

An Unlikely Trio

by Good_Witch

Snape survives Nagini's attack, but only with the support of two unlikely allies. When all comes out, can all three of them make an unlikely trio?

one shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: The following fic is a gift for lady_karelia, in response to southernwitch69's faboo idea to thank the lovely Karelia for all she does to help the fandom. You're the best, darlin, and I hope you enjoy my attempt at LM/SS/HG for you. :) *hugs*

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Karelia, darling, while I may not know anything about the sorts of things you enjoy so much (let's see, we've chatted about mushrooms, cheesemaking, wine, hollow earth, etc.), I did draw on a conversation we had on YM one night (when you were so graciously helping me with my fic) as inspiration for this fic. I daresay you'll remember once you read it... ;)

An Unlikely Trio

Years after the war was over, and Voldemort defeated at last by the famous Harry Potter, Lucius Malfoy and Severus Snape were sitting in Severus' home, Spinner's End, lounging before the hearth with their feet propped on ottomans as they drank another of Lucius' stockpiled bottles of fine wine and waited for their mate to get home.

Lucius had met with so much censure and snubbing after the war that Narcissa had grown tired of it and demanded a divorce, leaving Lucius to sell the Wiltshire manor in order to meet with her terms in the divorce proceedings.

Severus, having spent nearly a year in St. Mungo's recovering from that horrible snakebite, was surprised to see his former friend at his bedside as he regained his faculties and strength.

Without the support he had relied on in the form of his former wife, Lucius had been so lost, adrift in a stormy sea of reproof and suspicion, that he had found himself latching onto the only familiar thing he could: Severus Snape. They had been quite close as youths, before Voldemort had killed the Potters and Severus had turned spy for the Order. By that point, Lucius had married Narcissa and they had Draco to keep them busy, so Lucius and Severus had drifted apart.

When Lucius had come to Severus in St. Mungo's, he had found himself remembering those halcyon days, and he assisted with Severus' recovery as assiduously as any family member or partner could have. It helped Lucius to be in a man's company, as Narcissa's venomous disparagement had wounded deeply. Severus, grateful to be alive and understanding Lucius' bewilderment and pain like no other could, accepted the older man's help and gave him something in return: a home.

Lucius, thankful for a place to live and a task to keep him busy, dedicated himself to Severus, attempting to redeem himself. Severus gentled Lucius into his new life, one

without wealth and status and a woman to make demands on him.

It was an awkward moment when, after months of Lucius tending to Severus in his room at St. Mungo's, Hermione Granger burst in, face alight with the eagerness to see Severus' condition herself.

She had been the one to rescue Severus before he had died from blood loss and the snake's venom, carting him off to St. Mungo's with scores of others who had been injured in the final battle at Hogwarts. She had heard from Harry just how perilous Severus' path had been, and her big heart had opened to this embodiment of the underdog, leading her to champion his recovery and painting a heroic picture with which she had become infatuated while she had been away in Australia, slowly reversing the memory spells on her parents and reinstating them in their former lives.

Severus, having kept her letters to himself out of a mixture of embarrassment and what he felt was a futile hope, was unprepared to see the jealousy sparking off both Lucius and Hermione at the sight of the other, since they could recognize each other's feelings for Severus.

Voice raspy, Severus said, "Hermione, what a surprise! Welcome."

Hermione, eyeing Lucius through narrowed eyes, crossed to the other side of Severus' bed, gripping his hand and saying, "I got here as soon as I could. I couldn't leave my parents until they were finally back to normal. But I'm here now, and I'm more than willing to focus my attention on *your* recovery." She smiled at him, then noticed Lucius bristling. "Hello, Mr. Malfoy, I'm surprised to see you here."

Lucius glared at her, his voice frosty. "I can't imagine why. I've been here for ages. And Severus doesn't need you to take care of him. I manage quite well on my own."

Hermione and Lucius locked gazes, both clearly girding for battle, but Severus intervened. "Hermione, Lucius has been quite dedicated to me, and I have no doubt that I would be much worse off if he hadn't been here. I appreciate your effort in saving my life, indeed, but you needn't worry about me any longer. I'm well on my way to a full recovery, and Lucius is here beside me every step of the way."

With that, Lucius reached forward and laid a proprietary hand on Severus', scowling at Hermione. Hermione's brows rose in comprehension, and she turned distressed eyes on Severus. "But... what about me? I thought I had been clear in my letters..."

"What letters?" Lucius snapped his gaze to Severus, his tone demanding.

Hermione tossed her head and said, "I've been writing twice a week ever since Severus got here!" She turned beseechingly to Severus, saying, "Severus, I thought we had an understanding. I've been looking forward to coming *home* all this time. Are you telling me that you were toying with me all these months?"

Severus swallowed hard, feeling his Adam's apple sliding along the tight scar tissue. Sliding a guilty look at Lucius, who was staring at him, eyes bright with hurt, he said, "Ah, no, of course not. It's just... well, you see... Lucius and I have an understanding too." Lucius cut a haughty glance at Hermione, caressing Severus' hand. "I hadn't thought such a situation as this would happen, but..." he trailed off, looking back and forth between them. "If there's anything I've learned, it's that I daren't let good things get away, and you *both* are good things. Very good. And I would much rather see you getting along than at each other's throats. Certainly you can see how much better it would be for us *all* to get along?"

He ended on an upward note, his expression earnest. Lucius and Hermione both stared at him, taken aback by his unusual candour. After a beat, they looked at each other, blinking dazedly. Severus took that moment to lift his hands...each with one of theirs clasping it...and place their hands together, wrapping his around them.

Hermione let out a gasp, and Lucius jerked, staring owl-eyed at Severus' hands enveloping his and Hermione's. Lucius' glance at Severus showed his mistrust of the woman he was unexpectedly touching, and his brows quirked with thinly veiled hostility. Severus gazed at Lucius, his expression entreating, and he inclined his head a fraction, tilting it toward the young woman in unspoken encouragement.

Hermione was taken aback at the depth of trust between the two men, evidenced by their body language. Understanding that her chance with Severus was contingent upon her ability to get along with Lucius, Hermione licked her lips and forced herself to relax from her tense posture. Obviously making an effort, she said, "Severus was quite silent about you, Lucius. I would be interested to hear how you came to be here. And..." she faltered a moment, her face falling before she lifted it again and looked him square in the face, continuing, "...I'm glad Severus has had someone who cares about him to help him in my absence."

Lucius saw the white flag for what it was and responded in kind, tamping down his instant wariness in an attempt to accede to Severus' wishes. "It's rather a long and depressing story, Hermione. One that would be better suited over a relaxing dinner. Why don't we take the time tonight, and we can focus now on filling you in on Severus' progress."

Hermione nodded, understanding his desire to put Severus first. Offering a weak smile, she said, "Yes, I'm very interested in hearing about that, Severus, dear." She gently tugged her hand from his encircling grip and lightly caressed his arm, "Tell me how things are going for you."

Severus squeezed Lucius' hand in gratitude and launched into his report, relieved that the two most important people in his life had laid down arms in the hopes of pleasing him. It was an unusual and wonderfully warm feeling, one which he looked forward to cultivating at length.

Dinner that night was the first of many between Lucius and Hermione, in which they gradually resolved their possessive feelings for Severus and eventually came to an understanding of their own. If, a year before, someone had asked either Hermione or Lucius if they would be friends with the other, the answer would have been a resounding no. But, against all odds, in the face of building a life after the devastation of the war, the unlikely pair became allies within an even unlikelier trio.

Initially, only their fervent desire to please Severus led Lucius and Hermione to share their time and attention. Severus, while still at St. Mungo's, felt his heart grow lighter as each week saw more thawing of the frosty barrier between the older Pureblood and the young Muggle-born.

The day they began bickering heatedly about the next proposed course of treatment for Severus, he realized that they had clearly continued their dinners without him, as they were referencing conversations to which he had not been privy. He was surprised and gratified to note that they had apparently been paying close attention and sharing details of their lives with each other when they would throw some tidbit into each other's face in an attempt to support their own views of what course was best.

As the months wore on, those discussions happened again and again, but eventually, the vitriol gave way to a tacit respect. The day Severus watched Hermione blink at Lucius in incredulity at the fact that he had beat her to it in finding the answer about a new experimental mixture of charms and potions, he knew she had hit a turning point in her view of Lucius.

"But..." she stammered, "...but I only just found the appropriate journal today! How on earth did you manage to find it before I did?"

Lucius smirked and drawled, "My dear, the Malfoy line has many connections. And while our name has toppled from its pedestal, I still know how to pull strings when necessary. Severus is important enough to warrant it, wouldn't you agree?"

Hermione stared at him in wonder, her mouth slightly open, as if she had never really seen him before. Her voice was faint as she said, "Of course I agree, Lucius. Well done. And thank you." She smiled at him, her expression a mixture of deeply impressed and mildly envious.

Lucius flushed, swallowing at the jolt in his gut at seeing appreciation in the face of a woman, since all he could remember of Narcissa was tainted by her parting grimace of disgust and her words dripping with bitter disdain. Picking up the journal, he cast a lopsided smile at Hermione and said, "Would you care to join me for tea, and we can see what this is all about?"

Hermione nodded, taking the journal as he proffered it and slipping her hand through his bent arm, allowing him to escort her out of Severus' room. Severus chuckled to himself, never so pleased to have been forgotten before in his life. From that point on, Lucius and Hermione were much more of a cohesive team in support of Severus'

recovery, and the distanced hostility between them melted away.

By the time Severus was released from St. Mungo's, the three of them had hashed out an agreement that they would all reside at Spinner's End, each with their own room, but with the understanding that they were a triad...a family of their own choosing...and with connections that ran deeper than any outsider would have imagined, including themselves at the start of it.

The homecoming was a momentous occasion, one which was celebrated with Hermione and Lucius working together to cook a sumptuous meal for Severus, and which they toasted with one of the wines from Lucius' collection...he had retained his wine cellar in its entirety, as Narcissa wasn't fond of alcohol.

But it was after dinner that their alliance was cemented, when the three of them were seated on the couch before the hearth, Severus in the middle. Delightfully fuzzy after sharing the wine, they sat comfortably, Severus holding each of their hands, just as he had that first time in St. Mungo's.

Hermione snuggled against Severus, her thigh partly covering his and her head resting on his shoulder. Lucius had turned halfway toward Severus, and he was gently smoothing Severus' hair back, tucking the dark locks behind his ear. Severus' eyes were closed and his lips were curved in a faint smile of contentment, his head bowed forward lazily.

After a long silence, Lucius murmured, "Welcome home, Severus."

Severus and Hermione both lifted their heads and looked at him. Severus smiled and leant toward Lucius, lifting his hand and cupping Lucius' chin as he gently pressed a kiss to his lips. Hermione's eyes widened as she watched, her stomach lurching as if she had missed a step going downstairs.

Lucius leant forward, letting Severus resume his position, without breaking the kiss. The hand that had been stroking Severus' hair tangled in it and gripped hard, holding him in place as his lips parted and deepened the kiss. A sigh of satisfaction escaped Severus as he responded in kind. Hermione bit her lower lip, staring in envious fascination.

After several beats, Lucius backed away, locking gazes with Severus, his emotions clear in his eyes. Severus slid a glance at Hermione, who was flushed as well, and held his breath for a moment, afraid of her reaction, as this was the first time they had indulged in such physical intimacy; hospital rooms just really weren't conducive to that sort of thing.

"That was quite a welcome, Lucius." Her voice was husky, and Severus released his breath in relief that she wasn't affronted.

Willing to go out on that limb, Severus said, "Don't you wish me the same welcome, Hermione?" He quirked a teasing smirk at her.

Hermione's eyes flicked between Severus and Lucius. Lucius merely watched, his expression neutral, knowing how delicate the moment was. Looking back at Severus, Hermione saw the appeal in his black eyes and felt another lurch in her belly.

"I daresay all of us deserve a welcome, now that this really is *home*." With that, she squirmed forward and pressed against Severus, kissing him and caressing his leg. Her roaming hand encountered Lucius' where it lay on Severus' thigh, and she twined her fingers in his.

Hermione broke away from the kiss to trail nibbling licks back to Severus' ear and throat, and Severus looked at Lucius. Lucius flashed him a reassuring smile and lifted Hermione's hand, pressing dainty kisses on each fingertip. Severus groaned in delirious gratitude that everything seemed to be falling into place so easily.

The kissing and caressing on the couch progressed to snogging and groping, until all three of them were aroused and needy. Severus in particular was nearly overwhelmed at being the centre of attention between two lovers.

When both Lucius' and Hermione's hands managed to slide into each other along his confined erection, he let loose a string of obscenities that made the other two lock eyes in amusement.

"Why, Severus, such a mouth you have." Lucius cocked an eyebrow at him in mock-reprimand.

Hermione joined him, saying, "Quite a naughty mouth, indeed."

The trenchant look Severus shot at them spoke volumes, but his voice was almost a whisper as he retorted darkly, "You have no idea how naughty this mouth can be... yet."

The matching sharp intakes of breath on either side made Severus smirk, and his gut trembled in anticipation as Lucius said, "Then why don't we retire to your bedroom, Severus, and you can enlighten us."

Flicking a glance at Hermione, Severus saw her pupils dilate, and he rasped, "Yes, let's."

Hermione and Lucius rose, each clasping one of Severus' hands to pull him up. But before they moved from in front of the couch, Lucius lifted his other hand to Hermione's hair, stroking her curls gently. His expression was tender as he said, "Hermione, are you certain you're all right with this?"

Hermione's answer was clear as she closed the distance between them and lifted her face to his, drawing him into a deep, sensual kiss. Severus gave voice to a sound between a moan and a purr as he watched.

When they parted, Lucius smiled and said, "Excellent. Shall we?" He gestured toward the stairs, and they all trooped up to Severus' bedroom, where they crawled onto the bed and resumed their positions from on the couch.

It didn't take long for the two of them to divest Severus of his clothing, and Severus thought he was going to lose his sanity when he felt two pairs of lips closing around the head of his cock in a soulful, tongue-tangling kiss.

His attempts to undress the others were met with limited success, but they eventually finished the job for him, and soon, all three of them were entwined, their naked flesh flushed as they rubbed against one another.

Driven by the strong emotions behind their communion, each of them felt their arousal and attraction increasing beyond their initial expectations, and Severus was exultant when he watched Lucius and Hermione voluntarily extending their attention to one another, instead of using him as the intermediary.

After Lucius and Hermione had been fondling and stroking each other to a fever pitch, they broke apart and returned their focus to Severus. Lucius slid down the bed to rest alongside Severus' thighs, leaning forward to envelop Severus' cock in his mouth. Severus once again swore, and Hermione drawled, "Now, now, Severus, there's that naughty mouth of yours again."

Severus eyed her with wicked intent and said, "Come over here and I'll give you more of it."

Hermione straddled his head and leant forward, her face hovering right over where Lucius was sucking on Severus' cock. Severus gripped her hips and pulled her down, burying his tongue in her core, tasting her wetness and wrenching a shuddering cry of delight from her throat.

It was this way that Hermione came, feeling Severus working magic between her thighs and watching Lucius worship Severus' cock with his mouth. When her convulsive shrieks died, Severus let his head drop onto the pillow, moaning as Lucius cupped Severus' balls and squeezed, sucking hard and drawing him in deep.

Severus' hoarse shouts echoed off the walls as he climaxed, spurting come into Lucius' waiting mouth. Hermione carefully moved to one side, watching the muscles

contracting along Severus' lean body. Lucius held still...his lips locked around Severus' cock...until Severus calmed, then he slowly dragged his lips up to the tip, kissing the head as he pulled away.

Lucius looked up at Hermione, who was still dazed and flushed after her orgasm, and rose onto his hands and knees over Severus, closing the distance between them. Hermione's eyes widened in comprehension as Lucius came nearer, and she gasped before meeting him in a deep kiss, sharing the taste of Severus' come on Lucius' tongue.

Severus moaned in tortured ecstasy at the sight. When they broke away, both Hermione and Severus looked down at Lucius' erection, still unsatisfied. Severus reached out to stroke it, and Lucius' eyes closed in appreciation.

But it was hard to tell who was more surprised when Hermione crawled around Severus to Lucius' side and caressed him, pressing her breasts against his chest and trailing kisses along his throat and back to his ear, saying, "Your turn, Lucius. If you'll have me, take me."

Both men gazed at her in shock, and Lucius murmured, "Of course I want you, but are you sure?"

Hermione cast a questioning look at Severus and said, "As long as Severus doesn't mind."

Severus shoved up onto his elbows and shook his head vehemently. He had never dared imagine that things would go so far and so well so quickly. "Please, enjoy."

Hermione kissed Lucius again and drew him down beside Severus as he squirmed to the side to give them plenty of room. Settling on her back, she wrapped her legs around Lucius' hips, her heels pressing against his thighs to urge him forward.

Lucius' groan of pleasure grew louder as he sank into her depths, revelling in the feel of her wet heat squeezing him tight. Severus' hand alternated between caressing Lucius' back and Hermione's breast, his eyes trained unblinkingly on the erotic beauty before him.

Lucius' thrusts became faster and more erratic, and Hermione's answering gasps and cries spurred him to his peak. With a roar muffled by Hermione's lips as he pinned her with a devouring kiss, Lucius came, sweat glistening in the dim light of the candles along the walls.

Hermione and Severus both stroked his hair and back, easing him down from the pinnacle of his ecstasy. With a deep sigh of repletion, he sagged to one side, rolling between Hermione and Severus. Hermione caressed his arm where it lay across her ribs and bent the knee that wasn't covered by Lucius' leg. Severus spooned against Lucius, his taller frame wrapping around him as he pressed kisses along the other man's shoulder and neck.

Basking in the afterglow, they dozed for a while. Then, as their bodies cooled, they squirmed at the chill, and they all woke to rearrange themselves under the covers. Severus took up residence in the centre, and Hermione curled up along one side, her head pillowed on his chest and his arm draped around her shoulders. Lucius stretched along his other side, flinging one leg over Severus to rest against Hermione's.

Severus was completely surrounded by the warmth of bodies and affection, and he fell asleep reflecting that, had he known this would happen, he would have thought he really *had* died and gone to heaven.

That homecoming encounter set the stage for more like it, all of which journeyed farther down the path of both domestic and erotic bliss and solidified the love which had bloomed between the three of them.

Thus it was that the two men shot to their feet instantly when Hermione arrived home from work, Lucius handing her a glass of wine as Severus removed her travelling cloak and briefcase from her person. Hermione smiled in appreciation, kissing Lucius in thanks, then kissing Severus when he returned from putting away her things.

Severus led her to the couch, where Lucius had already perched on one end with a pillow in his lap, and she sank onto the centre cushion, turning to lean against Lucius and the pillow. Severus slid under her feet, pulling her shoes and stockings off to rub her soles and ankles while Lucius kneaded her scalp.

Hermione once again reflected that scalp and foot massages were hedonistic beyond imagination, and she was the luckiest witch alive to not only get them from her mate, but to get them both at the same time, from both of her mates! Even so, they weren't exactly a commonplace occurrence, which spurred her to a question. "Mmm, what's the occasion? Wine and a massage even before dinner? What's going on?"

The men exchanged matching smiles. Severus let his hands trail up Hermione's legs, gently caressing her thighs and eliciting a gasp. "Don't you remember what happened three years ago?"

Lucius added, "On this very couch?" He slid his fingertips over her face and down her throat to tease the swell of her breasts under her robes.

Hermione's eyes snapped open in comprehension and she struggled to sit up. Gripping their hands in hers, she looked between them and said, "I can't believe I didn't recognize the date! I'm so sorry, loves."

Lucius chuckled and squeezed her hand. "You're the one working all the time, dearest. It's all too easy to lose track of the days. Whereas Severus and I are left to our own devices here all day, every day, so we have the time and inclination to make anniversaries special, as idle hands make mischief."

Severus snorted faintly, saying, "Then again, there are some kinds of mischief that are more fun anyway." At Hermione's and Lucius' answering smirks, he added, "Let's enjoy dinner, and then we can celebrate."

Hermione nodded, darting in to kiss him and then Lucius before springing to her feet. Flashing a wicked grin at them, she lilted, "Eat up, lads. I daresay you'll need your energy before long," before spinning and dashing off to the kitchen.

Lucius stood and extended a hand to Severus. Severus took it and pulled himself up, saying, "She'll be the death of us yet."

Lucius tugged Severus closer and wrapped his arms around his waist, kissing him gently. Resting his forehead against Severus', he murmured, "On the contrary, love. She's the one who brought us to this life."

Severus smiled and breathed, "Indeed," turning to walk arm in arm with Lucius to the kitchen so they could join their other third, Hermione, and complete the circle of love and life once again.