

Knickered - IV

by Amita

The net widens.

Chapter 1 of 1

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She stepped back to admire her latest effort, an iridescent pink potion with purple accents and pretty little bubbles. She would have her revenge on the airheads who had caused her to make a fool of herself. She dipped the pretty little thing of iridescent pink with purple accents into the simmering liquid, but when she pulled it out, she discovered the potion had eaten a hole in the flimsy thing. The disappointment turned to pride when she noticed the void in the knickers would align with the void in the owner.

"Very good," she said, patting the cauldron, "but too much the feminine principle."

She reconsidered. Maybe having the airhead owners fall for every studly advance would be more excruciating than making overt fools of themselves. As these new vistas opened before her, she heard someone coming and poured everything down the drain. After the footsteps faded away, she discovered she had poured everything down the laundry chute.

"Oops," she said.

Meanwhile, Bella, at a small gathering of Riddle's minions, was equally disgruntled. She had captured a comely non-witch for an evening of torture to sooth the jagged nerves, but the wizards were being overly refined. They had started with a round robin of spanking. Worse, the wizards had decided to be deeply evil and prolong the torment by augmenting the girl's stamina with several flagons of wine. Now, the cruel slaps upon a cute derriere were accompanied by giggling and wiggling and squealing.

Bella grabbed Walden Macnair and told him they needed willow switches that could cut into some flesh.

"But it's my turn," he protested as she hauled him to a copse of trees by the river bank.

Some people can't forgo immediate pleasure for long term gain.

As they reached the trees, there was a commotion back at the site as a group of rescuers arrived. Bella and Walden were certain they would be caught because they had left their brooms at the site, but luckily, there was a delay since the girl, apparently confused by events, was punching out the new arrivals who had interrupted her ordeal. The two slid down the embankment out of sight where Bella conjured a spirit-eagle who could carry them to safety.

But the liberators soon escaped the flailing girl and were in hot pursuit.

"I'll settle their hash," said Bella, but her spell blew the shingles off a nearby house.

"You twitched and ruined my aim," Bella told Walden.

"She missed. We have them," exclaimed the pursuers, but as they closed the distance, the debris from the roof flew into their path, blinding them and sending their brooms into tailspins.

"Go me," said Bella.

She told her companion they should seek shelter with Severus since the closer they were to danger, the safer they would be.

"What?" asked Walden.

Over the lake, it became clear the spirit-eagle was tiring.

"It can't fly both of us to dry land," said Bella.

"It can get both of us closer to shore," said Walden.

"But I would get wet," said Bella, severing half the spell.

"Yah," went Walden as he splashed into the cold water.

"Don't be such a sissy," said Bella.

When she arrived, Severus directed her to the school laundry to replace the clothes she had torn sliding down the embankment. Laying on top was the flimsy thing with the hole eaten in it. It brought back fond memories of her school days. Even better, it fit. Well, it was only a small expansion spell. She twirled in front of mirror, admiring her figure in naughty lingerie. She began feeling young and light heartened. She borrowed a school outfit of skirt and blouse and twirled again. Yes, the look matched her innocent inner being - a frail flower cast upon the rocky shores of life.

When Severus offered her a choice between tea and wine, she chose the more romantic beverage, and unfastened the top buttons on the blouse.

"Like a good view?" she asked.

"Excuse me."

"Like a good stew," she said.

"Now?" he asked.

She crossed her legs, letting the skirt ride up. "Want to plunge into me, I mean want to have lunch with me. We can stew in our own juices, and you can have a nice piece. I mean it will be nice and peaceful."

"I suppose I could manage," he said.

"You can eat me, I mean treat me,"

"I wouldn't mind that," he said.

"I want you to ache for me. I mean have cake for me."

"Okay," he said.

"Do you want the fun of vamping all day?" she asked.

"Beg your pardon."

"Do you want to hunt vampires over the holiday?" she asked

"Isn't that dangerous?" he asked.

"Nonsense, I'll be there," she said. "Then it's settled. We join my uncle's hunt this Christmas."

She looked dreamy eyed. "You can present your prick. I mean you can pick your present, and I'll be there when you unwrap it."

"You can score at least," she added. "I mean there'll be at least a score of hunters."

Thus the day after Christmas saw Severus cruising over the trees of an old forest in Romania. They had decided to split into small groups for reconnaissance, and Severus was paired with Bella. As they rounded a hill, they saw Bella's uncle facing a vampire in a clearing.

"I'll save you, Uncle," cried Bella.

"He seems to be doing fine," said Severus, but Bella was already in a steep dive.

She clipped a branch, spun end over end, smacked into the ground, rolled across the turf, staggered to her feet, whipped out her wand, and hurled a mighty hex. Her uncle screamed and collapsed.

Dang, he got in the way, she thought.

She ran to protect him but tripped and fell. Severus zoomed overhead and plunged his broom into the vampire's heart.

Good thing I ducked in time, she thought.

Bella got to her feet and looked at the prone vampire with a vertical broom implanted in him. "Gives a new meaning to broom stick," she said.

She turned to Severus. "My hero. You followed my lead perfectly."

She pulled him behind a clump of trees. "You handsome hunk." Her arms were around him. "You won my girlish heart." Her lips were all over him. "Oh, you're going to have your way with me." Her knickers were on the ground. "I can't resist you." She unzipped his trousers and pulled out his member. "Take me." Her face softened. "Be gentle."

She heard the rest of the hunt land in the clearing, grabbed the zipper to his trousers, and yanked up. Severus reacted.

"Quiet or they'll find us," she said. "I thought you could get it back in faster, and if you don't stop hopping around, we'll never get it unjammed."

She sighed. "As always, everything's up to me."

From a chat room prompt: Bellatrix as a klutz.