

# Beyond the Door

*by Ladymage Samiko*

Draco stumbles onto a scene he *ought* to wish he hadn't found.

## Beyond the Library Door

*Chapter 1 of 7*

Draco stumbles onto a scene he *ought* to wish he hadn't found.

### *Beyond the Library Door*

Draco slipped quietly into the house; he didn't need to startle Father awake.

Frowning, Draco noticed firelight flickering through the open library door—strange at this late hour. Cautiously, Draco slid inside—and gaped.

There, before the fireplace, lay Granger, clothed only in her superabundance of hair. Curled around her was Severus, head nestled on her shoulder. Sprawled alongside, outflung arm *her* pillow, was... Father.

For long moments, Draco gazed with a wistful envy at how neatly the three fit together. Silently, he retreated—for his camera. Father would appreciate the photograph.

And blackmail would pay for new silk robes.

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AN: I was reading some threesome fics this morning, which prompted this little drabble. It needed quite a bit of pruning (160 => 100 words), which chopped down Draco's reactions more than I would've liked.

## Beyond the Study Door

*Chapter 2 of 7*

Lucius informs Hermione & Severus of the situation.

*Beyond the Study Door*

"He has *what*?"

Somehow, Lucius hadn't expected Hermione to have such a shrill, girlish scream. "A photograph. Of us. *All* of us," he clarified. "From All Hallows, when my *dear* little boy was supposed to be properly debauching himself in London." He glanced, slightly nervous, at Severus, who was characteristically silent.

"*All Hallows*," Hermione repeated, shoving her hair back. She blinked, and in quite a different voice, "That was quite a good night, wasn't it?"

"Quite," Lucius purred. "The scents of leather, parchment, and ink do *wonders* for you two, apparently."

Only someone watching closely could have detected Severus's smile.

## Beyond the Second-Best-Guestroom-with-Green-Silk-Wallpaper Door

*Chapter 3 of 7*

The trio view the evidence and consider their options.

*Beyond the Second-Best-Guestroom-with-Green-Silk-Wallpaper Door*

"Thoughtful child, having it framed," Severus commented drily.

"Quite." Lucius was equally dry—verbally, at least.

Hermione rolled over, plucking the photograph from Severus's hands. "It's actually rather lovely, though, isn't it?"

"Mmm," came the chorus of agreement as the two men bracketed her on either side.

"And his price for the negatives?"

"*Tsukinowa* silk robes," Lucius grumbled. "Rather minimal, actually. I imagine it's just for form's sake, really."

"So tell him to publish and be damned," Snape shrugged.

"Let's just pay him." They gave Hermione matching incredulous looks. "I want my own copy," she insisted, adding, "But do make him sweat a little, first."

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AN: *Tsukinowa* silk is my own invention for a ve~ery old fanfic. It is made from the cocoons of Japanese *youkai* (demon) moths. ^\_^

As always, a token in the little box is much appreciated.

## Beyond the Burrow Door

*Chapter 4 of 7*

Lucius and Severus make a public statement... in a manner of speaking.

The party was meant to be small; how *those two* had gotten in was beyond Ron's comprehension.

"Happy Birthday!"

"Open mine first!" Ron urged.

"Severus and I have both brought a small honorarium, Miss Granger," Lucius interjected smoothly, Weasley's antics inspiring a disdainful eyebrow.

"Why not?" Hermione grinned, adding flippantly, "I enjoy getting presents from strange men!" She neatly slid silver ribbon from Severus's box. With an amused expression at the contents, she set it aside and opened Lucius's.

"Well?" Ginny demanded. "Show!"

Dead silence followed as Hermione displayed the miniscule lace brassière from Severus and matching knickers from Lucius.

Hope you enjoyed and, as always, a little token in the review box is much appreciated.

## Beyond Miss Granger's Door

*Chapter 5 of 7*

...in which we turn back the clock to see the roots of the tale.

### *Beyond Miss Granger's Door*

(A prequel set to the previous drabbles)

"Irrepressible," Snape muttered.

"Who is?" Hermione looked up.

"Lucius. He's sent you a missive."

She appeared amused. "Opening my mail now, hm?"

"When it comes from *him*, I am."

"Naturally. What's he want?"

"Prurient sexual favours. Regularly."

"Should I be flattered or alarmed?"

Severus shrugged. "Stripped down, he thinks you've nice tits, are a frustrated virgin and will therefore enthusiastically agree to *all* his kinks, and be cheaper and more discreet than Knockturn courtesans."

"Kinks?"

He grinned sharply. "Nothing we haven't already tried."

"Ah. Shall we open negotiations, then? I think *we* should be *much* more expensive than *courtesans*."

"Indeed."

## Beyond the Kitchen Door

*Chapter 6 of 7*

A little more discussion concerning a certain note... and a certain writer...

### *Beyond the Kitchen Door*

Hermione glanced through her letter. "Rather *soon*, isn't it?" she remarked.

"Following Narcissa's death, you mean?" Severus began neatly slicing carrots. "Contrary to popular belief, Lucius is surprisingly monogamous—"

"He *is* the sort one would expect to insist on his *droit de seigneur*," Hermione interjected, smiling.

"—so I imagine he's asking *you* as someone who can take care of his physical 'needs,' leaving his emotions untouched until he considers remarrying."

She swept the carrots into the pot. "Being a lowly Muggle-born, you mean? Hmm. At least he's polite; it's quite a nice note, really."

"Which deserves an *enthusiastic* response."

"Quite."

Btb, I *do* feel a little sorry for Narcissa; in order to make these ménage fics work, we either have to kill her off or make her a complete shrew. Poor woman, missing out on all the fun...

# Beyond Several Bedroom Doors

Chapter 7 of 7

Lucius is delighted when his offer is accepted—initially, anyway.

## *Beyond Several Bedroom Doors*

Lucius leaned back against her pillows wearing only a smug grin. He'd been quite correct: Granger was *exceedingly* willing. Not a virgin, surprisingly, but with her *enthusiasm*... Weasley'd likely been her first—and last.

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Lucius gazed up at the ceiling, slightly stunned. He'd no idea how they'd ended up in the Manor's Red Room; he'd never meant to go beyond installing her in the Dower House.

But Merlin's *Balls*, she was good.

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Exhausted, Lucius sprawled across his bed. Hermione and Severus gathered him close, exchanging smug smiles over his head.

Lucius's heart wasn't *too* much for their 'services,' now, was it?

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AN: A Dower House is a smaller house on an estate that is meant for the widow of the previous lord while the heir and his wife take over the main house.