

Winter Sport

by septentrion

Severus, Hermione and Harry are hunting vampires in Romania in winter. A HP/SS/HG sandwich.

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Il est de fait qu'il n'est point de lubricité plus vive dans le monde que celle de se faire foutre en foutant. Marquis de Sade

Roughly translated, it means : *There is not a more vivacious lustfulness in the world than fucking while being fucked* Marquis de Sade

Hunting vampires in winter in the Carpathians: a funny idea, no? Well, Harry did not find the idea funny at all, as he was doing exactly that, by orders of the Minister of Magic himself, who had wanted to prove his good will to the new Romanian Minister by sending the Head of the Auror Office himself to do the job.

"Potter, the sun's setting," Snape announced behind him. "We must seek shelter."

"I hadn't noticed," Harry answered sarcastically to the man who had been designated as his assistant because of his expertise in the Dark Arts, which, as everybody knows, abound around vampires' lairs.

"Don't start, you two," Hermione said, exasperated. She'd married Severus recently and had joined the expedition as the Deputy Head of the Department for Control of Magical Creatures.

"If you had looked at the sky, you would have noticed that a tempest is coming. It'd be highly desirable to find a shelter that isn't the tents the Ministry has provided for us."

"And you know where we're going to find that?" Harry asked ironically.

"If you had looked around you, you would have seen that there is a rock face beyond those fir trees. There's a good probability we could find a cavern there."

The trio headed to the rocky wall with difficulty, lifting the snowshoes tied to their feet more and more uneasily. They met no life on their way, though tracks of birds' feet could be seen in the snow. They followed the rock face for a while that seemed endless to them, but they finally found a low opening in the rock that looked promising. Besides, they didn't have a choice: clouds had started to build up into a big grey sheet which was darkening the sky, and the first snowflakes had appeared. A frosty wind had risen and pierced the thick wool of the three wizards' cloaks, wrapping them up to their bones in its icy currents.

"This cavern is too low. We can't put up the tents here," Harry noted once they were inside. "I had hoped it'd be broader inside."

"It isn't important. We'll sleep in our sleeping bags directly on the ground," Hermione said. She was following him on all fours.

They sat down next to each other; the ceiling was too low to stand. The manoeuvre took time, for space was sparse and Severus, who had entered the small cave last, insisted on sitting between Harry and Hermione. There was no way he'd let a play-boy...he had nothing to base this accusation on, but Severus was in favour of taking preventive action...settle near his wife. What's more, it'd annoy Potter.

It was impossible to build a fire; that is to say, a fire that would warm up the cave. Not that Hermione was unable to produce fire, quite the contrary, but here, she could only safely produce a blue flame to give light. Any other sort of fire would have burnt their sleeping bags: there wasn't room enough to light a fire at less than fifty centimetres from Severus's feet, and he was the tallest of them.

"Here are your food rations," Hermione said as she handed out bread and cheese to the two men. Her voice sounded muffled in the small cave and contrasted with the ever more violent hissing of the wind outside.

They ate in silence, listening to the noise of the tempest outside. Their moves were jerky, their bodies numb with the cold, and their breaths produced irregular clouds of steam. Soon, the entrance of the cavity was obstructed with snow. Harry, who was nearer, cast a spell to create an aperture in the thick, white layer so that they could breathe.

"What's that noise?" Harry asked, shivering from cold and worry.

"It's me," Hermione answered. "My teeth are chattering."

She was completely snuggled against Severus, but her position did nothing to warm her.

"I believe we will have to share our sleeping bags tonight," Severus observed with annoyance.

"What? What do you mean?" Harry sounded alarmed.

"I mean that we're going to spread out our sleeping bags to make one bed for the three of us. Unless you'd rather die from the cold, Potter?"

Harry's antipathy for Severus didn't go as far as suicide.

"No, no. But three?"

"What do you fear, Potter? Would you be *ala-di-da*?" Severus taunted. He was amused at his companion in misfortune's indignation.

"This isn't a playground," Hermione admonished them. "Our lives are at stake. It's in our best interests to sleep together, in our underwear..."

"Absolutely not!" Severus roared; his voice, strangely, didn't sound muffled in the cavern.

"Are you mad?" Harry cried.

"... for skin to skin contact is the best way to keep the heat of the human body," Hermione finished coldly.

Harry and Severus shut up. They knew Hermione was right, but they were very reluctant to acknowledge it.

"All right, but I remain between Potter and you," Severus conceded with bad grace.

"All right, too," Harry said.

A badly coordinated ballet occurred then in the cave, each trying to take their clothes off without bumping into the others, nor into the uneven walls of the cavity, and each doing their best not to see and be seen by the others. It was quite a feat; they could neither stand nor move away from each other. However, the cold was so intense that they managed to do so quickly enough and, within a few minutes, the three were huddled up against each other under the unfolded sleeping bags. Hermione's back was against Severus's front, and Harry was back to back with Severus. Silence invaded the place and was punctuated only by the crackling of the blue flame, which created moving shadows on people and things, and by the blowing wind outside.

A quarter of an hour later, Severus sighed. He didn't feel like sleeping at all. Yet, he should be exhausted after their hard day; but no, nothing, not even a hint of drowsiness. The fact that he couldn't move didn't help, especially since a nearly naked Hermione was pressed against him, her bum stuck against his sex.

"Everything all right?" she asked. It seemed she could not sleep any more than he could.

"I can't sleep," Severus answered her in kind.

As for Harry, his eyes were wide open, but he didn't dare to move or to speak. He was breathing only by necessity.

"It's true that our situation isn't ideal," Hermione went on while moving a bit to disentangle her numb arm a little. That immediately provoked a reaction in Severus.

"If you keep carrying on, you'll be the cause of a very embarrassing situation," he murmured into his spouse's ear.

That said, his hand found its way under the young woman's bra, where two of his fingers set about to knead a nipple, which hardened quite quickly.

Hermione was very sensitive there and suppressed a moan. She retaliated by pushing her buttocks forcefully against the now erect sex of her husband.

"Oh, you..." Severus stopped in time before he used a brand of English vocabulary not very becoming when they weren't in bed only AND alone. He'd just remembered Potter was lying at his back. Said Potter felt horribly mortified to find himself entangled in the very private life of his best friend. Not that the few words he'd caught and the small movements of the couple didn't have any effect on him.

"We should try to sleep," Hermione insisted. She'd reddened up to her ears by thinking her exchange with the man she loved might have been heard.

Severus didn't answer, but he didn't remove his hand from his wife's bra. Unconsciously, while he was really trying to keep his mind busy with anything else than the warm body that moulded itself so perfectly with his, his fingers kept rolling Hermione's nipple between their knuckles.

"Severus, stop!"

Severus sighed with exaggeration and took his hand from where it was to put it around Hermione's waist. He had to put that hand somewhere, didn't he?

"Severus, you're tickling me!" Hermione complained. As a result, she wiggled in a manner very unfitting to decrease Severus's interest in exploring her body.

"Hermione," Severus growled, "if you continue being so disagreeable, I will put my hand..."

He didn't bother with telling and elected to act instead by sliding said hand along his wife's belly until he reached the elastic of her knickers, which of course didn't hinder him one bit. He then slipped his hand under the piece of cloth and covered Hermione's crotch. She missed a breath and nearly missed a second one when Severus leaned in and nibbled at her neck as he smelled the familiar and intoxicating scent of his wife. A shiver ran through him.

Harry didn't miss anything in Hermione and Severus's exchange. Any move by the older man reverberated along his spine and his legs, pushing his blood into his sex. His

briefs had become a bit narrow and he started to feel hot. When Severus's shoulder started to move rhythmically, Harry guessed the man was caressing Hermione intimately. Besides, the couple's breathing was heavy, loud. Being a prisoner of a tempest in the middle of nowhere, forced to cohabit in a small cave with a couple making love, Harry let his self control flee and freed his erect penis from the bit of cloth covering it. He stroked himself slowly, then faster.

Severus's voice rose into the confined space, huskier than usual. "I believe Potter chose the same method as us to get warmer."

"Aaaa," was the only sound Hermione could utter, so lost was she in the pleasure her husband's fingers were creating in her. What was he talking about while he was busy tracing circles on her clitoris and tenderly stroking her vagina, always brushing against her G-spot in the process?

Harry had heard Severus, but he was too far gone to feel any mortification, all the more as Severus had neither stopped nor even slowed down his arm's movements. He could hear the laborious breathing of the other two and smell the odour of sex spreading all around them. Worse, Snape had started to undulate against Hermione, probably to give some relief to his own erection, and Harry was affected since Snape was undulating against his back as well. He couldn't bear it anymore. He was hot, and the pressure in his testicles was getting stronger by the second. Mindlessly, he turned onto his back, thus freeing his other hand, which set out at once to caress his testicles. He moaned. Aloud. The sound echoed against the rocky wall of the mountain. Echoed?

No. Not the echo, but Hermione and Severus.

"Severus, take me, please," Hermione begged.

"Yes, my sweet. Anything you want," Severus answered, his voice even huskier than before.

Harry guessed by the whispering noises and the movements of his neighbours that their underwear was sliding down their legs. The bodies readjusted themselves, a feminine leg went over a masculine hip, some to and fro motions, and a hard penis penetrated a consenting and wet sex if the sounds were any indication.

"Oh... oh... yes... more..."

Hermione expressed her pleasure loudly, without restraint, while her husband uttered muffled moans, barely audible, nearly like deep breaths.

Harry looked for his glasses and put them on. Then, he turned to the copulating couple next to him and lifted the corner of the sleeping bag to watch Severus's pale spine tightening and relaxing in sync with his motions inside Hermione. His other hand hadn't stopped his intimate caress on her clitoris. Harry loved women. Harry loved Ginny. But right in that moment, in this place where everything was reduced to the three bodies so close to each other, he couldn't stay away from this magnificent backside on which the bluish shadows were drawing cabalistic symbols. As in a dream, he slid against his nemesis, his erection trapped between the other man's cheeks while Hermione's leg, put over her husband's to make their union easier, moved in rhythm with his pounding. Harry's hand slipped under Severus's armpit and lodged itself over a nipple.

Hermione and Severus froze when they felt Harry's manoeuvre, but Harry scratched the older man's nipple with his nails. Severus's reticence melted away and he resumed his strokes inside his wife. Long, measured strokes, not too fast so that she could feel his entire length when he came into and out of her languorously. It was enough to convince the young woman that her best friend partaking in her amorous frolics didn't impede the couple's pleasure.

However, Harry seemed in need of guidance. At least, Severus seemed to think so. His hand left Hermione's clitoris and went to grab Harry's hand to lead it behind him, between his buttocks. He caressed the young man's penis in the wake of his move. Harry sighed and humped Severus's bottom in reaction, while the older man put Harry's hand near his own anus.

"Do you have an idea of what's expected from you, Potter?" Mockery had all but disappeared from Severus's voice. It was replaced by something that sounded like anxiety.

"This," Harry answered while fondling the other man's ring.

"More," Severus requested.

Harry had done a bit of self exploration in the past, but he'd never dared to go that far with his own body, and Ginny wasn't very adventurous with this sort of thing either. However, it didn't come to his mind to refuse and he pushed his finger into Severus's anus.

"Fuck!" the latter exclaimed.

"Severus?" Hermione queried between two moans.

"He... he... his finger..."

Men don't have a G-spot, but their prostate could serve as one efficiently, and Harry had found Severus's.

"Ah... harder," Hermione answered. She'd perfectly understood what was happening between the two men. She was so excited she put her husband's hand back on her button of pleasure rather authoritatively.

The atmosphere in the cavity grew tense. Hermione had put her hand over her husband's to put more pressure on her clitoris. Severus was swept by a deluge of sensations and pounded into Hermione faster, unable to stop before he reached completion. Harry's finger was still in his former teacher's arse, relentlessly stroking his sensitive spot as he humped his cheeks vigorously. The most surprising thing was they peaked all at the same time, as if the same wave had engulfed them. Hermione went first; she arched abruptly when her vagina contracted spasmodically around her husband's sex. By reaction, Severus's testicles tightened and unloaded their sperm in the warmth of his wife while his fingers clutched her body. Harry felt Severus ejaculating and let the pleasure mount within himself until his semen erupted on the older man's buttocks. For a while, their cries filled the small cave.

They needed several minutes to catch their breath.

"Potter, clean your mess at once," Severus drawled.

The moment had lost its magic. A bit embarrassed for letting himself get caught up in the moment, Harry grabbed his wand and cast a Cleansing Charm upon himself and Severus. On the other side, Severus and Hermione did the same. Then, a heavy silence fell on them, full of unsaid words. How would things be afterwards? Would Hermione and Harry's friendship suffer from what had just occurred? Would Harry talk about it with Ginny? Severus solved the problem for everyone.

"What happens in the mission stays in the mission," he said firmly. "I don't want to hear about it ever. Now, we sleep."

And they slept, deeply, until morning; the atmosphere was full with the smells of sex and sweat. When they woke up, they acted as if nothing had happened and went back to hunting vampires. Yet, Harry promised himself to explore certain sexual practices as soon as he got back home. As for Hermione, she had the perfect blackmail material to hold over her husband's head; now, she had the means to convince him to invite Lucius Malfoy for "dinner" soon.

In the years to come, nobody would ever understand why Severus saw red and why Hermione reddened each time Harry stated he'd witnessed Julie Snape's birth. Hadn't the Potters been in the waiting room while Hermione was giving birth?