

Remedial Love

by flaminia_x

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Fine! Be that way!"

"Fine!"

Draco stormed out of the Burrow in a furor, leaving a very angry and confused Ginny standing in the kitchen. But really, it *was* all her fault. How *dare* she drop a bombshell like that on him? She should never have talked that loudly with Hermione when he could very easily overhear. It wasn't like she hadn't known he was three rooms over, anyway, and having dated him for two years, she should clearly have remembered his propensity for eavesdropping. Informed listening, he called it, and quite rightly too, because had he not *listened* in on her little revelation of a conversation, he would not now be so *wellinformed* as to his fiancée's past. With a crack, he Disapparated to Diagon Alley.

Stupid Gryffindors and their wanton ways, he huffed as he stomped aimlessly down the street. *When I was at Hogwarts, Slytherins had Important Things to accomplish, like graduating and not getting killed by a raving lunatic. But apparently Saint Potter had things a bit more under control in Gryffindor, freeing up everyone's spare time for mass orgies and practicing the intricacies of bondage!*

Before he knew it, his feet had led him straight to the door of his godfather, Severus Snape, who in the years after the war had set up quite a profitable little Potions shop. As he raised his hand to knock, though, the door swung open silently.

"Draco?" the older man asked. "What an unexpected visit. Do come in."

Draco stepped into the shop, still silently fuming to himself, fists clenched in his pockets. ... *don't know why, in all these years, she never managed to mention any of this before ... it's not like I'd have been jealous. Or insecure. Or jealous. No, of course not. I'm just ... angry. That's it. Full of righteous indignation!*

"Is everything alright?" Severus asked, motioning him to a comfortable chair by the fire.

Draco opened his mouth to answer *Yes, Severus, everything is quite brilliant, except for the part where I just found out that my fiancée managed to engage almost all of her fellow Gryffindors and at least one wayward Hufflepuff in the delights of the boudoir before her seventh year at Hogwarts*, but what came out instead was "Ginny's had more sex than me!"

Severus sank slowly into his chair, pursing his lips. "I ... see," he said carefully, motioning subtly to the nearby house-elf for a small pot of tea and a larger bottle of brandy.

"Are you trying to tell me you're a virgin, Draco?"

The younger man's head snapped up. "What? Uncle Sev...no, of course not!" he scoffed.

"Oh, really? Then Ginny was your first, was she?" Severus asked.

"Don't be ridiculous!" Draco replied. "I had multiple conquests at Hogwarts. Clearly. Multiple. Numerous, even!"

"Of course," Severus mused. "Well, I would assume, then, that Pansy was your first."

"What? No! Ugh," Draco answered, his nose wrinkling in distaste and reaching out eagerly for the hot toddy Severus proffered. "She looks like a pug dog. An ill-bred one, at that!"

"Mea culpa," the older man said. "Then clearly it must have been Daphne."

"Who?" Draco asked blankly.

"Right. Then Blaise, I presume?" Severus asked, steeping his fingers.

"Was Blaise a boy or a girl?" Draco questioned.

"Indeed. So, then, your first was Ginny."

Draco slumped in his chair. "Yes," he whispered.

"Once again, my apologies," Severus murmured. "So I can only then presume that you were not, in fact, Ginny's first?"

"Clearly not," Draco muttered.

"Second?" Severus asked.

Draco shook his head no.

"Third?" Severus whispered.

Draco merely shot him a baleful glower and tossed back the rest of his tea, nodding desperately at the house-elf to fill his cup again.

"Don't you dare breathe a word...a *word*!...of this to anyone, or I swear I will hex off your bollocks," Draco whined petulantly towards his now full teacup.

"And who, pray, would I tell?" Severus replied softly. "I am, after all, your godfather, so I have some stake in your well-being."

"And my reputation! Don't forget that. I cannot be thought of as a ... as a ... a ... " Draco spluttered.

"A milquetoast? A submissive? Emasculated, brow-beaten, neutered, impotent?"

"Yes, thank you so very much for that," Draco snapped. "Having a bit of fun at my expense, are we? Here I am wounded to my very core, and you offer me salt."

Severus pursed his lips. "Draco, what are you more bothered by? The idea that Ginny has had more partners than you, or that she may be more experienced?"

"I come to you for succor, and instead I get insulted like some common...what?" Draco whipped his head up, staring intently at his godfather.

Severus patiently replied, "Are you more upset by Ginny having had other partners, or are you upset that she might have had more sexual experiences?"

"There's a difference?" Draco asked, wide-eyed.

Severus chuckled, a low and throaty sound that was equal parts sinister and erotic. "Oh, Draco. Do you honestly believe that the number of partners in one's lifetime has anything to do with the skills one can acquire in the bedroom if one but opens one's mind?"

"So what you're saying is that she may have been my first, but I can still teach her ... things?" Draco asked excitedly.

Severus sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose between his fingers. "Given that I am not privy to the antics of either Ginny or any of her prior companions, I can hardly say yes with any degree of certainty. However, let us start with the basics, shall we?"

Draco nodded, tea forgotten.

"Now. I may need to ask you to go into some amount of detail, much of it personal. But unless I know what you know, I can hardly suggest ways to improve. So, I promise that whatever you reveal to me will be kept within this room. You have no reason to be embarrassed or less than forthright. Is that understood?" Severus inquired.

"Yes, yes, fine, anything. I'd even drop trou and take lessons from McGonagall if I thought it'd make me better than all of Ginny's other partners," Draco said impatiently, ignoring Snape in the other chair choking on his tea.

"Right," Severus said, clearing his throat desperately. "If you are ready, let us begin, then. I trust that since you and Ginny have had intercourse, that you have also experienced some of the other primary pleasures...fellatio, for example?"

"Brilliant," Draco sighed happily.

"Wonderful for you," Severus murmured. "And cunnilingus?"

"Never had any complaints," Draco said, buffing his nails on his shirt.

"I ... see. And when engaging in that particular act, do you use your fingers?" Severus asked.

"You mean ... on her?" Draco asked.

Severus breathed in, then exhaled slowly. "Yes, Draco. On her. Do you ever slip them inside of her, one at a time? Or reach up and encircle her breasts, pinching her nipples? Or insert one into her anus to heighten her pleasure?"

Draco shifted in his chair. "I ... yes, some of that, sometimes, I think."

"Don't be embarrassed, Draco. Think of this as a scholarly exercise, but one with far, far better rewards than the House Cup," Severus stated.

"Right. Yes. In that case, yes, I do all of those things. Mostly. Most of the time," Draco replied.

"And I'm sure she thanks you for it. Some of the time," Severus replied snarkily. "Now. Do you experiment with positions?"

"Well, I do enjoy it when she is on top," Draco said, relaxing a bit. "Marvelous view. And ... you know, from behind is quite nice as well," he continued.

"I'm sure," Severus replied. "What about anal intercourse?"

"Why, Uncle Severus, I didn't know you were interested," Draco teased, slouching back in the chair and throwing a leg over one of the arms.

Severus rubbed his temples. "Between you and Ginny, Draco. And by all means, do make yourself at home."

"Oh, come on, relax. Have some more brandy! This is fun," Draco said, helping himself to another hot toddy. "And the answer is yes," he said smugly. "We even did it outside once."

"Congratulations," Severus murmured as he poured himself some more tea. "It seems you have successfully mastered the basics."

Draco sat up. "B-basics? You mean there's more?"

"Draco, did *no* one in Slytherin ever talk to you about sex? Surely you talked to your older classmates, traded stories ..." Severus said uneasily.

"Only a little. But come on, Severus. You were our house leader, and you certainly didn't give any of us The Talk beyond what Madam Pomfrey did. And you *do* remember what the older Slytherins looked like, right? Inbreeding doesn't do much to win hearts, you know," Draco griped.

"Indeed," Severus replied. "But Draco, even the lowliest Hufflepuffs snuck into the Restricted Section..."

"You mean there are *Hufflepuffs* who know more than me?" Draco shrieked, sloshing tea onto Severus's end table. "Tell me everything. Now! I insist! I am not leaving until I have mastered every intimate art!"

"Draco, that will never happen," Severus said sternly.

"What??" Draco shrilled, leaping to his feet.

"Oh, sit down, boy," Severus grumbled. "I just meant that it isn't possible to learn every sexual thing, at least certainly not in one evening. You need time to experiment, to figure things out, and hopefully that journey will last a lifetime."

"Oh," Draco said, slumping back into his chair. "I suppose so. But there have to be *some* sort of pointers you can give me: ideas, tricks, spells, charms!"

"Patience, Draco," Severus admonished. "We have barely begun to scratch the surface of what is available to you and Ginny. But the question is now how you and she can learn the subtler arts of lovemaking."

"Hang on," Draco interrupted. "I want to be the one surprising Ginny with my amazing bedroom skills, here. I don't want her to think I had to take lessons or something!"

"Of course," Severus continued smoothly. "Which leaves us with a few options. First, we can continue to discuss various techniques, options, kinks, and so forth."

"Yes! Teach me everything!" Draco said excitedly.

"Second," Severus continued as though Draco had not spoken, "I can invite you to watch me and a partner of my choosing in my private boudoir. You may take notes and even make suggestions, and questions are always welcomed. However, I will warn you that should you choose that option, I expect you to respect my privacy and not go about blabbering with regard to anything...or anyone...you may see in that room. Do you understand?"

Draco nodded dumbly.

"Thirdly, if my partner agrees, I can invite you to participate in a variety of erotic acts with us, to better gain first-hand knowledge of that which we may discuss. The same rules for privacy apply. Also, I will add here that these options are not mutually exclusive; you can choose any, all, or none of them, if you so desire."

Draco shuddered. "I... Thanks for the offer, Severus, but I don't think either of those will be necessary. Though, really ... three people? In bed together? And ... that's ... okay? And since *when* do you have a partner?"

Severus chuckled again. "It's more than okay, Draco. It can be quite pleasurable under the right circumstances. It is incredibly important that you have a secure bond of trust and communication with your partner, so that no feelings are hurt and so that everyone is clear as to what their role is. But if that is the case, as it is with me and my partner...and yes, I have one, and have done for a number of years, not that it is anyone's business...then for variety's sake, adding a third person that we both mutually trust can be quite exciting."

"What do you ... *do*?" Draco whispered.

"Oh, that depends on whether the third person is male or female," Severus said. "If male, then there have been instances of double penetration...in a variety of ways that we can discuss, if you are interested...as well as combinations of fellatio and intercourse that my partner and I both enjoy. More rarely the third person has been female, in which case we might engage in some mutual masturbation, or some voyeuristic play in which one watches me with the other and then switch."

"And you and ... your partner ... enjoy this? It's not a problem?" Draco asked.

"No, we have a unique bond, she and I. We trust each other completely, and there isn't anything that we cannot discuss frankly and honestly. Were there any trust issues, we could never engage with another person in such a manner, but because she knows she owns my heart, and I hers, it has never been a problem. At the end of the day, we know who is staying and who is leaving," Severus explained with a small smile.

"Well, will wonders never cease," Draco said quietly. "Severus Softie Snape is in loooove."

"I'll thank you kindly not ever to inject that many inappropriate vowels into a single word again," Severus said acerbically. "Now, if you and Ginny do not feel that incorporating a third person into your routine is for you...and believe me, many, if not most, married couples do feel that way...there are plenty of other ways for you to up the ante, so to speak."

"I'm not sure that threesomes are for us. Not just yet, anyway," Draco said hurriedly. "I mean I wouldn't mind so much, but only after I have sufficiently overwhelmed her with my sexual prowess."

"Clearly," Severus drawled. "So if introducing another person to your marital bed is not in your best interests, then perhaps I can suggest a number of inanimate objects that might provide a bit of enlightenment?"

"You mean like wands? I know the *Lubricus* spell" Draco said dubiously.

"I should certainly hope so, or you'd have wanked yourself raw before you turned thirteen," Severus muttered. "No, that wasn't what I meant, though wands have the most amazing ability to vibrate with the right Charm."

"Ooh!" Draco exclaimed.

"Hobbs, would you be so kind as to fetch the red box from underneath my bedside table?" Severus asked the diminutive house-elf who had served them tea earlier. With barely a sound, the small elf disappeared and reappeared scant seconds later, holding a locked red chest.

Tracing his fingers across the latch, the box sprung open. Severus set it on the table between them. "In this box are a variety of tools and devices, some Muggle, some not, that are good for beginners. Now, in all of your conversations with Ginny, has she ever discussed any particular fantasies, fetishes, or kinks?"

"Well ... no, not in so many words," Draco replied.

"I can safely assume, then, that you haven't bothered to ask her?" Severus queried.

"She's certainly never seemed dissatisfied, so I just figured that if she wanted something, she'd tell me," Draco explained.

"Perhaps, now that you are anxious to ... how did you put it? Overwhelm her with your sexual prowess? ... you may want to enquire about how *she* might like you to go about doing such a thing," Severus suggested with a snort.

"Well, I ... I mean, of course, I've ... clearly, that's a..." Draco spluttered.

"In the meantime," Severus continued, "here are some implements that may help you and Ginny explore your kinkier sides. But just remember that in sexual experimentation, as in all things in life, communication is key. You cannot foist just anything upon her without her permission. There is much to be said for the element of surprise, but you can use that more once you and she know a bit more about what you like, and more importantly, what you cannot or will not tolerate."

Severus motioned Draco to move his chair closer to the table. "Some desire variety mentally. In that case, one could costume oneself, take on a different character, role-play. Those are some excellent Muggle options, but we as wizards can also contemplate the wonders of Polyjuice, temporary Disillusionment Charms, and the like. One of my partner's personal favorites is to dress in full Quidditch regalia. It is quite a delight after a 'game' to stumble across one another in the players' showers."

The older man sighed with a smile, staring off into the distance for a brief moment before returning his attention to Draco.

"Some also have a variety of bodily stimulants that they enjoy. Some of these require no extra assistance whatsoever; we can discuss the merits of golden showers in a while, if you so desire, although I must admit I have never been a particular fan of other types of excrement-play."

Draco shuddered. "If it's all the same, let's just keep plugging away, shall we?"

"An excellent choice of words," Severus said. Reaching into the box, he laid out a variety of devices. "These are some very solid choices for beginners' toys, all either purchased from Muggle stores or magically fashioned. Some are meant for vaginal penetration, others for anal...yours or hers, makes no difference. If in time you decide you appreciate the sensations that these smaller devices provide you, then the others can also be used on you. It's a marvelous thing, allowing your partner to penetrate you, to be at her mercy. Some, like this one here, are for mutual simultaneous use. And never forget that you can provide your partner with all the pleasures of double penetration without the issues brought up by a second person."

Draco reached out a curious finger, amazed at the variety of textures, lengths, and sizes he saw on the table before him.

"However, there are many more erotic areas on the body than just those that can be penetrated," Severus intoned, spinning a small metal wheel with one finger.

"Nipples!" Draco exclaimed, a sense of normalcy and relief washing over him.

"Those are surely one of the more prominent ones, of course," Severus said. "Do you suckle them? Do you caress, bite, squeeze?"

"As much as she'll let me," Draco said with a leer.

"But do you flick them? Pinch them?" Severus continued.

"Sometimes?" Draco answered doubtfully.

"Does she like it? Does the pain arouse her? If so, you could try these nipple clamps. My partner enjoys ripping them off at the moment of climax. Or perhaps this Wartenburg wheel; tracing your own name over her erect nipples, or any other area of the body, really, is quite sensual," Severus said, running the wheel over his own palm. "If you or Ginny enjoys any sort of pain, this is a wonderful starting tool. You may not ever be interested in bloodplay, but most people are surprised to find that a little pain adds just the right flavor to pleasure."

Severus passed the wheel to Draco, who ran it wonderingly up and down his arm, shivering.

"If you find that pain is something either of you enjoys, then we can discuss more complicated implements, such as whips or piercings. But adding extra sensations isn't always necessary, when one could decrease them instead," Severus continued, lifting out a silken black eye mask. "One can always magically darken the room, or temporarily blind one's partner, and those are effective as well, but for me, no spell can match the feeling of silk on one's skin. You'll find that when you or your partner is blind, your other senses may increase. But you must be aware that anytime you or your partner is inhibited in any way, whether it be through blindness or restraint, that it is quite possible for a very real sense of fear to wash over you, and so it is exceptionally important that you communicate with each other and respect the other's feelings. The more in tune you are with your partner's emotional state, the closer you will become, and the better you will be able to please them."

Severus reached into the box again and pulled out two silken neckties and a set of handcuffs. "Again, Muggle implements, though magical ones work quite as well. One can quite easily bind a partner in much more creative positions through the use of magic, but beginners often find that a physical element provides a sense of security, of familiarity. If either of you wishes to be restrained, I suggest the neckties. Again, there's just nothing like the feeling of silk against one's naked flesh. Once you have decided what works for you, then you two can begin to engage in some of the more complicated magical spells. I have an entire book here somewhere, hand-copied from Japan, of kinbaku charms. Do let me know if you and she would like to borrow it sometime, though if you ruin it, I'll take it out of your hide."

Draco sat gaping at his godfather.

"Do close your mouth, Draco, I know your parents taught you better manners than that," Severus said snidely, repacking the box and locking it with another wave of his finger. "Here. Everything in this box is new, never used, never touched, never sullied. Consider it my wedding present to you and Ginny. I will ask you to promise me never to reveal to anyone but Ginny where you received all of this information...I will *not* have wayward Gryffindors knocking on my door asking me for Love Potions anymore, thank you very much...and I will ask you to promise to keep any knowledge of my personal life to yourself. I also wish for you to know that you can come to me with any future questions that arise out of your exploits, and if at any time you and Ginny need more hands-on coaching, to feel free to approach me and my partner. She rather enjoys that from time to time."

Draco shuddered again. "I have no idea what to say to that. But thank you for the incredibly awkward conversation and the box of fun. I am now off to pleasure my fiancée like she has hopefully never been pleased before, and I promise not to think of you or your mystery partner whilst in the midst of it all."

Severus snorted. "Get out, Draco."

With a loud crack, Draco and his box Disapparated.

From the shadows, a small grey cat unfurled herself and, stretching, made her way to Severus's lap. Petting the top of her head affectionately, he hugged her to his chest,

and a second later, the cat transformed into Minerva McGonagall.

"And just how much were you enjoying listening in on that little conversation, hmm?" Severus asked fondly.

"Oh, it was delicious," Minerva said with a smirk. "All that talk about Quidditch, and nipples, and silk ... you know me too well, my dear."

"You may have noticed," Severus said, picking her up and planting a series of kisses along her neck, "that at no time did I bother to mention the joys of being partnered with an Animagus?"

"They're not ready for that yet," Minerva said, purring. "At their current rate, they may never be."

Severus chuckled. "You are, as usual, infuriatingly right. Now take me to bed and rid me of my frustrations."

"You first," Minerva rejoindered.

And in London that night, four people fell asleep with smiles on their faces.