

Listening In

by Keppiehed

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Warning(s): slash, chan, solo(M), spanking, crossdressing, implied D/s

Prompt: : I'd really like a fic where Snape describes his escapades with Harry to a third party (preferably one of the guys listed above), in a somewhat dispassionate way. Bonus points if Harry is eavesdropping/present for the conversation and gets off on the description. I love chan, D/s, teacher/student, crossgen, crossdressing, dirty talk, seduction, spanking, threesomes ...

A/N: Written for the_concept from your list of prompts.

Harry knew the rules, but he couldn't stop himself from breaking them. He was drawn, a moth to the flame, to the site of his debauchery. And like a flame, the subject of his desire burned brighter in Harry's mind every minute, trapping his thoughts and branding his image into every corner of Harry's mind until he was mindless with need at the end of the day. What else could he do except follow his heart to where it would lead him? He was blind and useless to all else. The moth, consumed.

He didn't care that his excuse was flimsy, that Hermione or Ron might guess that something was amiss. He knew that Snape had a free lecture period at the end of the day, and that was all that mattered. He had just enough time to get there...he'd wasted precious moments convincing Flitwick of his feigned illness. Stolen moments were all that were afforded them, and Harry planned on making the most of them.

With his heart in his throat, Harry skidded to a stop just outside the Potions classroom. He was hard already, just thinking of how Snape's eyes would snap when he saw what Harry was wearing under his robe. The professor had hinted at it before, but Harry had never gotten up the courage to actually put them on before today. He was looking forward to seeing if he could finally melt that famous reserve that the older man always wore. Harry thought that the corset and matching garter belt might just do it.

Just before he rounded the corner, a familiar dulcet tone carried from the classroom. Harry stiffened and flattened himself against the wall. Snape had company! It sounded like none other than Lucius Malfoy. He'd almost walked into what sounded like a private conference. Harry strained to hear what they were discussing. He was disappointed that he couldn't have a liaison, but maybe he'd hear something about Draco. It never hurt to have a little information in reserve about his enemy.

"... from what I understand," Lucius was saying. "How can this be allowed to stand, Severus? How can it be that a filthy *Mudblood* is ahead of a whole class of pureblood Slytherins?"

Harry winced at the slur.

"Lucius. What would you have me do? The girl, while insufferably arrogant, is undeniably bright." Harry could hear Snape's boredom.

"Are you suggesting that Draco isn't as smart as that ... that ..."

Harry took a big breath, ready to burst in and defend Hermione from whatever Malfoy was ready to call her, but Snape beat him to it.

"Not at all. I am merely pointing out that Draco has been coddled...yes, Lucius, you know it's true. But I see potential in the boy. A little healthy competition between the two is a good thing for him. He doesn't need you jumping in and fighting his battles for him. Give him his space."

"I suppose your idea has merit. I shall give my son time to regain his rightful status at the head of the class."

Harry rolled his eyes.

"After all, there is no harm done just yet. It isn't as if it is that *Potter* brat who is ahead of him."

Harry couldn't stifle his gasp of outrage. Luckily, Lucius had chosen to bang his ostentatious pimp-cane on the ground at the same moment, so Harry's gaffe went undetected. His heartbeat slowed back to normal as he strained to catch every word now that the talk had turned to him. Before, he had been waiting for them to hurry up and finish their discussion and the eavesdropping had just been an amusement to pass the time; now that he might be the subject of discussion, he was keen to hear all he could.

"I have found Mr. Potter's uses, and they are many. They are just not in the classroom."

Something in Snape's tone made Harry stand straighter. He couldn't mean what Harry thought he meant ... ?

"Yes, yes," Lucius said. "I've heard enough about his revered Quidditch skills. Don't try and tell me he's any better than Draco at that, either. I've seen that with my own two eyes, and Draco is clearly the superior Seeker."

"I do not speak of sports. At least not the ones played on the Quidditch pitch."

When Harry realized what Snape was referring to, that he was going to tell his enemy's father about their activities, his blood froze in his veins. He should be horrified, but a pleasant tingling began in his nether regions as he listened in to the conversation.

Lucius was silent a moment. "Are you saying what I think you are saying?" There was a pause, which could only be a nod of assent. "Merlin. Are you crazy, Severus?"

"No."

"How can you say that? He's so young."

"And no different from Bl..."

"I take your meaning!" Lucius interrupted.

Harry sucked in a breath. His curiosity burned like a bad case of bubotuber rash. Who could Lucius Malfoy have slept with that he wouldn't want anyone to know about? Harry's brain was about to overheat trying to work it out. The thought was mind-boggling, actually. The fact that parents still had affairs at their age was nauseating. Lucius wasn't even *his* dad, and it was still troubling. He wondered if Draco knew, and suddenly pitied him. Harry didn't want to commiserate with his rival or to see Draco as anything other than what he obviously was: a complete git. Harry shook his head to clear it of the confusing muddle of emotions and went back to listening. It was easier than thinking.

"As well you should. You, of all people, would appreciate the boy's ... proclivities." Snape's voice was as smooth as melted chocolate, and that word, said in that tone, went straight to Harry's cock. It was all he could do not to moan as he felt himself get hard at the mere voice of his lover.

"Exactly what kind of ... proclivities ... are you hinting at, Severus?" Lucius' voice was a few pitches higher than normal.

"Well, I wouldn't expect you to be interested. You're the protector of youth, as you just stated. I wouldn't want to offend your sense of ... propriety," Snape said drily.

Lucius cleared his throat. "Let's not be hasty. It might be in my best interest to know what kind of relationship you have with the boy. If you have him under your explicit control, that would be quite a coup for our side, you know. I think it would be best if you divulged the details to a third party, and I can ascertain the validity of your power."

Harry bit his lip. Lucius Malfoy was nothing but an old pervert! Surely Snape wouldn't fall for that!

"Really, Lucius? Is that the best you can do?"

Harry smiled. Snape was no fool.

"What?" Lucius sounded affronted. "Why, I..."

"If you want to know all the dirty secrets, why don't you just ask?" Snape's voice had lowered, a new timbre entering into it. Harry recognized it. He was aroused. That, in turn, made Harry melt.

"You think that / ... well, that's simply..." Lucius was stammering.

"Ask me." Snape cut through the nerves of everyone, even Harry, who almost jumped and gave away his position. "Ask for what you want, Lucius."

There was an audible swallow. "Tell me about you and the boy."

There was a pause, in which Harry could imagine the smirk of triumph that would be quickly shuttered. "There now, was that so hard? You want to know about Potter, hm? He is a naughty boy, for one so innocent looking."

"What do you mean? He seems so ordinary. And he's too young to have any really outlandish kinks."

"It isn't the extreme nature of his kinks, it is his sweet submission. If you could see him, Lucius. He is exquisite. I never would have guessed that he preferred such total ... domination."

That word rang out, and Harry guessed that all three men felt the effects of it simultaneously. Harry certainly did. His cock was now rock-hard, and the tip began leaking pre-come. He closed his eyes and prayed for the strength not to touch himself. There was no way he wanted this to happen, right here and now, listening to Snape talk about him to Lucius Malfoy.

"He likes to bottom?" Lucius squeaked.

"That is, obviously, a requirement of mine. However, it is more than that. It is his utter enthusiasm. He likes being my student. That arouses him, that I am his teacher. He likes me to take him right here on this desk. He begs me for it, you know."

"Begs you for it?" Lucius seemed incapable of doing anything but echoing Snape.

"That is correct. He likes to be tied up, but I prefer to leave him without restraint. I find that the bond of free will is sometimes the most frustrating captivation, don't you agree?"

"Yes," Lucius replied. "So he stays where you place him? Without complaint?"

"Oh, he wouldn't dare complain, not if he wants me to continue. But he does have a surprisingly dirty mouth on him. That boy knows more cuss words than you'd ever imagine."

"Such as?" Lucius asked. Any pretense of nonchalance was gone. "Do tell."

Snape tsked. "Some things are better left unsaid. It is the boy who can swear like a sailor, not me. Perhaps if you find him, you ought to ask him. It's quite an ... experience to hear those words from that mouth, I can assure you."

"I'm sure it is." Lucius sounded strained. "Then what?"

"Actually, don't let anyone tell you young men are better in bed. I find them to be rather aggravating. His eagerness is flattering, but I must tell him not to come. He always orgasms too quickly. He likes me to pull down his little-girl knickers and smack his arse with my hand. Just about the time I get it a nice, cherry red, he is groaning and panting, and he can't seem to help himself. Without either of us touching him, he is thrusting, and I can tell he is close."

Harry was certainly close now, out in the hall. The sound of Snape's voice describing their last session was driving him mad. His cock was rubbing against the lace of the panties he had on, and he was in agony. He gave up trying not to touch himself, and he slipped a hand under his robe and into the knickers. The lace was damp, and they were stretched near to bursting. He let his hand close over the swollen shaft, and an involuntary gasp escaped his lips. The waves of pleasure rolled through him, and he moved his hand, the lubrication from his leaking tip enough to ease the way.

"He can't restrain himself?" Lucius croaked.

"No. He is too young ... his lack of control is deplorable, of course. To see him orgasm at the sound of my voice, at the merest touch of my hand ... all I have to do is say his name a certain way, and he is spurting all over the floor. I daresay he is conditioned to the sound of it so well that if I said the word, he would come in his pants in the middle of my class."

"He ... would?" Lucius was rasping at this point.

"Indubitably. All I have to say is ..." Snape paused.

Harry was at the brink; his hand was working feverishly on his engorged prick and he was desperate for release. He wouldn't be able to last a minute longer, and from the sounds of it, Lucius was pretty close, as well.

"What?" Lucius gasped.

"Potter."

The single word was hardly more than a sigh, but the sound of it, dark and decadent and just for him, was all Harry needed. He was coming before he could stop himself, pulsing in a rush of heat all over his hand. He bit his tongue, trying in vain to keep his whimpers from becoming audible, but it felt too good and the pleasure was overwhelming. The last few desperate jerks of his hips were bliss as he slumped against the wall, sated, his hand still cradling his spent dick.

There was a cough and some shuffling. "Oh dear, I find I must be going. This has been ... most illuminating. I have something that I need to attend to..."

"I can see that." Harry could hear the smugness from where he was outside of the room.

"Ahem! So, I must beg your leave. Until next time, Severus."

The sound of chairs scraping stirred Harry from his languor. He'd been relaxing, but Lucius was headed this way! He barely had time to duck into a dark corner in the opposite wall before Lucius came around the corner, his gait stiff and a noticeable bulge in his trousers. Harry didn't know whether to be smug or sickened, but he didn't have the time to consider it when Snape's shadow was there immediately behind. Harry pressed himself into the nook. Snape would be furious to know he'd been spied upon! Harry would wait until the coast was clear, and then he'd sneak away, and Snape would be none the wiser.

Snape turned back into his classroom, but just as he was about to disappear from view, Harry could hear his voice drift out into the hallway. "Don't you know it's rude to lurk in doorways? Seems as if someone needs to be taught some proper manners."

Harry straightened, an involuntary blush staining his cheeks. Snape had seen him just now? Maybe he thought he just got here.

"And for eavesdropping, there will be a proper punishment. Of that you can be certain."

Harry's cock twitched, and he couldn't suppress a grin as he stepped into the classroom. This time, maybe he'd last a little longer. The door swung shut with a slam behind him.