

Mission Metamorphmagus: Get Hermione Laid IV

by Fervesco

HG/SS/RL/NT. Let the games continue...

Mission: Brush Pass

Chapter 1 of 7

HG/SS/RL/NT. Let the games continue...

AN: Big sloppy kisses to dear Warty, who dragged my hormonal behind through this thank you hun! And more sloppy kisses to darling LariLee for betaing :)

Mission: Brush Pass

Hmm. Okay, I must admit, that despite defeating Voldemort, putting up with Ron and Harry, and braving Molly Weasley in a bad mood, I am just a little on edge walking down Knockturn Alley. Granted, I probably should have Flooed straight to Remus' new flat, and skipped the stop at Flourish and Blotts. I mean, I didn't really need another copy of Hogwarts: A History, but one can never be sure that their back up copy won't mysteriously disappear or get burnt to a crisp when sharing living arrangements with Ron and Harry. Strange how that only happens when they are in the vicinity!

Anyway, I don't like the way people are looking at me down here - like I'm a juicy Fudge Fly and they're Acromantulas with a sweet tooth. I pull the hood of my velvet cloak over my head, and keep my eyes plastered to the ground as I walk.

"Ah ha, my pretty." The old hag cackles. Her breath is repugnant on my face, and I involuntarily draw back from her - it's like her breath is burning me. . "I think you will do nicely..." she crows. An evil shimmer moves across her glass eye.

Frozen there in terror, I watch in an almost detached manner as a callused, withered hand reaches out and strokes the skin of my cheek beneath my hood. Yuck, her skin is disturbingly rough against mine, like sandpaper.

Okay, I'm nervous. I'm more than nervous. I'm ready to start screaming like a first year trapped in the girls' bathroom with a troll. Wand! Hermione, your wand, you fool!

I'm just reaching for it as down my cheek the hag runs one yellowed nail, bits of it flaking off as she does. I open my mouth to scream, when suddenly I am hoisted off the ground from behind. A hand clamps down over my mouth and I am being torn away from the crone. She still has a death grip on my wrist, my skin crawling under her touch, and tries to wrench me toward her. For a moment, I am in a tug of war, torn between this horrid harpy and a totally unknown captor, who appears to have rather a pleasant body. Hermione! Now is not the time to be thinking about that! Finally, with one forceful yank from the person clutching me around the middle, I am torn away from the hag's clutches.

Phew. If I had to smell her breath for one more second I think I might have been sick. Oh, yeah, like that is what you need to think about as you're being hauled off to the furthest, darkest recesses of Knockturn Alley. Honestly, Hermione, anyone would think that you want to be the next face appearing on the side of a carton of pumpkin juice. I try to scream, try to lash out, but whoever it is that has a hold of me has done a good job of it - I can't move a muscle.

Finally, I manage to plant a decent smack into their shin with the heel of my shoe.

"Jarvey's bollocks!" a deep, male voice growls, sucking in a sharp breath. "You silly girl, hold still!"

My teeth get hold of the skin of his palm and bite down until he yanks his hands back in pain.

"Hold still? You want me to hold still while you drag me away to some dodgy part of Knockturn Alley and do nasty things to me?" I shout. "I think not, mister!"

"Miss Granger, do not tempt me." He circles around, still holding me in his clutches and making me feel a little dizzy. He appears to be eyeing up our surroundings from under his hood, before pulling me into an empty alcove. "And I believe using the term dodgy for any part of Knockturn Alley is rather redundant."

"Severus," I breathe in relief.

"Indeed, though as I have had to remind you on far too many occasions recently, you are to address me as Professor Snape, or 'sir', depending on the circumstances. I can see exactly how you came top of your year with your acute power of perception." His hands move over my body as he speaks. I think he's checking I'm all in one piece or copping a feel. Whatever he likes I'm not complaining!

Wait! He just gave me the biggest bloody scare I've had in...okay, a few months, and I'm happy with him? I think not! "What the bloody hell do you think you are doing?" I bellow at him, sticking my chin out defiantly and adopting a Molly Weasley hands-on-hips stance. His hands run down my sides, pushing my own from my hips with an amused huff.

"Such gratitude, I am not sure I am able to accept it," Severus replies, his eyebrow arching at me. His fingers push my hood back and he brushes aside my hair to check the nape of my neck. I have no idea what that is about, but I wouldn't mind too much if he kept stroking my skin with his fingers. "What was I doing?" he repeats smarmily. "I was saving your behind, you insufferable dunderhead!"

Despite his smile, I feel the need to stand up for myself. "I am perfectly capable of saving my own behind, thank you very much!" Though, I must admit, I do feel a little safer now with him around - especially as he seems to have given up his almost clinical examination of me and is far more preoccupied with inhaling the scent of my hair, his body pressing mine into the cold stone archway.

"So it appeared. I witnessed how in control of the situation you were, just as that delightful old lady was about to whisk you away to her hovel, and turn you into blood-flavoured lollipops, no doubt. Now, if it's not too much of a bother to you," he continues, sarcasm dripping from every word as those chastising lips come into contact with my neck, "perhaps you could tell me what it is you are doing down in Knockturn Alley, by yourself, at this time of the evening? You're harbouring a death wish, perhaps?"

"Hardly. I'm going to Remus' flat warming." That was really supposed to come out sounding harder than that; instead, I think I pretty much just whimpered. Who can blame me, given that Snape's fingers are snaking their way under my top, tracing lines up my belly and closing in on my now aching breasts.

"Lupin has a flat down here?" Snape glances back over his shoulder at the surrounding buildings, adding, "Of course he does. Fits him perfectly high rise, low rent and an unobscured view of the moonlight."

"Oh yes, and where do you live?" I ask cynically.

"Where I live is no concern of yours, Miss Granger," Severus speaks sharply, but his actions tell me he is not that angry. His fingers lift my top so that it sits above my breasts, my body hidden by his robes and the dark shadows that surround us, as he slides my breasts free of my bra. The warm night air is still slightly chilly against my exposed skin, and my nipples quickly become taut peaks, begging to be touched.

"It is if I should care to pay you a visit sometime," I reply, shivering, though not from cold. I refuse to give up this game, concede to his touches and just start moaning. Snape needs to know that I'm no longer some inexperienced twat who will turn herself over to him in two seconds flat just because he knows how to stroke my breasts in just the right way...ohhh...Hermione! Don't! "Of course, I could just wait until the new school year and see if you could fit me around your busy detention schedule and repairing countless cauldrons. I'm sure Dumbledore wouldn't mind." Doing well. Ignoring the feel of his fingers dancing lightly over my exposed breasts, cupping them within his large hands...grazing over my nipples...

"And what, pray tell, would you care to visit me for?" Snape's question is provocative and leading. As his mouth dips down to meet one of my nipples, I follow that lead. I am just about to reply when my voice is momentarily taken from me by his mouth. It closes in over my flesh, so hot in comparison to my bare skin. My skin almost feels scorched before the sensation gives way to utter elation. The desire to simply have Snape right here, right now, takes over every function of my brain. Wait, I believe that is the answer!

"Sex, sir."

"Sex? Whatever happened to romance, Miss Granger?" Severus replies, but as one hand drops to my exposed leg and begins to make its way up the inside of my thigh, pushing my flimsy cotton skirt with it, I don't really think he's protesting very hard.

"Certainly, if you'd prefer a candlelit dinner, wine and an exchange of witty repartee to this... this... intimacy, I'm willing to be late to Remus' party..."

Oh bloody Merlin! He's now stroking me through my knickers, his fingers sliding smoothly over the silk, dragging the material against my swollen folds. The material quickly dampens cooling against the air and driving me mad. His strokes pick up pace, pressing more firmly against me until the fabric is completely clinging to me were it not for the lack of skin against skin sensation, I might as well not be wearing them.

"Perhaps, Miss Granger, I can simply make you forget about attending Lupin's gathering entirely."

His fingers slide easily under the elastic of my knickers, exploring the smooth skin beneath. I grind myself against his palm, desperate for more prior promises, of not falling straight to his mercy, be damned. His fingers slide through my slick, moist folds and I moan softly.

"So wet," he purrs. I'm not sure whether it's his words or his actions that effect me on more, nor do I really care. "Is it me that turns you on this way, or is it the thought of seeing Lupin?" One agile finger finds my clitoris, rolling its tautness beneath. The rest of his fingers slowly spread the evidence of my arousal over my skin, sometimes brushing over my entrance, making me squirm. I so desperately want him now, to have him in me, slamming into me against a stone archway in the depths of Knockturn Alley, potentially for all the world to see.

"Lupin, every time," I murmur. "However, if you think you can change my mind, you're welcome to try."

Severus replies by hoisting me from the ground, his hips trap mine against the wall and he takes hold of both of my wrists, slowly raising them above my head, causing my chest to thrust forward, my nipples grazing over the wool of his coat. Just a few layers of material separate us, and as his hips thrust against mine, I can feel his arousal and the harsh fabric of his trousers grazing my inner thighs. If I had my hands free, I could have him inside of me with just a few flicks of my wand - in a dark alcove in the depths of Knockturn Alley. It's dirty, it's erotic - I think I like it!

"I do not intend to attempt to change your mind, Miss Granger," Snape growls against my ear, nipping at my lobe. "However, I anticipate leaving you with the same giddy feeling as a well placed Obliviate."

He holds both my wrists in one of his own, while his free hand moves to retrieve his wand. One murmured spell later and my wrists are bound above my head, his hands free to do as he pleases... They glide down my body, then desert my skin. I sigh at the loss, but soon hear and feel him fumbling with his belt. I groan in anticipation, my hips grinding involuntarily against his, pushing myself harder against his erection he feels so damned hard. I feel the clasps on his trousers begin to pop undone, his knuckles occasionally brushing against my knickers as he moves. Then the fabric of his pants slowly slides from his hips, stroking my inner thighs, before his cock springs

free, slapping against my knickers, then sliding over the wet material. With only one layer separating us now, his erection feels so hot. He presses against me, his cock teasing at my entrance through the fabric, then sliding roughly between my folds to rub over my clit.

"Please!"

"Please what?" Snape enquires his voice sultry against my damp skin.

"Please, I need you now, sir."

His hips move, readjusting his hold on me so that he has one hand free. Again it slips between my legs, but instead of pulling my knickers off as I expect, he simply lifts the elastic and tugs them to one side. He takes hold of his cock with his hand, drawing it through my skin again, but now that it is just his flesh against mine I can't keep control any longer. Jolts of desperate electricity pulse through my veins as I attempt to thrust my hips forward, to bury him in me. "I have no time for the usual pleasantries," Snape says harshly. Five minutes ago I might have wondered what he meant by those words that perhaps this is all he wants but right now, so long as I have him, I couldn't care less.

His mouth moves against my neck, his voice barely audible as he adds, "We can consider the art of romance another time. It's has been nearly two months since I buried myself inside your silky cunt. I want this. I need this." He kisses the sensitive skin behind my ear before whispering, "Merlin, I bet you're every bit as hot and wet as I imagine. Tell me it's for me, Hermione."

My names sounds like liquid lust coming from his lips, swimming from my ears and diving straight to my core. "Merlin, yes," I whimper, my voice hardly more than a squeak.

His head is sliding deliberately around my opening, never quite entering me, and always teasing. The silky smooth feeling of his arousal sends delightful shivers through me at a level that his fingers never can.

I pull back to watch him, his face is deadly serious for a moment, and then I see a hint of a sly smirk tugging at his lips. Oh, so he thinks he's got the better of me, does he? I'll show....

"Severus!" All thought of reprisals leave me as Snape thrusts forward, entering me in one strong, deliberate movement, hitting all the right places on the way in and leaving my insides blazing with sensations. It has been a little while since our last escapade, and my body, I must admit, was not quite ready for that, but the resulting feeling of utter fullness was so completely worth it.

Merlin, he's not moving...I can feel veins pulsing along his arousal, his cock twitching occasionally as my body quivers slightly around him. Better yet, beneath my stolen gasps, I can hear him drawing in long, deep breaths, and one almost inaudible groan.

"Again," he says, his voice only slightly belying his wavering attempt at control. "I am proved correct." His usually smooth voice is quaking slightly and he swallows deliberately. His eyes glitter with lust, keeping contact with mine as his body languidly slides down mine. Sharply, he slams back up, filling me completely.

Again he withdraws and slowly, so agonisingly slowly, he pushes inside again, his rigid length stroking my needy flesh. I cannot hold my head up any longer and it falls back against the brick wall, rubbing up and down in time with his movements. My hair is going to be a wreck...no one will notice. My arms remained pinned above my head, the rope chaffing my skin slightly, but all the while adding to the sensations.

"Watch... watch me... as I... take you," he commands, thrusting into me forcefully. I have no choice; his words pull me forward, my eyes locking with his determined gaze. "Lupin can... never...make you...this...aroused...this..."

He doesn't finish. His lips find mine and he kisses me with such demanding passion, I forget my earlier quip about Remus. Remus who?

Our tongues tangle, it feels good, really good, like drowning in desire. His tongue reaches in for mine, searching, drawing me into his mouth. He sucks, then teases with his tongue again.

All this time his cock drives into my depths, pushing my body against the wall, pushing me closer and closer to oblivion. My body moves with his, relishing his length as he fills me completely. I need more. Desperate, I wrap my legs around his waist, using him as leverage to bear down upon his erection. This gives force to his thrusts into me and brings our bodies closer together. He gasps against my mouth on my first move.

This angle is fantastic. My clit is rubbing against his pelvic bone, his dark thatch of hair tickling my sensitive skin when he draws his movements back, giving my clit the increased tension it needs. Gods, this feels so good! Again and again I grind down onto his throbbing cock, until coherent thought leaves me; there is only pounding flesh, sweaty bodies and waves of utter elation threatening to devour my body.

I clench my thighs tightly around him; it's the last move I need. Spiralling out of reality, my body spasms around him, clenching down on his cock. My head falls back against the wall again as incoherent words stream from my mouth. I no longer care who hears or sees us, Merlin knows, this will do wonders for Severus' reputation if nothing else. Desperately I pry my eyes open and watch his face. His nostrils flare as he breathes deeply, trying to keep control as he rides the last waves of my orgasm. This won't do, won't do at all. I want him to come, I want him to give himself over to me, and I know just how to do it.

I draw myself upright again, pressing my chest firmly against his shirt and purposefully clenching down on his erection. "Severus," I whisper suggestively in his ear. "Fuck me." I pronounce the words slowly and deliberately. It's working because he quivers slightly and his cock twitches inside of me. "Fuck me hard."

His eyes capture mine, feral, full of lust. He'd be almost frightening if he wasn't still buried inside of me, his hands around my bare waist. My hands are freed and I'm a little disappointed I quite liked relinquishing control to this domineering Snape. However, my disappointment is short lived as he suddenly pulls his cock free and spins me around, pushing my shoulders down until I am bent over facing the wall.

"Fuck you hard, Miss Granger?" he enquires, his cock sliding through my swollen folds, but never quite entering me. "But oh, the choices." His erection draws a damn trail from my entrance back towards my backside, sliding slowly between my cheeks until he comes to rest, his pulsing head against the overly-sensitive muscles of my anus. Bloody Merlin, I couldn't care where he took me right now so long as he does it! I press back against him, his cock stretching my muscles but never quite entering me. "Not this time, Miss Granger. I lack the control to make that enjoyable." I expect him to slam into me, but instead two fingers dip inside my opening. He coats them in my arousal before drawing them back out.

Instinctively, I brace my hands against the wall, and not a moment too soon; he slams forcefully into me, like a man on a mission.

"Fuck... you... hard," he gasps, pounding into my flesh. His fingers return to my rear entrance, coating it with my own moistness. All my nerve endings are on fire; I can't take this much longer. His movements never let up as he presses his fingers forward, stretching my muscles. Involuntarily my body clamps down around him in surprise and delight and I hear his sharp intake of breath. "Tight, so tight... the best... you're the..." His other hand reaches under my hitched-up skirt and finds my breasts. He strokes each breast in turn, sending shivers up my spine. Then, quite suddenly, he pinches at my nipples, almost, but not quite, painfully, sending jolts through me. His thrusts become erratic, one more finger is forced inside my anus and his lips draw the skin on my neck into his mouth, marking me. I plummet into ecstasy once more, my legs barely holding me up. Severus is coming with me; I can feel his body become rigid with his approaching orgasm. His fingers fly from my nipple to my clit, rubbing desperately at the swollen nub, drawing out my own ecstasy. My walls clamp down on him, his fit so snug. With a deep roar he comes, thrusting, spilling himself within me.

As reality slides back in, I look back at him over my shoulder and ask, "So you're going to join me, then? Remus' party wouldn't be the same without you."

Snape gives me a dour look. "I do not intend on spending the evening sharing you with Black, again. His immature need to attempt, very badly, I might add, to prove himself better than me is becoming tiresome."

Wait, was Severus not just proving himself against Lupin? Oh well, men. Can't complain I win either way.

"Not to worry, then. Last I heard Sirius was otherwise occupied," I reply with a smug grin.

Severus raises one quizzical eyebrow at me.

"Mundungus was sent to Battersea Dog's Home to try and get him out and we all know how competent he is." I think I hear Severus murmur 'I hope they neuter him' here, but I'm not totally sure. "However," I continue, "if you insist on spending the evening alone, I guess it will just be Remus and I."

Severus watches me thoughtfully for a moment. "I certainly can't have you wandering around Knockturn Alley by yourself. I suppose I had better escort you."

"Only if it's no bother," I reply with a smug grin.

"However," Snape says, pulling from me and helping me upright. He turns me around and says, "There are a few rules."

Uh-oh.

"Firstly, these are absolutely soaked," he informs me, his fingers tugging at the waistband of my knickers and drawing them down my legs. "I will not attend a party with you while your underwear is that appalling." I go to pull my wand from pocket to clean them, but he stops me. "No, Miss Granger, as punishment, you can go without."

Ooh...now I can see some merit in that. Nope, no arguing there.

He drops to his knees in front of me, pulling my skirt up over my hips once more. "Secondly," he says, running one finger through my folds, drawing the evidence of our adventure down my inner thigh, and tracing damp circles over my skin. He leans forward and flicks at my very sensitive clit with his tongue, repeating the move several times until I let out a low moan. Just as I can feel another orgasm building, he deserts me. "That, Miss Granger, is all the cleaning I shall allow you to perform for the rest of the night. You will have to spend the evening with my scent dripping from your cunt. We'll see what Lupin thinks of that."

Oh gods. His words have me on edge again. I'd quite happily repeat this whole exercise again, if it weren't for the prospect of gaining Lupin in this deal.

"Deal," I reply.

Mission: Covert Action Operation

Chapter 2 of 7

HG/SS/RL/NT. Let the games continue...

AN: Thank you everyone for the reviews! They really mean the world to me! Special thanks to Warty, who fed me peppermint tea and once again dragged me through this chapter, and also to LariLee for betaing this faster than you can say Quidditch!

Mission: Covert Action Operation

The door to Remus' building is really not very...promising. His new flat is above the Poison Candle Shop, his front door almost invisible in the gloomy main street of Knockturn Alley. It hangs precariously on its hinges, the green paint flaking away. Thankfully, Snape pushes the door open, one sarcastic eyebrow raised in derision. "How very decadent," he scoffs. I don't want to agree with him, but I must admit I am glad he is here.

The stairs up to Remus' apartment creak beneath my feet; the paint is peeling off the walls. The encrusted threadbare carpet crunches as I step on it...Merlin I hope Remus has cleaned his flat! Maybe I need to send Molly Weasley around here with one of her treasured Lockhart books...

Ooh! Warm hand has landed on my backside as I ascend the stairs ahead of Snape. His fingers playfully trace the curve of my backside through the thin fabric of my skirt, under my cloak. His touch is light, teasing, his hands cool. What is this man doing to me? We just...ohhh...but I think I could do this again...

We've just reached the landing to Remus' apartment. Someone just moaned. Maybe it was me...

No, there it goes again. The door is ajar and there are some...interesting sounds coming from inside the apartment.

Severus pushes the door open before me with the tip of his wand, and there, on the couch, astride a pair of hairy legs, is a thin, feminine form, topped with a great mop of bubblegum pink hair. Unmistakably, it's Tonks. Oh, blimey, she's riding Remus like a rogue broomstick, the muscles across her bare back flexing with each movement. Remus' eyes are closed, his head leaning back against the couch, a smile of utter contentment playing on his lips.

Snape has stepped up behind me, one finger pressed against my lips to indicate I should remain silent. He quietly pulls the door closed behind us. I feel like I shouldn't look yet at the same time my eyes are drawn back to the scene before us...

Tonks' hands land upon his chest, her nails teasing his flat nipples under his open shirt. Remus sucks in a breath, and his eyes open slowly, glazed and dilated as he looks up at Tonks...then his vision moves to over her shoulder...to us. He looks shocked...as if he's about to stop Tonks...but then Severus' hands move, unclasping my cloak, allowing it to fall silently to the ground, pooling at our feet. His fingers prise at the buttons on my shirt, popping each one undone until I am standing exposed before Remus. Severus' lips find the sensitive skin of my neck, teasing me; it's taking all my control to remain silent. His hands cup my breasts, brushing over my nipples, reigniting my desire. My eyes are locked with Remus', his face distorted with pleasure, desire and doubt.

"Fuck me purple! You're hitting all the right spots, big boy." Tonks' back stiffens, her short, spiky hair lengthening and turning purple. Remus lets out a grunt as she morphs. She moans, her movements picking up pace, her hair swinging violently side to side, her backside audibly smacking against Remus' thighs.

Remus' eyes drift from mine to Severus, and I see Remus shoot him a satisfied smirk. Suddenly Snape's hands descend on my nipples, rolling them between his fingers, drawing a tiny moan from me that I can't stifle anymore. I allow my head to fall back against Severus' chest, his entire body fitting snugly against my own, now. The warmth of his body engulfs me and I feel his burgeoning erection pressing into my lower back. I'm a little relieved that this scene is not just turning me on...

"Watch them, Miss Granger. Take note...perhaps later we shall show them how this is done properly." His voice is barely a whisper in my ear, but it sends my body into a delightful spaze.

Remus' eyes fall shut for a moment, then he reopens them, a new look of determination on his face. Slowly, he raises the back of Tonks' rather short leather skirt, until her backside is exposed to us. As she raises herself from Remus' lap, his cock is visible for a moment before her body engulfs him again, burying him within that clump of purple hair...Oh dear! It's not just that on her head that changes colour!

Remus' knees slowly spread, pushing Tonks' own apart until our view is far clearer. Now having got over the shock of Tonks' hair, there is something decidedly erotic about watching him slide in and out of her.

"Oh, Merlin, yes!" Tonks cries out as he spreads her further. "Wicked, wicked wolfie!"

One of Snape's hands slide down my stomach, to the hem of my skirt, then pushes in a tantalisingly slow zigzag line back up the inside of my bare thigh. Hidden from Remus' view by the fabric, he slowly strokes at my folds, drawing a gasp from me. Gods, I'm still slick from his cum, my own arousal and the strokes of his tongue; his fingers slide over me like velvet.

Tonks is grinding against Remus, her pace quickening once more. "Remus, so close! So close!" she cries, her head tossed back. If she were to open her eyes, she'd see us. Remus is looking as if he's nearing his own orgasm now...his face is contorted slightly, his chest heaving. His fists clench and unclench as he fights to maintain his control.

The rumble of a barely there laugh echoes through Severus' chest and into my back. His fingers are withdrawn from under my skirt. He raises them up, past my head, and I hear him sliding them into his mouth, sucking them clean. A strangled yelp comes from Remus as he watches Snape. He grabs a firm hold of Tonks' hips and slams her down on top of him, his fingers digging deeply into her skin.

Tonks suddenly yells out, "Oh yeah! Oh yeah! You know what I like you've got what I need!" Her muscles in her back tighten and she quivers on top of Remus.

Gods, it is so erotic. I am so...desperate now. Merlin, just to have Snape bend me over that couch and fuck me senseless again...

I tip my head back, rubbing my backside against his cock as I do. "Please," I beg, my lips brushing at his neck.

But instead of shagging me against the door, Snape begins doing two of the buttons of my shirt back up. I'm covered, but barely. Easy access for later, I hope, though I would still far prefer that he took me again now.

"Just a taste," he whispers, his breath hot against my neck. His mouth drops even closer to my ear, before he adds, "And, if clarification is needed, I am far from finished with you tonight."

Tonks seems to be recovering, her head lifting from Remus' chest. "That was brilliant!" she exclaims. "You're so big, Remus. Think I could go another round. Want me to be the man, this time?"

Remus clears his throat and looks a little embarrassed. "Uh, Tonks? We have company."

Tonks pauses for a moment, then her head scoots round to stare at us. She looks just a wee bit surprised, then a cheeky grin spreads over her face. "Quite a performance, huh? No need to applaud," she quips with a laugh.

"We all know how easily Mr Frigid is satisfied," Snape replies silkily.

"I'll have you know that Remus is just a day or so away from a full moon...and I'm enjoying every moment of it," Tonks retorts, pulling her top over her head.

Lucky cow. Horny Remus is not something to be scoffed at, at least in my experience. I think I might even have felt Snape's cock twitch against my back...not going to swear to that though!

"Time of the month, Remus?" Snape asks smoothly, eliciting a giggle, and not just from me.

Trying to keep a straight face, Tonks slides off Remus, and he retrieves his trousers from the puddle at his feet, standing up he fastens them back up.

Tonks is looking at us. Snape still has his arms wrapped possessively around me. She seems to be trying to gauge exactly what footing our relationship is on. She looks at me curiously. "It's funny, Snape. I never took you for the clingy type."

Ignoring her, Severus casts a Scourgify on the sofa. Then he leads me across the room, grabs my hand and pulls me onto his lap, cradling me to his chest. His fingers slide under the hem of my skirt again, stroking my thighs. His eyes are on mine as he answers her. "I never felt the impetus before, Nymphadora."

I feel a little embarrassed by the display from Snape...I mean, shouldn't we really just go?

She huffs and plonks herself down on an upturned packing crate, folding her arms and looking down to the patches of floorboard peeking through the carpet.

"Sorry about the party," Remus says, heading behind the counter of the kitchenette, busying himself making drinks. I can't seem to tear my eyes away from his bare chest...beads of sweat cling to the fine smattering of hair, accentuating the fine form of his muscles. "I had to cancel. Tonks had a few...accidents."

"Yeah, burnt the food, dropped all the vodka down the stairs and forgot to send out the invitations," Tonks says nonchalantly. I suppose that sort of thing happens to her all the time.

Snape gives a snort of amusement.

"But as you're here anyway..." Remus passes around drinks and then pulls up an unpacked box and sits down atop it. The silence is a little awkward, the tension in the room volatile and cloaked in sexual innuendo.

Tonks is fiddling in the crate next to hers. She pulls out a copy of Playwitch and absently flicks it to one side. "What's this?" she asks, turning a small ebony figurine between her fingers.

Both Snape and Lupin reach for their wands, but as Severus still has his hands stroking my upper thighs, he's slow to draw and Remus summons the figurine to him effortlessly.

"Rookwood," he mumbles. "I haven't seen this is a very long time. It's the black Rook from my witch chess set."

"Witch chess?" I haven't heard of that and I tell him so. "I think you mean wizard chess, Remus. There's no such thing as-"

"Actually there is," Tonks interrupts me, the cowbag. I am going off her rapidly! Know it all is my position!

"It's a variation on a theme," Remus' tone is a little classroom, but I need to know, so I listen carefully. "Unlike wizard chess, which is about strategy and destroying the opposing army in a war of annihilation, witch chess is much more about-"

Snape finishes the explanation. "About strategy and destroying the opposing army in a war of stimulation."

I'm intrigued.

"But I doubt all the pieces are here," Remus says dolefully.

Tonks is rummaging around in the crate. "There's a few pawns, and look!" She holds up a grubby piece of ivory in triumph. "The white Queen!"

"Ah, that's Ruby, she's a real princess. Here, Hermione, look at her mischievous expression." He tosses the piece to me. Snape catches her in midair with a Summoning Charm and delivers her gently into my lap. She wiggles as I pick her up. Remus is right, she does look cheeky. Unlike Ron's Queen who is dressed for battle, Remus' is dressed to kill. She's wearing a tiny white basque and silky stockings finishing in a minute pair of strappy red heels. Turning away from me, she wiggles her hips and winks at Severus. What a tease! Ruby? Is Remus colour-blind?

"I found the white king, a black knight, and another black rook!" Tonks cries excitedly. "I think they're all here, Remus, there's a load in this box oops."

"What have you done now, Miss Tonks?" Severus asks to the consternation of the white Queen who is doing her best to flirt with him.

"Box broke, sorry."

"No matter," Remus says cheerfully. 'Accio chess set!'

Thirty pieces of ivory and ebony fly out of the chest. Tonks bends forward to pick up a small metal box just in time a very heavy chess board whizzes past her head from a high shelf above the door. To my satisfaction, the white Queen squeals in surprise as she, too, is summoned across the room.

"... thirty one, thirty two..." Remus counts them in. "All present and correct. Who's for a game?"

"I'd rather play tiddlywinks," Tonks says, sitting up, rattling the tin which I assume contains counters.

"We'll play chess while you play your childish little game on your own," Snape tells her. "Perhaps Exploding Snap and tiddlywinks are the extent of your repertoire."

Tonks glares at him, the roots of her hair turning red. She stands up and walks over to Remus, who is setting out the board on an up-turned crate, ready to play. She sits down next to the board defiantly, right at Remus' feet. "Right, Snape, let's see what you can do with your bishop."

Mission: Dangle

Chapter 3 of 7

HG/SS/RL/NT. Let the games continue...

"Since black is, oh, so your colour, Snape, we'll be starting," Tonks announces, turning the board around appropriately, so the white pieces stand before her and Remus. Remus waves his wand over the board, and I give Snape a quick look but apparently whatever Remus just cast over the board wasn't cheating.

"Tactically, you should grant your opponent the first move, Nymphadora. Thereby you may take full advantage of their mistakes," Snape replies calmly. His fingers haven't moved, still teasing the soft skin of my thighs, but damn, I wish they would. He has me so utterly distracted...

Tonks immediately moves a pawn, gives Snape a smug look and then settles her self backwards so she is leaning against the box between Remus' legs.

"How very novel," Snape replies, pulls his wand from his pocket and languidly commands one of the black pawns to move accordingly.

Remus, who also seems to have a firm grasp of the game, smiles and moves yet another pawn into place. And then all eyes are on me. Why, oh why, didn't I let Harry and Ron teach me how to play properly? Merlin, I don't even know what is at stake here...I skull back my drink, feeling it float straight to my head. That didn't help me think, but at least now I am a little more relaxed.

"Come on, Herms," Tonks prods.

My eyes flick to Remus', hoping maybe he can help me out. No luck. "Hermione, just move a piece," Severus whispers silkily in my ear. "It doesn't matter...either way you win."

"Wait. I win what? It seems I'm the only person who doesn't know what's at stake here. Anyone care to fill me in?" I ask. Honestly, it's not like I don't trust the three of them, but well...Snape has a rather intriguing sexual appetite, and with Remus so close to the full moon, Merlin knows what he's up to. And Tonks...well, I must admit, she's an unknown quantity.

Remus chuckles. "Sorry, Hermione. Certainly. It's like wizards chess...you understand that?"

"Well, yes..." I reply. I understand the rules, I can't for the life of me win, but hey.

"However, there are consequences to having your piece taken. For example, if you move and take our pawn, there, you elect either Tonks or I to drink the contents of the piece and to lose a piece of clothing."

"The pieces become more interesting, Miss Granger. The bishops vibrate," Snape murmurs in my ear, his fingers just barely flicking over my damp folds beneath my skirt. I shiver at his touch, my mind momentarily clouded. I barely notice him summoning the piece in question, until it is drawn along my bare inner arm... oh, yes, I do believe I will happily sacrifice a bishop to have that...elsewhere.

"The taking of a knight gains you oral sex from one of the opposite team," Tonks says, shooting Snape a malicious smirk.

"The rooks are filled with various substances to be used on you by the other team. Massage oil and the like," Remus adds in, and I think I see his eyes drop to my bare legs. "The Queen gains you sex."

"And in final defeat, when they surrender their King, we will be at liberty to make those two do whatever we wish for them to do," Severus finishes off, a note of certainty in his voice.

Bloody hell. Well, I suppose I'm up for it not that it appears I have much choice! All in all, it sounds like I'm in for some fun...I'm a little disappointed I'm on Snape's team wouldn't have minded being able to make him do things, but then again... He's currently sliding his fingers slowly through my folds under my skirt and it certainly doesn't

look as though play is going to be limited to the game's rules. I look at the board, and slowly it comes into focus. It would appear I'm quite free to take one of their pawns, but, well, it could be a set up and ...

"Take the pawn, Miss Granger," Severus prompts. As I slide forward to move the piece, his fingers plunge inside of me, making me gasp. With a quivering hand, I take the ebony piece and move it onto the same square as their ivory one. Then, I can't help it; I buck down on Severus' fingers a few times before settling back in his lap, his fingers departing me as I do.

"So, which one of us do you choose, Hermione?" Tonks asks, rather smugly, their defeated piece hovering above the board. I'm sure she's certain I will choose Remus, and I am very tempted to pick her instead, just to spite her, but to be honest, I'd far rather admire Remus' bare upper body, to see those firm muscles in his arms flexing as he moves his piece...

"Remus. Shirt off," I say with a grin.

Remus shrugs off his shirt, then plucks the pawn from where it now floats before him in mid-air. The very top of it has flicked open, and he raises the piece to his lips, draining it.

"Hmmm, rum. Not too bad, either," Remus states, placing the empty piece down on the floor.

Tonks moves again, this time taking one of our pawns. "As usual, Severus, I'm sure you have far too many layers on for any normal wizard, so we might as well begin. Cloak off."

Snape waves his wand lazily at himself, his cloak disappearing and reappearing, folded neatly, on the couch beside us. He grasps the pawn, drains it, and then quickly makes his move another pawn, but no pieces taken this time. Remus, however, has more luck.

"Sorry, Herms, as much as Severus has so many more layers to lose, I really think it is for the good of all of us that you lose that shirt."

Oh gods. I'm going to be sitting here half-naked. Well, okay, Remus is too, but it's not the same! I mean, he's a man...oh, yes, he is a man. He's watching me ever so intently, his chest simply begging for my fingers as Snape continues to tease lightly at my cunt, just enough to keep me interested. Bloody hell, Herms, what are you thinking? Severus Snape is sitting beneath you, touching you in the most intimate way right in front of these two, one of whom you've shagged on numerous occasions, and the other who is obviously about as prude as her dear cousin, and you are worrying about taking your shirt off?

Severus' fingers leave my legs, scoot up my belly, leaving damp trails, until he reaches the two closed buttons. He slides each through its hole, then, drawing his fingers along my collarbone and then my shoulders, he pulls the shirt from me. I look down at my bare chest, not that surprised to find my nipples taut peaks from Severus' teasing, and a slight flush across my chest. I look back up to find both Tonks and Remus appraising me. Tonks look is hard to judge, but she certainly doesn't seem hostile. Remus, on the other hand, is transfixed. Warm hands suddenly slide over my breasts. Severus lets my nipples slip between his fingers, leaving the tight buds exposed to Remus' watchful eyes. I moan; Remus lets out a guttural growl.

"Nice tits, Granger," Tonks says suddenly, making me wince. I'm really not that comfortable having her watching well, maybe not her specifically, but she...is a she.

Snape leans me back against his chest, lifts one of my breasts up and takes a swipe at it with his tongue. The heat against my taut peaks contrasts to the chill of the evening air. I forget all about Tonks watching...almost...

"Drink up, Hermione," Tonks prompts me, and next thing I know Severus is pressing the open pawn to my lips. I cautiously run my tongue over the rim... I have no idea what that taste is, alcohol of some sort, but...oh, what the hell. I down the lot. Almost immediately, a warmth spreads within me, clouding my mind even further, illuminating my senses. Severus' mouth continues to taunt my nipples, sometimes sucking, sometimes licking...always driving me crazy.

"C'mon, Severus, your move," Remus interrupts us, but Snape's tongue continues its ministrations as he lifts his wand and makes a move without looking.

Remus lets out a low growl of triumph, but I can't focus my eyes clearly enough on the board to see what has happened. I hear the box beneath him protest slightly as he raises himself from it, and the odd creak of a floorboard. Remus is now kneeling below us and Snape slowly parts his legs, pushing mine further apart in the process, my moist cunt chilled by the air.

Oh bloody hell.

"Little...underdressed, Hermione," Remus murmurs, his voice hitching in his throat. I look down at him, his eyes locked with mine as his hand moves closer and closer to where I need it most, the bishop buzzing in his hand.

The bishop vibrates against my damp folds, sliding easily over my sensitive flesh. Slowly it approaches my clit, nearer and nearer, my arousal building until my clit is alight, buzzing beneath the cool piece. Remus fingers move over my skin, pulling my clit taut, accentuating the power of the bishop. My eyes fall closed again as Snape's fingers find my other nipple...oh Merlin. The feeling from the bishop is so intense that I am almost forced to push it away, but the fervour is mellowed by the way it is completely and utterly driving me into ecstasy. Fingers delve inside of me Remus. Oh...Merlin, so, so close. Remus' fingers stroke my insides, each movement drawing me nearer and nearer until I am whimpering in Snape's lap. Oh, it's not going to take long like this...I can hardly stand it, but it is such sweet torture...

"This, Hermione, is just the beginning," Snape whispers against my ear, his mouth replaced at my breast by his other hand.

I moan in return. It's the best I can muster.

Suddenly Remus fingers leave me, as does the bishop. Damn them! My eyes fly open, just as Remus swaps his ministrations around the bishop is thrust quickly inside of me, drawn in and out in quick succession, never ceasing.

"I don't know about you, Lupin, but watching Hermione come right now would be most agreeable with me," Snape murmurs, tugging slightly harder on my nipples. My backside grinds into Snape's lap, his erection straining against me. What I wouldn't give to have him driving into me right now, filling me...oh...bloody...Merlin. Remus' thumb has found my clit and he's roughly rubbing my sensitive bud and...

"Oh Merlin!" I cry out as my orgasm overwhelms me. I quake against Severus, his fingers clamping down on my nipples. My hips push down on the bishop and Remus' fingers...

"Bloody hell," I hear Tonks murmur in awe. Tonks! I'd forgotten she was there...

But opening my eyes, I find her sitting across from me, the chess board obscuring most of her, but from the angle of her arm and the slight flexing of her muscles there is only one possible thing she could be doing. Her eyes drop closed and her body quivers slightly, that and a slight gasp the only things that belie her orgasm. As much as I hate to admit it, I am warming to the idea of...well, her.

"Well then, Herms, I believe it is your turn," she says, pulling one hand up above the table. Within her small fist is their other bishop. She casts a quick cleansing spell on it and replaces it on the board. "I'm certainly up for something more...satisfying." She gives me a grin, and settles back against the box. Remus hauls midway to lowering himself back to his seat, his eyes meeting first mine then drifting to Severus'. With the grin upon his face, I can only assume he would be fairly content to watch whatever it is that Tonks' has in store for me. Boys.

Mission: Honey Trap

Chapter 4 of 7

HG/SS/RL/NT. Let the games continue...

MISSION: Honey Trap

Remus lifts his fingers to his mouth, drawing them between his lips and sucking them clean. "Delightful taste, Hermione, but do I detect the added essence of grumpy old bat?" He raises one eyebrow at Snape and I.

"I thought I'd make it clear to all our canine friends to whom Hermione belongs," Severus snipes back.

Ordinarily, I would probably take a fair bit of offence at being claimed as anyone's property, but with my insides still quivering in the aftermath, I'm not quite so inclined to snap his head off. I'll save it up for later. Then again, letting Severus claim me as his, to have him spend his days shagging me...

"Touché," Remus replies, his lips dropping to Tonks' neck, kissing her bare skin. Tonks jumps in surprise, the top of her skull connecting with Remus' chin, which he rubs at gingerly as she apologises profusely.

"If you insist." Snape's words are cutting. "Frankly, I believe I know who got the raw end of this deal."

This is going to get nasty fairly shortly, what with Remus so close to the full moon and all. Maybe if I keep playing there will still be two delectable men to devour at the end of the evening. I make my next move, taking one of their pawns. Tonks is watching me, rolling her eyes as the men continue their childish banter. I give her a grin, lean back against Snape's chest, enjoying the feel of his chest reverberating each time he speaks, and let the entertainment roll.

"Raw end? The only one who lost out here is Hermione. She's going to have to share me with...."

"Shirt off, Tonks," I said quietly, giving her a smirk. She looks confused for a moment, until I nod my head at Remus and Snape, then she winks at me with a wicked gleam in her eye, her hair transforms into vivid red. She undoes the buttons slowly. Not so accidentally, she elbows Remus in the ear, and then proceeds to fling her shirt around after she's pulled it off like a cowboy whirling a lasso, but ridiculous her efforts to attract their attention are in vain.

"Miss Granger seemed perfectly content with her choice an hour ago. At least, that is what I'm led to believe all that groaning was about..."

"I'm sure she was groaning about having to satisfy herself with you when she could have...."

"If it was that sort of groaning it was merely because she detested the thought of coming to see you."

Tonks, looking really pissed that neither of them seems to have noticed she's now half naked, makes her move - rook.

"Bugger this. These two will be at it all night; it's time to really get their attention!" She cocks her scarlet head at me, daring me. "You up for it?"

Up for what? Oh, stuff it, I'm not backing down on a challenge. "Most certainly."

Tonks shuffles across the floor, snatching the black rook from mid-air with one hand, and barely missing tipping the entire board over. I slide from Severus' lap, and slip across the couch, maybe just a little apprehensively okay, more than a little. I mean, Tonks is a girl (duh) and I've never.... Severus actually looks at me, then goes back to arguing with Remus. Men. Honestly! Right, I'm up for it.

"Is it not largely irrelevant? The girls have chosen and...."

Tonks chooses just the moment that Remus is waving his hand in our direction to drizzle the warm contents of the rook over my upper chest, over my breasts and down my belly. Suddenly, the room falls into silence; you could hear a Knut drop. The rich smell of dark chocolate fills my nostrils. Perhaps I'll sell this plan to the Ministry; stuff your Aurors, gentlemen, send in the naked, chocolate coated women!

I run my finger down between my breasts, scooping up a finger full of the dark liquid.

"Smells good..." Tonks says, inhaling deeply above one of my nipples. The quick rush of air over my sensitive skin makes me shiver and I'm not sure if I like it or not.

"It's brilliant!" I exclaim, after a tentative taste.

Tonks' tongue darts out, flicking over my nipple she's straight to the point. And it's obvious her thoughts are the same as mine: this isn't for me, it's for Snape, and probably more so for Remus, at least as far as Tonks is concerned. "Brilliant is right," she chips in. Her mouth closes in over my nipple, drawing it in tightly. It's a weird sensation; in some ways she is far gentler than either of the men, yet firmer. Her mouth is smaller, softer. She seems to know exactly how far she can push me. I can't help it; I let out a low sigh. I really didn't expect that anything Tonks could do would effect me in the slightest, but I was wrong. Oh so wrong.

"Bloody Merlin." Apparently Remus is enjoying it.

I hear a non-committal grunt from Severus, then the scraping of a chess piece sliding across the board. Severus has made his next move, just as Tonks' tongue slides across my breast, dips into the valley between them and starts devouring the chocolate on the other one.

"You got your wish, Nymphadora." Severus' voice is slightly hitched, and his words are a complete mystery to me until I see him slide around behind where Tonks is crouched on all fours and the faintest buzzing noise reaches my ears. Tonks' eyes flick up to mine and grow wide, her mouth forming a silent moan as Severus presses the bishop into her. "Satisfied with what I can do with my bishop?"

She whimpers before replying, "We shall see, Snape."

My eyes move to Remus, just as he takes his move. Good bye to one of our knights. 'Twas nice knowing you, sir, but sacrifices have to be made....

I lick my lips in anticipation. Remus looks longingly at me, then away. "Truce, Snape. Tonks, for the good of our team, I believe it would be...appropriate for you to show Severus your talents."

"Not bloody likely," Tonks retorts, but I see Severus' arm movements pick up. Moments later, Tonks is groaning again. "Okay, okay! Just don't stop that!"

Severus pulls out his wand, charming the bishop, then hoists himself from the ground and reclines back on the couch looking smug. Tonks takes one last swipe with her

tongue at my breast, removing the very last of the chocolate sauce, before scooting over to kneel before Snape.

My skin is chilled as the damp patches she has left meet the air.

I need more! Oh, wait, my turn. Dum de dum...damn. I take another of their pawns. "Trousers off, Remus," I demand, and he does so before downing the contents of the piece floating before him.

"Tonks, it's your turn," I call over my shoulder impatiently. Part of me really doesn't want to see what she is doing to Snape.

She leans over me, her bare chest pressing against my back as she looks at the board then takes one of our pawns. "Pants off, Severus. It will make life so much easier."

She unbuckles his belt, then slides his trousers down from his hips, taking his boxers with them. "Oops, can't count!"

I look back, surprised that she hadn't started yet, only to find her inches away from Severus' cock. His eyes drift from Tonks to me.

I watch in awe as her tongue darts out and licks at the single drop of liquid at the top of his arousal. Slowly her lips slide around his girth, taking him into her mouth. Snape groans, he breaks eye contact with me as his lids fall shut and my moment of wonder vanishes in a zap from the green-eyed monster who's screaming inside my head, 'Tonks can make him groan like that!' That is, until he moans softly, "Hermione, please...please, help her."

"You know, Hermione, you could perhaps come and help me with-" Remus starts protesting as I slide from the couch, and join Tonks on the floor.

"You should know better than to play Hufflepuff tactics on me, Lupin," Snape chides.

"Hey!" Tonks says around his cock, taking offence.

My skirt rides up around my waist, and I go to tug it down and cover my bare derriere.

A light slap of a palm across my backside makes me jump. "Leave it, Hermione," Remus says, his protest ended before it had even really begun. It would appear he's found something else to occupy his mind.

I kiss my way along Severus' thigh, enjoying the soft feeling of his pale skin and the tickling of the dark hairs on his legs. And now, there it is: Severus Snape's cock in all it's glory, sliding languidly in and out of Tonks' mouth just inches from my face. Experimentally, I bring my hands up to his thighs, slide my palms along the same trail my mouth has just made, then tentatively trace feather-light touches over his testicles. His coarse hair juxtaposes the silky soft skin beneath almost like Snape himself or a good tiramisu. A low moan rumbles from his chest, and his hands slide into my hair, his fingers kneading at my scalp. Tentatively, I dart my tongue out, drawing it over his skin. It would appear to be to his liking; Severus' pleased moans envelop my mind, and even Remus', "Stuff this," barely registers. That is, until I feel a firm pair of hands parting my legs.

His fingers draw through my folds, sliding easily over my damp skin. Next to me, Tonks gasps, and craning my head around just slightly I can see Remus has one hand on her as well. Her mouth slips from Severus' arousal, and I seize the opportunity and lick my way up his entire length. Severus' hands tangle further in my hair as my mouth engulfs him. His skin is feverish in my mouth, and I can feel his blood pulsing in his veins. "Don't stop, Hermione, please don't stop," he murmurs.

Tonks takes over my old post, and she and I have total control over him. All at once, it's empowering and mind-blowing that Severus has relinquished his control.

Remus' fingers slide inside of me again, first one, then another, pushing firmly, slowly. His thumb finds my clit, grazing silkily over it. Bloody Merlin! I groan around Severus' arousal, desperate for more, my utterings echoed by Tonks.

Another finger firmly presses against my rear entrance, pressing its way inside of me. I moan. Tonks stops.

"Remus..." she says, her voice cracking a little. "I've never..."

Severus' suddenly stiffens in my mouth; his salty arousal fills my taste buds. As I lick the last drops from him, Remus releases me.

"Never?" He seems both bewildered and intrigued by the idea.

Severus pulls me from the floor and up into his lap. "I couldn't care less what Nymphadora has or hasn't done. Next opportunity, Hermione, I want you."

AN: Sloppy kisses to dear Warty for being my ever faithful beta...and for listening to me moan for months about how I should get on with this. Also sloppy kisses for everyone who's persevered with me for an update :D

Mission: False Flag

Chapter 5 of 7

HG/SS/RL/NT/SB. Let the games continue...

MISSION: False Flag

Tonks is lounging on the floor by Remus' feet, a doozy grin on her face as he strokes one of her breasts; reminds me of the cat who got the cream. I think, perhaps, she's drunk the contents of one too many pawns. Can't say I'm complaining: Severus' fingers are slowly teasing my inner thighs, his breathing shallow in my ear, his chest rising and falling against my back.

Sedately I look towards Lupin and find him staring back at me, a look of deep thought on his face. He glances down at Tonks, a small smile touching his lips, before he says, "It's your turn, Hermione."

My turn....

Oh, my turn! We were playing chess! Little distracted there for a while, but who can blame me!

I go to lean forward, but Severus' arm wraps around my body, drawing me back against his warmth, his hand pressing my wand into my fingers, curling them closed around it. His thighs are warm beneath mine, and frankly I have to agree: I'd rather not leave this sanctuary right now.

"Don't take their queen," Severus murmurs in my ear.

Don't take their Queen? It's lying there, utterly exposed, wriggling one red-shoed pale leg provocatively at me. What the hell is he on about?

"The Queen ... she gains you sex from the opposite team...." His words drift off like I am supposed to garner something from this.

Oh. Huh?

Never mind. I take their pawn instead. I'm not about to go annoying Severus when his delightful body is wrapped around mine. "Boxers off, Remus."

Remus tries to get Tonks' attention, but her eyes are half lidded and she doesn't seem too keen on moving. With a shrug, Remus strips off his boxers, placing them on the floor. Tonks finally notices, smiles sleepily at him but that's it. I think we're going to lose her soon.

"I believe it is your turn, Nymphadora," Severus says against my neck, his lips dropping to tease at my skin. I think I can feel him smiling, probably hoping for a rouse from her over the use of her first name. But he doesn't get much.

Tonks looks up, glares sleepily at Severus, then slowly makes her move: yet another pawn. "Shirt, Snape."

Too bad for Tonks, I'm certainly up for a few more rounds yet!

Severus sighs, and I lean forward to let him take it off, but he immediately pulls me back, instead vanquishing it with his wand, then, twiddling his wand in his fingers while he contemplates our next move, he finally slides our Queen forward, taking a pawn. He looks at the completely naked Remus, then his eyes move to Tonks, lounging there in just her skirt. "Take it off, Nymphadora."

And this time there is no reaction to her name. With great effort Tonks slides her skirt down her legs, scrunches it up in the most unprovocative manner and places it under her head as a pillow.

"Bed time, I think," Remus says, stroking her spiky pink hair.

Tonks agrees with a grunt.

"It figures the two of you wouldn't be able to hack it." Severus seems overly pleased with this arrangement.

With a wicked gleam in his eye, Remus makes his move. Our knight is history, screaming like a Banshee as he gets pummelled.

"I'll be back to carry out that move," Remus grins at me, then bends down, scoops the now unconscious Tonks off the floor and carries her off into one of the side rooms.

"You know," Severus whispers in my ear, his fingers gliding dangerously high up my thigh, "we could just leave now. I could take you back to ..."

But where precisely Severus was going to take me to, I'll never know, for right at that moment, the front door bursts open.

"Bloody butchers! I'm lucky to have made it out of there all in one piece!" Sirius, grin plastered across his face, surveys the room, finally settling on Severus and I. "Nice skirt, [Mione."

I blush, realising what it must look like, walking in to find the pair of us sitting here in practically nothing. Well, absolutely nothing if you don't count said mentioned skirt bunched up around my thighs.

Sirius laughs. "I needn't ask what the two of you are doing naked, but where the hell is everyone else?"

"There is no 'everyone else'," Remus replies from the doorway. "Bit of a screw up, really. Tonks ..."

Severus cuts off Remus' little speech. "Tonks was playing witch chess with us, but it would appear she cannot hold her drink. So, Hermione and I were just leaving," I glance back over my shoulder at him and find him looking longingly at his clothes on the end of the couch. He makes a move to grab up his wand. Now, wait a second... Hermione and him were leaving? But I've just found a new toy!

"Merlin, Snape, you are such a bore! Don't be so bloody hasty ... I'll take Tonks' place." Sirius bounds over to the board like an overly enthusiastic puppy. Apparently some time locked up in the dogs home has left him exuberantly eager.

I glance at Remus. Hopefully my saving grace I don't want to leave, not just yet!

"I couldn't care less," he says with a shrug, "but I am making good my last move before anyone goes anywhere." He surprises me. This isn't the Remus I knew a few months ago; that Remus certainly wouldn't have made any demands. Maybe he's close to the full moon, maybe he's just relaxed a little in my company now. I'm not sure it matters, the idea of Remus' mouth on me.... Gods.

"Severus?" I ask, hoping he'll change his mind, hoping he'll stay. Because, when it comes down to it, it wouldn't be the same without him here. In fact, I'm not sure I'd stay. Sometime I'm going to have to sit down and have a good think about that, about what that means, but right now I'm far more concerned with continuing the night's enjoyment.

"Professor Snape," he corrects me lazily. "Whatever you want, Miss Granger." His words might have been spoken lightly, but he doesn't seem too happy, at least that's what I gather from the way he's suddenly shifted in his seat, his back now rigid, his hands moved off my thighs to rest on the couch.

"Really?" I say, giving him the chance to add his usual 'but' or, Merlin forbid, actually tell me what he really means.

"Do not question me." Well, that was productive. Mind, a snarky Snape does send a little thrill through me. The challenge of making him enjoy himself ... or is that enjoy myself?

I turn around and look at him, trying to figure him out. It's so hard to tell, too many years as a spy and there isn't a single emotion showing on his face. My eyes drift to his lips, and I feel myself subconsciously licking my own. That seemed to get his voice box working:

"I am... happy to indulge you, Hermione, so long as you are happy to indulge me ... later." There's a glint in his eye that thrills and frightens me all at once.

I don't dare think what that might mean, but the way he says it I don't think I have anything to fear. Thinking can be a dangerous thing. "Deal."

Before I can even look back around, Remus' fingers are resting on my knees, pushing my legs further apart, Severus' knees, resting between mine, help Remus, spreading my thighs further, exposing me to him. Slightly surprised at Severus' sudden willingness to share, I look down at Remus, just as he takes one quick swipe at my clitoris with his tongue. It makes me jump, delightfully shocking my skin. A low hiss of breath escapes my lungs. Oh yes, this was the right decision.

Severus' hands slide up my thighs, reaching my folds and enticingly he slides his fingers through them, gently parting them to expose me further to Remus. I feel like I'm on fire, leaning back against Severus' chest, his skin warm and damp with sweat beneath mine. And he smells delicious, his scent surrounding me musky male sweat and

sex. Remus' fingers continue to tease the inside of my thighs and my body is all too aware of every move each of them makes.

I force myself to look over at Sirius, who's standing there with a mischievous twinkle in his eye.

"You know," I manage to say, feeling brash, "Tonks was completely naked."

Sirius grins back at me. "Then you're right, 'Mione, it's only fair..."

And as Remus' tongue darts out, taking one long swipe at my clitoris, I have the more than enjoyable view of Sirius tugging his T-shirt over his head. Sirius' chest is a damn miracle, I swear. He's not as tall as Severus, but he's certainly of a more muscular build. He's like those wizards you see in Playwitch, firm and toned, and it would appear he's managed to get some sun recently, given the tan he's developed. It's a crime that his body was locked up in Azkaban for so long. Someone at the Ministry has a lot of explaining to do.

I shiver involuntarily, squirm, then arch back against Severus. Oh gods, I've got three men at my beck and call again. This is just...

There are no words for it. The closest I can manage right now is pure heaven.

Severus' thumbs are teasing my inner thighs, his fingers still pressing into my folds, still exposing me to Remus and the cool air.

I hear Remus inhale deeply, feel the breeze across my heated flesh. Gods, I need him to touch me again. I'm sitting here, with the delectable presence of Severus' cock expanding against my backside, with Sirius eyeing me like I'm the first meal he's seen in weeks and with Remus... oh gods! His tongue just made its magic move again, flicked quickly over my clitoris.... Now he's circling my entrance, his wide hazel eyes looking up at me expectantly...

"Please," I whimper to him.

But he doesn't up his tempo, he continues with long, languid strokes, so delightful but never quite enough

"Severus?" I beg on the tip of a moan.

Severus chuckles beneath me, his laugh reverberating through my back, its deep tone filling me with desire. I can feel his hips grind gently beneath me, his cock sliding along my lower back.

"Please?" I say again. I need more. This teasing just isn't enough. Don't get me wrong, I'm totally enjoying it, but my body is screaming out for more.

"Please what?" Severus asks, his voice husky in my ear, his lips moving over the bare skin of my shoulder.

"Please... please fuck me."

"Please fuck you what?" Severus presses, his nose now breezing over the sensitive flesh just below my ear.

"Please fuck me, sir."

"Ah, much better. That took you some time, Miss Granger. I thought you were more intelligent than that," he hisses. I should be insulted, I mean, nobody ... well nobody bar him ... has ever called me stupid. But, as his hands slide around the tops of my thighs, grasping my hips and lifting me ever so slightly, I find the questioning of my intelligence far from gripping. Remus' hands have drifted up to take over from Severus' fingers sliding through my damp folds, pulling them tighter, exposing more of my clitoris to him.

Severus cock slides down between my buttocks, stopping for a moment to prod at my rear entrance, then pausing, as if trying to decide what he should do. I'm quaking as his hot flesh probes at me, as I can feel his heart beat through that moist tip of his cock, beating through the nerves that circle my anus. Then, as I'm bracing myself for him to press forward, he lifts me slightly more, his cock sliding further down, and plunges inside my sex instead, filling me swiftly, hard, in one grunted move, grasping my hips to pull me down even more firmly on to him.

Oh, Merlin.

Oh.

Oh, bloody Merlin.

I feel so full again, every nerve ending twingeing from his abrupt entrance. And I can feel myself so close, just from that. Feel every muscle inside of me on the verge of convulsing, but just not quite there. It wouldn't take much, not much at all...

But Severus hasn't moved again, he's just sitting there with his cock buried inside of me, so still.

And Remus has stopped, my clit sucked inside his mouth, just the barest of pressure on my skin, but he's frozen there too.

"Don't even think about it yet, Miss Granger," Severus informs me.

But it's all I can think about. So if they won't do anything about it...

"No!" Severus barks, grasping hold of both my wrists as I made move to relieve myself.

"Please!" I beg him, but he refuses to do anything.

"You still don't seem to have learnt a damn thing about patience," Severus chides, his arms crossing over me, folding my arms over my chest, pinning my hands to the sides of my ribs.

Damn, the pressure against my breasts is almost enough, but again, not quite. I try clenching and unclenching my muscles around Severus' cock, and although it elicits the most wonderful grunt from him, it does nothing to help me. I try to rock my hips, to get just enough lift to feel him moving inside of me, but Remus takes hold of my waist, holding me still.

"Merlin, 'Mione." I look up at that deep sigh to find Sirius watching me over Remus' shoulder, his eyes heavily lidded.

"Please?" I whimper at him.

He eyes Severus behind me, then grins wickedly. "It will be my pleasure."

"Don't you dare, Black. Don't you dare touch her!" Severus' voice is harsh, harsh enough to have made me turn around and run. Even Sirius seems to have come to a stop.

Then he smiles again. "Whatever you say, Snape."

And as I watch, I see him reach out, run one hand down Remus' back, along his spine.

Remus shivers, his mouth moving ever so slightly, changing the pressure on my clitoris just a little. I feel my body react immediately, straight back up to dangling on the

edge of oblivion.

"Yes," I hiss, my head falling back against Severus' shoulder.

Sirius' hand moves out of view, I have no idea where he's touching Remus. Well, I know the general vicinity, and Remus does appear to be enjoying it.

"Taste, her Remus," Sirius says, his arm muscles flexing as he moves. "Give Hermione what she wants, what she deserves and you will get the same."

Remus whimpers. His eyes widen as he looks at me, then his vision shifts to look at Severus.

"Don't you dare."

But Remus doesn't listen, doesn't appear to be capable. With a little reluctance, as if he's fighting an internal battle between his own pleasure, and mine, and listening to Severus, his tongue slides over me again. He shifts his hands, one still splaying me, the other drifts down and I hear Severus growl, can feel Remus' hand brushing my thighs slightly as he strokes the base of Severus' cock.

And Severus is moving again, his hands releasing my wrists, grasping my hips and lifting me, moving me over him. Oh gods, yes!

"I will kill you for this, Black," Severus moans, but he doesn't sound too angry. In fact, he sounds very much like he's thoroughly enjoying it.

And I'm beyond that. I can feel my toes start to curl, my insides clamping down around Severus, my hips bucking, pressing myself more firmly against Remus' mouth.

And I'm gone, quaking around Severus, Remus mouth picking up speed, sucking my clitoris back between his lips, running his tongue over me.

Severus whispers my name against my neck as he kisses my skin, his voice distant, but my body very aware of his touch.

When I come back down, Remus has taken a more languid pace, gently soothing my flesh with slow movements. Severus the same, raising my hips, slowly sliding me back down. Now I can enjoy this, now my body is satisfied I'm more than willing to sit back and enjoy this slow pace, let Severus take over and just relish in the feel of his body moving against mine, of my flesh still convulsing occasionally around his....

"Hermione?"

Remus' mouth has left me, breaking through my blissful peace.

"Yeah?"

"It's your turn."

AN: Many thanks to my wonderfully sexy beta, Warty, without whom many body parts would remain nameless ;-)

Mission: Nugget

Chapter 6 of 7

HG/SS/RL/NT/SB. Let the games continue...

MISSION: NUGGET

I look at the board and try to figure it out. I mean, I'm supposed to be the smartest witch of my age, right? Well, right about now, I think most of my brain cells have left me for Neville Longbottom's far more focused mind. Yeah, there's some pieces on the board, some white, some black... a couple of queens shooting dirty looks at each other, then turning to strike daring poses at me.

But Severus is still inside of me, moving gently. How am I supposed to concentrate when every time my mind finally comprehends what I'm looking at, he takes another languid stroke and I find myself back into that lovely place where for once my mind has shut down and there's nothing but him.

Okay, concentrating. Can't feel him, nope, I can't.

Yeah, you just keep telling yourself that, Herms.

If this had been a game of wizard chess it would have been a very sorry sight. What with both queens now vulnerable and just a smattering of pieces on the board...

But it's not wizard chess and just for once I don't have to worry about winning. I'm going to win anyway!

I am winning already.

"Come on, Mione, I'm just warming up!" Sirius says, his voice brimming over with enthusiasm. His overly eager attitude is sort of catchy. I mean, even though I've just said how happy I am here, I suddenly find myself looking for the next thrill.

"Perhaps Miss Granger is quite content where she is, Black. Perhaps she doesn't feel the desire to be shagged by some mutt who's been mating with who-knows-what in the pound." Severus' breath is teasing my ear, lifting strands of hair as he speaks. Now, as tempting as it is to stay here, it's not that easy. I mean, there are two other men in the room, delightfully naked and looking at me like I'm their last supper.

"I haven't had to sink that low," Sirius says, there's a smile on his face, but a dark gleam in his eye. "Pity you can't say the same. I've seen some of the women Voldemort had on offer."

"That-" Severus hisses, grabbing up his wand and directing it straight at Sirius. "That is enough!"

Sirius stands there, stunned for a moment. Then I watch on in horror as he lunges for his own wand, discarded on the floor.

"Padfoot, no." Remus voice is steady and he has hold of Sirius' wrist, halting him before Sirius fingers reach his wand. I can see Remus' muscles bulging in his arm as he struggles at first to stop him, then relax as Sirius gives in.

Gently, not wanting to incite him anymore, I reach back and take hold of Severus' wand hand. It's stays rigid, his hand shaking as his aim stays straight on Sirius.

"Severus, please," I say quietly. Finally his arm wavers, and finally he lets me lower it to the couch.

"You, Black, are very lucky Hermione is here," Severus informs him.

Sirius goes to retort, his mouth moving open, anger flashing in his eyes for a second.

I do the only thing I can think of.

I make my next move.

Goodbye to their queen.

She doesn't go quietly, some not so polite terms that Molly Weasley would have had a hernia over if she'd been here (and thank Merlin she isn't, because I suspect their queen calling ours a whore would be the last of her worries) screamed at our queen as they struggle on the board, but finally, with the spiky heel of her shoe, our queen pummels her into submission.

Sirius and Severus seem to have totally forgotten their argument. Sirius is watching me, a grin plastered on his face as he waits for my decision.

Severus, however, doesn't seem so pleased.

Damn, I'd forgotten about him telling me not to do that, not to take their queen.

So much for calming the situation!

"If you think I'm giving you up to that... that...*him*, you're sorely mistaken, Miss Granger." He words are crisp, restrained with effort. And I'm back to being Miss Granger.

"I'm sure Remus...." I begin, but as I'm looking down at him.

Remus shakes his head slightly, nodding over at Sirius. "I think perhaps a truce is in order," he comments.

Severus growls and lifts me off him, his rigid need slipping from me. Damn. Damn it all!

No, wait. He's not going. Far from it. He's shifting his hips, his cock now resting against the sensitive nerve endings surrounding my rear entrance. Oh gods, he's pushing forward, my body protesting but loving every second of it.

Slowly he lowers me down, the intrusion sending shudders up my spine. "Do not make that mistake again!" he hisses in my ear, but it would appear he's forgiven me. Finally, I come to rest; Severus buried tightly and to the hilt.

"Get on with it, Black. And make it good. I doubt I'll ever be this amiable again."

Sirius grins, steps forward and drops to his knees before me, bringing him face to face with me.

"Don't you worry, Snape. Hermione's going to enjoy every moment of this," Sirius says, running a finger over my lips. It lingers there for a moment, Sirius looking at me in deep contemplation. Well, as deep as it gets for him. Then he leans forward, capturing my mouth with his and kisses me.

Severus has stilled, his hands grazing up my sides, over my ribs, then around to rest on my breasts, lifting them. The sensitive peaks of my nipples burn for his touch. He seems to know what I want; one agile thumb takes up residence on each nipple, rolling them, pinching them just hard enough to make me squirm pleasurably.

I moan against Sirius' kiss. I can't help it. And as my mouth opens he plunges his tongue in, battling with mine, his hands in my hair, pulling me closer. There is nothing but the feeling of Snape inside of me, of his hands on my breasts and Sirius kissing me as if he hasn't kissed anyone in months. Gods!

"Every moment, 'Mione," he whispers against my lips, then I feel his arousal sliding through my folds, teasing my damp skin, sliding over my clit, circling my opening as if he's going to enter me, only to move again.

"Stop pissing around, Black, and get on with it," Severus demands.

"Whatever you say, Snape." And he does. With one thrust he's buried inside of me. I cry out, surprised by his intrusion, surprised at how full I feel, how tight. But also out of pleasure, it is an unbelievable feeling, being shagged by two men. I can feel them through the thin wall that separates them, each one's cock twitching.

Sirius is smart enough at least to let Snape set the pace - slow and languid - Sirius' movements just behind Snape's. With each stroke I can feel the delightful bulge as the head of their cocks pass each other, expanding me just slightly more, but it's enough. It's right at my limit and I'm enjoying every moment of it, just as Sirius promised.

Severus' fingers have left my breasts, taking hold of my hips again to give him more leverage. I'm missing them, they added so nicely to it all.

I open my eyes to find Remus staring not at me, but down at Sirius, a hesitant look on his face. I lean comfortably back against Snape's chest, watching on in wonder for a few moments.

"Go on," I say to him, and he looks up at me, his face flushed. "He'll love it."

And I know Sirius will. I mean, when it comes down to it, Sirius doesn't really seem all that infatuated with me, as such, more of the fact that he enjoys these little challenges. And hey, who can blame him? But I've seen the odd glance he's given Remus. It's a different look.

Sirius gives me a grin. Yep, looks like I was right. But instead of making any moves towards Remus, he picks up his wand and points it at the board. There goes their own knight. And I tell you, their king is not happy about that! He's shaking his fist at Sirius, scowling and throwing a tantrum quite unbecoming royalty. Sirius doesn't seem to care though. He reaches back, one hand on the couch to steady himself, and I can just see him running a hand blindly up Remus' thigh, up and up until he finally reaches his goal. His fingers wrap around the circumference of Remus' cock, sliding slowly from bottom to top, swirling one finger over its head, spreading the salty drops of liquid over his skin, making it glisten.

"Moony, come here." Sirius' voice is deep, his movements inside of me have slowed. And just as I'm about to protest, I find myself sitting there stunned, watching on in awe. Remus did as Sirius asked, moved around to his side. And now I have the perfect view of Sirius taking him into his mouth, of his tongue sliding over him, tasting him.

"Can we leave now?" Severus says disgustedly in my ear.

"Shh!" I hiss at him, my arms reaching back to wrap around his neck as I watch on. His damp hair is beneath my hands and I slip my fingers through the strands, dancing them over the back of his neck. I feel his sharp intake of breath. Who would've thought that would bring such a lovely response?

And slowly Sirius is taking all of Remus into his mouth until he's fully sheathed. Remus groans, his hands reach out, one resting on Sirius' shaggy head, the other on mine,

trying to keep his balance.

I see Sirius swallow, his Adam's apple gliding along his exposed throat. Remus lets out a low moan, his eyes falling shut.

"Sirius," he hisses, "please...please stop. I can't take it."

Sirius makes an amused noise around him, but slowly slides him back out, just leaving the very tip of Remus between his lips.

"Sirius...can I...um...I mean...do you want...." Remus is flushed again, his eyes quickly looking away.

"Please do," Sirius replies, releasing him entirely.

Lupin looks down at him in surprise.

"Isn't this lovely," Snape says drolly. "Will you two just get on with fucking each other? I've had quite enough vomit inducing deplorableness for one day!"

"Severus!" I say, appalled.

"Professor Snape." He's mad. I am so going to make this up to him later. I'll...

I don't know what. He's suddenly taken hold of my hips, thrusting into me roughly. Gods, it's fantastic. His fingers digging into my hips, his cock feels so wonderful as each time he moves he stretches my tight ring of nerve endings that surround him. So damn good...so.....

"Oh, yeah!" Sirius has just thrown his head back, his hips jerk forward, his cock cleaving into me. His pace picks up; he's unrelenting. And I can just make out Remus' passion contorted face behind him.

I'm so close, but I'm holding in there, I want to enjoy this for all it's worth...

Sirius groans, his eyes falling shut. He's losing it, I can see it on his face. It won't be long....

"Not yet, Black." Snape's voice is harsh, cutting. "Not until Miss Granger has come."

Oh dear gods. Why did he have to say that? I can feel myself losing the battle at his words, but it's all over when Remus' arm reaches around Sirius, his fingers stroking at my clit. Severus' hands dig more firmly into my hips, fighting for control as I convulse around him. I force my eyes to stay open, watching them through blurry vision. Sirius groans, his body shaking as he joins me.

Remus isn't far behind. His hands have left me, instead sliding over Sirius' body, over his muscled chest, down his ribs.

And with a feral cry, his hips jerk against Sirius a few times, then he collapses against his back.

Severus is still moving, but lazily again now.

As I regain control of my body, I look back at him, wondering if I missed something. "I'm far from done, Miss Granger," he says, confirming my thoughts. And I'm wondering why he held back. "But that," he says, flicking his wand at the chess table, their king literally rolling over in defeat, "is the end of this bloody game."

"All right, what are you going to make us do?" Sirius asks, sounding just a little worried.

"Do what you like," Severus replies, looking at him scornfully. "Miss Granger and I have our own matters to attend to."

Now that sounds interesting...

AN: Big hugs and sloppy kisses to the fantastic Warty for doing her beta magic :D

Mission: Complete!

Chapter 7 of 7

HG/SS/RL/NT. Let the games continue...

He moved so fast I'm standing here quite disorientated. One moment I'm lounging on him on the couch in Remus' apartment, next thing I know I'm fully dressed, clean knickers and all, in what appears to be a living room. It's dark, dingy and lined with books. It would be his house, I assume. Oh, well done, Herms, fifty points to you. Once again your brain has descended to the incredible intelligence of the combined minds of Crabbe and Goyle.

It's dark, obviously, being night and all (again I'm blaming this highly obvious deduction on the fact that I've just been thoroughly shagged by two delectable men), though there are a few candles flickering on the sparse pieces of wall that aren't covered by shelves of aforementioned books. It's tiny and cramped, but not unexpected. It doesn't look very different from his office at Hogwarts, actually, though there is, thankfully, a distinct lack of miscellaneous objects floating in preserving jars.

His arms are still around me from the Side-Along-Apparition, wrapped around my waist, pulling my back against his chest. I can feel the warmth of his body seeping through my clothes. Something has changed. The dynamics, I mean, this is different. I think I know what it is; his guard seems to have dropped.

"Well, you wanted to know where I lived," he says softly into my hair.

I get the distinct idea he feels as if he's sacrificing something bringing me here. His privacy, perhaps?

I don't know what to say. I mean, it's not exactly the most attractive house I've ever been in, and he seems to know that. It's not the point, though. He's actually opened up and brought me to his home. "Thank you, sir."

He bristles, then relaxes. "Severus," he says against my ear, his fingers stroking my ribs through my clothes, his thumbs just brushing the sides of my breasts.

"Severus," I say, letting his name roll in my mouth. I like it. I like it very much.

He turns me in his arms, one hand resting on my lower back, holding me to him, the other stroking my hair. He's looking at me so intensely I can feel myself begin to squirm under his gaze.

Finally, he gives me a reprieve. His head dips down, his lips softly brushing over mine. It's a soft kiss, almost chaste. What the hell? Where has the man from ten minutes ago gone? The one who sat there, teasing the hell out of me, making me squirm until I thought I'd simply burst, withholding my release. The one who insisted on being called Professor Snape.

He's kissing me like he's never even touched me before.

I can't say I'm not enjoying it, it has merit. As he slowly parts my lips, and dances over them with his tongue, I know it definitely has merit. But still, I can't help but find it rather odd.

He unties my cloak, pushing the velvet from my shoulders and placing it on the sofa.

"Come," he says, taking my hand and leading me towards a door. And so the strangeness continues. I feel myself waiting any moment for him to spring something on me, to find myself bound by my wrists to his bed... or something actually bad. But no, nothing yet.

"Relax, Hermione," he whispers, actually smiling at me as he closes the bedroom door. Okay, so he and Lupin have swapped personalities, that must be it. Polyjuice Potion maybe, I don't know.

He leads me to the bed, laying me down on the bedding. He slides onto the mattress, his head propped up on one hand and stares at me. I really am starting to worry. There's no sneer, no side remarks, he's just watching me.

I'm just about to ask him if I should Owl St Mungos when his fingers reach out and touch my hair. Then his lips are on mine again, kissing me slowly, just like in the sitting room. Soft and sweet, with his hands on my face, in my hair the gentlest of touches. I'm enjoying it, I really am. But I can't stand it I don't know what he's doing, but I'm going to find out.

I pull back from him and stare up at his face. His brow furrows.

"Is there something wrong?" he asks.

"Well," I begin carefully. Carefully? Blow carefully. It's time to be utterly frank with him. "Yes, there is something decidedly wrong. Where is Severus Snape?"

He actually laughs. "I thought you said you wanted romance."

I did?

"In the alley outside Lupin's," he reminds me.

Oh. Yeah. Well, I guess I did. And I'm not totally against the idea, I guess I just didn't actually expect him to carry through with it.

"And trust me, Hermione, sweet and sensual can be even better than quick and dirty."

Oh gods. Okay, I'm sold on the idea.

"Show me," I tell him, my voice carried on my breath alone.

He kisses me once more, softly on the lips, then pulls my hair back from my neck. Gently he teases my skin with his mouth, his overly large nose bumping into my flesh and sending shivers up my spine. Oh, yes....

One hand drops to my waist, teasing at the inch or so of bare skin between my top and my skirt. I can already feel myself growing wet, my skin quivering under his touch. His fingers trace along my skin, so softly I can barely feel him, but I can certainly feel the way my body is reacting.

Slowly, agonisingly slowly, his hand slides under my top, stroking my belly, teasing my ribs.

I sigh happily, tangling my fingers in his hair, tugging gently at the strands to try and let him know how much I'm enjoying this; words seem to have left me.

His lips move over my collar bone, tracing damp trails over my skin, while his hands drop down to the hem of my top. Slowly sliding the fabric up, over my breasts, he pauses as it pools below my arms to move up and kiss my mouth again, again slowly, passionately. One strong arm lifts me barely off the bed. I slide my arms from the garment, and as he lifts it over my head my skin is delighted by the warm air drifting over it.

His mouth leaves mine again, gliding down my neck, over my upper chest and he slides slightly down the mattress. His fingers tease at the bare skin just above the sides of my bra, his tongue traces along the flesh along the top. He leans over, his fingers lightly grasping his wand, and with one small swoop I feel the clasp at the back of my bra slide loose. His fingers glide under the loosened fabric, drawing along my breasts, but not quite touching my nipples. I literally ache for more. Rolling my shoulders back into the bed, pushing my chest towards him I try to let him know. He seems to understand; he slides the bra down my shoulders, kissing my skin as the straps are moved, all the way down one arm until his lips place a soft kiss on the back of one hand. He moves across and does the same to the other arm, looking up at me, watching my reaction. I lift my fingers, gently tracing the line of his cheekbone, pushing a few loose strands of hair back behind his ear.

"Gods, Hermione," he whispers, his eyes still locked on mine. "You have no idea how beautiful you look."

I manage a tiny whimper in reply. His fingers lace through mine, his mouth coming down on my chest. He kisses my skin at first, then one nipple. It's not enough! Oh, yesss.... He draws my nipple into his mouth, sucking gently, swirling his tongue over it. My fingers clench around his, a low groan escaping me. I feel his mouth form a smile against my skin.

The other breast is shown the same treatment, his fingers gliding over the first as his mouth lavishes attention on the second. I feel like I'm floating, floating in a delightful sea of nothingness, nothing but him.

Slowly he slides further down my body and I can feel the firm length of his erection pressing against my thigh as he moves. Further down, further down.... He's kissing his way down my stomach, pulling the waistband of my skirt as he moves until he's kneeling between my feet. The fabric glides over my skin, teasing me, putting me more on edge before finally he's pulled it free of my ankles and discarded my skirt on the floor.

His hands slide over my calves, giving me a hungry grin. He bends down, starting at my knees, kissing his way up my thighs, taking each leg in turn. My body is literally trembling as he places one soft kiss against the fabric of my knickers, his warm breath penetrating the material and sending a heat wave to my core.

"Please," I implore, my fingers clutching desperately at the sheets.

He growls in reply. His fingers trace around the outer edge of my knickers, over the tops of my thighs, across my abdomen, making my muscles contract. With his long fingers he pulls at the elastic, slipping them down ever so slowly, his eyes on mine, watching me, dark and full of passion.

His fingers slide back up my inner thighs, pausing a moment or two before touching the outer skin of my folds. Merlin, I'm on fire. His touch is so soft it's barely there, but it

is most definitely there all the same. His finger slips along the moist parting, lightly, not touching me any deeper, ending with the lightest of brushes over my clit. My hips jump off the bed of their own accord.

He looks at me again, his eyes not leaving mine as his hands slide to the dips at the top of my thighs. His fingers splay across my hips, his thumbs softly pulling my folds apart. I watch on in awe at his dark eyes as he head dips down, kissing the sensitive skin around my opening, kissing my clit. His breath is hot, his lips soft, but nothing compares to the silkiness of his tongue as it slides around me, tracing the folds of my skin then just touching my clit. My hips move again, trying to arch off the bed, but his fingers hold me still, pressing into my waist.

"Severus," I moan.

And his mouth is on me, his tongue flicking over my clit, his thumbs sliding across my skin, just barely delving inside of me. I'm beside myself, the moans tear from me, my head tilts back, my chest rises from the bed.

He presses on, never relenting from his slow, steady torture. He moves his hands again, one long finger sliding inside of me, curved forwards pressing at my inner wall. And then he hits it, that ultra sensitive spot, and he knows it. Firm strokes continue until I can feel it washing over me, my orgasm from my toes to my head, clenching my muscles around that finger, clutching desperately at the sheets.

"Oh, yes, Hermione," he breathes against my damp skin. "You have no idea what that does to me."

What it does to him? I'm a quivering mess!

He moves back up me, his body on mine, holding most of his weight on his elbows. His face is mere inches from mine, his dark eyes looking intensely at mine. And then he kisses me again. I can taste myself on him and it's oddly arousing.

However, if this has all changed as he's claimed, it's time I got away with asserting a little dominance myself. He's still fully dressed and that doesn't really seem fair.

I place my hands on his chest, pushing gently at him. He lifts his head and quirks an eyebrow at me. With a little more persuasion I manage to roll him over, straddling his hips until he's under me. Merlin, I can feel his erection pressing against me through his trousers. I roll my hips against him, thrilled at the feel of the coarse material against my bare skin. I'm going to leave marks on his trousers. I don't care.

He's looking at me with a slightly confused smile.

"My turn," I explain, reaching forward and unbuttoning his shirt.

"Hermione" he begins to protest.

I don't give him the chance. "No, it's my turn."

"That is not necessary."

"Oh, but it is," I reply. He isn't going to get away with it this time. It's about time Severus Snape was made to squirm and beg.

His shirt comes undone, and I run my fingers over his skin. His chest is warm, slightly damp beneath my fingers, the smattering of hair coarse against his smooth, pale skin. My fingers trail down his ribs, across his abdomen, drawing a line down the hair that disappears beneath his trousers.

He sucks in a quick breath, his skin rippling beneath my fingers.

Bending down, I smatter kisses across his chest, my fingers working at his belt buckle.

Pulling his belt loose, I unclasp his pants, slowly sliding down the zip, relishing the feel of his cock pressing hard against his trousers, against the backs of my fingers.

He moans as I push his pants down to his knees, my fingers brushing the hair on his legs. Sliding down between his feet, I push the garment down to his ankles. He lays before me now, boxer shorts tented, shirt open, eyes half lidded. This vision of Severus Snape is the most erotic thing I have ever had the fortune to enjoy.

And my self-consciousness is ruining it all. He's staring up at me with those dark eyes, waiting for me to make my move. I'm the one who wanted to be his equal, and now I have the task of living up to that desire.

"Hermione," he says, his voice husky, "you don't have to...."

That's what I needed his doubt in my abilities is what draws me from my contemplation.

I give him a wicked grin, and tug his underwear down his legs and off. He lies before me now, completely naked save the open shirt. His erection juts out at me, tempting me....

Slowly, I bend forward. I take one tentative lick at the silky soft flesh at the tip of his cock. It jumps in response, punctuated by a long hiss of breath from Severus. So far, so good.

I close my lips around him, swirling my tongue over the head, delighted by the way his hips keep rolling on the bed. Emboldened, I sink forward, taking as much of him into my mouth as I can. I'm not willing to try any more right now gagging probably wouldn't be very attractive! I start up a languid pace, exploring the pulsing veins and ridges as I go. My fingers work up his legs until finally they're teasing his balls, stroking gently along with my mouth.

"Hermione," he says so quietly I'm not sure I've even heard him. "Please...I can't take this..." And now Snape's the one begging for reprieve.

Snape is begging for reprieve! From me!

Oh, now this is one for the record books; *Hogwarts: A History*, it is possible to make Snape beg!

Ah, but as sweet as torturing him is, I can't resist that look on his face now, those dark eyes looking down at me filled with lust and desire. With one last swirl of my tongue I slide from him, resting back on my haunches.

He's on me in a second, lowering me to the bed, pinning me with his weight, capturing my mouth with his. His tongue demands entry, and I more than willingly give in to his request.

While his mouth works wonders on mine, I take some time to appreciate the feel of his body lying naked against mine. His skin is heated, firm, and slightly damp. His hands stroke my face, forearms pinning my shoulders to the bed. His erection presses into my thigh, his hips rolling against mine.

"So beautiful, Hermione," he murmurs against my lips.

His hips rise from the bed, repositioning himself between my legs. His erection presses against me, the heated, silken skin teasing at my sensitive spots. Then, reaching down between us, he takes himself in hand and slowly guides himself in.

Oh my.

Every nerve ending tingles, and I feel so full.

"Severus." His name leaves as a whisper from my lips, my head falling back on the pillow as I revel in the thrill wracking through my body.

He kisses my neck, inhaling deeply, the rush of air tickling my skin. This is too much but so good all at once.

Slowly he begins to move, sliding languidly from me, pushing gently back in. His slow pace allows me to feel every inch of him, every ridge, every pulsing vein. He was right, oh so right, sweet and sensual can be even better than quick and dirty.

I can feel my orgasm building as he continues to move. I'm not far now...not far at all....

He has pulled his head back from my neck to watch me. Framed by his dark hair, the harsh lines so often visible on his face have vanished. This Severus looks completely content, completely at ease. His eyes, though, are smouldering, heating my very core as he watches on. He is looking at me so intensely, as if he can read my mind.... I'm so close, Severus, so close...

"Severus." I don't scream his name, I murmur it against his skin as my muscles convulse, tightening around him, drawing him in deeper.

"Oh, Merlin. Hermione," my name is a whimper from his mouth, reverberating against my lips. I feel his body tense, feel him stiffen inside of me as he joins me.

Lying here afterwards he strokes my hair, nuzzles at my neck. I feel so relaxed, so at home with him.

"You know, I meant it," he says quietly against my skin.

"Meant what?" I ask through the fuzzy haze that has enveloped my mind.

He mutters something so softly I can't hear him.

"Sorry?"

He pauses for a moment, before lifting his head and looking right into my eyes.

"I... I do love you."

The End

A/N: Massive thanks to my wonderful beta, Warty *smooch*

And thanks to all those who have reviewed in the past and waited patiently (and not so patiently!) for me to get my backside into gear and finish this!