

Sea Sick

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 "Mpreg" and "leviathan." Thanks to beta, Literaryspell.

Harry pulled off the Invisibility Cloak and stared out at the lake. He took off his clothes. He knew the rules about curfew, but he was desperate enough tonight to break them. He simply couldn't lie in his bed a moment longer with this lust burning a path through his veins. He had to get out, get away and *do* something to purge himself of this infatuation he had.

The truth was, Harry had a crush on Professor Snape.

He didn't want to ruminate about how it had happened—he just wanted free for one minute of this torment. A brisk swim in the freezing lake just might take his mind off his predicament.

Harry plunged in. He kept at it until his muscles were burning, but it didn't ease the ache in his loins. The water didn't soothe the burn; it inflamed him. He reached down and fondled himself under the surface, the hardness in his groin undeniable.

The stroking of his hand was fantastic... He thought of Snape and let himself feel. As he treaded water he became aware of a presence under him, beside him... There was something on his thigh! Harry gasped and peered through the darkness. It was some sort of leviathan!

The squid wrapped a tentacle around his torso and thrust something up inside him. Harry gasped at the penetration. It was cold and slimy, but not entirely unpleasant. He was aware of thrusting... then it was over.

Harry stumbled to the shore. He made his way back to the castle on trembling legs, glad that no one would ever know about this except him and that... thing.

Two months later, his pumpkin juice tasted off at breakfast, and he had to race to the bathroom. He barely made it before vomit hit the floor.