

# You, Me, Him... and Honey.

*by sunny33*

Birthday present fic for Arabella Lovegood. Severus, Lucius, Hermione and honey.  
Mickey Mouse makes an appearance.

## none

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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A/N: This is a birthday present fic for Arabella Bloodgood. The prompts were Severus, Hermione, Lucius, honey and Mickey Mouse. Happy birthday, Arabella!

Thanks to wonderbeta, ladyinthecloak, who supervised our madness!

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Hermione gazed tenderly at her sleeping baby daughters. Thick eyelashes caressed the soft skin of their cheeks; two mouths slightly open, lips plump from their recent suckling. One twin, Lucy, had gossamer-fine, white-blonde hair while Arabella's was as black as soot. If it weren't for their matching, Mickey Mouse sleepsuits, they could have been faerie infants dreaming whimsical faerie dreams.

By the muted light of the flickering candles, their mother reminisced on a particular night a year earlier and the preceding months. She and Severus had been married for five years. Passionate about each other and their work, they thrived on their intellectual independence outside of the bedroom and their symbiotic sensuality within. Hermione had made her peace with Lucius Malfoy. He played a large part in her husband's life, and once Voldemort's reign of terror had ended, he had mellowed and begged her forgiveness for his atrocious behaviour. This personal appeal carried far more weight than the pardon he had obtained from the Ministry as it had come from his heart, not from his bank vault.

When Narcissa had suddenly run off with a wealthy Frenchman, rewarding Lucius for his devotion to his family with a curt note accompanying the owl that brought the divorce papers, it was Hermione who spent hours listening to his outpouring of grief, holding him and comforting him as the once proud man sobbed in her arms. Severus admitted that he was very uncomfortable with emotional scenes and was relieved to find Hermione up to the task. He did manage to produce the firewhisky in judicious amounts when needed and ensured that Lucius' business interests did not suffer from lack of attention while his friend was indisposed, providing support in his own way.

As the blond man's wounded heart and pride healed in the balm of Hermione's soft words and touches, Severus noticed that his wife and friend had become much closer. He was by nature a possessive man, but he and Lucius had a long shared history, including some torrid nights when they had explored their sexuality as young men. Considering the possibilities at length, he decided upon a course of action.

It was Hermione's birthday. The two men had spent the day showering her with gifts, fine food and attention. Lucius had taken his leave some time earlier, leaving Severus and his wife to their own private celebration. Wordlessly, Severus lead his wife into their bedroom, slowly, sensually removing their garments as they moved towards the bed, stopping to kiss and caress each new area unveiled. The heat between the two was reaching a crescendo as their bodies, flushed with arousal, met in an embrace that took their breath away.

Suddenly, Hermione felt her husband draw away. She looked at him quizzically as he smiled his reassurance.

"I have one last gift for you, my dear. I hope it is something that you will enjoy and will not offend you."

She puzzled over what he could possibly give her that would be offensive. He was usually very perspicacious with his gift-giving, having never disappointed her yet.

"I am sure I will adore whatever you have chosen for me, love, but I cannot think what it could possibly be."

"Close your eyes," he instructed, then opened the door. "Now, open!"

Standing in the doorway, clad only in a brief, grey, silk robe the exact colour of his eyes, was Lucius. He was carrying a pot of liquid honey, and two brushes.

"Oh, my," she exclaimed, so enraptured by his appearance that she did not think to cover her own nakedness.

"Indeed," purred her husband. "I take it you are not offended?"

"Hmm... You, Lucius, and honey... What's there to be offended about?" she asked, whisking Lucius' robe from him and pulling both men down onto the bed. "Now, about that honey...?"

*Fade to black..*