

Unexpected Pleasure

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She was sitting between Harry and Ron in Divination. It was seventh year and almost the middle of the summer, and thus the end of the school year. Hermione's robes – and the air of the room – were making her hot. Fortunately, inside her robes, she was wearing nothing but a bra. However, below her waist, she still wore a skirt and long socks up to her thighs. Wearing nothing but knickers, like some girls did, made her feel uncomfortable.

The tables in the Divination classroom had curtains around them, and that was making the heat of her body rise, too. The tablecloths were resting on their legs. Luckily, they were at the last table in the back of the classroom, and the smell of that horrible perfume the professor wore didn't reach them.

Hermione looked at Ron. His freckles were prominent due to the dim light and his hair was blazing. She looked at Harry. His raven hair was sticking out in all directions and his green eyes were fixed on her. She blushed and noticed Ron's eyes were fixed on her too now. She always became embarrassed when they looked at her like that. It brought memories of sexual dreams she had had in her sleep which included them both. Hermione lowered her head in shame. She knew she shouldn't like them both but the truth is that they were her best friends and were always nice to her. Maybe, in the future, she would settle on one of them; but now she was just a teenage girl and she could have all her fantasies she wanted.

"Puto Ominis," Harry whispered with his wand pointed to her and Ron.

Hermione gaped. That had been the spell she had invented to be able to communicate through telepathy. They usually didn't use it in class because she hadn't registered it yet.

What do you think you're doing?

Well, I'm giving us some privacy.

"Silencio." Ron silenced her.

What was that? Hermione thought angrily.

Remember when we saved you from that Death Eater in the war, Hermione?

Yes.

And you said you owed us?

Yes, I think I remember that.

Then it's time to pay.

Hermione wondered what they were talking about and buried her head in her hands. She opened her legs a little and brushed against their knees. She hadn't noticed they were *that* close. She didn't want to look up because she didn't know what they were talking about and the air was still making her dizzy.

We won't hurt you, we promise.

You wouldn't even dare.

Just please, don't run away, okay?

Okay. I don't know what you are talking about but as long as you don't hurt me or make us get expelled...

Promise.

I promise.

Then put each foot around the legs of our chairs.

There, she had promised to not run away from them. Why would she anyway? As far as she knew they hadn't planned anything, so what could happen?

Probably Ron and Harry's hands on her thighs and her feet tied to the legs of the chairs, with a binding spell, holding her legs apart.

She gasped for a second and looked at them. They were smiling at her like this was the most natural thing in the world.

Just relax.

I think I have the right to know what is happening here.

You promised.

I didn't promise not to think.

Just trust us. And if you don't think, you'll see that you'll enjoy it more.

So Harry removed the spell from her so she couldn't listen to what they were thinking to each other. At first she was outraged, but then she relaxed and decided to trust them. They were her friends and they would never get her into trouble or risk losing her friendship.

Harry's hand was caressing her thigh, above her stocking, making circular movements with his fingers. Hermione was starting to feel a tingly sensation in her stomach that had nothing to do with the air. Before she buried her face in her hands again, for the rest of the class, Hermione looked around to see where the professor was. It seemed she was going to stay near Parvati and Lavender for the rest of the hour like most of the time, so she relaxed a little. Whatever they were thinking, obviously they knew they weren't going to get caught.

At first she thought that their hands on her thighs were to relax her for whatever was about to happen. After a while, when Ron's hand started to lift her skirt gently, she realized what they were doing and her mouth opened up in shock. Her heart started to

bump rapidly against her chest and a small ache grew between her legs. If they were about to do what she was thinking, they were totally freaking out. Yet, she was letting them carry on and was doing nothing about it. She had sometimes imagined this, but had never thought it would *really* happen. Not in class, especially.

She struggled with herself over whether she should allow this type of behaviour from them. They still hadn't done anything besides caressing her thighs, so she could still think what she should do. Maybe she should see what they were about to do next and, if it felt too wrong for her, she would demand that they stop. She didn't want to do a thing she felt bad about, that was not her motto.

Ron's hand was still playing with her skirt and Harry's was trying to lower her stocking. Hermione felt a shiver as Ron's hand went up her thigh and stopped near her panties, going down to next to the stocking a second after. Fortunately, her robes were puffed out up front so it was like a cover. Loose enough in the front that no one could see the boys' hands underneath.

Both boys lifted her skirt at the same time, along her thighs, to the level of her waist. She felt her panties exposed under the table. However, the boys didn't take advantage and, instead, started raising their hands to her waist. Harry's hand rose to her breast and groped it. Hermione moaned silently. She was surprised the boys were having this nerve and she had promised herself to stop them if something felt wrong. However, this felt so right it was indescribable. The way Ron's hand was touching the curve of her breast was releasing jolts of warmth through her in a way she had never felt before. And the fact that they were in class and somebody could catch them any minute was turning her on immensely, even if she should feel she was breaking the rules extremely.

Ron's hand disappeared and Harry's hand unclasped her bra – it was one that opened in the front – removing it from his way. Her arousal grew when Harry touch her nipple and started rubbing it. She was starting to wonder what Ron was doing, when his wet fingers touched her left nipple. She growled silently and wished it was his mouth devouring her. By chance, her robe was still acting as a curtain, or the whole ordeal would be seen by the entire class. She definitely didn't want to remove her face from her hands and look at the boys. She still couldn't believe they had thought about doing this to her this entire time! Every time she felt their hands caressing and rubbing her breast - each one in their own way - it sent shivers of pleasure through her body she had previously only felt in the solitude of her bed.

Hermione whined in displeasure when their hands descended to her waist again. She was getting used to their touch and was starting to like it. Their hands were on her thighs again, this time closer to her cunt. She felt rough fingers caressing next to her panties, on her inner thigh. She wanted to arch and friction her legs to feel something *there*.

After they had teased enough, Harry's hand gave one long stroke above her panties. Hermione would have groaned out loud if she could. Ron's hand was now above her clit and Harry's hand was on her entrance. Hermione knew they could feel how wet her panties were from their caresses. She just wanted them to remove her panties and touch her directly. She wanted to feel their fingers inside her while she orgasmed like she had imagined in her fantasies.

Both hands grabbed her elastic panties and pulled them down, to her knees, while she raised her bottom. Gently, Ron touched her clit and Hermione convulsed on the table. She was sure she would come soon if they didn't hurry up. At this time her mind was wondering if they were as excited as her, if they were already hard under the table and if they were touching themselves. She peeked from her hands to their laps – never looking into their eyes – and saw nothing. She was annoyed by it, though. They deserved as much pleasure as she was getting.

Harry's two fingers touched her damp entrance and Ron's started to rub her clit gently. She could feel how Harry's fingers wanted to enter her and how Ron played between her folds and her clit. Hermione started shivering more than ever. They must have noticed because Harry's fingers entered slowly inside her and she felt their warmth and how her walls were pressing against his skin.

They switched places and she felt Harry's thumb on her clit and Ron fingering her, each one of them faster than before. Hermione moaned and growled silently as the boys' hands worked on her clit and inside her. She bit the palm of her hand and felt her hips bucking against their hands and waves of heat from the place they were touching, as one of her fantasies was coming true. Hermione bit her lower lip when her orgasm hit her and grabbed the edge of the table, as to not fall from the sudden divine pleasure spreading through her.

After five minutes, she still wasn't talking, even if Harry had lifted the silencing and binding charm from her and had cast the telepathy spell again. She still hadn't looked into their eyes since they had dressed her decently again. Hermione didn't know what to say or think. What was she supposed to do? Thank them? Reprimand them for giving her the best orgasm of her life? Nothing made sense.

Are you alright?

Yes.

Are you mad at us?

No.

She heard them both sighing.

Did you like it?

She finally got the courage to look at them again. Hermione couldn't believe that after she had let them do that, they were still wondering if she had liked it. Blokes could be so oblivious. Only then did she see that their eyes were dark and lusty. Probably they had been hard the entire time and hadn't had the chance to release themselves. Hermione's mind wondered how she could return what they had done to her. Her mind travelled to one of her common fantasies, the three of them in a bed together.

Yes. I was just thinking to myself.

About what? Terrible curses to punish us?

No. That next week it's Christmas, and I'm going to be the only girl in my bedroom.

She smirked at them and saw how their faces turned into a grin.