

The Authority of Truth

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This is a story about three people finding a connection after the horrors of war. Having said that, I do not delve into psychological detail, although I hope I have given the characters integrity.

This is an explicit fic involving three people and, although the focus is on the woman, it does contain some slash. I have been writing erotica for some time now, but this is, bizarrely, the first slash I have written - I quite enjoyed it!

I hope you do too ...

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As Hermione dragged herself to Potions on Friday afternoon, her mind was thick with annoyance at having to put up with Draco Malfoy's recalcitrant presence yet again.

It had been two months since she had returned to Hogwarts to complete another year of schooling and take her NEWTs. After the war, Harry and Ron had decided against following the same course of action. They had both been offered good jobs as Aurors and hadn't seen the need to prolong their academic torture any longer. Hermione had not felt the same. Despite offers of positions at the Ministry, the National Magical Library and St Mungo's PR department, she had chosen to return to her old school and hopefully round off her education with a full set of high academic results. It was with horror on that first day back in September that she was confronted by the floppy blond hair of Malfoy in his familiar position at the Slytherin table.

Malfoy had, of course, like her, been absent the previous year, and it was accepted that his presence at Hogwarts was not due to his own desire for intellectual excellence, but a combination of parental pressure and a need to redeem himself after the debacle of his family's choices during the war. There were some who said the Minister for Magic had given Draco the choice between Hogwarts or Azkaban.

Hermione's mind was particularly dark with dismay this afternoon. Not only was Potions the only class she shared with Malfoy, but it was still taught by her academic tormentor, Severus Snape.

Snape had survived despite being left for dead in the Shrieking Shack. After the realisation of his true intentions during the war against Voldemort, Hermione had initially been gladdened by the news that he had been coaxed back into life after the final battle. But, as she discovered, his attitude to his fellow humans had not changed. He seemed to remain cold and cynical, and despite all she had done, and all they had been through, he treated her no different to any of his other students. As she trudged closer to the dungeons that morning, her heart sank at the thought of having to tolerate the presence of her two least favourite individuals in the same space.

And there was more. She had changed. Having been on the run, evaded capture, held prisoner, tortured and fighting in one of the worst battles imaginable, she now found life back at school far from diverting. She wondered if she had made the right decision in returning.

With a forced need to develop far beyond her years in the course of a few months, had also come a shift of perspective, a change in attitude. She still approached her academic work rigorously and carefully, but her body and soul longed for more. Physically, she felt more alive and needy than ever. She and Ron had enjoyed a good summer, developing a close relationship emotionally and sexually, but when she had returned to Hogwarts they had agreed to cool things for a while, to try to see how they felt about each other during an enforced absence.

If truth be told, she didn't miss him as much as she had thought she would. But she did miss sex. It had seemed to fill a gap left by the scars of war. And now, life in a Gryffindor single dorm was hardly exciting.

But it was not sex that occupied her thoughts on this afternoon. She reluctantly opened the door to the Potions room and was met by a full class. She had not realised time had slipped away so rapidly.

"Nearly late, Miss Granger," came the familiar low drawl. She raised her eyes to the ceiling before checking the clock on the wall. There were a few seconds before the class was due to start. She would give as good as she got.

"Nearly ... but not quite, Professor Snape. It's not yet three o'clock."

The corner of her Professor's mouth twitched. "You had better sit down quickly."

Hermione sighed and cast her eyes round for a free seat. There appeared to be none.

"There is a place at the front." Snape stood up, arms crossed, a slight smirk on his face.

Hermione turned to where he was indicating. Her heart sank. The spare seat was next to Draco Malfoy. The blond man turned his face towards her and she saw his eyes roll with displeasure as hers had done earlier.

"I suggest you sit down if you do not wish to lose Gryffindor any more house points."

With a huff, Hermione set her books down and pulled out the chair beside Malfoy, slumping into it. He glanced at her with a scowl. She returned it. "Don't give me that, Granger. It wasn't my bloody idea!" he muttered coldly.

"Mr Malfoy! Was there something you wished to say?" throbbed Snape with low coldness.

"No, sir."

"Then at last I can begin." The Potions Master moved to the front of the class. "Contentment potions. I see no value in teaching you these, but they are on the syllabus ordered by the Ministry and therefore I am obliged to do so. When imbibed, these potions can induce in the recipient feelings of warmth, happiness, peace etcetera, etcetera and so forth ..." Snape's voice dwindled off with disinterest. "You will be working in pairs on this. The person sitting at your table will clearly be the most appropriate partner."

"Oh, sir, do I have to!?" Hermione's protestation rose from her mouth before she could temper it.

"Excuse me, Miss Granger? Is there a problem?" Snape looked down at her as if completely ignorant of her concern.

"It's just, sir ... I would rather not work with Malfoy."

"And why is that?" The black eyes of her Potions' Master stared hard into her. It suddenly struck her that he had remarkably long eyelashes.

"You know why, Professor. There has been, as you are well aware - sir - a certain amount of - history - between us."

"But history, as I'm sure you are aware, Miss Granger, is a thing of the past. We must not allow past differences to influence our futures. Surely a woman of your exacting moral code realises that?" He was leaning over her table now, his dark robes falling onto her books. She could smell his spiced aroma strongly. It was not uninteresting.

Hermione opened her mouth to speak, but his choice of words had denied her a riposte.

Snape turned his head to Malfoy. "And you, Mr Malfoy. Do you have an issue in working with Miss Granger?"

Malfoy had his head down, tapping his pencil along each of his fingers in turn. "I'd rather not."

"You'd rather not ... what?"

Malfoy raised his head resentfully to his professor and swallowed. "I'd rather not ...sir."

"Tut tut tut tut. After all you two have been through, I would have thought a more equable approach to teamwork would have emerged. It seems not. All the more reason why you should be forced into co-operation now. Miss Granger. Mr Malfoy. Get on with your potion." He spun away from them and paced to the back of the classroom, leaving them to fulfil his command.

With the deepest sigh, Hermione turned to Malfoy and gave a resigned shrug. He threw his pencil onto the table and pushed back his chair.

"Come on, Granger, doesn't look like we have a choice. You get the ingredients and I'll get the cauldron going."

"Come off it! There's a ton of stuff to assemble here. I could use a hand carrying it."

"Get it in two goes then! This fire is going to take a few charms. It needs specific magical properties to work on the potion properly."

"Well, don't you think I should do that bit?" hissed Hermione, having to lean into Malfoy to keep her voice down.

"Why?!" he spat out sharply.

"Because ... because I'm better at magic than you!"

"You self-obsessed arrogant bitch!"

"How dare you! Chances are you'd blow the whole classroom up, incompetent arse-wipe!" She was struggling to keep her voice down.

"Ooh - anything you can say, I can say worse - is that it, Granger? How pathetic. Haven't you grown up at all in the past year?" When he was angry, his high cheeks took on a glow - ashes of roses, thought Hermione through her temper but continued unabated.

"Don't you fucking dare refer to that, Malfoy! Don't you dare! What I went through - in your own god-forsaken house - is not something I will ever, ever, discuss with you. You are not worth the emotional effort!"

"You have no idea, do you? No idea. Not just for one year, but two. For two years I was in hell, Granger ..."

"Yeah, yeah, blah, blah, blah, save it for Oprah, Malfoy. I really can't be ..."

"Miss Granger. Mr Malfoy."

They stopped abruptly and turned their eyes up to be met by Severus Snape staring hard down at them.

"I thought we had managed to put an end to the war back in the summer. Apparently I was wrong. Kindly restrict your petty bickering to outside my classroom. For wasting time and for disruptive behaviour, you shall both stay behind class for an hour this afternoon."

"You have got to be kidding!"

Snape's eyes flashed. "For ... *two* hours, Mr Malfoy!"

"I'm supposed to be seeing the Headmistress about the arrangements for Yule after class."

"Don't worry, Miss Granger, I shall personally inform Professor McGonagall of the reason for your non-attendance. Now, you have little time left to produce your potion. I suggest you apply yourselves with some seriousness and urgency, if that is remotely possible."

He turned from them again. With a glare at the other that could have curdled milk, Hermione and Malfoy at last mustered some motivation to complete the task. Although they would never have admitted it, when forced to, they actually found themselves working efficiently and effectively together. When it came time to test the potions, theirs was clearly the most successful. The lucky Ravenclaw who came to try it out left the class with a beaming smile of blissful contentment. Neither Hermione nor Malfoy had been so lucky with the efforts of the Hufflepuff they had had to imbibe. If anything, it left them feeling more restless than ever.

The class cleared. Hermione and Malfoy stood, hands in pockets, waiting for instruction from Snape.

Their teacher seemed in no hurry. He stood for an age at his desk, rearranging and sorting books and parchments. At last he raised his head and cast his eyes over both of them in turn, lingering on Hermione a moment longer than she would have anticipated. She swallowed hard.

"You need cauldrons. You are to produce Veritaserum."

"Sir!?"

"Yes, Miss Granger?"

"That is only licensed to Ministry Potions Masters and their apprentices."

"Indeed."

"But ... it's incredibly complicated, Professor Snape. I'm not sure I would know ..."

"Are you professing to incompetence, Mr Malfoy? I am a Ministry Potions Master and you, for the time it requires you to produce it ... are my apprentices. You will fulfil your detention or suffer the consequences."

Hermione and Malfoy glanced at each other. For the first time ever they were united in dread and apprehension. Veritaserum was made only under strict observation by masters of brewing. Still, a tingle of excitement ran over Hermione's skin at the trust Snape had put in them. She rushed to the cauldron cupboard and pulled out the perfect sized pot.

The detailed and advanced nature of the potion brought out in them both a serious approach which focused their abilities, both individually and as a pair. Soon enough, she and Draco were chopping, slicing, heating and mixing quite intently and co-operatively. Hermione was not convinced that it was the urgency to get the potion right and finish it which made them work well together. It surprised her, but did not displease her. He made a good partner. Hermione even found herself correcting him with a teasing easiness at times to which he responded evenly.

The air around them grew sticky and hot as the cauldron beside them seethed with aggressive heat. Draco ran a hand through his damp hair before rolling up his sleeves with swift and elegant fingers. She noticed them. And then she noticed his exposed arms and could not deny that she enjoyed watching the muscles shifting boldly under his smooth skin as he sliced the ingredients smoothly.

She wanted nothing more than to touch him. Sometimes touch was everything, especially to a person left with a barren soul through war. She had not touched a man for so long.

Draco reached over to stir the brew. He went about it more vigorously than necessary and Hermione reached up to slow his hand, circling her fingers over his. "A little more carefully." His eyes shot to hers, but not with the icy malice she could have anticipated. In them she read the need she herself was now consumed with. "It says here, 'Slow and gentle.'" She guided his hand, feeling him relax under her. His hands were strong and warm, the long length of his fingers tense with magic. Hermione did not release her hold and Malfoy remained staring down at her. Gone was the cold hatred. His grey eyes flashed, dark green sparking deep within.

At length Hermione tore her eyes away and turned them up only to fall into the bottomless black orbs of Severus Snape. But she felt neither embarrassment nor anger. Instead she recognised that lurch of longing in her belly, the jolt of need which had followed her for so long now. Snape stared hard at her, a look almost of intrigued amusement on his face. She noted the broad line of his shoulders under the smooth black frock coat. Her gaze dropped, but only to concentrate on loosening her tie. She could scarcely breathe in the heat now seeping into her.

Malfoy was now directing careful attention to the potion. Hermione took a step back, her breathing heavy, and watched him. He was frowning a little in concentration, his clear eyes intent on the precise requirements of the complicated concoction. Hermione studied his arms again, noting the fine hairs, darker than those on his head, the muscles caged inside.

The jolt inside struck her again. The smell from the potion rose up aromatically towards her, enticing her senses yet further. She wanted to step into him. The passionate anger she felt towards Draco could not have disappeared completely. It did indeed remain in some form, but in the gathering gloom of evening, with the taut sinews of the young man beside her and the dark eyes of her enigmatic professor upon her, she felt only the stirrings of erotic excitement. She sucked in a breath and squirmed, desperate to relieve the tension between her legs.

Malfoy looked at her again. "Are you OK, Granger?" She could fall forever into his eyes.

"Yes."

And then he smiled at her. She liked that.

Draco inhaled sharply and stared back at the cauldron. "Ready. I think we've done it justice. You've got to admit it - good teamwork!"

Hermione smiled. "I suppose so."

He was still staring at her. "You look different when you smile, Granger."

"So do you."

"I've never seen you smile. Not at me, anyway."

She carried on smiling, that slight smile of enticement.

"So. What do you have for me?" The smooth tones of Severus Snape roused them to attention. Hermione turned her eyes on him.

"We've followed your instructions to the letter, Professor," she offered, fixing him with brown-eyed integrity. He connected with her briefly and once again she felt need rise in her relentlessly.

His voice, as smooth as the richest honey, slid across to her on the thick air. "Sometimes that is not enough, Miss Granger. A potion such as this requires something extra: the deepest magical confluence between brewer, elements and occasion. Are you telling me you have achieved that?"

"Why don't you find out?" She knew she sounded deliberately provocative. She could feel the glow of perspiration caught in the meeting of her collarbones and instinctively brought a hand up to touch the succulent little dip. She held his stare, but his eyes could not help but flick to the spot before rising once again into hers. His long eyelashes masked the dark depths of his eyes a little, but her belly twisted even more strongly. It was almost unbearable. Had her lack of sex affected her so much? Never had she thought she would find Draco Malfoy attractive, let alone Severus Snape. But in the hot atmosphere that Friday evening in the dungeons, she knew her previously held convictions were crumbling fast. Her breathing grew rapid. She noticed the corners of her teacher's mouth turn up at the corners. Still she held his gaze and let her hand move slowly to pull her damp hair from the back of her neck.

Snape stared straight into her but employed his usual peremptory tones. "Miss Granger, you are to tidy up. Mr Malfoy, come here." With that he turned and paced back to his desk.

Draco raised his head in surprise and crossed to his Potions Master.

"Closer, Mr Malfoy."

Draco approached him around his desk, coming to stand close beside him.

"Tell me your impressions, Mr Malfoy. Now that you have endured two hours with Miss Granger, what was it like working with her?"

Malfoy shrugged, his gaze down. "Fine, I suppose."

"Does that surprise you?"

"Perhaps a bit."

"You hate her, after all, don't you, Mr Malfoy?"

"I ... did, yes. Of course I did."

"No longer?"

"I don't know. If you'd asked me earlier today I would have said yes, but now ..."

"Your opinion has changed?"

"Perhaps. We've all been through ... so much."

"Is that the only reason your opinion of her has changed?"

"I ... what do you mean?"

"Hatred brings out the strangest reactions in people, Draco. She has changed her opinion of you, I can tell. Just in these last few hours alone. And now ... she wants you."

Draco stared across at Hermione, but he did not contradict the man next to him. His teacher continued to whisper softly across to him.

"And you want her." If the words from the mouth of a man he should regard as a mentor, a superior, startled him, his body and soul chose to ignore it. When confronted with the truth, there was no point in protesting. The ache in his groin had been growing more pronounced since he and Granger had started work on the Veritaserum. But that longing for her, the body-wracking desire, had started before that. He could no longer deny it.

Still Draco remained silent.

"You and I, Draco ... we understand each other ... don't we?"

"Sir?" Draco barely spoke, his eyes were fixed on the hypnotically sensual form of Hermione Granger's lithe, alluringly sultry body moving smoothly to clear away the evidence of their combined efforts.

"We were, after all, forced to work together for the last two years, weren't we?"

"Well ... you ..."

"You know what I mean."

"Yes, sir," Draco swallowed hard. His Potions Master was standing so close to him, he could feel his breath on his neck, but he found himself savouring his immediacy.

"And who else in this desolate place can understand the pain and the suffering and the emptiness and the agony we went through? Hmm?"

"I ..."

"She can. She alone. Look at her. Look at her."

Draco did not need instruction from Snape. He could not tear his eyes away from Hermione. She was concentrating hard, her cheeks were flushed with exertion, the late hour and that indefinable pulse of beauty which seemed to follow her constantly.

Of course he wanted her. In all honesty, he had wanted her for an age.

"She is the only other one. She suffered greatly. She needs to be reminded of her survival. She needs to feel. Can you see that? She needs you. And you need her. Do you understand that?"

Slowly, Draco nodded.

With that, Hermione looked up and witnessed her supposed enemy and her most-hated teacher standing in close proximity to each other, staring at her, a look of ferocious intensity on their faces. She could not look away. The blond of the one and the black of the other mesmerised her. If it didn't happen she would go mad. She walked slowly around to the front of her desk, leaned her hands back against it, and waited.

"She is beautiful, isn't she?"

Again, Draco nodded. Still the low voice poured into his ear.

"More than that - beyond beautiful. You cannot wait to bury yourself in her immediately, can you? Do you see how much she wants you? I have been watching you together. Your hatred, your passion has been brewing relentlessly, not for these last few hours, but for years. And now, Draco, she is here, waiting. Go to her. She is open and ready. She needs it. She wants it more than anything. Go and do what must be done."

He did not hesitate a moment longer. Hermione did not move, but waited for the inevitable. Draco walked slowly towards her. His right eye was partially hidden from her by several strands of his hair which fell helplessly before it, but still he stared at her, unable to remove his gaze. Her belly clenched, throbbed. She was vaguely aware of the dark shape of Snape off to the side, but his presence merely reinforced her desire rather than negated it. He was as much a part of this as Draco.

The tall blond man was before her now. For a time he merely looked down at her. That countenance which had before meant only hatred and disgust was sheer beauty to her now; his cheekbones framed a noble face, his red lips were warm and waiting, and his eyes ...

He lifted a hand and cupped her face, feeling her soft breath on his inner wrist. And then, so slowly, he lowered his head to hers. Hermione's mouth opened a little, her tongue coming out instinctively to moisten her lips.

"Hermione ..."

"Yes."

And she was his. His head descended the last few inches and he kissed her. Hermione almost sobbed. The coil of tension which had threatened to overwhelm her jerked and writhed within. Immediately she brought up her hand to hold him there, tangled her fingers in his hair, opened his mouth forcibly with hers and quested inside with her pliant tongue.

"Fuck!" He could not help his explosion of need. Draco broke away from her mouth, trailing his tongue and lips and teeth down her neck, desperate to take in her essence, her taste and feel. Then he could only return to her mouth which he attacked ever more desperately, holding her head hard in both hands now, plunging his tongue in to dance with hers. Their lips were bruised, cut with passion, but still they inhaled each other. His hand dropped, first to her breast, plying it painfully. She cried out for more.

"Yes! Want you, want you so much. More, please, Malfoy, more ..."

Her own fingers curled over his, just as they had earlier over the cauldron, and she pushed them down to the hot secret place between her legs.

Her clothes frustrated him and he yanked at her skirt, tugging it up urgently and pushing down on the sheer tights she was forced to wear. He made light work of her knickers and Hermione soon felt a long finger searching slow and deep, sliding through the slick heat he found there. He curled it round, so longing to feel inside this woman who had tormented him for so long, to expose her, to delight her, to render her helpless upon him.

Draco's mouth moved to her ear and he breathed long and heavy into it while his finger continued its exploration, soon joined by another.

The woman upon him sighed out deep, oblivious to her surroundings. "I like that, I like that ... Don't stop that ... Malfoy, don't stop ..."

"Wanted you so long, Granger ... you feel so good, so fucking good ..."

Her hands were up undoing her own clothes, slipping off the uniform she was still forced to wear, ridding herself of the encumbrance of material. When she had divested her shirt and bra, she brought her hands back to his head and guided him down to her breast. Two fingers by now were firmly exploring her snatch while his lips attached themselves to her nipple, sucking it so hard her head fell back with a joyous laugh of delight.

His fingers were now rubbing concertedly along her sodden pussy, then out to circle and cajole her clit. It needed little instigation; it was already primed for release, ripe and full, ready for the perfect touch. Still he asked, his voice caught thick in the long tresses falling over him, "Will you come for me ... Granger, come for me ... please ... Hermione ... Hermione ..."

She tore her eyes open, biting her bottom lip as her pleasure neared fulfilment. She guided his head back to her breast again and he sucked and laved and bit the nipple so hard she cried out. And then, in that last moment before pleasure rips its way out of a woman's body, his fingers dragged over her clit, and her cry morphed into the scream of orgasm. It sounded loud upon the still air of the dungeon, echoing off the stone walls around them.

Hermione fell back upon the desk, her eyes closed, her breathing deep. Her shirt was on the floor, her tights and knickers around her knees, her hair splayed haphazardly about her. Draco stood looking down at her, his balls throbbing their protest at being ignored.

Neither had acknowledged the other person in the room, although his presence had not left them.

There was a soft rustle of clothing behind Draco.

He glanced around to find Severus Snape approaching him. His Potions Master held himself tall and straight. He had taken off his outer robes and wore only the black trousers and frock coat so familiar on him. Draco blushed, suddenly ashamed by his actions.

"The sound of release. She has needed that for so long now, but she is far from satisfied. And, so far, you have denied yourself. A young man like you ... your cock cannot be contained for long."

Draco spun in surprise to hear the word upon his teacher's voice. Snape smirked then moved swiftly and smoothly behind Malfoy, gripping his right wrist and pulling it up hard behind his back. Draco cried out with the pang of pain. Severus' mouth moved to his ear and he breathed into it, hot and heavy. "Look at her. Look. She already wants more. She is magnificent, isn't she? Look at her body ... look at her cunt, how it aches, wet and open, for cock ..."

Snape's words wrapped their way around Draco's consciousness. He could feel the heat emanating from the man behind him, his aroma as masculine and potent as Hermione's had been fragrant and feminine. Keeping his eyes trained on Hermione as she lay prone before him, eyes closed in the aftershock of rapture, hands running over her flesh, he let his head fall back, closer to the physicality of his professor.

He wanted to feel. And he did. Hands reached around him and began undoing his shirt, pulling off his tie. The fingers were warm and assured. Draco could focus only on the painfully hard flesh at his groin, desperate for relief.

"You will have her soon enough, but ... not yet." The large hands were now holding him around his naked torso. Draco groaned as physical need threatened to overwhelm

him, causing Hermione to open her eyes and take in the vision of Severus holding Draco back from her with a controlled caress. Snape brought his mouth down onto his pupil's neck, sinking his teeth acutely into the pale flesh he found at the same time as he pulled Draco's hand up higher behind his back. Draco cried out with a flash of pain. Hermione let out a brief moan, her body writhing for more.

"Stand up."

She recognised her professor's voice. He was holding a hand down to her, still gripping Draco's arm in the other. She allowed him to pull her up and she fell into his close hold, nestled between the firm smooth flesh of the younger man and Snape's exotic black sensuality. Her hands came up to grab hard onto his broad shoulders.

Snape's eyes flicked fast over her face, his lips parted a little with his own longing. Her fingers twirled in the hairs at the base of his neck.

"Aren't you going to test the Veritaserum?" she whispered, teasing almost, her lips so close to his, her body leaning into Draco's taut muscles.

Snape's fingers pulled her closer into him, his fingers digging so hard into her waist she gasped in delighted pain. "Miss Granger ... use that magnificent brain of yours ... why do we need the compulsion of magic to reveal the truth, when it is here before us, so brightly obvious as to be blinding."

Hermione's body heaved with desire; her eyes closed and she sobbed with lust. She needed more.

"Remove the rest of her clothing." With a sudden push, Snape released his hold on Draco, pulling off the younger man's shirt swiftly as he did so.

The blond man turned to her immediately. She felt fingers tugging at the tights and underwear she knew needed to be removed. She allowed the hands freedom. But her eyes still were trained on the deep black of Severus Snape. He raised a hand to stroke her hair off her face.

"What now?" he asked softly, almost tenderly. "Again?"

She nodded, blurred with lust.

"Of course, my beautiful Gryffindor. What else?" His thumb moved over her lips. She tried to capture it in her mouth but he denied her. "Open your legs. Let him see you."

She duly did so. Draco knelt instantly, those long warm fingers parting her yet again. She opened further for him.

Snape glanced down. "Hurry. She wants to feel you."

Draco pushed her legs that little bit further apart, and with a sigh of delirious anticipation, swept his tongue up to gather in the moisture which had pooled round her clit. Hermione sucked in a breath of joyous rapture.

"Good?" Severus inquired.

"Uh huh." Hermione's upper teeth bit into her lower lip, her eyes closed and her hands came down to guide the man feasting upon her. Fingers caressed her face again. She tore her eyes open. Severus was staring at her, his eyes focussed on her mouth, his strong hands cupping her head firmly. She breathed him in, that same intoxicating, spiced aroma she had noticed earlier, and saw the long eyelashes lapping at his high cheekbones.

"Is it enough?"

She shook her head, staring at his lips, dark and enticing. She urged him into her. He did not move. A slight sob rose from her.

"Tell me. Tell me."

"I want you ... I want you too."

And finally, as Draco's tongue plunged full and hard into her pussy, her professor closed the distance between them and kissed her, his own tongue searching immediately into her acquiescent mouth.

Severus' hand came down, plying the nipple which Draco had taken in his mouth earlier. Hermione gasped. He pinched it hard. She revelled in the feelings coursing through her. "Again." He did it again, yet harder this time.

Then without taking his mouth from hers, Severus began removing his own clothing, smoothly and silently. With barely a break from his attention to Hermione, he quickly stood before them naked. Draco was still at her sex, teasing her clit, lapping up her leaking pleasure. She was close yet again. But now, adding to the almost overwhelming sensuality, she had another beautiful body beside her. She reached up to run her hands over the tight honed flesh of the older man, catching his nipples and causing a hitch in his breath.

Hermione glanced down at his cock. It rose out, large and engorged, so close to the lapping tongue of Draco Malfoy. Hermione closed a hand around the rigid flesh, running tactile fingers over the smooth head, moist with anticipation. She looked back at Severus. His dark eyes were glazed, his mouth open as her fingers coaxed him out.

Draco's tongue caught her clit. Her breath hitched as another orgasm threatened to roll over her. But not quite. She tore her eyes away from Severus and looked down at the blond headed man. Sensation and pleasure. It was all as one. Who was she to deny anyone? Stroking the smooth pale hair of the man below her, she took his head and guided him to the protuberant cock rising so temptingly beside him.

She felt only momentary hesitation on Draco's part. She herself held Severus' cock, and with a stroke of her finger along Draco's cheek, he opened and closed his lips, warm and swollen from his attention to Hermione, over the smooth flesh before him.

Severus inhaled sharply, surprised by the sudden envelopment of tight wet heat. But neither his mind nor body protested. After a glance down at Draco, his mouth dragging avidly over the large shaft of flesh, Severus looked back at Hermione and reached in to kiss her passionately once again. She opened wide for him, allowing him to twine his fingers painfully in her hair in order to inhabit her mouth as fully as he could.

Draco Malfoy had never sucked cock before.

He had never felt any desire to, had never considered it. Now he could do nothing else. The feel of the smooth flesh under his tongue brought out in him such curious need he went at it with fervent dedication. He had the advantage of knowing exactly what a man wanted, what pressure to exert, which points to focus on. When one of Severus' hands broke away from his hold on Hermione to hold his head upon him, he knew he was working effectively. The thought of whose cock he now held in his mouth filled him with the oddest sense of pride he had ever experienced. He glanced up. The two lovers above him were almost disappearing into each other in the intensity of their kiss. It reminded him not to neglect Hermione, and he broke away momentarily from the succulent cock to lap once again on her needy clit.

And so it continued. With perfect rhythm and fairness, Draco sucked and licked and pulled and laved his tongue and lips over first one lover and then the other. Occasionally an appreciative hand came down to caress and stroke him as the two of them continued to devour each other. Their free hands ran over naked flesh, teasing nipples, stroking the rise of smooth backsides, flat bellies, always raising the level of pleasure so that it was soon beyond containment.

Hermione came first. As Draco moved back to concentrate on her, he had ratcheted her up to a pinnacle of sensory anticipation. When two fingers angled up inside her and his mouth sucked hard around her clit, she came with such power her head was pulled back from Severus by the force of her orgasm. Severus held her firmly as she shook against him.

And then Draco was back to the man, eager to again fill his mouth with the new but already familiar comfort of hard warm cock.

Hermione pulled Severus' head round. He could barely focus on her; his own orgasm could not be held off much longer. She drew him close to her and whispered soft, "Come in his mouth. I want you to come in his mouth. Let him taste you."

Severus flinched slightly, but Hermione's smile dispelled any doubt. The young man's agile tongue and lips dragged over him sweetly once again and he exploded. Holding the brown eyes of the girl, and with a groan as low as his voice, his cum burst hot and heavy into Draco's mouth. If the blond man was surprised, he did not show it, and simply took it all.

With a final tender kiss on closed lips, Hermione slipped down from him, kneeling beside Draco. Taking his head now, she pulled him round to her and kissed him, parting his lips and slipping her tongue in to taste what she knew would be inside. Draco allowed her the sensation. Tongue to tongue, he slipped the warm viscous liquid into her mouth and felt her swallow it. He gave her more. She drank it all down. Glancing up, he found Severus staring down at them, his face creased in wonder.

It took a while for anyone to move. Severus' voice sounded odd in the potent stillness when at last he spoke. "Come through here, both of you. It will be more ... comfortable." He led them through a door at the back of his classroom to his private rooms. He brought them to his bedroom. It had a double bed opulently made with rich velvet coverings. Two armchairs rested beside a fire which roared swiftly to life with a flick of Severus' wand.

All this while, the cock of Draco Malfoy had stood, proud, large and desperate, searching for release but denied it. Hermione moved to him now, slipping her hand around it as she had done earlier with Severus' and whispered into his ear, "You have waited too long. Do you want to come inside me? I want you. I want you to fill me and fuck me. I've hated you, Draco. I have loathed you. Now all I know is want. My cunt is crying out for you. Fuck me, Draco. Fuck me so hard you wipe out all that has passed."

Draco felt another presence behind him. A silky voice whispered in his ear, hands running over the tight muscles of his buttocks. "Do it, Malfoy. She needs it. She deserves it. As do you. Release, Malfoy. You have needed it for too long. Do it now."

Draco needed no further invitation. Gripping Hermione's arms hard, he pushed her back to the bed and almost threw her onto it. She opened for him immediately. Taking her ankles in strong fingers, he placed her legs on his shoulders, positioned his cock, swollen painfully with lust, and thrust into her with a cry of immediate tight satisfaction. She was moved up the bed with the force. She cried out as his massive member filled her instantly, her eyes gaping in astonishment. He moved with her, not allowing her body to escape him.

Digging his fingers into her hips, he pulled out then plunged hard in again, pushing her into the bed. She gasped in pained surprise once again. He did not stop. With a groaning heave he was out then in again in the same breath. And again, and again. Hermione's hands clenched in reflex in the sheets, her knuckles white with tension. Draco's voice was twisted with concentration, sweat dewed on his forehead, his breath came fast and heavy.

"Fuck! Fuck, Granger! Perfect cunt. We should have done this before, witch. Always wanted you. Always." He leaned into her, allowing her to reach up and clasp his back. She scratched. He hissed, causing her to dig her nails in harder yet. "Fuck, you bitch! Do that again." She did. Although neither knew it, she had drawn blood.

From his vantage point seated in the chair at the foot of the bed, Severus Snape saw the angry red lines forming on Draco's back. He smiled as his pupil plunged violently into the searing hot body of Hermione Granger. Age had granted him restraint. As much as he wished to bury himself in her flesh, he could wait. Young Malfoy had surprised him with his patience and attention. Severus had never believed himself to be attracted to men, but the feelings the three of them were drawing from each other now were so natural, so perfect, that he did not question. He moved round the bed and caught Hermione's eye. She was staring blindly out to the side, her body rocking in time with the relentless strokes of Malfoy. As she saw him approach, she reached out a hand to Severus. He took it, searing her glazed eyes with his and kneeling beside her. He sucked her fingers hard into his mouth. As he did so, he read in her eyes the fast approach of her pleasure.

"Look at him." She turned her head to meet the grey eyes of the blond man now igniting her pussy with his cock.

Pleasure rose up swiftly in her. She wailed, words caught on her cry. "Draco, Draco, Draco ... your cock's so fucking perfect. I'm coming, I'm coming so hard, I'm coming so hard ..." The rest of her sentence was indistinct as her eyes squeezed shut and her mouth gaped to release her rapture.

Severus moved again, back around to Draco. The blond man was thrusting frantically, his cock near release. He had suffered so much, this boy. Severus knew the arrogant, cowardly bully he had been, but fate and fortune had conspired badly against him. And now, he needed goodness as much as Severus, as much as the girl he was now pounding into, trying so hard to absorb something of her into him.

Severus wanted to give him more. He wanted to give him pleasure. He knew what to do. It would never have occurred to him in any other circumstances, but now he felt no revulsion, merely a compulsion to feel and be felt. Moving forward, coating it in spittle first, he gently and carefully pushed his middle finger into the younger man's arse. It was not as disagreeable as he had feared, merely curiously tight and hot. He was able to push another finger in beside the first.

Draco's eyes flew open. "Fuck!" It took him a moment to realise what had happened. Despite Draco's rapid movement, the older wizard was able to keep his fingers firmly in place, causing an exquisite addition to the pleasure about to burst from him.

"Do you want me to remove them?"

"No! Fuck, no! That is so good, so fucking good." As Severus' fingers prodded that sweet place inside, his pleasure was complete. Staring down at the rapt face of the woman beneath him, with a cry of pure release, he came more profoundly than ever before.

Afterwards he fell onto her, panting heavily, his back still red from her scratches. He could barely move. Hermione stroked along him, planting tender kisses on his smooth skin. She felt her own skin being caressed and turned her head to meet the mouth of Severus again. "Will you take me now? I cannot wait any longer, my sweet angel."

She had never thought she would hear a plea from this man. It almost made her weep. He did not need to ask. She wanted to feel him as much as she had needed Draco earlier. As the blond man slipped out of her and rolled to the side, she sat up and let Severus enclose his body about her. Draco turned onto his back, still panting heavily, his eyes closed in recovery.

Severus muttered a cleansing charm and Hermione felt the sticky dampness of Draco's release evaporating from within her. It pained her a little but she was grateful to welcome Severus into a clean body.

"Kneel for me. I would like that." He guided her onto her front and she pulled her knees in so that her rump rose up smooth and round before him. He positioned himself quickly.

"Hurry, Severus. I want to feel you so much."

He didn't wait any longer. With a grunt of urgency, he eased slowly but relentlessly into her, not stopping until he could no longer propel himself any further in. She exhaled long and slow. He was even bigger than Draco, or so it seemed.

"Yesss." Her hiss reached his ears and compelled him to move. He fucked her slowly and carefully, coaxing her already pleased body to delicious sensation yet again. He would pull almost fully out, teasing her into thinking he was stopping, then push firmly back again. Her cunt gripped and squeezed him, pulling him unstoppably into it. He could not suppress near constant groans of pleasure at the sensation. Fucking this girl who had pestered and thwarted and derided and doubted him was the purest bliss he could imagine. Her sounds of rapture rose like birdsong to his ears and he moved faster now, his cock burning with pleasure.

"I know what you did to him. Do it to me. Please. Do it to me."

He had to focus on the voice sharply. Had he heard right?

"Please. I want you there too."

He did not hesitate. Dipping his finger into the juices of her pussy, he slid a finger with remarkable ease into her tiny puckered arse. There was no resistance. Her openness astounded him. He inserted another finger and felt the slightest tensing this time. It did not deter either of them. She pushed back onto him with a sigh; he pushed deeper.

"That's right, that's right."

Draco by now had recovered enough to manoeuvre himself under Hermione's swaying breasts. He gripped one firmly and began an avid sucking and tugging at the nipple. Hermione sobbed with perfect bliss.

But it was not enough. In the hands of these men, these men who alone in this place knew what she had been through, she was more alive than she could remember. She spoke again, from a place deep inside.

"Severus. Fuck me there. I want you in my arse. Please. I need it. I want it. I'm ready."

Severus slowed, unsure. If she had never taken a man there before it would hurt badly. His cock was so desperate for release, he was not sure he could hold off long enough to go easy in her.

"Please!" She was almost crying. "It's not the first time."

He needed no further instigation, but still pulled reluctantly out of the exquisite tightness of her pussy. Summoning some lube, he squeezed it liberally around the tight hole she offered him. He coated himself in more, then without allowing himself hesitation, he pressed against her.

Reaching under, he stroked her clit, cajoling her to relax more. He pushed in further. The head of his cock nudged into her arse. Hermione sucked in a sharp breath, but pushed herself back against him. He was pulled into her more. It was nearly too much, he knew he could last only a few more moments.

Draco was sucking deliciously on her tits, moving from one to the other. Hermione sighed out and relaxed yet again. Severus sensed it and immediately took advantage, pushing fully into her. She cried out, but it was a cry as much of fulfilment as pain. He was in her. He stopped, concentrating hard not to come. He gave her time to adjust then eased out the slightest amount before pushing in again. His head swam.

"I have to come," he groaned.

"Yes, yes, my darling."

On hearing that word from her lips he pulled out briefly before pushing hard back into her and burst thick and deep into her depths. His cry of pleasure throbbed through the three of them. At that moment, Severus had gripped her clit hard in his efforts to control his quivering body and Draco had bitten down sharply on a nipple. Hermione came. Not the mind-shattering orgasms she had experienced earlier, but a sharp intense come which pricked every fibre in her body.

At length, Draco moved from under her; Severus slipped carefully out from behind her. She slumped forward onto the bed, felt soft coverings wrapped around her damp naked form, and fell asleep.

A soft sucking noise greeted Hermione on awakening an hour or so later. At first she did not know what it was, but when she blinked her eyes open the source of the noise soon became apparent.

She was met with the sight of Draco Malfoy sitting prone in an arm chair, his head lolling back, arms resting on the chair. Kneeling between his legs, his head bobbing gently up and down over the thick length of Draco's rigid cock, was Severus Snape.

To see these two men who she had ever known in a complete reversal of roles filled her with the deepest satisfaction: one, usually the master, in a subservient position, while the other sat, oblivious to all but the relaxed pleasure he was receiving at the hands of someone who had always exerted authority over him.

She had no wish to disturb them, or even make her presence known, so she propped herself up silently on her elbow and watched.

Severus was working firmly but seemed in no rush to hurry the process. Draco in turn occasionally moaned in appreciation, even running a hand through the thick black hair of his professor.

It was the soft noises of pleasure rising from them which were Hermione's undoing. Her own desire was stirred immediately and she reached as quietly as she could between her legs, never taking her eyes from the beautiful sight before her. As soon as she touched her clit, she could not help a little gasp sounding.

Draco's eyes opened and he looked across at the witch on the bed. She did not stop. Her legs were splayed wide, one finger searching deep inside before running up to her clit again and rubbing hard over it.

Draco gave her a little secret smile before closing his eyes again and tightening his grip on Severus' head. Hermione continued. Her hand reached up to her nipple and she pulled and tugged it as her orgasm approached.

With the rise of his own pleasure, Draco once again opened his eyes and locked them into the brown of Hermione's. They came at the same time. Draco did not look away from her, but kept his hand firmly clamped on Severus, holding him down to take all his cum. Hermione arched her back off the bed, her head thrashing as pleasure gripped her yet again.

When Hermione at last opened her eyes again, Draco was leaning over her. Before she had time to react, he had leaned down and kissed her, sliding his tongue swiftly in.

When they parted she smiled gently, smoothing his hair away from his eyes. "Hello, Malfoy."

"Hello, Granger."

She turned away with a soft exhaled laugh, belying her disbelief at the position she now found herself in. But the disbelief did not allow her regret or even a sense of incorrectness. What was happening seemed the most natural thing in the world. There was a sense of settling, of closure. At last. With each orgasm came a release of the pain she had endured for so long.

Draco settled down to lie beside her, running his finger lightly around her belly button. The other man came and lay on her other side. She turned towards him and was greeted with an equally tender kiss. She could taste Draco's seed on his tongue. He moved down over her slightly, planting soft, whisper-like kisses against her cool skin, occasionally finding a nipple and nipping it between his lips. She stroked the black of his hair and drew her arm around the blond man's shoulders.

"Is this terribly wrong?"

"If it was, we would not be doing it."

"It can't be wrong if I feel so content, can it?"

"Don't worry about it, Hermione."

"I'm not. That's what I mean."

Draco's hand was now down between her legs. Severus' lips were firmly attached to a nipple.

"You two are perfection. You are both perfect for me, in me. I think this is how I am supposed to be." She spoke with revelation.

With a groan at her words and her delicious body, Severus pushed against her. She felt him hard and dripping on her thigh. Reaching a hand down, she came across the equally hard cock of Malfoy. Her body tingled with readiness, with openness. She knew exactly what had to happen.

"You know what I want."

The two men glanced up at her. Her cheeks were flushed with erotic preparation, her full lips dark and open in anticipation.

"Please. You must."

There was no hesitation. As had been all evening, the three bodies moved fluently and with the purest instinct to position themselves perfectly. There was no awkwardness, no sense of one needing to be in a particular place. They were simply there.

Hermione straddled Severus, who was lying on his back beneath her, and leaned down to kiss him deep and hard, rubbing herself with surprising control over the head of his rigid cock. She felt his hands on the cheeks of her arse, and as his eyes seared hers, he pulled them apart, helping to guide Draco.

The younger man was already in position, kneeling behind her, slicking her tight little entrance with ample amounts of lube.

With a final smile at Severus she lowered herself down over his solid length, feeling herself stretch to take him all. Her head fell back and she laughed with satisfaction. He filled her cunt more than anything she had ever known. But this time it was not enough and they both knew it. Leaning over him she allowed him to spread her cheeks wide and welcoming.

A long finger tickled her entrance before probing deep in. She pushed against it, propelling it as far up her as it could go. Another was pushed in next to it, as easily as before. Draco took his time to ease her into accepting him.

Severus glanced up at her as she rocked gently along him, milking his cock deliciously. Her eyes were closed in preparation, her little white teeth bit down on the red of her bottom lip. There had never been such beauty.

And then Draco's fingers were out of her and she felt it: that firm, smooth prodding, insistent but almost apologetic at first. She exhaled, willing herself to open to him. She did and the head of his cock eased into her arse. Draco sucked in a breath.

"OK?"

"More."

Pulling herself up off Severus a little, she allowed Draco more ease to push further in. Hermione gasped, but moved back onto him herself, pulling him deeper into her, past any resistance.

"Fuck!" Draco could not help the word escaping; his body was gripped in perfection. He stayed still for a moment, and watched with wondrous rapture as Hermione lowered herself down again onto the thick shaft in her cunt. Her breath was short and rapid, her brows furrowed. They were both in her as far as was possible.

Hermione's eyes opened in amazement to lock with the black of Severus'. Other people would have described what she was feeling as pain, but it felt only like completion to her. At last the emptiness was being filled. Sensation was all that mattered. And her mind overrode any discomfort and told her only of complete sexual perfection.

The two men could feel each other through the thin membrane which separated them. The knowledge of sharing this woman's body, of experiencing it with another, the physical perfection of being gripped tighter than ever before: the perfect fuck. They all knew it.

Hermione drew up first, and Draco immediately pulled out as much as he could bear. Then, with synchronicity, she plunged down again as he thrust forward. Both cocks were buried in her yet again. Her mind flashed with feeling. And then the three of them started to move together, stroking, pulsing, surging.

Severus' hands guided her along him, sometimes staring down at their conjunction, sometimes looking up, feeding off the vitality of her eyes. And while Draco surged along her with growing abandon, knowing she could take it, he reached around between the damp torsos of Severus and her, down to that scorching tight place to stroke her clit.

They didn't want it to end. If they could stay like this forever they would. But pleasure was raging through them all, threatening to burst out of them. They could only grant it its outlet.

Draco, with his cock deep in the hot grip of her arse, came first, spurting desperately up into her, his head thrown back in triumph.

But as he came his fingers caught her clit so deliciously, and Severus pushed into her so perfectly, that Hermione shook her rapture out with a wailing groan. Her cunt squeezed the cock buried in it so hard that Severus came suddenly, so hard his world spun, shooting up into her time and again.

The three of them slumped onto the bed, the air thick with their breathing. Nobody spoke, and after some time, as bodies slid apart, the two men curled their limbs around Hermione, nestled between them, and each of them fell into a deep sleep.

They slept through the night, and when morning finally forced them to awake, words again seemed futile.

Severus arose first and was soon washed and dressed in his familiar black attire. "I am expected at breakfast. As are you. There is no rush to leave here, but you should both put in an appearance in the Great Hall at some point."

Hermione got up next. Severus indicated a small bathroom where she could wash. She smiled at him. He dropped his gaze and she wondered at first if the events of the previous night would be buried and his attitude would return to that of before. But as she moved past him, her heart constricting with disappointment, he caught her arm and stopped her, smiling gently down. Then slowly, his head descended and he kissed her tenderly. "Thank you." She barely heard it, but it was enough.

"Thank you," she murmured against his ear before continuing to the bathroom.

When she came out, Severus had gone and Draco was dressing. He did not at first look at her.

"I'll go to breakfast now." Her voice sounded warm, but oddly factual.

She moved to the door, unsure what else to say.

"Granger."

She turned back.

"What now?"

It was almost too much to think about. She shrugged but managed to smile. He stood, shoulders hunched a little, his hair still rugged from last night's exertions. She could

not give him up. Moving smoothly across to him again, she slid her arms up his shoulders and pulled his head down to hers, kissing him, hot and open.

"Let's take each day as it comes."

He smirked. "I was hoping you'd say that. How about taking today as it comes?"

Hermione smiled. "Well ... alright ... what else is a girl to do in the castle on a Saturday?"

He grinned and kissed her again. "With him?"

"Not always ... we'll see ... he is part of us, Draco. We need him as much as we need each other. That's the truth of it."

Draco smiled, nodding slowly.

"Trust you to be right, Granger."

"Oh yes, Malfoy - there's another truth for you - I am always right."

And with that, she was gone.

Ah me. Thoughts and observation more than welcome. x