

The Truth About ABE Skylight

by karelia

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Originally written for MoreThanSirius and Mollyssister and posted to the LJ community *morethanmolly*.

Severus fingered his way underneath her clothes, then unceremoniously rid her of them with one hand as he suckled her pale, firm flesh, his pitch-black eyes never leaving her dewy ones until his throbbing member demanded definite action. His hand snaked into her sweet-smelling, curly locks, holding her still for his kiss. The other one glided onto her bum, kneading it rhythmically, crushing the red, silky material between his fingers as he explored her intimate contours.

Hermione frowned at the choice of name the author had bestowed upon his or her hero before she read on. *As if my Severus were that tasteless... And red! Oh, please!* An exasperated sigh escaped her as she read on.

Her welcoming warmth was now teasing his erection, which was becoming painful. Her hands appeared to be everywhere, running over his back, over his arse, and over his chest. She arched upwards in an attempt to draw him into her warmth. Finally, with a flexing of his hips, he was sheathed within her tight, wet heat. They groaned in unison as her doe-like eyes met his deep, black orbs.

"How can anyone write such tripe," Hermione muttered with disdain and nearly put the paperback she'd confiscated from Violet Black, a fifth-year Hufflepuff...the foolish girl had claimed absolute innocence even though the book had lain on her desk for anyone to see...on the shelf to join the slew of teachers' finds, but she read on, content in the knowledge that it was for no other reason than watching the proverbial train wreck.

Suddenly, he drew away, but Hermione pulled him back instantly until his weeping member was entirely buried inside her. He could not help it; he had to thrust, again and again. She met him thrust for thrust, her eyes dewy but focused on his face.

"What the hell?" Her eyes widened at the recognition of her own first name; both names were too rare to be used in a work of fiction. She looked at the front cover. It was, without a doubt, a Muggle book. The trashiest of romances, authored by one ABE Skylight, who was, according to the back cover, a bestselling novelist.

When Severus entered the staffroom, Hermione thrust the book into his hands. "Read this!"

Looking at the unmoving picture on the front, he raised an eyebrow. "Since when do you like Muggle romance? Or do I not... suffice?"

Hermione rolled her eyes. "This drivel is not in the least stimulating. And unless you've developed *aweeping member*, in which case I'll send you straight to St Mungo's, I can only assume the choice of names isn't coincidence. But read for yourself."

He obliged her, and as he read, his eyebrow rose and rose until it nearly met his hairline, which, unlike the youngest Malfoy's, continued to remain where his forehead ended. "What the hell?"

"Exactly." Her eyes met his. "Strange, isn't it? Our names cannot possibly be beaten where unpopularity is concerned, so I'm starting to think along the lines of... something strange going on."

"I'd love to dig and find some information, but if we don't get ready now, we'll be late for dinner with the Minister."

Hermione closed her eyes and groaned. "Damn, I forgot it's Thursday."

"Getting old, darling? We've only been having dinner with Kingsley every Thursday for the past, oh, eight years?" He smirked at her glare. "If it helps, I promise to prove a lack of... er, *weeping* when we get back."

"Aw," she crooned. "Will there be tongue involved?"

"There may," he said blandly, "if you promise to rewrite that scene of drivel to my liking." His eyes glinted.

She regarded him. "You do know I'm an Arithmancer, not a writer, don't you?"

"I do. But I'd like to find out if you have talent in the writing department, too. I wouldn't be surprised. After all, you're a witch with many talents."

"That I am. Now, we better go and get ready. Kingsley mentioned he had some new poetry verses for us." She let him pull her up from the chair, and hand in hand, the couple returned to their dungeon quarters to prepare for the evening out. Hermione fondly remembered the first time they'd wandered through Hogwarts' corridors, hands entwined. Hundreds of eyes had popped out, but not a single student had dared say a word, and not even Hooch had commented, only grinned and leered.

Dinner with Kingsley was delightful as always. What had started off as simple get-togethers at the end of the war...a group of survivors aching for some normalcy within lives ripped apart by death and agony...had soon turned into an institution when a handful of Order members realised they shared a love for poetry and prose. Over the years, only the Malfoys had been added to their small circle.

Hermione enjoyed seeing Harry and Ginny on a regular basis, as well as Andromeda, who always managed to elicit laughter out of everyone waxing poetic about young Teddy's antics. She had even come to relish Narcissa's company; the blonde had a surprisingly sharp wit if one managed to find a way past her snootiness. Hermione suspected Kingsley had started to invite the Malfoys not only because of Severus but because he was sweet on the blond beauties, yet one never knew with Kingsley, and she was content to simply enjoy Thursday nights. It was, after all, where she'd come to know Severus, fallen in love with him, and shared her first kiss with him.

Hermione had been enjoying their relationship too much to care that he liked men...one man...nearly as much as her. "Just, uh, don't tell me the details, okay?" she'd said, and that was that until she did ask him for details. At first it had sounded of purely clinical interest, but as the conversation had drawn on, Severus had not been able to help wondering if she'd, perhaps, harboured some interest in his black lover.

The morel and spinach soufflé following Kingsley's reading of his own poetry...his exceptionally deep and reassuring voice only added to the quality...was most excellent. Hermione wondered, as she did nearly every week, how the wizard managed to find the time to write and cook such fantastic meals between his ever-consuming position as Minister of Magic when he had one elderly house-elf and refused offers of more elf help.

"I am puzzled as to how he manages," said Narcissa, echoing Hermione's own thoughts. "He spends at least ten hours a day working, has engagements nearly every day, and still manages to serve us food befitting gods..." She sounded disbelieving.

"Surely, you've heard the rumours about a Time-Turner having popped up, and nobody knows who has it," Hermione said wryly.

Narcissa snorted delicately. "Indeed. I've been wondering."

Dessert was a delicate combination of crème brûlée and chocolate tart, and generous servings of Turkish coffee followed by a variety of liquor offerings concluded the evening.

It was long past midnight when Hermione and Severus fell into bed, exhausted from a long day.

"Did you enjoy yourself?" he asked into the dark, his long fingers languidly trailing her collarbone.

"Yes, I've had an excellent time as always," she replied. "Now, weren't you going to prove something to me?" She turned towards him, and her hand wandered down along his stomach. When it reached its destination, she snickered. "Not weeping, what a relief."

"Oh, great relief! I'd hate having to spend the night in St Mungo's..." His own fingers were now caressing her breasts, carefully ensuring each received equal attention. He smirked to himself when she uttered a low moan. "Do that again, love," Severus demanded.

"Make me." He could almost hear her smirk.

"As you wish." It was a very low growl, and she shivered and whimpered while giving his favourite body part renewed attention.

"Talk to me, Severus."

A grin spread across his face. He would always maintain he wasn't handsome, but the witch beside him...he shifted into a position half atop her now...had certainly convinced him of the power his voice and hands had over her.

"Talk? I didn't realise you wanted *talk* when you mentioned tongue this afternoon."

Her sigh turned into a moan when the mentioned body part found its goal. "Oh... In that case, don't talk..."

Small whimpers and low growls occasionally interrupted the silence while each focused on bestowing pleasure on the other until both cried out in completion.

"I love you," she said as she nestled into his shoulder.

"And I love you." He pulled her yet closer. He'd never tire of hearing or saying it, ever since that first time he'd uttered the words in the throes of orgasm, unaware at the time that he'd meant them. Life, he reflected, had been dealing him a fair hand since the end of the war that had nearly killed him. His witch not only loved him with all her heart but never objected to his relationship with Kingsley. Both Hermione and Kingsley had also been unconditionally supportive when he'd broached the subject of the Malfoys, his oldest friends, joining their Thursday get-togethers.

"Sure," Hermione had said, "as long as they can contain themselves and not call me Mudblood, I have no problem with them coming to the dinners at Kingsley's."

He'd frowned then. "Do you think I'd want them near me if they dared? Both Malfoys know about us. Besides, the months they spent with the Dark Lord really took them down a peg or two. And Narcissa loves poetry." And she'd been satisfied with that and accepted the couple into their small circle of friends.

Kingsley had been equally sympathetic. "If nothing else, they're both eye candy," he'd said, never one to hide his appreciation for beauty, and that had been the end of the matter for him.

Content and sated, Severus drifted off to sleep.

"Ah," Severus said as he entered the living room, "that book again." He was beginning to wonder what Hermione's fascination was with purple prose.

She frowned. "I can't help but think the author knows us. She even has her characters living in a castle that's been converted into a boarding school!"

"Are you saying you are not reading it for its erotic value?" he asked, keeping his voice deliberately plain.

The look on her face was incredulous. "Oh, please, Severus! Erotic value my arse."

"Your arse has great erotic value," he couldn't help pointing out.

She rolled her eyes and leafed through the pages. "Here, tell me this rubbish sounds erotic:*Her lady garden's scent reminded him of the rose garden of his youth, and unable to resist, he followed his urge to dive right in to explore.*" She looked at him. "That would positively put me off the act, you know."

He didn't bother to suppress the snicker. "I see what you mean." Then, he smirked. "That reminds me: Weren't you going to write a scene more to my liking?"

Hermione grinned sheepishly. "I hoped you'd forgotten. But all right. I need a practice session, though, in order to get a better idea."

"A truly poor excuse, yet one of your better ideas." He flicked his wand to lock the door and then focused on her. "Now, where to start..."

"All sex scenes start with a kiss," Hermione declared.

His eyes met hers. "I see. How come I've missed you becoming an authority on prose?"

"Let me rephrase: all the sex scenes in *this* book, of which there are many, start with Severus kissing Hermione." She sounded exasperated.

"Ah. But I want you to write something that is erotic as opposed to cheesy. You know, forgoing weeping members and perhaps not mention orbs either. And stay away from globes, I beg you."

"Oh?" Her faked pout jerked his hedonistic side into life. "No lady gardens either, then?"

Severus snorted. "Most definitely not!" He watched her contemplatively. "So, what's your opening line?"

She looked deep in thought for a while, then started, *'His eyes raked over her enticing form as something deep inside him stirred into action'* There, how's that?"

Severus focused on her. "Quite... sexy, I'd say," he replied, keeping eye contact with her. Slowly, his eyes and hands moved in unison to her torso, his fingers lightly stroking her ribs, her stomach, and he occasionally purred in a low voice, delighting in the shivers it caused in her. "Your next sentence?" His hands stopped moving.

"That's not fair," she cried out. Her pout was real now and elicited a low chuckle from him.

"Nobody mentioned fair, my love." He hoped he'd be able to refrain from touching her until she'd come up with the next sentence.

Hermione remained silent for a little while and then uttered a long sigh while he breathed a discreet sigh of relief. "All right, then. How about...*Finally, their eyes met as his hands slowly moved over her torso, leaving a feather-light trail of tickles in their wake that made her almost breathless.* Will that do?"

He weighed her words and then nodded. "It will. For now."

Hermione shuddered and sighed in bliss once his hands took up their pleasurable task again. Her fingers found his head and tangled his hair, occasionally tugging as his administrations heightened her pleasure.

"Gorgeous," he breathed and stopped the movement of his hands momentarily, eliciting another whimper from her. His head bent towards her face, and his lips landed on hers, which parted instantly to allow him entry.

He left her mouth to explore other parts, gliding down her neck, showering her with just a hint of little licks, further down to her breasts and eventually lower.

His chuckle came from deep within. "Beautiful." His demand of the next sentence from her forgotten, he moved his head downward, and his tongue now leafed over the soft skin of her stomach, ever moving further, occasionally leaving feathery kisses here and there, extracting low moans from her.

Shudders of obvious delight...and anticipation...shook her body. He relished every single one.

"Severus..." It was whispered in near ecstasy.

"Like this?" His tongue moved in ever smaller circles. "Or like that?" His tongue was smoothly replaced by one finger as his other digits delved deeper.

"Oh, yes..." She arched further up into his hand, fingers, tongue, until finally, he felt her sides starting to contract with increasing intensity.

His deep chuckle prolonged her shuddering. "My goddess." His voice was filled with the deep satisfaction he sensed within.

"Hermione," Severus started, "when you go and feed your LOLcat addiction, do a search for ABE Skylight while you're there." Reading more of the book had turned out to be somewhat eerie, for the author seemed to know at least something of his and Hermione's life; there were too many similarities about the characters and the setting to be coincidental, though admittedly, plot was sorely lacking.

She looked at him with a surprised expression. "Are you saying you won't complain when I go to the internet café in Aberdeen?"

"Not unless you come back and talk in that despicable manner," he muttered.

She pouted and purred, "Aw, teh professr iznt lieking teh lolcats."

He frowned and then kissed her, figuring it was the easiest way to silence her.

"I should speak LOLcat more often if it means I get more snogs out of you," she said, a mischievous grin flashing across her features.

"Go, unless you wish to be ravished right now," he ground out. "And besides, I don't *snog*!"

She tousled his hair with affection. "Keep that thought. I shan't be longer than an hour, and hopefully, a Google search will yield some information on this Skylight person. At least I hope so." Her expression turned impish again. "And when I come back, I'll speak like the LOLcats, and then I'll ravish you with the gusto." She ducked out under his arms, laughing, and headed towards the door. "See you in a bit."

"Wench," he hissed. Even when she talked in this idiotic LOLcat manner, he found her endearing. He wondered if love had completely addled his brain and decided to go for a brisk walk in the rapidly cooling weather in hopes of clearing his mind. With Halloween gone, nature was swiftly settling in for her long winter sleep.

Shortly before a full hour had passed, he stepped into his boots and set out for a walk along the edge of the Forbidden Forest. If he timed it right, he'd see Hermione return through the gate.

He did manage to reach the vicinity of the gate, and she hurried towards him the moment he waved at her.

"Oh, Severus, I didn't find out much. She seems to be a very elusive person. Never gives interviews, never autographs her books, you know, anything the big-selling authors do, she doesn't. That almost convinces me she's a witch. Or maybe the author is a he, I don't know. All I did find out is that her or his full name is A Beckon Ells Skylight. Weird enough to not be a Muggle, don't you think?"

He embraced her, glad she was back with most of the weekend still ahead of them, and said, "What, no LOLcat speak?"

"No, not now. I'm miffed that I found out so little about this author." She did not look happy.

"It's not that important, Hermione. We have a day and a half free to enjoy ourselves, and we might as well focus on that."

Kingsley started to read his haiku from the parchment in his deep, deep voice that made Severus harden, Hermione nearly squirm, and Narcissa's face turn into a rare, genuine smile.

"I like happiness

It is what I've been blessed with

For so many years

It is time for change

Time to focus on my life

Without job pressure

Too young to quit work?

Not too young to retire

Since I have plenty

Time-Turner, perhaps?

You want it? So fine, have it!

Think about it, though.

"And that, my dear friends, concludes tonight's reading. Now, on to dinner." He sat down in his usual spot at the top of the table, next to Severus on one side and Harry on the other.

Nobody spoke, and nobody paid attention to the food appearing on the dining table until Narcissa piped up, "Kingsley, you can't just resign as Minister! Where would our world go? You must have someone in mind to replace you!"

"Oh, I do, Cissy, trust me. I do," Kingsley replied softly, his expression uncommonly smug. When it became obvious he wasn't going to give anything else away, the people at the table concentrated on the superb food in front of them.

Once Hermione had eaten, she turned to Kingsley across the table. "You don't mean Harry, do you?" she asked, her voice filled with worry. "He may be suitable for the position in ten years' time, but surely you don't consider him ready now?"

"Exactly, Hermione. It's too early for him." Kingsley regarded her curiously. "I take it, then, Severus has not mentioned anything to you?"

Hermione shook her head. "What should he have mentioned?"

The Minister's face took on a decidedly sheepish expression. "Uh..." He shot a pleading glance in Severus's direction, who ignored him entirely. "Perhaps... Uh... Never mind." He sighed. "I suppose he really does mean no." He looked crestfallen.

Hermione turned to her partner. "Severus?"

"It's a non-issue, so I've not mentioned it." He didn't look at her.

"Oh, Severus, you could at least have told her!" Kingsley said. Then he turned to Hermione. "I asked him to consider the position for a term or two."

"Of Minister?" she asked, obviously surprised.

"Yes. I'd imagine Severus would do well, and it would bridge the years until Harry is sufficiently mature, at least where age is concerned," Kingsley replied.

"I think that's an excellent idea!" Harry said rather enthusiastically.

Severus rolled his eyes at him. "What, doubling my work hours? I think not, Potter."

"Well, you don't have to keep as busy as Kingsley does," he countered, and Kingsley nodded.

"Honestly, Severus, you should consider it," Narcissa chimed in.

Hermione regarded him silently until he finally looked at her. "They are right, Severus. You'd be a better replacement for Kingsley than anyone else I can think of. You may not admit it, but you do enjoy being loved by everyone, and I have no doubt that Kingsley will help you any time you need it."

"Oh, absolutely," Kingsley said hurriedly. He smiled at his lover. "I don't expect you to do it as a favour to me, you know that. But I do think you'd be an excellent choice, Severus. And I will not step down until I have the agreement of a worthy replacement."

Severus sighed dramatically. "Look, if I promise to think it over, can we please change the subject now?"

"Yes, darling, gladly," Hermione said and turned to Narcissa. "Have you ever read any Muggle romance?"

The Malfoy blonde averted her eyes. "Occasionally. Though most of it wasn't worth the paper it was printed on."

"Hm..." Hermione gazed at her. "Would you know of an author by the name of ABE Skylight?"

"N-no," the blonde replied. "Why do you ask? You never struck me as someone into Muggle romance. That's considered quite trashy amongst the scholarly types, is it not?"

"Oh, absolutely." Hermione sounded serene. "I confiscated the book from a fifth year...Violet Black is related to you, isn't she?...and opened it out of inane curiosity. Imagine my surprise when I found a hero by the name of Severus and a heroine called Hermione." She smiled.

Narcissa swallowed visibly. "That's... interesting."

Severus was surprised Hermione waited until they were in bed that night before she brought up the subject of Narcissa's behaviour. "Yes, I noticed the same, love," he said, his fingers trailing down her front. "I wouldn't be surprised if she was involved in this mystery somehow. Though I doubt she is the writer; surely, Lucius would ensure she shows more style than that," he added with disdain before concentrating on taking her mind off any books entirely.

Later, Hermione asked, "Can't you use Legilimens on Narcissa? I know it's not an elegant way to go about it, but this has really started to bother me..."

"I will have to consider it if I find no other way. I'm seeing Lucius for a drink on Tuesday; perhaps he knows something. It's usually easier for me to wiggle out information from him, especially if some decent port is involved." He pulled her closer. "And by the way, I have no wish to run for Minister."

She sighed and snuggled into him. "I didn't think you had. I'm quite content with the way my life is now, with you here at Hogwarts. You did enough for the wizarding world; you really don't owe them anything. Though I can't blame Kingsley for trying."

"I suggested Arthur as Minister, and I'm certain Kingsley will be happy to take on an advisory role for the next term or two. It would enable him to spend more time as he wishes and still be involved in politics to some extent," Severus said.

"I think that's an excellent idea," she said, sounding pleased. "I like it better than you becoming Minister. I'd be afraid I'd never see you, looking at how busy Kingsley keeps."

"Yes, but Kingsley likes it that way, though I suspect he is getting tired now and craving for some normalcy. He's not had it for so long; first the war, and once that was over, he became Minister right away..."

He lay awake for a while after Hermione had fallen asleep, pondering his decision, the future of the wizarding world, and indulging in the soothing belief that nothing would change for him except, perhaps, that Kingsley's presence would feature somewhat more in his life, which he didn't mind in the least.

Meeting with Lucius had been entertaining, but Severus had learned soon enough that his friend was absolutely clueless. Not that it'd come as a surprise; he figured that as long as Lucius was assured of his wife's love, she could take over the world with the darkest motive imaginable, and he'd be perfectly oblivious to it.

"I suppose I'm going to have to resort to Legilimens," Severus said with a sigh.

Hermione pulled him towards her. "You don't have to, you know? If you'd rather not, I'll completely understand." She proved her understanding...and compassion...with a searing kiss, and he felt his heart swell.

"No, love. I wish to get to the bottom of this as much as you do. I have no doubt your notion was right that this author knows us. Or of us at least. And if Narcissa reacts strangely, then it has to mean she knows something." He returned her kiss. "How about we take this to the bedroom or the desk? I don't care if we're late for dinner," he said in his lowest rumble.

"I thought you'd never ask," she muttered, took his hand, and led him towards his office where Severus's obscenely large desk was awaiting them.

During the following weekly dinner with the Minister, Severus casually cast the spell to enter Narcissa's mind. He still felt uncomfortable about the deed, but neither he nor Hermione had come up with a solution to resolve this puzzle otherwise. He did manage to maintain his cool exterior, although as soon as dinner was over, he whispered to Hermione, "We need to leave. Now."

Hermione had been unusually quiet during dinner, probably paying attention to him and trying to figure out when or even if he'd been using Legilimens, so it came as no surprise to anyone when she stood, took his hand, and excused them claiming a headache.

"Do I want to know what you found out?" Hermione asked as they arrived just outside the gate of the school grounds.

Severus smirked. "I think you do." He pulled her closer and kissed her thoroughly before he began to enlighten her. "A few years ago, you and I had a conversation..."

Hermione rolled her eyes. "I'm impressed. You and I had a conversation."

"... About relationships." When she cast a questioning glance at him, he clarified, "My relationships."

"Oh. I see. And?"

"I was, at the time, under the impression that you were...perhaps morbidly...interested in knowing whether Kingsley liked you as well and wondered if he liked you that way, and I shared my thoughts with him." He almost squirmed admitting that.

"Oh, Severus." She pulled him into an embrace.

"Stop it, witch. It's too cold to make love out here," he grumbled and, to his dismay, was met with a giggle.

"Ever heard of Warming Charms?" she snickered, then put her hands on his face. "I couldn't help wondering, you know. Here I was, absolutely besotted with you, and while I would not have tolerated another witch, I did not feel threatened by your relationship with another man. Which of course led me to wonder how Kingsley felt about me or how I felt about him."

He faced her now. "And how *do* you feel about him?"

She shrugged. "He's quite attractive as far as guys go, and he has a brain, which definitely is a bonus. Plus, he is my favourite man's lover. How can I not like him?" She

pulled his face closer and bestowed a kiss on his lips. "Now, are you going to tell me what you saw?"

He kissed her back and then nodded ruefully. "Come; let's walk back before we grow roots here." He took her hand and started walking towards the castle, thinking a moment longer about how to broach the subject of his findings.

Finally, taking a deep breath, he started, "A few years ago, Narcissa had a conversation with Kingsley, in which she essentially encouraged him to, uh, explore his sexuality. He'd always thought himself gay, but when you and I found each other, he started to wonder..." He trailed off, almost hearing her mind working furiously.

Suddenly, her hand hit her forehead. "I'm an idiot! Why didn't I think of this before? A Beckon Ells Skylight..." she muttered and, increasing her walking speed, added, "Come on. I need to check something, but I need quill and parchment." After a moment, she looked at him from the side. "So he started to wonder, and...?"

They'd reached the front doors now. "Yes, he started to wonder if he might be bisexual. Narcissa, being who she is, encouraged him to figure it out."

"And she made him write his fantasies." Hermione was now pulling him along hurriedly to their quarters, and the instant they arrived, she dived for parchment and quill and started writing furiously, then pulled her wand out to cast silent spells. After barely a minute, she let out a triumphant yell. "Yes!"

Severus glanced at the parchment and smirked. "As I was saying... Narcissa suggested he explore his thoughts through writing, knowing Kingsley likes to write. He already had a couple of poetry books published in the Muggle world, so it wasn't that hard for him to find a publisher for his written, er, fantasies."

Hermione nodded. "And of course, he happened to hit a market that was starving for cheesy, purple prose." She smirked back at him. "Damn. I'm normally the first to check for any anagrams. Why did it take me this long?" She shook her head.

Severus placed his hand on her chin and tilted her head. "Because you had to figure out something, perhaps?"

Hermione averted her eyes. "I guess..."

"Look at me!" He didn't sound harsh, but his words and tone nevertheless did not allow refusal, and she finally looked up to glance at him.

"I've always known, if not consciously, that it would come to this. I don't know, Severus. I have no idea how I would feel being with two guys. I know there is something very special between you and Kingsley, and I know the same of us. All I can say is that I like Kingsley, and I'm willing to give it a try."

Severus pulled her close to him. "You are one amazing witch, my love."

She smiled against his shoulder. "So you tell me."

Hand in hand, they entered the bedroom, occasionally stopping on their way to bed to rid the other of some clothing.

Severus steered her towards the bed. "Tomorrow, we'll pay a visit to Kingsley. Tonight, though, you are mine." His voice was a low rumble, causing Hermione to shiver.

It was not quite daylight when the knock on the door woke both Hermione and Severus. He rose and hurried to answer the door, assuming it was some school-related emergency.

"Okay, okay, so now you know!" Kingsley stumbled inside without waiting to be invited in. "Can you blame me?" His expression was at the same time mutinous and desperate.

"No, love. Never," Severus said softly and ushered him towards the bedroom. "Join us, why don't you?"

"Hello, Kingsley," Hermione said and smiled at him. "How is the hunt for a Minister going?"

"Oh, Arthur has accepted...which means I have a lot of time plus a Time-Turner." He grinned at her uncertainly.

"Excellent! In a way I'm very glad that Severus isn't taking on the job." She looked at him curiously. "Oh, why don't you join us here in bed? Severus is not opposed to it, and that's fine with me." A smile flashed across her face.

"And with me," came Severus's voice.

"Really, Sev? You don't mind?" Kingsley sounded disbelieving.

"I've been benefiting for years, so why shouldn't Hermione, too?" He chuckled.

"Hermione. May I kiss you?" Kingsley asked as he made himself at home on the bed.

"Oh, yes, sure, if Severus has no objections." She cast a questioning glance at Severus, who shook his head, looking uncommonly serious.

Kingsley tasted fine. Very different from Severus, but nevertheless entirely acceptable. "So... what brought you here this early?" Hermione asked.

"Oh, never mind that. Let's just say Narcissa..." His voice was a very low rumble, much lower than Severus's.

She couldn't help the giggle. Or the shudder.

"Actually, I think that was Narcissa's greatest deed..." She sighed as his mouth moved from her chin downward to her neck and then her breasts. "That feels wonderful..."

When Severus joined in, his familiar hands, his familiar tongue, she uttered, "Beautiful."

Kingsley added a new dimension. His tongue was more velvety, somewhat rougher, like an unworked diamond, and it perfectly complemented Severus's perfect touches. Hermione sighed contentedly. "Please, more."

The black man was still busy kissing his way down her torso when Severus's fingers reached her core, making her cry out.

"Oi! Unfair!" he objected.

"No. Not unfair. I know what she likes, but trust me, the greatest pleasure is in finding out," Severus ground out and returned to his task at hand. And mouth.

Once Hermione experienced that first bout of satiation, she took to studying Kingsley's body. He was muscular, which surprised her, given his lifestyle of being Minister, fond of writing, and fond of food. He was also bigger than Severus, she noted. And black, she realised with amazement. All in all, she thought, the perfect addition to her relationship. Where Severus was doubtlessly the Yang, Kingsley was the Yin. And vice versa.

She learned quickly that Kingsley enjoyed her hands but not her mouth except for kissing. He was also far more focused on her erogenous zones, which hadn't taken him long to find. *Good start*, she thought as her handywork brought him to completion, but was very much side-tracked as she watched Severus entering him and then crying out as he peaked.

When all lay together...Hermione in the middle...sated, she said lazily, "So, fine, we seem to be sort of compatible in bed, but what about, you know, outside of bed?"

Kingsley turned to face her, then glanced at Severus. "How long have we known each other, Hermione?" he asked as his eyes returned to her, his voice serious.

"Oh, well over a decade," Hermione said, looking at him curiously.

"And what's your impression as to compatibility in general?" He still sounded serious, though his eyes sparkled.

"Well..." she started hesitatingly, "I guess we have quite a bit in common, even aside from our joint lover." Hermione grinned at him sheepishly.

"I'm glad we agree on that," Kingsley said in his lowest voice, then kissed her again until Severus pushed him aside.

"Oi. My woman."

"And mine," Kingsley grumbled.

"Nah," Hermione said, giggling. "You're both my men."

Fin

A/N: Grateful thanks to mischievous_t, kittylefish and astopperindeath for the cheering and constructive advice, and to stefdarlin for the lightning-fast beta.