

# In Dreams

by Keppiehed

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Chapter 1 of 1

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**Disclaimer** This all belongs to J.K. Rowling.

**A/N:** This was written for SnarryLDWS. The prompts were "PWP, energy". Many thanks go to by beta, Literaryspell.

"Mr. Potter. I need to see you after class." Snape didn't bother looking in Harry's direction as he said the words. Harry swallowed. When they were alone, sequestered together in the Potions classroom, Snape turned smoothly, a predatory look in his eye.

"What do you want?" Harry asked warily.

Snape stood, his hands behind his back. "The question is what do *you* want, Mr. Potter?"

Harry shifted uncertainly.

Snape drifted closer. "I've seen what you dream of. I know your thoughts. What would people say if they knew the hero dressed like a girl and wanted to be taken like one?"

Heat suffused Harry's cheeks. "You can't..." he sputtered, aghast that Snape had peered into his mind.

"I can, and I have. *Divesto!*"

Harry blinked at the unexpected spell, which left him standing in nothing but his underwear. Lacy, girls' underwear. He blushed.

Snape's eyes gleamed. "*Incarcerous*," he murmured with relish.

A jolt of energy rushed through Harry's system, and his cock stiffened immediately as he felt the ropes coil around his wrists. They pulled his arms tight above his head, and he found himself bound and suspended, bared to the professor's hungry gaze. His cock ached, leaking, as it seriously tested the tensile limits of lace.

"Like that, do you?" Snape asked as he came forward.

Harry whimpered.

Snape reached down and stroked Harry's cock through the fabric, the lace creating an unbearable pleasure that made his hips jerk forward. He was going to come, the sensation too overwhelmingly stimulating. How humiliating. A groan tore through his throat.

Just as his orgasm ripped through him, he heard something. His name.

“Harry—”

“*Ron?*”

“That was quite a nightmare, mate!”

Harry let his head fall back on the pillow.