

A Little Trick or Treat

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Chapter 1 of 1

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She pulled at the high neck of her costume, unsure of whether to be amused at the whole fiasco or slightly annoyed. Arthur Weasley, connoisseur of anything and everything Muggle, had talked Molly into throwing a Muggle-style Halloween party complete with non-magical costumes. Alas, this left out Polyjuice potions and a whole host of other, more accommodating solutions to the entire dressing up problem.

Of course, Hermione couldn't entirely blame Arthur for her current predicament - oh, no. Harry'd had the brilliant idea of going dressed up as the characters from one of the few movies he remembered fondly from his childhood, *The Wizard of Oz*. So here she was, dressed in a blue summer dress with a white undershirt that was nearly choking her to death, her hair pulled back into two pigtails, feet encased in two shiny red shoes that were pinching her toes painfully.

The Burrow was nearly bursting, but then whenever the Weasleys threw a party, it always felt as if people were pouring out of the seams. Hermione plastered a fake smile on her face, twisting and turning as she navigated through the throng of party-goers, trying to find a spot that wasn't so... filled; nearly an impossible feat. Her head was pounding slightly, in time with the bass of the newest *Weird Sisters* song and not in a good way. She scanned the crowd, looking for some glimpse of Harry or Ron apparently, neither had shown up yet bloody prats.

Wincing in pain, she decided to head on up to the loo on the third floor. Maybe if she splashed some cool water on her face, she'd be able to get rid of her blistering headache. Hermione made her way through the crowd, sidestepping the enthusiastic party-goers until she made it to the staircase.

As she rounded up to the landing on the second floor, she heard a low moan coming from the twins' bedroom. Her hands tightened on the banister as she paused for a moment. This time the only sounds she could hear were the faint echoes of the party downstairs. Apparently, she had misheard. Hermione lifted her foot and was about to continue on her way when she heard a small gasp emitted from the room. This time there was no doubt; the sound had come from Fred and George's room. She wondered if someone was ill in there sometimes people had a tendency to overindulge at these parties, but Molly always had a ready supply of potions for any situation.

She moved quietly to the closed door and raised her hand up tentatively to knock when she heard someone groan out, "Oh, fuck!" Without thinking, she quickly turned the door handle and rushed into the room.

"Shite, Hermione?!" someone muttered in a harsh breath.

In the dim light of the room, Hermione could see George on the left bed scrambling to pull the blanket over himself, but not before she caught a glimpse of his right hand wrapped around his straining cock.

"Um? I am so sorry, I..." Hermione gulped, quickly looking down at the floor, unsure exactly what to do now that she'd walked in on George.

"I don't know about you, George, but I'm not sorry she stumbled in here," Fred said from behind her, startling her. Hermione snapped her head up and caught the confused

look George threw to Fred slowly morph into an understanding grin.

"I do believe you're right," George said softly, letting the blanket drop. His cock stood proudly erect. Fred moved closer, his warm body herding her deeper into the room.

"Touch it," Fred whispered in her ear. "You know you want to." Hermione watched as a drop of pre-cum oozed from the tip - she had the strangest desire to lick it away.

Fred slowly reached around, cupped Hermione's right breast with his right hand, and kneaded it gently. Hermione stiffened, staring down at his hand in shock. George sat up on the bed and reached up and over to cup her other breast. Her eyes snapped to him.

"We can make you feel so good," George groaned, leaning closer to her. She gasped as his teeth locked onto her nipple through the material of her clothing and nipped it gently, raising it to a taut peak.

"You know you want this," Fred growled, squeezing her arse through the costume. Hermione could only nod her head, struck mute by the sensations they were invoking. Without a moment's hesitation, Fred's fingers worked at the small buttons on the back of her costume. She felt him unclasp her bra, and together the two men tugged the outfit down her arms. George let out an appreciative groan as her breasts were revealed.

Hermione's breathing became erratic as she watched two sets of hands stroke her skin, pushing the rest of her outfit down her hips. She let out a short gasp as one set cupped her bare breasts, the deft fingers rolling and teasing her nipples. Another set of hands slid around her hips, fingers slowly snaking between her thighs with teasing touches.

Hermione's knees buckled under the onslaught of pleasure, and she ended up kneeling beside the bed. George slid off the bed onto the floor and started to kiss her neck. Fred followed suit and started nibbling and nipping along her shoulders. Hermione moaned loudly as George nuzzled the side of her right breast before slowly kissing his way to the taut nipple. His teeth gently nipped at the erect bud before soothing it with the flat of his tongue. Her hands trailed down his lithe body, and George let out a husky groan as her slim fingers wound their way around his erection. She bent her head to give him a tentative lick.

Fred trailed kisses down her back, his fingers delving between her thighs; she was slick and ready.

"Fuck, that is hot," Fred groaned as he watched Hermione's tongue trace a path around the tip of George's cock.

Hermione's lips parted, and she slowly lowered her head, taking as much of George's cock into her mouth as possible.

She felt Fred pull her hips up as he moved in behind her. "I'm going to fuck you," he said in a harsh voice as he positioned his cock, sliding smoothly inside her in a single, powerful thrust. Hermione responded by tightening her inner muscles around him. He had to suppress the urge to come as soon as he penetrated her. He held still, watching her head from behind as it bobbed up and down.

George growled and reached up to cup her face, his fingers grabbing onto her twin pigtails. His cock swelled even more under her tender ministrations, and Hermione almost gagged when he arched upwards, driving the tip of his penis against the back of her throat.

Hermione pulled back to catch her breath, trailing tendrils of saliva from her mouth to the mushroom tip of George's erection. She wiped it away with the back of her hand, then wrapped her hand around the base of his shaft, a determined look crossing her face. She bent her head down again and slowly sucked the tip of his cock into her mouth as she looked up into his eyes.

"Fuck, Hermione," George breathed as she slowly swallowed him, the thickness of his cock stretching her lips wide. "That's it, suck it."

The edges of Fred's shirt brushed against her back and sides, and he buried his cock inside of her. He gripped her hips, thrusting hard and deep, turned on by the sight of her sucking off his brother. She was glorious.

Hermione lost control, barely able to suck on George as Fred fucked her furiously. She groaned loudly, pushing back against Fred. George reached down and tweaked one of her nipples, causing her to shudder in pleasure. She held her breath, trying to reach the orgasm that eluded her. It lay just beyond reach, leaving her trapped on the edge of intense pleasure.

Fred began to grunt with effort; the sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled the room as he neared his orgasm. He growled loudly, thrusting into her once more before stilling completely.

Hermione, on the cusp of the orgasm that just would not come, turned her head and pleaded, "Oh no, please..please don't stop."

Breathing heavily, Fred slipped from her and collapsed on the floor next to George. "Sorry, luv," he said sheepishly.

George gently touched the side of her face, kissing her softly. He pulled her up, setting her astride his lap. Hermione lifted herself up, then settled herself fully down his entire length. George gripped her hips, arching up. Hermione moaned in pleasure as they rocked together, each of her downward movements met by his upward thrusts.

"That's it, Hermione," he urged her. "I want you to come on my cock."

"Yes! Right there," Hermione wailed as the pressure inside her swelled.

The sounds of his growls mingled with a series of gasps and loud cries from Hermione. As before, with Fred, she teetered on the edge of an orgasm.

How long she remained on that edge, she couldn't say. George arched his hips upwards, ramming his cock deep within her with an explosive cry. The feeling of him pulsing, throbbing deep inside of her as he exploded pushed her over the edge.

Her eyes drifted shut, and she threw her head back, letting out a strangled scream. Her entire body shook, her orgasm coming hard and fast.

Her inner walls rhythmically contracted around George's penis; he groaned with every little squeeze.

When her eyes at last fluttered open, both men were watching her with smug smiles, their hands roaming over her sweat-dampened body.

"Told you - you'd like it," George gasped out.

A/N: Many thanks to pttterpr0nprmts on livejournal for the prompt and to closetravenclaw for volunteering to beta this when my normal beta was not available. As always, none of the characters belong to me. I'm just playing with them. I promise to wash them off well before I give them back. (This is the original version I wanted to submit, at 1632 words, but I had to edit it down to 1500 words for posting so the one on pttterpr0nprmts is shorter).