

Lists, Lust and Lovers

by laurielove

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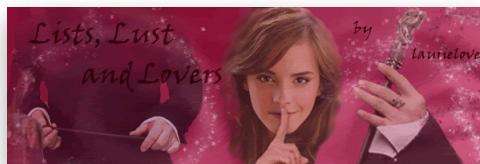
Chapter 1 of 1

A sequel to 'The List'. Hermione puts her friends' ideas to the test. Say no more.

This is a follow-up to my story, 'The List'. I have posted it as a separate story as I want that one to stand alone. This is simply an indulgent little follow-up should you wish to ... indulge. It can be read without having read that one. In that story, the final-year Gryffindor girls compile a list of pupils' dads and teachers they would like to ... get to know better. Lucius and Severus top the list. Hermione appears to be completely disinterested in this. She then excuses herself and slips quietly off to the Potions classroom where she is greeted by her two lovers Lucius Malfoy and Severus Snape.

And so we continue ...

Please note, despite still technically being a student, Hermione is an eighteen-year-old woman. I have deliberately worked to create a mood of indulgent sensuality. My writing is slightly more florid than usual. These two men lavish attention on Hermione in an almost worshipful way ... that is the mood I wished to convey. Enjoy ... LL x



Hermione lay upon the floor, but it was not cold flagstones which supported her weight. One of the men now lavishing attention on her liquid flesh had placed his outer robes beneath her. She drew her arms up and bent her legs, desperate to entice them ever more to her body. There was no need. The men in question were fully absorbed on drawing her pleasure out in slow but relentless pulls.

Lucius Malfoy was at her head. She opened her eyes to be met by the sparking grey of his. He was gazing down at her, his mouth curled into that familiar arrogant smirk which she knew reflected only his desire to satisfy her every need. Hermione brought her head up from the floor, seeking out his lips. He hesitated only long enough to cause a rush of desire to fall from her core and a moan of need to pass over her tongue.

Lucius brought his head down swiftly, but at first kissed her so softly she felt her eyes prickling with frustrated delight.

His firm, tender lips cajoled and coaxed her own, nipping, teasing. She tried to deepen the kiss but was unable to. Another groan rose from her. Lucius grinned against her mouth and at last pushed harder, opening the petal-like lips under his. He allowed his tongue to slip inside, running it with agonised fluttering along her top lip, pushing in deeper for a mere instant before pulling out again, denying her, but building her exquisite joy with each moment.

Meanwhile, there was more.

Hermione was instinctively arching her breasts up high into the cool dungeon air. She knew what awaited her if she did. One of her own hands moved down; she was almost unaware she was doing it, and cupped the rounded flesh, offering it blindly, knowing she would be rewarded.

Indeed, almost immediately, she felt delicious wet pressure close around one tight nipple. She moaned into Lucius' mouth as her Potions Master's lips encircled the taut pink flesh, sucking softly at first, teasing it. Severus' tongue flitted fast and rapid over the bud, delighting in the feel of it hardening and ripening in his hungry mouth.

His other hand moved to grip the neglected breast, and his long slender fingers ran lightly over the nipple atop it, bringing it as much pleasure as its twin. Hermione arched ever higher into him.

And then, with perfect synchronicity, the men moved away from their focus and travelled over her body. Lucius' tongue, his lips and mouth ran along her flesh, sometimes hard and needy, sometimes soft: a breath of arousal. He had reached her throat and let his tongue leave a trail of cooling fire as he came to the burning indentation at the base of her neck.

Severus had brought his mouth down over the valley of her breasts and was searching ever lower, bestowing worshipping kisses over her smooth flat stomach, dipping into her belly-button, causing a jolt of rapturous delight.

And the flesh unattended by their mouths was not ignored by their hands, which seemed to cover every inch of her slowly but completely.

Hermione kept her eyes closed and sighed out, her perfect indulgence once again finding fruition.

The three of them had been pleasing each other for two months now.

The relationship had started on a trip to Hogsmeade. Hermione had been there alone buying supplies for Advanced Potions. She had been surprised to find Snape there, and even more surprised when he had offered to help her with her choices.

They had talked, really talked, for the first time, and he had revealed to her a more human side than she had ever thought existed. Outside school, he was more relaxed, and his deep black eyes had contained a passion which had quickly revealed in her a need hitherto unrecognised.

When he had suggested going for a drink it had taken little for her to agree. She had surprised herself with the level of her excitement at the prospect. On entering the Three Broomsticks they had found Lucius Malfoy having just finished a business meeting. Severus had joined his old friend. Hermione had felt obliged to do the same, disappointed at first that they would not be alone. But Malfoy had been charming and gentlemanly, speaking to her openly and smoothly. His attractiveness was undeniable, and Hermione was no fool. She could tell he held her gaze for longer than necessary, could recognise the teasing smirks he gave her. When he reached across and ran a long finger over her hand as they finished their drinks, she let him. And then she had felt another hand. She turned her head. Her professor was looking at her intently, a faint smile present on the normally tightly pursed lips. His gaze was hypnotic. His hand was on her leg, moving idly but surely up higher, higher until she found it nestled in the hot, undeniably moistening place between her legs.

She did not hesitate for a moment. Her left hand turned to rub over Lucius Malfoy's long fingers, and her right came down to press upon Severus Snape's hand, pushing it ever harder against her throbbing core.

Malfoy had got up and quickly returned with the spell to unlock a room in the inn. He had gone upstairs first. Five minutes later, Snape had said goodbye to Hermione in an entirely professional manner, leaving through the front door, but walking around the back to ascend to the room. After another few minutes, where Hermione wondered if she would explode, she walked with trembling footsteps out of the inn and up to the room by the same route.

There followed a night of such complete pleasure she wondered if she would recover.

She did, and had since enjoyed frequent repetitions of it.

And now, as she lay on the floor of the classroom, her body was melting beneath her. Severus had moved further down.

She brought her fist into her mouth to try to stifle the wail of need rising from her. She could not. Lucius Malfoy brought himself up and kissed her hard and deep, his tongue silencing the sound at last. She gave him her own, dancing urgently with it. And then she pulled back with a gasp.

Severus' agile tongue had found her. With a long slow lick, he had swept her gathering pleasure up from bottom to top, ending in a tantalising swirl over her already needy clit.

She bucked against him.

Lucius moved from her mouth, down over the rise of her breasts.

"Again ... more ... more ..." She had to speak. She could not live without them. She knew they would oblige. She was their addiction.

Severus pushed her legs further apart, a faint exhalation of his own breath sounding as he gazed at her, so wet and ripe before him.

Lucius' lips had reached her nipple and he took it quickly between them, tugging the flesh hard out to cause a jerk of intense pleasure to shoot through her.

"Yes! Yes, my darlings." Hermione's sigh echoed softly against the hard walls of the chamber.

Severus was now allowing his tongue a dance of discovery along her sodden folds. Despite having done what he was now doing many times before, the taste and feel of the woman upon him was always a revelation. She pushed against him now and was rewarded by two long fingers pushed deep inside, searching out the velvet within. His tongue was running agilely over her clit while Lucius sucked deliriously on the taut nub of tingling flesh in his mouth.

Hermione was not sure who was abandoning themselves to whom. Never did she question what she was doing, never did she hesitate to give all of herself to these men, but equally, she knew she was not being taken advantage of. They worshipped her body they gave to her as much, if not more, than she could ever give in return.

She never wanted it to stop.

The pink kernel of delicious flesh in Lucius' mouth was crying out from his ministrations. Hermione's hand came down to push him harder against her, her fingers tangling in thick blond strands. Lucius' hand had moved to the other breast and was squeezing and plying the other nipple in tune with the first.

And below, Hermione clenched around the fingers sliding with fervent skill along her primed walls, the manifestation of her desire granting them a slick passage with which to achieve their aim.

But she could not hold on. The men upon her would not deny her a swift initial orgasm. They delighted in the sounds which poured from her body as pleasure took her and would pause in their movements to allow their ears to exalt in it. Hermione was so careful, so considered in most aspects of life, but when she gave herself to them, when she came, all propriety was gone, and her ecstasy could be heard in passionate abandon, a wailing cry of rapture which rattled through her entire being. It never ceased to amaze them.

And so it was now, as Severus latched one more time onto her delicious clit, sucking it deep into his mouth, he felt her shatter upon him.

Lucius heard it first, the low rumble deep in her chest, which rose up and out of her, transported through the medium of her flesh. Her fingers clenched in his hair with painful and sudden strength, and her body arched wildly, her other hand flung down to press the black head of Severus Snape ever deeper into her.

Hermione's face twisted in the grip of pleasure, every muscle in her body tense, then released at last. Her cry resounded off the stones around them, her pleasure flooding onto his tongue.

She came down with short gasps and pants, running her fingers through the hair of the two men, unaware almost that she was doing it.

At length the two men slumped beside her, one on each side, their hands never leaving her body.

"Are you free until supper?" It was the deep voice of her professor.

"Hmm." She could only hum in concurrence.

"One day, we shall take you away from all this far away, where we can indulge you for days on end."

Hermione smiled at Lucius' suggestion, still running her fingers idly through his hair. "And I can indulge you."

"Of course."

She at last opened her eyes and smiled at him. "May I indulge you now?"

He smirked back, drawing one finger over her cheek. "If you insist."

Hermione pushed herself into a sitting position, running her hands over Lucius' still-clad torso as she went. He too sat up, and together they began divesting him of clothing. It became impossible to do so while on the floor and they stood, never stopping their actions.

"Come through."

Hermione heard Severus' voice low in her consciousness and felt hands holding her, pulling her gently backwards, not away from Lucius, but enabling them both to be guided. She knew where they were going. Snape had private rooms off his classroom. There was a bed.

She did not stop revealing Lucius' flesh little by little, but managed to walk with him into the small but adequate bedroom. Occasionally she would turn and seek out the mouth of Severus who would grant it to her with his own sensual urgency.

As they entered the bedroom, Lucius' torso was at last exposed to her. She inclined her head with reverence towards the pale, smooth flesh, her tongue caressing it with deliberate care, taking each nipple in turn lightly into her mouth, igniting his lust as he had done hers.

Lucius' head fell back with an abandoned gasp and his eyes closed as the girl ran her nimble tongue over his burning flesh. Then down she slipped, away from him. She was undoing the buckles which kept him from her quickly and urgently. This time he did not help her, but revelled in the feeling of her agile fingers releasing the frustrated engorgement within.

He swayed out to her, a great force of potency and need.

She glanced up once and met his eyes.

He had pulled his head back to gaze on her. He managed a haughty smirk; it was such a habit, he could do it in the most agonised situation. "Indulge me."

She opened her mouth wide and moved over him. A grunted sigh was pulled from him. He resisted guiding her with his hands. There was no need, and he enjoyed abandoning himself completely to her perfect attentions. To be in the hands of this girl was the most liberating experience he had ever had.

She was licking avidly around the head, occasionally allowing her tongue to quest along his dripping slit, sometimes pulling her mouth in firmly upon him and taking him hard and deep, up and down, running her lips over the rigid flesh with expert ardour. She could take him deeper than anyone before, and as he felt the tip jolting against her tight throat, he exalted in the sensations gripping him unstoppably.

Hermione could not get enough of him. She feasted on his cock as if her life depended on it. He knew she wanted more, could take more. He raised his eyes to his friend who had been watching her perfect display in satisfied silence.

Lucius kept eye-contact with Severus but spoke to Hermione. "It is not enough, is it, my beloved? More ... you will always need more ... that is why we are here ... that is why we are here for you."

She pulled back with a gasp and looked up at him with grateful acknowledgement. Severus had already divested himself of his clothes. Now he moved, fluidly but surely over to her side, and offered himself to her alongside his friend.

Lucius pulled off her momentarily to convey his acceptance. She moved immediately to the smooth head of the other cock, taking it deep, swirling her tongue over it as she went. Severus moaned. His sounds of pleasure were always more subdued than those of Lucius, but Hermione recognised it as an affirmation of his satisfaction. She sucked on him with increasing ardour, delighting in the relentless dripping of his salty need onto her tongue. She drank every drop down amidst the twirling pulls of her swollen lips.

Then she pulled back, knowing what awaited her a mere foot away. Her mouth opened then for Lucius and this time she teased him with the very tip of her tongue, letting it hop and skip over the tormented flesh, flitting it rapidly over the head. She repeated this on Severus.

This prompted a groan from one man, a hiss from the other.

Hermione moved from one man to the other, rejoicing in their differences, until her desire made their uniqueness blend into a haze of pleasure.

Hermione worked upon them both. There was little sound in the room save for the heavy breathing of the men as their bodies drew themselves up for release. She was careful not to lavish too much attention on one more than the other. Did she have a favourite? She had never considered it was a ridiculous question. These men existed as one in her mind. Neither of them had ever contemplated giving her the one without the other.

And now, as she sucked Lucius' cock towards its urgent release, her other lover moved rapidly behind her, before it was too late. Hermione knew instinctively what was happening and bent over, bringing Lucius to his knees before her. The next instant she felt the swollen rigidity of Severus' cock thrust fully into her throbbing pussy.

She groaned around the hard flesh in her mouth. Lucius pulled back a little to allow her pleasure to sound. A slight sob of delight rose from Hermione as the man behind her began a steady movement in and out, stroking her, filling her, reinforcing all she was.

And it was only then that Lucius Malfoy took the control back. He pushed his cock hard into her mouth and began guiding it carefully but firmly along her lips. Hermione took it. She took it all, rejoicing in the sudden shift in dominance.

Severus' hands gripped her hips. The two men were so close; she knew they would not last much longer. She clenched her muscles tight around the cock within her core and sucked hard on Lucius.

With a sudden gasp of breath, which he held abruptly, Lucius froze before releasing exultantly into her mouth. At that moment, the plunges of the man within her became more desperate, as with a final thrust Severus too came hard, bursting into her with his own groaning cry.

It was a while before anyone could move. When at last the men pulled themselves carefully from her body, Hermione slumped onto the floor. She was vaguely aware of being picked up and borne to the bed where she was placed tenderly amidst soft silks and velvets.

The dark head of Severus Snape approached. He leant in to kiss her, his tongue gliding over hers idly and deliberately. She moaned against it. Pulling back, he moved his tongue to her ear, whispering his low affirmation into it. "What now? What now, my sweet Gryffindor? You are more perfect than ever. I struggle to survive without you. Every day away from you is a torment."

She did not answer but reached up and kissed him again. He returned it but gently pushed her body over onto her side, her back spooning against his torso. Still grazing over her lips, he moved his hand down her, running lightly over her smooth rump, parting her. Still he kissed her, his fingers questing ever closer to their goal.

Severus reached down and dipped into her sweet wetness, drawing out her ever-dripping pleasure. Then bringing his hand out again, he brought it up to her other opening, and as his tongue ran in lazy circles in her mouth, he pushed one then two fingers slowly into her arse. She moaned in rapture and pulsed against them.

As this was happening, Lucius had moved to her front side and had begun suckling on her breasts. But as he saw Severus exploring elsewhere, he moved in against her, raising her leg, and placing his erect cock before her pussy.

Severus released her head and it fell back around to Lucius. The blond man took over the kiss, before easing long and slow into her. Hermione moaned loud. Lucius' cock stretched her walls, and Severus' fingers ignited the centre of her being. The heated tension wrought by them only drove her closer and closer to rapture. Her skin was alight; her body on fire. She craved her release.

Locking eyes with Lucius, she bit her lip. He read the desperate need in them and started to move more rapidly. Still Severus flamed his fingers within her.

Together, little by little, the two men were building the agony that held her body. They knew in what exquisite torture she was suspended and continued to draw her gradually up out of herself.

Hermione seared Lucius with her eyes, her pleasure merely heightened by looking into the grey of his. Tears came to her. Lucius reached over and plunged his mouth upon her. When he pulled back, the tears were falling; it had to be now.

"Please ... please ..." She whispered her need to him in desperation.

Gripping her hips, he moved more powerfully, pushing deep into her with grunts of satisfaction. Hermione groaned and drew her head back. Immediately her gaping mouth was covered by more firm lips, those of Severus. His tongue sought deep within her just as his fingers stroked more sensation from inside her tightest place. It was all it took. The inhabitation of her body by these men sent her crashing from the height they had raised her to.

Severus pulled off her mouth to hear the rising wail of pleasure as it took its hold on her. Lucius felt her orgasm gripping his cock. Her eyes widened with her mouth, locking with him unseeingly as pleasure removed all control. With that, Lucius burst into her, unable to hold back. Severus could feel the power of her climax even upon the fingers still tight within her.

Once again, Hermione could only lie futilely in the aftershock of rapture.

She held Lucius' stare, smiling warmly across at him. He stroked her hair from her eyes as Severus ran his hand lightly over her hip. She turned her head and kissed her professor delicately, smiling under his lips.

"What time is it?" she eventually asked softly.

"Nearly six," came the low reply.

She sighed. "I have to go soon. Are you coming to supper, Severus?"

"Hmm." He was nibbling her earlobe.

Hermione turned back to Lucius. He leant in and planted short but delicious kisses over her mouth. "You could come too," she suggested. "Sit with the staff."

"Only if I have a perfect view of you."

"I would ensure you did."

"It is very, very tempting, but ... duty calls ... I am expected back. But now, my dear ... I think a little goodbye gift is in order, don't you? Lucius was kissing over her skin, rolling her onto her back, Severus had moved to her breasts, sucking the nipples one at a time hard onto his tongue. She moaned already she wanted more. "And who will be looking at that exquisite face of yours as you come today?" drawled Lucius.

She smirked at him, kissing him deep. But then she turned and gave her mouth to Severus, who had moved up to her. She had chosen. After seeking her indulgence from him, she turned back to her blond lover and asked with a breathed murmur, "Is that alright?"

"Anything you wish, my darling." He smiled back. "We are in your hands. Your pleasure is our pleasure."

With that Hermione spun suddenly and rapidly, placing herself over Severus' prone body. She smiled down at him before dropping her head once more to possess his mouth. He held her hard, plunging his tongue deep into her. She groaned against him, the vibrations causing his cock to swell ever more, and manoeuvred herself so that she was placed just above the tip of his searching erection.

With a glance of satisfaction, Hermione pushed down slowly but firmly, not breaking eye-contact with the black orbs she saw before her.

"The way you do that, witch ... Up ... slow ... do it again." Severus' voice poured over her like honey. How could she not oblige? Biting her lip, she pushed her hips up so that he slid slowly along her, threatening to fall out. He gasped in to control himself and, with a teasing smile, pushed down again, feeling his large head stretch her walls as he went. "Delicious perfection, witch, delicious perfection," came the low groan.

She smiled, but the smile faded as pleasure began to hold her. And then, other hands had her, gripping her hips. She reached a hand around, clasping fingers with the man behind her. It was her indication of need. Lucius entwined his hand in hers, and with the other, brought his engorged cock to rub along her star-like entrance. Hermione mewled as Severus' cock rubbed exquisitely along her sweetest spot, causing her to grip Lucius' hand ever tighter. The blond wizard quickly prepared them both he was too much of a gentleman not to producing what was necessary and applying its contents liberally.

Hermione almost cried out. She knew what was coming; she needed it.

"Hermione." It came from the man beneath her. She glanced down and met the dark eyes of Severus. They were glazed a little as his own body was held in the tight grip of encroaching pleasure, but she leant over and kissed him, pulling up as she felt the head of Lucius' cock begin to squeeze into her.

Severus felt her body tightening yet further, her eyes rolling back as the fullness overcame her. He held her head forcefully, ensuring she looked deep into his eyes again. Lucius pushed in yet further. Hermione gasped a little in shock at the magnitude of what was inside her, but made sure she did not take her eyes from Severus. He stared hard into her and pushed his own desperate cock ever further in. She caught her breath sharply. Her eyes held an expression akin to alarm, but neither man stopped his strokes.

Lucius surged forward fully, past any resistance, and let out a roar of sensation as he felt himself fully embedded within her.

Hermione cried out, her eyes wide, but still locked with Severus'.

All three of them stopped for a moment, still and silent.

Then Severus reached up and stroked the damp hair falling over her face out of her eyes. He ran idle fingers lightly over her flushed face, soothing her. "Shh, shh, my witch ... feel it ... feel us."

Hermione focused on the two men within her. Sensation forced her eyes to close and she groaned long and low as her body accepted all it was encompassing.

It was she who started to move again. Slowly, concentratedly, she pulled up slowly from Severus. Lucius stayed buried deep within. Then, just as slowly, she pushed herself gradually down over his cock again, angling herself to catch her g-spot perfectly. This time Lucius pulled out. Then she pushed up and Lucius moved back into her.

They kept this up in perfect synchronicity for minutes. Hermione lost all sense of time or place. If she had seen the faces of the men within her, she would have seen a similar emotion reflected in them.

But then she needed completion. And she would only achieve it through them. They all knew it.

She leaned over Severus, staring once again into his eyes. "Both ... now ... both of you."

Instinctively, the two men pushed deep and full into her. She gasped out, but immediately her surprise shifted into pleased ecstasy and her gasp morphed into a laugh of triumph.

"Yes ... yes ... you are all I want ... all I need ... you two ... only you ..."

The men were thrusting hard and fast along her. And she took them; she rejoiced in them.

Severus could read her face, could sense the gathering of her pleasure as well as his own. He knew every twist of her brows, every catch of her breath. And he could acknowledge now how close he was. He relaxed his own restraint and allowed pleasure to begin its rise in him.

Hermione was staring wide into him, and then, with a final push as Lucius propelled himself deep into her, her face creased in desperate revelation. Her mouth gaped, both to draw in air and with astonished delight. Severus could not take his eyes from the sight. And then he felt it. The expression of cramping ecstasy on her face was reflected in the searing tightness of her pussy clamped around him.

With a heaving cry she came, all reason lost as her body shattered upon the two men within her. Severus saw the tears of release in her eyes, and as his cock was milked by her clenching muscles he burst out, his own groans of rapture joining with hers.

Almost unaware, Hermione flung a hand back and found Lucius, scratching her fingers uselessly upon his flesh. He moved once, twice, again, and then was himself undone. As Hermione's ebbing pleasure flowed from her, Lucius came deep and powerfully, his grunting moan completing the trio of sounds still hanging heavily in the room.

It took some time for them to return to any semblance of normality. Their bodies remained joined. As always, after their meetings, they wondered if they could possibly ever leave.

As the air eventually settled and time encroached upon them all again, Hermione sighed, still feeling the hands of both men soothing and caressing her victorious flesh. "Supper time."

Lucius slowly pulled her head round and bent to kiss her. "I envy Severus being able to be in your proximity all the time," he murmured against her lips.

"We can't do anything at supper," she giggled. "And anyway, we don't do anything when you're not here."

"I sometimes wonder why," Lucius placed a hand on her chin and pushed her head gently back to her professor. She immediately opened for him. Lucius watched in delighted curiosity as the two of them kissed ardently before him.

Severus at last moved away. "No. Some things are sacred. Together, we know you too well ... your body is attuned to us both. So be it."

With a final kiss, Lucius rose from the bed. "I must go. Until next time. Wednesday?" He asked over his shoulder.

"Is that alright?"

"I shall make sure that it is."

"And for you, Severus?" Hermione asked him.

"Hmm ... And you ... Miss Granger ... must ensure you are not late next time." He smirked, kissing her yet again.

She returned it before also getting up, casting a cleansing charm and dressing. "I wonder if the girls have finished their list yet?" she mused to herself.

"List?" queried Severus, the familiar undertone of spite present again.

"Yes ... and how fascinating it was." It was Hermione's turn to smirk.

Lucius had also raised an intrigued eyebrow. "And what did this ... list ... entail?"

"Oh, nothing really, but for once, I have to say ... I am in 100 percent agreement with them!"

With that, she blew them both a kiss and swept out of the room.

Lucky, lucky girl. Any thoughts much enjoyed and pondered. x