

# Flying Lesson

*by LuciannaMalfoy*

Why did Severus insist on a flying lesson?

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Why did Severus insist on a flying lesson?

One. Two. Three. Deep breaths were supposed to help stop anxiety.

It was just a broom, Hermione reminded herself when she looked at the gently hovering object besides her. Many witches and wizards were flying with ease; why couldn't she do the same?

'Now, get on the broom, my dear.' Severus' voice held a pinch too much glee for her taste.

'Can we decide to do something else?' Hermione asked, hope not dying just yet.

'No, I think a flying lesson is just what you need,' he responded to her, a smile gracing his face.

'But I don't need to fly. I can walk, for example.'

'Remember the terms of our game. You lost. I get to do whatever I choose with you.'

Hermione knew she was defeated. It was a good reminder why she should not play strip poker with iron-clad terms with her darling.

'When I win, you will go and do a teeth whitening procedure at my parents' clinic,' Hermione said triumphantly and mounted the broom.