

Completing a Dare

by Southern_Witch_69

Hermione needs Snape's help to complete a dare given to her by Madam Hooch.

One-shot Story

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I've snagged some characters from JKR and am having some fun with them.

This has been written for Wilder05112000! Sorry it's taken so long, mate! Her prompt info is at the end of the story. Cheers!

Thanks go to CocoaChristy for the beta!

A knock at his door startled Severus from his position before the fire. "Who could this be?" he wondered aloud. It was dark out already, and he never had many visitors at Spinner's End. Deep down, he had a feeling that he knew exactly what the person would want and whom it was. When he opened the door, he considered slamming it shut without speaking to her. However, that would have simply caused the know-it-all to find other ways to harass him, as evidenced by her numerous other tactics earlier in the day. He'd left the castle to avoid her and the rest of the staff...and their bloody game of double dare.

"Back again and at my home no less?"

"Sir, I implore you to please reconsider my earlier request."

"No."

"Look at the time. It's nearly six o'clock now. I need only stay here for three sodding hours. What harm could there be?"

"I'll not be privy to this. You'll just have to consider yourself as the loser."

She frowned, eyes becoming stormy. "We've been playing this bloody game for two weeks, and now that there are only two of us left, I'll not allow myself to lose just because Hooch dared me to spend time with you." She softened her voice. "Please, sir, what's three hours? I'll sit in the corner. Once it's nine, I'll get up and go, having done my part of the dare."

"It's interesting that you would want to spend time with me now," he said coldly, "as I recall asking you last week if you'd like a glass of wine in my quarters. I believe you said you were busy."

"But I really was. This game...you know what happens if you quit."

He smirked. "Ah, yes, boils on your...ah...bottom, is it?"

"I would have loved to, but that night, I'd been dared to do something else, and I would have had to announce defeat."

"So I wasn't worth it then, but I'm worth the effort now." He faked a yawn. "Sorry, I'm all out of pity here. Good evening."

"Let's have the wine now," she blurted, putting her foot in the doorway.

"You won't leave, will you?"

"I'll camp out at your door and find a way inside if I have to. Please, Severus, help me out here."

She rarely called him by his given name, and it was that more than anything that moved him aside and beckoned her in. He did want to get to know her better, but he didn't appreciate that she only acquiesced because of a game of double dare. He made a mental note to hex Hooch the next morning.

"There is some elf-made wine in the living room," he said, warding the door behind them. Once settled with glasses poured, he asked, "And exactly what did dear Rolanda dare you to do."

Hermione shook her head. "She's not quite as pissed as she was last night when she made her dare, but she's got a smug look about her, and she keeps reminding me that I'll have lost if my task isn't completed by midnight tonight." Her brow furrowed. "Which is odd, isn't it? She dared me to be with you from six to nine."

"And just in time," Severus said snidely as the clock chimed six times. "The hour is upon us." He lifted his glass in a mock toast.

"Thank you," she said with a small smile, looking around his room. "I've always wanted to come here, but I never had a reason to pop in."

"Until now."

"Did you really want to have wine with me?" she asked, gulping down a large sip from her glass.

"No, I asked because I'm quite sociable," he replied sarcastically.

She waved his ugly reply away with a dismissive hand. "May I ask why?"

"I thought..." His voice trailed away. Why should he have to explain anything to her? "We're forced to endure each other's company this night. I seem to remember you saying you'd come in and keep quiet until three hours have passed?" He nodded to their left. "There you are. That corner should suit your needs just nicely."

"Are you serious?" she asked.

"Just leave me to my reading if you don't mind." Hooch would pay for this indeed. He simply needed to choose what hex to use.

However, before he realized what was happening, they were whisked into a pleasant conversation, his book on the table forgotten. With a shock, he noticed that the clock over the mantle was in the midst of chiming nine times.

"It seems your time here has come to an end."

"Oh, is it nine already, what?" She seemed just as startled as he. "Maybe another glass?"

"But you're free to go."

"I'd like to stay a little longer if you don't mind."

"Wouldn't you like to check your parchment?" he asked, not wanting to admit that he was curious about it.

She grinned and pulled a parchment from her robes. The smile on her lips faded as she gazed at it. "What in the world?" Turning the parchment towards him, she said, "It says that my dare is still unfulfilled. But how? I was here from six to nine just as she asked!"

"What were Rolanda's words exactly?"

Hermione thought for a moment and then said, "After I won the last round, she gulped down a whole mug of ale...I think she'd had way too much already...but she said something like 'Snape and you. Six to nine.' And so that's when I asked to keep your company this morning from six to nine."

Severus paled slightly. Was it possible that...? No, it couldn't be. "Would you care to share this memory with me in a Pensieve? I happen to have one upstairs in my bedroom."

"I suppose, but really, there could be no mistaking her...even though she was quite into her cups when she said it."

"Come. Let's have a look. There must be something you're missing."

"All right," she said, following behind him.

Once they entered his room, he strode over to the set of cabinets on the far wall and opened a creaking door to get the Pensieve. "Place your memory inside." After she did so, he leaned forward and allowed himself to fall into the misty memory, Hermione at his side.

"Sooo now you sheee, Hermyknees," Hooch slurred, "you're are up againsht a right pro in this game. Never lose, me." She hooked a thumb at her chest proudly.

"I might not have your experience," Hermione retorted, taking a sip of her drink, "but I'll not just give up. I intend to win this round whether you like it or not!"

"Zat right, eh? I know 'ow to put a stop to that, I do. Next dare to be filled up... er, sorry, fulfilled before midnight tomorrow...ah, I know. Shnape. That's right. Shnape and you. Sixty-nine." Hooch began snickering loudly, dropping some of her ale on the table. "Wonder what sort of tongue lashing he can give? Mmmm."

Hermione's eyes widened. "How rude! And I'll have you know Madam, he's quite charming when he wants to be. I don't think spending three hours with him is worthy of a dare. I'd do that for free." She nudged the woman. "Rolanda?"

Hooch opened her eyes. "Eh, what? Who's there?"

"Time for bed, I think. Good thing the kids are still on holiday. Come on. I'll help you."

Severus came out of the Pensieve and gazed at Hermione in shock. "Do you not... realize what she..."

"Oh, don't look so shocked. Of course I want to spend time with you. She knows I fancy you! Oh no!" She gasped and gazed at her wineglass with narrowed, suspicious eyes. "Bloody hell."

"You fancy me?"

"I... I shouldn't have said that. I know that you don't see me that way. Really. I didn't mean to make you feel uncomfortable."

"I'm not uncomfortable with it. I wondered as much, which is why I asked you to share wine with me that night." He gave her a small smile. "Knowing that you do feel something, however, makes this much easier, my naïve little witch."

"Naïve? What do you mean? I'll have you..."

"She didn't say you had to spend time with me from six to nine."

"But you just heard her! She thought she was pretty clever, too, likely thinking you'd ream me and give me hell the entire time."

"She wants me to use my tongue," he murmured, stepping closer, taking her glass from her and placing it on a nightstand.

"Sorry?" Hermione licked her lips.

"Sixty-nine, Hermione. I'm sure you've heard this term before."

"Yes, that's... shite. You mean to say?"

He nodded. "We have until midnight. Would you like to go through with it?"

The mischievous grin that graced her face was all the answer he needed; however, when she pressed her body against his and began to kiss him, he didn't mind the extra confirmation one bit.

I'll have to remember to thank Rolanda tomorrow. Right clever, that one.

SW's notes: Last year I took requests on my live journal for prompts. I had so many that I couldn't get to them all. I saved this prompt, along with a couple of others, and have finally been able to do it justice. I regret that I didn't make this NC-17 as she requested. Something too graphic didn't really fit here though.

Wilder05112000's prompt: My favorite pairing is ss/hg, and in honor of your name my keyword (number) would be 69. NC-17 fic, don't you think?