

Checkmate

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Hermione is manipulated into revealing a secret and Severus uses it to his advantage

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Originally written as a single drabble for a grangersnape100 challenge on live journal. The challenge was Blame Ron. I was chatting with a friend when we started talking about writing outside our comfort zones and she challenged me to a bit of Harry/Ron. This was the end result. The story is very much about Severus and Hermione, the other two are only minor characters! I've also thrown someone else in as a surprise.

Warning: Contains a very, very, very light slash scene. (please, if that is not your thing, don't read!)

Disclaimer: Not my characters, only playing with them.

Thank you to ladyinthecloak for her wonderful beta services.

~~1~~

"Checkmate."

The word earned her a glare from her husband. Even his chessmen, unaccustomed to losing, were glaring up at her.

"I'm sorry, Severus, but I told you I didn't want to play chess with you."

He grunted in reply.

"It's not my fault I do so well at board games. You can blame Ron. It was self-preservation."

He looked up.

"Months in a tent with two randy teen-aged boys."

"Elaborate," he said, his eyes narrowing.

"Well, when Ron got the idea that any game we played should have the word strip preceding it," she smirked, "I never lost again."

~~2~~

"Hermione," Severus began innocently, hours later, "since you never lost a game again, does that mean you saw those dunderheads naked?"

Surprised, she looked up at her husband; his head was still bent over the papers he had been grading, but she could see the faintest bit of pink staining his cheeks. Had he been worrying all afternoon over something so silly?

She chose her words carefully. Severus had such a delicate ego ... and such a horrible temper. "Dear, does it really matter?" she began.

"It was a long time ago. And they're like brothers to me, you know that."

~~3~~

"And all I asked was if you saw their dangly bits. It's a yes or no answer, Hermione." His voice was an octave higher and his cheeks were now more red than pink.

Hermione chewed her lip nervously. She hadn't exactly seen them naked ... no, it was worse than that ... and she had promised Harry and Ron that she'd never speak of that night.

So, what could she tell her husband without rousing his suspicion?

She was sure that if he knew what had transpired that evening, Severus would have a hard time dealing with her friends in the future.

~~4~~

But what was worse? Dealing with a sulky, jealous husband or betraying her best friends' trust.

Hermione sighed and said, "Severus, calm down."

"Don't tell me to calm down," he said, and graced her with his patented glare. "What's so difficult, just answer, yes or no?"

"It's just that I promised to never talk about it."

"A wand oath?"

"No, but still, I promised. Honey, please understand. It's not important if I saw them naked. I'm with you. Married to you."

She could tell by his look he was plotting. Damn Slytherin husband! She should have married a nice Hufflepuff.

~~5~~

"Then I'll take a wand oath to never speak of what you tell me," he said with conviction.

"But you'll know! A wand oath doesn't exactly erase your memory."

"Hermione."

"Severus."

He stared deep into her eyes and she immediately shut them tight. "No! No, Legilimency! I hate when you do that."

"Fine! Take the damn oath, but don't say I didn't warn you." She opened her eyes and gave him the most disapproving look she could muster. "You're really not going to like what you hear."

"I think I'll survive," he countered.

A curious Severus was a determined Severus.

~~6~~

He took the oath and settled on the couch looking intently at her.

Hermione shook her head at him. "First, I want to make it clear that I am very disappointed in you and that I am telling you this against my better judgment."

He merely nodded and gestured for her to begin. He could be such a bastard, even when he was getting his own way.

"I can't believe I'm doing this!"

She sent him another dirty look before starting. "As you know, we spent months in that tent, and things were pretty boring when we weren't chasing horcruxes."

~~7~~

"I resisted Ron's pathetic attempts at seducing me so out of frustration and boredom one evening he suggested we play strip poker."

Severus' cheeks were turning pink again.

"Strip poker turned into strip everything. I never lost a game, but since I had no interest in seeing Ron's freckly ass, I'd never allow more than a piece or two of clothing to be shed before I'd quit for the night."

The corners of Severus' mouth twitched at this.

"Anyway, one night Ron came back from seeing Charlie with a few bottles of elf-made wine and a fully stocked picnic basket."

~~8~~

"We devoured the meal; it had been ages since we had anything so good, and Ron opened the wine and poured each of us a glass."

Severus tutted under his breath.

"I know, but we had absolutely no idea how potent elf-made wine is."

"That being said, he was trying to get me drunk. He pulled out the exploding snap soon after, I imagine he thought I'd start losing if I was inebriated. Of course he was wrong."

"When isn't Weasley wrong?" Severus chimed in sarcastically.

"Don't interrupt or I'll stop telling you the story wand oath or not."

~~9~~

After a deep breath she forged ahead. It was nearing the interesting part, and her stomach was beginning to tighten. Severus was not going to like the way the night ended.

"The only thing Ron achieved was getting himself and Harry pissed. I was tipsy, but I knew better than to chug the stuff the way those two were.

"They didn't stand a chance, and before they knew it, they were down to their boxers while I stayed fully clothed. Harry lost and ..."

"Wait, I just have to know, did their skivvies have little Snitches or Nimbus 2000's on them?"

~~10~~

"Severus," she scolded.

His laughter died down in a moment and with a raised eyebrow he asked again in all seriousness, "Well, did they?"

She scowled down at him knowing full well he wouldn't let it go till she answered.

"Fine! Harry's did Snitches. But Ron's were just plain red boxers. Are you happy now?"

He looked up at her amused and waved his hand for her to continue on with her story.

"As I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted, Harry lost and was, well, embarrassed. I was too. I really didn't want to see him naked!"

~~11~~

"So what happened?" he asked, crossing his arms tightly across his chest.

Hermione felt her temperature rise; it wasn't going to be easy to put this delicately enough for Severus. "I ... umm, well I asked Harry if he would rather stop, but Ron...being Ron...said no, we had to continue. He insisted we finish the game.

"Remember, dear, they were very drunk."

"Go on. Get on with it."

Exasperated with his petulance she said, "I tried to give them an out, but it didn't quite work the way I expected it to."

He glared up at her. "And?"

~~12~~

"I suggested that we play truth or dare, but with my rules."

She bit her lip and looked down at her husband before explaining.

"No truth, only dare. And once someone refused, the game was over and that person had to do everyone's chores for a month."

Severus stood abruptly and started pacing. She'd told him he wasn't going to want to hear this.

"Continue," he said his back to her.

"Well, I thought I had the perfect dare to stop everything before it went further. I dared Harry to kiss Ron. Actually, I dared him to snog him senseless."

~~13~~

Severus turned to look at her, his eyebrows practically disappearing into his hairline.

"Did he take your dare?"

"Yes," she said and winced. It wasn't one of her fondest memories. Somehow she felt responsible for Harry's sexuality. Maybe if she had never dared him, he'd be married to Ginny now.

"They both cringed at first, and Harry started to refuse when Ron interrupted and said he'd do it if Harry agreed. I guess Ron didn't want the game to end; he still thought, well, I don't know what he thought, but..."

"I can imagine what he thought." Severus interrupted.

~~14~~

"What happened then?"

Hermione plopped herself down in the middle of the couch. "Harry thought about it for a minute, and then leaned in to kiss Ron. Harry's lips were barely touching Ron's.

"I started to giggle I thought it was the funniest thing I'd ever seen at first. I honestly figured they would stop after a moment, hoping I would say it was good enough. I never expected them to actually snog."

"But they did, didn't they? Did you watch, Hermione?" Severus asked as he sat down beside her.

"I did," she cried, burying her head in her hands.

~~15~~

Keeping her face in her hands she confessed, "It was fascinating, watching them kiss like that. It started out as barely a kiss, but it quickly grew into more."

Her cheeks were flaming as she sat up. She might as well just blurt out the rest of the story.

"As the kiss deepened they wrapped their arms around each other, groping at each other's bodies. I could see their tongues battling as they gasped for air. I don't think I have ever seen such a passionate kiss.

"Harry stood, but didn't break the kiss, and Ron followed, holding on tightly."

~~16~~

She paused for breath and glanced sideways at Severus. He didn't seem to be disturbed by her revelation. He sat there watching her intently.

"When they stood, I could see how hard they both were. I mean Harry was practical falling out. I don't think they realized I was still there." She squirmed at the memory.

"They were grinding on each other, and Harry was grabbing Ron's ass and squeezing. They were both moaning.

"Oh god!" she groaned.

"What?"

"I'm so embarrassed! I'm confessing to watching my two best friends fooling around. It's not exactly something that makes me comfortable!"

~~17~~

"Did it turn you on?" he asked quietly.

"What?"

"I asked, Hermione, if watching them turned you on."

"Severus! You're talking about my best friends!"

"I know." He paused and gave her a calculating look. "You admitted to being a bit tipsy yourself, right?"

She frowned at him for a moment, trying to decide if he was setting her up or if he was honestly curious.

She shook her head yes and squirmed again.

"So, was it erotic watching them?"

She shrugged trying to appear unbothered by his questioning. "Okay, I'll admit it was hot watching them kiss. Happy now?"

~~18~~

He grinned at her, his eyes gleaming wickedly. "Finish the story," he prodded. "Did anything else happen?"

Hermione gave him a calculating look of her own. Her husband was up to something. She knew that devilish look only too well.

"I'm not really sure, but I think so. I ran out of the tent at that point and took a long walk. When I got back they were both sleeping...in the same bed... and in the morning we only spoke of it briefly.

"Ron asked me to promise never to say anything to anyone, and I haven't until now."

~~19~~

She sat there remembering the tension that hung between the two in the weeks that followed. "There was a lot of sexual tension for awhile. They must have eventually worked it out, by the end of the war it was like it never happened."

"So you never saw them naked?" he asked with a smile.

"No!" He had such a one-track mind! "Aren't you shocked by anything I've said?"

"Not really," he shrugged, "it explains a lot about Harry.

"So," he murmured. "It turned you on, did it? Did you think about joining them? Is that why you ran out?"

~~20~~

"Severus!"

He laughed and slid closer.

"Well, did you? Do you? Do you fantasize about what it would be like having two men?"

He leaned in whispering the last words against her skin. She sighed when his tongue flitted out and traced the edge of her earlobe.

"And if I kissed a man, Hermione?" He suckled the sensitive skin of her neck as he said these words.

Her eyes rolled back, a shuddered moan her only response.

"Would that turn you on?" His long fingers found her thigh and bunched up the fabric of her robes in one quick motion.

~~21~~

"Maybe," she gasped loudly.

"And if I told you I've done that, and more?" He continued kissing her neck while his hand slid under her robe to rest between her legs.

"Would you fantasize about us with another man?" he asked his voice husky with desire.

His talented fingers found her then and began working their own particular magic.

Concentration was difficult and she barely heard him when he whispered, "Would you want two men at the same time, Hermione?"

"Yes," she cried enthusiastically, meaning it.

He laughed a triumphant laugh.

"I'm sure Lucius will be delighted to hear that."