

Questionnaire

by KingPig

Snape answers a questionnaire. Sort of.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: I got bored, and I had a bunch of email memes coming through that I was answering for my friends, and some of the questions just struck me as odd. Anyway, it inspired me to write a little PWP, though it's not exactly explicit or anything. Mainly just the fact that there's no plot. And... yeah. Again, I excuse it by saying I was bored...

"This is fucking ridiculous," he spat, fidgeting uncharacteristically in his chair. A hint of fear infused his voice, but Hermione had the good grace to ignore it.

"You lost the bet," she calmly repeated, as though speaking to a very small child.

"You *staged* the damn bet!" he snarled back. "You and Minerva and—how many were there? How many did you convince to play along, at least tell me that!"

"Come on, Severus. Drink the Veritaserum so we can get started." Hermione unsympathetically shoved a vial of the potion into his hands. His black eyes bored into hers as he gave her a murderous look. "Yes, I'm terrified," she said mockingly with a roll of her eyes and a dismissive wave of her hand. "Go on then. Drink up. Let's get started." She adopted a business-like tone as she pushed his left arm (the one attached to the hand clutching the small beaker in a death-grip) upwards so that the glass was touching his lips. Obediently, he consumed the serum in one gulp, his eyes never leaving hers.

Hermione perched on the arm of a leather chair opposite the sour-mannered man, watching his expression intently for any hint of change. His lip curled into a sneer. His eyes narrowed dangerously. She tilted her head in curiosity. "Time to test the waters, I think," Hermione said, more to herself than her former professor. "Your name?"

"Severus Snape."

"Full name, please?"

"I told you: Severus Snape."

"Oh." She sounded a little put-out. "No middle name?"

"No."

"Hmm. Do you hate Harry Potter?" Hermione sprung the question at him quickly, unthinkingly, as she desperately cast about for a question that she knew he would attempt to answer in a lie.

A few moments past her by before she realized that he had not spoken. She instantly glanced at him, noticing with a tinge of shock that he was staring at her in barely restrained rage. "Do I need to repeat the question?" she asked, albeit with a wavering voice.

"No," he ground out. "You can rest assured that the potion has taken effect. I'm compelled to tell you that, no, I do not *hate* Harry Potter, just dislike him *severely*."

"Well," she said with caution. "All right, then. On to the big questions."

"Merlin help me," Snape muttered under his breath.

"As you know, the rest of the staff have all contributed questions, so I'll try to weed out the redundant ones—"

"My gratitude knows no bounds," he seethed.

Hermione took a moment to shoot him a quelling glance before she began, "Okay, the Muggle section first: 'Have you ever done Muggle drugs like pan or acid'? Oh, wait, I think they meant 'pot' – or, rather, marijuana."

"Yes, I know what it is, and yes, I have."

Hermione raised an inquisitive brow. "I see. We'll come back to that one later. Next, have you—oh, wow. Okay. 'Have you ever had sex in a church'?"

"Yes." His answer was whispered under his breath.

"Pardon?" She flashed a feigned, saccharine-sweet smile.

"Yes, sex in a church." His cheeks had flushed slightly.

Hermione stared at him for a moment as though trying to visualize the very act mentioned. He cleared his throat obnoxiously. Her cheeks flamed. "Right, right. Okay, here we go. 'Have you ever woke up in the morning and found you did not know the person lying next to you'?"

"Yes. Who the hell is asking writing these pathetic—"

"Next: 'Have you ever driven an automobile'?"

"Yes." Snape was glaring at a chunk of the stone wall to their left.

"Been arrested by Muggles?"

"Yes."

"For?"

"Stealing. When I was a child."

"What did you steal?"

He looked decidedly uncomfortable. "Clothes."

"Oh," whispered Hermione, suddenly feeling remorseful for pressing the subject. She turned back to her parchment and winced as she read the next question, "'Spent time in a Muggle jail?'"

"Yes, for the same offense, and for vandalizing."

She bit back the urge to question him further on his juvenile life of crime. "All right, well, uhm, here comes the more... interesting part of the questionnaire..."

Severus spread his arms out before him, welcoming the challenge.

"Right. 'Have you ever had intercourse on your parent's bed?'" Hermione's cheeks flushed once again with crimson, but she bravely tried to hold his gaze as he smirked, smugly, back at her.

"Yes."

"Hit on a co-worker?"

"Yes."

Her eyes lit up with a strange glow of curiosity. "'Said you loved someone but didn't mean it?'"

"Yes."

"Cross-dressed?" She had to stifle a giggle at his sudden, intense expression.

"*Absolutely not!*"

"Kissed someone of the same gender non-chastely?"

There was a telling pause as Severus' gaze became fixed on the ground before him. "Yes," he said almost inaudibly.

Hermione blinked rapidly; she was at a complete loss for words. The tense silence hung between them, so thick it was nearly tangible. At an attempt at a quick recovery, she rushed out the very next question on the parchment without forethought: "'Have you ever masturbated?'" She gasped aloud at the audacity. "Now, really, what a silly question—"

"Yes." This answer was much more clear, concise. She chanced a glance at him, minutely aware of how much her face must resemble a beet. His, however, was detestably absent of any sign of embarrassment. He held her gaze as the corners of his lips twisted into a sinister smile. Her breath hitched. His smile grew into a sadistic grin.

She plunged into the next question. "'Have you ever had sex in a pool, lake, pond, or other large body of water?'"

"Yes," he purred. She fidgeted on the arm of her chair, feeling some of the heat drain from her face and settle between her thighs.

"Had intercourse with someone ten years your senior?"

"Again, yes," he answered with a bored tone.

"Had sex in public?"

He nodded in the affirmative.

“Received oral sex from both the same and opposite gender?”

“Yes,” he answered with a yawn.

“Have you ever participated in a threesome?”

“Yes.”

“Have you ever...’ uhm.” She was having trouble concentrating on the words spelled out before her. “Have you ever masturbated in front of someone else?”

“No.”

Hermione had opened her mouth, the next question poised on her tongue, when his answer stalled her. “Have you—wait, no?”

“No. Have you?”

“Well, I—no.”

He grinned in a feral manner. She watched breathlessly as his hand snaked down between his legs and conspicuously began to rub his erection through his trousers. “Something we shall have to remedy, I think?” She nodded dumbly, entranced, almost missing his deep voice whisper, “To the victor go the spoils.”

A/N Part II: Thanks to the awesome Angel Mischa for doin' her thing and helping me get this scrappy story presentable!
