

First Among The Living

by Dementor Delta

Harry uses a magical object not in a manner approved by the manufacturer.

First Among the Living

Chapter 1 of 1

Harry uses a magical object not in a manner approved by the manufacturer.

Harry Potter wasn't altogether stupid, though it took a plate of Kreacher's sandwiches, with the crusts painstakingly cut off, to remind him. He put down the last sandwich, tugging out the watercress and rolling the bread into a ball and thinking. It wasn't easy, not after everything else he'd been through today. It felt like he'd used up his quotient of thinking sometime in the vault at Gringotts, and he'd still had to defeat the Dark Lord and save the world right after.

It felt like it ought to be later than it was, as though the sun ought to be moving visibly overhead like a cartoon to show how much time had passed. Yet, there it hung, still waiting to bring the longest day in Harry's life to a close. He still had plenty of late spring light as he headed into the forest, trying to trace the path he'd taken earlier when he'd come into the forest to die. Luckily he'd only been mostly dead.

That stand of trees--hadn't he seen his parents, then Sirius, and at last Remus silhouetted against it, their shadowy forms given temporary life by the Resurrection Stone? Harry peered at the oddly shaped trunks and decided this was the spot, and looked around on the forest floor, just about to get out his wand to cast more light, when he spotted it. The black stone looked as out of place on the forest floor--sleek and glistening, cracked down the center--as Harry himself would look in the Gaunt's hovel.

He hesitated a moment before picking it up, looking around the forest as though afraid of being observed. No ghosts appeared when he touched the stone; no specters shimmered into being when his fingers clutched around it. He tossed it once in his palm and put it in his pocket.

He didn't know why he wanted the Resurrection Stone back after he'd told Dumbledore's portrait that it was better off lost in the forest. Except he'd want it. He patted his pocket as he trudged up the stairs into Hogwarts.

Or perhaps he just didn't want anyone else to have it.

He started up the stairs toward Gryffindor Tower, avoiding the Great Hall, only to be told, quite sternly, that the dorms and common room were being used to tend the wounded.

Harry blinked on the landing, exhaustion catching up with him swiftly now that he'd found the stone again. He swayed, having used up his supply of thinking again, and grabbed onto the banister.

The stairway shifted, the entire staircase moving to connect with an entirely different one, this one leading down. Obliging Harry followed it, then trudged down another, this time unimpeded as he realized he was heading down to the dungeons.

There was nothing stirring down here, not even dust or echoes of his own footfalls. Everything looked untouched by the battle that had stormed overhead. The Potions classroom looked as if everyone had just stepped out for tea, though the idea of Snape allowing that made Harry grin a bit manically. Books and cauldrons were stacked untouched amidst dead things in jars that Snape had treasured so--

His feet moved him on before the memory of Snape became overwhelming, past the classroom, towards Snape's office. Harry had no idea whether Snape had even used this room as an office during his term as headmaster, but it still bore Snape's unquestionable influence. Harry had spent enough time in here, between detentions and Occlumency lessons, to see that it too seemed untouched by the battle that had taken place. More dead things lined the walls, staring at him through glass.

No one was there. No one would be coming back to claim the books and the dead things because Snape was himself a dead thing now. Hysterical giggles rose up in Harry's chest, imagining Snape in a huge glass jar, glaring at him forever through his brine.

Harry swayed again, suddenly needing to get away from the rows of staring eyes, pushing his way through the door in the back of Snape's office. Like most of the professors, Snape had his bedroom behind his office. Harry stumbled in blindly, half expecting the sort of trap Moody had laid for Snape at Grimmauld Place.

Nothing stirred at all. After a moment, Harry looked around, too tired to be curious, but making certain there wasn't anything dead in here, not unless he himself had never returned from that phantom realm of King's Cross and was simply waiting for the pronouncement of his death to make it so.

Suddenly Harry tapped his pocket again. He had the stone, didn't he? With a burst of giddy energy, he threw himself on Snape's neatly made four poster, one hand rubbing over the stone in his trouser pocket.

He *wasn't* dead.

Harry fell asleep at once.

He awoke in exactly the same position, his fingers slack against the bulge of the stone, nestled flat on his back in Snape's surprisingly comfortable bed. He had no idea if he'd slept two hours or two days. He wasn't as hungry as he ought to be if he'd slept two days, he reassured himself, still having a belly full of Kreacher's sandwiches.

Wriggling and stretching, he marveled again at how comfortable Snape's bed was. Trust Snape to have a really nice bed and still be an unmitigated bastard.

Though perhaps, his conscience reminded him, not entirely unmitigated. The memories he'd shared with Snape tumbled through his mind again, at his own pace this time and not in a heated rush to see what information they contained that might help him defeat Voldemort.

Snape as a child, Snape on a train, Snape saving Harry's arse yet again. Snape lying on this very bed, hand sliding into his trousers...

Wait.

That hadn't been in the Pensieve the first time, had it? Surely he would have remembered if Snape had moaned softly like that, wouldn't he?

Harry could see it so vividly, the long legs stretched over the same duvet, the lank hair resting on the mound of pillows where Harry's own head now reposed. The unguarded look on Snape's face as he licked his lips had definitely never been inside that vial of memories.

The fingers that were thicker than Harry's, stained and worn, creeping under the waistband of black trousers then out and over the front, over the tell-tale mound just there. Harry's eyes widened as he realized Snape wasn't the only one who had an erection.

Harry's hand slid away from his pocket and over the front of his own jeans. The not-memory, or whatever it was, slowly undid Snape's trouser buttons, fingers sliding inside where Harry couldn't see. Then they were back, rubbing the fronts of Snape's pants, teasing the shape that Harry could see more clearly now that his own hand slid open his zipper in a hasty move to catch up. This memory was vivid, more so than all the ones Harry had witnessed earlier, and he wondered if it was more recent. Snape certainly looked like he had the last time Harry had seen him, though he'd certainly not looked this relaxed.

More strokes--the memory was in no hurry despite the fact that Harry's cock tried to speed it up. Harry had his own cock free of his pants long before the memory Snape did. Harry moaned as Snape peeled down his pants, both cocks springing up as one.

The memory reached for something out of Harry's range of vision, then Snape's hand returned, glistening now as slippery fingers coated his cock. Unerringly Harry's hand reached for the same slippery vial but the nightstand was bare. Struck by brilliance, he reached into his pocket and pulled out the Resurrection Stone. The curve of it fit perfectly in his palm on one side and against his cock on the other. Harry was sliding it over his prick before he even thought to see what the memory was doing.

Ah, not so very different then, pulling and tugging, fingers flying now. Harry looked for Memory Snape's other hand and saw that it had disappeared beneath his shirt, angled toward one nipple so Harry did the same. Rubbing the stone over the tip of his cock to slick it, he hissed slightly as he dragged it over the soft head.

He turned the stone over, seeking the coolness again and arched into it, hissing again as he smoothed it up and down his heated flesh.

Memory Snape's hips also left the bed, pushing up into fingers still slick with whatever he'd used, not so slippery that they couldn't pull the foreskin over the head of his prick.

"I like that too," Harry moaned, echoing the movement, shivering slightly as the stone disappeared around the resulting pocket before Harry pushed it down again. Brushing the stone over the head again, Harry brought it to his lips and licked it, tasting himself--salty and thick--before turning the stone around again on his cock.

Harry was nearly too far gone to see what the memory was doing, only that their strokes seemed to speed along at the same pace, dipping down to rasp across both sets of balls at nearly the same moment. Harry gasped as if another set of fingers had touched him.

No fingers but his own, the stone warmed now to the temperature of his cock, twisting, moving, hard and good, so good. Harry wondered if his cheeks were as flushed as the memory of Snape's but didn't take his hand away from his cock to see. He knew they were both breathing in short little gasps, almost as if the echo of Snape's was ghosting around his ear.

Snape's head moved from side to side just as Harry's did, cheek moving against the soft pillow. Harry wished briefly that he'd taken the time to take off his trousers and pants, but it had seemed wrong to actually *look* like he was planning to wank in Snape's bed. Since Snape's memory didn't, Harry hadn't either.

Instead he slid the hand out from under his shirt and around his balls, shifting the stone around once more so he could reach both cock and bollocks, fingers more urgent now, the stone nearly hot with friction, tingling against his skin, like magic, like Snape, oh god, Snape.

Harry's eyes closed as he arched against his hand, the memory just as vivid in the darkness. Snape was arching too, mouth moving nearly soundlessly, just the slightest whisper, close enough to Harry's ear that it practically tickled.

"Harry--"

Oh god, oh fuck, his release was pouring out of him, lush spurts covering the Resurrection Stone, making it slippery in Harry's fingers. He held on until he was spent, prick twitching against the slick stone.

"Snape," he said quietly.

"What?" came the hoarse reply.

Harry's eyes flew open. Snape, looking just exactly as he had in the memory, lay beside him in the bed, blinking like he'd just woken from sleep, staring at Harry. This was no ghost, no Pensieve shade. Snape's cheeks were still flushed from his orgasm, cock angry and soft between his legs.

"You're--" Harry began, fighting the conflicting urges to cover himself, cover Snape, or flee the room entirely.

"Not quite as dead as you hoped?" Snape said, making a face and looking down as if just realizing his hands were sticky.

"No! I--" Harry tried again, reaching down with his own non-sticky hand to poke Snape in the arm.

"What necromancy is this?" Snape demanded, his eyes glittering with suspicion as he swiped his hand on his pants before tucking himself away.

"Not...not necromancy," Harry said slowly, half afraid the man would disappear if he looked away. "The stone." He held it up, just as a drop of ropy semen went splat against his leg. "I turned it three times and said your name."

"Then I shouldn't be real," Snape said, with the air of someone working out a scientific problem rather than someone contemplating his own rise from the dead. He slid his fingers down the sleeve where Harry had just poked him. "I'm solid, aren't I?"

"Dead solid," Harry replied and they both winced. "It must have been the stone. It tingled and I thought it was just a really good wank." He flushed. "Well, it was a really good wank. But it may have...done something."

"Done something? *Done something?*" Snape glared at the stone. "Do you mean to tell me you took an ancient, very powerful magical object of unknown, potentially dark origins and...and wanked with it?"

"Um. Yeah."

Snape started mumbling something that sounded worse than any of the things he'd ever said to Harry in class--and some of those had been pretty bad.

"Wait, look, you're alive aren't you?" Harry said in his own defense.

"Presumably."

Harry poked him again, taking care not to use his wet finger. "You feel alive. You definitely sound alive."

"For how long? We don't know what the stone's properties are. What if you wank again, and it kills me?"

"Oh. I didn't think of that," Harry said mournfully. In truth he hadn't thought of bringing Snape back in the first place but now that he had, he was pretty glad.

Snape opened his mouth. Harry was pretty sure to blister him about not thinking, but he cut him off the only way he could think of.

"Mmmph!" Snape pulled back from the admittedly inexperienced kiss and stared at Harry.

"Being alive has got to be better than being dead," he said quickly before Snape could regroup.

"If your name is Harry Potter," Snape said, but he looked more put out about that than he did about the kiss so Harry did it again.

"Don't you want to be alive?" Harry asked, watching Snape's eyes trying to go back into focus.

"Only if the condition is permanent," Snape replied, initiating the kiss this time.

"No one is alive permanently," Harry said with an undignified giggle. He felt he had a right to be a bit undignified after everything he'd been through in the last few hours.

"I'd like to be the first," Snape countered, kissing him again when he'd stopped giggling.

"You will be," Harry said breathlessly before realizing he'd misconstrued Snape's meaning. Snape stared at him again but Harry wasn't about to take it back. By the time he'd finished kissing Snape, he didn't think either of them cared exactly what he'd meant.