

# Weasleys' Wizard Wheezes' Patented Daydream Charm

*by morgaine\_dulac*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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'Don't use it, Viv!'

'I am not going to suffer through a whole lesson of History of Magic on my seventeenth birthday!'

'But, Viv, it's from the Weasleys. You never know what can happen. What if you sprout antlers or something?'

'Antlers?' Vivianne snorted. 'Don't be ridiculous! Fred said the charm's safe. Or was it George? Oh, it doesn't matter. And what if I do sprout antlers? Then I'll have to see the matron and will not have to endure Binns anyway. Tada! Happy Birthday to me!'

'You can't trust Gryffindors.'

'Oh, shut up. If it gets me out of History of Magic, I'll trust You-Know-Who himself.'

And so Vivianne Montgomery, seventh-year Slytherin and birthday girl, ignored her friend's advice and nipped into the girls' lavatory five minutes before History of Magic to crack open a little package containing a prototype of the Weasley brothers' soon-to-be-patented Daydream Charm. How nice of Fred or George to give her one for free so she would survive History of Magic that Friday afternoon. But to her utter disappointment, Binns kept droning on as usual, and no nice images appeared in front of her eyes. Neither was she drooling or having a dazed expression. And unluckily for Fred Weasley, she cornered him three minutes after her lesson with Binns had ended.

'Oh shit!' he groaned. 'Don't tell me George forgot to tell you about the ninety minutes!'

'Which ninety minutes?' Vivianne tightened her grip around Fred's arm, her grey eyes flashing dangerously.

'The ninety minutes it takes for the charm to start working properly.'

Vivianne let go of Fred as if burnt and paled. History of Magic had been sixty minutes long. Now she had a fifteen minute break and then ... Potions!

\* \* \*

Holy Mother Goddess! She had always suspected that her Head of House was hiding a well-trimmed body under his robes, but this! Wow! Michelangelo's David himself had nothing on this man. Those well-toned muscles, that six-pack stomach, that perfectly chiselled butt and that huge, throbbing ...

Vivianne blinked fiercely and returned somewhat regretfully to reality. Damn those Weasley twins! She would flay George alive once she got hold of him. How could he have forgotten to tell her about those ninety minutes? Fred, on the other hand, would be allowed to live. At least he had tried to come up with a solution to her predicament. But unfortunately, he had not been able to offer her a counter charm, as the Daydream Charm itself was still only a trial version. So all he had been able to do was to recommend that Vivianne should try to concentrate very, very hard on reality. Ha! Ruddy easy that was!

'You will have to do this for precisely six minutes. Keep a firm hold ... on my hard cock. Stroke it slowly, up and down, until I come into your hand.'

Vivianne bit her lip so hard that she actually drew blood. Snape was standing a few feet away from her, in front of the class, instructing them to keep a firm grip not around his hard cock but the ladle with which they were stirring their potions, as this particular brew had a tendency to change its density every now and then and could suck the ladle right out of their hands.

'Suck my balls while you stroke me. Yes, you may nibble. Fuck, yes, you little minx! Make me come.'

For fuck sake! Vivianne was now considering sticking her hand into the fire that was burning under her cauldron. Maybe the pain would help her focus on reality. Or maybe Snape would send her to the hospital wing.

'As you can see, the Fairy Fruit seems to be rather hard, and if you just cut it open, you will experience some difficulties in extracting enough juice. Therefore, you will want to knead them with both your hands ... just as I want to knead your breasts. They, too, are like ripe, exotic fruits. Firm, succulent. I could spend eternity kneading them. And your nipples ... I want to lick them, bite them, suck on them until you scream in ecstasy.'

Vivianne managed to stifle a whimper in the very last second. Snape's voice was like velvet on her skin, but she had long since stopped paying attention to what he was saying. Instead, she was praying that he would stop talking soon. If he said much more, if she had to listen to his deep, sensuous baritone for much longer, she might just come undone right there on her chair in the Potions classroom without him even touching her.

Needless to say, Vivianne's potion turned out to be a complete failure, and she was not surprised that Snape told her to stay behind after class. Surely, he would tell her that a T wasn't bad enough a grade for her concoction. But Vivianne didn't care about her grade. There wasn't enough space in her mind for things that trivial. How the hell was she supposed to concentrate on Snape's telling-off with images of him flashing in front of her eyes? Images of him naked, aroused. Images of him shoving his swollen cock into her mouth. Images of him driving his enormous, throbbing cock into ...

'Miss Montgomery.'

Vivianne felt a shiver go down her spine, and she wasn't sure if she had managed to keep her moan silent.

'You seem to have forgotten the most basic principles of Potion making.'

'I'm sorry, sir, I ...' Another shiver. This time, Vivianne had to close her eyes for a second. 'I am not feeling well today.'

Snape smirked. 'You also seem to have forgotten, Miss Montgomery, that I am a highly accomplished Legilimens. All I have to do is to nudge you, and your mind opens to me as willingly as your thighs.'

\* \* \*

Back in her fifth year, Snape had once given her detention for sitting on a desk. But now he didn't seem to mind. Actually, it had been him who had suggested that Vivianne supported herself against his desk as she according to him had looked pale and he did not want her to faint in his classroom. And as he had moved closer, his black eyes boring into hers, Vivianne had been truly grateful that she had the heavy oak to hold on to.

'I am fully aware that the minds of teenage girls work in mysterious ways, Miss Montgomery, and that hormones can befuddle those minds in the most peculiar manner. But the images that have been flashing around in your mind over the last hour ...' He tutted. 'Filthy, Miss Montgomery. Yet fascinating.'

Vivianne was biting her lower lip. Snape was standing so close that she imagined that she could feel his body heat. What she wasn't imagining, however, was his scent. A strange mixture of exotic spices and musk. So manly, so alluring. And his eyes were hypnotising her.

'Let us see what else we can find in your mind. Shall we, Miss Montgomery?'

She shivered as he traced the line of her neck with his nose, and as her eyes fluttered shut, she let her head fall to the side. She didn't know why, but she wanted Snape to have as much access as possible.

As his lips closed around her earlobe, she felt her spine turn into jelly and once more thought she was about to faint. But she didn't fall. She couldn't. There was a strong hand at the back of her neck, another at her hip, and those hands were supporting her, guiding her.

She was disappointed as Snape abandoned her ear, and she opened her eyes, just to be immediately captured by his dark gaze again. His hand glided from the back of her neck over her throat to come to a rest under her chin. With a feather-light touch, his thumb started to caress her trembling lips. They opened slightly, and without thinking, Vivianne stuck out her tongue and let it flick over his thumb. Snape smirked. 'Suck it,' he whispered.

He wouldn't have needed to tell her. All too willingly, Vivianne closed her lips around her Head's thumb and started to suck on it as if it were the sweetest lolly Honeydukes had to offer. And as Snape sunk his teeth into the sensitive flesh of her neck, her eyes fluttered shut once more.

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Snape didn't break eye contact for a second as he unbuttoned her shirt. Neither did he look away when he slid the white fabric down over her shoulders. And he even managed to unclasp her bra without having to look. Surely, he had done that before.

Slowly, agonisingly slowly, he let his warm hands glide down to the waistband of her skirt, then onto the sides of hips, then upwards until he reached the side of her breasts. Then he just shifted his thumbs and ever so carefully made contact with her nipples.

'It will please you to hear,' he whispered, 'that your nipples are not the only thing that is hard around here, Miss Montgomery.'

Once more, he smirked and started kneading her breasts. He had done that before, too, Vivianne concluded. Oh, she had not had any idea that a man touching her breasts could be so pleasurable. The boys she had been with had not seemed to know the difference between breasts and Bludgers.

'Close your eyes,' Snape whispered.

Vivianne obliged and felt his lips at her neck once more, then wander down over her collarbone to her chest, to her breasts. Then they closed around her left nipple.

Vivianne moaned deeply, and as Snape continued to suckle, every now and then taking a break to let his tongue flick over the awakened bud or to breathe on it, she put her hands onto his shoulders, first for support but later to pull him closer towards her. Heavens, this was good! Too good! If he carried on like this ...

As if he had read her mind, Snape gave her nipple a last, slow lick and stood up, once more cupping her chin.

'Look at me. I want to know how this daydream continues.'

Vivianne blinked and looked up at her teacher. His pupils were dilated and his lips slightly parted.

'Kiss me,' Vivianne whispered.

'I beg your pardon?'

Vivianne swallowed. She should have kept her mouth shut. Snape was surely not the type who liked to be told what to do. But she really, really wanted him to kiss her. She wanted to taste him so badly.

'Well?' Once more, his eyes seemed to see into the deepest corners of her mind. 'What did you say, Miss Montgomery?'

'I'd like you to kiss me.'

'On the lips?'

Vivianne nodded.

Snape raised an eyebrow, and Vivianne prepared herself for the most humiliating moment in her life. There she was, sitting on her teacher's desk, breasts exposed and sexually excited beyond reason, and now she had asked for something as silly as a kiss, and Snape would certainly laugh at her now and send her away.

But he did no such thing. Instead, he smiled.

'In order for me to kiss you, Miss Montgomery,' he said quietly, 'you will need to allow me to get closer.'

What? Vivianne had no idea what Snape was talking about. He had just spent the better part of the last ten minutes sucking her nipples. How much closer could one get?

Snape smirked and nodded downwards, his eyes still firmly locked on to hers. 'Your knees, Miss Montgomery.'

During his entire ministrations, Snape had been standing on her left side, kissing and licking her left breast while he had only caressed her right with his hands. But now, in order to kiss her, he wanted to stand between her thighs. Willingly, she let him part her legs and position himself beside them.

'Closer,' he whispered.

He swiftly reached around her, grabbing her butt and pulling her closer to the edge of the table, and Vivianne gasped. Whatever it was that was straining through his robes and now rubbing against her was huge.

'In due time, Miss Montgomery.' Snape chuckled and took a firm hold of her wrists as she instinctively reached out towards him. 'I distinctly recall you asking for a kiss, not a cock.'

Oh, he was such a tease. His lips barely touched hers, and his tongue darted out for only a second at a time, just long enough to flick against her lips and make her long for more. Vivianne wriggled, tried to stretch her neck so she could reach him, but Snape was tall, and as long as he was keeping a hold around her wrists, he was the one in charge.

'Needy, are we?' he growled, and Vivianne felt a momentary flash of annoyance. He was playing with her. But oddly enough, she was enjoying it.

Then, suddenly, without any warning, he attacked, crushing her lips with his, thrusting his tongue into her mouth, massaging her tongue with his, all the while grinding himself against her.

She had never been kissed like that! Every time Snape thrust his tongue inside her mouth, Vivianne felt a wave of pleasure surge through her body. It started at the tip of her tongue and ended between her legs, connecting with Snape's hard cock which he was pressing against her. She wrapped her legs around his hips, pulling him closer, grinding herself against him.

'Minx,' Snape growled as they broke apart, both gasping for breath. 'One would think you want me to take you right now.'

One would think? Was he freaking kidding? She was dripping wet, and if he would finally unbutton his robes, Vivianne was sure that his cock would spring right out of his pants. But she never got around to saying anything. There was a swooshing sound, a flash of green light, and out of the fire grate stepped a tall, handsome wizard with flowing robes and long, blond hair. Lucius Malfoy.

Vivianne was too shocked to even move. Mr Malfoy might not be a school governor anymore, but he was still a very powerful and influential wizard, and Vivianne could not even imagine what kind of trouble it meant that he was catching Snape grinding himself against a half-naked student.

Snape, too, seemed unable to move. 'Lucius,' he snarled.

'Busy, I see,' Malfoy said lightly, taking off his cloak and settling in the armchair by the fire, acting as casual as if he had walked in on Snape brewing a potion. 'Carry on.'

What? At this moment, Vivianne started to doubt her sanity. That Daydream Charm must have come from a really bad batch. No daydream, not even one coming out of a bottle, could be that twisted. But as Snape once more assaulted her mouth, now busy pushing up her skirt, any beginning of a coherent thought was smothered. Who the fuck cared about Lucius Malfoy?

Once more, she closed her eyes, sinking into Snape's kiss. She heard something rip, and knew that it had been the fabric of her knickers, and as Snape, without warning, thrust two fingers inside her, she moaned into his mouth, shivering. Fucking hell, he had found just the right spot.

'Look at me,' he breathed, wriggling his two fingers inside her and now applying pressure to her clit with his thumb. 'I said, look at me.'

She couldn't defy him. What if he got annoyed and stopped what he was doing to her?

She could barely make out where his pupils ended and his iris started, but it didn't matter. She knew that her own pupils were just as dilated as his, and that her eyes were filled with just as much lust as his. If not more.

'You little trollop,' Snape exclaimed hoarsely, thrusting his fingers fast and deep inside her and making her moan with pleasure. 'You want the both of us?'

Vivianne's breath caught in her throat. Both of them? What did he mean, both of ... Oh!

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Vivianne giggled. She knew that Lucius Malfoy had a way with words. She had heard him give speeches in the Slytherin common room when he had still been a governor. But the things he was whispering in her ear now would make a Banshee blush. And the way his breath was tickling her neck ...

Her eyes darted sideways towards Snape. As Malfoy had ever so willingly taken off his robes, Snape had finally done the same, and there he was standing now, naked apart from his unbuttoned white silk shirt, stroking his thick cock while watching Malfoy kiss Vivianne's breasts. Oh, how she wanted to reach out for that magnificent cock and stroke it herself, but she had to hold on to Malfoy instead. The way he was handling her breasts was making her dizzy, and had she not been able to hold on to him, she might just have slipped off the table. And his cock, which was pushing against her thigh every now and then ... wow!

'Why don't you lie down, dearest heart?' Malfoy purred and started to push her backwards, carefully supporting her head with his hand. 'It seems unnecessary for you to be wasting your energy on sitting. I think you'll need your strength later.'

He returned to her breasts, licking and suckling, and as Vivianne's head rolled to the side, she realised that Snape had moved closer, and that his cock was now right in front of her face.

'Do you want it?' he asked, bucking his hips slightly towards her, his eyes once more firmly locked on to hers. And she just opened her mouth. There was no need for words.

Snape growled deeply as her lips closed around his head, and he dug his hand into her hair, pulling her closer. She took him as deeply as she could, pressing her tongue firmly against his hardness. As she had imagined, he was huge. But he was also careful. When she had given Wood a blow-job, ensuring that he would be unable to sit properly on his broom during the last Quidditch match of the season, she had been gagging constantly. Snape's cock, however, slid smoothly in and out. And she closed her eyes, letting him choose the speed and fully enjoying the moans that were escaping him every now and then. That was until Malfoy's lips closed around her clit.

For a moment, Vivianne thought that she was going to explode. She felt Snape withdraw, but she did not care. Her blood was rushing in her ears, there seemed to be spasms going through her body, and she heard herself scream: 'Yes! Yes! Fuck, YES!'

For how long she had been screaming, she did not know, but as her breathing had returned to normal and she was able to open her eyes again, she saw both Snape and Malfoy look down at her, both of them smirking and both stroking their impressive cocks.

'Methinks, the lady is ready to be taken,' Malfoy stated with drawling, sensuous voice and made to step back between Vivianne's still open legs. But Snape held him back.

'That cunt belongs to me.'

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Holy Mother Goddess! Vivianne wasn't sure if she was able to take much more. Malfoy was straddling her stomach, squeezing her breasts together and thrusting in his cock between them, moaning lustfully and talking dirty to her, and Snape ... oh, Snape!

She couldn't see him, as Malfoy was obstructing the view, but whatever he was doing between her thighs, it was driving her mad. He was filling her out completely, seemingly coming deeper inside her with every thrust. And every time he thrust into her, he hit a certain spot which made a flash of pleasure shoot through her. And his fingers, oh, they were working their magic as well, sometimes circling her clit, sometimes pressing right onto it, and sometimes just brushing against it with a touch that was so light that he might have been using a feather. But what truly made her whole body shake was the way Snape altered his pace. Sometimes, he was fucking her like a rabbit, making his desk shake and rattle, just to suddenly stop and then ease in and out of her agonisingly slowly, so slowly that she would beg him to fuck her properly. And every time he obliged, a new orgasm rushed through her, forcing her to squeeze her eyes tightly shut so she would not pass out.

It was after a particularly violent orgasm, during which she had sunk her nails so deep into Malfoy's thighs that she had drawn blood, that Snape came to an almost complete stop in his movements, and Vivianne saw his hands sneak around Malfoy's hip.

'Finish,' he growled, his otherwise velvety voice hoarse from moaning. 'I want to look at her when I come.'

Malfoy obliged. He took hold of his cock and started to stroke it, caressing Vivianne's breasts with his free hand. And she cupped his balls, surprised at the fact that Snape was doing the same from behind.

Malfoy came loudly, spurting his load over Vivianne's chest and Snape's desk alike. Then he slid off, and collapsed on a chair.

Snape's eyes locked on to Vivianne's. 'I will not be content with coming onto your breasts, witch,' he growled, his breathing heavy. 'I will give you a potion later, but I want to come inside you.'

Vivianne just nodded. The thought of Snape spurting his seed into her was deeply erotic, and she shivered at the mere thought of being able to milk him of his very last drop.

He pulled her up into a sitting position, which altered the angle of his cock inside her, and Vivianne gasped. This was going to be good!

He kissed her deeply, massaging her tongue with his as he slowly started to ease in and out of her. His shaft was now rubbing against her clit, and Vivianne moaned into his mouth with every thrust, already feeling her orgasm build up inside her. She would have to hold on to him. The ripples of lust that were going out from her midsection promised a mind-blowing peak.

Snape's movements soon became faster and went from smooth to erratic. He was about to come, Vivianne could tell, and she clenched her muscles around him with all her might.

'Come for me,' she begged him. 'Fill me.'

Supporting her back with one hand, he drove into her, deep and fast, panting and growling, while he shoved his free hand in between him and her, rubbing her clit hard and quickly.

He came with an ear-splitting roar, thrusting into her over and over again, pumping and still furiously rubbing her clit. And when Vivianne reached her peak, she didn't have the strength to scream. A soft whimper was all that accompanied an orgasm that seemed to set her whole body on fire, and Snape's dark eyes were the last thing she saw before she collapsed in his arms.

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'And you are sure she won't remember anything?' Malfoy asked, stepping out of the shadows as the door fell shut and he and Snape were the only ones left in the classroom.

Snape raised an eyebrow. 'Do you doubt my abilities as Potion master?' he asked. 'What the girl so willingly drank was not just any contraceptive, but one laced with a very powerful Obliviating Draught. All she will remember is what was already in her mind, what I saw when I looked into her eyes. And she will think it was Daydream Charm.'

'A shame, actually,' Malfoy mused. 'It was a good shag.'

'It was an excellent shag,' Snape murmured as Malfoy had disappeared in the green flames once more, thanking the gods that the Weasley twins were so busy serving detention with Umbridge that they didn't have the time to come up with any counter charm for their Daydream Charm. And he was very much hoping that Vivianne Montgomery would soon try and dream her way out of History of Magic once again and stumble into his classroom instead.

