

# Slap!

*by chivalric*

Punishment for Draco...

## One-shot story

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Punishment for Draco...

A/N: This is for my friend Smoggy, who not only is one of the few males in fandom but reads most of my stories regardless of the content. (Well, unless it's slash.) He even leaves reviews if I ask nicely enough. I thought it was time to write a story just for him, but be warned: it's silly!

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Draco Malfoy knew something was wrong the moment Professor McGonagall called him into her office right after Transfiguration. He hadn't misbehaved; he hadn't earned himself detention, either. So why did she want to talk to him?

Nose wrinkled and looking as arrogant as possible, he stepped into the professor's office. "Quidditch training starts in ten minutes," he said coolly honestly, how dare the old bat steal his time; how dare she order him around as if he were a ten-year-old and not a nearly nineteen-year-old, grown-up wizard?

Well. He was at school still. Stupid Dark Lord had messed up the war and had got himself killed by Potter. And now Draco was back at school, repeating his seventh year like all the others. The Slytherins still had Potions lessons together with the Gryffindors. Snape was now headmaster. All in all, life had rarely been so boring and meaningless.

And now McGonagall thought she was entitled to deprive him of Quidditch!

"Malfoy," the professor said. She hadn't offered him a seat. Draco was forced to stand in front of the huge desk behind which McGonagall sat and looked at him as if he were an especially small, ugly smelling dung-beetle. "It has come to my attention that you didn't have to face any consequences concerning your role in the war. No one gave it a second thought once Voldemort had been defeated. You were allowed back at school; you even got your prefect's badge back, and you walk around as if you've never done anything wrong. This is, of course, unacceptable."

Draco opened his mouth and closed it again without saying a word. She was right; crap, the old bat was so damn right, and he so very much had hoped no one would remember his shameful role in that sodding war!

McGonagall pursed her lips. "I think it's time for some punishment, Mr Malfoy." Her voice was stern. "Please drop your trousers and bend over the desk."

Draco's mouth dropped. "What?" he stammered and took a step towards the door. Involuntarily, he wrapped his arms around his chest like a frightened child. "I... You can't be serious!"

"Well, I certainly won't have you bend over my lap for your punishment, Mr Malfoy," Professor McGonagall snapped and waved her wand. "You're too heavy and too tall for that."

Draco, caught by surprise and a huge amount of magic, was pulled forward. His belt opened of its own account, wriggled out of the loops, and dropped to the floor. With

horror, he felt the fabric of his trousers slip over his hips.

Luckily, he wore robes.

McGonagall murmured a spell and his robes vanished. There he stood, Lucius Malfoy's only heir, terror of each and every Gryffindor and Snape's favourite student, with his trousers around his ankles and his balls shrunk to the size of marbles.

Draco wanted to protest, but all that came out was a squeak. His feet walked towards the desk, although he didn't want them to, his trousers swiping across the floor, his shirt barely covering his bum; all in all, a most embarrassing situation.

McGonagall, though, didn't seem to notice. "Some spanks on your bare bottom should do," she said, more to herself than to Draco. "With a cane, maybe. A nice, flexible cane might be what's needed here."

Draco paled. A cane? What the hell what she was talking about, a cane? The damn things freaked him out. They hurt, and...

The spell McGonagall used pressed Draco flat onto the surface of the desk. It smelled faintly of beeswax and ink, it was smooth, and then, the old bat vanished his underpants. Cool air touched the bare skin of his bum, and actually, Draco thought this would be the moment when his balls would try and hide, but, surprisingly enough, that didn't happen.

The terrified scream died on his dry lips when he felt his cock swell and his heartbeat speed up in anticipation of the first slap.

Fucking, bugging hell. Since when was he a pervert?

"Brace yourself," McGonagall said, her voice as tight and cool as always. *She's standing somewhere behind and slightly to my left*, Draco mused, his hands gripping the edge of the desk. *If she moves a bit, she could see my privates!*

But only because he had his legs spread a bit. Which, he was sure, he wasn't supposed to do.

*Slap!*

This wasn't a cane, surely not. It was hard, no doubt there, but small and sort of round and spiky at the same time. And it didn't hurt. In fact, it felt quite... good.

"I decided against the cane, Mr Malfoy," McGonagall said in a conversational tone. "This is a hairbrush. After all, I do not want to cause permanent damage or leave some ugly scars on your perfect little bottom.

*Hairbrush? She's using a damn hairbrush on me?* Draco fumed, but then the next slap hit him, and he couldn't suppress a small groan and it wasn't, unfortunately, because it had hurt.

*Slap!*

"This is just for your own good, Mr Malfoy," McGonagall said, and in Draco's ears, her voice sounded surprisingly soft, tender even. "It grieves me having to do this, but after all, there must be some punishment, or you won't learn your lesson. I do hope you understand."

*Slap!*

*Slap!*

*Slap!*

Draco yelped when the brush hit his bum, and vaguely, he knew he should protest, he should pull out his wand and end this farce, this... impossible situation. But he didn't.

Couldn't.

He enjoyed it too much.

His cock bobbed with excitement; he hadn't been this hard in weeks, not since he'd seen Granger snog Lovegood. He groaned and grunted, desperately trying not to waggle his arse too much, to shove it closer to this deliciously naughty hairbrush. McGonagall's hairbrush. *Gods, that's good*, he thought. And, "More," he wanted to say but managed to bite his lips instead if McGonagall found out how much he loved to get slapped, she'd hex his balls off. Or worse, she wouldn't finish what she'd started!

Then she stopped, just like that. The brush he could hear it was placed onto the desk, and McGonagall took a step back.

Draco bit back a disappointed, desperate sob. But then, when she didn't move, when she didn't order him to get up, he knew for sure that she was watching him.

And his arse. Which must be covered with tiny, red dots. Possibly, it was glowing a nice contrast to his pale legs. After all, she hadn't used much force, just enough to make the skin burn like a bushfire.

Draco could feel her eyes wander over his body, his naked legs, and his arse. It was more intimate than an actual touch.

Gods, how his cock ached for release!

When he felt her breath on his neck, he knew he was in deep shit: his balls tightened, his cock twitched and a drop of precome slid down his length.

"For some reason, I have the feeling you didn't consider this punishment, Mr Malfoy," McGonagall purred into his ear.

Her cool, dry old hand touched his burning skin; it felt like rain in the desert.

Draco shivered with hope and anticipation.

Then, she slapped his bare arse once in a nearly playful way, and Draco came, spilled right in his teacher's office and bent over her desk, with his trousers around his ankles and a face flushed as red as his arse.

"You are dismissed, Mr Malfoy," McGonagall said, apparently oblivious to his state. She either hadn't heard or had decided to ignore his grunts when his orgasm had wiped any coherent thought off his mind, and she definitely, hopefully, hadn't seen the mess he'd made on the newspaper that was covering the floor.

When Draco slipped onto his knees, his legs trembling too much to remain standing, he came back to his senses and saw that she was busy rearranging some books. Only her back was to be seen, and Merlin, was he glad for that small bit of mercy!

Head dizzy, buttocks burning, and legs soiled, he hastily got dressed, knowing only too well that he'd commit murder to keep what had happened a secret. Goyle would want to know why the old dragon had called him into her office. He'd better come up with a decent and believable lie before he went back to the Slytherin common room.

"I... I can leave, then?" Even in his own ears, his voice sounded small and pathetically thin.

"Hmm? Of course you can, Malfoy. You seem a bit wobbly on the legs, though. I'd advise you to skip Quidditch training for today and get your homework done instead." With a nod, McGonagall indicated that she expected him to leave her rooms as quickly and silently as possible.

Quietly, Draco slipped into the corridor; slowly, he closed the door to the professor's office. His shirt stuck to his sweaty back, his trousers were crumpled, and he was sure his face was still burning red with shame and excitement. If he didn't hurry, someone would see him and draw some conclusions. McGonagall hadn't given him back his robes. And on the fabric of his jeans a telltale stain could be seen.

Gods, he'd come the moment she'd slapped him with her bare, cool hand! How gorgeous it had felt, how perfect, wonderful...

Shit. He was getting hard again!

Head down, cheeks flushed, Draco sneaked along the corridor and found an empty classroom. Warding the door with each spell he could remember, he sat down at one of the tables and tried to think of something different.

Like... like...

Well. His cock was half-stiff, but then, it could be worse. He could toss off quickly, using one of his various wank-fantasies, couldn't he? Like that, the whole unfortunate incident would vanish from his mind, overlaid with a more... acceptable image. It should be easy to get fully hard without thinking of an old and wrinkly professor, shouldn't it? Like thinking of, for example... erm...

Or maybe... Or even...

Didn't work. Instead of harden, his cock softened at the thought of things that usually made Draco groan with need.

Shit.

For at least half an hour, Draco tried to make his cock compliant, to have it at least twitch, but nothing worked. He even summoned himself one of his porn magazines the one that showed an actor which looked like Potter and hoped it would make him hard, but it didn't.

Nothing did.

"Fuck," he said wearily, vanishing the magazine again. "It nearly seems as if McGonagall..."

Oh?

His cock had just stirred. Now, that was ridiculous, impossible, it was preposterous...

"McGonagall," Draco said hesitantly, and his cock grew another inch.

"Slap," Draco breathed, and there he was, fully hard again and trembling with need.

Need for an orgasm. Need for...

...another slap with the brush. Or, preferably, that dry, cool palm.

Shit. Fuck. Fucking bugging... *shit!*

Draco shoved his hand into his trousers and attempted to strangle his aching cock, which was deliciously hard, begging for release.

"Minerva," Draco murmured, and whoopsy, that was all he needed to spill into his fist.

After a while, he managed to get up. His vision was blurred, his mind elsewhere. All he wanted to do now was hide in his bed, or even better, under his bed.

"That damn bitch totally ruined my sex-life. Forever! I will have to think of her whenever I want to toss off, and fucking hell, how gross is that?" He pushed the door open and staggered out of the classroom, and he didn't give a damn anymore if anyone saw him; his life, from now on, could only go downhill.

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Three pairs of eyes followed Malfoy as he wobbled down the corridor like a drunkard or maybe, like someone who'd just seen something really scary.

The green eyes sparkled with triumph. The blue ones belonged to a freckled face that was grinning broadly.

The brown eyes were full of mischief. "Polyjuice is a marvellous potion if one knows how to brew it," their owner said thoughtfully.

The eyes belonged to a young woman with bushy brown hair, and right now, she put the glasses away, which had sat on her nose until a few moments ago. "And of course it was great that you found out Professor McGonagall's private password, Ron had I not been able to use her room for a little while, it wouldn't have worked so well."

"Tell us what happened," Harry urged. "Did he scream?"

"Not really," Hermione said and then laughed so hard that tears were streaming down her face.

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A/N: I do hope you like the story, Smoggy. I definitely had fun writing it, and I even took the cane out. Sorry if I ruined your sex-life, too, but you have to admit, there's nearly no slash in it!