

A Berry Frustrating Wager

by juniperus

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Severus sat in his favorite leather chair, before him a kneeling young woman—a young woman holding a large bowl of fresh strawberries and wearing a petulant scowl.

"When we made the bet you promised to—" She blushed. "—torture me if I lost." *Which, she thought, is the only reason I agreed to a Quidditch bet knowing full well the Gryffindor team couldn't even beat Hufflepuff this year.* "I rather expected something..." ... *deliciously aberrant but Not My Idea.* "... a little, er, *kinkier*," she grumbled.

"Oh, it will be torture." He smirked. "*I guarantee.*"

He eased further into the cushions and stretched his long legs in front of him. He raked Hermione's form with his eyes before gesturing imperiously.

Hermione held the first large, perfectly ripe berry before Severus' mouth. His tongue darted out to kiss the tip before he leaned forward, eyes staring intently into Hermione's, and bit the fragrant, succulent flesh.

Hermione shuddered at she watched his lips caress the fruit as his teeth gently sank home and shifted uncomfortably as her knickers grew considerably damper. Damn the man—this would, *indeed*, be torture. She made a mental note to take a more active role in next year's team.