

The Golden Ring

by Pervelicious

Severus Snape finds that all is not as it seems in the Forest of Dean.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The young man followed the doe as she led him deeper into the forest, unaware of the dark man silently observing his progress. The forest was dark and quiet and full of shadows to hide in, and the dark man's skills at remaining undetected were unparalleled. He watched as the young man followed the doe to the edge of the pool.

"Come on, you dunderhead." He willed the lad to see the sword. There he spied it. He watched as the lad circled the pool, clearly trying to determine how to proceed. Finally, he saw the lad begin to strip off his clothes. The sight of the young man's pale body gleaming in the moonlight stirred long dormant feelings in him, but he pushed those aside to focus on the boy's task. "I hope the fool has the sense to cast a warming charm," he muttered to himself as he watched the young man crack the ice and jump into the pool.

And waited for him to come up to the surface again.

And still waited. Now he was beginning to worry. He did not want to intervene, but he did have a plan if he needed to . . .

Just then, he watched as a taller, red-headed fellow thundered through the forest like a herd of hippogriffs and jumped, fully clothed, into the pool. The redhead hauled the other lad out of the icy cold water, dumping him on the dry earth.

"Are you fucking *mental*?" his screech carried through the stillness of the night.

Undoubtedly, thought the dark man as he watched the scene unfold. Potter ah, yes, that was his name still stood there, shivering, in his underpants. Weasley was drenched as well, his wet clothes clinging to his firm, young form. From his secluded position, Snape saw Weasley staring at his friend, gaze traveling the length of his body and then up to his face again. *Hmm, what have we here?* Snape wondered. Could it be the Weasley boy was interested in engaging in a bit of wand polishing with Potter? At the thought, Snape felt his cock twitch. Without conscious thought, his hand traced down the front of his trousers, rubbing himself through the fabric.

"Hmm. Is it even wrong if they want to do it anyway?" he asked himself. "After all, I'm entitled to a bit of fun, every now and then," he mused and made his decision. *Imperio!* he cast the spell silently.

Potter, in the process of bending over to pick up his clothes, stopped for a moment as if he'd forgotten what he was doing, and Snape remembered that he had some prior

experience with fighting off this particular curse. "Fuckety fuck fuck!" he muttered, but realized he had worried too soon *of course he could not throw off my Imperius!* as he watched the lad turn and instead drop to his knees, open Weasley's trousers, and pull them down off his hips.

Snape licked his lips with anticipation as he watched Potter reach in and pull out Weasley's cock. And yes, he had been right the boy was erect already, probably since he'd been ogling his friend earlier. He found himself wondering if this was the first time they had done this. But the awkward eagerness of the Potter boy, coupled with the unbearable excitement of Weasley, suggested it was. Potter looked like a ravenous beast as he grabbed Weasley's bits and began slurping at them. Weasley resembled nothing so much as a Labrador retriever who knows it's getting food, treats, a walk, *and* a squeaky toy. And yet, somehow, their obvious lack of finesse made the scene all the more compelling to him.

Snape cast a quick Silencing charm as he freed his own now straining erection from the too tight confinement of his trousers. He watched as Potter sucked eagerly until Weasley lost his footing and tumbled onto the frozen ground. Weasley grabbed Potter by the hips and pulled him around so they were now in a sixty-nine position, and they both went at each other like they were starving. Snape began slowly sliding his hand up and down his hard cock. It had been a long time since he'd had a good wank, and he wanted to take his time and really enjoy it.

One of the lads he thought it was Potter was really going at it now, and the other lad had stopped sucking and was moaning and thrusting. As he watched Potter swallowing his friend's ejaculate, Snape had to stop his motions and draw in long, deep breaths to calm himself down, as he had no intention of coming so soon. Especially since Potter hadn't come yet, and Snape knew exactly what he wanted to happen next. He gave Potter a little nudge, and sure enough, Potter pushed Weasley onto his stomach and began toying with his arse.

"What're you doing?" the redhead asked.

"Never you mind," said Potter, lowering his head and proceeding to lick the other boy's arsehole.

Did I tell him to do that? Snape wondered.

Weasley began writhing, and Potter slid up his body. Snape felt his heart pounding so hard in his chest he thought he might have a heart attack and watched as Potter prodded the other lad's arse with his cock.

"Wait!" Weasley sounded a little panicky. "What're you . . . ?"

"Shhhh," Potter soothed as he slowly, surely, pressed his entrance.

"Oh!" Weasley cried. And then, "oooooh," he moaned as Potter began, ever so gently, to move inside of him.

Snape grasped himself with renewed vigor, his own hips thrusting in time to Potter's movements. He saw Potter bend towards Weasley and say something probably whispering some sweet nothing in his ear just before the lad threw back his head and moaned out his orgasm to the forest.

Snape was just about to follow suit, when suddenly, his hands were clutching the wood of the forest instead of the wood between his legs. Fuck all! That red-haired prick had bound him to the tree! He didn't know what was worse that he was bound there, trousers down around his ankles, rock hard cock jutting out in front of him or that he'd been robbed of what had promised to be one hell of an orgasm.

"Goddamnmotherfuckingsoddingimbecilical " the rest of his words were lost as one of the little pricks cast a *Silencio* on him.

As they approached, he heard Potter gasp in disbelief. "Is that no, it can't be!"

"Snape!" Weasley shouted. "Snape Imperio'd me to you to us to . . ."

"Fucking Snape! Watching us shag and having a bloody wank!" Potter sounded outraged, but he seemed to be staring at Snape's still exposed cock, and was it his imagination, or was there a bulge starting to form at the front of the lad's trousers?

"What shall we do with him?" Weasley asked.

Snape glanced at him and saw him twirling his wand. He didn't recall the boy's wand looking like that *Wait a second, is that that's my wand! How did that bloody little wanker fucking get my wand?!*

Potter tore his gaze from Snape's cock, which was still hard as a rock from his interrupted orgasm, and stared into his eyes for a moment before he seemed to come to a decision. "We'll take him back with us."

Weasley started to protest, but Potter interrupted, "We can't leave him here he'll freeze. And we can't let him go we don't know what he's up to. Apart from the obvious," he gestured to Snape's cock, "the perv."

Snape sensed a motion to his right and turned his head to see Weasley brandishing a wand directly in his face. The next thing he knew, he was waking up on the floor of a tent to the sounds of a loud argument raging. A loud argument that appeared to be about him.

Of course, the two little pricks were now joined by the third member of their little gang, the insufferable know-it-all. It was her shrill voice that accosted his ears now.

"But why did you bring him back here with you?" she demanded.

"I told you, Hermione, the bloody wanker "

"Yes, Harry," she interrupted, "I understand that. But what did you hope to accomplish by bringing him here?"

Snape turned his head towards the voices and was met by the most amazing sight he'd ever seen. The prepubescent know-it-all he had seen in his mind's eye, it seemed, had morphed into a gorgeous young woman while he was otherwise occupied. She wore an abbreviated nightdress, pale pink, that showed off her cleavage, clung to her hips, and fluttered about her bare thighs in a provocative manner. Her hair, tousled from sleep, looked wildly inviting, and her face flushed attractively as she stood toe to toe with the boys.

Weasley, rubbing his arms, glanced over and saw Snape staring at the girl.

"Hermione, aren't you cold?" he asked.

She rolled her eyes. "Duh, Ronald, my nightdress has warming charms."

"Well, if you're not cold, then those nipples must mean you're happy to see someone," Potter said, then blushed to the roots of his hair.

Granger cast a furtive glance at . . . Snape.

"Him?!" Weasley shouted. "You mean your nipples are all . . ." he seemed to be struggling for words, ". . . pebbly because of him?!"

"Ron, calm down." Potter laid a hand on his arm, but Weasley shook it off.

"You're just saying that because you want him, too." Weasley sounded peeved.

"What?" Potter screeched.

"I saw you peeking at him, too, just like Hermione. And look at you!" He gestured towards the bulge in Potter's trousers. "I can't believe you're hard again already!"

Granger placed her hands on her hips and glared at the boys, her breasts jiggling enticingly, loosely bound by the fiery red satin camisole she wore. *Wait, I thought it was a pink nightdress?* Snape's thoughts were interrupted by the girl's equally fiery accusation.

"Harry, are you telling me that you ran out of here in the middle of the night to chase a Patronus that you've never seen before, dove into icy cold water, got saved by Ronald, and then you had sex with each other?"

Weasley hesitantly clarified, "Well, to be, erm, precise, we sucked each other and then he fucked me. I, erm, haven't fucked anyone yet." Weasley glanced shyly at Potter.

Her jaw dropped as she shrilly shrieked, "Boys!"

The boys appeared to brace themselves for if this voluptuous incarnation of Granger had anything in common with the buck-toothed, swotty, twelve-year-old from Snape's memory a high-pitched lecture on the impropriety of fucking one another in front of an enemy during wartime in the middle of a freezing forest. Their fears were unfounded.

"That's . . . rather hot, actually."

Snape gulped. This version of Hermione Granger was so much more enticing than he had ever dreamed possible. His eyes flickered to her ankle. He'd never imagined an ankle as delectable, but he wanted nothing more than to nibble it. His gaze traveled up to her knees; he wondered briefly what noise she would make if he licked and suckled the backs of them. Perhaps a giggle no, a moan. And how would she react when his hands pushed up the hemline on her purple *purple?* negligee and his tongue dipped in between her thighs? Snape frowned. The continuing kaleidoscope of colors and styles of Granger's nightwear was becoming exceedingly vexing. What the hell had Weasley cast at him?

Granger smirked and continued coyly, "So, Harry. Let me just summarize the situation as I currently see it, and we'll see if we can't determine what's to be done next. First, Professor Snape was pleasuring himself at the sight of you and Ron."

Weasley and Potter nodded dumbly and stared at Granger's tits. They were quite an eyeful.

"You and Ron brought each other to climax, finally ending years of dancing around your attraction to one another."

The two adolescents abandoned their shyness and rightfully so, given that they'd had their mouths around each other's cocks and looked first at each other's pricks and then suffering Salazar! at his.

Granger continued, "Then you disarmed Professor Snape and brought him to our warded, shielded, private tent where he still has an erection, the fronts of your trousers indicate that you're still quite eager, and the three of you are about to give yourselves neck strain from furtively glancing from my breasts to each other's penises. I think it's very clear what you intend to happen next, Harry. You're just too shy to say it."

"What's that, Hermione?" Weasley asked.

"Ron, Harry wants the four of us to have intercourse," Granger stated matter-of-factly.

Potter stammered nervously. "Hermione, Snape is bound on the floor. We can't force ourselves on him. That'd be rape!"

Granger's eyes focused intently on Snape's throbbing cock. "Harry, it doesn't exactly look like we would need to force the professor to participate. Would we, Professor?"

How the fuck am I going to play this off? Of course I bloody well want to participate! But if I'm too eager, I'll lose complete control of the situation! Snape glanced at his wand, still in Weasley's fumbling fingers, and at his bonds. Perhaps it was too late to feign control of the situation. He looked up to find the three of them staring, for once, at his face. He gave the slightest of nods and felt his bonds loosen.

"Not so fast, Ron." She turned to cast a series of complex wards on the tent, his wand, his person. "There, Professor. The tent is warded so that you, specifically, cannot leave until we've given our consent. Your wand is warded so only the three of us can touch it. And you are charmed to respond to our direct commands. No, it's not something as crude as an *Imperio*. I prefer something a bit more sophisticated and less dubious. You'll have the option of resisting our commands should you find something truly objectionable, but you won't be able so much as to scratch your nose without one of us suggesting it. Autonomic responses such as breathing, blinking, and ejaculating will be entirely managed by your own body. Now, will you rein in that vituperative tongue of yours? I'm sure we can put it to much better uses, and I think the boys will agree with me that we'd prefer to hear your response to our intentions rather than keep you silenced."

Snape nodded dumbly and felt the *Silencio* charm dissipate. Only a swotty girl like Granger could turn a clinical term like 'ejaculating' into something that, impossibly, aroused him further.

He cleared his throat and tentatively asked, "You're being rather munificent given the general situation of the world outside this tent, Granger. Or have you forgotten the major events of the past year?" Snape willed his erection not to wilt at the thought of, well, other things.

"Honestly, Professor Snape. We are not the idiots you may think we are. We've had a considerable amount of time to reflect and put two and two together. Now could we please move on to more pleasurable pastimes?"

Again, Snape gave the briefest of nods.

"Excellent! Now, Professor, why don't you get on your knees? Harry, drop your trousers and pants and position yourself by his mouth. Ron, you were bemoaning that you'd not had an opportunity to be the, er, more active partner? You get behind Professor Snape."

The three of them stared at her, transfixed by the blush that seemingly covered her from head to toe. Potter swallowed loudly and asked, "Um, Hermione, where are you going to be?"

"Why, I'll be on the bed watching, of course! What? Get moving!"

Still staring at her in shock, Snape hoisted himself to his knees. Potter had wasted no time and was now standing in front of him, opening his trousers.

"No, Harry, let him do it," Granger ordered from her position on the bed.

Snape glared at her.

"Oh, come off it, Professor. We both know that your cock got even harder the second he started undoing his buttons. Now, go on. Open his pants and take it out."

"Still as bossy as ever, I see," he muttered, but he decided to go ahead and do her bidding. He didn't really have much choice, and well, he would certainly never admit as much he was rather looking forward to getting a closer view of the cock in question.

Potter dropped his hands and waited. Snape finished unbuttoning Potter's trousers, then jerked them, together with his underpants, off Potter's hips all in one go.

"Godric's Girdle!" Potter yelled, startled by the vehemence of the action.

Snape slid one hand between Potter's legs, hefting his bollocks, while with the other he grabbed hold of the boy's erection.

"Use your mouth," Granger ordered.

"I was planning to if you'd give me a moment," Snape snarled. He leaned in and ran his tongue over the tip of Potter's cock. *Hmm, perhaps not such a prick after all.* As he took the head into his mouth, Potter's fingers twined in his hair, not tightly, just holding him lightly. It was a surprisingly pleasant sensation.

"Ron, what are you doing?" Snape heard the bossy, bossy girl demand.

"What? You told me to get behind him!"

"Well, you're not supposed to just stand there!" Snape wondered if it was possible to hear an eyeroll. "Take off your trousers! Then take off his trousers!"

Weasley scurried to comply, pulling off his own trousers and then grabbing and pulling at Snape's.

It was a little distracting, being undressed by an incompetent nincompoop while he was supposed to be pleasuring Potter. He shimmied his hips to help the lad.

And then, a moment later, questioned the wisdom of hurrying the process along, as he felt Weasley poking at his arse with something much larger than a finger. "Hey!" he tried to shout around Potter's cock.

At the interruption, Potter glanced at Weasley. "Not like that," he said, sounding breathless. "Use your finger. You have to get him ready, first." Then he tightened his hands in Snape's hair and moved his hips a little. "Now where were we? Oh, yeah, Snape's giving me a blow job," he sighed.

Snape's cock rather liked the boy's declaration, pulsing and twitching with every heartbeat. He returned to his work, sliding his mouth up and down Potter's shaft. *Giving the Boy Wonder a blow job. Fucking little ponce. Who's in control now!* he mentally sneered.

"You want me to stick my finger up his bum?" Weasley did not sound happy about it.

Oh, right. That.

"Ron, you have to get him, you know, stretched out," Potter stammered, staring at the ceiling of the tent.

"Why? Nasty git doesn't deserve it."

The little prat poked at his backside with what must have been his prick. *Again, perhaps not so little,* he thought and shivered. *Hmm. Finger.* He brought his hand to Potter's mouth and inserted a finger. Potter swirled his tongue around it, then sucked on it eagerly, mimicking Snape's actions. Then Snape removed his finger, and started rubbing Potter's arsehole.

Potter whimpered. Snape started to ease past the tight ring of resistance. "Fine," Potter panted. "See how you like it when he's . . ." Snape wriggled his fingertip a little to loosen things up a bit, "so . . . fucking . . . tight," Potter squirmed, "it fucking feels . . ." Snape eased in up to the first knuckle, ". . . like your fucking dick . . ." Snape forced it in a bit further, "'s going to . . . fucking snap off!" Potter wailed out the last words as Snape thrust his long finger all the way in.

At the threat to his Snape mentally sneered manhood, Weasley seemed to reconsider. The redhead reached into the night table that sat between the two beds and pulled out an enormous container of Merlin Magillicutty's Magical Mud lube. Snape was unaware that Magillicutty even sold five-gallon containers. Though, with two teenage boys, it reasoned that they used a fair amount, especially as they were, after all, spending countless hours in a tent in the middle of nowhere.

"Hey, Harry!" Weasley called excitedly. "I'm about to use a potion in the Potions master's arsehole!" Weasley guffawed at his own joke.

Snape flinched and very nearly bit down on something he shouldn't as he felt Weasley abruptly shove a finger into his arse. Weasley wiggled his finger around and called to Potter, "Hey, Harry! I'm stirring the cauldron now!"

"No offense, Ron," Potter breathed, "but your commentary is detracting a bit from my blow job. If you've got to talk, could you talk about something else?" He closed his eyes, head thrown back, breath coming in little panting gasps.

For two blessed moments, Snape thought Weasley might settle for divine silence. Hell, the redhead had slipped in a second finger and seemed to have shed some of the inept fumbling from his initial attempt. Snape tried to will himself not to enjoy Weasley's efforts. Nevertheless, he found himself rocking back against Weasley's fingers. He shuddered it figured that the obstinate little prick would make this humiliating experience pleasurable.

Snape averted his attention to the dark thatch of hair surrounding the base of the cock buried in his mouth. Alas, this end of things was no more comforting to his beleaguered mind. Potter's cock was exquisite. He went back to the task at hand with renewed vigor, now synchronizing his sucking movements with the rocking of his arse against Weasley's fingers. He was here, so he might as well enjoy it.

He heard a whimper coming from the direction where the Granger girl was and glanced towards her. She was staring at him. *him* lips parted, eyes glazed. She had pulled her tits out over the top of her black velvet *what the fuck?* nightdress and was squeezing and pinching one nipple while her other hand Oh, sweet Merlin, her thighs were splayed wantonly played between her legs, rubbing, circling, dipping inside. He hadn't thought his cock could get any harder, but it seemed he was wrong. He started sucking harder and grinding against Weasley, all the while imagining his hard cock inside Granger's sweet pussy.

"Oh!" he heard her cry, her movements becoming frantic. He glanced to see she was still staring at him. "Oh, gods!" Her hips were coming off the bed now. "Severus!" she moaned loudly as she came.

"Severus! What the fuck?!" Ron cursed, his hand harshly gripping Snape's thigh while his fingers stilled. "What, it's not enough that you've got pebbly nipples over him? Now you've gone and come over him?"

Snape begged to differ. She hadn't been standing anywhere near him when she came. That he'd have remembered.

Granger, relishing the afterglow of her orgasm, mumbled something that sounded like "Bugger off."

Weasley snorted in anger. "I know, Professor. How about we play a little game? Since you love that bloody speech you terrify the firsties with every year yes, me and my giant family do occasionally trade stories about Hogwarts I'm going to make you repeat my version of that speech. And if you fuck it up, I'm going to spank your arse."

Granger protested weakly to which Weasley retorted, "What? You're just mad that you didn't think of this when you made Harry and I study for O.W.L.s. Now, Professor, repeat after me. 'You are here to learn the stupid science and annoyingly nit-picky pain in the arse of potion-making,'" Ron gleefully announced.

Snape removed his mouth from Potter's cock and stroked the shaft firmly with his hand, gritting his teeth and grinding out the first line, "You are here to learn the stupid science and annoyingly nit-picky pain in the arse of potion-making."

Snape scowled as Weasley's cretinous laughter filled the room. Snape sucked the head of Potter's cock back into his mouth as Weasley continued, "Since there's no

foolish wand waving in my class, feel free to stick your wand up my arse should you find me in the forest."

"Since there's no foolish wand waving in my class, feel free to stick your wand up my aaaaaaaugh," he screamed as Weasley took that moment to shove his cock roughly into his arse. He yelled again as Weasley delivered an echoing slap against his right buttock.

"Ron! That was hardly his fault!" Granger reprimanded.

"Hermione, I told him what would happen if he screwed up. Besides, I don't think he minded."

Snape was panting loudly, beads of sweat clinging to his brow.

"Shall we continue, Snape?"

Snape groaned, "Yeeeeesss."

"Brilliant! Now give me the line again," Weasley demanded as he withdrew at an agonizingly slow pace which had Snape clawing at the floor below him.

"Since there's no foolish wand waving in my class, feel free to stick your wand up my ah-arse should you find me in the forest." Weasley repeated the stroke and spank gag from the first time Snape had delivered the line. Snape gave up on sucking Potter until the absurd speech was completed. He settled for licking Potter's cock from base to tip while Weasley grunted out the next line. Potter seemed not to mind.

"You will understand the beauty of the hard wood of Ronald Weasley's cock, the shimmering semen of Harry Potter, and the bewitching scent of Hermione Granger's arousal."

Snape bit back a whimper as Weasley's pace increased. Then the Ginger Menace succeeded in hitting his prostate, and Snape surrendered any remaining semblance of dignity. He threw his head back with a moan before he delivered the line, Weasley punctuating each of the Fucking Golden Trio's names with another assault upon his prostate and slap against his arse.

Snape was thrusting back expectantly with each stroke by the time he delivered his last line, "I can teach you how to take it in the arse, suck the Boy Who Lived's cock, and make Hermione Granger shove three fingers inside herself, assuming you're man enough to take Ronald Weasley's thick, fat cock."

Dear gods, that last line hardly even made sense. This entire charade was utterly ridiculous. Though he might be protesting more if his arse wasn't aflame and he didn't feel as though he was about to come so hard he might propel himself across the room.

"Oh, fuck! Snape, you're getting really tight. Shit, I bet he's about to come. Can't have that." Weasley pulled out abruptly. Three heads pivoted to look at Snape as he whimpered at the loss.

"Ron, it's rather cruel to leave him like that."

"But, Hermione," Weasley whined, "He's old! What? He'll probably pass out the first time he comes. Then how will we get our fun?"

"Honestly, Ronald," Granger huffed before reaching into her beaded bag and retrieving a golden cock ring *Gold, of course. Bloody fucking Golden Trio.*

"Bloody hell, Hermione. You've got a cock ring in your bag!"

"Yes, Ronald."

"Why the fuck do you know about cock rings?"

"Ronald, contrary to what you may think, I am not a dried-up, old virgin who doesn't know her cunt from her arsehole," Granger shouted as she cupped Snape's balls and gently toyed with him before slipping the golden ring onto him. Gods, that delicate little hand of hers had him bucking his hips, even as she prevented his release.

"Hermione!"

"What, Ronald?!" Granger shouted.

"You just said 'cunt'!"

"I fucking know, Ronald!" Granger ground out through clenched teeth.

"Harry!"

"What?" Potter asked lazily, clearly enjoying the attention that Snape continued to lavish upon the head of his cock.

"Hermione just said cunt and fuck!" Weasley squealed.

"Brilliant idea!" Potter responded.

Granger looked confused. Potter didn't seem inclined to extract himself from Snape's mouth. She tilted her head to the side, trying to suss out the logistics of the situation.

"Oi, not that Hermione. I know you're saving yourself. Get up here." The boy lay down, pulling Snape's mouth with him, and gestured for Granger to sit on his face.

Snape smirked well, as much as he could smirk with Potter's cock in his mouth as he watched the anger flash across her eyes. Ah, so the Gryffindor Princess had popped her cherry somewhere along the way. He watched her glare at Potter and then Weasley. And it would seem the less erudite members of the Trio hadn't noticed their friend's deflowered status. He chuckled around Potter's cock as Granger stripped off her amazing morphing negligee, pranced over to Potter's face, and nearly smothered him as she sat down.

"Blarg!" An inarticulate yell emerged from Potter's cunt-muffled face.

The distraction of the Trio's squabble having ended, Snape returned his efforts to Potter's cock. Having spent a sufficient amount of time on the head, he licked the underside of the shaft before taking as much as he could into his mouth. Meanwhile, Weasley was working his cock back into Snape's arse, whining at the sensation. Snape repressed the urge to clench his arse around the redhead's prick.

Potter moaned into Granger's muff and wriggled his hips. Snape started sucking harder, moving his head up and down the shaft, his hand holding the base firmly and supplementing the movements of his mouth.

As he worked at pleasuring Potter, he became aware of Potter's efforts to pleasure the Granger girl. He could hardly help noticing Hermione Granger was the most vocal recipient of cunnilingus he'd ever encountered. And by vocal, he meant actual words, not breathy moans of encouragement. *Everything Potter tries earns criticism rather than praise, a situation he's likely familiar with from my classroom,* Snape chuckled to himself.

"Harry, that is *not* my clitoris." Snape had not known it was possible for a girl to sound so peevish during that particular act.

"Harry, stick two fingers inside me."

Then, a short time later, "Yes, Harry right there! Wait! Why'd you move?"

And finally, "Harry, if you're going to go to all the trouble of sticking your tongue inside me, try to do more than wiggle it like a dying fish."

Eventually, Granger's constant direction proved more than just distracting; Snape felt Potter's erection slowly flagging, despite the attention he was giving it. He raised his head and suggested, "Mr. Potter, perhaps Granger's mouth would be better utilized by servicing your cock while I attempt to fulfill her needs."

Both seemed quite eager at the suggestion and switched positions in record time. Granger lay down in front of him, positioning her glistening cunt directly under his mouth. She used her elbows to raise her upper body, and Potter knelt beside her. Snape found his cock aching even harder as he observed the speed, and apparent skill, with which Granger swallowed Potter's cock.

"Gods, Hermione! Where the hell did you learn to do that?" Potter moaned.

The sight was not lost on Weasley, either. "Fuck, that's hot, Harry. Is it good? Is our Hermione a good little cocksucker?" Weasley's hips began pistoning faster, pounding his cock into Snape's arse.

The pleasure at his rear entrance was distracting, especially since Weasley's clumsy efforts in this new position seemed to hit his prostrate once every four or five strokes, but Snape forced himself to focus on the task in front of him to avoid Granger's nagging censure. His tongue flickered out to trace a circular path around her clit, letting her know he was well aware of its location but would be controlling this end of things, thank you very much. He licked and nibbled her labia, then retraced his previous path, still denying her what she wanted most. She tried to move her hips so that he hit the spot that was aching for his touch. He chuckled and grabbed her hips and held them still. Finally, in his own time, he flicked his tongue over her clit. She flailed under the delicious sensation. Merlin, he'd never had a woman be so responsive to his technique. He began to lap at her clit with the broad side of his tongue. Seeing her thrash and moan with Potter's cock down her throat was quite the treat.

Apparently, it was quite the treat for Potter as well. Snape heard him groaning and looked up in time to see him coming in the girl's mouth. And yes, she swallowed every drop.

In addition, it must have been quite the treat for Weasley. "Fuck, that's hot!" he cried, grabbing Snape's hips and hanging on tightly as he rode out his orgasm. Snape could feel him pulsating as he came inside him.

Through it all, he did not flag in his efforts to pleasure the girl. Granger had been close to coming before she delivered Potter his orgasm. He suspected the bright little witch had sucked off the Boy Wonder so quickly because she wanted to focus on her own pleasure.

Finally, Potter and Weasley removed their spent cocks from their respective partners and adjourned to watch Snape and Granger from the bed.

Now that it was just the two of them, Snape redoubled his efforts. The girl was practically purring with pleasure, and Snape found himself really looking forward to finally reaping the reward of seeing her come. He spread her lips for better access and began to alternate gently sucking her clit with occasional broad swipes that covered more territory, and her hips began undulating. When he slipped two of his long fingers into her sopping wet pussy, she cried out and clenched around him.

He heard a low moan escape from his own throat. Fuck, the girl was so hot. He would give anything to be able to look into her face as he drove his cock into her, but he knew that was impossible. But it was possible to slip in a third finger to join the others, and to fuck her with his fingers the way he wished he could with his cock.

"Oh, gods!" she cried, grabbing his head and pressing his face into her as she bucked wildly against him.

He could barely breathe, but he found he didn't care. There were worse ways to go. He should know. He grabbed hold of her bum with the hand that wasn't inside of her and ground his face right back into her.

"Severus," he heard her cry for the second time in the throes of her orgasm. He thought he'd never heard a sweeter sound.

"Fuck, I've never seen a girl come like *that*," Ron muttered, his hand reaching down to stroke himself.

Snape buried his smirk in Granger's pussy, slowing his movements as she rode out the last of her orgasm.

"Oh, gods, you're quite good at that, Professor Snape." She rewarded his efforts by unclamping her thighs from his head.

Snape hoped perhaps now that the entire Golden Trio had orgasmed they would relieve him of his cock ring and, at the very least, allow him to use his hand to bring himself off. But no, while he'd hoped Potter and Weasley would drop off to sleep in one another's arms, the blasted boys seemed to be touching and stroking one another back to arousal. Fuck. Would the gods show no mercy? Hadn't he lived through enough torture in his day?

Snape was shocked when Granger, Hermione, his mind corrected, shuffled around and positioned them for sixty-nine.

"I'm not quite through with you yet," she said with a little smirk.

His long-suffering sigh as she pressed herself into his face again turned into a different sort of sigh as her lips closed around his aching cock.

Oh, Agrippa's arsehole, she really was quite talented with that bossy mouth of hers. He rewarded her efforts by resuming his own, matching her leisurely pace as she slowly suckled him.

This time was different, more of a slow simmer as they each enjoyed the sensation of the other's mouth on them, and also enjoyed their power to give each other pleasure.

"Fuck, they're hot to watch, aren't they?" Potter asked Weasley.

"I can't believe I'm saying this about Snape, but yeah."

Snape could feel the vibrations on his cock as Hermione chuckled softly and knew that she undoubtedly felt a similar sensation on her clit.

"Do you get the feeling that Hermione's done this before?" Potter asked.

Weasley's brow furrowed as he considered this.

Potter continued, "She hasn't been shy about being naked in front of us, or touching herself. Hell, she encouraged us into a threesome while she finger-fucked herself, Ron."

The gears slowly turned in Weasley's head.

"And she's one hell of a cocksucker."

"Bloody hell, she has done this before! Oi, Hermione, who have you been having sex with?" Weasley raged.

Snape glared as the boy's rather personal question interrupted their activities. His aggravated sigh filled the room as he shifted his body so Hermione could remove his cock from her mouth to answer.

"Ron, it's hardly any of your business," she replied, putting her hands to good use and stroking his cock and balls during this unwelcome intermission.

"Well, Harry's had his dick in your mouth, I'd say it's his business."

"Well, Ron, Harry didn't ask me, now did he?"

Snape braced for the Boy Who Lived to add his own impertinent question. He was not disappointed.

"I suppose I am curious, Hermione. Of course, I'll understand if you don't want to tell us."

The abrupt "Ooof!" from Weasley told Snape that Weasley most decidedly *would not* understand if she didn't divulge the information and that Potter had wisely injured him to secure the idiot's silence.

He heard Hermione mutter from beneath him, "Buggering hell. There'll be no peace until I do tell them."

Snape felt her body tense as she took a deep breath. "Well, I lost my virginity to Neville."

Snape choked and stared at the set of nether lips in front of him. Longbottom had been here? The taste on his lips suddenly turned sour.

"There's no way Neville could have been a good shag. He still sleeps with a stuffed hippogriff and a Lumos Charm." Weasley laughed.

"Ronald, I'll have you know he was very sweet and courteous. He was an excellent first lover." She noticed that Snape had ceased his attentions and was trying not to retch. "Why, Professor, I even have you to thank for the experience. I was comforting Neville after one of your blistering tirades, and then, well, one thing led to another."

Snape shuddered as he wondered if he had Longbottom to thank for the girl's superb fellatio skills.

Apparently, Potter had the same concern. "Did Neville, erm, teach you how to give good head?"

"Heavens, no. That was Viktor." She turned her head and sniggered quietly against his thigh. The bloody witch was enjoying taunting her companions!

"Krum?" Weasley demanded, voice cracking.

"Oh, yes. But it was Oliver Wood who taught me how to have a good shag, and I've employed his advice many a time with many a wizard."

"Bloody hell! Oliver Wood! I've shagged Oliver Wood!" the boys blurted simultaneously. The Trio looked at one another in curious horror.

"Well, I'm afraid I've not had the pleasure of shagging Mr. Wood. Can we please return to the task at hand?" Snape begged.

Hermione seemed willing to put the discussion behind her and kissed the head of his cock before taking him back into her sweet mouth.

He buried his face in her again, trying to find the same delicious rhythm they had had going earlier. It turned out to be surprisingly easy, and soon her hips were swaying gently in time with his tongue's caresses and her own mouth's movements. Before long, her hands grabbed his hair, but this time, she seemed content to let him keep control of the situation, merely holding his head gently. He found that even sexier than her earlier uncontrollable passion.

As he continued, she began moving more frantically, and her mouth matched her mood, sucking him harder. At long last, Hermione began writhing desperately, and he could tell she was about to come. He grabbed her hips, holding her where he wanted her while he continued to show no mercy. Gods, how he wished he could get rid of that fucking cock ring so he could come in her luscious mouth. As she cried out her fulfillment, he cried out his own frustration.

He lay there for a moment, head pillowed in her lap, enjoying the sensation of her hand stroking his hair. He wondered when or if he would finally be allowed his own release. He wondered how much more of this he could take. He sighed and burrowed his head between the girl's legs. He could not think of anyplace he would rather be at that particular moment.

Just then, he felt someone come up behind him. He glanced over his shoulder *Potter*. How strange to think that name with somewhat less than the usual venom. The boy stretched out behind him and snuggled snuggled! against him. Snape could feel the lad's erection poking lightly into the small of his back.

Hermione giggled and said, "Next!" as she wriggled out from under him. Cheeky bint, after the orgasms he'd just given her.

"Snape," the lad sighed into his neck. "You know, you smell surprisingly good." He ran his hands down Snape's arms, over his chest, down his belly, to his thighs. "And you don't feel half bad, either." He began rubbing his erection against Snape's arse cheeks as one hand began to rub Snape's cock. One of his fingers began prodding, noting that Snape's arse was still relaxed and open from his previous adventures that evening. "Snape. You know where I would look if you told me to find a bezoar?"

Snape shook his head no.

Potter spread his cheeks, positioned the head of his cock just so, and began slowly pressing forward. "In your arse, Snape," he chuckled as he sheathed himself completely.

Unexpectedly, Snape almost chuckled, too, but he quickly smothered the impulse. There were some lines that shouldn't be crossed, and laughing at Potter's juvenile humor was one of them. He did not worry himself over the internal logic or lack thereof involved in having that thought while the lad's cock was shoved as deep into his arse as it could possibly be.

Potter began moving in a slow but steady rhythm that was somehow perfectly attuned to Snape's breathing: each long stroke coincided with a relaxed exhalation, followed by a deep inhalation as Potter pulled out almost completely, before sliding back in. Snape could feel his arse clutching at Potter, trying to hold him in, each time before he pulled out again in that same maddening rhythm. It was the oddest sensation Snape somehow felt incredibly relaxed and strung tight as a bow string, all at the same time.

It was like they were a well-oiled machine, working in harmony towards a shared goal. He only wished the shared goal were a shared orgasm, but he suspected once again, it would have to be another selfless act on his part.

As Potter picked up the pace, Snape thrust backwards. And moaned, as now Potter had found his prostate and proceeded to hit it with every stroke. Cadogan's codpiece! Potter kept touching him, rubbing his thighs, pinching his nipples, and kneading his arse, as well as stroking his cock periodically. Snape was surprised that the boy seemed to give a rat's arse about how he was feeling. Which was like he would explode any minute, if only he could.

Now Potter rolled over so that he was lying on top of him, arms wrapped tightly around him as his movements grew shorter, faster, and harder. "Fuck! Oh, gods, Snape!" he moaned, shuddering as he came deep inside him.

Snape groaned as he felt Potter's cock pulsing for what seemed like an eternity. Even after the boy's hips stilled, Snape could feel the boy's cock's reluctance to let the encounter end. The sound and sensation of Potter's release stirred a longing from deep within him that was only partially centered upon his aching cock. He closed his eyes and listened as Potter's short, gasping pants slowed to longer, more relaxed breaths, interspersed with contented sighs. For a moment, he relished the feel of Potter's arms around him, Potter's left arm still clutching at his hips, while his right was slung across his chest, holding him tight. Snape closed his eyes and recalled the embrace of lovers past. It wasn't as if he wanted Potter's affections, but he couldn't help but burrow into the warmth, his erection flagging slightly as the clawing edge of overstimulation receded.

The mood was entirely spoiled as his brain shifted away from sensations of touch and focused on the bickering coming from four feet away. He cracked one eye open and glared at the other two members of the Golden Trio. Weasley stood with his arm elbow-deep in a small beaded handbag.

"Hermione, I have no sodding idea what you're talking about. All I can find is about eight million bloody books."

"Oh, the warding spells! Just a moment." Hermione wriggled around with her arse in the air as she fished for her wand. Too soon she found it and flicked it at the bag.

Weasley's jaw immediately dropped as his hand breached a previously unknown portion of the bag. "What the bloody hell do you need this for, Hermione? It sounds like you're getting more than enough cock from your bloody harem," he screeched, pulling a flexible, purple vibrator from the depths of the bag.

"I have needs, Ronald," she uttered through gritted teeth as she snatched the vibrator from him. "And sometimes there isn't a wizard at hand who doesn't talk to me as if I'm a bloody walking library with the sex appeal of a plaid-speckled sand newt."

Potter's cock slipped out of him, now entirely deflated. "Are they always like this?" Snape inquired, his cock still twitching despite the scene in front of him.

"Actually, they're better behaved than they usually are. Must be because they've both come at least twice today. I used to think it was sexual tension. Now I'm not so sure."

"How incredibly tedious."

"Oh, you have no idea," Potter said as he trailed his hand down Snape's thigh.

Weasley continued removing a stunning array of sexual toys and aids from the bag, tossing them angrily on the bed behind Snape and Potter. Vibrators, cock rings of assorted shapes and colors, an enormous double-headed dildo perhaps there was even more she wasn't sharing with the boys followed by eight containers of flavored lube, handcuffs, and paddles sailed over his and Potter's head.

"Ron, stop it! You're making a horrible mess of my bag! I've got everything organized by size and frequency of use!"

"Of course you do. What, they aren't color-coded too?" Weasley sneered.

"Why are you acting like such an arse, Ron?"

"Well, how am I supposed to feel, Hermione? I've just found out you've fucked half the wizards I know and some that I don't. You could have told me or Harry, you know. We'd, um, both liked to have shagged you. Used to talk about you in our room at night."

"Ron, perhaps if you'd treated me with more consideration than your average garden gnome, then I'd have considered shagging you. Besides, it's not as if you two were lacking partners," she retorted. Her anger seemed to dissipate as she began laughing. "I cannot believe we have all had sex with Oliver Wood."

Weasley made a move to kiss her, but she pushed him away.

"No, Ron. Just don't."

As Weasley's face began to turn beet red, Potter sighed behind him. "Oh, hell. I'd better intervene before he stomps off into the forest again. Oi, Ron. Has she got anything interesting in there that we might use on poor Snape here?" Potter asked as he grasped Snape's erection for emphasis, causing Snape to arch against Potter and whimper loudly.

Weasley's mouth looked like he might begin drooling at any moment. He shook off his paralyzing arousal. "Just a moment, Harry, I'll check."

"Looks like it worked," Potter said, grinning as he looked in Snape's eyes. For the briefest of moments, Potter leaned forward just a fraction, and Snape thought the boy was actually considering kissing him. Those damn green eyes were bloody mesmerizing and were slowly inching closer.

Potter's mouth had just opened, sending warm bursts of air across Snape's lips, when Weasley loudly crowed, "Oi, Hermione. Your organization system is bollocks. You've got your jewelry stored in here." He dangled a string with beads of increasing size.

"What? Oh, no, Ron, those are anal love beads."

Weasley dropped the beads onto the floor, staring at them in disgust as if wondering whose arse they'd last occupied.

Hermione shimmied off the bed a movement that did fascinating things to her jiggling breasts and scooped the beads off the floor before making a point of Scourgifying them so that Weasley could see they were clean.

Snape saw Hermione exchange a meaningful glance with Potter before she approached Weasley. Her hand reached out to brush his hip as she asked, "May I try these on you, Ron? Would you like to see how good they feel?"

For a moment, Weasley looked as if he would refuse. Finally, he nodded his consent. She cast a lubrication spell over the toy and knelt behind Weasley. Weasley's expression shifted each time a bead was entered, and he groaned when the last one was in place.

Running her hands over his hips again, she asked, "Isn't it amazing how something so small can feel so good even after you've had something bigger inside of you?"

Weasley made to ask how exactly she knew this.

She walked around to face him and held a finger to his lips, demanding, "No more questions, Ron. Just enjoy this." She cast a spell that first extracted the beads, one by one, and then pushed them back in.

Weasley moaned as the beads slowly reentered his body where they seemed content to linger for the time being. His erection twitched to full attention as his gaze wandered over Hermione's body. He reached out to caress her breasts with surprising gentleness. Hermione gasped and arched into his touch. Weasley grasped her nipples between his forefingers and gently pinched, making her moan. He bent down and drew one nipple into his mouth while he continued toying with its mate.

"Oh, Ron, you're very good at that," she cried.

Potter excused himself to continue smoothing the waters between his friends. "I'll be back in a moment." He paused before softly adding, "Severus."

Snape's erection raged as he watched Potter gently nudge Weasley's hand from Hermione's breast and take her other nipple in his mouth. Hermione's hands grasped the backs of both boys' heads as they worked in tandem to pleasure her, their hands trailing up her thighs to tease that glistening cunt of hers.

Snape hated to admit it, but the Trio was gorgeous together. He was intruding, surely. He might have stood up and left the intimate scene had he been able to control his own actions. As it was, he lay on the ground, watching them moan and writhe while he couldn't so much as touch his aching cock.

Potter stood up and pulled Weasley with him. He sucked on the boy's lower lip before plunging his tongue into Weasley's eager mouth. After what seemed like an eternity, Potter pulled back and asked, "Ron, would you like to fuck me?"

"Hell, yes," Weasley rasped.

The boys engaged in another searing kiss as Hermione caressed both of them. Potter pulled away again, turning to Hermione. He looked as if he wanted to kiss her but was unsure whether the action would be welcomed. He settled for nibbling along her neck while he asked, "Would you like the professor to fuck you?"

"Yessssss," she moaned.

"Brilliant," Potter said breathily before making to leave his companions and return to the professor's side.

Weasley looked at Potter quizzically. "Where are you going? I thought we were having sex."

Potter gestured to the floor where Snape lay. "The four of us will have sex together, Ron. I'll fuck Snape while you fuck me. I think the professor really deserves our attentions. He hasn't complained a bit. I expected quite a bit of sarcastic commentary from him along the way, but he's behaved rather well, hasn't he?"

"So we'll all just stack on top of each other? Won't that hurt whoever's on the bottom?" Weasley asked, moaning as the beads began popping out once more.

"Well, I was hoping Hermione could cast some of her clever charms to make things easier."

Hermione grinned at Potter's compliment. A flourish of her wand and they each felt lighter. "I cast it so we each have an effective weight of half our body weight. Professor, so long as you can take some of the weight from the boys, I should be fine."

"Brilliant," Weasley remarked.

Hermione lay down next to Snape and looked into his eyes. "I'm really looking forward to this, you know."

Snape felt his heart pounding in his chest. "As am I," he replied.

She reached out and brushed his hair back from his face. The tenderness of her touch nearly undid him.

"Severus I can call you, Severus, can't I? I'd hate to be on such formal terms in this position."

"On one condition, Hermione. No bossing." He smirked.

She smiled. "Agreed, Severus."

Gods, this entire encounter had completely undermined his authority and reputation; he smiled back. He glanced over his shoulder to see Potter and Weasley still attempting to suck one another's face off.

"It looks like we'll have a few moments to ourselves," he remarked. She reached out and pulled him on top of her.

"I hope so," she breathed as their lips met in a kiss.

He was suddenly surrounded by her softness and warmth. Her mouth invited his tongue in, her thighs opened to cradle his hips close to her, and her arms wrapped around him. It felt like heaven after everything he'd been through.

Her kiss was wild and sweet, urging him to plunder and take what he wanted.

His cock nudged against her, rubbing her clit, and she moaned and spread her legs to allow him easier access. As they continued kissing, he allowed his cock to slip inside her, just the tiniest bit, as if by accident.

"Ooh," she gasped into his mouth as she thrust her hips in an attempt to pull him in more deeply.

He was too quick for that. "In a bit of a hurry, are you?" He smirked.

"Severus! I need . . ."

"No bossing," he interrupted, and she quieted.

To reward her, he allowed his cock to slip in slightly further that time before he pulled back.

"Please," she whimpered.

He repeated the teasing motion, dipping in and pulling back. "Please what . . . Hermione? Tell me what you want."

He stared into her eyes, poised at her entrance, waiting for her response.

She cupped his cheek with her hand and said, "I want to feel you inside of me, Severus."

At her words, he finally allowed himself to plunge deeply into her.

Immediately, she wrapped her legs and arms tightly around him, holding him inside her. "I'm not letting you get away again," she teased.

"Gods, you feel fantastic," he murmured into her neck. He slowly began to move inside her and was gratified by the way she matched his movements. "For the love of Merlin, won't you please remove this blasted cock ring?" he pleaded.

"Not yet, Severus. You want to feel me come around you, don't you?" she panted.

Cock ring be damned, Snape nearly came on the spot at the idea. He stilled his hips and glared at her. She giggled, and that very action would have had him sneering but for the way she clenched around his cock when she laughed. In response, he picked up the pace ever so slightly.

Snape was vaguely aware of sucking, moaning, and frothing going on behind him. As much as that very tableau had excited him earlier hell, just the thought of it had inspired him to cast an Unforgiveable at this particular moment, he couldn't be bothered to pay them any heed.

He reached down between them and flicked Hermione's clit, watching as her movements grew more frantic.

"Well, you two are rather enjoying yourselves without us," Harry said as he settled behind Snape.

"Yes, well, you're quite welcome to join us," Snape grunted, thinking that the sooner the four of them finally joined, the sooner he could relieve the painful pressure in his balls.

"Don't mind if I do," Potter said, using his finger to spread a little lube. "How are you holding up, hmm?" he asked as he gently probed Snape's arse. "You've had quite a workout."

For a moment, Snape wished he had his wand and could hex the blighter's bits off. Then he remembered that their previous episode had actually been rather pleasant and reconsidered.

"I think you will find I'm up to the task," Snape said.

"I'm sure you are." Potter laughed as he removed his finger and rubbed the head of his cock against Snape's entrance. As he slowly pressed in, he lowered his voice and whispered into Snape's ear, "I'm really looking forward to this, you know. It felt so good the last time." Once he was completely sheathed inside Snape, he rested there for a moment. "Fucking fantastic," he breathed.

Snape writhed a little against Potter, and Hermione wriggled against him. It was almost too much, feeling himself encased in Hermione's sweet tunnel while Potter filled him from behind. He felt almost delirious at the sensation. He stared down at Hermione's face, flushed with pleasure, and knew that without the cock ring, he would have come on the spot.

Snape could feel another slight weight behind him as Weasley moved behind Potter.

"Don't forget to take it slow, Ron," Potter cautioned his friend.

"What, do you think I'm an idiot? I'll use plenty of lube, don't worry. I'm really looking forward to this, you know. I've wanted you for a long time, Harry. Ready? Here goes."

Potter moaned a little in Snape's ear as Weasley slid into his assigned slot. "Gods! Fuck! You feel fantastic," Weasley cried.

"Hermione." Snape caught her face in his hands.

"Yes?" she breathed.

"Oi, Hermione!" Ron shouted.

"What?!" she shouted back. Snape recoiled slightly.

"How are you doing under there? Okay?" he asked.

"Yes, Ron! My charms are working perfectly, naturally, but I do appreciate your concern for my well-being." She turned her attention back to Snape. "You were saying?" she asked breathily.

"Hmm? Nothing important," he said.

She pouted prettily, and he kissed her nose.

Snape was alternating long, slow strokes with shorter, faster ones, and Hermione's response was everything he could hope for, as she began to pant and make occasional, inarticulate little noises.

Behind him, Potter began to match this rhythm. The effect was almost instantaneous, reducing Severus to a quivering mess. "Oh, gods. Oh, please! Let me come," Snape begged, tears of frustration glimmering in the corners of his eyes. "Please!"

He could tell Hermione was close. She scrabbled for her wand, just slightly out of reach of her fingertips, and cast a spell that released the ring.

The pressure at the base of his cock promptly receded, and he gasped as the blood flow returned to normal. The sensation overwhelmed him, and for a moment, he thought he might die if he *did* come. He noticed that the entire group had stilled, waiting for him to recover himself.

After a moment, he began to move, thrusting fast and furious. "Come for me, Hermione," he moaned into her neck.

"Oh! Severus! Yes!" she cried, as he felt her walls begin to quake around him.

The Boy Wonder slammed hard into him as he heard Weasley cry, "Oh, yes! Oh, gods, yes!"

He felt Potter grinding into him, felt his seed spill inside him as the boy cried, "Yes! Hell, yes!"

Finally, finally, he thrust into the willing witch beneath him, urging him on, and felt his own ecstasy begin to overtake him. "Fuck, yes," he groaned before blackness claimed him.

-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-

Severus awoke with a start. The air smelled different than he expected, and he was lying on his back rather than splayed out on top of a nubile young witch. He was not in the tent. There was no Golden Trio to be found above, below, or beside him. His joints seemed extraordinarily stiff. Lime green assaulted his vision. St. Mungo's. He was in St. Mungo's. A healer stood with wand leveled at his crotch.

"Scourify"

Oh hell, *that* orgasm had erupted while he was unconscious, or asleep, or whatever the fuck was going on?

Healer Thompson, Severus squinted at her name badge, glanced up and jumped when she saw that his eyes were open. "Oh, Professor! You're awake! You've been in a coma such a long time! Why, we thought you'd never wake up again."

"How long?" he croaked.

The healer picked up a glass, filling it with water with her wand and slowly raising it to his lips. "It's been nearly eleven years, Professor. It's 2009." She began flicking her wand, casting Diagnostic Charms over his entire person.

Eleven years? Eleven bloody years he'd lain here. He shuddered. Who knew what horrible dreams had flickered across his troubled subconscious during that long stretch. How many times had he orgasmed and been cleaned up by the hospital staff? He shuddered before mentally calculated his age. Forty-nine. Forty-nine fucking years old, and he was having raunchy dreams about his teenaged students. He corrected himself. They weren't exactly teenagers anymore. His fucking cock began to betray him as he idly wondered what they looked like now. But more importantly, why the fuck was he here in the first place?

His neck itched, and he raised his hand to scratch it, thankful that he could control his own movements. His fingers stilled on the jagged scar he found there. Fingering the rough skin delicately, he stared out the window for several moments as historical fact and subconscious fantasy sorted themselves into the appropriate slots in his mind. Nagini . . . in the Shrieking Shack. It was beginning to come back to him. Thank gods. Anything to erase that horrible series of images that had assaulted him just before he awoke. He looked to his left and saw a large flower arrangement sitting on the bedside table. He squinted at the card and startled Healer Thompson when he jumped. Fucking Golden Trio.

"Were they here?" he asked Healer Thompson, gesturing to the card.

"Oh, yes. Well, Mr. Potter and Ms. Granger were here five days ago. They should be visiting again the day after tomorrow. They visit you every week, sir. They're really quite devoted. Mr. Weasley comes when he can, but he's rather busy, what with his schedule with the Cannons."

Two days. Two bloody days either to get himself dismissed from this damned hospital or train his cock not to immediately spring to life at the thought of the Boy Who Lived and his sidekicks.

Healer Thompson had progressed from diagnostic to muscle control tests. He was about to chastise her for standing so that she could see up his hospital gown. He stopped himself short when he realized that she'd probably had plenty of other opportunities to look at his entire body over the course of his convalescence, especially given what he knew she was cleaning up when he awoke.

He swallowed his mortification as his brain clunked along, trying to process all the information he didn't know and would need to discover from one source or another. "What is the date today?"

"Funny you should ask, Professor."

His unexercised eyebrow quirked as much as it could.

"Why, it's April Fool's day, Professor."

A/N: Lots of work went into this story to get it ready for April Fool's Day. With any luck, you found it a perfect, delicate balance of horror, romance, smut, and humor. If it made you laugh, made you fan yourself vigorously, or scarred you for life like our poor professor, please leave a little love in a review.

P.S. Professor Snape would appreciate sympathy cards as he continues his recovery at St. Mungo's.