

# What They're After

*by themadmermaid*

The twins turn on the charm and a suspicious Hermione wants to know what they're after.

This was written for the hermione\_smut exchange on LJ, and was sadly orphaned when its recipient dropped out.

## Chapter 1

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A/N: Thank you to sometimeselkie for general handholding and cheerleading in addition to betaing, and to avocado\_love for giving it a look for me.

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Hermione clenched her jaw as she watched Ron dance with his beautiful new sister-in-law, smiling at her soppily as he was wont to do. "He's not really a total prat," a voice suddenly said close to her ear. Normally, she would have flinched, but right now she was too stiff and angry.

"He's just clueless when it comes to women," another voice said in her opposite ear, close enough for her to feel the speaker's hot breath.

"Fred." She acknowledged the twin on her right, and then to her left, "George. What do you want?" They were up to something, crowded in close behind her, and they obviously had heard her exchange angry words with Ron earlier.

"You just look like you need to relax," said George, leaning over to pour something in her cup of pumpkin juice. She turned to them to find two nearly identical bland expressions looking back at her, a sure sign they were scheming. She raised her glass and sniffed it, looking at them all the while, and saw Fred raise a brow at her mockingly.

She felt a flash of disgust; these bloody Weasley men were really getting to her today. So she cocked an eyebrow right back and knocked back the entire glass. It was firewhisky, as she'd suspected. While it was being served at the wedding, Molly had made it clear that none of the younger children were to have access to it.

Hermione did a credible job of not choking to death. The twins pretended not to be impressed, but she thought they might be, a little. "I suppose that was to help me relax?" she asked when she was sure she could breathe. She felt a little like she was underwater.

"It was a start," said George, who was trying not to smile, but looked disturbingly pleased with himself nonetheless.

Fred approached her side and took her arm. "Let us escort you, Hermione," he said pleasantly. What were the two of them after?

"After?" George responded, feigning confusion, and Hermione realized she had spoken aloud. "Would we really need to have some ulterior motive to want to spend time in your company?"

Hermione rolled her eyes and realized she wouldn't get an answer to her question. However, maybe the better question was, did she really care what they were after? If there was a choice between being swept along in one of the twins' escapades or spending the rest of this wedding watching the boy she'd been sweet on for years fawn over someone else, staying here would be asinine.

She tightened her arm in Fred's and offered her other to George while holding her cup. "Of course," she told Fred, and favored him with a blinding smile. He blinked and then smiled back happily. "Let's find more pumpkin juice."

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Hermione had never had the twins' charms turned on her before, so she'd had no idea that they could be so, well, charming. They were taking their sweet time getting to the heart of whatever their plot was; she supposed that was a sign of their level of expertise at this sort of thing. Instead, they'd squired her about the party, cajoling her into conversation, pulling out chairs for her, dancing with her, getting her drinks, and, when she waved her glass, spiking it with firewhisky.

She'd noticed Ron several times on the periphery of her vision, looking at her with crossed arms much the same way she'd been watching him earlier. She supposed it was juvenile of her to feel a surge of satisfaction at that, but she did; she may have even flirted a bit with the twins, just to twist the knife and because the firewhisky made her feel bold. Ron was perfectly free to come and to talk her, despite the fact she was being entertained by his brothers. He could even, Merlin forbid, ask her to dance.

But he didn't. And he wouldn't. And she was tired of it. Hermione was virtually certain that he did care for her; there had been too many instances of jealousy, too many awkward moments and unguarded looks between the two of them to be just coincidence. However, every time an opportunity presented itself for him to act on his feelings, not only did he not do so, he acted like a total arse instead.

Today was a perfect example. Ron had acted like an idiot when Viktor Krum had shown up as a wedding guest. Although he had refused to ask her to dance, he had been angry when Viktor did. She'd tried to talk to him about it, but he'd treated her as if she was the one being silly, and then he had left her without a word as soon as the chance to dance with Fleur presented itself. Hermione knew she was a Veela, but it was still ridiculous.

At least the twins had been surprisingly fun. All the same, Hermione felt she'd indulged their whims for long enough. She got ready to stand from the table and make her good-byes and noticed that she was a bit unsteady from the "pumpkin juice".

George stood with her, and before she could say anything, he said, "One last dance, Hermione," with a playfully pleading look on his face, so she didn't see how she could say no.

A slow song played as he escorted her onto the floor, and as soon as he drew her into his arms, she could tell that something was different. He nearly swept her up, and she found her own arms wrapping around him in response before she realized it. She wasn't quite sure how to react, and she didn't want to make some kind of scene, so she let him sway her softly to the music for a few moments and leaned her head on his chest.

It was weirdly pleasant, and part of her wanted to imagine that it was Ron, but then the hand that George had on her back started making small, slow circles and she couldn't indulge that fantasy any longer. Hermione pulled back from Ron's brother far enough to see his face. He was smiling in that mysteriously pleased fashion again, and she couldn't really think of what she wanted to say so she just asked, "George?"

He smiled fully at that and replied, "Hermione." Then he drew her close again, reaching a hand up to push a few stray curls behind her ear before leaning to it to whisper, his breath as hot as it had been earlier. "Have I told you how beautiful you look this evening? I don't think that I have, because I didn't want to scare you off." He let his hand fall softly down her neck and slide over her shoulder before skimming it daringly back to her waist. "Just dance with me, Hermione," he said, breathing intimately into her ear.

Bewildered, she just nodded and eased into his embrace again, moving slowly to the music. She couldn't relax fully though, because she was suddenly aware of him in a thousand ways that she'd never considered before: his height, the width of his shoulders, that hand tracing circles over her back again. She swallowed thickly, but her throat felt dry. Maybe she needed some more firewhisky to be able to handle this.

The song was ending, and she thought perhaps she could escape, but then Fred was there. "May I cut in?" he asked gallantly, and George handed Hermione over. She saw a look pass between the two of them as he did so, and then Fred had her hugged to him even more tightly than George had.

"Another slow song," Hermione said, because she couldn't think of anything else.

"Yes indeed, Miss Granger," Fred said. "Asked the band specifically for another," he continued, and winked at her. She felt herself blush and she looked away. Fred leaned down and whispered, "Did George tell you how beautiful you look?" She just nodded slightly. He moved his mouth up so he was speaking against her temple, each brush of his lips causing a shiver down her spine.

"You wanted to know what we were after, Hermione," he said. "You're a brilliant witch so I reckon you've got a pretty good idea now."

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Hermione definitely had an idea of what the twins had in mind. She still moved gracefully in Fred's arms, but her mind was racing with shock and, to be honest, excitement. She glanced surreptitiously around the dance floor, sure that everyone must see that something was afoot between her and her dance partner. However, the other couples danced on, oblivious, even though Hermione had been rocked to her very core.

The song ended, and with a final squeeze Fred walked her to the far edge of the dance floor where George was waiting for them. Hermione was fighting a sense of unreality and a growing tension coiling in her belly. They reached George, and he and Fred stood looking at Hermione, their gazes somehow knowing.

Knowing that if she denied she was attracted to them, she would be lying. Knowing that she wasn't saying anything because she was scared half to death that what she would say was yes. George reached out, took her hand, and stroked her wrist lightly. She sighed despite herself, even as she looked around, slightly frantic that someone was watching. Nobody was, as Fred was blocking the view, and George moved closer.

"What do you think of our idea, Hermione?" he asked softly, bringing her hand to his mouth to kiss it lightly. "I think you might like it," he continued, and he sucked a finger quickly into his mouth. It was like magic, how the simple touch of his tongue on her fingertip could feel like his tongue was touching a million other places. She felt a slow, hot ache between her legs as if he'd licked right there, and she knew she was lost.

"It's a very dangerous idea," she said shakily, but she moved closer to them, her thoughts spinning with how many different places four hands could touch her at one time. "A lot like most of your ideas," she finished. They smiled, Fred's a little more crooked than George's, and George squeezed the hand he was still holding.

"That's why what we come up with is always so fun, Hermione," Fred said softly, more intent than she'd ever seen them. "Meet us at our room in the Burrow."

Her eyes widened at that, and George said, "Sometimes the best place to hide's in plain sight. Just don't want us all trooping in together."

She just nodded, feeling suddenly unsure. What was she about to do? As if they sensed her hesitation, the twins moved closer to her. George was pressed right behind her, so near she could feel against her backside how interested he was in this idea of theirs. Fred stayed to the side, still blocking her from the rest of the guests' view, but he reached to touch her lips, and she could see his throat move when he swallowed, as if he knew how his brother was subtly moving behind her.

"Don't make us wait, love," he said hoarsely, and then they were both gone, as suddenly as if they'd Apparated, leaving her standing dazed and alone. She looked around her; everything seemed surreal, and she was tempted to think it was some kind of dream, except for her nipples, which were hard as rocks, and the damp, sticky feeling in her knickers. This was real. She took a deep breath and began making her way back towards the Burrow, the whisky making her walk with exaggerated care.

She threaded through unfamiliar faces for the most part, for which she was grateful, although she did see, from afar, Ron walking onto the dance floor with a Veela cousin. She felt pain in her chest, as if her heart had been squeezed in a huge fist, but her steps toward the Burrow never faltered.

As she approached the house, she passed Luna Lovegood, who was roaming the garden looking for gnomes. "You'll have a smashing time," she said in that vague way of hers, and Hermione responded before she even thought about it.

"I certainly hope so," she said. Then she stopped and looked at the other girl, but Luna had bent down again, engrossed in her search. Hermione shrugged to herself and entered the house. If Luna really did know what was going on, most people would find it less believable than her stories about wrackspurts, so Hermione wasn't going to worry about it.

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Her courage carried her as far as the entrance to the twins' room, but she stopped there, studying the door without knocking. Some practical part of her knew this was her last chance to stop this thing, some part of her that had no idea why she was here. Despite her inner turmoil, there wasn't enough of that part to make her actually turn and walk away. She took a deep breath, closing her eyes and inexplicably feeling tears well up, and then started to knock.

The door opened, however, before her raised fist could make contact with the wood, and long arms dragged her into the semi-darkness. If she thought they might discuss what was happening, she was wrong, as the same arms immediately embraced her, bringing their mouths together in a kiss. She didn't fight the feelings surging up in her at all; what short battle there'd been was over. She reached up and pulled the man's face to hers, in the process surmising this was Fred. Then she returned the kiss wildly while half-listening to George as he cast an impressive litany of spells on the door and room, ensuring that they wouldn't be disturbed.

Fred's shirt was gone already, and she ran her hands over his skin as he teased her lips, moving over them softly before pushing his tongue into her mouth slowly and moving it against hers, making her skin heat. Her nipples were so tight they hurt, and she could feel heat building between her legs. She pulled him to her, and his hands reached down to grab her arse and pull her just as tightly back towards him. She felt his hardness press against her belly, and she moaned into his mouth, feeling like she could come right then.

Then, as Fred kept kissing her, sucking her tongue into his mouth, his hands now kneading her backside, she felt George move in behind her. Reluctantly, it seemed, Fred loosened his grip, kissing her once soundly on the lips before letting his brother wrap one arm around her waist and grab a breast firmly in the other, dragging her back against him. His shirt was still on, although it was unbuttoned, and he firmly ground his hips so that his cock pressed into her backside.

Hermione moved against him as well, letting her head fall back against his shoulder, urging him along by covering the hand kneading her breast with her own. Fred fell to his knees before her, trying with some small difficulty to get the fluffy skirt of her dress up. She helped by grasping what fabric he pushed up with her free hand, and as she did so she kept rocking against George.

He turned his head down to kiss her ear, and then he said against it, his voice thick with desire, "I think you do like this idea of ours, Hermione." He licked at her earlobe delicately, and she involuntarily made a high sound in the back of her throat. She felt Fred's breath hot on the silky material between her legs and she did it again.

"She must, George, if these sticky knickers are any indication," Fred said. He rubbed his face on the inside of her thighs before kissing over them lightly. "What do you say, love," he asked, making sure his breath continued to fall warmly all over her. "Do you like this idea?"

"I like this idea," Hermione said, feeling rather naughty and all the more excited for it. As if in reward for her answer, Fred licked along the left edge of her knickers. "I love this idea," she said then, unable to keep her voice from sounding like a moan.

George released her breast to fumble with his trousers, then took her free hand and stuffed it down there. She drew in a breath as she touched his cock, another thrill of unreality and excitement washing through her. He covered her hand with his own and moved her hand rhythmically over its length, leaning his head on hers and hissing her name out on a labored breath.

Fred was busy too, licking at her through her knickers and nipping little bites over the plumpness of her thighs. He finally grasped her hip with one hand to steady himself and moved her knickers aside with the other. When she finally felt his hot, wet tongue move against her, she cried out his name before she could stop herself. When he did it again, she couldn't help pushing herself towards him, and she moaned again, making George thrust himself into her palm all the more frantically.

She might've fallen down if George's arm had not been solidly around her waist. As it was, she rocked precariously on her high heels as Fred precisely and efficiently licked and thumbed her clit. She was so close to orgasm, so close the pleasure was almost painful, causing her to take deep, desperate breaths and hold them in between panting and moaning.

It was then that George leaned down and started whispering to her again. "Come, Hermione. I want you to come right here in my arms, with your hand on my cock and Fred's mouth on your pussy," he said, licking her ear at the same time Fred stopped his teasing and began steadily licking her clit.

That was enough to push her over the edge. She felt the pleasure peak, running through her like a bolt of lightning, singeing her nerve endings and making her cry out rhythmically each time Fred's tongue touched her, arching her back against George, whose arm she clutched like a lifeline.

Some moments later she was herself again, feeling Fred kiss her thigh sweetly before pulling her ridiculously damp knickers back into place. George freed her hand from his trousers, letting her step away shakily and compose herself a bit. Both brothers were looking at her hungrily, Fred absently wiping his sticky face, and she found herself feeling a startling surge of affection for the both of them.

She began deliberately removing her party dress, looking at them boldly. "I was wrong," she said, unable to stop her voice from trembling a little. "This was a smashing idea." They smiled at her and began shedding clothing themselves, until they were down to pants.

Hermione was wearing only her knickers and heels, but when she bent to remove the shoes, Fred protested. "Maybe you should keep those on."

George made a noise and shook his head. "Seems like a sexy idea, but you fancy getting stabbed in the bollocks with a heel in the heat of the moment?" he asked. Fred rolled his eyes and started to argue, but Hermione shushed him. She walked towards the huge bed that they must have Transfigured and climbed onto it, making sure that she bent away from them and crawled a little on her hands and knees before turning around and laying down.

"Come take them off then," she said, a little breathless at her own brazenness. They wasted no time scrambling on the bed with her, each one taking a foot and removing a shoe. Then they were on her, all over her, in front and behind her, stripped down to nothing, so many hands and fingers she couldn't keep track. At one point she caressed a cock in each hand and they both stroked her through her knickers, building her excitement and tension up so fast she could hardly believe she'd just orgasmed.

They finally settled with her on her side, George in front of her and Fred behind her. George took possession of her mouth, kissing her more forcefully than his brother had. Fred moved his hips, a single layer of fabric between them, and she could feel his cock clearly as he thrust it against her arse. Breaking her kiss with George, she moaned loudly and pushed against Fred, arching her back, desperately to try to angle him towards her.

They thrust together for a minute or two, Fred's breathing loud and harsh and Hermione moaning with each press she made backwards. She was crazed with sensation, her pussy completely wet and ready, only her knickers keeping him from sliding right into her. "Merlin, Hermione," Fred gasped, "I'm about to come right now."

Hermione made an appreciative sound in her throat at that, but George just laughed at his brother and tugged Hermione away from him. "Let me help then," he said, capturing her mouth again and pulling down her knickers as best he could. Hermione moved her legs to help, finally pulling away from him long enough to snatch them off completely and throw them somewhere. Those out of the way, the two of them moved closer and George moved her top leg over his hip.

She felt his length against her wetness, teasing her, but he didn't move. She wiggled her hips to encourage him, but he just said, "Look at me, Hermione." She did, to find him looking at her intently before kissing her. He broke away from her mouth and asked her, "What do you want?"

She groaned in frustration and closed her eyes, both not wanting to say it out loud and finding the idea so exciting that her thrusting of her hips against nothingness redoubled. Then she heard Fred's voice in her ear. "Tell him, Hermione," he said. She felt his hand run down her buttock from behind to slide easily into her, and she moaned. "I can feel how wet you are. I know you're desperate for him to fuck you. Tell him what you want."

She moved against Fred's finger frantically and nearly moaned the words. "Fuck me. Fuck me, George. I want you to fuck me." Then she found herself flipped onto her back as George entered her slowly, causing her to let out a long, keening breath. He thrust easily in and out of her and she moved with him. The feeling of him in her, filling her up, moving fast and slow and deep and shallow, was enough to drive her crazy, and she could feel her orgasm, even bigger than last time, building up. However, there was also Fred, consigned to the sidelines and consoling himself with a wank and commentary, to contend with.

"I told you she'd be wild, George," he said, knowing his dirty talk was making her even wilder. "I felt how wet she was; I bet she's tight too." George pulled himself away from her mouth and breathed heavily against her ear.

"Oh yes," he said between pants. "She's tight and wet, aren't you, Hermione?" to which she could only moan out a yes and spread her legs wider, trying to get as much of George in her as possible. It seemed to go on forever, the twins whispering and talking about her, asking her if she liked it, George all the while fucking her steadily. She was so close to coming she felt like she would hyperventilate, and finally George reached down and began stroking her clit.

She was swept away again, and she heard her voice saying, "Yes, yes, yes!" over and over from a thousand miles away. She squeezed George so tightly she thought she might snap him in half, and as the last wave hit her, she sank her teeth slightly into his shoulder. He moaned at that, and when she stopped biting him, he devoured her mouth again, still thrusting rhythmically inside her.

Hermione was no longer building towards orgasm, but the aftershocks sizzled pleasantly for her, and George's fullness still felt good, so she continued to move with him. He moved faster, obviously approaching his own release. As it came on him he broke his mouth away from hers and cried her name. She felt him pulse inside her and thrust as deeply as he could, and she gasped at the feeling.

Fred let them savor the afterglow for a moment or two before pushing his brother not-so-subtly with a foot. George rolled off her as Fred turned her towards him. Facing her, he brought her leg over his hip and entered her easily, kissing her neck and whispering to her. "Sorry, love," he said. "I just can't help myself."

She kissed him in turn and then whispered back, "Fuck me, Fred. Please fuck me," making him groan. He put his arm under her leg and pulled it higher, spreading her wider, and she reached down to move her fingers against her clit again. She could feel another orgasm out there, if she wasn't too tired to try for it, and she moved insistently along with him, matching him thrust for thrust. She finally reached it, a nice little flash after the big storm, and she murmured Fred's name. He stiffened, burying himself in her to the hilt as they both climaxed.

Then she was sandwiched between the two of them, and she must've drowsed for a bit. Eventually, though, the world outside had to be faced, and they broke apart reluctantly, retrieving clothing and casting freshening spells, attempting to make themselves presentable again. Fred tried to help with Hermione's hair, but only made it worse. George fixed it as best he could, and then they were finished.

Suddenly, it was the awkward moment Hermione had been expecting all along as the three of them stood staring at each other without a clue as to what to say. Finally she said, "I don't know what to say."

That caused them all to chuckle, and George said, "I reckon that's not something that happens to any of us often."

Hermione smiled and said shyly, "This wasn't what I expected it would be." She looked away from them again, embarrassed. When she raised her head, another look was passing between the twins. They moved towards her, pressing her between them and wrapping their arms around her.

"Wasn't what we expected either," Fred said, leaning down to kiss her forehead. "It's a shame you've got to run off and save the Wizarding world and all." George kissed her too, and then they both stepped back.

"Maybe we can figure it out when you get back," George said, and the both of them suddenly looked almost nervous.

It wasn't a typical look for Fred or George, which made it somehow endearing. "We should do that," she said. "I can't abide an unsolved mystery." They kissed her again before she snuck out, sweetly at first, then more deeply, running their hands over her possessively and making her moan softly as she broke away.

She stopped in her bedroom to grab her purse, and then took a careful look at herself in the bathroom, making sure everything was in order, certain that something would be different. She looked fine though, if a little tired, and she exited the Burrow to find the wedding party still in full swing though it seemed to her that a million years had passed.

Searching the guests, she saw Harry, in his disguise, seated at a table and joined him. They chatted about nothing--at least nothing she could remember--while she tried to unobtrusively scan the crowd. Finally, she spotted the twins talking to their brother Bill. Fred saw her looking and winked at her solemnly, discreetly nudging George. He glanced up and saw her, then looked around to see if anyone was watching before making a completely ridiculous kissy face at her.

Caught off guard, she burst out laughing, much to Harry's confusion. "Sorry, Harry," she said, wiping tears from her eyes. "George, he made a face at me and..." she trailed off when she saw her explanation wasn't actually making Harry any less bewildered. "Never mind, it's not important. What were you saying?"

But whatever Harry was saying would remain a mystery, as Kingsley Shacklebolt's Patronus arrived, signaling a terrible end to Bill and Fleur's wedding.

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Later, in the disgusting house on Grimmauld Place, Hermione nearly cried with joy when Mr. Weasley's Patronus arrived, telling them the family was safe. She grabbed Ron's arm, and as he half-hugged her it whirled through her mind that he'd probably never speak to her again if he knew why she was so happy his older brothers were safe, and that just this morning, she would have been thrilled at this half-hearted gesture of affection on his part. It was then that she realized that everything really had changed. She didn't have time to dwell on it though, as Harry's scar started hurting.

That night, lonely in her sleeping bag, she couldn't help but imagine being held snug between two identical bodies. The twins were right. It was a shame she had to run off and save the Wizarding World.