

An Unexpected Lesson

by Angharad

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: If you have a problem with the idea of anyone over the age of 60 expressing love physically, or if the idea of a threesome offends you, please do not read any further. If, however, you have an open mind, please continue.

AN UNEXPECTED LESSON

It was ten o'clock on a Friday evening, and all the students at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry were tucked safely away in their dormitories. All, that is, except one.

Hermione Granger really hated doing this, but she'd absolutely *had* to go to the Library to look up something for the final portion of her Charms essay, and it couldn't wait until tomorrow because she needed to finish the paper before breakfast so she could go to Hogsmeade with a clear conscience. Still, no matter how one looked at it, walking about the castle after hours was against the rules. Thanks to both the Marauder's Map and the invisibility cloak, she had managed to avoid Filch and escape detection by Peeves. However, the route she was forced to take as a result brought her to the Transfiguration classroom. It was there that her luck ran out.

Standing in front of the desk, with their backs to the door, were Professors Dumbledore and Snape. Sitting at the desk, writing furiously, was Professor Minerva McGonagall. *She must've had to supervise a detention*, Hermione surmised, and was about to beat a hasty retreat when she heard her name.

"Miss Granger," Professor McGonagall said, "has excelled herself with this essay." Hermione breathed a quiet sigh of relief.

Professor Snape made a sound that closely resembled a snort. "Then I assume you're nearly finished, since you always save the best for last."

Professor McGonagall frowned but did not look up. "If you're quite through dripping sarcasm," she retorted, "you might like to revel in the fact that you are uncharacteristically correct, and let me get on with it."

Professor Dumbledore chuckled.

"Don't mind me," Professor Snape replied. "I'll be quite content to stand here and recall my youthful fantasies regarding you and that desk while I wait."

Hermione had once again attempted an exit, but stopped short when she heard this.

Professor McGonagall shot him a look over the rim of her spectacles. "Would that be the one about transfiguring the desk into a Professor-eating Hungarian Horntail?" she queried.

"No," Professor Snape shook his head, "it would be the one most of the older boys have, at least the Slytherins."

"Ah," Professor McGonagall nodded, "a giant box of venomous snakes, then." She resumed her perusal of Hermione's parchment.

Professor Snape shook his head again. "This fantasy involves reaching across that desk, removing those glasses of yours, letting your hair down, and" he leaned forward, "kissing you until you smile."

This is getting surreal, thought Hermione. Judging by the expression on her face, Professor McGonagall thought so too.

"It isn't only the older Slytherin boys," interjected Professor Dumbledore. "I've heard much along the same lines from boys in the other Houses as well."

"Don't be ridiculous," Professor McGonagall snapped. "I am not, nor have I ever been the object of adolescent male fantasy."

"You were the object of mine," Professor Snape reminded her, moving to stand behind her chair, "though I must admit that my current fantasies involving you are much more interesting."

As Hermione watched Professor Snape move, she belatedly remembered Harry and Ron's theory that Professor Dumbledore could see through invisibility cloaks. Not feeling terribly inclined to test said theory at the moment, she opted to hide behind a desk in a shadowy corner of the room.

"As for the boys now," Professor Dumbledore continued, "only this afternoon I heard Mister..."

"Please Albus," Professor McGonagall interrupted, horror-stricken, "I do need to be able to look at these children every day!"

"You're quite right," Professor Dumbledore leaned forward and gently plucked the spectacles from her nose. "Besides, the fantasies of grown men are far more pertinent to this discussion." He closed the remaining gap between them, and kissed her.

How sweet, was Hermione's first thought, followed by, *I'm going to be expelled!* Then Professor Snape began trailing soft kisses down Professor McGonagall's neck as he deftly set her hair free, and Hermione stopped thinking for a while.

"What, exactly, is this discussion supposed to be about?" Professor McGonagall breathed, as Professor Dumbledore released her lips to nuzzle the side of her neck that was not occupied by Professor Snape.

"Us," both men responded.

"All three of us," Professor Snape amended as his lips met hers.

Several minutes passed before any of the Professors spoke again, and Hermione could have easily walked out the door. However, she was too engrossed in the scene playing out before her to take advantage of the opportunity. It would be her last for some time.

"What about the three of us?" With a wave of her wand Professor McGonagall cleared the top of the desk and sat on it, bringing both men with her.

"We love you," Professor Dumbledore said simply, taking her hand in both of his.

Professor Snape nodded. "We also want you," he added, enclosing her other hand.

"However," Professor Dumbledore continued, "we've been hesitant to take things any further while you've been on the mend."

"Now that Poppy has given you a clean bill of health though," Professor Snape went on, "we thought it might be time to ah..."

"...broach the subject." Professor Dumbledore finished with a gentle smile.

Professor McGonagall brought their hands, still enclosing hers, to her chest, hugging them there as she spoke. "I love and want both of you," she confessed, "and it frightens me a little."

"Why?" Professor Snape asked softly. Professor Dumbledore merely nodded, waiting for her to continue.

"It has been many, many years since I had a lover," she finally answered. "But now to have two..." she stopped, feeling for the words. "I suppose I'm afraid that I won't be...enough." She looked away, clearly embarrassed.

"Oh Minerva," Professor Dumbledore placed his hand under her chin, lifting it so that she would look at him again. "You are already more than 'enough', and so much more than you realize."

"I have often wondered," Professor Snape mused, with something that looked like a small smile playing at the corners of his mouth, "how on earth any man would be able to deal with you." He lifted the palm of her hand to his lips. "I think the answer is that you need two."

Professor McGonagall laughed, drawing both men to her for a kiss, then stopped. "I think we'd better do something about the door," she observed. "I would rather not have to obliviate Argus again."

Hermione had done enough independent research to know that she had not a hope in Hades of ever getting through what each Professor placed on that door. Even the soundproofing spell they placed on the room was extraordinarily complex. Abruptly, Hermione realized that she was going to be stuck where she was for a while, possibly all night. *Surely they'll go to bed at some point*, she assured herself. Then she looked back towards the desk. *Or, perhaps not.*

What had been Professor McGonagall's desk was now the largest bed Hermione had ever seen. It was a simple four-poster, with emerald green sheets and a green tartan blanket. The lamp that had been on the desk was now hovering above the bed, providing the only illumination in the room. However, she quickly forgot such details as her gaze fell upon the three professors slowly, and reverently, undressing and exploring one another.

I shouldn't be watching this, Hermione chided herself. It wasn't the increasingly exposed skin that made her uncomfortable. It was the loving looks and murmured endearments that made her feel like such an intruder. Yet, she was unable to look away. She had read all about sex, of course, both in Muggle and Wizard bookshops, and her mother had practically deluged her with information. But to actually see real people, not models or actors, making love...well, maybe this would answer some of the nagging questions in her mind.

The first thing that struck Hermione was just how much Wizard robes conceal. She had known that Professor McGonagall was slender, but what was now revealed were some lovely curves as well. *Note to self: Please remember to look that good when you're in your seventies.* While Professor Dumbledore and Professor Snape were both long and lean, each was more muscular than she would have guessed, particularly Professor Snape. Professor Dumbledore also had a bit of softness around the middle that she found curiously endearing. The second thing that struck Hermione was the difference between textbook pictures, even Wizard ones, and the reality of two very aroused men. What had seemed rather odd-looking but manageable in books was, at least here, beautiful yet...intimidating. She was just wondering how on earth one would even approach such specimens when Professor McGonagall, with lips, tongue, palms, and fingers, showed her exactly what to do.

It was quite apparent that the gentlemen greatly appreciated the lady's skill so much so that they stopped her. "I'm not going to last if you continue," Professor Snape warned as he began to gently push her backwards to the middle of the bed.

"Neither will I," confirmed Professor Dumbledore, as he arranged the pillows behind her head. "Besides," he continued, "I believe it is your turn, my dear."

Each man then claimed a breast for his own, and Professor McGonagall closed her eyes and sighed in obvious pleasure. Hermione felt her own breasts tingle at the sight and, in an effort to distract herself, shifted her focus to Professor McGonagall's hands as the older woman ran her long fingers through her lovers' hair. Silvery white locks contrasted with raven black as they mingled and drifted across ivory skin. Hermione noticed that Professor Snape's hair didn't appear greasy at all. *Of course he washed it for her*, she thought, and found herself wondering if it really was as thick as it looked. *Professor Dumbledore's hair looks like spun moonlight*, she mused. *I'll bet it feels just like silk.*

Hermione began to feel a rise in her body temperature. As she listened to Professor McGonagall's sighs of appreciation, she couldn't help but wish she was the one in that bed. *Oh my*, she realized, *I'm actually getting turned on by this!* She shut her eyes tight, hoping to regain some semblance of composure, but when the sighs turned to moans she had to open them again.

Professor Snape's agile tongue was now slithering around that most private of places, while two of Professor Dumbledore's nimble fingers were slowly sliding inside. When he angled them upward, Professor McGonagall moaned again, undulating her hips and clutching at the bedclothes. Hermione almost moaned herself. "It's all right Minerva," Professor Dumbledore reassured her, placing his other hand lightly upon her stomach.

"Let it go," murmured Professor Snape. And that was precisely what Professor McGonagall did. Her primal, ecstatic cries of release made the reason for the soundproofing spell abundantly clear. *I wonder if I'd be that loud*, Hermione mused.

She was now finding breathing a bit difficult. In fact, Hermione had become so hot and bothered that she was dangerously close to throwing off the invisibility cloak. *That had to have been out of this world for her to lose it like that*, she thought. *Gods, I'm jealous!*

"Gods Minerva," Professor Snape exclaimed as he and Professor Dumbledore moved up to cradle her, "you're amazing!"

"I didn't do anything," Professor McGonagall pointed out, a little weakly.

"The way you respond," Professor Dumbledore explained, "it's...incredible."

"I nearly lost control just watching you," Professor Snape added huskily.

So did I, agreed Hermione. Professor Dumbledore simply nodded, and Professor McGonagall drew both men into a heated kiss. When they broke apart, the look she gave them bespoke equal parts love and passion. "I want you both inside me."

Is that possible? Hermione wondered, marveling at the dusky tone of her mentor's voice.

Professor Dumbledore rolled onto his back, pulling Professor McGonagall with him. As she slowly guided him into her, they smiled tenderly at one another. Professor Snape then moved behind her, muttering an inaudible charm as he did so. He entered much more slowly, and was rewarded with the same smile. The three of them stayed still for a several heartbeats, clearly savoring the moment of their first joining. Then they began to move, carefully, finding a gentle, pleasing rhythm. The expression on each of their faces was one of complete and total surrender. It was a beautiful sight to behold.

Hermione, huddled behind a desk in a dark corner and covered with a stifling invisibility cloak, crossed her legs and hung on for dear life.

Professor McGonagall was the first to cry out, and Hermione had the feeling that the sheer intensity of her orgasm took her by surprise. Professor Snape succumbed almost immediately after, followed quickly by Professor Dumbledore. All four individuals in the room were now grateful for the soundproofing spell placed upon it; although, if the truth were told, the three on the bed only gave it a passing thought. Hermione, however, was not entirely convinced that they weren't heard in Hogsmeade.

The three exhausted lovers collapsed in a happy tangle among the sheets, only managing enough energy to cast a few discreet cleaning charms before falling asleep in each other's arms. Hermione watched for a while, feeling oddly protective of the three professors. Eventually, she too fell into the arms of Morpheus.

It was three o'clock in the morning when Hermione was finally able to leave the room safely. The three professors had awakened, dressed, set the room to rights and, after several lingering kisses, taken separate paths back to their own quarters. As Hermione made her way to Gryffindor Tower, she pondered all she had learned in the past several hours. Her nagging questions had been more than answered, and she was confident that, when her time came, she would know what to do. However, her romantic future was not what was uppermost in her mind now.

Almost every single preconceived notion Hermione had ever had regarding age, beauty, and human nature was now shattered. She had seen the great Professor Dumbledore quivering and vulnerable, the venomous Professor Snape tender and loving, and the strict Professor McGonagall completely lose control. The very definition of love itself had changed and expanded for her. Hermione remembered the power behind the door in the Department of Mysteries. She had witnessed one aspect of that same power tonight; one of her best friends was alive because of another. Hermione Granger now had a new subject to research. First, however, she would get some sleep.

End note: I would like to thank Dicere, Jestana, and Maexle, over at Live Journal, for their encouragement and inspiration in the writing of this, my first erotic story.