

# Torture

*by minuet99*

Torture of an entirely different sort. A fluffy drabble.

## Torture

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Torture of an entirely different sort. A fluffy drabble.

Hermione sat on the ground, casually leaning against the graffitied wall next to the red phone box outside the Ministry of Magic, her khaki-clad legs stretched out in front of her. Her feet were crossed daintily at the ankle. A thick, well-worn volume leaned against her left thigh, partially covered by her equally worn leather satchel. The cover of the book was slightly tattered and the pages were discolored and worn from time and use. In her left hand was her favorite sweet indulgence: coffee ice cream in a waffle cone.

A dark shadow fell across her outstretched legs. The shadow's head quirked to one side as a low, rumbling voice asked, "What are you doing down there?" Snape frowned at her, peering down his overlarge nose at her recumbent figure. He looked slightly uncomfortable in Muggle clothing. He was, of course, still wearing black trousers and had modified his frock-coat into a more contemporary version.

Hermione looked up at him, squinting in the sunlight and smiled innocently.

"What does it look like I'm doing? Enjoying the sunshine and my ice cream."

Snape frowned again and began looking around the area where she was sitting.

"Where is the book I requested?"

Hermione moved her satchel and handed him the book, unmindful of the drop of melting ice cream that threatened to fall on the aged cover.

Snape snatched the book out of her hands, practically hugging it to his chest.

"Have you no idea how valuable this book is?" Snape said indignantly.

It was Hermione's turn to frown. She moved the ice cream closer to her mouth, preparing to take a bite.

"Really, Severus, remember to whom you're speaking. Don't be so difficult." Her tongue flicked out to catch another wayward drop of melted ice cream.

Snape suddenly forgot how to breathe. His eyes couldn't help but follow her pink tongue as it protruded from her mouth, scooping a little ice cream into her mouth with every swipe.

Finally thinning the ice cream into a manageable column, she wrapped her lips around the entire confection and suctioned a mouthful off the top of the cone.

Snape swallowed hard and suddenly felt quite warm as he pictured her lips doing that in quite another situation – a situation that occurred as recently as a fortnight ago.

He narrowed his eyes. She was torturing him on purpose, and in public, no less. His physical reaction was automatic, and he blushed in embarrassment. He immediately wished for his concealing robes but was comforted in the fact that his jacket was just long enough and loose enough to disguise his reaction. He crossed his arms in response to his uncomfortable situation.

Hermione noticed his face coloring and smirked. She made no comment and swiftly finished her confection. No need in torturing him too much, or else he'd be unbearable for the rest of the day.

She brushed the crumbs off her mouth and hands and held her arms up towards him, child-like, with palms facing upwards.

Snape uncrossed his arms and frowned at her before assisting her into a standing position with a little more force than necessary. She collided softly with his chest. He used the movement as a rare opportunity to hold her in a public place, even if for just a brief moment.

Hermione gave him a brief squeeze in return and broke away to lean down and retrieve her satchel.

"You do this just to irritate me," Snape pointed out sulkily.

"Yes, but you love it. Don't deny it," she said cheekily. She looped her arm through his as they prepared to depart.

Snape merely inclined his head and raised an eyebrow at her. Only to those who knew him as she did would the non-answer be recognized as an affirmative.

Arm-in-arm, they headed to meet their dinner companions.

~fin~

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In response to the following prompt from Ariadne:

Location: Phone booth outside Ministry of Magic.

Characters: Hermione/Snape (of course)

Objects: Ice cream cone and a book.

Must include the words: difficult, pointed, and blush