

How to Heal a Gryffindor

by LiteraryBeauty

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Lucius looked so suspicious that Hermione had to smile. She leaned back in her chair, crossed her arms over her chest, and waited for the light bulb.

It was not blinding or immediate. It was a dawning realization, a pensive contemplation that had Lucius look her over slowly before raising the corner of his mouth in a rather satisfied smirk.

"And you're sure about this?" he drawled, tapping a slender finger on the tabletop.

"Positive," she confirmed.

"Well, I am intrigued. I'd invite you to the Manor, but I doubt you'd appreciate the atmosphere."

"I'm not interested in atmosphere, Lucius."

"Miss Granger, you cannot be serious."

"I am, Severus. And Lucius already agreed."

"I don't recall giving you leave to use my first name. But... you say Lucius...?"

"Agreed," Hermione repeated.

"Indeed," said the Potions master, giving her a smirk eerily reminiscent of the subject of their discussion.

"Well?" she prompted, crossing her legs and inwardly celebrating when his eyes followed the movement.

"Well," he began, "who am I to deny two such forces of nature?"

"Who, indeed," Hermione murmured, leaning over his desk and placing a chaste kiss on his lips.

The seductions had gone exactly as planned.

Having the two men in her living room was a little more disconcerting than Hermione had anticipated. They were both sitting on her sofa, Lucius with his arm over the back of the couch, an ankle crossed over his knee, looking rather casual and entirely at ease. Severus was looking a little tenser, legs pressed together and arms folded defensively over his chest. He was eyeing Hermione intently, while Lucius' gaze travelled all over the room, finally settling upon her, sitting rather primly in an armchair.

"Thank you both for coming," she began hesitantly. It had been years since the end of the war in which both men had proven their worth. Severus with his endless loyalty to Dumbledore, and Lucius' slightly less lauded loyalty to his family and his family alone. Only his last minute defection and countless donations to the rebuilding of the Wizarding World had saved him from Azkaban, and only just. There were many, many witches and wizards who still wanted to see both men Kissed. However, Lucius' public mourning over the passing of his wife had somewhat softened public opinion toward him, and Severus' nearly complete reclusion from society had done the same.

Hermione couldn't remember what first put the idea in her head. Seeing Severus at Hogwarts, pale and furious as always, had made her heart clench. She wanted to pursue him, something she had never done before and had certainly never wanted before. But though she wanted him, she'd hesitated, not knowing why.

The reason came to her a few days later when she had seen Lucius in Borgin and Burkes, imperial and smug but with haunted eyes. Even in Knockturn Alley he'd been jeered at and jostled. She had followed him to the end of the alleyway, where he'd hesitated, drawing a deep breath and looking at the ground. When he'd collected himself, the reappearance of his mask had been immediate, but Hermione had, for that split second, seen what was beneath. And it had been so like Severus.

So like herself.

After the war, everyone expected her to relish the limelight, giving interviews and sponsoring silly things like new inkpots or a Bertie Bott's bean flavoured after herself (as though the inventors could know what she tasted like!).

But she hadn't wanted any of those things. Ron had, and their ill-advised romance had come to an end, though not soon enough, in her opinion. She loved Ron, but he was a better brother than a lover, and she was grateful to still have his friendship.

She felt like she had to hide herself in public. Not just her appearance, but *her true self*. She didn't want to celebrate. She was scared a lot. She was angry a lot more. People had *died* and yet the mourning was abandoned in favour of celebration. Now she just wanted to be alone, only... *she didn't* want to be alone. She wanted someone who *understood*. And not Harry, whom she couldn't even understand, let alone expect to understand her. And not Ron, about whom there was really nothing to understand in the first place. Ginny was too involved with Harry, and even Luna seemed to have moved on rather seamlessly.

So if Lucius and Severus seemed unlikely candidates for people who could understand her, it was only on the surface. Beneath, they were all haunted, lonely, and lost.

And she'd been unable to choose.

It was possible that she'd inherited some of Harry's "saving people thing," but she just wanted to try to make them both... maybe *not happy*... but at least make them *feel* something.

Make *herself* feel.

"Thank you for having us," Lucius drawled, raising an eyebrow to indicate the secondary meaning in his words. Severus smirked in response, but he was still watching Hermione closely, searching her face, perhaps for any sign of coercion or distress. She was sure he would find none, because other than a slight anxiety, she felt perfectly fine.

"Can I ask why...?" Severus started, still looking unconvinced.

Lucius laughed. "Always the sceptic, our Severus. Why can't you accept a good thing for what it is?"

Severus met his old friend's level stare. "Perhaps I like to ascertain a good thing *is actually* a good thing before I enjoy it."

"Of course, Severus," Hermione interrupted. "To be completely honest, I think we each have a lot to offer. And I believe that we are all in need of something, as well. An arrangement like this could work out for all of us."

"And what, precisely, do you think you have to offer? Or I, for that matter?" Severus pressed.

"Well," Hermione started, "okay. Severus, you've always protected me. Whether you've wanted to or not is irrelevant. I feel safe around you. Secure. Protected."

"Hire a bodyguard," Severus snapped, looking displeased.

"I'm not just talking about feeling physically safe. That is something I never really expect to feel again. I just feel... like nothing bad could happen to me, magically, emotionally.... I've always felt like that around you. Despite outward appearances, you've always done your best to shield me and my friends from any harm. I respect that. I want that again. But more than what I want from you is what I can do for you."

"And that is?" Severus asked leadingly.

"Oh, for Merlin's sake, man!" Lucius interjected, looking half amused and half exasperated. "She's offering sex! Pure, unadulterated, *dirty* copulation! You've got to have gone half-mad if you're thinking that hard about this. What more could you possibly want?"

Severus looked as though there was much he wanted to say, but he held his tongue, shrugging minutely and going back to watching Hermione.

"Lucius has it right. I have had no luck finding a man who understands half of what's going on inside my head, or cares to understand. I don't feel comfortable sleeping with strangers. I believe we could have a very fulfilling arrangement. However, Severus..." Hermione paused before she pulled the trump card. "...I am fairly certain that Lucius would be more than willing to take on the job singlehandedly, so to speak."

"Ready, willing, and able," Lucius confirmed, winking lasciviously at Hermione and smirking at Severus.

Having Lucius so eager was lovely, but Hermione believed Severus needed her...*someone*...just a little more. She wouldn't pressure him, but she would at least make her intentions clear.

Deciding to do just that, Hermione got up and took a seat between the two men on her sofa. Settling between them, she felt somehow right. Part of her screamed against even *considering* doing anything with Lucius Malfoy, the man who'd tried to kill and her friends, the man who hated her on the sole basis of to whom she had been born.

But part of her saw in the man an open wound that so closely resembled her own, and she was never one to ignore a creature in need, even if that creature was of the Malfoy variety.

She angled her body to face Severus, taking a moment to absorb Lucius' hand lightly resting on her back, as though giving support. She knew the two men were friends...she'd even wondered if they'd done this sort of thing with another witch...and she suspected Lucius wanted Severus happy and whole as much as she did.

Severus was watching her suspiciously, as though she was venomous and he a delicious victim. Placing a hand softly on his cheek, she leaned in to kiss him, marvelling at the sheer silkiness of his skin. Though sallow, it was smooth and warm to the touch. He remained still, allowing her to place her lips softly over his. She moved them

slowly, hoping to coax a reaction. When his lips parted minutely, Hermione slipped just the tip of her tongue in, drawing his out and moaning softly when it worked.

When she finally pulled back, she was pleased that he'd become quite a willing participant in quite possibly the best kiss she'd ever had.

Lucius had been watching avidly with a keen smile on his face. "Well, Severus? How was she?"

A smug smile spread over Severus' face. "She's very good..." he said, looking directly at Hermione, who flushed. He broke eye contact and shifted his gaze to Lucius. "But I'm sure we could teach her a thing or two."

"Indeed," murmured Lucius, turning Hermione's face to his. "Shall I judge that for myself, or would you say that's a fair assessment?"

Hermione was ecstatic. In making such an intense and intimate decision, she'd worried about the issues of chemistry and sexual compatibility. But after Severus' slow and sensual kiss, she had no such concerns about him. Now only Lucius remained.

"It's probably fair. I have had few lovers and not many were... competent." Severus snorted, probably recalling exactly about whom she was speaking. "But I'm not averse to... repeat testing."

Lucius needed no further invitation. His kiss was hard and thorough, forcing her to adapt to his style rather than meeting hers, as Severus had. She turned her body to absorb the impact, and his hands gripped her face, tilting her head to deepen the kiss. He groaned into her mouth, stroking her tongue with his in a precise but passionate meeting.

Breaking the kiss, he whispered against her lips, "But perhaps there are some things you could teach us as well, yes?"

She nodded a little shakily. His face was open and certain, but in his eyes, she saw a flash of vulnerability, gone before she was able to discern its meaning.

"Hermione, are you sure this is something you want? Wouldn't there be better matches for you?" Severus prompted, though she could tell he struggled to do so.

Lucius sighed long-sufferingly, and Hermione smiled. "Maybe. But I don't care. I want you. And Lucius."

Lucius immediately stood. "Well, I'm convinced. Shall we?" He held out a hand for Hermione, who, laughing, took it. He pulled her into his embrace and kissed her again, even more ferociously than before. He kissed like he really meant it, like he wanted every last unsaid word to be heard through his kisses. She was almost lost in the sensation until she felt Severus' hands travel along her arms, which were around Lucius' neck. His fingertips trailed to her shoulders, sweeping along her neck as Lucius bit soundly on her kiss-plumped lower lip. Her eyes fluttered closed when Severus lowered his lips to her neck, moving so softly it was like a memory. His hands settled on the small of her waist, and he stepped behind her, meeting the front of his body with the back of hers. Lucius pressed more firmly against her front, and there was not an inch of space between the three of them.

Suddenly, Hermione was spun around and pulled against Severus. He kissed her greedily, and she heard Lucius chuckle and say, "He always was less inclined to share."

Ignoring him, Severus said only, "Bedroom?"

Hermione stared at him blankly for a moment before coming back to herself. "Through there," she whispered, pointing to a door at the end of a short hallway. Her home wasn't large, but it was comfortable, and it was hers.

Severus was pulling her quite insistently, and she tripped a little before being forced to follow. He didn't look back at her once, seeming a little beyond speech at the moment. Lucius followed, laughing softly and murmuring something about "dreadful impatience."

She watched Severus take in the smallish bedroom. It was decorated in muted earth tones, the walls a soft cream, the bedspread a welcoming chocolate brown. Her bed fairly overtook the room, but she'd never give it up. She hadn't been able to sleep in another bed since she'd purchased the new one; she swore it was sentient, it was so attuned to her.

It seemed to meet Severus' inspection, because he turned back to her, taking her hand a little more softly than before and caressing the backs of her fingers with his.

"Share, Severus," the aristocratic blond admonished, leading Hermione to the bed.

"Wait," said Severus, and the pair stopped. "I know what you are trying to do, and while I may scoff at your typical Gryffindorish foolhardiness, I find myself concerned about how you will feel if this doesn't turn out as you'd hoped. I have never been in a relationship, and Lucius mourns his wife. How can we possibly be the right choices for you? What will you do if this doesn't work for one or all of us?"

Hermione slowly walked toward the bed, sitting on it and beckoning for both men to do the same. Lucius immediately sat back against the headboard, but Severus only perched on the very edge, as though afraid to get any closer.

"Part of the reason I knew you two were right was because of your damaged pasts. I'm not looking for forever here. I'm not opposed to it, but I'd never put that sort of pressure on this type of venture right from the beginning. And if it doesn't work out, well, I hope we can act like adults and carry on with our lives. I will regret that if it happens, but I won't fall apart, if that's what you're worried about. I haven't yet, you know."

Silence reigned for a few moments as everyone considered her words. If Hermione was honest with herself, and she so strived to be that these days, she knew she had placed a *lot* of hope in this working out. She wanted to help Severus and Lucius, sure; the former professor and widely renowned hero because he deserved some happiness in his life, and Lucius because... well, it was harder to explain to herself why she wanted anything to do with him, considering their past, but every time she thought about ignoring the pull she felt toward him, she pictured his crumbled facade in Knockturn Alley and her certainty redoubled.

"Hermione," came Lucius' uncharacteristically soft voice. "You don't have to help everyone, you know. You don't have to save our souls or whatever it is you think you're doing here. I know this is more than a shag to you, and it is to me, as well. But I don't know if we can all be on the same page here. I... you... I still miss her," he finished quietly, looking away.

Hermione closed her eyes. She missed so many of them, too. But they were *gone*. Mourned or missed or forgotten, they were gone. *She* was alive, she was safe, she had a chance here.

"I would never try to replace your wife, Lucius. Or... her, Severus. Never. But if nothing else, we could at least have fun together, couldn't we? Make each other feel good, even if it's fleeting?"

Severus was slowly nodding, and Lucius smiled softly. Seeing Severus' face so open was unnerving, as was the unguarded way Lucius was looking at her.

When Lucius pulled her backward onto the bed, she went willingly. He pushed the hair out of her face and kissed her softly, a kiss that resembled Severus' more than his first. His mouth was gentle, slow, as though making sure every movement was one she wanted.

She felt Severus on the bed as well, and she allowed Lucius to move her so they were all lying on their sides, Hermione in the middle facing Severus with Lucius against her back.

She barely heard the whispered spell, but startled when her clothing suddenly disappeared. Her companions were also naked, and Severus looked a little annoyed.

"A little warning?" he reprimanded. But he must not have minded too much, because his hands immediately sought out Hermione's bared breasts.

"Patience is overrated," Lucius rejoined, smoothing a hand over Hermione's behind and lowering his mouth to her neck to sample the flesh there.

Hermione's body was on fire. Severus was cool and steady against her front, kissing her languidly while running his fingertips teasingly over her nipples. Lucius was pure flame against her back, grinding his steel cock against her arse and sliding a hand over her hip to slip between her thighs. It was hard to believe it had only been a few days since she'd first spoken to them. Now they were in her bed, and she could think of nothing more perfect.

Lucius slipped two fingers into her slicked pussy and she cried out, shamelessly gyrating against him. She ran her hand over the professor's pale and heavily scarred body, stopping at each one to examine it by feel. He tensed a little at her exploration, but obliged her curiosity. When her hand reached his arousal, she gasped into his lips. He nipped her lower lip in response. She closed her hand around him, squeezing to see if her fingers could meet around him. They couldn't.

When one of Severus' fingers joined Lucius' inside her, Hermione could hardly think. There was certainly worse therapy than this.

"Severus," she moaned, stroking him rhythmically, in time with the gentle thrusts of their joined fingers within her. "Lucius."

Lucius kissed along her cheek, and she turned her head away from her kiss with Severus to meet the blond behind her. It was sloppy and it strained her neck, but it was a perfect kiss. Severus lifted her upper leg and placed it over his hip, shifting closer and sliding his cock along her folds. She cried out when it came into contact with her clit, and Lucius swallowed her every sound.

"Don't tease her," Lucius ordered, his voice strained as though he was the one being tormented. Severus heeded his advice, sliding deep inside in one thrust. Gasping, Hermione was forced to break the kiss with Lucius.

Severus felt so perfect inside her. Throughout all this, it had been a little difficult to differentiate between the man she knew he was, and the man she'd been forced to endure for too many years at Hogwarts. But at this moment, he was only Severus, man of the perfect lips and fulfilling cock, the broken heart and lonely life.

And she felt like she belonged with him.

Severus' breath was coming in short pants, even though he remained perfectly still. She tried to entice him into moving, but he only held her leg and kissed her softly. The reason behind this became clear when Lucius pressed a lubricated finger into her rear entrance. She'd only ever had a finger inside her before...her own...so she was familiar with the strange stretching sensation, but she was nervous for the main event. Severus seemed to recognize this, because his kisses became so demanding, she couldn't help but give him her full attention.

She did try to pull away from the kiss when Lucius removed his finger to come back with another, but the dark haired man immediately grabbed her face and kissed her harder.

When Lucius lined the head of his cock up to her tight hole, she broke the kiss to look at Severus. His black eyes were calming and soft, rather than the spiteful and pitiless glare he usually treated people to. He was running a hand over her hair, and when she cringed as Lucius breeched her, a soft, heretofore unseen smile graced his thin lips. So taken aback at the sight, she was distracted when Lucius, groaning, slid halfway inside her.

Hermione was grateful for the pause he afforded her, because she'd never felt so full, or so bloody turned on, in her life. If they remained still, she could easily fuck herself on their throbbing cocks until all three came.

However, the men had a different plan. Lucius pressed deeper inside her, and the foreign stretching turned into a brutal burning, accompanied by a sublime feeling of fullness, so perfect it was terrifying.

And if she thought she knew where she belonged when Severus had filled her, well, it was nothing compared to both of them. Inside her. Together. With her eyes squeezed tightly shut, it was almost possible to ignore the burning sensation behind her lids, but when she opened them at Severus' moan, she knew her eyes were sparkling. What she was feeling was something so unusual, something so perfect, and while it absolutely frightening, it was also beautiful.

At her jerky nod, the two men began a rhythm that had obviously been established long before her time. Her own reciprocating movements forced a new awareness, however, and without asking, Hermione knew this time was different. They may have shared women before, but they'd never shared *her*.

Hands, lips, fingers, and tongues were everywhere, sharing and stealing, caressing and gripping. Hermione didn't just feel filled, she *felt* filled. Lucius was making the most erotic noises in her ear, even talking to her in a low, teasing voice, making her cheeks blush and pussy clench, and he would chuckle victoriously every time either one happened. Severus looked as though he was concentrating heavily, but he was looking at her with such... she wished she could call it adoration, but she knew it must have just been consideration. From one's words and the other's scrutiny, her blood was continually suffusing her face.

When her body began that steady climb, brought all the quicker by their certain, precise movements, she almost regretted it. Coming meant it had to end, and ending it meant it was *over*. She didn't want them to leave. She didn't want that awkward post-sex conversation of *Where do we go from here?* She wanted their minds to be made up already. She wanted them to realize she was what they longed for, searched for; for as surely as she had longed and searched, so must they have.

And now that she had them, Hermione had absolutely no intention of ever letting them go.

Lucius had his hands on her breasts, holding her firmly against his chest as he shallowly thrust her against Severus, who slid in on counterpoint, filling her more deeply but faster, the dual sensation making her tremble with the effort to suppress her orgasm.

"Don't hold back," Severus whispered, his hand inexorably finding her clit and stroking it lightly.

"We want to hear it all," confirmed Lucius, pinching her nipples and tugging lightly, somehow matching his movements with those of Severus' sure fingers.

Under their myriad ministrations, Hermione had no choice but to allow her orgasm to take her over. She fell over that cliff and flew, crying aloud a litany of one name and then the other, and finally just a jumble of appreciative and surprised exclamations. Her body clenched down so firmly that both men froze in place, struggling to ride out the pulsing waves.

Lucius growled and pulled out almost the entire way. He pumped only three times into her quivering body before shouting out his pleasure, making her passage suddenly slick with his come. He'd bitten her on the neck in his mindlessness, causing a new wave of pleasure to sear her.

Severus took her mouth again, kissing her brutally, possessing her mouth with every pass of his lips as he pounded into her. Her body, though blissfully tired, welcomed the abuse because she knew it was absolution for both of them.

His soundless orgasm seemed to take them both by surprise. He was gasping against her mouth, stealing her air and kissing her as he fought to catch his breath. He finally pulled away to breathe a true breath, that elusive smile curving his lips once again.

"Wow," Hermione said, in shock despite how many times she'd pictured it in her head.

"I would have to agree," Lucius responded, lips shaping a smile against her neck.

"Indeed," concurred Severus, panting lightly and turning over onto his back.

Hermione closed her eyes, pushing away all the thoughts that did nothing but make her doubt herself and her sanity. She reached with both hands, searching for contact from both the light man behind her and the dark man in front of her. Both hands were grasped, one softly with gently tracing fingers, the other more firmly, as though letting go was not an option.

Even if things didn't work out, even if Lucius couldn't let go of his past and Severus couldn't accept that he had a future, even if Hermione ended up alone, she knew things were different now. She wasn't alone, not really. She had this...she would always have this.

Squeezing both hands in an effort to keep them with her always, Hermione, for the first time since the end of the war, succumbed to a peaceful sleep.

Alas, Lucius did not stay. Hermione awoke the next morning to a cold back and a warm front. Severus smiled lazily, and she wondered where that smile had been when she was a student. Had she missed it? Or maybe... had she *created* it?

"I want him," she said softly, knowing Severus would understand she meant *too*.

"He'll come back. He just needs time."

Hermione stretched languidly, feeling a vixen's delight at the way Severus tracked the arching of her spine.

"Well," she purred, running her hand up his chest. He caught it and nibbled her fingertips.

"We have time."

Fin.