

Veritaserum

by chivalric

Snape and the twins...

One-shot story

Chapter 1 of 1

Snape and the twins...

A/N: Sorry for having miscategorized this - of course it is not Potions under Duress. *hangsheadinshame*

Thanks to Sunny33 for pointing out my mistake so quickly!

Thanks to Sampdoria, klynie, Dreamy_Dragon for the betaing. I know the pairing is unusual; be warned that there is a bit of twincest action in there (no intercourse, though...)

Absently, Severus Snape took another truffle and ate it whilst re-reading the latest article he planned to submit to *Draughts and Poisons* in about another half an hour. It wasn't overly long, but it dealt with the effects of Wolfsbane, and he wanted to be certain he hadn't overseen any major catches otherwise, he was certain of it, Lupin would skin him alive. He'd spent the better part of the weekend writing the article; he had no intention to mess it up simply because he was a bit tired now and longed for a nice, long afternoon nap.

Being Hogwarts' Headmaster could be tiresome at times.

Snape sighed and licked his lips the truffles were delicious, he had to admit. "I've got to say thanks to Winky for providing them," he murmured to himself and finally decided that the article wouldn't become any better if he smeared chocolate all over the parchment. Time to quit; time to stretch his muscles.

Lazily, he looked around the room that had once belonged to Albus Dumbledore. It had taken him more than a year to feel comfortable working in the former Headmaster's office, but now, it felt strangely soothing to spend time in here. Sometimes, he discussed school problems with his predecessor, sometimes he required advice on how to handle students or colleagues, and sometimes, he was glad for the peaceful silence that awaited him whenever he closed the thick doors behind him.

Snape yawned and raked his hands through his hair. It was only afternoon a rainy, cold afternoon and there were a couple of hours to kill before dinner. He'd already had a bath, he had finished the novel he'd been reading, he had re-organised his bookshelves, and now, he didn't know what else to do. "Some excitement wouldn't do me any harm," the tall, dark-clothed wizard told the desk, and at that precise moment, there was a knock on his door.

Irritated, Snape tried to remember if he'd forgotten a visitor, only to remember that on weekends, he never scheduled any appointments. "Yes?" he snapped and waved the door open with a sharp flick of his wand.

Two identical faces with two identical grins appeared. "Hi there, Snape," Fred Weasley said and strolled into the room. Carelessly, he dropped his wand on a small table and shook an unruly strand of red hair out of his face. "How are you, prof?"

Snape's frown deepened at the way the man addressed him surely, since the two of them had an extremely successful business, they were even more intolerable than

they had been as students. Still, a distraction was more than welcome. Actually, even the twins were better than the prospect of a lonely afternoon. "Bored," Snape therefore found himself saying. *Why did I say that? Usually, I'm not that frank.*

Fred laughed out loud.

"What do you want, Weasley? What do you both want, that is?" Snape snapped, irritated and admittedly slightly confused.

"Oh, we want answers," George stated with a mischievous grin. "Long, elaborate answers. *True* answers, to be precise. Like the one you've just given." He pushed the door closed and locked it; then he slumped into one of the chairs that stood in front of Snape's desk.

His twin stepped forward and picked up the plate with the remaining truffles. "Smuggling them into his office worked, then," he said over his shoulder. "Good thing we still know the way to the kitchen by heart." Holding the small silver tray on the palm of his hand, he seemed to count the remaining pieces. "He's eaten five, George," Fred said. "That should last... how long?"

"About two and a half hours if we calculated correctly, and if they work as assumed. Say, Snape, did the truffles taste odd in any way?"

Snape looked from one Weasley to the other, then eyed the tray in Fred's hand. He felt a sudden dizziness befall him. "It wasn't Winky who made them?" he asked and thought he could hear a small slur in his voice. For a moment, he believed he'd dozed off and was now trapped in a funny little nightmare; after all, he had been tired, hadn't he?

Then a sudden compulsion claimed him, and he felt a strong urge to answer Fred Weasley's question. He shook his head. "No," he said, although he really wasn't in the mood to reply to any silly questions. "They tasted lovely. Couldn't stop after the second one, as I usually do."

The twins laughed again. "Great!" they cheered. "So the Veritaserum is untraceable even by the best Potions master in recent history. We can sell it!"

"We have to make sure it really works," Fred pointed out. "Let's ask him a few more questions. Some he wouldn't be willing to answer without being drugged."

Snape paled. Veritaserum? In the truffles? But surely... "You have used me as a guinea pig?" he asked incredulously. "What the hell did you do that for?"

"Sure we have," George said. "And for the why... That's easy. A customer required those sweets. He insisted that the Veritaserum must not overpower the taste of the chocolate. He wants to feed them to his girlfriend thinks she betrays him and all and doesn't want to ask her without a little assistance. Took us ages to accomplish it, but hell, the man is willing to pay a fortune. And we figured that if the truffles work on you if even you can't taste the potion beneath the chocolate they're a success. Now, what should we ask you?"

"Nothing!" Snape exclaimed, a horrified expression on his face if they wanted to, they could make him reveal his biggest secrets, his deepest wishes, his most embarrassing memories. He fished for his wand, but his hand as well as his mind seemed to be slowed down. "Get out of here," he hissed. "Leave, or I'll hex you to pieces!"

George reacted quickly. He bound Snape to his chair with a quick spell before the Headmaster could as much as quirk an eyebrow. "Seems as if too much of the potion makes one a bit slow," George said to his brother. "But then, that doesn't really matter, does it?"

"Comes in handy at times," Fred agreed. "Right, Snape. Let's see... let's start with something easy. Tell us your full name and your age."

Snape bit out a few nasty swearwords before the potion made him say, "Severus Tobias Snape. Age forty-two this coming month." In vain, he tried to free his wrists; they were bound safely to the armrests of his chair.

"What have you been doing all day?" George now asked. "Give us some details."

Luckily, that's easy to answer, Snape thought. "I got up at six thirty, had breakfast scrambled eggs on toast had a bath, wrote an article about Wolfsbane, and was about to take a nap," he said tightly.

George and Fred looked at each other. "Nothing he wouldn't tell us anyway," they concluded.

Fred sat down now, too. The two young men they were in their mid-twenties, if Snape remembered correctly, and three years after the final battle, their business had made them filthy rich had something like a wordless conversation, then Fred asked casually, "Did you have a wank in the bath?" only to have his brother grin widely at this more personal question.

Snape became even more pale. "No," he hissed.

"Anytime today?"

"No."

"Why not? It's a nice way to start the day."

"I had a wank last night and considered it a waste of time to do so again this morning. Having your own hand as sole company becomes tedious after a while." Snape glared at the twins, anger burning in his black eyes.

Fred raised an eyebrow. "How long since your last shag? Who was it?"

This time, Snape tried to hold back the answer, but after a few moments, the potion began choking him, and eventually, he sputtered, "More than three years. Before the Dark Lord's fall. With Narcissa Malfoy."

Both Fred and George whistled. "That's a long time. Any reasons why you don't get laid more often?"

Snape took a deep breath and told the truth. "No one is willing to get near me, I assume. Former Death Eater, dungeon bat, cruel bastard... pick out which description suits me best. And Narcissa is dead. Therefore, no more shags." He clutched the armrests so hard, the knuckles of his hands were white.

The twins were quiet for a moment. "The potion seems to work fine," George said finally. "Do you think we should leave him alone now, Fred?"

"Nah," his brother answered. "We can't leave him. Think if someone else comes in and asks inappropriate questions he'd kill that someone, and afterwards, he'd kill us. I mean, he'll kill us anyway, but I really think we should stay with him for another little while. Make sure he's safe and all."

Thoughtfully, George nodded. "True. But I guess we should be more careful what we ask so he doesn't explode." He leaned forward and stared intently into the Potions master's black eyes he seemed trying to find a question that would offer some fun and wouldn't reveal any more embarrassing secrets. "Say, Snape, what are you thinking about right now?" he finally asked. "How best to kill us for this little prank? How to disembowel us? How it would feel to hack us to little bits?"

"How it would feel to have you underneath me, naked and sweaty." The answer came fast and without hesitation, nearly on its own account, and immediately, Snape blushed up to his hairline. As the black strands which had grown considerably since the end of the war were pulled out of his face into a tail at the base of his neck, the furious red was very visible in his face. "Shit," he added wearily. "I really didn't want to say that."

Both redheads' mouths dropped open.

Fred recovered faster from this revelation than his brother. "You want to shag George?" he asked, one hand on his twin's shoulder as if to hold him back.

"Yes." Barely a whisper; Snape had to say it nevertheless. "And you, too. Having both of you in my bed at the same time would be ideal, but I'd be fine with either one of you."

The brothers looked at each other. First, George began to grin, and then Fred practically beamed all over his freckled face. "And he isn't even on our list," one of them said, and then, simultaneously, they got up, surrounded Snape's desk, and stood at either side of his chair.

"You shouldn't have asked," Snape snapped and wished he could hide behind a curtain of hair like he used to when he had been a spy for Dumbledore. This was embarrassing; as soon as he could get hold of his wand, he would Obliviate the twins and then, possibly, torture them until nothing was left of them but two piles of ash.

"I really would like to see you shag George," Fred said lightly. "Actually, I wouldn't mind you being the filling of a Weasley sandwich. What do you say, little brother?"

George didn't say anything. He bent over and brushed his lips over Snape's.

Maybe it was the Veritaserum that made Snape give in to his desires so quickly, so entirely without fighting the younger man's kiss. Maybe it was the fact that he had neglected his needs for so long. Whatever the reason, Snape welcomed the kiss, parted his lips, and touched George Weasley's clever tongue with his own. Awkward as it felt doing so whilst being bound to a chair, it was still wonderful.

When had he kissed last? He couldn't even remember.

Fred's hands were on his shoulders, as if he wanted to keep him seated, which was unnecessary as he was still unable to get up. A moment later, Fred's hands slipped downwards and opened the first few buttons of his shirt while George continued to kiss him so very deeply and passionately that Snape couldn't suppress a longing moan. It had been such a long time, and the nights had grown longer and longer in the past few months. If he were honest with himself, Snape had to admit that he was lonely.

If he were honest with himself, he needed to accept the most logical explanation for the twins' behaviour: they were playing with him like cats would play with a wounded mouse, and that was quite unacceptable.

He had to know. With a quick jerk, Snape freed his head, panting heavily. Forcing his eyes open, he gulped. "I'm not in the mood for cruel jokes," he rasped. Longing washed through him, strong and bitter if the twins were really merely playing with him...

"Idiot," Fred said, and unceremoniously ripped his shirt open.

"Stupid idiot," George added and placed hot kisses along Snape's throat. "We live off jokes, but we don't carry them into the bedroom. And we wouldn't hurt you that way we aren't cruel. Not that cruel, anyway."

"We're looking for someone who don't mind having us both," Fred clarified. "It's a while since we've been in bed together most of our flings don't like threesomes, you know. And unless you have something better to do..."

"... we can spend the afternoon together," George finished his twin's sentence. "And the evening. And the night."

Fred knelt next to the huge armchair. Swiftly, he placed his hand on Snape's erection, which was clearly visible through the fabric of his trousers. Slowly, he began rubbing along the hard shaft. "Do you want us to go?" he asked huskily, hunger burning in his blue eyes.

"No," Snape managed and couldn't stop his back from arching into the younger man's touch. "Release me. Let's go to bed."

Both twins chuckled delightedly. "I like it when he expresses his wishes so very clearly," George said, and Fred added, "So do I; we should take the sweets to the bedroom so we can feed him later on. I really need to hear each and every one of his dirty fantasies."

"Good gods," Snape groaned and shot a look at the portraits. The very curious faces of former Headmasters and Headmistresses inhabited nearly all of them. "If one word of this leaves this room, I'll burn each of your portraits," Snape snapped, and then one of the brothers pulled him up and the other one kissed him again and *then* they stumbled into the small bedroom that was attached to the office.

"Just a... little... harder!" Snape gasped hoarsely, his long, sinewy legs wrapped tightly around the waist of one of the twins was it George or was it Fred? and whoever it was moving so lasciviously on top of him, inside him, did as begged and thrust a little harder, just the desired little bit, and Snape came again, digging his fingers into the thighs of the twin sitting behind him, the one who was holding him close and wanking him expertly whilst kissing the sweat off his neck. In shuddering spasms, Snape spilled his seed and only moments later, both his partners reached their climaxes, too.

The twin behind him moaned into his hair and tightened his grip. "Gods, I love seeing you come," he murmured, his hands whispering along the Potions master's pale torso.

"You mean Severus, or you mean me, Fred?"

Ah, so it was George who just fucked me, Snape thought with a languid smile and stretched his legs. His lover one of his lovers collapsed on top of him, and Snape pulled the younger man into a lazy embrace.

"I love seeing you come both of you." Fred ruffled his brother's hair in a quite affectionate way Snape found surprisingly intriguing. At the same moment, George lifted his head and brushed his kiss-swollen lips across his brother's mouth in a half-familiar, half-tender way before claiming Snape's mouth just a heartbeat later.

"Know what you mean," he murmured, then rolled off the Potions master's body and curled up at his side, one foot thrown across the older man's legs. "But frankly, that was it for the next couple of hours. Or maybe even days. I'm as good as dead. You've got much more stamina than one might think possible, Severus."

Weak from a long afternoon spent in excessive love-making, Snape managed but an amused smile. "The two of you are remarkably creative, too," he said, fatigue slurring his voice to a deeper timbre. "You had me every possible way: between you, underneath you, on top of you..."

"Your mouth is so very hot," Fred said dreamily.

"So is your arse. And your cock," George added admiringly and yawned. "Mind if we stay for another few hours? If we try to leave now, we'll tumble down the stairs and fall asleep in front of McGonagall's classroom."

There was still Veritaserum in Snape's system, but even without the potion, his answer would have been the same. "Stay as long as you want. I am, in fact, tired of sleeping on my own and even more tired of waking up alone in this hideously large bed." Hesitantly, he touched the shoulder of the man lying close to him, a gesture not entirely a caress, but far too intimate to be anything else.

Fred's arms around him tightened; George edged another inch closer. "This..." Fred began quietly,

"...wasn't supposed to happen," George finished.

Snape paled at the casual words and tried not to think of how erotic he considered the habit of one brother finishing the sentence of the other. It was as if the twins could read each other's mind, and sometimes in the past hours, they had even acted not as two men, but as one, doing to him and with him things he hadn't even dreamed about. Right now, Snape realised that he had hoped deep inside his black heart that this impossible threesome could turn into something more than a mere afternoon shag.

Pity they had just rejected him.

Strange, how much that hurt. After all, he'd been rejected before; he should be used to it by now.

"I am aware this is a ridiculous situation," Snape said coolly and sat up. It took some effort, though, to disentangle his limbs from the twins' arms and legs. "You came into my office to play a prank on me, to use me as a guinea pig, and to have a good laugh. I even understand your reasoning; I assume I am the perfect choice if someone wants to try out half-illegal sweets." Snape got up on slightly wobbly legs and pulled on an old, worn dressing gown. "My apologies for having dragged you into this somewhat unpleasant situation with my unusual wish and frank answers to your questions. As I said: stay as long as you want. I have an article to finish..."

George was out of the bed first, but Fred was a tad faster when it came to catching Snape. One twin wrapped his arms around his waist; the other placed large, strong hands on dressing-gown clad shoulders, pushed the garment off pale skin, and finally managed to get the thing off Snape again. It fell to a puddle at their feet and Fred said, "You got us wrong," nuzzling the taller man's neck and pressing his groin to Severus's thigh at the same time.

"Totally, blastedly wrong," George confirmed, pushing Snape backwards to the bed. Despite his earlier statement, his cock was already half hard again. "Explain it to him, brother, will you?" Casually, he popped one of the two remaining truffles in his mouth, then fed the last one to his brother. "Just so you can be sure we'll tell the truth," he told Snape with a grin. "Mind if I tie him to the bedpost again, Fred?"

At that, Snape couldn't suppress a helpless moan not too long ago, the twins had Summoned some handcuffs, and the resulting game had been most entertaining. Thinking about it, though, didn't really help his will to leave the bedroom. Nor did the fact that both brothers were still as stark naked as himself, or that all three of them were quite visibly up to yet more love-making.

George pulled him onto the bed. Snape didn't fight him. He didn't object when the redhead captured him between long legs and wrapped his arms around him, holding him tight in a half sitting position, each of his hands captured in the younger man's strong hands. George's cock was nestled between Snape buttocks; the sensation made him quiver in anticipation, although he truly wanted to get out of the bedroom and end this charade with his head held high.

"I already told you that I'm not in the mood for cruelty," Snape growled. "You two have had your fun with me, and I admit that it was a very worthy experience. Still..." He had to stop talking and gasped instead when Fred kissed the tip of his cock, adding a bit of tongue and teeth.

"We said this wasn't supposed to happen," George whispered into his ear. His breath smelled of chocolate and he was clearly choosing his words more carefully than he usually did. "That doesn't mean we aren't glad massively glad of what the Veritaserum made you reveal to us. This is no joke, and we are not playing with you, Severus. Not anymore."

"We've been longing for something like this," Fred clarified, settling between Snape's legs and lazily stroking upwards with warm fingertips. "You want both of us. You have no idea what that means to us." Gracefully, he leaned forward and lightly bit Snape's nipple into full hardness before kissing the velvety head of his cock again.

Snape's will to leave dwindled with remarkable speed. He spread his legs a bit wider; he slipped a bit higher so he sat on the lap of the man behind him, feeling George's large erection pressing into the small of his back.

"George taught me how to kiss," Fred whispered, looking at his brother.

"Fred taught me how to wank," George replied and cupped his brother's face with his hand for a brief moment, looking at him with a bright, bittersweet smile on his lips. "We live together; we run a business together. When Fred nearly died the night of the final battle, it was worse than dying myself. We can't be separated. Not during daylight..."

"...and not in bed, either," Fred finished the sentence with a dry, hard laugh. "Especially not in bed."

"I don't understand," Snape said. Carefully, he brushed a red strand out of Fred's face. "Are you telling me that you'd rather be in bed together than have a partner on your own?"

Fred smiled at that and then kissed Snape deeply. Merlin, how sweet the kiss tasted, and how perfect the arms around his chest felt!

"We tried to have separate love lives," George said quietly whilst Fred's tongue was in Snape's mouth and one of the twin's hand moved to cup his balls, squeezing them just hard enough to make him crave more action. "Fred was even engaged to Angelina for a while. Didn't work out. She couldn't cope with the fact that I am more important to him than either of us can explain, and that he wanted me to be there when they were making love. She was scandalised by the idea. A threesome with her was not an option, so they broke up again. Once, we ended up in bed with Lee, but frankly, both of us together were a bit much for him. And then he married Hermione and now she's pregnant and well, Lee isn't an option even if he were available."

Snape relaxed in his lovers' arms. Warmth and longing washed through him, and he wished for nothing more than the twins in his bed, in his mouth, in his arse all at the same time, if possible.

George pulled him a little bit higher and murmured a lubrication spell; the head of the young man's cock brushed along Snape's slick, slack entrance. "We do have bedpartners every now and then," he murmured. "But if one of us is left out, it's just not worth the effort. Until today, we weren't able to find someone who was willing to give both of us a chance."

Fred knelt and took Snape's head between his hands; carefully, even gently, he slipped his cock into the Headmaster's mouth and began to rock in and out of the dark, wet cave. Snape's eyes dropped closed, and he gave in to the sensation and the scents of male bodies, sweet sweat, precome, and lubricant. Fred was fully hard now, which was a miracle after the past hours. Apparently, the twins had been nearly as eager for sex as he.

Fred slipped out of Snape's mouth after too short a while, panting heavily. He quirked an eyebrow, and then George closed his lips over his brother's cock, his cheek pressed against Snape's.

The sight took Snape's breath away, and he guessed he could understand why others were unable to get into bed with both twins at once. They were... well, he didn't know what to call them, as perverted or twisted was definitely not what he meant. Wonderful. Desirable. Impossible.

He wanted them. Both of them, now, and more than he'd wanted anyone before.

The soft sucking noises stopped when Fred pulled back and settled once more between Snape's legs. "Don't want to come right now," he murmured, a few strands of hair falling over his eyes. His face was flushed; maybe from the half-finished blow job he'd just received or maybe because he'd allowed Snape to see a side of him he'd kept a secret until now.

Snape really couldn't think straight anymore. "What do you offer?" he croaked and then he yelped as a hand began stroking along his length, getting it fully hard in a matter of seconds. "An... affair? Until you find someone more... *oh, yes!* more suitable?"

George chuckled; so did Fred. "Still don't get it, do you? We want *you*. We didn't expect this, not in a million years didn't know you were gay but it's been the best sex we've ever had. We have no intention of letting you out of our claws so soon again."

"We need a third to complete us," George said. "We sleep in one bed, we kiss, we occasionally get each other off but shagging is a different thing, and well, if you want us, we'll stay and see what happens. Maybe, this could work out, you know."

"If this us, together doesn't freak you out," Fred said and slipped on top of Snape, murmuring a small charm that took most of his weight off the two men underneath him. He straddled Snape. Smoothly, as if he'd never done anything else in his entire life, he grabbed hold of Snape's cock and lowered his body, impaling himself on it with a wanton sigh of delight.

Snape could only push upwards, sheathing himself fully in Fred's perfectly freckled arse.

It was ecstasy. Snape groaned when George pushed Snape's legs apart, pulled him just another little bit higher, and entered him from behind with a long thrust.

Snape could only shout out his lust at this double sensation of fucking and being fucked at the same time. He freed his hands and dug his nails into the muscular flesh just above Fred's hips; forcefully, he pressed his head backwards and against George's chest, thrusting into the body riding him and opening himself to the one behind and inside him. His throat went dry at the sight of Fred: the red-haired young man completely lost in his pleasure, sweat shining on his broad chest, the pulse beating a wild staccato under his strong chin. *How can I not want him?* Snape thought. *Want them, fuck them, get fucked by the twins? Who'd be so stupid to turn down such an exquisite experience?*

Lazily, George reached out and closed his hand over his brother's erection, never ceasing to thrust into Snape. It was a complicated rhythm, a delicate pattern they'd woven with their bodies, but it worked just perfectly. Each of them was connected with the other, and when Fred placed his hand on Snape's chest, his blue eyes bearing a deep, glowing fire, Snape smiled and caressed the young man's balls with his fingertips whilst Fred rocked his hips up and down Snape's length. Luckily, the spell Fred had used worked perfectly, or George would have been crushed underneath Snape's and Fred's weight.

"Do you want... us?" one of the twins gasped, and Snape had the strange sensation of not knowing where his body ended and his lovers' bodies began.

Snape tightened his grip on Fred's balls, and George fucked him deep now, deep and hard. "Of course I want you," Snape growled.

George spilled his seed in long, shuddering spasms, and after a few more thrusts and a few more strokes, Snape, then Fred, followed him over the edge again.

When sleep finally took them, Snape couldn't suppress a genuine smile. *I longed for excitement, didn't I?* he thought, not entirely awake anymore. George's breath whispered across his neck; Fred's arm was thrown over his hip. *How interesting what Veritaserum can trigger; I must make sure not to accidentally teach that juicy little bit of information to my students.*

With that, Snape allowed his eyes to drop closed, and when he kissed the sleepy lips of first one and then the second twin, he was absolutely certain that, unless he wanted to, he wouldn't wake up alone in the foreseeable future.