

# Serpent

*by chivalric*

Hermione has learned a new task and is eager to find out how to deal with kittens and snakes at the same time.

## One-shot Story

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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As usual, endless thanks to my betas, Iceangel105, Pookah, and Arabella Bloodgood.

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"Ouch!"

"It's alright."

"I said ouch, Hermione! And that means it's not alright. It hurts, it... OUCH!"

"Don't be such a baby, love! The area is numbed, and anyway, I'll be finished soon. Just another ten minutes, at the most."

"What? Ten minutes? You must be joking, you... Hell, woman, will you be careful there!" His voice was quite strangled when he shouted those last words. "And the anaesthesia is wearing off. I said... OUCH! FINISH IT!"

Calmly, she patted his naked knee. "You agreed on this, Severus. You said I could do it. Actually, you were quite eager at the prospect. Remember?"

Unfortunately, she was correct; he had agreed. He had considered it quite a fascinating idea, especially after she had promised to make it small and fast.

Only that she was working on him for ages by now, that he was tired to lay motionless on his back, and that her actions indeed had begun to hurt in the past few minutes.

But... he had agreed. Had promised to let her finish. And as he wasn't a coward, he deliberately stretched out on the bed once more, ignored the pain, and forced his hardened muscles to relax instead of curling into a fetal position like he wanted to in order to escape her hands and her tool. *That* would have been a far too embarrassing thing to do for a former Death Eater!

Reaching up, he found the headboard. Holding fast, he dug his nails into the soft wood whilst his beloved went on torturing him.

Gods, it hurt!

He had agreed to this, stupidly enough, not expecting a mere needle could cause that bloody much pain or that the task would take so long.

But she had been so very excited when she had arrived back home from her journey to Japan. She had practically begged him to serve as her guinea pig. How could he resist her pleading, brown eyes? Of course he had surrendered to her, mainly because of the way she had been looking at him under those long lashes, biting her lower lip.

"Please, Severus," she had cooed. "Pretty please!"

As always when she wanted something of him, he had melted and, against his better judgment, had taken off his clothes as ordered. Lying on the bed, he had even been daft enough to smile at her encouragingly. She wanted to try out her new tool, her newly learned skill? "Do it, then," he had said, fool that he was.

Watching her whilst she was drawing the sketch had been fun, although she hadn't shown him her final motive. It had tickled slightly when she had placed her wand on his skin, adjusting the sketch to his body.

"This doesn't arouse you?" she had asked, incredulously, and he had blushed a bit because, to be honest, her touch always aroused him.

Well, that had been a while ago. Now, he watched her with watering eyes, observed her working on him, sitting between his legs, tongue stuck out a little bit. She looked determined, eager to do a perfect job.

"I want it to look good," she said as if to reassure him. "Better than just good, actually. I want it to look *cool*. Just a few more minutes, Severus."

Bugger.

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Tipping her head, she admired her work and wiped some tiny blood drops away from Severus's lower abdomen. Admittedly, the art she had done looked quite ugly at the moment, as the skin was reddened, irritated, and slightly swollen. It would need a few days before being back to normal – smooth, marble-white, and tender.

But the picture itself, the picture she had painted on her lover's skin, was rich with details and left not much to the imagination. Nothing, really. Nothing at all.

And it looked cool. Not as small as she had promised, as she had intended at first, but then, who wants it small if one could have it big and... imposing? Pity, really, that no one apart from her would ever see it.

Maybe, if they went swimming in the summer... it would be at least partially visible...

Gently, she placed a kiss next to his belly button. Finally, the needle was gone from her hand.

"Are you finished, witch?" Severus snarled, his teeth still clenched together.

"Hmm," she said and breathed on the picture she had created in the past two hours.

Severus shuddered under the cool breeze. "How does it look?" he asked. Daring to let go of the bedpost, he craned his neck to have a look at his private parts.

"It will look perfect in a day or two," she assured him and handed him a mirror so he could see it the right way round.

It took him a while before he could answer. Finally, he managed, "You said it would be small!"

She grinned. "'Small' would have meant a kitten. I couldn't tattoo *ababy* cat down there, could I?"

"But... but... You... That's..." He gulped. "You tattooed a lion's paw on my... my..."

"Cock," she helped him out. "Yes. And because I couldn't stop at the paw, I decided to tattoo the complete lion. And a serpent as well, just for good measure. Why do you think it took me so long? The tails entwine, and see, I managed to include your left hip bone to the lion's hind leg and your belly button as the serpent's eye. Aren't the colours brilliant? Isn't it perfect?"

"It's most disturbing!" he exclaimed, disbelieving and shocked. Sitting up, he moved his long, black hair out of his glistening face with an impatient swipe of his hand. "Merlin, Hermione, I'm a Slytherin! I can't run around with a lion tattooed to my... my..."

"Cock," she offered and wrapped her hand round the surprisingly hard subject in question. "I promise, I won't tell anyone. And there's the snake to outbalance it."

"Ouch," he breathed encouragingly when she started to stroke and happily dropped back onto the mattress so he could move his hips a bit closer to her eager lips.

"I think I need to kiss you better," she agreed and flicked her tongue over his tip.

"Ouch, ouch, ouch!" he managed with a faint whisper and pushed his shoulders comfortably into the pillows. Closing his eyes, he grabbed the headboard again, this time with both hands and a big grin on his face. Maybe getting tattooed wasn't that bad at all when a blow-job by the woman he loved was the reward.

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A/N: I sat in a meeting, was massively bored, and looked at my blouse, which was of a dark purple with black patterns. Poof, there was the story, and I wrote it down whilst the others discussed business matters. I am absolutely certain I had a lot more fun than them.

Oh, and then I found it sort of fits the following prompt:

55. It begins with kittens. It ends with snakes. (There's an obvious SS/HG reference in there, but it really can be anything! As long as there are kittens. And snakes. I'd like for the kittens not to be fed to the snakes.)