Trinity

by Dreamy_Dragon

Moving can be truly a hassle — even for wizards.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Originally written as a contribution to the LJ comm, portus_envy, for the lovely bluestocking79, who asked for ss/hg/lm and ribbons.

Many thanks to my beta, Charmed Force.

JKR's, not mine.

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'Is that a first edition?'

'Yes, it has the original engravings in it, as well. They were removed in later editions because they were thought too lascivious.'

Severus and Hermione bent their heads together over one of Hermione's books. As this was happening with nearly every book they pulled from her shelves, they hadn't made much progress yet.

'If you go on like this, we'll still be here next week.' Lucius's voice could be heard from the doorway. Severus and Hermione hadn't noticed that he had come in. Lucius walked into the room and lowered the stack of books he had been carrying into one of the boxes. 'Tell me again why we're doing this without using magic?'

Severus rolled his eyes.

'Some of these are volatile and could cause mayhem in contact with magic. Muggle flat, Muggle area — remember?' Hermione said.

Lucius muttered something that sounded suspiciously like, 'could always cast Obliviates,' as he disappeared into the corridor again.

Hermione and Severus shared a look before they continued to empty the shelves in her living room. Hermione wouldn't part with any of her books, but still they sorted through them.

A while later Hermione noticed that Lucius hadn't come back. 'Shouldn't he be back by now?'

'Maybe he's inspecting your wardrobe.'

Hermione giggled before her expression suddenly became sober.

'Do you think he feels left out?'

'Lucius? Hardly.' Severus snorted. 'After all, we're moving into *his* house.'

'I'm serious. You know how we can go on for hours about some minor detail in Potions research and stuff like that; sometimes it must look like we don't need him at all.'

Severus stared at her. 'That's complete nonsense. He's part of this; there is no "us" without him.'

Hermione nodded. 'I know that, but I'm not sure Lucius does.' With that she set out to search for the third of their trio, Severus on her heels.

They found him in her bedroom. He was sitting on the bed, gazing at nothing in particular. He didn't look up when Severus and Hermione sat down on either side of him.

'All right?' Hermione asked briskly.

'Fine.' His tone indicated that he was anything but.

Hermione glanced at the two men, sitting next to each other. Apparently Severus had no idea how to deal with this sudden display of insecurity; it didn't seem like Lucius at all, which was why it worried her. She reached inside the drawer of her bedside table, finding quickly what she'd been searching for.

Taking Lucius's hand, she put the item into his palm and closed his fingers gently around it.

Recognition slowly dawned on his face as he opened his hand and stared at three ribbons bound into a braid. Two were made of velvet, one black and the other dark grey. The third one was silken and pink. 'Are these …'

'Yes, the hair ribbons you and Severus wore that night last year when you came over for dinner.'

'And your hair, for once, looked decent with the silk ribbon in it,' Severus added with a pointed look at Hermione's bushy mane.

'You kept these, and you made this?' Lucius held up the braid.

'Yes. Don't you see? A braid needs three strands; with only two, it'll unravel.'

The relief in the room was palpable. Still, Hermione and Severus decided to dispel any lingering doubts by showing Lucius exactly how much they needed him before they continued to pack her belongings.