Amusement Park

by Melenka

Hermione spends her birthday discovering the meaning of fun.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Hermione sat down at the table, quietly spelling the day's gunk from it before setting down her tea. All around her, children were shrieking. Parents yelled, frantically chasing down toddlers. Bloodcurdling screams came from somewhere over her shoulder. She hated amusement parks, but when Severus had asked her to take him to one, she couldn't resist. It was not how she'd expected to spend her birthday. He hadn't even given her a card.

He stalked over to the table and glared at her. "I fail to see the amusement."

"Of course you do. You are completely naïve when it comes to having fun." She had the same problem, at least when it came to what most people thought fun, but she was not going to admit it.

He sipped his tea and grimaced. "Honey," he said.

"I didn't know you cared," she teased.

He shot her a look that years ago would have stopped her cold. Their friendship had changed that, changed everything. *Almost.*

She pushed her unsweetened tea towards him. "What shall we do next?"

"If I'm to be instructed in fun, then that would seem the place to go."

She looked to where he pointed. "Fun houses aren't all that fun."

"Nonetheless, it should prove distracting." He drained her cup and stood, offering her his hand.

For the first time in her life, she didn't fall crossing through the rolling tube. They fought the downward motion of the ramp, bumping into each other when they reached the top. A completely dark corridor stretched before them. She stumbled through blindly, one hand on the wall. Coming out the other end, she realized the corridor had split in two. Severus was nowhere to be seen.

Before she could step into the hall of mirrors, her least favorite part of the utterly stupid attraction, a hand covered her eyes. Another plucked the wand from her pocket. She struggled, but a strong arm wrapped around her waist, pulling her tight against a very male torso. She stilled, not wanting to give him the satisfaction of knowing how her heart pounded.

"Shhhh." The timbre of his voice was wrong.

The thought fled as he tilted her head, dropping kisses on her neck. The hand on her waist slid over her stomach and up, brushing over her breasts. She drew a shaky breath. This could not be happening. Not here, of all places. She leaned back against him. They would both be thrown out of the park as soon as someone came in.

"Close your eyes." His voice came from somewhere in front of her, apt for their carnival surroundings. Her eyelids fluttered slightly as he took his hand away, but she did not open them. A soft cloth made a blindfold, gently tied, the message clear. She could remove it whenever she chose.

He was in front of her now, hands molding her curves, long fingers hooked in her waistband, pulling her towards him. A flick of the fingers and the buttons popped open.

"We can't," she gasped.

"This attraction appears to be out of order. No one will disturb us." His dark laugh bounced off the angled walls. "Unless you mean that you don't want us?"

"Us?" she squeaked. A second set of hands pushed her hair aside.

"Yes." The first voice. Not his. *Oh, hell.*

"Lucius." The word a whisper, thrilled with fear.

"Say no, and I disappear." He kissed her neck, nipping at the spot where it joined the shoulder. "But so does he."

She opened her mouth, unsure. The kiss she received was desperate, wanting, warm. *Severus.* She had never kissed him, but she knew it was his mouth on hers. He pressed against her, pushing her into Lucius. They were both hard. She couldn't think.

Lucius locked his fingers over her hip bones. "Decide." All kissing stopped.

"I…"

"Say yes," Severus whispered in her ear. He ran his finger under the thin band of her knickers, inching lower, waiting for her to deny desire. And then. Oh, and then!

"Yes!" She trembled as he stroked her while Lucius held her still. When he took away his hand, she sagged, grateful for the support, more so when Lucius took over.

"Easy," Severus cautioned. Lucius stopped, sliding his hands up, taking her shirt over her head before stepping away. Severus pushed her jeans down, pausing to kiss the tops of her thighs.

"Absurd rules," Lucius said, and vanished their clothing, the blindfold as well. She was surrounded by gloriously naked men reflected in perfect mirrors.

Lucius strolled to the center of the room, littered now with soft pillows, a thick mat beneath them. "Bring her, Severus."

"In good time." Severus wrapped his arms around her, turning her so that she could see every angle as his hands explored her body. The slow rotation brought them to where Lucius lounged, waiting.

He reached up to take her hand and pulled her down on top of him. "What shall we do with you now?" He rolled her under him. Severus growled.

"You still have trouble sharing." Lucius sighed and winked at her before rolling until she was on top again. He pulled her down for a kiss, hands flat on her hips, holding her off him.

Severus dropped to his knees and wrapped his arm around her waist. He pulled her to him, sliding into her as he sat back, rocking until he filled her. She closed her eyes against the beauty of their joining, sparkling from every corner.

"Now, now, none of that," Lucius chided. "This is too pretty to miss." Her eyes flew open as he nipped at her breast, following with soft kisses, sucking gently. And all the while, Severus moved inside her, thick, strong, deep. He pushed forward until she was on hands and knees, his arm locked around her. She dropped her head, only to have Lucius lift her chin. He kissed her, his mouth softer than she would have thought. Then he sat back on the pillows to watch.

"None of that," she said with a smile, lowering her head. He groaned when she took him into her mouth, his fingers clenching the pillows. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Severus' reflection, watching her, watching them. He gripped her hips, speed increasing. She released Lucius, losing herself in the rhythm, pushing back. Severus roared as he came inside her, lowering her at the last minute to lie with her head on Lucius' chest.

He stroked her hair. "Marvelous."

Severus pulled out and rolled to the side, leaving her empty. It did not last. Lucius pulled her up for a kiss then lowered her until he was buried inside her.

"My turn." He cupped her breasts, each brush of his thumbs over her nipples sending waves of sensation through her as she rode him. He brought her to the edge, then held her still. She struggled for what he denied her.

"Maddening, isn't it?"

"That's unkind, Malfoy," Severus stroked her back.

"Kindness is not my forte, Snape." He pushed her off of him, then flipped her over to lie on her stomach.

"No." Severus grabbed a fistful of blonde hair.

Lucius flinched as his head was pulled back, then smiled. "Have it your way." He rolled her onto her back and filled her with one stroke. She arched against him. He slammed into her and twisted, each thrust bringing her closer. Severus claimed her mouth, his hunger bringing her release. She shuddered as Lucius rode her climax, spilling into her.

They lay, a tangle of arms and legs, all three unwilling to end the moment, still wanting the feel of skin on skin.

"I was right," Lucius murmured.

Severus tensed.

"About what?" she mumbled.

"I told Severus that you would do anything to have him. He didn't believe me. Tell me, Hermione, how long have you been in love with him?"

She sighed. "Ten years." There was no point in denying it.

"Shame. Now that he knows, he'll not let me near you again."

"Only if she asks," Severus said, the corners of his mouth twitching. He looked down at her. "Perhaps on your next birthday? The botanical garden at Cambridge is said to be lovely this time of year."

"Happy birthday to me," she whispered.