

The Deal that Screwed Padfoot (but Helped Moony)

by purpleygirl

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"How important is it to you?"

Sirius tried not to eye the arm right by his head. He fingered his wand, but otherwise didn't move a muscle, levelling his gaze as though being flat against the wall of your own house with Snape's bad breath in your face was the most natural, comfiest place in the world to be. "It's bloody important to Remus."

"I wasn't asking him. I'm asking you."

Sirius stared into the beady black eyes. "Oh. Blackmail. All right. What is it you want, Snape?"

Snape showed a row of horrid teeth. "What are you willing to give, Black?"

"That depends on what you want."

More crooked yellow teeth. Sirius tried not to look too disgusted but this was Snape, and frankly, it would have been easier if he'd been told to give the slime ball a long hard snog.

"Despite appearances," said Sirius, uneasy under Snape's searching gaze, "I don't have much." He glanced around, almost forgetting Snape's arm bolshy bastard. "Just this bloody house." If only someone *would* take the house off him, he mused, he'd be rid of his mother and get some time away from Dumbledore's eagle eye. "You can have it if you want!"

Sirius decided that being inches away from one of Snape's snorts wasn't an experience he'd be begging to have repeated. "I already have a house," said Snape. "But thank you for the thought."

Sirius felt his anger build. It took most of his effort to restrain himself just from knocking Snape's bloody arm away and sticking his wand in his scrawny neck. "Well, what the fucking hell do you want then?"

"Language, Black." Snape smirked, apparently enjoying the scene, and Sirius knew then what Snape was probably after what he wanted the most from him. Snape wanted to see him squirm and tear himself up as he dangled in front of Sirius, for as long as possible, the promise of the potion for Moony.

"You're a bastard, Snape, you know that?"

"That kind of flattery won't help the werewolf, Black." Snape smiled, a horrible ugly smile in close up as it was, framed by greasy hair and topped off by the angled nose a mere few inches from his.

"Don't you call him that. He's worth a million of you."

Snape's face seemed all of a sudden much closer. "If he is worth so much," Snape said in that whisper of his that he liked to frighten school kids with, "what is on the table for him?"

A horrible thought entered Sirius's mind. It must have shown, because he watched in horror as Snape's smirk broadened. Oh, God, the rumours about Snape that he'd laughed himself rotten over were true after all.

"I think we're ready to negotiate properly now?" said Snape.

At least, Sirius told himself, it might take his mind off Remus. It had been over a week now. Snape was keeping schtum on what was going on if Remus came back with so much as a scratch, he'd string Snape up by his greasy hair. No, his balls. No his greasy hair *and* his balls. Dumbledore had tried to reassure him the Death Eaters weren't really interested in Remus, he and the others said; they just wanted to use him as bait for the Order but whenever Sirius caught Snape and him in conference, he saw the smarmy smirks tossed his way when Dumbledore wasn't looking.

Oh, for Merlin's sake, who was he kidding? Not even this was going to take his mind off Remus. It was just a few days to a full moon, and Remus was still being held. If he didn't start getting the Wolfsbane now, Remus was screwed.

Well, so would he tomorrow. Screwed, that is. Literally.

He felt sick. He'd actually made a deal with Snape! Merlin's balls, he might as well have made a deal with Voldemort himself. Well, on the plus side, at least it was only for the five days Remus needed the Wolfsbane. But on the bad side, *it was five bloody days* Sirius groaned and held his head in his hands. He really did feel like he was going to puke now. But he couldn't pull a sickie on Snape tonight. It was either this, or Remus went without his potion while he was still being held by Death Eaters. He sighed and raised his head. No contest. Shit, he'd been through worse, hadn't he? He'd spent over a decade in Azkaban, for Christ's sake!

Surely this couldn't be worse than *that*?

When Sirius saw the bad teeth showing through Snape's lecherous grin, he knew he'd been dead wrong.

"Is anything the matter?"

Snape's false concern only made him feel worse. Was anything the matter? Had Merlin been a wizard?

But he couldn't ignore his churning stomach much longer. "You know, I don't feel too good." It sounded pathetic. He knew as soon as he'd said it that he should have kept his mouth shut.

And Snape knew it too. His lip curled. "And I'm sure Lupin will feel on top of the world in... How long is it now?" He turned his head and frowned. "Five days? Hmm. Only five days. Fancy that."

Well, Sirius certainly *didn't*. In no way could the word "fancy" be used right now to describe what Sirius was thinking as he glared at Snape. He took a deep breath. Damn it, that only made it worse.

Kreacher pulled his ears as he passed his Mistress's covered portrait. "Poor Mistress," he muttered. "Bad Master, hateful Master." Kreacher wasn't going to *daany* cleaning for the bad Master unless his Master gave him clear and proper orders. Thankfully, Master hated Kreacher enough to not want to be near him for more than a few seconds, and he'd even told Kreacher to keep to the attic tonight.

So, the only reason Kreacher was going to the kitchen right now was to take the treasures from Kreacher's cupboard to keep them safe tonight from the bad Master.

"Must get back soon ... Master mustn't find ... Eeek!"

He hadn't meant to squeal quite so loud, but the sight of his Master inspecting the kitchen table so closely left Kreacher rather nervous. He ~~had~~ *knew* he should have cleaned the room properly after Master's friends yesterday and Master had even got someone to take a look with him now! The man looked to be *very* interested in what Master was showing him, pressed as he was right up against Master.

Master looked up from the table and gave Kreacher a deep frown.

"Tell *no one*, Kreacher!"

"N-no, Master." Kreacher scuttled away, muttering nervously, ears flapping. He was relieved that Master didn't want anyone to know about Kreacher's bad work and didn't seem to be going to punish him as long as Kreacher kept it a secret but that only made the elf wonder all the harder why Master and his friend had taken such a big interest in his housework or its lack that they'd had to pull their clothing up around their waists to get a closer look.

Sirius watched the doorway until the sound of Kreacher's muttering died away. He turned back to the table and tried again to distract himself from what was going on behind him he never liked the idea of Snape where he couldn't see him at the *best* of times.

Something icy touched his belly.

"Ow! That's cold!"

"Be quiet. Be thankful it's only your stomach." Snape breathed into his ear. "For now."

Sirius snapped his hand over Snape's. "Keep it where it is, you cold-blooded snake."

"Are you sure? Or perhaps you'd like a picture of yourself to help you get in the mood?"

He pushed Snape's hand away. "Just get the hell on with it."

"I have the perfect solution."

Sirius just had time to see Snape's wand out of the corner of his eye before the mirror appeared. The sight of Snape's smirk above his prostrate body made him want to heave. "The only problem is," he said, glaring at Snape's reflection, "I can see you too."

"Do you recall the last time we were here alone?"

It annoyed Sirius that Snape didn't seem bothered about Kreacher's interruption. "No," he said, shutting his eyes against Snape's blatant relishing of the scene. "I'm getting back ache, Snape. For Merlin's sake, when are you going to get a move on?"

"It was just before Christmas remember?"

Sirius let out a low groan in annoyance and braced himself on the table. Now his back really was starting to twinge. Bloody hell, was this Snape's idea of petty revenge because of that stupid row they'd had in here over him giving Harry Occlumency lessons?

"Potter tried to break up our little disagreement." Snape paused, and Sirius vowed that if he didn't shut up and start this in the next second...

"I wonder if Potter were here now he would do us the honour of coming between us again?"

Sirius nearly pulled a muscle. "What the fuck is that supposed to ... Uh!"

He'd tried to translate it into a pained-sounding grunt, he really had. But the bastard's aim had gone astray and... "Bastard!" he grunted. He panted as Snape buried himself further. Fucking wanker was doing it on purpose! "Sneaky ... bastard!"

"I can sum it up in one word. Pisspoor."

Snape showed a row of bad teeth.

God, had he just let the sour-faced ugly bastard fuck him? Sirius decided he'd have to turn tonight's shower right up to scalding.

"I think you can hardly wait for me to do it again."

Sirius laughed. "And you're not a back-stabbing Death Eater."

If anything, Snape's horrible grin what counted for one anyway only widened.

All in all, when you discounted the hour he'd had to spend in the shower that night, scrubbing until he decided he'd probably just about got the topmost layer off (judging by the stark redness of his skin and the heavenly smarting raw feeling all over that took away the greasy smell), and the memories of having Snape's prick shoved in his arse, and the embarrassing noise he'd made when he'd come over the kitchen table when you discounted that, Sirius decided, it hadn't been all that bad really. Not as bad as he'd imagined, anyway, considering this was Snape, the slimy Death Eater par excellence.

But that was Day One. And this was Day Two.

And he suspected Snape had some new kind of humiliation lined up for him today.

It was only when Snape began to undress in the drawing room, the fire crackling behind him, that he began to think his first thought might not have been so wrong after all. Sex in front of the fire? Turned out, Snape's imagination was just as poorly stocked as his wardrobe. This was going to be a piece of cake.

Damn, that rug had been his favourite. He had fond memories of Mad Eye's niece here her and her equally eager sister. He looked at the flattened wool, the thick strands twisted into unnatural directions.

Now he'd have to burn it.

Above him, Snape pulled on his robes.

"You'd better give Remus his dose tonight." Sirius tried to smooth out the fibres. They fought against his impatience. "Did it have to be on my best rug?"

"It isn't called a shag pile rug for nothing."

Sirius shot him a furtive glance. Did he know about the sisters? "That's pretty crude, you know, Snape. Even for you."

Snape smirked as he opened the door, a blast of cold air making Sirius reach hastily to the chair for his clothes. "And don't worry," said Snape, glancing back. "I'll give him his dose of Wolfsbane. A dose a night, eh, Black?"

Sirius pulled a wide, hateful grin.

"Ow! *Fuck!*"

"I'm *trying* to, Black."

Only three more days to go, so Snape didn't have enough time to go through every room in the house. But he was making a damn good go of it in the time he had. Tonight, they were in the library.

Ordinarily, Sirius didn't have much time for books. But when the spine of *91 Ways to Travel Around the Known World On a Broom* was smacking into your face, even the most bibliophobic, he thought, couldn't help but develop an affinity with them. They were your new best friends when your school nemesis was busying himself in your arse and groaning in your ear.

For all their supposed stuffiness, they kept silent on their quite justified outrage and horror at the spectacle unfolding in their hallowed place. In fact, they were quite dignified about the whole thing, and Sirius felt a burgeoning sense of respect for the shivering masses of childhood tedium. The only thing making horrible noises was Snape.

Sirius saw a thin volume sail past, weeded out from the crowd, too weak to cling onto the shaking shelves or maybe too shocked. "Oy! Careful of the books!"

"It's not the damn books that are bothering me right now, Black." Snape thrust hard and deep.

"Fucking..." Sirius tried to concentrate on the opposite to what he was feeling right now. He screwed up his face. "Scumbag bastard..."

"Language, Black," Snape gasped as he thrust in hard again. "Or I shall wash your mouth out with soapy water. Or something similar."

Sirius could all but *feel* the smirk. "I never agreed to anything like that, you greasy scumb..."

"Then I suggest you keep your pretty thoughts to yourself."

Snape drove in again, slower this time, more probing but not quite enough and Sirius bit back the sudden desire to push back. The effort made him hot and sweaty, and he forced his eyes to trace the curls of the letters in front of him *T r a v e l*. But apparently not even being rammed *right up* against a dusty travel guide was enough to overcome what came next the perfectly matched following of his curves by Snape's prick. He felt a tightening around his balls, and it took him a moment to realise it was Snape's sweaty hand. But Snape had already begun to work them, and Sirius couldn't stop the swelling rush, the guttural growl giving him away as he spilled over the bottom shelves cleared of books in advance (Snape's stipulation the typical prickless teacher even when preparing for a fuck).

Snape leaned his weight over him as he spent himself.

Sirius's world was trying to snap back into place. His panting was loud in his ears, nearly drowning out Snape's obnoxiously self-satisfied words. "That was the best you've ever had, wasn't it?"

Sirius tried to tell him where to go, but his voice decided to choose that very moment to play with the Snorkacks.

Snape leaned in closer. His sour breath felt cool against Sirius's sweaty face. "I can do one better."

He sounded bloody confident, and Sirius really wanted to tell him to go fuck himself, he really did. But part of him the bloody traitorous part of him that felt like a kid in a sweet shop at the thought of destroying Snape's smarmy self-confidence just wouldn't let him answer.

He could practically see Snape's smug grin. Bloody curiosity.

If curiosity killed the cat, then this was skinning the cat alive *then* killing it very, very slowly. Probably by boiling it over a slow heat, if the tortured heap on the floor of his old bedroom was anything to go by. He barely registered that tortured heap as himself as he slowly came to.

Snape was gasping for breath, spread-eagled on his bed, his wand rolling uselessly to the floor as bikini-clad girls smiled down. If the posters hadn't been Muggle, they wouldn't have looked so pleased to see Snape's pale, bony form at their feet.

Sirius had fallen to the ground at some point as Snape had Apparated them to the room.

He remembered the rolling orgasm up against the bathroom tiles, too late to stop but drawn out instead as Snape's arms closed in around him and Snape's balls slammed into him and the twisting then the squeezing ... not just his balls, but his *entire body* ... with Snape's prick the epicentre... It was like his whole body was being sucked... If he'd known what Snape had been planning, he'd have been terrified his balls might have got splinched. It was surely touch and go.

Could you leave your jizz in some miniature dimension?

He knew one thing, at least. He didn't have any left to try to find out for *a*very long time.

Shit, but the *squeezing* it was like drawing out euphoria through a long, thin tube. He hadn't thought it was ever going to stop.

Why hadn't *he* ever thought of doing that?

He made a mental note to ask Mad Eye how his nieces were next time he saw him.

Sirius held the silk in his hands. He'd imagined Snape putting on things like this, his rent boys laughing themselves as sick as he had when he'd thought of the sight. Christ, he'd been to Azkaban and back, and now here he was about to put this thing on for Snape and from his *mother's* old room. Sirius stared down at the cream silk. It was smooth in his hands, against his skin, and a flash of memory came to him of the coarseness of Snape's robes against his thighs as he'd taken him over the kitchen table. He felt a rising heat as his treacherous imagination filled him in on the exquisite contrast, the silkiness on his cock as... "I want something more."

"What?"

Sirius cleared his throat and raised his voice. "I'm not doing this just because you're brewing a potion. I want you to do something more if I do this." He lifted his gaze to Snape's sceptical face. He'd been waiting for the last day to call Snape's bluff. As he'd guessed, Snape had saved the worst humiliation till last, and the odds on Snape backing down now were stacked in Sirius's favour. It was now or never. "I want you to promise to protect him as well."

"Protect him?"

"That's right. If Remus's life's in danger now, or any time in the future I want you to promise you'll do everything you can to protect him."

"Whatever you say." Snape's expression was something akin to weariness. "I promise."

Sirius snorted softly. "Like your word means anything."

Snape stared back. "I am not making the Unbreakable Vow over a dress."

Sirius crushed the silk in his hands. "I wouldn't want you to make the Vow. You'd probably find some way to squirm yourself round any Vow anyway." Plus, no way did Sirius want anyone else knowing about this. Just the thought made him break out in a cold sweat. "Just swear it, and I'll do this. Look at me and swear it."

Snape evinced boredom. "Very well." He made a show of placing his hand on his chest, but Sirius held his gaze, refusing to allow him to make light of it. "I swear to do whatever is in my power to help the werewolf Remus Lupin if, at any time..."

"Now or ever. Like, if he ever gets caught up in anything, and someone even one of your chummy Death Eaters decides to use him as target practice one day..."

"Fine."

"...or one night."

"What?"

"Whether on the ground or in the sky..."

"Yes, yes." Snape's jaw tensed. "I get the picture, Black. If now or ever Remus Lupin's life is in danger, I'll do exactly what I must to save the blasted werewolf's neck."

Sirius relaxed. He couldn't believe he'd actually got Snape to agree to it. Now Remus would always have someone watching his back. The sneaky bastard had better keep his word.

Snape dropped his arm from his chest and frowned at the crumpled silk. "Now get that damn dress on."