# Battlefield Love

*by chivalric*

Hermione realises that cheating on Severus is never a good idea when she finds her
two lovers fighting each other.

## Cheating

*Chapter 1 of 2*

Hermione realises that cheating on Severus is never a good idea when she finds her two lovers fighting each other.

A/N: I wrote this story in 2007, shortly after I found a home in fandom and long before I learned about the 'Point of View'. Therefore, I have to warn you: it hops, this POV, forwards and backwards like a drunken bunny, but although my wonderful beta and friend Dreamy_Dragon advised me to fix it before posting the story, I didn't do it. The story is how I wrote it back then, and fixing the POV would have meant to change it too much. So I can only say sorry in advance.

Thanks to Dreamy for the inspiration, thanks to her, CharmedForce, and Pookah for betaing. *hugs you all*

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Two men were circling each other in the late afternoon light. One was dressed in black, one in various shades of grey. One silver-blond, one black-haired. One with eyes dark as coal, and one with eyes grey as a winter sky.

Both were deadly dangerous; both had killed more than once before. Both, naturally, had their wands drawn. They had met to fight; they were fighting over a woman.

They were in a clearing in the middle of the Forbidden Forest. It was a beautiful summer's day, the air warm and full of fragrances and promises for a wonderful evening except the two men weren't aware of it. They stared at each other with something that might have been hate, and they seemed to fear that the woman they were fighting over would arrive at any moment. Clearly, they both wanted this over with before she could see them. Maybe they fought so the winner could claim her as their rightful prize.

The fight took place mostly in silence, as both wizards were extremely skilled in casting non-verbal curses. Only the flashing lights crackled in the summer air; now and then, one of the two would gasp or stagger when a spell couldn't be blocked quickly enough.

Their dancing had been going on for more than an hour. They had chosen this particular place because it had a special meaning for each of them. Strong emotions and sweet memories were related to the clearing in the middle of the Forbidden Forest. Both had spent long, leisurely afternoons here with their love. Both had made love to her here, on this very spot. Each had told her how much he loved her, and she had told each man the same in response.

Now, those treasured memories caused their emotions to go over the boiling point  the faces of both men were alert, concentrated, and neither was willing to give up.

"You don't stand a chance against me!" hissed the dark figure.

"Don't underestimate me!" The light one barely managed to dodge another spell.

"This has gone on for long enough now  give up!" A precisely cast hex knocked his blond opponent off his feet. Stepping closer, the black-haired man didn't dare to lower his wand.

"Never!" Lucius Malfoy shouted, on hands and knees but not beaten yet.

Patiently, Severus Snape spelled it out for him once more. "She's mine. Always was, always will be. You dare to ever touch her again, I will kill you. And without warning, Lucius."

Harsh laughter  Lucius Malfoy knew that he had no chance against the other wizard if he fought honestly, so he pretended to pass out, turned in the fall, and shot a hex at Snape with the movement. It hit the Potions master in the shoulder, forced a cry out of him, and slammed him backwards into a tree. "She came to me, and now that I have her, I won't let her go again, whatever your opinion is on the matter," Lucius rasped, quite exhausted due to the length of the fight.

Before Snape could respond either with words or another hex, the crack of a perfectly performed Apparition spell rattled through the leaves. Neither man allowed himself to become distracted and aimed his wand at the other, never allowing his opponent out of eyesight.

"Pray explain what the two of you are doing here!" a smooth voice called, warm and tender under the right circumstances but cold and demanding at the moment. "Severus  I thought you had to do the NEWT corrections?"

The man she had addressed shot a quick glance at her. She looked marvellous: long, slender legs, narrow hips, creamy white skin, long brown curls cascading down her back. She wore nothing but a light green summer dress, buttoned at the front, and very obviously, she hadn't bothered to put either a bra or knickers on underneath. Well, she had meant to meet Lucius here for an afternoon spent in leisure, as Severus had found out. He had to admit that she was dressed perfectly for the task. Unfortunately, he couldn't stop his heart from wanting to leap out to her as always when she was near him.

In her hands, she was carrying a basket, covered with a cloth and possibly containing titbits to nibble on after she had nibbled on Lucius. A low growl emerged from Snape's throat  he was an extremely possessive man, and the sight of her, dressed like that, looking like sin itself but clearly without any intention to meet *him* today, was enough to raise his temper even more.

Malfoy, using the opportunity of seeing his opponent distracted by the young woman, cast another spell, a simple Expelliarmus to disarm Snape at last and end the fight. It didn't work, though. Severus lazily flicked his wand and blocked the spell aimed at him, then turned, apparently intending to finish Malfoy off for good.

Hermione, looking furious and already fed up with the fighting after a few short moments, stepped between the two men. Both lowered their wands immediately, not wanting to hurt her.

"Step aside, love," Lucius rumbled.

"Out of the way, dear," Severus ordered at the same moment.

An amused smile crossed her lips. "Now, isn't that interesting  the two of them fighting over me," she muttered under her breath, carefully making sure that she stayed exactly in the middle between her two lovers.

Putting the basket down into the soft green grass, she allowed Severus to take a good look at her gorgeous bum, whilst Lucius was treated to a deep look into her cleavage. Neither man could suppress a sigh.

"Maybe we can talk about this?" she asked casually, fully aware of the fact that she had caused this mess in the first place. Obviously, she hadn't been careful enough. Pity she had enjoyed the sensation of making love to two so different wizards tremendously but couldn't think of a way to ease those two up enough to come to some sort of agreement.

*Well, maybe some talking might help*, she thought. Sitting down, she looked at Lucius and Severus expectantly, drinking in their heaving chests under their half unbuttoned shirts, their trembling muscles, their flushed faces, their blazing eyes. One dark, one light. The perfect combination  only that it appeared that she finally was supposed to choose between them.

"How did you find out?" she asked carefully, as she needed to know, not having the slightest clue what had given her away. Her timing was impeccable, and she hadn't favoured one over the other; or at least, so she had thought.

Severus was first to surrender to her  he always fulfilled even the smallest of her wishes. She loved him beyond measure, adored the silent, graceful way he moved, couldn't get enough of his body and his mind. Watching him longingly, she couldn't imagine not being with him.

"Those scratches on your neck  I didn't cause them," he explained and waved a long black strand of hair out of his face. He came a step closer, regarding her. His wand was gone from his hands. She was so damn beautiful; he nearly forgot why he had been angry.

Lucius sheathed his wand just a moment later, unable to take his eyes off her, either. She had chosen him only a few months ago, but since he had bedded her for the first time, he had been lost, without the slightest wish to ever be with another witch but her. To continue fighting was out of question; at least as long as she was here.

Watching Lucius longingly, she couldn't imagine not being with him either, to lose him, to be unable to touch him ever again. She loved him in a different way, but as deeply as she loved Severus.

"That love bite on your shoulder  it's not mine," Lucius murmured and stretched his aching shoulders. The late sunlight danced on his skin and shone in his grey eyes. He didn't feel too good, given the fact that she now faced both of her lovers at the same time and thus was in the unique position to directly compare them.

She sighed. "Sit with me," she ordered, pulling the cover from the basket. "Eat with me. Maybe... maybe we..." There was hope in her eyes and in her voice.

Both wizards sat down on either side of her, only now realising how hungry they were. Each one took a sandwich out of her hand and a glass with red wine.

"I'm so sorry," she whispered, barely able to face them. *How can a man look so gorgeous by simply eating some bread,* she wondered, peering at Severus out of the corner of her eye.

*How can a man be so different from the one I love and still so adorable that I haven't been able to keep my hands off him,* she asked herself a moment later, watching Lucius drinking from his glass.

"What are you sorry for?" they both asked her, more relaxed now that they had eaten and due to the fact that neither of them seemed to feel like fighting  for the moment.

"I... well... obviously I wasn't careful enough," she pointed out, rubbing the love bite on her shoulder, remembering Severus's mouth on her skin. Facing the dark-haired man, she reached out and ran her hand down his face. "I love you. You know that, don't you?" she whispered, placing a feathery kiss at the corner of his mouth and making him shiver with it.

"Hmmmm," he just murmured. "So, how did you end up in his bed?"

A hand caressed her from behind, traced her spine underneath the silk of her dress from bottom to top. The touch sent shivers through her body, from the toes to the tip of her nose and right into her lower abdomen. Lucius. Incredible, unbelievable, irresistible Lucius. Whilst she kissed Severus, he dared to press his lips to the nape of her neck  if she hadn't been sitting already, she would have landed on her bottom simply because standing upright would have been impossible under those hands and with both their mouths on her.

*Hell,* she thought, *this is arousing! I am here with two men who hate each other, who have just fought each other, and I'm turned on. Great timing, honestly!* Nevertheless,

she leaned a bit more against the blond wizard's hard body.

Butterflies started to beat their wings in her stomach. Was she really supposed to split up with one of them?

"I asked you a question, love," Severus purred, his voice soft and sinister. He had taken the glass out of her hand and now, as if not knowing what he was doing, lightly caressed the top of her breasts.

Looking at him, she tried to ignore the pulling between her legs. "It just... happened," she breathed apologetically, half turning to face Lucius. "We bumped into each other at a Rodin exhibition; it was that lousy Sunday when you had to stay at Hogwarts. We sort of... ended up in bed somehow  he was simply irresistible! And... and I couldn't bring myself to tell you for fear that you..." Her voice trailed off, her mind focused on Severus's deft fingers stroking her breast. If he got up now and left, she would crawl after him, begging him to stay.

Severus, though, had no intention of leaving. Forgiving her was so easy when she looked as if she were about to drop her clothes at any moment. He would forgive her anything, always, instantly. Luckily, she didn't know that. "But *him?*" he insisted, piercing the grey eyes of his opponent with his black ones. "Of all men available?"

"I beg your pardon!" Lucius cut in icily and pulling Hermione another little bit closer. "It could have been worse  it could have been Potter she bumped into, or Lupin, or even that Weasley boy!"

Silence. All three pondered that for a moment. All three shuddered simultaneously.

"So, what now? Who will be leaving?" Lucius, picking a grape from the basket, placed it into her mouth. He was only calm on the outside but quite tense everywhere else. His hands, developing a will of their own, sneaked round her waist whilst she crunched the grape, the sweet juice running down her throat. His lips caressed her neck and stole a moan from her.

Shoving herself right between his legs and raising both hands up, she locked them behind Lucius's neck and pulled him closer, feeling his warm breath on her cheek. Her eyes fluttered closed, and so she didn't see the thin smile on Severus's face a moment before he leaned in and parted her lips with his tongue, penetrating her, tasting her, arousing her even further.

The sensation of being kissed by Severus whilst leaning against Lucius's chest with the blond wizard's hands on her was simply indescribable. Severus had always been able to arouse her by merely touching her lips with his, but now that there was a second mouth at her neck at the same time, straight thinking became something other people were welcome to take care of  as long as her two lovers took care of her.

A silken voice purred poison in her ear. "Can't you find another solution for our... problem, beloved, instead of the obvious one  to make a choice between us? A choice you maybe don't want to make?" Severus traced an invisible line from her throat down to her collarbone with his long, cool fingers. "Maybe a solution that might... satisfy all of us?"

Hermione's eyes dropped closed, and she seriously began considering this rather interesting idea. *Why choose?* she wondered, and then Lucius slipped his hands to the front of her dress and started to unbutton it, button by button, from bottom to top.

She sighed, deep and longingly. Why choose indeed? True, it was an unusual constellation, it might be seen as wanton and greedy, but then, no one had to know...

Her dress fell open; a stray breeze kissed her nipples, and Severus brushed the dress's straps down her arms. She shivered in anticipation of either wizard's next move, she was incredibly wet, and then her eyes snapped open. There she sat, naked and wet with desire, her legs parted. Lucius hands were on her waist, and Severus trailed gentle kisses down her shoulders towards her breasts. "You don't suggest the three of us... that both of you..." she started, but Severus silenced her by putting his fingers on her lips. Gently, she started to nibble on them.

His black eyes were sincere. She couldn't live without those eyes looking at her like that.

"Of course not, love!" he assured her. "It is your decision, entirely yours." Cupping one of her breasts in his free hand, he run his thumb over the sensitive skin presented to him so delectably. "But Lucius and I both need to know which of us should leave. You need to make that decision or come up with one of your brilliant ideas. So, tell us what you want  which of us you want. Tell us. Now."

He reluctantly freed his fingers from her demanding teeth and lowered his head to catch her nipple between his lips instead. Somehow, her fingers got entangled in his long black hair, making sure that he didn't stop what he had started.

*Him. I want him. Now, forever. Bastard!* she thought, wondering if the moans she heard came truly out of her mouth. Wasn't there a fight only a little while ago? How did they end up sitting so close together, without noth of her men trying to kill the other one? With both of them seducing her instead?

Severus was causing her whole body to tremble  Lucius had to go. Unfortunately, the blond wizard's hands had found their way between her legs and were now painting flaming patterns on the insides of her thighs.

*Both of them? At the same time?* "That would... be... wouldn't that be  ohh!  decadent?"

She was melting, burning, dying. She couldn't bear the thought of pushing one of them away, not even an inch. Her free hand landed on top of Lucius's exploring fingers, urging him on, pushing him inside her, ensuring him that she wanted, needed him as well as Severus who had his mouth on one breast and his hand on the other.

"It might be considered decadent by less... open-minded people, princess," Lucius whispered whilst parting the moist lips between her legs with clever fingers. "It would be brazen, wanton, even lascivious. It would be wonderful. Do you want this? Are you sure that this is what you want?" His fingers danced a maddening rhythm, in and out, too slow and yet the only way she could bear it in order not to explode instantly.

"Yes! YES!" she screamed, riding out her first orgasm with no intention whatsoever to let it be the last one of the day. Both of them, together  why on earth hadn't she thought of that before?

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A/N: The second and last chapter is in queue.

# Fighting

*Chapter 2 of 2*

"Now, that worked out perfectly."

"Of course it did. It was my plan. My plans always work out perfectly." The lazy voice of the Potions master was low enough not to wake up their love, who was blissfully asleep between the two men. Her face still bore a very visible smile even in her dreams.

Looking down at her, Severus as well as Lucius recalled what they had done to her for the past few hours, for her and only her pleasure, until she had begged them to stop, sore, sated, and beyond satisfaction. "A break, please, please give me a break," she had pleaded, still trembling from head to toes from her last high. Obeying, they had kissed her, had cradled her, and now protected her sleep.

"Still, there was no need to fight me so severely!" Lucius fished with one long arm for his abandoned clothes, found his cloak, and pulled it over the sleeping woman. The sun was long down; velvet darkness shadowed the clearing.

"It had to look convincing, given the fact that we couldn't know the precise moment of her arrival," Severus replied. "Besides, I had the feeling you enjoyed the fight as much as I did." Stretching out in the cool grass, he placed a hand on his love's hip, shoving his other arm under his head. Moonlight bathed his pale skin in silver.

"You enjoyed *fighting*?" Propping his head up on his elbow, Lucius glanced curiously at his friend, Hermione's sleeping figure pressed against the full length of his body. Out of a sudden impulse, he reached across her and placed a hand on Severus's chest, right on his heart. He felt it beating; no steady rhythm, but racing under his touch, which was a curious thing in itself as they had been lying peacefully in the cool grass for at least ten minutes. There was no reason for the man's hammering heart.

Before Severus could break his wrist in punishment for the uninvited contact, Lucius removed his hand and repeated his question. "You really enjoyed it? It never occurred to me that you liked fighting."

"You just don't know me, Lucius," Snape answered in a low rumble that caused the small hairs at Lucius's neck to stand up.

Taking a deep breath, Severus calmed his madly beating heart and changed the subject. "I must admit, I did expect her to fight us a bit harder before she let us seduce her into a threesome."

Lucius chuckled. "You are joking, aren't you? She never had a chance from the moment you found out she cheated on you. With me." Tenderly, he placed a light kiss on Hermione's naked shoulder. She didn't even stir. "You think she will find out that we manipulated her into this"?

A perfect snort was his answer. "Never," Severus stated dryly. "She suffers from the illusion that I would never do something like that  manipulate her. And she truly believes that she is the only one capable of cunning plans. In this case, this is a very convenient combination. She will never guess that we knew her game for weeks and decided that, like this, it would benefit all of us."

Lucius's grey eyes glinted in the moonlight. They took a lengthy journey over the other man's naked body. "Still, I can't believe that you came up with this idea instead of really fighting me. You might have won." He really was intrigued by this little fact that seemed so atypical for Snape  there surely were facets in his friend's character that Lucius hadn't unravelled yet. He wouldn't have thought it possible that Severus would share someone he loved, possessive as he was.

"She would have grieved for you if I had killed you or even merely removed you from her life," Severus pointed out quietly, turning his head to brush his lips across her hair. "I don't want her to be unhappy, not if I can help it. I love her far too much for that. And she very obviously loves you. Therefore, there was no other choice  she just needed to see it from our point of view. I believe we managed to show her that today. Don't tell me you object to the arrangement?"

"Never! This is near perfection." Accidentally, Lucius' hand slipped across Hermione's chest, ever so slightly touching Severus's shoulder. His friend's muscles tensed.

"Near perfection?" Severus asked, staring hard into the night.

*It's now or never,* Lucius thought. "How about conquering new continents?" he offered, not moving an inch but with a clear intention.

Snape got the meaning instantly. "What do you think you're doing? Take your damn hand off me!" he snapped, suddenly aggressive.

Ignoring it, Lucius said, with a pointed look at the Potion master's groin, "You definitely look quite unsatisfied to me. Maybe we should do something about it?"

Sometimes, people needed a push in the right direction. With his offer, Lucius placed his hand firmly right underneath Severus's navel, the side of his hand just touching Snape's very hard cock.

He was rewarded with the rare view of a blushing Severus Snape.

Only a second later, the black-haired wizard punched him hard, his fist like steel, knocking Lucius back into the grass and causing him to land a few feet away from the spot where he had been lying.

"Ouch!" Lucius exclaimed, trying in vain to get up. "What the..."

Too late. Severus, terrifying in his wrath, sprang after him, landed on top of him and knocked the air out of his lungs. Gasping, Lucius tried to push the taller man off  being smaller himself, he was still slightly heavier, with wider shoulders and stronger arms.

Severus was not only high on adrenalin but also faster and determined to end this in his favour. He pulled Lucius up, punched him again, then pushed him hard towards a huge, old tree. Lucius realised only then that this was no game anymore. Thrusting up his elbow, he managed a blow to Severus's temple, effectively breaking the grip round his own throat.

"Stop..." he rasped and dodged another blow.

"Never... ever... touch me... without permission!" Severus hissed, smashing Lucius into the tree. Lucius, caught off-guard by this harsh attack, had been about to grab Severus's shoulders for support but now pulled his hands back instantly. Severus's forearm locked tightly across his throat. They were only inches away from each other.

"No offence meant!" Lucius breathed, his lungs burning due to lack of air. It had been ages since he had been in a fistfight  wizards usually used their wands or at least magic to sort out their differences. Severus, though, was surprisingly skilled in ordinary hand-to-hand combat and had used this fact to his full advantage. He eased his grip only slightly, allowing Lucius to get some air.

"I thought... you might... Sorry!" Lucius rasped. The bark of the oak scratched long red lines across his back. He felt Severus's hot breath on his skin and was suddenly fully aware of the differences between a man's body and a woman's.

When Hermione attacked him, it was because she was in a playful mood, and she never did more than kiss or straddle him. Her body was soft, her curves invited him to explore; she was small and fragile and beautiful, and there was not a tiny bit in her that was cruel or bad. Her touch was gentle, and she never failed to arouse him even with only so much as a smile.

The body momentarily pressed against his was hard and muscular: no curves, just bones. Nothing gentle was going on here. The contact was aggressive and forceful. Severus was a man in the height of his years and very rarely playful. There was nothing fragile about his body, nothing soft. Where Hermione reached barely up to his

chest, Severus was taller than he. His hands, scarred and strong, blocked effectively every movement the blond wizard could think of.

Being usually in charge, Lucius all of a sudden fully understood why Hermione was aroused instantly when he forced her hands over her head, held her down, or restricted her movement. He could feel Severus's hammering heart against his own chest; Lucius was barely able to hold back a longing moan.

"You don't listen, Malfoy," Severus stated, loosening his grip a bit more. Lucius took the opportunity to push hard in order to get some distance between them. Severus just caught his arm and with a quick movement turned Lucius round, pinning him with his face against the tree. Fearing that this would dislocate his shoulder any moment, Lucius used his free hand to propel himself backwards, causing Severus to lose his balance, and they both crashed to the grass.

"What do you mean?" Lucius gasped.

"That I enjoy a good fight!" The words came out maliciously, and for a moment, Lucius didn't understand the meaning at all. The next moment, Severus caught Lucius's thunderstruck face in both his hands, forced him down, and landed a hard, demanding kiss on the other man's lips, cracking them with his teeth.

The same moment Severus conquered Lucius's mouth, tasted the blood on the blond wizard's tongue, Lucius found the other man's rock hard cock and closed his fingers around it firmly enough to finally make Severus groan with desire.

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"Now tell me, Severus, when I want to fuck you the next time, do I have to knock you half-unconscious again?"

"I might surrender a bit earlier." Snape's voice was nothing but a sated growl in the darkness.

"You might? A bit? Good gods, I hope you have some damn fast-working healing potions at hand!"

"Healing potions won't be a problem, I assure you, Lucius." Lazily, Severus reached out a hand and ran it across the other man's chest.

"Ouch!"

"What?"

"I think you strained some muscles over my ribcage when you took me last."

"Sorry. Come here." Rolling over, Severus checked in the darkness one rib after the other. "That one," he observed a moment later, getting confirmation from Lucius's gasp. Waving a complicated healing rune on the golden skin, Severus undid the damage caused by fighting and fucking in an instant. "Better?"

"Thanks," Lucius grumbled, pulling Severus in a close embrace and ignoring the momentary resistance. "More?" he asked, slightly surprised, as he was quite tired himself. Tired and very sated.

"No way!" Snape chuckled. "Just a habit. I'm not used to being touched like that."

"Don't you worry," Lucius replied with a grin. "You will be, soon. That won't be the last time I'll fight you into lovemaking. It has been too good to remain a singular event."

"Agreed. And I promise that I won't hurt you too much next time." Relaxing, Severus shoved his body in a more comfortable position, sighing deeply. "I am positive that I don't want to move until at least next Tuesday."

Lucius wrapped his arms around him and laughed silently. "So pray then that our love sleeps at least until sunrise," he mocked.

Sleep tiptoed along, approached the two entangled bodies, and stole the words off their tongues and the thoughts out of their minds. It was late  time to dream.

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The night's chill bit into Hermione's naked shoulders. She shivered; the cloak had slipped off in her sleep, and dew was already glistening on the grass. It was still dark. Reaching out, she searched for a body to warm her.

No one there.

Mumbling, she moved, half asleep still. Had she tossed and turned so badly? Where were...

She snapped her eyes open in the dark. Lucius. She had wanted to spend the afternoon here with him.

Severus had been here as well.

Oh, dear.

Sitting up, she looked round, confused. They would have never, ever abandoned her. So where were they? *Accio* wand!" A convenient thing, this wandless magic. It had taken her a while to master it, but now she was at least able to get her wand out of the basket without having to get up.

"*Lumos*!" Wrapping Lucius's cloak around her shivering body, she illuminated the clearing.

There, under the trees. "Cheeky!" she grumbled. "Leaving me alone out here  what were they thinking?"

Silently, she walked over to her two lovers. When she found them fast asleep, she smiled. Severus's head was cradled on Lucius's chest, his arm loosely hanging over the blond wizard's waist. Lucius, one arm under the other man's neck, held Severus tight; Hermione knew that it was a most comforting way to sleep, as it was her favourite position with each of them. *Now what has happened here then, that they are all of a sudden so close to each other?*

Then she frowned. Pushing back loose strands of black and silvery blond hair, she brought her wand closer to the faces of both men  and gasped. She observed bruises, cracked skin and lips, bloodstains. Slowly, she moved her wand lower over their bodies.

Long scratches across Severus's back, obviously caused by nails. Confused, Hermione stared at her hands. She hadn't done that. She never scratched, bit, or hit.

Bruises in the form of fingerprints on Lucius's hips  the shadow of a male hand. They would take days to fade. A pale rune across Lucius's ribcage. A healing rune for strained muscles. More bruises. More scratches.

Shocked, Hermione sat down, the light cast by her wand trembling with the shaking of her hand. They had been fighting. Badly enough to cause wounds, badly enough to nearly break bones. *They really must hate each other! But... but... they seemed to enjoy the afternoon as much as I did... and why are they sleeping so close?*

"Princess?" A whisper. A strong hand on hers. Lucius.

She turned her head, staring at him. He hadn't moved yet so as not to wake Severus. Pressing a finger against his lips, he motioned her down, close to him. Hesitantly, she lowered herself next to him, eager not to get too close. All of a sudden, she didn't know that man any more. "What..." she started, but he silenced her with his eyes. Taking the wand out of her numb fingers, he cast a spell. Severus gave a deep sigh and dropped into an even deeper sleep; he wouldn't wake up now, even when they spoke

directly beside him.

Pushing himself up to a sitting position, Lucius took his cloak off Hermione's shoulders and wrapped it round his friend's lean body so he wouldn't grow cold without the other man's warmth. Then he opened his arms, and Hermione just fell into his embrace. Seeing how gently he had covered up Severus had calmed her, but she was still confused. "I don't understand!" she whispered. "Why you are... you are hurt, so is he, and I don't understand! Were you fighting? Was this because of me? Of us today?"

*Gods, how could I fall in love with someone so innocent?* Lucius wondered. Her disturbed eyes hurt him deeply. Time to explain.

"We did fight," he started, not entirely sure how to go on with this. He didn't have a clue how she would react. "We didn't fight over you, though, or because what's happened today. It was wonderful, beautiful, and we both enjoyed it immensely giving you as much pleasure as possible."

She blushed. "Then why?" she urged, tracing a small finger over his still bruised lips. Remembering Severus's skilled tongue on this very spot, he said, "Because we can not fulfil every one of our needs with you. That goes especially for Severus; he started the fight."

"What? He wants to hit me, to beat me?"

Instantly, Lucius pressed his hand over her mouth, silencing her dreadful words. The thought of hurting her revolted him. "No, Hermione, no! Never please don't ever say that, think that again!"

Brushing her hair back, caressing her cheek with his fingertips, he then took a look at the sleeping figure behind him. "As he puts it: he likes a good fight. So we did fight, and then we made love," he said, taking his hands off her to give her some space to react. "I know how this looks, but we both wanted this. And it won't be the last time."

Her eyes widened, then her mouth dropped. She stared at Lucius, then at Severus, then at Lucius again. "But... your wounds?" she managed after some long moments.

"Surrender sometimes is sweetest when you are forced into it, love," Lucius admitted with a crooked smile. "Fighting with someone who might best you is very arousing, as I found out tonight. And, of course, fighting with you is not only impossible but nothing we desire in the slightest."

"You... and Severus... you... made love?" Now, that was something she wouldn't have expected in a thousand years. "But you don't even like each other!"

He cast her an amused look. "You only think so because of the circumstances, Hermione. You cheated on him, so your conclusion is that we, as we both love you, can only hate each other. Actually, I have wanted him for a while. And he definitely doesn't hate me, either."

She pondered that, then moved slightly to get back into his arms again. "So, you don't, umm, despise each other?" Slowly, she became used to the idea. It was surprisingly easy to accept that the men she loved, loved each other, too. Not only easy but arousing as well. Strange. "And you make love... like... during a fight?" Blushing slightly, she ran a hand through her wild locks.

"Apparently," Lucius smiled. "I went for a quiet seduction and was attacked instead. And after he had had me, he was very convincing that, if I wanted him, I would have to best him."

"And so you did?"

"So I did, as I wanted him very much. What he wants is what he gets. He likes it rough, he gets it rough." Catching her fragile wrists in hers, he carefully crossed her arms in front of her body and held tight. Trying to get her hands free, she failed. Smiling, he leaned in and kissed her. A moment ago, she would have sworn that kissing wasn't what she wanted; now, she responded hungrily. "See?" he said, releasing her. "You like it gentle, but you like it nevertheless. And Severus likes it a bit harder it's just a different level of the same concept."

"I see," she said, and a smile lit her face. Shrugging out of Lucius's embrace, she crawled over to Severus and slipped under the cloak that covered him. He was deliciously warm. When she wrapped her arms round him and pressed her face to his back, he took a deep, content breath. Closing her eyes, she listened to his slow, steady heartbeat. *Mine,* she thought. *Both of them are mine.* Easily, she drifted into sleep.

*She looks like the cat who found the cream,* Lucius thought with a grin and was somewhat surprised that the day had ended so wonderfully. Finding his previous position, and with Severus now between them, he reached out and took Hermione's hand in his. *Mine,* he thought. *Both of them are mine.*

And Severus, who caught their thoughts in his dreams, smiled an amused smile and knew that his plan had indeed worked out perfectly.