

# Treats

*by Dreamy\_Dragon*

Birthday presents for Hermione.

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Birthday presents for Hermione.

*JKR's, not mine.*

*Originally written as a birthday present for shiv5468.*

*Many thanks to my betas, Dacian Goddess and Sempra.*

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'Happy birthday, dear.'

'Mhmm.' Feeling warm lips on her cheek, Hermione sleepily blinked her eyes open to find her smiling husband sitting on the bed, wearing nothing but his dressing gown. A few kisses later, she was awake enough to notice the tray floating next to their bed. A vase containing a single, dark red rose sat on it, together with a piece of chocolate cake on a plate and a mug of steaming *café au lait*, which, since their honeymoon in France, had become her favourite morning beverage. Despite the enticing smell that wafted from the mug, she decided that breakfast could wait and put her arms around her husband's neck. 'So are you going to surprise me?' she asked suggestively.

'Didn't you mention something about wanting to see the Peter Doig at the Tate?'

'You'd spend your day watching, how did you call it ... pointless heaps of colour because painters ran out of ideas once the Muggle world discovered photography?' Hermione teased, slowly stroking her thumb over the nape of his neck.

Severus cast her a long-suffering look. 'This one at least paints something you can recognise, and since it makes you happy.'

Hermione had known for a while that he was neither as uninterested nor as ignorant of contemporary Muggle art as he pretended to be, but knew better than to tell him that. Instead she smiled. 'The things you do for me. Any more plans?'

'A light lunch, and in the afternoon, I've made arrangements for you to see M. Beaupied's newest shoe collection.'

Hermione was certain that the "arrangements" were courtesy of Lucius Malfoy and decided to reward Severus's careful planning with a kiss while greedy hands untied the cord of his dressing gown.

'And then of course there is your birthday dinner tonight.'

The hands stopped. 'Hm, I hope you haven't invited loads of people.'

Severus smiled. 'I've complied exactly with your wishes. It's going to be a rather ... intimate affair.'

Hermione tried to remember if and when she had specified anything about a birthday dinner, but got distracted by the interesting things Severus's hands and mouth were doing to her. Soon she stopped thinking at all as they started to celebrate her birthday in style.

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Hermione sat on the bed, feeling completely relaxed after her bath and the little nap they had taken after their return from the city. Severus had risen earlier and informed her that he was going to take care of things downstairs. She strongly suspected that "taking care of things" in this case meant instructing the house-elf he had probably borrowed from either Lucius or Minerva. For once, she didn't mind. She stretched her leg, admiring her new black court shoes. There was no such thing as the perfect shoes, but these came close, very close.

For a moment, she mused again who the evening's guests were before she made her way down to their living room and paused for a moment in the doorway to watch the scene before her.

Severus was comfortably sitting in one of the armchairs. Hermione allowed her eyes to linger for a moment on his familiar slim body while she thought about the plans she had for him later. Lucius sat in another armchair, his legs comfortably stretched in front of him, wearing grey evening robes that were very elegant in a subtly understated manner, his silver-blond hair falling loosely down his back. Both men were talking, but so softly that she couldn't hear what they were saying, while they sipped from the champagne in their glasses. No one else was visible. Apparently, Lucius Malfoy was their first and only guest for the evening. Taking in his chiselled features, she suddenly remembered exactly when and where she had specified her birthday wishes. A pleasant little tingle started to spread from her middle through her body as a smile spread over her face. It looked like this could be a truly memorable birthday.

Both men had risen when they had noticed her entrance. Severus greeted her with a long kiss and then handed her a glass of champagne as well. She turned to Lucius.

'Happy birthday, Hermione,' he said and raised his glass to her.

'Thank you.' As she'd been looking at him, her heart had started to beat a little faster, in a rhythm that was usually reserved for her husband. She decided to test the waters right away and gave him a little peck on the cheek. A little smile crossed his face, but he didn't appear to be particularly surprised, which told Hermione that either he was hiding his reaction well or Severus had dropped a hint or three; in any case, Hermione decided he had a very nice mouth. She was sure that this mouth would excel at a number of things. Suddenly the room seemed to become quite a bit warmer. Severus's heated looks at his best friend and his wife did nothing to alleviate the room temperature as they sipped at their champagne.

'So what were you two talking about?'

'Possible improvements at Hogwarts, now that I am back on the board of governors,' Lucius said so quickly and smoothly that Hermione doubted that the school had been mentioned at all.

'Indeed?' she answered just as smoothly.

Lucius obviously considered it a good idea to steer the topic away from their former conversation. 'Most people always thought you would eventually become a teacher, Hermione.'

She laughed softly. 'No thanks; I don't particularly like children, and besides, I lack patience. Should I ever be tempted, I'll ask Severus how much he enjoyed teaching, and that will cure me instantly.'

'There must be something about the old castle though, seeing that he is still there.'

'I assure you, it's quite bearable since, unfortunately, the duties of the Headmaster do not permit me to undertake any teaching,' Severus said.

'I, on the other hand, am perfectly happy at the Department of Magical Law Enforcement,' Hermione added.

Lucius smiled. 'I see. Since you're head of said department, I'm sure that's a most desirable position.'

'There are many desirable positions, Lucius,' Hermione answered.

Without missing a beat, Lucius said, 'Certainly, and just imagine those that might open up when one takes all the possibilities into consideration.'

While they were talking, a small buffet had appeared on the sideboard, and a number of delicious smells wafted through the room. Hermione went to investigate and saw that it consisted of an assortment of her favourite Indian foods. A steaming bowl of dhal sat next to two varieties of curry that smelled delicious. A platter of pilau was hidden under a piece of edible gold foil, and a basket contained fresh chapatis and nan. Sprinkled in between were smaller bowls that held different chutneys, raita and a variety of nibbles. Hermione sighed happily as she filled a plate with samosas and pakora and went back to the table. She dipped one corner of the pastry into a bit of chutney and offered it to Severus, who took a bite and let her feed him.

'Would you like some as well, Lucius?' she asked, holding out a piece of pakora. He lowered his mouth to her hand and carefully took the offering. As he did so, his lips closed around her finger for a moment while his eyes never left hers. Hermione swallowed and felt a hot tingle creeping up her spine.

Severus had taken another piece from the plate and offered it to Hermione. She snatched it from his hand, keeping his finger in her mouth and quickly swirled her tongue around it.

'At this rate, we're never going to make it through dinner,' Lucius observed.

She turned to him, smiling. 'Why, are you that hungry?'

Lucius regarded her calmly for a moment before he said, 'Not at all, my dear, though there might be something delectable on the menu.'

Hermione sat down very close to him, but without touching him. 'Birthday treats, but only if you want them.'

'A lady always should have a treat on her birthday,' he purred, running a finger over her jaw and down the side of her neck.

She swallowed again, contemplating for a moment whether to reciprocate. Instead, she got up and followed Severus's example, who had fixed himself a plate with curry, dhal and pilau. Indian was her favourite food, and she had no intention of letting it go to waste. Other treats would have to wait.

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They did make it through dinner. The chocolate truffles they had with their coffee, however, were another matter. It all started innocently enough ... as these things usually do ... with Lucius eying the truffles speculatively and Hermione noticing it. Her hand sneaked onto the plate, waiting until she was sure which truffle the blond wizard had chosen and quickly snatched just that little tasty ball. Lucius's eyes followed the piece of chocolate and stopped at the sight of it being twirled between Hermione's fingers.

She smiled sweetly at him. 'Was there something you wanted?'

Lucius eyes slowly travelled over her body before he sat back in the armchair and crossed his legs comfortably in front of him and drawled, 'Nothing in particular ... if an offer were made, on the other hand ...'

Hermione had walked round the table to him; in a swift movement, she'd straddled him and offered him the chocolate again. This time she didn't withdraw her hand as he delicately took the truffle into his mouth; then she said softly, 'I want to find out what my husband sees in you.'

Lucius eyes momentarily widened in astonishment before they briefly flickered over Hermione's shoulder to Severus, who had watched their little game with an expression of intense interest. 'I've no idea what you're talking about.'

'Of course you do. Did you really think I hadn't figured out your little arrangement? Or did you expect me to turn a blind eye to your activities?' One of her hands had started to play with his silver-blond tresses while she was talking. To soothe her harsh words, she now leaned forward and placed a series of little kisses along his jaw. 'I think it's time we broadened our horizons a bit.'

Lucius swallowed, then brought one of his hands up and now started to play with Hermione's curls. 'One should never be too narrow-minded, especially not in the face of beauty and intelligence.' The hand wandered lower to ghost over her cleavage, leaving a trail of goosebumps in its wake before it found its way to the nape of her neck.

'Indeed.' A little sigh escaped Hermione as she leant into his touch, allowing him to draw her head a bit closer. She touched her lips lightly to his until he responded. The knowledge that Severus was watching both his lovers sent a pleasant tingle down her spine that quickly spread through her body.

Lucius's hands had found the straps of her dress and were pushing them down her arms. He took his time, caressing up and down her arms. She could feel the heat of Severus's body as he came to stand behind her. His hands came up to play with her hair, slowly finding their way onto her back where he pulled the zip of her dress down. The upper part fell forward, leaving her breasts covered only by a flimsy lace bra. Hermione briefly thought that there was something to be said for Muggle clothes. They were so much more practical, but then Severus's hands cupped her breasts, and Hermione forgot what she was thinking as one of his thumbs began to circle her hard nipple through the thin fabric.

Lucius's eyes had darkened at the sight before him, and he used his caresses on her arms to bring her bra straps down as well before he unclasped it behind her back with a practised hand. She quickly pulled her arms out of the assorted straps and enjoyed the smoldering look Lucius cast at her now bare breasts.

Meanwhile Severus had started to undo the buttons on Lucius's robe and the shirt he wore underneath. He lightly raked his fingernails over the naked skin, making the other man hiss with pleasure.

Severus withdrew his hands, stroking up Hermione's bare arms, her shoulders, and down her back while Lucius trailed kisses down the side of her neck, over her collarbone, her breasts and then fastened his lips around one of her nipples. The feeling of his warm mouth on her made a little moan escape her, and she pushed against him, sensation flooding her body. After a while, Lucius decided to transfer his attention to her other breast, making her wrap her arms around his shoulders, one of her hands sneaking up to play with strands of his glorious hair. It felt smooth and soft under her fingers. If his mouth and Severus's hands hadn't been so distracting, she would have liked to play with it endlessly. As it was, she filed that idea away for later. 'You have lovely hair,' she whispered to his bent head.

A low 'mmmh,' around her nipple was the only answer she got, the tingling of his murmur around it provoking another moan from her. She hadn't noticed that Severus had taken time to undress until she felt the familiar heat of his naked body and the unmistakable proof of his arousal press against her.

She leant back against him, feeling his hair sweeping over her naked shoulder as he bent forward and kissed the spot behind her ear, sending fresh tingles down her spine. He pulled her up carefully and turned her in his arms, pushing the dress down until it pooled at her feet.

Their lips met in a tender kiss before her tongue found its way into Severus's mouth, tasting, exploring, the world vanishing around them and their kiss. She was only dimly aware of Lucius's eyes on them when she felt him standing behind her. When had he lost all his clothes? His hands travelled over her back, cupping her bottom. She felt them on her and gasped when she felt a finger caressing her between the legs. Lucius's other hand was wrapped around Severus's length, slowly stroking him, causing him to gasp into her mouth.

The finger continued to test, to tease, to promise. It felt so good, yet it wasn't enough. Hermione wriggled her bottom against Lucius's erection. He felt good, but that wasn't where she wanted him. His heavy breathing indicated that she was indeed having an effect on him. More wriggling, until his hands stilled her hips. 'No more teasing,' he said and pulled her with him back onto the chair.

She could feel him right where she wanted him and slowly slid down on his length. The sensation of him filling her caused them both to moan. Severus's dark eyes were clouded with desire as they took in the expression on her face. He kissed her again, placing more kisses down her neck, her throat, her breasts, and her stomach. Then his tongue found her clit, and she gasped as she felt him twirling around it before it went further, causing Lucius to jerk upward with a moan, thrusting deeper into her. The feeling of Severus's mouth and tongue, combined with Lucius's thrusts, caused even more heat to pool in her stomach, and it didn't take long before she flew over the edge.

When Hermione's breathing calmed down, and she slowly became aware of her surroundings again, she could feel Lucius inside her, still hard. Severus pressed his cheek into her stomach and looked up at her. 'All right?'

'Gods, yes,' she said, surprising herself with the husky tone in her voice.

Severus's smile held only the slightest hint of smugness.

Hermione decided that it was time to alter the arrangement a bit. She carefully disentangled herself from Lucius, ignoring the disappointed noise he was making as she stood up. She quickly pressed a kiss to his lips and pulled him up with her. 'Don't worry, I'll be back,' she whispered, her voice full of sultry promise.

'You'd better,' he hissed and nipped at her lips.

She had no idea where her wand was, so wandless would have to do. In a practised movement, she Transfigured the armchair into a bed that fit snugly into the space in their living room and was large enough for the three of them.

Apparently, Lucius had quickly realised the opportunity because he sat down on the bed, pulling Hermione with him so that she landed on top of him. His arms came up around her, holding her there and drawing her into a kiss.

Hermione enjoyed the feeling of his warm body pressed against hers. His chest hair tickled her oversensitive nipples while his length was trapped between them as she eagerly responded to his kiss. She could feel the heat build in her lower body as her desire soared anew.

Again she straddled Lucius, lowering herself down on his erection. This time she could see his face, the arousal in it enhancing his beauty even more. Warm hands, Severus's hands, were cupping her breasts, his thumbs teasing her nipples back into awareness before she could feel them caressing her lower back. One of his fingers found its way between her cheeks. Where had the lubrication come from, she wondered, before she felt the finger stroking and teasing her, then another.

Lucius pulled her forward onto his chest as she pushed back against Severus's fingers. It felt so good, pleasure quickly overtaking the slight discomfort she had felt at first.

She whimpered in disappointment as the fingers disappeared until they were replaced by something even more pleasant. She felt Severus slipping inside her, her body opening to the sensation as he slowly filled her.

She could feel both of them now, so different and so enticing. Arousal raced through her like liquid flame. Her desire was mirrored by the expression in Lucius's eyes; they had become clouded with lust, looking more silver than ever. He thrust tentatively as Severus withdrew and then retreated as Severus moved forward. Together, they created an agonisingly slow rhythm that sent raptures of pleasure through Hermione, further fuelled by two sets of hands caressing her and Severus's mouth doing wicked things to the nape of her neck.

Their pace increased, sending jolts of pleasure through her until her world drowned in sensation. Beneath her, she felt Lucius tense, his thrusts becoming erratic before he

followed her over the edge, taking Severus with them.

They lay panting in a tangle of limbs, exchanging kisses and lazy caresses as their breathing slowly calmed down.

Hermione took Lucius's arm and wrapped it around her middle, then she interlaced her fingers with his. 'I think you should come to dinner more often.'

Severus briefly looked up. 'Definitely,' he said before he buried his face again in his wife's hair.

'Mmmh, that sounds like an agreeable proposition,' Lucius murmured sleepily.

Hermione closed her eyes, happy with the world in general and the evening in particular. After all, a girl deserved a little birthday treat.

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