

Stress Relief

by notsosaintly

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Thanks, Jo, for allowing me to borrow your creation for a short while. I promise to have them take baths before they come home.

A/N: My apologies for not having a beta. This little smut bunny came upon me quite suddenly, and it had to be put to bed ASAP. In my belief, Remus is neglected far too often. I thought it was time for him to get some attention, too.

STRESS RELIEF

Remus slipped and looked down at his left foot. It had not been right since the last change. In fact, if he were the suspicious type, he would say that Severus must have done something to the Wolfsbane potion. But *only* if he were the suspicious type, and whether or not he was, was still up for debate. Sighing, he flexed his foot a few times and moved on. He wasn't going to let a little thing like this deter him from his goal this evening. It had been a good long while since they had had a poker night, and he needed it desperately.

Hysterical laughter poured from the small thatched hut at the bottom of the hill. The light and laughter guided him as he climbed down the hill in the darkness. He smiled; it was obvious the drinks were already flowing in the groundskeeper's hut and he found himself anticipating the camaraderie. He lived such a cloistered existence. Aside from the Potions master's monthly visits and these poker nights, he rarely saw a soul.

Thoughts of Severus Snape threatened to put a damper on his high spirits. Remus sincerely hoped the Potions master would keep his distance tonight. Halfway through their game one night, a knock at the door revealed the newly reinstated professor. He claimed to have heard a scream coming from the hut on his way back from Hogsmeade and thought he should make sure everything was all right. Of course, they had politely invited him to join, not really expecting him to accept. And, of course, their game had been put on hold for a more traditional form of poker. Remus had gone home that night frustrated and a few galleons lighter. His only consolation had been the gorgeous view he had had of Hermione's cleavage from across the table, not to mention her attentive foot in his lap...hence, the frustration.

Remus heaved a sigh of relief, having made it to the hut without running into anyone. He was feeling seriously pent up, and if they were interrupted this evening by unexpected guests, he was certain to explode. He raised his hand to knock, and the door was flung open before he even had a chance. His hand hung uselessly in midair until a rather pissed wizard broke out in fresh peals of laughter and used it to pull him inside.

"Remus!" the man shouted and pulled him into a bear hug. "We were just saying how lucky it was we didn't decide to do this last week, what with the full moon and all."

Remus chuckled and extricated himself from the over exuberant embrace. "It's good to see you, Ron. Harry," he nodded over in the other man's direction. "The place is coming along great, Ron. How's the pest control going?"

"Quite good, actually. Though I'm still finding niffles in the cupboards," Ron laughed. "Come on and have a drink. You look like you could use one."

A muffled voice shouted something unintelligible from under the table. Harry thunked a bottle of Firewhiskey down on the table loudly in attempt to mask the intrusion. Handing a glass to Remus, he grinned, "Course it was Hermione who reminded us of the full moon. She made us reschedule." Harry coughed as strange noises began to accompany the muffled voice below. Harry bumped something with his knee and said, "I guess there's no hiding it. I got a surprise for you, Remus."

"Yeah," Ron chimed in. "Harry found it in the attic over in Grimmauld Place, among a few other discarded...oh, sorry Harry. Go on." He took a huge swallow of his gin and tonic and waved for Harry to continue.

"Yeah. Found it at Grimmauld Place, like Ron said. I better bring it out before someonee/se ruins the surprise." With that, Harry pulled out a rather dingy-looking portrait, about the size of an unfolded *Daily Prophet*, and turned it around.

"S 'bout damn time you took me out. Now gimme a Firewhiskey," the mangy thing growled.

"Sirius?" Remus exclaimed and laughed. "What in Merlin's name? Where have you...when did you have this portrait done? My goodness, you look a fright."

The portrait coughed as the Firewhiskey burned down its throat. "Well, that's what I get when I let James commission a painting when he's pissed. You probably don't remember the night it happened. You were a few sheets to the wind yourself. We were playing poker, the four of us...the night Peter was ill and Lily filled in?"

"Ah, yes. I *do* remember. Lily always painted a fair picture, though. *You* look as though you have seen better days," Remus chuckled fondly.

"Yeah, well, Lily was still sort of mad at me. Sore over that whole thing with Snivellus...well, you know," the mangy-furred man waved noncommittally. "Anyway, let's not talk about bygones. Harry promised me that Hermione was coming tonight. I said I would play the fourth, but they insisted that I be the referee, the impartial party; make sure you all follow the rules, some such nonsense."

At that, Remus drained the last of his drink and let the glass hit the table rather heavily. With a quirk of an eyebrow, he said, "Hit me," to Harry, and Harry poured him another. "Where is Hermione anyway?" he enquired. "We can't really begin without her, can we?" Remus felt his stomach fill with butterflies at the thought of seeing her again.

"Or end," Ron hiccupped and laughed. "Which reminds me, I better slow down or there will be noend." He laughed even harder and had to support himself before he fell off the chair.

"Yes, you *should* slow down," Harry agreed and hid the bottles of liquor beneath the table. "Hermione will be here any minute now. She had to stay late at work again. Though, she did say she would not miss this for the world. It seems work has been a little hectic lately and she is in desperate need for some stress relief. Her words, not mine."

"What in the blazes are you talking about, boy?" Sirius growled from the chair his painting had been set on. "Poker is not stress relief. It's a good way to lose a few galleons, however. Remus was always especially good at that."

Remus coughed and smirked. "My game has improved since seventh year. And, we don't exactly play for galleons, you see..." he trailed off, looking at the other two men.

"Nope. No galleons. Minerva doesn't pay me well enough to lose any galleons to these two hooligans anyway," Ron chuckled through a long draught from the water carafe, trying to dilute the alcohol he had already imbibed.

"No galleons? What are you all up to if not a few rounds of real, honest-to-Merlin poker? And why would you need me to referee? And why in Hades isn't my cup refilled?!" Sirius yelled.

"We are up to a few rounds of poker, just not the way *you* are used to, ol' boy," Remus grinned. "Instead of galleons, we bid...oh, little favours, let's say."

"Or big favours," Ron chuckled. "Oh, where in blazes *is* she anyway? I wanna get on with the game."

"I'm right here, silly boy. Keep your pants on." Hermione stepped out of the Floo and dusted her robes off. "Remus!" she squealed and ran over to give the man a hug. "Oh, I missed you so much. How've you been?"

Remus gathered the girl into his arms and buried his nose into her sooty hair. He almost forgot the rules and kissed her right then. To feel her soft lips on his was something he had been dreaming about since the last poker game. Seeing her again almost made him want to find a candlelit corner and let the boys have their own fun. "I'm fine now. How have *you* been? Keeping out of trouble, I hope."

She giggled and swatted his arm, "The only trouble I get in is with you boys. And, quite honestly, I can't wait to get started. Ron? Do you have any vodka? You wouldn't *believe* the day I've had."

"Department of Mysteries getting you down, Hermione?" Harry poured a generous cup and handed it to her, laughing.

She reached over and took the cup from Harry's hand, letting her fingers drag slowly across his, a little poker foreplay. "What...or who...gets me down is still to be determined, Mister Potter," she winked.

Remus groaned and pulled her back against him with one arm. He wasn't jealous of the attention she gave her two friends...not exactly, anyway...but he would rather have her all to himself. "Bugger the rules, Hermione. Bugger the stupid game," he mumbled into her hair.

"Now, now, Remus, let's not get ahead of ourselves," Ron said. "You do this every time. See why we need you here, Sirius?"

"Sirius?" Hermione's eyes focused, and she pulled away from the impatient wizard.

"M'lady," Sirius announced from his corner and raised his drink at her in salute. "I'd kiss your hand, but I'm afraid I lack the dimensionality to do so."

"Or the chivalry," Remus mumbled good-naturedly.

"Oh!" Hermione screamed. "It's so good to see you Sirius! What have you been doing? I mean..." she giggled self-consciously, "Oh, this is just so wonderful, I just don't know what to say! It really *is* good to see you."

"I found him in the attic last week. Been catching him up ever since," Harry told her. "He's going to make sure no one *cheats* tonight." He gave Remus a pointed look.

"I do not *cheat*. Give a poor werewolf a break, would ya? And another Firewhiskey. I have no idea what happened to the first one or the second, for that matter."

"Ah, yes. The bottomless pit. You always had a knack for putting away Firewhiskey faster than water. Cheers, Moony," Sirius offered a toast and drank deeply.

"It's a good thing portraits can drink. You're the only one who can rival me, ol' boy." Remus mimicked the toast and finished off half the glass in one breath.

"Wow, it sure is getting warm in here, isn't it?" Hermione sighed dramatically and unbuttoned her robes. All eyes turned to her, repartee forgotten.

"Oh, let's see what Hermione is wearing tonight. I hope it's something low..." Ron's mouth fell open as Hermione's robes did the same. She was clothed to the chin by a high-collar Victorian blouse and down to the floor by long skirts. Every bit of flesh was covered, save her hands and face.

"Aw, 'Mione!" Ron whinged and pouted. "Come on! You promised! Last time you said..."

"I know what I said, Ronald. However, when I sobered up the next morning, I thought it really would not be conducive to making *you* boys follow the rules," she scolded. "Merlin knows you need all the help you can get."

The portrait coughed, "Um...and what would these rules be, exactly? After all, if I am supposed to be the referee, I should be a well-informed one."

"You're too right, Sirius," Hermione turned to the painting. "I assume the boys already told you we play for favours, so rules had to be added to accommodate the betting. They are quite simple. No touching or kissing. Remus is forgiven a hug. After all, I haven't seen him for weeks," she smiled at the man standing next to her. "Beyond that, there is to be no contact between players, unless fulfilling a bet. You can place bets concerning only what you are willing to do. You may *not* place bets asking someone else to do something to you. All bets go to the winner. So, if...as an example only...I place a bet saying that I will perform a lap dance, it will be given to the winner. Of course, if I win, my bet gets tossed out. Got it?"

The three men cleared their heads. Remus moaned quietly, determined to win every single hand in order to win that lap dance.

"Clear as a bell, my dear," Sirius nodded calmly, the only man seemingly unaffected by the vision of a lap-dancing Hermione. "You okay, Remus? You look as though you're about to soil your pants," he chuckled.

"Quiet, Rover," Remus said. "Just because you favour boys does not mean you can gloat over my pain. Anyway, I suppose I will find out tonight if a painting can get a decent erection. I wonder if it's possible. Have you tried pulling one off yet? How'd it go?"

Sirius coloured slightly at the blatant question. "Whatever do you mean by you'll 'find out tonight?' And, no, I haven't checked out the plumbing. I have a bit more control than you do, my friend."

"More control, my arse. You used to wank in the showers, in your bed, in the bathroom between classes. Compared to you, I am a perfect picture of frigidity. And, just for your information, even though the rules state there can be no contact between players unless satisfying a bet, they do not state that there can be no contact with *oneself*. Isn't that right, Ron?" Remus turned to the redhead who was busy pouring another drink.

Gin poured over Ron's hand, missing the glass, as he turned his head at the mention of his name. "Yeah. Well, sometimes it is necessary to relieve a little stress mid-game. I don't make a habit of it, mind you. But, you have to admit, my game improved vastly after that," he chuckled, not embarrassed in the least.

"Well, Sirius? Do you at least *have* the equipment, and is it functional?" Remus wagged his eyebrows at the painting.

Sirius gave him a hard look, then looked down. "It looks as though it is there and..." he fumbled around a bit where the rest could not see, "I daresay, *its* most functional." He gave a yellow-toothed grin.

"Wonderful. Now, don't go getting all hot and bothered by what you see tonight. You are supposed to be the objective party here," Remus warned. "You'll have to wait until a winner is declared, wouldn't you say so, Hermione?"

"Mm... yes. I think that would be the wisest course of action," Hermione agreed. She wagged a finger at Sirius. "No relieving stress, now. Understand?"

"Hey, no problem," Sirius shrugged, obviously feigning indifference. "Though, I'd really like to know what the winner has to look forward to."

"Playing innocent isn't your forte, ol' boy. Isn't it obvious by now?" Remus teased. "The winner gets to pick a player of his choosing and the rules no longer apply."

"So, you mean..."

"Yup. I mean just that. And, no, it's not always Hermione who gets the action," Remus blushed.

"I take it from the girlish blush on your cheeks that Hermione got some action last time, and *you* were the recipient," Sirius smirked. "Mm-hmm. You two are as transparent as glass. In any case, however, my suspicions are finally confirmed."

"How's that?" Remus's colour slowly faded.

"Oh, just that I always suspected that the wand swishes both ways in your case. Now, in Ron and Harry's case, I am a little surprised, but I am definitely *not* complaining."

The room fell apart in peals of drunken laughter. Glasses were sloppily topped off, and toasts were made all around. Hermione, as always, was anxious to get the game going.

She raised her voice above the din, "Come on, boys. Less talk and more play. I'm a very busy woman with a lot of stress to relieve. Place your bets and let's get on with it."

Small slips of paper appeared in front of each of them, while Sirius looked on in anticipation. "I must admit, Moony, this is quite a twist on the game. I am a little disappointed Prongs never thought of this."

Remus only smirked, thinking of what he'd sacrifice in the event he lost, and tapped the paper with his wand. When all were complete, the papers rose, folded themselves and flew to the centre of the table. Hermione muttered a few words, tapped the deck and the cards shuffled and dealt.

Ron looked at his hand and groaned. "Why do I always get crap? You didn't snatch this deck from the Muggle Misuse Department, did you Hermione?"

"Not that I *would* do anything of the sort, Ronald. This is an honest deck of cards. I picked them up at a Muggle chemist. You're just angry I won't let you use a wizard deck." She placed two cards face down, pushed them forward, and was dealt two more. Shrugging, she placed her hand face up. "Pair of aces, king high. Can anyone beat that?"

Ron groaned again. Harry showed a full house, and Remus just tossed his cards back onto the deck and folded his arms across his chest. "Go for it, Harry." So much for winning every hand; although Remus enjoyed watching Hermione fill her bet nearly as exciting as being the recipient.

Harry grinned and picked up the first folded slip of paper. "This one's from Ron. It says, 'A passionate kiss.' Starting off slow tonight, eh Ron? Well, then. Come here, Ronniekins, and pay up."

Ron stood up, walked over to Harry, and pulled him to his feet. He slid a hand behind Harry's head and pulled him forward, meeting his lips softly at first. Then, nipping on Harry's lower lip, Ron took advantage of the slightly parted lips and deepened the kiss in order to explore further with his tongue. Harry let Ron lead, but when Ron's other hand grabbed a handful of Harry's bum and used it to pull himself closer, Sirius broke the mood.

"Ahem! I think this is against the rules, right? Yeah, thought so," he replied to Hermione's silent nod. "Um, break it up, boys. The paper said 'a kiss,' not a bump and grind."

"Getting a little too hot in there for you, Padfoot? How's the equipment holding up?" Remus couldn't resist the jab.

"Apparently, it is a lot cooler in here than it is out there, *Moony*. Next one, Harry."

Harry picked up the next piece of paper. "Oi, Remus. Quit nagging my godfather and pay up."

"What's it say?" Ron asked, sitting back down and adjusting himself beneath the table before taking a quaff.

"It says," Harry hesitated as he unbuttoned his shirt, "'Nipples nibbled.' So come on, Moony. Nibble away." He grinned, exposing his nearly hairless chest.

Remus walked around the table and ran his hands over Harry's broad chest, licking his lips. His thumbs passed over each of Harry's nipples and he placed a little pressure on each one as he slowly traced the pale pink circles. Harry gave in to the small thrills of pleasure that shot their way through his abdomen and his eyes closed. Remus grinned and leaned in, nipping the peak with his teeth, swirling the outer edge with his tongue and sucking the tiny nipple into his mouth.

"Other one," Harry groaned as he nudged Remus's head to the neglected nipple.

Remus paid just as much attention to the other as he did the first. Then he moved back and forth, pulling the hardened bits with his teeth and flicking them with his pointed tongue. When Remus pulled back, bet satisfied, Harry moaned and slumped in his chair.

"Come on, Harry," Ron said. "Open Hermione's. Let's see what she has to say."

Harry reached for the last one and opened it. "It says, 'Hum "God Save the Queen" around...' oh gods, 'Mione, you're going to kill me.'"

"Around what? Come on, Harry! Around what?" Ron fidgeted in his chair.

"Around my bollocks," he finished, staring at Hermione. "How long did it take for you to think of that one?" The boys always enjoyed it when she got creative.

"Well, I did have nearly a whole month to think on it. Come on, Harry," Hermione said when he didn't move. "You need to lower your pants for this one."

With a shuddering breath, Harry stood and unfastened his pants, and removed them completely. His half-erect penis wavered slightly, but Hermione only had eyes for what lay beneath.

"Sit down and spread your legs. I need easy access here," Hermione got down on her knees and pushed his thighs even further apart. Moistening her lips, she felt all four pairs of eyes on her as she slowly sucked in one of Harry's testicles, rolling it between her lips.

"Hmmm," she hummed, testing. Harry slid forward a little more in his seat. Carefully, Hermione used her fingers to push the other testicle into place, cradling both against the roof of her mouth. Then she started to hum *God Save the Queen*.

The vibration made Harry's erection grow hard into his belly, but Hermione avoided it completely. Harry reached for it once, then twice, but each time changed his mind, not wanting to ruin the moment. No one had ever tried this on him before, and it certainly felt spectacular. His breathing quickened, and his head fell back, mouth slack.

"Gods, yes, Hermione. Bloody hell," was all he could say as she paid her debt. The others watched and sang quietly along with her *God save our gracious queen, Long live our noble queen, God Save the Queen!* Sirius looked on, quite interested; Remus sat, reclining in his chair, and smiled slightly at the sight of Hermione with her lips wrapped around a man's testicles; and Ron gaped, leaning over his drink with one hand straying under the table.

When she finished two verses, she carefully withdrew and stood up. "I see you like that, Harry," she smiled. "Good. I always wanted to try that."

Incapable of answering, he let her slide his boxers and pants back on...leaving the fly open...and close his robes. "I suppose it would be useless trying to button those jeans right now. Perhaps even a little painful?" she teased, returning to her seat.

The next round went similarly with Ron losing once again. He had spent a little more time thinking of his bet than he had the first round and was looking quite satisfied with it. Cards were discarded, and hands were tossed down.

"Well, boys. It looks like it's *my* turn. Not easy to beat a straight flush, is it?" Hermione picked up the first paper and opened it. "Oh!" she giggled. "Ron's says, 'Explored by fingers.' Fingers only, Ron? Mmm... Okay, then. How far does this go, Sirius? He wasn't very specific."

"I'd say, as long as he keeps it to fingers, let him decide," the painting replied.

Hermione pushed her chair back and waited, ready for whatever was in store for her. Ron stood in front of her and flexed his joints a little, then reached out to let his fingers caress her face. Slowly, they traveled downward until they reached her conservatively covered bosom. He opened his hands wide and surrounded the flesh of each breast with splayed fingers as though he were testing the ripeness of a fruit. Then, he drew his fingers slowly to the tips, ending at the nipple and pulling slightly.

Hermione moaned, and when he repeated the slow pull from the base of her breast to her nipple, her hips rose slightly off the chair. As though waiting for that signal, his fingers flitted down to her belly and the waist of her skirt. He knelt before her, letting one hand travel lower, tracing the line of her thigh, then the calf, down to the hem of her skirt, and then underneath, over skin, and back up toward his goal.

Her thighs parted involuntarily as his fingers crept past her knee. He tickled the inside of her thigh and then suddenly a finger was pushing against her clit through the dampness of her knickers.

"Gods, 'Mione. You're soaked." Ron's declaration made the rest of the men groan. Harry subconsciously began to rub his erection through his robes, not taking his eyes off the scene playing out before him.

Remus's eyes grew unfocused at the announcement, and he tried to clear them by shaking his head and taking a few quick swallows of Firewhiskey. He wanted to watch Hermione's face as the pleasure of Ron's fingers overtook her. Though, he was positively aching to be the one giving her that pleasure. He had to hold himself consciously to his chair in order to not get up and push Ron out of the way.

"Don't stop, Ron. I'll hex your balls off if you stop," she warned, bucking her hips forward, wanting more. "Mm... yes."

Ron fingered her knickers aside and slid a finger inside while his thumb pushed against her clit. Hermione reached down for the one hand that still lay on the waist of her skirt and brought it up to her breast.

"There. Do that thing again," she pleaded weakly. Ron complied. Fingers explored her down below while more fondled the soft fullness of her breast and the hard point that poked through the fabric.

"Yes, Ron. Oh! Oh, yes... like that. Don't...oh! Yes... yes... yessss!" she called out. Her hips left the chair, and Ron let her orgasm flex around his buried finger, slowly bringing her back down with slow circles of his thumb. When she relaxed, he withdrew and stood. Turning to the other men, Ron brought his finger to his nose, drew in a deep breath, and sucked it into his mouth. Smiling amidst their groans, he returned to his seat.

"Thank you, Ron," Hermione smiled as she picked up the next paper. "Oh, yes. This is a good one. Remus says, 'Sensuously disrobe.'"

"Better open the next one, too, Hermione," Harry said. "I don't think there are any rules against two bets being satisfied at once."

"I don't remember making one," she smiled. "Let's see. Yours says, 'Strip tease.' Very nice. Two men undressing for me is not something I'm about to pass up. But,

remember, no touching each other, right?" She sat back, getting ready to enjoy the show.

Remus and Harry stood side-by-side, yet far enough away so there would be no danger of accidentally bumping into each other. Remus looked at Harry and began slowly unbuttoning his shirt, wordlessly requesting Harry to follow his lead.

Harry mirrored Remus's every move. Slowly, robes fell to the floor and the men pulled off their shirts and tossed them to the side. Remus ran his hands over his torso, pausing over his nipples, bringing them to little peaks with flicks of his thumbs. Then, they roamed lower and loosened the waist of his pants.

Remus turned toward Hermione and pinned her with a look as his pants fell to the floor. Again, Harry did the same. Remus' tight, bikini underwear did nothing to hide his erection, though it did have the advantage of holding it against his body. He ran the palm of his hand over the protruding head, moistening the glans with his juices. Harry's boxers tented outward, reaching toward his audience of one.

Harry turned his back to Hermione, signaling Remus to do the same. Thumbs hooked in waistbands, the last bit of clothing edged over their bums and were thrown to the floor. Hermione was completely silent and so intent upon the show she didn't even hear Sirius moan. Then the two men turned to her once more and displayed their proud erections, completely nude. Hermione applauded in appreciation, and the men bowed and returned to their respective seats.

"You okay there, Padfoot?" Remus asked, lifting his testicles before sitting, letting a hand travel up his considerable length, knowing just how much it would tease his friend.

"Mmph. I am fine. So is my equipment, since that is undoubtedly your next question," Sirius grumbled from across the table. "Just deal. Let's get on with it."

Hands were dealt, bets were made, and the cards were thrown onto the table. Harry yelled as his full house once again beat the measly assortment of cards the others had. He rubbed his hands together in anticipation before picking up the first paper.

"Remus must be getting randy," Harry laughed. "He writes, 'Cock rub: front or back, your choice.' Nice one, Remus. I choose front since you gave me the option."

The men stood and Remus walked over to Harry and wrapped his arms around the younger boy's narrow waist, crushing their hips together. Side by side, sandwiched between their bellies, their cocks rolled against each other. Remus growled as Harry pushed harder, thrusting his hips upward.

"Oh, fuck yes," Harry moaned as Remus moved a little faster, gliding easier now with the minute amount of fluid that signaled what was to come. Remus rested his forehead on Harry's shoulder and concentrated on the sensation. There was something about this particular act with another man that always made him a little weak in the knees.

"All right, that's enough!" came the command from the chair in the corner.

"Shut up, Padfoot. You're just jealous that you can't join in," Remus managed to say through his heightening passion.

"Your bet did *not* say, 'Until completion,' so I'd say you are finished. Break it up, boys." Sirius said.

It took great effort to push away from Harry, and Remus gave his two-dimensional friend a dirty look as he turned to go back to his seat. It was obvious how close they both had been to finishing. Both men's erections were flush with blood, reddened by the friction, the heads glistening and almost purple. Remus returned to his seat, making a conscious effort not to finish himself off, though the need for it was mind numbing.

Harry sat back down with a grumble in his godfather's direction and picked up the next paper.

"Oh, thank God. Ron, I swear I love you. Get over here... now." Harry said.

"What does it say, Harry? You have to tell us what it says," Hermione scolded.

"Sorry. Ron wrote, 'Hand job,' and I swear I will be forever in his debt." Harry looked at Ron who stood waiting before him.

"And it shouldn't take that long, by the looks of it," Ron observed with a grin.

Grasping the back of the chair with one hand, Ron grasped Harry's erection with the other. Harry pumped his hips upward, while Ron slid his hand down to the base. Together, they wasted no time setting up a rhythm. Harry held onto the edge of his seat as he fucked Ron's hand, and Ron was right...it didn't take very long. Not even a minute passed and Harry came messily, soiling Ron's shirt as well as his own chest, stomach, and Ron's still-moving hand. When he had completely spent himself, Harry shakily reached for his wand and spelled both himself and Ron clean.

"Well then, perhaps you won't want *me* to satisfy my bet now," Hermione smiled, nodding at the remaining bit of paper on the table.

"Oh, I doubt that. I'll take anything you want to give me, Hermione," Harry opened the paper and read, "Hermione says, 'Lap dance.' All right!"

Harry cheered, and Ron groaned at his bad luck. He had been hoping to get the lap dance. Hermione was so good at them, and she always offered one each time they got together. Although, sometimes she won, and no one got the pleasure of Hermione dancing in his lap.

Hermione got up and went over to Harry, hiking her skirt up so she could straddle his legs. Warming up, she gyrated on his thighs for a while, moving slowly forward, shifting her hips, getting closer to the ultimate destination. Harry placed his hands on her bum but had to refrain from pulling her closer. She'd eventually get there and he didn't want to interfere with the bet.

Remus could almost hear the music playing in her head as she shifted on Harry's lap. His erection still stood at full mast, having not been satisfied. Harry and Ron's little display did nothing to lessen his discomfort. Now this, too? He groaned and gave in, wrapping his fingers around his cock. Watching the slow circle of Hermione's hips, he caressed himself in time with the music in Hermione's head.

"She makes you randy, eh, Moony?" the painting had to pipe up. "That's it. Watch her move. Imagine she is sitting on you, rubbing her hot little cunt over your prick. Dancing left, then right, teasing you, making you harder."

Remus could imagine it. In fact, he had been the lucky recipient of one of Hermione's lap dances a while back, and he had filed that particular memory away for his wanking sessions, saving it for near the end when he was ready to come. A single thought of Hermione made him lose all control.

Suddenly, Harry's hands stilled Hermione's hips. "That's enough, Hermione. I think you have gotten his attention. I'm going to save some for later."

Remus stopped his hand with incredible difficulty. His erection was stiff and painful, and he wanted nothing more than to relieve himself. When the cards fell in front of him, he picked them up and just looked at the four aces that stared back. His discomfort was the only thing that helped keep his poker face. He grinned, though, when the cards were played and he won.

Picking up the first paper, he said, "Hermione, you are a saint. She wrote, 'Blow job,' and believe me, I'm ready."

Hermione smiled as she knelt, and her head fell instantly into Remus's lap, eagerly licking and nipping the head of his cock before sheathing it entirely within her mouth. Bobbing her head up and down, twisting her hand up and around his length simultaneously, she seemed to be begging for him to come.

"Ah, gods, Hermione. You are so perfect. Yes. Oh my. Oh... oh... now!" Remus shouted as he lost his orgasm deep in her throat, and she swallowed around him, causing

his whole body to jerk. He ran his fingers through her hair as she licked him clean and left his spent member resting to the side. "Thank you," he whispered as Hermione returned to her seat.

Ron's mouth gaped. "This isn't fair. I haven't won one hand," Ron complained, adjusting his erection through his robes.

"Well, you could still get a royal flush, Ron, and put a halt to the whole game," Hermione reminded him. It had happened once before, after all, and Ron hung onto that thin thread of hope.

"Next bet," Remus continued, sounding a lot calmer than he had been before. Let's see. Ron says, 'Wanking session.' All three of us, then? Very well. This wouldn't happen to satisfy your bet somehow, as well, would it, Harry?"

"Mine says, 'Solo performance,' so I think that we could incorporate that one as well."

"Well, I'm sort of at a disadvantage, so why don't we do yours first," Remus chuckled. "Just save some for the end, all right?"

Remus cupped his balls and ran his hand over his flaccid cock. Harry took the cue and fisted his own, slowly stroking it. His other hand roamed over his nipples and down over his stomach, reaching down to cradle his testicles. His breathing started to get a little heavier and his fist squeezed a little tighter and pulled a little longer.

After a minute or two of this, Remus and Harry mirroring each other's actions, Harry moaned, "Look at me, Remus. Watch me. Watch how much I ache for you, how much I need you, how hard I am for you."

Remus's cock twitched and grew harder in his hand at those words. When he was sufficiently hard, he nodded to Harry and the three men moved to stand side-by-side.

"Best to find another seat, love. Wouldn't want you to get in the way," Remus warned her, winking.

Moving off to one side, Hermione watched the three men masturbate. Her fingers lazily fondled her nipples through her shirt. She never could keep her hands still when the boys did this. Suddenly, she discovered her hand was trying to find a way under the heavy skirt. "Damn it," she complained, drawing chuckles from the three men, "I knew I was going to regret wearing this outfit."

"You could always take it off," Ron suggested cheekily.

"The winner gets to take it off, Ron. That is, *if* the winner chooses me." Hiking up the skirt, her hand worked beneath it awkwardly, but her fingers reached their goal nevertheless. She leaned against the wall for support and watched the show.

"Is anyone close?" Harry asked. "Because I'm getting there." He forced his strokes to slow down, trying to last a bit longer.

"I'm almost there," Ron offered, pumping himself with brief strokes. His face was screwed up and red. His hand moved so fast, the tip of his erection was a blur.

"Hang on, boys, not yet," Remus said, trying to catch up, thrusting into his hand a little faster.

"Watch me, Remus," Hermione said, trying to give him the edge he was looking for. "Look what you do to me." One hand was beneath her skirts and the other squeezing and fondling her hardened nipples.

For a second, Remus seriously contemplated giving up the wanking session with the boys for a shagging session with Hermione. Gaining a modicum of control, he settled for watching. His hand worked a little faster as Hermione pushed her hips forward. He imagined her impaling herself on his cock repeatedly, and the need to release was suddenly upon him. "Any second now," he bit. "You boys ready?"

Grunts were the only consent Remus received. He took that as permission to give in to his tightening testicles. He came, watching Hermione in the throes of her own self-inflicted orgasm.

Ron gave it three more quick strokes and came, mostly on his own hand. While Harry, who had been holding on for some time, stroked up once, then twice, and came forcefully on the third stroke. He thrust his hips forward and his ejaculate actually hit the wall as he continued to stroke through his orgasm.

Spent, the men fell back into their seats. Hermione joined them after smoothing down her skirts and adjusting her bra beneath her shirt. All were slightly flushed, including Sirius, who didn't seem to have anything to say, for a change.

"Okay, then," Hermione said. "One last hand. We have Harry having won two and Remus winning one, same as me. Whoever wins this hand, is declared the winner and gets to choose their partner. The remaining two can do whatever they like at that point. Or three...sorry, Sirius."

"No problem, love. I most certainly *will* be doing whatever I like," he replied, looking down somewhere below the frame of the painting. "Got to see if the new equipment lives up to expectations, after all."

"Fine. No bets this time. We know what the pot holds. Here are your cards." Hermione flicked her wand and the cards were dealt. Each looked at his hand without expression. Silently, cards were exchanged and, without a word, they all placed their cards on the table.

Remus looked over everyone's cards and found that none beat his own. He smiled. "Well, it seems as though I won. Sorry, Ron," he added sheepishly, knowing how badly he wanted to win. "Now, I must decide."

Remus got up, stood before Harry, and looked him over. Harry looked up at him expectantly but didn't move, though his cock actually started to rise at the heated look Remus was giving him. However, Remus turned and stood before Ron instead.

"You'd like this, wouldn't you?" Remus murmured. "If you won, you'd choose Hermione. But you wouldn't mind this, hmm?" Ron nodded his head at Remus's words, his erection taking hold once again. But Remus just smiled and turned away and went to stand in front of Hermione. Hermione took hold of Remus's hand and stood.

"You have on way too many clothes," Remus mumbled in her ear as he started to unbutton the Victorian collar. Ron and Harry looked on as her shirt was slowly released and tossed aside. Lace hugged her bosom but even that was discarded, leaving her rose-tipped breasts exposed. The waist of her skirt was unfastened and it pooled to the floor. All that remained was a scrap of burgundy silk that barely covered her mons and threaded between the hills of her bottom. Groans circled the room.

Remus fell hard to his knees before her and sucked the material between his lips, wetting it with his saliva. He ground his tongue in circles over the silk-covered bundle of nerves, forcing her to spread her legs to keep balanced.

"Don't just stand there, boys. Enjoy," she said, running her fingers through Remus' hair as the man sucked and licked through her knickers.

Suddenly aware of their surroundings, and not wanting to miss out on any fun, Ron turned to Harry and kissed him forcefully. Harry responded back in kind, kissing Ron heatedly and hard, and they gasped for breath whenever they had the chance. Hermione's scream as Remus brought her to orgasm found the two grasping at each other, holding onto the other's cock, trying to satisfy each other.

Remus flipped Hermione over on top of the table. "Oh, I've waited so long for this. I'm going to fuck you, Hermione, and I want to hear you scream my name when you come." He placed the tip of his cock at her entrance and thrust forward, making Hermione scream again. His mind reeled at finally having her flesh wrapped around his own. After weeks of fantasizing, she was once again in his arms.

"Oh, yes, Remus! Harder...I need it harder," she cried as he assaulted her body.

"What are you waiting for, boys?" Remus grunted through mind-numbing bliss as he noticed the other two still kissing and roughly fondling each other's cocks.

Ron broke away, turned Harry around, and carefully pushed a finger inside Harry's bum. Harry pushed back, impaling himself on the digit, and relaxed, feeling the stretch of the tight muscles, readying himself for what was to come next. He whispered encouragement for Ron to continue.

On the other side of the table, Remus pulled Hermione up to a standing position. He held still as she raised one leg up, placing her foot on a chair. His lips touched the spot behind her ear, and his tongue tasted the salty-sweetness of her skin. They both moaned simultaneously.

"Do you know how much I've wanted this?" he whispered, beginning his slow strokes once more.

Hermione was nearly beside herself with pleasure. Remus could tell she was building to another orgasm, and he grabbed her hand and placed it over her mons. She didn't need to be told what to do and she massaged herself, trying to prolong the pleasure and bring herself to an even higher level before she gave in.

Remus glanced over Hermione's shoulder as Ron finally entered Harry from behind. The two boys shouted out in a mix of pain and pleasure. The sight heated Remus's kisses and quickened his breath.

"Fuck, Ron, yes!" Harry whimpered as Ron slowly found a rhythm, gaining pace, until he was lubricated enough to forego being careful in lieu of achieving his pleasure.

It made Remus move inside Hermione a little harder and a touch faster, listening and watching the boys' coupling. She screamed encouraging words as the muscles in her legs tensed. He loved this most of all: to know that *he* was the one to make her lose the battle over her self-control.

Hermione's scream, "Remus! Gods, yes, Remus!" threw Ron off-kilter and he nearly came on the spot. Harry's erection stood out straight as he supported himself on the table. He pulled one of Ron's hands off his hip and led it to his prick, urging Ron to finish him off. It was erratic but Ron got the hang of it: thrusting and pumping in time.

"Harry, you better come soon. I can't wait any longer," Ron moaned. "Oh, fuck. Harry, I'm coming."

As Ron came, so did Hermione. Remus pushed as Hermione's orgasm wrapped itself around him, then pulled as her walls clutched at him again. It was the most wonderful feeling to have his cock loved by this girl, and with such intensity. She made him raw with emotion, and he wrapped his arms around her as her orgasm slowed and he felt his own building. When he peaked, all he could say was, "I love you," as he buried his seed deep inside.

Ron had stilled. Harry laced his fingers through Ron's and, together, they pulled until Harry also came. Ron gasped as he felt Harry's orgasm tighten deep where his cock still remained.

Hermione and Remus watched the boys finish as they languidly kissed, relaxing in each other's arms. Their tongues gently tangled. Their hands softly roamed. Neither wanted this to end. Remus, especially.

It was Sirius who brought things to an earth-shattering halt. Suddenly, there was a shout from the painting: "Merlin, yes! Oh, fuck!" And the frame actually shuddered as Sirius finally learned that it was possible for a painting to satisfy itself.

The four sprawled across the room, Remus and Hermione still entwined, kissing slowly and passionately and fondling each other on a bed in the corner. Ron and Harry sprawled over two chairs, too tuckered out to even pour themselves a drink.

"Well, that was productive," came the first words not said in the throes of passion in a long while.

"How's that, Pads?" Remus asked between Hermione's kisses.

"Let's just say that I discovered the joys of being a painting. All the pleasure and none of the mess."

Chuckling, Remus started to grow hard once again under Hermione's persistent hand, and Ron and Harry poured themselves a drink.

~fin