

# The Bet

*by luvsev*

Lucius loses a bet to Severus.

## Oneshot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Lucius loses a bet to Severus.

'Lucius, I believe it is time for you to repay your debt.' Severus strode into the bathroom and set three dark containers onto the black marble countertop.

'Are you certain this is the best way?' Lucius's voice trembled as he perched on the toilet seat.

'Has it occurred to you that doing this the Muggle way might be more effective?' Severus looked at Lucius, whose lips were curled into an ugly sneer. 'Of course you wouldn't think so.'

Lucius made an undignified noise. 'Are you certain this won't hurt?'

'Yes.' Severus peeled back the lid from one of the containers and warmed the contents with his wand. After checking its temperature, he then spread a little of the heated wax on Lucius's chest.

'Is this it?'

'No. Now, sit back and shut up.'

'What crawled up your pants, Severus?'

Severus glared at him as he applied the strip to the wax. He waited for a moment and then swiftly ripped the muslin strip from Lucius's skin, leaving behind a smooth, reddened patch.

Lucius jerked and let out a muffled scream. 'Fuck, Severus! I thought you said this wouldn't hurt!'

'So, I lied.' Severus rolled his eyes and continued, 'Aren't you the one who advocates that pain is good for us?'

'Yes, but... In fact, I rather enjoyed it.'

'What, you think this shouldn't apply to you, old friend? Sorry, that's not how it works. Now, stop being such a pansy and sit your arse back down. You're acting just like a first-year Hufflepuff girl.' He shoved Lucius back onto the toilet seat and applied more hot wax and another muslin strip to Lucius's chest. Waiting a moment, he yanked again, and Lucius swore.

'I ought to...'

'What you're about to say is an idle threat, Lucius.' He leaned against the counter to watch Lucius decide what he was going to do. When Lucius relaxed, Severus spoke

once more. 'If you hate the outcome of this bet, here's a little tip for next time: don't lose.'

'You're not bringing anymore of *that* near me.' Lucius roughly pushed Severus's hand away, causing the hot wax to fly across the room and land with a splat on the mirror. 'How was I supposed to know Hermione would choose your idea over mine?'

'If you have to ask, you're even more simple-minded than I had thought. You truly are losing your touch, Lucius,' he taunted.

'Ha! You wish!' Lucius retorted.

At that moment, Hermione padded into the bathroom, wearing nothing but an open, pale-pink, button-down shirt. Her tousled curls tumbled past her shoulders, and she raked her hand through them. 'Boys, you do realise it's impolite to keep a lady waiting, right?'

Severus was the first to notice Hermione's nearly nude form, his eyes traversing her creamy curves.

'Of course, Hermione. Let me be the first to apologise,' Lucius spoke.

'You can apologise all you want,' Severus snarled. 'I'm joining her in bed.' In two strides, he was standing in front of her, his hands roaming over her soft skin.

'Give him a moment alone, Severus; he's clearly agitated. Come, I'll keep you occupied while he...' she paused, thinking of how to finish her sentence without offending Lucius further, 'gathers his wits.'

'Thank you for your thoughtfulness, Hermione, but I'll come with you,' Lucius said.

'Promise?' Hermione teased.

Lucius smirked. 'In due time. I'd enjoy a distraction, wouldn't you?' he asked, cupping her bottom as they walked into his bedroom.

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