

Carrot Tops and Unspeakable Plans

by sunny33

Severus Snape and Ron Weasley are reluctant partners on a special mission.

Axis One

Chapter 1 of 4

Severus Snape and Ron Weasley are reluctant partners on a special mission.

Disclaimer: I own carrots. That's all.

Axis One

Unspeakable Severus Snape was not a happy man. He was never a happy man at the best of times, and Thursday was certainly not the best of anything. Slamming through the door of his immediate superior's office, he dumped a bag of exquisite pastries and a cappuccino on the desk.

"Here. Bribes. Don't make me do it," he snarled.

"Won't work, Snape. We need your expertise. You're the only Potions master in this department."

"But... Weasley? *Why?* Do you hate me that much?" Snape resorted to whining. It was not pretty.

"Don't try that with me. I have two teenagers. I've been immune to whining for years."

"But—"

"No buts. Ronald Weasley is the Auror assigned to the case. Get over it."

"I don't need a fucking bodyguard." Sulking was worth a try.

"Oh, pull in your bottom lip. You're the brains of the operation, Ron is the brawn. You'll complement each other nicely."

"Granger... Hermione... Please!"

"Oh, for Merlin's sake, he's not that bad. I'm married to him; I should know." Hermione rolled her eyes at her former professor. Who would have thought he could be so pathetic when he didn't get his own way?

"I never did understand why you married that idiot. With brains and looks like yours, you could have had any wizard. Even me." Flattery, perhaps?

"Insulting my husband is hardly the way to get on my good side, Snape. And the compliments are a little late. Perhaps you should have thought of that twenty years ago?"

Maybe I would have considered you. I always wondered what you'd be like in bed." She smirked at his gaping mouth.

"You did?"

"All the seventh-year girls did. It was the way you glided around the classroom, sneering at us all. We noticed you had a decent body under those robes. Especially when you wore those tight-fitting Quidditch referee's uniforms that confirmed the old adage about nose size. You were the subject of many a schoolgirl fantasy. Pity you had such a stick up your arse – you could have been shagged many times over if you'd been a little more approachable."

"Now she tells me. Thanks, Granger. You don't want to...?"

"No. Go away. You and Ron are a team, like it or not. He's not that happy either, I might add. The Australians are desperate. If we can't help them trace the source of the *Daucus carota erotica* patches appearing beside billabongs all over the outback, they'll be facing a financial crisis of unprecedented proportions. Their Unbarbecueables have no Potions expertise, and they are reluctant to involve civilians."

"I'm not surprised, with a name like that. Whatever were they thinking? Unbarbecueables indeed!"

"Apparently, it originates from the days when the Department was first established. They didn't want to use the same name we do, and as they wore flameproof robes, their Minister of Magic decided on that name. Incidentally, he's also the same Minister who later approved the use of magic to enhance the Sexyland products sold to the Australian Muggles. That franchise is the major source of income for wizarding Australia." She grinned. "Maybe they'll give you some free samples if you solve the case. Make your lonely nights more interesting."

"Very funny, Granger. Maybe your husband will come home with something more satisfying for you for a change?"

"Oh, I'm more than satisfied. As you said yourself, I didn't marry him for his brains." Hermione winked and smirked again. "Now, go! The Portkey leaves in ten minutes. I expect results from you two. Don't let me down!"

Snape sighed. "Yes, boss. Do you want me to strip naked and dance a jig on the desk as well?" Why did he ever take on the job as Unspeakable when he left Hogwarts three years earlier before checking who else worked there? Discovering Hermione bloody Granger-Weasley was to be his senior had not been an auspicious moment.

"As entertaining as that might be, I think we'll schedule that for another time. Perhaps one night when Ron is working late... although he did suggest we try a threesome some time."

Hermione's wicked smile did not register with the astounded wizard before her. Teasing Snape was one of the best perks of the job. She reached for her quill and stack of reports and started working.

Unspeakable Severus Snape gathered his discombobulated thoughts and retreated out of the office as fast as his dragonhide-clad feet could carry him. The witch was impossible. If she only knew how far his fantasies had taken him lately, she'd be a little more circumspect with her taunts.

"So, Snape. What do we do now?" Ronald Weasley appeared quite happy to allow the brains of the partnership to make any decisions. "I can't see any strange plants here, only those carrot patches under the tree."

Snape shook his head. The redhead definitely did not improve on closer acquaintance. "Weasley, *Daucus carota erotica* IS a carrot. Did you learn nothing in Herbology? Now, stop trampling the evidence and look for any clues."

"Hey, look at that. It looks like a huge—" Ron's exclamation as he waved around the carrot he had pulled from the ground was cut off by his partner's *Silencio*.

"Yes, Weasley, that is why they are named *Daucus carota EROTICA*. The shape of the root is somewhat... interesting. And I see by your gaping mouth you have discovered they spontaneously vibrate. That is why the Muggles must never discover them. If they can grow their own, why would they need the products from Sexyland?" He flicked his wand and allowed Ron to speak before he burst a blood vessel.

"That's fucking amazing! I'm taking a couple of these home to 'Mione. She's always wanting to try something new."

"So I believe," replied Snape with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh, she didn't mention the threesome thing, did she? I knew I should have kept my mouth shut. I meant we should find another witch to have some fun with, but she took my suggestion all out of context," Ron complained, still fondling the carrot.

"And what makes you think she would want another woman in your bed?"

"Well..."

"You didn't think. Why am I not surprised? I suggest if you want to try to expand your sexual repertoire, you look for another wizard. I'm sure a witch like Hermione is more than enough for two men."

"Are you offering, Snape? She told me she used to drool over you at school." Ron waggled his eyebrows suggestively. "I'm sure we could come to some... accommodation."

"She told you? Has the woman no shame?"

"We share everything, Severus. Did she tell you some of the seventh-year boys used to fancy you as well?"

Snape swallowed hard. The conversation was rapidly moving into areas he would rather not explore... or at least admit to. Just because he had that thing with Lucius at school... and Regulus... and... it didn't mean he was that way inclined now. Although, now he took a closer look, Ronald Weasley had a certain allure. Red hair had always been his favourite, after all, and the boy's was silky and thick, just begging for his fingers to run through. Twenty years as an Auror had developed muscles in all the right places, and his lopsided grin was enticing despite the streak of mud on his cheek. As long as he kept his mouth shut. Snape's mind wandered as he imagined various techniques to achieve that end.

"Snape. Snape!"

"What?"

"You were staring. Not that I minded, but we have a job to do." Ron bent over to begin examining the carrot patch more closely, well aware of how perfectly his jeans displayed his taut and toned assets. A soft groan from behind proved his suspicion. Severus Snape was up for it. The redhead had long since recognised Snape's fixation on his witch. Planting those patches of special vegetables had been a stroke of brilliance.

Everyone always forgot Ronald Weasley was a master strategist.

A/N: Written for and betaed by the lovely sempra, who wanted Severus, Ron, carrots, and billabongs. Don't ask me why.

Axis Two

Chapter 2 of 4

Carrots are an interesting vegetable. Just ask Severus Snape.

Disclaimer: I own carrots. That's all.

Axis Two

"There, satisfied?" Snape dumped the report from the Australian mission onto his superior's desk.

"Yes, thank you. And you?" she asked, eyes glinting with mirth.

Images flashed through the tall wizard's mind, bringing a rarely seen flush to his cheeks. Firm muscles under smooth, freckled skin; silky red hair at his groin while surprisingly soft lips teased and pulled; tight heat and explosive culmination. And carrots. Amazing, vibrating carrots. He still had a stash under stasis – for research use only, of course.

"Snape? Snape!"

"What?" Snape shifted uncomfortably as his suddenly-too-tight trousers caught in all the wrong places.

"Yes, that's right, back to reality. You do realise Ron told me everything." Hermione grinned at his discomfiture.

"Everything?"

"Yes, everything. Even the carrots."

"Fuck!" He slumped into a chair. "I suppose I'm fired now. Dammit, woman, you made me go with him!"

"I did indeed. And I didn't say you were fired. On the contrary, I might have a little proposition for you." She leaned back in her own chair and smiled. It was not reassuring.

"You might?" Snape's capacity for independent thought had deserted him at sight of the predatory expression on Hermione Granger-Weasley's face.

Hermione reached into the hidden compartment under her desk and brought out a bottle of Firewhiskey and two tumblers. Pouring a generous amount into each, she handed one to Snape as she continued. "Ronald tells me you were quite the skilful one. Experienced fingers, talented lips, and what did he say again? Oh, yes, a cock the size of a Hippogriff's."

Luckily, there was nothing on the desk a quick flick of a wand couldn't dry off. Once he had recovered from his choking fit, Snape took a fortifying swallow of the fiery spirit and set down his glass. "Do carry on."

"I want to see it."

Did she really mean what he thought she meant? "You want to see *what* exactly?"

"Your cock. I want to see you naked." She finished her drink in one impressive swig and watched him expectantly.

"What, now? Here?" Snape fidgeted. For some reason his trousers had shrunk again.

"Why not? It's late. Everyone else went home ages ago while you were working on that report."

"But... your husband..."

"Had sex with you. He's hardly in a position to complain. Now, drop 'em!"

"Is that an order, boss?" He knew he had to remove the trousers soon, or he was at risk of something losing its blood supply and dropping off.

"Do you *want* it to be, Snape?" She toyed with her wand, eyes never leaving his face.

"I didn't think it was that sort of wand you were interested in." He smirked as she dropped the piece of wood onto her desk and flushed.

"Dammit, Snape. I thought you said you were interested the other day? Is it really only men you fancy? Or maybe just the red hair?" Hermione pouted.

"Oh, I'm interested, but I think we need a little equality here. I'll show you mine if you show me yours, Granger."

"That's so juvenile. What are you, four?" Nevertheless, she stood and slowly unfastened her robes. Dropping them over the back of the chair, Hermione made her way around the desk and, one by one, released the buttons on her pristine white blouse. As she tossed the garment aside, she perched on the desk. "Now, you were saying?"

Swallowing hard as his eyes found her barely covered breasts – who would have thought Mrs Usually Prim and Proper would wear Sexyland sourced underthings – he reached down to unbutton his shirt.

"Forget the shirt, Snape. I want the real goods. Trousers... off... now!"

"All right. All right. Bossy wench!" He stood and, without further ado, dropped his trousers and boxers to the floor. "Happy?"

Severus Snape stood with his hands on his hips, trousers round his ankles, and, in his opinion, a rather impressive erection jutting from beneath his shirt tail. His confidence faltered when instead of drooling appropriately at the sight, Hermione fumbled behind her for a few moments. Stepping forward, she dropped to her knees before him.

Now, that's more like it. Wait a minute. What is she doing?

Taking out the ruler she had found on her desk, Hermione placed one end at the base of his penis and quickly noted the measurement.

"What do you think you are doing, Granger?" he growled.

"Winning a bet. Ron was certain it was ten inches. Well, he didn't get a good look at the time, but he said it *felt* like ten inches. I told him that was highly unlikely. Five being the average and all," she explained as she stood and repositioned herself on the desk.

"And your estimate?" Snape asked as he reached down for his trousers.

"Seven. I was being generous. And I didn't say you could put those on. I haven't finished with your delectable six and a half inches yet."

"Six and a half? Are you sure?" Snape looked down in dismay.

"Yes, quite sure. The ruler doesn't lie. Unless you weren't fully..."

"Yes, I was. Trust me. Still am."

"Well, it's an inch and a half better than average. Be grateful. I'm sure I will be."

"In that case, you are distinctly overdressed, woman. Unless, of course, you're prepared to get back down there on your knees and do something useful. Otherwise, I might need to take myself and my paltry six and a half inches off to find some friendly carrots."

"No need to be hasty, Snape. Why don't we make ourselves a little more comfortable?" A wave of her wand and the office couch was Transfigured into an inviting bed, complete with silk coverlet and Belgian lace covered pillows.

"Show off. Always the know-it-all, aren't you, Granger?" A stack of files rearranged itself into an old-fashioned phonograph, playing soft music in the corner of the room.

"Hey, I thought you were rubbish at wand waving?" she protested.

"Never let the enemy know all your strengths," he replied as he kicked off his trousers and shoes, shed his shirt, and reached for her hand. "Shall we?"

"Er... you've still got your socks on. Snape, why do you own purple socks with silver sparkly bits?"

"Ask Dumbledore, he gave them to me. And it's not that warm in here. Besides, I don't believe it was my feet you were interested in. It certainly isn't my feet that are interested in what is hiding beneath the clothes *you are still wearing!*"

Hermione rolled her eyes and removed her skirt, bra and knickers in what appeared to be one swift motion. "Better?"

"Much."

Five minutes later, Severus Snape came to the realisation that curly brown hair at his groin provided just as much pleasure as silky red.

A/N: This was written especially for Sempra, who also betaed it.

Axis Three

Chapter 3 of 4

Plans are afoot, and lists are made.

Disclaimer: None of the characters belong to me, and the carrots belong to sempra.

Axis Three

"So, how did it go?" Ron Weasley asked his wife as she threw her work robes onto the bedroom chair and started undressing for bed.

"Bloody fantastic. You're right. He's perfect," Hermione replied as she headed for the bathroom. Five minutes later she returned, clad in a silken robe and a smile. "By the way, you lose. Pay up."

"No! How long was it?"

"Six and a half."

"No way! He's definitely bigger than me. Look." Ron stripped and started stroking himself to prove his point.

"Use a carrot," Hermione called as she made a quick dash to the office to find a ruler. Returning to find her husband ready and waiting, she knelt and took the measurement.

"Don't just stop at that, do something." Hands on hips, he watched her expectantly.

"You boys are all the same. Except in length. You're five and a half."

"Is that all? Are you sure?" Ron's woebegone expression would have been hilarious if they hadn't been discussing such a sensitive subject. Pressing the end of the ruler slightly into the skin at the base of his erection, she smiled and corrected herself. "No, it's five and three-quarters. Oh, don't sulk, Ronald. If it's any consolation, yours is thicker. Although you are both very adept at using what you have..."

"I don't know about Snape, but I've had twenty-five years of practice. He *was* pretty good, though. So, do you think we should invite him to a little private party? I know you've been wanting to try some of those threesome positions you found in *The Wizarding Kama Sutra*."

"He was certainly not averse to trying a few different positions this afternoon, the randy bugger. Probably hasn't had much for a while."

"Oi. What am I? The invisible man?" Ron whined.

"He seemed impressed, love. Made some comment about my vacuous, carrot-loving hunk of a husband."

"Vacuous, eh?" Ron preened, having no idea what the word meant.

"Yes, dear. Now, about that impressive length of yours..." She returned to her knees.

"Mmm. Oh, yes, love, you can do that any time you like."

Somewhat later, after placing the carrots back into stasis and returning to bed, Hermione poked the wizard snoring beside her.

"Wha... what?" Ron tried to focus through sleepy lids.

"Wake up, Sleeping Beauty; we have a seduction to plan." Hermione reached for her trusty biro and notepad, having long before abandoned quills and ink as far too messy for jotting down those important ideas that came to her in bed.

"Does it have to be now? I just had Snape snogging me in the elevator at the Ministry. Could have led to all sorts of interesting prospects," he complained.

"Snape would never be so uncouth, Ronald. Although, he might shag *me* in the elevator."

"Why you and not me?"

"Because I happen to be responsible for setting the password which can stall it between floors." Hermione grinned as she clicked her biro into action. "Now, wet dreams aside, how are we going to get that delicious man into our bed?"

"Buggered if I know." Ron shrugged.

"That's the least of the benefits, dearest. I suspect we will need to stoop to duplicitous Slytherin stratagems to achieve our object." She began writing.

"Will you speak English, 'Mione! You know I lose track when you start using long words."

Hermione grinned and showed her husband her notepad, where the words USE DIRTY TRICKS were penned in large, blue capitals.

"Oh. Of course, we could just ask him," Ron suggested.

"But how do you know he doesn't have some enormous hang-up about the whole threesome concept? We don't want to scare him away." Hermione frowned at the thought of losing their quarry to the whims of morality.

"This is the wizard who shagged a married man, then shagged the same man's wife the next day, who, incidentally, is his boss. Hardly the actions of an upstanding citizen, love."

"True, but do you have *any* idea what goes on inside that man's head?"

"I don't even want to think about it," Ron groaned. "It makes my brain hurt. You know I rely on you to do any thinking needed."

"So, we know he fancies you. We know he fancies me. He knows we're interested in trying a threesome. Shall we just invite him to dinner and see what happens? The worst outcome is that he actually expects to get fed."

"With your cooking, *worst outcome* is an understatement. Giving the man a dose of food-poisoning is not exactly a tried and true seduction technique." Ron quickly moved out of reach.

"Hey, I managed a perfectly edible dinner once last week. And you're no better. Just as well your mother still thinks sending us pre-cooked meals twice a week is fun. Besides, you can pick up a curry or something on the way home. And some wine. Oh, and a bottle of that special chocolate sauce would be an idea." Hermione started writing a list. No plan was complete without a list... or ten.

"Chocolate sauce? You mean the one we...?"

"Mmm. That one." Hermione ran the tip of her tongue over her lips at the memory.

With a groan, Ron flung himself back down on the bed, the sheet tenting nicely over his five and three-quarter inch expression of interest. "Now, look what you've done. Did you have to mention the chocolate sauce?"

"Oh, don't worry, I'll deal with that in a minute. Just let me finish this list. Curry, wine, chocolate sauce, strawberries, cream... Ronald! You could have waited!"

"Sorry, dear. It was the thought of you, Snape, and all that food. I couldn't hold back. I'll make it up to you tomorrow, promise." With that, the sated redhead promptly rolled over and closed his eyes.

"And I didn't even mention carrots!"

Half an hour later the pad showed a very satisfactory list indeed.

SEDUCING SNAPE SEVERUS

1. USE DIRTY TRICKS

2. INVITE TO DINNER (HERMIONE)

3. PURCHASE CURRY, WINE, CHOC SAUCE, STRAWBERRIES, CREAM (RON)

4. PLAY SEDUCTIVE MUSIC CELESTINE WA SINATRA?

5. LOW LIGHTING

6. WEAR THOSE LOW CUT ROBES AT BACK OF WARDROBE AND SPECIAL NO UNDERWEAR (HERMIONE) – NO POINT IN CREATING BARRIERS

7. 'ACCIDENTALLY' SPILL CHOC SAUCE ON CLEAVAGE

8. INVITE RON TO LICK IT OFF

9. WATCH SNAPE FOR SIGNS OF AROUSAL.

a. bulge in pants

b. shifting in seat

c. dilated pupils

10. IF 9 POSITIVE, INVITE SNAPE TO HELP.

NB. DON'T FORGET CARROTS

Satisfied, Hermione tucked the list into her bag, extinguished the candles, and snuggled down next to her sleeping husband to dream of dark and red-haired lovers pleasuring her senseless with the odd carrot thrown in for variety.

A/N: Thanks to Sempra, whose kinky carrot fetish started this off. And she even betaed it!

Convergence

Chapter 4 of 4

Everything and everyone comes together nicely.

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Convergence

"Good morning, Granger." Snape strode into the office without knocking, his expression betraying no acknowledgement of the previous evening's activities.

"Morning, Snape. Just take a seat; I'll be back in a tick, just have to ask Meredith to send out these memos." As she rose from her seat, Hermione's robe caught the edge of her beaded purse, spilling some of the contents onto the floor. Oblivious, the witch left the room to speak with her assistant.

Snape glanced down at the items scattered on the carpet. Reaching down to pick them up, his keen eyes spotted a loose sheet of parchment bearing his name. After a quick glance at the door confirmed Granger was deep in discussion with her young colleague, he quickly ran his eyes down the lines of neat script. A smug expression crept over his face as he returned the fallen items to their proper place.

"Right, now, where were we?" Hermione reached for a bulging file from her pending tray.

"You were about to order me to slowly remove your clothing and pleasure your body until you screamed for mercy?" If he could just figure out a way to get rid of Meredith for an hour or so.

"As lovely as that sounds, no. We have work to do. This report came in today. There is definite evidence of..."

Snape could see her lips moving and hear words, but his mind was too busy imagining all the decadent and wonderful activities the witch before him might like to participate in to pay them any heed. He nodded and made non-committal sounds at appropriate places until he heard the magic words...

"... come to dinner, Snape. We can discuss this further then."

"Pardon? Dinner? Why not? I'll see you at...?"

"Six o'clock. Tonight. You know where we live?" Hermione almost giggled. It was too easy.

"Of course. I'll be there." With that, Snape took the file from his superior's hands and swept out of the room, taking care to provide a nice view of his superb arse as he left.

Some hours later the mood was set. The two conspirators checked their plans.

"Food. In oven. Wine, chilling. Chocolate sauce, Warming Charm. Music, seductive. Lighting, low. Robes, sexy. Underwear..." Hermione looked down and smirked at Ron. "Nonexistent. We're ready. He should be here any minute. Act naturally."

"I'm not the one wearing no knickers and adjusting her neckline every two minutes. Just relax, 'Mione. This *will* work." Ron caught his anxious wife in his arms and spent the next few minutes gallantly distracting her from her thoughts.

Snape's arrival fortunately cut short any further activities before they could get too far ahead of him. Hermione, aware the flimsy fabric of her robes did nothing to hide the evidence of her arousal, ensured he had a good view down her cleavage as she served the simple meal.

"I hope you have saved the carrot course for later," Snape observed just as Ron and Hermione had taken forkfuls of curry. The subsequent clean up and apologies served to break the ice a little, and soon the three were ensconced on the couch, sharing anecdotes involving vegetables, magic, and Neville Longbottom.

"So, Snape, what would you like to do now?" asked Ron.

"Oh, I think a little ice-cream with chocolate sauce would not go amiss. Perhaps I can do the honours?" He missed the secret smile shared by his two internally-cheering companions.

"Hmm. I could think of other places it could be better used," murmured Hermione, placing her hand on Snape's right thigh as her husband softly caressed his left. It was no accident Snape had ended up between them.

"Why, Mrs Granger-Weasley, I do believe you are touching me in a less than professional manner," Snape drawled, thighs parting to allow both hands to travel higher.

"I do believe I am, Snape. And I suspect I will need to check these robes do not contain any suspicious vegetables in a moment."

"Check away, madam, I have nothing to hide."

No further encouragement needed, Hermione flicked open a few buttons on his all-concealing robes and proceeded to make good her promise.

"My, what have we here? Auror Weasley, please confirm my findings."

Ron's hand followed his wife's under the now partly unfastened robes.

"I agree. This definitely requires further investigation. Someone appears to have made off with this wizard's trousers and underwear." Long fingers thoroughly investigated the appalling state of affairs beneath Snape's robes. A small hand joined in, stroking and caressing the object of their mutual interest until a soft groan from the wizard between them drew their attention to his face.

"Sounds like he has a little problem," Ron declared, his own trousers feeling decidedly uncomfortable.

"Not... that... little..." grunted Snape, closing his eyes as Hermione's rhythmic explorations found new ways to torture him with pleasure.

"Do you think we should remove those robes, so we can examine the evidence?"

"Absolutely." With surprising efficiency, Ron had the offending area completely exposed. "Hmm. Not bad. Not bad at all. I like your technique, dear, but maybe a little twist of the wrist on the upstroke would enhance your results?"

Snape's eyes flew open as the witch complied. "Holy Merlin! Where did you learn that trick, Weasley?"

"I can't reveal my sources. Now, just relax and allow us to do our job. You wouldn't want to hinder an important investigation, would you?" Ron grinned at Hermione as the dark wizard slumped further, legs now widely parted. He winked as he reached behind the couch for the carrot he had hidden earlier. "Now, we just need to do one final test before we can determine conclusively whether the field is clear for expoundification."

"You made that word up!" Hermione scolded, slowing her movements as she glared at her husband.

"Did not."

"Did so. There's no such word."

"Yes, there is."

"Weasley, there's no such word. Granger, if you slow down now, I swear I'll destroy those damned carrots one by one," growled the man between them, all pretence of indifference cast aside as he felt a stupendous orgasm slipping from his grasp. Or Hermione's grasp, at the very least.

"Sorry. There, is that better?" Hermione resumed her task, adding a little oral exploration for completeness.

"Oh, gods, yes. More... more... Fuck, Weasley, forget the bloody carrot, don't you have something better to use? Arghhh! Yes... yes... yesss!"

"Bloody hell, 'Mione, he's so tight, I can't hold back! Watch your nose!"

Much later, once all the evidence had been thoroughly studied, with and without chocolate sauce, it was determined that no illicit vegetables had been concealed on Snape's person. The matter of those concealed down the cushions of the couch, under the pillows on the bed, and behind the pile of towels in the bathroom was a matter for another day.

Much, much later, on the way to the kitchen to top up the chocolate sauce supply, Hermione Granger-Weasley, Head Unspeakable and all round devious witch, dug out a much shorter list from her beaded bag and tossed it into the rubbish bin with a satisfied flourish.

DIRTY TRICKS

1. *LET SNAPE SEE FAKE LIST*

2. *INVITE TO DINNER*

3. *SHAG SENSELESS*

The End

A/N: Thanks to *sempra*, whose kinky carrot fetish started this off. And she even betaed it!