

Hot Chocolate

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A Valentine's for Hermione

One

Chapter 1 of 1

A Valentine's for Hermione

A Valentine's gift from two Slytherins was not one to be taken at face value. It was also touching, bearing in mind Severus' caustic denunciation of the day.

It was wrapped in paper so red, it was almost black, and tied with a ribbon charmed only to open at Hermione's touch.

There were six chocolates in the box, split equally between white and dark. Obviously handmade, probably by Severus, though Lucius would have made some contribution.

There was also a note.

These will not spoil your appetite, but rather provoke it.

LM and SS.

Hermione smiled, and made her choice.

White, Strawberry Cream

A kiss, nothing more. Delicate as finest silk, a mere touch to the lips.

And then another, just as soft, sucking on the lobe of her ear.

That sharp pinch was all Lucius, the edge quickly soothed with a sucking kiss. The flick of tongue against mouth was Severus' trick, never quite sure he would be welcome, always careful to test the ground before sliding surely into her mouth.

There was a wordless whisper in her ear. Lucius' almost-voice murmuring something. She couldn't catch the words, but it raised the hairs on the back of her neck.

Dark, Cinnamon spiced

Lucius was behind her, supporting her head in his lap. His hands were firm on her shoulders, holding her still. He leaned forward, his hair forming a white curtain round her face as he watched her, then flowing down across her shoulders.

Her long silk nightgown was rucked up to her waist, and Severus' head was buried between her thighs, his tongue lapping at her clit striking shocks of sensation deep into her cunt.

Lucius shifted his hands, rolling her nipples between his fingers, each jolt curling along her spine to meet those rising from her clit.

White, Orange cream

They were laying together, the three of them in the wide bed in Malfoy Manor, Severus between them. The windows were open letting in a warm summer breeze, cream voile curtains streaming out in the wind. Severus' nose was pressed to her breasts, his warm breath tickling at her as he snored softly.

Lucius was watching them with that fond expression that only they ever saw.

She stroked a hand along Severus' arm. He huffed, and shifted closer.

Lucius smiled, and she had to bite back a giggle. Their hands met across their lover, holding him safe.

Dark, Crystallised Ginger

Lucius was on his knees before Severus, waist cinched in by a dark, green corset.

Hermione's fingers were in his hair, pulling it just the way he liked.

His mouth opened, greedily sucking at Severus' cock, head bobbing industriously.

"Such a dirty little slut," she hissed in his ear. "So happy to be on his knees, so eager to service his master."

Lucius hummed his agreement.

"He's lazy though," Severus said, panting hard. "He always needs encouragement to give his best."

Hermione laughed, then summoned the flogger.

"Do you need encouraging, little slut?" she said.

Lucius whined.

White, rose cream

The oil was rich, smelling of the roses from Severus' private garden.

Face down on fresh smelling linen, Hermione was worked on by strong fingers. Slicked with oil they caressed along her spine, probing each knotted muscle until she was boneless with pleasure.

There was a hand on her foot, a thumb pressed on the ball of it, flexing her sole, stretching out each tendon.

She sighed, the stresses of the long day soothed away.

The moving hands changed purpose and rhythm, tracing along her ribs to tease at her breasts.

She laughed, a low, happy sound.

Dark Chocolate with Chili

Stretched over the padded bench, her spanked arse was perfectly presented to her lovers.

Severus gave it one last, loving slap, coaxing another squeal from her. "She's ready," he said.

"She's always ready," Lucius replied, moving round to her head.

She sucked hard on Lucius' cock as Severus slid slowly home. He fucked her hard, his thighs slapping into her red buttocks and keeping that fire burning. Each thrust moved her forward onto Lucius' cock and set the bells on her nipple clamps jingling.

She was on fire, every nerve alight: arse, mouth, cunt, breasts: coming.

Hermione looked at the empty box regretfully. All gone, though she would be meeting her lovers in the flesh later and build more memories for next year's box.

The box shimmered, and another layer appeared, just holding two chocolate. Milk chocolate, nut clusters. She'd never liked those.

Another note was tucked down the side of the box –*A present for you, but not for you*– and then it shredded itself into pieces, destroying the evidence.

She grinned. Whatever they had planned was bound to be very bad, and entirely justified.

She almost felt sorry for Harry and Ron. Only almost.

Nut clusters

The boys were waiting for Hermione to get ready for the party.

"I don't know what she sees in them," Ron said sourly. "Both old, one ugly and the other one a complete shit."

"Look at that." Harry gestured at the box on the table. "Just chocolates for Valentines. What cheapskates."

Ron pulled it towards him. "She's left the nut clusters."

He took one, and passed the box back to Harry. "Try one?"

They bit down at the same time.

Standing naked, a voice whispered in their ears – "Now you can find out what she sees in us."