

Well, I've Never. . .

by inna_chy

A party at Number twelve Grimmauld Place goes awry for Hermione till Severus and Lucius step in with a special game of dice.

Originally written for Potter Place Winter 2007 Prompt Challenge #13.

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Chapter 1 of 4

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Disclaimer: The Harry Potter universe belongs to J. K. Rowling. I make no money from this and have the student loan balances to prove it. Just think of it as intellectual Barbie dolls for grown-ups, only better. Also, the concept for drinking game in the story is loosely based on the real life game called 'I've Never' by INI LLC, though I took liberties with the questions and a few of the rules.

Author's Note: I can not thank Southern Witch enough for beta reading this and giving me a bit of wiggle room on the prompt. It was intimidating enough as a virgin author without jumping directly into a PWP. Thank you for all your help and patience.

"Please, Hermione? You've got to play!" Ron begged as he piled his plate full of the finger food laid out on the sideboard of sitting room. For the fourth anniversary of Voldemort's downfall, the members of the Order decided to skip the Ministry's fanfare and celebrate at Grimmauld Place in peace. "It isn't like there's anything we don't know already. Besides, we need another girl."

"Come on, 'Mione. It won't be that bad," Neville cajoled, quickly being met by a chorus of agreement.

Hermione pursed her lips in displeasure and looked at the group of people preparing to play some kind of drinking game with a deck of cards. Lupin and Tonks, Harry and Ginny, Neville and Luna, Draco and Susan, and Ron waited anxiously for her answer, not one of them realizing the natural pairing off of couples left her informally paired with Ron. "Why can't you pick a civilized game to play? Perhaps a round of twenty questions or I Spy..."

A mirthless snort sounded from the far corner where Snape and Lucius Malfoy sat, having procured a bottle of good scotch and a complete chess set. "If Miss Granger is so insistent on entertaining herself with a more *chaste* game, by all means, let her run along. I'm sure the older members will have begun a suitably sedate game of something or another that appeals to such Victorian morals." Malfoy sneered as the others in the room snickered at Hermione's embarrassed flush.

"Victorian morals have nothing to do with it. I just don't... don't care for strong spirits," she lied, dropping her eyes to the glass of wine clutched tightly in her hand. Since Voldemort had killed Narcissa as punishment for one of Bellatrix's mistakes over a half decade before, resulting in Lucius and Draco defecting to the light, Hermione had difficulty hating either one of them, though it had taken almost two full years before she could release the tightly held antipathy and another year of working closely together before she could call them friends.

"Then just take a drink of whatever that is, instead of a shot," Harry said with a dismissive wave. "This is supposed to be an enjoyable evening where everyone can let their hair down, not a night to act like a wet rag."

"Fine, but you'll have to tell me the rules," she relented, immediately regretting the situation as she took a seat between Ron and Remus.

"Here it is, then," Tonks began. "When it's your turn you draw a card and read what it says to the group. If the rest think it's true, they turn their own card so the blue side is up. If they think it's false, they turn the red side up. After everyone has picked, you tell us the answer, and everyone that got it wrong takes a drink."

"How do you know it's the truth though?" Hermione asked.

"If someone challenges the validity of an answer, you simply show the group the little box under the question. It'll turn either red or blue, so it's indisputable. Now, if the person is wrong when they challenge you, you can give them some kind of silly or embarrassing task. If the person is right, and you lied, then you have to tell the circumstances," Lupin explained.

"Circumstances?"

"Who, what, when, where, how... that kind of thing," Susan said. "Now, who's going to start?"

"Since this is the first time Hermione has played, why don't we let her go first?" Draco asked. In all honesty, he felt a bit bad for her, knowing full well that by the end of the night her closest friends were likely to be rudely disillusioned regarding the true nature of the resident bookworm. That wasn't to say, of course, that he would find it any less entertaining.

With a nervous glance around the haphazard circle they had formed, Hermione drew the first card and sighed in relief. "I've never ever... had sex in a hot spring," she read, unsurprised when everyone but Tonks and Draco flipped their cards to blue. "No, I've not ever had sex in a hot spring."

"Of course you haven't," Ron tossed in. "Don't know what those two were thinking."

Hermione simply bit her tongue and handed the deck to Remus. It wouldn't do anyone any good to point out that it was a hot tub. "I've never ever... shagged on the first date." A few people in the group looked at him appraisingly before flipping their cards to blue. "No, I've never shagged on the first date."

One by one they worked their way around the circle, the answers split nearly fifty-fifty, until it came back to Hermione. "I've never ever... lied about being a virgin," she read quietly, forcing herself to remain calm. Oddly enough, all the women and Draco turned their cards to red while the remaining men flipped theirs to blue.

"All you reds might as well take a drink so we can move on," Ron gaffed.

"I have too lied about that!" Hermione snapped before she could catch herself.

"You don't have to pretend to be experienced, Hermione. We all know how it is," he countered.

"How it is?" she asked quietly. "How it is? Explain to me, Ron, exactly how is it?"

"You know... you're you! You're pretty and all, but it's not like you have men falling at your feet. You wouldn't need to lie about that."

"Just show him your card, 'Mione," Tonks said. "With any luck that'll shut him up before you turn him into an eunuch."

For a long moment after Hermione proved herself, Ron stared questioningly at the card. "Who wanted to shag you?"

"Never mind Ron." She sighed. "It's Remus' turn."

"I've never ever... fallen off a broom," Remus read and waited for the others to turn their cards. "That's a lie. I fell off my broom constantly the first year. Everyone does at some point or another."

Everyone began to relax as the round smoothed out, people choosing to ignore Ron's lack of judgment, until Draco drew his card. "I've never ever... had fantasies about someone of the same sex."

Hermione waited till everyone had answered to flip her card to red, smiling at the young man's blush till Ron opened his mouth. "Hermione, you have your card on the wrong color. If it's not true, then that would make Malfoy a poofier."

"No, Ron, that would make him a naturally curious human being. Now please stop being a prat," she snapped before returning her attention to the now greatly embarrassed wizard. "So, who's drinking? The majority or the minority?"

"Majority," Draco replied, thrusting his chin up in the air. He would not allow himself to be ashamed simply because Ron Weasley said so. "It's a lie. Your turn, Susan."

An uneasy silence settled over the group as Susan took her turn and handed the cards to Ron. "I've never ever... cheated on a girlfriend." Remus, Tonks, Ginny, and Susan flipped their cards to blue while the rest of the group immediately set theirs to red. "It's true," he responded far too casually.

"Prove it," Neville said, his inflection carrying more anger and disdain than intended.

"I've never cheated!" he shouted, trying to read the expression on Hermione's face through the alcoholic haze.

"Just get over yourself, you great git!" Hermione snapped. "After seven years sharing a dorm room with her, I bloody well know what her perfume smells like, and you came to me reeking of her with a love bite the size of a small pygmy puff. I'm not stupid! Now give me the damned cards so this game can die a quick and painless death." Without further comment, she snatched the deck of cards out of his hand and flipped the top one.

"I've never ever... faked an orgasm," she read with a slight cringe. Once everyone had decided on their answer, Hermione shook her head. "It's a lie."

"Who else have you slept with?" Ron raged as he turned toward Hermione. After all, if he had to live with the shame of being outed, she could too.

"That's none of your business, Ron. You aren't my boyfriend, you aren't my brother, and if you keep it up, you won't be my friend!"

"I want to know who else you've slept with! Or were they so bad that you won't admit it? Tell me. Was it that Ravenclaw? Or perhaps you found yourself some Muggle shag buddy over the summer."

"My 'Muggle shag buddy' was far better than you were! At least he always finished what he started," she countered, still too angry to register what she was saying. "Hell, if it weren't for him, our first time would have put me off sex for life!"

"What do you mean put you off sex. You were a virgin... a frigid virgin to boot!"

"Frigid? Perhaps if you included something in the foreplay besides rubbing your crotch all over a girl's thigh and using her breasts as squeeze balls, you'd get a better response! As it is, there is no possible way you can expect a girl to *not* fake it if you don't work on your endurance! Three weak thrusts and ejaculating all over her leg isn't how you make her orgasm," she stormed, getting to her feet. "And as far as my being a virgin goes... pshaw! Between going on about 'loose morals' and my lack of charm, the only answer you wanted to hear was that you were my first, you bloody hypocrite!"

"Stop talking like you know about sex!" Ron thundered, stumbling up to his feet. "You're just lying so they don't find out how pathetically bland you really are. We already know that you're not into sex and stuff. Not that it's a big deal since no one's interested in you anyways. We know that so just stop lying, 'Mione."

Hermione suddenly became very aware of the attention their argument had caused, but when her gaze fell to the deck of cards clutched tightly in her hand, she mentally shrugged. Perhaps she could shock everyone out of their condescending attitudes about her love life. "Just because you can't find value in the things I like does not mean that I'm a walking reference book destined for the nunnery. I have fantasies, I have things I want to try, and with the right partner, I enjoy sex. I'm sorry that's so hard for you to understand, but really..."

"Prove it." Ron sneered.

"Pardon?"

"Prove it... You're still holding the deck of cards... Prove it."

"Ron," Remus said as he stood and tried to gently stop the drunken fool before someone hexed him, "she doesn't need to prove anything."

"Yes, she does. She said it was my fault it was bad, and it wasn't! I've seen dead fish more responsive than her, and I won't take the blame simply because she wants me to. Everyone knows she's not much to look at, and she'll never be right for a wife, but she's pretending that she isn't some prude, and it isn't fair!" he hollered before Remus could clamp his hand over the younger wizard's mouth.

Looking at the cards clutched tightly in her hand, she pursed her lips in thought before tossing the game pieces to the floor. "No, Ron, I will not debase myself any further simply so you can attempt to salvage what's left of your pride. I won't... not for you. Now, if everyone will excuse me, I've had enough games for the evening. Goodnight."

Once the sitting room door had closed, the remaining players, with the exception of Luna, Tonks, and Draco, exchanged surprised looks.

"You know, for someone who took Divination, you are awfully dense," Luna serenely informed Ron.

"Why do you say that?" Harry asked, unsure how to react to the evening's revelations.

"Because," Draco said with a put upon air, "Virgos are notoriously passionate in their chosen pursuits, and anyone who thinks she wouldn't chose to pursue her sexuality is an idiot."

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Hermione sequestered herself in the third floor library, taking her normal spot at the end of the table. In all reality, the small room was nothing more glamorous than a converted bedroom with restricted texts, but it had quickly become a favorite while doing work for the Order. Bracing her head in her left hand, she absently began rolling a couple of dice someone had left out. Hurting Ron had never been her intention, and she had truly tried to be honest with him when they were together, but in the end it was simply easier to fib.

A quarter hour later, the door swung open enough for Severus and Lucius to enter, neither man garnering her attention till Severus leaned down and clamped his hand over the two dice Hermione was reaching for.

"He is a blind fool," he murmured. "If you take what he says to heart, you will be, too."

"Is he, though?" she asked, her features pinched. "Severus, you know as well as I do how long it's been since I've had an honest to god date!"

"Well, I would hope so, given that you have squandered the last few years on an apprenticeship at Hogwarts. Wrinkled up old prunes and half developed adolescents are hardly conducive to an active social life," Lucius huffed as he sat on her other side across from Severus. "Though I am rather curious on how you ever convinced the boy you were a virgin."

"I told him that my hymen was ruptured in a broom accident." She shrugged. "Any doubt he may have had was quickly forgotten in the face of an anatomy lesson."

Lucius laughed loud and hard while Severus smirked at the table. "Popped while riding a broom... Yet another example as to why Mr Weasley is not worth your time."

"You're right. It's simply frustrating. There was so much I had wanted to try by now, and I've not gotten the chance."

"Perhaps you would be interested in another game to help take your mind off things?" Severus asked as he tightened his fist around the dice and momentarily closed his eyes in concentration before standing to pour himself a finger of brandy from the small liquor cabinet in the corner. "Admittedly, it does draw upon one's more base desires, but I guarantee you'll find it far more... satisfying... than the other forms of entertainment available this evening."

"A game?" she asked, looking curiously between the two men. "What kind of game?"

Hermione startled slightly as Severus stopped behind her and slowly dragged the end of his index finger down her arm, across the tender skin of her inner elbow, and stopped to hover over her open palm. "A game," he drawled quietly next to her ear, "of dice." Without another word he dropped the two dice in her hand, the dark green letters showing boldly against the oversized silver cubes.

"How... How would one play?" she stumbled, the words *lick* and *genitalia* taunting her while a small thrill raced down her spin. It had really been far too long. "I mean, it... with three... how... I'd hate for someone to be left out since three's an odd number and all."

"It is a rather simple process, really. When it is Severus' turn, you will perform what he rolls. The same holds true for whatever I roll. Anything you roll will be performed by both Severus and myself. There is a ninety-second time limit from the start of the action rolled, but even without it, I doubt anyone will be neglected. Now, who shall be first?" Lucius asked as he conjured a small timer.

"Hermione has the dice. She may as well begin."

Taking a deep breath, she gave the pieces a small toss, half afraid to see what they landed on.

"Kiss and a Wild," Severus said as he perched on the table and pulled her up to meet him. Brushing back a lock of unruly curls, he followed the smooth line of her jaw down her throat where the light blouse was hanging open to the third button. "That means that we each have a minute and a half to kiss you any way we desire on any part of your body."

The words were quickly blotted out when he placed the first reverent kiss on her moist lips. Lucius leaned back in his chair and watched with unadulterated fascination as one of his oldest friends stoked the young woman's desires before trailing open-mouthed kisses down the taut cord of her neck and over her collarbone. "You taste like no other," he murmured while nosing at the pale bit of lace on her bra strap, but before she could reply, a timer emitted half a dozen small squeaks.

"Turn around, my dear," Lucius commanded as he gave her left hip a push and crashed into the front of her body, roughly pinning her between the two wizards. Where Severus had taken the time for seduction, Lucius had rushed in to conquer, his tongue plundering her mouth as his hands went immediately to the buttons of her shirt.

When the blond wizard finally left her mouth to scatter kisses down her shoulder and across the top edge of her bra, Hermione sighed and leaned heavily onto Severus' seated form, her head rolled back onto his shoulder in a way that caused each small moan and hitched sigh to wash across his neck.

Far too soon the timer sounded, and Lucius immediately stepped back, Hermione groaning in disappointment as Severus gently pushed her to her feet and picked up the abandoned dice. With a quick shake of his hand, he dropped the bits of wood to the table where they gave the next command. "Lick nipples," he read before turning to Lucius with a raised brow. "Do we include disrobing in the allotted time or wait until the revealing to turn the timer?"

"Ninety seconds from the beginning of the action rolled. Go right on ahead, Hermione, and I'll turn the timer."

"Alright," she breathed. Never before in her admittedly limited experience had three minutes of kissing left her feeling so wanton. With a trembling hand she reached up and brushed Severus' hair back before trailing her cool fingers down the back of his neck and around the top of his collar. A wicked smirk played at the corner of her mouth as she mumbled a spell and slid her finger down the row of buttons on his robe, each one freeing itself in her wake. Piece by piece she trailed her finger down his clothing till robes, vest, and shirt hung open. "You wear entirely too many layers, Severus," she breathed as she pushed the offending garments off his shoulders, allowing them to hang loosely from his elbow, the buttons at the cuff conveniently forgotten.

Both Severus and Lucius watched with hooded eyes as Hermione moistened her lips and dipped her head, drawing a wide wet path over one pebbled nipple while her right hand slid up his side, seeking out its twin. For the first few moments, she tentatively explored the lightly haired chest in front of her before letting go of the last of her inhibitions. For the first time in her life, she had not one, but two, attractive, well built, experienced men at her disposal, and she was not about to waste it. For nearly a full minute, she doggedly applied herself to the task at hand, her fingers fairly flying over Severus' body in an attempt to ignite every nerve between shoulder and belt as she tormented his painfully hard nipples with lips, teeth, and tongue, taking great pride in his small squirms and jolts.

Again the timer interrupted, and Hermione stepped back, a smile lighting her face as she took in Severus' ragged breathing and flushed skin. Before either could comment, Lucius snatched the dice and gave them an impatient toss, smirking at the next task.

With a flick of his wand, the fine clothes he had worn fell away from his body and appeared neatly folded on an end table in the corner. "I never have been good at delaying gratification." He smirked as Hermione looked at his very naked, very aroused form in surprise, her nervousness returning ten fold.

"Oh my," she mumbled, unconsciously taking a step back.

"It doesn't bite, I assure you," Severus said, the confusion evident on both wizard's faces.

"I know, it's just... Ron was my last and before him... Well, it isn't like we were prudish, and we did experiment a little bit, but... I... Perhaps Ron was right and I am a cold fish," she rambled. Gods above, she hadn't wanted to ruin this, but the thought of facing them after a poor performance was unbearable. Failure was failure, be it books or flesh.

"If you wish to stop, we will," Lucius said evenly. "However, we only ask that you stop because you are uncomfortable and not because some idiot wished to save his ego by maligning you."

"Perhaps going a bit slower would help," Severus suggested when he noticed Hermione begin to chew on her lip, a sure sign of indecision. "We can have a glass of wine in front of the fire while you tell us what your concern truly is."

"Wine would be good." She nodded, quickly moving to light the hearth and cast a few cleaning and cushioning charms on the old rug between the sofa and fire.

The two men gave her a few moments to fuss with things and calm herself before they joined her, Severus having abandoned his robes, shirts and footwear while Lucius had donned his half buttoned britches. Hermione took a long drink of the bittersweet brew and glanced down to where Severus and Lucius sprawled on the floor, the dark-haired man stretched out on his side while the blond sat with one arm dangling loosely over his bent knee.

"I didn't mean to be such a stick in the mud," she murmured as she dropped down to sit between them, her skirt tucked demurely over her knees.

"We had expected far more talk upon our arrival." Severus shrugged. "Now, are you going to tell us what exactly occurred in that overactive brain of yours?"

"I couldn't stand it if I wasn't good enough for you. Josh was pleased enough with a simple shag in unique places, and you can very well gather how it worked out with Ron," she admitted. "Granted, I'm not a virgin, but I'm not exactly practiced in some of the more... practical applications either. It was all very... adolescent, and this... well, this is not."

"Then we shall teach you," Lucius replied simply. "You are an attractive woman, and your innocent charm only adds to that."

"What if it goes pear shaped on us, though? Severus and I work together, and the three of us are still thrown together for Order business. On top of which, I would hate to lose our friendship over a night of sex."

"You will not disappoint, and even if that were to happen, it would not affect our relationship outside these walls. I dare say that any future undercurrents will be more lust based than shame based," Severus supplied. Hermione ran her finger along the edge of the wine glass as she thought about their points. "How would you like to continue?"

"It was Lucius' turn, I believe," she said shyly while setting the glass aside and crawling toward the man in question, the loose knee length skirt framing her posterior. Very gently, she trailed her finger down the light treasure line, momentarily hesitating before opening the placard to release him.

"Help him take them off," Severus commanded as his hand trailed over her hip. It took a few moments of awkward adjusting to dispose of the offending garment, but as soon as she had tossed it to the side, Severus moved to kneel behind her, holding her tightly in the cradle of his body, and began to lecture in his best classroom voice, giving Lucius time to kneel within easy reach. "Now, it is very important to follow my instruction, Miss Granger. Too little pressure at the wrong time will quickly become a frustration, and too much pressure on the wrong area will result in an unpleasant pain. Another key point to remember about manual stimulation is the sensitivity of the sac. It must not be left out. Now, keep the grip firm and mind your nails."

Unconsciously licking her lips, Hermione let the sensations wash over her: the mingled scents of sandalwood, Dracaena resin, sage, and something else pleasantly dark, the way the wizards' warm breaths moistened her neck and ear, the feel of Severus' right hand sliding up to tease the underside of her breast while his left inched across her abdomen and held her snug against his erection, the lust induced flush creeping up Lucius' pale chest and the expectant twitch of his hip as she wrapped her hand around him.

"Beautiful," he whispered, giving a slight thrust to encourage her movements.

After a few more strokes, she felt Severus' fingers move from breast to shoulder and then down until he cupped her small hand in his larger one. "This too can be a subtle art a way of bewitching the mind and ensnaring the senses. Now follow the lead," he began lecturing again, lacing his fingers between her own. "One must explore the nuances of the person, noting which sensations disrupt the easy flow of ecstasy and which exalts Eros himself."

With slow, purposeful movements he directed Hermione's fingertips up the thick cording to tease at Lucius' glans before sliding back down to gently caress and tug the heavy balls. Lucius groaned and leaned in closer, bracing himself against the two shoulders and pressing his cheek against Hermione's temple.

"Once you have sufficiently piqued the person's desire, it is time to forego subtlety and take the matter firmly in hand," he drawled, redirecting Hermione's fingers to encircle the top portion of the shaft, her forefinger resting close enough to engage the sensitive ridge with each stroke. "Please remember that despite the copious amounts of pre-ejaculate that the person may have emitted by this point, there is still not enough to sufficiently lubricate the skin. Until you have either applied the necessary substance or wetted him with your mouth, it would be wise to limit your movements, as so." As his right hand continued to guide her, he used his left to pull her other hand free off Lucius' hip. "Now that you have a his cock, try playing with his hair or balls... Use your imagination and watch for his cues, but first, kiss him."

Lucius didn't wait to claim Hermione's mouth, pressing his body closer even as Severus slid his hands back and dropped his own lips to her arched neck. A groan was

quickly answered with a moan, though from whom no one cared, before the timer issued a loud squeak.

"Now then, do you still believe we will be disappointed?" Lucius whispered as he nipped her ear and regretfully removed her hands from his body.

"Gods, I hope not," she panted, trying to ignore the sudden moisture pulling at her pubic hair. The sensation was an odd combination of tickle and itch, though she couldn't guarantee that it was the wetness and not the throb between her legs that was causing the discomfort.

"All in good time, my dear," Severus drawled as he held the dice in front of her. "It is your turn after all."

Hermione bit her lip and dropped the proffered dice onto the carpet, her breath catching at the task assigned.

"Brilliant!" Lucius grinned. "What say you, Severus, first or second for sucking on her quim?"

"I believe second shall work nicely." Before Hermione knew what had happened, the dark-haired wizard pulled her to her feet and slid his hands under the edge of her shirt. "Exquisite. Lucius, do come feel this."

With a predatory smirk, Lucius descended on her, quickly grasping her arms and pushed them up and back till they hung around Severus' neck and shoulders. "Hold tight, my dear, we wouldn't want you to fall," he growled, covering her lips with his as he loosened the bottom button of her shirt.

Hermione allowed her head to fall back, her eyes fluttering closed as Lucius left a trail of love bites down her neck and across her chest, meeting up with his hands as the top button slipped through the hole revealing her full breasts encased in a simple satin bra held together with a silver S-shaped clasp. Growling deep in his throat, the blond wizard trailed his fingers over the soft cups, purposely dragging his short nails across the peaked nipple, before continuing down to the waist of her skirt.

"Now, the dilemma I am faced with is this: Do I play coy and simply bury my head beneath your skirt, or do I strip you down to the pelt and let you watch me as I feast?" Lucius asked as he waved away the offending skirt and knickers, sharing a smirk with Severus as Hermione failed to notice anything but Severus' hands undo her bra to mold her naked breasts and Lucius' words fanning her arousal. "There is truly something to be said for modesty, but I think this time I would prefer to be able to see your face. Think about it, Hermione, shirt and bra hanging open, breasts shaking from each shuttered breath as the flush of lust stains your skin... being able to look down and see my face buried between your legs as I suckle your clit and press my fingers deep within you."

Before she could finish processing his words, Lucius plunged his hand between her legs, his middle finger hard against her clit despite the slickness as the remaining fingers massaged the wet, swollen lips. Hermione arched against Severus' arms with enough force to nearly topple them, clawing at his shoulders and neck, her yelp ripped through the relative stillness of Grimmauld Place as her body imploded around her.

For a long moment Hermione hung limply in Severus' arms, her hands rhythmically gripping his abused flesh as she panted. Lucius gently leaned into her, his erection throbbing against her stomach. "Do you feel what you've done to me? To Severus? Do you feel how much we want you?" He waited until she mewled in response before continuing. "I want you to watch as I taste you. Open your eyes."

By the time Lucius had slid down her body and placed the first kiss on the inside of her knee, she had managed to roll her head forwards enough to grant his request. "Oh, gods, please," she whimpered as he draped her right leg over his shoulder and licked a wide path across her inner thigh and onto her mound, stopping just shy of pressing on the bundle of nerves.

"Absolutely perfect," he breathed, allowing the hot air to wash across the sensitive skin as he slowly worked one finger up inside her then another. "And virgin tight, I might add."

"When I allowed you to go first, it was not so I could spend the rest of the evening watching!" Snape hissed. "Get on with it so I may have my turn."

"Always impatient, Severus, though I must admit that I, too, am ready for this particular game to be over," he grumped, but immediately fell to the task at hand. For the next ninety seconds, Hermione clung to the man behind her as the wizard kneeling between her legs nipped, licked, and suckled at the tender flesh, driving her higher and higher as his finger rhythmically pumped against the tight passage until she felt her self drawing deliriously closer to the edge, only to have him pull swiftly away at the first squeak of the timer.

"No," she whined, trying to grind down against anything that would allow her the release.

"Soon, Hermione, very soon," Severus drawled as planted a small kiss on the ticklish patch of skin behind her ear. He lightly dragged his hands up Hermione's sides and cupped her breasts, simultaneously tugging the nipples between his thumb and forefinger before slipping the shirt and bra down her arms and onto the floor. Severus glanced around the room trying to decide where he wanted her when his eyes fell on Lucius. The blond wizard sat sprawled on the small sofa, slowly stroking his erection. Perfect.

Turning her to face him, Severus pulled her snug against his body and lowered his lips to hers, pressing lightly before nipping her bottom lip. He eased her back till she was standing directly in front of Lucius. "It's time to get on with the game," he growled as he broke away. "Now sit down."

Hermione squeaked in surprise as Lucius firmly grabbed her hips and pulled her into his lap, her legs falling to the outside of his own and his erection pressed firmly between their bodies. "Just relax, Hermione, this won't hurt a bit," Lucius said as he leaned them back and spread her legs open with his own. "Severus has always been a bit more visual than I."

"Lucius has simply never learned to appreciate the beauty of nature," Severus countered as he lowered himself to kneel between Hermione's legs. All talk was forgotten as he placed the first kiss upon Hermione's bellybutton, his hands flowing over the gentle swell of her stomach and onto her hips as his mouth fell further down her body. Any plans of fanning her slow burn nearly turned to ash when he glanced up, Hermione's wide brown eyes a picture of wanton innocence as he softly tugged at her pubic hair with his lips. "I can't wait to fuck you," he growled into the wet hairs, tightening the hold on her waist and plunged his face between her legs.

Where Lucius had gone directly to her clit, Severus contented himself at her opening, laving and sucking at the ruffled inner lips while his nose nestled against the hard bundle of nerves and his chin ground against her perineum.

Hermione writhed against the body behind her, desperate to find enough footing to arch into Severus' mouth. "Please!" she keened, winding one hand tightly into Severus' hair while digging the nails of her other hand into Lucius' shoulder.

"Patience," the man behind her murmured, his cock caught enticingly in the crevice of her butt cheeks.

When the timer finally sounded, Severus gave one final broad lick and pulled back to look at the woman in front of him, his nose, cheeks and chin glistening in the firelight. "Have you ever tasted yourself, Hermione? Ever laid in bed, sated, your hand slick with your body's juices, and thought to take the smallest taste?"

"No," she panted.

Very carefully, so as not to jar her sensitive clit, Severus worked his middle finger into her body, pumping slowly against the hot flesh. "Taste," he commanded when he held the well-coated finger to her lips.

Without thought Hermione obeyed, rolling her tongue against the slick, calloused skin before sucking the digit firmly into her mouth. Dragging the finger from her lips, she gave it a small kiss. "It's sweeter than I thought it would be," she murmured, casting a demure look at the tented front of his trousers. "Though I must admit that I was hoping to taste something else tonight."

"Indeed," he growled as he rose to his feet. Button by button, he opened the front of his trousers, the turgid flesh barely moving as he kicked the cloth away. "Taste me," he

said as pulled her head toward his groin.

Hermione leaned forwards, causing Lucius to groan against the change in pressure, and firmly gripped the dark-haired wizard. Severus watched with hooded eyes as Hermione bowed her head and closed her lips firmly around bottom of his glans, her tongue playing across the tip before giving a sharp suck.

"Gods!" he hissed, his hips thrusting forwards before he pulled back out of reach. "No more games."

"You're getting slow old man. I'd have thought you'd be ready long before now." Lucius chuckled.

Severus summoned his wand with an irritated wave of his hand and quickly transfigured the sofa into a wide, armless daybed, the head raised slightly. "Get comfortable," he informed the blond wizard as he tugged Hermione to her feet and led her to the foot of the lounge. "Taste him, Hermione. Show him how hot your mouth is, how soft your tongue is as it bores against his tip."

A breathless nod was all she could muster as she crawled across the velvet cushions, Lucius opening his legs in invitation. Hermione held him firmly and gently lapped at the red tip before slipping him between her lips. Following his careful guidance, she slowly drew him deeper and deeper into her mouth, her tongue rolling across his glans before sucking him further into the heat.

Lucius watched with amusement as Severus slipped behind her and ran his hands firmly over the soft flesh of her butt and hips, slowly adjusting her stance before leaning over to whisper in her ear. "Now we get to fuck," he murmured, one hand lightly pinching a nipple as he thrust against the pliant flesh, his dick dragging across her swollen mons. "Very, very shortly you are going to be pinned between us, both of us riding you, kissing you, caressing you, until you scream in ecstasy."

Hermione moaned around Lucius' flesh as she tilted her hips back, opening her center in invitation. Severus braced one arm against the lounge and adjusted his tip to lie at Hermione's entrance. With one quick buck of his hips, he buried himself balls deep in the tight, hot passage.

Lucius quickly pushed Hermione back off his cock and watched, entranced as Severus slowly withdrew before jerking her back over him, her breasts swinging with each rough thrust.

"More..." she begged. "Please, more..."

"Is she ready?" Lucius panted, dragging his lust-filled gaze up to Severus' face.

"Soon enough," he panted as he wet his fingers, carefully inserting one, then both, in her small puckered hole. Hermione groaned as he gently prepared her body for the dual invasion and, when she was ready, thrust one last time before pulling out. "Now," he said as he gave two flicks of his wand, one to clean his hand and the other to sufficiently lubricate his shaft.

"No," Hermione whimpered. "Don't go yet."

"No one is going anywhere," Severus soothed as he encouraged her to sit up and lean against his chest. "We are nowhere near done with you, witch. Look at Lucius. He wants you. He wants to feel your flesh sliding around him. We want to feel your body clenching down on our own. We want to hear you cry out for more."

"Hermione, come," Lucius commanded as he pulled her to him.

"Yes," she breathed, feeling Lucius' cock prod the swollen flesh. With a bit of wiggling, Hermione situated herself and slowly slid down the thick length until she sat heavily against his hipbones. "Oh, gods."

"Lean forwards now," Severus said, giving Lucius a small nod. "Kiss him, let him taste your lips and feel you slide across his skin."

As soon as she began to move, Lucius quickly grasped her to him, his tongue immediately seeking entrance, and jerked up against her body. Hermione tensed and relaxed in turn, her arousal swirling through her body in search of relief.

Severus edged closer, running his hands over Hermione's back and sides before sliding them down to massage the firm globes of flesh. With his left hand firmly placed on her lower back, he used his right hand to align his cock, his teeth clenched as he pushed the first inch through the resistant flesh.

"Hush. Just relax," Lucius soothed at her first whimper of pain. "Relax and let him in. I promise it'll be like nothing you've ever felt before."

"Hurts."

"You need to relax, witch," Severus said, allowing the want and need to infuse his normally silky timber as he rubbed her lower back. "Once I get past the first bit, it'll get better, but if you say the word, I will stop."

"No. Keep going," she panted.

"Take a deep breath and let it out slowly, then. We're nearly there." It took three attempts before Hermione could draw a breath deep enough to relax the muscles holding Severus hostage, but as soon as they loosened, he pushed his way through, grunting in relief as his glans made it past her sphincter. "Brilliant." He sighed, continuing the short, steady thrusts until he was all the way in. "How are you, Hermione?"

"Ready," she grunted as her body clamped down in anticipation, her arousal returning in the wake of the pain. Never before had she felt as full or as tight as she did at that moment.

That was all the two wizards needed. During the first few moments, the three moved awkwardly, Severus guiding her hips and thrusts till they established a steady pace, both men delving into her and withdrawing at the same time. With the rhythm established Lucius fisted one hand in Hermione's hair and pulled her lips to his while his other hand sought out her peaked nipples.

"Magnificent," Severus murmured as he leaned over her writhing, bucking body. With one hand firmly gripping the lounge, the other slithered its way between Hermione's legs until his fingertips slid across her hard clit.

At the first gentle pinch, Hermione groaned and slammed backwards, the feel of Severus hitting the inside of her belly button while Lucius attempted to burst through her cervix pushed her closer to the edge, the feel of hands and lips and skin nearly swallowed her whole till she felt as though she couldn't take a moment more.

"Harder! Now, please, oh, please gods..." she ground out, her body twisting and thrashing in a frantic attempt to have more, to reach that spot.

Severus scooted closer and leaned back onto his heels, his free hand sliding between her breasts to grip her shoulder. On the next stroke Severus jerked her down, impaling her on both cocks as he and Lucius simultaneously thrust up as hard as they could. Hermione let her head fall against Severus' chest as they drove into her over and over, forcing her past the edge. The sheer intensity of her orgasm unfurled a wailing keen that the neighbors were sure to question while her contracting muscles pulled first Severus, then Lucius, with her into the abyss.

With a bit of maneuvering, the two sated wizards managed to lay Hermione between them on the sofa, her right leg tossed possessively over Lucius' hip while Severus spooned her from behind.

"Good?" Lucius panted as he traced the bottom curve of her breast.

"Um hum." She sighed contentedly as she dropped a sleepy kiss on the shoulder in front of her and laced fingers with Severus.

"Not disappointed, then?" the dark-haired wizard mumbled into her neck.

"Um-umm."

Before Severus could comment on new ways to quiet her, an angry shout echoed up the stairwell followed by what sounded like a heard of thestrals. "Lucius, did you not cast the Silencing Spell," he asked dryly only to receive a non-committal shrug before the other man boldly cupped Hermione's breast.

"I'm telling you, I heard her scream!" Ron barked.

"And I'm telling you, Weasley, you shouldn't be poking your nose where it doesn't belong," Draco returned.

"He's right, mates. Let's just go back down stairs," Tonks tried to reason as door after door in third floor hall banged open. "Hermione's a big girl, and there isn't anyone here who'd hurt her."

"We just want to make sure she's okay," Harry huffed as Ron threw open the door on the small library.

"She's fine, Mr Potter. Now if you would be so kind as to close the door on your way out," Lucius murmured before leaning down to lick a small bead of sweat from Hermione's shoulder.

"But... but you're... Hermione wouldn't ever..." Ron stammered.

"Yes, Hermione would, and magnificently I might add," Snape purred.

"Well, I did have help." She sighed. "Now get out before I hex the lot of you."

Harry had no more than drawn a breath to protest before Hermione wordlessly summoned her wand and pointed it at the door. "Out."

"Told you," Tonks said as she bodily shoved the group back far enough for Draco to shut the door.

For a long moment the three occupants listened as the upset group headed back downstairs before Lucius broke the silence. "As wonderful as this has been, I must excuse myself. I will see you next week if we miss one another in the morning. Thank you, my dear," he said as he lightly kissed Hermione's forehead. "Severus." He nodded.

Hermione looked up in confusion as the older man pulled his robe on and collected his clothes, but every time she drew a breath to speak, Snape would poke her lightly in warning.

"He needs time to deal with his guilt," he explained after the door closed. "He may have been a right bastard about many things, but he was always emotionally faithful to Narcissa."

"What do you mean?" she asked as she wiggled around to face him.

"Of all the women he ever sought gratification with, his wife was the only one he cared about. The other relationships were simply about sex."

"Hasn't he... found a friend since Narcissa died?"

"No, not as such. There's been a tryst or two, but nothing more till tonight."

"I don't understand."

"No. No, I wouldn't imagine you do." He sighed. "Lucius misses the intimacies he shared with his wife but is hesitant to move on, to 'cheat on her memory' as he put it. With you, he can allow himself some of the benefits of emotion without the danger of losing his heart."

"How so?"

"He values your friendship too much to risk losing it. Besides, he's pining after another and refuses to admit it."

"I see," she whispered before trying to roll away.

"I doubt you do," Severus said as he clamped an arm around her middle. "Even if his heart were free, he wouldn't approach you as a suitor."

"Yes, well, the whole unworthy Mudblood thing does put a damper on such notions," she spat, unable to loosen his grip.

"No, he would not approach you until he'd heard you've turned me down."

"Turned you down for what?"

"For me, you daft bint!" Severus groused as he quickly moved over her, pinning her to the sofa. "For the past year I've done everything I could think of to get your attention, short of taking you against my sitting room wall."

"Why ever didn't you say something?"

"What do you think our weekly discussions were for? Or the invitation to use my library? Or always being paired to chaperone Hogsmeade weekends?"

"For friendship, of course." She scoffed only to have Severus quickly close his expression and try to pull away. "Now, had you been blunt and simply asked me out, we could have been shagging like niffers for months already."

"What are you saying?" he asked cautiously as he gave her an appraising look.

"I'm saying, you prat, that I like you, too."

"You like me?"

"Of course I do, but perhaps we could finish this conversation later. We are both in need of a shower," she teased as she squirmed out from between his arms and pulled on his linen shirt, the tails falling to her knees as he looked on incredulously. "I would much rather spend the rest of the night shagging you silly, but I can't till we're properly washed. Unless... Unless you'd rather not," she finished shyly.

"Well, I was hoping to finish *Popular Potions of the Napoleonic Era*, but I'm sure it can wait till tomorrow." He smirked. "Go start the bath, and I shall be along shortly."

Really, I Haven't!

Chapter 2 of 4

A party at Number twelve Grimmauld Place goes awry for Hermione till Severus and Lucius step in with a special game of dice.

Originally written for Potter Place Winter 2007 Prompt Challenge #13.

Disclaimer: The Harry Potter universe belongs to J. K. Rowling. I make no money from this and have the student loan balances to prove it. Just think of it as intellectual Barbie dolls for grown-ups, only better. Also, the concept for drinking game in the story is loosely based on the real life game called 'I've Never' by INI LLC, though I took liberties with the questions and a few of the rules.

Author's Note: Props go to Southern Witch for beta reading, Potter Place for enough cerebral lubrication to work out the right euphemism toward the end, and LOTM for the preview review in exchange for early admission. Thank you.

I must also apologize for the lack of Lucius in this chapter. He's taking a short break while the small but evil smut-hijacking plot bunny is properly roasted. Lucius will be back though, with his lady love following shortly after.

Severus eased into the bathtub behind Hermione and pulled her back against his chest. "Are you sore?" he asked quietly as he nuzzled the ticklish spot behind her ear.

"Not too much," she sighed. "My backside is a little tender, but that's all. How about you, are you sore?"

"It would require a great deal of sex before I was too chaffed to take you," he smirked.

The minutes passed in a comfortable silence as Severus nibbled the long line of her neck and allowed his hands to glide over her soft body. "Did you ever fantasize about me?" Hermione whispered, wiggling around just enough to see the curious look on Severus' face.

"Many times."

"Did you ever . . . you know . . . get off on it?" At the sudden twisting of his features, Hermione barreled ahead before she lost her nerve. "I just . . . I had this one in particular that would always work, and I wondered if you had one too."

"Indeed? Tell me about 'this one in particular.'" Hermione blushed and dropped her eyes, but the arm locked around her waist prevented her from turning away. "Come now, witch. You cannot expect that I would spill my secrets without at least a little reciprocation. Tit for tat, after all."

"If I tell mine, will promise to tell yours?"

"Yes," he replied evenly.

After a moment of consideration, Hermione slowly began her tale. "It would be on a Saturday evening, and I'd drop by to visit while you worked on your research. You'd ask me if I could help, sometimes with preparing the ingredients or maybe a batch of Pepperup potion for Poppy. Anyway, we'd be working along as we normally do, only this time there's little touches," she said as she lifted his free hand, the nail of her index finger gliding over the moist skin of his palm. "You'd brush my fingers when taking an ingredient, or push back a bit of hair that got out of the tie back. Intimate things like settling your hand on the small of my back as you walk passed. Eventually I'd be doing something that you needed to check, and you'd stand right behind me with your hands on my hips and look over my shoulder. I could feel you along the whole length of my body, and I'd hope that the lump digging into my back was you and not a phial of something or another in your pocket."

Hermione wormed her way around until she was straddling Severus' thighs. The dark-haired wizard watched in fascination as the young woman on his lap abandoned his hand in favor of softly exploring his chest, never once bringing her eyes up to meet his own.

"Your hands would start to dip down across my stomach before you pull them back, and just when I build the courage to turn around and kiss you, one of your Prefects knocks on the door. There's always a fight in the common room or a hex that Poppy can't quite reverse. You apologize and tell me that it will take awhile, but I'm welcome to wait. It only takes a few minutes after you leave before my task is complete, so I clean up and put things away, the whole time wondering if I had imagined it. After the busy work is done, I don't know what to do, but I don't want to leave. That's when I notice a book on your desk. At first I think it's one of your potions books, but it isn't," she said, her voice husky from the remembered desire.

Severus slid his hand up her side to cup her breast and dropped a chaste kiss onto the corner of her mouth. "So tell me, my snoopy little witch, what book did I leave laying about for prying eyes to ogle?"

"*The Complete Encyclopedia of Magical Sexuality*," she murmured, still lost in the fantasy. "I open it to the page you have book marked fully expecting to find an article about semen in potions or hormone variants effecting the outcome of reproductive potions, but it isn't. Instead there is a picture of a woman bent at the waist, her hands braced against the foot of a bed, as the man pounds into her from behind. I can't help but imagine that it's a picture of us. My breasts swaying every time you thrust into me, my head thrown back as I'm begging you for more. And you . . . You urge me forwards, the silk of your voice is lost from the desire as you explain in explicit detail how much you like what you're doing. I . . . I can't help but wonder what it would be like, and it makes every nerve in my body surge."

Biting back his own swelling need, Severus slid a finger over the curve of Hermione's hip to toy with the outer most curls covering her mound, silently encouraging her to continue.

"When I can't stand it anymore, I flip through the pages, thinking somewhere there would be something to distract me. The next picture is of a woman pleasuring a man, and again, I imagine that it's us. I'd be sitting on my heels with you kneeling in front of me. The saliva and pre-come coating your . . . your cock is so thick that the skin barely moves when I try to massage you with my hand. Your head is dropped forwards so you can watch me scoot closer and settle you between my breasts. I lean forward just enough to kiss your stomach, the tip of your shaft leaves a wet trail along my collarbone, but you push me back before I can leave a love bite on your hip. Your hands fall from my shoulders to tug at my nipples before pushing my breasts together around you. At first you move slowly, sighing each time you emerge out the top, but as soon as I catch the tip between my lips you have to have more. My hands move up to replace yours so you can fist your hands into the back of my hair. Over and over you pull me into your thrust, your hips hitting my ribs each time you burst through my cleavage and into my mouth. You don't talk this time, not with words, but I can tell with each grunt and moan that you're close, and when you come, you crush me against you, my nose pressed into the soft skin of your belly as you cover my chest and neck with your cum."

Severus slowly exhaled as he reigned in the desire to take her then and there. The idea of fucking those luscious tits was indeed a, well, titillating thought. Before he could chastise himself for such a bad, if apt, pun, Hermione's voice pulled him back to the matter at hand.

"The whole time I'm watching the picture I want it to be *us*. I want you to find *me* so desirable that you lose control for just the slightest of moments. I turn a few more pages

before I find another picture that I have to stop and watch. It's a witch and wizard kissing passionately as he lifts her onto a dining room table. He runs his hands up the outside of her thighs and down the tops as he steps between her knees. She leans back on her elbows, and he lifts one of her legs up onto his shoulder before he enters her. They obviously care about each other, it's easy to see from the looks passed between them, but at the same time you can tell how much they want one another. That's when I can't stand it anymore.

"I push my robes open and slide down a bit in your chair. The skirt I'm wearing is only knee length, so when I drape my leg across the arm of the chair the material slides up out of the way. I close my eyes and imagine that it's your hand on my leg, your fingers sneaking under the material of my knickers. I touch myself, wishing it was your skin against mine, so lost in the fantasy that I don't hear the door open or your boots on the flagstone. I don't know how long you watch, but you don't speak till I moan your name.

"Take your knickers off,' you say, 'I want to see you.' You watch as I stand up and strip away *all* the material, wanting to feel your eyes on every bit of my skin. When I sit back down, my leg again hooked over the arm of the chair, you tell me what to do, where to touch, how hard to press. The desire... it's like an object placed between two mirrors, it just goes on forever, growing in intensity till we're both ready to explode. You grab the hand buried between my legs and pull me firmly against you, my nipples so hard that even the softness of your shirt scrapes and hurts. Before I know what's happening, you lift me onto your desk, release your erection, and plow into me."

The sudden silence pulled Severus out of his reverie, and he carefully searched for any telltale signs of distress, wondering what could cause her to stop at such a pinnacle of the story. Nothing appeared out of order. "And?"

"And what?" she asked curiously as she gazed up at him with innocent, though thoroughly aroused, brown eyes.

"What happened next?"

"I . . . Well, I don't know exactly," she muttered, quickly looking away.

"How can you not know what happened next in your own fantasy?" he huffed incredulously.

"Because I never *needed* to know what happened next."

"Merlin's beard, woman, how ca... Ah, I see now," he said, his frown widening to a rather evil smirk. "Tell me, which did you find more arousing to imagine: the two of us in such compromising positions, finger fucking yourself at my desk, or my watching?"

Hermione fidgeted a bit before snagging the bar of soap and flannel off the small shelf of the tub. Only after she had washed his chest and stomach did she speak. "I suppose it was you telling me exactly how to . . . to pleasure myself while watching," she said as she ran the rag over his now prominent erection and down between his legs.

With a single quick jerk on Hermione's hips, Severus dragged her the few inches separating their torsos, her backside sliding deliciously over his thighs and the water lapping at the underside of her heavy breasts. "Indeed?" he growled into the curve of her neck. Sliding a hand between them, he gently massaged and caressed the apex of her thighs, subtly washing away most of Lucius' essence. "And what, pray tell, did I want you to do as I watched?"

"Oh . . . Ah . . . You wanted me to pull open my folds with one hand and tap my clit with my other index finger," she breathed, the hot, moist air engulfing his ear. "Then you wanted me to let go and slide my hand all the way down and back up. After that you, um, wanted me to finger myself, but you insisted on three strokes before I pulled out and circled my clit once. When my finger is soaked you tell me to circle my areolas. The . . . The, uah, cool air of the dungeon makes my nipples even harder once they're wet. Oh, sweet goddess, I want you!"

"Show me," Severus demanded as he pulled back from the soft warm lips working down his neck and along the ridge of his shoulder.

For nearly half a minute, Hermione sat unmoving as she fought past the desire to simply take him where they were before giving a short nod and rising from the bath water. Severus watched in something akin to awe as she lightly patted the excess moisture from her body and draped the towel across the counter next to the sink. She had attempted to pin her hair up after she left the library leaving the clean lines of her body mostly uninterrupted. Never before had he seen anything so erotic as the natural rolling sway of Hermione's rounded hips and the slight jiggle of her naked arse as she moved.

Without a word between them she hopped up on the counter, her legs demurely crossed at the ankles as she pushed back the tiny hairs clinging to her temples. Hermione carefully watched Severus' face as she boldly cupped her breasts before sliding her right hand down, over the soft curve of her belly, and buried her first three fingers in engorged tissue between her legs.

"Show me," Severus demanded again, his voice rough from desire. "Open up for me, witch. Let me see."

Leaning back against the wall, Hermione lifted her left leg and braced her heel against the edge of the counter while hooking her right leg over the corner. She inserted her middle finger into her body, the passage still slick from the earlier encounter. After three slow thrusts, she withdrew her finger and ran it lightly around the rim of her swollen clit before bringing her hand even higher. For the briefest of moments, Severus thought she intended on painting her nipples but quickly checked the idea as her tongue darted out to curl around the end of the sticky digit. One, two, three more tiny swipes of Hermione's talented tongue, and she engulfed it with her mouth, sucking and swallowing just as she had done to his cock.

"Do you like the taste?" he asked after pulling himself out of the tub, uncaring of the water running down his body to pool on the rug.

"It's alright I suppose." Hermione shrugged as she dipped her finger back into her body. "I can taste Lucius' cum with my own, though I would rather it was yours. Would you like to try it?"

"Indeed," he murmured. Ignoring the proffered finger, he dipped his head down between her splayed thighs and lapped at her weeping center. Pulling away, he wiped his face of the edge of her towel and straightened to boldly look her in the eye. "You're right. My cum would taste much better on you than his."

"Well, at least we can agree on that." She swallowed thickly, trying to keep her gaze off the raging erection bouncing so very close to her unprotected opening. "Shall we get dried off now and go back to your room?"

"No," he answered honestly. "Now we shall fuck." Before Hermione could so much as contemplate the declaration, Severus looped her left leg over his right arm, tugged her to the very edge of the counter, and shoved into her wet heat. The series of slow retreats followed quickly by sharp thrusts had her arching toward him, her head thrown back as she gasped at the delicious invasion.

"Oh god . . ." she moaned, dragging his head toward her and attacking his mouth.

With a rough groan Severus wrapped both her legs around his waist, pulled her tightly against him and turned to brace her against the bathroom wall. As delightful as it was to have her splayed before him, the counter was unequivocally the wrong height and the angle insufficient. He wanted all of her, the scrape of her nipples against his chest, her weight bearing down on the very root of his erection, the grind of her clit against his pubic hair . . . everything.

A moment was all it took for them to find a rhythm, a precarious dance of arching and flexing bodies driving one another closer and closer to the precipice. Severus pounded up into Hermione's willing body, the strength in his legs giving an extra snap to his hips, as the mewling woman in his arms sucked and nipped at the straining cord in his neck.

Their movements subtly shifted quickly, moving from hurried to desperate and then to frantic as Severus gave up any pretense of tempo and simply hammered into her thrashing core, her muscles contracting around him on the edge of climax, until she literally milked the orgasm from his body. "Beautiful . . . Fuck . . . Goddess . . ." he

The feeling of Severus buried snug against her cervix as the hot seed rushed the opening to her womb pulled her down after him. Darkness clouded her vision and Severus' coarse words vibrated down her spin as she tensed, bowing against the wall before snapping forwards to bear down around his twitching shaft; she quickly bit down on the side of his neck to muffle the wail of satisfaction.

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"It isn't necessary, really," she quietly replied, giving a small shake of her head.

Instead of arguing the point, the dark-haired wizard again leaned in and, again, whispered in her ear. This time Hermione whirled around with a wide-eyed look of shock. "Really? You're not having me on?" When Severus shook his head a wide, a nearly evil grin creased Hermione's features. "Oh, that's brilliant! Absolutely, unequivocally, brilliant. It'll take a bit of preparation, of course, with needing to smooth a few feathers, but we could definitely work something out."

"You are not to get involved," he hissed. "No interference!"

Hermione leaned a bit to the side and looked appraisingly upon the group of people sitting around the table, most of whom shifted nervously in their seats. The last time Hermione had that look about her, a large number of Death Eaters had quite a nasty shock at the end of her wand. With a placating pat on Severus' chest, Hermione said, "Of course not, Severus, whoever said anything about interfering? Now, if you'll be kind enough to help, we can hurry breakfast and get back to Hogwarts. Quite a lot of work to be done before fall term, you know."

## Okay, Once . . .

### *Chapter 3 of 4*

A party at Number twelve Grimmauld Place goes awry for Hermione till Severus and Lucius step in with a special game of dice. Originally written for Potter Place Winter 2007 Prompt Challenge #13.

First off, a special thanks goes out to Southern Witch who helps compensate for the black hole of punctuation lodged somewhere behind my left ear. Truly, your patience at repeatedly reminding me there is such a thing as a hyphen has not been overlooked. Thank you.

Secondly, I need to thank Jean Gray (specifically) and Potter Place (generally) for the help and extra brainpower to track down the name of a toy from two decades ago. The help was appreciated and will hopefully give someone somewhere a giggle.

And third, I owe a sincere apology to all of you than have been waiting for the update to "Well, I've Never..." Shortly after the first chapter was posted, a child moved into my home who suffers from Reactive Attachment Disorder. If one ever wanted to intentionally kill all creativity except for that directly applying to parenting... RAD will accomplish that. My muse, however, is occasionally sticking her head out of the bunker as things are evening out, so hopefully it won't be another year and a half.

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Severus glanced up from his book as Hermione wandered into the bedroom. Her flushed cheeks and wind-blown hair gave her a decidedly bedable look as she tossed her cloak across the chair in the corner. "Did you enjoy yourself at the party?"

"Very much," she hummed as she slowly stripped out of her clothes and pulled on a short nightgown. "Far more than Ron did, I assure you."

"And what was young Mr Weasley's problem tonight?" he asked as he placed the book on the night table.

"He insisted on being a prat. Somehow, he has gotten it into his head that it's my fault Harry and Ginny broke it off."

"And of course you had nothing to do with two certain individuals getting locked in the cellar, wandless, with nothing but a large supply of alcohol, fruit, a remarkably comfortable bedroll, and one old, but functional, self emptying chamber pot."

"Of course not! I told you it was an accident. Besides, those two had been on the verge of calling it quits for over a year," she replied as she entered into the bathroom to brush her teeth.

"Are you going to tell me what happened to cause Mr Weasley's unhappiness?" Severus called as he set his reading aside and slid further down in the bed.

"Ron's or Arthur's?" she laughed as the water shut off. "Ron is unhappy that his entire family and a few select others now know why he liked spending so much time alone in his dad's shed. Arthur is unhappy that he now has to throw away a few of his favorite things and cast Cleansing Charms on the entire building."

"What did you do?" he asked suspiciously.

"The only thing I did was have the misfortune of witnessing one of the incidents," she said innocently. It wasn't until Severus sent her a scathing look that she continued her story. "I simply explained to Ron that if he continued to berate the sexual practices of others, that a few of his own quirks would be brought to light. He chose not to listen," she explained, leaning against the door frame. Her heated, hooded look quickly brought Severus' attention to their own sexual practices. "In the end, Ron told one and all about his own escapades with a hand-held massager and a water snake."

A look of incredulous disgust crossed Severus' face. "You can't mean to tell me that the boy practices bestiality?"

"No," Hermione laughed again. "It isn't a true snake. It's a cylindrical-shaped Muggle toy made of water-filled rubber. It's extremely soft and pliant with a hole running down the center that facilitates movement. It slides from front to back with a tip of the hand."

Hermione counted the ticks of the bedroom clock. It took less than twenty seconds for the dark-haired wizard to create a mental image, deduce the implications, and assimilate all the facts. "That is truly a disturbing picture."

"The actual sight was worse, I assure you," Hermione pushed away from the door frame and slinked toward his supine form. Starting from the foot of the bed, she crawled up his body, her nightgown drooping enough to show an enticing amount of cleavage as her breasts jiggled and swayed. "Did you speak with Lucius about tomorrow?"

"He will be here by three. Arrangements have been made for an early dinner to be discreetly deposited in the sitting room," he murmured against her lips. "At some point you need to inform him that it was not my idea. He is currently under the impression that I am a lecherous old man."

"You are a lecherous old man," she breathed in his ear, allowing the moist air to tickle his skin. "Life would be rather dull if you weren't."

Severus leaned up to press a chaste kiss against the corner of Hermione's mouth. "I am not old."

Hermione sat back on her heels, her naked center pressed against his abdomen, and pulled the gown over her head. "Of course you aren't." Severus looked on in amusement as the young witch struggled to pull the blankets back while kneeling on them and then fought against the drawstring on his lounge pants. It wasn't until she had tossed the offending garment unceremoniously to the floor that she returned her attention to him. "I plan on taking advantage of you tonight. You don't mind, do you?"

The sharp bark of laughter broke the stillness of the room. "Certainly not!"

"That's good. I have spent the entire evening thinking about you and all the things I want to do to you."

"How very intriguing," he purred, sliding a finger up her arm before reversing directions. "And what, prey tell, do you have planned?"

Choosing not to answer, Hermione adjusted her stance and, with practiced ease, sank over his ridged flesh. Sighing with pleasure, she braced her hands against his chest and began the tortuously slow twisting of her hips and rocking of her pelvis.

Whereas most of their other encounters held a nearly frantic edge, this time Severus watched in fascination as the woman above him traded her typical methods for an honest and open pursuit of sensual sexuality. With her wild curls tumbling freely down her back, her breasts gently swayed as she arched into his body, and the whispered gasps and sighs gave her the look of a goddess. Severus slid his hands up from their light perch on her hips to caress her breasts, but before he could manage to run his thumb across her peaked nipple, she had his hands lightly pinned to the pillow on either side of his head.

"Mine," she quietly growled. "You are mine."

Before he could come back with a suitable reply, Hermione rolled her abdominal muscles, mimicking that of a belly dancer, and ground her clit against his pelvic bone. Sitting upright again, Hermione trailed one hand over her stomach and up to her breast to pull none too gently on the nipple while the other slipped down to slide between her lower lips.

Severus watched as the young witch above him writhed and rolled, her fingers flying over the nub of nerves nestled between the soft, wet skin, and couldn't help thrusting up into her short downward stroke.

"Severus!" she gasped as she arched back and then snapped forward, her entire body curling into itself with the force of the orgasm.

No sooner had she straightened out, Severus quickly flipped them over. Holding her waist tight against his body, he pulled his knees forwards and sat back on his heels and examined Hermione's splayed form. The slight swell of stomach was far more pronounced as she lay at such an angle, gravity had pulled her breasts up and to the side having lost the extra support when she reached up to grab at the head board.

"You look absolutely fuckable, Miss Granger," Severus hissed as his hips snapped forward with enough force to make her entire body jiggle. "And you are mine." Any more conversation was lost as the normally dower man gave himself to the moment, Hermione's cries driving him closer and closer to the edge till he fell forward, hands gripping at her shoulders for leverage, pounding into the willing flesh, until he spent himself in her body.

Once their breathing had evened out, Severus rolled to side, humming contently as Hermione tossed a leg over both of his and buried her head against his chest. "I was under the impression that you were going to stay away from vodka in the future."

"Mmm, yes, but Ginny had this delightful cranberry drink," she purred. "Besides, it never bothered you before."

"I said nothing about it bothering me, I was merely wondering who to send a bottle to for the next get together."

"Well, I suppose that's all right then," she mumbled, already drifting off to sleep.

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Severus let his head drop to the front, watching the girl kneeling before him through lowered lids as he pushed his hips forward. The slow, steady pace of two short thrusts followed by one long thrust was agonizing, drawing out the anticipation.

"My, my, Severus, I never knew you were one to cull the company herd. What a delightfully wicked development."

"Yes, well, ignorance must occasionally be cured with the most . . . drastic of measures," he drawled, rolling his head back in order to look at the blond man leaning in the doorway from his office.

Firmly, but gently he pulled Hermione away from his groin before tugging her to her feet.

"Professor?" she asked quietly, her bright eyes darting between Severus, Lucius, and the wet erection jutting out from Severus' pants.

"Oh, we are far from finished here, Miss Granger," Severus murmured. "Turn around and greet our visitor."

Hermione turned slowly to face Lucius, nearly panting as she attempted to slow her heart rate. "Good afternoon, Mr Malfoy. It's nice to see you again."

Lucius' gaze dropped clear to Hermione's Mary-Janes before dragging back up her body. He couldn't help but admire the way her conservative pleated skirt fell just a little too short for propriety or how her plain white button up fit a little too snugly. He wondered if the Gryffindor tie was meant to hide the way her shirt strained over her breasts as much as it was meant to stay authentic to student garb.

The blond wizard locked eyes with Hermione, quickly stepping into her personal space. "Ignorance, you say? How very interesting," Lucius drawled as he brought the heavy metal head of his cane up, sliding it slowly down the slope of her breast. "And what lessons is Professor Snape attempting to . . . impale . . . you with, my dear?"

Hermione gasped as the fang on the snake caught at her erect nipple and quickly stepped back, bumping up against Severus.

"Professor Snape insists that I learn a valuable lesson concerning the appearance of impropriety, sir," she whispered, her breath catching as Lucius took another step to close the gap, effectively trapping her between the two wizards.

"The appearance of impropriety?" Lucius asked, his right brow rose in question. "What an interesting description to having a pleasant young woman swallow your cock."

"Indeed. I have been trying to explain to Miss Granger the benefits of appearing beyond reproach," Severus drawled as his hand snuck around her body and tugged the bottom of her shirt free before moving onto the buttons.

"And do you not, Miss Granger, find merit in the theory that it is easier to publicly behave in such a way that your actions could never be called into suspicion than it is to defend yourself from accusation after the fact?"

"Perhaps," Hermione murmured. "But, as I told Professor Snape, there is always value to be found in simply behaving oneself."

"Ah," Lucius nodded, watching closely as Severus undid the last button and began sliding Hermione's blouse down her shoulders. "And does behaving oneself often include running about without foundational garments?"

Before Hermione could answer, Lucius again raised the cold metal head of his cane to run across the smooth, slightly flushed breast. The sudden chill against her nipple caused Hermione to gasp and arch back against Severus, his hands dipping to push at the waistband of her skirt and knickers.

"You truly have a . . . responsive student, Severus. Perhaps this lesson could prove less tedious than most."

"Perhaps," Severus agreed. One more firm shove had dropped the remaining garments to the floor, leaving Hermione standing naked except for the Gryffindor tie, argyle knee socks, and Mary-Janes. "Though it remains to be seen if Miss Granger is capable of resuming proper appearances at the end of her detention."

"Yes, yes, it does," Lucius murmured. "Though she does appear quite the treat."

Severus smirked and turned Hermione toward his desk. With one arm wrapped around her hips and a gentle push between her shoulders, Hermione bent at the waist and braced herself against the edge.

"Professor?"

"Hush, Miss Granger. You needn't talk until spoken to."

"Yes, sir," she murmured, tossing the loose curls to the side in order to give Lucius a better view.

The blond wizard again raised the silver head of his cane and slid it down her back, from shoulder to rump, and dipping halfway down her thighs before stopping. "You know, Severus, I could assist you if you like."

Severus hummed in contemplation as he stepped around Lucius to look at Hermione from the side. Her soft curves were accentuated by the position that she held, her full breasts swaying slightly on either side the Gryffindor tie hanging loosely around the neck. Need seared through Severus' body as Hermione turned her large, lust-glazed eyes toward him. "Toy with her for a bit, would you?" he asked, too engrossed in the sight before him to look at the man he was addressing. "But don't let her cum. Not yet."

Hermione glanced at Lucius just long enough to see the predatory gleam in his eye and whimpered. Dropping her head back to center, she watched Lucius step fully behind her.

A quick tap on the inside of Hermione's leg widened her stance, and a gentle nudge of the small of her back dropped her stomach down and rolled her hips out, baring all of her wet center.

Lucius examined the swollen folds, tracing the ridge with a single finger before scooping up a drop of her moisture that had begun running down her thigh. "Are you turned on, Miss Granger?"

"God, yes," Hermione whimpered, her knuckles white from the grip on the desk. A quick glance to the side gave her a perfect view of Severus trailing his own fingers up and down the ridged, seeping cock.

"And what do you want?" Severus asked, his voice rough with need as Lucius slowly pushed two fingers deep within Hermione's body.

"Anything, please. Please, Professor," she mewled.

"Five points for an incomplete answer. What. Do. You. Want?" he bit out. He had discovered the worth of indulging Hermione's fantasies, but his patience was running thin.

Raising her head back up to look her lover full in the face, Hermione moistened her bottom lip leaned back against Lucius' probing finger. "Fuck me."

"Lucius, give me a moment while you deal with your robes."

"Have two," Lucius smirked before stepped back, sucking the wet digits into his mouth.

Hermione barely had time to brace herself before Severus shoved roughly into her body, the force of the thrust would have toppled her if not for the hands clamped onto her hips.

"Like this, Miss Granger?" Severus hissed as he continued to slam into her willing body, her rump reddening from the sheer force of his wool- and linen-covered front slapping against her. "Is this how you want it?"

"Yes," she yelped, "God, yes."

Severus growled in return. Teeth clenched and cock firmly embedded in the witch in front of him, the dark-haired wizard reluctantly waited as Lucius pried one of Hermione's hands off the desk and seated himself in front of her.

"Such a pretty mouth has better uses than begging," Lucius said as he gathered Hermione's hair in one hand and carefully pulled her towards the raging erection jutting from the zip of his soft wool trousers. "Suck, Miss Granger."

A moment of re-adjustment, and Hermione dropped her open mouth over the rigid flesh. As she pulled back up, the tip barely held between her lips, Severus drew back and slammed into her from behind.

With his pace resumed, it took less than three minutes before he pulled out and roughly dragged Hermione off Lucius' cock. "On the desk!" he snarled, the need for release causing twinges of pain to fly through his balls and into his shaft.

In a matter of seconds, positions had been reversed. Hermione lay flat on her back atop the desk, the red and gold tie pooled around her neck and her butt hanging over the edge enough to accommodate Lucius, as Severus straddled her ribs above her.

"Hands, Granger," he snapped. As soon as she had pushed her tits together, Severus thrust his still-dripping cock between the sweat-moistened flesh and pinched her nipples. Hard.

Need and desire flew through Hermione's body as she bucked against the wizard above her and babbled almost incoherently for the wizard between her legs to just hurry up and fuck her.

Lucius complied but took a decidedly slower pace. Pushing Hermione's knees up and out, he began the lazy strokes that contrasted Severus' frantic thrusts.

No sooner had Lucius finished his third stroke, Severus' left hand slammed onto the aged wood beside Hermione's head. Before she could register the change, Severus had pulled his cock free of her flesh, his body arched over her own, and began cumming onto her still pursed tits. Jet after jet landed on the tops of her breasts, coating her nipples, and slid slowly down to wet her hands and tie.

"Please, God, just let me cum!" Hermione moaned, trying to arch against the grip Lucius had on her legs.

Severus managed to roll off the side of the desk, but luck, and only luck, landed him half in his office chair. "Now, Lucius. Let her cum," he murmured.

Smirking at his spent friend, Lucius allowed Hermione's legs to slip down to the bend of his elbow before leaning over the quivering body beneath him. Steadily, his pace increased, the button of his trousers catching and bumping against Hermione's slick clit with each urgent thrust.

When she felt the warm, wet mouth close over her cum-covered nipple, she whimpered, her back arching against the building sensation as teeth gently caught and tugged the sensitive flesh.

She heard Severus' sated voice murmuring quietly into her ear, "Only because I truly love you would I allow another man to touch what is mine, what I have marked as mine, and you... are... mine."

The low, rich, dark timber of his voice somehow pulled enough conscious thought through her burning need to realize that Lucius was suckling her lover's seed from her body. While he fucked her. And Severus watched. Hermione's right hand flew up and clutched Lucius' blond head to her chest as her hips bucked against his, but it was her left hand that delved into the sweat-soaked black hair, her fist clenching the fine black hair to keep him near. "Again," she mewled, hovering on the very brink of orgasm.

A tired huff that barely qualified as a chuckle washed over her heated skin before he spoke, dropping his voice even further. "You. Are. Mine," he growled.

Hermione's shout of completion was cut short as every muscle in her body contracted, her body arched, and then bowed, her cunt clamping down around Lucius' cock hard enough to make it nearly painful as she unwittingly clawed at both men's covered backs. Her body quaked and seized, her vision darkening around the edges, as her body surged again and quivered around the hard flesh pounding frantically against her cervix.

Lucius clamped his mouth tightly around the nipple, his teeth sliding over the abused skin, and grunted his own completion as Hermione's arms slid bonelessly back down to the table.

Minutes stretched as the three occupants sprawled exhausted on and against the desk, the only sound breaking the silence was the hard breathing and occasional sigh as their hearts slowed to a more normal pace.

When the clock on the far wall sounded the hour, Severus pushed himself back to sit upright in the chair. "Brilliant," he murmured, sated and pleased.

"Indeed," Lucius replied as he pushed himself up off the desk, his softening cock slipping from Hermione's slick body.

Hermione hummed her own pleasure. "Thank you," she replied, giving Lucius a tired smile before turning to Severus. "Didn't I say this was a good idea?"

"Know-it-all," Severus huffed, though the amusement showed clearly in his eyes. "You should hush before I make you take my reports to Minerva. What a test of 'the appearance of impropriety' that would be."

"Indeed," was Lucius' repeated reply. "Now, as much as I dread moving, I believe Severus mentioned something about an early dinner. I could certainly use a spot of something to drink... preferably alcoholic in nature."

The clear, almost tinkling laughter shattered the quiet mood that had fallen over them, as Hermione rolled to the side and attempted to sit up. "We can barely move, and you're worried about being a bit parched? Priorities, Lucius, Priorities."

"And what should be a priority?" Severus asked, not bothering to mention that he was quite famished himself.

"Shower and then food, thank you very much." Despite the help of the two wizards, Hermione winced at the tired strain of her muscles. "Individually and quickly. Then we eat."

With silent nods of agreement, Severus and Lucius followed Hermione back toward their rooms.

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Severus stood just inside the bedroom door, his bathrobe hanging open over his still damp body and listened to the quiet conversation in the sitting room.

"Well, you'll certainly never know if you don't ask!" Hermione exclaimed. "Give her the benefit of the doubt... and a truthful explanation. Lucius, there is no doubt that you'd make a different choice if it were possible. She knows that, and she understands that, but she's still a bit frightened. Wouldn't you be if your situations were reversed?"

Lucius considered Hermione's logic as he swirled the last swallow of wine. "Most likely," he reluctantly admitted.

"Try apologizing," she suggested, barreling on before he could again protest that he had. "And not in that backward, coded way that Slytherin's do. Actually try using the words 'I'm sorry' and 'I apologize.' You might just be surprised."

Refilling his glass and topping off Hermione's, the blond wizard leaned back against the sofa. It had been years since Severus had seen his friend look this tired, and it surprised him that Lucius would allow it in front of Hermione, close though they were.

"Narcissa would not hold it against you for grasping at a chance of happiness," Severus said, drawing their attention as he stepped into the room. "She knew that you cared... that you loved her. You and Draco were her driving force, and I would imagine that she'd be very disappointed to know that you're letting a chance at rebuilding a family pass you by."

"So you have said before, Severus; however, I doubt that Miss . . ."

"Oh, stop!" Hermione snapped. "You're acting like a damned Hufflepuff sitting there wallowing in 'what ifs.' Apologize to the woman, tell her you care about her and greatly respect her for the woman she's come to be, ask to court her, and at the first given opportunity shag her senseless."

When Lucius made to argue, Hermione narrowed her eyes dangerously at the man across from her. "Do I really need to ask the two of you to fetch something from the cellar?"

Lucius blinked before his eyes rounded in surprise, causing Severus to chuckle quietly into his own glass of wine. "You really did . . ."

"For the love of Merlin, Lucius, of course I did! Now, will you take my advice, or are you going to force me to meddle again?"

"Perhaps I can arrange to run into her sometime in the near future," the blond wizard muttered before clearing his throat.

"Good. Now that we have *that* mess settled, we can eat," Severus supplied, heading toward the small dining table at the far end of the sitting room. "I'm famished."

## A Week

*Chapter 4 of 4*

A party at Number twelve Grimmauld Place goes awry for Hermione till Severus and Lucius step in with a special game of dice.

Originally written for Potter Place Winter 2007 Prompt Challenge #13.

Disclaimer: The Harry Potter universe belongs to J. K. Rowling. I make no money from this and have the student loan balances to prove it. Just think of it as intellectual Barbie dolls for grown-ups, only better.

And as always, props to Southern Witch for the beta work to make this readable. If not for her services, some of you would surely weep at my slaughtering of the English language.

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Hermione slipped into the Great Hall through the teachers' entrance and made her way towards the staff table, the parchment with his scrawled note clutched in her hand. The promise of finally revealing his fantasy had peaked her curiosity enough to drag her out of her rooms in the middle of the night, less than twenty-four hours until the hordes of children were scheduled to descend upon them.

"Severus? Severus, what are you doing?" she asked, approaching his relaxed form slumped in the headmaster's chair. "Is everything alright?"

Without turning, he held out his hand. The long digits had taken on a nearly deathly pallor in the moonlight. Pushing back the macabre thought, she allowed him to tug her closer. "I find myself wanting a midnight snack and thought you might join me," he replied. "It will be to your liking."

Whatever words were hovering on her lips were lost as he placed a series of gentle kisses on the inside of her wrist and palm. "Will you join me?" For the first time since she'd entered, Severus looked fully upon her face.

The sheer desire shining in his eyes made her heart stutter. "Yes," she breathed.

Tugging her between the wide, throne-like headmaster's chair and the table, he dropped her hand in favor of the bottom button of her robes. One by one Severus slipped the bits of metal through the tight holes revealing the outfit beneath.

"What are you doing?" she asked again as he pushed the garment off her shoulders.

"As I said, I am hungry."

"I don't think this is the best place for this. Someone might wander in."

"Everything is taken care of. Now hush."

Against her better judgment Hermione stood still and allowed the man in front of her to strip away the material bit by bit, occasionally stopping to run his finger over the curve of her breast or hip. It wasn't until the last of her clothing lay on the floor around them that he sat back and examined her naked form. "You are truly beautiful in the moonlight."

"Is that your fantasy, then? Making love under the moon?" Slowly, so as not to startle him, she pushed back a lank lock of hair, tucking it behind his ear before running her nails lightly down his jaw.

"No. Up on the table with you."

"Severus, this is where Albus eats."

"In that case, we won't mention it to him. Now up with you."

Hermione allowed Severus to help her onto the table and then ease her back until she was lying nude across the age-smoothed wood. The length of her body between head and rump fit with only a few hand lengths to spare, though any thought of mentioning it vanished when Severus lifted each leg to brace her feet against the chair's arms and stood. "What are you doing?" she breathed as he reached for a small jar set to the side. "What is that?"

"Nothing to be concerned over," he replied as he set the lid aside. With a few quick swirls of the small spoon, he held it up for her inspection before dropping a dollop upon each of her peaked nipples. "I was in the mood for mint jam and thought you might find the experience intriguing."

"Se... Severus!" She gasped as his tongue swirled the garnishment across her areola and around the firm nub of her nipple. The odd combination of warm tongue and hot/cold prickles shot through her body. "What is that?"

"My own blend," he murmured as he moved to the neglected breast. "Now hush." With the utmost care, Severus cleaned her body of the sticky substance, leaving her gasping against the sensations before he picked up the jam-laden spoon. With quick thorough strokes, he painted a long line from breast to belly button and then down to the edge of her pubic hair.

Standing, bent over her, Severus purposefully overlapped each open-mouthed kiss before applying just enough suction to nibble at the soft flesh. It wasn't until he firmly thrust his tongue into the divot of her belly button that she buried her hands in his long dark hair and pulled him into her as she arched off the table.

"Bloody hell!" she gasped, the tingle of each mini invasion racing through her body to pool between her legs.

"I am more than willing to overlook the hair pulling, but if you don't be quiet, I will gag you," he mumbled before returning to his task. It never failed to amuse him how sensitive her belly button was, and while he didn't abuse the knowledge, he certainly wasn't above using it against her on occasion.

Leaving her navel behind, he slowly made his way down to her pubic mound before standing up to gaze at the woman in front of him. Her long curls had begun to cascade over the edge of the table as her hands slid up to caress her breasts.

Carefully, Severus pulled the chair closer to the table and re-seated himself, pleased at the way Hermione's knees pushed further up till they fell to the side. "A meal fit for the gods," he murmured as his long index finger slid down the inside ridge of her mons.

Nervous, excited energy flew through Hermione's body as Severus swirled the spoon once more. Parting her flesh with his free hand, he carefully dumped a small glob of jelly onto her clit, smirking as she gasped at the sensation. "Did you know that an entire meal can be ruined simply by the improper use of garnish?" he asked, watching as

the jelly slid around the nub of flesh and into the rim of the vaginal opening. "Some don't bother with the more artistic application, but personally, I have found there are preferable ways to dress a dish."

"Severus..." she panted. Before she could finish her thought, Severus dove forward and wrapped his lips firmly around her clit, sucking the strongly flavored mint off the hard flesh.

Hermione cried out as the hot/cold prickles returned, weaving in and out of the arousal racing along her nerves. Arching against the sensation, she buried one hand in Severus' hair while the other slid over the tabletop searching for something... anything... to grasp.

The dark-haired wizard slowly raised his head from the apex of her thighs to watch her wiggle and squirm, her soft breasts that could so easily captivate his attention jiggled and swayed as he carefully slid his middle finger into her warm, wet cunt and pressed gently against her g-spot. Hermione's soft moan vibrated down Severus' spine and shot through his balls, his erection pressing painfully against the fabric of his trousers.

"Beautiful," he murmured before dropping his head back down to lick and suckle at the swollen flesh. Slowly and thoroughly, he worked his way past her clit, then down one side before traveling up the other. Adding another finger, he began thrusting slowly in and out of her body as he returned to nibble softly on her clit.

"You're driving me insane!" Hermione gasped against the torturously slow build-up of arousal swirling through her body.

"Then everything is going according to plan," he replied as he dragged his fingers from her body, firmly ignoring her protest. "Stay still," was his only command as he stood between the table and chair and began flicking the buttons to his trousers loose one at a time.

Hermione watched with something akin to dazed fascination as Severus released his hard cock and slid the coarse material down his hips. Raising her head slightly from the table, she could see Severus slowly stroking his own hard flesh as his eyes drifted over her own body as he leaned toward the apex of her thighs.

"Severus, please . . ."

"Silence, witch. I'll not tell you again," he growled. At Hermione's hesitant nod, he gently grasped her hips and brought her to the edge of the table before presenting himself at her entrance. The first slow and shallow thrust lodged the head of his cock just inside her. The second barely reached farther than the first. For each slow withdrawal, there was an even slower thrust, allowing each of them to savor the sensation of her body stretching to accept his girth.

When he finally seated himself fully into Hermione's body, he laid himself gently over her and dropped a chaste kiss on the corner of her mouth. "Slowly, now," he murmured, his thrust barely more than a slight push against her body. "Do you understand?"

Hermione's nod was rewarded with a thrust hardly longer than first.

"Good girl," he whispered against her neck as his lips worked their way down to suck slightly at her collarbone.

It seemed like an eternity of whispered words, fingertips that ghosted over skin, and light kisses before Severus worked his way back to full, if not excruciatingly slow, thrusts. Pushing himself back up to stand over the panting, trembling witch, Severus smirked at the flush tinting her skin.

"Are you ready for more?"

Hermione bit down on her lower lip and whimpered before nodding her head, her eyes wide and glazed with need.

As the dark-haired wizard's smirk grew, so did the strength and frequency of his thrusts. The third time Hermione's body clamped down in protest against his retreat Severus dragged his hand over her hip and onto her lower abdomen, his thumb brushing softly through the curls on her pubic mound quickly jabbing down and pressing her clit roughly against the hard pubic bone beneath.

With a strangled cry Hermione arched against the wooden table, her body contracting against her lover's invading flesh, as the orgasm finally crested and broke around her. Severus clenched his teeth against the pleasure that threatened to drag him over the edge and again slowed his thrusts until Hermione started to relax, her gasping breathes catching in her throat.

The seconds ticked by as Severus languidly continued his invasion of the witch, taking time to memorize every twitch and hum of her pleasure, until Hermione finally reached up for him. Taking her hand, he gently tugged her up and stepped back, falling out of her wet warmth and seating himself proudly in the chair before her. Before Hermione could so much as take a breath, Severus pressed his long index finger against her lips, the scent of her arousal and their sex quieting her as much as the finger.

"Shh. No talking just yet."

Severus smiled at the subtle nod of her head, his arousal spiking again as the very tip of his digit slipped between Hermione's moist lips only to be welcomed by her tongue. Humming with approval, the dark-haired wizard slid his hand up Hermione's jaw to cup her gently behind the neck. "On your knees, witch," he said, his voice rough with need.

"Yes, sir," she whispered as she slid from the edge of the table, twisting slightly to slip through the narrow space and grabbing the small jar of jam. Once she was kneeling before him, half hidden under the head table, Hermione slowly trailed her fingers up and down the ridged shaft. Severus dropped his head back against the high back of the headmaster's chair, his nostrils flaring as he inhaled deeply against the building desire.

Hermione bent and slowly traced her tongue around the outside of his testicles, the ridges of the loose skin catching against the rasping texture of her taste buds, until she met the firm cord bisecting the sac. His low moan seemed to vibrate his very core, his cock twitching in anticipation as she journeyed around the other side before sucking both globes firmly into her mouth and rolling the tender balls back and forth with her tongue.

"God, Hermione!" he groaned, his hands fisting into her hair but still allowing her to direct the movements. When he looked down at the witch between his knees, Hermione carefully pulled back, allowing his balls to drop wetly against his perineum. A gentle smirk tugged at the corners of her lips as she slid one hand down to the apex of her thighs and the other up to message his cock.

"Come towards me more," she whispered, "and drape your leg across the arm."

Severus swallowed thickly as he followed her direction. "At times I wonder if you'll be the death of me."

Sliding her hand down to firmly grasp the base of his raging cock, she smiled up at him again. "But what a wonderful way to go," was the last thing he heard before she descended on the ridged flesh, the cool wetness of her saliva contrasting with the warm strength of her tongue as she dipped, twisted up, dipped, and finally dipped again. Hermione groaned and shoved her free hand between her legs, her finger slipping and sliding against her own engorged flesh.

Keeping up her steady pace, Hermione lifted her soaking digits to Severus' half-hidden puckered hole, the very tip of her finger circling the rim. The low noise that rumbled from the man in front of her was an odd combination of growl, groan, and purr as she slowly worked her moist middle finger into his body, twisting and searching for the bump of his prostate. The first brush past the sensitive spot caused him to jerk, his hips bucking and shoving his cock more forcefully into her mouth.

Hermione hummed in pleasure as Severus' mouth dropped slightly open, his ragged breaths filling the hall as one hand gripped the chair and the other fisted itself in her hair. Another hum and Hermione dipped further down, twisted up and swirled her tongue, the finger lodged in his fundament complementing the movements of her mouth. Once, twice, three times she repeated the pattern watching as he was driven steadily toward his goal. Three more times and he was on the brink, his muscles tensed, and the hand in her hair more insistent, his flesh growing hotter against her naked skin. Once more she began her pattern -- dip, twist up and swirl, dip - but instead of her second shallow dip, she pushed down, swallowing against the ridged flesh invading her throat, the finger plunging into his body to rub and press against the spot that she



knew drove him to absolute distraction.

With a shocked shout, Severus arched away from the chair and pulled Hermione into his body, pressing his cock even further into her mouth as he went rigid, jerking and twitching with his ejaculation until the witch kneeling in front of him pushed back hard enough to allow the half hard flesh to drop wetly onto his thigh and the hand still lodged in his body.

"Brilliant," Severus murmured as he sprawled boneless in the Headmaster's chair.

"Almost." Hermione smiled as she lightly ran the fingers of her free hand up his thigh and down his spent cock, the sensitive semi-ridged flesh twitching against the soft contact. "I was hoping for another round."

Severus huffed. "You've nearly sucked the life out of me. I doubt that there's much hope of arousing the beast so soon."

Hermione hummed in disappointment as reached down and scooped up three fingers of the mint jam before slathering the entire length of his cock with the sticky concoction. Gently, so as not to over-stimulate him to the point of pain, she fisted his flesh, her tongue darting out to lick a glob off the head of his shaft as he sighed against the prickling heat of his own concoction.

"God, Hermione," Severus groaned, the normally intense sensation of the jam exacerbated by the sensitivity of cock. "Are you trying to break me?"

"No," she murmured as she dropped an open-mouth kiss on his inner thigh. "My mum always taught me to handle my toys with care."

"Incorrigible," he mumbled, his breath nearly stolen as her finger ghosted over his prostate and her tongue swirled around the tip of head of his shaft.

"Perhaps, but its working," she replied, the flat of her tongue firmly licking up the underside of his cock like it was a melting ice cream cone.

"Indeed," he murmured, reaching out to palm her breast. "And what do you want to do now?"

"For tonight I want you to fuck me again," she replied easily, his cock growing harder in her hand and her finger flicked and pressed against his prostate. "And some day I want to watch as Lucius takes you from behind. I know you said it was just the once, but I can't get the image out of my head. I even have dreams about it, about all the ways it could happen. I want to see you lose control like that. But for now, I want to fuck."

The open, honest expression on Hermione's face drove the last bit of sexual relief from Severus' body, his cock hardening at her words more than the ministration.

"Come here," Severus demanded as he tugged the witch out from between his legs and adjusted to allow her to straddle his lap. Her gasp as she sank down onto the ridged flesh brought a smirk to the dark-haired wizard's lips. "The jam is activated by outside liquids, be it saliva or the fluids from arousal."

"Good God, you're a devious bastard," she breathed as she dropped her head to rest on his shoulder as she slowly rode him.

"Nice to know you're paying attention."

Hermione allowed gravity to pull their flesh snugly together before rolling her hips in revenge, the resulting grunt and spasm from the man beneath her bringing her own smirk to flit across her features.

"Why here?" she asked as she slowly raised herself halfway up his cock before reversing directions. "What was your fantasy if not making love in the moon light?"

"What is the most powerful position in our world?" he asked, his fingers plucking nimbly at her erect nipples.

Between the heat infusing her body and the seemingly blatant non sequitur, Hermione lowered herself back till she was sitting on Severus' lap. "The Minister of Magic or the head of Wizengamot I suppose. They're both intimately involved in the creation and execution of our laws and decrees."

"I believe the lust has addled your brain. Those are both very influential positions, but not the most powerful."

Hermione arched towards the fingertips dancing over her skin. "Enough Slytherin speak, Severus. Just tell me," she panted, her desire starting to spark again.

"Stand up and turn around. I want your back to me."

Growling her irritation, Hermione complied, once again seating herself firmly on her lover's cock.

Severus began the short thrusts he knew drove Hermione to distraction. "This is one of the most powerful seats in the wizarding world," he murmured, pulling her back till she rested against his chest. "The Minister's office might introduce the rules; the Wizengamot might uphold the rules, but here. . . Here is where the next generation is taught to think, they are immersed in values and ideas not necessarily held by their families, and they are given a large portion of the information on which the rest of their lives will be based and built upon," he explained.

Hermione gasped at the seductive tone and sensual caresses. "Here, in all its glory, is the most powerful seat in the wizarding world and very few, if any, deign to acknowledge the fact. . . The subtle influence, slow acting though it may be, is embodiment of power beyond measure, the ability to shape our world with nothing but respect, a few well-placed words, and an addition or two under the guise of 'updating' the current curriculum. And nobody. Is. The. Wiser," he finished, the last few words punctuated by short, hard thrusts.

"Oh," Hermione mumbled, though whether it was from the sudden insight or from the delicious feats his long fingers were performing upon her clit, Severus didn't know.

"Besides, it's far easier to fuck you here than across Albus' desk. The portraits would snitch."

"Makes sense," was Hermione's breathy reply. "But when are you going to get to the actual fucking part? All you're doing now is teasing."

Severus growled at the challenge. His teeth bit firmly at the soft flesh of her shoulder as his arms pinned her torso firmly to his own. In one fluid movement, Severus managed to pitch them both forwards, out of the chair, and across the table.

His long nose nuzzled at her ear in an attempt to clear away some of the hair. "Do you trust my charms enough for me to fuck you properly?" he growled. "Are you worried that if I make you scream we might draw attention?" His hips lurched forwards driving his cock firmly into her body.

"Don't make promises you can't deliver on, old man," she hissed, trying to wiggle free enough to push back against him.

"I am not old!"

"Prove it."

Severus growled at her insolence and scraped his teeth over the curve of her shoulder. With one hand pressing firmly down between her shoulder blades, he pushed himself up to stand behind her. In short order he had her right knee nearly to her arm pit and her hips hanging far enough over the edge of the table that the danger of his bits having an unfortunate meeting with the table edge was temporarily avoided.

"Stay down," he growled as he firmly grasped both hips, drew almost completely out of her body, then surged forwards as hard as he could while pulling her into his thrust.

Hermione grunted as though she'd just taken a Bludger to the stomach, her hardened nipples catching on the table as her hands fought to find purchase against the force slamming into her from behind. Thrust after thrust tore grunts, groans, and growls from her throat as Severus drove her desire higher, her sweat-dampened hips sliding in Severus' hands with each roll, rock, and wiggle.

Severus snarled as Hermione's knee slipped off the table and her hips twisted out of alignment. "Over!" he demanded with a sharp swat to her arse cheek, his cock twitching in appreciation, and the smooth, full globe jiggled from the impact.

Hermione groaned as he pulled out of her and guided her onto her back. Severus again pulled her body toward him, her left leg leaning heavily on his shoulder and her right leg wrapped around his hip in an attempt to pull him back into her as much as keep her back from falling uncomfortable off the table. Once seated back in her body, her cunt clutching at his shaft, he wrapped one arm around her and gave an experimental thrust. Another moment of adjustment found him leaning forwards over her body, arm bracing the small of her back while his free hand groped at her flush breasts.

"Severus!" Hermione growled, her patience at an end.

The dark-haired wizard smirked at the wanton witch beneath him before pulling back and driving his cock into her waiting body.

"Oh, God!" she groaned, bucking towards him.

The coupling was fast and rough, both grabbing for their own pleasure while trying to shove the other toward their mutual goal. Hands slipped over sex-heated flesh, hips slapped together almost violently, kisses were hard and deep, and fingers held on with bruising strength, and the guttural, gasping language of unrestrained, uninhibited sex echoed and bounced around the cavernous stone room till Severus finally drove Hermione over the edge and into an abyss of pleasure, her cries ecstasy being ripped from her body.

Severus panted as he slowed just long enough for her orgasm to peak and begin its downward slide before driving forward in search of his own release, his previous climax doing little to stave off the hunger and need. A half dozen more thrusts into her spasming, clenching body and his own body surged forward, his cock planting itself firmly against her cervix as he grunted and growled out his own completion, hips jerking hard against her sensitive clit in an attempt to drive himself just a little further into her pleasure.

As his body began to still in the aftermath of his climax, Hermione guided him down on top of her while she wiggled more onto the table, his weight a comfortably pressure against the pounding of her heart and his softening shaft lodged comfortable in her sated body. She wrapped her arms around him in a tight embrace before pushing a clump of sweat dampened hair away from his face, his features open and relaxed as his own breath began to slow. "I love you, Severus. With all my heart, I love you," she whispered, dropping soft dry kisses on his flushed skin.

"Ummm. I love you also," he mumbled in return.

"And I take it back..."

When she failed to continue, Severus pried one eye open to gaze into her warm, brown eyes.

"... You aren't old."

Severus huffed half in indignation before planting own kiss just under her jaw. "We should get to bed. The horde of miscreants will be here far too soon."

"True," Hermione hummed, and she helped Severus stand, his cock slipping wetly from her prone body.

"You are beautiful in the moonlight," he supplied as he pulled her into a sitting position before leaning in to softly kiss her lips.

Hermione hummed again, the contentment flowing between them as he leaned into to hold her, neither inclined in to break apart till the main clock far above them tolled out the lateness of the hour. Smirking, both donned their rumpled clothes and smoothed down their messy hair, exiting the Great Hall hand in hand to search out their bed.

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"Susan said there was something important she wanted to discuss with me, so I've invited her for tea on Saturday," Hermione explained as she buttered a piece of toast, her gaze flicking past Severus to the headmaster's empty chair.

Severus found the slight flush that had stained her cheeks as they'd walked into the Great Hall for breakfast the day after very amusing.

"I thought you had mentioned being on duty Saturday afternoon?"

"I was, but Minerva was nice enough to trade off with me. She said something about wanting a lie-in after the first Friday of the term."

"Ah."

"That leaves us free from Saturday evening till dinner on Sunday," Hermione lightly informed him. "So long as you properly threaten your den of miscreants anyway."

Severus arched an eyebrow as his mouth gathered in a distastefully pucker. "And when have you known me not to start off a term without putting the deviant little berks in their place?"

Before Hermione had a chance to answer, Albus strolled into the room calling an overly cheery greeting to the entire faculty. "A few short hours and another year will have begun! It's rather exciting to see what new potential will arrive."

"Potential for disaster, perhaps. I believe the old man's forgotten that teaching the dim-witted buffoons along with the 'new potential' is mandatory," Severus murmured, causing Flitwick to cough into his cup of tea.

"Pardon, Severus?" Albus said as he took his chair, frowning slightly at the table top in front of him.

"Just thinking aloud. Is something wrong?" was the quick reply.

"Humm, no. Seems the house-elves forgot to clean the table. I'll have to speak with them and make sure everything is alright," he said, drawing his wand and casting a silent Scourgify. "Although I can't remember having anything with mint since before then end of the term."

Hermione tried to inhale her fork, thinking her mortification was nearly complete till her jerking leg firmly connected with a small jar sending it rolling and spinning off the dais.

Severus quickly Summoned the jar, feigning a curious sniff while he reached over to thump firmly on Hermione's back, though whether it was an attempt to help her clear her throat or to warn her off, she couldn't tell. "Nothing more than a bit of jam, from what I can tell," he murmured before promptly vanishing it. "Perhaps Peeves was disrupted before he could finish some form of mischief. I'll have the Bloody Baron keep an eye on him."

"Thank you," Albus said before turning to speak with Minerva.

"Since you have tea scheduled for Saturday, I believe I'll take Lucius up on his offer of an afternoon out. He mentioned needing help with a selection, though I can't imagine why."

"Alright then." Hermione coughed again, her face a curious combination of ghost white and scarlet. "I believe I'm done. Would you like to walk me to my office?"

A curt nod from Severus and a rather subdued wish for a good day from Hermione saw them both leaving the Great Hall, though no one heard Severus' "I told you we wouldn't tell him" as the door swung shut behind them.