

# When All Hope is Lost ...

by notsosaintly

How does the trio deal with the frustrations of searching for the last Horcrux?  
(Warning: ménage-à-trois)

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Chapter 1 of 1

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*A/N: SouthernWitch and Zambonigirl are totally to blame for this. The plot was their idea, based on a discussion on Potter Place about a little trio smut might be 'interesting' (SouthernWitch's word, not mine). Zambi said she could just see them 'in a tent out on the road in search of a Horcrux.' SouthernWitch agreed with her. Me? Well, I just took them up on the challenge and expounded a bit because I had a little time on my hands. Be on the lookout for stories of a similar nature. ;)*

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If Hermione thought the research had been exhausting, it was nothing compared to actually trekking all over Scotland looking for the final Horcrux. She, Harry and Ron had been on the road for three days, having left on the bare bones of their research, hoping they had enough to go on. Apparently they did not. By the end of only three days, chasing after leads that were few and far between, they wanted to go home. However, they knew they could not.

Hermione had bought each of them backpacks that held their magically shrunken foodstuffs, a few toiletries, and a sleeping bag. Of course, they all three carried their wands, which they needed to light a fire and perform basic spells that kept them relatively comfortable and protected outdoors. Occasionally, they happened across a cottage or two, but always shied away from being seen by others, Muggles and magical folk alike.

Sometime during the third night, a cold snap hit, and Hermione woke up freezing even though she had placed charms upon her clothing and the sleeping bag to keep warm. They had a campfire that had long since gone out, and she was loathe to get up and start another for fear it would draw unwanted attention.

"Hermione," Harry whispered over a snoring Ron. "What's wrong?"

"I can't sleep," she said quietly. "The warming charms aren't working." Her teeth chattered loudly, making Ron stir.

"Oi, you two, what's up?" Ron asked, rubbing his eyes and pulling his sleeping bag tighter around his body. "Bloody hell. When did it get so cold?"

"I swear, Ronald, you could snore through anything. I've been up for half an hour. The warming charms won't work in this cold, and I didn't think it was too terribly smart to start another campfire."

Harry moved his sleeping bag a little further away from Ron, took out his wand and with a simple *Engorgio* made his bag wide enough for three and a little thicker. Then, he gestured for the other two to get in with him. Hermione and Ron scrambled out of their bags and quickly dove into his, all three of them cuddling together.

Being in the middle, Hermione warmed up the quickest. "There is something to be said for body heat," she purred, her muffled voice coming from under two sets of strong arms and between two hard, muscular chests. The boys hugged her tightly before they all three fell back to sleep.

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The cold snap had settled in uncomfortably and hung dismally in the air all the next day. Their search went absolutely nowhere, and the cold seemed to somehow leech into their clothing, making them absolutely miserable.

Ron was the first to break the silence. "I don't know about you two, but I'm beat. Anyone fancy roasting some duck over a fire? I'm about ready to blast one of these quacking blighters."

It was true; they all were beyond caring if one of the ducks happened to land in the fire. They were too plentiful in this area, and the winged menaces had been flapping around their heads every time they got startled, which seemed to be about every five minutes by the time the afternoon was half-over. A nice, hot meal sounded much better than the reconstituted foodstuffs they had stashed in their bags, at any rate.

"Let me do the honors. The last one knocked my glasses off with its wing," Harry said as he aimed his wand and caught their dinner. In no time, they had set up camp, had a roaring fire going and Harry was roasting the duck.

"I suppose it's too much to ask to find a potato or three buried somewhere," moaned Ron.

"Hmm ... Be thankful for what you have, Ronald. Which reminds me ... Bring one of those branches over here for me, would you, please?" she asked sweetly, pointing to some fallen branches that still had their leaves on it.

"Sure, but these are a little too green for a fire, Hermione," Ron said, picking up the largest branch.

"Not for the fire. For the tent," she said, aiming her wand and Transfiguring it into a very small tent. "Well, I was hoping for something bigger, but we could all three fit in here tonight."

"Looks great, Hermione!" Harry called over the roaring flames. "And the duck is nearly done cooking. Anyone want to set the table?"

"Very funny, Harry," Hermione yelled back. Then, she turned to Ron and said, "You set the table. I'm going to go make the bed."

Ron just shook his head, amazed Hermione was in such a good mood after the day they had, as he watched her flounce into the tent.

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The trio sat back in the darkening light, their stomachs full of duck, watching the glowing embers of the fire. Harry stoked the remaining ashes, hoping to get a few more flames, and sighed when his poking around only made the embers die out.

"Damn. I don't want to light it again. Perhaps we should go to sleep; an early start in the morning might not be such a bad idea," Harry mumbled.

"Yes, you're probably right, Harry," Hermione agreed, cleaning up the camping area and putting out the fire properly. "I'm ready to settle in for the night. Anyone want to see what I did with our tent? I didn't have much room to work with. Remember, it's Transfigured, not magically expanded or anything."

The boys stepped in and looked around. True, it was small, but they weren't going to sleep on the ground tonight. Hermione had Transfigured Harry's sleeping bag into a double-sized bed, big enough for all three of them. There was just enough room to walk around the bed, and a pair of candles flanked either side. Hermione was glad she had thought to stow a couple in her bag, just in case.

"It should be warmer than last night at any rate," she added as she pointed her wand to her clothes and Transfigured them into very soft, warm, flannel pyjamas.

Ron looked at her. "Um, Hermione? Think you can do the same for me? I don't think I trust myself enough in Transfiguration to point a wand at myself."

Hermione giggled. "Sure, no problem. Do you want me to do you, too, Harry?" Hermione asked as she aimed her wand at Ron, and his clothes morphed into a similar pair of pyjamas.

"Sure, why not? We'll all sleep better in something warmer, I think." He held still while Hermione Transfigured his clothes as well.

For a moment, they all three looked at each other and then simultaneously made for the bed, diving under the covers quickly and snuggling down into the warmth Hermione had created for them. After a few minutes of moving around and trying to get comfortable, the tent became silent ... too silent. And it wasn't a comfortable silence.

"Psst ... Harry? You asleep?" Ron called out, whispering over Hermione's head.

"No," Harry whispered back.

"I'm not sleeping, so you don't need to whisper," Hermione half-scolded in a normal voice.

"Oh, good," Ron said with relief. "Because I wouldn't want to wake you or anything."

"Don't worry, Ron. I don't think I'm going to fall asleep anytime soon. Go ahead and talk all you want."

"Erm ... well, that's okay. I don't remember what it was I wanted to say anyway," Ron mumbled.

"What? You don't want to talk around me? Would you rather I step out into the brush so you boys can have a proper chat?" Hermione asked, rather annoyed at the uncomfortable feeling that had settled over the tent. "You know, I Transfigured this tent and bed with you boys in mind. And..."

"And what, Hermione?" Harry asked, laying a hand on her shoulder, hoping to make her feel better in case they had somehow offended her.

"And ... well, maybe that's it. Sleeping in a bed is more comfortable, but it's also rather uncomfortable, isn't it? I mean, we've never actually slept in a bed before, all together, I mean."

"No, can't say that we have. Have we, Ron?" Harry grinned over Hermione's head.

"No, we certainly have not, Harry," Ron answered.

"I mean, what was I thinking? I should have found a bigger branch and Transfigured a bigger tent, and we could have each had separate beds. It's just that..."

"It's just that what, Hermione?" Harry said, scooting a little closer to her on the bed, hugging her to him, calming her down.

"Hey!" Ron said, not wanting to miss out on comforting Hermione, and scooted up to her on the other side. "We don't care if we have to share a bed. Do we, Harry?"

"Not in the least, Ron. This way, we can hold our girl and make sure she's safe." Harry spoke softly in her ear and kissed her cheek. "Good night, Hermione."

"Yes, good night, Hermione," Ron added and kissed her forehead.

Sighing contentedly, Hermione snuggled between her two friends and fell asleep.

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The next day was even more frustrating. Hermione had fallen into a muddy creek, the cold snap had not let up, and they had hit a brick wall where their search was concerned. Hermione was still damp, not having been able to properly dry herself before the water half-froze inside the fabric, and she still did not feel clean even after a cleansing spell. She suspected her wand was half-frozen as well. Even more depressing, there weren't even any ducks to shoot down for dinner. The only thing Ron found remotely edible was a rat ... and he wasn't even about to suggest it.

They morosely made camp at dusk and ate dried food for dinner. Hermione took out her wand and reconstituted the shrunken tent and bed and Transfigured them all into pyjamas. Cold, depressed and frustrated, they all climbed in without saying a single word.

Harry and Ron didn't turn away from her, but they might as well have, for they didn't even invite her to cuddle with them like they had on the previous two nights. On top of everything that had gone wrong that day, she didn't even have the comfort of her two best friends. She sniffed back a tear, which she shouldn't have allowed herself to do because it turned on the flood.

"Hermione?" Harry asked, concerned at the sobs that had overtaken her body.

"What's wrong, Hermione?" Ron asked, forgetting his frustrations and focusing on his crying bedmate.

She just shook her head and tried to sniffle back the tears and calm down. "Nuh...nothing," she lied.

"Seriously, Hermione. You wouldn't be crying if something wasn't wrong," Harry insisted, reaching out to caress her arm.

Ron moved closer and wrapped her in his arms, which made her begin crying anew. His eyes met Harry's over Hermione's tangled curls, pleading wordlessly with him to talk to her. Harry shrugged and mouthed, "What can I say?" before moving in and enveloping her in his arms from the back.

Harry's lips touched her ear as he whispered, "It'll be okay, Hermione. We're here. Everything will be all right."

"Will it?" she asked through a sob. "We've been searching for days. We're cold and hungry. We're frustrated as hell."

Ron's lips rested on her forehead, much like they had the night before. "Yes, we are frustrated, but we still have hope."

Hermione tilted her head upwards, looking at Ron in the dim candlelight. "Do we? I'm afraid I don't have any left. If you have hope, please give me some because I don't think I can go on like this."

Ron glanced over at Harry, and their eyes connected. Ron felt exactly what he saw in Harry's gaze: protectiveness and an intense male desire to make everything better. Without looking away from Ron, Harry let his tongue slip around the outer edge of Hermione's ear. Catching on, Ron leaned down and kissed a tear from Hermione's cheek. Slowly, her sobs began to abate.

Harry's lips nipped the edge of her ear lobe and sucked it in a little, making her gasp, while Ron continued kissing down the trail of tears to the edge of her jaw. He paused just for just a moment.

"What are you..." she began in a whisper, not wanting to put a stop to the best thing she felt all day.

"Hush," Ron said and then covered her lips with his own, softly kissing her, encouraging her to kiss him back.

Harry's lips didn't stop at her ear. Instead, they found her neck and nipped and sucked down to her collarbone. Pushing away the flannel, he bared her shoulder and continued placing small kisses as far as he could go. He shifted in the bed, pushing the arm that had been pinned beneath his body under her, embracing her fully against his body. The other hand wandered slowly up and down her arm. He looked over at Ron, whom he discovered was looking at him again.

"So, Ron, do you think we've given her enough hope to go on?" Harry asked, his voice roughened slightly.

"Mm ... I don't think so. Not yet, Harry. We better make sure she has enough to tie her over until we get home," Ron answered.

"And how do you propose we do that, Ron?"

Ron and Harry exchanged smirks. Harry had a fair idea. It had been an idea between them for at least a year, but they had never acted upon it, relegating it to the world of fantasy.

"We simply show her how much we love her, Harry," Ron answered and gave Harry a slight nod.

Simultaneously, they rolled her onto her back, both looking down at her. She looked dreamily back up at them, looking first into Harry's eyes and then into Ron's. They, in turn, gazed down at her longingly and lovingly.

She smiled tentatively at the boys. "I already know you love me," she said innocently, not really aware yet of what they meant, but happy with the attention they were paying her.

"We know you *know* we love you, Hermione," Harry began.

"But sometimes it helps to have proof," Ron finished.

"But what...?" she began, but was interrupted by Harry's mouth upon hers.

He kissed her tenderly at first, as though seeking permission to kiss her more fully. Her lips fell into his kiss like it was the most natural thing in the world to be kissing him. When he pulled back, her eyes remained closed, and her mouth fell open just slightly, inviting more.

Harry looked to Ron questioningly, and Ron took over. His kisses were different than Harry's, less tentative, more heated. Hermione answered back in kind, opening her mouth to him, allowing his tongue to trace her teeth, to tease her tongue, to thrust deeper. Her body reflexively arched up to meet his, and she moaned when she realized both boys hovered over her, just out of touch.

It was the response Harry was waiting for. With Ron kneeling over her, Harry moved into position at her side, kissing her neck. He unfastened the top button of her flannel pyjamas, baring a little more skin for him to nuzzle as Ron kept her mouth busy. When she didn't protest, he undid a second button and then a third. His hands knew what they wanted to do, and they slid over the soft flannel of her top to cup each of her breasts.

"Mmm..." Hermione moaned into Ron's mouth and arched her back slightly, pushing into Harry's hands, letting him know what he was doing was definitely all right.

Emboldened by this, Harry let one of his hands continue to unbutton her pyjama top until it was unbuttoned all the way. Ron and Hermione were breathing hard between their kisses now, and Harry watched them for a brief moment before looking down where her top had fallen open only slightly. Gently, he drew the material away from her breasts, viewing them for the first time.

He descended upon her in an instant, unable to help himself. His mouth engulfed her right nipple and he sucked on it as she whimpered above. Ron was suddenly at his side, no longer busy with the task of kissing her mouth, and paid all of his attention to the other breast, pulling the nipple into his mouth.

Their tongues played differently upon her flesh, but they had the same effect. After a short while, both boys' heads ascended. They looked at each other and then at the response they had caused. Her nipples were darker, her skin flushed, and her breath was coming in short gasps. Ron motioned Harry to kiss her, and Harry moved up her

body, kissing her more forcefully this time.

Harry abandoned all tentativeness and seemed to attack her mouth, kissing her frantically, a pace that Hermione kept up with, wanting to follow most desperately. Her fingers wound their way into his hair, and she held his head captive as she eagerly returned his kisses.

Ron watched the passion between the two and smiled while he continued to fondle her breasts. He let his eyes wander down her body, admiring the smoothness of her skin and the slight roundness of her belly. He placed a small kiss on her belly button and let his tongue tease the edge. The reaction was more than he had expected as her stomach sunk in toward her spine.

Curious, he placed sharp kisses around her navel and stopped at the top of her pyjama bottoms. He hesitated a bit and then grabbed the fabric in his teeth, dragging it downward. Her hips rose slightly from the bed, allowing him to pull it lower, only settling back when the pyjama bottoms slipped off her hips and slid over her bum. He pulled them off the rest of the way with his hands. Hermione was naked in front of him, completely at their mercy.

"Harry," Ron nudged his friend in the side, wanting him to appreciate her beauty as well.

Harry pulled back from Hermione's kisses with reluctance, but when he sat back and looked down at Ron, it was Hermione who took his attention. There she lay in nothing at all, a feast for their eyes.

"It's really not fair, you boys being dressed," she said, almost lazily, completely besotted with the feelings the boys had suffused her with. "When are you going to get undressed?"

Ron knelt on one side of her and Harry on the other. Together, they matched their motions, making a show of undressing for the girl beneath them. Hands unbuttoned pyjama tops until they were tossed to the side, strong, broad chests exposed. Then came their bottoms. Harry looked at Ron and they hooked their thumbs in the waistbands and pulled them lower, slowly, neither one baring himself more than the other. When their pants had lowered enough to bare everything but the essentials, they both stood on the bed and let them fall the rest of the way.

And there in front of her, Hermione was gifted with two glorious erections: one heavy and thick nestled in red hair, and the other long and a bit thinner surrounded by dark curls. They fell down to their knees once more at her side. Her eyes feasted on them both, wanting to take in as much of them as she possibly could at the same time.

Her hands reached out to both boys simultaneously, taking them both in her hands much like they had each taken her. She looked upon them reverently, enjoying the silken feel of the hardness in her hands. Boldly, she wrapped her fingers around each shaft and let her fist slide down to the curls at the bottom. She smiled when they both thrust upward in response. When she pull upward, traveling back to the top, she let her thumbs roll over the tips, which seemed to shine in the candlelight. The boys moaned.

"Is this how much you love me?" she asked saucily as her hands continued to caress their shafts.

"Mm-hmm," Ron said. His eyes had closed; his hands braced behind his body on the bed.

"Oh, yes," Harry whispered, thoroughly enjoying what she was doing to him.

"I wonder..." she hesitated a moment, letting her fingers trail across their swollen glans. "I wonder if you love me *enough*." She smiled, knowing she was pushing it.

Their eyes opened when she said that and burned heatedly into her own. Then they looked at each other and nodded. She looked at them questioningly, but didn't have a chance to say a word. Ron grabbed her and pulled her to her knees, attacking her mouth in a frenzied kiss.

"Do you want to find out how much I love you, Hermione?" she heard through the blood pounding in her ears. Harry was lying on the bed, watching Ron and her kiss and casually touching himself. "Come here," he said, inviting her to straddle his waist.

Ron helped her move into position, her knees on either side of Harry's hips, and urged her downward. Hermione looked into Ron's eyes, wondering about everything that was happening, but not wanting to ruin the moment.

"Let Harry show you how much he loves you," he whispered in her ear, "and then I will do the same."

Understanding, she looked at both boys as she sank down onto Harry. Oh, so slowly, she let him fill her. He pushed in carefully, letting her get used to him being in there. She was very tight. When she felt stretched and full, and the burning had abated, she began to move, watching Harry's face.

Harry fought to keep his eyes open, to watch her as she moved less tentatively and finally more boldly as the discomfort wore off. He watched as Ron leaned over and kissed her roughly, fondling her nipples with one of his hands. One of Hermione's hands came up to give the other nipple some attention, and with that, Harry completely lost it.

"Unh ... mm ... mm..." Harry thrust up into her as he came, pulling her away from Ron and holding her tightly to his body. He shuddered finally, falling from her body.

Hermione sat back on her heels, and before she had a chance to say or do anything, Ron laid her back on the bed.

"And now, *I'm* going to love you," he whispered, and he slid into her.

It was a tight fit, and he took it slowly. Hermione wrapped her legs around Ron's hips and locked her ankles together, pulling him deeper within her, angling her hips higher.

"Are you all right?" he asked, looking into her eyes.

"Very." She nodded, tilting her hips downward and then back up, encouraging him to move.

He began slowly at first, not wanting to hurt her, but he couldn't keep that up for long. After a few strokes, he plunged into her deep and with enough force to make her gasp.

"Again," she moaned. "Do that again. Feels good."

Ron thrust into her fast and hard, and then he did it again ... and again ... and again. Her moans mimicked his own. He could sense her pleasure was building. He thrust his hips and angled downward to be sure he gave her even more pressure.

"Umm ... Yes, like that," she groaned as he thrust into her again.

He realized Harry was watching with intense interest. In fact, all of him was *very* interested. He knelt beside Hermione and took his renewed erection in his hand and began to slowly mimic Ron's thrusts with his own.

"Hermione, watch." Ron directed her eyes to what Harry was doing.

"Mmm, Harry ... gods..." she moaned as the lust pooling deep in her belly deepened.

Harry picked up the pace beside her, sliding his fist over his erection, taking up his own rhythm, watching Hermione watch him. Ron kept his eyes on Hermione's face and ground himself into her with a few short, quick thrusts.

"Ahh!" she shouted. "Again, Ron ... again!"

He gritted his teeth, concentrating hard so he wouldn't finish before her. The least he could do was have her come first. He pushed into her deep, pulling out only a little and pushing back into the same soft spot deep inside. He listened to her breathing get shorter and shorter ... and then stop. One, two, three more thrusts and suddenly she clamped down around him, and he could feel her muscles rippling deep inside.

He looked up for just a second and noticed Harry just within his sight. Harry looked so close, just like he was. So close ... he was almost there.

"Ah ... ah ... ah ... Hermione, *this* is how much I love you," Ron ground out the words and then he was coming inside of her.

And just before Ron collapsed, Harry called out, "And this is how much I love you." And he climaxed a second time while she watched.

Completely sated and the frustrations of the day gone, Ron rolled onto his side, pulled Hermione to him, and rested his head on top of hers. And Harry lay down next to her on the other side and threw his arm over her waist. And with smiles on their faces, all three of them fell asleep, ready to tackle another day of searching for the final Horcrux.

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A/N: *A little cheesy, I know. \*snicker\* What can I say? I wrote it in two hours, and the whole point was a little ménage-à-trois. Hope you enjoyed.*