

# Cake

*by ayerf*

Severus, Hermione, Lucius and a chocolate cake.

## One Shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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### Cake

They collapsed onto the bed, a sweaty, sticky and very, very satisfied heap. Gasping breaths evened out as the unlikely threesome snuggled in the aftermath of loving.

Lucius waited until the rhythm of his bed mates' breathing slowed further. His lips quirked in a smirk when Severus began to snore*Finally*.

He carefully extracted himself from the tangle of limbs, stroking Hermione back into slumber when she stirred. Wrapping himself up in his luxurious silken kimono dressing gown, Lucius tip-toed over to the doorway, wincing at the residue sticking his thighs together. A quick spell took care of that; no need for a wizard to suffer discomfort. He turned back, wand still in hand, casting a Cleansing Charm or two on Hermione and Severus. Hopefully they would demonstrate their appreciation for his thoughtfulness in the morning ...

Lucius closed the door with exaggerated care. A Silencing Charm eliminated the sound of his footsteps on the wooden floorboards, but he still had to be careful, especially on the rickety staircase. If they had celebrated Hermione's birthday at Malfoy Manor as he'd suggested, this wouldn't be an issue. Unfortunately, for some reason Hermione had declined. She seemed to have an aversion to his home. Whenever he tried to ask why she preferred Spinner's End to the comfort of Malfoy Manor, Severus always changed the subject. One of these days Lucius was determined to worm the truth out of them ... was it because the Dark Lord had been an uninvited guest?

A loud creak made him freeze on the spot. His heartbeat thundered in his ears, before it became clear that there was no movement from upstairs. Lucius breathed a sigh of relief and resumed his quest.

The kitchen floor was cold beneath his feet, and for some reason resisted any Warming Charm. For a Muggle house, Spinner's End had a mind of its own. Perhaps slippers would have been an idea, but Lucius had thought that bringing his dressing gown was presumptuous enough. That, and he wasn't quite ready for Hermione to see his novelty peacock slippers, complete with tail. On second thoughts, maybe it was just as well Hermione was so reluctant to step foot in his home.

At last Lucius stood before his goal. A slightly rusty cake tin. Not much to look at, no. But the contents ...

Severus had baked Hermione a birthday cake. Lucius had offered to bring one made by his house-elves, privately believing that no better bakers existed. Severus had refused, and blown that belief out of the water. Master of potions though Severus was, if Hermione's birthday cake was anything to go by, he was born to be a baker. Come to think of it, that revelation might well answer the question of what Severus was doing, as he'd left the employ of Hogwarts after the Dark Lord had his date with destiny. If Severus was still working with potions, he'd missed out on his calling.

Lucius's mouth watered as he ran his hand over the dented cake tin. Such divine contents...

Moist chocolate sponge, divided into three layers, with rich, smooth dark chocolate sauce holding them together, and the whole unholy mixture topped by thick, creamy

chocolate icing. And if that wasn't temptation enough, the icing was coated by chocolate flakes of every possible shade, spelling out the birthday girl's name.

And only one slice left ...

Lucius opened the cake tin, glancing guiltily over his shoulder as he reached inside.

*SNAP!*

\* \* \*

"That'll teach you to try stealing *my* chocolate cake." Hermione smirked at him as she released his fingertips from the metal and wood trap.

Lucius scowled, scrubbing his hands across his cheek to remove the wetness. Malfoys did not cry, but it had *hurt*, damn it! "What is that torture instrument, anyway?"

"Mouse trap. Or in this case, a Malfoy trap. It's used by Muggles – they don't have wards to repel rodents."

"Brutes," Lucius muttered, massaging his throbbing fingers.

"My parents use humane traps, I'll have you know. Here." She tapped his fingers with her wand, the pain mercifully fading. "Of course, now that you know it's there, I'll have to ward the cake tin."

Lucius suppressed a smile. He would be able to break through those. Let her try to protect her cake ...

The tin had closed again the moment Lucius had yanked his hand – and the attached mouse trap – out. Hermione picked it up and brought it over. She obviously intended to wave his goal under his nose before she took it away, the sadist!

She opened the cake tin. Two pairs of eyes widened at the pitiful scatter of crumbs remaining.

"SEVERUS!"

\* \* \*

"I did not eat the last slice, and even if I had, I baked it!"

"It is – *was* – my birthday cake!"

Crookshanks didn't know what all of the fuss was about, but he wished that his human would stop shrieking. And that her mates would be quiet, too. He was an elderly cat, and just wanted to be left to feel sick in peace.

Perhaps he should have only had a nibble rather than all of the contents of that tin his human had thrown at her dark furred mate ...

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AN: Thanks to Kribu and Septentrion for looking over this for me.

Written for richardgloucester to this prompt: Severus, Hermione, Lucius and a chocolate cake.