

# MISSION II: Get Hermione Laid...Again!

*by Fervesco*

With the school year quickly drawing to a close, there is more fun and more games to be played...

## MISSION II: Get Hermione Laid...Again!

*Chapter 1 of 9*

With the school year quickly drawing to a close, there is more fun and more games to be played...

To take a pair words from Ron's limited vocabulary - Bloody hell! Potions is a nightmare, has been all week for that matter. And not for the reasons I would have thought. No, there have been no scathing words from Professor Snape (well, no more than usual), no embarrassed glances (Professor Lupin has given me enough of those for not only himself and Snape, but Sirius as well), no awkward confrontations (unlike the dinner Harry had with his godfather on Wednesday that he insisted Ron and I attend), not a single misplaced gesture. Fuck it! The man seems to have forgotten the whole ordeal. Had one rather panicky moment where I thought about polyjuice and the possibility that Snape was not Snape that night, but then quickly remembered the wards at Grimmauld Place. I was just being overly paranoid no way could a polyjuiced Filch have made it through the wards, let alone by Moody...besides, his actions that night could only have been the doing of the Master of Potions.

So, after a week of being utterly ignored, I have frankly given up and decided that despite Lupin's predisposition for obeying Dumbledore's commandments, that I may just be able to convince him to bend, if not ignore, the rules for one night. Heck, half an hour would do! However, no sooner have I had this thought, currently bottling up my potion and convinced I shall spend the weekend entertaining myself, than Professor Snape suddenly stops before my desk. I look up at him, wondering what the fuck he wants now. Or, more hopefully, who he wants to fuck now.

"Detention, Miss Granger," he draws, looking down his large nose at me.

I really do try to hide my smile, but I'm not so sure how successful I am.

"What the hell for?!" Harry snaps, coming to my defence. Damn that boy!

"Not that it is any of your business, Potter, but Miss Granger's behaviour last weekend was appalling," Snape replies, raising one eyebrow in my direction. It's a question, or more an invitation at least I think it is.

"Yes, Sir," I say, looking at my desk, hoping everyone else thinks this is because I am ashamed. Actually, I'm trying to hide the broad grin that has commandeered my face and refuses to leave.

"Eight o'clock, my office," he growls. He gives me one last triumphant look before gliding back to his desk.

YES!

Now, I really haven't a thing against Sirius or Lupin both (in my rather limited experience) are perfectly suitable candidates for round two. However, Lupin, bless his honest soul, is just way too well-behaved to do anything that would detract from what is ultimately the right thing to do (or not to do, as the case maybe), at least without Sirius to egg him on and while he is under Dumbledore's not so watchful eye. Sirius, of course, would be just as able, however, he's back in London and hence not so accessible. Snape, however, is here, willing and perfectly able to resolve my wee...problem. That problem being that I am so fucking horny since last weekend that if I don't have sex soon I swear I will either go insane or give in and shag Ron neither of which are particularly favourable.

Not that any of this is an issue now! Am currently pacing the last few steps to Snape's office, double-checking that my hair isn't frizzing too much. Nope, seems to be staying put for now. Smooth down the fabric of my dress before I tap on the wooden door and wait not so patiently for a reply. Bloody hell, have been waiting for what seems like an eternity now. I am just about to knock again when the door is thrown open.

"What the ...Ah, Miss Granger," he drawls, looking me over, then snaps "What are you doing out of uniform?!"

"Uh," I stutter, "I...it's 8 o'clock on a Friday night, Sir. I didn't believe my uniform was necessary."

Snape scowls at me. "It is more than necessary, Miss Granger, it is compulsory." He looks me over disgustedly for a few moments, before adding, "I have a few things I need to take care of in my quarters. You shall return to your room and change back into your uniform, then proceed down to my rooms immediately. Is that clear?"

Am torn between being angry and turned on. Funny, how Professor Snape can bring out both in me with the same words. Then again, perhaps not. After all, the man is an utter bastard yet still I am chasing after him like some idiotic school girl...wait...not going to think about that too much...

"Fine."

As I make my way back down to the dungeons, it dawns on me precisely what he is doing. I mean, it's fairly obvious why he would prefer me in my uniform, and trust me, I am quite up for a little role-playing (though, is it really that, when it's the truth? Hmm...not the right time to get all philosophical, Herm!). However, the man just wants to make it quite clear that he is in charge here, and frankly, if that's what he wants, he can have it. Heck, if I wanted to play nicely, I'd be off trying to get Lupin drunk. No, that is not what I want Snape for, and hence I believe I must play by his rules.

Snape answers his door more promptly this time, slipping me into his chambers with a nervous glance up and down the corridor, however, the moment the door is closed, his demeanour is right back to the surly, self-assured bastard I came here for.

"That is much more agreeable. I believe I gave you detention, Miss Granger, not Hermione."

Give him a pained look, though really don't care too much. Take a few moments to scrutinise his living quarters. Though dark, as expected, the room is not cold. Lighting in here is rather dim, just candles burning in serpentine holders on the stone walls, which for the most part are lined with bookshelves. Would absolutely love to look over some of those books, but have more pressing matters at hand.

"Well, Miss Granger, you have been a naughty girl, indeed," Snape drawls, and once again I feel myself under his hard gaze. "Fucking not one, but two of your Professor's last weekend, or so I am led to believe. Not to mention that pathetic dog."

Surprisingly, his crass language is quite a turn on. I nod my head solemnly, allowing his game to continue.

"And are you sorry for your actions?" he enquires, one hand under my chin, lifting it so I am looking directly at him.

How the fuck do I answer that?

"Somewhat," I reply after all, am sorry the game ever ended!

"Little defiant, aren't we, Miss Granger?" Snape replies, thoughtfully. "What to do with such a insolent wench..." An evil, evil smirk twists his face, and I suddenly wish I had never come down here. Gods, should've at least been smart enough to tell Harry where I was going, or something! "I want a 6 foot parchment on the inadequacies of today's youth, Miss Granger. You have one hour."

What?! WHAT?! He can't be serious! Yet as I watch on, my mouth gaping open, he casts a few spells and a roll of parchment, a quill and ink appear on the desk by the fireplace.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" Snape scowls at me. Fuck, he is bloody serious! And to think I could have spent the night drip feeding Lupin firewhiskey until he was drunk enough to shag me senseless again!

"I think I shall be going, Sir," I say crisply, as I turn back towards the door.

"You shall be going nowhere, Miss Granger." Snape is looking oh so amused by this whole ordeal. Damn him! "You have detention!"

Sigh before sulking over to the chair. I give one last glance back at Snape, hoping that this is all one sorry joke. He nods his head at the desk and I realise that his indeed serious. After sliding into the seat I spend some time fiddling with the quill, and then smoothing out the parchment. No, he still hasn't made a move, still standing directly behind me, glaring over my shoulder. Fuck, FUCK, FUCK!

Dip quill into bottle of ink and begin to head up parchment:

Inadequac...

Yet, before I have even finished the first word Snape's fingers are in my hair, brushing it over one shoulder. Allow my eyes to slip shut, taking in the sensations of his fingers lightly brushing over my neck. Now that's better!

"Miss Granger, you are not working!" he snaps, withdrawing his fingers.

Ah, so that's the game...pity I am not privy to the rules. Never mind, I am after all a quick learner. Dip quill back into ink and take my time about completing the title. I am rewarded by Snape drawing his fingers along my collarbone, sending delightful shivers down my spine. My writing becomes rather shaky towards the end. Snape tugs at the knot of my tie, loosening it just enough to slide his fingers underneath the collar of my shirt, dipping down to tease the sensitive flesh between my breasts. Ah, now this is more like it!

Take a bloody long time about underlining the heading, revelling in the feel of Snape's skin against mine again. His lips find my neck, teasing at my skin with soft kisses punctuated with perfectly placed nips. Can already feel my panties growing damp. Oh, who am I kidding? Their soaked!

"I believe three underscores is plenty, Miss Granger," he growls in my ear. Fuck. Fine.

What better way to start an essay then by repeating the question? That should give me another couple of minutes. As I continue to draw the quill across the parchment Snape slowly unbuttons my shirt, his fingers dancing over my exposed skin as his mouth continues its assault on my neck. As my shirt falls completely open, his hands slide back up my torso, brushing over my breasts to cup them through the material of my bra. Ah, heavenly...

"Miss Granger," he snaps angrily in my ear, completely withdrawing his hands, "you are neglecting your work!"

Look down at parchment there is now a rather large blob of ink blotting the page, emanating from my redundant quill. Oops! Right, I can do this, I can keep writing while he's...ohhhhh! Snape has slid between the desk and myself, now on his knees before me and is kissing his way down my bare stomach heading in a delightfully southerly direction. He reaches the waistband of my skirt, then pauses for a moment.

"I don't hear your quill, Miss Granger!"

Snape waits for a few more moments as I begin to scratch Merlin only knows what onto the page before me. Obviously satisfied that I am still working, his hands slip up under my skirt, gently pushing my knees apart. I let out a sigh of contentment as those deliciously long fingers glide up my inner thighs to tug the crotch of my panties to one side. As he does so I feel the very lightest brush against my folds.

"Professor!" I gasp.

He pulls back. "Problem, Miss Granger?" he enquires nastily. "Surely you can manage such a simple task as writing an essay, no?"

"Fuck you," I hiss, picking up my dropped quill once more.

"Indeed." Snape gives me a triumphant smirk before returning to his place. Thankfully he gets straight to the point this time, burying his face between my legs, nudging at my folds with that perfectly large nose. Fuck the essay. Begin to just draw squiggles across the page, allowing my eyes to slip shut. His tongue darts out and laps at my moist core. Fuck, fuck, fuck YES!

This won't take long, I am so close now. Who would've thought a week of abstinence could seem like a lifetime? Who cares? Right now mind is completely immersed in the velvety sensations emanating from my clit yes, the man definitely appears to know his way around! Can't help but squirm in my seat as I draw closer and closer to my goal... Gods, Snape appears to read my mind, sliding first one and then a second finger inside me in long, languid strokes.

"So close!" I gasp, all but sliding from the chair.

There is a sharp rap on the door. FUCK!

"Just ignore it," Snape instructs me. Try to, really do, but the knocking gets more insistent and the thought that it may be Dumbledore really isn't helping me concentrate!

"Severus?"

Hang on, not Dumbledore. I recognise that voice almost as sarcastic as Snape's own, yet with a more distinctive air about it. Though not as silky, in fact damn near grating...

One single profanity escapes Snape's mouth as he quickly draws back from me, his fingers whipped back as if he's been burnt.

"Get dressed, you silly girl!" he hisses at me, climbing to his feet.

Quickly button my shirt, grasping at my memory to place that voice. Not from Hogwarts...

Ah, crap. Mind seems to have taken a wee leave of absence around the time that Snape's nose met my slick folds. Fuck!

"Severus? I have important issues to discuss with you!"

Damn, damn, who is it? Straighten tie hastily.

"Play stupid," Snape growls at me, striding towards the door. He turns back to me as an afterthought and adds, "Not that you will find that difficult..."

How dare he! Would send back something just as equally insulting but he has pulled the door open.

"Lucius," Snape greets the man crisply.

"Severus. Ah, I see you have...company?" Ick! Malfoy Senior looks at me down his nose is utter disgust. Well, feeling's mutual, darling...

"Miss Granger was just leaving." This is said with a deliberate scowl in my direction.

Ha! I am not leaving that easily! And besides, Lucius Malfoy might be an arsehole, but I am still utterly frustrated and I sure the man has some use.

"I don't believe I have finished my essay, Professor," I reply with a smirk. "I'm sure Mr Malfoy wouldn't mind...uh...helping us out?"

Well, if looks could kill I'd be 6 foot under pushing up daises now.

"I have no idea what you are playing at, Miss Granger, but you are well out of your depth," Snape drawls at me quite calmly, but I can see that look in his eye. The one that says I am going to pay dearly for this later. The one that tells me these are not the rules to his game. "You are dismissed."

Though am feeling somewhat terrified under Malfoy's scrutinising glare and Snape's dagger eyes, still manage to shrug nonchalantly and get to my feet.

Snape wanders over to the desk and picks up the parchment.

"Not your best work, Miss Granger. Appears you were somewhat...distracted?"

Bastard!

"I suggest you finish up in your room. I believe you can manage without my assistance, hm?"

Bastard, Bastard, BASTARD! No I can't! And trust me, have spent the last week trying! BASTARD!

Thought comes to mind. Quickly grab up parchment and scurry towards the door. Just as I am leaving I shoot back over my shoulder "Well, appears you are of no use to me, I guess I will just have to finish it myself. Or perhaps Professor Lupin could be of assistance?"

Really shouldn't have taken that moment to look at his face before slamming the door. Potions on Monday is going to be hell!

Ah, fuck that. Right now there are more important issues to deal with like the fact that I'm as horny as Fluffy in the mating season and just about as dangerous. I pity any blighter who gets in my way between here and Lupin's office!

Looks like I've got myself yet another directive from my hormonal HQ

## MISSION: Satisfied for now...

### *Chapter 2 of 9*

With the school year quickly drawing to a close, there is more fun and more games to be played...

After what seems like an eternity, finally I reach Lupin's office. Am about to knock his bloody door down when the realization of what I am doing hit me full force. I am about to demand sex from my rather unwilling Professor. Perhaps Snape was correct - I should just go back to my room and take care of this problem myself!

I am just about to leave when Lupin's voice stutters its way into my mind.

"Err, Hermione, how...nice to see you. How...how have you been?"

I look up and find myself face to chest with the man standing in the now open doorway. Ah, yes, that chest. Though now covered with his shirt, the memory is still there, allowing me to see through the dark material to admire the contours I know are beneath.

"I'm actually feeling a little frustrated, Sir," I reply. Lupin blanches at my reference to his position. Whoops! Right, this my professor that wishes he wasn't such...not the one that gets off on the idea.

"Well, is there anything I can do to help?"

I eye the man rather hungrily...sort of like Fluffy after he's not been fed for a couple of weeks.

"I think this conversation would be better conducted in your office," I inform him. Have absolutely no desire to shag him out in the hallway - much too cold out here despite it being almost summer!

"Err...right." Nervously Lupin allows me inside his office, shutting the door slowly behind me. He stares at the doorknob transfixed for a few moments before turning to face me.

He runs one hand through his short hair as he asks again, "So, how can I help?"

It is then I realise Lupin is not even looking at me, as he shifts from one foot to the other, gazing several inches to my left.

Damn, damn! This is not going to go well, I can tell already. Well, might as well cut straight to the chase - rather than then spend the entire evening talking with him to no avail.

"I went to see Professor Snape, but he is otherwise occupied. I just thought that perhaps you would be up for a repeat of last weekend...minus Sirius and Professor Snape."

Lupin sighs. "Hermione..."

"Please?" I'm sure some manners won't hurt!

"Last weekend was a terrible mistake, Hermione. I apologise sincerely for my part in that, and for all our misconduct."

Bugger! "I'm not looking for an apology, Remus."

Suddenly he is looking directly at me and I can see frustration in his face too. "Hermione, while I am under this roof in the position of your Professor I think it best that you not make such a suggestion again."

Damn it all to Azkaban and back! Wait...

"I graduate in a week..."

Lupin nods, a small smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. "So I'm led to believe..."

Well, that's something I suppose. However, does nothing for my current situation.

I stayed to chat with Lupin for a few more minutes, didn't want the man to think I'm just a completely sex obsessed little tart, however I am now back in my room...alone.

Currently staring at the ceiling. Who would've guessed there were that many spiders up there...ick!

"Herm? You there?"

What the... I jump off my bed, wondering how the hell anyone crept into my room...I'm sure I locked the door and placed up my wards!

And there is my answer - floating in the flames of my fireplace is Sirius' head.

"Oh, Sirius! Hi!" I cross the room and settle myself down before the fire.

"How are you, Herm?"

"Don't ask."

"I talked to Remus. He told me you paid him a little visit..."

I sigh. "Yeah. He's as moralistic as ever."

"And what about Professor Snape? I'm sure he'd have been more than willing to help you out..."

"Was," I reply sulkily, "until Lucius Malfoy turned up. Snape didn't like my idea of letting Malfoy join in. Guess he's just a selfish bastard."

"Well, he is that, Herm, but come on now! Malfoy is a nasty piece of work, I have a feeling Severus may have had a rare moralistic moment himself there."

"Pity," I say with a sigh.

"Mm, pity I can't be there," Sirius adds wistfully. "I'm not feeling particularly ethical right now."

"Really?" I say, perking up a little. At least I know one of the three of them is willing... "Can you come over?"

Sirius chuckles. "I don't think so, Herm. Dumbledore would have my balls for Fluffy's play toys."

I laugh a little at this - doesn't relieve my frustration though. "So, what would you do if you were here?" Okay, I know this question is utterly self-destructive, but I need something to dream about tonight!

A cheeky smile flickers over the image of Sirius' face. "Well, I'd start by giving you a thorough snogging. That pout is simply irresistible, Herm."

"Wouldn't hear me protesting!" I reply wishfully.

"I'd chew on your bottom lip, run my tongue over its smooth surface. Then I'd slide my tongue into your sweet mouth. I'd pull you closer, feel your delectable body pressed hard against mine. Gods, Herm, just as well I'm home alone...these thoughts are playing havoc with my cock."

Oh my gods! All this while I have been subconsciously running my tongue over my lips, imagining it were Sirius. Now the thought of Sirius standing there completely ready for me is driving my mind into overload.

"Oh, wow," I say shakily. "Go on."

I can almost feel him against me, the warmth of his body pressed against me. His lips on my own.

As I watch his image, his eyes fall shut. "Well, given your predicament I wouldn't mess around. What're you wearing?"

"Uniform."

"Take off your cloak and jersey."

I do as he asks, tossing the offending garments to the floor.

"Done."

"Good, you won't be needing those." Sirius pauses for a moment. "Much better. Now, I would unbutton your shirt...slowly taking in all that porcelain skin...gods, Herm, you are exquisite."

I let out a little sigh as I do as he says, flicking open the buttons of my shirt and run my hands over my skin, shivering delightedly at what Sirius should be doing.

"My, you are looking a little flushed," Sirius says with a chuckle.

I smirk in reply.

"I would then slide my hands under your bra, taking a moment to caress your breasts before teasing your nipples. Shit, are you doing that, Herm?"

"Mmhm." My reply is not much more than a squeak. As I pinch at the tight buds I can feel heat beginning to emanate from my core, and I sigh at the thought of what is to come. Shit, why did I not think of this before?

"Gods. Okay, I would kneel before you, all the while my lips never leaving yours. I'd leave one hand where it is, the other sliding down your bare stomach, continuing down over your skirt and stopping just below the hem."

I trace my fingers down as he directs, coming to a halt at my inner thigh right where the grey material of my skirt stops.

"Now, I slide my finger up, tracing circles on your skin," Sirius continues. I do as he says, sighing.

"Gods, yes, Sirius," I moan.

"Thatta girl. My fingers reach your panties. Are you wet, Herm?"

I slide my fingers over the moist material. "Mmhm."

Sirius lets out a growl. "That's enough playing around, Herm," he growls at me. "I can't take much more of this."

"Perhaps I could help you out?" I suggest, desperate for him to continue.

"How so?"

I lick my lips and Sirius' eyes slip closed. "Herm! Someone could turn up any minute."

This idea has a very profound effect on me. The idea of being caught heightens my desire to continue.

"Undo your pants," I demand.

Sirius chuckles. "Cor, you have caught a bossy streak, Herm. You sure you haven't been playing with Severus?"

I wish! However, I hear the faint sound of a zip being undone and my mind is straight back to Sirius.

"Now, I'd run my hands along the front of your boxers, stroking you, make sure you are ready," I inform him with a smirk.

"Trust me," he growls, "I am more than ready for you, Herm."

"Good. I slip my hands inside your boxers and pull you out. Stroke yourself, Sirius."

"Shit..." he mutters, his face contorting in pleasure.

"I wrap my lips around you, stroking you with my tongue."

"Stop! STOP!" he bellows, his eyes squeezed tightly shut. "I can't take it!"

I laugh just a little. "Fuck me, Sirius."

His eyes fly open and he grins wickedly at me. "With pleasure."

I shudder in anticipation.

"Spread your legs, Herm. I grab you behind the knees and pull your legs up over my shoulders. I plunge into you. Gods, is so hot here, so tight. Fuck, Herm!"

I mimic his moves with my fingers, moaning at the sudden intrusion. Gods, is almost like he is here.

"Hard, Sirius. I want it hard!" I beg.

"Done deal, Herm. I can't hold back anyway. Fuck! I find your clit and rub my thumb roughly over it. What does that feel like? How close are you? I want to see your face when you come for me."

I do as he says and am now shaking at my impending orgasm. Fuck, fuck!

"I'm so close. I...gods...Sirius! I feel so full...so deliciously full. My toes are tingling...just a little longer! Just a little harder! Please!"

"That's it! I flip you over, plunge back inside you from behind...fuck, Mione, I'm hitting your core. I'm...."

But his words fade into the distance as my orgasm hits me full force, my body convulsing around my fingers. I can just about feel him still pounding into me. He's lost control too now...

"Fuck, HERM!" I hear him yelp in the background. My eyes fly back open to watch his face contort in orgasm. The sight is unbelievable. My fingers fly back to my clit, stroking several more times to topple me over the edge again.

"Mione?"

Slowly I open my eyes to face Sirius, who is looking quite flushed himself.

"That was fantastic." I exhale slowly and then give him a grin.

"Gods..." he sighs. "Never going to be able to look into a fire the same ever again."

## MISSION: Attemp Initiated

### *Chapter 3 of 9*

With the school year quickly drawing to a close, there is more fun and more games to be played...

For Lintasare, Maddy Riddle and all the rest of you who have be pestering me for Merlin knows how long to update this, and to all those who reviewed. My humble apologies...bah...just enjoy it!

Ah, another day, another chance to get something done about my ...problem. Granted, Sirius did provide me with some light relief last night, but am far from satisfied.

Damn. It is Saturday. No chance of luring Snape during Potions. Oh well, will have to find other options...not including Lupin. Will have to give that man a week or so, is an utter waste of time and energy trying in the mean time.

As much as I would love to pop straight down to the dungeons for an early morning shag, I somehow doubt that Snape is a morning person (mind you, for that matter is he an anytime of day person?). Besides, I think I could do with some breakfast in order to sustain energy.

Surprise, surprise, no sign of Harry or Ron at breakfast. Like they'd be up this early on a Saturday. However, there is a surprise at the Head Table. Snape is there...and next to him, chatting away is Malfoy Senior. Ooh, things are looking up! Stuff Sirius' haughty warning last night man is just jealous.

Ah, look at that. Lucius is glaring at the Gryffindor table Seamus, Parvati, Colin, empty seat, another empty seat...

Give Lucius my best smirk, then lick my lips. His glare softens slightly and is tainted with surprise as he raises one questioning eyebrow. I chew on my bottom lip and smile sweetly.

And then he leans over to Snape and says something very quietly. Snape's eyes dart up at me and I give him a smug smile. Ooh, boy, is he pissed! Perfect!

Oh shit...he's coming this way! No, that wasn't supposed to happen...

The entire Gryffindor table goes silent, along with most of the rest of the room. Shit shit SHIT!

"Miss Granger," he hisses at me, "What the hell do you think you are doing, you stupid girl?"

"Well, since you can't help me out I thought Mr Malfoy might be obliging," I reply in a hushed voice.

"There is a difference between can't and won't," Snape growls back. Ha, got him where it hurts, huh?

"Not from my point of view," I retort.

"You are asking for detention, Miss Granger!" Snape suddenly bellows at me causing most of the student body to jump. They have all been straining to catch a wisp of what Snape and I are talking about, and given that no one has run from the room screaming I can only assume they are totally oblivious.

I get to my feet and step just close enough to Snape to make him uneasy. "Well done, Professor. I shall see you in your office in 10 minutes then? And do be sure to invite Mr Malfoy...couldn't have your guest feeling neglected now could we?" I begin to saunter away from him and towards the door. Let him chase me.

"Hermione!" Snape suddenly calls out in a very un-Snapeish manner. Now he really does have the attention of the whole room. Oh my! Would be currently melting into a puddle on the floor at the sound of my given name in that voice, were it not for the fact I am now frozen in fear. Fuck. Is still a week until graduation...one long week where all manner of nasty things could happen should last weekend be found out... Snape stares at me and I see the panic running through his eyes for a moment, albeit a very brief one.

"You, Miss Granger will graduate in a little under a week and I suggest you start practising being an adult now and considering the consequences of your actions!"

"Trust me," I reply quietly with a smirk, "I know precisely what the consequences are, Sir, and they are most favourable."

I give the Head Table one quick look. Dumbledore is watching on with amusement, McGonagall is scowling at me and Lucius Malfoy...well I really can't read that expression. Damn, might have lost my chance, will have to wait and see... Time to get out of here...ah...look at that, I'm almost at the door...

"Very well, Miss Granger." Oh fuck. That was not a tone to be reckoned with.

Oh fuck this. Have been wandering the halls for an hour now in hopes of running into Lucius...have not. Am being pathetic. Right, time to go back to room...just look needy now. Am heading back through the entrance hall when I hear my name in a slow drawl, "Miss Granger, I believe."

Turn around and find myself inches from Mr Malfoy. Perfect.

"One of Potter's little friends, aren't you?"

"I suppose you could call me that," I reply, not sure if I should really be admitting to that in front of him. Oh well.

"Severus informs me you have become quite the little minx."

What am I to say to that? Not a thing apparently, he seems quite happy studying me for the moment. "Yet so sweet and innocent in appearance..." One finger draws itself along my cheek, sending a shiver up my spine. My, this is looking good.

"You shall suffice. This way." Without turning back Malfoy is heading off down the corridor towards the dungeon. Feel like a bit of a twit following him along like a faithful puppy, but too bad!

Malfoy finally removes the wards from a door not far from Snape's chambers and ushers me quickly inside. Room is fairly bare, no more than a bed and a desk. Is dark and dingy in here.

"One chance, Miss Granger," Lucius drawls, his back to me as he removes his cloak and setting it carefully over the foot of the bed. "Leave."

What is with this lot? This echoes the words of Sirius, Lupin and Snape all too closely. I am perfectly capable of dealing with three men, am I not? Surely one could not be a problem...

"No," I reply quite firmly...well I think it is firmly, though that part of me is delusional about the squeak that just escaped my lips.

"Very well then." Lucius is rolling up his sleeves...this is starting to disturb me somewhat...

He turns quite casually and steps across the room to place himself right before me. Quite out of the blue he grabs a handful of my hair and jerks my head back sharply.

"Now, what to do with you..." he ponders out loud.

"Um..." I begin, wanting to get some sort of say in this.

"That did not require an answer from you!" Ouch! He's just snapped my head back further. Fuck, that hurt! He glances over at the desk thoughtfully, then basically drags me over there. Still grasping my hair, he yanks my head down until I am pinned to the desktop, face first, my cheek pressed up against the hard top. With his free hand Lucius slides my skirt up my thighs, then pauses....appears he has discovered my lack of underwear. He draws on finger through my folds, his nail all but scratching me, making me shiver. Am torn between being feverishly turned on and utterly scared shitless. Scared shitless is winning...fuck...Snape was right...this was not a good idea! Damn him...if he weren't such an arse at the best of times perhaps I would have listened.

"I have to go," I squeak, wriggling to get free.

"You had that opportunity," Malfoy informs me, "and you passed. Too late, Miss Granger."

Fuck, FUCK, FUCK! Where's my wand? Shit, can't reach it...shit!

I feel the hand on my bare backside shiver, it's fingers grow longer...what the fuck?

Glancing back as far as I can, given my position, I am greeted with Snape's sneer.

"I assume you've learnt your lesson then, Miss Granger?" he drawls at me. "Next time I suggest you heed my warning. Mr Malfoy would be no where near so pleasant."

Bastard! Fucking bastard!

"I shall keep that in mind," I reply rather calmly.

Snape bends down over me, and growls in my ear, "Don't pull that nonsense on me. I am perfectly well aware of how scared you were."

Ah, but is he perfectly well aware of how turned on I am now? Damn it, was so close to getting some action. Fuck, if I'd known it was him...still, am bent over desk, half-naked with Snape above me....

"You know," I say thoughtfully, "we are alone now, perhaps we could ...errr...finish what we started last night?"

"You, Miss Granger, are in no position to be making demands."

Pity...bah...hope Sirius is home...

Wait...oh wow... Long fingers are tracing along my skin, drawing circles over my bare behind, moving down to take a long stroke through my folds...ahhh, much better.

"You are to stay put," Snape informs me as he releases my hair.

No protest there. "Yes, Sir."

"You learn quickly, Miss Granger. I believe a reward is in order."

A reward? Oh, fuck... His tongue in dancing through my folds, flicking over my clitoris...fuck. So very silky and hot...and that wonderful nose is nudging at my opening as he slides along me, his breath greeting my dampness, cooling it with a delightful affect.

"Professor!" I whimper as he slides two fingers inside me. Am so damn sensitive.

"To your liking then, I presume," Snape replies nonchalantly. Damn him, how can he be so calm? Wait, because I am the one teetering on the edge, not him. It's me who's been seeking out satisfaction for a week. I'm sure he has plenty of ...er...places to relieve his tension. Then again, none of them appear to do any good, he has still be in a foul mood all week.

I can't answer him; I've lost my ability to speak once more. Bet there are a few other people who would like to find out how to render me speechless.

"No? Oh well, enough of that then." And he's gone. He's fingers slide from me and he stands up. FUCK!

"It's perfectly acceptable, Sir!" I beg.

"Too late, Miss Granger. I have my own needs to satisfy."

Damn him. Should have fucking known, man is a selfish bastard after all.

I go to stand up, but am quickly stopped by a firm hand to the back of my head.

"I told you not to move!" Snape hisses at me. "Play by my rules, Miss Granger, or don't play at all."

Damn. "Yes, Sir."

"Better."

I hear shuffling of clothing and see his wand placed onto the desk next to me. I am not sure I want to know why he just put it there. Then I feel Snape's warmth behind me, despite the fact that he isn't even touching me. One hand is placed upon my back, holding me still. Hot, hard skin presses at me, sending shivers through my body, ripples of ecstasy. Oh fuck! I actually whimper. Snape takes that as his opportunity to plunge inside me in one quick move. That's it. I can't hold back. As my orgasm takes over warmth spreads though out me, my body convulsing in pleasure, my mind becoming a blissful blank.

As I come back down I hear Snape exhale a long breath. Perhaps I was wrong. Perhaps I'm not the only one in desperate need of this.

Ouch! Fuck! His hand has come down hard on my behind, stinging like hell. What the fuck?

"You are not to do that again until I allow it!" he snaps at me. "Do I make myself clear?!"

"Yes, Sir!" I plead.

"Very well." Snape begins slowly, his strokes gentle. No, no, no! This is not what I want! Bloody hell, would've gone and jumped Lupin in his sleep if this was what I was after!

"Sir?" I squeak.

"What?!" he snaps irritably.

"Harder."

"How many times must I tell you, you are to obey my rules!"

Shouldn't say this. I know I shouldn't. "Well, Sir, I was just trying to save you the fate of me comparing you to Professor Lupin. As you wish."

Ow! Shit. Another slap. Damn, am not going to be sitting down at dinner tonight.

"You want harder? Fine. However, the rule still stands, you are not to come until I say you can. Understand?"



"Perfectly," I reply smugly.

Oh dear Merlin! He's pounding into me with a vengeance now, his fingers digging firmly into my hips. My knuckles are turning white from grasping onto the edge of the desk, however it is most definitely worth it. Fuck....

"Miss Granger," he growls. "Control yourself."

Close my eyes and take a deep breath. Am fine. Honest. Am in control. Am not going to lose it... Yes, you just keep deluding yourself, Herm, that'll do it.

Every stroke is a test, setting me ablaze. I can feel every inch of him, every pulsing vein, every delightful ridge. Shit. No, Herm, hold on!

He strokes slow for just a moment as he picks up his wand from the table. He mutters something I miss. Oh my...my...fuck...my clit is now...fuck, I don't even know how to describe it. It is like his tongue is back there, tenfold, yet I know there is nothing there. Fuck. Cannot take this, I really can't. Man is playing games with me. Bloody hell. However, the consequences to breaking his rules have only been good thus far.

"Don't you dare!" Snape hisses as he ups his movements.

Dare? Like I have any choice in this? Bloody hell, am going to lose it. Swear I am.

"I can't...I can't..." I whimper, stars forming in my eyes as I try so desperately to hold back. It is hopeless.

"Miss Granger!" he yells. Too late. I'm gone. Convulsing around him, melting into the desk. His movements don't stop, the spell he cast on my clit continues and so do I. Bloody hell. I can feel warm trails of liquid slipping down my inner thighs, and just as I think this bliss is about to end, it begins all over again.

"FUCK!" Snape's movements lose their rhythm. He grunts and then I feel him tighten inside me before I am filled with warmth.

He falls forward, his hands landing either side of me on the desk propping him up as he attempts to recover. Yet the spell continues and I can't take it anymore.

"Please!" I beg, desperate for this to stop. It's too much....

"Problem, Miss Granger?"

Fuck him! Wait, did that already...

"Stop it! Please!" I whimper.

"I shouldn't..." he replies, "but I suppose you would be rather disruptive in class on Monday."

Ah, thank Merlin. He's removed it.

I allow my eyes to slip shut and sigh, completely satisfied.

MISSION: Accomplished Once More

## MISSION: Teach Professor Lupin a Lesson

*Chapter 4 of 9*

With the school year quickly drawing to a close, there is more fun and more games to be played...

MISSION: Teach Professor Lupin a Lesson

I am reading, honest I am. The Dark Forces: A Guide to Self-Protection. Quentin Trimble. Have made it that far. Not bad, have only been here an hour. Gods, am so distracted! Tomorrow is the last day of school, why on earth Lupin decided to waste our time setting readings for the last day is beyond me. Funny, just over a week ago I would have loved this...now, well, I have other things on my mind.

Catch an odd look from Neville across the library. Ick...is that supposed to be attractive? Bleh. Right...back to book. Chapter One...

"Bet I could find you something more interesting to do." A faint, husky whisper in my ear sends shivers through me.

I turn around and grin broadly. "Sirius!"

"Shhh! Harry doesn't know I'm here yet. Thought I could get in a bit of time with you first." A bit? Harry'll be bloody lucky if he ever sees his godfather again!

"Oops...sorry!" I whisper back.

"Give me ten minutes 'Mione. Will be in Lupin's guest room."

YES!

~~~~~  
Hm..right...fifteen minutes later...don't know why I'm bothering to delude myself that this will make me seem less desperate, being 5 minutes late. Not like Sirius would care. Ah, good, the door to Lupin's room is unlocked, as is the door to his guestroom. Yet there is no Sirius. Dammit! What is he playing at?

I stand there for a few minutes feeling like a right dolt. That's it I'm leaving. Turn door handle again just as I hear voices outside.

"Remus, I think you will quite enjoy this..."

"If this is yet another of your hairball schemes, Sirius..."

"Trust me!"

I step back from the door just in time. It flies open before me, Sirius giving me a broad grin.

Lupin sighs, then looks almost annoyed, quite a foreign expression for him.

"Hermione, leave."

"Now, is that anyway to treat our guest?" Sirius scolds, casting a glance back at his friend.

"Sirius a word please?" It is more of a statement than a question, and Lupin exits the room in quite a huff.

Sirius gives me a cheeky grin. "Back in a minute, 'Mione."

"Sirius, leave him..." I say, but my words fall on selectively-deaf ears.

Crap..I can see what's going to happen here. Big fight, angry men, no fun for me. I hear a few hushed words and then Sirius announcing. "Well, you know where we are!"

Sirius practically bounces back into the room and shuts the door behind him.

"Is he all right?" I ask tentatively. Am not really in the mood for this anymore has taken on quite a sordid quality.

"He's fine. Just sulking. Forget it," Sirius informs me, sliding onto the bed. He looks at me a little worriedly. "'Mione?"

I glance back at the closed door, then at Sirius.

"It's fine, honest!" he says raising his hands in mock surrender.

"Umm, I think I might go."

Sirius chuckles at me. "Chill, 'Mione." He offers me his hand.

After a few moments debate, I give in. What the heck...Sirius is a sweetie...and, unlike with Snape, am sure I can back out of this one anytime I like.

Sirius grins broadly at my decision to join him, barely giving me a second to sit down before he pounces on me, pinning me to the bed. He begins by attacking the sensitive skin of my neck, relieving my doubts and re-igniting my desire.

"Gods, 'Mione, have been waiting way too long for this," he growls against my skin. His body is heavy upon mine, but in oh so a delightful way.

"Indeed," I mutter in reply, relaxing back into the soft mattress contentedly as he continues on his merry journey. Sirius flicks open the buttons of my uniform shirt, ravishing the newly exposed skin, gently yet intently. One hand slides inside my bra, lifting my breast out and exposing it to his needy actions. A tiny growl rumbles from his chest as his lips descent upon my nipple, sucking at the sensitive nub, sending shivers of electricity through my body. Fuck, now this is more like it!

"Sirius!" I hiss through my teeth as I clutch redundantly at the bed coverings.

"Hmm?" he mumbles around me, looking up at me all sweetness and light. A gentle hand has come to rest on my bare knee. Try damn hard to send Sirius telepathic messages as to where I would rather have that hand, yet appears he is quite content to draw lazy circles along my inner thigh with it.

"Ah hem!"

With much effort I glance over at the doorframe to find Lupin standing there. Gods only know for how long.

"Ah...got the better of your conscious, eh?" Sirius chuckles.

"No, Sirius. Just wanted to let you know that there's coffee out here if either of you want it."

Sirius laughs. "Funny...I seem to recall you knowing that I don't drink coffee...any other reason why you might be here?"

"Someone has to keep an eye on your behaviour, Padfoot," Lupin replied, almost convincingly.

"Well, then, by all means, man, pull up a seat and 'keep an eye on me', however, I would suggest watching 'Mione would be much more satisfying."

Lupin glanced at the chair in the corner of the room, then back at Sirius and me.

"I think not," he replies with a sigh, about to leave.

"Stay," I quickly put in. "Please?"

Lupin eyes me hungrily.

"Besides, you are right, Sirius needs constant supervision."

Lupin lets out a little laugh, obviously feeling a bit nervous about doing this, yet he eventually crosses the room and take a seat.

"Better. 'Mione, you up for showing Moony what he's missing out on?" Sirius asks with a smirk. Feeling quite adventurous myself, I nod in reply with a grin.

"Excellent!"

Sirius helps me to sit up, indicating for me to scoot to the edge of the bed closest to where Lupin is sitting, which I do quite willingly. Lupin stares at me for a few moments, obviously trying to make sure this is ok. Lupin, you dolt, have you not got the idea yet that I am more than happy with this whole wonderful arrangement?

He appears to have finally got the message his eyes have drifted from mine, down my front to take in the sight of me spilling over my bra. Good, good, you keep that train of thought, Remus, is so much better and definitely more gratifying.

Sirius slips himself behind me, slipping one leg either side of my hips and though I can not see his face I am damn sure he still has that smug grin. For that matter, when does he not? Oh well, not really of any great importance right now.

"So, 'Mione," Sirius whispers not so quietly in my ear, "what do we want to show Moony?"

Lupin raises one eyebrow at Sirius, then his eyes move to look at me again.

"Hmm, didn't pay this one anywhere near enough attention, did I?" Sirius mutters, lifting one of my breasts up, cupping it in his palm and teasing at the nipple with the pad of his thumb. Lupin is quite a sight to behold right now he's chewing on that delectable bottom lip and starting to look just a tad uncomfortable in the most delightful way. Excellent!

"You know, Remus, 'Mione tastes wonderful," Sirius states, as he bends down over my shoulder and captures the tight bud he had just been rolling between his fingers between his lips. He runs his tongue lightly over its surface, causing me to squirm, my eyes slipping shut.

"Gods," Lupin growls from before me, and I force my eyes open to watch his reaction. His eyes are lidded, a serene look upon his face as Sirius continues to work wonders with his mouth.

"You don't mind if Moony watches do you 'Mione?" Sirius enquires, just a little too late, not that I might at all.

"Uh uh," I manage to reply, the sounds coming out more as a squeak.

"Mind if Remus watches as I slide my hand down your belly?" Sirius does just so as he asks, his warm hands against my relatively cool skin causing my need to double. Fuck this man is a talker and that suits me just fine.

"You know, I think we need to get rid of this." Sirius tugs at my skirt to emphasise his point and next thing I know my skirt is sliding down my legs and pooling on the floor. "There, much better. Spread your legs, 'Mione, show Remus what he's missing."

Two gentle yet firm hands are placed on the insides of my knees, slowly pushing them apart until I am sitting completely exposed before Lupin, save for my drenched underwear. I once again allow my eyes to fall upon Lupin, only to discover his eyes have fallen shut.

"Remus! Watch her!"

Lupin's eyes fly back open and I pity him for a moment. It is so stupendously obvious that the man wants to join in, and is fighting hard to keep even a loose grip on his self-control.

Sirius' fingers dance lightly up my thighs, playing with the elastic of my panties at the insides of my legs. I sigh in both contentment and frustration.

"May I?" he growls in my ear.

"May you what?" I reply, barely keeping hold of any sort of train of thought, let alone in a state for mind reading again.

"May I run my fingers through your moist folds? May I tease your clit? May I make you come while Remus watches?"

Fuck yes! And trust me, Sirius, it won't take much! Yet all I actually manage to do in reply is nod my head weakly, and lean back against him as I continue to watch Lupin.

Sirius' fingers have snaked into my panties, pulling them to one side to expose my glistening folds to Lupin. I see him draw in a sharp breath, which he lets out with a slow hiss. One finger draws slowly through my wetness, stopping at my clit to rub there ever so gently. Two more fingers come up to play with my opening, teasing at my entrance before plunging roughly inside. Fuck! So damn close already...

"It could be you doing this to her, Moony. Could be you making her wet, making her squirm."

Trust me, Moony is doing plenty enough just watching him watching me is an aphrodisiac. Sirius is pressed tightly against my back now, the thought of getting me off in front of his friend obviously not hindering his ability to perform one iota, quite the opposite actually.

"Wouldn't you like to just taste her, Remus?" Sirius asks, removing his fingers from inside me and offering them to Lupin.

Lupin licks his lips as he looks at Sirius' offering, yet he stays glued to the chair.

"Your loss," Sirius says, shrugging behind me. I watch as he lifts those fingers to his mouth, and hear him licking them clean. Lupin literally whimpers. I can feel slick trails of Sirius' doing sliding down my legs. "Oh well, if you change your mind Moony, you know where they are."

Sirius' fingers slip back inside me, the coolness of his damp skin feeling wonderful. He picks up the pace a bit, I'm not sure whether it is because he can feel my need for release or if it is to further torment Lupin either way, I'm not complaining. Blood rushes to my face and chest, little shivers start to flood through my body.

"'Mione, I want to you to come now. I want you to come in front of Remus; I want you to scream his name. I want him to think it is him doing this to you..."

Fuck, well if those thoughts weren't going to do it, nothing was. Remus is looking at me utterly transfixed, a deep look of desire lowering his eyelids and increasing the rate at which his chest is rising and falling.

"'Mione, please!" Remus begs.

That's it. I'm gone. Am vaguely aware of Sirius holding tightly on to me as my body both relaxes and tightens at once, wave after wave of pleasure flooding over me, through me, making me clamp down on Sirius' fingers simply increasing the stimulation and drawing my orgasm out. I even think I complied with Sirius' wishes and justifiably screamed Remus' name.

Just as I begin to come down I feel those wonderful digits abruptly pulled from me. Forcing my eyes back open I discover that Lupin is no longer in his chair, but instead kneeling on the floor before me, sucking my juices from Sirius' fingers causing his friend to whimper.

My, the next round is certainly going to be interesting.

# MISSION: All Good Dogs Deserve Favour

## Chapter 5 of 9

With the school year quickly drawing to a close, there is more fun and more games to be played...

Right slash warning yep, that's right, Ferv has taken a little deluge into the world of slash (don't worry! Herms is still part of the action!). If that squicks you, skip the chapter (after all, Mission2 is proudly brought to you by the loyal subjects of PWP hence I doubt the next chapter will make any less sense without this one)

Fuck, there is something oddly erotic in watching Lupin sucking on Sirius' fingers, something I never would have thought would do a thing for me. Sirius lets out a little moan from behind me as he continues to clutch at one of my breasts with his free hand. I watch on as Lupin runs his tongue along the underside of the next finger, stopping to take the very tip into his mouth to suck it clean. Oh my....

Lupin is looking up at me, waiting for some sort of reaction I think permission to continue? Dear gods, boys, do what you want, just don't leave me out!

"Glad to see you've changed your mind, Remus," I reply as reassuringly as I can.

Lupin pulls back, releasing Sirius' index finger with an audible pop. He looks intently at Sirius as he replies, "I'm not touching you, Hermione."

"Why not?" I pout rather pathetically.

"Because you know the rules not until school is over."

Fuck the rules! What's the point in a game if the rules can't be broken? Bloody hell....

Oohh..no..wait a sec...once again Hermione, you forgot to find out precisely what the rules were before complaining...

Am now lying back on the bed, with a deliciously desperate Sirius below me, and a needy Lupin writhing above me. One happy Hermione pancake.

All questions of precisely how friendly Remus and Sirius are have just flown out the window turning my head to the side, resting it upon Sirius' shoulder I am greeted by the sight of Lupin accosting Sirius' mouth with abandon. Determined not to be left out of this, I take the opportunity to run my tongue along Sirius' exposed jaw line, nipping at several places along the way. A deep rumbling sigh emanates from Sirius' chest vibrating throughout my body making it plead for more. Lupin reacts by bucking against my hips, the coarse fabric of his trousers grazing my abundantly wet folds. Oh gods....

Lupin releases Sirius' mouth, and moves to whisper harshly in his ear, "You are to do everything to Hermione, that I do to you."

Yes please!

"Okay." Sirius' voice comes out dry, scratchy and lustful.

"Hermione, you may have to help him out a bit," Lupin tells me, then shoots a wicked grin at Sirius as he adds, "Padfoot might be a bit distracted."

I literally see Sirius swallow hard - at this revelation.

Lupin looks at me and nods at the bed next to where we are sandwiched, taking his weight off me with his arms. A little irritably I comply and slide from between the two of them pity, was quite comfortable there.

Lupin slides down Sirius until he is perched at the very edge of the bed between his legs. I watch on fascinated as he unbuttons Sirius' jeans, and Sirius helps to shrug them off. Seems this situation is more than agreeable to Sirius, the evidence of which is clearly visible. Damn that is inviting...

Am not the only one that thinks so...Lupin is kissing at Sirius' thighs, an odd nip placed here and there as he makes his way up to his goal, eliciting a morphed yelp of pleasure from Sirius. Lupin's tongue darts out to run up Sirius' length in one long stroke, and Sirius' eyes slip shut as he fights for control. Losing battle, I believe.

Remus pulls back quite suddenly and looks up at Sirius as his eyes fly open.

"You're neglecting Hermione, Sirius." Sirius holds his stare for a moment before rolling over to face me. Biting his bottom lip with a cheeky grin, Sirius grasps hold of my hips and slides me up the bed until my waist is even with the top of his head, and tugs my basically pointless panties down and off with a little help. With his hips staying put on the bed, Sirius twists his torso around to face me. Without a pause, he brings his hands up to pull my folds apart, causing delicious tension over my clit before attacking it with his tongue. Fuck...so silky, so hot. With some effort I manage to gain enough control to grasp one of the pillows to prop my head up and watch on the delight before me.

Lupin appears to know exactly what he is doing as he takes Sirius back into his mouth, taking more and more in with each stroke, until Sirius is buried to the hilt within his mouth. Dear gods, must ask Lupin to teach me how to do that, the look on Sirius' face is nothing short of utter contentment as he attempts to keep up his ministrations on me, and I must say, he is doing a damn good job. His thumbs are running delightful circles around my opening, occasionally delving in just a little, before teasingly pulling back. His tongues efforts are mostly concentrated on my swollen clit, though it takes the odd diversion down to join his thumbs on occasion. I think I must be in heaven...or on my way to hell...either way, I couldn't care less right now.

"Sirius!" I cry out as he plunges three fingers inside me, the tension enough to send me spiralling into orgasm.

"Fuck! Fuck!" Sirius heaves, his hands whipping away from me to grab hold of Lupin's head and hold him still. Remus brings a hand up to cup Sirius', giving him a gentle squeeze. "Remus! Please!" Poor Sirius is begging now, right on the verge of release. "Remus! I'm going to lose it! Please!"

That appears to be enough pleading to get Lupin's attention as, with a smug grin, he releases Sirius, who promptly relaxes back into the bed breathing heavily.

Lupin takes a few minutes to remove Sirius' clothing and then his own, before pulling Sirius up for yet another scorching kiss.

"Ready for round two?" Remus asks me, pulling back quite suddenly from Sirius. I nod with a smirk.

Lupin stands from the bed, and looks Sirius over with a desirable sweep. "On all fours, please, Hermione."

Happily reply to his request, feeling just a little odd about having my bare behind exposed to the pair of them. The unease is short lived though as I feel Sirius move behind me, stroking softly at my hips with his fingers. Suddenly his fingers are digging hard into my skin, making me yelp.

"Relax, Padfoot!"

His fingers loosen their hold on me, thank goodness. Am gonna have bruises from that one in the morning.

Sirius grunts a little before Lupin growls, "Sirius, you're neglecting Hermione again."

Sirius grasps hold of my hips again, pulling me closer to him. He plunges inside me, sliding between my already damp walls from our previous exertions and hits the most delicious spot that I had no idea this angle offered.

"Sirius..." Lupin warns. About what I haven't the vaguest, am much too distracted (surprise, surprise!).

"What?" Sirius grunts in return, obviously just as oblivious as I am.

"I don't believe that is what I am doing to you."

Huh...oh...fuck!

Okay, frankly quite enjoyed that exercise with Snape...what was it? A week or so ago? But am still just a little squirmy about the ....Ohhhhhh! Okay..changed mind, that is just fine!

Sirius has pulled out of me, and slick with my own excitement, he's pushing ever so gently at the tight ring of muscles to my rear entrance. Oh shite...okay, Herms, breathe! Breathe! Is strangely exciting, pleasurable and yet foreign.

Sirius is panting hard behind me, his movements somewhat erratic, until he stills and just allows Lupin to move him, every thrust into him causing Sirius to plunge forward into me. Heck, yes!

"My, my, my...isn't this cosy?"

Glance up to doorway to find a rather annoyed looking Potions Master looming before me, yet his words seem to be more directed at Sirius and Lupin.

"Shut up, Severus," Sirius grunts. Very intelligent then again, am sure if I was in his position I wouldn't have even been able to get that much out...heck even in this position I'm not sure I can!

"For Merlin's sake, if you're going to play with the students, at least make sure they are enjoying it! Mind you, Miss Granger, I'm not sure I understand why you are here; it does not really look like your ...talents are required."

"I am not touching any students," Lupin retorts.

Snape actually rolls his eyes at Remus. "That how you're justifying it? Never mind, whatever it takes to convince your self that shagging this," Snape says as he waves a dismissive hand at Sirius, "imbecile is acceptable. Frankly, I would rather enjoy my...indiscretions. And I observe, that once again, it is up to me to find an adequate solution to your misdemeanours."

I watch on as Snape carefully removes his cloak, folding it up and placing it carefully on Lupin's vacated chair.

"Whatever, Severus," Lupin replies, thrusting all his frustration into Sirius, and in turn into me. Dear gods, that feels wonderful. Yet I can't help wondering what precisely Snape is up to, as he continues to undress, carefully placing each item onto the chair, so damn slowly I swear he is trying to frustrate. Well done, Professor, you're pissing me off...can we get on with it now?

Finally he kneels on the bed before me, lifting my shoulders up until I am kneeling too, as Lupin and hence Sirius keep moving. Sirius wraps his arms around my waist to hold me in place, just as well too...am literally weak in the knees.

Snape captures my mouth in the oddest kiss is something I could almost call loving very soft, very gentle and very thorough. My, is the surly Potions Master getting all gentlemanly on me? Do my very best not to laugh at this thought.

Pulling back slowly, he runs two fingers along the outline of my bra, over the curves of my breasts. "Couldn't even take the time to undress you properly?" he tuts, more to himself I think.

Refrain from pointing out the excess of clothes in our last game. Have a feeling Snape is feeling just a little put out by this...

Carefully he unhooks my bra and slips it from my arms. He takes his time to caress the exposed skin, running his hands over many other parts that have been sorely neglected tonight. Am literally tingling from head to toe now. Strong hands grasp my hips, lifting me effortlessly from the bed, before bringing me down slowly, Snape sliding into me as he does. Feel so full now, and so ...sensitive. Can feel every single one of Snape's and Sirius' movements. Is quite an odd combination Sirius is on the verge of orgasm behind me, I can hear his shallow gasps, feel his erratic movements again, yet Snape is moving almost agonisingly slowly.

Wait? What was that? A smile? Hmm...Snape should do that more often, because then I wouldn't be so damn paranoid about what he is up to now. Yet, the only movement he changes is to run a hand through my now damp hair, and to accost my mouth again.

"Merlin, can't hold out much longer!" Sirius grunts from behind me. Snape pulls back from me and glares over my shoulder.

"You bloody well will," he hisses at Sirius.

I think it is probably just as well Sirius is otherwise distracted or Snape might've been on the business end of a Crucio then.

"None of you are going anywhere until Miss Granger is completely satisfied."

You what? Like I'm not? Though, then again, one more orgasm wouldn't go astray...

"Shan't be long, Sirius," I mutter, hearing his whimper behind me.

"Take as long as you want, Miss Granger," Snape replies, an evil smirk darting over my shoulder at poor Sirius.

"Come, Mione!" Sirius growls in my ear. "Please come for me!"

Oh, Merlin's wand...am so damn close...so bloody close. The pair of them are moving within me, I can feel them stroking at either side of that thin wall that separates them. Just a little longer, just a little...

I clench my inner muscles, urging them on.

"Merlin!" Sirius yelps, his fingers digging harshly into me.

"Hermione..." Snape let my name out as a low moan.

That's it...my delicious undoing. Gods, feel so full as my muscles clamp down around them, pulling them in deeper as first Sirius and then Snape loses control. Somewhere in the distance I hear Lupin let out a satisfied grunt. Lovely red stars now...tingling toes...tingling everything...

"Gods, I love you, Hermione." A soft whisper in my ear, just as I pass into oblivion.

What the fuck? Where did that come from? Could've sworn it was from Snape, yet as I struggle to open my eyes and glance at him, his face is its usual emotionless stone. He quickly slides from the bed, grabbing up his wand and is dressed in a moment, glaring at the three of us.

"Might I suggest, next time you wish to play such sordid games, you lock the door. It may not be me the headmaster sends to find you two next time. And Miss Granger, I am sorely disappointed. I thought I had made it quite clear you are to play this game by my rules."

Okay..fine..must have imagined those three little words escaping said Bastards mouth. That's fine. Honest.

## MISSION: Revenge is a bitch

### *Chapter 6 of 9*

With the school year quickly drawing to a close, there is more fun and more games to be played...

Mission: Payback is a Bitch

Well this is nowhere near as much fun as I'd thought it would have been. It is the last night of school and the leaving party for the seventh years, including yours truly, is in full swing around me in the Great Hall. Now you'd think with three men quite obviously chasing after me, albeit behind closed doors for the most part, I'd be having a ball of a time at a party attended by said men? No. No, what I am doing is sitting at Gryffindor table which has been moved up against one wall and torturing myself with the disgusting site of all my classmates attempting to basically dry hump in public. Well, okay, that might be a little overstatement, but I really didn't need to see Neville sticking his tongue down Parvati's throat. Honestly, have they no respect for my dinner?

Anyway, I've been trying not to too obviously stare at Remus, Sirius and Snape. Honestly!

Quit deluding yourself, Herm, if you haven't been staring at them how do you know that right this second Sirius is deep in conversation with Professor Trelawny, Lupin is dancing with McGonagall and that arsehole, I mean Snape, is talking with Malfoy Senior about something that you're fairly sure you'd care not to know about judging from the seriousness and evil glares shooting about the room?

Bah. I'm fine. Honest. Honest!!!

Well, I would be, if the three of them, ALL three of them, weren't utterly ignoring me. I got a brief smile from Lupin, a quick hello from Sirius and a glare from Snape. Total interaction with people for the night save Neville's earlier attempts to get me dance.

Flag this. I'm leaving. This night could be much better spent making sure I've packed all my things and then a good sulking in the library. Yes, that sounds perfect, Herms, done deal.

I get to my feet, and yet as hard as I refrain from looking at the three of them I can't stop my self from throwing each a glance as I walk across the hall. Lupin sees me and nods, Sirius gives me a tiny smile....Snape's eyes fix on me for a brief moment and then dart away. Great. Just fabulous. I'm fine. Honest.

Ahhhh, that's better. I'm not saying it replaces my earlier plans for the evening, but my dear friend 'Hogwarts: A History' is the closest thing I'm going to get tonight. Better yet, despite the book being far from restricted, I've sneaked into the restricted section just for the thrill of it and am curled up in the crook of the arm and the back of a couch.

Lying to myself once again. This is not better. This just gives me time to dwell on Sirius and Trelawny and Merlin forbid...Lupin and McGonagall. Perhaps they've realised I'm just a silly school girl, not worthy of their attentions...and as for Snape...well, I don't know but he was looking quite cosy with Malfoy....

"And what do you think you're doing?!"

My head snaps up from my book to find myself staring up at one rather angry looking Severus Snape. Meh.

"I am having a private party," I snap at him, going back to my book. "Since I didn't appear to be wanted in the Great Hall."

"Getting a little demanding, aren't you?" The smarminess of his voice serves only to piss me off further.

"You said you loved me!" Oh dear, Herms, that half bottle of wine in your room before coming down here was not a good idea.

Snape snorts. "For Merlin's sake, Miss Granger, you should know not to listen to a word a man says during..."

"Whatever."

A hand slams down on my open book, shoving it away from my face and pinning it against my lap. "You've broken school rules, Miss Granger!"

There is a small cough from behind Snape. "No, Severus. She hasn't." There stands Lupin and, behind him, Sirius.

"She is in the restricted section without permission!" Snape bellows at them.

"She is no longer a student," Lupin replies, tapping at his watch. I look up at the clock on the wall and sure enough, it's a quarter after midnight.

"Well...well!" Snape says, getting rather uncharacteristically huffy. "No one talks to me that way!"

His face is inches from mine, his eyes ablaze.

"And what do you think you're going to do about it?" I ask ever so sweetly.

Then his lips are on mine, his body pinning me harshly to the couch. It is a vicious kiss, demanding and controlling. Excellent! The ferocity bruises my lips, his tongue forces its way in, tangling with my own. Sorry, Severus, but the game is by my rules tonight. Without warning I shove at his shoulders, pushing him down onto the couch and pinning him with my own weight well, I'm sure he could move if he wanted to, but as his eyes pop open in surprise to glare at me I believe I have won this round if only due to sneak tactics. He's trying to stare me down now. Not today. Today I am in charge. Look out, boys! "My rules!" I hiss at Snape, who seems mildly amused by this outburst, but willing to play along for the moment.

And with that thought in mind, I glance over my shoulder at Sirius and Lupin. "Well, are you two just going to stand there and stare all night?" The pair of them glance at each other, then at me. And then I realise they are waiting for my command! Oh dearie me! The night is picking up, two perfectly willing men at my disposal, and one who looks like he's going to tolerate it for a while. Can life get any better?

"Strip!" I demand, and turn my attentions back to Snape.

"Enjoying yourself, Miss Granger?" he sneers up at me.

"You're hardly in a position to start demeaning me, Severus. Who is it that is pinned to the couch by a helpless seventeen year old girl? Really, I thought you had more power and intelligence than this!"

Severus' face has gone white with rage, yet as he tries to sit up I have my wand whipped from my robes and pointed at the very tip of his perfectly large nose. "Quite a position you're in, isn't it?"

Sirius chuckles and receives a death glare from Snape the one reserved for first years and Neville Longbottom followed by a scathing look up and down Sirius' now naked torso. Somehow, while taking in his muscular frame I manage to only sway my wand a little from Snape's nose, but when I realise that Lupin is also completely rid of his clothes, my wand drops to Snape's chest. Gods, I am one lucky wee witch!

It would seem Snape and I are at rather a disadvantage. Curiously Snape appears to be mildly panicked as I flick my wand at him, yet curiouslier seems to be quite relaxed again when he realises I was merely ridding him of his clothes. Can't have those in the way, that would never do. I flick away my own clothes and give Snape a scowl. "Are you going to be a good boy if I put my wand down?"

Poor Snape. Utterly torn between getting what he wants (at least I imagine a damn good shag is what he wants!) and admitting that I have total control over him.

"We shall see, Miss Granger."

Close enough. My wand gets tossed carelessly to the floor, and as my body shifts to do so, I relish in the feel of Snape's bare skin taut beneath mine, his hot, hard cock pressing into my belly and the small, unrestrained buck of his hips. I run my hands over his bare chest and shiver in anticipation. I know exactly what I'm going to do to Snape, and I know he's going to hate it and love it all at once...can't imagine Severus is one for liking his women on top too bad! Just what to do with Remus and Sirius....hmmmmmm.....

"Remus," I say, daring a glance back in his direction. Yes, still utterly delectable. "Sit." I roughly indicate the floor beside the couch, up by Snape's head where I can get a good view of him. He gives me a questioning look, then does as I ask when he realises he is getting no more information right now. His back is to the couch, his forearms resting upon his knees. Perfect. The look of longing he is giving me is even better poor man has been waiting a week for me...he can wait a little longer. I haven't turned into a complete bitch though.... "Sirius, give Remus something to think about." I make a suggestive look first at Sirius' mouth then at Remus.

Sirius moves across to Remus, crouching down before him only to capture his lips roughly. Remus lets out a tiny moan before giving in to his friend, tugging him closer by a fistful of his long, shaggy hair. Sirius head tilts back with force as Remus' mouth attacks his neck, a guttural moan escaping from Sirius. Oh wow.....

"Forgive me, Miss Granger, but I have more pressing issues to deal with elsewhere if observing those two imbeciles is your idea of fun for the night," Snape drawls at me. Ah, yes, Snape. Was ignoring you a little, wasn't I?

"Are you sure about that?" I reply sweetly as I lift myself from his body. His cock jumps up and I purposefully run his shaft along my damp folds with a buck of my hips. "I would hate to be keeping you from your duties, Sir."

Snape's eyes have fallen closed and I see his chest rise sharply as he draws in a deep breath.

"Well, while you think about that..." I say, sliding along him again and pausing as his cock rests at my entrance, "I'll just get on with what I was doing, shall I?"

With that I drop myself down on him in one quick move, his cock filling me to the hilt in such a wonderfully fulfilling manner. Sparks fly within my body, warm shivers run up my spine. My head falls back of its own accord. There is something utterly empowering and overwhelming in having the most hated teacher at school under my control, his eyes squeezed shut in utter determination not to give in to me, yet so close to the brink he barely has that option. Right, I've found some sense of reality again. I open my eyes and stare back down at him, setting my mouth in a firm line, letting him know I'm back for business. And pleasure. Plenty of it. I buck my hips, not lifting myself up at all, just moving him inside me. Snape whimpers. And I mean, WHIMPERS!!! I repeat the move, eliciting yet another moan, this time tipped with a desperate, "Hermione!"

Please!"

I glance over at Remus and Sirius. Remus eyes are closed as Sirius works his way down Lupin's body, nipping at his skin, soothing it with his tongue until he is simply millimeters away from what could only be called Lupin's raging erection. Sirius is giving me a rather cheeky look with his eyes, wrinkled around the edges in almost laughter as he views Snape's predicament and quick loss of control. He nods his head ever so slightly at me before taking Remus into his mouth. I watch on for a moment as Sirius' mouth stretches around that cock, before devouring it whole. Remus sighs contentedly, his hands in Sirius' hair guiding him in a manner that seems to satisfy both of them quite nicely. Gods this is incredible to watch. I am now desperate for my own release. And then I remember Snape's last game with me...pay back time, dear Professor.

I buck my hips once more and Snape moans.

"Don't you dare until I have first!" I growl at him.

"Well get off me then!" Snape snarls back.

"No! My rules and you'll damn well play by them!"

And this time I really do hear a chuckle from Sirius, but it is cut short by Snape's death glare where upon Sirius goes back to occupying that wonderful mouth with better things...much to Lupin's pleasure.

I buck against Snape again, grinding my hips against his.

"I play by nobodies rules but my own!" he hisses back at me.

I lean down, pressing my bare chest against his and growl in his ear, "Really now?"

There is another sharp rise of his chest under me as Snape inhales quickly. Having a few control issues, Professor? Too bad.

"Fuck you!"

"Indeed, Sir," I reply, catching his earlobe with my teeth as I do. Snape grunts and I can feel him moving closer and closer to oblivion. "Or more like 'fuck you'." I punctuate my words by picking up the pace, writhing against him. This position is wonderful, allows for the most delightfully deep penetration and each move grazes my clit against his coarse hair. Merlin, I'm not far off myself now! I tilt my head to the side and have a view straight over Lupin's shoulder to Sirius sliding up and down his cock. Lupin is gasping for breath as he claws at Sirius' hair, the occasional moan of Sirius' name growled from Lupin's throat.

"You insolent little tart!" Snape hisses back, and before I know it he has managed to grasp one of my nipples between his teeth, tugging at it so hard it borders on painful, yet I feel a flood of liquid warmth at my core, and the next thing I know I can feel my orgasm coming...tingling at my toes, spreading warmly up my legs to concentrate at my core. My movements become erratic, yet I manage to force my eyes open as a flood of profanities escape my lips. I really had planned on torturing Snape further. Yet my eyes land upon the site of Lupin reaching his peak, bucking into Sirius' willing mouth as Sirius growls and urges Lupin on. No going back, my orgasm continues and with, "Fuck you Severus Snape! I WILL NOT LET YOU WIN!" I reach behind me and grasp hold of his sack, stroking my fingers across its sensitive skin.

"DAMN YOU!" And Snape pours into me, convulsing under me as I slowly come down, just in time to relish in my achievement as my inner muscles pulse and twitch around his shaft. And so in the end, it would look like the Great Professor Snape can be brought down by a helpless little 17 year old girl. Rather funny, isn't it?

Yet I have a whole night of this to look forward to. I'm hardly going to let them off this easily, after all, tomorrow I head home and will most likely never have the opportunity to do this again. Besides, I really have been neglecting poor Remus...

## MISSION: What's almost as good as chocolate?

*Chapter 7 of 9*

With the school year quickly drawing to a close, there is more fun and more games to be played...

Yes, poor, poor Remus. He has been getting rather the short end of the stick; but then again, it was his choice to bide by school rules. I could torture him a little longer, after all he's made me wait a damn long week for this, and I do have other options...

"Hermione, play nicely," Sirius interrupts my thoughts, giving me an all knowing look.

Bah! Fine.

I eye Remus up wondering what to do with him. What to do...what to do...what to do with a horny werewolf at one's disposal the eternal dilemma!

Sliding off Snape, whose glare at me really does look half-hearted, I slip down to the floor, straddling Remus' lap. "So Remus, what would you like?" I ask sweetly. Moving my mouth to his neck, I nip and lick at his skin before suggesting, "How about we just do it here? I could slide down on to you and ride you into oblivion?". Remus nearly chokes at my words. Bah. Boring, boring Remus. Okay, maybe a few more suggestions might save me from the missionary monotony. "No? Well," I continue as I nip at his ear, "perhaps I should let you bend me over the couch and fuck me 'til I scream?" Remus draws a quick breath as I slide my tongue along his collarbone. "No? Goodness, you are a hard man to please tonight. Perhaps you could pick me up and pin me against that wall? Have me all to yourself for a little while? Or just maybe you'd like for Sirius to join in?"

Remus shoots a glance over my shoulder at Sirius, his eyes raking over the other man's body. "I...I would like for Sirius to join in," he manages to stutter out. Poor, poor man. I guess a week of waiting may have just been a little too long.

"Certainly. And what do you wish to do to me?" I shiver at the thought of Sirius and Remus together...with me. Remus is running his eyes over me obviously contemplating his options, making me squirm with anticipation.

"Bloody hell, dunderheads! Shall I go get myself a pot of tea and the Daily Prophet or will you decide in the next hour?" Snape sneers at them. "Or perhaps, Ms Granger,



you'd prefer to leave silly boys alone and let me escort you back to my quarters?"

"Severus?" I say ever so sweetly.

"It's Professor Snape!" he growls, sitting up on the sofa.

"Not for the past hour! And will you be quiet? Your incessant whining is growing tiresome!" Sirius snorts. Remus chuckles. I smirk at Snape and he glares back at me. What's that, Professor? Don't like your own insults so much now?

"You will pay for that, Miss Granger."

"Oh, I do hope so," I reply with a grin.

"Well, go on then, get on with it, Lupin! It doesn't take that long to plan the missionary position!"

Remus looks thoughtful for a moment, glancing from me to Snape and back again.

"I want Severus to watch, Hermione. I want him to watch what I do to you," Remus requests, picking me up and sliding back onto the couch so he is sitting next to Snape with me in his lap.

"Certainly. There you go, Severus, you won't need the Daily Prophet for entertainment," I tell him smugly. Snape glowers at me and snorts, but I couldn't care less right now given that Remus is kissing my neck, finding all those ever so sensitive places that make shivers run down my spine. I can feel Remus is hard again, pressed against me and quivering every now and again. His hands run down my sides, brushing over the edge of my breasts, down to my hips, my thighs and then back up again. He lifts one breast slowly, dipping his head to greet it. His tongue runs a hot trail over one nipple, which cools quickly in the night air, an odd combination of sensations that work in wonderful ways.

"Please, Remus," I beg quietly, urging him on. He pays the same attention to the other breast while running his fingers over the one he has just left. I moan gently. This is... exactly what I expected from him, yet so much better. He's soft, he's caring, yet he knows what the hell he is doing. His fingers run down my belly, teasing my skin just below my belly button, making me shiver, before sliding into my folds and running gently over my clit. I quiver in satisfaction, needing so badly to be touched.

His other hand runs back up my body, never once breaking contact as it comes to rest tangled in my hair, before drawing me closer and into a slow, steamy kiss. His lips are gentle, his mouth warm, his tongue soft and caressing, and yet there is a deep underlying need urging it all on. It is utterly intoxicating. I wonder if I could bottle this? Would be much better than that cheap plonk I guzzled before skulking down here.

Remus gently lays me down on the sofa and Severus is now down by my feet. I hear him snort in disapproval, but right now I just don't give a damn. Remus lifts himself slightly from me in order to slide his way into my depths and I shiver at the intensity of it. I gasp and Remus breaks our kiss, instead moving to my neck, allowing me to breathe. One hand remains in my hair whilst the other stokes at my breast, teasing my nipple and soothing my skin. Gods, this is so overwhelming. I am now moaning beneath him, unable to stop. I can feel my release building, so close now. Remus is growling a little against my neck, the noise sending welcome vibrations through my skin.

"Let go, Hermione," he whispers to me and I have no choice, I couldn't stop myself now even if I had wanted to. Waves of pleasure take over my body, my fingernails dig into Remus' back and I throw back my head as Remus continues to move in me. I can feel myself clamping down around him, my body trying to pull him over with me, but as I come back down I realise that he has managed to hold on.

"Oh, wow," I say breathlessly, releasing my fingers from his back. He's going to have marks from that tomorrow. Remus picks up the pace a little, and my eyes fall shut as it drags out that last remains of my orgasm, making me quiver inside.

"Hermione, open your eyes," Remus pleads.

I force them back open, and give him a slight questioning look.

"I want you to see what you do to me." Oh, gods. And those words manage to bring on yet another orgasm or perhaps revive the one I've just had. I don't care. I really don't care. Right now Remus is grunting, then lets out a low growl as he joins me, losing his rhythm and pumping into me erratically. His face is amazing to watch as he climaxes, content yet intense. My mind is floating, grasping to hold on to the image of Remus, yet slipping into oblivion, unable to think at all as my climax slows. Remus rolls to the side of me before dropping his head down on the sofa beside mine. As I come back to reality I find him lying there smiling at me as he caresses my face.

"It doesn't need to be dirty to be enjoyable," Remus informs me with a smirk. Yeah, yeah, all right Mister Goody-four-paws. Lesson learnt. Slow missionary sex can be enjoyable. More than. Oh blimey, I'm just going to shut up now before I have to admit being wrong about anything else.

Wait a sec, what happened to Sirius?

I turn my head and give Sirius, who is standing watching us, a questioning look.

"Remus had a point to prove, and quite well executed it was, Moony." I smile. Then a something suspicious starts niggling at my brain.

"That's not the real reason you didn't join in, was it, Sirius?" I demand, giving him a nasty look.

"Well, there is the fact that Severus and Remus have both had you to themselves tonight now..."

Remus chuckles.

I laugh.

Severus announces in an annoyed tone, "I am going to get a paper! Would you like a copy, Miss Granger? We could do the crosswords whilst Black pisses around."

"No fear. Snivellus, I know precisely what I want to do with Hermione."

Oooh, goody! "Pass on the paper, Sev, but some sort of energy potion might be a good idea!"

Okay, I'm not going to beg people, that is below me.... Oh all right, PLEASE REVIEW! I am still a review whore, despite trying my darndest to kick the habit ;)

# MISSION: Who said being a pawn in others games was a bad thing?

## Chapter 8 of 9

With the school year quickly drawing to a close, there is more fun and more games to be played...

Sirius extends his hand to me, helping me to my feet. Something tells me that from that grin on his face I should be a little worried about what he is up to and that this is going to be quite the contrary to Remus' performance.

"Time is ticking, Black. I do not have all night," Snape draws at him

"Sorry, I forgot that when darkness falls it's your feeding time," Sirius shoots back with a smug grin. "Besides, Remus and I are quite happy to and capable of entertaining Hermione on our own, if you'd prefer to leave."

Snape looks from Sirius to me, then back again. "Fifteen minutes, Miss Granger. That should be more than enough time for Black to satisfy himself."

I stifle a laugh. I know that there is no way in all of the Wizarding World that Snape is going to leave before he gets his chance again, nor give Sirius the satisfaction of his departure.

"Fifteen minutes enough time for you, 'Mione?" Sirius bends to whisper in my ear, wrapping his arms around me from behind and pulling me up against his bare body. I can feel that hard chest against my back, his hair tickling delightfully at my neck, and the evidence of his need is resting between my hips.

His hands start sliding over my body as he waits for an answer, one hand tracing up my torso to grasp one nipple in his fingers, teasing it with almost a little too much pressure, yet the slight pain definitely borders on the pleasurable side. His other hand slips down my belly, sending shivers of anticipation through my skin and straight to my core. His fingers splay out as they get closer to their goal, one finding my sensitive nub and grazing over it in a slow yet steady rhythm. My legs melt beneath me, and Sirius manages to prop me up with the arm across my chest without breaking his ministrations for even a moment.

Sirius takes a nip at my shoulder, then my neck, and I am sure that he is leaving his mark there. I let out a long moan, amazed at how many different places this man can entice at once. Already I can feel a warmth growing inside me.

"Is that a yes to fifteen minutes?" Sirius says with a tinge of a chuckle in my ear.

I whimper. That is the best answer I can come up with right now. And yes, yet again the three of them have driven me, Miss Know-It-All Hermione Granger, into speechlessness. Oh, the amount of people I know who would be ever so grateful for that!

"Look at Remus, 'Mione," Sirius instructs, and as I open my eyes I realise that Sirius has positioned me so that he is once again showing me off to his friend, and Snape. The two of them are staring at me transfixed, Snape albeit with an odd looking sneer on his lips. Lupin, however, is smiling.

"You know, Moony," Sirius continues, dipping two of his fingers inside me, "she's still wet from you."

Lupin's eyes fall closed for a moment, as if this is too much for him to comprehend.

Sirius laughs again, a deep rumbling that resonates throughout me.

Snape snorts. "Black, we are all quite aware exactly how much you enjoy pleasuring Lupin, but in case you had not noticed, that is Miss Granger you have there. If you'd prefer to be fucking that freak instead, by all means go ahead and let Miss Granger and I get on with what we came here for. After all, I am sure she would much prefer pleasure to being used as a pawn in your sordid relations with that!" With his last words, Snape jerks his head unceremoniously at Lupin. Lupin is giving Sirius a look of warning, obviously trying to tell him not to take Snape's bait.

"Time to step up the pace a little, 'Mione," Sirius informs me, sounding just a tad menacing, but unable to see his face I cannot read his attentions too clearly. Next thing I know, Sirius has me bent of the arm of the couch, my face basically in Snape's lap. Snape glares at Sirius, then scowling down his large nose at me, gives me a look resembling disgust as he is basically forced to watch Sirius and I.

Sirius takes hold of my hips with his hands, his fingers digging somewhat painfully into my skin, but as I feel him sliding through my folds, teasing at my opening, my thoughts are dragged elsewhere. His heat is searing at me, the anticipation of him being so close yet not in me is driving me mad.

"Sirius! Please!"

"My pleasure," Sirius replies, and without warning his suddenly slams into me, filling me to the hilt and making me gasp. The abrupt intrusion sends sparks through my body, making me quiver once more. Sirius takes up an infuriating pace (or is that infuriated pace? It would seem that Sirius now has a point of his own to prove to Snape, and either way, so long as I win, I couldn't care less). This angle provides for an interesting set of sensations – oh, Hermione, you sound like a bloody test book! Let me rephrase that, this angle makes me want to beg for both more and mercy! With each plunge Sirius takes into me, he pushes me harder against the arm of the sofa, crushing my clit against the rough fabric, the feel of his hips smacking at my backside is thrilling and when I realise my face is inches away from Snape's arousal I cannot help myself from darting out my tongue to taste him. Unfortunately, Snape lets out a growl and Sirius sees what I have just done.

"Time for a little more distraction, then," Sirius decides, though I can hear the humour back in his voice, despite that I have now taken the tip of Snape's cock inside my mouth. Ah, men are strange creatures. I feel Sirius run his thumb slowly down my spine, travelling from between my shoulder blades right down my back, past my hips and come to rest upon my rear entrance, pressing gently yet firmly at the tight muscles. As his thumb pushes its way in and Sirius continues to pound into me I can feel my insides starting to quiver, my vision blur and then I am in the throes of a full blown orgasm, shaking under Sirius. Distantly I hear Snape groan, and then my mouth fills with salty liquid and I realise I'm not the only one that Sirius has caught.

With a satisfied grunt I feel Sirius lose his control and join us.

Lying here with my eyes closed as I recover from our romp, the first thing that stirs me back to now is Sirius laughing on top of me. I turn my head to question him, but he is looking at Snape.

"That within your time limit, Snivellus? Or would you like me to go another round to give you a chance to recover?"

My gods, I am so glad I'm not on the end of that glare! If looks could kill, and I'm not so sure this one won't, then most of Hogwarts should be dead about now. No wonder Voldemort wanted Snape on his side.

## MISSION: Complete

*Chapter 9 of 9*

With the school year quickly drawing to a close, there is more fun and more games to be played...

With more bravery than even I could ever muster, in retort to Snape's insufferable glare, Sirius pipes up, "It is quite understandable, old man, if you can't handle satisfying 'Mione again."

"Just in case you had failed to notice, Black, you did not exactly age gracefully while you were in Azkaban."

"Azkaban is my excuse, and yours is?" Sirius reprises with a smug grin.

Uh oh. Why do I get the distinct feeling that if I don't stop this promptly that I am going to be witness to at least one murder tonight? Could be because Snape is reaching for his wand...might also have something to do with that gleam in Sirius' eye.

"Sirius, Professor..." I began, but Remus has placed a hand on my arm and I realise that Sirius and Professor Snape are more intent on beating each other than listening to what Miss Mediator has to say.

"Well," Sirius continues to egg Snape on, "at least perhaps you could use that stick to give 'Mione some gratification!"

"Remus, you have to do something!" I plead quietly with him as I look on, absolutely certain they are about to destroy each other.

"Indeed," Remus mutters into my hair. His fingers wrap around my waist and pull me closer to him, pressing himself against me. Remus' lips move to my neck, blazing soft trails over my skin and up to my ear.

"Remus! For Merlin's sake!" I complain, trying to push him off me. So very out of character for him to be more concerned with his own satisfaction than with the well being of his friends.

"Trust me, Hermione, if anything will stop them, it is this."

Not so convinced, but lacking any other option (short of hexing the pair of them), I reluctantly give in.

"May I just remind you that you hardly needed even a half of the time I allocated you and Hermi...Miss Granger!" Snape bellows, his wand now pointing dangerously low.

"And? She was more than satisfied, weren't you, 'Mi..." Sirius breaks off as he turns to me, only to find his best friend's arms around me, his lips on my skin and his hips rocking gently against my rear end.

"Bloody hell." Snape, it would appear, is disgusted at himself for allowing his goal to be blurred by Sirius. With one last glare at his opponent, Snape returns his wand to the inside of his robes lying on the sofa. Sirius, on the other hand, continues to glare at Snape, carefully calculating his every move. That is until Snape has cupped my face in his large hands and is kissing me in such a slow, intimate and enticing manner that I no longer give a damn if Sirius is still glaring at him or dancing a jig with Dobby. How is it that Professor Snape can turn what is really quite a sordid sexual romp into something so intimate? Though it is Remus' fingers that are dancing over my skin, teasing at all the sensitive places, Remus' lips that are nipping at my neck, it is Snape's kiss that has me completely inebriated.

"Told you so," Remus chuckles in my ear, as more hands slide across my body when Sirius joins us.

No longer care. Snape's hands remain on my face, whilst another pair (I believe Lupin's) caress my breasts, teasing my nipples into taught peaks. One more hand is stroking at my clit, driving me a little insane with its urgency in comparison to Snape's movements, and finally, the other is holding me in place, the warm palm pressed against my backside.

Damn it! I cannot take this sweet torture enough to drive me into complete wonton, yet nowhere near enough to satisfy. Blimey, I am getting demanding good!

"More," I mutter against Snape's lips. Remus growls against my skin as he catches my words. Snape releases my mouth and moves to question in an undertone, "Where are your manners, Miss Granger?"

Damn him! I don't want to play that damn game any more! I am driven to distraction as I become blazingly aware that Snape is once more perfectly aroused and pressed taut against my belly, and Remus appears to be finding this all quite pleasing too, if the hard shaft digging into my back is anything to go by. Gods, I want them. Fine fine, if that's what I have to do to get what I want, that is just fine. I want him, I want all of them, and if saying please is all it takes...

"More. Please. Sir."

"Much improvement in manners, Miss Granger, but I don't think you are being quite specific enough." Snape is smirking, I can feel his facial movements against my hair. Bastard.

"I want you to fuck me now," I demand, getting very agitated. Then, with a sharp look from said tormentor, I quickly add, "Please, sir."

"Much better, Miss Granger." In response for my good behaviour, Snape slips his hands from my face, down my back and they come to rest in the crease at the top of my

thighs. Easily, he lifts my feet from the floor and I assist him in his endeavour by wrapping my legs securely around his waist. With one more move, Snape raises me a little higher, his hands inevitably tugging the skin surrounding my nether regions as he does, tightening the skin and sending another flush of desire through me. Swatting Sirius' fingers away, Snape lowers me onto himself, slowly sliding inside me and releasing a breath I didn't realise I was holding. Gods, it feels good. Fanfuckingtastic even. Inside me he is searing hot and silky. I can feel his heartbeat quicken within his chest and I am certain mine is doing a damn good imitation of it. Snape grunts, and I realise I have been biting at his shoulder.

Totally distracting me from this wonderful intrusion, Remus slides down my back and, after the quick placement of some later much respected lubricant, he joins Snape within my depths, pressing his way through the tight ring of muscles surrounding my anus. Though by now I should almost be used to this encroachment, I find myself tensing once more, until Snape manages to move his hands enough to free one, and begins to softly stroke my hair while muttering, "Relax, Hermione." However, as soon as Remus has filled me, I no longer feel panicked. I feel so full, so tight, so hot, and ever so thankful that Remus and Severus are almost the same height.

"Ahem." Sirius. Whatever. Am too happy right at the moment to give a flying Hippogriff.

"Hello?" He sounds very, very agitated.

"Black, your services are not required," Snape hisses, his voice somewhat strained.

"They are more than necessary, Snivellus. After all, Hermione surely wants more than your ten seconds worth."

"If I remember correctly, it was you who was in this position not so long ago, Black, and you had to resort to dirty tactics on your friend's behalf to cover up your own inadequacies."

"I wasn't in that precise position," Black retorts.

Snape dismisses him in his usual sarcastic manner. "Right."

With hands now on my hips, Snape lifts me slightly as he presses forward, sliding both himself and Remus within me gods, the friction is wonderful! That is, until Snape suddenly freezes.

"What the bloody hell do you think you are doing, Black?" he snaps over his shoulder.

"Seeing how controlled you are in the same situation, Snape. Then again, if you don't think you can handle it..."

Snape remains silent for a moment. "Very well, if you must. If it will make you feel like that much more of a man..."

"Not my intention at all. I believe it is you who will be whimpering like 'Mione."

The only indication that Sirius has entered Snape is a very restrained grunt on Snape's behalf and him thrusting forward into me ever so slightly.

Resuming his slow pace, Snape thrusts into me again, though his retreat is somewhat more hampered this time. Remus, whose lips are on my shoulder, smiles a broad grin. Yes, Remus, it would appear that you were right the boys can put their differences aside for the sake of fucking me into oblivion though it would be tiring on my part, perhaps that is the answer to world peace? Meh, stuff world peace, I just want to stay like this forever!

Several more strokes and I am whimpering, despite having promised myself I wouldn't after Sirius' previous comment. Snape moans almost inaudibly as my muscles contract slightly around him as my desire increases and my body reacts accordingly.

"See how you handle this, Snivellus," Sirius smirks over Snape's shoulder at me. I have no idea what he is on about until a thumb slips between us and settles upon my clit. Steady strokes light my arousal further. Urged on by Snape's relentless strokes and the slight rhythm that Lupin has taken up, I am so damn close. Snape loses his grip on me a little causing Remus to slip out of his position. Gods, the sudden loss dampens my desire, but before I can dwell on this, Remus is pressed against my rear opening again. "Relax, Hermione," he requests, and I do my best. Then, with no other warning, he enters me again with one hard thrust, sending a delightful mix of pleasure and pain through my body, which quickly settles at my core. Though I was trying to hold off, if only for Snape's sake, I can't do it. My orgasm catches me quite by surprise, fully fledged and I convulse almost violently around the two men. I can feel Snape losing his hold on me once more as I continue to writhe in his hands, and thankfully Lupin moves his own to help support me.

"God damn bloody Merlin," Snape mutters under his breath and I force my eyes open to observe him; he is biting his lip so hard I swear he is going to draw blood soon; his eyes are heavily lidded. Damn, if I could record this, there would be quite a few students who were no longer terrified of their dreaded Potions master, though I would undoubtedly have competition for his attentions. Nope, going to keep this delightful sight all to myself!

"Not so easy, is it, Snape," Sirius comments in a low growl from behind him. "Burying yourself within Hermione's depths is one thing, relishing in the warmth, in the velvety feel of her surrounding you feeling her orgasm rippling through her body and trying to tempt you to join her."

Snape groans and slows his pace in what I assume is an attempt at regaining control.

"But, to have no control over other stimuli," Sirius continues, and this time I feel his thrust into Snape, "is hard to take, isn't it? You don't like that, do you, Severus? All loss of control?"

Snape's groan turns into a whimper.

"She is watching you, Snape. 'Mione is looking at you losing your control and is finding it thoroughly enticing, aren't you?" Sirius' eyes move to mine for a moment.

I lean forward the best I can, quite enjoying Snape's sudden loss of power. In a husky whisper, I let him know, "I want you to give in, Severus. I want you to lose all control and I want it to be my doing."

Snape's eyes fly open, and with a look of desirable terror, he digs his fingers into my thighs and thrusts into me with abandon. Lupin, thankfully, increases his own pace and it isn't long before I can feel myself drawing ever so close to that wonderful edge of oblivion.

"Damn it, Black, help her!" Snape hisses, his teeth gritted in concentration. "I want to feel her writhing around me again!"

"My pleasure," Sirius replies, and his thumb resumes its place on my clit, driving me to insanity.

"Let go, Severus," I whisper again. With a guttural moan, Snape does just that, his movements quite erratic, his body quaking. I follow him, hanging on for dear life as I am once more enveloped by the heady sensation. I hear Lupin grunt once and join us.

Sometime later, I am roused into semi-consciousness by someone saying my name.

"Er, you don't think we've hurt her, do you?" Lupin is saying, sounding somewhat concerned.

"No," Snape replies, and I feel fingers stroking at my hair.

"You're sure?"

"Certain. For Merlins sake, you twits have just spent hours entertaining yourselves with her, is it not surprising that she is simply exhausted?"

There is an agreeable silence.

"Miss Granger?"

"Mm?" I murmur, shifting slightly uncomfortably on the sofa.

"You are well?"

"Indescribably so," I reply with a grin, my eyes still closed. Snape is right. I am more than tired.

"Time to retire, then." Snape magicks my clothes back on, then scoops me from the sofa and, though I am half asleep, I contentedly snuggle into his chest as he carries me through the halls.