

Moonlight Propaganda

by katydid

Snape returns to find someone in his bed? whoever could it be? HG/SS, HP/GW, RW/himself. Warnings: Pre-HBP, Solo, Exhibitionism & Voyeurism, likely many more to cum ... oops I mean come ;) For anyone who may have read the first two chapters over on Ashwinder a while ago I've picked up the story again and plan on finishing it!

Serenade In The Moonlight

Chapter 1 of 5

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Disclaimer: The usual precautions I guess... None of these characters belong to me they belong to JK Rowling... I just like to play with them for my own amusement :)! Many thanks to Corazon for being my beta and Petey for helping get the creative juices flowing when I got stuck.

Chapter One:

Serenade In The Moonlight

He was tired. But then again, he was always tired when returning from these damn revels. He silently thanked whatever gods were still listening to him that at least Voldemort was no longer suspicious of his loyalties and subjecting him to weekly bouts of the Cruciatius. Those nights he had barely managed to Apparate back to his room in Number Twelve Grimmauld Place before passing out from exhaustion. With thoughts of his warm comfortable bed and clean, crisp sheets firmly in mind, Severus Snape silently made his way upstairs not wanting to rouse that infernal painting from its momentary stasis.

He knew something was wrong the second he stepped into his room. His body quickly molded itself to the shadows of its own volition; a habit that had long since become second nature. He left the door ajar, knowing it was unwise to eliminate possible avenues for escape... he had made that mistake before and paid dearly for it.

The smell of sex permeated the air along with the delicious sounds of soft female moans. As his eyes adjusted to the darkness, the woman before him was revealed. She lay prone on his mattress, her hips and legs bathed in streams of moonlight filtering in through the window. Her upper body, however, remained cruelly hidden in the shadows... much like Snape himself. She was captivating and alluring. Her pale skin, glistening in the moonlight, begged to be touched and he found his fingers twitching uncontrollably at the thought.

He watched, mesmerized, as her hand slid down over her hip to join the other in between her thighs. The darkness of the room made it difficult to discern exactly what she was doing to herself. However, if one could judge by her fevered moans, her shuddering breaths, and the sound of her fingers plunging into her wet depths echoing about the room... ooh she was doing delightfully naughty things indeed. Severus began to rub his own arousal as he watched her. Her hips began to arch from the bed and thrust against her hand as if silently begging for something that lay only feet away... something that wanted desperately to be buried deep within her...

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A few doors down Ron groggily tore himself from his bed. The pumpkin juice he'd had earlier that evening was starting to make itself known. Rubbing the sleep from his

eyes as he headed back to his bedroom after relieving himself, the sound of a moan stopped him dead in his tracks... right outside of Hermione's door!! Well, Snape's door actually, but since he was on a "business trip" for a couple days Hermione had taken up temporary residence there. Usually Hermione and Ginny shared a room whenever they stayed at Grimmauld Place, but they'd gotten into a huge row earlier that night. It had something to do with Ginny sneaking Harry into their room late at night... He tried hard not to think about it actually... yep denial... definitely denial was the way to go!

He cautiously tip toed up to the door and peeked through the opening. There she was... Hermione. She was even more beautiful than he'd imagined, and boy how he'd imagined her. She was the star in almost every one of his fantasies... Well, all the good ones anyway. She was touching herself; her hips writhing in the moonlight. He quickly pulled his boxer shorts to rest beneath his balls and began rubbing himself. He didn't even care if anyone caught him, just so long as he came along with his 'Mione. Of course she didn't know she was his, but it was only a matter of time really. Her moans got louder and her body arched and became stiff as she came. He bit his lip to stifle his own moans as his own release took him over and he came all over her door, imagining he was spilling himself into her instead. With that he quickly righted himself, cast a quick cleansing charm on the door, and made his way back towards the bathroom.

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Severus continued to rub his erection lightly as her orgasm subsided. He'd already resigned himself to having to slink out of the room after she'd fallen into a post-orgasmic stupor and handle his... ahem... situation in the shower. However, as soon as her breathing had returned to normal, she merely flipped onto her stomach and began to grind her hips again. This time against the mattress with one of her hands still firmly planted between her thighs. His imagination speculated as to where the other had snuck off to. Then the groaning began. That had been his undoing. Legs spread wide, hips and bottom thrusting as she impaled herself on her own fingers, every so often a finger straying back to slide into her asshole... evidently the first time had only been a precursor to the main event as she ruthlessly pursued her next orgasm. His knees went weak and he leant against the wall for support as his control slipped away. This was the first time since his adolescence that he had cum in his pants. He should have been outraged at how easily this mysterious little minx had stripped away his control, but he wasn't. Rather, he was blissfully complacent as he watched her reach her own climax and continue lazily thrusting her hips until she fell asleep. Plenty of time to be outraged later.

Severus started to slip out of the room when he noticed a lacy white object at his feet. He quickly pocketed it without thinking and headed towards the bathroom; passing a disoriented-looking Weasley on the way. He sneered at the lad who startled and scurried away. That in and of itself caused Severus to wonder just what he'd been up to... but for the time being he had more captivating thoughts to pursue.

Safely ensconced in the bathroom he brought her knickers to his nose and inhaled the scent that had lingered about the room when he'd first entered. The air had been so thick with it he could practically taste it. He took the opportunity and sucked on an already damp section of cloth. The thought flitted into his mind that perhaps that hadn't been her first or even second orgasm of the evening. It was then that he first wondered who this woman was. Did he know her? No! He couldn't possibly... he didn't know anyone with that much passion, man or woman. No, he most certainly didn't know her. They must have a new addition, another body staying at Grimmauld Place... and what a body. That must be it! That explains why they'd needed to use his room. Easy enough, he would meet her at breakfast then. These thoughts and several others ran through Severus' head as he got himself ready for sleep and conjured a bed in the study. He tucked her panties beneath his pillow before falling asleep. Thus it was that for the first time in over a decade Severus Snape was looking forward to the next morning...

The Morning After

Chapter 2 of 5

The morning after...

Chapter Two:

The Morning After

He thrust himself deeply inside of her, reveling in the sensation and watching as her hazelnut eyes clouded over with lust and desperate need. His head dipped down to catch a nipple between his teeth, and she came moaning loudly and calling his name... "Oh, Ron!... Oh, God yes, RON! ..."

Ron grunted loudly as he came. Moments later, his hand drifted down to play with his sated cock; however, the warm, sticky mess it met there caused him to jerk awake, disoriented. He was in his bed at Grimmauld Place... and he was alone. He sighed deeply as his hands ruffled through his sleep-tousled hair. It wasn't until he heard a low chuckle that he realized Harry was in the neighboring bed, clearly amused by the whole situation.

"What's your problem? Get off on watching other people... get off?" Ron asked, a blush quickly rising in his cheeks as he tried to avoid Harry's gaze.

"You know, Ron," Harry managed to get out in between chuckles, "you're not supposed to call your own name when you cum."

"Pervert," Ron muttered as he slid out of bed and began gathering his things for his morning shower, which he supposed he needed now more than ever. God, that dream was intense. If only he could really show his 'Mione how much he loved her and how much he wanted to make love to her.

"Narcissist!" retorted Harry with a disturbingly satisfied look in his eye. How he could be so satisfied this early in the morning when they hadn't even had breakfast yet... Eewww! He must've been with Ginny, taking advantage of her having the room to herself. Then it suddenly hit him like a ton of bricks as he recalled why Ginny had the room to herself. Images from last night flitted before his mind. Hermione. His 'Mione, lying on Snape's bed, pleasuring herself. The only part he didn't like about that equation was the "Snape's bed" bit. It really should be his bed she laid on when she touched herself like that...

"Ron, are you okay?" Harry asked at seeing the big sloppy grin suddenly covering his friend's face.

"Harry, if I tell you something you have to promise not to tell 'Mione! Well, not that you would anyway, 'cause after I tell you, you couldn't possibly, but see, well, the thing is... Oh, God! I have to tell someone."

"Ron! Just tell me. You're starting to freak me out. What happened?"

"I saw...Well, you see, last night I was walking down the hall and I saw..." Ron started as that sloppy grin began to creep over his face again, and his eyes became unfocused. "I saw my 'Mione..."

"You know, you've really got to stop calling her that," Harry quickly interjected.

"...I saw 'Mione touching herself." At that Harry stared at his friend in disbelief, jaw slack and eyes wide as saucers, and Ron continued to tell him everything he could remember, every little detail... Not that there were many details actually. It had been rather dark, but Ron had compensated for any voids with images conjured in his

overactive imagination. He even told Harry about bumping into Snape in the hallway later that night. When all was said and done, Harry had only one thing to say...

"You mean Snape's back?"

"Yep. Wait, I tell you I saw our best friend, the love of my life, masturbating, and all you care about is Snape?"

"Ron, think about it! If Snape came back last night, wouldn't he have gone to his room?"

"Yeah, so what?"

"So where is it that you had your life altering experience last night?"

"...Oh. Oh! You don't think... that he... that Snape saw my 'Mione like that, do you?!" Both boys winced and shivered at the thought of their dour Potions Master seeing Hermione, or any girl for that matter, naked. Suddenly they weren't so hungry anymore.

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'Mmmnnn,' was the first thought that came to Hermione's mind as she slowly drifted into consciousness. With her eyes still closed, she rolled onto her back and took in her surroundings. The invigorating scent of a snowy winter morning had intermingled with that of bacon and coffee and an aroma that was unmistakably fresh bread. 'Mrs. Weasley must have been busy this morning,' she thought lazily as she rolled back onto her stomach and buried her face in the pillow.

With an absent flick of her wand and a mumbled *Incendio*, a dull fire kindled in the hearth. The toasty cotton sheets felt heavenly sliding across her naked body, and Hermione spent the next half hour just rolling and enjoying that simple sensation. Still caught somewhere between her dreams and the real world, she allowed herself to reflect on the previous evening.

'Last night was... amazing. There's no other word for it. I've never come like that before in my life, or that often for that matter.' Moaning languidly, her hand slid down to absent-mindedly run through her damp curls. 'Of course, I suppose the fact that I've been frustratingly aroused all week and can't manage to get two seconds alone in this damn house might have had something to do with it.' Her soft moans turned into a frustrated sigh, and she propped her back up against the headboard, starting the painstaking process of waking up.

'Maybe I'm just spoiled,' she contemplated, taking a sip of water. 'I'm used to having my own room, being an only child and then Head Girl. I guess I've gotten used to pleasuring myself every night and not having to worry about making too much noise or waking up any roommates. Though Lord knows Ginny never really learned that lesson. Honestly, what the hell does she think she's doing sneaking Harry into our room every night, and right under Mrs. Weasley's nose?'

Evidently Ginny and Harry were under the mistaken impression that she could sleep through all of that whispering and giggling. Well, she couldn't! Not to mention that the sounds of their kissing and moaning did nothing to dispel her arousal. When she thought critically about it, however, she wasn't really all that upset with Ginny. She just needed to get out of that room for a little "private time." She really hadn't expected to get that turned on, but as her first orgasm of the evening approached, she began to notice how good the sheets smelled. It wasn't until after her orgasm subsided and cohesive thought returned that she realized why... They smelled like him, like Professor Snape!

'GOD, I never knew that a man could smell so good... I never knew that Professor Snape smelled so good! It was distinctly masculine, but herbal as well, and made me absolutely wet! I can't believe I actually started to catalog the potions ingredients I smelled as I rubbed myself!' She murmured, running her hands over her face as a blush crept up her neck to settle somewhere around her cheeks.

'How will I ever be able to sit through another Potions class without thinking about last night? I know I'll never be able to smell asphodel without wanting to slide two fingers inside myself. Aarrg! It's teenage hormones, it must be. I mean, it was completely irrational. I don't even like him really! All right, decision made. Last night was the result of irrational rampaging teenage hormones, over which I've absolutely no control.' With that thinly veiled excuse firmly in mind, Hermione made her way down to breakfast.

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It was still dark out when Severus willed his eyes open. A glance at the clock confirmed that it had only been two hours since he'd fallen asleep, but then again that was the formidable downside to sleeping in the study. When Molly Weasley begins her morning routine, so do you. As she waddled her way about the house, cleaning and preparing for breakfast, it tended to set the Black painting off on its interminable diatribe, much as it had this morning. It kept howling on about Mudbloods defiling the sanctity of the household or some other such nonsense.

Severus started to pull the ends of the pillow about his ears and tried, admittedly in vain, to fall back asleep when he felt a delicate scrap of fabric. It took all of about five minutes of staring uncomprehendingly at the pair of lacy white panties in his hands before finally remembering how they'd gotten into his possession in the first place. Suddenly his senses were overcome with images of that passionate, writhing creature, the memory of her scent, and the sound of her fevered moans. If only he'd had the opportunity to commit the other two senses to memory. He ran the silky fabric over his bare stomach. He may have to wear that monstrosity of a grey nightshirt while at Hogwarts for propriety's sake, but he much rather preferred sleeping naked.

Rubbing the fabric over his rapidly strengthening erection, he imagined that she was straddling him. Her velvety thighs gripping his hips as she rubbed her panty-covered heat against it. Severus wrapped her panties around his cock and allowed himself to become lost in the fantasy. In his mind he manufactured the rest of her body and dark walnut curls slowly began to caress his chest as she moved against him. Her face was still hazy, but her smile was brilliant. Her hard nipples grazed his chest as he increased the voracity of his thrusts. His hips mimicked the movement of her fingers last night, and he imagined eliciting the same response from her. This time, however, her pitched moans were intermingled with his own as he reached his climax and spilled himself into the wanton bit of cloth.

As he lay there, recovering from what was quite likely the most powerful self-attained orgasm of his life, rational thought slowly returned. While part of Severus longed to be buried deep within this mystery woman, another part of him (the one he was much more accustomed to listening to) was screaming at him to acknowledge the potential danger of this situation. For God's sake, he didn't even know who this woman was, and yet he'd been more than willing to allow her to manipulate him.

"Fuck, I came in my pants like an adolescent schoolboy!" he exclaimed as he began to pace the study and mentally berate himself for allowing his control to slip and commit such an egregious error.

'I've spent the greater part of my life establishing myself within the Dark Lord's inner ranks while attempting to ensure my own self-preservation, and one woman parts her thighs and rubs her clit, and all that I've worked for, all that I've become, just flies out the window!' Although if he had to be honest with himself he'd admit that she wasn't just any woman; she was... captivating. No woman had ever left him so completely enraptured, and certainly not the trash that lewdly displayed themselves at dark revels. No, this woman, this passionate creature, was different. As he made his way to the kitchen, one thought was at the forefront of his mind: good or bad, he needed to know who this woman was...

He Most Definitely Did Not Want To Know Who This

Woman Was!

Chapter 3 of 5

The morning after cont...

AN: Sorry this chapter took so long. I had to go beta shopping, and then she was almost eaten by kittens!! Thankfully she survived the adorable attack, so I'd like to thank fruitmanchu for beta-ing for me.

Chapter Three

He Most Definitely Did Not Want To Know Who This Woman Was!

Upon his arrival in the kitchen, Severus didn't even get the opportunity to inquire as to new Order members before he found himself enveloped in a patented Molly Weasley hug. You see, it was a little known fact, but Molly and Severus had a very close, if unusual, friendship. She was one of the few people able to look past his abrasive personality and to appreciate his acerbic wit. Molly also worried for him when it seemed no one else would, and he made sure she was the first person he checked in with when returning from revels and the like. Naturally, Albus Dumbledore was a close number two on that rather short list. It wasn't that Dumbledore didn't worry about him. Rather that he didn't always have Severus' best interest in mind, but then again, they were at war, even though some refused to admit it. Also, they'd grown close as she always attended to him when he returned from revels battered and bruised and greatly in need of mending. She was more than a friend to him really; she cared for him in a way Dumbledore never could.

"Unhand me, you insufferable woman!" The insult earned a broad smile from the portly witch as she hugged him even tighter. She'd learned long ago that the trick was not to offer comfort, but rather to force it upon him.

"You poor dear, having to sleep in the study on that lumpy couch."

"Lest you forget, I am a wizard. Accordingly, I conjured myself a bed."

"Oh, did you, now? Well then, judging by the crook in your back, it looks like you could use a refresher course in Transfiguration." She snickered in amusement at the pained look that crossed his face. That had always been his worst subject in school.

"I am sorry about your room. It's just that Albus mentioned you wouldn't be back until tomorrow night, and the girls got into a bit of a spat, and I thought it best if I separated them to give them time to cool off."

"Are you under the mistaken impression that I care to hear idle gossip? Not to mention that I fail to see what the one has to do with the other."

"My, but you are in a snit this morning. I was just trying to explain why Hermione was staying in your room last night..."

If she continued talking, Severus didn't hear it. Any further conversation faded to white noise as he struggled to suppress the urge to panic. The only words he could manage to form were a fragmentary "how could that be," which Molly mistakenly took as his participation in the discussion.

"... Well, apparently, the two girls got in a fight over her involvement with Harry. Ginny says she's just jealous, but I know better. Those two have been going entirely too fast..."

"How could that be..." *Miss Granger is who I saw last night? She's not a woman... She's just a girl. Well, perhaps she has grown up a bit, but the woman I watched last night was certainly an adult and one literally overflowing with passion. I could feel it emanating from her as she brought herself to orgasm after orgasm. There was an intense raw magic and power about her, one that Miss Granger isn't nearly mature enough to contain.*

"... I know what you mean. Kids today, I tell you it's not like when we were growing up. I'm going to have to have a talk with her at some point. But I'm afraid it's Harry that really needs someone to talk to. You know, a strong, masculine, authority figure..."

"How could that be..." *Miss Granger is who I heard moaning? How could that delicious, sweet, tempting, siren's song that completely entranced me belong to her? The horror continued to seep in as realization dawned, and the pieces fell into place. He now had a face to go with the rest of her body, and it surprised and scared him how easily he could envision her expressive brown eyes filled with passion, and her pouty lips parted and moaning.*

"... True, Harry doesn't really have any family that he can talk to, and you'll excuse me for saying so, but Albus is a bit too old, I think, to be able to relate to the feelings of an adolescent boy. I wonder if Arthur would do it..."

"How could that be..." *Miss Granger is who I had heard cum... that I had wanted to make cum... that I had imagined myself plunging deep inside of* His outrage and sense of decency warred with his lust.

"... Well, he did have 'the talk' with all of our boys, but I suppose it's different with your own flesh and blood. I wonder..." she said while eyeing Severus speculatively. "Would you be willing to talk to Harry about sex?" Well, THAT broke him out of his stupor!

"Are you mad? I intend to forget that I ever heard the blasphemous sentence you just uttered. And I strongly suggest that you make an appointment at St. Mungo's promptly, due to the questionable existence of your senility."

All too soon, Molly's offspring began to file into the kitchen, followed closely behind by Potter. Severus let out a breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding when it became apparent that a certain bushy little head would not be following them in this morning. He took his customary seat at the table, ensconced in a newspaper. Securely shrouded in his denial, Severus pretended to read and turned the pages aimlessly as the others quickly set about devouring their food and chattering inanely. Molly sent him beseeching looks every now and again, which he quickly and vehemently returned with a scowl. There was no way in hell he would ever discuss 'the birds and the bees' with that boy. As a matter of fact, the more he thought about Potter procreating, the more reassured he felt in his refusal.

"Mum, you've sure outdone yourself this time!" muttered George through a mouthful of crumbs.

"Yep, nothing like fresh bread made by loving hands to start the day," added Fred saccharinely as he buttered his fourth slice.

Severus concealed his smirk behind the newspaper, but shot a quick pompous glare at Molly. He often wondered what their reactions would be if they found out it was actually his recipe they so doted on. They'd probably think he'd poisoned it. The thought elicited yet another smirk from him.

"Say, Gin', you an' Hermione still at it?" muttered George again as crumbs continued tumbling out of his mouth.

Poisoning was looking better and better with each falling crumb. There were several untraceable poisons that reacted favorably with yeast. Unfortunately, he couldn't bring himself to take one of Molly's brood away from her.

"Question should be are she an' Harry still at it?" murmured Fred while dodging Ginny's swift kick under the table.

"Ahem, Ginny and Harry aren't going to beat anything for quite some time. Isn't that right, you two?" interjected Molly, looking pointedly at the two blushing teens before puttering away again. The twins shared knowing looks before pouncing.

"Alright, 'you two,' give over!"

"Yeah, we want details!"

"We got caught," Harry said meekly.

"Well, it's your own fault," said George, shrugging his shoulders.

"Yeah, snogging *our* baby sister right under Mum's nose. Really, you were just asking for it!" added a snickering Fred.

"Well, she didn't have to ward our rooms," Harry said in hushed tones. "Now I can't even get anywhere near her room, and the attic isn't nearly as comfortable! It's cold and drafty and practically overrun with spiders." To which Ron yelped like a little girl, much to the amusement of the twins.

"Serves you right," said Hermione from the doorway before taking a seat between the twins. She stretched languorously before tucking into her meal. This afforded Ron, sitting directly across from her, the most delicious view of her breasts pressing against her t-shirt. His mouth went slack, a few crumbs tumbling out onto the table, and for once in his life Ronald Weasley didn't want to eat... at least not food anyway.

"Did you sleep well last night, 'Mione?" asked Harry with a mischievous glint in his eye. He tried to catch Ron's eye to give him a 'knowing look', but Ron was still staring, slack-jawed, at Hermione's chest.

"Mmmn, wonderfully, thank you."

Severus, meanwhile, had become engrossed in a particularly intriguing article and hadn't noticed Miss Granger's entry. However, when he heard a familiar moan, she suddenly had his complete and undivided attention. Her brief moan had made his blood race and his cock harden. He peered over the top of his newspaper just in time to catch the image of her stretching. Her nipples were tight and seemed to be straining against the fabric. They were begging to be touched, licked, sucked... bitten. Their eyes met briefly as Severus tightened his white-knuckled grasp on the paper. With each passing second, it was becoming more and more difficult not to leap down the length of the table and ravish her. He had to leave... He had to get out of there. Suddenly he found that he didn't trust himself to be in the same room as her. It was entirely inappropriate to be having such carnal thoughts about his student! Without further ado, and a strategically placed newspaper, he escaped to the sanctity of the study in an effort to make sense of the ludicrous and lecherous thoughts plaguing him.

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For Hermione, what had started out as a lovely morning soon took a turn for the bizarre. It seemed she was the only one to notice Professor Snape's peculiar departure from the breakfast table. Granted, she was probably paying entirely too much attention to him this morning, but the almost awkward and panicked nature of it puzzled her. True, one could never say that he enjoyed their company, but it was certainly not something that should unsettle him that much or evoke that sort of reaction. This thought remained in the back of her mind as from there her day progressed to become even more bizarre.

It seemed that every time she turned around, she caught Ron and Harry giving her strange looks. She couldn't quite categorize the nature of them, but they made her to want to invest in a lead overcoat. She had tried very hard to ignore the... well, rather small to be honest... ever-present bulge in Ron's pants, which was not an easy feat when he took advantage of any opportunity to rub it up against her. Really, that boy needed to develop more tact. It was apparent that they were going to have to have another "talk" soon. Though the last one they had about why he shouldn't stare down her shirt during meals didn't quite go over well, considering that he had his eyes locked on her chest for the entire conversation, and all of her arguments about how "women should not be seen as merely sex objects, that they are human beings and every bit as intelligent as men are, if not more so, and that men should be attracted to the size of their intelligence rather than the size of their chest" all fell on deaf ears, or rather, hormonally challenged adolescent boy ears. Ginny had spent the day avoiding Hermione, evidently still in a snit over her interference with her nocturnal activities. Accordingly, she spent the majority of her day in her room reviewing for her NEWTs.

As it was, at the end of the day, Hermione couldn't sleep. This was often the case when she had something on her mind, though Ginny's snoring certainly didn't help matters any. Typically she'd spend most of the night bent over her books, trying to solve whatever problem that was plaguing her. Tonight, however, her books were of absolutely no use in unraveling the enigma that was Professor Snape. Giving up on falling asleep entirely, she made her way to the study in pursuit of a book that would distract her long enough to allow her a few hours sleep. She failed to notice the dark figure lurking in the corner and the intensity with which he watched her every move.

Hermione couldn't seem to get the images from her fantasies the previous evening out of her mind. She must've read this paragraph at least seventeen times already. She couldn't concentrate. All she could think about was his scent, imagining how his skin would feel against hers, oooh, God, and how sinfully delicious his voice would sound dripping with lust!

As she delved deeper into her fantasy, her hands began delving inside her panties, and before long they were deep inside of herself. Hermione's eyes slid closed, and she savored the feeling of losing herself to wild abandon. Her hips began to thrust harder, and the nails of her other hand dug into her breast through the thin fabric of her nightgown. She was momentarily distracted by a sound coming from a dark corner of the room, but quickly dismissed it... or rather, she used it to heighten her arousal. She allowed herself to fantasize that someone had been there and that the sound had been a muffled groan emitted by Professor Snape who was, even now, sitting there in the shadows watching her pleasure herself. Her movements became more purposeful now as she committed herself to her fantasy in an attempt to seduce her fantasy professor with her body. Little did she know how proficiently she'd already accomplished that. Her fantasy was so involved that she could even imagine his voice, like deep, dark forbidden chocolate, urging her, and she was powerless to resist him anything.

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"Let me see you," he whispered, and she compliantly pulled her panties aside to expose her swollen, pink lips, glistening with her arousal. He couldn't help but gasp when he saw that her pussy had been shaved clean. It looked so invitingly smooth and soft. She teased her finger over her lips before it slipped inside briefly, only to return coated in her juices. Licking his lips, he whispered again, "Open for me, Hermione..." Her name sounded strangely good on his tongue. "I want to see all of you." She pulled her lips apart, and he longed to slide into the dripping wet depths she revealed, he longed to feel her shuddering in his arms as her cunt spasmed around him, and he longed more than anything to know what she looked like when she came. This last desire he was determined to see to fruition... if nothing else. It surprised him the veracity with which he wanted to see the perfect Miss Granger, Hogwarts' resident know-it-all and Head Girl, lose control. The fact that it was because of him only added the perverse pleasure of this situation. "I want to see *all* of you," he barked.

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The gruffness of his voice made her shudder, and Hermione hurriedly slid off her panties and cast her nightgown aside. Following his orders, she lay back on the couch and spread her legs, exposing herself entirely to the dark corner. Just the thought of behaving like this in the middle of Grimmauld Place was enough to make her clitoris uncontrollably, but adding to that, the fantasy of following her professor's every desire had Hermione intoxicated by her lust. Never before had she felt the lines between reality and fantasy become so delightfully blurred. She curled her fingers inside of herself and moaned his name as the rich, licentious tone of his voice coaxed her to the most powerful orgasm of her life. When conscious thought finally returned to her, the dark figure had disappeared, leaving Hermione to wonder if he had really been there at all.

An Unexpected Gift, An Unexpected Pleasure

Chapter 4 of 5

In which Severus does some drunk Christmas shopping and Hermione gets a surprise... or two!

AN: Please excuse my tardiness in submitting this next chapter. I've been having the worst luck trying to find a beta for this story and, while this chapter has been more or less complete since April, it hasn't been fit for submission really until now. My apologies and I just want to let you all know that I am still determined to finish this story and the next two chapters are all planned out and currently in the works!

Chapter Four:

An Unexpected Gift, An Unexpected Pleasure

In the days leading up to Christmas, Grimmauld Place was abustle with all sorts of merriment and activity. Snape, of course wanting no part of it, spent the majority of his time in a secluded corner of the Leaky Cauldron adrift in a sea of Firewhiskey and enjoying what little time he was allowed away from those pesky irritants Dumbledore so dotingly referred to as students. He was particularly relieved, however, to get away from Miss Granger. The way that she had entranced him left him completely disconcerted. She was his student, for Merlin's sake, and he should not be lusting after one of his students. Not that he particularly cared what the school's moral code entailed, but rather that he would lose his job if he was caught breaking it, and that was not an option at this point in time. So he sat there lamenting over his situation and replaying the events from the previous night over and over in his head. It was obvious from her behavior the past few days that she had no recollection of what had passed between them that night in the library, or rather, she had been so lost in the moment that she never quite realized what had actually taken place. Severus considered that phenomenon a moment, wondering, in his drunken haze, if he could somehow sate his lust for this little siren without risking his position, or Dumbledore's trust in him.

A few hours and several drinks later, Severus, quite shakily, ventured into the dark recesses of Knockturn Alley and to a little establishment known only as *Pandora's Box*. The façade of the building really didn't give much of a hint as to what lay inside. However, as one stepped within they soon found themselves enveloped in what was unquestionably the Wizarding world's most infamous adult boutique. Few knew of this hidden treasure, but those who did became quite loyal customers. Lavishly decorated, the floor was an overstated checkerboard of deep ebony granite and Italian white marble. All the walls were upholstered in hand-printed white silk. The effect was intended to soften the atmosphere and make it more inviting; however, it mainly served to add to the opulence of the environment and the egos of its patrons. Upon entering you are greeted in the grand foyer by the boutique hostess who introduces you to your attendant for the evening, whose duty it is to ensure that your experience is a memorable one and cater to your every need. Each attendant is dressed, if one can call it that, in a black ensemble that includes a rather ornate satin corset, lace garters, silk seamed stockings, and a black pearl g-string running so invitingly between their cheeks. Normally, Severus would have taken the proffered champagne and made himself comfortable while enjoying the view as black corseted beauties moved gracefully amongst the backdrop of soft white silk the perfect environment for enjoying champagne. Today, however, he was rather impatient and urged his attendant to lead him downstairs where the products were displayed.

The products Pandora's Box carried were hardly those to be found in the more acceptable lingerie shops that lay on the outskirts of Diagon Alley, which merely offered a minute array of dildos and vibrating "pocket-wands" to its female patrons. Far from it -- Pandora's Box appealed to wizards and witches with a more diverse set of sexual interests, and they catered to fetishists of all varieties. While Severus was rather well known at this establishment, it wasn't for any... indulgences, shall we say. Unlike Lucius who had an affinity for enchanted leather corsets and the like that allowed him to control the movements of whoever wore them -- much like the Imperius Curse, however seemingly consensual and, accordingly, perfectly legal. Of course, Lucius enjoyed pushing the boundaries of that term, but let's not bicker over semantics. It is also common knowledge amongst Hogwarts faculty that Rolanda Hooch visited this establishment quite regularly to partake in their selection of Sapphic erotica. As for the potions portion of the boutique, Severus really had no interest in it whatsoever as he was more than capable of brewing such potions himself, and with a higher degree of potency for that matter.

He meandered around the store, stopping momentarily to admire one of the many displays. Within this particular cage lay a young woman, her arms and legs held immobile by satin scarves that caressed her skin as it coaxed her into submission. It was quite beautiful, Severus thought. Unbidden, an image of Miss Granger in such a position came to the forefront of his mind. Snape attributed it to his drunken state and lowered inhibitions; however, he didn't push the image away. It was far too tantalizing. The woman's breasts were full and her nipples painfully hard. He noticed upon further inspection how they seemed to move as though invisible mouths were sucking on them. He must remember to purchase that little incantation before he left. It seemed like every section that he passed made him think of Miss Granger and wonder as to her proclivities. Such thoughts forced him to come to a sudden realization in the middle of the bondage aisle that he didn't know her at all. He had been her teacher for approximately seven years now, and yet he didn't know the slightest thing about her beyond her bossy, know-it-all, Gryffindor façade that he saw in class. The other night he had witnessed another side to her. One that he would never have believed her possible of possessing. He couldn't keep himself from wondering what else lay dormant in this passionate creature. For instance, he thought looking around, would she enjoy being tied up and dominated? He could picture her lying in his bed with her hands tied to the posts begging for his cock, which swelled approvingly at the thought. No, she would probably be just as controlling in bed as she was in everything else. A picture flitted through his mind of her wielding a whip, and he had to snicker at the image, although his cock continued to harden just the same. He now had the insatiable urge to learn more about this creature, and he knew of one quite enjoyable way to find out.

His purchase soon found itself gift wrapped and lying under the Christmas tree in Grimmauld Place amidst scads of burgundy and gold papered boxes. It wasn't until Christmas morning, when he noticed Miss Granger's fingers delicately struggling to untie the white satin ribbon holding together the halves of a familiar black box, that he remembered what lay inside. He watched as the knot became loose enough to slip the ribbon free and she lifted the top. Her eyes widened in shock as she glanced at what lay inside before quickly replacing its cover. She looked very becoming when she blushed. A sense of sinful satisfaction settled low in Severus' stomach as he watched to see how his little siren would recover.

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"Oi! 'Mione, what'd you get?" bellowed Ron, who had been paying more attention to Hermione opening presents than he had his own. After all, she was rather hard to ignore when she bent over like that her ass wiggling about in the air just begging to be fondled. He could feel himself harden at the thought. She was blushing madly now, causing him to wonder why as he plopped down next to her in his customary Christmas sweater.

"What's in the box?" he asked, reaching for the lid. She slapped his inquiring hands away and hugged the box to her chest. That's when the panic set in. She had noticed the little black box appear under the tree a few days earlier. It looked so out of place sitting there, and she wondered who it could possibly be from or, rather, who it could possibly be to. She hadn't known what to expect when she read the card addressed to her, but it certainly wasn't this! Now what was she supposed to do? She was sitting surrounded by her closest friends and holding in her hands a... a.... well, to be quite honest, it looked like a cock, a very realistic one at that from her cursory glance at it. She had heard of Muggle dildos growing up, of course, but she didn't even know if there was a Wizarding equivalent. The thought drew her curiosity as she became absorbed in wondering what would make Wizarding sex toys different from Muggle ones. Scads of answers came immediately to mind, and she felt her blush deepen and her clit begin to tingle in anticipation of finding out. She couldn't let anyone see what was inside this box though. There was no way she'd ever be able to explain to Ron, or anyone else for that matter, why she was holding it. They'd also probably want to know who it was from... Wait! She wanted to know who it was from! Though there was no time for that now because Ron had gotten *that* look on his face. The one he often got when she caught him looking up her skirt or at her chest when she realized her nipples were unexplainably hard and pressing against her shirt. He inched closer so that his leg was touching hers, and his hand began to slowly slide up her inner thigh. For some reason, she sat immobile, unable to stop him like she normally would have. Perhaps it was out of fear of him finding out what she was holding, or perhaps she was just so turned on from the anticipation of using her new present that she didn't have the strength or will power to stop him. Regardless, his hand inched higher and higher until his fingers brushed along the edge of her damp panties. His lips parted as an ecstatic look came over his face, and he released the breath he'd been holding,

the word "Finally" floating atop it. Well, that did it. Her senses came crashing down around her along with an equally horrified and indignant look. Slapping his hand away fiercely, she stormed from the room with the box still held tightly against her chest. Once clear of everyone's sight, she ran up the stairs, tackling two at a time, and locked herself in her room. Sitting on her bed, she turned the card over and over in search of a name, but there was none. The only identifying feature on the box was a little embossed image in the paper on the underside that looked kind of like a corset. She'd have to research that later, but now she needed to see it again... to hold it. She took off the lid and used both hands to cradle the dildo as she stroked along the strong veins with her fingertip.

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Meanwhile, downstairs Severus tried valiantly to disguise his yelp at the sudden sensation of a timid finger trailing along his cock with a cough. He certainly hadn't expected her to be this eager about his gift. The particular model he had chosen was designed to conform to the exact measurements of his own cock. It was also linked by an enchantment so that any human contact against it would be felt in duplicate on his own person.

He was more prepared to stifle his gasp the second time he felt her fingers followed by the pallet of her soft tongue as it flitted across the head of his cock. Crossing his legs and letting his gaze flit about the room in a show of nonchalance, he wondered what her precious friends would think if they knew where she had fled to. What would they think of her if they knew the divine anguish her tongue was inflicting as she continued to gingerly explore his length. With each passing second it became increasingly difficult to withhold his groans of pleasure. A predicament which should have worried him; however, he found it had quite the opposite effect. It excited him. Having to maintain his composure while surrounded by people who were totally unaware of the havoc her tongue was wreaking on his cock thrilled him to his very core. Wanting so desperately to stroke himself. Wanting even more to run upstairs and slide between those plump teasing lips that were now nipping down his shaft.

Her fingers curled around the base of his cock. She was touching him more confidently than she had been as she took his head into her mouth. He could feel the vibrations of her hungry moans. Becoming bolder, her hand began a tortuously slow journey up his length and an even slower one back down. He wondered absently if his was the first cock she'd had between her lips. The way her teeth raked across the tip as she slid it out all but confirmed that suspicion. Although he trembled just the same. He didn't know how much more of this he could take. Fortunately for him, the morning's festivities had dwindled down, and the last of the stragglers, that he had been glaring daggers at, just left the room. He felt her lips closing tight around the head of him as she sucked once hard before loosening them and starting to take his throbbing cock deeper into her mouth. Feeling the tip brush against the back of her throat, which convulsed as she gagged around him, caused Severus to lose all control and let out a low growl as he came, imagining himself lacing his fingers through her hair and holding her mouth tight against his pelvis as he came deep inside her throat. Ensuring that she swallowed every last drop.

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Hermione was shocked by how realistic this dildo was. She was shocked even more by how positively wet it made her just to hold it in her hands. She could feel it pulsing and throbbing when she held it between her lips. It even seemed to have hardened somewhat as she played with it, but it had softened again after she tried to take it into her throat. Each stroke and lick had served to increase her arousal, which was now at a point where she wanted nothing more than to feel this inside of her. She needed it... she craved it. Lying back on her bed, Hermione slipped off her soaked panties and spread her bent legs wide apart. She rubbed the tip of the cock up and down her lips. However, despite how incredibly wet she was, it didn't seem to be enough, and she brought the dildo to her lips and coated it with her saliva. Spreading the lips of her pussy apart, she brought the head to the entrance of her tight little cunt and began to press it inside slowly. Hermione moaned as it began to stretch her.

Just then the door flew open, and a shocked Ginny stood in the entryway staring at Hermione, or more specifically staring at the pinkness between her open legs and the hand holding the dildo against her dripping slit...

Interrupted Fantasies

Chapter 5 of 5

Ginny stumbles upon Hermione in a compromising position and Severus? voyeurism continues..

A/N: Many thanks and fondles to Lotm for coming to my rescue and beta-ing this chapter for me!

Chapter Five:

Interrupted Fantasies

What Hermione hadn't heard was the faint "*Alohomora*" on the other side of the door before Ginny burst in.

"Hey 'Mione why'd you lock the d...oooh my GOD!" Ginny squeaked at the unexpected sight of Hermione spread lewdly on her bed. Ginny's squeal begat Hermione's. In a desperate lunge to get beneath the covers, and preserve whatever was left of her modesty, the dildo was propelled into the air. Ginny's Quidditch instincts kicking in, she automatically reached out to catch it only to yelp as she realized what she was holding and promptly dropped it to the floor again. Someone downstairs let out a blood-curdling scream and frantic footsteps were heard scurrying past the door, but all the commotion barely registered with the girls who found themselves locked in a stalemate. Neither able to look each other in the eyes, but unable to look away. Covertly, each dared glances at the other's face in an attempt to understand what they were thinking or feeling. It was Ginny who broke the tense silence when she couldn't repress a giggle as she wiped her hands on her jeans.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Hermione, trying oh so very hard not to die from embarrassment, cringing with the realization of why Ginny was wiping her hands.

Ginny replied between laughs, "Oh come on, 'Mione, you have to admit that... well this is kind of funny... in a weird, awkward, uncomfortable kind of way."

"No I don't." said Hermione stubbornly trying to hide her deepening blush as she remembered what she had been thinking about when Ginny walked in. So many thoughts were running through her head, and she couldn't seem to make sense of any of them. She felt deeply ashamed to have been caught. It wasn't as if Ginny hadn't seen her naked before. After all, they had been sharing a room at The Burrow and Grimmauld Place for several years now. However, Ginny had never seen her like this: aroused. She had never seen her nipples hard and throbbing. She had never seen what lay between her thighs, which was still swollen and dripping and, despite Hermione's silent prayers, wouldn't desist. Furthermore, she was very ashamed at the subject of her interrupted fantasies and thanked whatever deity was paying attention that Ginny didn't know Occulmency... she hoped.

"Really? You don't think this is even remotely funny? Because you should have seen the look on your face!" she giggled. "Hey look, 'Mione, it's nothing to be embarrassed about. We all do it. Hell, I'm surprised you haven't caught me before. Besides where'd you get that thing anyway? I've never seen one so realistic before. Mine's just plain old plastic. It's Gryffindor red and gold though!" she added with a chuckle. Realizing that Hermione wasn't going to see the humor in the situation, Ginny settled herself on the bed and began lightly stroking her back in an effort to comfort her.

"I guess you're really embarrassed about this, huh? I'm sorry. I should've knocked, but I didn't expect you to be... well for you to even have... you know." Hermione nodded

in response as she clutched the covers tighter around her. Despite her embarrassment, or perhaps because of it, it felt good to have someone touch her this way... intimately. She found herself leaning into Ginny's comforting touches. They continued to sit in silence for several minutes more. Allowing each other time to get acclimated to the subtle change in their friendship.

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Nothing more was said until they were getting ready for bed later that evening as, once again, Ginny broke the thick silence. "I'm scared, 'Mione." she all but whispered, turned to face the window so that Hermione couldn't see how vulnerable she was in that moment.

"Why should you be scared?"

"I don't want to lose your friendship. All my life I've been surrounded by my brothers. I used to wish that some day you'd marry Ron so that we could truly be sisters, but now I'm not so sure. You mean so much to me, and I'm sorry for everything that's happened in the past few days. I've been foolish and stubborn and immature, and I'm sorry."

Hermione wrapped her arms around Ginny from behind and whispered against her neck, "You'll never lose my friendship, Ginny. That's not even conceivable. I know that you didn't mean to walk in on me this afternoon, and really it was my fault to begin with. I should have had more self control than to play with... that in broad daylight. I'll get over my embarrassment eventually. If anything, maybe this will bring our friendship that much closer. It would be nice to have a friend that I could talk about... certain things with." Although, as the words left her mouth, Hermione couldn't imagine telling Ginny of her fantasies about the brooding professor. Perhaps that secret was best kept closely guarded.

"Thank you." Ginny said as she turned around in her arms and fervently returned the hug. Now, however, they found their faces temptingly close and could feel soft puffs of breath on each others lips. It felt so natural and right as their eyes closed, heads tilted, lips parted, and mouths sought out the soft yielding lips of the other in an intimate caress. It wasn't like anything Hermione had ever felt before. It wasn't lust, but her mind was reeling with emotions. Whatever it was, it was gentle and sweet and powerful. Her knees went weak as Ginny's moan melted on her tongue. As if of their own volition, Hermione found her hands wandering the expanse of Ginny's back. It felt soft beneath the cotton of her shirt, which her nomadic fingers quickly found their way beneath. Her moans were muffled as she nipped and sucked the sweet tender skin behind Ginny's ear and down her neck to her collar bone.

It was as if she were discovering something entirely new to her, for she had never before noticed how sensual and beautiful the female body was and she was now determined to learn everything she could about it. Her fingers splayed across the small of Ginny's back, pulling her closer so that their chests were now pressed so tightly together that she could just barely feel where Ginny's hard nipples pressed into hers. The fingers of the other hand had curled around Ginny's hip as her thumb traced along her pelvic bone. So beautiful, Hermione thought. Her fingers traced a path up along her side, the thin cotton trailing along compliantly as she journeyed northwards. Ginny's head rolled back as Hermione's thumb came to rest just below the curve of her breast and her head bent down to kiss the hard little bud jutting against the cotton. As her tongue came out to flick at it and her lips wrapped around and began to suck, Ginny's arms flew around Hermione's shoulders to keep her knees from giving way. The thin white material now clung to Ginny's nipple and Hermione delighted in the shivers and whimpers that blowing across it elicited in her friend. Her lips soon found their way to the other nipple and began teasing it to a similar state.

"Please, 'Mione. I need..." her voice trailed off as Hermione's teeth dug into her nipple and her tongue flicked across the trapped little bud.

"Tell me what you need," she purred as Ginny trembled in her arms.

"I... oh god, 'Mione. I need to feel your lips on my skin. Please." Aching slowly, Hermione removed Ginny's shirt. In the process slowly revealing the most beautiful breasts she had ever seen. How was it that she had never noticed how perfect they were before now? Ginny's pale skin was flushed with arousal so deep you could hardly make out the scattered freckles across her chest. Her breasts were smaller than Hermione's, but very round, and her pale nipples seemed to point unnaturally upwards. She couldn't resist cupping them with her hands and testing their weight. The soft warm mounds easily filled her small hands as Ginny's hard nipple slipped between her fingers where she trapped it, much to Ginny's delight.

Leaning in to kiss Ginny again, she began pulling and gently twisting the nipples. In response, Ginny began ravishing her mouth. Teeth nipped at Hermione's bottom lip as Ginny's arms tightened around her. As the kiss deepened they shifted so that Ginny's back was pressing against the window and her bottom perched on the slight ledge. The cold glass immediately sent thrills throughout her body, and Hermione noticed her nipples tightening further and leaned over to cover them with her mouth as if to warm them up. Hermione's legs found their way between Ginny's, and each felt the damp cloth of the other's panties pressing against their thigh.

"Let me see you again." Ginny panted, her hands already tugging at the material of Hermione's nightgown. With a soft giggle, Hermione finished pulling it over her head and off. Blushing deeply when she reemerged. Even more so upon noticing Ginny's gaze riveted to the sight of her breasts bouncing with the motion. Hermione's breasts were larger. They sat full and heavy on her chest. Ginny's hands looked tiny trying to mold themselves to her breasts. Hermione moaned and arched her back into the touch, aching for more. Ginny's tentative fingers traced faint circles around her dark areola. Hermione bit her lip in an effort to maintain her self-control under Ginny's ministrations and allow her the same opportunity to play and explore as she had, but she was finding it harder and harder with each feather-light touch deliciously tormenting her. She leant her forehead against Ginny's as she panted and searched inwardly for a reserve of restraint from which she could pull. When her eyes fluttered open again, she caught the mischievous glint in Ginny's eyes.

"Ginny Weasley, don't you dare tease me at a time like this!"

"I should have known you'd be bossy in bed. Not that I'm not finding that incredibly sexy right now," she confessed as her hands found the cheeks of Hermione's ass and pulled her close again. The fleshy mounds of their breasts now pressed together, rising and falling in unison as they breathed in the subtle scent of female arousal that had since engulfed them both. Hungry mouths met again as their bodies began to move instinctively against each other. The heat of their bodies created a fog, which settled over the window pane, and the only sound that could be heard was that of soft feminine moans and the slow rhythmic slide of skin against wet glass as they reached their climax together.

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In the dark unlit recesses of the back yard of Grimmauld Place sat Severus Snape, brooding as always. He had spent the better, or perhaps worse, part of his day avoiding impertinent questions regarding his undignified scream earlier that morning. He hadn't thought when he made his purchase that she might be clumsy enough to drop the infernal thing. It hadn't hurt so much as the mere shock of the whole episode had disturbed him. Men were not meant to feel such things. It was unnatural.

Molly had been less than helpful when he made his way into the kitchen in search of ice. A person should be able to get some ice without incurring an endless torrent of questions as to how he had hurt himself. The very question he had been dodging all day. Somehow, they did not believe he had merely stubbed his toe. Accordingly, he was relegated to transfiguring the glass of water on his bedside table into ice. A simple spell really, but the resulting block of ice was less than pleasant when applied topically, and naturally, it was wiser to avoid casting healing spells on that portion of one's anatomy unless specially trained.

It was natural for Severus to be alone. Unlike most, he did not find comfort or sanctuary in the presence of others. Instead he found such situations lead him to be surrounded by people he did not know and could not trust who, on the whole, held a very low opinion of him. Rather, his sanctuary was here in the garden hidden among the shadows of overgrown brush. As he peered at the sky through the bereft branches above, the thoughts aligned in his head much like the stars themselves: in vast nebulas of knowledge.

It seemed, however, that Miss Granger was to interrupt even this. As his gaze lingered on the façade of the old house, it was caught by a movement on the second floor. The soft angular shoulder blades of a young woman pressed against the glass. Their sinuous movement mesmerizing him as she rocked against the glass, which was quickly fogging over from her exertions. He could barely make out her hair as she leant her head back against the window, but in his imagination he could clearly see those feral brown curls framing her face. He imagined her full bottom lip trapped between her teeth as her orgasm built. He imagined her breasts rising and falling with each breath and each moan. He imagined himself there kneeling between her thighs and licking the vulnerable flesh between them. She was now no more than a shadow thrown across the pane. Not that Severus noticed this. His eyes were closed as he watched her in his imagination writhing beneath him in exquisite pleasure. He felt his

cock hard beneath the fabric of his robe.

It was still sore, but he found that he rather liked the sensation...

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A few days later:

It need not be said that Ron Weasley was not looking forward to going back to school. Unlike Hermione, he did not lust for knowledge, and unlike Harry, he did not lust for approval. What he did lust for, however, was Hermione. This was how he found himself alone in her bedroom while the others went out shopping for school supplies. He hadn't meant to come in, satisfied merely to peek through the door out of mild hormonal curiosity. However, the sight of her panty drawer ajar beckoned him closer, and he soon found his hands sifting through piles of silk, satin, lace, and cotton.

That is, until his fingers hit something hard. It felt so odd among all of the delicate fabrics. His eyes widened in shock and his jaw dropped to his chest as he pulled out Hermione's toy. It was bloody huge! Certainly bigger and thicker than he was, though not by toooo much. He momentarily felt inadequate, but those thoughts were squelched by more pressing matters. Namely, the knowledge that this had been inside of her. His mind conjured an image of her lowering herself onto it and her juices spilling from her and running in little rivers down its shaft. Ron Weasley did not have the strength to resist such temptation...