

# Mission III: Get Hermione Laid...Once More

*by Fervesco*

HG/SS/RL/SB True to form, a rather frustrated Hermione sets out to acquire some satisfaction...

## Mission: In Trouble

*Chapter 1 of 8*

HG/SS/RL/SB True to form, a rather frustrated Hermione sets out to acquire some satisfaction...

AN: I caved! Here it is...the sequel to the sequel of the most plotless fic imaginable however, there shall be the hopefully desired amount of smut. And thank you, thank you, don't all applaud at once at my wonderfully imaginative title! Oh, and be sure to let me know if you want to see anything in particular in this one - however, no, there won't be any Lucius! Three men is enough to keep up with, thank you :)

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Mission: In Trouble!

I am so utterly, utterly bored. Bored and frustrated not a pleasant combination, especially for those around me. Five hours! I have been here, holed up in some desolate, infinitesimally small shack in the middle of Merlin knows where with two gorgeous men teasing and tormenting me knowing damn well there isn't a thing I can do about it!

It was Harry's idea damn him! He dragged us all off up here, Ron, Ginny, Lavender, Sirius, Remus and I, as a sort of last bash before we head out into the big ol' world that is adulthood. Initially it been just Ginny, Ron, Harry and I, but Ron had quickly protested at the fact that Harry would have his girlfriend and demanded that Lavender should come. Fine, I could have sort of dealt with that perhaps with the four of them preoccupied I would have had some quiet time to read or something. That plan was all going excellently until Mrs Weasley caught wind of it. "There is no way," she demanded, her hands on her hips, "that I am letting you, Ginny Weasley, spend a week away in the mountains with your boyfriend unsupervised!" Ginny's protests fell on deaf ears. Harry was devastated, especially since Lavender had already agreed to go and apparently the idea of having to spend all that time with me while his best friend was shagging his girlfriend was not so appealing. Sirius, however, had stepped up to the plate and solved that problem - damn him.

"Molly, you know, I could do with a break myself perhaps I could go along and supervise?" he had suggested, slipping me a sly grin.

"Well..." Molly had replied, obviously not so sure that Sirius Black, King of Maturity, was the sort of adult role model she wanted supervising her children.

Remus, who had been in the room the entire time and totally uninterested in the conversation until Sirius' offer, piped up. "Perhaps you would feel more at ease if I escorted them as well?"

A slow, relieved smile spread across Molly's face. "Yes, yes! That would be wonderful, Remus!"

Ginny groaned, Harry sighed and Ron tried protesting, but Molly was set on the idea of Remus and Sirius escorting us. Of course, I was perfectly content with this idea at least I would have something other than my books to entertain me.

No such luck. The cabin had only three tiny, tiny rooms two of which Ron and Lavender, and Ginny and Harry quickly claimed. With a defeated sigh, I had told Remus and Sirius to take the last room and I'd sleep on the couch. However, Remus seemed to be taking his duty as supervisor far too seriously and had squashed Harry's idea, separating the girls from the boys. None of the others were very impressed.

"Gods, how did we end up with that bore?!" Ron huffed, sinking down onto the couch five minutes later while Remus was in the room he was sharing with Sirius', hopefully out of earshot.

"He did promise your mum..." I began to protest, but Ron shot me such a dirty look that I just left my thought hanging.

"Just because he's not getting any," Lavender chipped in.

"Probably never has!" Ginny sniped.

I wanted to say something...but I had to choose my words carefully. "I am sure Professor Lupin has more than his fair share of women. He is quite an attractive man..."

"Well, you go and shag him then so we can have some time alone!" Harry snapped, slipping his arm around Ginny.

Lavender gave Harry a scathing look as if to say 'Hermione Granger doesn't even know what the word shag means.'

"Now, now," Sirius interrupted and the rest of them turned to stare at him, obviously having been totally oblivious to the fact that he had been standing by the kitchen counter listening to our conversation the whole time. "As Hermione said, Ron and Ginny, Remus made a promise to your mother and you will just have to deal with it." He glanced over his shoulder to the room where Remus was and then lowered his voice. "I am certain that you are all well aware that just because the sleeping arrangements are not as you wanted, that doesn't mean this trip has to be a total loss."

Harry looked thoughtful at Sirius' suggestion, Lavender giggled, Ginny smirked and Ron just looked confused. Poor Lavender, I thought for a moment, before remembering the look she had given me moments earlier.

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Half an hour later, I was standing outside on the porch wanting to escape the infuriating amount of drool being exchanged inside when warm arms snaked around my waist, soft lips brushed against my neck and then sultrily the words, "I'm hungry, 'Mione," were whispered in my ear.

"Sirius..." I had sighed, leaning back into him, but that moment had been suitably ruined by Lavender squealing, "Won Won! It's too cold to go skinny dipping!"

Sirius had drawn back from me just as the door had burst open and Ron was visibly struggling to haul Lavender through the doorway. How very, very tactful.

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And now, here I am, sitting around the fireplace with the delightful sight of Lavender and Ron practically dry-humping in front of me and Ginny apparently permanently attached to Harry's neck. I give Remus a scowl and he sighs before turning to look at Sirius for an answer.

"Game time!" Sirius suddenly announces, stirring Lavender and Ron and causing Ginny's lips to audibly pop from Harry's neck.

"What?" Ron asks, sounded rather peeved at being interrupted.

"Game time," Sirius replies, then, giving me a cheekily look, adds, "Truth or Dare!"

"You have got to be kidding me." Lavender literally snorts as she rolls her eyes. Oh, so very becoming.

"Nope! You have something hide, Lavender?" Sirius asks and I must remember to commend him on his straight face, despite his eyes wandering to where Ron's hand is vanishing up her skirt.

"No," Lavender says snottily, but I can see Sirius' jab has worked she now has to prove herself.

"Like Truth or Dare is going to be any fun with him here," Ron says poutily, nodding at Remus.

"I wouldn't be so sure, Ron. Remus here is always up for a bit of fun," Sirius goads and now he has Ron's attention too, despite the sceptical look on his face. "In fact, Remus, why don't we start with you?"

Remus gives Sirius a scathing look over the top of his book. "I think not, Sirius. I'm going to bed."

"You know what happens to pikers, Remus..."

Remus glares at his best friend, then snaps his book shut. "Fine."

"What happens to pikers?" Ginny enquires.

Sirius gives her a menacingly look. "If you want to find out, don't play."

And that's Ginny hooked in and, by default, Harry.

Then there's me, of course. Then again, I can't see any reason to protest Sirius' games are always fun I just hope to Merlin that I don't have to go anywhere near Lavender.

"You up for it, 'Mione?" Sirius asks, grinning cheekily at me.

"Why not," I reply with a shrug, putting my newspaper down.

"Great," I catch Lavender mutter sarcastically under her breath to Ron and Ron giggles in response.

Sirius suddenly jumps to his feet and is back a few moments later with glasses full of drinks for everyone.

"What's this?" Lupin asks warily.

"Something to liven the night up!" Sirius announces, than adds, "Oh, quit clenching, Remus, they're all of age!"

Remus looks dubious.

"To get things warmed up, bottoms up, everyone!" Sirius announces, then downs his glass in one gulp.

Slowly the rest of them comply. I take a cautious sniff at mine first and, not being able to ascertain any odour other than alcohol, I decide it's safe and knock it back. Big, big mistake. The vague bitter, walnut taste of Veritasium, hardly detectable unless you are searching for it.

"Remus, truth or dare?" Sirius asks, ignoring my shocked glare in his direction. Veritaserum is strictly controlled by the ministry...how on earth did Sirius...never mind...I don't want to know!

Remus eyes Sirius up, weighing up the likely consequences of each. "Dare."

"Shirt off."

I almost laugh as I see the exchange of looks around the room at this dare, all four of the others panicking at where this is going given that the removal of clothes has been requested on the first round.

"Sirius..." Lupin says with a tone of warning.

"Remus, it's nothing they're not going to see when we go swimming tomorrow."

Lupin now gives me a look almost as if questioning me as to whether he should let Sirius go ahead with this. I shrug. In all honesty, for now it seems perfectly harmless. Slowly he unbuttons his shirt and as much as I'd like to admire the view, part of me is utterly curious as to how the others are reacting. Both Lavender and Ginny are practically drooling, while Harry is glaring at Ginny and Ron is looking as though he feels rather inadequate. I manage to restrain myself from laughing...just.

"Your turn, Remus," Sirius prompts, looking quite amused himself.

Remus, looking bored, finally says, "Ron...Truth or Dare?"

Ron's eyes move down Remus' chest and he cringes. "Truth."

Remus glances at Sirius, before asking, "When's Lavender's birthday?"

"Is that it?" Harry asks with a disappointed sigh.

However, Ron's mouth has dropped open. He turns and stares awkwardly at his girlfriend. "September?"

"August the fifteenth!" Lavender's face is now bright red and I am so glad that is Ron she is looking at like that rather than me.

"Righty...your turn, Ron," Sirius pipes up, looking quite amused.

Ron glances around at us all, pausing rather angrily on Remus for a while.

"Remus," Ron spits out.

"Uh uh, no asking the person who just asked you," Ginny chimes in, looking rather bemused herself.

"Fine." Ron's eyes flick around the circle again and then land on me. I really don't like the way he's looking at me... "Hermione. Truth or Dare?"

Dilemma... dilemma... If I take truth, he is certain to ask about things I really don't want to reveal to them like the fact that their bookish, sexless friend has been playing 'hide the wand' with not only Harry's godfather and their former professor, but Merlin forbidden if Snape's name gets drawn into this... A dare has got to be the safer option.

"Dare."

Ron grins evilly. "Snog Lupin, Hermione."

Harry snorts into his newly filled glass, Ginny's gives me a look of pity and Lavender laughs out loud.

"Ron..." Lupin warns.

"Ron, you can't make her do that!" Harry protests.

"Why not? She chose dare...."

Great so they think that's funny do they? Time to prove a point. I rise from my seat, my legs wavering a little under the influence of whatever alcohol Sirius' added the Veritaserum to, and then bend over Lupin, placing a chaste kiss on his lips.

I get exactly the response I was expecting from Ron. "I said snog..."

But before he can finish his sentence, I grasp hold of Remus' shoulders, slide myself into his lap and start devouring his lips. Merlin, this is good. Good? It's fanfuckingtastic! I have been sitting around feeling totally deprived since Sirius' attack on me on the porch earlier this afternoon and this is proving to relieve just a little of my tension. My tongue slides over Remus' and he is suddenly returning my kiss, his hands tangling in my hair and pulling me closer. His hips suddenly jerk up against mine and I can see that this is doing nothing to relieve any tension Remus' might be feeling. As if to confirm my suspicions, I catch his almost inaudible growl on my lips.

"Oh Merlin..." I hear Ginny whisper from behind me. Excellent point proven, I believe. However, how I am going to get myself out of this situation with at least an air of dignity is going to take a little more thinking...

## Mission: Distract the Enemy

*Chapter 2 of 8*

HG/SS/RL/SB True to form, a rather frustrated Hermione sets out to acquire some satisfaction...

### MISSION: Distract the Enemy

Gods, am stuck here in Remus' lap with absolutely no notion as to how I can remove myself without mortally embarrassing him. Given that his reaction to my kiss has suddenly become somewhat distracted I think he is all too aware of the dilemma as well. What to do...What to do.... I pull away from him and give him an apologetic look.

Remus grimaces.

"More drinks!" Sirius suddenly announces and with a quick glance over my shoulder I see that the others have taken a second to look at him. With that opening, I leap from Remus and slip back to my seat on the floor. Remus' foot catches my leg in his furious effort to cross his own legs and cover his....dilemma.

Harry, Ron, Ginny and Lavender all turn back to look at me gobsmacked. I tactfully ignore the lot of them and turn to Sirius.

"Truth or Dare, Sirius?"

He looks up at me, obviously wondering what I'm playing at, but frankly after that debacle with Remus, I do not need Sirius putting me in any situations that he might find amusing and, having nominated him, that relieves me from being his next choice.

"Dare," he says, giving me a devious grin.

"Fairs fair, Sirius. Shirt off."

Sirius gives me a disappointed look, but quickly slides his T-shirt over his head and flicks it into the corner. Ginny and Lavender are once again drooling, but also looking a little wary. I think perhaps they have just realised they might have jumped in over their heads.

Sirius looks around the circle and his eyes come to rest on Ron. I know that look this can't be good.

"Truth or dare, Ron?" Sirius asks, the sweetness in his voice just a little too sickly.

"Uh...truth..." Ron replies hesitantly, glancing at Lavender who is glaring back at him. She isn't going to forgive him for not knowing when her birthday was anytime soon.

"What is Lavender's greatest ambition, Ron?"

Crap. Oh, crap. Now I see where this is going. I glance at Lupin and I catch just a hint of a deviant smile that really belongs on Sirius' face not his. I can't believe Lupin is in on this...

"Uh..." Ron glances nervously at Lavender. "Err...to become a Seer?"

Lavender slaps him across the face, leaps to her feet and screams, "I can't believe you, Ronald Weasley!" She storms across the room, down the hall and slams the door there so hard the entire house rattles.

"Lavender!" Ron calls, racing off after her. Shouts and screams echo down the hallway and then become muffled as Ron obviously manages to enter the bedroom and close the door.

"Well, that's a pity," Sirius comments, looking perfectly innocent. "Perhaps we had better call it a night..."

"And where am I supposed to sleep?" Ginny suddenly protests. "I am not going in there while she is in that sort of mood!"

Sirius looks at Lupin, his eyes flicking to me for a moment, then back again.

"Oh, all right!" Remus sighs. "Fine. Ginny, you can stay with Harry, but for Merlin's sake, behave yourselves!"

"Sure thing," Harry calls back over his shoulder, Ginny and he already halfway down the hallway.

I look at Sirius and then Lupin. "I guess I'll just sleep on the couch then..."

Sirius snorts.

Lupin glares at him.

"Oh, for Merlin's sake, Moony, lighten up!" Sirius chides. "It's not like it's anything we haven't done before. Besides," he continues, raising an eyebrow at Remus' glare, "you can't possibly be suggesting you are going to make 'Mione sleep out here in the cold by herself when we have a perfectly large bed in our room that is just begging for some company..."

Remus looks at me and I smile sweetly at him.

"Oh...all right! Honestly! And Molly thought she was doing the right thing by putting me in charge..." Remus mutters to himself.

"They're hardly kids anymore, Moony," Sirius points out.

"And it's not like they won't be off in the woods tomorrow doing just what they're doing now anyway," I add in for good measure.

"Yeah, this way you're saving them from the agony of misplaced mosquito bites and wayward twigs..." Sirius chuckled as he spoke.

Remus smiled and shook his head. "Enough, enough! You've convinced me, but if you want this night to continue I'd prefer not to have any more of those sort of images of Lavender in my mind!"

"Wouldn't we all," Sirius adds.

"Besides, I thought you were in on Sirius' getting rid of them all?" I say, now a little confused.

"Yes, because I wanted to put a stop to his game before it got out of hand," Remus replied, giving Sirius a scathing look.

"Oops," Sirius says quite innocently, then he suddenly leans forward, scoops me from the floor and starts off in the direction of his room, eliciting a surprised squeal from me. "Come on, Moony!" he calls back over his shoulder and I shoot Remus a pleading grin as I'm carried through the doorway.

Sirius plonks me down on their bed not so gracefully and lets out a chuckle. "Ah, 'Mione..." He grins at me and I'm just a little glad that Remus will be here to keep him in check. "You know, you really do deserve to be punished..."

"What on earth for?" I ask, totally confused.

"For wandering around all day in this," Sirius replies, tugging at the hem of my dress. "Bare arms," he chides, sliding one palm up from my fingertips. "Bare shoulders." His hands slide over the tops of my arms, grazing at my neck and fluttering over my collarbone. "No shoes..." His hands slip briefly over my body to my toes, tracing the soles of my feet and making me shiver. "Lots of leg." Slowly his hands slip up my inner calves, over my knees to tease at my inner thighs until he reaches the hem of my skirt again. Gods, I am on fire everywhere he has touched me and other places that I long for him to. "And, if I'm not mistaken, very flimsy white panties." With these words, Sirius tugs the hem of my dress up and then grins at me.

"How did you..." I start to ask and then wonder if I really did want to know.

"You, my dear, should be careful how you sit down on the couch when there are randy men lounging on the floor."

I find the idea that Sirius had been watching me that closely oddly arousing.

"Now, what was it that I said to you outside?" Sirius ponders, tapping at his chin in fake thought. "For the life of me, I can't remember..."

"You said you were hungry...?" I suggest, a little lost. Only for a moment though...

"Ah! That's right! Brilliant!" Sirius hooks one finger through my underwear, tugging it to one side. Throwing me a devilish grin, he slides onto the bed and nuzzles at my core. "This would appear to be quite appetising."

I laugh yes, it was a fairly lame joke, but only Sirius could actually get away with that. There is something to be said for the amusement factor Sirius manages to draw into sex without taking it far enough to detract from the actual...oh...my...bloody...fucking...Merlin! Sirius tongue has darted out, taking one long lick at my clitoris, not touching anything else. My hips suddenly buck up and Sirius grasps hold of my waist to hold me down.

"Now that, Miss Granger, is not very becoming of a lady!" Sirius says with a grin and for a moment I wonder what on earth he is on about before I realise that I have spoken aloud. I am about to attempt a retort when his fingers splay out across my pelvis, his thumbs reaching the skin either side of my clit and pulling it taut. His next lick is pure, blissful torture, ringing through all my nerve endings and making me moan. Sirius lets out a deep chuckle and continues with his assault. Merlin, I am so intensely aware of him, every velvety brush of that tongue, each pressure point where his fingers meet my skin, his breath tickling at my overly sensitised folds...Merlin! His hands slip lower - two fingers teasing at my entrance, sliding smoothly over my skin but not quite entering me. I am literally writhing on his bed now, my hips grinding into the mattress and my breathing comprises of sharp gasps. So very, very close already...so very...

"Please! Sirius!" I beg, feeling my insides started to convulse, almost, but not quite, there.

One more flick of his tongue and those two broad fingers delve into my depths. I am gone, quaking in bliss...

As I come back down to earth, I hear someone clapping.

"Bravo, Padfoot," Remus is praising. "However, might it not have been prudent to lock and silence the room first?"

My eyes shoot open and flick towards the door. Gods, what if Harry or Ron heard that? Especially Harry I am certain he would be less than impressed if he had wandered in on his godfather pleasuring me... It's closed! Thank Merlin!

"What would we do without you, Moony?" Sirius says with a laugh.

"Exactly the same thing, I dare say," Remus replies with an odd smile. "Though, I suspect you'd have a few extra spectators."

"Perhaps 'Mione would like that?" Sirius says, giving me a lewd grin.

"No!" Remus and I yelp at the same time, the couch debacle still obviously clear in both our memories.

"Well, in that case, if you're not so keen on spectators, 'Mione, you'd better come join us, Moony," Sirius retorts smugly.

Remus, as always, looks a little reluctant at the proposal. I extend my hand to him and when he accepts, I pull him down to me. He eyes my lips greedily and I can see him dwelling on that earlier kiss that unfinished business. He brings one thumb up to trace along my bottom lip before leaning forward. His lips crush against mine and his tongue demands entry, which I willingly give him. Merlin, this is unlike him not that I'm complaining! But usually Remus is so much more restrained than this man who is currently kissing me senseless, grasping roughly at my breasts and, yes, that is his arousal he is thrusting against my hip.

Sirius laughs again. "Little close to the full moon, Moony?"

Lupin simply growls in reply as he removes his lips from mine and redirects them to my neck, grazing at my skin and placing very small, very restrained bites on my skin. Suddenly it all falls into place the ease in which Remus was convinced in letting Ginny go with Harry, his part in Sirius' plan...he is having grave trouble resisting his desires and, frankly, I couldn't care less! In fact, this side of Remus is quite a nice change...

Remus pulls me up tightly against him so that I am resting on my side. One of his hands slides down from my breast to my thigh, sliding up under my dress, teasing at my skin as he does so. Oh...my....He runs one finger across my opening before dipping urgently inside, his resulting growl at how ready I am for him resonates through my body.

"She's ready for you, Moony," Sirius instructs from somewhere behind me. "Aren't you, 'Mione?"

"Merlin...yes..." I hiss as Remus strokes at my clit. His other hand is still squeezing at one nipple, fairly hard, just bordering on being painful but never quite crossing the line. Remus lets out a low growl and I can quite distinctly hear the sound of a zip being undone. Forcing my eyes open I see Sirius hovering over Remus, obviously helping him undress. A few moments pass, my eyes slipping closed again under the wake of Remus' attentions, until, quite suddenly, Remus' hand flies from my breast and yet another growl escapes him, but this one is slightly different. I open my eyes again and glance around. Sirius' hand is wrapped tightly around Remus' arousal, obviously in mid-stroke, but Remus has caught his wrist so tightly that his knuckles are white. I glance up at Remus' face and I must admit the look I see there scares me for a moment before it flashes away.

"Don't." It isn't a request, it is a demand, directed at a rather concerned looking Sirius.

"Moony, you don't think perhaps you're a little too close to trans..."

Remus inhales a deep breath and then relaxes. "I will be perfectly fine if you let me take this at my own pace."

Sirius eyes him for just a moment and then breaks into a grin.

Frankly, I'm just a little terrified...Remus well-behaved, wouldn't hurt a fly, Remus...

"Hermione, if you want me to stop, at all, just say the word. I am in control," Remus suddenly informs me and I think that perhaps my face has given away my concerns.

"Um..." I eye him for a moment, torn between being completely turned on and somewhat terrified.

"You know me, Hermione, I am not about to hurt you."

And he's right Remus has never, ever done anything to hurt me, quite the contrary, in fact. Merlin...his fingers are still in me, not moving, but none the less they are there... I glance down and take in the vision of his arousal, pressed hard against his belly and twitching ever so slightly. As much as I enjoy his fingers inside me, there is something to be said for the velvety, smooth feel of having that cock inside me. My eyes flick back to his and I give him a grin and a nod. Remus grins back at me and even before I can see it coming, he has me pinned to the bed, his teeth on my ear, his hips grinding into mine. The only thing separating us is the thin material of my underwear. Merlin, he feels so hot and so hard and if he keeps stroking me like that I could just about climax...

"You okay, Hermione?" Remus huffs in my ear and I can tell it is taking almost all of his restraint to hold back like this.

"I could be better," I reply, bucking my hips at him suggestively.

Fingers brush over my hip and, on his next thrust, his skin suddenly meets mine. He's breathing heavily above me, gripping tightly at the pillow beneath my head as the tip of his arousal teases at my entrance, occasionally sliding over my clit and making me moan.

"Please!" I finally beg, unable to take this any longer I am so close but I need him inside of me. "Remus, please!"

Remus' eyes suddenly meet mine and his movements come to a complete halt. Damn. He's going to stop, back away and leave me lying here so bloody horny that I could...

Remus!" Without warning, he thrusts into me, filling me to the hilt. Merlin! The sudden intrusion, the silky hard feeling of him filling me and my already wavering control meld into stars behind my eyes as I quiver around him, my nails digging into his chest.

I barely have time to register him hoisting my knees over his shoulders before he starts driving into me at a furious pace, but I am suddenly quite aware of the benefits of this angle. He's stroking even deeper, reaching delightful places that have me writhing beneath him.

"Sirius..." Remus suddenly pleads as he dips his head towards my chest.

Two sets of lips suddenly close over my nipples, sucking hard. Merlin...Merlin, Merlin, sweet Merlin...

I hear Remus call my name and my left nipple is suddenly deserted, but not without a hard nip first. I quake around him again, at least I think it's again, it could just be my last orgasm raging on...I don't care...it doesn't matter...I am in complete bliss once more, attended to by two very, very delectable men...life cannot possibly get any better!

## Mission: Ignore All Informants

*Chapter 3 of 8*

HG/SS/RL/SB True to form, a rather frustrated Hermione sets out to acquire some satisfaction...

MISSION: Ignore All Informants

Remus has just kicked me out of the cabin. Granted, I would have greatly preferred to waste away the afternoon in his company, but he declared that he was far too close to transforming to have me within reach without supervision. So, I'm heading down to the lake where Ron, Lavender, Harry and Ginny are and I assume Sirius, but I haven't seen him all day. It would appear, short of Sirius' turning up shortly, that I'm destined for a lust-free afternoon and that prospect rather bores me after last night.

I push my way through the overgrown trees on the path down to the lake, pulling my robes more tightly around me as the crisp air catches on the ample amount of bare skin that isn't covered by my bathers, when I hear Lavender's squeals floating up the path towards me. Gods I really can't stand that girl! Just the sound of her voice makes me murderous and I'm not sure whether it is her I want to kill for being so damned annoying or Ron for being so damned stupid and inviting her here!

"So where's little Miss Squeaky Clean?" Lavender's high-pitched voice echoes throughout the trees.

"Herms? Dunno," Ron replies.

There's a pause for a bit, then Ginny says, "You know, I'm not so sure Hermione is quite as sweet and innocent as you lot believe."

"What? Why?" Harry sounds rather disturbed at this. I, on the other hand, would really like to know what Ginny has to say for herself about now...

"Well, she didn't sleep in the lounge last night," Ginny explains.

"So?" Ron, your voice even sounds stupid right now!

"So...she slept in Remus and Sirius' room."

There is what I can only assume is a stunned silence for a few seconds. Hmm, I wonder...

"How do you know?" Harry says, sounding rather sceptical.

"Because I got up in the middle of the night and she wasn't in the lounge where else could she have been?"

"Well...well...I don't know..." Poor Harry, he really sounds rather desperate to come up with some sort of plausible explanation. Gods, am I grinning from ear to ear right now as I imagine the looks on their faces.

"So what if she did?" Lavender says snottily, as I creep through the trees until I can see them all. They're lounging around in waist-deep water, Ron latched onto Lavender's neck and Ginny snuggled into Harry's arms.

"Well, it certainly doesn't make her the Ice Queen you like to make her out to be," Ginny insists, rather furiously. Thanks, Gin!

"Like she would have sex with either of those two...they are grown men, hardly interested in...her." Gods, the face Lavender pulls as she refers to me...

My face falls at these words they were so close to the truth, but...

"That was quite some snog she and Lupin exchanged last night..." Ron ponders.

"That was quite some booze Sirius fed us..." Lavender retorts.

"I must admit, Hermione and Lupin did appear to be enjoying themselves last night." Then, still grasping at straws, Harry adds, "But since Sirius was in that room as well I highly doubt anything happened."

"Precisely." Lavender sounds quite satisfied now. "There is no way the two of them would want to play with her she is so damned boring! Could you imagine it? She'd probably spend the whole time reciting Hogwarts, A History to whichever unlucky sucker was stupid enough to take her to bed!"

The round of sniggers and snorts that follow this remark completely devastate me. Okay, I know that it is just childish nonsense and utterly untrue, but they (for the most

part) are my friends and their opinions of me do matter. More than I thought, I realise, as a tear slips down my cheek.

"Though I do prefer the inaudible babble that mid-coitus elicits from you," a deep voice growls in my ear as one warm arm snakes around my waist and another pushes my hair from my neck, "I could persevere with listening to Hogwarts, A History, so long as you omit your constant lectures persuading towards being unable to apparate within the grounds."

"Severus..." I sigh, leaning back into him. His company is precisely what I need right now...

"Professor Snape!" he growls.

"Sorry, Sir," I reply, but I can't help the grin that spreads over my face. It has been such a long time since I have had his company. In fact, the last time was my final morning at Hogwarts, awoken to the delightful sensation of him shagging me softly senseless from behind. Pity that the moment after we reached our delightful conclusion I'd realised that I was about to miss the Hogwarts Express and had to bolt down to the station rather than bask in the afterglow with what is quickly becoming a sappy Snape (at least for him), if only in private.

"Miss Brown appears to have a rather deluded vision of your sultry self," Snape continues as his lips press against the cool, bare skin of my neck.

"So it would appear."

"And you dare to take to heart the whimsical gossiping of a silly little girl? I am disappointed. I was under the impression that the idiotic, childish musings of your chums were of little consequence to you."

"So was I," I reply, though I am now rather distracted by the way Snape's lips are teasing at my neck and the fluid feel of his fingers winding their way within my robes and creeping over the bare skin of my belly.

"I believe, then, that perhaps some reassurance that you are far from that sexless, wretched, Ice Queen they imagine you to be is in order."

Gods, the promise in those words alone makes me quiver. Nope, definitely not an Ice Queen, more a bubbling puddle of lust right now.

"Ron!" Lavender suddenly squeals again. Not even having realised I had closed them, I force my eyes open again. Harry and Ginny are no longer anywhere to be seen and Ron's hands have...well...it's fairly obvious from this viewpoint that he has his fingers inside the waistband of Lavender's bathers.

"Certainly," Snape mutters in my ear, "I shouldn't expect that you would react in that particular manner to my ministrations." Then, just to prove his point, the hand that was fluttering over my belly slides determinedly south and beneath my bathers. Long, dextrous fingers brush over my pelvis, delving ever lower until one slides between my folds brushing lightly over my clit. Heaven, pure heaven. I mutter in agreement, though I'm fairly sure whatever it is I have said is not English. "And that theory is proven correct."

"You had any doubts?" I ask smugly.

"Not in relation to that, Miss Granger." Then I feel his other hand brush over a rather tender spot on my neck. "This, on the other hand, has me wondering how crucial my presence is."

It dawns on me that this is precisely where Remus nipped at my neck last night and, fairly obviously, left evidence of such.

"Your presence is always welcome, Sev...Professor." Uh oh, last thing I want is for Snape to believe that I am content with Remus and Sirius. Snape adds so much dynamic to this...um...relationship?

"That as it may be, but is it necessary? I do have more pressing matter that should be attended to..."

"Like this?" I say with a giggle, pressing my backside hard against his arousal, which is straining at his pants.

"Unlike some of us," Snape replies, with an air of amusement, "I am not purely driven by my sexual desires."

"I am going to take from that remark that you desire me," I inform him smugly.

"Without a doubt I find you highly arousing, Miss Granger, however..."

I cut him off short. "That is all I need to know. In that case, your presence is more than necessary."

Snape doesn't reply, but his finger flicks once more over my clit before diving into my depths and that is by far enough of a reply for me.

"For Merlin's sake, Ron! They're breasts not stress balls!" Lavender's complaints draw me back to the situation before me, where she is now scowling over her shoulder at Ron.

"It would appear that perhaps your little friends are not so skilled as they would like to believe." Snape once more follows Ron's lead, his free hand sliding down my side and into my robes. There it tugs at one side of my top until my breast bounces free. Nimble fingers trace light, ever decreasing circles around its circumference, forcing me to lean even more heavily against him for support. I stifle a moan as he pinches with just enough force at my already erect nipple and a vaguely amused sound escapes Snape. His lower hand begins an excruciatingly slow rhythm, sliding through my folds as he continues to caress each breast in turn. Gods, I am in heaven. My legs slowly start to give out on me as pleasure takes over my body until Snape draws my arms up behind me and wraps them around his neck, where I try will all of what is left of my control to hold myself up as he returns to his indulgences.

"Look at them," he sneers and, after a few moments, Ron and Lavender come back into focus. Lavender is sprawled over a semi-submerged rock, her behind jutting out of the water with her bather bottoms floating off to the side of the pair. Ron has one hand placed either side of her body and, with a muffled snort, I realise he appears to be having some trouble...err...how can I put this delicately? - following through with what he has started?

Snape's hand leaves my breast and whisks his wand from his pocket. With a silent flick, a small twig lying on the ground before us has become a large log. With yet another wave, the bottoms of my own bathers have vanished. Replacing his wand, Snape's free hand tangles in my hair and pulls my head back until it is resting on his shoulder. He captures my lips in a hungry, greedy kiss all niceties tossed to the side.

Swiftly, yet managing not to hurt me in the slightest, I find myself bent over that log, in a position that mimics Lavender's. Lavender I glance back up and can just see through the trees that Ron is still struggling with...things.

"What are you doing?" Lavender demands, sounding rather exasperated.

I just about giggle, but Snape takes that moment to plunge inside me, filling me completely and rendering me speechless save for a sharp, favourable gasp that escapes my throat.

"I take it I needn't inform you of the nature of my actions, Miss Granger?" he growls in my ear.

"You leave nothing to question, Sir," I reply breathlessly.

"As it should be."

Snape begins to slide within me, igniting all those wonderful nerve endings under his silken touch. His fingers are still at my clit, flicking across it with just the right amount of friction to have brought me so close to the edge but not quite tip me over it. Snape is right patience is a virtue. I so thoroughly enjoy being right on the brink, the telltale tingling that wracks through my body but doesn't quite manifest into orgasm just yet. The exhilaration of what is to come. I lean against the log in mesmerised bliss for a while, basking in the feel of Snape moving within me, his fingers teasing at all my sensitive spots and the quite contrary feel of the rough log beneath my bare skin.

"There we go!" And so it would seem that Ron has finally managed to ...err...sort out his problem.

Lavender squeals and now I understand why Ron was having trouble if I was a guy and that was the noise I had to listen to I'd have a few problems keeping it up too.

"Oooh, Won-won!"

Gag. Lavender almost almost manages to destroy the moment for me, but Snape suddenly pinches hard on one of my nipples and brings my focus back to him. Those tingles are becoming more incessant now as his pace speeds up just a little.

"That twit isn't going to last much longer, Miss Granger," he says in way of explanation.

So that's his game to show up Ron. Surely Snape doesn't think that I am attracted to ...to...

"Harder, Won-won!"

"Merlin!" Ron yelps, his face going red, his eyes scrunching shut and it is painfully obvious he has climaxed already.

"Inconsiderate imbecile," Snape hisses. His thrusts suddenly become harder and deeper, his attention to my clit more intense. I grasp the wrist of that hand with my own, urging his movements on. His other hand, though, leaves my breast and I sigh at its loss. I mourned too early, though, for it trails across my back, down my spine and presses firmly against the tight muscles of my rear entrance, delving just a little way in...

"Merlin!"

Black...red stars...waves of pleasure and Snape suddenly feels so much larger, verging on too much so, inside me as I clamp down around him. A guttural grunt is all that Snape utters. Two sharp thrusts later and I feel wet warmth spreading luxuriously through me.

Breathing heavily, I pull my head up from the log and feel like I'm looking at a car crash I know I shouldn't look, it's too horrific, but I can't help it...

"Did I get you?" Ron asks, looking hopeful.

Don't laugh, Herms. Do not laugh!

"I don't think so." What? She doesn't even know? Oh dear...oh dear gods even...

"I would enquire the same of you, Miss Granger, since it would appear to be the currently popular inquisition for post-coitus discussion, but I think I shall take these as an affirmative." Snape lifts his fingers from my body and brings his wrist to within my vision. Four deep, crescent shaped indents mar his skin left from where I have dug my nails into him as I lost control.

I grin. "I think perhaps Ron is in need of some lessons, Professor."

"Not in this life time. My days of compulsorily having to educate that twit are over and I certainly have no intention of continuing to do so voluntarily especially not on this particular subject."

"Hey, guys. Ginny and I thought we might take a walk you want to join us?"

I glance through the trees again and see Harry and Ginny wading back through the water to join a now (thankfully) clothed Lavender and Ron.

"Uh...but...but I thought you two were over in the trees?" Lavender asks, nodding in our direction.

"Huh? No...we went to the jetty...why?" Ginny asks, sounding just as confused.

"Well...I heard...err...noises..."

"What sort of noises?" Harry asked, looking a bit disturbed.

"Um...fucking noises."

All four heads suddenly turn to stare right in our direction.

Oh, crap.

## Mission: Double-Crossing Spies Must Be Dealt With

*Chapter 4 of 8*

HG/SS/RL/SB True to form, a rather frustrated Hermione sets out to acquire some satisfaction...

MISSION: Double-Crossing Spies Must be Dealt With

Harry is the first to move. He starts to wade over to the shore, towards us. Crap. Crapity crap.

"Harry!" Ginny calls out, grabbing at his hand but he shrugs her off and keeps moving. Gods, he is so close to us I can't even breathe. Snape's fingers close over my mouth and he pulls me back from the slight clearing and into the trees, but we are still completely visible and for the most part, at least in my case, naked. Gods, Harry is going to do one of two things have a freaking heart attack or hex Snape into the next millennium...or both. Merlin...Merlin...he's just climbing over that log now - yes, that log and he is going to see us any moment. I start struggling with Snape, trying hard to pull further back into the trees but Snape has a firm hold on me and isn't letting me move



anywhere. The man is insane!!

Harry squints his eyes and scans around the clearing. Just a moment from us now...any second now...

He looks right at us and his eyes keep moving. What? What the hell? He hasn't seen us! How the hell can he not have...I am going to kill Snape!

"No one here!" Harry calls back to the others.

"I could've sworn I heard noises," Lavender insists as she, Ron and Ginny follow Harry's trail.

"Maybe, but there's no one here now," Harry replies, but he sounds rather dubious about Lavender's allegations.

"There was!" Gods, she is getting whiny!

"Did I say there wasn't?" Harry snaps, but I know that tone he doesn't believe her. Good!

The four of them continue off up the path towards the house, their voices growing ever distant as Lavender continues to obliviously whine while Harry gets more and more cynical. I wait until I think they're a suitable distance away, then peel Snape's fingers from my mouth.

"Bastard!" I spit at him, whirling around to face him.

"My pleasure, Miss Granger." He smirks at me. Bastard! Complete and utter bastard!

"You put an invisibility charm on us!"

"And you are really that astonished? Tut tut, Miss Granger. Where in your warped mind do you believe that I would wish for Potter to discover myself in such a compromising situation?"

Okay, okay he has a point. But he is still a bastard!

"You didn't bother with a silencing charm..." I ponder out loud.

"Where's the challenge, Miss Granger, if I remove all the risk?" He looks so damned smug with himself.

"The challenge, Professor," I say, leaning so close to his face I'm practically nose to delightfully big nose with him, "is that you owe me a proper shag..."

"That is hardly a challenge," Snape scoffs at me, though he does appear to be amused with my audacity.

"...with Sirius." Priceless. His face has paled and I do believe there is a slight tinge of green in the amusing shade of envy creeping over his skin.

"And if I refuse?" Snape enquires, cocking his head at me.

"Then, given that Remus is currently out of action, Sirius gets me all to himself."

For just a moment I fear for my life - Snape really doesn't look too pleased with my ultimatum what so ever. All too soon, though, a devious sneer contorts his features.

"So be it, Miss Granger. However, when the time arises, just you remember that it was self-inflicted."

Uh oh.

I am just about to enquire as to what precisely Snape meant by that statement when I realise he has already composed himself and is halfway across the clearing. I pull myself to my feet, hasten to straighten my top and then realise that the bottom half of my swimming costume has vanished. I am about to start yelling obscenities up the path at the bastard when I remember, over my frustrations, that I have my wand in my robes. Gods, honestly, sometimes I wonder how smart I really am! With a quick spell I am fully clothed and off up the path after him.

His eyes flick back over his shoulder at me, he eyes me up and down and sneers at my now clothed body, "Pity."

"Bastard," I repeat again, still quite embarrassed.

"How very original, Miss Granger."

Bastard!

As we approach the house, myself fuming and scowling at Snape's back, I can hear Lavender's whine again.

"Have you been here all day, Remus?"

"Yes, Miss Brown..." Remus replies sounding befuddled by her question.

"And where's Sirius?"

"Lavender, just drop it!" Harry snaps at her.

"Remus, where is Sirius?" Ginny inquires, sounding exasperated.

"Sirius is off trying to find some supplies for me," Remus replies and I swear I hear a scoff from Snape.

"Did Hermione go with him?" Lavender presses.

"No I thought she went down to the lake to join the four of you...you haven't seen her?" Remus sounds quite worried now.

"No..." Harry replies, also sounding concerned. "How long ago was that?"

"Oh, must have been twenty or thirty minutes ago...I think I might go look for her."

"Miss Granger is perfectly safe," Snape interjects, gliding up the steps to the deck. I traipse up behind him, push passed him and, oops, accidentally elbow him in the ribs as I do. "And as graceful as ever," Snape adds to my back.

I catch Lavender looking pointedly at Harry and then nodding her head in Snape's and my direction. Harry looks at her like she's delusional.

"What the hell is he doing here?" Ron hisses at me as I pass by.

"How the hell should I know?" I snap back and disappear inside. Ron does have a point, though, so I don't venture too far from the open door.

"I," Snape replies with what resembles vindictive joy, "will be supervising you detestable imbeciles for the next twenty-four hours."

"What?" Lupin protests in astonishment.

"Molly's orders, Lupin. Take this like a good little puppy and go and hide your sorry muttly behind well out of pitying Muggle eyes. Last thing I need is to have to haul you out of the pound tomorrow morning."

"Molly sent you to watch them?" Lupin asks again, obviously so surprised at this that he totally ignores Snape's rude remarks.

"Oddly enough, she believes that I am a more fitting role-model than your 'friend'." The sneer in his voice that accompanies that word is not particularly pleasant, though it appears to have gone unnoticed by all.

I can hear the other four muttering and groaning under their breaths at this latest turn of events. I, however, am grinning from ear to ear. Sirius and Snape....excellent!

Harry, Ron, Lavender and Ginny skulk inside and all flop down in armchairs around the lounge moping.

"I can't believe this!" Ginny protests.

"Just when we had Lupin loosening up a bit and now we have that bat! He'll have us scrubbing out cauldrons!" Ron tosses in.

"Greasy Git!" Lavender adds.

"So much for fun!" Harry grumbles.

Damn it! This is not going to work. Not with the four of them grumbling around the house. I need to get rid of them for the night...think, Herms, think....ah!!! Light bulb!

"You know, I think I saw some tents in the cupboard out in the shed," I begin and thankfully Harry picks up on the idea.

"Yeah! We could go pitch them down by the lake, have a campfire...it'd be awesome!"

I see a glimmer of hope flash over all their faces.

"But he'd never let us. I bet he wants to spend one more night wielding his power over us for old times sake..." Ginny cuts in and all the smiles fade.

"Leave it to me," I pipe up, "I'm sure I can convince Professor Snape."

"Oh, you are, are you?" Lavender says with a suspicious look.

"For Merlin's sake, Lavender! Will you leave it alone!" Harry shouts at her.

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Needless to say, my plan worked. After all, it is hardly surprising that Snape didn't turn down getting rid of Ron and Harry for the night with the bonus of Ginny and Lavender. Convincing the four of them that I'd much rather stay behind, however, was a little more difficult. Finally, Harry seemed satisfied with the idea that I didn't want to spend my evening watching them all with their tongues down each other's throats and would prefer to stay here and read. Yes, read...that's exactly what I plan to do honest!

Sirius came back this afternoon, rather angry that Snape was here already, though Snape himself found it quite amusing that Sirius had spent the afternoon trying to track him down to get Remus' potion. Ah well, those two are never going to be bosom buddies and all the more fun for me!

And now I'm here, sitting in an armchair pretending to read The Daily Prophet, all the while musing over how I can get the two of them into bed or wherever. I'm not fussy! Finally, Snape carefully closes his book and looks straight at Sirius.

"Miss Granger, in her infinite wisdom, has bestowed me with the pleasurable challenge of, to quote, giving her a proper shag."

Sirius glances from Snape to me, looking like a wounded puppy. I nod back at Snape, indicating for Sirius to hear him out.

"However, being the fool she is, she has demanded that I also tolerate your presence in this matter, as unnecessary as it is."

Sirius grins deviously. "I can only presume from Mione's request that she doesn't find you quite as adequate as you wish to believe you are..." Sirius, I think, is about to call Snape Snivellus, but thinking better of it from the ghastly look on Snape's face, he leaves his statement hanging.

"Is that a further challenge, Black?" Snape hisses.

"That is up to you."

Uh oh. Hmm...perhaps this wasn't such a good idea without Remus' presence...Keeping quiet now whatever I say is not going to please both of them.

"You have had adequate warning, Miss Granger, do you still wish to proceed?" Snape's words sound so odd if only because he continues to recline in his chair looking completely unperturbed by everything that has just occurred. Bloody hell I must admit that I am having some doubts, but then again, I did ask for this...

"Definitely," I reply with what I hope is a confident grin.

"Proceed to the bedroom, Miss Granger, and undress." Snape's eyes wander over me, then, with a slightly evil smirk, he adds, "I expect to find you pleasuring yourself Black and I will join you presently. We have a few matters to discuss."

A few matters? What the hell? I glance at Sirius, who shrugs although he does look a little suspicious himself.

Oh, what the heck, Snape is only one wizard, there are two of Sirius' and I and when it comes down to it, despite his unfavourable manners, Snape is one hell of a shag.

"Okay," I say as nonchalantly as I can, give them each a deviant grin and saunter off to Remus' and Sirius' room. As has seemed to become my way, I pause at the doorway to listen to their conversation, but no such luck.

"Play by my rules, Miss Granger, or do not play!" Snape demands and next thing I know the door is slamming shut in my face. Damn. Moments later, as I ponder what to do, the candles in the room dim. I guess I'm still not out of Snape's reach. Excellent. I tug off my shoes, shrug off my robe and continue to undress myself. Frankly, I feel a little silly once I'm perfectly naked, just standing there, although the idea of 'pleasuring' myself as Snape requested seems infinitely embarrassing with the pair's knowledge of what I am doing. There is a tiny pop and, searching for its source, I discover a long, black, phallically plastic object residing on the nightstand. A vibrator. To be honest, it intrigues me. I have never had the courage to buy such a thing nor the guts to invest in the purchase of a book with a spell or the instructions on how to transfigure such an object. I pick it up, weighing it in my hand, running my fingers over its hard, sleek surface. I'm surprised that Snape would divulge me in such a blatantly Muggle contraption... Fiddling with the base of it, it suddenly sparks into life vibrating away deliciously in my hands. Oh, what the hell...

Sliding onto the bed, I gently press it at my folds and gasp. Blimey, that is quite intense! Never one to give up, however, I press a little harder and it slides inside me. Gods,

okay...that is different. To be honest, I'm not totally sure I like it I mean, given that I have been sitting there eyeing up Sirius and Snape for most of the afternoon, it is a nice relief, but it's not the same...

There is another audible pop and suddenly the vibrator disappears from my fingers. Uh oh...I do believe Snape is reading my thoughts...crap...Merlin...think nothing, Herm, nothing at all...it's fine...blank mind, yep, not thinking anything about how much I wish he'd hurry up and get in here and shag me senseless or...Herm, shut up! Blank mind, blank mind....

"Oh, gods!"

My clit, it would appear, has suddenly started vibrating of its own accord. Gods, now that feels good...

My mind meanders into nothingness for a while, then, finally gaining some self-control, I trace my fingers down to find its source. Nope, nothing at all except my own skin vibrating under my fingers. Merlin, that is good...I must learn that one!

"Just sometimes, Miss Granger, the Wizarding World is superior."

Bastard. So that was his game. Oh, who cares? I'm happy, aren't I?

"However," Snape continues, stalking around the room as he observes me, "Muggles occasionally stumble upon the correct answer."

What? Does the man not know that riddle solving is not my strong point while lying totally exposed on one rather large bed with Sirius staring lustily at me from the doorway, Snape's silky voice echoing throughout the room and my clit doing some sort of heavenly dance all of its own?

What the ...? Right, riddle answered. Bastard. My arms have suddenly shot back from my body, my legs splayed and I can do nothing but wriggle helplessly as my clit continues to buzz. Yep, a quick glance at my wrist confirms my suspicions I am quite firmly tied to the bedposts with what appears to be chains, but one suspicious tug on them and I do believe Snape has added his own magical twist to this one the softness that pulls at my skin is certainly not the metal it looks and sounds to be.

"I gave you adequate warning, Miss Granger," Snape says silkily, looking quite pleased with himself. I don't like that glint in his eye. I glance at Sirius he is also looking quite bemused by this. "And, although Black and I do not ...ahem...tend to agree on most matters, neither one of us enjoys you playing us off against the other."

Crap.

"Sirius?" I say pleadingly, giving him my most pathetic look.

"For once Snape is right, 'Mione," he says with a shrug, "and I must admit, you do look awfully alluring like that."

More crap. Though I must admit, the idea of being the subject of these two men's game is not the most detestable thing on the planet...especially not with the way my insides are quivering at the thought of either one of them, let alone the pair...

"Time, Miss Granger, for you to learn a vital lesson do not attempt to intimidate me with inane threats I do not take to them well."

Oh dear.

## Mission: Clandestine Operation Under Fire

*Chapter 5 of 8*

HG/SS/RL/SB True to form, a rather frustrated Hermione sets out to acquire some satisfaction...

AN: Bah! Am doped up with coldrex again and feeling generally like I've been run over by a bus however, the smut must go on \*snigger\*! Errr...as you may have gathered from last chapter this has a few \*ahem\* naughty things in it \* hopes her mother never figures out how to use the internet\* so if you have any severe allergic reactions to any of the following ingredients, well, don't read or at least be on standby for a visit to the emergency room....

Recipe for Mission:

Two adult toys

Fairly light bondage/Spanking

Maybe a vague touch of slash

A sprinkling of anal sex

And...two particularly hot men having their way with Hermione :)

Mission: Clandestine Operation Under Fire

Snape is standing there surveying me. Gods, it makes me feel so utterly exposed yet overwhelming excited as he starts to wander around me, admiring me from different angles. Sirius still stands in the doorway looking amused by my predicament. Merlin, with the vibrating of my clit I am so utterly desperate for one of them to touch me, to relieve my mounting tension.

Finally, Snape reaches out with one arm and strokes experimentally at one of my breasts, his fingers brushing over my nipple and I sigh as he draws back again. My skin is on fire from where he has touched me and I find myself involuntarily arching my back to try and get him to repeat the move. No luck, though, he's moved again. As he shifts around to the other side of me he does exactly the same thing to my other breast feather light touches that do nothing to relieve me and everything to drive me even closer to insanity. It's not enough! Over and over again his fingers meet my skin, only to pull back far too soon my belly, my thighs, my neck, all of them admired yet deserted. Bastard!

Finally, one finger is drawn through my folds, just grazing over my buzzing clit, then pulled away. Gods this is frustrating!

"Sev...Professor!" I complain.

He utterly ignores me, instead drawing the finger he used to touch me up to his lips and sucking gently on it like he's wine tasting or something. Grrrr! Although, there is something rather riveting about those lips...

"Yes, that shall suffice."

"What shall..." I begin, but I have no time to finish the question suddenly my body is flipped over and I am now tied face down to the bed. Well, face down might not be the right words, after all I am floating about a foot above it. Oh, who cares! I am so damned close, but not...

"Please!"

"Black, do the girl a favour and give her the attention that she believes she desires," Snape demands irritably. He nods in my direction and Sirius scoots onto the bed beneath me. "Ah, yes, and she won't be needing that anymore. I'm sure your talents far exceed any foolish wand waving," Snape says snidely and immediately my clit falls still. Damn it!

Oh..no..wait...Merlin. I take it back. Sirius tongue has taken its place and, frankly, there is something so much more divine about his silky tongue gliding over my swollen nub, his nose bumping into my pelvic bone occasionally and his chin rubbing scratchily at my folds.

I let out a tiny moan of satisfaction.

"Silence, Miss Granger!" Snape suddenly bellows, making me jump as much as my restraints will allow. I feel a quick gush of air over my damp core as Sirius snorts in amusement at my reaction. Arsehole!

The idea that Snape is wandering around and that I can't see what he is up to is bringing me some concern. Some concern right, more like I'd be on the verge of paranoia by now if Sirius weren't doing such a perfectly brilliant job of distracting me. Gods, that tongue...right, sorry!

Snape I can hear him pacing around, obviously trying to terrify me and yes, in a way, I am a little worried, but then again, the man is starting to soften a little heck, his departing words to me when I left him that last morning at Hogwarts were, "Take care, Hermione," topped off with a completely loving kiss. The man really is losing his edge and I'm quite proud to say I think it's me who is dulling it!

"Ouch!"

Snape's palm has just smacked down on my totally exposed and bare rear end with a particularly loud slap and Merlin did that sting!

"Would you still consider I am 'losing my edge', Miss Granger?" he growls at me. Oops. I wish he would stop that it really is totally unfair to have him messing around inside my head...

"No, Sir," I reply and brace myself in case this reply doesn't please him. Actually, in some sort of perverted way, I am hoping that it doesn't. There is quite an intense contrast between my stinging backside and Sirius' silky tongue.... And though I know, and I really hope Snape isn't delving into my mind at the moment, that he would never do anything to really harm me I think I definitely like this side of Snape. It reminds me of daydreaming in his class while he was teaching and getting caught for it on the odd occasion. I certainly wish this had been the punishment rather than scrubbing cauldrons...

"Now, that little fantasy, Miss Granger, is something we must explore at some point," Snape whispers in my ear, leaning so close that his hair tickles the side of my face. "And you must be perfectly aware of what you can say that will make me cease this game immediately."

What? Oh...Severus. I wonder if that would make him get out of my head? Gods I am trying so hard not to think anything, while trying not to be distracted by Sirius' tongue and...oh...blimey...fingers...

"Black, do not forget our agreement," Snape snaps in warning. What agreement? Bah...don't care...fingers...tongue...

"Don't you think you've tortured her enough, Snape?" Sirius suggestion is promptly responded to with yet another slap to my backside.

"Fuck!"

"Language, Miss Granger!"

And yet another. This time, at least, I manage to bite my bottom lip and keep all obscenities inside my head.

"What do you want, Miss Granger?" Snape enquires, his fingers roaming over my reddened behind.

Gods what do I want? I want him in me, I want Sirius, I want fingers and lips and everything the two of them have to offer wherever they want...

"More," I reply with a gasp as Sirius slips another finger in me. Gods, am getting close now... Snape's fingers are trailing down my backside, brushing over my rear entrance and delving down towards where Sirius' fingers are buried inside me. His fingers tease around my opening. Then, Sirius slips his mouth from me and Snape's finger glides over my clit it is far rougher than Sirius' tongue, but that is not necessarily a bad thing...nope...certainly not!

Sirius' tongue is back, occasionally touching my skin, but I am fairly sure he is now sucking my taste from Snape's finger. At least, I hear Snape draw in a deep breath...

Ouch!

Bloody hell that hurt...I am certain I am going to have hand prints on my bum tomorrow...

"Miss Granger, 'More' is not a sufficient answer. Repeat to me precisely what you were thinking."

Bastard.

There is something completely embarrassing about voicing my desires rather than just thinking them even if he is inside my head.

"Save your blood the journey to your face, Miss Granger. I am fully aware of what you want and I highly doubt that Black would be shocked by anything of the carnal nature, given his habits."

"I want..." Oh, gods... "I want both of you. Inside of me."

"Really now?" Sirius murmurs from under me, sounding quite pleased with the idea.

"Yes."

Right. I've said it. It's okay. Oh, gods...it is okay...Sirius' moist fingers have left me, only to slide towards my anus, pressing gently against the tight ring of muscle there before one slips in. Fuck. Snape's leaner fingers replace Sirius' in my folds, with a fairly steady rhythm compared to Sirius' gentle exploration. Fuck. So damned close...so...damned....

Snape's fingers come to a complete halt, but I am so, so close now it doesn't really matter....

"Black! Stop!"

He does, somewhat reluctantly. "Snape, for Merlin's sake, I don't know about you, but 'Mione is right on the verge of slipping into ecstasy here, and frankly, I could do with a little attention myself..."

"If you don't want to play by my rules, Black, then leave."

Damn it! I think Snape is trying to drive me insane. I can only assume his plan is to keep me on the verge of orgasm as long as he can... I know, it's a power play, something Snape revels in, but frankly, at this point I am just about ready to tell him to fuck off and let Sirius finish the job! So damned close...

"So, we're just going to..." Sirius' begins, but Snape cuts him off short.

"Fine. However, this time I intend to enjoy myself. No premature performances, Black!" Snape hisses.

"Can't guarantee that you know precisely what it is like when she starts clawing at your skin, convulsing so tightly around you...screaming your name."

Once more, I feel Snape draw in a deep breath. "Indeed."

Suddenly, I want to be free. It would appear that I have the men precisely where I want them on the verge of shagging me senseless and I want to be able to enjoy every moment of this as much as I possibly can. Besides, Sirius' has made it perfectly clear he likes me digging my nails into his skin as I come and how can I do that with my hands out of action?

"Fine, Miss Granger."

Fuck! That man is still in my head!

However, I am now free of my bindings, Sirius having just managed to whisk his head out from under me before I collapse on the bed.

Bastard.

"Don't you dare point that damned thing at me!" Sirius suddenly yelps. I pull myself up and turn to find Snape standing there, his wand pointed precariously at Sirius' hands which are clasped tightly over his own manhood. I haven't the vaguest when Sirius' clothes disappeared, but now he stands before me completely naked. Gods, I'd forgotten how attractive that chest is...

"I have no intention of depriving Miss Granger from her desires, Black. This," Snape states, with a flick of his wand, "is simply yet another Muggle contraption I believe all of us will find to be surprisingly useful."

Sirius removes his hands and there, encircling his semi-erect arousal, is a firm fitting metallic ring a cock ring, if my memory serves me correctly, from those magazines I bought (purely for research purposes honest!). The look on Sirius' face is a little hard to read for a moment, before he gives a dismissive, playful shrug. "Why not? However, fair's fair, Snape..."

"Assuming you do not resort to dirty tactics, I see no need," Snape retorts, before looking thoughtfully at me. "Then again, Miss Granger might find the experience somewhat enticing."

What the heck is that supposed to mean? I can't see anyway in which those things are going to make this any more pleasurable for me certainly no less, but still.

Snape waves his wand at himself and soon he is just as undressed as Sirius' and I, well, perhaps more as Sirius given that he has a ring to match Sirius' as well.

Sirius glances at Snape, who nods his head in agitation at me. Sirius grins at me and next thing I know, I'm pinned to the bed and being given a wonderfully enthusiastic snog. Sirius' hands tangle in my hair as his tongue explores my mouth, waging a battle with my own. Merlin, for a few moments while Snape and Sirius were having their battle of wills I had slightly wavered from being completely needy for them, but now with Sirius' warm, bare skin pressing down on mine, his recovering arousal pushing into my thigh, I am right back to be able to willingly beg for them.

Sirius pulls back from me and, with yet another grin, he announces, "Enjoy, 'Mione!"

"I will....oh!" Now I get what Snape was alluding to. Gods, Sirius' arousal is not only a fair bit larger than usual (and his usual endowment is nothing to scoff at), it is also infinitely harder. Merlin, as he pushes his way inside me I can feel myself stretching to accommodate him so hot, so silky and so hard.

"So tight," Sirius moans pleasurably. "So fucking tight."

Merlin, I'm not sure how much of this I can take. I am so close to the edge, but I don't want to disappoint Snape. I'm sure he'd much rather join us for my first orgasm.

Sirius grasps my hips and flips us over on the bed so that now I am straddling him. Experimentally, I rise up and then slide back on to him.

"Fuck!" I moan as his arousal hits a particularly sensitive spot within me.

I feel the bed sink as Snape joins us, his arms wrapping around my torso and his hands sliding up my body to cup my breasts. Merlin, as his fingers pinch at my nipples with just the right amount of pressure not enough to hurt, but certainly enough to send quakes of desire through me. I can feel myself plummeting even close towards the abyss of ecstasy.

"Severus!" I whimper and I hope to Merlin he knows what I mean, for I am no longer in any state to be forming coherent sentences.

"It is Professor Snape, Miss Granger, and where are your manners?"

Bastard.

Greasy git of a bastard even.

"Please. Sir." Blimey, I am surprised I even got out that much. My hips continue to buck against Sirius with a will of their own. Sirius - his fingers are holding gently to my hips, guiding me on. I wonder how he is enjoying this? Forcing my eyes open, I look down at him through desire-drooped eyelids. Gods, he's staring back at me, looking completely content, a smug grin on his face as he watches me move above him. It would appear that he is having no control issues whatsoever this time around yet.

One of Snape's hands leaves my breast, flutters over my shoulder and then firmly pushes me down towards Sirius. Sirius gives me one last grin, then attacks my neck with his lips. As his scratchy face tickles at my skin, I feel him licking and nipping his way along under my jaw line. I'm going to have marks there tomorrow...I don't care.

Snape presses at my rear entrance as Sirius continues to assault my neck, two pairs of hands wander my body and my brain is working on overdrive trying to process all these delightful feelings. Snape has the judgement to enter me slowly, allowing me to adjust to the feeling of having both men in me and I'm infinitely grateful. The further he delves in the fuller I feel, my body pulling further away from my control until I am quivering on the brink of orgasm.

"Let go, Miss Granger," Snape whispers in my ear and I do quaking around them, feeling every ridge and pulsing vein buried inside me, fingers pinching at my nipples and stroking at my hips.

Sirius lets out a tiny moan as he rides out my orgasm. Snape continues to whisper in my ear, "Merlin, Hermione, that feels incredible."

"So, so tight," Sirius growls.

Slowly, as I come back down, Snape begins to move in me. At first his strokes are slow, experimental, but soon they gather pace and I am no longer in any state to control my body as I collapse against Sirius' chest and ...well...enjoy the ride.

I can feel every movement pressing against the thin wall that separates the pair and as Sirius continues to hit that infinitely sensitive spot within me and Snape persists in his strokes, each one igniting nerves where he enters me, I can feel a second orgasm building.

"This time, Black!" Snape demands, sounding somewhat out of control.

"I am perfectly capable of keeping this up for hours," Sirius replies dreamily.

"Wonderful. However, I would prefer Miss Granger to be in one piece tomorrow!"

Snape's long fingers leave my chest, saunter down my belly and manage to slide between Sirius and I and find my clit. Gods...that is divine...

Sirius' hands replace Snape's on my breasts and moments later, I am quaking around them again, drawing them deeper in...

"Black!" Snape hisses through gritted teeth.

Sirius' pace picks up, his hips bucking beneath mine as I continue to ride the waves of desire.

"Oh, Merlin, Hermione...." I hear Snape murmur from behind me and his movements suddenly become erratic, his hand that resides on my hip forms quite a grip on my skin as he spills himself within me.

"Fuck!" Sirius' moans and he joins Severus and I in bliss.

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As I lie here, grinning smugly to myself, Sirius' head resting on my belly, Snape lying next to me on the bed, his fingers brushing softly at my thigh, I get the overpowering feeling that we are being watched.

Just stop it, Herms, lie back and enjoy the fact that you have just been shagged by two totally gorgeous men who are both now caressing you and making you feel like the most desirable woman on the planet and forget about any silly paranoia.

Still, I can't help myself. I look up at the window above my head. There is someone there! Shifting a little to angle my head further, I half expect to see perhaps Lupin in harmless dog-like form and wonder if that is the case if I should be concerned for Harry and company. However, werewolf trouble is the last of my woes when I suddenly recognise those huge eyes staring straight back at me Lavender! Looking like she's just seen a ghost...or her boyfriend's bookish friend being shagged senseless by his best friend's spunky godfather and their most detested Professor. Priceless!

Wait. Lavender has just seen...

Seen...

Oh. Crap.

## Mission: Cover Blown?

*Chapter 6 of 8*

HG/SS/RL/SB True to form, a rather frustrated Hermione sets out to acquire some satisfaction...

"Severus," I mutter, trying to grab his attention without startling Lavender.

"Hm?" he murmurs, obviously still enjoying the blissful post-fabulous-shagging time and totally oblivious to any snooping twits that may have been prying at the window.

"Lavender..."

"I don't want to hear that name right now," Sirius' replies. Then, kissing my belly he adds, "I'd much rather spend some time reliving the past hour..."

"She is at the window!" I hiss.

Snape's eyes flick up and, with a quick glance in his direction, I see him contemplating his options.

"Damn," Sirius comments. "Oblivate her, Snape."

"Oddly enough, Black, I do not currently have my wand at hand."

I am a little concerned about the lack of worry these two are conveying at this predicament. Lavender has just seen...everything!

"Will someone do something!" I demand. "She is still there! She is going to go and tell Harry and Ron and Ginny and neither of you sound like you give a damn! Sirius', for Merlin's sake, do you want Harry to know what you have been doing with me?"

"Hermione..." Snape begins, but I cut him off.

"And you! What do you think Molly will do to you when Ron tells her, huh?! Not to mention what Dumbledore will say..."

"Hermione..." Snape repeats, but I have no time to listen to his reasoning something has to be done before Lavender gets over her trout impersonation and runs back to

Harry and Ron to spill the beans.

"Give me my wand!"

"Miss Granger!" Snape suddenly bellows, shocking me out of my panic for a moment. "Now, if you will give me a moments peace, you will realise that, no matter how brilliantly Black and I performed, you do indeed have a brain inside that skull."

Sirius is practically laughing at me. "Will you shut up!" I snap at him.

"Mione, come on. What do you really think is going to happen even if Lavender does go back and tell them?"

"Oh." Stupid, Herms, really stupid.

"Correct. Harry and Ron will more than likely try to have her committed before they believe her."

"Perhaps there is an upside to this predicament," I reply at the thought of having Lavender locked away where her squeals could no longer do detrimental damage to the ears of wizardingkind. I give Lavender a smug look, then rest my head back down on the pillow as she disappears from the window.

"Hermione?"

"Hm?"

"Um...it's time to wake up."

Who the hell is waking me up at this ungodly hour? I thought I was on holiday...

"Hm."

"Hermione, it's nearly midday..." Ron. At least I think it's Ron. I sleepily force one eye open and yep, there he is looking mighty confused.

Midday. Merlin! Half the day is gone!

"Bloody Merlin, Ron, why didn't you wake me earlier?" I demand, sitting bolt upright in bed.

"It is the holidays. Hermione, can I ask you something?"

My eyes flick to Ron's face and he looks very, very uncomfortable as he shifts uneasily from foot to foot.

"Uh...sure."

"Why are you sleeping in Sirius' and Remus' bed?"

Ah. Good point. The truth? I think not. Then again...

"Because I fell asleep here last night after the most amazing evening of shagging with Sirius and Snape and I had neither the energy nor the inclination to return to my own room."

Oh my gods, that look is priceless! Ron's face has apparently lost all muscle control and he is practically drooling.

"Sirus? Snape? Together?"

"The pair of them are quite complimentary," I reply. However, a smirk pulls involuntarily at my face and suddenly Ron is slapping my arm.

"Very funny! You almost had me! Right, up and at 'em!" Ron heads for the door, then stops and looks back over his shoulder at me. "Did you hear Lavender talking?" he asks very quietly.

"A little," I reply, sitting up carefully so as to not disturb the bed sheets and reveal my completely naked body beneath the covers.

"What?"

"Just her speculations about me err...having relations with a few various people," I reply, my bravado diminished now that Ron thinks I was joking and in some ways I am relieved. Given that this conversation appears to be continuing, I grab up my wand and dress myself. Ron doesn't even appear to notice that it was neither a transfiguration spell, nor was there a spell to remove any clothes I might have been wearing, thankfully.

"Yeah. She thinks she saw you, Sirius and Snape err...going at it last night. I mean, that's just stupid."

"Stupid how?" I ask, feeling hurt. What? I'm too much of a bookworm to have sex? I'm too ugly, too plain, too boring?

"Well..." Ron pauses for a moment in thought before continuing. "Well, firstly, it's Snape! Greasy git extraordinaire! He's a bastard, you've said so yourself...and then there's Sirius. I'm not totally sure, but I think he and Lupin are ...well...more than friends, if you know what I mean."

Everyone always know what you mean, Ron. Nice save thus far though...

"And, well, they're not exactly your type are they? Either of them? Sirius is far too...adventurous I would have thought. And Snape is...well he's not anyone's sort, is he? Great grumpy bastard with an ego from here to eternity! I don't know how anyone would want to..."

"He's not that bad, Ron." Shite. Double whoops with a sprinkling of 'oh, damn'.

Ron gives me a scrutinising look. "Hermione..."

"Hm?" I ask, suddenly finding a piece of lint on the sheets to pick at. Lint, very very interesting. Perhaps it will make him vanish...

"Have you got a crush on Snape?" he asks incredulously. Okay, perhaps I should have gone with a vanishing charm instead.

"I didn't say that. I just said he's not as bad as you make out, Ron."

"You do!" Ron announces, grinning. "Herms, that is just plain gross, even for you!"

I see a flicker of movement in the doorway and glance up. Severus is standing there looking both bemused and angry.

"Ron, I really don't think that has anything to do with you..." I begin, wanting this conversation to stop now before Severus hears anymore.

"What the heck can you see in him?"

My eyes dart to Severus again and he appears to be awaiting my answer as well. Bullocks!

"I don't know why I have to justify this to you, but given that I know you will not leave this alone until I tell you, then fine," I reply shortly. Then, in one rushed breath I inform him, "He's intelligent, he's witty he's a gentleman, charming and handsome." I lift my eyes and glare up at him, forcing myself not to look in Severus' direction. "Now leave me alone!"

"Are we talking about the same Snape here? The bastard that taught us for the past seven years? Because that description sounds far more like some sort of trashy romance novel hero. 'He's tall, dark and handsome?' Bloody hell, Herms!" Ron retorts, sounding torn between worrying for my sanity and worrying for his own.

"Yeah, and I am just boring, old, squeaky clean, Ice Queen, bookworm Hermione who spends all her time reciting Hogwarts: A History," I snap back at him.

I am absolutely furious now and to be totally honest I don't know why. So what if he insulted Snape? He's right, we've spent the last seven years insulting him. I doubt him hearing it again would concern him in slightest. Then why am I so angry? I think...and this is sharing more than I really want to...that when it comes down to it Ron is insulting me. After all, I have chosen to do what I do with who I do and though his thoughts about Snape shouldn't matter to me they do because they reflect his thoughts on me. Suddenly, I am on the verge of tears. Bloody hell, Herms, get a grip!

"You heard that?" Ron says, thinking hard.

"Lavender doesn't exactly keep her thoughts to herself, does she?" I reply angrily.

"Well, no...she doesn't. I tried to stick up for you!" Ron is looking a little mad with me now, but he has forgotten one important aspect of that eavesdropped conversation.

"Yeah, and you laughed as hard as any of them at the Hogwarts: A History comment." Tears are brimming in my eyes now, threatening to spill over.

"Well, it was sort of funny..."

"What was funny? The idea of a man finding me attractive or the fact that I couldn't take a moment out of studying to enjoy it? I am far more than a talking book!" I retort, climbing angrily out of bed and glaring at him. "In fact, I seem to remember a time when you were utterly infatuated with me!"

"Is that what this is about? The fact that I'm with Lavender and you're jealous?" Ron replies with an air superiority.

I snort. "Dunderhead, in case you had forgotten, it was I that dumped you and I don't regret a moment of it."

"Did me a favour," Ron snaps back. "I sat and listened to your endless dribble about everything in sundry and what did I get out of it? The odd kiss and..."

"Ron, I would stop right there if I were you," I reply. "Stop right there before I am forced to mortally embarrass you."

"...and one fumble up your top."

"And who was the one who couldn't hold onto it long enough to take that any further? Gods, Ron, it was embarrassing. Every time I went anywhere near you, you would...well..." I make a gesture roughly in the direction of his groin and add, "I pity your mother for the amount of washing she must have had to do."

Ron glares at me, his face and ears as red as his hair. "Lavender's right. You are an Ice Queen. Remain a reclusive virgin for the rest of your life, see if I care! I have no idea what I ever saw in you!"

As he turns his back on me one tear slips down my face. Okay, fine, I know I don't want Ron anymore. I've learnt my lesson there, but hearing exactly what he thinks of me...

"Sir!" Ron suddenly squeaks, his voice moving up a few pitches.

Snape. Forgot he was there. Oops.

"I believe, Weasley, that I have heard quite enough of you imbecilic thoughts for one day and if you have even an inkling of intelligence, not something of which you have even hinted at in the past ten minutes, then you will remove yourself from my sight for the rest of the day or deal with the consequences," Snape says to him in such a low voice that I can only just hear him. Now, that is a tone that I don't want to be on the receiving end of.

"You're not my teacher anymore," Ron says, in a moment of stupid bravado.

"No," Snape says with a menacing smirk. "I'm not, am I?"

Ron takes a moment to process this statement, then a flash of terror mars his face as he realises that this means that Snape is no longer bound by school rules either. He scampers past Snape and out of sight. Perhaps there is something inside his head after all, then again, even the stupidest of prey know to run from predators.

"Miss Granger?" Snape asks, his voice as cold as ever, but there is an inkling of concern on his face.

"I'm fine," I reply, turning my back on him and busying myself with straightening the bed. "Perfectly fine."

Snape is so quiet that I think he has left, until I hear him say ever so softly, "That you are."

There is a soft click as the door shuts and I turn around, wondering if I heard correctly, only to find the room empty.

## Mission: Black Propaganda

*Chapter 7 of 8*

HG/SS/RL/SB True to form, a rather frustrated Hermione sets out to acquire some satisfaction...

With a deep breath, I open the door from Remus' and Sirius' room and walk the short length of the hallway to the lounge. Exhaling everything in my lungs in order to keep calm, I saunter into the kitchen, slip into a seat at the table and pour myself a bowl of cereal. Ignoring everything around me, I flick open the Daily Prophet and try to read. However, I can feel several sets of eyes boring into me. I ignore it for a few moments, but when I don't feel their gazes shift, I snap the paper down, clink my spoon into my



bowl and scowl. "What?!"

Lavender is staring at me open-mouthed, glancing from me, to Snape, to Sirius, to the now normal Remus and back again. Ron is scowling back at me, his bottom lip sticking out in a pathetic pout. Remus is giving me a look of concern, Sirius is grinning smugly at me and Snape is...I don't know. I have no idea what that look means, but he's fixated on me too.

"How are you Hermione?" Remus asks, breaking the ice.

"Terrific," I snap sarcastically. "Bloody fantastic."

"Err, is it something you'd like to talk about?" he enquires carefully.

"Why on earth should I wish to do that? It would appear that most of the occupants here think they know more about my life than I do! They certainly seem to spend more than enough time discussing me. I see no need for me to bother voicing anything further."

Snape face shifts into a scowl that presents itself to Ron. Ron turns beet red and looks away.

"Lavender, close your mouth. I don't care to see any more of that tongue than necessary, no matter how much you have been working it out," I snap at her. Merlin, I sound like Snape.

Her lips move for a moment, gasping for words, before snapping shut.

"And as for you three..." I say, whirling around on Snape, Remus and Sirius, "I am not a child! Take your sympathies -" Snape stiffens at this term. "Or whatever it is you wish you call it, Sir, - elsewhere!"

"Hermione, perhaps you would like to join me on the deck for a pot of tea?" Remus suggests.

"Perhaps I would prefer to be left alone!" All right. I'm being childish. And okay, none of this has to do with Remus, or Sirius, or Snape...well, it does but...bah! Don't make me explain it I am starting to drive myself insane keeping all this straight.

"Actually, I'm going to take a dip in the lake. Hermione, why don't you come down? You too, Remus," Sirius says with a wicked grin. "You sound like you need cooling off."

I stuff one last mouthful of cocopuffs into my mouth, scrap back my chair and give Sirius a contemplative look. Maybe that is precisely what I need after all, it is Ron who's pissed me off, not the three men, and I suspect the three of them could do things to me that would go a long way towards calming my temper. Then again, Harry, Ron and Ginny are all staring at me, each obviously wondering if their mightn't be an inkling of truth in Lavender's gossip. "I might catch you later," I reply to Sirius, giving Remus and Snape both what I intend to be meaningful looks, and then head for the door.

Harry is standing in my way, looking at me rather strangely. Finally, as I give him a questioning look, he says very quietly, "Have a nice day, Herms. Oh, and you might want to try a concealment charm."

What?

His eyes wander to my neck.

Ooops.

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I head off down a path leading into the woods, totally set on making my way down to the lake in a suitable amount of time. One thing I am sure about, I've got to keep Sirius waiting there is no way I want him to think he's got a hold on me that easily.

Hmm. Harry. He knows well, he knows something, just what precisely is beyond me. Okay, so he saw the marks Sirius left on me. I know it shouldn't, but somehow the fact that Sirius has marked me and that Harry had seen the bites has reignited my desire. All very childish, I know, but I'm not feeling particularly mature today, so I guess playing with Sirius is the perfect thing to be doing. Wonder what Harry thinks? Nope, don't want to go there.

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Have wandered around for a good half hour I think that is probably enough. Who am I kidding? I've spent the past half hour fantasising about what precisely Sirius and Remus will do with me when I get down to the lake and all directives are most certainly not emanating from my brain.

As I push through the last of the trees that have overgrown the path down to the water, I find myself standing on the shore several metres from what is possibly the most erotic sight I have ever witnessed - well, and not been part of. Sirius' arms are wrapped around Remus, his hands trailing down into the water and obviously, from the serene look on Remus' face and the gentle lapping of water around his torso, pleasuring him. His lips are on Remus' neck, nipping at his skin and Remus lets out several whimpers. Remus' body arcs backwards, his head coming to rest on Sirius' shoulder, his neck completely exposed to the darker man. Sirius dips his head towards Remus' ear, and whispers something I can't quite catch, but by the way Remus growls and bucks his hips towards Sirius' hand, I can only assume Remus found it highly agreeable.

"Is this a private party or am I still invited?" I ask, finding that the scene before me really is begging for my input (at least that's the excuse I'm using to join in!).

Sirius looks across the water at me with a grin on his face; Remus looks like a bunny caught in the highbeams of a car until he realises exactly who I am. His eyelids droop once more in sedate pleasure and he smiles warmly at me.

"The more the merrier," Sirius replies, waving one arm in a welcoming gesture. "Course, you do look a little over dressed for this function."

I grin, and slowly start slipping out of my clothes. "And to what do we owe this occasion?"

"That would be Moony's return from being a creature of the night and the appropriate compensation for missing out on last night's festivities," Sirius says, the muscles in his arm suddenly flexing.

Remus moans softly, his half lidded eyes looking pleadingly at me as I kick off my shoes.

"No looking, boys," I tease, as I unfasten my bra and slide out of my knickers leaving myself completely naked.

"Or what?" Sirius tempts me with a grin.

"Or your friend will get everything he deserves," I retort, slipping into the water. It's heavenly cool enough to tease at my skin, but nowhere near enough to dampen my desire. As I walk slowly to where Remus and Sirius languish, the water slides up my body as the lake grows deeper, tickling at my thighs, lapping at my folds, sliding up my belly and finally enveloping my breasts leaving them practically weightless. Merlin, I'm completely horny now and I haven't even touched either of them yet.

"Of course, Remus is awfully quiet. Perhaps he would prefer it if I left the two of you alone," I say, stopping just out of reach of the pair and giving Remus a wicked smile.

"Come," he gasps, extending a hand to me.

I accept it, and find myself pulled tightly to him, Remus' hands tangling in my hair. He draws me into a deep kiss, his tongue ravaging my mouth, his chest heaving against mine as he struggles for control. I am not surprised; Sirius manages to angle his hold on Remus' arousal in such a way that, as he continues to devour my mouth, I can feel his incredibly hot, hard head pressing at my folds. Gods, just one movement and I could... And why shouldn't I?

I wrap my arms around Remus' neck and with just a little leverage, I lift myself up in the water, wrapping my legs around both Remus' and Sirius' waists.

"Hermione," Remus growls, breaking his lips away from mine. "Please."

"With manners like those, how could I refuse?" I tease, though my voice quivers a little as my body takes over control. With Sirius' help, I find Remus' arousal at my entrance, thrusting slightly in Sirius' hand. I tighten my legs around their waists and find myself slowly sliding around Remus. Gods, that feels good. Remus' whimpering in my ear tops off my desire.

"Enjoy that, Moony?" Sirius whispers harshly in his ear. "Bet she's warm...so tight around you."

Remus whimpers again.

"Course, I didn't invite 'Mione here to take over the party," Sirius continues. His back presses against my legs as he pulls slightly away from Remus, then ever so slowly moves back towards him again.

Remus moans and throws his head back as Sirius enters him. I take the chance to plant several kisses across his exposed neck, licking at his Adam's apple as he swallows deeply.

"Mione isn't the only one who's warm and tight," Sirius growls into Remus shoulder, gritting his teeth slightly. For a moment his control seems to flutter from his reach, but he takes a sharp nip at Remus' bare skin, drawing an almost, but not quite, pained whimper from him, and Sirius face changes from a look of utter desperation back to one of complete pleasure.

"You two -" Remus puffs as he speaks, "- are going to be the death of me."

"What a way to go," Sirius replies with a chuckle.

"Indeed." Remus sighs contentedly.

Sirius' arms wrap around my back, tugging me tighter against Remus. Merlin, at this angle Remus is filling me completely.

With a little help from my legs, Sirius starts a slow, languid pace, each thrust punctuated with a whimper from Remus. Gods, his face is just incredible to watch completely lost in passion.

The water splashes gently around us, teasing my skin further, water lapping at my clit and my opening with every move. Deep within my core I can feel an orgasm brewing.

Sirius' hands slide lower and lower down my back as he moves, until he has my bottom grasped firmly in his hands, each tug to pull me closer pulling at my cheeks and exposing the tight ring of nerves at my rear entrance to the wills of the water.

"Sirius," Remus grunts, his own fingers digging into my back. "Please...help her, I can't...much longer."

"My pleasure," Sirius replies with a smug look. His fingers wander across my backside until one begins to slowly press at my tingling rear entrance. With each thrust he delves a little deeper, until my body is almost out of my control. My legs are weak and my grip on the pair is starting to lapse. I am so close...time to help Remus along. I remove one arm from his neck, slide it down his side and wriggle my way between our bodies to where we are joined. Gently I begin to stroke at the coarse hair just below where we are joined.

"Hermione!" Remus growls. His eyes fall shut and a guttural growl leaves his throat. His hips thrust erratically against me, each movement he makes hitting my core and forcing me to move against Sirius' fingers. I can't take it any longer. A whimper escapes my throat that I hardly recognise as mine, as red stars envelop my world and my orgasm hits, leaving me shuddering around the two men. Somewhere in the distance I hear Sirius' orgasmic growl and his fingers clench harder at my backside. Heaven, pure heaven.

My vision returns and I come back to the reality of Remus kissing my shoulder.

"Thank you," he murmurs against my skin, then, craning his neck around, he catches Sirius up in a compulsive, deep kiss. "And you."

"If the two of you are quiet done," a dark voice resounds from behind me, "I believe it is time Miss Granger was given the attention she duly deserves."

Arms wrap around my body and lips brush at my bare shoulders and neck. I crane my head back and find myself looking right into Severus' eyes. I put on my best smirk, and reply, "If you think you can top that...Sir."

## Mission: Infiltration: Complete

*Chapter 8 of 8*

HG/SS/RL/SB True to form, a rather frustrated Hermione sets out to acquire some satisfaction...

MISSION: Infiltration: Complete

AN: \*sloppy kiss\* to LariLee for betaing and giving Jes a break to catch up on her studies :) Sorry about the wait, folks hopefully this is hot and smutty enough for you all to forgive me :) Um, de, dum...Warnings:

Mission III: Get Hermione Laid Once More contains the following:

1. Lots of smut and not a lot of plot
2. Lots of naughty smut and not a lot of plot

3. Slash, anal sex, oral sex, and other general debauchery basically, lots of fun! However, if this doesn't rock your boat, then well...hey...what are you doing reading a story labelled Mission: Get Hermione Laid?...\*Ferv! That was not very nice!\* um...you might want to consider hitting the back button :)

HG/SS/SB/RL

"I will choose, for your benefit, Miss Granger, to accept that remark as a challenge rather than an insult," Snape growls in my ear, his fingers trailing down my bare shoulders, then tracing their way down my spine sending shivers of anticipation and delight through my body.

"Yes, Sir," I murmur as his fingers drift around my sides and across to my belly, before moving up my torso to cup my breasts, stroking their undersides with his thumbs. I lean back against his shoulder, the movement separating me from Remus. I feel the loss as his body slides from mine, but I also catch Remus giving Severus a smile and a nod as he steps away from me did he just concede to Snape? Hmm...interesting...that will bear thinking about later - when Severus isn't rolling my nipples between his expert fingers and sending new gushes of warmth to my core. Merlin, this man knows just what to do...

"Make yourself useful, Lupin," Snape growls, his command sending tremors through my body. "Can you not see that I have better uses for my hands?"

Remus appears somewhat amused before me, a small smile twitching at the corners of his mouth as he gives Snape a compliant nod and steps forward, kneeling down in the water so that his face is level with my chest. His fingers reach out to join Snape's on my breasts. Their touches are so different, yet both so pleasing. Severus' hand is firm, yet completely pleasurable, whilst Remus is far more gentle, feather-light in comparison, but sets my skin alight in quite a different way. The lightness of his touch draws in all my attention just to be able to feel his fingers, my entire being consumed by his movements. My eyes fall shut, only to fly open again as Remus' mouth closes around one nipple, sucking gently as his tongue flicks over the sensitive nub, his fingers still caressing lightly over the top of my chest, juxtaposed by Severus' firm touch on the underside of my breasts. Merlin!

Snape's fingers depart my breasts, leaving Remus to the task, which he performs admirably. Snape's hands splay across my skin, his palms brushing down my belly and across the sensitive skin of my abdomen, making me shiver as they draw nearer and nearer to where I need him most. One hand slides down from each of my hips, coming closer and closer together to meet at my crux, finally gently pulling my folds apart and exposing my heated center and clit to the warmth of the swirling water. A tiny moan escapes from me and I lose the ability to hold myself upright, saved only by Severus pulling me tightly against him, and in the process tugging the skin surrounding my clit delightfully taut. His arousal presses into my lower back, reminding me of his impressive length as his smooth, soft skin teases mine.

"Am I to believe that this is to your satisfaction, Miss Granger?" Snape's voice resonates in my ears.

"Yes," I hiss, sighing happily.

"Yes what?" Snape chides, one finger circling my clit but never quite touching it.

"Yes, Sir!"

His finger flicks over my clit, sending a jolt throughout my body. "Good girl," he says with an amused tone, repeating the move again and again until my head rolls back against his muscular shoulder as my entire body begins to give way to his ministrations as I inhale his musky scent. Impulsively I kiss the skin under his jaw, delighting in the slightly rough feel of his skin. A tiny growl comes from Snape's throat and I take the opportunity to dart my tongue out and run it over his skin.

"Do not test my patience, Miss Granger," Snape mutters, but somehow I don't think he means patience, not the way he's thrusting against my bare backside.

Remus, bless his timing, runs his silky soft tongue around my other nipple, before drawing it forcibly into his mouth and bestowing it with a well timed nip.

"Fuck!" I yelp as I feel my orgasm build, so very close to the brink, just one more...

Snape's fingers have come to a halt. Bastard!

"Fuck what, Miss Granger?" he teases.

What? Bastard! "Fuck, Sir," I whimper, grinding my pelvis into his hand to try and take myself over the brink before the sensations fade.

The heel of Snape's palm touches my taut clitoris, his firm, quick rhythm more than making up for his earlier desertion. "My name, Hermione," he growls softly in my ear. "I want to hear my name on your lips as I take you into ecstasy."

Tingles start in my toes, spread up my already weak calves, shimmer through my thighs before hitting me full force.

"Severus!" I whimper; his name called subconsciously, despite his request. My body writhes against his and I feel a few very slight, uncontrolled thrusts of his pelvis in response to my desire.

I am still shuddering on the slide back into the reality side of my orgasm when Severus' sets out his next set of commands.

"Black, relieve Lupin."

Sirius moves to take Lupin's arousal into his hand, but Snape snaps at him once more. "Not relieve him, you fool! Take over his duty with Miss Granger! Honestly, can the two of you think of nothing short of pleasuring yourselves?"

Remus looks up at me, a slight pout on his face as he backs away, only to be quickly replaced by Sirius, his ever-eager grin present and accounted for. Enthusiastically his hands encircle my breasts, pushing them up and together, then he runs his tongue over my nipples where they are exposed between his fingers.

"Cease the pathetic moping, Lupin," Snape demands, sounding vaguely bored. "I have far from finished with your services."

Lupin quirks an eyebrow at me, his face barely in focus through my ecstasy clouded mind.

I think I smile at him, I have no idea Snape's fingers are still moving over my clit, more softly now, but still utterly distracting, my muscles spasming beneath him in the aftermath of my ecstasy.

"Do you want him, Miss Granger? Do you want that deplorable wolf back inside of you?" Snape questions, but despite his words, he does not appear to be revolted by this idea. I whimper gods, the look on Remus' face is one of utter desire.

"I did not hear that, Miss Granger!"

"Yes...Sir," I manage to gasp out, giving Remus a pleading look. He growls and steps forward with no further prompting. Sirius' moves out of his way, deserting his post whilst he hoists himself up onto the rock next to us, where the three men's wands reside I do believe the same one that Lavender and Ron were...doing...um...yeah, not thinking about that right now! Remus' hands fall to my hips beneath the water, and he lifts me slightly, positioning himself at my entrance whilst Snape's fingers tug at my opening, exposing me to the other man.

"Hermione?" Remus asks, practically begs for permission.

I whimper in reply, my fingernails digging into his shoulders to prompt him on.

Remus presses forward, his arousal meeting with the needy skin of my folds, the firmness of him slightly overwhelming after Snape's light touches and the gentle swirl of the water, but most desirable, as is his heat.

"Please!" I beg him, trying to thrust my hips forward, but Severus' has me too tightly within his grip.

Remus growls, pressing forward agonisingly slowly. Bastard he's starting to play Snape's games on me as well! Wait..wait...oh, bloody Merlin! With Snape's fingers pulling at my opening, Remus feels quite a lot larger than he did before! Remus' heat and size overwhelm me as he inches his way in until he is finally buried inside me. Giving me an almost Sirius like grin, he grinds his hips against mine once, sliding his arousal over my cervix, making me whimper appreciatively, my inner muscles clamping down on him.

"So bloody tight," Remus growls, his eyes falling closed.

"I would have thought you'd show a little more restraint that your slap-happy friend, Lupin," Snape hisses. "However, apparently not. I apologise, Miss Granger, for the lack of control these two imbeciles have, especially since it results in me having to speed up what should have been a delightfully long exercise."

Apologise? What was that? Bloody hell, I really don't care as Snape's hips pull slightly back from my own and I can feel his arousal tracing down my back, tracing the crevice of my backside before coming to rest at my rear entrance. Merlin, to feel two men inside me again... As much as I have enjoyed every interlude with each of these men, there is nothing compared to being completely filled.

Remus begins a languid pace slowly pulling from me, then sliding back again with just a little more force. Each return journey presses me slightly against Snape, his arousal at first just teasing at my tight muscles, then beginning to slip inside of me, each thrust pushing his silky head just a little further until I swear I cannot stretch to accommodate him anymore. I am a quivering mess, torn between being completely aroused and paranoid about being hurt. Just as I begin to think it is time to put a stop to his movement, the ridge at the head of his arousal slips past my protesting muscles and I let out a whimper of ecstasy.

Severus' movements are slower than Remus', their disjointed actions leaving me totally aware of every stroke each one takes. I open my eyes to find Sirius staring straight at me as I relish in the feelings within me. Sirius' has a perfect smirk upon his face, and I can't help but notice, from the way he is crouched on the rock in front of me precisely how arousing he is finding this entire escapade. With a quivering hand, I reach out and stroke the length of him and am rewarded with a contented sigh.

"Go on, Hermione," I hear Remus say. I glance around at him and he nods towards where my hand is slowly drawing along the length of Sirius' arousal. For a moment I'm a little lost as to what the man means, then trying my best to ignore Severus and Remus' almost perfect distraction, I tug slightly on Sirius. He eagerly takes the hint, scooting just a little closer to me and raising up on his knees. Tentatively, I flick my tongue out to taste him, licking one salty drop from his tip. With a little more confidence, I draw him into my mouth, swirling my tongue over his head, all the while watching Sirius' like a hawk to make sure he is enjoying this one can only assume from his half-lidded eyes and the gentle moans that he's endured worse!

Up until this moment, I hadn't noticed that Severus and Remus had both slowed their movements, but as Snape suddenly starts rolling my clit tightly beneath his fingers, I only have time for the brief thought that they were quite enjoying watching me with Sirius before my mind is utterly and deliciously blank to anything that requires more thought than a moan.

"Merlin, Severus, I can feel you inside of her," Remus grunts between thrusts, his eyes wild.

"If you wish to stay that way, Lupin, then I suggest you restrain yourself from pointing out the obvious!" Snape hisses, but I can hear the restraint in the Potions Master's own voice. Could it be that Lupin is also arousing Snape? Bloody hell, my mind wanders to where they move within me and I can feel every stroke they make, both of them sliding along either side of the thin wall that separates them. Complete and utter bliss.

As my orgasm builds, I can no longer concentrate on Sirius', and still with just enough mental capability to realise that despite his outward 'wouldn't hurt a fly' demeanour, I can't imagine that Sirius' would be completely forgiving if I get too distracted actually, I believe rabid mutt would be the correct term. Remus takes this moment to slide his hand over my breasts and pinch each nipple tightly between his fingers. Thankfully, despite how delightfully distracting his fingers are, Sirius' arousal slips from my lips with an audible pop as I let out a low moan. I open my eyes to find Remus bending slightly to take up my position with Sirius. Intrigued, I watch on as his lips encircle Sirius' girth, then in awe as Sirius slides down his throat with not even the slightest of flinching from Remus. I really must get that man to teach me how to do that! Just not now...now I am far to close...

Snape's nose brushes against my neck, and his lips plant soft kisses behind my ear before muttering, "Mine, Hermione. Do not forget it."

His voice is too much on top of all this. As my insides begin to quiver, both Remus and Severus' pace quickens, Snape's hot breath playing on my damp skin. I hear Sirius' low moan, and forcing my eyes open I watch as he thrusts furiously between Lupin's lips before letting out a sated sigh while I see Lupin visible swallow, his Adam's apple bobbing ever so slightly.

That's it I'm off in a world of stars and tingles where all I can feel is my body clamping down upon two very willing, very eager men. My muscles tighten around them, pushing me to the limit of comfortable, drawing just enough pain to be pleasurable.

"So bloody tight," Remus groans, and his thrust suddenly become erratic, his hold on my breasts tighter as his own orgasm takes over, a howl escaping him.

"Hermione," Snape sighs into my ear. "Mine." He grunts a little, takes two deep thrusts and spills himself within me. Ever the understated Slytherin, honestly!

"Bloody hell," I hear Ron say softly. "Harry?" There's a bit of a pause, then again Ron tries to get a response from our friend. "Harry?"

I turn just in time to hear Ron yell, "No!"

And find Harry pulling his wand from his pocket. "Avada..."

Fuck where is my wand when I need it? Snape pulls me down under the water and I hear Remus and Sirius splash into its depths as well, the water around us flashing green. I resurface, putting myself in front of the three men.

"Harry, stop!" I yell at him. "Honestly!"

"Stop? What the hell was Snape doing to you? That great greasy git deserves everything I can give him!" Harry screams.

"Snape?" Ron says a little oddly. "I thought you were having a spasm over the three of them...err..."

"What? I couldn't care less what Remus and Sirius do or with who...except that git!" Harry informs us, trying to get an aim at Snape.

I sigh. So this is what happens when Harry finds out. "Oh, for Merlin's sake, will someone please Oblivate him?"

Four voices echo around the hills as, in unison, they bellow, "Oblivate!"

AN: Right, that's it folks! Mission III is over! No need to fret though, there will be a Mission IV \*Ferv sees herself writing MISSION 387 whilst reclining in her rocking chair at the ripe old age of 97\*, however, I'm going to take a break before starting that to finish up some of the other fics I already have under way and to come up with some new ideas for the four of them!

Bloody hell, I've actually completed something... \*squee\* :)