

Menage a Trois

by scaranda

Take three men, a lot of rain, add a dash of mud, and stir well.

One of One

Chapter 1 of 1

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SEVERUS

I squinted up at the sky, what I could see of it. It was a grey soggy mass that seemed to threaten to engulf the very hills, had in fact eaten chunks off the tips of them as the clouds descended out of their rightful territory. I'd just begun to believe that it would never let off raining, that incessant grey drizzle that lies like a sodden mist and seeps into one's very marrow, when it stopped, quite probably just to prove me wrong.

'Rain's stopped.' Black gave me his most annoying grin.

'Thank you, I had noticed.' I looked across to Lucius, who gave me a sour look back. I'm not sure whether it was aimed at me personally, or just a reflection of his general discontent at the prospect of being stuck for the remainder of the week in the rain, with Black.

Sirius stood up and stretched, poked the fire aimlessly and gave the grin again. 'I think I'll go for a walk.' He looked at Malfoy. 'Want to come, Shirley?'

Lucius's nostrils flared; he gave Black a murderous look, as though he'd been invited to partake of a feast of barbequed maggots. I stifled the smirk that threatened. 'Just leave him alone,' I said.

The Gryffindor shrugged. 'It's not my fault he's got no sense of humour ... I'm really going to have a go at Albus for getting me stuck on watch with you two miserable sods,' he muttered as he parted the curtain of saplings, which we'd bent in an attempt to keep dry, and walked off.

'I've had just about enough of him, Severus,' Lucius snarled through his expensive dental work.

'Oh, do stop whining, you're getting on my nerves too ... it's your own fault, you know.'

He gave me that I suppose on reflection was supposed to be a "come hither" look. 'I'm cold,' he said. 'Come over here.'

I gave him a look back, not, I confess, a terribly encouraging one; truth was, I really wished he'd gone for a walk, and left Black and me to our own devices. However, I was the only one of the three of us who wanted that, and the majority, it seemed, had carried the day. 'Stoke up the fire,' I muttered, 'and make some tea, then.'

Poor Lucius, he really was suffering. I suspected he had long since regretted the foolish nobility of volunteering to help out; he'd only come to Hogwarts for a visit and had got caught up with Dumbledore's new defence strategy. Merlin alone knew what we were defending against; the Dark Lord had already been dispatched. I think the old man spent his time making up things for the Gryffindors to do to keep them out of too much trouble. As for Lucius, I assume he had been trying to impress the unimpressionable Draco; it certainly wasn't his love of the great outdoors that had caused the rush of blood to his head that, in turn, had made him spend the last three nights without the home comforts of a warm bed and a nice shag with whichever young buck he had conned into wielding one of his formidable collection of bullwhips.

'Fancy a fuck?' Lucius tried the more direct route.

I laughed out loud; I know I shouldn't have. Actually I did "fancy a fuck", but not with him, and I was as near to getting intimate with the object of my desires as I had been for the last twenty-odd sodding years. I debated telling him to go into a corner and jack off if he really had to, but he looked so pathetically pleading that I relented, with bad grace. If nothing else, I could have the pleasure of fantasising about the damn Gryffindor while I ground Lucius on his way to his release, without too much in the way of effort from me. Merlin, the things I had to do for a quiet life; not that Lucius was that fussy either.

It would be a lie to say we whiled away a wonderful hour with one another and then lay in a delicious post coital sleep in one another's arms. Lucius bitched about getting grass stains on his knees; that was hardly my fault, and I told him so. I also had the dubious pleasure of the constant drip of rainwater falling on my back as I fought back the urge to beg him to "for Merlin's sake get on with it"; I had serious doubts that I could maintain my erection for long enough to finish the business.

At least the "earth moved" for us both, or the mud did at any rate. It must have been piling up around the scrubby roots of the saplings, and as Malfoy finally collapsed below me, not a second too early, it began to ooze into our shelter, stopping to form into an unattractive delta around Lucius's discarded underwear. He salvaged the mess with a couple of Cleansing Spells and shot me a look of undiluted hate as he began to dress.

'At least you used to pretend you enjoyed it,' he snarled.

'Well, well, well ... while the dog's away the snakes will play,' Black called down to us from a vantage point he'd found on the low rise of hill behind the shelter; I wondered uneasily how long he'd been there, rather wishing I'd put on a better performance.

LUCIUS

I'd only come along to be with him. The prospect of spending a whole week of not having to make any excuses, not having to account for my absences, not having to wonder who the fuck was lying next to me when I woke up, had been too tempting to resist. And then Dumbledore had delivered his coup de grace, Black was to come along with us; I'd almost have rather had Narcissa ... almost.

What insanity had possessed me to continue with the arrangement, I really do not know. Well, perhaps that's not true; somewhere along the way I suppose I'd hoped that Black would realise he was surplus to requirements and bugger off on his own.

I wasn't cut out for living rough. I had neither the inclination nor the experience to cope with not being able to wash my hair every day and dry it without catching pneumonia in the process, or to have to shave myself; Merlin, it had been about twenty years since I'd performed that particular act. I know some say I'm a brave man to let anyone else near my throat with a razor, but it's terribly bad form for a house-elf to cut his own master's throat, so it has never really worried me.

It was awful. I longed for a bath, one in warm soapy water at any rate; I rather longed for the others to have a bath too as the week wore on. I didn't fancy the size of Black's luggage either. I hoped he had cast a Charm on it to make it appear smaller than it actually was; I certainly wasn't going to lend him any underwear.

Severus became more and more difficult as the days passed. I had hoped we could have rekindled some of the passion that we'd had for one another, the passion I still had; it was his fire that appeared to have gone out. Maybe it was the rain, I pretended to myself. As for Black, he never let up with his snide remarks and smart comments, the looks he kept throwing at me; it was all I could do to keep my temper. At least he'd had the good grace to disappear when the rain stopped.

If anything, having Severus lie with me that afternoon was worse than being alone. He was so uninterested in the whole thing that I don't know how I even managed to fake my climax; it was just as well it was wet inside the shelter. Anyway, he wasn't even interested enough to notice ... time was he would have taken the seed I'd poured into my hand and ... well, that much was history, and the sooner I admitted that to myself, the sooner I could get over him. But I knew that wouldn't happen; it hadn't happened over the last twenty years and it wasn't going to happen now. I wondered why I was there. And now the whole fucking place had become covered in mud.

Black managed to make an untimely appearance, just as I was trying to pull damp clothes on over damp skin, a particularly horrible experience. I made up my mind to go apart from the two of them and get myself totally stoned; with any luck I wouldn't surface back into the real world until we were ready to go back.

Black caught my eye as I walked out of the shelter and he walked in; for a moment I wasn't sure what I'd read there, and then he gave his stupid grin.

'I could have done better than that, Shirley; at least you would have come for me,' he said quietly as I passed. My stomach did a little flip. I hoped he wasn't going to say anything to Severus; he seemed to be in a rotten enough mood.

SIRIUS

I wondered when I'd realise I had no chance. My tactics were wrong, my looks were wrong, even Gryffindor house had been wrong; I was no nearer to getting my Slytherin than I'd ever been.

'Did you enjoy giving the fat bimbo one?' I asked just to annoy Snape.

He shot me a look. 'Not really ... why do you ask?' He raised his eyebrow. Sometimes he really looked quite sexy. Merlin had been generous when he'd handed out the goods to the Slytherins, not so much conventional good looks, but the Snakes all oozed sex appeal, even this one.

'Just asking ... He didn't look too happy.'

'Lucius is never happy.' He gave me that look, the one he sent my way quite often, the one I pretended I couldn't read. 'It is un-Malfoy to display pleasure in anything but worldly goods.'

'You're not looking after him properly, Snape.' I tried to draw him; I wanted to know just how involved he was with Malfoy. I hadn't really seen much from where I'd been spying, but it hadn't been hard to see that neither of them looked very contented when I'd come back down to the shelter.

'Leave him alone, Black; he's struggling enough as it is.'

He gave that smirk of his; I had to be very careful. I'd grown to like Snape over the past couple of years; perhaps like is too generous, maybe I just didn't dislike him anymore. We bitched and argued constantly, but he was a worthy adversary; he enjoyed it and I did too ... but that was all, for me at any rate. I knew I could have taken him at any time, I knew he'd always fancied me; I didn't think our tentative friendship could survive if I had to knock him back.

I looked outside. It was almost as dry out there as it was in this hole we'd dug for ourselves, even though it had begun to rain again. 'I'll go and get him,' I said. 'He'll get soaked.'

I watched Snape's disappointment, but there was nothing I could do about it; there was only one Slytherin I wanted, and I'd wanted him for so long I'd forgotten what it was like to think about anyone else.

Lucius was sitting on a fallen log; whatever he was smoking seemed to have strung him out so far that hadn't even noticed my approach. I sat down beside him, and he turned those fucking grey eyes on me; I wondered if he knew what kind of weapon they were, knowing Lucius he probably did. They were misty and soft and faraway, not the cold hard way they usually were; I wondered if they looked the way they did now when he lay with Severus.

'You're going to catch your death, Lucius,' I murmured. There, I'd said it, I said his name while he was listening, and the sky hadn't fallen down; it did begin to rain a bit harder though. 'Come on, you're going to get soaked.' I touched his arm, and I had to stifle the gasp; he just kept looking at me with a faintly puzzled look that made me wonder just what the fuck he was smoking.

'I don't really care.' He let one of his silver eyebrows rise; it was a Slytherin thing, they all did it. 'I just do not want to be here any longer.'

'It won't be long now, just a couple of days,' I replied.

'Three,' he said, giving me a hard look as though realising who I was, 'and a half, to be precise.'

'Either the bottle's half full or half empty,' I said as softly as I could; I wanted to go back to where he was quiet. 'I'm sorry. I promise I won't make it hard for you ... now come back.' I don't know what on earth came over me, it certainly wasn't what I'd intended saying.

'Do not flatter yourself. You do not affect me; nothing you say or do affects me ... I am disinterested in your smart words and your coarse charm.' He gave me that superior, better than your average Slytherin look. 'There is only one person who can affect me.' He looked towards the path leading to the shelter. 'I think I'll just stay here, if it's all the same to you.' He took a long draw from the joint he still held in his hand and gave a little smile. 'Helps to ease the pain.'

'Does it work?' I hadn't moved from his side. I don't think he even knew that Severus was standing not far behind him.

'Not really ... nothing works.'

I wanted to hold him; I really, really wanted to hold him. 'What's wrong, Lucius?'

'Wrong?' He gave a self-derisory little laugh. 'Severus does not want me, he does not need me, sometimes he does not even like me, and he certainly does not love me ... what could possibly be wrong?' He seemed unabashed by his declaration. I caught sight of Snape over his shoulder out of the corner of my eye; he had put a long-fingered white hand to his brow as he shook his head slowly.

'But I do,' I said, not letting go of the wide grey eyes. 'You never knew that did you?'

Lucius shook his head. 'No, I didn't.' He stood up at last and looked across at Snape; perhaps he had known he was there after all. 'But I don't want you ... I want him.'

SEVERUS

He'd been out there for an hour now. Lucius was asleep, and I, well I was quite frankly stunned. If I hadn't heard him, seen the way he looked at Lucius ... I just couldn't believe it. I knew the hurt wouldn't take long to surface, the horrible endless longing for something that I would never have. I supposed I'd always known I would never get him; life isn't that tidy, although, to be fair to it, it had swept the three of us into a neat little corner. I supposed I'd better go and get him; he was going to be soaked too.

He was still sitting on the log, smoking a cigarette; he tossed it into the stream as I approached.

'Is he all right?' The china blue eyes looked up.

'He's asleep.' I sat down, quite at a loss.

'Please don't tell me you've come out here to complete the circle.' There was no mockery in his eyes, but he knew; I suppose I'd known he knew how I felt about him.

I gave a strangled little laugh. 'He loves me, you love him, and I love you ... that just about takes the fucking gold medal, don't you think?' I stood up, suddenly feeling all the bitterness bubble up to the surface. 'And we've still got three fucking days to go.'

'Severus, wait.' He scrambled to his feet. 'Oh, fuck, I don't know what to say.'

'How about let's have a quick shag anyway to see what might have been, before Lucius wakes up and wants a shot too?' I said angrily over my shoulder.

'Or how about waking him up and seeing if he's got any more of that shit he was smoking, and the three of us taking it from there?' His blue eyes danced in bloody devilment.

For an instant I thought he was serious; it took me another couple of moments to realise he was. I began to laugh.
