand across Snape's chest. Lingered at the hard nipples, he teased them, twisted them until Snape gasped into the gag. Then Lupin bent down and roughly licked his tongue across them.

Snape became rigid. This was such an intimate gesture, such an impossibly tender thing to do and he was absolutely unable to hinder Lupin in doing it. He, one of the most powerful wizards in their world, was at the mercy of a man he had despised since childhood.

Damn.

Unfortunately, his cock enjoyed the touch, the sensation of skin against skin. The heat the werewolf radiated, combined with his visible arousal, made the Potions master's length swell and harden with the same rush of blood that caused his pale cheeks to redden at that fact.

This was not true. It was not real. Couldn't be. He was dreaming, he was having a nightmare, and if only he could free his hands, he would strangle Lupin and wake up in his own bed.

As much as he hoped it was a dream, he knew it wasn't. Snape couldn't deny that fact. A dream wasn't that bright; in a dream he couldn't feel pain that clearly. Or lust, come to think of it.

Snape felt Lupin's hand slipping lower, between his legs, and when the slender fingers touched his hardness, he tried to shout around the gag. With immense strength, Snape moved his hips, tried to get Lupin off his lap so he could kick the shit out of him.

The werewolf must have sensed his intention. Instantly, Lupin tightened his grip around the Potions master's throat as well as his cock until pain shot through Snape, beginning at his balls, lashing through his legs, and up his spine. It exploded in his head, wiped out wishes and hopes. He gave up fighting immediately.

"Good," Lupin whispered. "Whenever you try to hurt me, I will hinder you. Effectively. Understood?"

Snape could do nothing but nod.

The werewolf's hand was circled around the base of his shaft, only he was squeezing more gently now. And stroking. "Do you enjoy this?" Lupin asked, a hint of danger ringing in the gently pronounced words. "Nod or shake your head, but tell the truth."

A shake, short and brisk. No. He didn't enjoy it. Not at all.

"Liar," Lupin replied. "You are hard. A lot harder than you were when I came in. And I can hear your heartbeat it's fast. You might hate me right now, but you are excited. And hot. I can even smell you. Soap and shampoo, toothpaste, mainly, but underneath you smell like someone who wants to get fucked. Shall I fuck you? Just nod your head, Severus. Because if you shake it, I will fuck you anyway."

Squeezing, stroking, pulling. Lupin wanked him expertly, and Snape had never hated anyone as much as this damn bastard of a werewolf. How dare he touch him! How dare he disturb him here, at this place!

How dare he get his cock hard with a few strokes!

Honestly? It hadn't been only the touch of another hand than his own at his cock that had aroused Snape. It had been the force, the brutality Lupin had used. His desire had been heated by the fact that Lupin had used him, had forced his mouth open, had stuck his cock inside him without caring about his opinion. School, pupils, tasks, demands, fears, and hopes were dwindling from Snape's mind.

Embarrassing. Unthinkable. When he felt his hips buck into Lupin's squeezing fist, Snape decided to get his betraying body under control again, bared his teeth, and smashed his head against the werewolf's as hard as possible.

Lupin yelled with pain and surprise and was thrown off Snape's lap. His hands, a moment ago busy abusing his victim, clutched his forehead. Blood spurted out of the werewolf's nose; for a golden moment, he looked as beaten as Snape felt.

Then Lupin whipped round, aimed, and slapped the back of his right hand hard across Snape's face. A second, a heartbeat later, he was up, strangling the bound man with both hands, watching blood trickle out of Snape's cracked lip. The Potions master could feel the werewolf's hot breath on his skin, and a drop of Lupin's blood mingled with his own. Had he not been gagged, Snape would have laughed at the fury in the brown eyes.

Lupin's grip tightened.

The light faded, at least it seemed so for Snape. Breathing became hard as always when one gets strangled and his lungs cried out for air. Involuntarily, the Potions master shoved his hips up, dug his heels into the planks, and tried to get away from the deathly grip at his throat. His hands felt cold, so hard had he ripped at the leather binding, cutting off the blood supply to his fingers.

"You want me to beat you? More than I already have?" Lupin rasped. "Or is this your way of showing me how much you want my cock up your arse?" One last tightening of the strong fingers, then he released Snape, who gasped desperately for air, head dropped to his chest and sweat dripping from his hair.

Fuck. That had been bad.

But he was still hard. Harder even than before. And Lupin saw it.

Fuck. Damn, bloody fuck.

There was Lupin's hand again, but not aiming for his throat. Aiming for Snape's length again, which was standing up like a tower.

Stroking, squeezing, revealing the moist head. Pushing, pulling, cupping the balls.

Snape groaned against the gag, soaked with saliva, sweat, and blood. He didn't groan because of pain or humiliation. His hips moved and it wasn't to get away from the stroking hand.

Lupin wiped his arm across his nose, smearing blood over his cheek. For a moment, the eyes of both men locked. Lupin's hand, working steadily between Snape's legs, stopped. Ragged breaths were heard, from Lupin as well as from Snape. Both men's chests were heaving, and Snape's legs were trembling with the need for kicking out, catching Lupin squarely in the balls.

And Lupin saw it. His pupils widened, his eyes narrowed. Fast, like a biting snake, he locked his hands behind Snape's neck and pulled him lower, forcing him flat on his back, the leather bindings scratching down the beam. Stretched out, hands still bound above his head, it was a most vulnerable position. And he was unable to cause any damage now, as Lupin sat on his legs.

Vulnerable. Exposed. Helpless.

Oddly arousing. To be so completely at the mercy of someone else...*Wonderful*, Snape thought and wanted to scream at this, the betrayal of his own mind, his own body. On the one hand, he hated this; on the other hand, he hadn't been that hard in ages.

And he wanted to get fucked. Good gods, how badly he wanted Lupin's hard cock inside him, wanted to feel the werewolf move atop him, wanted, needed to be taken.

And Lupin saw it. Saw it clearly in Snape's eyes, glued to the werewolf's groin. Saw it in his trembling muscles, as if he was about to jump and run at the first opportunity. Saw it in his victim's stilled hands, no longer trying to break the ropes.

Lupin brought his face close to Snape's ear. Skin touched skin; cock touched cock. "You want me." A low purr, promising and threatening. "Just nod and I will cut the ropes. Just nod and I will do whatever you want me to do to you."

Snape's nostrils flared. He wanted it, the promised fuck. Badly. But he would be damned if he admitted it. A short shake of the head. No.

"Idiot," Lupin snapped and nodded sharply towards Snape's wrists. Blood ran down towards the elbows. "I know that hurts. I know you want me. And still you fight. Idiot."

Lupin placed one of his hands on Snape's shoulder, the other on his hip, and rolled him over. The Potions master didn't struggle, let it happen, but bit his teeth deep into the cloth in his mouth when his arms tugged at his wrists. Balling his hands into fists, he forced some feeling back into his fingers.

A new scent was added to the already rich air oil. Scented oil, faintly breathing of the memory of honey, vanilla, and milk. A lovely smell, and the sensation of having it rubbed into his back muscles was nothing less than exquisite.

Snape didn't feel like fighting anymore. Instead, he didn't know if he should cry or melt. Desire washed through him, lust burned his resistance away, and he wished he could get rid of the gag and be able to tell Lupin not to stop.

Lupin, who was now working his way up Snape's legs, spent a substantial amount of time on Snape's bum, kneading the oil into the skin. Every now and then, as if by accident, he brought his fingers between the buttocks, brushing the sensitive bridge between scrotum and anus, adding pressure in such a subtle way that Snape would have moaned if the cloth hadn't been silencing him. It was an intimate touch, vandalising his personal space in a most delicate way. Snape couldn't stop his muscles from trembling in anticipation, and he couldn't stop thinking about Lupin's next steps, either.

Which wasn't good. This had started brutally Lupin had attacked him, had made him suck his damn cock, had hit him and nearly strangled him, and was now thinking he could arouse his childhood enemy with a bit of oil. Impossible. He wouldn't let that happen; he couldn't let it happen.

Therefore, Snape forced his head down to the ground to appear defeated.

Lupin fell for it. Pressing his hard cock at Snape's back, he murmured, "You just nod if you want me to open the ties."

Snape nodded. It was easy because it was the truth he wanted to be unbound. With one free hand he might be able to knock out the werewolf.

Lupin's hand followed the long muscle in Snape's back up to his shoulder, further on over the arm and elbow, to the Potions master's right wrist. The leather string had dug deep into the flesh; clotted with blood, Lupin would have had trouble getting his nails under the rope to tug it loose. Therefore, he just ripped the leather apart with strong fingers, something no one else could have managed. Snape would have bitten his teeth, but it wasn't necessary he was gagged, and after several attempts, his right hand was finally free.

Good. Excellent. Lupin had his hot body pressed against his back and was clearly distracted by the close contact. His cock felt like a pole at Snape's arse, slick with oil and ready for action. Lupin's face, unshaven and rough as sandpaper, scratched along Snape's shoulder as if the werewolf was inhaling the mingled scents of male arousal, vanilla, sweat, hay, and leather.

Skin to skin. Human touch. Not only the werewolf was hard, but Snape as well. A hint of musk hung in the air.

When Snape was sure that Lupin didn't expect anything but surrender, he made his move. In a swift, fast manoeuvre, he half whirled round as much as the rope around his left wrist allowed and rammed his right elbow into the werewolf's abdomen. At least, he tried to; Snape missed the most vulnerable spot by inches and instead only caught his captor's ribs, and even then, not hard enough to cause real damage.

Lupin just growled with anger, snatched up Snape's bloody wrist with his right hand, twisted, and forced the Potion's master's arm high up on his back.

Snape howled with pain; it wasn't muffled much by the gag.

"Damn you, Severus!" Lupin rasped and pulled Snape's arm higher. He had to keep a murderous grip: Snape's skin and Lupin's hands were slippery from oil. "You bastard! You nearly fooled me there!"

Snape struggled, or tried to. His shoulder was in agony, his muscles hard as stone, and he truly feared he'd gone too far. An inch only not more would be necessary to break bones. Without the gag, he would have begged the werewolf for mercy; as it was, he didn't get a chance to do so.

Lupin increased the pressure, pulled higher, and caused searing, hellish pain. "I will end this now. This has gone far enough!" he hissed. "I swear, I will break your lousy shoulder if you don't give in. You can nod or shake your head. Nod if you want me to stop; shake it if you want me to break you. But if you make me hurt you even further, I will leave afterwards. And I won't come back. Not tonight. Not ever."

A bead of sweat hit Snape's neck; Lupin was clearly out of his mind with rage. It was most obvious that the werewolf wouldn't hesitate to dislocate or even break his shoulder.

Heartbeats pounded along in both men's chests; seconds passed that felt like eternities.

Outside the barn, a bird sang its evening song.

Finally, Snape gave a nod. A small one, but a nod nevertheless.

"You give up?"

A nod.

"You will stop fighting?"

A nod.

Lupin's left hand found the gag at the back of Snape's head, ripped out a few hairs by pulling it down and out of his mouth. "Say it," he demanded, not releasing Snape's arm. But maybe his grip loosened a little bit.

Snape tried to swallow and found his throat dry like a desert. His lips moved, but no sound came out.

"Say it!" Lupin repeated. It sounded more like a plea than a demand. Between his legs, Snape felt his own cock throbbing with need and Lupin's, rubbing, pressing, begging for him to finally give up.

And so he did. He had fought; he had lost. This was surrender, and as there was no other way out of this, he might as well enjoy it. "Fuck me," Snape whispered hoarsely. "I won't fight. I swear. Just fuck me. I... beg you!"

His free hand slipped down his oily back and the fire in his shoulder cooled. But still Lupin held him tight.

Lower. Between their bodies their hands went, Lupin's fingers clasped like iron around Snape's newly bleeding wrist. Down along the Potions master's spine, across the small of his back, and towards the werewolf's length, which waited to be touched. Their fingers were locked; Snape's hand was forced open and wrapped around flesh. Hot, burning, pulsating flesh.

"You want it?" Just a whisper in his ear, but the small hairs on the back of Snape's head stood up. Oh, Merlin, how he wanted it. And now, he could admit it as well. He didn't have a choice anymore.

"Yes."

"How? How shall I fuck you?" Lupin's hand moved on his cock, taking Snape's hand along. It wasn't a comfortable position, with his other hand still tied to the pole, his face in the dust, his arm twisted behind his back. But what he felt was what he wanted. And it was perfect.

Snape licked his lips, dry and covered with bloody dust crystals. "However... you want to fuck me," he whispered and spread his legs. Lupin followed the movement and pinned his partner down on the ground. His cock was placed at Snape's entrance the dark wizard could feel the werewolf's length there, at his oily, slick anus.

A soft, long groan. A rush of heat. A single drop of sweat, falling in slow motion towards the wooden planks.

Snape's whole body relaxed in an instant and so completely that it felt as if he had been stunned. It was a wonderful, marvellous feeling; it was something he had been craving for weeks and months. This state of relaxation, the loss of control, taken away from him by a man he couldn't best without magic. Finally, more than an hour after the Potions master had opened the door to the Room of Requirement, he forgot everything and everybody all his tasks, all his duties, all his problems, all his work, and all his fears and hopes. He forgot his entire life, shed it like a torn garment in this one moment when Remus murmured, "Then I will fuck you hard and deep, Severus," and pushed inside him, using their entwined hands for guiding his cock.

No need to keep his moans of lust inside anymore no use, even, as he was being intruded upon like this. Lupin's cock so wonderfully deep inside him forced Snape's mouth open, and a harsh cry escaped from his lungs. The Potions master's mind had shut off. His body reacted, moving with the man behind him. His resistance had been well and thoroughly broken now he could allow Remus to do what he wanted to do and could enjoy every single thrust.

Hard. Deep. Soft slaps of connecting flesh were heard in the otherwise silent barn. Grunts and moans soon changed into low, strangled yelps. Their entwined hands landed on Snape's hip for Remus to get a better hold; moments later, they slipped forward and onto the ground, when the dark wizard used his upper leg to press himself against the werewolf's rocking hips.

Although his left hand was still tied to the beam, the rope was long enough for Snape to bring his hand up and trace over Remus's face, then towards the back of the werewolf's head. Drilling his fingers into Lupin's neck, gripping the straining muscles hard and demandingly, Snape's hand brought the werewolf's face closer to his skin. The Potion master could feel the sandpaper cheek on the side of his jaw, moving and scratching as the werewolf increased his speed.

A scream, hoarse and deep, pierced the peace of the barn.

"Too hard?" Remus rasped, never stopping his movement.

"No! Hard... as you want... as you... as you can, Remus." Snape brought their hands to his own cock, now forcing the werewolf's fingers open, wrapping them round his length. The force Remus used to fuck him was enough to drive Snape's own cock into their fists, and this time, the birds stopped singing and flew away, disturbed by their loud screams of lust.

Somehow, the Potions master didn't know anymore where his body ended and Remus's began they were one, connected at a single point. They breathed together, moved together; their hearts were beating in the same rhythm. Snape's shirt, which Remus had never taken off him, was soaked with their sweat. It crumpled between them, reddened their skin. Neither of them was aware of it.

Remus came first, in long, shuddering spasms, spilling his seed deep inside his partner. Snape followed, throwing his head back, knowing that Remus's shoulder was

there to catch it. Cum landed on their hands, on the Potions master's lower abdomen, in the hay and on the planks. Bitter, salty more scents mixing with the others. For both men, the smell was sweet in their flaring nostrils.

The sun was low in the Room of Requirement. Thin fingers of light pierced through the wooden walls, leaving stripes of shadow and gold on the ground.

Snape and Lupin both lay on their backs, still breathing faster than normal. The sweat was just drying on their heated skins. A soft breeze toyed with the Potions master's long, black strands and with the ends of the rope which dangled off the beam. Lupin had cut down his wrist not too long ago. Snape's hands were both free now.

Arms outstretched, the dark wizard listened to his heartbeat, eyes half closed, a wide, sated smile on his face. His long, pale fingers brushed slowly across the planks, touching hay, dust, and the occasional drop of blood. Around both wrists, the ropes were still bound, but he didn't care. At the moment, everything was exactly as he wanted it.

Remus propped his head up on one elbow. "You look satisfied," he stated with a smile. "Shall I take the ropes off your hands?"

Snape lazily shook his head, not opening his eyes. "They are dug too deeply into my flesh," he murmured, flexing his fingers experimentally. "I will take care of this when I am back in my rooms." He sighed deeply, happily even.

Lupin nodded, never taking his eyes off his lover. "I didn't expect you to be here. The last two times the room was empty when I arrived. What changed your mind tonight?"

Snape sighed softly. "I have waited long enough. Too long, actually. The thought of turning back to my rooms again was... dreadful. Impossible."

"Good for you," Lupin grumbled. With one arm he wiped some hay off his face. "You were becoming unbearable. I truly hoped to find you here tonight to help rid you of some of your tension."

Silence. Snape rolled his head towards Remus and stared at him with an unreadable expression on his face. "You know that I have to force myself to come here," he finally stated, casually, but with a slight iron undertone to his voice.

Lupin returned his stare without blinking. "Naturally, Severus. I know you wander the corridors for days, sometimes weeks, before you finally decide to open the door and to stay as well. I know it costs you a lot to let me do to you... well, what I do to you. You hate to give up control, and you certainly have no desire to get hurt. Pain is no pleasure for you. But this is your game, these are your rules, and I just play along. That doesn't mean I have the slightest idea why you want it this way and not... softer. Gentler."

Dust flakes danced down from the high roof. They were golden in the evening light, and they were an excellent target to watch.

Snape's hands balled into fists, then relaxed again. His pale, sunbathed skin looked delicate, tender, and unearthly in a way. Hay was stuck on his body, in his hair. On his lips, a bruise showed where Lupin had hit him.

"Gentle is not an option," he finally said.

"Why not?" Remus pressed. "You think I like hitting you? Binding you? Forcing you into lovemaking?"

Snape's thin lips cracked into an even thinner smile. "You despise it. Still, when I call you and tell you how to open the door, you never fail to come and how did you put it? play along."

"Why not gentle? Your wrists will take days to heal, even with the help of your potions." Apparently, Lupin wasn't in the mood to let go of the subject. Nor to comment on the fact that, indeed, a call from his lover wiped away any other thought he might have had for the evening.

Slowly, Snape bent one knee and folded his arms behind his back. His eyes were locked on the roof beams, heavy with cobwebs. Somewhere up there, a fly was devoured by a spider.

The silence stretched. Then the Potions master began to talk, his voice low and seductive, deep and dreamlike.

"There is a brothel in South London I used to visit every now and then. Muggle whores they didn't know my face, there was no chance I had ever taught them, and I didn't have to worry about our world for a while. For years, it was a suitable arrangement. One of the girls Marisa even took a liking to me. She was tall; short brown hair, blue eyes. About my age. Experienced. Strong, for a woman. I liked her."

A sigh. Crickets started their evening concert. Lupin waited.

"When it was clear that the Dark Lord had failed to die, my life became excessively complicated over night. Spying on Death Eaters. Spying on everyone who might be a Death Eater. Watching over Potter to keep him from harm. Spying on my colleagues. Thinking of ways to bring down the Dark Lord.

"Visits to the brothel became rare, and if I went there, the time was usually wasted. I found I could not forget about the wizarding world any longer, relax in Marisa's arms find relief. Even the simplest sexual pleasures require a certain willingness to give up control. At first, I was not willing to do so. Then, it became clear that I was not able to give up control any more. Impotence was the logical result."

Snape looked at Lupin, took in the bronzed skin, the light brown, ruffled hair, the bony structure of the werewolf's body. Lupin didn't look strong; Snape was one of very few people who knew from personal experience how powerful the lean man was.

"Marisa was a clever woman. She soon detected what my problem was and suggested... a game. She said that sometimes a man needed to be forced into sex in order to enjoy it. Unfortunately, she didn't wait for me to agree. She slapped me and kicked my legs out from under me. I slammed to the floor, more surprised than anything else. Before I knew it, handcuffs snapped closed around my wrists, and she had a whip in her hands."

Snape closed his eyes. A pained expression crossed his face. His words were cool, controlled, but nevertheless spoke clearly of how much he regretted what had happened next.

"She called me a naughty boy and whipped me once across the back. It was so immensely ridiculous. I should have laughed. But I couldn't. One whispered word and the handcuffs sprang open. They clattered to the floor and Marisa even giggled, calling herself silly for not closing them properly. Then she whipped me again."

Snape's breathing had deepened. He was caught in the past he could see in the darkness behind his eyelids. It was not a pleasant view.

"I nearly killed her. I broke her arms, her legs, and her hipbone. I used the whip on her and didn't stop until she was unconscious. She had thought of it as a game; she had believed it would help me to relax. For me, it was a nightmare. I did lose control, but not in the way she had imagined. Or I."

With a swift movement, Snape got up and shook the hay out of his hair. A few steps, and he had his trousers in his hands and was pulling them on. The ropes dangled from his wrists. With his back to the werewolf, he continued. "I took her to a hospital. Obliviated her, and never went back. She doesn't remember me. But I remember her and that day. And I understood that she had been right. I need to be forced. But not by someone weaker than I am."

Lupin didn't move. Head still on his elbow, he watched Snape getting dressed. "Why me?" he asked.

Snape turned. "Isn't it obvious? You are the only one stronger than me. You can keep me in check. You are actually able to force me to surrender as long as I don't use magic against you." Holding up his hand, playing with the silver band round his fingers, he continued, "This is why I wear the ring. It binds my magic for the time being."

Without it, I couldn't control my instinct to defend myself. I need you to break my resistance, but without the ring you'd be dead the moment you touched me." He began to close the buttons of his crumpled shirt.

"I could kill you, too," Remus replied, his voice hoarse with suppressed emotions. "I don't need magic to hurt you worse than you have hurt this woman. I could break your neck with one hand..."

"You wouldn't," Snape said casually. "You dislike forcing me, and we both know that. And I trust you. Entirely."

Lupin stared at the ring on Snape's hand. Apparently, he hadn't known its importance. "How did you know I would respond to your... request?" The pulse was beating fast in the werewolf's throat, and his voice was hoarse.

"I am not blind, Remus," Snape replied, not unkindly, and the werewolf blushed.

A strange little pain pierced the Potions master's heart, a pain close to an unknown, or at least long forgotten, emotion. Out of an impulse, he knelt next to the naked man on the floor and placed his hand on the werewolf's thigh. "I need you," he said calmly. "I control every single part of my life and many parts of other people's lives. If I slip, if I lose control for as much as a second, I die and they die, and our world is lost to a maniac of epic measures. This puts quite a bit of pressure on me. And even I need to relax sometimes. I *need* to surrender."

His hand brushed higher and rested under the werewolf's ribcage. Lupin's heart was fluttering like a caught Snitch. "Without you, Remus, without these occasional nights in the Room of Requirement, I would go insane."

Higher. Like butterfly wings, Snape's warm fingers danced across Lupin's chest towards his throat, where he touched the vein, felt the life streaming through his lover's body. Up to the jaw, the cheeks. Sandpaper stubbles and sweat. To the eyebrows, wiping off some hay dust. Down to the sensitive, full mouth. Black eyes locked with brown ones, and Snape tenderly whispered his thumb over Remus's lips.

A whole world of emotions showed in the werewolf's face, and he didn't try to hide what he felt by looking away. Like a bushfire, longing and desire lit up his eyes, and Snape had no problem reading Lupin like an open book.

"Lovesick fool," the Potions master said, sounding somewhat surprised.

"If I weren't, I wouldn't be here," Remus replied, barely audible.

Thoughtfully, Snape looked down at him. "I know. And you know that you waste your hopes and feelings on a man who is just using you."

This time, the werewolf did look away.

Snape traced his fingertips along Remus's cheekbone. "I know you would prefer these nights to be different. No force. No pain. No blood. But that is not possible."

Swallowing hard, Remus was obviously searching for words. "After the war..." he began, but Snape interrupted him.

"We will both be dead after the war, wolf. I, because either Albus or the Dark Lord will see to it. You, because you are a soft-hearted idiot who won't be able resist the temptation to fight right in the middle of the last battle."

Gently, Snape cupped the werewolf's cheek, then pushed a strand of hair out of Lupin's face. "Greyback will be after you, ripping you to pieces. A stray curse might hit you. Or one of my fellow Death Eater colleagues will finish you off. Malfoy, possibly. Or Dolohov he really hates werewolves." Hard to say for certain, but it seemed as if there was something like regret in the Potions master's casual words.

Snape got up, leaving a speechless werewolf behind. Outside the barn, the light was dim and welcoming. The sun had set. A single star sparkled in the sky.

At the gate he stopped, but didn't turn round again. Over his shoulder, he only said one word. "Lupin?"

"Whenever you need me," came the werewolf's reply. A certain bitterness was entwined in the words, and a lot of tenderness and love.

Then the door closed behind Snape, cutting off the soft breeze, the velvet night, and the wonderful smell of hay and leather.

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