

Not On Counter-tops

by ApollinaV

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This was written in response to a prompt issued by Lyn_F. The prompt is below.

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Severus palmed cloves of garlic, shredded a twisted strand of rosemary, and held a small hank of thyme before throwing it into the size eight mortar. A generous dash of ground sea-salt and peppercorn followed. Hermione had an appetite for fettuccine alfredo. Of course, that meant he also needed to prepare garlic bread. The crusty bread was already set out and waiting for its accompanying butter and herb rub. The whipped butter was setting in the cooler. And his handmade noodles were waiting to be dropped into a boiling pot.

In his kitchen, everything was perfect and to his specification. It was new, modern, and entirely efficient. Much like the rest of his new metropolitan flat. He'd set out to find a place that did not resemble his childhood home in any way, shape, or form, and found it.

Hermione giggled from behind him, and Severus smiled. His head was bent over the herbs he was crushing, and nobody could be any the wiser for it.

Hermione was... a true gem. He'd been damned near apoplectic when the Ministry, in their infinite wisdom, had condemned him to 'Death Eater Sensitivity Training.'

When his therapist, Hermione-bloody-fucking-hell-Granger, walked into his session carrying a clipboard and ordering the lot of them to gather in a circle for 'sharing time,' Severus swore his life had flashed behind his eyes.

The classes were... enlightening.

Mulciber spent every damned 'sharing time' monopolizing the tissue box and whining like a little girl with a skinned knee about his cow of a mother. Goyle actually withdrew from the classes and demanded to be brought back to Azkaban.

And Severus? Midway to graduation he got to discover first-hand just where Hermione herself was sensitive. And that was without being forced to sing campfire songs.

She giggled playfully again, and Severus took the opportunity to look over his shoulder. His smirk instantly fell.

"Get down from there!" he ordered. "You can't sit on counter-tops. That's unsanitary!"

"I think he called my bum unsanitary," Hermione whispered loudly to the blond wizard whose lips were buried between the valleys of her breasts. "I probably should be offended about that."

"No, it's lovely, dear, absolutely lovely," he murmured, nuzzling the column of her neck and pressing his flesh against hers.

"And you were supposed to tend to the cream sauce," Severus railed.

He checked the pot and swore. His cream was separating and, no doubt, burning at the bottom. He grabbed the whisk and frantically tried to save the Alfredo.

"Lucius, you said I could trust you with the cream sauce!"

The bottom of the pot was burnt.

"I said I could always be trusted to make my own cream sauces, dear Severus. I said nothing about cooking."

"Lucius, you dirty old man, that's disgusting," she admonished, her voice full of approval.

Severus glared at the naked couple in his kitchen and growled. Not that he wasn't naked as well, but Lucius was doing it again—not sharing *their* witch when he should have equal time.

"Ah, well," Lucius remarked with delight. "Too many cooks spoil the broth. You'll just have to carry on without me."

Hermione giggled again, and Severus gritted his teeth. "You're drunk, Hermione," he deadpanned as he turned back to basting the garlic bread.

"Only a little," she teased in the sing-song voice that meant she needed food and water in her belly.

"Of course I have to have a little nip when I take the both of you on," she announced indelicately. "I mean, you try fitting something Lucius' size up your arse and tell me you don't need something for the nerves."

Both wizards were resoundingly quiet. Severus' attention turned fully towards setting the bread into the oven. Lucius fully focused his attention on pressing his insistent length into her thigh.

"You haven't," she said breathlessly. "You have! I knew it! Why didn't you tell me before?"

"It was along time ago," Lucius purred as he set her fanny back up on the counter-top again. Severus remained diligent to his task.

"And?" Hermione inquired, her eyes slitted shut as Lucius drew himself between her legs. "I want details, boys."

The kitchen was amazingly silent while both Severus and the couple busied themselves.

"I'd like to see that," she rasped.

She knew Lucius was already willing, but Severus? Her eyelids clenched as she envisioned her two wizards in bed together. There weren't many limits to what Lucius was willing to do, but Severus was so reserved. Seeing Lucius buried balls-deep into him would be a special treat.

"Perhaps," Severus grunted noncommittally.

Lucius gripped her waist, her legs spread open across his muscled arms as he dipped into her in a slow, coaxing rhythm. He pulled her tight and whispered against frizzy hair, coiled and curled from the heat of their sweat. "I think we could manage to convince him, love."

Their food was nearly ready to be plated when Severus turned towards the interlopers in his kitchen, and for the first time, he noticed they were actually fucking on his counter-tops.

"That is it! Get out of my kitchen!" he ordered, his nostrils flaring in rage and picking up the lingering smell of their mingled essences.

"But Severus," Lucius complained, indicating they weren't nearly finished, and they weren't nearly interested in moving elsewhere.

"You are *not* christening my kitchen!"

Severus stood tall, his arms crossed before him, grasping a wet tea towel, and scowling. He might have looked a bit more intimidating if he had clothing on, but Hermione was clearly amused by his stance, and Lucius was entirely unaffected.

"Right!" he huffed, making a shoving motion with both palms.

The entwined couple were magically ejected from the kitchen and tumbled lightly into the hall where they both dissolved into fits of laughter.

Severus harrumphed and plated their food. "If you can't stand the heat..." he muttered to himself.

A/N:

Prompt from Lyn_F. Lucius and Hermione are in the kitchen, making nuisances of themselves. Severus tosses them out of the kitchen, telling them to leave his kitchen alone.

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