

Hidden Attractions

by remarkable_linlawless

What happens when hidden attractions come to light? A collaboration by linlawless and Remarkable for the January 2011 PotterPr0nPrompts challenge at LJ.

A one-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: (From linlawless): The prompt for this challenge fic was 'cold.' The rules required 1000-2000 words (this came in at exactly 2000) that must include at least one sexual act, with a rating of hard R or NC-17. Thanks to my collaborator, Remarkable this was a fun project!

(From Remarkable): Back at you! 'Tis a pleasure!

Look! We tied for most popular in the voting! :)



"I don't know what you're so upset about, Severus! You were fine with it when we left this morning!"

Severus glared at Hermione but didn't otherwise respond. He wasn't speaking to her. Hermione hated when he got like this. He couldn't just have a normal argument no, his way of expressing his displeasure was usually to give her the cold shoulder for hours, days, or even (on one memorable occasion) nearly two weeks!

"I thought you liked Charlie!" Hermione continued, since Severus remained silent. "As far as I know, he's the only person you ever offered an apprenticeship to. Okay, I can see where you might have been offended by him choosing dragons instead, but I thought you were over that! Otherwise, why agree to go to the party at all?"

Still, Severus said nothing. He scowled more fiercely and stormed up the stairs. Hermione yelled after him, "Is it my fault that he greeted me a little more exuberantly than you're comfortable with? Okay, so I hugged him. Big deal. You know I love *you*, Severus."

Severus swept back through the room, having apparently changed his clothes, pausing to give her a speaking look. She added defensively, "It was just a kiss, Severus a

welcome home kiss. It didn't mean anything."

Severus finally spoke, and Hermione almost wished he hadn't. "With a man you've always been attracted to," he said icily. "Perhaps we should see other people," he added flatly.

Hermione stared at him for a moment, her mouth hanging open, before she straightened her spine and snapped, "Fine. If that's the way you want it, *fine*."

The door slammed so hard Severus felt the house shake on its foundation. He'd really pissed her off this time. That little niggling voice in the back of his mind that had saved him as a spy urged him to go after her, but he'd be damned if he'd chase her. After all, it was *her* fault, not his. *He* hadn't kissed Charlie fucking Weasley.

He stared at the closed door, waiting for her to come back and argue some more. She wasn't supposed to just leave! She was supposed to back down, to reassure him that of course she didn't want anyone but him, and she didn't want him to see anyone else, either.

But apparently she *did* want to see other people after all. Well, if that's the way she wanted it, then fine.

He wondered, with unaccustomed anxiety, whether they had just broken up ...

"Ginny, he doesn't understand! It's not like that! I think half the witches at Hogwarts had a crush on your brother at one time or another."

Looking thoughtful, Ginny licked her ice cream cone, then said, "I don't know how you put up with him. If Harry treated me like that, I'd have kicked him to the curb long ago."

Hermione sighed, biting off the edge of her waffle cone. "I know he's possessive, but when it comes to Charlie ... He goes ballistic every time anyone even mentions Charlie's name!"

Ginny saw Hermione's eyes glaze over suddenly; Ginny knew that look. Hermione had an idea, and Ginny knew better than to try to interrupt.

A moment later, Ginny jumped when Hermione shouted, "That's it!"

Ginny was confused. "What is? What are you talking about, Hermione?"

But Hermione wasn't listening. "I need to talk to Charlie."

Charlie stepped out of the shower at the twins' flat off Diagon Alley. He entered the living room naked, rubbing his full head of red hair vigorously with a fluffy towel. A sharp intake of breath caught his attention. He gave a hearty, unabashed grin at finding Hermione Granger unexpectedly staring her eyes the size of dinner plates at his nude, heavily muscled form.

He continued to stand there, inviting her continued perusal. Her pretty brown eyes crept over his body as though memorizing every inch, feeling like a physical touch on his body. Charlie was not about to cover up, despite a stirring physical reaction. She *had* arrived uninvited, after all.

After a moment, he broke the silence. "Like what you see?"

Snapped back into reality, Hermione nearly choked on her saliva and quickly turned away. "I-I need to talk to you about something."

"Yeah?" Wrapping the towel around his waist, he closed the gap between them. "Well, here I am."

"Would you please get dressed?" she asked, mortified at her obvious response to his proximity.

Charlie smirked. "If I must, I suppose. I'll be out in a minute. Make yourself at home."

Hermione sighed with relief. This wasn't going to be easy, but the gamble would be worth it if things turned out the way she hoped.

As he threw on a jumper and some well worn muggle jeans, Charlie wondered what had brought her here. Despite the look on her face a moment earlier, he figured he probably wasn't about to get lucky she was always so entirely devoted to her sexy Potions master.

He wasn't sure which of the two he envied more he wouldn't mind a go at either of them.

Both would be better.

He closed his eyes for a moment, savoring the image then forced his libido under control and went to see what she actually wanted.

"Let me get this straight. Severus thinks you're hot for me, and you are, but you think he is, too, and he's jealous of your attraction to me. To top it off, you want us to arrange for your very jealous lover to walk in on us in a compromising situation and somehow get him to join in?"

He stared at her, hardly believing his earlier fantasy might actually happen. Fortunately, he was holding a pillow on his lap, so the witch had no clue how hard he was.

Hermione swallowed visibly and nodded, her voice quavering. "Er ... well ... yes?"

She looked utterly terrified of what he might say.

With a smirk that would rival even Snape's, he flipped her a thumbs up. "You're on."

Severus stood outside the nondescript door at the nondescript flat and tried to rein in his fury. He couldn't believe Hermione had moved on so quickly especially since he hadn't even been serious about seeing other people. But the tracking spell he had used to trace her (put in place in happier times, when all they had to worry about was kidnapping by rogue Death Eaters) had definitely placed her here. And he knew exactly who lived here.

Taking and releasing a deep breath, he decided to sneak in so they wouldn't have a chance to hide what they were doing. "*Alohomora*."

Severus couldn't believe his eyes. It was a nightmare. Hermione was draped, half dressed, atop a nearly naked Charlie Weasley, with her tongue down his throat.

It was a fantasy. Despite himself, Severus found he was growing hard at the sight.

His woman was bare to her waist and covered in oil, with candlelight and soft music setting the scene. Charlie Weasley's strong, work-roughened hands were running down her sides, grazing the edges of her breasts.

Clearing his throat, Severus demanded, "What is the meaning of this?"

The pair didn't even spring guiltily apart. They looked at him languidly, and Charlie said, "About time you got here."

"We've been waiting," Hermione added, running a hand up Charlie's thigh. Severus didn't know whether to flay them alive, walk out the door, and never return, or rip the rest of their clothes off and fuck them both six ways to Sunday.

Charlie said to Hermione, "I think he's overdressed, don't you?"

"Definitely."

Charlie lazily flicked his fingers at Severus, brazen insolence in his eyes. "*Divesto*."

Well, that certainly made the decision easier, Severus mused. He prowled toward the pair, keeping his face impassive. "I believe I have some catching up to do," he said eventually.

Hermione shrieked when Severus's powerful hands dragged her down the dragon tamer's body, forcing her to her knees as her remaining clothes, and Charlie's, vanished.

Charlie groaned as Hermione slipped her hot mouth over the head of his cock and Severus crashed his cool lips onto Charlie's own. Severus insistently demanded entrance with his tongue; soon, they were all lost in the pleasure of a mutual fantasy made real.

Severus waited until he felt Charlie nearing his peak, then he tugged Hermione's lips away from Charlie's cock. "No one comes until I say so," he decreed. "Charlie, use that clever tongue of yours on my cock. Hermione, give me your breasts."

Hermione shivered and Charlie's eyes flared as they obeyed him. Hermione stood just to one side of Charlie, pushing her breasts forward. She cried out when Severus plucked her nipples hard and let them snap back.

He smirked.

Hermione cried out again as Severus began suckling on one nipple while continuing to twist and pull at the other. He unconsciously began matching the delicious rhythm Charlie had by now established as he sucked Severus's cock.

Sliding a finger along Hermione's wet slit, then pushing it inside her, Severus put to use everything he had ever learned about what she liked. He deliberately set about driving her arousal higher than ever before. She was moaning and panting now, and he waited until she was about to topple over the edge before he removed his fingers and his mouth from her delectable body.

"Tut, tut," he said silkily, fighting to retain a smooth tone in the face of Charlie's continued attentions. "I don't believe I gave you permission to come yet, witch." Pushing Charlie off, he added, "On all fours, Hermione. You shall suck my cock while Charlie fucks you."

Hermione was startled by the force with which Severus dominated her, grabbing her by the hair and pushing his cock into her mouth, gagging her slightly before pulling back. Not needing repeat instruction, Charlie quickly pushed himself behind Hermione and lined himself up with her snatch. Her arousal permeated the air, driving both wizards mad with lust. When Charlie thrust home, the sensation was exquisite; Hermione moaned around Severus's cock, feeling him shudder in response.

Her face was catapulted to the base of Severus's erection with each forceful thrust and grunt from behind her. Severus continued his light pounding of Hermione's face. She deserved it, after deceiving him this way.

She didn't seem to mind, though. If anything, she seemed to be approaching her orgasm again. To hell with it, he decided, and began fucking her mouth in earnest. He could always mete out further punishment later.

He warned them both again anyway. "You may not come until I do." Charlie's face twisted in fierce concentration; Severus could see the man struggling to obey his order.

A few tears leaked from Hermione's eyes as she also struggled to obey. She was desperate to come, yet still Severus held back.

Finally, unable to wait any longer, Hermione let out what would have been a scream, had her mouth not been full of Severus's cock, as her body began convulsing around her two lovers. Her orgasm triggered Charlie's, and the younger man let out a loud moan as he spilled himself into Hermione's demanding core.

Watching the faces of the pair of miscreants, Severus smirked his satisfaction as he, too, spilled his essence into his witch's waiting mouth. As their breathing began to slow, he said, "You realize that your disobedience will require further punishment?"

Hermione simply nodded, eyes closed, looking sated and not at all displeased at the prospect, with Charlie's softening cock still inside of her.

Severus lay back on the floor, pulling his two young lovers after him until they all lay entwined. He summoned a blanket from the nearby sofa and spread it across their rapidly cooling bodies.

Softening his tone ever so slightly, he whispered to Hermione, "See? I told you we should see other people." Then, glancing in Charlie's direction, he growled, "And you aren't going anywhere, either, Weasley," with such finality that Charlie dared not argue.

Sated, content, they drifted into peaceful sleep.