

Lamenting in the Dungeons

by Mu xxx

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Hogwarts was under attack.

Voldemort's movements had not come as a complete surprise, however the Order of the Phoenix had believed that the fiend would adhere to his predictable ways and attack on Halloween--and it was only half way through September. So far, the wards were holding, which was an exceptionally good sign, although they would not last the onslaught forever.

Harry had just begun his final year, and his current position had found him stuck in a room with Snape, still trying to learn Occlumency. As soon as the attack had begun, Dumbledore's head had popped into the hearth and ordered them to stay exactly where they were. Actually, this had been part of the plan--for Harry to be hidden away until as many of the Death Eaters as possible had been weakened and, if achievable, Voldemort as well. Then he was to strike, like a sort of secret weapon.

However, Harry's nerves were as frayed as if he were in the battle, his mind unable to think of anything other than the absolute terror of anyone being injured or killed.

Harry looked to Snape, who had ushered him into his private sitting room. The man was sitting ramrod straight, staring straight ahead, his face even more pallid than was usual. For a moment, Harry felt sorry for the bastard, but then came back to his senses and regarded him with the usual disdain.

Without being asked, Harry flopped down next to Snape, sprawling himself out inelegantly. It was certainly not the time to come undone, and Harry would be damned if lost his nerve now that he needed it more than ever. He knew what he had to do, and although he did have doubts about his abilities, there was just no room for any mistakes. Voldemort had to die, and it would be by his hand.

Apparently, for the moment, Snape had roused himself from his stupor. He still was yet to speak, but for that, Harry was grateful. He watched as he went over to a cupboard and got out a bottle and a glass, cast a glance Harry's way, and then pulled out a second glass. Moments later, his skinny arse was on the couch again and he was handing Harry a glass of what appeared to be scotch.

Harry sniffed it before taking a tentative sip.

"For Merlin's sake Potter, if I wanted you killed I'd send you out that door, not poison you," Snape snarled, drinking down his scotch in one very long swallow, and then summoned the bottle for a refill.

Harry sighed in exasperation. "I wasn't thinking that, sir; I was just wondering what you'd given me."

Snape made some ugly noise in the back of his throat before drinking another glass of scotch. His back relaxed marginally, enough so that he was able to slouch slightly on

the couch, his shoulders now close to Harry's own.

Harry helped himself to another glass, after choking down his first. Now was not the time to get rolling drunk either, but for the moment he needed something to keep him grounded. He looked to Snape and noticed the professor was frowning, nothing new there, his hands on his lap and his glass held in almost slack fingers. For the first time Harry really looked at him, noticing that he was actually quite thin.

Well, more than quite thin--the man was positively emaciated!

Snape was certainly not an attractive man, what with his skinny body, huge nose, greasy hair, yellowed and crooked teeth and his severe personality. His fingers were almost too long, and stained at the tips, and his feet looked massive in those dull black boots he constantly wore.

Thoughts of the battle above were trying to creep their way into Harry's conscious mind, but he was trying hard to dispel them. He would not think of that until he had to, for the worry would certainly kill him. However, presently he knew he had been staring at Snape too long when the man snapped at him.

"What are you staring at, Potter?" Black eyes focused on Harry, unwavering, his breath hot and heady on Harry's face.

"Can't help it--there's nothing else in here to look at."

"Cease it at once," Snape glared at him, his black eyes strangely intent on Harry.

Harry sighed again and averted his gaze. This was it then. He was to wait down in the dungeons with Snape, while his friends were massacred, only to emerge for his own personal obliteration. He knew he was being pessimistic, but the situation was just so surreal.

If he did die, there would be so many things that he would never have had the chance to do. Finishing school, buying a house, having sex for the first time... saving the wizarding world from a fate much worse than death. He wished he could have done more and at the same time wished he had never been involved, that his parents really had been killed in a car crash and Harry left to be raised by his horrible relatives as a Muggle. That magic did not exist.

Unable to stop himself, Harry's gaze once again found Snape. He suddenly wondered if Snape had any family who would mourn his death or if there was something that he yearned to complete before facing his death. Harry wondered if he should just ask.

"I hate this," he said instead, finishing his second scotch.

Snape ignored him.

"I mean, it's just such a waste. There are so many people dying! And all because some bastard decided that what he believed was more important and should be considered law. I don't understand how anyone can really be that arrogant. And not only that..."

Harry's rant was cut off abruptly. "For Merlin's sake, Potter, if you don't shut that imbecilic mouth of yours, I will be forced to hex it off!"

"Fine--sorry I spoke." He rolled his eyes and decided to indulge himself with another half-glass of Snape's booze. The silence stretched on, the only sound being their breathing. Harry thought he would rather hear indication of a battle above, but the rooms had obviously been soundproofed.

Finally, he could take it no more.

"Look, I don't care right now if you want me to shut up! I can't. Not when I know that just a few metres above our heads people are dying and I am not doing anything at all to help! I hate this, being stuck down here! It just gives me time to think of everything that I won't get to do because of that snake-breathed bastard!" Harry paused, his breath ragged, his face flushed and his heart racing. So, he'd finally cracked a bit.

Snape looked at him calmly from his seat, looking mildly defeated. "What do you want me to say, Potter? That I am sorry you had to spend what could possibly be your last few hours on this despicable earth with me. Lament all you want, but just remember you're not the only one in here who would choose to be anywhere but in this room."

Harry bit his lip, pausing to consider the old git's words for a moment. "Okay, so you don't want to be here either. I can understand that. And if you were to die tonight, I'm sure there are things that you haven't been able to do that you wished you could have."

Sitting himself back down, Harry turned to look back at Snape, who was still expressionless, if not a little defeated.

"If I do get out of this alive, all I want to do is find somewhere to live, away from everyone, and go to sleep for a while. Then I'd wake up, make some food, and sit outside in the sun wondering what I'd spend the day doing. Maybe I'd go to the market to refill the cupboards, or maybe I'd just sit and do nothing." For the umpteenth time, Harry sighed, letting his head fall back against the high-backed couch.

"Touching sentiments you have there, Potter," Snape mumbled, although there wasn't much venom in his tone.

"I know it sounds stupid, but I don't care. What about you, what would you do?" Harry asked, suddenly curious.

The moments stretched on, Harry thinking Snape was not going to respond, but eventually he did.

"I don't know. I do not expect to come out of this unscathed. My record of accomplishment does not exactly work in my favour, Potter. If I live, I'll be imprisoned, and if I die... well, even you can figure that out."

Harry was mildly stunned. He hadn't even considered the repercussions of Snape's past actions or what would happen to him once the war ended, regardless of who came out successful. Either way, his future was bleak.

The world was crazy, Harry decided. It was not just Voldemort; it was everything. After all, it was from this world that Tom Riddle was born, not just from his vile mother's womb. Harry did not believe that people were born evil--they became what they saw around themselves, and that teamed with bad choices was a fatal mixture.

Harry laughed loudly, almost maniacally, noticing that Snape startled at the sudden sound. For the moment, nothing seemed to matter any more.

"Bloody hell, well, at least you won't die a bloody virgin," Harry snorted, hardly even realising what he had just revealed to his most reviled teacher.

Snape actually turned to look at him, one of his eyebrows raised in obvious intrigue. "How can you be so sure? I'm sure it hasn't escaped your notice that I'm not exactly a heart-throb."

Silence followed the admission before Harry snickered. "No, but you've had loads more time than me to find someone who will do it with you. You're like what, forty-something?"

"Thirty-seven, twenty years your senior, to be precise." Snape continued to stare at him.

"Well, that's a pretty good amount of time I'd reckon," Harry said, nodding to himself, wondering why they were currently discussing this particular topic.

"One would think so."

Harry frowned, wondering if Snape was trying to imply his lack of experience as well. That would be absurd! Sure, the man was not attractive, but even the fattest most

undesirable people manage to have sex at least once in their miserable lives. Harry had to know.

"So you're a virgin then too?" he asked, even managing a self-deprecating smile in the process.

"Since you're so assured of your immanent death, I see no harm in confirming it to a dead man. However, if you do manage to live, I forbid you to speak of it." Black eyes narrowed, but Harry was too gobsmacked to even notice.

"Shit," he muttered. "But... I mean, god, this is going to sound wrong no matter how I say it. Have you tried? You know..."

Snape waved his long-fingered hand impatiently. "No one has shown an interest in me, and my desires are not important." Snape's tone appeared that he cared little for his virginal status.

Silence stretched between them again, a little uncomfortable, before Harry laughed. "Look at us, two virgins sitting in a dungeon awaiting death and lamenting that our lives have been hardly even worth living. Maybe we should storm out of here and be done with it; Voldemort probably won't know what hit him!"

"We could," Snape muttered, staring into his empty glass. "Why haven't you taken advantage of your fame and bedded the wenches that have been throwing themselves at you? From what I've noticed, and it's hard not to, there have been ample opportunities."

Harry frowned. He knew why he had not had sex with any of the girls he had been out with in the last couple of years. He had come very close to it with Ginny, who was very promiscuous, but he just could not bear it. Women's bits made him feel ill, that was his deep and dark secret. Harry preferred the familiarity of a masculine body, not that he had even kissed another bloke.

"I don't like girls," he said and smirked at Snape's shocked and appalled expression. "Well, I guess you may as well know it all, and I do feel better for having said it aloud to a living person."

"So glad I could be of help. I must admit I would never have picked the boy-wonder for a shirt-lifter." Snape recovered, even managing his perpetual sneer.

Harry smiled. "Well, not that I know for sure, but I rather fancy I'd be more of a pillow-biter than a shirt-lifter." Snape's gulp was very satisfactory, in fact so much so Harry had the sudden inclination to startle the git more. "You know, if you were inclined that way, I wouldn't say no to actually doing something about this virginity problem."

Snape was very shocked, but years of being a double agent had him recovering quickly. "Be careful what you wish for Potter, as they say." His eyes had taken on a strange gleam, and for a moment Harry was actually quite frightened.

Completely undeterred, and feeling oddly aroused, Harry pushed Snape a little further. "Then let's do it. I want to have sex, you probably want to have sex, we've got some time to pass before we might die... What more of a reason do we need?"

Staring at Harry intently, Snape appeared to be looking for the truth in Harry's words. "By Merlin but you're serious. Potter, you have most certainly lost whatever mind you had in that hollow head of yours. However, I'm never one to pass up such an enticing offer." He sneered out the last sentence, and Harry felt the oddest combination of arousal and illness.

"Good. Then let's go, as I'm sure that despite the rumours you are a vampire you do have a bed around here somewhere." Harry stood as Snape did, his eyes following him up, taking in his superior height. He had to be a good six foot three inches, which towered over Harry's five foot six.

Without waiting, Snape started towards a door at the other end of the room, which opened as he neared it. Harry hurried to follow, his heart thumping in his chest. Snape's bedroom appeared to be just that: a bed, a rather small double, with a dark-coloured duvet and not much else. There was a wardrobe and a bedside table, and a couple of landscape paintings on the wall. Snape had stopped, next to the bed, his back facing Harry. Maybe he was changing his mind.

Dipping into his reserve of Gryffindor courage, Harry moved closer and stood beside him--already things were awkward. Snape was tense again and seemingly content to stare at his bed. Harry took it upon himself to give Snape a gentle push away, the first time he could remember ever touching the man, so that he could pull back the duvet. Black sheets were on the bed, not that Harry was surprised.

Snape still had not moved, and Harry's nerves increased. "I'll just lie down then, I suppose," he said, crawling onto the bed and leaving room for Snape beside him.

That seemed to snap Snape out of his reverie and into motion, and he sat himself down, making no move to get any closer to Harry. In this position, it was easy to see Snape's nerves, despite him never showing any in Harry's presence before.

Despite the awkwardness, Harry knew that if he did not make the first move, then it was doubtful they would get any further. In another burst of confidence, Harry leant up and over Snape and hastily pressed his lips against the older wizard's. Thankfully, Snape did not startle, but neither did he respond in any way. With a grunt of frustration, Harry pressed harder, and leant one of his hands on Snape's chest, being so bold as to flick his tongue along the thin lips.

It appeared that Harry's tongue brought Snape back to life, and finally he did something other than play stunned. The mouth beneath his opened and a tentative tongue crept out, and Harry was mildly surprised to find that Snape actually tasted quite pleasant. Obviously gaining some confidence, Snape's tongue extended and dipped into Harry's mouth, and while it was obvious that this was probably Snape's first kiss in decades, it was not too bad.

Harry pressed himself down against Snape, almost smiling when he felt a long-fingered hand barely touching his back. Arching into the touch, Harry boldly slipped a leg between Snape's and pressed his almost interested groin against a thin thigh. Snape's other arm came up around him, his fingers weaving into his hair, and the nails on his scalp sending shivers down Harry's spine. His cock went from barely interested to rock hard in moments. Snape sucked in a harsh breath, pulled away from the kiss, his eyes wild, and almost panicked looking.

They stared at each other for a moment, Harry's senses coming back to him long enough to feel embarrassed. He could not tell if Snape was as aroused as he from the position he was in, knowing it would be more than obvious to Snape that he had an erection to break through steel. Apparently, his professor was again freezing up and in need of prompting into motion.

Audaciously, Harry lifted his hips and slid his other leg over Snape, and rested himself between black-clad thighs. Snape allowed the transition, tensing slightly when Harry lowered his hips down to press against an equally hard bulge to match his own. With a sigh, Harry gave a tentative movement of his hips, almost smiling when Snape's eyes shut tightly, and the hands on his back clenched at the sensation. It seemed that no matter how unattractive your partner, pleasure was non-preferential, seemingly happy to have a source at all.

Kissing Snape again, it did not take long for either of them to allow their more carnal desires to direct their actions, both Harry and Snape arching their backs and grinding against each other in search of glorious friction. Harry buried his face in Snape's neck, unabashedly moaning and panting as his orgasm approached. Snape's hands were on his arse, guiding his movements, and it was all almost too much for Harry.

"Fuck, Snape, I think I'm gonna come..." Harry had barely choked the words out when he was harshly pushed from his position atop Snape and was about to retort something nasty when those stained fingers began wrestling his t-shirt from his body. Harry's urgency to come dulled somewhat, but it was very arousing to have someone seem as desperate for your body as Snape appeared to be. Suddenly, Harry really wanted to be naked.

Halting Snape's unsuccessful attempts at disrobing him, Harry yanked his top off and fumbled with the button on his jeans. Wincing when he was a bit too rough, he managed to get them off, leaving him in a pair of tented y-fronts. Snape seemed to be frozen again, his eyes darting all over Harry's form, as if drinking in the sight and storing it away. Blushing, and leaving his pants on, Harry reached for the topmost button on Snape's robes.

Snape made no move to assist Harry in unclothing him, his obsidian eyes the only part of him moving at all. With the robes unbuttoned, Harry pushed them off surprisingly

broad shoulders and immediately began with removing Snape's shirt. Slowly, Snape's chest was coming into view, and Harry's heart thudded loudly as his eyes took in the pale, slightly hairy chest, and the darker, peaked nipples. Biting his lip, Harry brushed a finger over one and almost smiled at the slight inhalation of breath from Snape.

Snape was certainly thin, that was for sure, and while his arms were lightly muscled, the rest of him was decidedly lacking; though he had a little bit of a belly, Harry found, as he ran his fingers over the warm skin. The black hair was stark against such white skin, both on his chest and the trail that began at Snape's bellybutton and led straight down Snape's trousers.

Suppressing a shiver as Harry considered said trousers, and hyperaware of the lump just below the belt line, Harry used his quaking hands to tug nervously at the buttons on them. After the first one popped open, a warm hand took his and ceased his actions.

"My shoes, Potter," Snape said with a smirk, but his voice gave away his arousal even if his expression did not; it was rougher and deeper than usual. His nerves were unapparent, although it was without a doubt he was just as nervous, considering neither of them had ever been in this type of situation before.

Frowning, Harry scooted down to Snape's feet and made short work of his shoes and socks, noticing for the second time that his feet were quite a lot bigger than his own were. Then again, Harry supposed, Snape had a massive nose and large hands, so it was only natural for him to have big feet too. With an amused thought, Harry realised he would know very shortly if there was another part of Snape's anatomy that could be described as large as well.

With shoes and socks removed, Harry was free to strip off Snape's trousers. Underneath, Snape wore unsurprising black y-fronts, and Harry had to bite his lip at the sight of him. There was no question now of Snape's masculinity, not that there ever had been, but if the size of his cock meant anything, then he was one hell of a man. Harry's arse clenched in slight dread, and he had not even seen the appendage in the flesh yet!

Before Harry could even contemplate removing their final pieces of clothing, Snape had obviously deemed it necessary to assert his dominance over Harry by pushing him on to his back, kissing him fiercely with a lot of tongue and nose mashing, and settling himself between Harry's thighs. From this position, the pressure of a cock against his own was greater, and the feel of skin beneath his hands was just as arousing.

The sudden urge to climax was again nagging at Harry's balls, but he desperately wanted to draw out his pleasure. Insinuating a hand between their bodies, Harry reached for his balls and squeezed them a little too hard to be pleasurable and almost sighed when his impending orgasm backed off. When it came to drawing his hand away, the urge to grope at Snape was too tempting, and so Harry cupped his hand around the hard lump. Snape jerked his hips, his tongue bumping Harry's teeth awkwardly, but was seemingly willing to accept the touch. From the feel of it, Snape had to be at least eight or even nine inches long!

Drawing his hand away, Harry gripped at Snape's sides, feeling the corrugations of his ribs. He was thin, pale and his hair was certainly greasy, and his nose got in the way when he kissed, but aside from all those flaws Harry was quite happy to let his spider-like hands creep all over his body. Obviously feeling a bit more comforted, or just extremely horny, Snape pulled himself from Harry and wrestled his pants off, and then relieved Harry of his own, rendering them completely naked.

Harry had to fight back the urge to giggle nervously as he eyed that massive cock, watching as it bounced against Snape's concave stomach when he moved. He felt another ridiculous urge to ask if it could possibly fit up his arse, but then remembered that Snape would not know--he was a fucking virgin too.

A hard cock rubbing against his own, and Harry's orgasm was trying to creep out of his balls again. "Have you got... uh... you know..." Harry gasped, his cheeks tinged pink from excitement and embarrassment. Snape pinched one of his nipples, and Harry let out a squeak.

"What? Have I got what?" Snape murmured, his nose practically in Harry's ear as those scathing lips caressed the lobe.

"Gah... slippery stuff... for, um..."

Snape's body froze for a moment. "Hold on." Cold, dungeon air assaulted Harry's overheated body when Snape rolled off him to rummage in the bedside table drawer, presenting his pale backside. Harry smirked at the slightly sloped globes, wondering why Snape was graced with such a nice looking arse, even if it was a bit on the slight side. Harry ran his fingers over the soft, white skin, watching the muscles clench as dark eyes whipped around to glare at him

It seemed Snape was successful in his endeavour, as he held in his hand a phial of some description. Harry fell back against the bed, spreading his thighs and feeling like a slut, despite his virginal status. Snape was covering him again, his warmth reheating him and penetrating into his skin. With a hum of approval, Harry sucked the offered tongue into his mouth, only nearly to choke on it when a very slick couple of fingers began groping around near his balls. A few slippery fumbles later and a single finger pressed against his hole, the tip popping through the muscle with frightening ease.

"Oh shit, that feels weird..." Harry groaned, automatically clenching around the intruding digit. It slid in further, and Harry instinctively clenched his muscles before taking a deep breath to relax.

"Pain?" Snape grunted out at him, and Harry had to smile at the thought of the old bastard being considerate for probably the first time in his life.

Harry shook his head. "No, it's just odd. Um, keep going." More pressure ensued, and Harry felt that the finger was all the way inside of him. It did not hurt, yet, but neither did it feel good--it was an arousing thought though, to have someone literally inside of your body like that.

The finger was pulled out and then pushed back in, this time moving a lot easier. To distract himself, Harry ran his fingers down Snape's ribs and then curled his fingers into the thatch of black curls around Snape's groin. One more slight movement and Harry's hand brushed against Snape's cock, causing the man to twitch, before he wrapped his fingers around it.

A second finger was pushed into his body, but still no pain was present. Harry caressed Snape's cock, squeezing the head and disturbing the moisture that had leaked from the tip. Tingles shivered up Harry's spine as Snape's fingers brushed against something deep inside him, almost causing Harry's fingers to clench Snape's balls a little too tightly.

When the third finger was pressed into him, Harry hissed at a slight burning pain, the first he had felt, which distracted him from his arousal. Snape slowed his movements, but the finger still went in, stretching Harry's hole more than ever before. Harry wove his fingers into Snape's oily hair, pulling his mouth to his for a wet kiss. They were comfortable with kissing now, although snogging was probably a more accurate description for what they were doing.

After what seemed like no time at all, Snape had removed his fingers from Harry's arse and had leant back to retrieve the phial of lubricant. His cock was hard and huge, and glistened as Snape roughly coated it with the 'slippery stuff'.

"You should roll over; I've heard it's easier, for your first time," Snape said, frowning slightly, his hair in disarray and his cheeks pink. It was a surprisingly good look on him, Harry had to think, realising it almost distracted him from the fact he really was not an attractive man.

Getting to his hands and knees, Harry tensed when Snape grasped onto one hip. He felt vulnerable in this position, unable to see what Snape was doing, but was pleasantly surprised when Snape leant over him and kissed the side of his neck. Fingers were again probing the crevice of his arse, Harry sucking in a breath as one long finger slid easily into him with an almost excessive amount of lubricant on it.

Something much larger pressed against him, and Harry fought to keep himself relaxed. Alongside of the pressure was pain as the head of Snape's cock pushed through the tight ring of muscle. Harry gasped, and Snape paused, those long fingers dancing around his hips until one had wrapped around his cock and began stroking him with a slippery grip.

"Oh... that's good..." Harry said in a rough voice, pushing his hips back to get more of that cock inside him. It worked, for Snape began muttering obscenities, and neither of them ceased their movement until Snape was seated all the way to his balls in Harry's arse.

Releasing a breath, Harry relaxed into the intrusion. It didn't hurt now that Snape had ceased all movement, but his arse did feel very odd and stretched. Snape was still

stroking his cock, the other hand firmly on his hip. With the smallest of movements, he rotated his hips, and Harry gasped at the new sensation.

"It's okay... you can move, just... you know, easy..." Harry took a deep breath as Snape shifted his hips back, his cock sliding with ease until it was almost out of Harry's body completely. With just as much care and patience, he pushed back in, and Harry shivered when a tingly sensation jolted through his lower back and ended up at his balls.

"Merlin..." Snape breathed, repeating the motions. One hand caressed up and down Harry's back while the other stroked his cock in time with each thrust of hips. The pace increased with every forward motion, but Harry knew it was impossible for him to last very long. The feel of a thick cock, Snape's cock, sliding in and out of his body was one of the most incredible sensations Harry had ever experienced and, combined with the hand rubbing his sensitive cock, had him tensing and coming so hard that he was sure he was going to pass out.

"Fuck... fuck... fuck!" Snape cursed loudly as Harry's orgasm ripped through him, the clenching muscles obviously stimulating him even more. A moment later and Harry was positive he felt Snape bathing his insides with semen, and then Snape collapsed on top of him before removing his softening cock and rolling over, breathing heavily.

"Bloody hell," Harry moaned as his body thrummed with post-coital bliss, his body temperature finally beginning to return to normal.

"Indeed," Snape murmured back, his voice rough and sleepy.

Sighing, Harry moved closer to Snape and rested his head on his shoulder, wrapping an arm around his thin chest. After a moment of stillness, Snape wrapped an arm around Harry and pulled him impossibly closer.

"Not one word, Potter," he growled into Harry's hair, almost nuzzling the silky strands of black.

"Not one word," Harry promised, closing his eyes and falling into a short, but contented sleep.

It didn't matter that they were woken up a mere two hours later with the news they were required on the battlefield to face their possible deaths; what mattered was they were both content, rested, and had more trust in the other than either thought possible.

That they won the war was an exceptional bonus, not to mention the rounds of celebratory sex they had afterward and years into their resultantly combined future.

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AN: I just want to say a special thanks to Southern_Witch_69 for helping me with this fic during the submission process! I really appreciate it! ^___^