

Extracurricular Activities

by Christy

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Thanks goes out to Clairvoyant for catching my errors in grammar and syntax, something I'm better about most of the time.

She never got tired of watching the twins practice. They were like the wind itself – swift, silent, and sometimes deadly. Which was not to say they didn't have comparable moves when off the field. Far from it, and Hermione had the experience to back it up. She had been sort of double-dating the twins for a few months now. Ron didn't understand it, but Harry got a kick out of it for some strange reason. This was probably due to the fact he and Ginny were sneaking off after practice almost as much as she, Fred and George seemed to. And she did have to admit, if only to herself, that they were extremely good with their hands, mouths and other things with her after practice or whenever else they had time for fun. She was so lost in her lascivious imaginings she didn't hear one of them come up behind her until she felt a pair of hands on her breasts and a mouth on her pulse. The twin held her flush against him, his hardening cock wedged into the cleft of her ass. And by the way he kept playing with her nipples and grinding himself against her ass, she knew it was Fred. George was definitely the seducer of the two.

"George is putting our equipment away. Wanna go join him?" Fred asked.

All Hermione did was smile, take his hand, and drag him towards the equipment shed.

Once there, she snuck up behind George, wrapping her arms around him, one small hand diving for his trousers. "In one of those moods, eh, Hermione?" George queried over his shoulder.

"Of course, George. She's got a couple of broomsticks she'd like to ride for a while," Fred said with a chuckle and a wiggle of his eyebrows. He spun Hermione away from his brother and, having her flush against the wall, slid his wind-chilled hands up and under her school shirt, making her hiss at the contact. She hissed some more when he pressed himself up against her, fusing them from lips to hips, then moaned deep in her throat as she ground against him.

"Lemme in here, will ya?" George grumbled good-naturedly.

Fred pulled Hermione back from the wall so that George could get in behind her.

Hermione tore her lips from Fred for a moment to remind the boys about something.

"You do know we have dinner in a hour?" she said, a wicked shine in her eyes.

"Well, then, we'd better get to it, eh? Hands and knees work, Hermione?" George asked.

All Hermione could do was nod and moan as George's deft fingers found her sopping slit underneath her skirt. He continued to tease her like this while Fred set up their Quidditch robes as a covering. While she pulled off her clothes, the boys shucked theirs in quick order, and Hermione soon had her mouth and one spit slicked hand

wrapped around Fred's cock while George was poised to slide his dick in between her widespread thighs. Fred's eyes rolled into the back of his head as Hermione slowly inched her hot, wet mouth down the entire length of him.

Meanwhile, his twin was setting the same pace on his end, sliding into Hermione at a slow and gentle pace. She was, as always, a tight fit, and her velvety walls gripped him in a lover's embrace. And even with how good of a fuck Hermione was, they both still loved how enthusiastic she was orally. There were countless times she had dragged one or both of them into a secluded spot – equipment shed, classroom, once even in the dungeons near Snape's office – to practice her oral mastery, to leave one or both of them weak kneed and her grinning as she had sauntered off to her next class, her lush ass swaying.

Fred opened his eyes to see Hermione grinning up at him devilishly as she gulped his cock down her throat again as behind her George eased out of her tightness and slammed back in. She moaned around his cock and nearly undid him.

"My turn, George," he gasped, sliding out of her mouth with an audible "pop" as he and his twin switched places.

George was thicker than Fred, so Hermione used more hand and tongue action to make up for not being able to take him in as deeply into her mouth. He hissed as she started a fast tempo, corkscrewing her wet hand up and down his hard shaft as she never stopped licking, sucking and nibbling all along his length. He really started to enjoy it when she leaned down to gently roll his balls around in her mouth. Fred was enjoying himself as well, gripping Hermione's hips as he began pounding away in a rather rapid fashion. He knew she liked it when he did this because it meant that his head could more readily rub along that one spot up inside her just right. He smirked when she rolled her hips back against him, and he quickened his pace even more.

Hermione moaned as she took George's cockhead in between her lips and began sucking hard while continuing to slide her hand up and down along him. Her movements became a little erratic as Fred continued to fuck her fast and hard until she shattered around him in orgasm. While she was still quivering from release, Fred slicked up his cock from her copious juices and slowly slid up her ass.

While the grip of her pussy was wonderful, the tightness of her ass was unbelievable. He was thankful that she was so sensitive, sexually speaking. He loved that fucking her up her ass made her come hard, and he tried to do it every chance he could. He was so turned on by memories of them in this position and how much she enjoyed it as much as he did that he slammed into her a few more times and then exploded up her ass.

This triggered another orgasm for her, and she screamed around George's cock, causing him to empty his load down her throat. They lay there, unable to move for a moment to be broken by Hermione.

"Ya know, I'm not really hungry for *food* yet...are you?"