

The Games People Play

by magalena

A game of 'truth or dare' ensues; is Severus up to the challenge? Adapted from a series of drabbles for the granger/snape100 challenge 'truth or dare.'

One

Chapter 1 of 7

A game of 'truth or dare' ensues; is Severus up to the challenge? Adapted from a series of drabbles for the granger/snape100 challenge 'truth or dare.'

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AN: Many thanks to my betas, drhermioneph and sweettiff_14, for all their help.

The group was drinking and laughing. Someone from their Hogwarts days, seven years earlier, might have found the combination of characters unexpected. There was a blending of houses, and no one was threatening anyone; in fact, everyone was getting on famously. The rivalries and prejudices of childhood had been put aside amongst all who were gathered at Draco's home in celebration.

Several in the group had completed the arduous process to become masters in their respective fields: Draco in Potions, Luna in Arithmancy, and Hermione, ever the swot, with dual masters in Arithmancy and Charms with a minor in Potions.

Their revelry had degenerated into a rousing game of Truth or Dare. Blaise had dared Luna to show off her new tattoo. Uninhibited, Luna boldly lifted her skirt, baring her thigh, to expose a Chinese Fireball, and was raising it even higher to bare her butt cheek when she was stopped by her laughing boyfriend, Draco. "That's enough, Love. Blaise is just trying to get a look at your bum."

Just then there was a commotion as the Floo activated and two wizards stumbled through, arm in arm, one of them hanging tightly onto a half-empty bottle of Firewhisky.

They were laughing together, poking at each other like two little boys. "Did you see..." "And then he..." "The look on his face when..." They collapsed against each other in uproarious glee.

Draco cleared his throat, and the two turned to see the crowd of Draco's friends staring at them with curiosity. Lucius Malfoy and Severus Snape were acting so out of character, the group simply stared, in open-mouthed disbelief.

Severus straightened, sneering, "Shut your gobs, the bunch of you." Now, this was the Snape they all remembered.

"Draco, I'd forgotten about your little soirée tonight," drawled Lucius.

The two older wizards joined the group while continuing to work on their bottle.

Luna challenged, "Hermione, truth or dare?"

"Truth."

"Have you ever had a serious crush on a teacher?"

Hermione gave Luna a look that should have had her shaking in her boots. With a blush, she replied, "Yes, I have."

"Who?" asked Harry, clearly curious.

"It wasn't part of the question, I'm not going to tell," stated Hermione, deciding that in present company, she wouldn't choose truth again. She looked speculatively at the Dynamic Duo. "Hmm... Severus, truth or dare?"

Two

Chapter 2 of 7

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"What! I've certainly no intention of participating in this silly, juvenile game."

"You drink with us, you play with us," Draco stated emphatically.

"Oh, very well," he responded grudgingly. "Truth, Miss Granger."

"It's Hermione, sir. Might you ever consider having sex with a former student?"

The group gasped at her audacity.

"Yes, I might. After teaching for nearly twenty years, ultimately, most women I meet now are former students."

After several rounds Draco challenged Hermione. "I dare you to pick one of the guys present, sit on his lap, and kiss him passionately."

Hermione surveyed the crowd. Most of them were paired into couples except for Greg, Ernie, Theo, and the Dynamic Duo.

Hermione really didn't want to kiss someone else's boyfriend. She knew which person Draco was trying to steer her toward; she chose to be obstinate. She plopped down on Lucius's lap and, threading her fingers through his hair, proceeded to kiss him most thoroughly.

The crowd gaped at them. Everyone except Severus, who merely studied the two with a keen interest.

Hermione made an effort to rise, but Lucius wrapped his arm about her waist and held her in place.

He leaned in to whisper in her ear, causing her to blush and look at him questioningly. He waggled his eyebrows, nodding at her before she turned. "Severus. Truth or dare?"

"Dare."

Taking a deep breath, she asked, "I dare you to meet Lucius and me upstairs in five minutes."

Immediately, Lucius Disapparated away with Hermione.

Without hesitation, Severus stood, setting his whisky bottle down. "That's all for me. Goodnight, children." And without another word, he, too, Disapparated with a pop.

Everyone stared at each other in shock until Luna muttered, "Well, it's about time!"

Three

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"What do you mean, Luna?" Harry gasped, horrified.

“Oh, for goodness sake, Harry. Who did you think the teacher she had a crush on was? Flitwick, Hagrid...?”

“Well, no, but... Snape?”

“Who else?”

Draco draped his arm across Luna's shoulders and pulled her closer. “I think your work here is done, my little meddler. Whatever happens now is up to them,” he said, kissing her cheek.

“I'm a meddler? I'm not the one who dared her to kiss your dad!”

“Well, that came as a surprise; I was expecting her to pick Severus.”

“It just goes to show you never know what to expect where a witch is concerned,” drawled Zabini lazily. “They'll fool you every time. I was personally hoping she would pick Goyle, just to get back at you, but your dad was a good choice too. I don't know who was more surprised though: you, him or Snape.”

“Me neither, Father did look like he was enjoying himself,” mumbled Draco.

“Hermione did too,” added Luna, a little worried now. “Maybe that wasn't such a great idea. I thought she would end up with Severus, not Lucius, or both of them.”

Ron, who'd been listening on the sidelines, now interjected the voice of reason. “Hermione will be alright.”

“So you don't have a problem with your friend disappearing with Malfoy and Snape? Aren't you worried at all?” asked Blaise, puzzled by Weasley's calm response.

“Nothing will happen that she doesn't want; if anyone can handle two Dark wizards, it's her. If anything, I'd be worried about them if they do something to piss her off; she'll hex both of them without a second thought.”

“Ronald's right,” sighed Luna, relieved. “I'm sure Hermione can take care of herself.”

In a guest bedroom at Malfoy Manor, the witch in question was seated on the lap of the Malfoy patriarch. He had one hand buried in her hair as he held her head to deepen his kiss while the other hand worried at the buttons of her shirt. He got the top four undone, and his hand snaked inside to caress her.

“Umm...” she tried to pull away from Lucius' grip. “Ummm... Mr. Malfoy, wait.”

“Considering our current position, I think you can call me Lucius, darling.”

“Lucius, darling,” she repeated. “I think you must stop.”

Four

Chapter 4 of 7

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He sighed heavily but obeyed her request. “Damnation, girl, I was afraid you would say that.”

Hermione pushed herself away with an apology. “I'm sorry, it's not that I don't find you attractive, but I really was just trying to yank Draco's chain when he made that ridiculous dare.”

“And perhaps to make Severus a bit jealous as well?” he asked, eyeing her pointedly.

“There's no cause for him to feel jealousy over me.” Hermione blushed, revealing there was more to her feelings than she was willing to admit. “I've no hold over Professor Snape.”

Lucius stared at her, thoughtfully. “You'd like one, though, wouldn't you, my dear?”

Hermione lowered her gaze, embarrassed.

Lifting her chin, Lucius forced her eyes up. “Unless I've severely misjudged our friend Severus, he will be popping in here shortly. If you want my help, decide quickly, Hermione.”

“Why would you help me?”

“Because he's my friend, and he deserves to finally have something good in his life.”

“He won't come here; he doesn't want me.”

“You're wrong. You intrigue him immensely.”

The pop of Apparition sounded in the hallway.

“Please help me.”

As the door swung open, Lucius pulled her close to him. “Follow my lead now,” he whispered before he kissed her hard.

"What...?" She was confused.

"Slap me," Lucius mumbled under his breath. Then in a louder voice, "Don't think to play your little games with me, girl." He jerked her hard against his body, kissing her viciously.

Hermione felt a real anger arise within her. She didn't like being man-handled; she pushed him away. Then she reared back and slapped him hard. "Stop!"

Severus stalked forward and protectively pulled Hermione behind him. "Lucius, what is the meaning of this?"

"It seems our little toy has changed her mind," snapped Lucius, rubbing his cheek. Damn, the girl had smacked him hard.

Severus turned to Hermione. "Is this true?"

She nodded, miserable.

"No one forced you. You came here willingly. Did you not?"

"I... It's... I'm sorry. I've never..." She slumped dejectedly. She realized that she didn't want to win Severus through some kind of trick, by playing the damsel in distress, which was what Lucius seemed to have in mind. "It seemed exciting, but he's right," she said, blinking back tears. "I have changed my mind. I'll just leave now."

Lucius watched her go and wondered what had just happened. He reviewed: Severus had come in, become the conquering hero, the "good guy to his bad guy"; she could have had him in an instant, easily. It seemed, however, the little Muggle-born had scruples. He was positive that she wanted Severus, wanted him badly, but she apparently didn't want him by trickery and deception.

"Fuck!" barked Snape. "What did you say to scare her off?"

"You should go after her, Severus. I think she may need you right now."

"What did you do? Did you hurt her? Damn you, Lucius!"

Five

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Snape had him by the throat before Lucius could even blink. The swiftness and violence of Severus' reactions surprised him. "I didn't hurt the little princess, Severus," he sighed, shoving his friend's hands away. "But I do think you two need to talk to each other, without me, or Draco, or Lovegood or anyone else interfering. You two are made for each other, Severus."

Snape snorted in disbelief, but Lucius went on to explain what he believed had just happened. How he'd helped her set the trap, and in the end she'd walked out rather than snare Severus with lies.

It took him four Floo calls to learn her address. Lovegood had been the one to give her up. She'd also instructed him on Hermione's favorite flowers and chocolates as well as her secret addiction to smutty Muggle romance novels.

Thus he ended up on her doorstep with a bunch of black-eyed-susans and a block of Honeydukes' chocolate. He'd simply refused to bring smut as a gift.

He knocked at the cottage door several times before he heard her moving about inside.

"Who's there?"

"Severus."

Silence. "What do you want?"

"Open the door."

"Go away."

"Open. Up. Now. Hermione."

"No."

"Open this door, you silly girl, or I swear I will blast it down," he demanded angrily.

"Go away, Severus." Her voice wavered.

"Hermione, open the door. I just want to talk to you."

"Why?" she sniffled.

"Please... Just let me in."

It was the please that finally did it. A bossy, angry Snape she could deny, but the quiet pleading in his tone she couldn't ignore. Her wards fell, and the door swung ajar.

She drifted into a living area and sank onto the sofa. He could have taken the chair but he sat directly next to her instead.

He handed her the flowers and chocolate. She took them cautiously, then, a smile crept onto her face. "They're my favorites."

"So Lovegood said."

She'd been crying, he could tell. Now that he was here, he didn't know quite what to say.

He didn't have to say anything; she started. "I'm sorry about what happened at the party. We'd had a bit to drink. I got bold playing the game. Luna knows I've fancied you for quite some time, so she asked leading questions. When I dared you to come upstairs... Well, I meant it then, but..."

"You chickened out?"

She gave a snort of laughter. "Basically, yes, I guess so. It seemed exciting, and I thought if taking Lucius upstairs meant I could have you too, then I was willing to give it a try. But... I'd never done that before, and I just couldn't go through with it."

"You're a—virgin?!"

"What? No—no! Oh, gods, no. I meant I've never been with two wizards—at the same time, that is. Together. While it all sounded thrilling and sexy, once I got up there, it seemed so much more intimidating. I couldn't do it. But then Lucius offered to help me."

Six

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"Yes, he told me."

"He already told you that we set you up?"

"We've been friends a long time. We know each other very well. In fact, when I came in and he was treating you roughly, I thought he was using an old con we used to play on witches. Like a Muggle "good cop, bad cop" routine. One would be the brutish, Dark wizard, and the other would sweep in, just in time to save the witch, usually making her grateful enough to fall into her savior's arms in gratitude."

She smacked his arm. "You were playing me?"

"Well," he chuckled. "We didn't plan it, but it seemed like the right idea at the time."

"You fiends! How could you?"

Severus grimaced. "Sorry."

She traced runes on the back of his hand and asked, "So, why did you come here, really?"

"Isn't it obvious, you insufferable little witch? I'm here to court you."

"You want to court me?" Hermione asked, wide eyed and disbelieving.

"I showed up on your porch with flowers and chocolate, didn't I? I refused to bring smut, though."

"Smut?"

"Lovegood said these were your favorites as well as Muggle romance novels, 'smut' she said."

She chuckled, picturing Severus standing in the Muggle version of Flourish and Blotts, perusing the erotic-romance section. Snuggling closer, she whispered suggestively, "We could always create our own original smut."

"That does sound like a good plan, my insufferable little know-it-all," he purred. "Perhaps you could read aloud some of your favorite passages."

"I'd rather you read; you have such a sexy voice. I used to sit in my classes and reminisce about your lectures. I'd soak my knickers just thinking about your voice," she sighed.

"Too much information, I think." He shuddered at images of over-sexed, horny, teen-aged students.

She looked up at him wide eyed. "Oh gods, I never thought about any of those things when I was actually in *your* classes."

"Never?" Now he sounded almost hurt.

"Oh, no. I was a late bloomer, you see, way too wrapped up in studies and NEWTs the year I returned to Hogwarts. Sex was the very last thing on my mind. And I never would have thought of a teacher in that context. But later at university, BAM!"

"BAM?"

"I discovered boys, and not just as friends. Sex, lust, passion—all very heady stuff for the ultimate straight-laced little swot."

"I'm glad to know that you didn't lust after me back then. That's never been a fantasy of mine; the idea of being with young girls is not a turn on for me."

"But I'm not a young girl anymore, Severus. And I've noticed an very unusual trend in all of my partners over the last six years or so."

"What might that be, my dear?" he asked while sensuously stroking one finger up and down her arm.

"Somehow it seems every single one of my beaus bore a remarkable resemblance to a certain sexy Potions master from my past."

TBC

Seven

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"Really? You've been seeking out men who remind you of me?"

"Not intentionally. Purely subconsciously, I'm sure. Actually Luna was the first to notice; then she asked Draco if he could see any similarity in my boyfriends. Once he realized what it was, he nearly died laughing at me."

"He found the idea that you were attracted to me... amusing?" He growled.

"He did, until Luna told him if she weren't committed to him, she would totally do you too. That shut him up."

"Once again, too much information. Miss Lovegood, while lovely, is not for me, to be sure."

He leaned back to study her closely. Before this evening, he would never have considered pursuing Hermione Granger, not because he didn't find himself attracted to her, but because he'd never thought he stood a chance. That had all changed tonight at the manor, though, the way she'd boldly challenged him, teased him, made him ache for her. That, combined with Lucius' urging him on, and now to discover she had been secretly (or maybe not so secretly), lusting after him all this time... His brain was telling him to "go slowly," but his libido was telling him, "don't wait."

"Hermione?" He spoke softly.

"Yes, Severus?" She could just melt at the sound of his voice.

"What are your feelings in regards to traditionally long courtship rituals?" He kissed her lightly because her lips were just begging to be kissed.

"Hmmm... personally, I think they're extremely highly overrated," she answered, kissing him back firmly, her fingers toying with his buttons.

"Oh, sweet Merlin!" he breathed as he gathered her close, pulling her onto his lap, nuzzling her neck and lightly sucking that oh so soft skin, just above her collarbone. "I was really hoping you would say that."

"I think you'll discover that I'm a thoroughly modern witch, Severus," she informed him as she pulled away from him to make quick work of opening his shirt. "Not afraid to take charge when the situation demands," she continued as she moved down from nibbling his ear to sucking lightly on his neck, to licking his chest and finally latching onto his flat brown nipple.

"Guhhh... Holy bloody fucking hell!"

"Is that a good thing?" she asked with a smirk on her face.

"Oh, yes, it is. I think I could easily get used to a witch who takes charge."

Hermione laughed out loud with joy. Sliding off Severus' lap, she held out her hand for him. "Come along with me, dearest; I'll show you my bedroom and my extensive smut collection."

"Oh yes, the smut. I forgot we were going to read to each other."

"Yes, and as I read, you can re-enact the events, and vise-versa. Doesn't that sound like fun?"

"Sweet Circe's tits, girl, I'm not sure I can keep up. You will surely be the death of me."

"But what a way to go, Severus," she responded with a cheeky grin. "What a way to go!"

FIN

AN: Severus survived not only that night but for many, many happy years to come.

The first 7 parts of the story were written for the granger/snape100 challenge 'truth or dare.' When I decided to continue this story, I had an idea where I wanted it to go. I fully intended for it to be a hot, steamy, PWP, 3-some. But when I got around to writing the rest of the story, it just didn't play out that way. It seemed the characters had other ideas of what was supposed to happen, so eventually I had to let them have their way. (They can be so difficult sometimes!) I hope you liked the way it turned out. I certainly had fun writing it!