

# Measuring Up

*by Mint Stick*

Hermione and Severus visit Lucius in Malfoy Manor. Sequel to 'Birthday Plans the Slytherin Way' but stands alone.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Thanks to Ayerf for betaing this!

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Hermione sighed.

The new shoes looked fabulous, but in spite of her talent in Transfiguration, she hadn't quite managed to get them perfectly comfortable yet. She supposed they just needed wearing in, and in the meantime, she simply needed to suffer for the cause.

She wasn't quite certain what the cause was, but it had better be a good one.

Severus, who was walking a few steps ahead of her, stopped and gave her an impatient look.

'Are you coming or not? I suggest you don't dawdle, unless you want Lucius's defensive spells to activate. They don't take kindly to sightseers.'

Hermione rolled her eyes, but caught up with her husband without further protest. The spells guarding Malfoy Manor were nothing to sneeze at even now when they were examined for illegal curses and hexes by the Aurors every six months.

'I'm not sure coming here was such a good idea anyway,' she muttered. 'I know what I said last week, about inviting him over to thank him properly for helping you pick out these shoes for me, but that was last week. And he didn't turn up!'

Severus eyed her curiously.

'You know he was indisposed. There was nothing he could do about it. Are you having second thoughts? We could just make our excuses and go home, if you wish.'

Hermione shrugged. 'No, it's just ... never mind.'

\* \* \*

'Master says to wait.'

The house-elf who had opened the door looked nearly as haughty as his owner. He pointed them towards a smaller drawing-room, gave a perfunctory bow and

disappeared with a *pop*.

'I thought Lucius was supposed to be an excellent host,' Hermione remarked. 'I wonder what's keeping him. Surely he can't still be indisposed!'

'I doubt it. He's probably trying to decide what to wear.'

Hermione couldn't help but laugh at Severus's dry tone.

'You know, you're probably right. Perhaps I should go and freshen up a bit while we wait the walk was longer than I anticipated.'

'There should be a guest bathroom somewhere over there.' Severus pointed towards an open doorway leading into an ornate passageway. 'I'm sure Lucius won't mind. Although that house-elf of his might.'

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Once Hermione had rinsed her hands and face and done a few quick cleaning spells, she couldn't resist the chance to look around a bit more. She had been to the Manor a few times since marrying Severus, but those visits had been strictly confined to the dining room.

One of the doors opening into the corridor was slightly ajar. Hermione tiptoed closer she had taken off the blasted shoes earlier, to rest her aching feet and peeked inside, making sure to stay as quiet as possible. She didn't really want to be caught sneaking around, either by the master of the house or by anyone else.

It was a good thing, too, that she had been so determined to stay quiet, as the sight that greeted her was not really what she had been expecting, had she been expecting anything at all.

Lucius was standing in front of the floor-to-ceiling mirror in what appeared to be his dressing room. He seemed to be deep in thought, and also quite naked.

Hermione knew she should tiptoe away and get back to Severus, but she couldn't tear her eyes away from Lucius's bare backside. Not so much because she enjoyed the sight (if she was completely honest with herself, she had to admit it wasn't half bad, even if Severus was obviously fitter) but ... She just wanted to know what was keeping their host from joining them. And to see if she could also get a better look at the reflection in the mirror.

Lucius was clearly trying to make up his mind about something. He was so concentrated on pulling in his stomach and puffing out his chest that Hermione felt it safe to edge a bit closer to the door.

'What does Severus have that I don't, hmm?' he mused loudly.

'A finer specimen of manhood than you I have never seen,' declared the mirror enthusiastically, apparently used to having to flatter its owner. 'Now, it does seem that those lustrous locks might need to be trimmed again soon, but if I were you, I wouldn't worry. I dare say there will be one very lucky lady tonight.'

Lucius raised his chin and put on his best smirk. 'You are right, as always.'

Hermione had to fight hard to keep back a giggle.

Lucius turned around a few times, eyeing his reflection with evident satisfaction. Still, there seemed to be something bothering him.

'I wonder ... do you think I'm bigger than Severus?' he asked the mirror, as he took his penis between two finely manicured fingers and lifted it up. After giving it a thorough inspection, he let it flop back down again. 'I just don't know ... what if I don't, well, measure up? It would be so embarrassing.'

The mirror seemed to consider the question. 'Impossible,' it simpered a few moments later. 'Now, dear, you really should put on one of those fine robes we picked out earlier. Was it the light blue we agreed on?'

Hermione considered this her clue to withdraw. Pressing a hand on her mouth to prevent a chuckle from escaping, she backed away silently.

She couldn't help but wonder about the same thing Lucius had been thinking about. From what she could tell, Lucius seemed rather impressive at rest ... well, she'd find out about more later. With any luck, the two men would be about equally matched in the size department. Not that she had any experience in such matters, but she assumed it might help things go smoothly.

Lucius had considered it so important, though ... Perhaps it might be worth some effort to investigate it properly.

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'I'll tell you later,' she said when Severus inquired what had kept her. 'I hope Lucius will join us soon. I'm getting a bit hungry at this rate.'

They didn't have to wait much longer. Apparently Lucius and his mirror had indeed come to an agreement, as he was wearing a rather magnificent set of light blue robes that billowed around him as he entered the sitting room. Hermione made a mental note to ask Severus later if he had learned the billowing from Lucius or if it had been the other way round.

After some small talk mostly from Lucius, as Hermione, still fighting the urge to burst out in laughter every time she looked at him, kept her responses to polite smiles, and Severus was busy inspecting his fingernails and looking ever so slightly bored their host gave a small cough and suggested they might want to relocate somewhere more comfortable.

From the way his cheeks pinkened when he looked at the two of them, Hermione assumed that Lucius was not quite as used to arranging events of wild debauchery as she had been led to believe. Not that Severus had *said* Lucius was experienced in such matters. He had mostly just smirked, when Hermione had tried to get him to tell her what he knew of his old friend's preferences.

She took a deep breath and got up from the sofa. This had seemed like such a great idea when she'd first mentioned it to Severus ... She was still amazed that he hadn't protested at all. In fact, at one point she almost suspected it had been *his* idea all along. In any case, she had been feeling particularly horny at the time, and the thought of enjoying her black-eyed, black-haired husband at the same time with his beautiful blond friend had been so very tempting. But now that theory had turned into reality ... Well. She was a Gryffindor, after all. She'd faced far worse things than a naked Lucius Malfoy. It would be embarrassing to chicken out now.

They walked to the bedroom indicated by Lucius in silence. If Severus hadn't rested his hand on her arse, quite a bit more demonstratively than he ever acted in public, it might have looked like a funeral procession.

Feeling quite ridiculous, Hermione cleared her throat. 'Um, I'm not sure about the etiquette in this kind of situation, so I'd appreciate it if someone let me know what happens now. How we proceed, and so on.'

'We take off our clothes,' replied Severus, who seemed completely at ease. He immediately started to unbutton his robe, leaving Lucius and Hermione to exchange a confused look.

Lucius shrugged and step closer to Hermione. 'Would you like some help?' he offered, looking quite earnest for a change. 'Your husband seems to be occupied over there.'

Hermione gave him a smile. 'Certainly.'

The realisation that their host was feeling just as awkward as she was had helped. And he certainly knew what he was doing. Obviously he hadn't let his skills go rusty after Narcissa left him for that Italian wizard.

When they were both undressed, she saw that Severus had already made himself comfortable on the bed, lying flat on his back and very clearly ready for the evening's activities. Hermione smiled and climbed to the bed to join her husband, greeting him with a kiss. She patted the mattress next to them, indicating that Lucius should join them as well.

With the two men now both sharing the same bed, and both looking equally prepared, Hermione remembered her and Lucius's earlier curiosity. She tried to take a covert look at the men, not making it overly obvious what she was trying to compare, but it really was impossible to tell. She thought Severus might have Lucius beaten by a bit, but ... it might have been just the angle. Or the way the light fell.

She pursed her lips, considering the matter. The idea of just getting a measuring tape was terribly tempting, but she suspected the men might be a bit put off if she did that. Lucius, at least Severus knew her (and her liking for anything scientific, which included measuring anything that could be measured) too well by now to be too shocked.

On the other hand, Lucius seemed to be eyeing Severus's pride and joy rather keenly ... Unless he had developed a hitherto unknown (to her) liking for men, she could only assume that he was just busy trying to see if he could, in fact, measure up. Hermione certainly felt he was not lacking in any way, but she decided it might be a good opportunity to put his mind to ease.

'Would you like me to Conjure a measuring tape?' she asked sweetly, as if the idea had just occurred to her.

Lucius gulped.

'Uh.'

He actually seemed to be at a loss for words. This was something Hermione had never witnessed before.

Hermione had her wand in her hand and a tape Conjured before Lucius could think of anything to say. Severus just smiled smugly.

'Sorry, boys,' she declared a few moments later. 'There is no winner here. It's a draw.'

Privately, she made sure to tell Severus later that he did have the advantage by a whole quarter of an inch not that it mattered to her, of course, but for some reason, men did seem to find it important. Some men, anyway. And she really didn't want Lucius to have any lingering doubts about his manliness throughout the proceedings.

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'Thank you,' she told Severus, when they were back in their own home again. 'This really was a rather pleasant birthday present.'

'Good. Now, my birthday's coming up in a few months ...'

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A/N: Written to Ayerf's prompt "Hermione, Severus (and Lucius if you dare) with a measuring tape".