

Neville's Secret

by sunny33

Neville has a secret, and so does Snape.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: The characters belong to JKR. I only torture them because Keppiehed leads me astray.

Warning: Not a lot of plot contained within. Be warned.

Neville Longbottom always knew when the Potions master was standing behind him. The hair stood up on the back of his neck, and a fine tremor developed in usually steady hands. His heart raced, and his breathing quickened while his cognitive function deteriorated in direct proportion to the length of time Snape remained nearby. Such was the effect the razor-tongued ex-spy had on the young man lauded as a hero after divesting the great snake Nagini of her head.

Gritting his teeth, Neville held fast to his stirring rod, determined not to allow his hands to betray him for once. Praying to whomever might be listening, he tried to concentrate as Snape leaned over his cauldron. As the older man's lip began to curl, Neville's tightly-wrought control finally slipped. With the sudden jerk of his hand, the nearly complete potion slopped onto the floor just as Snape turned to walk back to the desk behind Neville's.

A cry of warning died in Neville's throat as he watched the heel of the Potions professor's dragon-hide boot land in the slippery puddle, and, with a hoarse grunt and flailing of arms, Snape landed flat on his back on the hard stone floor.

Fifteen pairs of eyes turned at the sound of the professor crashing to the floor beside Neville's table. Fifteen hands stilled in fifteen cauldrons as Snape glared at poor, terrified Longbottom. They saw Neville's ashen face, his eyes black with fear, and a trickle of sweat running down the back of his neck.

"Twenty points from Gryffindor, Longbottom, and detention tonight!" spat Snape as he brushed Neville's offered hand aside and rose to his feet unassisted. "And discard that mess you call a potion!"

"Yes, sir," Neville replied.

"Why is Neville smiling?" Harry whispered to Hermione, who had turned back to her cauldron.

"No idea, Harry," she replied. "Now, get back to work, he's heading this way."

They had not seen what their classmate had witnessed.

Neville had seen something so remarkable, so unexpected, so inconceivable, he had been rendered mute. In that split-second before Snape had landed on the floor, his robes had flipped up above his waist. The view of untrousered, long, muscular legs had been a surprise, but the sight of the frilled lace, red knickers barely concealing the professor's clearly impressive package had nearly caused Neville to swoon.

Swoon from the effort of not coming on the spot, that is.

For Neville had a secret. A secret so deep, so well-hidden, none had even suspected its existence. Somewhere in the seven years he had spent at Hogwarts, his fear of the powerful wizard so exposed before him had waned, replaced bit by embarrassingly detailed bit by desire.

Yes, Neville Longbottom fancied the pants off his Potions professor. Preferably with all the rest of the black, far-too-voluminous layers off as well. Not for nothing did the young man tremble whenever Snape was near. The mere scent of woollen robes with musky, pure, male undertones had his nostrils flaring. The long, pale fingers sent his imagination wandering down roads it had no right to travel, and that voice... That dark, sensual voice had Neville gasping for air.

He'd maintained the pretence of terror in the face of Snape's presence long after all fear of the man himself had faded. What better way to explain his reaction to the powerful wizard? Neville, now standing eye to eye with Snape and with broader shoulders from plenty of physical exercise, could no longer be physically intimidated.

Detention, Neville thought happily as he cleaned his cauldron. *Two hours alone with Snape. Wonder if he'll still be wearing them?*

Four hours later, Neville waited patiently in the corridor outside Snape's office. Sympathetic groans and much shoulder clapping had accompanied his departure from the Gryffindor common room.

"He's awfully brave," one first year had said.

"He doesn't even look scared," another had chipped in.

"Enter!" called Snape.

Neville pushed open the door. "You wanted me?" he asked with a slight smirk.

Snape stared, for once speechless. Longbottom stood before him, standing tall, eyes alight, and without a trace of fear. Something was up. The professor stood and moved around his desk in an attempt to establish some semblance of normality to their interaction.

Neville watched the discomfited man, aware of the increasing tension in his trousers as the balance of power in the room subtly shifted.

"Why are you here, Longbottom?" Snape finally asked.

"Because I spilled my potion, sir," Neville replied.

"And the other reason?" Snape pushed, still suspecting a Gryffindor plot.

Neville swallowed hard, but kept his head up. "Because I saw something I shouldn't have."

Snape's eyes widened. "What?"

"I saw..."

"Spit it out, boy!"

"Your knickers," mumbled Neville, dropping his gaze as his confidence deserted him temporarily.

Snape frowned. Surely the boy hadn't said what he thought he'd said. "I didn't hear you, Mr Longbottom. Speak more clearly."

Neville clenched his fists and raised his eyes to meet piercing black.

"I saw your knickers. Red... frilly... knickers. Sir."

Snape's face blanched, then a red stain crept onto his cheeks. Lowering his eyes, he found himself staring at Neville's groin, where an unmistakable bulge strained against his trousers. "Oh," he said.

Aware of the object of Snape's suddenly intense scrutiny, yet unabashed, Neville continued, "Yes. Your knickers, sir. Lacy, soft satin, caressing your cock and balls like a lover's touch."

The boy's bold words shot straight to his own groin, and Snape's eyes closed as his breathing quickened.

At that moment, Neville knew.

Shedding the last of his inhibitions at the sight of his professor's face, open and unguarded, mouth impossibly soft, and lashes curling on pale cheeks, Neville spoke again, voice commanding and cool. "Not exactly appropriate staff attire, Professor Snape." He moved closer to Snape, forcing him to retreat until he was stopped by the hard edge of the desk.

One step further and Neville could feel the heat radiating off the other man and see the bead of sweat poised to drip off his forehead. "Is it, Professor?" Neville turned and with a flick of his wand, warded the classroom door.

Snape opened his eyes. "No, Mr Longbottom."

Another step closer. Neville's cloth covered erection brushed against the evidence of the Potion master's arousal. "So, perhaps it is you who should be punished?" he breathed against Snape's mouth as he claimed his lips in a bruising kiss. His hands gripped the edge of the desk, trapping the older man as his hips left no doubt of his intent.

"Yes," groaned Snape, "sir."

Triumph and desire warred for dominance as Neville stepped back. Snape watched through hooded eyes while Neville fought to maintain control, his knickers dampening more as each minute passed. Squirming under the younger man's heated gaze, his cock escaped its satin prison and bobbed up under his robes.

Catching the slight shift in Snape's stance, Neville's pupils dilated as he saw the professor's robes tenting before him. "I see you're ready," he said. With torturous care, he reached forward and unfastened each button on Snape's teaching robes, pushing them off the narrow shoulders onto the desk behind. The cool air of the dungeon wrapped around Snape's unashamed arousal. Dressed in only a shirt, faithless knickers, socks and boots, Snape remained silent.

"What do we have here?" Neville asked, his voice unwavering despite the delicious sight in front of his eyes. "Naughty underwear and an unauthorised erection. But what shall I do with it?" Neville smirked as he paced back and forth. His hand drifted towards the object of his attention, but withdrew as narrow hips thrust forward. "Shall I touch it?"

"Please," hissed Snape.

"Please what?" snapped Neville.

"Please, sir."

After one eternal minute, Neville reached out with one finger and traced a line from moistened tip along the shaft to the soft sac behind. "Like this?" he asked, moving closer.

"Yes."

Eyes locked as their faces drew ever closer, Neville's lips met the soft compliance of Snape's mouth. The kiss this time was a gentle exploration of lips and tongues while Neville's hand continued mapping the length and circumference of Snape's need.

As they once again pulled apart, Snape looked down at Neville's still clothed groin. "Please?" he murmured.

Neville needed no further encouragement. Unbuttoning his robes, he allowed them to slide to the floor as he tackled the fastening on his trousers.

"Let me." Snape's hands joined his.

"No. Stay still and wait," Neville ordered. As he stepped out of his trousers and underwear, Neville felt his erection swell further under his professor's gaze. "You may look, but you may not touch until I say so," he said, bringing his hand to his shaft and stroking slowly.

Snape's eyes followed every movement, his hand straying to his own groin.

"Did I say you could touch yourself?" Neville barked.

"No." Snape's hand dropped.

Neville glared and stroked himself faster.

"No, sir." Snape's cock glistened as it jutted, unattended and throbbing in the candlelight.

"Drop the knickers, turn around, and face the desk." Neville's quiet instruction was audible even over the slapping of his hand pumping his erection.

Snape turned, the pale skin of his buttocks stark against the dark wood of the desk. He felt a hand on his lower back under his shirt, slowly drifting down to softer skin. His buttocks clenched involuntarily as a finger explored his cleft. Warm skin met the back of his legs as the younger man leaned over and whispered in his ear.

"Lean over and spread your legs."

Snape turned his head, startled.

"You heard," growled Neville as his hand cupped Snape's balls and gently squeezed. A murmured spell, and his fingers were slick.

Snape complied.

The first finger was barely noticed as a hand gripped his shaft. The slight discomfort of the second was overwhelmed by the increasingly pleasurable sensations generated by the hand stroking his cock, the lips nibbling his left ear, and the erection rubbing against his thigh.

When Neville finally thrust into his body, Snape cried out, "Fuck, Longbottom!"

"That's the general idea." Neville's chuckle vibrated through his body deep inside Snape.

By the time Neville had settled into a rhythm, Snape had lost all restraint and was thrusting into the hand around his shaft as vigorously as he was pushing back against the velvet wrapped steel wringing tears of pleasure from his eyes.

Unfortunately, as with all good things, Neville's detention came to an end all too soon. But not before a satisfactory conclusion was obtained by all concerned.

The next day, Harry and Hermione exchanged puzzled glances as Neville received an owl carrying a small package, glanced at the note and the contents of the package, and smiled.

They would never have understood the note had they seen it.

Detention tonight, 8pm. Your turn.

Inside the package was a pair of red, frilly knickers.

A/N: This story is dedicated to Keppiehed, who is *always* to blame, HBAR, who started the frilly knicker business, and quaffswinegaily, who checked it over. Smooches to you all!