

Insomnia

by phoenix

This story was written for the Potter Place Fall Prompt: Lupin and Tonks are shagging in the library of Grimmauld Place, but he notices that a transfixed Hermione is watching. He doesn't tell Tonks and continues, giving the voyeur a good show. What happens when he gets Hermione alone?

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Chapter 1 of 1

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It was a quiet night at Grimmauld Place, a very rare occasion indeed, and Remus and Tonks were taking full advantage of it. Since so many were staying at the house and most of them were doubled up, they had decided to meet in the library.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" he asked.

"It's the only way we're going to get any time alone. Besides, everyone is out cold by now. We've been so busy that I can't imagine anyone but us being awake at this ungodly hour." She moved closer to him and rubbed her hands seductively over his chest, slowly unfastening the buttons on his pyjamas.

"That is an excellent point," he replied as he leaned down to kiss her passionately.

"You wouldn't rather be sleeping, would you?" she asked tentatively.

"Not in the least." He guided her to the sofa until she was lying on her back, and covered her with his body after shrugging off his now unbuttoned pyjama shirt. As he ran his hand up her leg, he was pleasantly surprised to find that she was not wearing any knickers. She gave him a knowing smile, and he captured her mouth with a kiss.

When he broke the kiss, she said, "I've been a naughty girl, Professor. I think I need to be punished."

A devious grin spread across his face. "Mmmm. That you have. You have been negligent in paying attention during class. For that, you will have to stay late and make up the work you have missed." He nipped her neck and cursed at the cloth that covered her bosom. "But first, you will remove that offending garment you are wearing."

She giggled, "Yes, Professor," and wriggled out from beneath him so she could do as he'd ordered.

As she turned her back on him to pull her nightgown over her head, he swatted her playfully on the behind.

She turned on him, still partially entangled in her nightgown. "Why you..."

"Now, Nymphadora, you don't want to make this any harder on yourself than necessary, do you?" he asked as he helped her untangle herself.

"If you use that name again, you'll be the one punished," she said as she lunged at him.

He easily grabbed her and flipped her around so she was lying on the couch again. "Is there something wrong with Nymphadora?" he asked playfully as he tickled her ribs. She tried to squirm away, but he had her firmly pinned. "Remus... stop..." she gasped through the laughter.

After he stopped tickling her, he began fondling her breasts, eliciting moans of pleasure.

Hermione had been tossing and turning for quite some time. She just couldn't fall asleep, and she had decided to head down to the kitchen to get a glass of warm milk. That usually helped her fall asleep.

Quietly, she tiptoed downstairs, not wanting to wake anyone. She even remembered to skip over the squeaky stair. As she passed the library, she thought she heard something and wished she had brought her wand with her. There was still the possibility of something Dark living in the house even though they had done their best to purge everything dangerous.

Cautiously, she peered around the corner to determine if she should return to her room and get her wand. What she saw made her freeze in shock. Remus was sucking on one of Tonks's nipples, and her hair was changing colors erratically. She knew that she shouldn't be watching, but she found herself unable to move.

Not long after she arrived, Remus looked up and met her gaze. She blanched at being caught observing them during this intimate moment. But rather than stopping what he was doing, he gave her a mischievous smile before returning to pleasuring Tonks.

More than ever Hermione found herself rooted to the spot. What he was doing to Tonks... Well, it was certainly nothing that Ron had ever tried. And the moans and cries of pleasure coming from Tonks made her wet with arousal. She watched as Remus first pleased Tonks orally. The woman on the couch clenched the cushion and cried out in ecstasy as she climaxed. Hermione rubbed herself through her nightgown, trying to imagine what it would feel like to have Remus pleasure her with his tongue.

Remus looked up from Tonks and slowly licked his lips before flashing Hermione another knowing glance. "Are you ready for the rest of your punishment?" he asked Tonks.

"Oh, yes! Please, Professor. I've been *so very* naughty."

Hermione knew that she really should not be watching them, but she wanted to know what he would do to Tonks next.

This time, it was more straightforward. He penetrated Tonks, but his movements were a far cry from the simple thrusting that Ron had done. She had gotten a glimpse of his marvelous penis before he had sheathed it in Tonks, and she saw that it was larger than Ron's. She couldn't resist imagining how it would feel to have something that large inside her.

After a little while, he sat back and pulled Tonks up so that she was sitting on his lap. Once again, Hermione was rubbing herself through her clothes. In her mind, she saw herself riding Remus, enjoying herself as Tonks was.

All too soon, they were done, and Remus was suggesting they go to bed. Hermione realized that she couldn't go back to her room like this. The only place for her to go was to run down to the kitchen. Once there, she leaned against the kitchen table, ashamed of what she had done.

Remus's voice purred behind her said, "I take it you enjoyed the show?"

Spinning around, she saw Remus casually making his way down the stairs, a confident grin on his face. She stammered, "Ye...I mean no. I shouldn't have been there. I'm sorry." She found that she couldn't look him in the eye.

He had closed the distance between them and placed his finger on her lips. "There is nothing to apologize for," he said gently.

She could smell something unusual on his finger, something that must be Tonks, and it excited her, as did his close proximity. "But that was a very private moment."

He brushed her hair and pressed against her. "All that matters to me is that you enjoyed what you saw. Would you perhaps like a demonstration?" he asked playfully, pulling his hips against hers.

"Er..."

Reaching behind her, he grabbed her bum and ground his hips against hers. "Come now, don't be shy. I saw how much you wanted to be in her place."

"But what would she say?" Hermione was aghast that he would be suggesting this. After all, he was in a relationship with Tonks.

"She is a very... unconventional person. I daresay she would be pleased...especially if you agreed to join us."

"Join you?" She didn't get to say anything else as he captured her mouth in a penetrating kiss. At first she was in shock, almost reflexively beginning to resist before she finally gave in to her conflicting emotions and returned that kiss. Their contact released her inhibitions, and she wrapped her arms around him.

The next thing she knew, she was lying back on the table, and he was slowly pulling her knickers off. He then started kissing the inside of her thigh, working his way toward her center. She panted in anticipation of what she would soon feel.

At first he softly licked her, tasting her arousal. The feeling was indescribable. "Oh, God!" she whispered.

He stopped and rubbed her with his fingers. "That's only the beginning," he replied. He then lowered his head and flicked his tongue inside her.

She gripped the edges of the table, unable to believe how wonderful the sensation was. He gently spread her legs apart, and she granted him as much access as she could. As he teased her nub with his tongue and sucked on her, her breathing became heavier and her hands started to tingle. "Remus..." Coherent thought was hard for her to muster. Soon, her whole body was shuddering as an amazing feeling washed over her.

As her body stilled, he climbed up onto the table with her, trailing kisses the length of her body. "Did you enjoy that?"

"Like-like nothing else." Suddenly, she noticed that she didn't seem to be lying on the hard table anymore. Looking around, she noticed that it had been transfigured into a bed.

"Was that your first orgasm?" he asked gently.

"I guess so," she admitted in embarrassment.

In between kisses to her neck and chest, he said, "Had I known, I would have made it more special for you."

Reaching over, she placed her fingers beneath his chin so he was looking at her. "That was more special than anything I could have imagined." She leaned toward him to kiss him. She had always found him handsome and was attracted to his intellect, but now she found herself definitely attracted on a sexual level.

His hand was rubbing her stomach, moving lower. "Did you want more?"

More? That was a silly question. Of course she wanted more. She had to know how he would feel inside her. "Yes." And to prove she meant it, she slipped her hand down

his pyjama trousers. It was only now that she realized he was still clothed, but she was completely naked.

He placed his hand over hers, directing her movement. "A little softer and longer strokes. Mmm. Yes, just like that. Now, a little lower, and gently." He closed his eyes and took several deep breaths. "Oh, Hermione, just like that."

She was amazed at his reaction, at his throbbing erection as it expanded in her hand. Abruptly, he pulled away from her and was soon lying naked over her. "You are a very fast learner." He teased her with his fingers, ensuring she was ready for him, before slowly entering her, stretching her to accommodate his girth. Hermione moaned and he asked, "Are you all right?"

"Don't stop," she pleaded. He fit tightly, but it felt so good. She didn't want him to stop. Slowly, he started moving in and out of her, moving his hips to enhance her pleasure. Wrapping her legs around him, she started moving in synch with him. It was even better than she had imagined it would be.

Soon she was crying out as another orgasm washed over her. "Oh, Remus!"

He leaned forward and gave her a deep kiss after reaching his release. "How do you feel?"

"That was amazing!"

"Then you'll consider joining us next time?"

She still wasn't sure what she thought about that. Of course she had heard of threesomes, but to actually join one? Of course, she had not contemplated being with Remus prior to tonight, either. "I'll...I'll think about it."

He smiled warmly at her. "I hope that you do. I think that you would find it most pleasurable."

He gave her one last kiss, and with a flick of his wand that restored the table, he slipped out of the room.

Hermione sat on the edge of the table for a few minutes, not sure that her legs would support her weight. After this experience, she would have no problem whatsoever falling asleep.