

Light and Dark

by Stefdarin

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Bouncing off a chip in the glass window, a brilliant beam of light hit Hermione in the face. Squinting, she rose, reaching high above her and groaning as she stretched languorously. Sighing, a smile graced her lips when the door banged open.

Striding into the room, robes billowing about him, Severus studied her form, crossing his arms. A breakfast tray floated in behind him, settling on the bedside table. "I am glad to see you have rejoined the living."

Chuckling a little, Hermione jutted her chin out. "What? No simple, little cold is going to make me miss tonight. Besides, I haven't been that bad." A mischievous grin pulled her mouth up on one side as she eyed the contents of the tray.

Rolling his eyes, Severus moved forward, joining her on the bed. "Yes, and Hagrid doesn't harbor any dangerous creatures in that hovel of his. But, you are sure you feel up to this? Lucius and I will understand." His eyes turned tender after his sarcastic remark.

Raising a hand to his jaw, Hermione beamed at him. "Tonight marks the one-year anniversary we invited Lucius to join us. It is a very special occasion."

"I agree as long as you are sure." She nodded, and he released a breath. Picking up a banana, he peeled it and offered it to her.

Looking at him intensely, Hermione leaned forward, opening her mouth to receive his morsel. Before biting into it, she took half of it into her mouth, twisted her head, slowly pulled back and nipped off the end.

Staring with an open mouth for a moment, Severus shook a little, bringing himself back to reality. "Gods, Hermione, don't do that to me when I have to wait for the evening," he grumbled, frowning.

Rising up on her knees, she moved forward, laying her hands on his shoulders. "And who says we have to wait?" Tilting down, her mouth covered his, her arms instantly reaching around him, pulling him closer.

"Mm," Severus sighed, giving in to the taste of her. Opening his mouth, his tongue searched hers, tangling and weaving an intricate pattern. Dropping the banana, Severus drew her to him, crushing their bodies together.

"Tut, tut, I should feel wounded, my friends, starting without me."

"Mm," Severus and Hermione replied together, still locked in a kiss.

Striding forward, Lucius placed his hand on Hermione's back, caressing it softly. "Well, we have been concerned for your welfare. Though now seems as good a time as any... if you both agree."

Ending her kiss with Severus, Hermione reached for Lucius, pulling him down to her. His lips covered hers, sipping sweetly. His hand rose, stroking her jaw tenderly as Severus bowed in, nibbling her neck.

Retreating, Hermione looked at them both with a pensive smile. "So..."

Placing a finger over her lips, Lucius smirked. "Ah, ah, no questions; just let us take care of you, my dear."

She nodded.

Motioning for her to sit, Lucius conjured a mask and placed it over her eyes. Hermione was immersed in complete darkness. Feeling a tingle of magic, she instantly felt cool as her clothes were removed. Steady hands gently pushed her back on the bed and raised her arms.

A whisper of fabric on fabric reached her ears, and her wrists were bound lightly. Pulling gently, she found she could not move more than a few inches without resistance. Sucking in her breath, she sighed as she felt two gentle breezes of air running along her skin and up both of her legs. They traveled slowly, zigzagging along, circling her knees, tickling her thighs, converging at her apex.

Crossing her stomach, the light zephyrs approached her breasts, looping and dancing under, over, and around her erect buds, eliciting a gasp of pleasure from her lips. Journeying farther up, the featherlike wisps intersected her neck, traveling up her cheeks and ending at her ears, twirling around the edge.

Sighing contently, Hermione arched her back when the breezes were replaced by two sets of lips on her feet. Her right side tingled as one set of lips nibbled her toes while her left side ached when that set of lips sucked the bottom of her foot.

Languidly, they suckled and nibbled simultaneously: each individual toe, every inch of her feet, all the sensitive spots of her legs. Shuddering, she gasped aloud when they licked the back of her knees at the same time and continued their path. Prying her legs wider, two mouths caressed the skin of her thighs with open-mouthed kisses, and she shivered. Pressure began to build within her when they pressed on, dragging smooth jaws over her legs, up her body and on to her stomach.

Slowly, their tongues lapped over her damp skin, circling her belly button, causing the air to cool her body along the path they left behind. Meeting at her breasts, the wet trail was replaced with heat as each mouth opened to tug on her peaked nipples.

Straining against her binding, Hermione whimpered, her body on fire. Two concurrent chuckles—one light, one dark—met her ears. Bit by bit, the mouths nipped and lapped and sucked the tempestuous peaks, the heat growing larger in her center.

Leaving her aching breasts behind, the mouths moved back down her stomach, uniting at her abdomen. Moist tongues shot out: creeping slowly and meeting at her crux. Wrapping her hands around the silk on her wrists, Hermione arched up when one mouth sucked lightly on her nub, and a tongue snaked into her center. In and out, the tongue moved while the pull on her clit continued. Her hips gyrated as her body tensed, edging nearer and nearer to release.

Gasping, Hermione pressed the mattress with her legs when her breasts were covered with two warm hands, one mouth still tugging at her bud, one tongue still darting in and out, her hips circling, moving higher and higher, two hands squeezing her bottom, pulling her closer. Suddenly, her vision was filled with bright light as she tumbled over the edge. Two mouths savored her nectar as it spilled from her womb.

Sighing, she laid back, no longer as taut as a string, but floating gently along the aftermath like a leaf in the wind. Two mouths pressed kisses up her body randomly, ending at her mouth. Flashing out, her tongue tangled with two others, and she felt her body tingle again, rising above the bed.

One mouth slid away, planting kisses along her neck, caressing her earlobe. Gentle hands stroking down and around to her back, the other mouth covering hers and devouring it with demand. Fluid warmth began in her center once more. Sighing contently, Hermione floated above the bed, tiny shivers traversing her body when the hands below moved over her back, followed by a generous mouth trailing hot kisses over her heated flesh.

Slinking away, the mouth near hers traveled lower, planting feverish pecks along her neck, tasting each breast, and tracing patterns on her stomach. It was followed by smooth hands. Massaging as they went, the hands moved lower, levering her legs open. Below her, she felt heated skin brushing hers, gentle breath stroking her head, and pressure against the crease of her bottom. Beside her, she heard uneven breathing as she felt the head of a shaft resting between her thighs.

Moaning, Hermione felt a tingle as, simultaneously, one penis entered her ass, and one entered her center. Slowly, inch after inch, they slid in, filling her completely. Her body tensed, then relaxed, as warmth flooded her. Hands from above and below caressed her breasts, her back, her hips, and her legs. Together, they moved inside her. Retreating languidly and thrusting forward with momentum, the wizard above her and the wizard below her began a rhythm, like the surging waves of the sea. Sensations rained down upon her, and a seed of light began to grow with each plunge into her from above and below.

Sensations danced across heated skin, pants stabbed the air, followed by moans of pleasure: one light, one dark, and one combining the two in harmony. Opening her mouth, her body tensing in climax, Hermione groaned as her passion reached the summit. Her cry was answered by both wizards at the same time with one final drive into her.

Leisurely, Hermione's body drifted down to the bed, her restraints and mask gone as if they had never existed. Breathing rapidly, she lay across Severus with Lucius over them both. Looking over her shoulder, she smiled down at Severus. Reaching up, he caressed her face, smiling back. Together they looked to Lucius who smirked in return, leaning down to snuggle with them.

Moments passed silently while they lay there, tangled together, sated from the love they had made. Abruptly, Lucius and Severus both broke the silence with a sneeze.

Sighing heavily, Hermione remarked, "It's a good thing you both fashioned this synchronized loving for me, because you're going to owe me another after I'm done taking care of you while *you're* sick."

Bending forward, two faces, one light and one dark, scowled down at her, resulting in a lighthearted giggle from the witch between them.

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