

# In Vino Veritas

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Written for the OWL Truthsayer Challenge. What happens when the Weasley Twins use a night out as an opportunity to try out a developing product ? and its strange affect on certain people.

## In Wine (There is) Truth

Chapter 1 of 1

Written for the OWL Truthsayer Challenge. What happens when the Weasley Twins use a night out as an opportunity to try out a developing product ? and its strange affect on certain people.

I should've known better.

Never, ever take anything from one of the Weasley twins; it was a creed I developed during my first year at Hogwarts, and it has always served me well. Fred and George are notorious for their interesting ingredient combinations, and for causing a stir usually by transforming, in some manner, the person stupid enough to ingest one of their concoctions.

Normally, I'm not that stupid. I avoid anything those rotters give me like the plague as Moody always coaches, *constant vigilance*, and with those two, it's not only a mantra, it's a way of life. Bastards.

You might ask how I could've failed to protect myself, after all these years. All I can say is there were mitigating circumstances.

Harry, Ron, and I have a long-standing tradition of meeting at the Leaky Cauldron once a month and getting utterly pissed. Okay, normally Harry and Ron get utterly pissed, and I make sure they don't Splinch themselves on the way home, but it isn't as if I'm a teetotaler I've been known to down a few shots of strong alcohol myself on occasion.

After the hellacious week I had, I was planning on a good old-fashioned Ogden's fest. You'd think after surviving Voldemort the rest of my life would be easy peasy. Unfortunately, I just had to work for the Ministry of Magic, an imprudent decision if ever there was one. Oh, I suppose there are *some* positions that wouldn't give me such a headache the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, where Harry works, or Ron's area, the Department of Magical Games and Sports, which is another headache all together but I had to go and be an under secretary to the Minister of Magic. In case you're wondering what sort of Hell I'm in, I work with Percy enough said.

I arrived late, as usual Percy at his finest only to notice we had quite a group with us tonight. Someone had pulled four of the tables together so we could all sit comfortably. Fred and George sat at the end, the very image of Ducal Lordlings before an audience of peasants. Arranged around them were our friends from school and the disbanded Order of the Phoenix in various stages of conversation.

I squeezed into a spot between Harry and Tonks, pinching Harry in the ribs as I told him to "budge over." I'm a creature of habit; I always sit beside Harry well, normally between Harry and Ron, but Ron was well on his way towards being slobbering drunk, and I didn't want him falling all over me, not in the mood I was in. As soon as I sat down, Harry waved over the server, who thrust a full glass of Firewhisky into my hands. It didn't stay full for long.

I was on my third before I felt normal enough to listen to the chatter all around me. Harry was on another woman tangent, bemoaning the fact that he was single, yet again. See, women and Harry don't mix well. Most women only want to be with Harry because of who he is, the whole being attached to someone famous mystique; most of them

don't even get to know the *real* Harry Potter a shame really, 'cause Harry's a dear.

Sometimes I wonder if Harry really is even attracted to women. Oh, he goes through the motions, but honestly, he turns into this strange, unconfident creature that I'd seriously want to slap if he wasn't my best friend. Sometimes, when we're pissed, I swear he's checking out other men but it only happens occasionally, so I'm probably mistaken about that.

Out of the corner of my eye, I watched Fred saunter over to the bar for another round. Tom loaded up a tray for him, and I watched as he made his way back to our table. I swear he never touched a single glass, other than to pass them round. I suppose I might've missed something; I did get a tad distracted when he leaned between Harry and me to pass out the drinks, but it was only for a second. I mean, what girl wouldn't get distracted by the feel of a hard, lean body pressing against hers? Still, Fred might be a joker and able to pull one over on most people, but he's pants at sleight of hand, and I did not see him put anything into my glass.

I mumbled a, "Thanks, mate," as he handed me a glass, and took a long drink. My body felt flushed, and I know I had a blush creeping up my cheeks. I deliberately turned to Tonks, who had just asked what we thought she should do for Remus' birthday.

"Why not be experimental with him?" I said, shifting in my seat. I could feel Fred's body beside me, his body heat seeping into mine, as he leaned over to pass a drink over to Tonks.

"Ta, Fred, none for me." She waved the drink away and turned back to me. "Experimental how?" she asked, narrowing her eyes.

"Yeah, Hermione," Fred whispered in my ear, sending strange tingles down my back, "experimental, how? I bet you've loads of ideas."

I shrugged, ignoring Fred. "You're the Metamorphagus; you should be an old hand at it."

"What?" she asked, sounding aghast. "You mean like changing into someone else?"

"You'd give him a right shagging," Neville blurted out from across the table, looking a tad bit blurry.

"Why not?" I asked over the rim of my cup before taking a drink of whisky. It burned down my throat pleasantly as I watched her reaction. She looked thoughtful for a moment, before shaking her head.

"I don't think he'd go for it," Tonks sighed, twitching up her nose. "Remus is a dear, but he's not very adventurous."

"You talk as if he's the one prompting everything. You know you can be adventurous and drag him along. Never know, he might actually enjoy it." I drained the last of the Firewhisky in my glass and somehow found myself with another.

"I'll think about it," she said before pushing her chair back. I tried not to grimace in pain as she stepped on my foot. "All right, lads, it's time for me to dash off."

"Oi, Tonks," George yelled, "leaving now?" I'm not sure if it was my imagination or not, but it looked as if he and Fred shared a strange look.

"Have to, mate. I'm in the mood for a shag, and I can't get that here." She blushed brightly at the words coming out of her mouth and gave a strangled little embarrassed cough. With a quick, "Night," she scrunched up her nose and was gone with a slight 'pop.'

"S nuffing wrong wis yous, mate," I heard Ron say to Harry, patting him awkwardly on the shoulder. Ron was well on his way to being utterly pissed and it seemed like I just arrived. Harry was looking a little bleary eyed, as well.

Have I mentioned what a horrible drunk Harry is? He has two different moods when drunk, unlike Ron, who is one of those cheery, randy drunks, or Neville, who turns into a funny, befuddled drunk. Either Harry becomes the life of the party, or he turns morosely internal. Tonight was one of those internal nights.

As I had mentioned earlier, Harry was on one of those being single tangents. I've tried to set him up in the past, and Ron has tried to as well, but Harry never takes to any of them. His longest relationship with any woman, other than me, was with Ginny, and believe me, it was in no way normal. I had to listen to Ginny complain about his lack of interest in certain areas. Harry and sex talk about uncomfortable. Actually, the thought of either Harry or Ron ever having sex was more than just uncomfortable; it was like thinking of McGonagall having sex or worse Hagrid having sex.

Anyway, Harry was on again about how he couldn't seem to meet the right one. Honestly, is there any such thing as the right one? Most of us are just lucky if we can find someone we don't want to gnaw our arm off to get away from the next morning.

Harry just had to ask what I think.

I'm not sure if I tried to stop the words or not; in the past I had always bit my tongue and refused to say anything. Tonight though, my tongue seemed to have a mind of its own everything came pouring out.

"Harry, I think women are a lost cause for you. I mean seriously, do you even find women attractive?"

He shrugged and said, "Sometimes."

I snorted. "Sometimes? Oh, please, I've never, ever seen you act like Ron."

"Eh? Wats wrong wis me?" Ron slobbered.

"You're disgusting, Ron. I swear most of the time I doubt you even realize women are wearing clothing."

"Ron's...Ron," Harry said lamely.

"Yes, but even other men act like Ron occasionally around women. You do not. You don't ogle, you don't pinch, and you don't try to chat one up. The only time I ever notice you staring at a person in a sexual manner is when you're pissed and ogling some bloke. I mean seriously, Harry, you just need to get over it all and find a nice arse to shag." I clasped a hand over my mouth and stared at the traitorous cup in my hand. I was feeling pleasant, but I hadn't had enough to be so bluntly honest at least not yet.

Of course, Fred and George were sitting at the other end of the table guffawing like lunatics.

"Feeling a little," Fred started.

"Truthful tonight?" George finished.

I glared at them. "What did you do?"

"Us?" George asked, trying to look innocent.

"Why would you suspect us?" Fred asked with a small smile.

"Oi, Hermi...Hermi...," Ron slurred, "Hermione, thas bit harsh. Harry'sss no sshirty lifter. Was wrong wit yous?" He shifted in his seat and leaned closer to Harry. "Nore, her mate, mussbe time of month."

"You bloody prat," I spat out, unable to help myself. "Just because a woman says something you don't agree with does not mean it's her time of the month. Although, with the rot you're dribbling from that mouth, I'm not surprised you find yourself perpetually surrounded by women in a bad mood."

"Jis yous," he muttered, turning red. "I's no problems wis any woman, jis yous. Sstroppy cows." He took a swig of the drink in front of him, smacking his lips as he set it down on the table with a hard clink. "Know was yous problems, Hemny...Hermione? Yous need a tuppin'." He leaned over Harry and pointed a finger at me. "Thas right, yous need good swive or twos. 'Haps if yous hass some, yous be nicer."

"You're drunk, Ron," I hissed, pushing him away. Harry sat still between us, and I looked up into his face. He was staring down at the cup clenched tightly in his right hand. His face had lost all color, and his green eyes had a haunted look in them.

"Harry," I said softly, putting my hand on his arm. He turned his bleak expression towards me.

"I am not a freak," he whispered softly. He looked so lost.

"Harry," I said again, past the lump in my throat. "There isn't anything wrong with it. You're still you, whether you want girls or not."

He shook his head as if trying to clear it, then dropped it on my shoulder. "I'm not a freak," he whispered against my ear. "I don't want to be a freak."

"Harry James Potter," I said sharply. Everyone at the table turned to look at me, but I forged on. "You are not a freak. There is nothing remotely wrong with you."

"Is too," he said in a small voice.

I pushed his head off my shoulder, twisted in the chair, and grabbed his face, pulling him up by the chin. Looking him right in the eyes, I said, "No, you are not. You are Harry Potter, my best friend; always have been. And if you like men," I shrugged my shoulders. "Then you like men. There's nothing wrong with that. It's when you try to force yourself to be something you're not, that there's a problem."

"Wats?" Ron exclaimed loudly. "Harryss a poofter?" I watched Harry flinch slightly at the name.

"Shut it, Ron," I said harshly, looking at him over Harry's shoulder.

"Nos," he grunted. "Is alls right, mate," he slurred patting Harry awkwardly on the back. "'Sides, womens are trouble. Jis looks Herminy...Hermione, right nightmare, she is." I glared at the prat.

"I just don't want to be alone anymore," Harry said weakly, crossing his arms on the table and dropping his forehead on top of them. "Everyone's got someone else, yet I'm alone."

"Don't worry, Harry," George yelled across the table. "Longbottom's available, aren't you, Neville?"

"Am," Neville hiccupped, "not."

"You're not?" asked Fred. "Who's the bloke you're shagging?" Neville mumbled something I couldn't hear. "What's that?" Fred prompted.

"Luna," he croaked out, flushing brightly. "Been seeing her for a bit."

"Luna," Ron gasped, sounding a tad bit sober now. "My Luna, Luna?"

"She's not *your* Luna," Neville squeaked. "She's not your anything, not since you've been off with that Wendy bird. Besides, she says you're quits."

"You're seeing Luna?" Fred asked gleefully. "But what happened to Ernie?"

"Said I was boring. Went on and on about how staid and normal I was, and how he expected more flash from me." Neville sighed. "Luna says he was expecting more excitement since I was friends with all of you."

"But, Luna's a girl..." George prompted.

"See how pathetic I am?" Harry whined. "Even Neville's got someone."

"S my Luna," Ron muttered.

"Stop it!" I yelled at them all. They were getting on my nerves, and my head was pounding. They all stopped talking and turned towards me.

"What did you two do, Fred?" I asked, narrowing my eyes.

"What? What makes you think we did anything?" George smugly asked.

I pushed back my chair and walked around the table until I was nose to nose with George.

"Because I know you," I hissed, poking him in the chest. "So tell me what you two have done."

"Oi, Hermione..." Fred said lamely.

I whirled around to face him. "Don't you 'Oi, Hermione' me, Fred Oliver Weasley. I want to know what you two did, and I want to know now."

"Oh, dear," George laughed. "She's using middle names; perhaps we should be scared."

"Mmm...George," Harry said hesitantly. "You might not want to do that... Hermione's... ah, well...You get her mad and you'll see..."

"S right nightmare," Ron helpfully supplied.

I glared at them both. Harry shrugged and Ron turned to Neville presumably to talk about Luna again. Conversation started around the table again, and I was left to deal with the two foolish arses.

"I'm shaking in me boots," George chuckled.

"It was just an experiment..." Fred said tentatively, avoiding my eyes as I looked at him over my shoulder.

"Fred!" George barked.

"Let him speak," I hissed, slapping him on the back of his head.

"We... ah, well, mmm..."

"Tell me, Hermione." George interrupted Fred's stuttering speech. "Is it the fact that we're using our friends to test our new product, or the fact that we actually slipped

something to you for a change that has you so angry right now?"

"Yes, I'm angry you're using us to test your new product," I said in a sulky tone.

"That's not what I asked, Hermione." He grabbed my hand and tugged me down so I was practically sitting on his lap. "You're more angry over the fact we were able to give you our little pill than you are over us giving it to anyone else, aren't you?"

I could feel the strength of his thighs under my lap, his muscles tense as I shifted in my seat while I pondered his question. I wanted to say that I was angry they were giving anything to anyone period, but the truth was, I was more angry over the fact that they were experimenting on me than anything else. To my chagrin, I heard myself say, "Yes," to George's question.

"Now, that wasn't so hard, was it?" he asked close to my ear.

I squirmed in my seat. "No, it's not very hard," I muttered to myself. Oh, God, where did that come from? I bolted out of his lap and backed away from him. "That still doesn't tell me what it was you two gave me to us," I said quickly.

"Nothing dangerous, Hermione," Fred said, reaching for my hand. I twisted away from his touch. I needed to think, and I wouldn't be able to if he were to touch me. He gave me a hurt look. "It's just a truth or dare game pill a modified form of Veritaserum we've been working on "

I gasped loudly. "You gave us Veritaserum?"

"Shush," George whispered. "There's no need to be bandying that around just yet. It's just something experimental."

"Yeah, it's such a small amount that it doesn't work on everyone," Fred offered. "It took three doses before it seemed to have any affect on you."

"You gave me three doses?" I was stunned; they spiked my drink three times, and I didn't notice? "Three doses?" I squeaked. "I can't believe you gave me three doses!"

"Technically it was only two, but you drank Tonk's drink as well, so..." Fred trailed off.

"I can't believe you two. I just can't... Do you have any idea what you've done? I'm done." I was seething. "I've had enough of you you Weasleys. I can't believe you two! I can't believe how idiotic you both are!" I walked around the table and touched Harry on the shoulder. "I'm leaving. Do you need me to arrange rooms with Tom for you and Ron tonight before I go?"

"You're leaving? You just got here..."

"I've had enough *celebrating* tonight, and I've a headache."

"Will you... do you want me to..."

"No, Harry, you and Ron stay." I kissed his cheek. "Try not to drink everyone under the table, and stay in one of the rooms upstairs instead of heading home." I walked towards the back of the Leaky Cauldron to the entrance of Diagon Alley.

"Hermione," George called out just as I reached the doorway.

"Bugger off, George James Weasley!" I yelled before walking into the back. I poked the bricks with my wand, messing up the pattern in my haste to leave them all behind. Gritting my teeth, I tried again, pleased when the bricks shifted to reveal the archway.

I hadn't walked far before I realized I was being followed by the arseholes. I could hear them walking behind me, whispering to one another. I whirled around, still angry over the whole episode at the Leaky.

"Why are you two following me? I thought I made it clear that I don't want to see either of you right now, not for a long time. It's one thing to use willing participants as your guinea pigs, but quite another to slip something in an unsuspecting person's drink."

"Aw, Hermione, we're sorry," Fred said, hanging his head down. "We didn't mean any harm."

"Didn't mean any harm!" I spluttered. "I suppose the fact that you *didn't mean any harm* makes up for what you did? Do you have any idea the sort of danger you put me...all of us in? What if your little experimental Veritaserum pill reacted badly with the alcohol?" I moved over to Fred and poked him in the chest with my index finger. "What would you have done if it had made someone seriously ill? Veritaserum is restricted for a lot of reasons; just because the two of you decide to play around with the ingredients to create a 'play' drug doesn't mean it won't react in the same manner as the original formula."

George snorted, and I turned to him.

"Oh, yes," I said scathingly. "It's all a big joke to you two, isn't it? Do you realize what you've done? You've stripped us of our defenses we were being brutally honest with one another, compelled to tell the truth by your little experiment, and brutal honesty is hurtful." George and Fred exchanged a look, and Fred shrugged his shoulders.

"Why am I even bothering with you?" I huffed. "You have no remorse; it's all a game to you." I walked down the uneven cobble path to my flat in Diagon Alley, wanting to be as far away from the two of them as possible. My head was pounding, a byproduct of too much alcohol and quite possibly a side effect of the little truth or dare pill those bloody prats had developed.

I stumbled on the path, and suddenly Fred was there, gripping my arm and pulling me close to his body. I grabbed at his robe as I struggled to regain my balance. He smelled so good.

"You are so pretty," he whispered.

I snorted. "Yeah, right." I put a hand on his chest to push him away.

"What? You don't think I'm serious?" he asked, leaning closer close enough I could almost see his eyes in the darkness. He pushed a strand of my hair behind my right ear. "I think you're quite lovely."

Before I could protest, his mouth was on mine. His lips were soft, and he tasted faintly of alcohol. My stomach fluttered, and I heard a soft moan it was mine.

"As much as I enjoy watching you two, I do think I should get a taste of those lips, as well," George's voice said from behind me. I broke from the kiss, startled. I had honestly forgotten George was there for a moment.

He pulled me from Fred, and suddenly his lips were on mine. It wasn't the soft, slow kiss I had gotten from Fred; this one was a deep, commanding kiss. His tongue slid into my mouth, and I felt my knees go weak. As suddenly as it began, it was over, and I was left panting.

I backed away from the both, until I felt the wall behind me. "What... why?" I gasped.

"You want both of us," George said. It was a statement, not a question. I shook my head. George grasped my chin and stared into my eyes. "You want both of us, don't you, Hermione?"

My mouth felt dry and I licked my lips. I trembled and felt heat curling deep between my legs. My breasts tingled, and all I could think about was how much I wanted to feel his mouth on mine again. George's gaze drifted to my mouth, and I felt my pulse flutter.

"Yes," I whispered softly, unable to stop myself from answering. As much as I wanted to, I couldn't deny that I wanted them both together as shocking as that thought seemed to be.

"It's all right, Hermione," Fred said softly, drawing my gaze. He reached for my hand. "Let's get you home, and we can finish this... conversation there."

He pulled me down the street to the business building my small flat was over. I could feel George's eyes on my body as we climbed the stairs. I fumbled with the warding locks, my hands shaking, and my mind whirling.

As soon as the door was open, George pushed me against Fred, his mouth on mine in a bruising kiss. I could feel the full length of Fred's body behind me, his obvious erection pushing against my arse as George's tongue slid into my mouth. I moaned loudly.

I felt fingers kneading my breasts, pulling and pinching my nipples through the fabric of my robe and bra. I gasped out, breaking from the kiss. I dropped my head to George's shoulder, and in a panting breath I asked, "Is this happening?"

"Do you want us to stop?" Fred asked.

"No," I said softly. "I've imagined this too much to want to stop."

"Our Hermione's a naughty girl," George said to no one in particular.

"You know what we do with naughty little girls, don't you?" Fred asked me with a slight growl.

"No, I don't," I whispered.

"Do you want us to show you, Hermione?"

Fred's mouth slowly sucked on my right ear, and my knees gave out. I moaned in response. "Hermione?" Fred whispered against my wet ear. "Do you want us to continue?"

"Please," I moaned out, "don't stop. I couldn't stand it if you stopped."

I watched as George slowly undressed, his long, pale fingers working the buttons of his simple cotton shirt, revealing a muscled chest with an expanse of red chest hair. Fred pinched my nipples, and I closed my eyes in pleasure, missing the moment when George unbuttoned his trousers, but I watched, entranced, as he pushed them down his hips. I watched in fascination as his cock sprang free of its confinement, uttering a small moan of pleasure as heat rushed between my legs. He was a stunning man. Long and lean, muscular with tapered hips, a smattering of red hair everywhere, and a beautiful, jutting erection.

My breath caught in my throat. I tried to swallow and my body flushed with heat. I was more aroused than I'd ever been before. He reached for my hands and tugged me to him. His mouth was softer this time, and my mouth opened under the tender onslaught of his kiss. Behind me, I could hear Fred removing his clothing, and I wondered if he, too, was as beautifully put together as his twin.

"You're wearing far too many clothes," Fred whispered in a husky voice, pulling me from George.

"Far too many," George agreed, reaching forward to unbutton my robe.

The material pooled at my hips where Fred gripped them. I felt his hand slide up my back, his fingers working at the clasp of my bra while George stared at me. He reached forward and pulled the straps of my loose bra down my arms. Nervously, I slid my arms free and watched as he tossed it over his shoulder. I felt the faint brush of Fred's fingers inching up my rib cage until he could cup my breasts from behind.

"Beautiful," George whispered approvingly. He ran a finger down the front of my chest, and I felt Fred lift my right breast up, offering it to him. I watched in disbelief as George bent his head down and slowly sucked the hardened nipple into his mouth. I gasped in pleasure as he closed his teeth over it, nipping it gently as he suckled.

"So responsive," Fred muttered behind me, his fingers teasing the taut nipple of my left breast. He started kissing my neck as George turned his attention to my other breast, their hands moving over my flushed flesh.

Over and over again, George would move between each breast, sucking each of them in turn until my nipples were hard, aching points covered with his saliva. Fred started massaging my shoulder. I leaned back into him, enjoying the feel of his body against mine as his strong, deft hands worked my body. He kissed the back of my neck, moving his lips slowly around my left shoulder as if he knew where each one of my sensitive spots was located.

"Touch me," George ordered, lifting his head from my breast. I felt completely dazed. I was turned on, as much by my own shamelessness as by what they were doing to me.

"Touch him, Hermione," Fred whispered against my ear.

My hands shook as I reached for George; his chest was warm under my hands, and his chest hair tickled. I felt so unsure of myself as I let my hands move downward. He groaned as I cupped him, pressing his hard cock against the palm of my hand. Behind me, Fred gripped my sides tightly and flexed his hips, grinding his erection into the cleft of my knicker-clad arse.

Suddenly I felt Fred slide down to the floor, his fingers hooking the elastic waistband of my knickers. He pulled them down over my hips until they dropped to the floor.

"You're gorgeous," George said, running an appreciative eye down my exposed body. I snorted in response; I know what I look like, and gorgeous is not it. George grabbed my chin and forced me to look at him. "You are gorgeous, Hermione, never doubt it," he said with a firmness that made my insides melt.

Fred ran a hand up the inside of my thigh, just brushing the outer part of my vulva. I could feel desire flood through me and felt myself grow damp with need. I was almost embarrassed by my ragged breathing, moaning loudly each time one of them would touch my aroused flesh.

I was so excited I could barely think. I couldn't believe their ease with one another in this situation couldn't believe the way they touched my body, as if I were something precious. It was a powerful feeling, one I'd never experienced before, except in my darkest fantasies.

Fred grabbed my hand and pulled me down to the floor. As I sank to my knees, he kissed me again, his body pushing me down until I was flat on my back. He kissed his way down my body in an unhurried fashion, and George knelt down beside me.

I gasped out as Fred's hands pushed my thighs apart, bringing his face in close to nuzzle my vulva. I was self-conscious, on the verge of pushing him from me when he parted my outer lips with his tongue. I groaned, arching my hips up.

"You like that, don't you?" George whispered as his fingers slowly teased my nipples. "You like the feel of his tongue on your clit, like the way he slides his fingers into your wet cunt as he nibbles at you, don't you?"

"Yes," I cried out, compelled even in this situation to answer their questions truthfully. There should be a law against the torture they were putting me through. No matter how much I preferred not to say anything, I was forced to answer every question even in this unreal situation. "Yes," I groaned out again. "I love the feel of his tongue on

my clit, and while his fingers are nice, I want him to fuck me."

I could feel Fred's tongue slowly circle around my clit, mimicking the deliciously dirty words George whispered against my ear. I looked down the length of my body, seeing George's hands tease my breasts, and Fred's head between my legs. George sat up, adjusting his position, and tilted my head so that he could slide his hard cock over my lips.

"Suck it," he murmured huskily.

I gingerly touched its tip with my tongue, then slowly encircled it with my lips, and he let out an appreciative groan. Fred made an enthusiastic noise, roughly thrusting his fingers into me. It was obvious that the sight of George's cock in my mouth excited him.

George pushed himself further into my mouth and moaned, "So good." He lightly touched the sides of my face, running his fingers through my hair as his cock slid in and out of my mouth. I let my hand slide up his thigh, my fingers cupping his sack as I swirled my tongue around his cock. I tried to concentrate on the feel of his cock sliding in and out of my mouth, but Fred did something completely distracting. Parting my labia, his tongue stroked my clit just before he sucked on it. The sensation was more intense than I expected. I gasped in surprise as an orgasm coursed through me, and my body went utterly still; I was unable to think or move, my whole body consumed by pleasure.

As I rode out the orgasm, his tongue moved with slow, exquisite languor. I spread my hips as wide apart as I could, arching them up against his mouth, but Fred taunted me by not touching me except with his tongue. I whimpered around George's cock, sucking him as deeply as possible. The sound that ripped from him was almost a growl, as he came with an entirely masculine grunt, flooding my mouth, almost choking me.

Pulling away from me, George handed me a cloth, and I discretely spit what I could of his semen out. Fred pulled away then too, and I groaned in disappointment. He pulled a shirt from the floor and wiped his face, then leaned down to kiss me.

The room was silent as they clasped their hands together in a quick movement; George had retrieved a condom from somewhere and handed it to Fred. I watched with rapid interest as Fred tried to roll the condom over his cock.

"Fuck," he said as it broke and I had to stifle a laugh. I found it ironic that he was as human as I was in this moment when both he and George seemed so infallible. I felt a powerful sense of satisfaction in that moment. It was almost as if I were a femme fatale; he was as unsure and as needy as I felt, and it was liberating.

"Try not to break this one," George said with a smirk, throwing another condom foil at him. This time, instead of watching Fred put the condom on, I found myself kissing George. His chest hair tickled my nipples as he leaned over to kiss me, his tongue teasing the seam of my lips until I parted them.

Pushing George off me, Fred parted my thighs, settling himself between them. He rubbed the head of his cock across my clit, teasing me with it as he watched my face. I rotated my hips, urging him to thrust into me, but he leaned over me with a smile and took my right nipple between his lips.

"Please, Fred," I urged, running my hands down his back. He simply nestled his bristly cheek against the nape of my neck, slowly kissing his way upward. I dug my heels into the floor and arched upward, wanting to feel him inside of me.

"Impatient hussy," George said with a chuckle behind me. "Best get to it, Fred."

"Bugger off," Fred mumbled into the nape of my neck. His five o'clock shadow rubbed against the tender skin of my jaw as he kissed his way up to my mouth. Placing a soft kiss to my lips, he pushed fully inside of me with a quick thrust. I gasped into his mouth at the invasion, digging my nails into his arse. As he started thrusting into me with a slow, even rhythm, I hooked my ankles around his back and moved with him.

I could feel George's eyes on me like a physical caress, and oddly enough, it didn't disturb me as much as I thought it would.

"Fuck her harder, Fred," he said moving closer to me. "You want him to fuck you hard, don't you, Hermione?"

"God, yes," I moaned.

"Like this?" Fred grunted, swiveling his hips against mine. He gripped my arse, pulling me up to meet his thrusts, and I clutched at the ground. He pushed his hands up under my back until his hands curved around my shoulders and with a swift motion, pulled me up so we faced each other in a sitting up position that had me straddling his thighs.

"Oh, fuck," I heard George say behind me. "That's it, Fred! Keep going," he urged.

I moved awkwardly against Fred, his chest hair rubbing against my nipples as we balanced on his haunches. Every movement made his cock press deeper into me. He kissed me slowly, gently sucking my lower lip into his mouth as he moved his body against mine. George moved in closer to us, his chest hair rubbing against my back as he started to kiss my shoulders.

"Lean back against me," George growled in my ear as he laved my lobe. I arched back into him, feeling Fred surge into me as the three of us moved in tandem. I writhed against them, George behind me, his strong hands sliding up and down my body, Fred inside of me, gripping my hips as he moved in and out of me.

George's hand slid down the front of my body until he could wiggle his fingers against my clit. He slowly started massaging it as Fred began to fuck me with strong, powerful thrusts.

"That's it, Hermione!" George exclaimed. "That's it, fuck him. Come all over his cock!" He slid his other hand around my body and squeezed my nipple as I moved my hips against Fred's with every thrust. I could feel George's cock rub against the cleft of my arse with every movement.

It was amazing how desirable I felt, sandwiched between these two beautiful men. In a matter of moments, I was crying out with gasps of pleasure as they worked together. The sounds of me panting and moaning only served to excite George further, his fingers working furiously against my clit while Fred fucked me.

Just as I felt on the edge of another orgasm, Fred gasped out with a laugh: "I need to lie down; move, George!" His fingers gripped my hips as he adjusted his legs, and we fell back onto the floor in a tangle of limbs. I had to laugh at our awkwardness, trying to sit up.

"You really know how to bolster a man's ego," Fred said with a sigh as he pulled me back down to him.

"You have to admit," I said smugly, straddling his hips, "you're usually more graceful." I slowly lowered myself onto his cock again, leaning down to kiss him quickly as his hardness filled me.

As I straightened up, George was kneeling beside me on the right side, his hard erection jutting out from his thatch of red hair. George kissed me slowly, taking my hand and placing it on his cock. I let my fingers trail over the smoothness of it. He gasped in pleasure and closed his eyes, murmuring, "That's it, nice and slow."

Watching his face, I bend my body and envelop his cock with my mouth, swirling my tongue around the tip as I pressed my hips down against Fred's. I could feel Fred's eyes on me as I sucked on George, his fingers gripping my hips painfully as he guided me up and down on his cock. George groaned in pleasure, pushing himself deeply into my mouth, and I tightened my inner muscles around Fred's erection in response, causing him to gasp.

Fred's hands slid up the sides of my body until he could cup my breasts. He squeezed them gently, rolling my hardened nipples between his fingers as his hips arched up against mine. Every time my mouth moved down on George's shaft, Fred would flex upward.

Knowing that Fred was watching me, I was slow and thorough. I moved my lips up and down on George's shaft, taking him as far into my mouth as I could, and then pulling back so that I could flick my tongue against the tip of his cock. I slid a hand up George's thigh so I could caress and gently squeeze his balls. In response, Fred pushed up with his hips, driving himself deep, flicking his fingers over my sensitive nipples.

As Fred gripped my hips once more, directing the pace as I rode his cock, I moved my hand to grasp the base of George's penis. I tried to move my mouth in time with Fred's thrusts, but George was close to coming again. George's fingers speared through my hair, holding my head steady as he pushed himself in and out of my mouth. With a grunt, his cock pushed deep into my mouth, flooding it as he came. He pumped in and out of my mouth a few more times, his cock softening a bit before he pulled out completely.

Fred worked his right hand between our bodies, his fingers stroking my clit as I devoted myself to riding his cock. I felt myself clench around him, my body on the edge of an orgasm. I arched my back and drove down, trying to take him as deep as possible.

Fred pulled me down, his lips capturing mine in a demanding kiss, his hands running down my back until he rolled us. As soon as I was on my back, he pulled my legs around his waist, driving deeply into me. Bracing a hand on each side of my head, he pushed up, grinding his hips against mine. I raised a hand up to his sweaty face, gently cupping his cheek. He nuzzled it, his bright blue eyes on mine as he moved in and out of me.

I closed my eyes in pleasure as he gyrated his hips against mine, rubbing part of my clit as his cock pressed into me. He dropped his head to my shoulder, panting in my ear as he rocked back and forth, gasping each time my hips rose to meet his, my muscles clenching around him. With every movement, it felt as if Fred went deeper than before, I could feel every inch of him sliding in and out of me.

"Harder," I gasped, arching up against him. "Please... Fred." He pulled out almost to the tip and then plunged deeply into me, making my arse slide across the floor. His hips rocked against mine erratically, and I clawed at his back as my body started to shudder. Faster and faster, he pushed into me, his cock rubbing my clit with every movement until I was crying out, my nails biting into his shoulder.

This orgasm hit me hard; my legs went stiff around Fred's waist, yet still he pushed into me. Gripping my hips hard, he jerked them up into his, moaning loudly as his orgasm overtook him. He collapsed on top of me, kissing my lips gently as his weight settled over me. I held him tight for a moment, completely dazed over what had happened when George loomed over us.

Pushing Fred from me, he leaned over me and captured my lips in a soft kiss. His hands ran over my sweaty body, sliding over my arms and down my flanks. His lips trailed down my throat, nipping and sucking as he moved downward. I grabbed a fistful of his hair as his mouth closed over my right nipple, gasping out as his teeth gently bit down.

Returning to my lips, he kissed me again, his tongue sweeping into my mouth as his hands teased my body.

"Get on all fours," George ordered, pulling back from our kiss. I hesitated for a moment, unsure of what he wanted. "Get on your hands and knees, Hermione." I rolled over, still unsure, though Fred gave me an encouraging look as soon as I was on all fours.

I felt George's hand reach around my waist, the flat of his palm on my stomach as he adjusted my body. His hand slid around the curve of my hip, across the slope of my arse, until it rested just outside the sensitive area of my crotch.

"I love how wet you are," I heard him say just as he pushed a finger inside of me. I wiggled my hips, pushing back against his hand, and felt his finger probe deeper. With his other hand, George started stroking my clit with a bold motion; I squirmed a bit under the harsh pressure, making little whimpering sounds in the back of my throat.

Fred went up on his knees in front of me, and brushed the hair back from my sweaty face. Leaning forward on one hand, he used the other hand to tilt my face up, and gently kissed my lips. George pushed a finger into me, and I gasped into Fred's mouth.

Suddenly Fred raised himself up and pushed himself into my mouth so that his cock, not fully hard yet, was almost all the way in. I rolled my tongue around him, feeling his cock stir from its restive state. I pushed my hips against George's hand, loving how powerful I felt in this moment. I moaned with pleasure as one of Fred's talented hands cupped my breast.

I felt completely free, surrounded by two men who desired me. It was exciting, knowing that the sight of me sucking on another man elicited the lust of another. I arched my hips as George ran his index finger over my clit, groaning as each touch made me writhe with ecstasy.

I was so ready; all I could think about was having him inside of me. My body was on fire. I moaned around my mouthful of Fred as I felt George rub the head of his cock against me, teasing me with it. He knew exactly what I wanted but he was deliberately making me wait.

I moaned, sucking harder on Fred, drawing him deeper into my mouth until my nose was buried in his red public hair. I almost gagged in my greed to take him all the way down.

"Yes, Hermione," Fred moaned, thrusting his hips forward, his hands fisting in my hair.

"You want this, don't you, Hermione?" George asked pushing the tip of his cock into me.

"Shut up, George. Her mouth is a bit busy at the moment."

"I want to hear her say it," he grunted, pulling back and giving my arse a little swat.

Fred had a tight hold on my hair and wouldn't let me move my mouth from him, but the pill hadn't worn off yet, so I was still compelled to answer. Fred hissed in pleasure as my answer vibrated all around him in an incomprehensible mumble, which thankfully didn't choke me. I tried to push back against George, hoping he'd take the hint, but he eased away, using those glorious fingers to tease me.

Those long fingers found the sensitive nub of my clit, which he slowly stroked around. I pushed back against his hand, whimpering as he flicked his fingertip back and forth across my clit.

"Tell me what you want, Hermione." I writhed against his hand, sucking harder on Fred's cock. Fred gasped and loosened his hold on my hair long enough that I could finally break free.

"Fuck me, George," I pleaded. "I want you to fuck me."

That was what he'd been waiting for, the sound of my desperation. He grabbed a hold of my arse with one hand and eased himself inside of me with the other. I moaned in blissful pleasure as he pressed deeply into me. Fred bent down and kissed my lips once more, gently brushing the hair back from my sweaty face as George moved in and out of me at a slow pace.

From both ends, these two glorious men were fucking me, and I loved it. I rocked back and forth on my hands and knees, moaning deep in my throat as my breasts swayed with the rhythm of my body. Fred held my head, stroking my hair as he moved in and out of my mouth. George gripped my arse, pumping into me harder and harder until I could hear the smacking sounds of his body against mine.

This wasn't the soft coupling Fred and I shared earlier, this was animalistic savage and primitive fucking and being fucked with no thought beyond the pleasure we were giving to one another. My excitement mounted with each of George's savage thrusts. I felt Fred's cock quivering in my mouth, the shaft swelling impossibly large, and knew he was about to come. Sucking harder, I pulled him deeply into my mouth, feeling his fingers tightening in my hair as he let out a gasping cry.

His body trembled with the force of his orgasm as his cock released down my throat. I swallowed the majority of it, but some dribbled down my chin as I gasped in pleasure. George's fingers pulled at my hips as he fucked me fast and hard, yet somehow it wasn't enough.

"Fuck me, George, fuck me," I grunted out both begging and commanding. "Faster oh, God, harder," I cried out brokenly. My head hung down towards the floor, my hair obscuring my face. My hands gripped the floor tightly, my breasts swinging violently with every brutal thrust. I could feel myself rushing towards ecstasy.

Nothing mattered as pleasure flooded through my veins. It was a pure, perfect second of oblivion. Nothing existed but my body, splintering into a thousand shards of bliss.

And then, it was gone. George gasped, clutching at my arse as he gave a few last thrusts. I could feel the remains of his own ecstasy running down my thighs oh, gods, he hadn't worn a condom!

Reality came crashing down. I was sweaty and naked on the floor of my apartment being fucked by George Weasley. I dropped to the floor and pulled myself into a sitting position. George collapsed on the floor, panting.

"Hermione," Fred said cautiously. I looked at him without really seeing him, wondering how the hell I could have let it get this far.

"Hermione," Fred said again, more forcefully, breaking me from my daze. "Are you ashamed about what just happened?"

I bit my lower lip, not wanting to answer, but the drug still coursed through my veins. "Yes," I whispered lowly. He grasped my chin and forced me to look at him.

"You've done nothing to be ashamed of," he said softly, kissing the side of my mouth.

"Nothing at all," George grunted from his position on the floor.

"But... we," I broke off, not knowing what to say.

"We made love," Fred said firmly, as if that solved everything.

"We fucked," I bit out scathingly.

"Hermione," George groaned. "If all we wanted was just a fuck, we'd not be here with you."

"You wouldn't?"

"No, we wouldn't," Fred said, pushing a strand of my hair back from my face. "We've been wanting this "

"For ages," George finished. "So don't think you're going back to the way things were."

"Exactly. You're ours now, Hermione," Fred said, kissing my lips. I kissed him back as George moved in beside us and kissed the back of my shoulder gently. I wrapped my arms around the both of them, marveling at my strange luck unsure if I really wanted to question what was happening or not. This was beyond anything I had ever experienced before, and strangely enough, I couldn't wait to try it again.

A/N:

I swear I need to give up challenges because they are dangerous! Seriously! Plus, everything else gets put on the back burner while I try to write them. Of course, loosing my (insert radio edit) flash drive didn't help. At least I remembered to email most of this challenge to me, I'm afraid the newest chapter of Tomorrow's Appeal didn't fair so well (I do have a page of it left).

Many thanks to Deviant Author for the primary beta read, and Hobbit\_Tabby for the secondary they saved y'all from nibbly nipples and over eager comma eaters.