

Mission I: Get Hermione Laid!

by Fervesco

Voldemort is dead and the party is on at Grimmauld Place. Hermione however has set herself a mission.... HG/SS/RL/SB

Mission: Failure

Chapter 1 of 6

Voldemort is dead and the party is on at Grimmauld Place. Hermione however has set herself a mission....
HG/SS/RL/SB

This is fic is sort of inspired by the challenge up at WIKTT, but decided I preferred my own rules... (Besides it's well time for another PWP with a canon Snape or at least an attempt to be...) Oh, and it's AU I think we're all in need of a little Sirius relief too...And why not throw in that sexy werewolf while I'm at it!

NC-17 HG/SS/SB/RL

MISSION: GET HERMIONE LAID

I am rather drunk. No, wait, let me rephrase that I am completely and utterly pished! Not the passed out on the toilet floor in a pool of my own vomit pished though, no, that wouldn't do at all. No I'm the bubbly, everything is hilariously funny, starting to feel particularly horny pished. And in great anguish that I am doomed to remain a virgin for all my living years.

Have finally decided it is well enough time to lose the virginal Hermione stance, and become a woman. After all, school is over in two weeks and I really think I need a new perspective on life. Yeah right it's just about time I got what I wanted and stopped worrying about my reputation! Mission: Get Hermione Laid.

Have been talking rather loudly and even more than usual to anyone who will listen to me. Harry has just taken himself out of the equation by shoving his tongue down Ginny's throat and the sight is starting to make my stomach churn. Right, time for a new victim. And perhaps one who can solve the horny problem too. Hm, options...

Well, obviously not Harry. Course could tempt him and Ginny into a threesome but am not really that way inclined. Besides, don't really want two of my best friends to be witness to loss of said virginity. Don't really think either of them bought my story about shag with Victor...

Ron...dear Ron. Boy has a heart of gold, but frankly he's too much like a brother to me and it would just be plain icky.

Neville need I say anymore?

Dumbledore, well, don't even go there. Besides, McGonagall looks like she is enjoying his company a little too much a lot of high pitched giggling going on there. He's just a "tad" too old for my liking anyway...

Boys, need to find boys. The Weasley twins seem to be more preoccupied with conjuring up mischief in the corner than having a shag, and that red hair...well, could live without that tonight vision is blurry enough already, thank you!

"Bloody hell!" I think out loud. Then turn back to Harry and Ginny, "You know what? There is no one here worthy of shagging!"

Outburst seems to have shocked them into breaking their grope for a moment or two.

"Excuse me?" Harry asks, looking quite surprised.

Ginny giggles. "Oh, come on, Herm. There must be someone...what about Neville?"

Glance back at boy wonder wonder how he ever passed his NEWTS. He is completely comatose on the sofa now. "I prefer my boys to be alive!"

"Rules out Snape them, doesn't it," Harry laughs, then freezes at the exchange of looks between Ginny and I. I glance around the room, but our deliciously snarky Potions Master is no where in sight.

"Looks like he's taken himself out of the equation," I reply with a sigh and am quite satisfied by the shocked look on Harry's face. Ah, well even if removal of virginity isn't possible tonight, Harry at least appears to be looking at me in a different light. Good.

"Well, why don't you go find him?" Ginny suggests, but even in this state I can still translate that as 'bugger off and leave me to snog Harry!"

"Nah. Think I'll just head for bed," I reply with a resigned sigh. Flag it, there's always the end of year ball in two weeks.

Ginny and Harry don't waste a moment as I leave, Ginny barely taking a moment to wave at me behind Harry's back as he wraps his arms back around her and pins her to the wall. Thanks so much!

Mission: Failure

Wander from the lounge, passing by the kitchen. A glance inside gives me the delightful sight of Arthur and Molly Weasley doing things I'd rather not have witnessed upon the kitchen counter. Ughh!

Spend trip up the stairs trying to wipe that vision from my mind without much success when I catch a piece of conversation that stops me dead in my tracks...

"Oh, now Severus, you can't tell me you didn't lay a finger on any of the students this year!"

My, now this sounds interesting. I creep closer to the doorway, hoping not to be seen. Would love to hear the response. I peak through the gap between the hinges, my inquisitive Gryffindor nature getting the better of me once again. Gods, seated in that room around small wooden table are possibly the three most attractive men alive. Well, at least in my opinion, and I have been taking an internal poll as of late...

The table is littered with cards and small piles of sickles set before each of the players in what appears to be a game of poker. There is a large bottle of firewhiskey to one side, half-empty. But none of this is the interesting part. It's who is sitting around that table that grabs my attention. Professor Lupin, Sirius and Professor Snape. Dirty part of hormone ridden mind wishes it were a game of strip poker but on closer inspection is probably best that it's not...

I have quite a clear view of Professor Lupin who is sitting right opposite the door. His shirt is undone the first few buttons giving me a lovely sample of what lies beneath. His tie is still knotted, but hanging loosely from his neck and for some reason this hits me right in my already overactive imagination. Frankly the man looks about ready to be jumped and if I don't gain some control it will be me doing the jumping! His chest ah, that chest. There is a fine smattering of hair there, not too much mind you. Don't dig hairy men, but this is just perfect just enough to let me know that this indeed a man I am looking at, not some silly little schoolboy. His skin is smooth in appearance, pulled tight over muscles fitting for a werewolf. Cripes, must stop looking at him before I start drooling...

Next to him, Sirius is looking smugly across the table at Professor Snape. Sirius in a tight black T-shirt really doesn't leave much to the imagination. Gods, if only to run my hands over that fabric...ah, now that would be delicious! His hair looks damp, as if he has just stepped out the shower. Sirius in the shower...now that bares thinking about! His dark eyes are twinkling humorously and have insatiable need now to be the one who causes that smug grin...

Unfortunately, Professor Snape has his back to me. However, he has discarded his robes, sitting there in a black shirt with sleeves rolled up to the elbows. His arms are muscles too, though perhaps not as much as Sirius', but still quite attractive. He moves his hand to pick up his glass of firewhisky giving me a clear view of the Dark Mark on his forearm. Gods, have always had a thing for bad boys...let's see, James Dean (Muggle actor my mum has a thing for), Professor Snape...oh, okay, just the two of them, but still! And I suppose you could count Sirius in that category too.

What on earth the three of them are doing playing poker together is beyond me, but frankly I don't care! Minor detail. I was more interested in what Snape's reply would be to Sirius' question indeed Professor, who have you been shagging this year?

"Well?" Sirius prods, and my drunk mind freaks for a moment that they can read my thoughts, before quickly dismissing this as intoxicated paranoia.

"I don't believe that is any of your business, Black," Snape growls in response. Okay, may be it isn't the friendly game of poker I thought.

"I'll take that as a no." Sirius laughed heartily sending shivers up my spine. "No wonder you're in such a foul mood!"

"I'll have you know I wasn't with out propositions." Snape's voice is silky and velvety resonating through my body. Going to lose my self-control soon... "Just such a wretched bunch of 7ths this year..."

"Nice to see you sticking to the 7ths, Sev," Lupin says with a small nod. He then glances at Sirius and adds "Some of us could learn from that."

"Hey, I didn't know she was fifteen! That's not what she told me! Besides, I was nineteen for heavens sake, let it go!"

Snape scoffs at Sirius, then discards one of the cards in his hand, tossing it to the table with a great flourish.

"And come on, Sev, there's plenty of hot seventh years this year," Sirius continues.

"Such as?" Snape asks sceptically.

"Well, I don't know. Pansy Parkinson's matured somewhat," Sirius says, almost pulling off his straight face. The three of them look at each other and burst into laughter.

"You know, we really shouldn't...it's not her fault..." Lupin tries to stop them all, but even he is having trouble holding back his laughs.

Frankly, I have to agree with them. Pansy is never going to be a looker.

"How about Millicent Bulstrode? She is Slytherin after all..." Sirius suggested, and the laughter continues. Finally they calm down.

"Hermione Granger?" Lupin suggests quietly. Oh, gods no, don't let them laugh at me! Please don't let them...

"Ah, the delectable Miss Granger," Snape drawls and I honestly can't tell if he's being sarcastic or not. I suddenly realise I am holding my breath, praying that they are not going to make fun of me. I really couldn't take that after my failed mission tonight. He leans back in his chair, and picks up something from the table. I can't see what it is through his back, but the click and languid puff of smoke a few moments later informs me it was a cigarette.

"Merlin, why didn't you give her one of your detentions?" Sirius asks wistfully. He has a distant look in his eyes. He thinks I'm attractive? Wow!

Mission: Looking up

"Right, like Gryffindors golden girl would ever put a toe out of line. She'd be off telling Dumbledore before I could even suggest the idea..." Snape says with a snort.

Says who?!

"I wouldn't be so sure," Lupin replies, tossing his unwanted cards into the centre of the table.

"How would you know?" Sirius asks suspiciously. "Been exercising your Professorly privileges and not telling us about them?"

Yes, indeed Lupin, how would you know? Shift a little closer to the door, desperate to hear his response.

"Just speculation. Course, I have seen the way she looks at half the boys, not to mention the Professors at Hogwarts like she'd quite happily devour them."

I can just imagine Snape raising one disbelieving eyebrow at him, and my suspicions are confirmed when Lupin looks at him and adds "Yes, you too, Severus."

Shit! How embarrassing! Do I really go around looking like some sex-deprived maniac?

"Course, I can smell her too."

Ah, well, I suppose that makes me feel a little better maybe it was just Lupin who noticed. Course, now Sirius and Snape know too....AGHHH!

"Could have told me that a bit sooner!" Snape growls.

"Me too, damn you!" Sirius adds.

"As delightful as it would be to have my way with Hermione, I really don't think it's appropriate. And not for you two either!"

Yikes, three perfectly shaggable men want me, yet here I am standing in the hallway. This is all wrong! However, I do have the enough sense even in this state to give them ample time to change the subject before I walk in. Ten seconds should be enough.

"Hermione," Lupin says clearing his throat. "I thought you were downstairs partying?"

"Nothing worth looking at down there," I reply. Love the sight of seeing all three of them squirming under my scrutinising. "Mind if I join you?"

Sirius makes a slight choking sound.

"Forgive me for my presumption, Miss Granger, but we're playing for money," Snape growls at me. Bit embarrassed are we, Professor? Oh, what a pity...

"Oh. Well, I think I'll go to bed then," I reply, knowing full well from the look on Sirius' face that he isn't about to let me go anywhere.

"Now, don't be so hasty, Severus. Miss Granger may have something to offer," Sirius said hopefully.

"I'm afraid Professor Snape is correct I'm skint." Give Sirius my best innocent smile and am rewarded by desperate look in those puppy dog eyes. A mischievous smirk quickly replaces his disappointment, and he glances at Lupin, who quickly shakes his head. Sirius thankfully doesn't listen to his old friend.

"How about we make this game a little more interesting and up the stakes?" Sirius suggests. This time I do see Snape raise his eyebrow in interest.

Ooh, looks like strip poker might just be on the table after all...

However, what Sirius says is much more interesting.

"Audeo Poker."

"Excuse me?" Snape says, obviously not understanding. Hm, got one up on the Potions Master there have spent many a night at the burrow playing this with Harry, Ron and his siblings.

"Dare Poker winner of each round gets to make any of the losers do something of their choosing."

A smile plays at the Potions Master's lips, and though Lupin tries to hide his own smirk, he doesn't succeed.

"Well then," I reply, "deal me in."

Mission: Proceeding nicely!

AN: Decided a little research was necessary for this fic (read as Fervesco wanted an excuse to dig into the wine). Hence am posting this in a rather blurry state and apologise for any mistakes when sobered up tomorrow I shall re-read this and fix it up and probably cringe in horror. Oh, and I know it's pissed not pished but my other sordid obsession, Red Dwarf, is currently playing in the background and influencing this all too much...

Misson: Right on Track!

Chapter 2 of 6

Voldemort is dead and the party is on at Grimmauld Place. Hermione however has set herself a mission....

HG/SS/RL/SB

Sirius leans back in his chair, grabs a spare one from the corner, and plonks it down between him and Lupin. I smile gratefully and take my seat. Ah, that's better. Bloody heels of my shoes were killing me. Besides, am infinitely closer to aforementioned sex gods.

"Hermione, I really don't think you know what you are getting into here..." Lupin warns me. Ha! I think it's the other way around, boys! Boys? No, no, definitely men. All the way.

"Lupin, if Miss Granger wishes to play we can hardly refuse her. After all, she is able to leave any time she wishes." Snape gives the werewolf a long 'what the hell are you thinking' look.

I am quite glad I wasn't on the wrong end of Lupin's returning glare. Cripes, I think it even worked its way through Snape's stony exterior just a little. "Hermione is drunk."

"Well, I'd be quite happy to escort her back to her room," Sirius interjects with a devious grin.

"I don't think so!"

"Hermione is quite capable of making her own decisions," I reply, then giggle as I realise I am talking in third person. Lupin looks at me in disbelief, but seems to finally give in, as he deals the next round, including me.

"And she's not nearly drunk enough," I add, grabbing the bottle of firewhisky. Looking around the table I see no spare glasses, so automatically reach for my wand. I think Snape must have seen the way I was swaying, and was possibly worried what my spell might just end up doing.

"Allow me, Miss Granger," he quickly interrupts my movements. Pulling out his own wand I soon have an empty glass before me. Sirius seems to cotton on and pours the drink for me. Just as well, really. Course, if I'd accidentally spilt the liquid on any of them they'd have had to take off their saturated clothes...damn. Next time.

Sirius' arm brushes mine as he reaches for my glass, and his skin is indeed damp. The man must've got out the shower so recently. Pity I didn't walk into his bathroom then, rather than stumble across this little game. What am I saying? And miss out on Snape and Lupin? I think not!

Now who would've thought that Voldemort's demise could be so rewarding? Yes, I expected a party to end all parties, but this is beyond belief in a room with the three sexiest men on the planet and the air thick with sexual tension. Or is that cologne? Either way, I love it! And the library is no longer the most attractive room in the Black House anymore it's this tiny study. Mm, can well envisage myself coming back here in days to come and reliving this whole ordeal. Course, it's far from over yet...

"I dealt, your start," Lupin informs me, though he still sounds a little reluctant.

I stare at my cards for a few seconds, mulling the options over. Hm...

"Black, give the girl a hand, you twit," Snape growls from across the table.

Excuse me? "Why?" I ask, putting on the perfectly innocent act.

"It is fairly obvious you have no idea what you are doing, Miss Granger."

Is it, now? Ha! That's what you think, you smug sexy bastard. Gods, snarky Severus turns me on in a way it so shouldn't...

"I believe, Professor, that it is you who has no idea what he is getting himself into!"

Smile smugly at shocked look on Snape's face. Ah, if only Harry could see that one! He'd be soo proud. Sirius chuckles and gives Snape a patronising look.

"We'll just have to see about that."

The first round flies by, and Sirius triumphantly throws his winning hand down for us all to see. Now finally we get to the interesting part!

"So, I believe that would be my cue to give one of you a dare?" Sirius asks, knowing perfectly well that is exactly what that means. After all, this game was his suggestion. "And I believe given Hermione is new to our ranks, it only fitting that she is initiated properly."

Ooh, tell me tell me tell me!

However, I keep control and simply give him a curious look.

Lupin, however, is shifting agitatedly in his seat on my other side.

"Oh, quite clenching, Remus. All I wish is for Hermione to remove her jersey."

Lupin seems to calm down, but I believe Sirius knows something he does not. Under my jersey I have nothing besides my bra. How on earth Sirius knows I haven't the vaguest. Am suddenly glad that I had my whole mission planned well before the party and put on appropriate underwear would be lovely to be sitting here in that hideous cream sports bra my mother bought for me, wouldn't it just? Ack! I give Sirius a knowing smile, and slide the garment up over my head, then pausing for a moment with it just covering my chest, and then I begin to slide my arms out. Amazing, simply amazing. Appears they have been hit with a freezing charm I didn't notice all three of them are sitting there not moving a muscle. Course, might just be that they're all hot blooded males with what I would like to believe is a not too badly endowed female sitting before them in just a scant black lace bra.

Alcohol and earlier admissions appear to have removed all my shyness and basically drooling Potions Master inspires me to continue sitting there, quite unabashedly.

MISSION: Heating up!

I give them all an amused smile, and then deal out the next hand. Snape seems to snap out of his trance first, if only due to the expert way I am handling the cards. Just a few dealing tricks Fred and George taught me. That should inform him he is not playing this game with a silly little girl! Must have done, he is now giving me quite an impressed look. Pity it disappears so quickly...

Don't know why, but my feet are aching like nobody's business. Fucking heels. "Bloody shoes," I swear under my breath, and kick them off under my chair. This appears to allow Lupin and Sirius to rejoin the game. Good.

Time for my turn. Despite my intoxicated state, I am still perfectly apt at poker, and with a little luck I manage to win the next round. All three men are looking eagerly in my direction. Hm, what to do with them... and only one of them. Pity. Aching feet are demanding attention. And who better to be put in their place than Severus?

"Professor Snape," I say, in a perfectly sweet tone, "you can sit out the next round."

"That's it?" Lupin asks, sounding put out.

"And spend that time massaging my feet."

Snape face is amazing somehow he pulls off a scowl and a look of desire all at the same time.

"This, Miss Granger," he says menacingly, "is not to leave this room."

"Without a doubt," I reply, as I watch him slip down under the table. Ah, what a sight seeing the dreaded Potions Master grovelling at my feet. Tee hee yeah, right, like I'm not going to tell Harry about this one!

"Your deal, I believe," I say to Sirius, who seems to be sulking somewhat. With a shrug, he picks up the cards and begins to divvy them out. However, Snape's deliciously nimble fingers have reached my bare feet, picking up both of them and placing them in his lap. He starts out slowly, with long strokes to the soles, sending shivers right up

my spine.

Manage to pick up my cards and glance over them as he continues; yet thankfully Lupin appears to be taking his time deciding what he wants to do with his hand. Snape's fingers slide up the back of my calves, teasing the back of my knees. So glad I'm sitting down, for my legs have turned completely to jelly. Ahhh. So glad I wore a skirt. Even happier that remembered to shave legs. A little disappointed when Snape's hands stop their journey upwards, and slide back down my calves, but my disappointment is soon erased when he picks up one foot and begins sucking at my toes. Christ, underwear is suddenly drenched! Always thought the whole foot fetish thing was well over rated, but am going to have to revise that opinion. Very, very wrong indeed. That's an F, Miss Granger.

"Hermione?" Sirius' voice sounds very distant. "Your turn."

Didn't realise my eyes had slipped close. Oops. Okay, pick a card, any card... Grab a random three of spades from my hand and toss it quickly to the table. Bigger winning looks like I'm going to either way...

Ah, Snape has left my feet now and is kissing his way up the inside of my legs, now midway up my thighs. Ohhhh! His fingers come up and gently part my legs and trust me, I willingly comply. Gods, so good... Snape continues on his journey, and soon I feel his nose (that wonderful, now not so overly large nose) brushes at the crotch of my underwear. I feel him inhale deeply and there is a wonderful rush of air swirling inside my panties. Yesss!

"Severus! She said a foot massage!" Lupin is suddenly demanding. Oops, might have said some of that out loud. Damn. No, no, Professor, don't stop now....

But alas, he does. Apparently that hand is over though blow me if I know who won. No wait, that's right, I did! At least in the satisfaction stakes...

MISSION: Right on track

Mission: Getting Closer!

Chapter 3 of 6

Voldemort is dead and the party is on at Grimmauld Place. Hermione however has set herself a mission....
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Snape manages to get to his feet in a fittingly gracious manner. Pity, wouldn't have minded if he'd fallen face first into my lap. Oh well. On his way up though he stops to growl in my ear, "Remember, Miss Granger, you may leave any time you wish."

Ooh, tempting, Professor, very tempting, but I'm not quite done with your companions yet!

Snape slides back into his seat, and lights himself yet another cigarette. Feeling like I could do with one of those myself. Reach across the table and go to grab up packet when he catches my wrist rather roughly.

"What precisely do you think you are doing, Miss Granger?" Snape glares at me.

"Oh, come on, Sev, just give her one," Sirius chides. Thank you, Sirius! Looks like you might just have to be my next victim...

Snape glowers at the burly man beside me, but releases his grip on my wrist. Yes! If I can't get my satisfaction any other way right now, sucking on Potions Master's cigarette will have to do. Always did enjoy the odd puff Ginny and I would sneak down in the garden at the Burrow while trying to avoid the gnomes. Ah, light cigarette and take a long puff. Mm, that'll do. Once again the boys...men appear to have been hit by a freezing charm. Give Sirius a humorous look and he turns to Lupin:

"So, come on, Remus what's it to be?"

Ah, so Professor Lupin won the last round. Well this should be fittingly boring. Good gods, me, Hermione Granger, calling someone boring? Things certainly have changed!

MISSION: Slipping a little

"And do try to use some imagination," Snape drawls.

Lupin sits there looking quite thoughtful for what seems like almost an eternity.

"Get on with it!" Cripes, heard that tone in potions before, but it's usually directed at Neville.

Lupin says something so quietly I can't even catch it and I am sitting particularly close to the lovely werewolf.

"What?"

Lupin glances nervously around then repeats to his lap "I want to kiss Hermione."

Ooh, now hang on a second

MISSION UPDATE: Complete change of direction for Werewolf avoid evasion action at all costs!

"Sure," I find myself saying. Lupin doesn't wait for anymore approval, he leans across the small gap between us and grasps my face gently in his hands. He pauses there just for a moment, millimetres from my lips. Poor Blighter still doesn't think he's allowed. Well, expectant smile on my lips appears to ease his concerns, for next thing I know his lips are on mine, burning my skin in the most tantalising way. He starts very gently quite a chaste kiss indeed. Bloody hell, man, I have just been utterly fondled by Sexy Potions Master and this is the best you can do? I doubt it! Decide I need to take the upper hand and suggestively part my lips beneath his. Seems invitation enough for Professor Lupin. His tongue slips between my lips and begins to play incredible games with my own. Ahh, now that's more like it. His kiss is still restrained, but don't want to scare the poor man off completely must be a little gentle with the wolf. Oh, buggler that! Grab hold of Lupin's tie and pull him closer. I am rewarded with a deep groan which sends shivers right through me, reigniting the desire from earlier foot massage and threatening to erase that memory all together. Don't care, just don't bloody stop!

Hear Sirius let out a little chuckle. Damn him appears to have brought Lupin back to reality. The man releases my mouth, but he isn't quite done yet. He places several gentle kisses and a delightfully placed nip at my neck. Mmmm, didn't know that spot even existed before, but will definitely never forget it now. Can't stop myself now I go

to get up out of my seat and place myself in that wonderful man's lap, but before I can even rise an inch out of my seat Lupin has grasped hold of my thighs and pinned me back to the chair. His mouth moves further up to whisper huskily in my ear "Get out of this while you can, Hermione. We are not nice men."

Well, I was bloody counting on that, wasn't I? Silly wolf still doesn't realise that I am perfectly well aware of what I am in for here and thoroughly enjoying every moment of it.

"Never would have guessed," I tease in return. Lupin looks utterly astonished as he sits back in his seat. Course I still catch that small look of anticipation in his eyes bet you wish you didn't pull back quite so quickly now, eh?

As Snape begins to deal the cards I am all but squirming in my seat. Damn it Sirius appears to have noticed and is all but laughing at me. Right, this is all about control Hermione, and you're just going to have to gain some of it back. Make them wait a bit...

Distract myself by slugging back remaining contents of my glass. Pity, cigarette appears to have burnt away while I was busy with Lupin. Oh, well. Time for the next round gentlemen (god, I hope they're not!)

Manage to pull off winning the next round despite the waves of alcohol fluttering through my body and taking over my mind though I really do think the others judgement is a little impaired too or is that distracted?

Hm, course it really is time to have my way with Sirius, but he is looking just a little too expectant. No, down boy, you'll have to wait. Glancing around the table I realise there is something not quite fair about all of this...

"Shirts off!" I demand. Mm, a little eye-candy. Now that wouldn't go astray. Mentally thank my vocal chords which appear to have taken on a mind of their own. "Fairs, fair, lads! Oh, but Professor Lupin, leave your tie on."

Lupin gives me a rather confused look, but complies. However, while he is unbuttoning the rest of his shirt he informs me "I really don't think it appropriate to continue to refer to Severus and I as Professors, Hermione."

"Speak for your self, Lupin," Snape drawls from across the table. Ooh, bit kinky isn't that, Sir? Won't here me complaining though...

"Well if we're going to make demands on names then you two may call me as Hermione," I tell Sirius and Lupin. "However, PROFESSOR Snape shall refer to me as the Queen of Gryffindor and nothing less!"

"Over my dead body."

"Girl's right, Sev, fairs fair," Sirius says with a chuckle. Snape sends me a look that would have reduced me to tears a few years ago. Pity I'm not that silly little girl anymore, PROFESSOR.

MISSION small side mission added to make the most of having Snape at my disposal...

Ah, Lupin is now sitting there in just his tie from the waist up and what a sight! Mm, to run my hands over that chest would be heavenly...

Drooling at Lupin suddenly interrupted though by gentle (and probably not so accidental) elbowing from Sirius as his T-shirt comes off. Oh, cripes! That shirt definitely did leave a few unimaginable delights! Where as Lupin certainly does have muscles to be desired, and that delicious smattering of hair, Sirius is a god by comparison. His torso is that of a man who works out quite often, with smooth tanned skin that I bet would be ever so enjoyable to spend my time rubbing massage oil in to. No, make that chocolate sauce which I could then spend many an hour licking off! Mm, chocolate coated Sirius...

"Come on then, PROFESSOR," Sirius grins sarcastically at Snape. "Off with it as the lady requested."

Snape's glare is redirected to Sirius. Fraid you can't live up to the doggy, are we, Sir? Well, too bad!

Looking quite irritated, Snape undoes his shirt in an agonisingly slow manner. Damn him I want the next round already! Very much chiding myself for not going with my initial thoughts of taking on Sirius. Finally Potions Master's shirt is undone, but he leaves it at that. Can't see a fucking thing.

"I said off!" I demand.

Snape gives me an admonishing glare.

"I mean, I said off, Professor."

Snape gives me a satisfied smirk and slides his arms from the black garment. Mm, now Snape is a whole different kettle of fish... Though not as gaunt as I would have thought, given his vampire-like reputation, he is definitely pale. However the numerous scars that litter his skin invite me to run my fingers over them and perhaps try to take away some of that past pain... No, will not feel sorry for wank of a Potions Master, despite knowledge of what his wonderful fingers can do. Do my best to give him one of those disapproving Snapish glares. Snape however, lights yet another cigarette (no wonder the man has yellow teeth!) and looks amusingly at me. Must work on that glare.

MISSION: Trucking along just dandy...

Don't even remembering seeing Lupin dealing out the next round, but oh, there are so many better things to be looking at! Funny how the three men can all look so completely different with precisely the same effect warm, wet need emanating from my panties. Decide to let one of them win this round (has nothing to do with the shit hand I'm dealt, honest!) Would love to see what they have in store for me. Sirius wins perfect. Remus and Snape look quite irritated this is getting to be quite a serious bloody game. Don't care I still win either way...

"You look quite uncomfortable there, Hermione," Sirius tells me with a grin.

Indeed, Sirius you bad dog, and your solution is?

"I am certain you would enjoy the next round much more sitting here," he says giving his lap a quick pat and pulling his chair out invitingly. Are you just? Well, we'll just have to see about that!

Suddenly quite aware of new sex object status and frankly, wouldn't want it any other way right now. Let my conscience get the better of me tomorrow!

Get a little shakily to my feet and slide into Sirius lap. He's quite right it's lovely here. Now, my deal isn't it?

As I dish out the next round, Sirius places soft kisses down the back of my neck and I swear the fine hairs I have there are all standing to attention. Not the only thing that is, mind you Sirius makes that quite obvious my wriggling under my backside. Mm, now where have you been hiding that, my dear? Lupin is keeping a very close eye on his friend, his mouth set in a firm line. Now, Remus, you had your chance...

"Behave," Remus growls as he picks up his hand.

"Wouldn't dream of anything else," Sirius says with a chuckle. Oh, please don't tell me you mean that!

Apparently his idea of behaving however, is quite different to Lupin's. After picking up his cards and glancing over my shoulder at them, he quickly tosses all five to the

table, despite the three Aces amongst them. Okay, what? Ah, apparently wanted his hands free for other...things. One starts at my hip, drawing delightful circles through the flimsy material of my skirt. The other quite openly slides around me to stroke at my breast. Mm, gods yes! Make sure to wriggle in his lap in approval. Such big hands... Ooh! The one on my hip is currently gathering up the material of my skirt. Now, what precisely are you planning on doing there, Sirius? I lean back into him, delighting in feeling that muscled chest beneath my bare back. Shivers of anticipation run up my spine as his fingers creep closer and closer to my drenched panties. Gods, hurry up! We've only got one round! Sirius takes a moment to slide his other hand under my bra. He grasps my hard nipple (which I suddenly realise has been this way for sometime now and probably giving Sex God Wizards quite a show...) and gives it a delightful tweak with his thumb and forefinger. Mmm... Yes... He's far from over though. The hand fluttering down between my legs works it way inside my underwear and he runs one large finger between my folds, the very end of his stoke brushing over my clitoris. That's it given up all control and am now quite unashamedly bucking in his lap. Sirius chuckles in my ear, then slides one thick finger inside of me. Jesus, no one besides me has ever done that before, and this is exponentially better.

"Don't stop," I gasp as he begins to stroke in and out. "Please don't stop!"

"Sirius..." Lupin growls, but as I open my eyes to gaze at him he freezes in his attempt to get out of his chair. Never would've have thought having someone watching while his best friend got me off would ever do a thing for me, but once again I am wrong. So wrong. I lose control of all my muscles, the cards in my hand flutter to the floor.

"That's it, Mione, come for me," Sirius growls in my ear. He punctuates his words by bringing his thumb to my clit and grazing over it. Ohhhh. And there I go, an orgasm like none I have ever given myself makes it's way through my body and I feel myself clamp down around those talented fingers. Sirius' other hand leaves my breast to grasp me around the waist and stop me from sliding to the floor. As I slowly come down I can feel the heat flushing at my face. God, what I sight I must be!

Apparently so, Snape and Lupin are gaping at me.

Finally I manage to muster up a few words "Well then, boys, on with the game."

Misson: What Mission?

Chapter 4 of 6

Voldemort is dead and the party is on at Grimmauld Place. Hermione however has set herself a mission....
HG/SS/RL/SB

"Out of his lap, then," Snape drawls. "I do believe we are waiting for your cards, Her...Miss Granger."

Oops, okay. I get up out of Sirius' lap - damn it! - and slip back into my own seat. Hm, can think much more clearly now after that little jaunt! Good!

"Hermione, you sure you want to keep playing?" Shit, that came from Sirius! Either that or Lupin can throw his voice...

"Course!" I say with a grin.

I see a quick exchange of looks between him and Remus, ending with Sirius shrugging his shoulders. Haven't the vaguest what that was about and don't care...

"Well?" Snape snaps impatiently, as I recover my cards from the floor. Damn, not even a pair. Sulkily throw the lot to the table.

I glance around the rest of the hands splayed across the table while nicking yet another one of Snape's cigarettes.

Find the winning hand - Ahh, Professor Snape, what do you have in store for me? How about another round in the doggy's lap? Wouldn't mind, honest!

"Right, Miss Granger, you wish to play a fair game, or so you would have us believe. I seem to recall spending a round sucking on your toes, correct?"

"Mhm," I say, delighting in that little memory. Wait, he doesn't wait me to do that to his toes, does he? Fraid I'm not that sporting, Professor...

"And your disgusting display with that," he cocks his head at Sirius as he speaks, "has left me feeling rather...shall we say 'uncomfortable'..."

"Ah, so what you're saying is that you wish for me to replace your cigarette with your 'wand'?" I tease. "...Professor." Oops, almost forgot that bit!

"That would suffice."

Oh, the understated Slytherin pitch, eh Sir? Well, what the hell. Never tried that before, but of course tonight is all about new things, and one more surely won't hurt... besides, Ginny has told me that boys are much more willing to do the same for you after you've done it for them...

Besides, wouldn't mind knowing precisely what Potions Master hides under his clothes...

As I get out of my seat once more the most shocking thing comes from Sirius' mouth. "I think that's enough, Hermione. Game over."

What? Wait, that was Sirius, not Mr Conscience-has-the-better-of-me Werewolf, wasn't it? Double check. Yep, indeed one very sexy Sirius still to my right. Now I am confused. Did I do something wrong?

"I believe that we are only just beginning," Snape growls at Sirius. So did I!

"Remus is right, you're far too drunk," Sirius continues. What? WHAT? WHAT?!

"I wasn't too drunk ten seconds ago!" I basically whine.

"Well, that was before ..." Sirius suddenly cuts himself short. He gives Remus another odd look.

"Before what? You finger fucked her into oblivion? Don't be so bloody selfish!" Snape bellows at him. I giggle at his choice of words. Doesn't seem to impress either Remus or Sirius though.

"Sirius is right. Bed time, Hermione," Remus chips in his two sickles.

Damn the both of them!

"Getting too much for your likes, is it?" Snape's tone is really nasty now. Really shouldn't be turning me on as much as it does...

"For Merlin's sake, Severus, the girl is a virgin!" Sirius suddenly snaps.

Oh, so now the doggy has morals all of a sudden! Damn, damn, damn!

MISSION: So close, yet so far...

Snape shoots Sirius a look, which blatantly says he doesn't give a shit.

"Don't I get a say in this?" I protest. Now sex object status seems to have been shattered must start relying on brains again...Giggle at this though...and I placed my brains where?

Sirius gives me an interested look, while Lupin continues to look dubious.

"I have a little confession." Right, time for a bit of the truth to come out... "I had every intention of getting rid of that little problem tonight."

"Hermione, no way did you plan this!" Lupin scoffs, waving a hand over the cards on the table.

"Not this, precisely. Actually, planned on pouncing on someone down at the party, but the contenders were pretty...dismal."

"Really?" Sirius asks hopefully. "So if it weren't for this game you'd be doing this anyway?"

I nod my head.

MISSION: Rescue plan in action

"Beautiful story," Lupin says sarcastically, "unfortunately, Hermione, I don't believe you."

"Who cares!" Snape interjects. "She's perfectly willing..."

"Would hardly expect your likes to understand!" Lupin spits back.

"Well," Snape drawls after a few moments, "since the two of you are so keen on knowing the truth, there is one way..."

Sirius raises an interested eyebrow at the Professor.

"I happen to be quite proficient at Occlumency."

"How do we know you'll tell us the truth?" Lupin scoffs.

"When I have not? I may be a nasty piece of work, Lupin, but I have never once lied to you."

Lupin appears to think very hard for a few minutes, glancing back and forth between Snape and I. Sorta funny really never thought I would be agreeing with Snape on anything outside of facts and figures, let alone this! And the sight of Lupin looking all very serious with a bare chest and tie still on is almost laughable.

"Very well."

YESSSSS! Oh, hang on, that means Snape is going to read my thoughts! Oh dear... Start thinking of things I mustn't think about, then realise that is precisely what I shouldn't be doing...

Somewhere during these moments I heard Snape's spell "Legilimens!"

My panic deepens...

"Bloody hell, you stupid girl, just relax!" Snape snaps at me, his brow furrowed in concentration. "I don't give two shits right now about the stupid pranks you and those two dunderheads have pulled!"

Okay, Herm, just think about earlier tonight... Images from this evening race through my mind, talking to Ginny and Harry, surveying the lounge, standing outside the doorway to this room listening to their conversation...oops! I can feel him inside my mind really an odd feeling, I must admit. Not being able to control one's own thoughts...course, come to think of it, the alcohol has basically done that anyway. Tee hee. Finally I feel him leave my mind...

"Miss Granger," Snape finally speaks, with a smug grin, "is indeed telling us the truth."

"Why the look of panic then?" Lupin is still sceptical as he turns to me. I blush furiously.

"Miss Granger has been a rather naughty girl," Snape goes on with an evil grin, "Appears she was listening to our little conversation about her from outside the door."

Lupin looks at me, quite embarrassed. Sirius, on the other hand, is giving me a broad grin. Good doggy.

"On with the game then." The smirk on Sirius' face says it all.

"I believe given my knew knowledge of Miss Granger's ... misbehaviour I have a more fitting wish for my winning hand." Snape is giving me that evil one eyebrow raised gaze again. Oh, cripes! Now what?

"I believe we settled on your reward," I squeak. Well, it's worth a try. Give my lips a not so subtle lick while I'm at it. Swear Sirius whimpers, however Snape appears to have a little more control than I'd hoped...

"Bad girls deserve spanking Miss Granger. Oh, and to answer your question, it most certainly is bigger than that!"

I cover my eyes in shame, yet I can't help peeking through my fingers at him, and a silly grin soon spreads over my face. Knew I shouldn't have been wondering about Snape's endowments while he was in my mind, but I couldn't help it! So, bigger than Bill Weasley's, huh? Oh, get your minds out of the gutter, people! I accidentally walked in on him in bed with that bimbo...I mean, Fleur Delacour a few years ago. Wow, bigger than that? Boy, am I in for some fun, I mean trouble, I mean... oh, what the hell, FUN!

However, the spanking...Hm, frankly am a little worried about that. Though I think this will change my mind about telling Harry about having Potions Master crawling at my feet earlier. Can just imagine it now...

'So, Mione, what did he do then?!' Harry will ask.

'Oh, just put me across his knee and spanked me'. Yeah, right.

"All right, Professor, you win. Won't tell Harry."

"Excuse me?" Snape draws, cocking his head at me. "I should bloody think not, Miss Granger. However, you are holding up the game!"

I give Remus a pitiful look.

"Come on, Severus, leave off her."

"Oh, for pity's sake, think I want to leave that much bloody evidence lying around? I'm not going to hurt you!"

Indeed. Can see it now. Dumbledore having a friendly chat with Snape 'So, Severus, I believe you spent last night shagging Hermione senseless? No? So, do explain to me then why your handprint is still very visible on her rear end?'

However, I then catch Snape's "...Much."

Give Sirius a questioning look.

"It's just one round, Mione," he replies with a shrug of his shoulders.

Fine, fine, fine. Get up from my chair and walk around to the Professor's side of the table. Gods, this is embarrassing, despite my drunken state. Decide need another drink before I delve into this after all, they used to use alcohol instead of anaesthetic, didn't they?

Give Snape a devious look before grabbing up his almost full glass from the table and downing the lot in one go. Ahh, right, that's better.

"That, my dear, was not a smart move."

You don't scare me, Snape. Well, not now I'm absolutely buzzing in a firewiskey induced state. I give him a devious grin.

In a rather unladylike manner I lie over Snape's lap and brace myself.

His long fingers brush at the backs of my knees, then I feel him slowly slipping my skirt up, brushing the backs of my thighs as he goes. Gods, I am shivering in anticipation now. He's so very close to where I would much rather have those fingers...

"Very cute, Miss Granger, but no need for these." Merlin, help me! His voice is velvety evil. He proceeds to hook the waistband of my panties under his thumbs and pulls down until the elastic is sitting just under my rear end. Wonder precisely what sort of sight my lily white bum makes for the world... I glance over at Lupin and Sirius both seem utterly enthralled. Can't be too bad then...

Snape's hands trace light circles over my skin, almost tickling. Oh, oh, oh! His fingers are drawing so close to my wet folds now, just a little further, just a little... Ahhhh!

"Well, if there was any doubt left as to whether she was willing or not, I believe I have just found your answer, gentlemen."

"Shit." Goodness, did that just come from Lupin?

Snape runs one long finger back up, dipping just ever so slightly inside me. I buck back as quickly as I can, trying to impale myself on him.

"Miss Granger!" he snaps. His hand leaves me for a moment, then slaps back down on my backside, stinging to all hell. I squeak in surprise. "No one said you could move!"

"But..." I begin to protest.

His open palm hits me yet again. "Or talk!"

I whimper just a little, but I am beginning to wish for the next one. Gods, my sadistic side appears to be rearing what I thought was it's non-existent head.

Once again Snape begins to run his fingers over my skin, which is now even more sensitive than before. Finally he delves back into my depths again, if only for a moment, and I manage to contain my sigh of pleasure. Yet he leaves there all too quickly once more. His finger travels straight the crease between my cheeks and grazes over my rear entrance. Oh my goodness! Don't manage at all to contain myself this time. I swear that moan must've been heard down stairs...

"I thought I told you not to make a sound!"

Imagine my skin is not so lily white anymore...still, this is most definitely worth it!

Slap! Ooh, there goes another one...

"What was that for?"

"Because, Black you twit, are not playing the game. Get dealing!"

Ah, Snape has moved the hand that was resting on my thigh up and it is now roaming around inside my panties much to my approval. The other hand is brushes over my bum, threatening to slap me again. Gods, don't know what I want more now that or for him to...

Oh, yeah. His finger, which is wet from my own juices, is now playing over the tight muscles that surround my anus. That combined with the languid strokes two of the fingers from his other hand are making inside of me is almost unbearable in the sweetest way...

"Like that, do you?" Snape growls from above me. Seems reasonably favourable to Snape also rather large bulge from his pants in currently digging into my belly (and it does indeed feel larger than what Bill appeared to own...)

Yet his hand leaves me once again to redden my cheeks.

"Answer me when I talk to you!"

Get the sneaking suspicion that I was doomed either way I had dealt with that, but who cares!

"Yes!"

Yet another slap.

"Yes what?!"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Better."

MISSION: What mission?

Mind is beyond thinking anything besides how delightful those fingers are.

Oh, oh, OH! The very tip of one of his fingers has worked its way between those aforementioned tight pucker of muscles and it feels fucking awesome! The fingers of his other hand continue to pump inside me and I am so close to a repeat of what occurred in Sirius' lap it is unbelievable...

"Don't you dare!" Snape growls at me.

Too late, Sir. The removal of that finger sends me over the edge just as he brings his hand up to spank me again. Am perfectly aware that I am screaming out Professor Snape's name while writhing in his lap and don't give two shits!

"Fuck me!" I cry out. "Fuck me, Sir!"

"Your turn, Hermione," Sirius chuckles. "Get you an ice pack, dear?"

Damn, damn, damn! These rounds really should be longer...

Mission: Success, But Not Complete!

Chapter 5 of 6

Voldemort is dead and the party is on at Grimmauld Place. Hermione however has set herself a mission...
HG/SS/RL/SB

Snape is giving me an amused smirk as I stumble back to my seat - damn that man!

Cripes, really lost control there. Time to gain some of that back again. Pick up my cards and can't help but smile. Winning hand right there.

"Discard, Hermione," Lupin directs me.

"I'm right, thanks."

The three of them glance at each other, then Sirius shrugs and chuckles a couple of his cards to the table. Eventually all three of them lay their hands out on the table. Ha! Got 'em!

"Well then, Miss Granger, what's it to be?" Snape asks in an all too knowing voice. Puh! Not winning that easily! You had your chance...Right, the options...

About time I finally got a shag. However, Lupin is sitting there looking quite tense. Let me rephrase that, Lupin looks like if you hit him right now he'd shatter like once of those giant chess pieces from the chambers before the Philosopher's stone. Not going to get any action with him like that! Pity - going to have to waste a round...well, not waste, but, you know...

"Remus," I say, being sure to take in Snape's glare, and give him a cheeky smile in return. I pick up the bottle of firewhiskey from the table and fill Lupin's glass - not that it really needed it, the man hasn't touched a drop since I got here. "There you go. Down that."

"What?" Sirius is giving me a really confused look.

I give him a sly smile and pat his knee. "Just a little longer." Not too much longer, I hope!

Lupin looks a little relieved with my challenge, and quickly empties the tumbler, placing it back to the table triumphantly. Right, give him a few minutes and we should be back in action...

Snape deals out the next round, and I am utterly determined to win this one too. Had enough of this pussyfooting (fingering?) around - need to get down to business!

Damn, damn, damn! Cards are one big pile of shit. Never mind. I toss the lot to the table and get five new. These aren't much better - a lonely pair of fives and that's it. Oh, well. I'm sure one of the boys will come up with something tasty...

"Well then?" Snape raises one eyebrow at Sirius. Ah, darling Sirius, what have you up your sleeve (or is that in your pants?) for me? (Oh dear, the bad jokes abound - must be drunk!)

Sirius looks around the table, his eyes finally settling on Lupin. Lupin now has that toothy grin that comes with too much alcohol. Ah, feeling a little more compliant now, Wolfie?

"I believe it is your turn, Moony," Sirius says with a chuckle. "Do it."

"Do what?"

Sirius rolls his eyes at his friend. I, however, am literally squirming in my seat in anticipation.

"What do think, fool?" Snape growls. "Take her. Fuck her. Blow her naïve little mind! Whatever you bloody want to call it!"

Ohhhhhhhhhh, yes!

MISSION: Target approaching...

Lupin looks at me. Dear lord! His eyes are full of desire. He looks like he could eat me alive. Perhaps a whole glass was a little too much... NEVER!

"You undress her then." Lupin's voice comes out quite delightfully husky.

"My pleasure," Sirius replies. Oh, oh, OH! He gets to his feet and offers me his hand. I allow him to pull me gently to standing (Allow? I'd be down on my knees begging for it if it weren't already happening!). Sirius turns me so I am facing Lupin. Sirius' hands run up my bare sides from my hips to just under my arms where they divert and come around to cup my clothed breasts. He kneads gently at them and I am jelly in his arms. The tingles from earlier are refreshed and I bite at my bottom lip in anticipation.

Sirius' hands release me, his fingers trace the underside of my breasts, just below my bra working their way to my back where it is clasped together. He tugs gently on the closure, pulling it apart so that the flimsy material now hangs loosely from my shoulders, the lace rising up to expose an inch or so of my flesh. It grazes over my nipples as it moves causing me to gasp. Large hands move back around me, slipping under the fabric to grasp at my bare skin. Oh, shit. That feels utterly amazing! Sirius' fingers tug at my nipples, pulling the tight buds even tauter, then rolling them languidly.

"Oh!" I squeak, and Sirius steps up even closer behind me so I can lean back on his body for support. Just as well, would be on the floor now otherwise. Not that I would've cared... My bare back touches his chest again and the warmth of his smooth skin feels divine against mine.

"Look what you're doing to her," Sirius growls at Lupin. Don't really think he needed the prompting - Lupin hasn't even blinked since Sirius started. Not that I'm complaining - just love Sirius parading me for his friend. I'm sure I should feel exposed, or maybe ashamed, but honestly I am just completely wanton. Oh, wow...

I give my shoulders a little wiggle to allow my bra to slide down my arms, over my hands and flutter to the floor. Sirius cups my breasts, pushing them up for Lupin to admire. Seem quite to the man's liking. Still without averting his eyes he begins to undo his trousers. Shit, going to pass out soon, swear. Fleeting thought that maybe this isn't the best way to have my first experience - all future encounters are bound to be judged in comparison and frankly, I can't imagine anything even coming close. Fuck it.

I hear a chair scrape along the wooden floor. A quick glance to Lupin's left tells me that Snape has moved his seat to a better observation point. Interesting look on his face, I might add. Sort of like a starving dog having a bone waggled under his wonderful nose.

"Mione? You watching him?" Sirius whispers in my ear, and my eyes move back to Lupin. Oh my! His pants are now pooled on the floor and he stands before me in only his boxers. Quite an interesting tent in the front too. Oh wow. Can see just a hint of flesh protruding from the opening and now can't take my eyes from it.

MISSION: In sight...

"Mhmh," I mutter. External vocab seems to have taken a holiday. Don't care. Plenty of decent sounds I can make, and will probably discover a few I didn't even know I had.

"Still too many clothes, Mione." Sirius hands slide down my sides, leaving my chest completely exposed to the other two. Remus licks his lips at the sight. I literally shiver this time, and am rewarded by a deep rumble of a suppressed chuckle from Sirius' chest. Sirius slides down my back as his arms reach their full extension, still short of the hem of my skirt. Slowly his fingers make their way up underneath, creeping up my inner thighs to retrieve my panties, which are still sitting just under my backside from earlier encounter with Professor Snape. Sirius takes a few strokes at me through the material before pulling the offending garment down to my ankles. He holds me tightly around the waist with one arm as I step out of them. I can feel cool air licking at my now moist, bare skin intensifying my need still further.

Sirius retrieves my discarded panties from the floor and brings them back up with him as he slips back up my body. Out the corner of my eye I catch him bring them up to his face and then hear him inhale deeply.

Snape makes an odd choking sort of sound.

"Now, now, Severus, you will wait your turn. In the mean time..." I see my panties fly across the table towards Professor Snape and can't help but watch as he repeats Sirius' actions. His eyes slip close as he draws in my scent and an uncharacteristic moan slides from his lips. Can't even begin to describe the sound that extracted from me.

"You like that, Mione? You like watching Severus..."

"Professor Snape!"

"Professor Snape," Sirius corrects himself, "breathing in your scent?"

I nod my head as some thing inaudible squeaks from my lips.

"Good. Good. Now, Remus, you want her skirt taken off?" Sirius questions, his fingers sliding over my backside to reach for the zip.

"Depends. Do you want me to take my tie off?" Lupin asks me, an odd twinkle in his eyes.

I manage to shake my head ever so slightly.

"Well, then, Padfoot, I believe the skirt remains."

Gods, there is something so seductive about the idea of being utterly screwed while still half dressed. Will have to think about that further at a much more appropriate time.

Lupin has taken two steps towards me and is now standing just inches from my scantily clad body. One of his hands raises to stroke my cheek, before tipping my head back slightly. He bends down and softly kisses my lips. Slowly he parts my lips, his tongue gently yet purposefully begins to stroke my own, his earlier hesitation long forgotten. Shit, if what is to come is even a fraction of this I am going to completely lose my mind. Be sent to St Mungo's to join Lockhart... There are worse ways to go.

Sirius has returned to his position at my breasts, the movement of his fingers matching that of Lupin's tongue in my mouth. I am utter putty beneath their touches.

"Clear the table, Severus," Sirius demands. I hear a tiny crack in the background, and next thing I know Remus has picked me up from the floor, and is placing me down on the cool wooden surface. The change in temperature from Sirius' body to this is quite strange, yet not unwanted.

"Last chance, Hermione," Remus growls at me as he reaches down to remove his shorts. "Back out now!"

"Never."

Wow, lucky - apparently do still have one word floating around in my throat, and appears to be the right one. My hips are resting on the very edge of the table giving Lupin perfect access to his and my goal. Lupin's fingers rest lightly on my thighs, gently pushing them apart as he moves into position. I struggle to hold my head up to watch what he is doing. The look on his face is one of utter lust and desire. Probably not too far from my own, I might add. Lupin moves forward just a little and I feel him hot and hard pressing ever so slightly at my opening. Holy shit. I can't hold my head up any longer and allow it to fall back over the edge of the table to be greeted with Snape's face, which is wrought with dark desire. Snape takes the liberty of catching my mouth with his own. His kiss is far from Lupin's almost loving one - this is so bloody intense, so needy. Would feel sorry for the poor buggler if Lupin didn't start pushing forward. I feel just the tiniest of stings as he makes his way in, and then just delicious heat and friction as he slides home. Should have done this so long ago... No time for regrets now though...

MISSION: Fuck the Mission! Just enjoy!

Lupin begins slow, carefully restrained strokes, each and every one sending new thrills through my body. Between this and Snape's kiss I feel like I'm drowning in the most delightful way.

Ohhh! Someone's lips have just latched onto one of my nipples, tugging gently at my nerves while running their tongue over the tip. I struggle to lift one hand and finally place it on the back of that talented head. Long, shaggy hair greets my fingertips. Goodness, Sirius, that is quite a tongue you have... I show him my appreciation by running my fingers through his hair and pushing his head closer to me, only to have him increase the pressure. Fuck! That's it - have totally lost control. My head rolls to one side, yet Snape doesn't seem to mind me breaking our kiss. His lips soon latch on to my neck in a way completely worthy of the vampire rumours.

There are hands everywhere - on my thighs, on my lower belly working their way to where I am joined with Lupin, on my face... This is complete sensory overload. Lupin's

movements are increasing, ever so occasionally he hits my cervix causing me to jump in both surprise and desire. Am vaguely aware that a constant stream of gasps and pleasurable moans are escaping from my throat, but I have long since lost any control over those.

"Tell us Lupin," Snape growls against my collarbone. "How does she feel?"

"So hot," Lupin gasps as I feel fingers dig into my thighs. "So tight. Merlin, Hermione, this is heaven!"

Don't need to tell me that, Remus. I am quite aware...

Cripes! One finger has just reached my clitoris, dancing over the tight bud of nerves. I can feel it coming now. My toes are beginning to tingle, a wave of warmth spreading up my legs to envelope my entire body.

"Mione! I can't take it!" Lupin's voice cries out in the distance. I feel my muscles clamp down around him, drawing him in deeper and deeper. My body is writhing of its own accord on the table, one hand holding down my hips to try and keep me from sliding from its surface to the floor. Just as I peak I feel Snape take a nip at my neck, just painful enough to be pleasurable, while Sirius has upped his own tempo on my breast. The finger down at my clit is still stroking at me, though the strokes are slower and longer, reaching right down to where Lupin is buried inside me, then back though my slick folds to that tight ball of nerves that are pulsing over and over.

Lupin's strokes have become less controlled. He is now utterly pounding into me as my orgasm continues. He jerks into me just once more before I feel a gush of warmth inside me and hear a guttural growl that echoes throughout the room.

I swear I do black out for a moments, red stars explode inside my eyelids and every nerve in my body is ablaze.

Slowly I open my eyes as their movements cease. I look up to see Lupin bend over me, his arms shaking as he grasps tightly to the edge of the table for support. He places one soft kiss upon my lips.

"I assume that was to your liking?" Lupin breathes in my ear.

Who the hell is he kidding? To my liking?

Would love to say something utterly sarcastic in return, but my vocals are still recovering. I simply nod my head ever so slightly and pull him back down for another more suiting kiss.

AN: Ah, finally there! But it's not over yet! Next chapter in a day or two...

Mission: Complete!

Chapter 6 of 6

Voldemort is dead and the party is on at Grimmauld Place. Hermione however has set herself a mission....
HG/SS/RL/SB

"That's enough, you two," Sirius says quietly from my left. Lupin hesitantly pulls back from my lips. I desperately try to pull him back down, but he smiles softly and shakes his head ever so slightly.

Damn, damn, damn! Frankly think I'm turning into a right little vixen how many times have the three of them got me off now, and I'm still wanting more! Can't wait to see what Sirius and Snape have to offer I'm sure both of them will be wanting to out do Lupin's performance. Can't see how, but...

Lupin slides from me and I feel quite disappointed at the loss. He helps me to my shaking feet and I all but fall back into my chair.

"Well, where's the cards?" Sirius demands, giving Snape a pointed look.

Snape gives him a narrow eyed glare. "Do we really need the bloody cards?"

Sirius shrugs. "Up to you."

"I suppose you expect it to be your turn, then?"

"Far from it, Severus. I want to leave Hermione with something to remember."

"Don't even begin to think you can compare yourself to me, Black!"

"Hermione is still here!" Lupin says in a slightly angry tone. "Don't you think it would be fair to ask her what she wants?"

What I want? I don't think my imagination stretches quite as far as either of these two...

"Well?" Snape cocks one eyebrow at me impatiently.

"I..." Crap, crap, crap. What a position to be put in!

"Your choice, 'Mione. Me or...him?" Sirius flicks his head agitatedly at Snape.

I sit there and continue to weigh them up. Really can't do this.

"You choose," I instruct Lupin. "You choose who *I* get."

Lupin looks a little surprised. "Well, must return the favour then. Sirius..."

"Ooh, I'm shocked." Snape's voice drips with sarcasm as he slumps back in his chair in defeat.

Really should have known better than to expect Lupin to choose any one other than his best mate. Still, don't really care will still get my way with Snape I'm sure, and in

the mean time...

Decide to take the upper hand this time. I get to my feet and make my way over to Sirius. I was planning on getting back into his lap again, but he's still got his pants on and that really just isn't on. I give Sirius a lopsided grin and sink down to my knees. I fumble a little with the buttons on his pants after all am just a tad drunk and not particularly apt at undressing others... Finally I pry them all loose. With a little help from Sirius I manage to pull them from his hips and slip them down so they pool at his ankles. Hm, should really have taken his shoes off first...too bad!

Slide my hands back up his legs, stopping just short of the bottom of his boxers. Not sure if I want to know precisely why he and Remus have the same boxers. Both a vivid purple.

"Christmas present," Sirius says with a laugh, as if he could read my mind. Now I'm really not sure I want to know!

Never mind. Right, never really got to observe Lupin up close, and would quite like to take away at least some knowledge from this escapade. Could at least use that as an excuse to justify this all to myself tomorrow. Tentatively I bring one hand up to gently stroke the bulge before me. Sirius licks his top lip, giving me a playful smile. I take the opportunity to wrap my fingers around him through the silky fabric. I am quite surprised at precisely how hard he is. Cautiously I let my hand stroke him a few times and am urged on by a guttural growl from the man above me. Appears Sirius is quite pleased with this. With a little more determination I repeat my moves, the material moving beneath my fingers and suddenly I feel flesh below mine. It's so hot...

Right, time for further investigation. I reach inside the opening of his shorts, gently releasing him from their confines. My! I take a few moments to admire him, absolutely captivated by the tiny drop of liquid sliding from his tip very slowly down the side of his shaft. Can't help myself I really have to know what that tastes like. I lean forward and take a swipe at it with my tongue.

"Shit! Hermione!"

Tee hee. Apparently this is to Sirius' liking! Well, far be it for me to stop now... I place my lips around his head, sucking just ever so slightly. Right, he's not running away in horror, so must be doing okay so far. Carefully I slide down him, taking just a little more into him. I'm sure I've read somewhere about how you're supposed to relax you're throat and all, but don't really think gagging on him right now would be the appropriate thing to do, so decide to just play with a couple of inches. I run my tongue up his underside and Sirius lets out another groan. Right, on to something there! Keeping this up, I bring a hand up to hold him in place, but accidentally brush his sac on the way. Sirius jumps beneath me, hitting the back of my throat but thankfully I manage not to choke. Ah, so that's it! I leave my hand where it is. Gods, there is something so wonderful about this always knew I was a control freak but this just brings that to a whole new level...

"I believe," Snape drawls in the background, "that was not part of the deal!"

"See if I care," Sirius snaps back, his hands now tangling in my hair.

A few seconds later I feel fingers travelling down my spine, sending shivers throughout me. Then hands grasp hold of my hips, lifting me from the floor. I am forced to let go of Sirius, only to find myself deposited sharply in his lap.

"If you can't stick to the rules, Black, I'm damned if I'm going to follow them myself!" Snape hisses from behind me.

Sirius gives him a long look, before shrugging his shoulders slightly. He hasn't given me up though, quite the opposite. Taking hold of my hips himself he rises me up above him and positions himself below me. Gods, the tip of that delightful cock is teasing at my opening, almost entering me before pulling away. Snape's hands are working at my nipples, tugging almost violently at them, stopping just short of hurting me. Fuck! Lost all goddamn control yet again! Doesn't help one iota when Sirius suddenly digs his fingers into my hips and slams me down on top of him, filling me in one quick move. Not sure if he's bigger than Lupin or I'm just more swollen after my previous orgasms but damn this is tight. Sirius' hands move across my back, down to my backside. They grasp at my cheeks, kneading at them as he lifts me back up allowing me to slam onto him again. Someone just squealed. Have a feeling it was me. Don't care.

Feel hot skin against my back, slowly sliding down.

"Right where you belong, Severus," Sirius grunts. "On your bloody knees."

"Would've thought you had more pressing issues at hand than what I am doing." Gods, that voice!

One hand leaves my breast and heads back to my spine. I feel it trace it's way down, sliding between my cheeks and teasing at my back entrance.

"Like that, Miss Granger?" Snape growls in my ear.

Whimper in reply. Really can't do any better. Am currently grinding my hips against Sirius' in a feverish manner. Each move allows his dark pubic hair to brush at my clit, but it is not quite enough...

"Go on then," Sirius demands.

"Believe me, Black, I do not need your permission!" I hear a little shuffling behind me, then that finger departs. Damn!

"Professor!"

"Patience, Miss Granger, is a virtue."

Fuck patience.

Ah! Once again there is flesh pressing at that tight hole, but this feels much larger than that slender finger...

"Make some use of yourself and kiss her!" Snape commands Sirius.

"Be gentle." Sirius can't be too worried though, for he quickly does as Snape asks, capturing my mouth, delving his tongue in to claim me. Sirius stills his movements beneath me, leaning back in the chair, pulling me towards him.

I feel the pressure increase at my rear opening, feel Snape begin to slide slowly into me. Oh my lord... He pauses every few seconds, allowing me to adjust to having the pair of them inside of me. There is initial pain as he pushes his way through my tight ring of muscles...

"Relax, Miss Granger," Snape breaths in my ear, his hands slipping back around me to take slow strokes at my breasts. I do as he instructs and the pain eases as he presses forward. Gods, feel so delightfully full...

Slowly Snape pulls back out in an agonisingly slow way.

"Oh, fuck!" Sirius' mouth has left mine to moan obscenities to the room. "Fuck! Fuck!"

"Watch your language, Black. There's a student present."

Apparently that idea is not just appealing to Snape. Sirius bucks up beneath me, and I am suddenly assaulted by strokes on either side of the thin wall that separates the pair of them. Can't take it any longer... I grind forward, finding just enough friction against my clit and I'm gone, back into the world of the red stars...

"Don't you dare, Black. This is far from over," Snape growls from behind me.

I hear Sirius grunt in reply, feel his fingers digging into my hips again.

"So fucking tight!" he whimpers.

"So's your arse, Black. Prefer me to stick it there?" Snape leers at him. "Control yourself! Just ride it out!"

After an eternity I come back down, now completely at a loss with my muscles. I slide backwards, leaning against Snape's chest. Sirius appears to have regained some of his control, and is again moving under me. Snape appears to be getting bolder, his strokes longer and faster.

I feel lips on mine, soft reassuring kisses. I open my eyes, but there really is no need. It's Lupin. Had almost forgotten he was even here.

"You all right, Mione?" he whispers gently.

"Perfect," I reply dreamily.

"Shit! Can't take this!" Sirius suddenly cries out from beneath me.

"Bloody incompetent fool!" Snape growls at him. Then, "Well, make some use out of yourself, Lupin. Damned if I'm done before I feel Miss Granger writhing around me again!"

Lupin kisses his way down my body, finally taking my nipple into his mouth. He's still gentle, just running his tongue over me. I can feel myself heading towards the edge again, and that's before I feel his fingers at my clit. He pulls my folds apart, increasing the tension there further, one finger stroking feather light. That hand leaves me and I sigh, yet I manage to open my eyes to see him licking me from his finger.

Cripes!

"Mind?" he asks huskily, nodding down to where I am joined with Sirius. Mind? MIND?!

I manage to nod slightly at him. I take a quick glance at Sirius, who is biting at his bottom lip, trying to hold himself back.

I feel Lupin's tongue dart out to taste me, and my eyes fly shut again. Oh, shit indeed. This feels so silky...

"Can't...can't..." Sirius is chanting beneath me.

"Not yet!" Snape snaps back.

"Remus!!!" Sirius cries out.

Lupin ups his tempo on me, and I'm right there, so close again...

"Not yet!" Snape bellows again.

"Remus!"

I feel a hand slide around behind me, gently brushing passed my skin. From the moan that just escaped Snape I can only guess as to what Lupin just did...

Snape's movements lose their control. He pounds into me, matching Sirius' erratic strokes. Just as I feel them both explode within me I lose it again. We become on mass of nerves, shaking and writhing together...

"What happened to you last night, Mione? Thought you were going to bed?" Ginny asks casually over breakfast. Her and Harry are sitting next to each other, Harry especially looking rather awkward.

"Had a little game of Poker with Sirius, Lupin and Snape," I reply as nonchalantly as I can. Frankly, have been withstanding Lupin and Sirius' smug grins for the past ten minutes and am on the border of jumping them again, or would be if I wasn't quite so sore. Maybe after lunch.

Tonks, however, ruins my perfectly truthful response by nearly choking on her breakfast. "You what?!"

She glances across the table at Lupin and Sirius who exchange a glance before suddenly becoming very interested in the bowls of cereal before them. Snape, who had just entered the room at the tail end of that conversation is now frozen in the doorway. Apparently I'm not the only one to have played poker with the boys...Suddenly the vivid purple of Tonks hair looks very, very familiar... strangely similar to a reoccurring pair of purple shorts last night... or is that violent violet?

"Wow, that must've been really thrilling," Ron says sarcastically, grabbing up his glass of orange juice, oblivious as usual to his surroundings.

"Wasn't too bad." Tee hee, let them squirm!

AN: Bloody hell. That's it. I need a cigarette. Fuck trying to quit...

Ah, much better. Right, that's it folks! Though am thinking about (and could easily be persuaded *hint hint* into) writing a sequel. Lemme know what you think, and perhaps even a few things you'd like to see...

Thanks to all who have read this, and especially those who have taken the time to review! I really hope you all enjoyed reading this as much as I enjoyed writing it :)