

The Wager

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It wasn't very often Severus Snape was able to completely silence his two companions without resorting to hexes, and he was thoroughly relishing every moment. Professors Remus Lupin and Hermione Granger stared at the sheet of parchment clutched in each of their hands, clearly mortified. The fact that they were both turning an unflattering shade of crimson only added to his merriment.

"Severus, you can be serious about this," Hermione stammered.

"Oh, I assure you, I am quite serious," he said. "You two should have known better than to up the ante on our little wager. Now it's time to pay up."

"You, sir, are a despicable, conniving bastard," Remus hissed.

"Yes, I am," Severus smoothly replied. "Now allow me to get your wardrobe in order while you review your scripts."

After a few graceful flicks of his wrist and a couple of whispered incantations, Severus smirked as he admired his handiwork.

"Bloody hell!" Remus groused. He was clad in a dowdy, long, white flannel nightgown adorned with garish pink roses and a matching nightcap. A cheap, gray and matronly wig was perched crookedly atop his head, and he sported furry pointed ears, a wolfish snout and pointy teeth.

Hermione, on the other hand, merely groaned as she glanced over her attire. The buttons of her low-cut, tight white blouse strained tenuously across her ample bosom. The short green tartan plaid skirt overlaid a full ruffled petticoat that ended mid-thigh. Peeking from beneath the hemline was a set of white suspenders that carefully held up her matching white stockings. This not only showcased her shapely legs but also a ridiculously high pair of red stiletto heels. Finally, a satin red-hooded robe finished off her ensemble.

"You can't possibly expect me to walk in these shoes," Hermione gasped.

"Of course not," Severus purred. "You'll be skipping and prancing. Besides, I have cast a stabilizing charm upon them. You'll be perfectly fine."

"I refuse to skip and... and prance," she huffed. "It's undignified."

"My dear, that is the beauty of wagering in the wizarding world," Severus said. "A wager is considered a contract which all parties are bound to honor. In this case, a night of pleasure at the winner's whim. That winner, of course, being myself. You will be compelled to skip and prance, whether you wish to or not."

Severus sauntered over to his open bedroom door, arched his brow, and waited for his colleagues to precede him. Remus sighed heavily and extended his arm towards Hermione, gesturing her to enter first. Despite her best efforts, she skipped into the room, her skirt flouncing every step of the way, swearing softly under her breath. Remus took a deep breath, straightened out his flannel gown and, with as much dignity as he could muster, followed staunchly behind her, like a man walking to meet his fate.

Severus removed his robe and frock coat and hung them in his wardrobe. He then took a seat in a comfortable armchair facing the front of the king-sized, four-poster bed, taking a moment to pour himself a generous portion of firewhiskey.

"Places, please," he said.

Hermione rolled her eyes and lingered by the door, waiting for her cue, while Remus clambered onto the far side of the bed as he rested his backside against the headboard. He grumpily nestled the bedclothes around his waist, crossed his arms and scowled.

"Come now, Lupin, snarl for me like a good little wolf," Severus said mockingly.

Remus grimaced, batted his arm half-heartedly through the air like a wounded kneazle, and contemptuously spat, "Snarl."

"Good boy," Severus replied softly. His lips twitched slightly in amusement. "Let the games begin."

Hermione shut her eyes tightly for a moment and blurted, "Severus, you do realize this script is absolute shit, don't you?"

"While it's not exactly Chekov, I must admit it has a certain *je ne sais quoi* that I find rather appealing," he replied. "Particularly the fact that this little farce is purely for my entertainment... and I am rather amused."

Severus chuckled as Hermione flushed and tossed her hair.

"Please don your hood, fair maiden, for the show must go on," Severus said wickedly.

Hermione skipped into the room, her red-hooded robe swaying provocatively against her hips, and grumbled, "Grandmother, dearest, I have skipped and pranced my way through the Forbidden Forest so that I might spend some loving time in your presence."

"What a thoughtful and courteous girl," Remus replied as he grazed his eyes over her body. "Slide over here and give Grandmummy a nice, big hug."

Hermione climbed on top of the bed, slowly crawled across the duvet and placed her arms around his neck.

"Oh, Grandmother, what big ears you have!"

She nipped playfully on his ear.

"All the better to hear you with."

He twirled a long brown curl around his finger.

"Oh, Grandmother, what big eyes you have!"

Her fingers caressed his cheek.

"All the better to see you with."

His gaze focused upon the cleavage between her creamy breasts.

"Oh, Grandmother, what big hands you have!"

Her hand slid down his chest.

"All the better to touch you with."

His hand crept up the supple skin of her inner thigh.

"Oh, Grandmother, what big teeth you have!"

She ran her tongue along her upper lip.

"All the better to eat you with!"

As Remus reached to pull Hermione further into his embrace, a set of silken black cords whipped out from above the headboard and wrapped around his wrists, pulling him back firmly in place.

"For the love of Merlin, Severus, I was just getting into character!" Remus exclaimed.

Severus smirked, placed his wand down upon the table, and took a sip from his glass.

"Fear not, my buxom damsel in distress," Severus said silkily as he rose from his chair. "This foul beast shall lay nary a filthy paw, nor any other body part for that matter, upon your fair skin."

"Well, at least not for the time being," he added after a moment's pause.

Remus snorted.

Severus walked to the opposite side of the bed, leaned over and pulled Hermione tightly to his body. Her breath hitched as he crushed his lips to hers in a smoldering kiss. She moaned as their lips parted, and he slowly unfastened her red-hooded robe, pushing it off her shoulders and onto the floor.

"Mmmm, Remus is right," he whispered in her ear. "You are a tasty morsel. Shall I sample your wares?"

She wrapped her arms around his neck and moaned in acquiescence. Severus whispered an incantation after all, wandless magic did have its uses and her blouse disappeared. His fingers lightly teased her nipples through her red satin bra as he kissed, licked and nipped her neck. Suddenly, he pushed her down upon the bed and flipped her short skirt and petticoat up around her hips exposing her matching red knickers. With a wave of his hand, her knickers also disappeared. Hermione gasped as the cool dungeon air washed over her skin and groaned when he flicked his tongue over her sensitive mound. His talented tongue voraciously laved her hot center until she cried out his name.

Severus quickly undid his trousers and plunged his thick, hard cock deep within her warmth. He thrust within her fast and furiously; his eyes glittered as her face and chest flushed with pleasure. He raised his head and caught sight of Remus' arousal tented tightly against his floral flannel gown.

Remus struggled futilely at his restraints in frustration as he watched their frantic coupling.

Severus enjoyed a few more minutes of Hermione writhing with utter abandon beneath his body. He pulled out of her and flipped her on her knees, facing Remus. As he entered her from behind, he grasped her hair, leaned over her shoulder and whispered in her ear.

"You're a nasty little witch, aren't you, Red Riding Hood?"

She moaned as he continued to pound into her.

"That was not a rhetorical question. I require an answer," he hissed.

"Yes, I'm a nasty little witch!" she shouted as he relentlessly thrust long and hard into her quivering body.

"Indeed," Severus grunted. "Now put that rosy little mouth of yours to work and service the wolf."

The bedclothes magically shimmied to the foot of the bed as the hem of Remus' flannel gown was gathered unceremoniously around his waist revealing his erect cock. He groaned as Hermione greedily took him into her mouth and lavished him with her wicked tongue. Soon Remus found himself lifting his pelvis to drive his eager cock firmly between her lips, cursing as he came in her mouth. She swallowed his seed as best as she could, considering a certain dark wizard still maintained a bruising grip on her waist as he mercilessly pummeled her body.

After a few more heady thrusts, Severus pulled away from her body with a ragged breath, spent. As he leaned against the headboard, he smirked and began to slowly clap.

"Encore!"