

To Love and to Cherish

by Dreamy_Dragon

It's a very special day.

One

Chapter 1 of 1

It's a very special day.

Originally written for the celebrate_sshg community on livejournal to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Severus Snape/Hermione Granger 'ship. Prompts are at the end of the story.

Many thanks to pyjama pants and melusin for the beta.

The Potterverse and its characters belong to JKR. I only take them out to play.

Hermione Snape

Currently Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement

Hermione Snape, LLD, is best known for her pivotal role in the defeat of the Dark wizard Voldemort in 1998, for the reformation of the laws for the Regulation and Control of Magical creatures and for the invention of the Epistula charm. Mrs Snape enjoys horticulture and collecting antique books.

(Chocolate Frog Card No. 532 Hermione Snape)

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'Look what I found, Auntie.'

Hermione looked up from the day's post as Albus Severus ran over to her, his best friend Scorpius and his sister Lily Luna in tow.

'You're really famous, y'know.' He waved the Chocolate Frog Card in front of Hermione, then he suddenly stopped, looking thoughtful. 'How come Uncle Sev hasn't got one?'

'Sometimes these things take a bit of time. And don't let him hear you calling him "Uncle Sev".'

'Who wants a stupid old card, anyway?' Scorpius piped up.

'Everyone does,' stated Lily Luna with the whole dignity of her seven years. 'Uncle Ron has got one, too.'

'But Auntie Gabrielle don't,' Al said. 'Our mum and dad both have cards.'

'Doesn't,' corrected Hermione. 'And there are more important things than having a Chocolate Frog Card. What matters is being a good person.'

None of the three looked particularly convinced.

'Still, I've got you. Now I've got the whole family,' Al announced as he and the other two marched off, back into the garden despite the blistering cold outside.

Hermione listened as they disappeared. Apparently, their talk had switched to Quidditch now. She grinned. Their parents would be in for some interesting times when those three were old enough to try out for the Hogwarts house teams.

She turned her attention back to the letter in front of her. "...the points you make are valid... blah... unfortunately... blah... circumstances beyond our control... blah... perhaps in due course..."

She crumpled the parchment into a ball and lobbed it into the fireplace. Then, she flicked her wand once and watched as the ball burst into flame. 'Circumstances beyond your control, my arse,' she muttered. Leaning back in her chair, she closed her eyes. Obviously a different approach was needed.

She had just started to draw up a list of possible options when the soft "pop" of Apparition alerted her to Harry's arrival.

'Sorry, I'm late. Got held up at the Ministry.' He grinned sheepishly.

'What else is new?' Hermione rose to greet him with a quick hug.

Harry glanced at the list on her desk. 'Still no luck with Encrypt?' he asked.

'No, they're being as unreasonable as ever.' Hermione paused. 'Harry, it would mean so much to him. And he deserves it. I've got to find a way.'

Harry nodded. 'I'm sorry I couldn't help you more.'

'Yeah, who could have guessed that Seamus still held a personal grudge against Snape?'

'Exactly. But if anyone can find a way, you can. It's about time Severus got his very own Chocolate Frog Card. Maybe you should try to go public again?'

'Because that did such a fat lot of good last time,' Hermione said, remembering the bitchy article Rita Skeeter...back in favour with the *Daily Prophet*...had written about priorities in the rebuilt wizarding world. 'No, I need another option.'

'You'll find something,' Harry repeated. 'Right, best be off. Al, Lily!'

'Quite a combination, those two, eh?' Hermione couldn't hide her grin.

'Yeah, who would have thought? By the way, Ron and I are going down the pub tonight. Wanna join us?'

Hermione shook her head. 'I'd love to, but I'd better get going, too. I promised to drop off Scorpius, and Lucius mentioned something about cannelloni for dinner. If I don't get there soon, Severus will have snaffled the lot.'

'I can take Scorpius if you like,' Harry offered.

'Really? That would be great. Thanks.'

'No problem.'

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Half an hour later, Hermione plonked herself down on the sofa in Lucius's study. 'Has Severus arrived yet?'

Lucius shook his head. 'No, he sent an owl. Something about unavoidable paperwork that needs to be finished.' His mouth curled in distaste.

Hermione grinned. 'Must be some paperwork if even the promise of cannelloni couldn't lure him here on time.'

'I know. One wonders what the world is coming to.'

Both contemplated the nature of bureaucratic idiocy for a moment before Lucius asked, 'Any news from Encrypt?'

'Not really. They're still shilly-shallying about. Not a definitive no, but no date either.' Again, Hermione had the impulse to Incendio something. Preferably something the current managing director of Encrypt held dear.

'Hm, who did you say the current MD is?' Lucius's face had *that* expression.

'Seamus Finnigan.'

Lucius looked like someone had just given him the formula to breed the perfect peacock. 'Excellent. Why don't we go and see the honourable Mr Finnigan in person tomorrow? I'm sure our charming personalities can convince him that it is in his best interest, and that of Encrypt, to publish Severus's Chocolate Frog Card forthwith.'

'Not to mention the information you could reveal about him,' Hermione observed.

'You wound me. I'd never stoop to such crude methods. I'm sure Mr Finnigan will take our visit in the spirit it is intended,' Lucius said with a smile that made the temperature in the room fall several degrees.

Both abruptly fell silent as Severus chose that moment to stride into the room.

Fortunately, he didn't seem to notice as he stalked over to Lucius's desk and threw the evening edition of the *Daily Prophet* on it. 'That bloody, scribbling hag,' he exclaimed.

Hermione picked up the newspaper to read the article in question.

DOES A LEOPARD CHANGE ITS SPOTS?

by Rita Skeeter

It seems Mrs Snape (née Granger) is up to her old tricks again. Well known in her youth for her taste for famous wizards, she married war hero Severus Snape ten years ago.

Now, a decade later, at the very eve of their tenth anniversary, romance appears to have grown stale. Lately, Mrs Snape, as ambitious as ever, has been frequently seen in

the company of widower, and supposedly reformed ex-Death Eater, Lucius Malfoy. It seems Mrs Snape has lately developed a taste for the slightly shady.

When asked how he was taking this latest blow in his tragic life, Mr Snape was unavailable for comment.

Rest assured, dear reader, that this reporter will bring you the truth about the affairs of the rich and famous.

(The Daily Prophet, 30 November 2015)

Hermione's eyes narrowed. 'That cow. I wish I'd kept her in the jar or fed her to one of Hagrid's creatures.'

Lucius peered over her shoulder. 'Hmmm,' he said.

'I've had it with that hack. Either we stop her now, or she'll have an untraceable poison in her tea one morning.' Severus scowled.

'I agree. Let's think of something,' suggested Hermione.

All three fell silent, then Lucius announced, 'If she's looking for a scandal, why don't we give her one?'

'At our anniversary party? For example?' Hermione suggested.

'For example,' Lucius said.

Severus was looking thoughtful. Then, his eyes met Hermione's, the question in them clearly visible to her. She answered it with a tiny nod, suddenly feeling slightly queasy.

'Actually, Lucius, we wanted to talk to you about something.'

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Hermione took a deep breath. The tenth in two minutes, but her heart was still racing, her legs felt wobbly and something squiggly had taken up residence in her stomach. She craned her neck to get a glance at the heels of her new court shoes. They went perfectly with her light-blue dress robes. Lucius had been right.

Her heart continued to beat a staccato rhythm as she checked her appearance in the mirror again. Two arms sneaked around her waist. As she leant back against Severus, into his familiar warmth, her heartbeat slowly returned to normal.

'Ready?' he whispered, sending pleasant shivers down her spine and causing her heartbeat to quicken again, but for an entirely different reason.

'No.'

'Second thoughts?'

'No. Just jitters, I suppose. Do you have second thoughts?'

Severus nuzzled along her neck before he answered, 'No.'

Lucius came into the room, wearing his best dress robes, black made of finest silk and discreetly adorned with white golden cufflinks and a tiepin bearing the Malfoy insignia; he looked even paler than usual.

'Bit green around the gills,' quipped Severus.

'I'm naturally pale,' Lucius answered.

Severus just raised an eyebrow.

Hermione grinned, then she took yet another deep breath before she walked to the staircase. 'Shouldn't we be downstairs? The guests will be here any minute now.'

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The ballroom at Malfoy Manor had been charmed for the occasion. It looked like a garden in the height of summer. Red, white and coral roses dominated the decoration, interspersed with honeysuckle along the walls. White candles floated beneath the ceiling, bathing the room in soft light.

Hermione and Severus greeted the guests. Relief that they had all accepted the invitation spread through her. Everyone had come despite the fact that some were probably wondering why the party was being held at Malfoy Manor. Some, however, weren't surprised at all. She was glad to see them, especially Harry and Ginny, Ron and Gabrielle and Minerva and Poppy.

Lucius had retired into a corner, talking to Draco and Scorpius. From their gestures, Hermione suspected that they were explaining something vital to Scorpius. She turned back to the entrance. 'What if he chickens out?' she whispered, her fingers digging into Severus's arm.

'He won't,' Severus said, but he kept staring at the new arrivals as if they were Hufflepuffs gatecrashing a Slytherin pyjama party.

Finally, Kingsley arrived. Whilst nobody seemed particularly surprised to see the Minister, as his friendship with Severus and Hermione was well known, his ceremonial robes caused quite a few raised eyebrows.

House-elves were offering champagne as the guests milled about. Hermione tried to count if everybody was there and confirmed Severus's unspoken question with a nod. They both made their way to the dais that had been put at the back of the room. Lucius walked over to them unobtrusively from his corner. Hermione's heart had started to beat more quickly once more.

When they saw Severus and Hermione standing in front of them, the guests fell silent. Hermione linked her fingers with a decidedly uncomfortable looking Severus before she began, 'It is wonderful to see you all here. Many of you were with us when we married ten years ago. Thank you all for being with us this evening and helping us celebrate what is a very special occasion for us.'

'I can honestly say that the last ten years have been the happiest of my life.' She looked at Severus, and he smiled at her. His smiles, often barely visible to anyone else, released a swarm of butterflies in her stomach. That hadn't changed in a decade, and she hoped it never would. Hermione continued, 'I thought I was happy before I married Severus, but what we have together is more than I could ever have thought possible.'

'Some of you may remember our wedding day and the words Severus and I said to each other in front of you. I am deeply proud to say, I still feel the same way, and Severus, I would happily marry you all over again.'

Severus squeezed her hand in response to her words. She squeezed back and glanced at Lucius. He stood casually, looking nonchalant for all the world, but she noticed the way his jaw was set in a straight line.

All their friends had raised their glasses, ready to toast and applaud the happy couple, when Hermione stopped them with a wave of her free hand, completely calm now. 'In

fact, I *will* marry him again. And not only him. Five years ago, we found the perfect third, and tonight we will formally bond with him, too.'

She turned and extended her hand to Lucius. Lucius took a few steps forward, smiling and eyes shining with that special warmth that was reserved for her and Severus. He took her hand, and then they all stood on the dais, holding hands.

Stunned silence filled the room. Everyone was staring at the trio. Seconds seemed to stretch into hours, but Hermione didn't care. All that mattered were the two men standing next to her.

Then Harry started clapping, followed by Minerva, then by Ginny and Draco. More and more of their friends joined in until the room was filled with applause.

When everyone had calmed down again, Kingsley stepped forward. 'We're gathered here today, to celebrate the union of three faithful souls. Will you, Severus Snape, take Hermione Snape and Lucius Malfoy to be your lawfully wedded spouses?'

Severus nodded. 'I will.'

When Kingsley asked, Hermione too said, 'I will.'

Shortly afterward, she heard Lucius say the same. Happiness spread through her, just like when she had heard Severus say those words ten years ago, and then again two minutes ago.

'Then I declare you bonded for life,' Kingsley said and raised his wand. Silver and gold sparks rose from the tip and wound themselves in spirals around their hands. Hermione felt hers and Severus's magic join with Lucius's and warmth spread through her. It was right. She knew it.

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Hermione stepped out from the shower, quickly used a drying charm on her hair and picked up the dark red negligee she had bought specifically for the occasion. She paused as she remembered her and Severus's first wedding night. It had been a bit of a disaster, actually.

She had suggested they go to Menton for their honeymoon because it was beautiful and relatively mild in December. In theory at least. First, they had missed their Portkey because they hadn't been able to escape from the reception on time. By the time they arrived, it was pitch dark, and they had managed to pick the one day in a decade when it had snowed. Snow in Menton was about as common as a Niffler uninterested in gold. Their otherwise lovely hotel had had no heating, and despite Warming Charms, an excellent cognac and liberally applied amounts of wine, neither seemed to get warm until they reached the bed. Hermione had braved a shower, slipped on her lovely, cream-coloured negligee and then burrowed, shivering, beneath the blankets. By the time Severus had returned from the bathroom, he had found his wife of a few hours sound asleep.

Hermione's thoughts wandered to the first time they had shared a bed with Lucius. Which, frankly, had been an unmitigated disaster. Despite their mutual desire, it hadn't taken them long to find out that it was rather complicated to sort out the additional limbs and other bits.

'Well, we got that sorted eventually, and third time's the charm,' she murmured, slipping on the new negligee. She smiled as she imagined what Severus's and Lucius's expressions would be like when they saw her in it. The anticipatory tingle in her stomach seemed to agree with her.

She wasn't disappointed when she walked into the bedroom. Both wizards were stretched out on the bed, but sat up abruptly, their eyes glued to her body, barely hidden beneath a layer of silk.

She sank down on the bed between them, stretched her legs and wriggled her aching toes.

'That went well, all things considered,' Severus said, his eyes glued to her cleavage.

'Mmmh,' Lucius agreed, his hand trailing up her leg, leaving goose pimples in its wake.

'So, technically, this is our wedding night,' Hermione observed.

Severus raised an eyebrow. 'I'd say we get on with the technicalities, then.' He reached for Lucius and drew the other man into a deep kiss.

As she watched them, Hermione forgot all about her aching toes. Instead, a very pleasant tingle raced through her body.

Severus broke the kiss and looked at her, only the slightest hint of smugness in his smile as he pulled her closer and started kissing her. More tingling and more goose pimples, helped along by Lucius's hands finding their way under the negligee.

Hermione kissed along Severus's neck until she found the spot behind his ear that made him squirm. She felt one of his hands ghosting along her side before she heard a soft sigh from Lucius that clearly indicated where Severus's hand was now. Another hand was stroking her breasts, and Lucius's mouth was hot on the back of her neck. Soon, soft murmurs and sighs grew in intensity, mixed with 'oh yes' and 'right there' before speech became redundant as the three explored known territory anew.

And then two strands of magical light rose into the air. The silver one met with the strand that consisted of two individual green and purple ones. All three linked and intertwined until they became one single strand. It rose up in the air, spreading out until the whole bed was bathed in magical light. Then, it slowly descended, enveloping the three lovers under its protective shield.

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Three very tired but happy people sat around the breakfast table. Severus was polishing off a plate of bacon and eggs, Lucius was nibbling a croissant and Hermione had just finished her bowl of cereal and was now starting on her coffee and toast with jam. She pushed the coffee pot towards Lucius without a word.

Their peaceful morning was interrupted by two owls pecking against the window of the dining room. Hermione didn't think she wanted to move any time soon, so she waited until Lucius had risen...with a sigh and a pointed look at his companions...and gone to open the window.

One owl swooped over to Hermione. After she'd untied the letter from its leg, it helped itself to some of the toast on her plate before it flew off again through the still open window. Yawning, Hermione opened the letter and recognised Luna's loopy handwriting.

War Heroes Revive Time-honoured Tradition.

For centuries, triadic relationships had been a revered element of wizarding culture, but since the 1930s, the tradition seems to have been forgotten.

BUT HAS IT REALLY?

At the celebration of their tenth wedding anniversary, war heroes Hermione and Severus Snape formally bonded with their lover Lucius Malfoy. The reviving of what once was one of the most honoured rituals between lovers in the wizarding world has been met with general approval. Neville Longbottom, a close friend of the bride, stated that "it was about time." The ceremony was performed by Minister for Magic, Kingsley Shacklebolt, and it is expected that other partnerships will follow suit. In fact, on the very same evening, Harry and Ginny Potter announced their intention to formalise their relationship with recently divorced Draco Malfoy, and Minerva McGonagall, former Headmistress of Hogwarts, acknowledged that she and her long-time partner Poppy Pomfrey had shared a similar bond with the late Amelia Bones.

Whilst the long-term consequences of this new trend remain to be seen, it seems that one of the better traditions of the wizarding world has been successfully revived.

(Luna Lovegood's draft for the editorial of the January 2016 edition of *The Quibbler*)

The other owl had landed right in front of Severus and held out its leg to him. After he'd untied the missive and fed the owl a piece of his bacon, Severus unrolled the parchment. Hermione, finished with her own letter and suddenly wide awake, recognised the letterhead of *Encrypt*. She tried not to jump up and peer over Severus's shoulder. Instead, she reduced the remaining piece of toast on her plate to a pile of crumbs whilst she watched Severus reading the letter.

He read it once, stared at it and then seemed to read it a second time. When he looked up, his eyes met Hermione's. He opened his mouth, seemed to reconsider and closed it again. It took him two more attempts before he said, 'Thank you.'

As he looked at Hermione, his eyes said everything he'd never put into words. She knew, and Lucius knew too. All was well.

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### **Severus Snape**

Currently Headmaster of Hogwarts

Severus Snape is best known for his key role in the defeat of the Dark wizard Voldemort in 1998, the creation of a new formula for Blood Replenishing Potion and his innovative research in combining spellwork and potions. He is considered by many the greatest Potions master of modern times.

Professor Snape enjoys Muggle rock music and collecting antique alchemy books.

(Chocolate Frog Card No. 547 Severus Snape)

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Prompt: What does the thoughtful husband get his wife on their Tenth Anniversary? Why, an aristocratic blond with impeccable taste in shoes, of course! (Aristocratic blond of your choice.)

Though I didn't use it in the end, the story was also inspired by this prompt:

A sapphire necklace, a chocolate frog and a house elf.