

The List

by laurielove

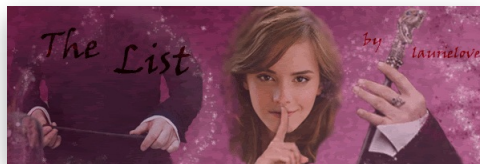
The final-year Gryffindor girls compile a list ... although Hermione seems oddly detached.

The List

Chapter 1 of 1

The final-year Gryffindor girls compile a list ... although Hermione seems oddly detached.

Just a bit of fun for you all, set on a Saturday afternoon in Hermione's final year in a world without the inconvenient distractions of war and death ... Please note, Hermione is eighteen. Enjoy! LL x



The fire in the dorm crackled with sparking snaps, sending intermittent shots of bright noise to mingle with the mellow tones of Saturday afternoon chatter.

The final-year Gryffindor girls had assembled in Hannah's room. It had become a regular gathering after a Quidditch match. The boys would stay at the Quidditch grounds for as long as possible, and the girls took advantage of their absence to chat about everything and nothing usually them.

There was no difference this Saturday afternoon. It was a chill October day, and the weather had been worsening since lunchtime. The browning leaves of autumn were beginning to throw themselves against the panes of the small window with increasing desperation.

The girls sat haphazardly around the room, sprawled on the bed, the window-ledge, the floor.

The chatter, as ever, was male-oriented.

"Did you see Zabini's save? For a Slytherin, even I'll say it was pretty impressive."

Hannah laughed. "Oh, right, Alice, you can't deny it now that is not the only thing about Blaise you find impressive!"

Alice hung her head and stifled a giggle. "Oh god, you know there is no way I would go out with a Slytherin, but ... there's no harm in looking!"

"Well, if looking is all it is, then you won't be remotely interested to hear that he has been doing an awful lot of 'looking' at you too!" Hannah grinned across at her.

"Really!?" Alice suddenly sat up straight, her eyes widening. "Oh my god, I hadn't noticed!"

"Yeah, right!"

"His dad, well, whoever his latest step-dad is anyway, was here last week donating some new quaffles," joined in Susan. "Did you see him? Phwoar! If you thought Blaise was fine ..." She brought her hand up to her face and fanned it exaggeratedly.

"Suse! He must be nearly fifty at least!"

"So what?! That wouldn't stop me! The more experienced, the better that's what I say!"

The girls threw back their heads and laughed. A pillow was flung across the room at Susan who caught it and tossed it back.

"OK," said Hannah, standing up and spinning round to take in all the girls in the room. "It's list time, girls!"

They groaned, but could not hide the underlying sense of excited anticipation. "What's it this time, Han'? We've done Ravenclaws, we've even stooped so low as to do Hufflepuffs, and I shamefully remember members of the Ministry when we were really, really bored once."

"Oh, this one's easy DILFs!"

The girls erupted into cackles of laughter again.

"What!?" protested Hannah with pretend amazement. "You started it by mentioning Blaise's step-dad! Come on, let's hear it then Dads I'd Like to Fuck!"

Despite their initial show of incredulity, it took little time for the girls to get into the spirit of the occasion.

"Well, Blaise's step-dad for one then."

"Yup! Agree on that one!"

"Dean Thomas' dad is really fit have you seen him? Tall, broad, legs to die for ... used to train dragons ..."

"Oh, god, yes I saw him at Speech Day last year and thought, 'Who *isthat!*'?"

"Your dad's not bad, Alice!"

"Bloody hell, Susan! Shut it! He also happens to be happily married to my mum!"

"Sorry, but we're only talking ... it doesn't mean a thing!"

"Oh, but come on, girls... we all know there's only really one though, isn't there? We're all thinking the same thing." Hannah smiled with a teasing wink.

The girls glanced at each other and smirked.

"Oh ... *yes*."

"We may hate the son, but ...," Alice grinned with a delirious sigh, "... daddy ...*darling* ..."

"Lucius ... 'Please Do Me Now Over ... and Over ... and Over Again' ... Malfoy!" Hannah accompanied her declaration with gyrating bodily visual effects.

The girls shrieked and fell back in hysterics.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! God, that man is so, so, *so* fine! I'd even contemplate being nice to Draco for a chance to spend some time with him!"

"And the size of his house is pretty impressive too!" added Ginny.

"It's not the size of his *house* I'm interested in!"

More laughter.

Alice turned to the girl sitting behind her. "What about you, 'Mione? Lucius Malfoy most do-able dad don't you agree?"

Hermione had been apart from the others, sitting silently on the window ledge, reading. She looked up from her book in query. "Hmm? Sorry, I wasn't really listening."

Hannah groaned. "'Mione! For once, can you get your head out of a book and just have a bit of fun? DILFs the list for the day! And we have concluded that Lucius Malfoy is most definitely at the very top." She giggled as she finished her explanation. "What do you think?"

Hermione managed a weak smile and lowered her head to her book again. "He's OK, I guess."

"God, Mione! You really can be a frigid cow sometimes! Get real! The man is Sex on a Stick."

"Or Sex on a Snake-Headed Pimp Cane!"

Raucous laughter echoed around the room once again. Hermione rolled her eyes before focusing once more on her novel.

"Well, that was a short bloody list it needs extending. What next?" prompted Alice.

"I know! To accompany the DILFs, how about TILFs!?"

"TILFs!?" asked Susan in dubious confusion.

"You know Teachers I'd ..." Hannah started laughing before she could finish her sentence.

"Umm ... this one might be a bit tricky. It ain't gonna be Flitwick, is it!?"

They laughed again. "Oh you never know the way he wiggles his baton ...!"

Alice was laughing so hard she was holding her stomach in agony. Tears were pouring down Hannah's cheeks.

"Seriously, girls, who is there? They're all old, ugly, female ... or bloody miserable."

"Bloody miserable?!"

"You know who I mean," grimaced Susan.

"Bloody miserable doesn't necessarily mean unfuckworthy!" Alice teased, biting her lip.

"*Unfuckworthy* what the hell sort of a word is that!?"

"Quite a good one actually," sniggered Alice, wrinkling her nose cheekily.

"And who exactly is this 'Not Unfuckworthy' member of staff?" inquired Hannah with a teasing raise of her eyebrows. "Pray tell."

"You know exactly who I mean," grinned Alice.

"I dare you to say it."

"We're all thinking it."

"Are we?!"

"Oh, I think we are!" agreed Susan.

Alice stood up and announced what was on all their minds with a fluid flourish redolent of the man himself. "The snide, sinister, sarcastic, sonorous but ultimately, if I may so myself, surprisingly sexy ... Professor Snape!"

The girls flung themselves behind their hands in varying degrees of denial and embarrassment, their legs kicking in the air as an outlet for the communal mirth which was bubbling through them.

"Oh god! I can't believe you said that!"

"Oh, you know we all think it it's good to be able to admit it at last, don't you think!?"

"But he's so ... "

"Delicious?"

"But he hates us all!"

"Perhaps, but doesn't he deliver his vitriol in the most orgasmically deep throbbing baritone you have ever heard? He could insult me all day and I would just lie there and take it!" exhaled Alice.

"I have to say ... I love his coat. All those buttons ..." Susan sighed.

"Oh yes! Buttons! Black and buttons ... God, I want my hands on them!"

Alice suddenly tutted and spun to Hermione, who was still sitting silently on the ledge intent on her book. "Hermione! Come on! Can't you join in just a bit!? You really are being pathetic! What do you think of Snape?"

Hermione did not take her eyes from the text. "He's quite a good teacher."

"Yeah ... bet I could teach him a few things too!"

Hermione's eyes rose to the ceiling undetectably.

"Honestly, 'Mione. You should just relax a bit; let your hair down. We're only having a bit of fun, chatting ... come on!"

Just then, Hermione glanced at her watch and dropped from the ledge with sudden swiftness. She picked her way through the recumbent girls towards the door.

"I'll see you all at supper. Enjoy the rest of your ... list making."

"Where are you off to? Library again? Haven't you read every single book in it by now?"

Hermione smiled back at them as she reached the door. "See you later."

She closed it behind her, hearing the laughter continue unabated.

Hermione turned and left the Gryffindor Common Room. She walked quickly and silently through the corridors of Hogwarts.

She did not go to the library.

Hermione soon found herself at her intended destination. She opened the thick door and entered the familiar room. It appeared to be empty. Walking through it, she put her books down on a chair, reaching up and undoing the clasp which had held her unruly locks in place. Shaking her head firmly, she let the thick brown hair tumble out. There was a soft noise behind her. She smiled slightly but did not turn round.

Black clad arms reached smoothly around her, clasping her waist and pulling her back against a firm, tight torso.

"You're late."

"I know. My classmates' chat was distracting me."

Hermione reached up and pulled the black-topped head down towards her neck. She sighed aloud as warm, supple lips planted searching kisses along her exposed flesh.

"Enough to keep you from me?"

"Never."

Hermione turned around, her hands reaching up the smooth black material of the man before her. She drew up her head, her lips opening immediately to the hot questing kiss of Severus Snape.

She was vaguely aware, in the midst of the ever-rising desire of her melting body, of footsteps behind her, approaching. Hands, not those of Severus, who was holding her head to give him perfect access to her exquisite mouth, ran up the backs of her thighs, pulling up her skirt as they went, finding her rounded buttocks, slipping long fingers down the middle, sliding smoothly through the ever-dampening slickness underneath.

One of her hands left Severus and came back to find the man behind her. She pulled her mouth away from her dark-haired lover and turned smoothly to be greeted by the searching tongue of the other man.

Hermione's head fell back as Lucius Malfoy in turn held her tight, twisting her round to inhabit her wet warmth. Severus had dropped his head to suck hard on her throat,

descending yet more and allowing his hands to find the buttons on her shirt, undoing three quickly and slipping long fingers inside to close around a taut nipple.

Hermione sucked in a breath as Lucius pulled away from her mouth to concentrate on the coaxing of his fingers along her soaking womanhood.

She groaned her query to him."Did you have any trouble getting here?"

"Do I ever?" the blond man drawled.

"No ... thank Merlin."

"Quite."

Severus had pulled back her shirt completely and exposed her breasts, drawing them out of the bra cups. "What were your classmates talking about that delayed you from ... us?"

They were swiftly removing each item of clothing from her body, their hands and mouths igniting every nerve ending, creating a shimmer of desperate lust over the breadth of her skin.

As she allowed herself to be lowered to the floor of the Potions classroom by the two men, Hermione managed to breathe out, before desire removed any ability to think coherently, "Oh ... nothing for you two to worry about."

This story now has a sequel, 'Lists, Lust and Lovers'. It is designed to be distinct from this one as, as you will see, it is ... rather detailed. LL x