

A Snake Named Daphne

by ApollinaV

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"You hate it, don't you?" Hermione asked with a quiver in her voice.

Severus backed up a step from the large Plexiglas tank and worried not for his wife's tender feelings, but more for the cage in front of him. "How many wards do you have on it?" he asked apprehensively.

Hermione's brows furrowed. "None. But don't worry, she can't escape. Daphne may be a tree snake, but she can't lift the lid."

The audible gulp that came from her husband was her first real clue that her stellar gift idea wasn't just a dud, but perhaps was freaking him out? Was that possible? His clenching and unclenching fists seemed to indicate it was.

"Severus?" she asked concerned. "Are you okay?"

"I, uh... I don't like snakes, Hermione."

Hermione blinked and stared at him. Her eyes wandered over their dungeon quarters, falling on numerous Slytherin items, all bearing snake emblems.

"You're surrounded by them," she whispered delicately.

"They're just designs," he uttered back. "And even then I have to tell myself they're not real."

"Okay," Hermione said soothingly. "If it makes you feel better I'll put up a perimeter ward around her. And then tomorrow, I'll take her back. Would that be alright?"

Severus nodded stiffly, his eyes still riveted to the large

brownish-grey snake coiled around a branch in his living room. It had seemed like a good idea at the time. They'd always have a fresh supply of Boomslang skin, with one as a pet. A light sheen of perspiration had broken out on his forehead, and this was rapidly becoming the worst birthday imaginable.

Hermione wrapped her hand around his and tugged Severus from the terrarium back to their sofa chairs where she had several more gifts to give him.

It quickly became apparent that she couldn't compete for his attention while a venomous snake was in the room. At a loss of what else to do, Hermione got up and stretched, bending and flexing. Then her top flew off, sailing across the living room and hitting his chair with a light 'thwack.'

Severus didn't look up.

Her bra soon followed.

Every stitch of clothing was tossed across the room in front of his gaze, but the other woman had him captivated. Or perhaps, by the balls. Hermione bet a Basilisk couldn't Petrify him more, and she was well aware of that problem.

Hermione crossed his line of vision, standing completely naked, and watched Severus blink several more times again.

"Follow me," she ordered lightly, holding out her hand.

"What about the snake?" he mumbled absently as she lead him into their bedroom.

Hermione rolled her eyes and firmly locked the door behind her. "What snake?"

Severus sputtered lightly. "She could get out."

"Nonsense. Stop being such a coward. Really, now." Hermione guided his hands to her breasts to distract him; her nipples were already pebbled from the chill of the dungeons in January.

That got his attention.

Severus finally registered that his wife had led him to bed and was pressing herself eagerly against him.

"I think, love," she whispered, drawing him in tightly against her body, "that you are over dressed. May I?"

Severus shuddered at her touch, thoughts of brown African tree snakes disappearing with her hand roaming his backside and pinching his bum. His witch like manhandling his goods just a bit, and Severus liked being manhandled.

Her fingers threaded down the placket of his Oxford shirt, undoing each of the buttons before his chest was bared to her. Hermione wet her lips and smiled wickedly at him, tugging the shirt free from his pants and letting it drop to the floor.

Her fingernails scraped lightly across the sparse, wiry hairs there before scratching at his flat brown nipples.

"Witch," he hissed in a warning breath.

"Wizard," she whispered, her lips at his throat.

"Don't tease me like this," his voice was near begging, though he hadn't moved.

Hermione's flat palms smoothed gently down his sides, feeling the strength of his torso, before jerking his waistband forward with impatient fingers. His belt was undone, his trousers unzipped, and underpants dropped to the floor while he closed his eyes to her willful ministrations.

Severus stood, swaying lightly on his heels as every drop of blood seemed to center in his groin, more specifically, in Hermione's hand as she cupped him and coaxed him harder, her greedy little hand pumping him.

She didn't need to do much coaxing.

"Come get me," she teased, hopping atop the bed and scurrying to the other side.

"Gods, yes," he uttered, following her. Hermione skittered out of his grasp, coyly rolling again.

"Gotcha," he cried, grabbing a foot and tickling it mercilessly. Hermione howled and writhed against him. "Now to claim my prize," he rumbled smoothly, inching his jaw against her collar bone as he sealed his body over hers.

Their lips met, crashing together in unison, drinking deeply. And Severus traced her womanly curves with eager fingers that smoothed down her thighs. Hermione gasped when he parted her slick folds, teasing her in return until she arched her back and begged with her body for him, her hair, dark and wild, fanned across the bedsheets.

"Please," she breathed, her voice hitching. "No more teasing."

"Can't take it anymore?" Severus purred, his lips on the delicate shell of her ear.

"No, don't want to," she gasped.

Severus hooked an arm under her knee, drawing it up with his body as their hips aligned.

As he slowly entered her, a moan, deep and husky wrenched from her throat. The first thrust of Severus, slowly impaling her on his cock, was always the best, being slowly stretched and filled as he coaxed a rhythm that suited them both. The aching throb between bodies quenched by their motion.

In their darkened bedroom the hushed sounds of low moans and tender words of their lovemaking filled the air. Two voices shouted out, one following the other.

Then:

"You really don't like her."

"Terrified."

A/N:

Written to silverdove's prompt: Write a story about a Slytherin afraid of snakes.

At 1,000 words exactly, I feel like I've won something. This was so impossibly hard to write the story I wanted and the lemons I wanted in 1,000 words. I hope it satisfied.

Thank you to Christev, for the wonderful beta work. Kisses, babe.