

Revere and Desire

by dacian goddess

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The darkness which had enveloped her an unknown while ago became more and more constricting. It seemed to be getting thicker, impairing her senses, weighing on her from all sides, becoming the pinpoint of all her focus.

Her breaths came in harsh, slightly panicked pants, which echoed unnaturally loudly around her, magnified by the blood pounding a tattoo beat in her ears. Her body seemed oddly numb, as though only her head was awake and cognizant, and as though all feeling had coalesced in a point behind her tightly clenched eyes. It wasn't long before she succumbed to the darkness completely, letting it take away even that pinprick of awareness and transport her away.

The next time she opened her eyes, she was lying on a bed, bathed in soft candlelight. Two tall, robed, masked figures stood motionless at either side of the bed, watching her avidly. Hermione blinked a few times to allow her eyes to regain focus, and to clear the confusion she still felt lingering in her mind, before gazing again at the two. When they seemed assured of having her undivided attention, they moved as one, removing their cowls and their masks in one rapid, almost fluid motion.

"Severus! Lucius!" Hermione moaned in relief, unaccountably glad to gaze upon their faces.

"Awake at last ... Mistress," Lucius murmured with a clever smirk and a very wicked glint in his eyes.

"My Lady," Snape rejoined, a wealth of dark amusement lurking in the depths of his voice, his eyes alight with *something* she was sure she had never seen before.

The reason for his amusement became apparent within moments, as Hermione gave in to her erstwhile impulse and made to reach up to the two, to beckon them to her, to let them know how very much she wanted to be kissed ... And found she couldn't budge her arms save in a slight vertical motion.

Her wrists were fastened gently but quite securely above her head by the softest scarves, tied to one of the slim, delicate beams making up the headboard. She moved her arms again to test her range of motion; as the scarves rubbed against the thin, sensitive skin of her wrists, Hermione became aware of the impossibly titillating effect produced by that friction.

"What " She swallowed thickly, assaulted once more by the scarves' subtle motion, as well as by the decadent smirk currently adorning Severus' face, before trying again. "Why "

It was Lucius, however, who answered, shifting her attention to him. "This was your fantasy, Hermione, was it not? Severus and I have assured you repeatedly that we'll *always* please you ... So here we are." His voice gradually descended into a suggestive, seductive purr, reaching the register of 'orgasmic' by the end of his explanation; Hermione was sure even the *Tantallegra* jinx would not have turned her knees to jelly any more effectively than Lucius' tone did in that moment.

Hermione closed her eyes momentarily in an attempt to regain control over her senses and over her body's responses. A swift cool breeze around her toes made her open her eyes right back. Lucius had made quick work of the silk slippers she had been wearing, and he was now kneeling at the foot of the bed, slowly licking his lips as he caressed her ankles with the tip of his fingers. He placed a slow, almost reverent kiss to each of her toes before catching her left foot between his hands and starting a slow, bone-melting seduction in the form of a massage.

Severus waited until Hermione's breaths became pants and almost inaudible moans before producing his wand slowly, with an almost studied nonchalance. He cleared his throat lowly, making her gather whatever shreds of her attention had remained intact from Lucius' ministrations and turn them to him.

"Now, Miss Granger," he began in a tone that was so similar to his lecture voice, and yet so unlike it, "you may have seen this spell in action before.

"I am certain, however, that you only received a demonstration of its uses under the unfortunate label 'for enemies'," he enunciated deliberately, his black eyes watching carefully to gauge her reaction.

Sectumsempra, Hermione realised. A shiver traversed her body from top to toe as she remembered her initial misapprehensions ... The Half-Blood Prince; brilliant, but clearly dangerous...

"Indeed," he whispered softly, and the part of her that wasn't entranced with the black of his eyes and the mellifluous quality of his voice realized he had replied to those snippets of her inner thoughts. Severus smiled softly, perhaps even slightly wistfully at her before continuing.

"The spell's greatest defect, Miss Granger, lies neither in its design nor in its intent; in fact, both of those are very nearly flawless.

"No, Miss Granger. Its greatest defect, but also its most magnificent quality, is that this is a spell that was meant for Slytherins ... Gryffindors are incapable of appreciating the subtlety needed to wield it; to contain it. They press on; they rush to use it at full strength wildly, rashly ... With no appreciation for the full focus and attention that such a *temperamental* spell requires."

All the while, Severus' eyes had never left hers, and the fervour in them accelerated her heartbeat just as much as his lecture, and the underlying meaning, did.

"Brilliant lecture, Severus," drawled Lucius from his place at her feet, "but I'm sure the lesson could do with some practical application. Just to make sure you've driven your point across aptly enough.

"Don't you think so, love?" he asked Hermione, though he gave her no time to even gather her thoughts, let alone answer, before he sucked the small toe of her right foot in his mouth and laved it with his tongue. The only reaction she could manage was a loud, strident moan; she was sure Severus needed no further sign of her acquiescence.

A few precise, meticulous motions of his wand later, and her periwinkle-blue camisole was sliced artfully, and quite strategically. The sleek material slid off her smooth skin within mere moments, pooling on the mattress on either side of her body. The only thing still covering her form was an abbreviated pair of lace knickers in an intricate, intertwined-serpent design.

"My, my, Lucius; looks like our delectable Gryffindor had a treat of her own planned for us. That certainly deserves a reward," Severus ascertained before he rendered Hermione's knickers into nothing more than scraps of lace with two subtle wand motions. As Lucius slowly, sensuously slid the lace off Hermione's form, Severus took several measured steps in her direction. He slowly stretched out a long finger to caress her neck, then her jaw, before slowly tracing and parting her lips.

"Exquisite," he murmured as she pursed her lips around the tip of his finger and applied gentle suction. His pupils impossibly dark, he withdrew his finger as he leaned down and finally, *finally* kissed her.

The slightly cool pressure of his lips, the skilled warmth of his tongue, the hotness of his mouth were overloading her senses, raising her blood to a simmer and adding to the stimulation produced by Lucius' mouth on her toes. She started to tug on her bonds, needing more, needing to touch him, to caress him, to pull him closer and feel the warmth and weight of his body over hers. Her moans, muffled as they were by Severus' mouth, still reverberated around the room; they stemmed partly from her arousal, partly from her mounting frustration, and made Severus pull back.

A gentle touch of his hand on her wrists stilled her.

"Not yet, Hermione," he admonished softly, caressing her wrists and palms with his hand. *You* wanted this, love; you asked us to drive you insensate with pleasure, to tease and arouse you until we made you beg...

"You're neither insensate nor are you begging. Yet," he added after a pregnant pause. "Both these oversights will be remedied presently, my dear."

"I believe I shall start working my way up," Lucius intoned smoothly, "while Severus will work his way down your delectable neck and gorgeous tits" Hermione groaned "until we" Severus spread his large, warm hand on Hermione's lower stomach "meet in the middle," Lucius concluded while caressing her upper thighs.

With that, Lucius started nibbling along her calves while stroking and massaging her skin, and Severus started kissing and nipping along her jaw line, while his hands caressed her arms and shoulders. When Severus reached her ear, he teased the shell with his tongue before blowing gently to dry and sensitise the skin. He then started murmuring unintelligible phrases interspersed with her name: a litany of 'love', and 'wonderful', and 'ours', and 'flawless', spoken in a deep, seductive baritone that she knew would make her excitement soar. With a last nibble on the lobe of her ear, Severus moved lower, slowly kissing down her neck.

As Severus reached her collarbone and tasted the tiny rivulets of sweat there with a broad lick of his tongue, Lucius moved up to Hermione's knees, parting and gently bending them before continuing his assault up the backs of her legs and her inner thighs. The room now echoed with Hermione's moans and breathless cries of pleasure as she gave herself over to her two exquisite lovers.

Severus moved lower still, caressing, laving and worshipping Hermione's breasts tenderly but with great ardour. His lips, his teeth, his tongue, his palms and nimble fingers all became instruments of Hermione's pleasure, titillating her nearly to the point of torment. Lucius added to the sensations coursing through her body, inflaming her senses and mounting her arousal by kissing, licking, teasing and massaging every inch of her thighs he could touch.

At last, Lucius was placing open-mouthed kisses all across her inner thighs, as Severus started laving her bellybutton with his tongue. Hermione strained to open her eyes and focus on her Slytherins. She saw Lucius and Severus exchange a wicked glance before Severus slid his fingers down her abdomen torturously slowly, forcing her thighs further apart and spreading her sex to Lucius' intense, lustful gaze. As Severus gently spread her labia even further, Lucius lowered his head, pursed his lips, and blew a stream of cool air over her dewy nether lips.

The cry wrenched from her gave both men a momentary pause before Lucius lowered his head again, and blew again, prolonging her torment. Not to be outdone, Severus too lowered his head, teasing her with gentle licks along the inseam of her inner thighs. More cries, more licks and blows followed in quick succession until, with a last open-mouthed kiss just above her mons, Severus withdrew, returning a hand to her stomach and caressing soothingly, while his other hand kept her spread open still, now wetter and more excited than ever.

The first lick of Lucius' tongue along her swollen sex had her thighs quaking and the dam bursting ... The strongest *Silencio* couldn't have stopped the stream of words from pouring from her mouth.

"Oh, god; Lucius, please ... Severus ... stop teasing; please ... God ... I need you ... fuck me ... please..."

An abrupt shout of, "Oi, Mione," jarred her from her place before the Mirror, and the image darkened and vanished; that gave her a few seconds to regain some semblance of composure before Harry and Ron barrelled into the room with the kind of determination that told her they might've wagered on the possibility of hurtling themselves

through the doorframe at the same time. With the kind of look that let her approximate just what he had seen in the Mirror of Erised an hour or so earlier, Ronald fondly took a few steps towards her, announcing,

"Your hour is up, Mione."

Harry nodded slowly, his expression as grave as it had ever been since they had left Hogwarts some ten months before.

"Me and Ron talked while you were in here, about what each of us saw. Your plan worked, Hermione. We reckon we could use what the Mirror revealed to put a strategy together against Voldemort."

Still riding a euphoric high after what the Mirror of Erised had shown her, Hermione chose to disregard the abbreviation of her name and the fact that they had never even counted on what she would see in the Mirror. She simply nodded decisively before leading the way out of the room. Behind her, the boys seemed to have big things on their minds, apparently, as Ron had succeeded to drag Harry into yet another of their life-altering discussions. Whatever attention span the boys possessed had once again dissipated into outlining their chances to become Aurors together after the decisive battle, while still getting in some good Quidditch playing on the side.

If the boys had paid Hermione's expression any close attention as she'd passed them by, however, they would have seen a new determination lurking in her eyes; the kind of determination of a woman who had seen what she wanted, what she deserved, and who would do her damn best to get it.