

# Bedchamber Chatter

*by Southern\_Witch\_69*

Lucius, Hermione, and Severus have a post-coital chat.

## One-shot

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Disclaimer: Not mine. No money!

This is for my good friend, ladyinthecloak! Thanks so much for all you do, doll. I appreciate you so very much. Here's a small gift for you. As you will probably be able to spot, my dear grammarian, no beta was harmed in the making of this fic. :)

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"I don't know," Hermione said uncertainly. "Why would you want to know something like that?"

Severus said nothing and turned over, leaving his two lovers to their post-coital chat, causing Hermione to elbow him in his side.

"Always exhausted after sex, aren't you?" she asked with a grin.

"Mm-hmm," he agreed with a slight nod of his head, not turning to look at her.

"Never mind him," Lucius said impatiently, drawing her attention back to him. "Tell me. I want to know."

"You first."

"I... What?"

Hermione laughed. "Ah, now you see what I mean."

"Very well," he said with a sigh, lying on his back, hands propped under his head. "I shall tell you, but you *will* tell me after."

"Okay," she agreed, cuddling closer to his side.

"I was sixteen at the time, and it was... it was the first time I'd ever met a girl for sex."

"Sixteen, eh?" she goaded. "And here I would have thought you'd have been younger...at least fifteen and a half." She giggled at his attempt to bestow a Severus-like glare on her.

"As I was saying," he continued, "I was sixteen...only just, if you must know. She was nearly eighteen and had been making remarks about my lustrous hair, attractive looks, and so on." He flashed an arrogant smile. "Why, she even called me Luscious instead of Lucius."

"Imagine that," Hermione said, placing a light kiss on his chest. Behind her, she heard Severus snort but said nothing to him. "Go on then."

"Anyway, she slipped me a note to meet her in an unused room near Slughorn's classroom. I, of course, went, curious as to what she wanted, knowing deep down that she wanted me sexually.

"Imagine my surprise to find that the room had been transformed into what appeared to be a kitchen, complete with a large table in its center."

At this, Hermione snickered. "So she didn't want your body after all? Ah, but I bet that bruised your Malfoy ego."

He nodded slightly. "Momentarily, I was quite annoyed and made my feelings plain to her. Then she explained what she was about."

"So she did want you then... just in a kitchen...oh! She must have fantasized about you taking her on a kitchen table!" Hermione guessed.

"Something like that," Lucius admitted.

"Tell her the truth, Lucius," Severus said suddenly, causing Lucius' eyes to narrow.

"There's more? And here I thought your 'worst sexual experience' took place in a makeshift kitchen!"

"I was getting to it, Severus," Lucius admonished. "Why don't you go to sleep and mind your own business?"

"Mmm," Severus mumbled, shifting slightly.

"Where was I before I was so rudely interrupted," Lucius said stiffly. "Ah, yes, I know. She told me that she wanted to pleasure me in a setting she enjoyed greatly. Any young man presented with such an opportunity wouldn't have questioned her any further.

"I unfastened my robes and placed them on a chair near the table, then quickly discarded all else, and got comfortable atop the table...at least she thought to place a cushioning charm on it." He turned over to face her, reaching out to caress her cheek softly. "She wasn't as lovely as you, my dear."

"Don't try to flatter your way out of this, *my dear*," she replied primly.

"The moment I lay back on the table, she changed her demeanor and became some sort of kitchen tyrant, reciting all sorts of ingredients she'd used in a recipe and even expecting me to know what she was on about." He nodded towards Severus. "Reminded me of someone actually."

Hermione smiled and said, "I expect you were wondering what was going on!"

"Naturally." He smirked. "Next thing you know, she flicked her wand, and would you believe that long strands of noodles appeared and bound my hands and feet to the table?"

Howling with laughter, Hermione asked, "Noodles?"

"I couldn't believe it either, and they were clumpy and sticky." His nose crinkled. "I said, 'What's the meaning of this?' and she flicked her wand again."

"Oh no! What happened this time?"

"A tea-towel appeared and partially stuffed itself inside my mouth so that I couldn't speak."

"Good God!"

"Anyway, she put some music on...ever hear of The Karelia Suite by Sibelius?"

"That's beautiful."

"It is. I try not to think of her when I hear it, and usually don't. His work can only ever bring forth fond thoughts." He hummed for a moment and then continued. "After that, I found myself being covered in some sort of cheese sauce; it even had chunks of mushrooms in it."

"Covered? As in she poured it over your body?"

"Yes. Ladled it all over the place and promptly began licking it off, mumbling about how she'd been wanting a Lucius appetizer all year long."

Hermione couldn't contain her laughter, and even Severus joined in, chuckling deeply. "The imagery is simply... Just wow!"

"I was aghast and felt like the main course at Christmas."

"What happened next?" Hermione asked after a long pause.

"I..." His pale cheeks tinged a light pink shade. "I couldn't contain myself when she rid my..."

"Cock," Severus said when Lucius trailed off.

"Yes, thank you, Severus," he said, tsking slightly. "Vulgar man."

"And you love it," came the retort.

Hermione impatiently interrupted their bickering. "So... then what happened?"

"That's it."

"Wait, what?" Hermione's brow furrowed. "You didn't have sex with her?"

"No, as I said, I spent myself while she tended to me with her mouth."

"But this was supposed to be about your worst sexual experience!"

"This is a sexual experience, is it not?"

"Technically, yes, I guess."

"Unfortunately for her, she'd charmed the noodles to release me when I climaxed. I jumped down straightaway, gathered my clothing, and ran for it."

"Without reciprocating!"

"She was quite mad, I tell you."

"Lucius," Severus said, finally turning over to face them, a broad smile on his face, "was afraid that she might conjure an eggplant to place up his arse."

"One never knows. Do you know she sent me a long message to say she wanted to meet again and how she was sorry for 'failing me' and how she'd try to be more like Claudia the next time we met?"

"Claudia?" Hermione questioned.

"I have no idea. Apparently, she was obsessed with a Muggle woman who enjoys Sibelius, cheese-making and cooking in general." He arched an eyebrow. "She's one of the Longbottoms' wardmates over at St. Mungo's. Something to do with a cooking spell gone wrong."

"I've seen her then," Hermione said, eyes wide. "That was a... cheesy story, Lucius."

Severus barked with laughter and pulled Hermione closer to him, spooning her. "I quite agree."

"Now," Lucius said, sliding closer and sandwiching Hermione between her lovers. "It's your turn. What's the worst sexual experience you've ever had?"

She shook her head. "I don't think it can compare to yours, so I'll keep it to myself. Besides," she ground her arse against Severus' erection, which was pressing against her, "I can think of something much more pleasant."

"You agreed!" Lucius said. "Didn't she, Severus?"

"Out with it, witch. I admit that I am curious as well."

"You both just want to be certain it's not one...or both...of you who claim that spot."

"Not only that," Lucius said, sliding a hand down her bare leg and back up again, sneaking it between her thighs, "I'm just curious."

"It was with Ron."

"Of course," Severus said. "I never doubted it to be honest."

"I had my suspicions," Lucius commented, leaning down to nip at her hard nipples while two of his fingers found their way into her wet heat. "Don't tell me," he said after a moment, looking up at her, "it involves food as well?"

"Now *Weasley* is cheesy," Severus quipped.

Lucius chuckled in amusement and ducked back down to lave the underside of her soft breast while Severus feasted on her throat.

"Nothing to do with food. Surprisingly enough," Hermione said. "Ah... don't stop," she murmured, enjoying her lovers' kisses. "We stayed at my parents' for a weekend while they were away, and he'd been digging in the medicine cabinet. He came back into my room, turned the lights down, and got into bed, promising all the while that I was in for a real treat."

"He placed what I thought was lubricant on my arse...he'd been trying to bugger me for weeks, but it just wouldn't work for us." She began laughing at the memory. "He applied a liberal amount on himself as well and began trying to push in. Almost immediately, I began to feel warmth spreading and liked it at first, thinking that we might get it right or that I might be comfortable enough to relax and just do it. However, it soon became unbearably hot... and I could smell something quite strong."

"I'm afraid to ask," Severus said.

"The idiot had seen something in my parents' bathroom with the words analgesic gel on it."

Both Severus and Lucius began laughing heartily. "You've got to be fucking kidding," Severus said, recovering first.

"How did this berk pass his NEWTs?" Lucius asked.

"He didn't ever take them, remember?" Hermione said through a smile. "He admitted later that when he saw 'hot' and 'anal' and 'gel,' he thought it was one of those lubes he'd heard that were supposed to be warm and pleasing. Ron had no idea it was something my dad used to rub on his muscle aches!"

"So what happened then?" Lucius asked, fingers again beginning to caress her.

"Ah, he was off sex for a while...even after I healed him."

"Healed him?"

"Oh, yeah, he had a reaction to it and was sort of... burned by the gel. Sensitive area and all that."

"I almost feel sorry for him," Lucius said. "No man deserves that."

Severus simply growled in response and began nibbling on Hermione's shoulder.

"What? I said 'almost,' Severus."

"Enough about Weasley," the dark-haired man demanded.

"Yes, let's show Hermione how it should be done... properly."

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AN: I hope you enjoyed my silly little tale, Claudia! I tried to think up something that might amuse you...at Ron's expense of course. Hahaha!