

Feast of the Senses

by irishredlass

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Chapter 1 of 1

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In appreciation for ladyinthecloak for all she does in fandom and life.

Many thanks to my wonderful betas Lariope and SW69, you ladies rock!

Hugs

Irish

Lucius perused his domain. It was not often that he prepared a meal himself, preferring to take advantage of the convenience afforded him by owning house-elves, but this meal had to be perfect, and he would trust no one save himself. It was a well-hidden secret that Lucius actually enjoyed preparing food in the Muggle fashion, especially when the rewards were so great. He had high hopes for this evening.

Laid before him were the ingredients for a delicate pesto brie fondue, rosemary bread cubed into perfect bite-size chunks...each with its own crusted side, vegetables waiting to be delicately steamed to tender, crisp perfection. Breathing on the table was a, particularly, fine Bordeaux...one he had been saving for just such an occasion. He imagined what it would be like to sample its heady flavor from Hermione's lips. His body responded to the mental image of her lips, moist and glistening from the wine. Shaking his head, he brought himself back to the present; he had one final dish to ready before his guests arrived, and he reached for the rich dark chocolate.

He had planned this evening for weeks...no months...ever since he had discovered that his two partners were also mutual partners. He had lusted over the image of having both of them together. They were like two halves of a whole: one light and one dark, one soft and one hard, one male and one female; both exquisite.

As he placed a dish of whipped cream on the low-standing table, he felt his wards shift, announcing the arrival of his guests, and he flicked his wrist, causing the soft strains of Mozart to fill the room. Everything was as it should be: a soft, gentle fire in the hearth; cushions in multi-colored jewel tones graced the floor around the table draped with the finest linen; the earthenware pots above the flickering flames keeping their contents at the perfect temperature, not too hot and not too cold...just right.

Hermione viewed her reflection in the mirror. She was a little uncomfortable with her attire, but was determined to fulfill Lucius' request. The gown was of the softest fairy silk, not copper and not bronze...almost a mating of the two; the neckline plunged, showing her creamy cleavage to perfection while the handkerchief hemline teased the observer with glimpses of her finely shaped legs as she walked. Hermione had grown into a beautiful young lady, and this gown showed off her assets to their finest. It had been really quite sweet of him to send her such a lovely gift; his one request that she wear it, on this night, for a small, intimate dinner party. She was not sure of the other attendees, though she was certain Severus would be present.

This thought brought a flush to her cheeks as she thought of seeing both of her lovers in the same room. She had shared both of their pleasures for the last two years, but it

had only recently become known to the two men, and since that rather awkward revelation, the three of them had not had the opportunity to socialize together, though she had continued to see both men privately. At first she had feared one or both of them would be angered, but nothing had ever been mentioned. She sometimes wondered if she had imagined the whole thing, but knew she had not. It had been in this very room that Lucius had attempted to surprise her late one night, only to walk-in in the middle of her and Severus, at a rather compromising moment. It was not until they had both come down from their mutual pleasure that they realized they were not alone. Severus was the first to notice Lucius, standing transfixed in the doorway to her bedroom, his eyes clouded with obvious lust.

Severus checked the clock on the wall as he put a stasis charm on the cauldron that simmered gently before him. He had to conclude his work if he was to prepare for the evening ahead. He grimaced to himself. He knew Lucius was up to something, but what he was not sure. He had been quite secretive in his invitation, requesting only that Severus arrive at the Manor at precisely 7:15 for a quiet dinner party; Lucius had been quick to assure him there would only be three for the evening. This alone was enough to rouse the Potions master's curiosity. Lucius had done very little entertaining since the defeat of the Dark Lord, preferring to keep a low profile after his pardon from Azkaban. On occasion, the two men would get together for an evening of firewhisky and chess, among other things, and he knew now that Lucius also enjoyed Hermione's favors with some regularity, but otherwise he kept to himself.

At the thought of Hermione, he wondered if she could be the third guest in attendance. The look on Lucius' face when he had been witness to his and Hermione's shared passions had been filled with lust. As many wizards Severus knew, he and Lucius shared an enjoyment for both men and women, and though they had enjoyed carnal delights together, never had they shared a witch. At this, Severus' cock twitched in interest. He would not be opposed to sharing Hermione with Lucius; in fact he rather liked the idea, he thought as he caressed his hardening member.

Within seconds of each other, Severus and Hermione appeared in the foyer of Malfoy Manor, landing only inches apart. Each startled by the other's arrival, both stumbled into each other, only staying erect by latching onto one another. This was how Lucius found the pair upon entering the foyer to welcome his guests. He could not have been more delighted to find the two of them wrapped in each other's arms. That sight alone was enough to have his heart racing in anticipation of what he hoped the evening would bring.

"Ah, how wonderful to see you both," he drawled, as only a Malfoy could, as he held his arms out in welcome to the startled pair.

Recovering her wits, Hermione released Severus as she turned to greet their host. "Lucius, how delightful to see you again," she said, speaking loudly enough for Severus' benefit. Then, once she had closed the distance to embrace her host, she muttered, "Just what is the meaning of this?" as she had quickly ascertained, she and Severus were to be the only two guests this evening.

Lucius held her a little longer than was strictly necessary as he whispered into her own ear, "All in good time my dear... all in good time." Then, giving her one final squeeze, he released her to greet his other guest.

"Severus, my friend, you are looking well and hale this evening."

Severus was sure Hermione had no idea what Lucius had planned, but he was quite sure he read the other man's intentions. Admittedly, he had no qualms with what the evening might bring. If Hermione were outraged, he would get to witness her dressing down of Lucius, and if she were amenable... well, then... he thought as his cock twitch in anticipation.

"Come then, my friends, let us enjoy our repast." The Potions master's thoughts were interrupted by Lucius as he gestured for them to enter the dining room.

Upon entering the elegant formal dining room of Malfoy Manor, Severus' suspicions were confirmed.

The room itself was a feast for the senses: first there was the decor, with its rich tones and subtle beauty; the music, drifting in the air, almost caressing it, as gentle aromas harmonized with each other rather than doing battle for dominance. The low-laying, round table was draped in the finest of linen, one that appeared silken, but when touched by the sensitive hand would reveal a gentle knobbing to the fabric, yet would still be soft to the touch. The earthenware pots appeared to float with delicacy above their gently flickering flames, and crystal sparkled in anticipation. Surrounding the table were what appeared to be down-filled seating pillows, of the finest quality, in jeweled toned silks.

Severus allowed Lucius the privilege of settling Hermione on a pillow of emerald silk; then he took a seat to her right on an amethyst cushion, which left Severus to settle on the sapphire one to left. It was, indeed, a rather cozy sitting arrangement. They could all converse easily while enjoying the savory delights before them. Though hesitant in the beginning, the meal progressed at a gentle pace.

Hermione found herself being fed a bite of cheese-coated crusty bread by Lucius, and as the flavors of basil and rosemary exploded on her tongue, Severus leaned over to gently remove the drop of sauce clinging to the corner of her mouth with his own. Of course, it was purely by accident that the broccoli coated in cheese first grazed Lucius' cheek, making her honor bound to remove its presence.

Dinner passed at a leisurely pace with no one noting how frequently a dollop of cheese came to rest on someone's flesh or wine seeping at the corner of the mouth was summarily kissed away. By the time dessert was served, all parties in attendance were flushed.

Hermione decided she had had enough of pretense. Lifting the spoon from the chocolate sauce, she brought it mere inches from her mouth before tilting her head back and letting the warm sauce drizzle to her exposed cleavage.

Both men stared, transfixed, at the sight she made: cheeks flushed, eyes closed in apparent ecstasy as she drew one slim finger through the sauce adorning her breast. As she was bringing it to her mouth, Lucius gently grasped her wrist.

"Allow me," he breathed.

As Lucius made sure Hermione's fingers were clear of any lingering chocolate, Severus leaned forward and delicately swirled his tongue through the sauce on her breast. The combination of both sensations had Hermione breathless. With one hand fisted in the dark man's hair, she cupped the back of Lucius' head, bringing him to her mouth for a searing kiss.

The force of Lucius' ardent response had Hermione leaning back into Severus' chest. The new position allowed the two wizards to trade focus, as Lucius continued trailing open-mouthed kisses down Hermione's neck and chest, Severus plundered her mouth with his own. The only sounds heard were the gasping of her breath and the crackling of the fire.

Moments later, Hermione felt the trickle of warm sauce on her abdomen followed by Lucius' questing mouth. He had apparently spelled her gown off, but she was not complaining as her mouth was occupied by Severus' skilled tongue...and she wouldn't if she could have.

The tangle of arms, legs, lips and tongues continued until she found herself staring up into passion-clouded eyes so brown they appeared black. As he thrust into her, he swallowed her moan as his mouth once again claimed hers. Their kiss was broken when the dark man arched his back in pleasure and Lucius' own groan of pleasure was felt vibrating through them. The three found a gentle rhythm set by Lucius as he thrust into Severus, sending him into Hermione.

Severus soon found himself overrun by sensation... Lucius' thrusts, ever true, hit his prostate with unimaginable accuracy as his own cock thrust into Hermione's warm channel. In no time, he was tumbling over the edge into ecstasy, his muscles clenching in pleasure, creating a chain reaction that brought both Hermione and Lucius with him.

Had Hermione been aware enough, she might have noted it was near impossible for her to breath with the languid weight of two satisfied wizards upon her, but as it was, she thought breathing might just be overrated.

Eventually, the trio disentangled their limbs, though they remained close in proximity with Hermione snuggled between the two wizards. She turned first to the lighter and then the dark, gifting them both with a chaste kiss upon their still warm lips, then pulled them together, in front of her to share one of their own. Sated though she was, this

image alone was enough to have heat pooling in her belly once more. With a sigh, she watched the two pull apart, and as they turned face her, she did the only thing any sane witch would do... she lay back in happy anticipation.