

Emma Whitby's Risqué, Daring, Risky Dare

by Good_Witch

Emma Whitby never thought such a wicked Weasley's Wizarding Wheezes dare could be so provocative...

from The Hogwarts'

Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: This is a chapter I wrote that was part of a Round Robin organized by beaweasley2: The Hogwarts' 'Girls' Night' Slumber Party Gone Wild by The Girls of Hogwarts. The following is copied from that posting...

Thanks go out to beaweasley2 for organizing this whole caper and doing all the grunt work. As always, deepest gratitude to my beta, Ladyofthemasque, for helping me figure out how to curb this to a PG-13. LOL Hope you lot enjoy our romp, and I hope our dear Potions master doesn't end up insane or kill us all in frustration before the end.

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I opened my hands to show the card, already knowing it was glowing yellow. Every eye was on me as I lifted it to read the dare aloud.

"All right, you lot. If you thought *Carlie's* dare messed with ol' Snape, you're gonna' love this one. *Slip an Erection Enabler Potion into his bag and charm the bag to rip open during a staff meeting.*" I couldn't help but smirk at the ripple of gasps around me. With a wicked grin, I added, "Hmm, I daresay he wouldn't need one, but..."

I laughed at the various expressions of disgust in the group, but stopped short at the look on Phyllis's face. If looks could kill, her eyes would be shouting *Avada Kedavra!*" I know she's got a big *thing* for the good professor, but she's not the only one who can appreciate his brand of tall, dark, and menacing. Besides, she's not even *in* his House!

Focusing back on the task at hand, I said, "Well, you know I can't do mine immediately, since I have to wait till the next staff meeting. Plus, I need to get my hands on that potion first!" I cast a sidelong glance at the game board. "Say, does anyone have a Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes catalogue?"

Austrina perked up and grinned. "I've got one!"

"Can I borrow it?"

Austrina smirked and tilted her head, closing her eyes and wrinkling her nose in concentration. After a long moment of expectant silence, there was a faint "pop" and the catalogue appeared on the carpet in front of her. Opening her eyes, she cocked a triumphant eyebrow and said, "I do love this Room of Requirement!" With a chuckle, she lobbed the catalogue at me.

"Thanks. I'll get it back to you after I place my order tomorrow. As long as I get the delivery before next Monday's staff meeting, I can do my dare then. Otherwise..." I trailed off with a sigh, eyeing the card's yellow glow with no little trepidation.

Domina piped up, "You never said what your consequence was."

Once again, everyone's attention was on me, and I grimaced as I recited the second sentence on the card. *Consequence for failure: suffer from impotence (you and/or your partner in any endeavour) for six months.*"

Charlie clapped a hand over her mouth to stifle her little shriek of dismay, but several others didn't bother to hide their amusement. I glared at them in my best imitation of Snape.

"That is decidedly *not* funny!" Still, I was surrounded by giggles and dancing eyes. Only a couple showed even a hint of sympathy for my possible plight.

Margarite drawled, "*That* might put a kink in your *kink*..."

My eyes narrowed and I clutched my wand, wanting to throw a little hex her way, but Bernise saw me and gripped my arm, shaking her head in warning. "Now now, you know better than that."

Rolling my eyes and huffing in petulance, I crossed my arms over my chest and growled, *Fine*. Since we have a while before I can try my dare, why don't we adjourn for the evening?"

Trying to maintain my dignity, I stalked off, Charlie trailing after me, her eyes full of pity. When we got back to the Slytherin common room, I parted ways with the rest of the girls in my House so I could place my order.

*I'll send this form tomorrow morning. I'll bet those twins planned it this way so they could benefit from people like me having to buy that sort of stuff to complete their dares! I still can't believe they were Gryffindors...*

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Saturday morning, the post arrived with a package for me. The vivid purple wrapping paper announced to all and sundry that I had made a purchase from Weasleys' Wizarding Wheezes. Glancing furtively around, I saw several of the girls from our slumber party group smirking at me. Looking at my House mates, I mouthed, "Monday." A couple of them scattered to relay the message to the girls at the other House tables.

Stuffing the package in my bag, I turned my gaze to the High Table, watching Snape *Poor fellow. I hope he doesn't completely lose his mind with all these shenanigans.* Then, as he tossed his head to fling his hair out of his eyes to glare about the Hall, a small smile tugged at my lips. *Who knows, perhaps I can manage to swing this in my favour, even after mortifying and enraging him in front of his peers. I mean, if I get detention, I can keep trying my wiles...*

I continued with my breakfast, pondering my preferred outcomes of this lark, when it suddenly hit me...*Shite! I have to get this bloody bottle into his bag before that meeting!* Blinking rapidly in consternation, I wilted into my toast with a groan.

*Looks like you'll just have to beard that lion...wait, that's too Gryffindor...um, how about: skin that snake in its den...*

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That evening, I made sure I looked my best before trekking out of the Slytherin common room toward Snape's office *It could only help if he's distracted.* Patting the bulge in my bag, making sure the bottle was secure, I tugged my collar open further, accentuating my cleavage in my purposefully-tight blouse. Instead of the usual pleated school skirt, I wore a short, straight skirt, and I chose heeled shoes to shape my legs. It *was* the weekend, after all, and we were allowed to wear what we wanted. And I wanted to wear something that would get my point across to my dear professor.

Knocking lightly on the doorjamb of his office, I watched him look up through his hair, scowling at the interruption.

"Yes, Miss Whitby, what do you want?"

I bit my tongue to stop myself from answering "You!" and instead sidled up to his desk, gripping my bag in front of my waist and leaning against the desk behind me.

"I was hoping you might be able to tell me about what it takes to pursue a Potions mastery, sir. I'm trying to decide what I want to do after I leave Hogwarts." I managed to hold his perplexed gaze, hoping he wouldn't use Legilimency on me.

He sat back in his chair, passing a hand over his face as he sighed. He rubbed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose before smoothing his fingers along his eyebrows and tossing his head again, flicking his hair back. My stomach gave a little lurch. *I love it when he does that.*

Blinking at me suspiciously, he murmured, "What are you on about?"

I let my bag drop at my feet, keeping the flap open. Then, I perched on the desk, crossing my legs and allowing my skirt to ride up my thighs. Bracing my hands on the edge of the desk, I locked my elbows and leant forward, my arms framing my chest and thrusting it forward. A flare of triumph shot through me when I saw his gaze drop from my face to my chest, then down my legs before snapping back up to my eyes.

I tossed my hair back, baring my throat. "I'm of age, and this is my last year here."

I could see his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed before he rumbled, "Your point?"

Dropping my lids to peer at him through my lashes, I said, "Like I said, Professor, I was hoping you could... teach me... things beyond what we learn in class. I remember your speech from first year. I want you to teach me how to 'bewitch the mind and ensnare the senses.'" My voice dropped to a throaty purr, and I heaved a deep sigh, making my breasts strain my buttons even more.

I was rewarded by the sight of Snape's jaw throbbing as he clenched his teeth. *You want to pursue a Potions mastery?*" His scoffing incredulity *did* give me a pang of wounded pride, but I brushed it off and smiled seductively...I hoped.

Licking my lips and thrilling to his sharp intake of breath, I breathed, "You...*inspire* me. I was hoping that perhaps you might even be available when the school year is over...to teach me. I'd love to learn *under* you... sir."

There it went again. His jaw kept throbbing, and there was more swallowing and blinking *I must really be getting to him!*

He pinned me with a fierce glare before shooting to his feet, startling me and making me gasp as I sat back, gripping the desk tighter in a desperate bid for balance.

His lips barely moved as he ground out, "I daresay I have an informational programme somewhere. I'll not be long." He whipped out from behind his desk and fled, giving me the chance I had been hoping for.

Slipping my wand from inside my sleeve, I whispered, "*Wingardium Leviosa*," and levitated the bottle from my bag into the satchel propped against his desk. Focusing even harder, I added a Do Not Notice charm. It wouldn't do for him to find it before Monday! Glancing over my shoulder at the door, hoping he hadn't seen, I exhaled on a long note of relief that the doorway was empty.

*Now I just need to get into the staff meeting Monday morning!*

I heard the clipped staccato of his footsteps echoing on the stones as he marched back into the room. Resuming my pose, I beamed at him in adoration as he awkwardly thrust a faded pamphlet at me.

"Here. You may keep it. It outlines everything you need to do to prepare. Now..." He ducked quickly behind his desk, dropping into his chair and clutching a stack of papers as if for dear life. "You may return to your common room, Miss Whitby." He averted his eyes as I made a show of stretching before sliding off the desk.

Pressing the pamphlet to my chest as if it were the key to existence, I said, "*Thank* you so much, Professor. I can't tell you how much it means to me to have something from *you*. I'll treasure it--and read it thoroughly, of course." I nodded in earnest, catching his eye as he looked at me warily.

Bending forward, making sure to be at the best angle for him to peer down my blouse, I picked up my bag and slid the pamphlet into it. His expression looked almost pained, and his eyes widened in near panic when I stepped closer to his desk.

"Oh! I forgot to ask you: will there be a staff meeting as usual Monday?"

Drawing back into his chair as much as humanly possible, he uttered a short, "Yes. Why?"

Beaming again, I leant forward with a confidential air, propping my hand on the desk bare millimetres from his. "Well, while I'm*most*ly interested in knowing what it takes for a Potions mastery, I reckon it would be only proper to get information on a variety of career paths, don't you think?"

A curt nod was all the response I got, so I continued, "And since all of the teachers are there in one spot, I thought it'd be the best way to ask them for help, too."

Brow furrowing, Snape voiced a strangled noise of exasperation and said, "Then why didn't you wait till then to bother*me*?"

Ducking my head, I backed away, chewing my lip and shrugging my shoulders. Flicking a coy glance at him, I murmured, "Oh, sir... I'll tak*any* excuse to see *you*." With that, I covered my mouth to muffle a giggle as I turned and hastened to the door. I stepped through, then paused and spun on the threshold, smiling as I lilted, "Good night, Professor. Sweet dreams..." Then, before the stunned man could bellow at me, I dashed off, eschewing returning to the Slytherin rooms in favour of hiding in the library until Madam Pince chased me out. If Snape were to recover from my brash flirtation enough to come after me with revenge on his mind, it behoved me to make myself scarce.

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Monday morning found me nervously paused at the staff room door. I could hear the murmur of voices within, including the baritone rumble of my Head of House. Swallowing hard, trying to still the fluttering in my guts, I knocked on the door.

Professor Sprout opened the door, her brows rising as she said, "Oh! Miss Whitby, what a surprise. What are you doing here?"

She backed away and I crossed the threshold, gazing about at the varied expressions of surprise and consternation. Except for Snape. He was glaring at me suspiciously.

I flashed a winning smile around the room, pausing just a bit to flutter my lashes at Snape, then said, "I'm surprised Professor Snape hasn't said anything. I was hoping I could get more detailed information from you all about pursuing more specialized studies after I finish this year. Professor Snape already gave me a programme about attaining a Potions mastery." I ended on an up note, glancing around eagerly.

Several teachers were blinking and scowling, muttering to themselves about the awkward timing of my appearance, but they all seemed to buy my ruse. A couple of them even went so far as to make a note in their planners to send me information while the others seemed to be musing on where they had put such similar programmes.

It was my best chance. Fingers trembling, I slid my wand down my sleeve and clutched it against me, trying to keep it as inconspicuous as possible. I edged around one of the armchairs to get a better angle to charm Snape's satchel. Fortunately, another teacher was asking him about what sort of information he had already given me, so he wasn't looking at me. Praying that my nonverbal spell-casting was up to snuff, I concentrated, pointed my wand at his bag, and thought, *Finite Incantatem. Diffindo!*

The sound of ripping fabric and snapping threads hissed through the room, causing everyone to spin and search for the source of the noise. Snape's reflexes were faster than I would have imagined, and his wand was out, pointing at his bag even as the now unconcealed potion bottle rolled out of the great tear and across the staff room floor.

His spell stopped its rolling, giving him and the rest of the staff a chance to see the brightly lettered "Erection Enabler" label. I think the shock of it was what gave him just enough pause for everyone to gasp in astonishment before snapping their wide eyes to his horrified face. The moment seemed to last an eternity before his strangled "*Evanescor!*" sent the offending bottle into oblivion.

A spate of choked snorts and stifled gasps followed his spell, and his eyes were wild as he glared around the room. I glanced at the staff and saw a mixture of amusement, surprise, and even pity. Then, I jumped as Snape shot to his feet, his cheeks flushed and his eyes bright with fury. Snatching his ripped satchel, he whipped his gaze to mine, and I flinched.

I think that was what sealed my fate. His eyes narrowed dangerously, locked with mine. Someone started whispering urgently in the room, and Snape snarled, "*Go*at*ut*, Miss Whitby!"

Stumbling in my haste to leave, I backed away, turning to dash out of the room, glad to make my escape.

I rejoiced too soon. I was only a few steps away from the staff room when I was startled again by a fierce pincer-like grip on my arm, hauling me around to stop face-to-face with a livid Snape. I think it was only through sheer force of will that I maintained control of my bodily functions. Even still, I felt like my stomach had fluttered right out of my body, and my heart raced in fear.

Snape's lips barely moved as he hissed, "*You* did that! *You* set me up to humiliate me in front of everyone!"

Frantically, I shook my head in denial, but even I knew it was weak.

Snape spun me around, never releasing the grip on my arm, and nearly frog marched me down the corridor and stairs to the dungeons, where he led me to his office again.

Releasing me with a final push forward, he slammed the door shut, and I heard the lock click. Dread chilled my blood, and I wilted, shivering, against the very same desk I had perched on previously in my attempt to seduce him.

Snape stalked past me and stepped between me and his desk. Eyeing me with icy intent, he growled, "Give me your wand, Miss Whitby."

My eyes widened even more. What was he going to do to me? And I wouldn't even have my wand to defend myself? Shaking even more, I held my wand out.

Snape ripped it from my nerveless fingers and held it in his palm, pointing his wand at it. A low murmur of *Prior Incantato*, nearly made me faint.

The damning evidence of my *Diffindo*, followed not much later by my Do Not Notice and Levitation spells wafted between us. As the shades of my spells faded, Snape and I locked eyes, my guilt and remorse writ plain on my face.

Before he could say anything else, I choked, "I'm sorry, Professor. Really, I am!"

A short, "Explain yourself immediately," followed my apology.

"It was a prank... a dare. I had to do it, or face the consequences. I didn't want to! I know it was childish and stupid, and I know it must be ridiculous to ev~~th~~*ink* you'd ever need a potion like that..."

His eyes had narrowed even more as I spoke, but they shot open wide again and he cut me off, saying, "What do you mean?"

*May as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb...* I could feel heat creeping up my face as I said, "Th-the potion... I know it's preposterous to think you'd ever need something like that."

His brow furrowed in confusion as he murmured, "*You've* thought about... *that*?"

There was a charged silence as I gazed up at him. Sucking in a deep breath, I barely whispered, "Yes."

He blinked at me, astounded. Reckless now, I continued, "I just*know*... deep down... that a man of your...*prowess* wouldn't need such a ridiculous potion." His eyes narrowed again and snapped to mine, calculating. I licked my lips, and a pang of excitement surged through me when I saw his jaw clench in response. I stepped further out on the limb.

Straightening off the edge of the desk, I inched closer to him, peering up into his face where he still towered over me. Dropping my voice to a sultry low, I said, "Of course, that's my *theory*. I still don't have any*physical evidence* to back it up."

Snape sucked in a breath, and he went rigid, gazing down at me in amazement at my brazenness. My heart was still racing, but in more than just fear now. My breathing was quick and shallow as I teased even more, "Care to prove my hypothesis, Professor?"

Snape's hand snapped up to grip my arm again, and I gasped, startled, but my next gasp was of a different sort as he dragged me around him and trapped me against his desk, pressing his body against mine. A wave of heat drenched me from head to toe and back again as I felt his erection gouging my belly through his robes.

His eyes glittered with a manic light as he growled, "Proof enough for you, Miss Whitby?"

I felt light-headed, and my eyes were threatening to roll back in my head as I gasped, "Definitely... a start."

An incredulous snort met my ears, followed by a voice oozing with dangerous promise that said, "Detention, Miss Whitby. My office. Tonight. And, depending on whether I am... *satisfied* with your performance, I may choose to schedule other detentions in the future." My mouth went dry at the thought. Then, as he growled, "Don't be late," his hips pressed harder when he adjusted his stance. I barely suppressed a moan.

"Yes, Professor. I'll take my *punishment* for as long as you care to dish it out." With that, I dared to meet his gaze again, biting my lip as his erection pulsed against me. We stayed that way for a long moment before he finally eased back, releasing me and proffering my wand.

I took my wand and straightened my robes. Snape stepped back, toward the door, which he unlocked. Cutting a dark glance my way, he murmured, "Off with you."

I nodded, hurrying to the door, but when I grabbed the knob, I was stopped by his hand wrapping around mine and his body pressed against my back. His lips were almost against my ear as he purred, "I'll be waiting for you to come tonight."

Another jolt of fire raced over me and I faintly queried, "To detention?"

A wicked chuckle sent shivers from my ear down my spine as he said, "That, too." Then, he opened the door with his hand over mine and gently pushed me through, shutting it behind me.

I stood there, overwhelmed with the unexpected success of my dare, trembling in the wake of so much terror and desire. Taking shaky steps back upstairs, I drew the card from my pocket, noting that it was a definite green.

*Slytherin green, thank-you-very-much.*

I had to take a detour to the girls' toilet to cool my flushed face with some cold water, but as soon as I saw someone from our party, I flashed the green card at her, smirking archly in triumph.

I'd tell them about the staff meeting and him figuring out it was me, and me getting detention, but I would definitely keep ~~that~~*type* of detention to myself!

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Carlie plopped down by me at lunch and said, "So, I heard your card is green now. Shall we spread the word to meet after dinner?"

I cleared my throat, suppressing the secretive smile that wanted to surface, and said, "If we meet, we have to meet early and be quick about it, since I have to go to detention tonight."

Carlie's eyes flew wide open and she gasped in sympathy. "Oh no! With Snape?" I merely nodded, flicking a glance at the High Table to watch Snape eating. Carlie patted my shoulder and said, "I'll let the others know right now. We'll come to dinner straight off and then head up to the Room of Requirement at 5:30, okay?"

"Sounds like a plan to me." I nodded again as she shot up to race around to the rest of the girls. I looked back up at Snape, only to find him watching me, his eyes glinting through his hair. A shiver of residual fear and growing excitement pimpled my skin, and I ducked my head to hide my reddening cheeks.

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It was almost 5:30, and our group had tried to flee the Hall in pairs or individually, so as not to draw attention to our departure. Finally, everyone arrived, breathless with anticipation.

Sitting where I had previously been when my card had glowed yellow, I gazed around, seeing all eyes on me, and smacked the card down on the game board, its green glow announcing my success.

Phyllis immediately said, "Carlie said you have detention? It's because of this, isn't it?"

I nodded and proceeded to tell them the whole tale of my plan and its supposed success. At least, until Snape caught me out and gave me detention. Of course, I made no

mention of exactly *why* I got detention or what we might end *updoing* during said detention. Some things are better savoured alone.

Glancing at the time, I gathered my things, preparing to head down to my fate in the dungeons. "At any rate, I have to get going. You lot can always go back to dinner if you like. But, my work here is done. And, with that, it looks like the next dare is..." I gazed about and saw Robin's cards glowing a tell-tale yellow "...Robin's!" As I crossed to the doorway, I flashed her a rueful smile and said, "Good luck, mate. I'll hear all about your tasks later. Ta!" And, with that, I slipped out into the corridor and began my trek to what I could only hope would be the beginning of some very instructional detentions.

And the fun continues...

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Author's Notes:

The original prompt was: Slip him an Erection Enabler Potion into his bag and charm the bag to rip open during a staff meeting.