

In the Still of the Night

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The secret affairs in Grimmauld Place are not so secret anymore.

Chapter 1

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Late at night, Grimmauld Place was eerily quiet. Old Muggle houses always made noise; floorboards and support beams creaked and groaned quietly, like an old person suffering from arthritis. Apparently magical homes did not have that issue.

After all the pests had been eliminated, there were only human inhabitants left. Four people were quite enough, but they were all adept at silencing charms. So when Hermione headed for the kitchen to get a glass of milk, she couldn't even hear snoring or breathing through the closed bedroom doors. If she didn't know better, she could imagine she was all alone in the huge house. She paused in front of Draco's door, but shook her head. He had disappeared into his room hours earlier, without any indication that he wanted her to follow. He gave her space when she needed it; it seemed only fair that she do the same. As she approached the second floor landing, she heard faint sounds from downstairs. It was very late, but it was possible that Snape and Harry were still up. It warmed her heart that after years of animosity they could finally maintain a civil, if not even friendly conversation. Snape's grudging acceptance of Harry's hospitality had helped a great deal with the fence-mending process.

Hermione turned the corner and almost stumbled, startled by the sight before her. Downstairs, two figures were entwined in a passionate kiss and seemed to be losing clothing rapidly. Her brain was refusing to process the visual data, but that didn't make it less real. Harry and Severus were downstairs, but they were most certainly not talking.

She wanted to turn around; she knew she had no right to watch them. However, her feet stood firmly planted on the floor as her traitorous eyes roamed the men's bare flesh. She had seen Harry without his shirt many times at the Burrow, but she had never paid attention to his body. After all, he was just Harry. Now she couldn't ignore the flawless skin of his back and the rippling muscles of his arms, which held the other man. And Snape... she still couldn't get used to not calling him Professor, and she had never seen him as a sexual being, yet there he was, lean and scarred and disturbingly attractive, snogging her best friend like there was no tomorrow.

As she stood there, transfixed and aroused against her will, a hand clamped on her mouth and a strong arm wrapped around her middle.

'You're such a *naughty* girl, Hermione,' Draco's low voice drawled in her ear.

She squirmed, trying to free herself, cheeks flaming in mortification, but he refused to release her. Instead, he continued to whisper in her ear, making the hairs on her neck stand on end.

'Do you like watching them, Hermione, hmm? Does it turn you on, seeing Saint Potter debauched by the big, bad Potions professor? Did you know they have been shagging in every nook and cranny of this house for the last month?'

Hermione shook her head.

'No, you didn't know, or no, it doesn't turn you on? I think you're lying, you little vixen. I *cas mell* you.'

His hand crept under her nightgown, and he chuckled softly in her ear when his fingers encountered moisture.

'The prim and proper Gryffindor princess gets off on watching men shag. I would never have guessed, if I didn't know you're not so prim and proper behind closed doors.'

Hermione hissed at him, defeated.

'All right, you've made your point! Now let's go back to my room so that you can do something about it!'

'I don't think so; I feel good here. And the show is quite entertaining, don't you think?'

Hermione glanced at the scene downstairs and had to stifle a groan. The men were both naked and Harry was leaning over the table. Snape was behind him, and she caught a glimpse of his cock a second before it disappeared in Harry's arse. Her bum wriggled against Draco's front, and she felt he was hard already.

'They'll hear us!'

'No they won't. They are far too busy to care about anything right now. Hold on to the banister, and do not make a sound!'

Without wasting time, Draco banished her knickers, and before she could protest, he slammed into her. Despite her brain screaming that what they were doing was highly inappropriate, her body had its own opinion, and she shuddered in pleasure. She was pressed between Draco and the banister, his left hand steadied her hips, and his right continued exploring the slick flesh between her legs. When he started moving, she abandoned all fears of being caught and concentrated hard on biting back her moans. Draco's heated whispers did not help at all.

'Did you ever think what Severus hides behind all those layers, hmmm? Do you like what you see? Do you imagine that it's his cock sliding into your cunt and tickling all your sweet spots? You have seen him brew, now you are watching him fuck. Can you imagine all that intensity focused on you?'

Hermione tasted blood in her mouth, as she had to bite down hard to keep from crying out. In some perverse way, Draco's words made her whole body tingle and intensified the pleasure he was giving her. It was a guilty feeling; she wasn't supposed to imagine being fucked by another man, a man who was apparently involved with Harry.

Draco laughed softly and bit her neck.

'I could never fault you for thinking about it. Merlin knows I have.'

Hermione's vision blurred as she mentally replaced Harry's shorter, sturdier body with Draco's lean form. She imagined it was him that Severus was pounding into the table, his blond hair swinging with the force of the older man's thrusts, his white skin marred with bite marks, his neck arching back as he swallowed his howl of pleasure. Perverse as it was, that image proved too much, and she felt the walls of her cunt contract. Draco probably felt it too, because his hand moved quickly from her hip to clamp over her mouth again. It was a good thing, because she wasn't nearly as good as Harry in being quiet. As her body convulsed, Draco's movements lost their rhythm, and he bit her shoulder, hard. Even with her mind turned to mush from the force of her orgasm, she felt a bit of smugness; he was not the clinically exact seducer he tried to play, and he was just as affected as she was.

When Draco stepped back, a trickle of semen spilled down her thighs, and suddenly she remembered their precarious position. Severus or Harry could look up any minute and see them! She disentangled herself from Draco's slack grasp and hissed in his ear.

'My bedroom, *now*!'

When Draco came down for breakfast, he found Severus already up, eating dry toast and drinking tea. He hobbled over to the counter, grabbed a cup of coffee and gingerly sat down next to his old Head of House.

Without sparing him a glance, Severus enquired, 'Did you have an enjoyable night?'

Draco grinned and sipped his coffee.

'Oh, yes. Every single muscle hurts, but it was so worth it. Thank you. I wasn't certain that you would do it.'

Severus winced slightly.

'I wasn't certain myself. Actually, I don't know what possessed me to go through with it. Merlin knows that it took ages to convince Harry that it was safe carrying on in the living room. I don't like lying to him, you know.'

Draco scoffed dismissively.

'What he doesn't know can't hurt him, Severus. Besides, it's not like you pimped him out; it was just a bit of harmless voyeuristic fun.'

Quiet steps sounded from the hallway, and they both schooled their features to polite indifference. When Hermione entered the kitchen, they were in deep conversation about the chances of Kingsley Shacklebolt being elected for Minister once more.

At any other morning, Hermione would have entered the discussion even before she got seated. This time, all she said was a mumbled 'Good morning' as she poured a cup of coffee and prepared toast. She carefully avoided looking at the table. Behind her back, Draco rolled his eyes, and Severus buried his face in his hands. He mouthed at Draco, 'You owe me!'

The last one to get down for breakfast was Harry.

'Good morning!' he beamed at everyone. Then he sat down and gave Severus a casual peck on the cheek, as if it was the most natural occurrence on the breakfast table. Everyone, including Severus, stared at him. He grabbed a piece of toast and started spreading jam on it. After a minute of uneasy silence, he looked up and huffed.

'Honestly! I think sneaking around is pointless after last night. By the way, Draco, I hope you didn't press Hermione against the banister too hard; she bruises easily.'

Draco spewed his coffee back in the cup, and Hermione just stared at everyone with huge, terrified eyes. Harry patted Draco on the back and handed him a napkin.

'Now that everything is out in the open, can we have breakfast in peace?'

A/N: Many thanks to [astopperindeath](#) for beta reading!