

Through the Keyhole

by *Celisnebula*

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"Bloody Ron Weasley," Hermione mumbled under her breath, shifting her body on the hard, cramped closet floor. She reached up and gave the door handle an impatient jiggle, knowing that it wouldn't actually *do* anything to solve her present predicament; the door was jammed shut and she was wandless.

If she peeked out the keyhole, she could just make out the tip of her wand, where it had obviously fallen out of her back pocket when she blindly stormed up to this room in an effort to escape the image of Ron with his tongue stuffed down Luna Lovegood's throat.

"Stupid *wanker*," she muttered, choking back a sob.

She pulled down one of the cloaks hanging above her head and wrapped it around her body; she'd be trapped in here until someone went looking for her. Though after the little horse's tail she left on Ron's behind, Hermione figured it'd be awhile before anyone noticed she was missing. Snuggling into the warmth of the cloak, Hermione made herself as comfortable as possible; it wasn't long before she fell asleep.

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A harsh groan broke the through the quiet of the darkness, startling Hermione awake. Her body ached in protest as she shifted on the hard floor to peer out the keyhole. Shadows filled the edges of the room, the darkness slashed by the light of a lone guttering candelabrum on the far dresser. Hermione raised her fist to pound against the door when another short groan made her hesitate no sense in announcing her presence if the situation were dire. As her eyes adjusted to the dim glow of the candlelight, Hermione had to stifle a surprised gasp.

Remus Lupin was on top of the bed, naked. His pale, scarred body gleamed in the soft light; his right hand wrapped around the hard, swollen length of his cock. To say Hermione was shocked would be an understatement. She sucked in a deep breath as she watched his hand slide up and down on his shaft in one of the most incredible sights she had ever witnessed.

Hermione knew that she should probably knock on the closet door or at least make some noise anything to let him know that she was there but she couldn't. Instead, she sat perfectly still, face pressed against the door as he continued to stimulate himself with long, slow strokes.

She felt a tightness in her chest, her breath caught in her throat as she watched him through the keyhole; her nipples hardened and her stomach fluttered. Fascinated, Hermione watched as his left hand gently squeezed his ball sac, his right hand working his cock at a steady pace. He bent his left knee and thrust his hips upward with each downward stroke.

Remus had his eyes closed, and Hermione wondered what was flittering through his head as he stroked himself. Whom was he imagining? He moaned softly as he slid his thumb around the ridge of the head. Unconsciously, Hermione pressed her thighs together, creating a bit of friction that had her stifling a soft moan.

Hermione watched as he paused, using the palm of his right hand to rub the pre-come around the tip of his cock until it was glistening in the candlelight. His body twitched, a soft moan escaping from his lips as he slid his hand along the soft underside of the head.

Biting her lower lip, Hermione shifted her position again, her left hand grazing her breast. She sat for a moment, unsure of herself; it felt incredible, that slight brush of her own hand against her breast. Slowly, almost unconsciously, Hermione squeezed her left breast, gently pinching the hard nipple through the material of her shirt.

She watched as he pumped his cock faster, her right hand trailing down her stomach. Her fingers fumbled with the button of her jeans as she watched him suddenly stop, pulling the excess skin down tight along the shaft towards his balls. His cock seemed to swell even larger in his hand, and Hermione could clearly see the veins bulging just beneath the surface of the skin, even in the dim candlelight.

Her fingers inched below the waistband of her jeans, sliding underneath the elastic of her knickers. Pushing the material of her jeans and knickers down her hips, Hermione positioned her body so that she could touch herself unhindered while still able to see Remus through the keyhole. The pad of her index finger brushed against her slightly swollen clit, and she let out a strangled gasp. Tentatively she began to stroke the engorged, sensitive area, her fingers gently sweeping across the tender clit until she was matching Remus's rhythm.

The muscles in Hermione's thighs shuddered under her weight, as her fingers worked furiously. Biting her lower lip, she struggled to control her breathing; afraid that Remus would hear her if she made any noise and stop. Through the keyhole, she watched as Remus pumped himself to the edge of orgasm repeatedly, only to stop just at the brink.

Hermione made a harsh groan as she pushed a single finger into herself; she quickly stole a look at Remus's face to see if he had heard her. He was oblivious to her presence lost in his own pleasure.

The raw intensity on his face was overwhelming; his hips thrusting upward with each stroke as his hand slid over his cock. Hermione tried to move her fingers in unison, surging a digit into herself in time to each of his strokes, watching as his rhythm became a brutal blur of flesh on flesh.

Suddenly, his lithe body stiffened, a harsh growl escaping from his lips. He lifted his hips, his body shuddering under the onslaught of his orgasm. Transfixed by the sight, Hermione watched as he ejaculated, covering his chest and stomach with semen. It mingled with the graying hair on his chest, pooling on his quivering stomach.

Gradually, the motion of Remus's hand slowed; his body relaxed in the afterglow of his orgasm. Hermione let her head fall against the wood of the door, her eyes closing as she focused on her body. She held that erotic image of Remus exploding all over his chest in her mind as her fingers caressed her flesh. She pinched her hardened nipples with her left hand, the fingers of her right teasing her clit.

On the cusp of her own orgasm, the door opened, causing Hermione to lose her balance. She fell forward, in an ungainly heap.

"Enjoy the show?" Remus asked, leaning against the door frame.

"I err," Hermione stuttered, trying to look anywhere but at his naked frame looming above her. A guilty look flashed across her face, her cheeks reddening in embarrassment as she tried to scramble up. With her knickers pushed down her thighs, there was no way Hermione could disguise the fact that she was frigging herself in the closet whilst watching him.

His nostrils flared, catching the musky scent of her arousal as he leaned over her. His cock jutted out from a thick, wiry patch of dark hair threaded with strands of gray, bobbing in a graceful motion as he leaned in closer.

"Never mind, don't answer," he practically growled. "I can smell your enjoyment."

Scrambling back, Hermione let out a quick, "Oh God, I'm... I'm sorry."

"Given your current state " his eyes traveled down her exposed body " I suppose it would be imprudent to ask how long you've been watching?"

Hermione licked her lips and forced herself to look into his eyes, instead of the hard cock, mere inches from her face.

"A fair bit of time," she whispered, finding her voice. "As soon as I saw what you were doing, I couldn't help but watch."

"Really?" He dragged the word out in a husky drawl.

"That was the *most* erotic thing I've ever witnessed," she confessed, feeling a bit uncertain and off-balanced.

His eyes took on a feral gleam. "Well now, I think we should do something about that."

Gracefully, he dropped to his knees before her. Hermione's eyes widened as he reached for her hand, her fingers still faintly sticky with her own wetness, and brought it to his mouth.

"Wh what are you doing?" she squealed as he slowly sucked on her index finger, rolling his tongue around the digit.

Pulling her finger from his mouth, he responded, "You've had your bit of entertainment; I only think it's fair that I have my chance too."

"Oh," she said softly, wrinkling her brow. "Oh!"

"Any objections?"

When she said nothing, he let his hand wander down her chest. It caught on the material of her shirt as he watched her face. She gasped as his fingers closed over the peak of one nipple, tweaking it through the layers of cloth. Her cheeks flushed in response, but still she did not speak.

Emboldened, he boldly pushed the material up, exposing her breasts. Her nipples tightened as the cold air hit them, and he bent his head down to lave one puckered peak. Hermione groaned as his teeth scrapped across the very tip of her nipple before pulling it further into his mouth.

Remus lightly pinched the other nipple, running the pad of his thumb over the sensitive tip. Hermione arched her back in response. Gently, he trailed his hand down the front of her body, past her smooth navel, until the tips of his fingers brushed against the dark hair of her vagina.

Her body tensed up as he ventured lower, teasing the lips of her vulva with feathery touches. Rubbing along the damp path between her folds, Remus watched as she squirmed against his hand, her skin flushed with desire. Hermione bit her lip to suppress a moan as his fingers pushed further in.

Remus continued to tease her, running his fingers around the sensitive flesh as she wriggled against his hand. Hermione let out a low moan as he pressed in, circling lightly around her clit. He smiled to himself and gently kissed the pert tip of her erect nipple. Hermione tensed up as Remus started to kiss his way down her naval, his mouth just brushing against soft curls covering her mons.

"I think we can dispense with these," he said softly, giving a quick tug to the material of her jeans and knickers halfway down her thighs. He dragged the clothing down her legs, pulling off her shoes and the trousers one leg at a time, before carelessly tossing them behind him.

"Don't," Hermione whispered, suddenly overcome by embarrassment as he fitted himself between her thighs. "I we "

The rest of her sentence was cut short as he lifted her legs, spreading them open as he lifted them over his shoulders. Hermione squealed as he nuzzled her vulva before sliding his tongue over her labia. His fingers parted her as he ran his tongue over the pink flesh, drawing out a shuddering gasp from Hermione.

Her thighs tightened, almost strangling him, as he gently sucked on her clit. She let out a deep, guttural moan as he slowly inserted a single finger inside. Remus slowly withdrew it, teasing her for a moment with a soft, sweeping touch before plunging the finger back into her. Hermione's body arched upwards, her hips bucking upwards. Remus looked up the length of her body, gently rotating his finger inside of her before withdrawing it again, and waiting for her eyes to meet his.

Hermione wriggled her hips, arching up as she searched for some release. "Please," she gasped out, horrified at the whiny note in her voice.

Their eyes met, and Remus gave her a seductive smile as his fingers spread the fleshy part of her labia before dipping his head down. He swept his tongue along the soft folds, teasing her with gentle caresses, before he pushed two fingers deep inside of her.

"Oh, God," Hermione cried out, her body shuddering. She was on the brink of an orgasm hanging on the edge by a tenuous thread whilst Remus lazily licked his way towards her clit. She stared at his top of his head in awe as he teased her; languid strokes of Remus' tongue circling around the sensitive flesh of her clit as two fingers twisted in and out of her.

Hermione made a low, whining sound as her hips bucked against his mouth, desperate to have more contact as need coursed through her veins. He sat up, on his knees, looming above her quivering body.

Remus' lips were soft as his lips searched out her mouth, pressing soft kisses against the nape of her neck, and then finally her mouth. His fingers delved into the fuzzy depths of her hair as his kiss turned demanding. Grabbing a fist full of hair, Remus pulled her head back, making her neck arch gracefully.

"I'm going to fuck you," he growled against her mouth. "I'm going to fuck you until you come all over my cock... would you like that?" She whimpered in response.

Hermione shifted her hips, rubbing against his erection. She looked down the length of his body, her eyes resting on the long erection nestled between his legs, the pale flesh shining in the dull light of the glittering candle. He was impossibly large, and she felt a flash of trepidation.

"Would you like that?" he repeated.

"I yes," she said softly.

Remus slid his hands down the sides of her body, down over the curve of her bottom. He dipped his head, sucking one of her erect nipples into his mouth as he settled between her legs. Hermione tensed as he started to push himself in, afraid that there might be some pain due to his girth.

"Shush," Remus whispered as he gently thrust into her tight, moist depths; his cock stretching her as it pressed in. He held still as she acclimated herself to the feel of him, gritting his teeth at the effort it took not to thrust as hard and as deep as he wished.

"Are you ready for more, Hermione?" he asked after a few moments.

Hermione worried her lower lip with her teeth before answering, "I think so," in a breathy whisper.

She rocked her hips against his, causing him to groan, "Bloody hell."

He grabbed her hips firmly as he began to thrust. Hermione's head fell back, a harsh, ragged moan escaping from her lips as he started a steady pattern. His hands slid down her legs, tugging at them gently. Instinctively, Hermione understood what he wanted and wrapped her legs around his waist, locking her feet together behind him.

"Oh, yes," she moaned as he bent down to capture a pink, taut nipple between his lips.

They moved in tandem, her body jolting against his as the thrusts became faster. Hermione bucked her hips, trying to keep up with his pace. Remus groaned as he felt Hermione clench around his cock, her muscles tightening against him in a way that suggested she was about to come. He made one last thrust, and then withdrew from her, causing her to whimper.

"Remus?" she questioned, not understanding why he stopped, just when she was on the brink.

"Give me a moment," he panted, trying to catch his breath. He quickly rose from the floor and walked over to the dresser. Hermione watched the candle light flicker over his body as he searched through the drawers before pulling something out.

"It's all right," he said, crossing the distance back to her. He lifted her chin with his thumb, flashing a soft smile as he showed her the condom he'd fished from the dresser. "Nearly forgot this."

His lips found hers again, and he kissed her in a reassuring way.

"Hurry," she whimpered pathetically against his lips.

She watched as he ripped into the foil package, licking her lips appreciatively as he rolled the coiled condom over his cock. She gasped as his hand moved between her thighs, two fingers sliding over her slick folds. Hermione reached up, digging her nails into his shoulders as his mouth kissed the sensitive area of her neck.

With one slick move, Remus rolled onto his back, pulling Hermione on top of him. Hermione widened her thighs, straddling him as best as she could as she rose up, trying to center herself above his cock. He grasped her hips, guiding her down until she sheathed his entire length.

Hermione held still, staring at him. Remus brought his hands up behind his head as he gazed at her through half-lidded eyes. She nibbled on her lower lip again, unsure of what to do.

"Ride me, Hermione," he said.

She could feel every inch of his cock deep inside of her. She tentatively moved her hips, trying to find the right rhythm.

"That's it," he moaned. "Take what you need."

Hermione rocked against him, her body instinctively finding the right tempo. She braced her hands on his hard chest as she moved above him, taking him. She closed her eyes, her head thrown back as she rode him.

Remus watched her the wonderful expression on her face, the way her breasts bounced as she moved up and down on his cock she was simply stunning. He grabbed her hips and started moving her faster, as he lifted his hips upward. Hermione moaned, her body clenching around his cock.

"Please... Remus, please," she gasped out, needing more.

He pulled her down to him, catching her lips as he rolled them, driving his cock hard into her. Hermione ran her hands down his back, grasping his arse in an effort to drive him deeper as she hitched her hips up.

His thrusts became brutal the raw force of each thrust inching them across the floor until Hermione's head banged against the wall. She dug her nails into his shoulders, trying to match his violent rhythm, her body clenching all around him.

"Ohgodohgodohgod," she chanted as an orgasm ripped through her body. Remus continued to thrust, riding out the beautiful wave of her orgasm, until his own overtook. He collapsed on top of Hermione, panting.

"Oh my," Hermione said a little while later, as Remus rolled off her. "Maybe getting locked in the closet wasn't such a terrible thing."

Remus merely chuckled as he pulled her close.

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Author's Notes:

Festival Prompts:

II. The Most Believable Porn

Write a PWP that you think is the most believable, most in character, and the most real.

III. Best Non-Conventional Pairing

Write a PWP based on the best non-conventional pairing you can think of. Some examples would include Lucius/Hermione, Charlie/Tonks, Remus/Molly Weasley and yes, this does include slash pairings. Try to keep the story as close to canon as possible in terms of characterization and such.

This was wholly inspired by that luscious artwork of Remus/Hermione done by ponderosa121 for livejournal's Smutty Claus (http://www.journalfen.net/community/smutty_claus/55008.html).