

A Conspiracy of Witches

by Amita

Two witches brew revenge.

Extortion Is Subtle

Chapter 1 of 4

Two witches brew revenge.

Chapter 1: Extortion Is Subtle

Severus rounded a corner and caught a professor and a student in a clench.

"Oops, excuse me," he said as he turned on his heels and walked away.

A lovely sight, he thought as he fell asleep that night.

The next morning at breakfast, Minerva sat beside him, knocked back her orange juice, and said, "Well, what's your price?"

"My price?" he asked.

"Trying to play innocent to increase the tension," she said. "A good tactic."

"I'm not playing innocent," he said.

She gave him a sharp look. "Are you telling me that you're going to do the right thing and report it?"

"Don't you think the right thing for me to do is to forget it even though it was a lovely and memorable scene?"

"Ah, ha, you're hinting that you have photographs of other 'lovely and memorable' occasions," she said. "Brilliant negotiating, I admit, even if I am on the receiving end."

Severus rolled his eyes. "Tell me, Minerva, has it ever occurred to you that we should switch houses?"

"More delaying strategy to increase the anxiety and up the price," she said. "Well, I'll just have to play the waiting game of nerves."

They finished their breakfasts in companionable and conspiratorial silence. Severus did notice Hermione Granger giving them worried looks.

Later that day, as the professors were heading for tea in their common room, Minerva intercepted Severus and suggested a walk to the lake since it was such a glorious autumn afternoon. She asked about his beginning Potions class, and he replied that it was a competent lot and the number of incidents was down although he would never tell them that of course. Minerva revealed that her beginning class also seemed competent, and everyone had successfully completed the first month's transfigurations with no stragglers. They agreed the situation was a bit worrisome and decided to bring the matter up with the other instructors. They arrived, feeling refreshed, back at the common room where Minerva served Severus a cup of tea and insisted he try one of her favorite biscuits.

"Didn't you have something we wanted to bring up?" Minerva asked Severus from across the room.

Aware of his audience, Severus stood and held forth.

"Let us consider the force found in nature of symbiosis, which, when applied to our lives, helps us understand that different entities can cultivate progressive cooperation that leads to growth and when implanted in our hearts tends to a reconciliation of opposites similar to the food court of a shopping mall that can offer a veritable cornucopia of stimulating ideas for interaction and when they collide, can lead to something potentially as powerful as the synthesis from our neglected colonies of the peanut-butter-chocolate cup, which, rising to the zenith of culinary and commercial success, inspires us to emulate mycorrhiza, the fungus that cannot produce chlorophyll but grows on roots to exchange nutrients with an old and dying tree."

"You surpassed yourself, old bean," said Filius.

Minerva buried her head in her hands, wondering how much longer he was going to torture her with his oblique references to her crime.

Pomona tugged the Headmaster's sleeve. "Do you think our double-agent is cracking?"

"Perhaps a bit of rest and recreation would not be amiss," said Albus. "He and Minerva seem to be getting on well these days. Perhaps she would be willing to help."

Meanwhile, back in her corner, symbiotic ideas had collided, and Minerva had decided on a course of vengeance. Never one to diddle-daddle, Minerva passed close to Severus as they were leaving and said, "Love your hair."

The next morning, Severus spent some time in front of his mirror, and all through the day, he wrangled with his new dilemma. When he saw a familiar figure in the library after tea, a possible solution occurred to him. He approached a young girl who seemed to be alone. She looked up.

"I have a rather delicate matter to discuss, if I may," he began.

She sighed. "Okay, I'm braced. Get it over with ... sir."

I was wondering if you could recommend a shampoo," he asked.

"What?" she asked. She glared at him. "It's bad enough that I was caught in a transgression. You don't have the right to insult me and my hair because of it. Just deliver your lecture and go ... sir."

"I'm serious," he said. "I approached you because you're a sensible girl who knows how to take care of herself without devoting half her life to it. And because you're the discreet sort not likely to gossip." He paused. "I did ask you a question."

She gave him several suggestions from the non-wizard world and showed him a book on personal grooming using potions. After he left with the book, she sat completely bewildered. She decided she had to talk to Minerva, er, Professor McGonagall. She found the instructor in her office where, after some hesitation, Minerva outlined her planned revenge. Hermione was reluctant at first since she knew that revenge always came with a price, but she recalled those terrible moments of anxiety-followed-by-confusion in the library and agreed that the teasing twit deserved it for his malicious baiting. Smiling at her partner in crime, Minerva waved her wand for security so that the two of them could enjoy a brief embrace and the reassuring snuggle that gets us through the day.

The next morning, after using a shampoo the previous evening and applying a light potion after his shower, he was admiring the bounce and sheen of his hair in the mirror and was discovering that it fell in his face now that it was no longer greasy. He decided to tie it back. Thoughts of rich, flowing hair brought back the image of the lovely student-teacher couple that he had unfortunately interrupted the other day. Well, no harm done. He examined his hair once again and sighed that no one seemed to want to run delicate fingers through it and whisper words of longing in his ear.

Hermione was not able to follow through on the next step until two days later after lunch when she chanced to pass Professor Snape in a nearly deserted hallway. She stopped, smiled, and said, "I've always liked the cut of your cape, sir." She quickly joined a group of girls while trying to keep a straight face.

Severus paused and was ready to reprimand the girl for her impertinence, but before he could form his reply, she had joined a group of females, and he was recalling that Minerva had admired his cape yesterday during tea. On the way to class, he stopped by his rooms where he did a full turn in front of a mirror and decided his current cape was a bit old and frayed. After classes, before going to tea, he checked his armoire and concluded his other two capes were no more presentable. On the way to the instructors' room, he met Minerva who suggested another walk by the lake while the good weather held. He agreed since the walks let them talk privately about how their classes were going. As they left the front gate, he fluffed his cape in an effort to make it hang better. On the way to the lake, he listened to the pitfalls of teaching transfiguration and remarked that Minerva's hair seemed different. "Just a less severe way of tying it back," she replied. On the way back, she asked if potions weren't so inherently dangerous that teaching them might be better postponed until the second year when students were more mature. Once in the common room, she poured tea for him, a small favor he enjoyed.

That weekend, at the haberdashery, the tailor measuring for a new cape remarked that a black ensemble was more striking when there was some contrast. The tailor, accustomed to gentleman with singular opinions, withstood the glare, held his ground, and suggested that Professor Snape could begin with a small show of linen not much more than the collar of a white shirt worn under a black vest. If the good professor wanted to venture out, the tailor could suggest a black tie with the school crest or, for informal occasions, a severe tie with the professor's house colors. "I understand that these things take time, sir," said the tailor when Severus would go no further than purchasing a new robe, a black vest, and two white shirts.

"Around the bend, sir," whispered Pomona the next Monday.

"I have not failed to notice," replied Albus.

That same day, Hermione received a shock when she found a dashing Professor Snape reading quietly in Professor McGonagall's office.

"Where is Where is ...?" began Hermione.

"Your good Head of House is consulting with Professor Sprout about some anomalous growths in Greenhouse Number Three. May I be of assistance, or should I tell Professor McGonagall that you were here?" said Snape.

"It's this one transfiguration spell," said Hermione, showing him the textbook.

"As I recall," he said, "all the girls in my class had trouble with that one."

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said.

"I know it sounds sexist, but that is what I recall," he replied. "Be that as it may, the trick is to look at the initial object and imagine how it will appear when transfigured." He picked up a small pebble. "Now, look at the brown and green of this stone. Picture in your mind a brown beetle with green iridescent wings, six spindly legs, compound eyes, and mandibles about to scoop the next whatever into its gullet."

"Ewwwww," went Hermione.

"Yes, that is how I recall that particular class," he said. "Try to pretend you're a nasty, grubby boy who is fascinated by indecent things like knickers and beetles. That should help."

Hermione raised her wand and scrunched up her face.

"Don't you dare perform that spell with your eyes closed," said Professor Snape.

After several tries that produced things much more gruesome than a beetle, Hermione could count success with a beautiful brown bug with lovely green iridescent wings.

Before Severus could stop her, Hermione flicked her wand at a hefty rock.

"That spell preserves mass," cried Snape as a rather large beetle charged toward him, ready to scoop him up with its mandibles.

Hermione screamed and pointed her wand. The bug exploded.

"I'm sorry, sir" said Hermione as she recited cleaning spells in an effort to save his hair and his new shirt.

What have I done to this handsome, considerate man? she thought. *What am I thinking?* she thought.

Conspiracy Is Us

Chapter 2 of 4

The forces of dark and the forces of light

Chapter 2: Conspiracy Is Us

It's strange what one gets used to, thought Severus as he tied his hair back and made certain his shirt collars were straight before walking to breakfast where he had a few moments of anxiety wondering if Minerva would join him, as she had for the last several days. He sipped his coffee while waiting for her to arrive. He was eager to tell her about the new potion he wanted to try and hoped she would invite him to her office for another practice session of transfiguration spells – a bit of sociability was good for advancing the state of the art. He noticed that Miss Granger kept glancing his way, and at the next glance, he gave her a nod. She quickly looked away, but she had a pleased smile. It was too bad she was so young. He reflected that that didn't seem to bother Minerva, but that wasn't any concern of his even though he occasionally caught the two of them whispering together while stealing looks at him. He wondered what was going through their minds, but he reminded himself, once again, that it was not his business.

He felt a hand on his shoulder. "Good morning, Severus," said Minerva.

"Good morning." He helped himself to toast, bangers, and fried tomatoes. "How do you ever survive on fruit and yogurt?"

"You should try it," she replied.

She kept looking at him. Finally, it registered. "Your hair," he said, around a mouthful of bangers and tomatoes.

"Do you like?" she said, patting it. "I'm trying a ponytail." She paused. "Just like yours. You inspire me."

He choked on his next sip of coffee.

"I was only kidding you," she said. "It occurred to me that for a witch, I'm not middle-aged yet – no grey hairs, no crows-feet. I should act my age."

"And we thought the Dark Lord was our worst threat," muttered Severus.

Two days later, Hermione was writing a Charms essay in the library when she saw Professor Snape walk into the Restricted Section and select a book. Propelled by unknown forces, she closed her books and, telling herself she needed a breath of fresh air, managed to walk close to him as he was locking the door to the Restricted Section. She whispered, "Forbidden literature, sir?"

"Why, yes," he said. He passed his hand over the covers of the two books and showed her the titles, now glowing in gold: *Super Sex Spells* and *Wild Wanton Witches*.

She blushed and dashed out of the library.

When she returned, she found him sitting at the table where she had left her books. She became suspicious, sat across from him, and asked, "Were those the real titles?"

"Would I play a joke on an innocent schoolgirl?" He lowered his voice to a hoarse whisper. "Even one whose intelligence gives her an irresistible aura of attractiveness?"

Hermione thought it through thoroughly: A prudent girl would leave. A sensible person would not linger. She opened her books and picked up her pen. She gave him a shy smile and returned to her essay feeling a warm glow.

At the same time, Albus, all aglow, was approaching Minerva for a warm discussion about their favorite fellow instructor and his obvious need for rest and recreation.

"We have a safe-house in the middle of London," said Minerva. "No one is using it this weekend."

"Excellent," said Albus. "Could I persuade you to accompany him and insist that he both rest and take in some entertainment?"

"Aren't you worried that someone will start gossip over a witch and a wizard spending a weekend together?" asked Minerva.

"Someone would have to be of a suspicious, even malicious, disposition to make such remarks," observed Albus.

"I know this is farfetched, and I hesitate suggesting it, but if a female prefect, who is already in the secret society, were to accompany us, then perhaps suspicions could be allayed."

"You've hit on the very thing, Minerva. No one could object or even raise an eyebrow given such a formidable array of virtue."

"I do have my moments," she said.

"You will be the one to tell Severus, won't you?" asked Albus.

The next morning, Hermione saw Minerva enter, greet Severus, and wait until he had a mouthful of bangers and mash before breaking the news.

That was fun, thought Hermione.

Friday arrived, and at teatime, the three arrived at the creepy old mansion in the middle of London. Severus quickly unpacked and made his way to the kitchen where he prepared tea while the girls arranged everything they had brought in their bedroom.

When they were all in the kitchen, Minerva said, "Hermione and I thought a bit of hide-and-go-seek would be fun. Of course, we'll do an adult version of it."

"Adult?" asked Severus.

"Yes," said Hermione. "We'll pretend that the forces of evil, that's you, have managed to invade this place and the forces of goodness-and-light, that's us, will seek you out and destroy you."

"Nothing like a little role-reversal to liven things up," said Severus.

"When we find you and capture you, we plan to do vile things to your person," said Minerva.

"Vile things?" asked Severus.

"Afterwards, you'll never be able to get us out of your mind," said Hermione, getting caught up in the spirit of the game. "You'll think about us, long for us, and beg us for more."

"Oh, those vile things," said Severus. "Well, it couldn't happen to a nicer pair of witches."

"You won't be so cocky by the time this evening is over," said Hermione.

"Well put, my dear," said Minerva. "His cockiness will be all used up."

"You have to give me a chance," said Severus. "You should go to your bedroom, close your eyes, and count to one hundred."

When they arrived in the bedroom for the countdown, the two girls looked at each other and said, "We need to make this as realistic as possible."

"The enemy is likely to attack when we are the least prepared," said Hermione.

"Then we would be in our nightgowns," said Minerva.

"Do you think it would be the light blue silk ones that we bought for each other, the ones with the little pink bows, or do you think it would be the white cotton ones?" asked Hermione.

"I think our subtle opponents would pick an ordinary night," said Minerva.

"Flannel it is," said Hermione. "What about knickers?"

Minerva sighed. "I suppose if it's an ordinary night, then white cotton."

"One can overdo reality," said Hermione. "Remember, they are going to catch us by surprise. There should be some surprises. Besides, this will be our first chance to wear our new matching pairs."

"Then we'll go with lace, my dear," declared Minerva.

"And your lovely hair should be down, too," said Hermione, picking up the hair brush and unpinning the older girl's bun.

A cleverly hidden Severus with cramping muscles was wondering what in tarnation was keeping the girls.

Revenge Is Sweet

Chapter 3 of 4

Eye of snake.

Chapter 3: Revenge Is Sweet

Dressed in a tasteful combination of flannel and lace and with their hair brushed to glossiness, the two witches were ready to hunt down the intruder. They went barefoot for silence.

Hermione, the constant student, remembered the lesson from the late night horror and science fiction flicks and said, "We need to stay together so the monster doesn't pick us off one by one."

"Right," said the rational part of Minerva while a less rational part imagined herself running her fingers through the now luxurious hair of the monster that had just picked her off. Or maybe, once out of sight of an impressionable youngster, she could turn the tables and 'pick him off' good and proper.

Did I over think this? Hermione asked herself as she pictured herself ambushed by a handsome villain wearing black and white and having unspeakable designs. Even when swept up, a hapless heroine wouldn't notice the residual bug stains unless she knew they were there.

"Where do you think he might be?" whispered Hermione.

"There're lots of bedrooms on this floor," said Minerva.

"You don't think he'd choose the one next to ours, do you?" asked Hermione. "Unless he thinks that we think he's too clever for that in which case he would think it clever to think that we think he's too clever and he would think it would be clever for him to be too clever which means he's clever enough to think that we're too clever to fall for that which implies he's too clever to think that we think he's too clever for us and he thinks he is clever to hide in that room."

"I think you've out-thunk him," whispered Minerva as the two witches cautiously opened the door to the adjoining bedroom.

They saw nothing when they illuminated the room and were about to leave when they heard a rustle in the corner. As they approached the corner, a long shadow dropped from the chandelier. It landed across the shoulders of the two witches, temporarily stunning them. Hermione screamed as she saw a snake wrap itself around Minerva, grab Minerva's wand between its teeth, and yank it out of her hand. Before Hermione could think of a spell, the tail of the snake had wrapped itself around her wand, pulled it away from her, and tossed it out the door.

Hermione started to retrieve her wand, but the snake caught her eyes and held her in its power. The snake's eyes backed her to a chair where she sat, unable to move, only able to watch Minerva struggle against the snake's coils. The snake's eyes danced in front of Hermione until she sat limply in the chair with her will gone. The snake turned to the witch in its coils, and before Minerva could close her eyes or turn away, it performed its mesmerizing dance. With her arms pinned to her side, Minerva slowly backed to the bed and fell onto it with the snake still coiled around her.

The snake turned its attention and hypnotic eyes back to Hermione. When its eyes broke contact with hers, Minerva heaved and thrashed in a mighty effort to free herself. At first, Hermione felt pity for the lady, but as Minerva became flushed and disheveled and her nightgown rode up her legs and her bosom pressed against the cotton, Hermione, to her horror, began feeling aroused. The mix of fear and lust grew as Minerva's efforts began to resemble writhing, and when Minerva, sweating and panting, finally surrendered and was still, the tangle of emotions settled in the void in Hermione's lace knickers. Hermione's face was hot with delectable shame.

Hermione stared unbelievably as the snake, still pinning Minerva's arms to her side, shifted until Minerva was comfortable, and then Hermione stared even more unbelievably as the snake acted as if the flannel covered form of Minerva was alluring. The young girl had never experienced such a mix of attraction and repulsion and could scarcely believe that the snake was cuddling what it found to be an admirable woman. Hermione had thought that only she could appreciate that severe face and find it lovely and that only she could admire that athletic body and find it comely. A flash of fear went through Hermione when the snake lowered its head, but it did so to brush Minerva's hair out of her face. Another flash of fear occurred when the snake moved its lower coils under Minerva's neck, but to Hermione's amazement, it appeared to do so in order to massage the lady's neck. It tended the neck until the tension left the lady's face. The coils moved to the shoulders and massaged them until the remaining tension was gone. Hermione wanted to yell a warning to Minerva to not let the snake lull her into a false sense of security, but the snake's spell had left Hermione voiceless. She could only watch in apprehension as the snake acted like a considerate lover whose lady had had a hard and frustrating day. Hermione found Minerva even lovelier as the tension of the years melted away.

Hermione had another moment of fear when the snake lowered its head to Minerva's throat, but the snake began nuzzling the lady below the left ear and moving down the neck and across the shoulder. It returned to one particular spot, and there was an audible sigh from the lady. It did the same on the right side, and Hermione could see the closed-eye and open-mouth expression of bliss. She could see Minerva's breasts pressing against the nightgown. Familiar feelings stirred inside the young girl as she watched the snake lower its head to those inviting mounds. Even through the night gown, she noticed that they became firmer and the nipples rose as the snake flicked its tongue and fondled them lovingly. The young girl felt a pang of jealousy as Minerva rolled her head in time with the fondling and raised her chest to push her bosom against her admirer. Hermione's nipples pressed against her nightgown. The snake performed a weave across the modest but well-shaped breasts that gradually became a weave across the entire lady who was soon weaving and moaning with her legs slowly spreading. Hermione was shifting in her chair and slowly spreading hers.

Hermione watched the tail of the snake slide under the nightgown and slither upwards. When it reached the junction of Minerva's thighs, the lady gave a start and clamped her legs together. The snake kept weaving and weaving and weaving with the witch weaving with it. Hermione heard the weaving witch moan, "Oh, no. Oh, no," and saw Minerva look demurely at the snake as she raised and parted her knees in invitation. The nightgown fell to her waist, and Hermione admired the well-defined thighs and the full, lace-covered hips.

The snake wrapped its coils between the legs of the witch and began a slow and sensuous pulse. Over and over it pulsed. The snake showed no impatience: it looked at the witch's now soft face and undulating form as if it enjoyed giving the witch pleasure, as if it were willing to continue for as long as the witch liked. Hermione watched the hips of the other woman roll with the pulsing of the snake and watched as, almost imperceptibly, the rolling became more pronounced and the breathing became short pants until the lady in the coils was saying, "Yes. Yes."

Yes. Yes, thought Hermione as she pulled up her own nightgown.

Hermione ached as the tail of the snake moved up Minerva's open thighs and slid under the enticing lace. She would always remember the look on Minerva's face as the tail rippled under the lace and began disappearing. Hermione was breathing heavily as Minerva made low, throaty noises. Hermione's hands were between her legs. Each ripple of the snake sent more of its tail under the lace and into the woman. Hermione watched Minerva spread her legs wider. The snake settled into a slow and steady weave with the woman moving with it. It weaved and weaved while the woman's moves became more and more intense. Hermione's hands moved with its rhythm. The attitude of the snake changed to one of possession with the witches responding to each commanding thrust with soft grunts and a swivel of their hips. Just as Hermione was becoming aware that the snake's tail was producing a wet, slurping noise, Minerva looked at her and smiled. Minerva became very active. Hermione stared as the snake held the straining, thrashing older woman. The tension in Hermione built to the breaking point. Minerva became open-mouthed rigid and then still. The lady in the coils was flushed and her breathing ragged. The snake cuddled the woman whose whole body was an ethereal smile.

The snake hissed approval at Hermione's last, delicious efforts and held warm brown eyes with glittering red ones as the young girl squeezed her thighs together and fell apart for the snake of all snakes.

Author's Note: The original intent was three chapters, but the girls are having so much fun Severus is being such a total stud rat-snake Slytherin that the porn narrative got so hot the author was caught in her own fantasies deserves an extended development.

Sweet is Revenge

Chapter 4 of 4

Paw of lion.

Chapter 4: Sweet is Revenge

On the bed, the snake uncoils itself from Minerva and nestles around her as Minerva caresses her lover whose affection and snuggling are prolonging her sexual high.

Hermione, alone in her chair, has an ache in her center. Why isn't someone cuddling her? And she longs for the power that comes from the end of a cock.

Then the snake is gone, and Hermione senses a presence behind her. She gasps as jaws close around her neck. Teeth pull her to her feet and lead her around the bed. Hermione sees that Minerva is now sitting in the chair. A giant paw between Hermione's shoulder blades pushes her down on the bed with her feet still on the floor. She looks in the mirror: a frightened young girl is face down on the bed with a sleek lion with a black mane behind her.

I've always dreamed about a lion, thinks Minerva as her inner cat stirs.

In answer, the creature fixes its eyes on hers and invokes the ancient rites. Its eyes weave the dance of admiration: her face is in his dreams; her form is beautiful to him; her life is important to him; her spirit will walk with his. Its eyes weave the dance of supplication: let me honor both of you with tender affection; let me pay homage to you by loving your companion; let me worship your loved one for your sake.

Well, since you put it that way, thinks Minerva.

Hermione sees her mirror image become flushed and sweaty as it struggles to free itself from the paw. She struggles even more desperately when she notices that Minerva is watching the lion conquer her. But it's to no avail, and Minerva observes the languorous sadness of surrender and Hermione making no protest as one paw holds her and the other moves under her nightgown. The lion is majestic; his nostrils flare at her intimate scent.

Hermione watches her image as a paw disappears under her nightgown and finds an inner thigh. She watches her image first try to ignore the soft pads as they slowly stroke higher and higher on receptive legs, and then she watches her image as its face turns soft with sensuality and its eyes smolder with arousal. She notices the image make the small shifts that spread the legs wider, hears the lion make a throaty rumble in approval, and sees its paw move from her thighs to her auburn locks.

The mirror shows the lion change from pawing the girl's thighs to stroking her hair in a reassuring manner: she has been captured in a game of war; there is no way she can resist or prevent what is going to happen; it isn't her fault. The mirror reflects the girl's eyes as the final spark of resistance disappears from them. Minerva, the mirror, and the lion watch Hermione reach back and pull her nightgown up to her waist to reveal lace knickers and offer what witches have in them.

The girl pulls her nightgown up to reveal lace knickers filled with round softness, a round softness ready to receive the inevitable. There is a round, soft, rumbling growl from the lion. The image shows the lion returning to pawing legs that are opening wider.

The paw is between spread legs. The girl in the mirror gives a start as she feels claws on her inner thighs. They can shred her, but they are giving the lightest touch, almost tickling. The mirror reflects the lion drinking in the feel of the muscles and the bewitching shape, and the mirror reflects the girl as she tingles and squirms in time with the caressing claws. Slowly. Over and over. The girl and the older woman watch. The claws caress. Slowly. Over and over. The image in the mirror is breathing in short gasps. The mirror and the eyes reflect a growing, aching need. The girl watches herself reach back and push her knickers down. There is nothing between her and the lion.

Hermione puts her legs together to push her knickers down. The lion places one of her hands and then the other in the middle of her back and places his paw on them. She is a captive with her hands held together and her legs held together. The captive has permission to struggle. Minerva watches Hermione strain desperately to free herself. The moves remind her of Hermione writhing for her, and her hands cup her own breasts. The lion lets Hermione fight to free herself; he lets her fight to free herself of misdeeds. What happens will not be her transgression. When she pauses to catch her breath, he places himself where she is no longer guarded by lace. He pauses. The girl looks at the confident male in the mirror and knows she is his to have. Hermione gives Minerva a helpless look and asks forgiveness with her eyes that another is going to have her and it is what she wants.

The lion pauses. She feels him at her entrance. Minerva is watching. No matter that she offers herself, honor demands she resume her efforts. The lion lets her struggle like a good girl. No matter that her efforts cause him to slide into her, she continues the twisting, wiggling struggle that lets the lion mount the good girl. She groans with the effort, but the struggling and groaning become squirming and moaning. Minerva is watching; the lion is sliding in.

The lion slides into the innocent and guilt-free girl whose struggles get him deep inside her, who is struggling to get him deep inside her. She is wet and warm and inviting. He will not scorn her not now, not ever. He nods approval at Minerva who is lovely in her sympathetic lust. She, too, is wet and warm and inviting. He will not scorn her either not now, not ever. He thinks, *Shame on him if he ever neglects them. What joy they offer with their competence, their wit, and their compassion. How lovely they are with their ambition and independence.*

But now, their other side, behind closed doors: the soft, but strained grunts of a girl struggling against her captor intermingled with the soft, but primal grunts of being mounted mixed with the soft sighs of the on-looking lover.

But now, he mounts the ambitious and independent girl. She feels him inside. He confidently waits for her feminine surrender. Minerva thinks he is regal. Minerva observes the lion's countenance when mounting a woman is more expressive than the snake's. *I want to see that look on my account. The next time, I get the lion I deserve.*

Hermione and Minerva look at each other. They know the young girl will soon dance for the beast. She wants the beast to make her dance. Minerva feels a pang. When Hermione's hips begin rolling, the lion releases her hands, and her fingers grip the quilt. When the lion releases Hermione's hands, Minerva's hands move under her own nightgown. Minerva's nightgown is around her waist and her legs are apart. The familiar sight of the shapely legs and well-filled lace cause Hermione to purr. She remembers Minerva's dance as the beast became familiar with her inner kitten.

Directly or in the mirror, the girls witness the dance that acquaints Hermione with her inner kitten. The lion strokes the girl's hair and lets it be known that he is happy with the two women in the room and he will stroke no other kittens. In the midst of lust, he lets them know that he wants them as companions. Both witches see Hermione's surprise as the passionate part of the relationship takes control of her. Neither knew the young girl would perform like that. Neither knew that she would want to. Hermione's eyes seek the other woman's and ask her to be as happy for her as she had been for Minerva when she had been in the coils of passion. Hermione is in the coils of passion.

The lion rides the girl with his loins and drives the woman with his eyes. He has them both.

Minerva feels the same coil of passion as her young lover.

I tell you with certainty

As you do it for the least

You do it for me.

Minerva's face contorts; she smiles at the lion; she presses her legs together. The two on the bed are happy for her.

Hermione wants the enchanted time to last forever, but lust has its cycle, and her mind shuts down all thoughts and feelings not connected to coupling, not coupled to connecting. Only the lion and Minerva see her writhe, hear her cry out, and watch her fingers clutch the quilt. Hermione knows only desperate need followed by ecstasy. Minerva knows the young girl is drenching and clenching the beast as she did when it took her.

Hermione floats back to earth; she waits for the final act that will complete both her and the mating. Her body jerks with the final, sloppily wet coupling. The lion and girl are still. They celebrate his gushing and her reception that seals the bond.

Minerva watches the girl rock with the liquid slapping. Their eyes meet with that sublime mix of bliss and melancholy.

"Oh," goes Hermione.

"Rowr," goes the lion.

End