

# Stolen Moments

by luvsev

Hermione is abducted by a dangerous man and brought to Malfoy manor.

## 1

Chapter 1 of 3

Hermione is abducted by a dangerous man and brought to Malfoy manor.

*Breathing heavy. Sweaty palms. Heart racing. Light slowly fading. So this is what it must be like to die. Only this isn't death, this is fear.*

Hermione jogged briskly down an empty alley with nothing but the moonlight guiding her path. Her keen sense of danger was aroused and she hastened her footfalls. Someone was following her closely, trying to catch her, but she was slightly too fast for them.

As she rounded the corner into the main street, she thought she had lost her follower. Looking around, she no longer saw her pursuer, just bright light flooding the street, so she relaxed and walked on.

Suddenly, she felt someone approach her from behind. A strong, pale hand clamped over her mouth, and she began to struggle as she was held tightly.

'Thought I'd not catch you, little girl?' a rough, venomous voice said into her ear. 'A little Mud-slug like you should know better than to think otherwise. I always get what I want.'

The man pressed his wand into her neck and muttered something indistinguishable. Within seconds, her world went dark and she thought no more.

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Hermione awoke sometime later to the sound of muffled voices. She looked about the room and discovered that not only was she in some sort of a cage but she was also bound with what felt like an old clothesline and gagged with her own pink knickers. Since she was unable to move, she decided to listen to what was being said.

'Lestrangle, why in the hell are you here? You know you are not welcome in my home. Why did you bring the girl to me? I narrowly escaped imprisonment in Azkaban, and the Ministry is just looking for a reason to put me away, damn it! It won't do for them to find an abducted and injured girl in my home.'

'I thought you'd like a treat,' Rodolphus offered.

'I haven't wanted a "treat," as you call it, since Voldemort ruined my family with his insanity. My son almost died at his hands, and my wife ran off because of that prick. I've nearly lost my social standing and everything I love as well. What makes you think I would trade what little I have left for this girl and a lifetime sentence in Azkaban?'

'The war is over and the Dark Lord is dead. Playtime with such a high profile war hero cannot be had, you idiot. There will be hell to pay since you harmed her,' another person whose voice she didn't recognise chimed in.

'Lucius, you've turned into a raving lunatic since Voldemort was defeated. Where is the blood-thirsty Muggle torturer I was friends with?' Rodolphus spat.

'Lestrangle, we were never friends,' Lucius said with an odd sort of amusement in his voice. 'Your brother, maybe, but never you. I only tolerated you because of Rabastan

and Riddle. I always wanted to drive a knife through your gut, but they would never allow it. However, neither is here to stop me from doing so now.'

'Lu... please... I swear I didn't hurt her,' the man called Rodolphus said with a quivering voice.

'Give me a reason not to, Lestrangle, and make it good. Also, if you didn't harm her, explain why she arrived here cursed as well as bound and gagged.'

'I...I just...'

'You just what, Lestrangle? Did you want to have a little fun with someone you thought was beneath you? Did you get off on harming just a girl?' asked a man with a familiar deep voice.

'Severus... I didn't really harm her, I swear. It was just a... a small touch. She wasn't even aware that I did it...she was already unconscious. I only had a tiny taste. You see, I could have had more if I wanted. She's only a Mudblood, and so it doesn't count what I did to her.'

'You sick fuck, that's disgusting,' Severus said vehemently. 'Lucius, put your damn serrated knife away. I don't feel like cleaning yet another bloodstain from your marble floor. I'm not a house-elf.'

Nothing more was said; only muffled sounds of movement were heard before she passed out.

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Two men...one dark, one light...were standing above a sumptuously decorated bed, watching the still-unconscious form of Hermione Granger. Although her breathing was even, the men had worry lines etched in their weary faces.

'Do you think she will wake any time soon, Lucius?' Severus asked as he removed a stray, honey-coloured curl from Hermione's wan face.

'That depends, Severus. I'm not entirely sure if she is still passed out from Lestrangle's curse, or if it's pure shock at this point. Either way, she shan't be unconscious long.' He paused for a moment. 'Why so concerned, Severus? She was only your student.'

Severus looked at him and shook his head. 'You don't understand, Lucius.'

'Then explain it to me,' Lucius said, looking at him pointedly.

'She was...'

'Look, she's waking up,' Lucius interrupted and then gestured to Hermione, whose eyes briefly fluttered.

As soon as her eyes sprang open, she saw the two men and began to scream as loudly as she could. Severus took a step towards her and tried to sit down on the bed.

'NO, DON'T YOU COME ANY CLOSER!' Hermione screamed loudly enough to make Lucius wince.

'Hermione, calm down; it's just me. It's Severus,' he said softly.

'NO! I don't know who you are, but you cannot be Severus. I... I saw him die not more than a month ago,' Hermione said as she started to cry.

'Let me prove who I am, Hermione, and then I will tell you what you want to know.' Severus watched Hermione wipe the tears from her eyes with her delicate hands.

'Fine. Tell me something only Severus would know...our safe word,' Hermione muttered in a rough voice.

Lucius' mouth fell open, and he cocked his eyebrow at Severus. 'A safe word, Severus? Are you serious? Did you and she...'

'Oh, do close your mouth before you attract flies, Lucius.' He looked at his childhood friend, who opened and closed his mouth a few more times, obviously gobsmacked his friend had had such a relationship with a former student.

'And to answer your question, Hermione, our safe word is "kit." Is that enough to prove who I am?'

'I suppose it is. I have questions, though: where am I, how did I get here, and most importantly, how did you survive? I saw you die, Severus.'

'Hermione, slow down. Let me answer one question at a time.' Taking a steadying breath, Severus braced himself for what was to come. 'You were abducted by Rodolphus Lestrangle and brought here, to Malfoy Manor. Lucius...'

Hearing Lucius' name alerted Hermione to his presence in the room with her and Severus.

'Please don't let him hurt me,' Hermione pleaded.

'Relax, Miss Granger. I have no intention of harming you or anyone else, well, with the possible exception of Lestrangle. You act as though I have nothing better to do with my time other than torturing you.'

'How am I to know that, Mr Malfoy? You were evil, a Death Eater, and you have tortured me before. Given the facts, I'm not inclined to trust you.' Hermione looked at Lucius, who was standing with his arms folded across his chest and looking down at her with a mildly amused expression upon his handsome face.

'Whoa, whoa, whoa... I am not a Death Eater and have not been for a while. Though I won't deny being evil. I won't torture you unless you ask for it. If you'd look around, you would see that you are not in my dungeons nor are you bound in any way. If I wanted to torture you, you would not be staying in my guest suite, I assure you.'

Hermione looked around the room wearily, taking note of the change of scenery. Sometime after she had passed out, she had been moved. She was no longer bound and caged; instead, she was in a softly lit room and lying on what felt like a feather bed. This was vastly different, and it made her wonder if she had merely dreamed the kidnapping.

'So, you're not going to hurt me?'

Lucius smiled at her and said, 'Not today, Miss Granger, though from what I can infer of your and Severus' *relationship*, I can't promise he won't.'

'Ha bloody ha, Lucius,' Severus said sarcastically.

'Then why am I here?' Hermione looked to Severus and then Lucius, as if hoping to find the answers written on their faces.

'Alas, Miss Granger, you won't like the answer I have. As Severus said, Rodolphus Lestrangle abducted you and brought you here. He wanted retribution for the fall of his master and the death of his wife, Bellatrix. He made the mistake of assuming I would want to indulge in a little playtime.'

'And you don't?'

'Hmph... This is seriously getting old, Miss Granger,' Lucius huffed. 'My desires at the moment have nothing to do with this conversation. Now, unless you really do want

me to gag you, I'd suggest you refrain from asking any more questions... at least until I am finished.' Lucius sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

'I apologise, Mr Malfoy, do continue,' she said sarcastically.

'After having a little chat with Lestrage, I hand delivered him to the Aurors because he was the one Death Eater they hadn't found, and then Severus and I came to check on your health. It is apparent that whatever curse was used on you caused no lasting damage. And since he didn't do any significant harm, you are free to leave and rejoin your little friends, where you will undoubtedly regale them with stories of your horrifying experience at the hands of a Malfoy.'

'Oh honestly, Mr Malfoy!' Hermione said indignantly. 'I wouldn't tell tales of things that obviously didn't happen. I may be a lot of things, sir, but a liar is not one of them. If I were to lie, I would make sure it was well worth my time, and no offense, but there is nothing I could gain from lying about you. You don't have to worry about blackmail either. There is nothing you could offer me that I would remotely want.'

'What if I offered you money to keep quiet?' He said jokingly.

Hermione shook her head and laughed mirthlessly at him. 'Hehe... typical Malfoy solution: throw money at a problem to make it go away. It shows no creativity, no finesse.'

'Are you criticising my methods, Granger?' Lucius scowled at her.

'No, no. You mistake me. I'm not after your money; you don't have anything I want. I have no reason to try to blackmail you. In fact, I believe I am the one who owes you a debt.'

'How so? I'm definitely interested in hearing this.' Lucius sat at the end of the large, blue and silver bedecked sleigh bed and leaned back against the cherry wood frame, his long, slender legs stretched out and resting near Severus.

'When I was still bound and gagged, I woke up briefly and heard parts of your conversation with Lestrage. From what I remember, he had intended to torture me and then probably kill me so I couldn't report on what had occurred.' She watched Severus and Lucius exchange an unreadable look, and then she proceeded.

'You and Severus saved me from most of what he had intended to do.'

'Most?' Severus queried.

'Well, I was abducted, and since you and Mr Malfoy weren't aware of Lestrage's plans, you couldn't stop him. But other than that, I give you both credit for saving my life, and as such, I'd like to find a way to repay you.'

'Nonsense, Hermione.' Severus looked at her and smiled softly

'Not so hasty, Severus,' Lucius interrupted. 'That's quite an offer she is making and it's one that will require careful consideration.'

Severus smirked at Lucius and swore silently to himself. From the smirk on Lucius' face, he knew exactly what his friend was considering.

'I know what you're thinking, Lucius, and it isn't going to happen. So stop picturing it,' he said as he hit Lucius none too lightly on the leg.

'Why, Severus, I have no idea what you mean. I was just thinking she might have to save my life one day.'

'Right, if that's your story...' Severus trailed off.

'It's my story, and you can't prove otherwise,' Lucius laughed.

'I could, but I won't.'

Turning back to Hermione, who had her eyebrows furrowed, he said, 'There is nothing to repay. You would have done the same for me if the chance arose.' He took her hand in his and raised it to his lips, brushing a gentle kiss across her knuckles.

'But, Severus, it did arise. And I couldn't help you.'

'Don't worry about it. Lucius took care of me and managed to keep me out of Azkaban.'

'What?' Hermione gasped. 'How did he keep you from going in front of the Wizengamot?'

Hermione couldn't believe Lucius had saved Severus from more than death. He had saved him from losing his freedom as well. It seemed as though Lucius wasn't as evil as he let on, or he had seriously changed in the matter of a few months. Only time would tell which it was.

'Lucius had a bit of blackmail on the Minister and the head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, so he threatened to make it public knowledge if his request wasn't granted. About a week later, my criminal record and the warrant for my arrest disappeared. The Minister gave a public speech, and I was free.'

'Why didn't I hear about any of this? How come no one told me you had lived?'

'You didn't hear about it because you were in Australia. As for why no one told you I survived, I can't tell you because I simply don't know. I suppose they had their reasons.' Severus shrugged his shoulders.

He really didn't know why no one had told Hermione, unless of course someone knew of their relationship. But that was impossible. She wouldn't have told anyone he was her dominant, would she? If she had, it would explain why people would want to keep her away from him. They would be afraid for her.

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Several hours later, well after dinner and drinks had come and gone, Lucius yawned. 'You and Severus are more than welcome to stay here for as long as you need, but I am afraid I have to retire.'

'I probably should return to the flat. The boys are bound to be worried. They've not heard from me in what, two or three days? And I disappeared without as much as a note explaining where I went. They're probably thinking I got kidnapped.'

Lucius and Severus laughed, and then Lucius said, 'Well, they're not wrong, now are they?'

'Indeed not, Lucius.' Hermione grinned and strode to the door.

'What will you tell them?' Severus inquired before he enveloped her in his strong embrace and kissed her.

'I'll tell them I spent the weekend with old friends,' she said with a wink.

'I like that, Hermione.' Lucius kissed her hand briefly and she Disapparated away.

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This was written for the LMHG Exchange. I used the following prompt: Hermione is captured soon after the war ends.

Thanks to the wonderful kittylefish for betaing.

## 2

### Chapter 2 of 3

Lucius and Severus have a chat.

It was well after midnight when Hermione entered the darkened London apartment she shared with Harry. She laid her keys on the sturdy walnut table that sat near the television and made her way to the chocolate-brown leather couch. As she sat down, she felt something much firmer than the cushions...there was someone asleep on the couch. It had to be either Harry or Ron, but it was difficult to tell which one in the heavily shadowed room.

'Who's there?' Harry asked groggily as he slowly sat up and flicked on a light.

'It's only me, Harry. Go back to sleep,' she said and flopped down in an overstuffed matching chair, propping her feet up on the scrubbed wood apothecary table.

'Nah... I'm awake now. So, what happened to you this weekend? You left suddenly, not even taking the time to pack or leave a note. Ron and I were worried something happened to you. We thought you had been...'

'What, you thought I had been kidnapped? Like I would let that happen. C'mon, Moody taught us better, remember? "Constant Vigilance." I'm too much of a fighter to let someone do significant damage to me.' Hermione grinned and glanced over at Harry, who was looking at her sceptically. Attempting a change of subject, she asked, 'Where's Ron?'

'Why do I get the feeling you're not telling me something? You didn't answer my question, Hermione. If something didn't happen to you, where in the hell did you disappear to for so long?'

'I went... er... to see a few old friends.' *Smooth* Hermione thought. *Great, he's not going to believe me now.*

Harry saw a sudden but brief scowl cross his friend's face and wondered what had caused the expression. Surely it wasn't aimed at him because he hadn't done anything yet.

'Let me get this straight; you went to see old friends over the weekend without packing so much as a toothbrush? That doesn't sound like you, Hermione. You always plan things in advance. Take our *camping trip* for example, you packed everything but the kitchen sink. You're always prepared.'

Hermione grinned. 'Well, I received the invitation at the last minute, and I didn't have time to pack.' This was partially true, so she didn't feel too bad for lying.

'Something tells me you're not being honest with me, but since I'm not your keeper, I can't force you to tell me anything. I just wish you would.'

'There's nothing more to tell, really.' Hermione took in Harry's face: he was frowning slightly, his eyes looked sad and doubtful, and she could feel the disappointment drifting off of him in waves. She felt bad for lying to him, but she had made a promise to Lucius. Lucius had saved her life when he didn't have to. She was afraid that Harry would get angry and go after Lucius before she had the chance to fully explain the situation.

She and Harry sat in companionable silence for several minutes.

Hermione was the first to break the silence. 'If there's nothing else you want to chat about, I'd like to go to bed. It's been a long weekend, and I'm exhausted.'

'It's okay. You go on to bed, and I'll see you in the morning.' Harry rose from his position on the couch and went to hug Hermione. As he embraced her tightly, he whispered in her ear, 'If there's anything you need, I'll be here for you. Anything at all, Hermione.'

'I know you will because you're a good friend, Harry...the best. G'night.'

With that said, they broke their embrace and walked to their separate rooms.

Hermione shut the door to her room and leaned against the cool wood, sighing and closing her eyes briefly. It had indeed been a long weekend, and she was glad it was finally over. She never thought she would so look forward to a Monday in her life.

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More than a month had passed since her kidnapping, and Hermione had settled back into her life, though she always kept a wary eye out whenever she went out alone. Although she had recovered from what had happened, it had made her more aware of her surroundings.

One sunny morning as she was sitting at her *escritoire*, a large eagle owl tapped its claw on the tiny, dirty window to her room. She let it in and it dropped a letter with the Malfoy crest on the back of the envelope.

Opening the missive, she began to read the minuscule brush script.

*Hermione,*

*It is my wish for you to join Severus and I for dinner and drinks tonight at seven o'clock. I would appreciate it if you could join us tonight. Please send your answer with Erebus.*

*Lucius Malfoy*

Hermione reached for a quill and heard Erebus hoot at her as she hastily wrote her reply. When she was finished, she tied the scroll to its leg; the owl hooted at her once more as if to say "It's about damn time" and then flew off.

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Later on in the early evening, Hermione finished getting ready and Apparated to the front gates of Malfoy manor in Wiltshire. She opened the heavy wrought iron gate and was greeted by Indian Blue peacocks and Green peafowls which came up to her.

'Well, look at you. Aren't you gorgeous!' As she spoke, she lightly stroked the green and gold plumage of one peacock.

Lucius strode up to her, and all but one bird scattered away from them. 'Yes, I am gorgeous, Hermione. I can't help but notice the way you're admiring and stroking my cock. Do you like him?' he teased and smirked at her.

Hermione could feel the blush stain her cheeks as she looked at him. Feeling a tingle rise in the pit of her stomach, she thought he was a sight to behold with his white-blond locks bound loosely at his neck and the black silk of his shirt lightly clinging to his chest. His trousers cupped him in all the right places, showing off his well-toned physique.

'Er...' Hermione paused, trying to find a way not to embarrass herself.

'Short on words, Hermione? And here I thought you always had something to say.'

Hermione knew pursuing this topic of conversation was dangerous, so she tried to change the subject by asking about Severus. 'I thought Severus would be joining us tonight. Where is he?'

'Ah, the fine art of evasion,' Lucius chuckled and moved forward, gesturing toward the garden.

Severus chose that moment to emerge from his place in the garden. 'You asked about me, pet? I'm right here, of course. Where else would I be?' He tilted his head toward her and let his eyes linger on her pink, pouty mouth before gazing at her generous curves accentuated by a violet satin dress. He felt a warm tingle travel down his spine and directly to his cock as he thought about removing her dress and taking her from behind.

'How did you know I asked about you? You weren't within earshot of the conversation.'

'Or wasn't I? You forget, I am aware of everything that occurs in my vicinity.'

Skirting over the awkward moment between his two companions, Lucius said, 'Now that you both have arrived, shall we have dinner? I'm starving.'

Hermione saw Lucius dart his tongue across his lips, and she got the distinct feeling he wasn't referring to actual food. The hint of heat behind his icy grey eyes as he looked at her revealed his true desires. She wondered if he was thinking about pushing her to the ground and having her unbutton his trousers. Then, once his trousers were at his feet, if he would take his thick shaft in hand, and guide it inside of her mouth. She faintly smiled as they walked inside the manor.

Dinner was a casual but sumptuous affair spent with glances that lasted just a little too long between Lucius and Hermione, and scorching touches of fingertips on hands as each passed food around the candle-adorned dining table.

Severus merely sat back and watched the flirtatious way Hermione toyed with her honey-coloured tresses, trapping a long tendril between her thumb and forefinger, then twisting and releasing it. Lucius kept looking at her heatedly and trying to covertly ogle her sweet breasts. He could tell that Lucius would devour her right on the table if he thought he could get away with it.

As the evening wore on, he toyed with the idea of introducing Lucius to one of his and Hermione's games. Judging from the current tableau, neither of them would mind very much; in fact, it would probably go over very well.

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Around eleven o'clock, right before Hermione left for the night, Lucius invited her back for dinner the following weekend, and she graciously accepted.

'I'm glad you could join us tonight, Hermione. It was a true pleasure,' Lucius said and kissed her knuckles, making sure to brush his tongue across her supple skin in an effort to have just one small taste.

Severus watched Hermione flush prettily at Lucius' gesture. She probably thought Lucius meant well, but he knew otherwise. He knew what Lucius was after.

As Hermione disappeared for the night, Lucius invited Severus to stay for something stronger than the Pinot Noir they'd had with dinner.

'Have a glass of absinthe with me, old friend,' Lucius said as he crossed to his liquor cabinet and withdrew two highball glasses, a miniature silver container, spoons, and a crystal decanter of absinthe.

He poured them each a measure of the golden liquid and set the rest of the things they needed on the table before them.

Severus took a sugar cube from the ornate silver container, placed it on his spoon, and said a spell to melt the sugar into his drink. Once the right amount of sugar was in his absinthe, he lifted the glass to his lips and savoured the flavour of aniseed and wormwood as it slid smoothly down his throat and pooled in his stomach. It had been too long since he had danced with the green faery.

'So, you want Hermione,' Severus said to Lucius as he set his empty highball glass on the table.

Lucius nearly choked on his drink. 'What? Where did that come from, Severus?'

'Hmm. You can drop the act, old man. I know you want her; it's obvious from the way you kept staring at her tits at dinner, and then earlier with the comment about your cock. You used to be so subtle. I think you're getting lazy in your old age.'

'Old, who are you calling old? Surely you can't mean me? I'm only in my forties,' Lucius said in mock contempt.

Severus curled his lip. 'Just admit that you want her. I won't be offended.'

'Fine, I'm attracted to her, and yes, I'd like nothing more than to fuck her senseless. But I won't do anything since you and she are together.'

'Oh, that's big of you. So now you're being honourable? What did you do, get a personality transplant, Lucius?'

'You wound me.' Lucius slapped his hand to his chest.

'Ever the drama queen, eh? So, you wouldn't act on your desires even if asked?'

Lucius shook his head because he thought he misheard Severus. 'What exactly are you saying? Spell it out for me so I don't misunderstand.'

'What if she or I were to invite you to join us? Would you?'

'I think you're up to something, Severus. Why don't you stop playing the "what if" game, and just come out with it. Be honest.' Lucius sat forward on the couch and looked at Severus.

'Fine, then. I want you to join us for one of our *sessions*. You want her, and it's apparent she wants you, too, so why not indulge?'

'That would be acceptable. When would you like this to happen? And how should we go about it?' Lucius clasped his hands together in his lap.

'You act as though you've never had a threesome before, and we both know you have. You aren't exactly innocent. I was thinking about next weekend since you already extended an invitation for then. I also thought we could make use of your dungeon and the element of surprise. The less she knows or expects, the better this will be.'

Lucius breathed in deeply and began to formulate a plan of what exactly he wanted to do to Hermione in his dungeon.

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A/N: Thanks to kittylefish whose beta powers are like those of a superhero.

## 3

### *Chapter 3 of 3*

#### Hermione spends the night at Malfoy Manor.

The week leading up to the next dinner at Malfoy manor passed quickly in a whirlwind of planning for what would happen on Saturday night. Lucius already knew what he wanted to happen that night and had his house-elves clean his dungeons especially for the occasion. It wouldn't do to have a thick layer of dust coating his most prized possession: a bondage tower that he had built. He had chosen wood from the maple tree he and Narcissa had shared their first kiss under, and laboured over it until he had it ready for her wedding gift. When she had scoffed at it and told him it was something a Muggle would do, he should have known she was an unappreciative bitch and left. Now he would be using it on someone who would appreciate that the tower could respond to the lightest touch, and change the position of whoever was in it at the time.

Lucius walked up to the freshly polished tower and lightly stroked it, thinking about seeing the wild-haired, former Gryffindor bound and begging for his touch. He closed his eyes and sighed as he thought about the way her cheeks would flush with excitement when he lightly teased her with his teeth on the soft underside of her breasts, how her breath might catch in her throat as his hand made the descent between her thighs, teasing her nether lips before slowly thrusting a finger into her.

As Lucius continued fantasising, Severus crept down the concrete steps. Seeing Lucius' half-closed eyes and slack face made him stop on the bottom stair. One of Lucius' hands was on the tower, and the other was clenched in his black trouser pocket.

The sight of Lucius sensually stroking the wood of the tower aroused him, and made him swallow thickly in an effort to tamp down the heat rising in his stomach. Severus wondered if he should perhaps interrupt and announce Hermione's arrival, or if he should just let his friend enjoy the moment.

Deciding against the latter, he cleared his throat and spoke. 'Lucius, there'll be time for that later. Hermione's here; would you care to join us?'

Startled, Lucius opened his eyes. 'Oh, of course. She's early then.'

'Actually, she's on time; you're the one who's late. Are you ready for tonight?' Severus turned on the stair as soon as he saw Lucius approach.

'More than you know,' Lucius said in barely more than a whisper and followed Severus up the stairs and into the foyer where Hermione was patiently awaiting them.

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When it was time to retire for the night, Lucius invited her to stay, and she accepted. Severus showed her to the guest suite she had stayed in after her abduction and led her to the sleigh bed. He sat down with her and caressed the skin underneath her red skirt, barely grazing the suspender that held up her stockings.

Her eyes fluttered shut at his sensuous caress, and her mouth parted slightly in invitation. She breathed deeply, enjoying the gentle tease. It had been a long time since he had touched her this way, and she was not about to stop him.

Severus saw the look of want on her face and paused his hand. When he withdrew, she pinned him with a disappointed pout.

'Don't look at me like that. I have to stop for the moment because I need a brief word with Lucius, my pet. Why don't you undress and make yourself comfortable; I'll be back shortly,' he said as he walked down the hall before disappearing out of sight.

Hermione unzipped and slid the red pleated skirt off her hips and then unfastened the buttons on the cinched material of her cream-coloured shirt. She left on her stockings because she knew Severus loved to see her in nothing but them. Reclining against the fluffy pillows on the bed, she waited for him to return, knowing he would be surprised that she had left her stockings on.

Severus stopped in the middle of the hallway on the second floor of the manor and counted the doors on the left it was an old trick to remember which room was Lucius' private study. He reached the fifth door and lightly rapped on it. The door silently opened for him, and he stepped inside the oval room.

'It will be twenty minutes or less, Lucius, so you might want to head on down.'

'Are you certain Hermione will go for this?'

Severus scowled. 'Seriously, Lucius, it will be fine. She's not likely to refuse me since I am her master, and it doesn't hurt that she greatly desires you. Just go find a place among the shadows, and we'll proceed from there.'

Lucius nodded as Severus strode to the door. He didn't wait long before leaving to seek out a hiding place in his dungeon.

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Severus returned to find Hermione with her hand between her spread legs. Her head was thrown back, and a pale-pink flush coloured her bare chest and stomach.

Smirking, he asked, 'Did I give you permission to do that, pet?' He licked his lips and moved forward.

'I didn't think you would mind.' Hermione nibbled her bottom lip and withdrew her damp fingers from herself. She was going to wipe them off on a tissue when Severus grabbed her hand to stop her.

'Oh, but I do mind. You'll have to be punished.' He raised her hand to his lips and flicked his tongue against each of her fingers before sucking on them to taste her.

Hermione moaned as he continued his wicked ministrations, imagining that it was his tongue on her clit. 'Punish me how?' she breathed.

'Lucius has a dungeon, you know. I'd like nothing more than to take one of his flat-braided cat o'nine's and whack your arse with it,' his voice dipped to a silky, dangerous level. 'To tie you up and make you beg for me to fuck you, or use one of his bull whips to leave marks on your pretty, shapely legs. Would you like that, Hermione? Would you like to play in the dungeons with me like you used to at Hogwarts when you snuck away from your friends during your camping trip?'

Hermione merely moaned her response as Severus drove her crazy by blowing warm air in her ear while his hands travelled further up her thighs. She felt him touch her freshly shaven pussy, and she shivered.

'I do require an answer, Hermione. Do we continue here, or shall we make use of his toys?'

Hermione struggled to ignore the pleasure he was causing long enough to form a cohesive thought. 'Play. Dungeons. Been so long.'

'Just think, my pet, if my barest touch excites you, what will happen when you're completely at my mercy? And you're right; it has been too long. Now, get up. We're going downstairs,' he ordered in a stern voice.

'I have to walk there in the nude?' Hermione whimpered.

'Now, now, it was your choice to strip.' He tossed her his frock coat, which she deftly caught. 'Put it on to protect your *virtue*'

He opened the door and led her out into the hall and down the back staircase to the basement. Once in the torch-lit dungeon, he turned to her and said, 'Pick out a toy, Hermione.'

She was torn between the punishment bench with steel shackles and the bondage tower.

'We have time for both tonight, pet. Which would you like first? Do you want to be bound with rope and at my mercy, or do you want to be locked up and fucked first?'

Hermione didn't know which she would like more, so she glanced at him shyly from beneath her eyelashes. 'Why don't you decide?'

'The tower it is,' Severus said and then summoned black nylon rope with which to bind her.

In a darkened corner of the dungeon, Lucius hid in the shadows and watched as Severus tied beautifully intricate knots around her wrists and ankles. His breath hitched in his throat as he looked his fill at Hermione's naked, curvaceous form. Her strawberry-tipped breasts were heaving with every stroke of Severus' hands on her hips and up her sides.

She tested the bonds as was her custom, letting him know she was tied securely.

'Want to know something, pet?' he said as he nipped at her neck.

'Anything,' she hissed.

'I know you want Lucius' thick, hard cock stroking in and out of you right now, his lips and tongue teasing your sensitive nipples as he pounds your pretty little cunt. Admit that you want it.'

'I... ' Hermione vaguely protested as Severus scraped his thumbnail over her nipple.

'Don't bother protesting; it won't do you any good. I know what I've seen.' He looked at her darkly. Do you want to know something else?'

'What?' Hermione wondered what more Severus had in mind.

'Lucius has been watching us the entire time, Hermione, and he's seen everything.'

'Every... everything?'

Noting her wide eyes, open mouth, and rosy-red cheeks, he said, 'You're surprised? Surely not. This is his dungeon after all. Doesn't he deserve a peek at your luscious body for kindly allowing us to use his toys?' Severus lightly teased down her body with his hands, and parted her folds, dipping his fingers in the wetness. 'Mmm... I daresay you're more than surprised; you're excited.'

'Lucius, reveal yourself. She's already wet and ready for us to have our way with her. Aren't you, pet? Don't you want us both to fuck you?'

As Hermione nodded, she saw Lucius come out of the shadows. His white shirt was unbuttoned and open, revealing his well-muscled, tanned chest, and his dark nipples were pebbled against the chill of the sub-level room. She licked her lips and stared at the obvious bulge that threatened to burst through his trousers at any moment.

Catching her heated gaze, Lucius asked, 'Like what you see? How about a little taste?' He walked over to her and took her nipple between his teeth and pulled slightly, eliciting a squeak of surprise from her. 'Severus was right, you are sensitive here. I wonder where else will get this response from you.'

'How about here?' Lucius licked the side of her neck, pausing to nip with a bit of pressure on her pulse point.

'No?' Severus said, getting to his knees. He flicked his tongue against the soft, creamy flesh of her inner thighs.

Hermione mumbled something incoherent, and Lucius laughed. 'Still no? My, you are a hard one to please.'

'I know what she wants, Severus.' Lucius knelt beside his friend and lightly stroked the tower, making it loosen Hermione's bonds on her legs so they could be spread further apart. 'Move over so I can give it to her.'

Severus cocked his eyebrow at Lucius, who proceeded to snake his tongue into Hermione's pussy, slowly licking her and gathering her taste on his tongue. 'She tastes wonderful, doesn't she?'

Hermione felt Lucius hum his approval, which sent shockwaves of pleasure racing up her body. She struggled against her bonds, anxious to wrap her legs about his shoulders as he flicked and swirled his tongue on her clit before sucking it lightly into his mouth. The delightful feel of Lucius' tongue in her cunt combined with Severus' hands and teeth plucking at her nipples had her close to the edge.

'Struggle all you want, my pet, but you're not getting released just yet.'

'Please?' she said, squirming once more in her bindings.

Sensing Hermione was close, Lucius chuckled and pulled away. 'No, you don't get to come yet, but you will soon. And don't pout; it doesn't suit you.'

'Now, Severus, don't you think we should release her and have a bit more fun?'

Severus didn't respond; he only looked calculatingly at Lucius and then Hermione. 'Catch her, Lucius.' He released her bonds with a slight wave of his hand and she fell forward into Lucius' strong embrace.

Lucius lifted her onto his shoulder and carried her to the bed where he sat her on the edge. 'How about that taste you were so eager to have earlier? I'd love to feel your talented tongue on my cock.' He unzipped his trousers, dropped them to his feet, and stepped out of them.

Hermione stared hungrily at his uncircumcised dick.

'Go on, my pet. Taste him; I promise you won't be disappointed.' Severus closed the small gap between them, guiding her mouth to Lucius' cock.

Hermione kissed the satiny skin around Lucius' cock, pausing to place tiny licks on his sensitive testicles before taking them into her mouth and gently sucking. Applying the tiniest amount of pressure, she sucked a little harder, wrenching a low, guttural growl from him.

Lucius removed himself from her mouth and pushed her back on the bed, letting her legs dangle off. He straddled her face and once more offered his cock to her. He felt her mouth engulf his thick shaft, and he pushed forward, making her take more of it. She suckled and licked him, then took him into her throat.

Severus knelt between Hermione's legs and licked her cunt for the first time in months. Oh, how he had missed the taste of her! But even more than the taste, teasing her and making her beg for release spurred him on. Her inarticulate cries and softly swivelling hips made him want to bury his cock within her depths and fuck her until they both came.

After a few moments of licking her sweet pussy, he stood up and slid his throbbing shaft into her tight channel. As soon as he began thrusting, he felt her muscles grip him tightly and intermittently, almost pulsating around him, sending him higher.

Building a rhythm of thrust, swivel, thrust harder, Severus felt Hermione's legs wrap around his waist, pulling him closer and further into her so that he would hit her sweet spot. He couldn't see her face because she was still sucking Lucius' cock, but he knew she was lost to sensation, too. Feeling the telltale tightening and quivering of her walls, he plunged harder, bringing them both to orgasm.

'Lucius, you have to feel her pussy; it's magnificent,' he breathed raggedly and soothingly rubbed Hermione's stomach and thighs.

Lucius removed his cock from Hermione's mouth with a barely stifled groan. 'Get on your hands and knees, Hermione.'

Hermione turned over onto her stomach and rose up on her hands and knees, wiggling her arse at him and begging him to fuck her.

'In due time, my dear. Try a little patience,' Lucius said as he teasingly rubbed his prick along her wetness.

She tried thrusting against him, but he shook his head and slapped both of her arse cheeks hard enough to turn them red.

'Ouch, what was that for?'

'Minx. You know what it was for. If you behave like that with Sev, it's no wonder he has to punish you. If you were mine, I'd bend your arse over my knee every day.'

'Promises, promises,' Hermione laughed.

'Oh, I'll give you something to laugh about.' Lucius roughly plunged into her, effectively shutting her up.

Hermione's mouth fell open as Lucius thrust into her over and over again, each time seemingly going in deeper than before. Stars began to dance behind her eyes when she felt Severus' calloused, heavy hand land on her smarting bottom. The hypnotic allure of the slaps combined with Lucius' thrusts soon proved too much for her, and she came, trembling. Her knees buckled, and she collapsed onto the bed, taking Lucius with her.

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After their weekend of play, it was Hermione who suggested they make the arrangement between the three of them permanent.

'I had a lot of fun this weekend,' Hermione said as she traced light patterns on Lucius' bare chest.

'I did too, but I know that all good things surely must come to an end.' Lucius rose from the bed and donned a sleek, black dressing gown.

'Must they?' Severus chimed in, grinning.

Lucius narrowed his eyes at both of them. 'It's what I've been told; hell, it's what I've experienced.'

'Haven't we all?' Severus murmured.

'I have a strange idea. How about we continue and see where it takes us? If it ends up being something mutually beneficial, we can keep it, but if it doesn't, no hard feelings.' Hermione offered as she gingerly sat up.

'We'll see.' Severus and Lucius said. When Hermione left to go to the bathroom, they exchanged a look that said, "I knew it would go as planned."

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A/N: Thanks to my wonderful beta, kittylefish, whose skills are legendary.