

Triple Viktory

by Good_Witch

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From the Shrieking Shack to St. Mungo's

Chapter 1 of 12

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Harry and Hermione crouched near the bloodied body of Severus Snape. Harry clutched the flask of Snape's memories and his breath caught at Hermione's murmured spell beside him.

"Was that a stasis spell?"

Hermione's whisper was urgent. "Yes. But I don't know how long it will hold. Hurry up and look at those memories and I'll see what I can do to get help."

Harry scowled. "Why? Who cares if he dies after all he did?"

Hermione shot him such a trenchant glare that he blinked. "There's more to this than we know! I'm certain it's all in those memories...which you should go look at *right now!*"

Harry heaved to his feet and looked back at Ron where he was leaning against the doorway, arms wrapped tightly around himself and face chalk-white, staring blankly ahead, looking lost.

Voldemort's voice permeated the air around them. When all was silent again, Harry saw Hermione rising from her position beside Snape, tucking the now-empty bottle of Dittany back into her beaded bag. She nodded toward Ron and the two of them herded the taller boy back through the tunnel to Hogwarts.

When they got to the Great Hall, Ron made a beeline for his family gathered around Fred's body. Hermione paused long enough to whisper to Harry, "Go use the Pensieve. This needs to end, Harry," before following Ron and folding Ginny into a steadying embrace.

Harry lifted his face from the Pensieve, awash in new awareness and understanding just how right Hermione was. As he headed out to end this war, Harry decided that he would make sure Snape not only survived, but would be recognized for all he sacrificed.

Finally, Voldemort was no more. Harry was surrounded by a cheering and crying mass, but he caught Hermione's eye and muttered, "We have to get back to Snape."

Hermione helped him struggle out of the crowd and urged Ron to rejoin his family. Together, they Apparated back to the Shrieking Shack, hurrying to where Snape lay still in a pool of blood. Hermione cast a diagnostic charm and whispered, "He's still alive! We have to get him to St. Mungo's *now.*"

The hospital was in a state of barely controlled chaos, but when Harry and Hermione showed up, levitating Snape's body between them, they were met with reverence and immediately taken to the head Healer.

It was late that night when they were standing shoulder to shoulder, staring down at Snape lying unconscious in the crisp white hospital bed, his wound cleaned and dressed, and a shimmering haze of charms surrounding him and the side table filled with potions. Fatigue overwhelmed them at once, and they sagged against the side wall, sighing.

Hermione cast a weary glance at Harry and murmured, "What now?"

Harry yawned and said, "I need a shower and a hot meal, and then I think I could sleep for days. But, I don't want to leave him here alone. I owe him so much."

Hermione nodded and flashed a faint smile. "Why don't we go back to Grimmauld Place? I'm sure Kreacher would love to fix you something. You're probably his new hero now."

Harry snorted. "Think we should stop by the Burrow first?"

Hermione frowned. "Let's go home and Floo call. I don't want to intrude on them just yet. I can't even imagine how horrible they must be feeling right now. I mean, I loved Fred too, but they've got so much to be going on with that I don't want to impose my needs on them too."

"I hear ya'. Let's go find the head Healer for this ward. Then we can go get some much needed rest."

They found a portly man in lime green and Harry gave him explicit instructions on what to tell Snape if he awoke before Harry came back. The star-struck man nodded vigorously and repeated every word.

It actually took over a week for Snape to rouse from his unconscious state. Fortunately, both Harry and Hermione were there when it happened, the Weasleys spending time in seclusion after Fred's funeral.

Snape's eyes fluttered open and he blinked blearily at the two youths beaming at him. He grimaced as he swallowed, and Hermione hastily offered him a cup of water with a straw to moisten his throat. Peering at them with an air of suspicion, he croaked, "Where am I?"

Harry grinned. "St. Mungo's. The war is over. You're safe. We won."

Snape's eyes widened. Hermione added, "You-Know-Who is dead. For good this time. And you've been unconscious for nine days now. But the Healers say you'll make a full recovery." She paused to smile gently at him. "Thank you...for everything."

Harry jumped on the tails of her comment. "Yes! Thank you so much. I'm so sorry for all you suffered, sir. And we couldn't have won without you and all you sacrificed. I owe you."

Snape's voice rumbled, and he grimaced again. "Not exactly. I owed your father. Now that life debt has been paid. Of course, you saved me, so now I owe another Potter a life debt."

Harry and Hermione exchanged chagrined glances. "Uh... well... Hermione and I just couldn't let you *die*..."

Snape's tone was acerbic as he growled, "So I owe Miss Granger *and* you a life debt. Perfect."

Hermione jerked back, affronted. Voice tinged with reproach, she said, "It's not like we did it just so you'd owe us anything, Professor. But, honestly, a little gratitude might be nice."

Snape cut a black glance at her and saw the hurt shining in her eyes. Sighing, he seemed to wilt into the bed as he said, "My apologies, Miss Granger. I never expected to live through this war. It's a bit of a shock, as I'm sure you can imagine. Of course, I am grateful to be alive...even though I have no idea what to do with myself."

Mollified, Hermione affected a bracing tone and said, "Well, I'm sure we can come up with something. We're just glad you're all right, Professor."

Harry nodded vehemently, then stopped at Snape's scowl and fitful squirming, taken aback at Snape's irritated huff. "What's wrong? What do you need?"

Snape's jaw twitched as he clenched his teeth. "I am sick to death of being called 'Professor'...and 'Headmaster' is infinitely worse."

Owl-eyed, Harry and Hermione exchanged a perplexed look. Stammering in hesitation, Harry said, "W-well... what do you want us to... call you?"

Eyes narrowed in surliness, Snape sniffed and said, "Why can't I just be myself with anyone? Can't I just be Severus?"

Astonished at the petulant display from a grown man, Hermione and Harry looked at each other, then Hermione tilted her head toward Snape and glared at Harry to say something.

Harry cleared his throat and ventured, "Of-of course you can, si-Severus. You're right. It's about time you got to just be you."

Hermione nodded solemnly and added, "Is there anything we can get you? Are you in pain? Shall we fetch the Healer?"

Snape cut a sullen glance up at her and affected frosty dignity as he said, "The pain is tolerable. I am thirsty and hungry, but I would very much like to use the facilities."

Hermione hastily drew back, averting her eyes and blushing. "Oh, well, I'll just leave you be, then. I'll come by to visit tomorrow, if that's all right with you... Severus?"

Snape inclined his head gravely and said, "That would be acceptable. Goodbye, Miss Granger."

Hermione nodded hastily at Harry and retreated. Harry fidgeted, then proffered the cup of water again. "You said you were thirsty."

Snape sipped delicately at the water, then cleared his throat. His expression was pained and his voice was tight with awkwardness but he ground out, "I was quite serious about needing the facilities."

Harry gasped and his face heated. "Oh! Of course. Sorry. Um... do you think you can stand?" Snape began gathering himself and shoved his covers to the side. "It's not far. Let me help you."

Snape's bony feet protruded below the saggy hospital gown, and he hissed in discomfort as he slung his arm across Harry's shoulder for support. Harry kept up a stream of murmured encouragement as he helped Snape shuffle around the bed to the toilet. Once inside the small space, he said, "Uh, are you good? Do you, uh, need..."

He trailed off in embarrassment, practically wilting in relief when Snape said, "I believe I can manage from here."

"Right. Good. I'll be just outside. Um... just yell if you need me."

He ducked out and closed the door, leaning against it and heaving a deep breath. He heard muffled thumps from the other side of the door and jerked away from it, blushing again as he tried to give the man some semblance of privacy. He peeked out into the corridor for Hermione, but she had made good her escape. At least his influence had managed to get Snape a private room so they didn't have to contend with gawkers too.

A few minutes later, he spun at the sound of the door opening, and saw Snape clinging to it. Harry dashed back and shoved his shoulders under Snape's free arm, gripping his wrist and supporting him back to the bed. Snape sank heavily into it, breathing hard at the exertion and even paler than before.

"Let me get the Healer and they can bring you some food."

Five minutes later, Harry was seated to one side while Snape busied himself eating broth and toast with singular intensity. Harry smiled and sidled toward the door. When Snape looked up at him in question, Harry said, "I'll be right back."

When he entered the room again, the broth and toast were gone, and Snape was resting against the propped up pillows, some colour regained but still looking tired. Harry tiptoed in and stood by the bed, quietly saying, "Severus?"

Snape's eyes snapped open and he stared at Harry, one eyebrow rising at the boy's mischievous grin. "Yes?"

"I brought you something else. Should be good for you. The Healers don't have to know. It can be our secret."

Snape's eyes narrowed at Harry's conspiratorial tone. "What did you bring?"

Harry swung his hand out from behind him in triumph, presenting the chocolate bar he had just bought in the gift shop to Snape, complete with flourish. "Ta da!"

Snape's lips twitched, as if he was holding back a smile. He inclined his head and took the chocolate, unwrapping it with mock ceremony. Saluting Harry with it, he then took a bite, eyes closing in satisfaction at the flavour. After a long moment of silence, he swallowed and drawled, "At least you learned *something* in your DADA classes."

Harry laughed, delighted to hear Snape teasing him. A warmth blossomed in his chest, and at that moment, he felt that everything would end up all right.

Spinner's End

Chapter 2 of 12

Snape survives Nagini with Hermione and Harry's help, meaning he owes them a life debt. After years of trying to make their relationships with Ron and Ginny work, things go really pear-shaped, and Hermione and Harry cash in their debt with Snape in a manner he never would have expected (even if he had dared to hope). The strange part is: they all owe Viktor in some way or another for ending up together! Thanks to my feedback team: gelsey, darkcelestial20, snapeybears, silverdoe7127, Sarah, and Kathy, and thanks to alienor77310 for such a challenging, fun prompt! Please note: the epilogue is completely optional and is not necessary to have a complete experience of the story. Frankly, it is pure smut with a lot of focus on slashy SS/HP, which is why it's separate from the main story, in case that's not your cuppa (although, it's there because my recipient does like that sort of thing!). Original Prompt: 1) There are never enough threesomes involving Harry. Hermione and Harry realise just in time that marrying a Weasley (or at least, those Weasleys) is an error. They take advantage of the life debt Snape owes them to hide at his place. Weasley bashing welcome, happy 3some - even if short-lived - required.

It was mid-June, and Harry and Hermione took a day off from helping rebuild Hogwarts to move Snape back into Spinner's End. The past month had seen either or both of them visiting Snape every day while he recovered at St. Mungo's, and the new world order apparently included friendly relations between the older Slytherin and the two young Gryffindors who had saved his life.

Hermione was in the basement lab, carefully putting potions ingredients and accoutrement in their places. Snape watched her from his vantage point on the stairs. Her movements were deft, but her fingers often lingered affectionately on the bottles or cauldrons she placed with meticulous care. Smiling fondly, he descended the last few steps and said, "Everything looks perfect, Hermione."

She whirled to beam at him. "It's all such top-notch stuff! I was thinking that if I had been able to use materials of this quality in class, just *imagine* how great my potions would have been!"

Snape chuckled and said, "Hermione, you know perfectly well that your potions were outstanding...no matter what you used."

She wrinkled her nose and tossed her head. "They weren't. Harry did better than I did once he followed your instructions in Advanced Potions. I really need to learn all your amendments."

Snape snorted and said, "Well, I'd be happy to tell you whatever you want to know. I'm certain that book burned up in the Room of Requirement, but I do have it all in my head, of course."

Hermione smiled. "I would love that, Severus. Actually, that brings me to something that Harry and I wanted to talk to you about. Could we go upstairs and talk? It's rather important."

Snape's brow furrowed in curiosity. "Of course. Harry's upstairs working on the library."

They found Harry with his nose buried in one of Snape's Dark Arts books, the rest of the boxes still full and stacked around him. Snape crossed his arms and coughed, glaring at Harry.

Harry looked up, eyes round like a deer caught in headlights, and blushed. Rubbing the back of his neck sheepishly, he said, "Oops. Sorry. I got a bit distracted."

Tone dripping with sarcasm, Snape said, "So I see."

Hermione crossed to Harry and swatted him with the book she took from his hands. "Honestly, Harry!" He scowled at her and rubbed his head. "Come on, I told Severus we had something important we needed to discuss with him."

Harry's brows shot up and he jerked to his feet. "Oh! Yeah." He grinned nervously at Snape. "It is pretty important, yeah."

They trooped into the kitchen and sat around the small table, Snape waving his wand to set the tea service sailing toward them. "Go on then, what has you two all aflutter?"

Harry and Hermione exchanged a look of gathering courage and Hermione began, "We were talking with McGonagall..."

Harry interrupted, "...while we were helping out at Hogwarts..."

Hermione glared at him and said, '*Obviously*. Anyway, she was talking about her plans to reopen for the new school year in September, but she's worried about being able to staff all the teaching positions."

Harry interjected again. "Yeah, and she said she already asked you if you'd come back, but you said no."

Snape grimaced and said, "You know I'm done with that place. The last thing I want to do is be a *teacher* again."

At that, Harry and Hermione exchanged crestfallen looks, their shoulders slumping. Harry sighed and said, "Of course. We understand."

Hermione's expression was forlorn as she patted Harry's arm in sympathy. Snape stared at them in confusion. After several beats of awkward silence, he snapped, "Well, I'm so glad *you* understand, because *I* certainly don't."

Harry sucked in a breath and said, very quickly, "We were talking about how we were interested in teaching...Hermione wants to teach Potions, and I want to teach DADA...but we know we're not ready yet, and we were hoping you would teach us what we need to know and get us prepared. McGonagall said she might be able to convince Slughorn to stay one more year, but that's it, and she said Andromeda Tonks would be willing to step in and teach DADA for one year until they can find someone else willing to do it. We didn't think about how much you disliked being a teacher. Sorry."

Snape sat there, staring blankly at them, completely stunned by their request. In the lengthening silence, Hermione started pouring tea, adding milk and sugar for each of them just the way they liked it.

They all sipped their tea, and Snape assimilated their news. Finally, setting his teacup back on the saucer, he said, "It wasn't the teaching part that I despised so much, exactly... There was so much else going on that tainted it. And I loathed having so many thick-headed children to watch over. When the student is bright and invested, teaching could be almost a pleasure. You're on the right track though...I wouldn't be able to prepare you to start this year. Even I'm not that good. But if Minerva can staff the positions for one year until you're ready, then I would gladly teach you what I know...both of you."

A dawn of joy broke over their faces and they nearly vibrated with excitement. Hermione's voice was rich with emotion as she said, "Oh, Severus, that would be wonderful...thank you so much!"

Harry chimed in, "It's brilliant, that's what! Thank you, Severus. Really."

Snape smiled faintly. "It won't be easy. Especially for you, Harry. Actually, if you want the best training, I'd have to send you off for specialized study."

"Where? For how long?"

Snape leant back in his chair, brow furrowed in thought. "Probably not the whole year. I'd have to check with their curriculum, but you'd be better off spending some time at Durmstrang."

Hermione spun toward Harry, face alight. "You could see Viktor again! He's taken a position as flying instructor and Quidditch coach. He renewed our contact after the war ended. I just got an owl from him last week! I'm sure he'd love to see you again, Harry. He always asks about you."

Harry looked overwhelmed. "So, this is really something that can happen? It's not just a foolish dream of mine?"

Snape snorted, quirking a half-smile at them. "Interestingly enough, Harry, this is one of your least foolish ideas. I heard about how gifted you were teaching the students DADA when you were only in fifth year. With proper training, you could be great."

Harry beamed at him. "I can't wait to tell McGonagall! When will you know when I need to go to Durmstrang?"

Snape shrugged. "I can owl their Headmaster tonight. Give me a week to figure out a satisfactory instructional plan, and we can get started as early as August if you like."

Hermione grinned and tugged at Harry's arm. "Come on, let's go tell McGonagall and Ron and Ginny. I'm sure they'll be pleased for us!"

Harry rose with Hermione, but paused to extend his hand to Snape. "Thanks, Severus. Looks like I may owe you one again."

Snape gripped Harry's hand and smirked. "Don't be too hasty, Harry. You don't know what you've just got yourself into."

Everyone laughed and the two teens left Snape alone in his kitchen, mind alight with planning.

Hogwarts would reopen for the new term in just a few days, and Harry moped down the stairs into the basement at Spinner's End to find Snape and Hermione working on

her Potions curriculum already. They looked up and frowned in concern at his demeanour and distraught expression.

"Harry, what's wrong?" Hermione gazed at him, instantly worried.

"I was just over at the Burrow."

There was a beat of silence as Snape and Hermione waited for him to continue, then Snape said, "Oh, well, that explains everything." Hermione swatted at him in exasperation and he jerked away, scowling at her and snapping, "Ow!"

Harry slumped into a chair and scrubbed his face. "Mrs. Weasley took me and Ginny aside and told us in no uncertain terms that we were not allowed to date each other during this school year. She said Ginny needs to focus on her N.E.W.T.s and I need to focus on my studies so I can be ready to teach next year. Besides, she said that since I'll be gone half the year anyway, it's best all around that we aren't together. Ginny cried and tried to convince her otherwise, but Mrs. Weasley was adamant, and she shooed me off. I'm not welcome there until Ginny accepts how things are going to be."

Hermione immediately put down her notes and crossed to Harry, enveloping him in a tight hug. "Oh, Harry, I'm so sorry. What did Ron say?"

"He didn't know what was going on until Ginny's crying drew him out to find out what happened, and he tried to convince his mum to leave us alone, but you know how she is once she makes up her mind. He had to lead Ginny to her room and Mrs. Weasley sent me away. He may come to Grimmauld Place later...he's allowed to still see you, of course...but Ginny isn't allowed over anymore."

Hermione rubbed his back and crooned a soothing tone. "I'm sorry. Is there anything I can do?"

Harry gently pulled out of her embrace. "No. But thanks. I may as well just go home. Maybe I'll take a nap or something. Try to forget about all this for a while."

Snape finally spoke. "Would you like a potion to help you relax?"

Harry smiled faintly. "I appreciate the thought, but that's okay. I'll see you tomorrow to finalize my travel timetable, yeah?"

Snape nodded. "Of course. Get some rest."

Harry hugged Hermione quickly and trudged back up the stairs. Hermione watched him go, chewing her bottom lip with her hands clasped in front of her. Snape stepped up behind her and laid a gentle hand on her shoulder. "He'll be fine. Girl trouble won't best him. He's made of stronger stuff than that. Come on, let's get back to work."

Hermione turned and looked up at him. "Of course." She patted Snape's hand and crossed back to the table with him, then took a deep breath and said, "Thank you, Severus. You're right. He'll be fine. It'll just take a little time."

Snape nodded, and they returned their attention to the notes she was copying from his memories of his incinerated Potions book.

Off to Durmstrang

Chapter 3 of 12

Snape survives Nagini with Hermione and Harry's help, meaning he owes them a life debt. After years of trying to make their relationships with Ron and Ginny work, things go really pear-shaped, and Hermione and Harry cash in their debt with Snape in a manner he never would have expected (even if he had dared to hope). The strange part is: they all owe Viktor in some way or another for ending up together! Thanks to my feedback team: gelsey, darkcelestial20, SnapeyBears, silverdoe7127, Sarah, and Kathy, and thanks to alienor77310 for such a challenging, fun prompt! Please note: the epilogue is completely optional and is not necessary to have a complete experience of the story. Frankly, it is pure smut with a lot of focus on slashy SS/HP, which is why it's separate from the main story, in case that's not your cuppa (although, it's there because my recipient does like that sort of thing!). Original Prompt: 1) There are never enough threesomes involving Harry. Hermione and Harry realise just in time that marrying a Weasley (or at least, those Weasleys) is an error. They take advantage of the life debt Snape owes them to hide at his place. Weasley bashing welcome, happy 3some - even if short-lived - required.

Harry stumbled as he landed from his Portkey, disoriented and windswept. Before he could get his bearings, he was enveloped in an embrace and he heard an enthusiastic, "Harry!" just past his ear. After a long moment of feeling like his ribs were about to crack, he was released and held at arm's length by a beaming Viktor Krum.

"Welcome to Durmstrang, Harry. It is so good to see you again!"

"Thanks, Viktor. It's good to be here. Hermione sends her love."

Viktor laughed and flung a heavy arm around Harry's shoulders, leading him into a stately building set into the slope of the mountains behind it. "Congratulations to you all for defeating the Dark Lord. It is a shame Hermione could not come with you; I would love to see her again."

"Yeah, well, maybe you can come visit us sometime soon too. How did you come to be teaching here anyway? Was something wrong with being an internationally known Quidditch player?"

Laughing again, Viktor said, "No, it's all fine, but I came here as a favour to the Headmaster...he took over after Karkaroff disappeared. He is an old friend and I wish to help him out. Besides, it can be fun to find the next Quidditch star, yes?"

Harry grinned back. "I'm sure. So, when do you start training here? I'd love to get a chance to fly with you."

They had made their way through corridors and into the staff quarters section, and Viktor gestured for Harry to enter a small sitting room. "Oh, you will fly, Harry. Count on it. I have heard about your skills as Seeker and I would love to fly with the Boy-Who-Lived-Twice!" He smacked Harry's shoulder and guided him into the room. "These are your rooms. That door is to your bedroom and that is to your bathroom. Supper will be in a few hours. I will leave you to get settled, but I would love to show you the pitch after supper if you like."

"That'd be great, thanks. See you later."

Several weeks later, Harry and Viktor headed out to the pitch to relax with a little flying after supper. Harry was glad that Viktor was there at Durmstrang, especially since Harry was only there to focus on his special training with the Defence Against the Dark Arts professor, and he was in a limbo of not-exactly-a-student and not-quite-a-teacher-yet. The language barrier also distanced him from a lot of the student body and staff...even though there were others there close to Viktor's age, unlike at Hogwarts...so he found himself clinging to his growing friendship with Viktor more than he had expected to do.

He had been Floo-calling Hermione practically every day, and they exchanged news on their progress in their studies. Occasionally, Ron would be there too, and he would ask Harry about Viktor, but things felt strained since they both knew that Harry and Ginny were forced apart by Ron's mother. Ron had joined George and Percy at Weasleys Wizard Wheezes, helping George keep the business afloat after Fred's death, and he had taken to joining them down at the local pub in the evenings, leaving Hermione alone to take Harry's calls home to Grimmauld Place.

The night air was crisp, and Harry watched the vapour rising from their noses as they walked, grateful for the warmth of his Quidditch gloves. Viktor carried the case holding the Snitch, as they weren't bothering with the Quaffle or the Bludgers since it was one on one. They enjoyed the flying and racing against each other more than anything else.

It took longer than usual that night for them to finally catch the Snitch. Viktor was really putting Harry through his paces, showing him moves he had learned while on the professional circuit. It was nearly midnight by the time Viktor grabbed the Snitch from right in front of Harry and they dropped to the pitch, breathless and sweaty and wind-chapped.

"You almost had it, Harry, but you were too slow at the end."

Panting, Harry retorted, "I don't bloody care right now. We've been flying for hours now, and I'm ready for some sleep! I swear, I can barely feel my legs."

Viktor laughed and stowed the Snitch back in the case. "Come. We will hit the showers and the warm water will help you. If you like, I can show you the massage for your legs that the trainers would do when you were sore like this."

Harry was gingerly limping after Viktor, grimacing at the ache in his legs and arse. "I think this might be the real reason you quit the circuit to come here..."

Viktor flung his arm around Harry's shoulders and laughed heartily. "It is not so bad. I will help you. Come. We go to the showers now."

Once inside the warm shower rooms, Viktor stored the case and stripped off his Quidditch gear as he crossed to a large cabinet. Harry slowly peeled off his gear and watched as Viktor returned with a bottle in hand and a grin on his face.

"What's that?" Harry jerked his chin at the bottle.

"This is the potion we use to massage into sore muscles. Follow me, and I will help you feel better." He gestured toward another room with a long cushioned exam table and nodded at Harry for him to climb up.

Harry paused in the doorway, suddenly uncomfortable. "That's okay. You don't have to do that."

Viktor favoured him with a stern look and pointed at the table. "None of that! Lie down and it won't take long. Then we can shower and go to bed."

Harry swallowed, feeling his face heat. Viktor was not going to let this go, clearly. "Fine. But let's hurry up. I'm knackered."

Viktor beamed at him as Harry clambered onto the table. "Good. Now, off with your boots and trousers!"

Harry fought the blush that insisted on staining his cheeks as he slid out of his trousers, feeling ridiculously exposed in his pants. It didn't make sense...he'd never felt self-conscious like this before, back in the dorms or even when they were stuck in that horrid tent for so long. He rolled onto his stomach and was grateful when Viktor draped a towel over his arse.

The potion was warm and immediately sent soothing waves of heat through his abused muscles, and he let loose a sigh of relief. Behind him, to one side, Viktor hummed an encouraging sound, smoothing the potion over Harry's legs, coating his skin and pressing into the knots that had formed during their intense practice.

As Viktor's hands worked their way up Harry's legs, he kept up an informational monologue on the muscle groups and how the massage and potion helped, his voice a low murmur in the otherwise silent room. Harry felt lulled into being half-awake, his exhaustion combining with the soothing sounds and sensations. That lethargic state was shattered when Viktor reached the top of Harry's thighs and moved the towel, saying, "Much better. Now, these go too."

Harry's body instantly tensed, and he cleared his throat. "That's all right. I'm fine now."

Viktor brought his palm down on Harry's arse and gripped the tense muscle, huffing at Harry's strangled yelp. "This is not good! The potion will help these muscles too." He stepped around to peer down at Harry and jerked back in astonishment at Harry's wary expression. Frowning in concern, Viktor dropped to a squat, coming to meet Harry's gaze at his level. "Harry, what is wrong? Why do you fear me?"

Harry simply stared at him, unable to speak and put his discomfort into words.

Viktor's expression eased into a wistful, knowing look and he heaved a deep sigh. "You have heard stories about me, yes?" Averting his eyes, he murmured, "I will not deny them. I have been involved with other men, yes. But, even though you are as handsome as any of them, I would not do anything to you unless you wanted it. This is truly to help you, Harry. I do not molest people."

Harry's eyes went wide. "You? Other men? Really?"

Viktor met his gaze again, his brow furrowed in confusion. "You did not know? I thought perhaps Nikola had said something. We... were together for a short while, but it did not work out well. He can be spiteful."

"Nikola, the Astronomy teacher? That Nikola?"

Nodding, Viktor said, "We had time together this summer, before school began. Once classes started, he was too worried that the students would find out, and I did not want to live in hiding. I have nothing to be ashamed of."

Harry stared at Viktor's defiant expression, feeling his whole world shift. Flushing, he said, "I'm sorry. I didn't know, but it doesn't matter anyway. I didn't think you molested people, Viktor. I was just being stupid. You're right, the potion is helping, and I am grateful to you for helping me."

Viktor smiled, relief evident in his dark eyes. "Then I will finish, yes?"

Harry squirmed, covering himself with the towel again and shoving his pants down his thighs. Swallowing in determination, he said, "Yes, please."

Viktor clapped Harry's shoulder as he stood and continued the massage, working the potion into Harry's aching glutes. Although Viktor remained completely professional, Harry couldn't help the shaky jolts of pleasure that swirled through him, ending in his groin and making his cock swell.

The repeatedly buried spikes of interest in various men that Harry had experienced in the past couple of years had confused and distressed him. He was supposed to be with Ginny...he wanted her and he cared about her. And he had heard enough derogatory comments from Ron and other boys in school about poofers and pillow-biters to

know that any interest he may have felt at the sight of an attractive masculine body was dangerous indeed.

To hear Viktor, who was as masculine as anyone Harry had ever met, freely admit that he enjoyed men in that way... well, it was a paradigm shift to say the least. It didn't help that Harry had felt that pang of physical attraction the day he arrived and saw Viktor again. Viktor had shaved off the beard he had worn at Bill and Fleur's wedding, but his hair had grown out longer, brushing his shoulders. He alternated between leaving it loose and tying it back in a queue, and had grown into his height and build, no longer round-shouldered and duck-footed. The open, genuine way he beamed at Harry and welcomed him with that tight embrace had left Harry breathless...not only because Viktor had crushed the air from his lungs but also because an arrow of attraction had shot through him, making his cock twitch, and that had terrified Harry.

His head was swimming and he bit back a moan at the pleasure radiating out from Viktor's strong hands on Harry's tender flesh. Aware that his erection was trapped under him, Harry deliberately stayed still when Viktor finished his massage with one final flourish, flinging the towel back over Harry's arse and saying, "There! You will feel much better now, I promise. And now, it is my turn to shower. You would do well to have one too. It will help you get your strength back to return to the school."

Viktor smiled at Harry and grabbed a fresh towel, flipping it over one shoulder as he headed toward the showers and leaving Harry alone on the table. Harry waited until he heard the water start before he carefully sat up, clamping the towel over his groin and kicking his pants to the floor. He did want a shower, but he didn't want to walk in there sporting a stiffy like this. Perhaps he could wait until Viktor was done and shower alone.

He stood, wrapping the towel around his waist, waiting, and hoping his erection would flag quickly. Viktor seemed to be taking a long time. Finally, he had returned to normal enough that he felt safe to shower, and he stepped into the wafting steam. The heat and humidity blanketed him, and when the mist swirled away, he stood rooted to the spot at the sight of Viktor under the spray, leaning forward with one hand propped against the wall, holding himself up while his head hung forward under the water streaming down his hair and sheeting over his back, his other hand coated in suds as he stroked the soapy foam over his substantial erection.

Harry's eyes went round, and goose flesh erupted all over his body. All the air left his lungs at once, and he felt heat rushing to his face and cock. The towel tented, and he sucked in a ragged breath.

Viktor heard Harry's gasp and snapped his head up, tossing his sopping hair out of his face. His expression was apprehensive until he saw the telltale bulge under Harry's towel, at which point his lips spread in a knowing smile. His voice was husky as he said, "Flying often does this to me. It looks like it does to you, too."

Harry swallowed hard. His hand twitched, wanting to touch himself, and Viktor said quite casually, "I don't mind. You will sleep so well after. I do."

Feeling almost mesmerized, Harry dropped his towel and strode into the showers, stopping under a showerhead near Viktor. Viktor flicked his gaze to Harry's cock and bit his lip, his hand moving faster. Harry turned on the tap, turning his face into the spray and feeling the delicious heat cascade over him. Without daring to over think it, he grabbed the soap and lathered up, rinsing quickly before meeting Viktor's dark gaze and sudsing up his groin.

Viktor gave an almost imperceptible nod and resettled himself, making sure he was balanced. Harry followed suit, and they both stood there, surrounded by hot water and steam and the white noise of the spray on tile. Staring at each other, they stroked and squeezed, muscles rippling as their breath came faster and harsher.

Harry watched Viktor's hand twisting every time he reached the tip of his cock, the foreskin sliding over the glans. He tried the same thing and gasped at the intense feeling. His heated brain linked Viktor's movements with the feel of Harry copying them and decided it was like Viktor was touching him in this way too. Harry's legs trembled at the surge of arousal that sizzled through him, ending in a throb at the base of his erection.

Viktor's speed increased, and his body began twitching, then with a ragged groan, he climaxed, his body curling forward and come welling up over his fingers, dripping across his knuckles. Harry stared, unblinking, at the shudders wracking Viktor's body, and it was suddenly too much. With a startled cry, he came, barely staying on his feet. He collapsed against the wall, shivering and gasping, watching the drops of his come swirling down the drain. Sucking in air, he slid down the wall and sat on the floor, dazed.

Viktor lifted his face to the water and let it stream over him, washing away the lather. His spent cock hung heavy between his thighs, and Harry couldn't stop looking at it. Finally, Viktor turned off his tap and smiled at Harry. "I know you feel exhausted, but we should get back. Here." He stepped forward and offered his hand to Harry. Harry blinked up at him and gripped his hand, thankful for the bigger man's strength to help pull Harry to his feet again. "Finish rinsing, Harry. I will bring you a towel."

Harry did as he was bid and turned off the tap, leaning heavily against the tile with his eyes closed. He jerked to awareness at the feel of a soft towel being draped over his shoulders. Turning around, he met Viktor's smile with his own tired one and said, "Thanks."

Viktor had one towel slung low around his hips and was rubbing his hair dry with another. "How do you feel? It is better, yes?"

Harry knew he was referring to the potion and the massage, but he blushed anyway, the image of Viktor wanking forever burned in his mind. "I think the potion worked and I'll be good as new after a good sleep."

At that, Viktor's smile turned into a conspiratorial smirk. His voice was a low purr as he said, "And you will sleep very good tonight. I know."

Harry cleared his throat, knowing he was bright red. "Ah, yeah, no doubt."

Viktor began putting his clothes back on. His voice was muffled under his shirt but became clearer when his head popped up out of the neck, saying, "Harry, there is nothing to be embarrassed about. You feel embarrassment about something that feels good? It is a release, a pleasure. It does not have to mean anything more."

Harry tugged his pants back on and hurried into his trousers. "So, ah, do you do that with everyone?"

Viktor regarded him thoughtfully and sighed. "No. I know not to do things around those who would hate me for who and what I am. But I know you are not like them. Your heart is open and good. You can appreciate the freedom we experienced. But if you do not wish me to be so open again, just say so and I will not put you in that position, Harry. You are my friend and I don't want to make you unhappy here."

Harry thought about Ron and Ginny and felt a pang of guilt, followed quickly by a rush of defiant anger. He had no claims on him here. He answered only to himself. Viktor would not shame him for his feelings. Taking a deep, steadying breath, he met Viktor's apprehensive gaze with his own determined one and said, "I'm not unhappy, Viktor. Not at all."

Viktor's worried expression melted into one of delight and gratitude, and Harry grinned back at him. Crossing to Harry and flinging his arm around his shoulders like usual, Viktor said, "Ready? Let us go."

Harry grinned more and enjoyed the casual closeness for what it was. "Ready!"

In companionable silence, they trekked up to the school under the midnight stars.

Missing Home

Chapter 4 of 12

Snape survives Nagini with Hermione and Harry's help, meaning he owes them a life debt. After years of trying to make their relationships with Ron and Ginny work, things go really pear-shaped, and Hermione and Harry cash in their debt with Snape in a manner he never would have expected (even if he had dared to hope). The strange part is: they all owe Viktor in some way or another for ending up together! Thanks to my feedback team: gelsey, darkcelestial20, snapeybears, silverdoe7127, Sarah, and Kathy, and thanks to alienor77310 for such a challenging, fun prompt! Please note: the epilogue is completely optional and is not necessary to have a complete experience of the story. Frankly, it is pure smut with a lot of focus on slashy SS/HP, which is why it's separate from the main story, in case that's not your cuppa (although, it's there because my recipient does like that sort of thing!). Original Prompt: 1) There are never enough threesomes involving Harry. Hermione and Harry realise just in time that marrying a Weasley (or at least, those Weasleys) is an error. They take advantage of the life debt Snape owes them to hide at his place. Weasley bashing welcome, happy 3some - even if short-lived - required.

Hermione and Snape were in the basement lab preparing ingredients when they heard Harry's voice carrying through the house above them.

"Hello? Severus? Hermione? Is anyone there?"

They exchanged perplexed looks and hurried up to the Floo in the sitting room to see Harry's head in the green flames.

"Oh, there you are! I tried Grimmauld Place first but Kreacher said you were here. Sorry, Severus, I hope I'm not interrupting anything important."

Snape shrugged, frowning in concern. "Just preparations. Is everything all right at Durmstrang?"

Harry averted his eyes and it was entirely possible that he was blushing, but the glow from the fire made it hard to tell. "Yeah, everything's fine. I just... I really need to talk to Hermione."

Hermione met Snape's worried gaze and said, "Of course. I'll meet you back downstairs when we're finished talking, okay?"

Snape nodded slowly. "Certainly. There's no rush. I hope you're well, Harry. I'll leave you two to carry on."

Snape retreated to the basement stairs, hesitating as he descended. It didn't take Legilimency to see that something had Harry rattled, and Snape was worried the training was pushing him too far, too fast. Knowing Harry's stubbornness, he wouldn't want Snape to know his struggles. Thus it was that Snape reached into his bag of tricks from his spying days and cast a spell that let him hear their conversation even from his vantage point in the lab.

The voices were tinny, like they were on the Wizarding Wireless, but their words were clear.

"Harry, you're scaring me. What's going on?"

There was a pause, then Harry whispered, "Hermione, you're my closest, dearest friend. I don't want to ruin that."

"What are you talking about? Harry, you couldn't ruin it. Just talk to me, please."

"You can't tell Ron. Or anyone. Promise me."

"I promise. Honestly, Harry, you're really making me worry. What happened?"

"It's... last night... um... Viktor and I... well, not really..."

"Viktor? Is he all right?"

Harry's sigh was audible. "Yes, yes, he's fine. It's what we did... last night. I'm just really confused."

"What did you do?"

"We flew. For hours. I couldn't believe how much my legs hurt. He used a potion and massaged it into my legs and...and arse."

"O-okay. Are you still hurt?"

"No, not at all. It's just... Hermione, it... *turned me on*."

"Oh! I see."

"I didn't know what to think or do! But then I went into the shower and he...he was..."

The silence lengthened until Hermione prompted, "He was what?"

"Oh, gods... he was wanking in the shower..." Hermione's gasp interrupted him. "...and I did too. I joined him. We didn't touch or anything. It wasn't like that, exactly. But... I liked it. And he told me he's been with men. Even with the Astronomy teacher here. Hermione, am I gay?"

Snape leant against the table, both hands flat and holding himself up as his gut roiled at the panicked tone of Harry's voice. How he wished he could go up there and ease the boy's mind.

"Well, uh, that depends, I guess."

"On what? Hermione, please tell me you're not mad."

Hermione hastily said, "Of course not! There's no reason to be mad at you. You aren't with Ginny, so you're not cheating."

Harry made an impatient noise. "I know that! I meant...you know how Ron is. If he ever knew about this, or even about Viktor, you know the awful things he would say. But what about you?"

Hermione's voice was gentle as she said, "Harry, I don't care if you're gay, straight, or anything in between. You're my best friend and I love you, no matter what."

In the pause that followed, Snape heard faint sniffing, and relief at Hermione's staunch acceptance welled up in his chest.

In a tiny voice, Harry said, "I love you too, Hermione." There was another pause, then Harry continued, "You said it depends. Depends on what?"

"Well, sexuality isn't just about behaviour. It's about intention and desire."

Unable to stop himself, Snape smiled and murmured, "Clever girl."

Hermione continued, "Are you attracted to men? Do you desire them sexually?"

Harry let loose a shaky breath. "I have for a while now, but I tried to ignore it. You know how dangerous that would be if Ron and the rest of the guys found out. I'd have probably been beaten in my sleep if their violent remarks were even half accurate."

Hermione crooned a comforting noise. "I won't tell anyone. I promise."

"Thanks. So, if I'm attracted to blokes, then am I gay?"

Voice once again taking on her brisk lecturing tone, she said, "Ah, but are you attracted to women? You seemed pretty into Ginny before. If Mrs. Weasley knew how far you two had already gone, she'd go spare."

Harry snorted. "Of course I'm attracted to her. I couldn't get in her knickers enough sixth year."

Hermione groaned. "Harry, really, I don't need the details!" Harry uttered a faint laugh and Hermione huffed. "So, you do realize that there are more than two options, right? It's not just gay or straight."

In the basement, Snape's guilt at eavesdropping faded under the surge of fondness for Hermione. "Where were you when I was your age, you brilliant girl?"

Hermione forged on. "I've never told anyone this before, but, if Viktor enjoys being with men, then he must be bisexual, since I *know* he enjoys being with women."

"Huh?"

A trifle arch, Hermione said, "It was our secret, but... Viktor and I did more than just snog fourth year."

"*What?*"

"Oh, give over, Harry. I'm older than you and I knew what I wanted. Don't you dare shame me."

Breathless, Harry hastily said, "I'm not! Really! I just... I had no idea." Then, his impressed smile was evident in his voice as he added, "You were so prim and proper, but that was just a sham!"

Hermione huffed and Snape could practically *hear* her glare. "Don't you breathe a word to Ron. He thinks he was my first."

Harry laughed. "You keep my secret, and I'll keep yours. Fair enough?"

"Deal. Anyway, the point is that Viktor is likely bisexual. And you may be too. The question *now* is what do you want to do about it?"

Harry gave a long sigh. "I don't know. I just... it's kinda overwhelming, y'know? If I had never come here, I might never have realized or admitted it."

Humour rippling her voice, Hermione said, "Hmm, just another thing to add to your list of things you owe Severus."

Harry voiced an inarticulate noise of affront. "Bloody hell, Hermione, he can't know about this."

Snape frowned, slightly offended.

Harry continued, "I'm serious, Hermione. I don't want to mess up my chance to learn from him. Who knows what he might think if he found out I...I'm... *bisexual*."

Heaving a weary sigh, Snape murmured, "I'd think that I'm one of a few who can truly understand what you're going through, although I didn't have the luxury of having a friend like Hermione."

Snape heard Hermione saying, "It's not my news to share, Harry. You can tell or not; it's your decision. But don't make assumptions about people, okay? Especially Severus," as he made ready to end the spell. Her statement made him pause.

"Fine. But right now, you and Viktor are the only ones who know *anything* and I want to keep it that way."

Grimacing at the pang of guilt that twisted his gut, Snape ended the spell. He busied himself with the ingredients, and it didn't take much longer for Hermione to come back down. Affecting polite interest, he said, "Is everything all right?"

Hermione looked pensive but said, "Oh, yes. He's just missing home and it all hit at once. He says it's hard to make friends there."

Treading carefully, Snape said, "But what about Viktor? I thought they got along well."

Hermione blushed but kept her gaze firmly fixed on the root she was mincing. "They do. But they're busy and it's all strange. He'll be fine. Looking forward to coming home at Christmas. You know, first one without Voldemort and all that."

Snape voiced an affirmative grunt, marvelling at Hermione's dissembling and peering at her from the corner of his eye. She had even managed to control the flush of her cheeks. Really, it was a performance worthy of a Slytherin and Snape was duly impressed.

Back to Hogwarts

Chapter 5 of 12

Snape survives Nagini with Hermione and Harry's help, meaning he owes them a life debt. After years of trying to make their relationships with Ron and Ginny work, things go really pear-shaped, and Hermione and Harry cash in their debt with Snape in a manner he never would have expected (even if he had dared to hope). The strange part is: they all owe Viktor in some way or another for ending up together! Thanks to my feedback team: gelsey, darkcelestial20, snapeybears, silverdoe7127, Sarah, and Kathy, and thanks to alienor77310 for such a challenging, fun prompt! Please note: the epilogue is completely optional and is not necessary to have a complete experience of the story. Frankly, it is pure smut with a lot of focus on slashy SS/HP, which is why it's separate from the main story, in case that's not your cuppa (although, it's there because my recipient does like that sort of thing!). Original Prompt: 1) There are never enough threesomes involving Harry. Hermione and Harry realise just in time that marrying a Weasley (or at least, those Weasleys) is an error. They take advantage of the life debt Snape owes them to hide at his place. Weasley bashing welcome, happy 3some - even if short-lived - required.

Term started in less than a week, and Harry stood in his new staff quarters at Hogwarts, putting his things away and hoping that the panicky flutter in his belly would go away before he had to teach his first class.

Hermione was just down the hall in her own quarters, and Harry could hear her laughter mingling with Snape's baritone chuckle through the open doors. He was helping her set up her private lab and going through the classroom stock as well.

Ginny had wanted to come help Harry move in, but Harry deflected the offer, feeling a bit smothered ever since she had glommed onto him once she had finished school a couple of months earlier. Mrs. Weasley had allowed them to start dating again, and Harry enthusiastically took advantage of the chance to get back into Ginny's knickers, but, as he admitted to no one but himself and Hermione, he missed the easy, casual enjoyment he had with Viktor and the freedom to ogle any fit blokes or pretty girls he wanted.

Now that he would be busy teaching, and Ginny couldn't spend so much time in his personal space, he figured he'd get some relief, and maybe he'd be able to better settle back into a serious relationship.

He jerked out of his reverie at the sound of footsteps at his door. Looking up, he saw Snape perusing the room.

"When you all rebuilt this place, these staff quarters were quite well done. Much more inviting than the ones I had in the dungeons."

Harry glanced around, barely seeing his surroundings. "Yeah, they're all right, I reckon."

Snape's eyes narrowed and he crossed to Harry, his gaze boring into him. Sometimes Harry was ridiculously easy to read. His voice low, he said, "Harry, look at me." Harry met his gaze, owl-eyed. "It's obvious you're nervous about teaching. How many times do I have to tell you? You'll be fine. Actually, you'll be more than fine. You have excelled in your studies and are far more prepared than many of the Defence teachers we've had here...myself excepted, of course."

Harry snorted and relaxed, just as Snape had intended.

"Your 'foolish dream' is coming true."

At that, Harry blinked and swallowed, his eyes glassy.

Snape ducked his head and said, "You've conquered the biggest scourge of modern time, landed your dream job, and have your first love by your side...in bed and out. What more could you want?"

Harry blushed, taken aback by Snape's comment about having Ginny in his bed. It was the first time he had ever said anything remotely sexual around him, and he realized that he was no longer just a child to Snape... he was a friend, an equal.

Harry passed Hermione's quarters on his way to his rooms and paused at the sound of muffled crying coming from within. It was Saturday night, after curfew, and Harry was surprised that Hermione was even at Hogwarts, since she usually spent her Saturday nights at Ron's. Ron had taken a flat just off Diagon Alley during Christmas break, and ever since then, Hermione was scarce on the weekends.

Gently, he knocked on her door. "Hermione? Are you all right?"

The noise stopped, but he heard her crossing to the door. A beat later, it opened to reveal Hermione's tear-stained face, eyes puffy and red from crying. Without a word, she gestured for him to enter and shut the door behind them. Harry responded by folding her into an embrace, rubbing her back and muttering soothing nonsense as she resumed crying against his chest.

He guided her back to her couch and they sat. After several minutes, Hermione calmed and leant back, sniffing and wiping her face. "Sorry about your shirt."

Harry glanced down at the wet spots and asked. "Who cares? Hermione, what's wrong?"

Grimacing, she croaked, "Ron and I had a huge row. He seems to think that just because he has his own place now and the shop is doing all right that I should quit teaching here and just get married and have babies and stay in the bloody kitchen. He kept badgering me about it and I just lost it. There's no way I was going to stay the night there with him expecting me to put out after that!"

Harry was properly indignant on her behalf. "Too right!" He paused for a beat and then muttered, "Want me to go hex him for you?"

Hermione laughed and favoured him with a grateful look. "What makes you think I didn't already?"

They both chuckled and Harry said, "Canaries again?"

Smirking in grim satisfaction, she retorted, "Boils. Right where they hurt the most."

Harry winced and crossed his legs reflexively. "Remind me never to piss you off."

Hermione sighed and leant against Harry again, and he wrapped his arm around her shoulders. Her voice weary, she said, "Are things this hard with Ginny?"

Harry cleared his throat. "Well, we don't row about this sort of thing, but we have our moments."

Gesturing between them, Hermione said, "We haven't rowed in ages. Not since the war was over. I had hoped that once the stress and fear was gone, Ron and I could get

along better. But he's just so difficult!"

"Hmm, true on both counts. But, of course, we aren't dating. I daresay that makes a difference."

"I thought maybe it was sexual frustration, before the war was over...that was what had us at each other's throats so often. We started shagging, and things were great. For a while. Then it all got complicated again."

Treading carefully, mindful of her prowess at revenge, Harry said, "Well, is the sex at least worth it?"

Hermione stiffened for a moment, then wilted again and sighed. "It's not perfect. But who would expect it to be perfect? At first, the thrill of actually *doing it* was enough to mask the... imperfections. But now...you know how hard it is to teach Ron anything!"

Harry cringed. "You don't actually try to *teach* him, do you?"

Hermione pulled away and shot him a trenchant glare. "Of course not. But he's oblivious to reinforcement and you know he can't have a civilized conversation about something as taboo as sex. Honestly, Harry, that whole family's attitudes about sex are positively parochial."

"Come again?"

Huffing in exasperation, she said, "Narrow minded."

"Ah. Naturally."

They were silent for a while, then Hermione heaved a sigh and sat up. "I think it's time to turn in. Thanks for letting me vent."

Harry hugged her and planted a kiss on her forehead. "Anytime. You've been my ear so many times already that it's high time I returned the favour."

They stood and Hermione flashed a tired smile at Harry as he crossed to the door. "You still going to Severus's for lunch tomorrow?"

Harry grinned. "Every Sunday!"

Pushing her lip forward in a pout, she said, "Think he'd mind if I tagged along?"

Harry levelled a stern look at her and said, "You're always welcome. You know that. We've missed you since you started spending the weekends with Ron. Come join us, and we'll make something special to cheer you up, okay?"

Hermione ducked her head and quirked a faint smile. "I'd like that."

Smiling fondly again, Harry said, "So would we," and opened the door. "Good night, Hermione. Get some rest."

"I'll try. Good night." With that, Harry shut the door and Hermione doused the lights on her way to bed.

That first year of teaching was officially over, and Harry and Hermione were at Spinner's End to celebrate the successful start of their careers with the man who had made it possible. Snape was in an armchair with his feet propped on an ottoman and Harry and Hermione were sprawled on the couch to one side. They all had flutes of champagne, and a decimated tray of snacks lay before them on the coffee table.

Harry drained his glass and said, "Severus, I made notes throughout the year where it seemed like the curriculum could use some tweaking. Would you be willing to go through it with me?"

Snape inclined his head. "Of course. I would be honoured."

Harry snorted and grinned at Snape. "Don't lay it on too thick, now. I'm still a rookie."

Snape chuckled and said, "After years of me never being allowed to give you lot any credit, you'd think you'd be eating it up now."

Hermione smirked and said, "I've learnt to accept compliments from Severus, Harry. You should too. If it comes from him, you know you've merited it."

She and Snape exchanged amused nods and looked at Harry, who blushed. Snape continued, "I saw the students' exam marks. The averages for O.W.L.s and N.E.W.T.s were some of the highest Hogwarts has seen. The students like you, what's more they respect you, and *you* somehow manage to tolerate *them*. That's quite an accomplishment."

Everyone laughed and topped off their champagne.

Hermione smiled and said, "Really, Harry, we're quite proud."

Harry wrinkled his nose but grinned. "Talking about me behind my back, were you?"

Snape cocked one eyebrow at him and drawled, "I doubt we have any secrets from you, Harry. From what I understand, friends aren't supposed to keep secrets from one another."

Harry blinked, his smile falling away as he exchanged an alarmed glance with an equally startled Hermione.

Snape averted his gaze to the snack tray, busying himself with crudités. The silence was awkward, so Snape took a deep breath and dived into the breach. His voice brisk, he said, "I can only assume you two have something special planned with your respective Weasleys to celebrate?"

Hermione cleared her throat. "Uh, yes. I plan on spending time over with Ron, so don't expect me to be around Grimmauld Place much, Harry."

Harry flashed a tight smile. "No worries. Actually, that's probably better, since Ginny will be staying with me for a while. Mrs. Weasley doesn't approve, but Ginny's of age and well past done with school, so she can't really do much about it now."

Snape snorted. "She hasn't begun badgering you to propose yet?"

Harry and Hermione both cringed. Harry muttered, "She, who? Mrs. Weasley or Ginny?"

"I daresay they're much the same in this regard."

Harry flashed, "Oi! I'm *not* shagging Mrs. Weasley!"

At that, the tension broke and they all burst into laughter. Snape said, "Perhaps it's best you won't be at Grimmauld Place, Hermione, else you might have to suffer the chance of coming upon Harry and Ginny 'breaking in' all the rooms."

Hermione shrieked with laughter, and Harry gave Snape a two-finger salute. Holding her hands up in mock-surrender, she said, "I'll be sure to give you the whole week undisturbed. Well, provided Ron and I manage to keep from fighting that long."

Snape sipped his champagne and said, "If you need a break from him, you're always welcome here."

"I'll keep that in mind."

"So, after you've done your best to shag your brains out your ears, what are your plans for the rest of the summer?" Snape looked at them expectantly.

Harry suddenly blushed and flicked a glance at Hermione. "Well, we were talking about taking a quick trip to Durmstrang. Hermione's never been, and Viktor invited us to visit."

Snape swallowed. "How nice. You didn't want him to come here?"

Harry shifted in his seat and said, "Well, you know, he's been here already, and since Hermione's never seen Durmstrang, we thought it might be a good opportunity for her to go too."

"Of course. Well, if he ever decides to visit here again, you're welcome to bring him by. I regret not having had a chance to get to know him when he was at Hogwarts. Everything was so complicated, what with Karkaroff and the Dark Lord and all that. I believe he and I may have some things in common." With that, Snape locked eyes with Harry over the rim of his champagne flute.

Harry's gut roiled, wondering why Snape was eyeing him so intently. It was like he was trying to impart some message or something.

Hermione watched the odd look Snape was giving Harry and a suspicion crawled into her brain. Resolving to investigate later, she said, "We'll let him know. Perhaps he can jaunt down here before the school year starts again."

Snape released Harry from his meaningful gaze and said lightly, "Excellent." He leant forward and placed his glass by the snack tray and said, "Would anyone care for some chocolates?" He cut a smirking glance at Harry and said, "I have it on good authority that it's good for what ails you."

Harry snorted and Hermione chuckled. Snape smiled and strode into the kitchen to retrieve the box of sweets, and the rest of the evening passed in their usual comfortable companionship.

Home Is Where the Heart Is

Chapter 6 of 12

Snape survives Nagini with Hermione and Harry's help, meaning he owes them a life debt. After years of trying to make their relationships with Ron and Ginny work, things go really pear-shaped, and Hermione and Harry cash in their debt with Snape in a manner he never would have expected (even if he had dared to hope). The strange part is: they all owe Viktor in some way or another for ending up together! Thanks to my feedback team: gelsey, darkcelestial20, snapeybears, silverdoe7127, Sarah, and Kathy, and thanks to alienor77310 for such a challenging, fun prompt! Please note: the epilogue is completely optional and is not necessary to have a complete experience of the story. Frankly, it is pure smut with a lot of focus on slashy SS/HP, which is why it's separate from the main story, in case that's not your cuppa (although, it's there because my recipient does like that sort of thing!). Original Prompt: 1) There are never enough threesomes involving Harry. Hermione and Harry realise just in time that marrying a Weasley (or at least, those Weasleys) is an error. They take advantage of the life debt Snape owes them to hide at his place. Weasley bashing welcome, happy 3some - even if short-lived - required.

Barely four days later, Hermione showed up at Spinner's End, seeking a respite from Ron's overbearing attitude.

Snape handed her a cup of tea and some chocolate biscuits, his expression neutral even though he was seething with the desire to go teach the stupid prat a lesson on how to treat Hermione right. He kept silent as she vented her frustrations.

When she reached the end of her rant, she heaved a sigh and peered sheepishly up at Snape, saying, "This is the part where Harry offers to go hex Ron for me. Should I worry what you might offer to do?"

Snape tossed his head and said, "I'll offer nothing of the sort. You're quite capable of taking care of yourself, and if you wanted that lummo hexed, you'd do it on your own. I know better than to usurp your agency."

Hermione tilted her head and smiled, taken aback by the compliment.

Snape added, "However, if you might be keen to *revise* undetectable poisons, I'm your man." Hermione burst out laughing and Snape smirked. Wagging his eyebrows, he said, sotto voce, "I know how to keep secrets."

Hermione's laughter faltered and she frowned. Snape's eyes widened at the abrupt shift in mood.

Pinning him with a probing gaze, Hermione said, "Speaking of secrets... I heard your digs at Harry. What is it you think he's keeping secret?"

Snape studied her for a long moment, then sighed, clearly making a decision. Leaning forward, both hands wrapped around his cup, he said, "Hermione, please don't be angry with me until you've heard me out."

Blinking rapidly, unnerved by his demeanour, she uttered a clipped, "All right."

Snape stared at her, his eyes weary, then cleared his throat. "I heard you and Harry talking. The day he called here from Durmstrang."

Hermione gasped and drew up straight in righteous indignation.

Snape held up a warning hand and said, "I *know*. I shouldn't have done it, but I was worried he was in over his head at Durmstrang and didn't want to disappoint me. You know how stubborn he can be."

Hermione deflated a bit and pursed her lips, conceding the point.

Snape's smile was wistful as he said, "I wished I had had a friend like you when I was your age, and I wanted to tell him I understand what he's going through. I just wish he wasn't so afraid for me to know."

At that, Hermione stared at him, confused. "What do you mean?"

Snape favoured her with an exasperated look. "I mean that Viktor and I, and Harry and I, for that matter, all have something in common."

Brows shooting skyward and eyes going round in surprise, Hermione said, "You're bisexual too?"

Snape drummed his fingers on the table and murmured, "Give the pretty lady a prize."

She was staring at him in fascination, like she had never seen him before.

Snape's lips twisted with a bitterness he hadn't felt since the war had ended and he rumbled, "Of course you wouldn't conceive of the possibility that I could be bisexual, because who would ever conceive of the possibility that the greasy git could be *any* kind of sexual at all?"

Hermione's mouth opened and she covered his hand in protest. "Severus, that's not fair! We've spent much longer with you as our teacher than as our friend. We try not to think about those sorts of things, especially with the power imbalance that comes with it."

Snape glared at his tea. "I thought I told you that I'm tired of being a teacher. I'm just me, just Severus. I'm just a man who has desires and needs, like anyone else."

Hermione sat in silence, digesting his revelations and reassessing her view of him. Finally, she said, "Then why don't you do something about it?"

Snape cast a black glare at her and said, "Like what? With my reputation and looks, who would want anything to do with me?"

At that, Hermione huffed and put on her sternest voice, saying, "Severus Snape, there is nothing wrong with either your reputation or your looks, do you hear me?"

Snape grimaced at her, but his eyes shone with gratitude.

Hermione smiled and said, "Besides, some people happen to like tall, dark, and mysterious, you know."

Snape rolled his eyes. "Of course, *some* people. Are 'some people' the same as the ubiquitous, elusive 'they' of 'they say'?"

Hermione snorted and leant forward, pinning him with a frank look. "I do. What do you think drew me to Viktor in the first place?"

That stunned Snape and he blinked at her, at a loss for words.

Grinning, she gripped his hand and squeezed. "There, you see? You can't bitch about it if you're not willing to do anything about it."

Snape looked at her hand on his and his gut twisted. Heart racing, he drawled, "Ah, but you're already taken."

Hermione gasped and blushed. "Very funny."

Snape swallowed and said, "And so is Harry."

Rendered completely speechless, Hermione just stared at him. Finally, after a long, awkward silence, Hermione said, "Thanks for the offer, but..." Snape started to retreat into himself "...I don't need to revise any poisons, I know all I need to know because I learned from the best."

Snape's eyes narrowed and he quirked a faint smile, taking the peace offering and patting her hand on his before rising and taking his teacup to the sink.

Hermione cleared her throat and said, "Well, I should probably get going. Ron's no doubt wondering where I went."

Snape leant against the counter and crossed his arms, watching her stand and smooth her clothing. She nodded at him and strode to the doorway, heading for the Floo. As she crossed the threshold, Snape said quietly, "Why do you stay with him?"

Hermione stopped, head dropping toward her chest, and said wearily, "Because I love him, Severus."

Snape huffed and said, "We fought to save the world for love. It was supposed to be better than this."

Hermione stiffened but didn't look back at him as she walked away, barely intoning, "See you later."

Snape heard her disappear into the Floo and spun to grip the edge of the counter in frustration. He flung the teacup into the sink and relished the crash as it shattered. Then, taking a deep breath, he cast *Reparo* and cleaned up before returning to the reading he had been immersed in before Hermione had shown up and thrown his world into turmoil.

A week and a half later, Harry and Hermione joined Snape for their customary Sunday lunch. When Harry excused himself to go to the toilet, Snape whispered to Hermione, "Did you tell him I know?"

Hermione knew exactly what he meant and pinned him with a lofty glare. "I did not. Like I told *him*, it's not my news to tell. You're on your own."

Severus scowled and sat back, looking off into the middle distance in thought.

When it was time to leave, Snape said, "Harry, would you mind staying for a moment. I'd like to speak to you alone."

Harry blinked, taken aback, and looked at Hermione, who was staring at Snape with a knowing expression. "Uh, sure. You don't mind, do you, Hermione?"

"Not a bit. I'll see you at home. Good evening, Severus."

"Have a good night, Hermione. See you later."

Hermione Flooed away and Harry looked at Snape with clear apprehension. "So, is everything okay?"

Snape took a deep breath and settled his shoulders. "I have to tell you something. I should have told you a long time ago."

Harry's brows rose and he said, "You can tell me anything."

At that, Snape cut a sombre glance at him and said, "I hope you can forgive me..."

Harry interjected, saying earnestly, "Severus, I will always forgive you. Always."

Snape's lips clamped shut and he swallowed hard. Clearing his throat he continued, "I'm sorry. I eavesdropped on your conversation with Hermione when you called here from Durmstrang."

Harry went white, and his eyes widened. Incredulous, he stared at Snape and rasped, "You *what*?"

Snape ran a hand through his hair and rubbed the back of his neck, his head hanging forward. "I was concerned about your training and afraid you were having trouble that you wouldn't tell me about, so I listened. I shouldn't have done it. I should have respected your privacy. I'm sorry. But it doesn't change the fact that I know about you, Harry."

Snape looked up and saw panic mixed with the hurt and anger. He forged on, "And it *doesn't* change the fact that *it makes no difference*. It makes no difference to Hermione and it makes no difference to me. I wish you could have felt comfortable sharing that with me; I understand."

Voice shaky, Harry said, "Understand?"

Snape lifted his chin and Harry was fleetingly reminded of Viktor's expression of defiance. "I went through what you're going through, only I didn't have a Hermione to help me. I'm attracted to both men and women. Just like you. Just like Viktor."

Harry shoved his glasses to his forehead and scrubbed at his face. His voice was hoarse as he said, "You can't tell anyone. You *can't*. If Ron or Ginny find out..."

He snapped, "Then they would know you for who you truly are! How can they purport to care about you and love you if they don't really know you? And if they can't accept the real you, then they don't really love you. Not like Hermione and..." He stopped short, then recovered, saying, "Not like your real friends...we accept you no matter what, Harry."

Harry met Snape's fierce gaze and his panic ebbed. The sincerity permeated Snape's voice, his expression, his posture, and glowed in his eyes, along with something else that made the bottom drop out of Harry's stomach.

Nodding, Harry exhaled a trembling breath and said, "Thanks."

Snape ducked his head, his cheeks tinted pink, and rumbled, "Will you forgive me?"

Harry saw the tension in Snape's shoulders and heard the shame in his voice. His chest tightened and he whispered, "Of course. Always."

Snape jerked his gaze up to meet Harry's. Harry looked rather harrowed, but he smiled hesitantly at Snape in response to his muttered, "Thank you."

There was a long silence, both men lost in their own thoughts. Snape finally broke it, murmuring, "Are you really never going to tell Ginny?"

Harry frowned and shifted in his seat. "If you'd heard the things that have been said in that family..."

"Then why do you want to be a part of it? If they're so prejudiced and closed-minded, why are you still with her?"

Helplessly, Harry said, "Because I love her."

Snape shoved back from the table, startling Harry, and growled, "That's what Hermione said."

Lost, Harry said, "What did Hermione say?"

Snape whirled to face Harry, leaning against the counter and gripping the edge, knuckles white. "*She* stays with Ron even though he has no clue how to treat her properly, and *you* stay with Ginny even though that whole family disparages people like us. And you both say it's because you love them. If love is supposed to be so wonderful that it got us through the war, then why are you both so unhappy?" He spun again, hunched forward, away from Harry, as he muttered, "Why am I...?"

Completely unnerved by Snape's behaviour, Harry stood, stepping toward the other man. But Snape twitched and snarled over his shoulder, "Never mind. Forget I said anything. Just... go. I need to be alone." His laugh was bitter. "It's all I am anyway."

Tentatively, Harry said, "Severus..." but was stopped by Snape waving a hand at him and imperiously pointing at the door.

"Go, Harry." His hand dropped to grip the counter edge again. "Please."

Harry stepped backward, afraid to say anything else in the face of Snape's ire. He crossed to the door, moving faster the closer he got to the hearth, and flooded home, leaving Snape in the charged silence of the kitchen.

When Worlds Collide

Chapter 7 of 12

Snape survives Nagini with Hermione and Harry's help, meaning he owes them a life debt. After years of trying to make their relationships with Ron and Ginny work, things go really pear-shaped, and Hermione and Harry cash in their debt with Snape in a manner he never would have expected (even if he had dared to hope). The strange part is: they all owe Viktor in some way or another for ending up together! Thanks to my feedback team: gelsey, darkcelestial20, snapeybears, silverdoe7127, Sarah, and Kathy, and thanks to alienor77310 for such a challenging, fun prompt! Please note: the epilogue is completely optional and is not necessary to have a complete experience of the story. Frankly, it is pure smut with a lot of focus on slashy SS/HP, which is why it's separate from the main story, in case that's not your cuppa (although, it's there because my recipient does like that sort of thing!). Original Prompt: 1) There are never enough threesomes involving Harry. Hermione and Harry realise just in time that marrying a Weasley (or at least, those Weasleys) is an error. They take advantage of the life debt Snape owes them to hide at his place. Weasley bashing welcome, happy 3some - even if short-lived - required.

Late that summer, just before the school year started, Harry and Hermione took their trip to Durmstrang, looking forward to having some time away from the demands of their relationships. When they touched down from their Portkey, Viktor was there to welcome them with enthusiastic hugs.

Hermione hadn't seen him since the wedding two years before, and she was struck by how different he looked. She stared after him, rather dazed, as he grabbed their bags and took off for the school, leaving them to follow. Hermione grabbed Harry's arm and tugged him back, out of earshot.

"Bloody hell, Harry, you never told me he looked that good!"

Harry grinned cheekily and said, "I told you what he looked like. His hair is even longer now. What's the matter? Feeling a little star-struck?"

Hermione sucked in a deep breath and hissed, "I had no idea he would be this good looking now! Oh, this isn't fair. Not one bit."

Harry laughed and pulled her along. "Too bad for us, then, 'cause we're both taken. And he knows that, so we're safe. He doesn't help people cheat either."

Still looking a bit disconcerted, she said, "I'm glad one of us will have some self-control. I mean, *honestly!*"

Harry chuckled again. After a long pause, he leant close to her ear and said, his voice rippling with mischief, "You know what? Now that I see him again, he puts me in mind of Severus. Especially with that longer hair. Of course, Viktor smiles a lot more than Severus does, but they've got the same features. Does that help?"

Hermione pinned him with a reproachful glare that was mixed with no little heat and guilt. "No. It doesn't."

Stunned by her expression and retort, Harry released her and stood rooted to the spot as she kept moving. "Oh. I see. I mean... all right then."

Viktor turned to see them straggling behind and bellowed, "Come on! We have a welcoming reception for you. We don't want to be late!"

Hermione flicked a glance back at Harry and he nodded, jogging to catch up and muttering, "Well, things just keep getting curiouser and curiouser."

The school year had got off to a good start, and Harry and Hermione were enjoying themselves, no longer feeling like they had something to prove. It gave them plenty to think about and work on, which was just as well, since things were still rocky with Ron and Ginny. Hermione had stopped staying over at Ron's on the weekends, having taken on some more duties under McGonagall...well, at least, that was her excuse.

Still, they kept up their Sundays with Severus, which had eventually returned to their normal camaraderie as the awkwardness lessened.

It was during Christmas holiday that they made good on their promise to Snape to bring Viktor by if he came to visit. Viktor and Snape were in the sitting room talking about Durmstrang and the instructors that they both knew, and Harry and Hermione had retreated to the kitchen to refresh the tea tray.

Harry peeked out and watched the two men in conversation, looking at their similar profiles. They were completely engrossed, leaning toward each other and talking animatedly.

"Hermione, come here," Harry whispered. She joined him in the doorway. Neither man noticed. "Look at Severus. I've never seen him like this...well, okay, maybe in some of the conversations he's had with you...but look at them. They're really going at it. It's funny though, seeing them together like this...they really do look like they could be related."

Hermione gazed at them, lips pursed in thought. "Viktor is much swarthier, and Severus is much leaner, but they do have similar noses and hair. Hmm, it looks like they like each other well enough too."

Harry frowned. "Huh?"

Hermione pulled Harry further away from the doorway and whispered, "Look at Severus. How often does he smile like that? Or laugh? Look how his eyes light up. And Viktor is returning it just as much, if not more."

Harry stared, gut fluttering with a mix of envy and excitement. Mind teeming with images of what this could mean, Harry swallowed hard at the tingles that shot straight through him, ending in his cock. "Hermione, he knows Viktor is bi. And he is too."

"I *know*."

Harry tugged her fully into the kitchen. "You knew? How did you know?"

"Severus told me he eavesdropped on our conversation. Look, Harry, do you think we should...I dunno...give them some privacy?"

Envy spiked though Harry, unsure of which side it was for, but he said, "Severus did say he wasn't happy. Do you think this would make him happy?"

"I don't know, but I do know that I wouldn't want to get in the way of him actually doing something about being lonely. Come on, let's go home and leave them to it." She gestured for Harry to follow her out.

They entered the sitting room again and stood near the hearth. Snape and Viktor looked up at the same time. Brow furrowing in dismay, Snape said, "Are you all leaving?"

Viktor jerked upright, taken aback. "Do we have to go now?"

Hermione lifted her hands in a gesture of appeasement and said, "No, you don't have to come with us, as long as Severus here is okay with that, but Harry and I just wanted to get home. We've got some last minute Christmas stuff to do."

Viktor turned to beam at Snape hopefully. "I vos enjoying our conversation. Should I go with them now?"

Snape flicked a glance at everyone, then said, "No, feel free to stay. I'd love to hear your thoughts on...which one was it, Harry?...the Astronomy teacher there."

Harry gasped, and Viktor glanced between Harry and Snape, pausing to lock eyes with Snape before his grin turned into more of a smirk and he said, "Of course. I will stay for a little vile longer. You are free to kick me out anytime."

Snape smiled. "Noted." He flashed a dismissive smile at Harry and Hermione and said, "Good night."

Hermione said, "Good night, Severus. We'll see you in the morning, Viktor."

Harry said, "Good night," and Hermione tugged him into the green flames to Floo home.

Once they were gone, Viktor turned a mischievous smile on Snape and said in a low voice, "Vot would you like to know about Nikola?"

Snape leant toward Viktor again and murmured, "Whatever you'd like to tell me. Feel free to include any... interesting details."

Viktor laughed and stood, offering his hand to Snape. "Come. I would rather show you what I learned about him. Perhaps we can do a comparison study, yes?"

Snape clasped Viktor's hand and rose, standing close to him. It had been so long since he had successfully flirted with anyone, especially to have it amount to anything. Heart beating wildly, he squeezed Viktor's hand and said simply, "Yes."

Harry had a hard time sleeping that night, wondering what would happen with Snape and Viktor. He was awake again early, and finally gave it up as a bad job, trudging downstairs to get some breakfast. Thus it was that he was in the kitchen eating porridge at nearly 6 a.m. when Viktor spun out of the Floo, shoes in hand.

They stared at each other for a long moment, frozen, then Viktor murmured, "Good morning. I'm glad it won't be possible for me to wake you. I hope I don't wake Hermione either. Enjoy your breakfast."

He nodded and strode past Harry, who was staring at Viktor's rumpled clothes and tangled hair. Unable to stop himself, he blurted, "Did you shag him?"

Viktor whirled and glared at Harry so hard that Harry winced and muttered, "Sorry."

"Not that it is any of your business, no. We had an enjoyable time."

"Good." Viktor's brows shot up and Harry hastily amended, "I mean, good that you had a good time, not good that you didn't shag him. Not that it's any of my business, of course. But I do care if he's happy, and I'm glad he enjoyed himself...and that you did too...oh, bloody hell, I mean, I'm glad you both enjoyed yourselves. It's about time he had a good time. He deserves it."

Viktor's censorious expression relaxed, and he said, "Yes, he does. But he also deserves some privacy."

Harry grimaced and said, "Sorry. I was just surprised and spoke without thinking."

Viktor growled, "I noticed." Harry gave him a sheepish look. "Harry, please do not make things awkward with Severus. We had pleasure, like you and I did, but it is nothing more than that. We are free to have a bit of fun. So we did. Do not make a big deal out of it."

Harry nodded. "I won't. I promise." Viktor inclined his head in acceptance. Harry flashed a lopsided grin and said in an exaggerated joking tone, "Damn, and I was hoping you'd be able to tell me if he was any good in bed, but since you didn't shag..."

Viktor's eyes narrowed, and he said in a low voice, "Oh, we may not have shagged, but he was very good in bed. Make no mistake."

Harry choked and Viktor's grin was wolfish. "I am going to take a nap. I need to catch up on my rest...I am quite worn out. Good morning."

With that parting shot, Viktor left Harry alone in the kitchen with a raging erection.

It took several weeks for Harry to be able to look at Snape without blushing and feeling a tingle in his groin. Once the holiday was over, Viktor was gone, and they were back into the routine of teaching, things were much better on that score.

Unfortunately, as the term wore on, Harry's relationship with Ginny and Hermione's relationship with Ron declined even more. It seemed sometimes like they were fighting or sulking more than they weren't, and by the time the end of the school year loomed, Snape called them on it.

"Term is over at the end of the month, which makes almost two whole years that you've been with Ginny and it's done nothing but get worse. And *you've* been with Ron for longer than that, unless you don't count all the various times you two 'took a break' from each other until he came begging you to take him back. How much longer are you going to suffer through this? It's taking a toll on you more than you realize!"

Snape was glaring at them across the kitchen table after they had finished their Sunday lunch. Harry and Hermione exchanged miserable looks.

"You're *not* happy, and the way they treat you is *not* love. It hurts to watch you destroyed little by little. I thought Gryffindors were supposed to be brave...so fucking *tell* them to shape up or ship out!"

Hermione's lips trembled and tears spilled onto her cheeks. Snape reared back, aghast. Harry shot him a poisonous glare and moved to hug Hermione.

"Hermione, I-I'm so sorry. I never meant to make you cry. Let me make it up to you..."

Harry cut him off, growling, "You've done enough." He guided Hermione to her feet and around the table. "Come on, let's go home. The last thing you need is someone else who claims to love you *yelling* at you."

Snape gaped in horror at their retreating forms. He wanted to rush to Hermione and hold her and apologize until she stopped crying, but he knew that would make things worse. Harry was right. It was not his place to give ultimatums...or he was no better than Ron.

Safe at Spinner's End

Chapter 8 of 12

Snape survives Nagini with Hermione and Harry's help, meaning he owes them a life debt. After years of trying to make their relationships with Ron and Ginny work, things go really pear-shaped, and Hermione and Harry cash in their debt with Snape in a manner he never would have expected (even if he had dared to hope). The strange part is: they all owe Viktor in some way or another for ending up together! Thanks to my feedback team: gelsey, darkcelestial20, snapeybears, silverdoe7127, Sarah, and Kathy, and thanks to alienor77310 for such a challenging, fun prompt! Please note: the epilogue is completely optional and is not necessary to have a complete experience of the story. Frankly, it is pure smut with a lot of focus on slashy SS/HP, which is why it's separate from the main story, in case that's not your cuppa (although, it's there because my recipient does like that sort of thing!). Original Prompt: 1) There are never enough threesomes involving Harry. Hermione and Harry realise just in time that marrying a Weasley (or at least, those Weasleys) is an error. They take advantage of the life debt Snape owes them to hide at his place. Weasley bashing welcome, happy 3some - even if short-lived - required.

Snape didn't hear from them for the rest of the week, and when Sunday rolled around again and still no word, he sat alone at his kitchen table, his head cradled in his hands, despairing of ever mending the breach his harsh words had caused.

Thus it was that, the day after the school year ended, he was surprised to hear Harry's frantic voice calling from his Floo around 9 p.m. Rushing into the sitting room, he said, "What's wrong? Are you all right?"

"Can we come through? Please?"

Snape nodded vigorously and stepped back. Harry and Hermione whirled out onto the rug, and they both looked frazzled.

Breathless, Harry said, "Thank you. Are your Anti-Apparition wards still up?"

A frisson of icy fear washed over him as he said, "Of course. Why?"

Hermione murmured, "Block your Floo. Please."

Snape instantly cast the spells, pulse speeding up in response to their contagious fear. "There. We're as secure as we'll ever be. Now, why don't you sit down and tell me what happened."

Harry guided Hermione to sit on the couch and crossed to the hutch where Snape kept his alcohol, pouring shots of Firewhisky for both of them. They knocked them back and coughed, taking deep breaths until they were calmer. Snape wanted to yell, to get them to bloody well *talk* already, but he was afraid to after how disastrous that had been last time.

In a carefully controlled voice, he said, "What are you afraid of?"

Harry muttered, "Revenge."

Frowning in confusion, Snape urged, "Revenge for what? And from whom?"

Hermione spoke then. "Ron and Ginny. Hell, maybe even the whole Weasley clan by now."

Harry added, "We ended things with them. It went... poorly."

Hermione let loose a bark of hysterical laughter at Harry's understatement. "Poorly? We were dodging hexes at the end there. We really should offer to pay for repairs at the restaurant."

Snape's eyes nearly bugged out. "What on earth happened?"

Harry leant back into the couch cushions and closed his eyes. "Ever since we left here last time, we've been trying to figure out what to do. We tried talking to them and explaining what we wanted to change to make things better. It didn't work. We gave them so many chances. So, we finally realized you were right and that we had to end it, and we knew what we wanted. We set up a meeting at a nice restaurant, figuring they'd be less likely to make a scene in public like that..."

Hermione snorted. "Apparently not."

Snape blinked.

Harry continued, "We explained that we weren't happy and that it was over, but they didn't believe us. They kept trying to convince us that we were just being too sensitive and that we didn't know what we were talking about."

Hermione interjected again. "Fucking infuriating, that was."

"Yeah. So, things got a little heated, and then...well...all hell broke loose. That was my fault, actually."

Hermione rounded on him and said, "No it wasn't! It's not your fault that they're bigots!"

At that, Snape breathed, "You didn't."

They both turned to him and Harry said, "I did. You were right. If they can't accept me for who I really am like you can, then they don't really love me."

Snape's hands rose to rake through his hair and then cover his mouth. His eyes were wide as he stared at them, astonished.

Hermione whispered, "That's when things turned ugly, and Ron got violent. We had to get out of there before Harry got hurt."

Snape rasped, "Of course."

"We Apparated to the Three Broomsticks so we could Floo to Hogwarts since we hadn't moved our stuff home for the summer yet, but when we Flooed to my room, we heard them in the hallway. They had apparently Flooed to Harry's room after going to Grimmauld Place first. Ron was yelling something about Harry fucking Kreacher or something vile like that, and we couldn't think of anywhere else to go that they couldn't find us. That's when we asked if we could come here." Hermione gazed at him with solemn, glassy eyes.

Snape looked at Harry and saw that he was shaking. He shot to his feet, startling them, and hurried to his potions stock, returning with a Calming Draught. He perched on the coffee table in front of Harry and offered the bottle to him. "Here. Drink."

Harry swallowed a large dose and curled forward, arms crossed tight over his middle as he waited for the tremors to stop.

Snape stared at the young man...he hadn't been a boy for a long while...and said, "I'm so sorry you experienced that, but I'm so proud of you, Harry."

Harry looked up with a mournful expression that crumbled as tears welled up. Snape leant forward and gathered Harry into a comforting embrace, looking at Hermione and nodding for her to join them.

They sat there, holding each other, for a long while. Finally, Harry backed away and Summoned a tissue to wipe his face and blow his nose. Snape took that as his cue to return the Calming Draught to his potions cabinet. He dallied for a few minutes, giving Harry and Hermione time and privacy to compose themselves.

When he returned, Hermione was in his kitchen making tea and toast and Harry was sprawled on his couch, watching him thoughtfully. Snape sat in his armchair and said, "Are you all right?"

Harry nodded, the potion and the Firewhisky working to leave him rather mellow. "I'm better, thanks. Do you mind if we kip here tonight? We don't want to have to worry about Ron and Ginny showing up at Grimmauld Place or Hogwarts again until we've had a chance to talk to MLE about protection orders."

Snape swallowed, a thrill chasing through him at the thought of having them in his home overnight. The last person he had ever had stay over was Viktor; there was a throb in his groin at the thought. "I've only got the one spare room, but you're welcome to it."

Harry cast a lopsided grin at him. "Thanks. If I had to pick the safest place to be, it would always be with you."

Snape sucked in a breath and swallowed again, the throb in his groin now joined by another in his chest.

From the doorway, Hermione added, "Harry's right. For the past three years, we've been happiest when we've been here with you." She entered and set the tea tray on the coffee table, smiling at Snape as she murmured, "We missed you last Sunday. We just couldn't come back to you until we had accomplished something."

Something akin to panic crept over Snape, feeling like he was being ganged up on, and he said thickly, "On second thought, perhaps it's better if you don't stay here tonight. You should go find a room at a hotel or an inn. I'll pay for it if necessary. But you should go."

Harry scowled and said, "Oi! That's not on, Severus. We're in very real danger and we need protection. You owe us, remember? Something about a life debt? Well, we're cashing in."

Snape's eyes widened and he sank back in his chair. "Are you serious?"

Hermione affected a reasoning tone and said, "We are. We've never liked having that whole life debt thing hanging over us, always there as a barrier between you and us. This is a perfect opportunity to discharge your obligation, Severus. Honestly, what self-respecting Slytherin wouldn't jump at the chance to get rid of a life debt in such a benign fashion?"

Snape let loose a bark of sardonic laughter. "And what self-respecting Gryffindor would manipulate someone who owes them a life debt like this?"

Harry said, "Bloody hell, Severus, you act like we have you trapped in your own home."

Hermione added, "So, what do you say? We stay for as long as it takes to make sure we're safe from Weasley vengeance, and you've paid your life debt to us. Simple. Now, shall we have some tea to seal the bargain?"

Cold sweat prickled Snape's skin as he looked at the two very determined and triumphant people before him. "Fine. It's a deal."

Both Harry and Hermione beamed at him, eyes alight with satisfaction and something a bit more predatory. Snape's pulse stuttered and raced.

Hermione mixed tea for everyone and handed the cups out. "Here. Just have some tea and relax."

Harry sipped his tea but stared at Snape over the rim of the cup. "Good idea, Hermione, but I know how I'd rather relax."

Hermione affected polite inquiry and said, also watching Snape, "Oh, what's that?"

Harry put down his cup and leant back on the couch, sliding forward, knees spreading. "Something Viktor and I used to do."

Snape's cup dropped onto his saucer with a clatter.

Hermione smiled, setting her cup down as well, and said, "Mmm, I remember how Viktor used to relax me. I wonder if the premise is the same."

Harry deliberately slid his hand over his groin, smirking at Snape. "I dunno. What about you, Severus? How did he relax you?"

Snape's breathing went shallow and rapid, and his hand shook as he put his cup on the table. His voice was rough and rather desperate as he said, "What are you doing? What's got into you two?"

At that, Hermione made a moue of sympathy and rose to cross to his chair. She perched on one arm and caressed Snape's shoulder soothingly. "Severus, in the time since we saw you last, Harry and I did a lot of talking. We realized that you were right on so many counts, and we also realized what we wanted." She lifted her hand to cup his cheek and murmured, "I'm not taken anymore, Severus. And neither is Harry."

Snape's eyes were wide as he looked up at her, and he snapped his gaze to Harry, who was lightly rubbing the growing lump in his trousers. Harry's lips spread in sultry invitation. Snape looked back at Hermione; her pupils were dilated and she had leant very close to him.

Voice strained, Snape said, "Why do you think I wanted you gone? Why put myself through the torment of temptation?"

"Temptation is only torment if there's no follow-through." At the end of her words, Hermione closed the distance between them and kissed him. A noise not unlike a whimper welled up in his throat. On the couch, Harry voiced an appreciative moan.

Snape was frozen in his seat, afraid to respond to Hermione's kiss. She slid off the chair arm and onto his lap, holding him in place with one hand cradling the base of his skull. Gently, her tongue traced his lips, persistent until he gave in and opened his mouth under hers. Her coo of approval was muffled against his lips as her tongue explored him, coaxing him to respond in kind.

Hermione grabbed Snape's hands and guided them around her to caress her back and arse. She nipped at his lower lip, and his hand clamped down on her arse cheek, making her rock against him, moaning at the feel of his burgeoning erection under her cleft. She pressed nibbling kisses along his jaw and back to his ear, leaving him to look over her shoulder at Harry on the couch. Snape exhaled shakily at the sight of Harry watching them with hooded eyes, his trousers open and his hand stroking his cock slowly.

Hermione turned to look and grinned. Her lips brushed Snape's ear as she murmured, "You can do more than just watch, you know. We talked at length about what we hoped for. If you really aren't interested, we'll stop forcing ourselves on you right now. But if you weren't joking before about me and Harry, then we're finally free to take you up on the idea."

Snape jerked back to meet her eyes, his expression still one of wary disbelief. "But... how could you want *me*?"

Harry spoke up. "Have you any idea how good it feels to know someone loves you for who you are? Completely? You're beautiful, Severus...how could we *not* want you?"

Shaking his head, Snape rumbled, "No. I don't know what that feels like."

Hermione framed his face in her hands, turning him to meet her fierce gaze. "Well, you're about to find out, if you'll let us show you."

Snape stared at her, hardly daring to hope.

Thumb tracing his lips, Hermione whispered, "You said it yourself, Severus: we fought a war for love. *This* is what makes us happy."

Snape tore his gaze away from Hermione's and was startled to see that Harry had crossed to them, leaning over the chair arm. Hermione's hands dropped, and Harry gripped Snape's chin, turning him to face Harry.

"Severus, it took a long time for us to realize that the people we were with were not who we loved, and couldn't make us happy. But you... every time we were with you, everything was so perfect. This is just the next step. Let us show you how much we love you. You've done so much to show us how much you love us."

Snape swallowed hard, trying to steady his breathing. Eyes locked with Harry's...the vibrant green almost gone, so wide were his pupils...Snape nodded.

Hermione voiced a cry of exultation, beaming, but Harry's expression smouldered and he ducked closer to pin Snape with a searing kiss. Hermione squirmed off Snape's lap and Harry scrambled to straddle him.

Snape finally accepted that it wasn't all some twisted ruse to humiliate him and his hands wound around Harry, pulling him closer and returning the kiss with decided fervour. Harry's knees were wedged tightly between the chair and Snape's legs, but when Snape trailed his hands down to grip Harry's arse, Harry moaned enthusiastically and rocked forward to grind his half-clothed cock against Snape's erection. Pulling away from the kiss, Harry slid one hand into Snape's hair, baring his ear for Harry's purred, "You said something about a spare room. Why don't we go make good use of that bed?"

Hermione hummed in agreement from her vantage point to one side of the armchair. "I think that's a perfect idea, Harry. Of course, you'll have to let Severus up first."

Harry pulled back, rocking in Snape's lap again and eliciting a ragged gasp, and quirked a wicked half-smile. "I'll let you up on one condition."

Voice gravelly, Snape said, "What's that?"

Harry gripped Snape's hair and held him still, making sure Snape met his gaze. "That you don't try to run away or get rid of us again."

Hermione perched on the chair arm and joined Harry in gazing steadily at Snape. "We're here because we want to be. We want you, and from what you've indicated before, you want us too. So there's nothing holding us back now."

Snape nodded slowly, and Harry's smile turned positively sinful. "Actually, make that two conditions."

Snape swallowed and breathed, "And the other?"

Harry ground down on Snape's lap, making Snape's eyes roll back, and whispered, "That, when we get upstairs, you let me do this again, but this time, without so many clothes."

Snape groaned, his hands tightening spastically on Harry's arse. He opened his eyes and pinned Harry with a look that finally let loose the full force of his lust, and both Harry and Hermione reeled, stunned by the ferocity of it. Snape lunged forward and captured Harry's mouth in a vehement kiss, making Hermione hiss and whimper as she watched it.

Finally, when Harry was nearly insensate, Snape backed away enough to growl, "Yes."

Coming Together

Chapter 9 of 12

Snape survives Nagini with Hermione and Harry's help, meaning he owes them a life debt. After years of trying to make their relationships with Ron and Ginny work, things go really pear-shaped, and Hermione and Harry cash in their debt with Snape in a manner he never would have expected (even if he had dared to hope). The strange part is: they all owe Viktor in some way or another for ending up together! Thanks to my feedback team: gelsey, darkcelestial20, snapeybears, silverdoe7127, Sarah, and Kathy, and thanks to alienor77310 for such a challenging, fun prompt! Please note: the epilogue is completely optional and is not necessary to have a complete experience of the story. Frankly, it is pure smut with a lot of focus on slashy SS/HP, which is why it's separate from the main story, in case that's not your cuppa (although, it's there because my recipient does like that sort of thing!). Original Prompt: 1) There are never enough threesomes involving Harry. Hermione and Harry realise just in time that marrying a Weasley (or at least, those Weasleys) is an error. They take advantage of the life debt Snape owes them to hide at his place. Weasley bashing welcome, happy 3some - even if short-lived - required.

Hermione instantly stood and tugged on Harry's arms, trying to help him stand. Harry stumbled to his feet and Snape rose to his full height, gazing hungrily down at the flushed pair before him. In silent accord, they all took off straight for the stairs, Snape leading them to the spare room and lighting all the lamps.

Snape stood by the edge of the bed and turned to face Harry and Hermione, a flicker of doubt and reticence crossing his face. Exchanging determined looks, Harry and Hermione closed the distance between them and Snape, each taking a hand and looking up at him.

Hermione murmured, "Severus, are you really okay with this?"

Harry added, "Yeah, we wouldn't ever want to do anything against your will."

Snape exhaled and said, "I would never have imagined being so lucky. Yes, I want this. I want both of you."

They beamed up at him and tugged on his hands to sit on the edge of the bed. Hermione leant forward to press a gentle kiss to Snape's lips, and Harry swept Snape's hair back and nuzzled his ear, saying, "Guess it's a good thing we saved you after all, hmm?"

Snape's startled affirmative was muffled by Hermione's mouth, and he pulled back enough to cut a wicked look at Harry and growl, "And yet something tells me you'll be the death of me yet."

Harry grinned, and Snape moved to kiss him, feeling Hermione's fingers unbuttoning his shirt. She tugged it out of his trousers and crawled behind him on the bed to peel it down his arms. Harry took advantage of the opportunity to climb onto Snape's lap again, rocking his hips and trailing licks and kisses down Snape's bared throat and chest. Hermione pressed against Snape's back, supporting him from being flattened by Harry's enthusiasm, and wrapped her arms around his waist to undo his trousers. She had to swat at Harry to get him to back away enough that she could reach the buttons.

Harry glanced down at what Hermione was doing and breathed, "Oh, fuck yeah." He met Hermione's eyes over Snape's shoulder and said, "Could you move to one side?"

Hermione complied, and Harry locked eyes with Snape as he pushed Snape backward to lie down with his legs bent over the edge of the bed. Harry stood and took over where Hermione left off, opening Snape's trousers and tugging to slide them down. Hermione leant over and kissed Snape, trailing her fingers lightly over his chest and making him moan and twitch at the tickling sensations.

Harry backed away, yanking Snape's trousers off, voicing a triumphant "Ha!" Snape's erection was tenting his boxers, and Harry sucked in a breath, groaning in need.

Snape realized he was clad only in his pants and was waiting to feel them being ripped from his body, so when several moments passed and nothing happened except Hermione snogging him, he squirmed up and looked over at Harry.

Harry had kicked off his shoes and whipped his shirt off. His trousers lay in a crumpled heap at his feet, which were currently hopping as he tried to wrench his socks off. His briefs were bunched under his balls, and his cock bounced as he jumped. It was such a ludicrous sight that Snape couldn't stop himself from laughing...albeit with a tinge of hysteria considering the circumstances.

Hermione sat back, startled by his great bellows of laughter, then saw what was so funny and joined him. Harry glowered at them, finally succeeding in removing his socks and squirming out of his pants. Completely starkers and scowling, he stalked back to them, deliberately gripping Snape's boxers and pulling them down his legs. Snape stopped laughing with a gasp as his erection sprang free of its confines. Harry held Snape's gaze and said, "Time to pay up."

Blinking in confusion, Snape propped himself up on his elbows and said, "Pay up?"

Hermione scrambled off the bed and started disrobing, smirking at Snape's puzzlement.

Harry stepped into Snape's personal space and climbed onto his lap, drawing another gasp from the older man as he pulled on him to sit up again. "We had a deal downstairs."

Snape's brows rose in comprehension even as his eyelids fluttered at the feel of Harry's cock sliding against his as he rocked his hips. Harry descended on him with another heated kiss, and Hermione hummed in appreciation. She crept back onto the bed behind Snape, and he was taken aback by the feel of her naked body pressed against his skin as she reached around him and caressed Harry's arms.

Her voice was a sultry rumble as she said, "Why don't we get up here and get comfortable? We don't want anyone to slide off the edge."

Harry grunted an affirmative and he backed off of Snape's lap even as Hermione moved away from behind him. Snape was momentarily bereft, until he felt Hermione gripping his arm to guide him fully onto the middle of the bed. He turned to look at her as he scrambled backward, and his eyes went wide at the sight of her, as nude as he and Harry were.

Unbidden, he said, "Mercy, you're beautiful."

Hermione smiled, flushing slightly, at Harry's immediate, "Yeah, you are!"

Harry stared at her in wonder. "Why didn't we do this sooner, eh? Just look at what I've been missing, Severus!"

Snape chuckled and said, "Then why don't you show her how much you appreciate her now?"

Harry and Hermione moved closer to each other, both on their knees near the foot of the bed. Harry lifted one hand to caress her cheek and they smiled at each other, managing to look shy even though they were both completely nude and obviously aroused.

Mindful of wanting full, clear consent, Harry murmured, "May I kiss you?"

Hermione leant against him, pressing her breasts to his chest and breathed, "Please."

Gently, Harry closed the short distance between them and pressed a chaste kiss to her lips. After a beat, it quickly became less than chaste, and Hermione began snogging him aggressively. From his vantage point at the head of the bed, Snape voiced a noise of appreciative approval.

Their snogging grew more heated, and hands roamed as well as tongues. Harry's cock was smearing liquid on Hermione's belly. Snape settled back, enjoying the show, and stroked his erection as he said, "This is even better than the last time I saw this."

Distracted by his comment, they broke apart and Hermione drawled, "Were you putting wet dreams into the Pensieve, Severus?"

Snape chuckled and said, "Nothing of the sort. Harry was there to see this before, too."

At that, Harry frowned in confusion and Hermione backed away to peer at Harry. Harry said, "What are you on about?"

Snape smirked and said, "Surely you remember how graphic the locket fantasy was. Still, this is infinitely better."

Harry's eyes went wide. Hermione murmured, "What locket fantasy?" at the same time Harry said, "How did you know about that?"

Snape snorted and answered them both by saying, "I waited in the Forest of Dean to make sure you managed to find the Sword of Gryffindor and didn't off yourself trying. I saw the fantasy that the locket supplied before Weasley destroyed it. It was quite a graphic depiction of you two together, but seeing it in person...not to mention with both of you actually adults...is ever so much more enjoyable."

Hermione's brows rose in comprehension and she said, "While I can appreciate your sentiment, Severus, that's the last time I want to hear that name here. Honestly, they're the last people I want to be thinking about when I have two such delectable men at my disposal. Are we clear?"

Snape and Harry exchanged chagrined looks and Snape said, "Extremely, my dear. My apologies."

Hermione cast a lopsided smile at him and purred, "You'll just have to make it up to me," as she crawled over Snape's body, lightly dragging her nipples along his chest.

Snape reached up and pulled her down onto him, kissing her deeply. Rolling her to one side, he said, "Please allow me to make it up to you right now."

Hermione hummed in agreement and said, "Oh, please do."

Snape kissed her again, then trailed nibbling kisses down her throat and breasts. Harry crawled beside her and watched eagerly as Snape backed down her body, coming to rest between her spread legs. Looking up at two pairs of eyes trained on him, pupils wide with lust, Snape flashed a feral grin and descended on Hermione, tracing his thumbs up her swollen pussy and spreading her to their gaze. Harry exhaled shakily and groaned as he watched Snape dip down and drag his tongue along her glistening lips, wrenching a cry from her throat.

Snape flicked the tip of his tongue against her clit, and Hermione bounced, gasping as one hand gripped his hair in encouragement *two that again*. Harry sat back and stroked his cock, rapt.

When Snape bent lower and buried his tongue in Hermione's cunt, nudging her clit with his nose, she shrieked and bucked in bliss, and Harry said, "Oh, fuck yeah, Severus."

Hermione jerked to attention, realizing Harry was still there, and looked over to see him wanking, his gaze trained on Snape's head between her thighs. A surge of arousal sang through her and she murmured, "Harry, come here. I want you."

Eyes wide, Harry crawled closer to her, his head falling back at the feel of her hand wrapping around his erection. She guided him to settle near her head so she could twist to the side and suck him, swirling her tongue around the head peeking from his foreskin. Harry shouted, "Fuck yeah! Oh gods, Hermione, yeah..."

Snape peered up Hermione's body from where he was sucking on her clit, gently sliding a finger into her dripping cunt, and moaned at the sight of her lips stretched around

Harry's cock, bobbing along it and making his stomach muscles ripple with each gasp. Harry's legs began trembling, and Hermione's neck was at an awkward angle, so they manoeuvred Harry onto his side, his hips by her head, giving her access to take him in as deep as she wanted.

Very soon after, Harry looked down to see Snape's cock twitching in time with his fingers' thrusts into Hermione, and Harry panted, "Severus, can you come around this way? I hate to see you so neglected."

Snape lifted his damp face from Hermione's cleft and his cock gave a decided throb at Harry's words. Riding the euphoria that the two young Gryffindors had incited, he shifted, turning his body to create a rough triangle and rolling Hermione's hips onto one side. He spread her legs and pillowed his head on her thigh, now inverted from his previous position. Harry waited until Snape was settled again before wrapping his hand around Snape's erection and dragging his tongue in a long swipe from the base to the tip. Instantly, Snape shuddered and swore, eliciting a throaty giggle from Hermione, who had stopped sucking Harry long enough to watch Harry's first taste of Snape's cock.

It didn't take long for them to work out a compatible rhythm, each pleasuring another with worshipful lips and tongues. Harry was the first to succumb, his hips thrusting more vigorously, fucking Hermione's mouth until he went rigid and groaned, Snape's cock temporarily forgotten as Harry shuddered in ecstasy, his come spilling over Hermione's lips and filling her mouth. Snape watched, wide-eyed, his tongue still circling Hermione's clit, as Harry's body went limp, chest heaving as he panted to regain his composure in the wake of his orgasm.

Snape was determined that Hermione should be next, and, now that she was no longer distracted by Harry's cock in her mouth, she gasped and moaned at Snape's fingertips fluttering against her G-spot at the same time his lips were wrapped around her clit and his tongue was flicking against it. Snape was so fully focused on her impending climax that he was taken by surprise when he felt Harry's lips clamp down on Snape's erection again. His startled groan was enough to vibrate Hermione over the edge, and she shrieked her orgasm, body bucking and trembling while Snape continued his carnal assault until she eventually collapsed, breathless.

There was a beat of ringing silence, then Harry moaned around Snape's cock and pushed to lay him flat again. Snape rolled off of Hermione's leg, allowing her to scramble around to watch Harry aggressively taking Snape's erection in as deep as he could manage...which was rather impressive, considering the practice he had engaged in with Viktor with such enthusiasm. Snape's startled groan made Hermione hum in approval as she crawled down to Snape's supine body, grinning in wanton appreciation. Snape reached for her and she bent down to kiss him, the taste of Harry's come still coating her tongue.

Hermione backed away after a thorough snog and purred, "Harry, I think I'd like to join you."

She moved lower until she could hover over Snape's groin, and Harry pulled off of Snape's cock with a *fainpop*, allowing Hermione to take his place. Snape moaned, and Harry took the opportunity to lick his way up Snape's body until he could descend on him with a demanding kiss.

Harry backed away and breathed, "Fuck, Severus, we want to make you come."

Snape's cock swelled in Hermione's mouth, and he panted, "You will; I guarantee it."

Harry flashed a delighted grin and crawled back down to rejoin Hermione. They took turns licking and sucking, but when Hermione was bobbing up and down the length of Snape's erection, and Harry dipped down to suck on his bollocks, Snape jerked and shouted, his hands scrabbling on the bedding, searching desperately for purchase as he was sent over the edge of erotic bliss into complete ecstasy, his orgasm ripping through his body with more force than he could ever remember feeling before.

Hermione kept her lips firmly wrapped around his spurting cock, his come dripping down onto his balls when she finally released him as his tremors stopped. Harry lifted his head, his face smeared with fluids, and met Hermione in a deep kiss, sharing the flavour of Snape's come.

When they broke apart, panting, they crawled to either side of Snape's sprawled form and lay down with him, pressing their damp flesh against his. The silence lengthened as they all wound down from their fever pitch, and they dozed in the afterglow.

The Devil Is in the Details

Chapter 10 of 12

Snape survives Nagini with Hermione and Harry's help, meaning he owes them a life debt. After years of trying to make their relationships with Ron and Ginny work, things go really pear-shaped, and Hermione and Harry cash in their debt with Snape in a manner he never would have expected (even if he had dared to hope). The strange part is: they all owe Viktor in some way or another for ending up together! Thanks to my feedback team: gelsey, darkcelestial20, snapeybears, silverdoe7127, Sarah, and Kathy, and thanks to alienor77310 for such a challenging, fun prompt! Please note: the epilogue is completely optional and is not necessary to have a complete experience of the story. Frankly, it is pure smut with a lot of focus on slashy SS/HP, which is why it's separate from the main story, in case that's not your cuppa (although, it's there because my recipient does like that sort of thing!). Original Prompt: 1) There are never enough threesomes involving Harry. Hermione and Harry realise just in time that marrying a Weasley (or at least, those Weasleys) is an error. They take advantage of the life debt Snape owes them to hide at his place. Weasley bashing welcome, happy 3some - even if short-lived - required.

Finally, Harry rumbled, "Fuck me, that was brilliant."

Hermione snorted and said, "Jeez, Harry, you have to give us time to recover before we can do that."

Snape's incredulous laughter burst forth, shaking Harry and Hermione where they lay on either side of his chest.

Harry realized what he had said and lifted his head to stare at Snape and Hermione, his face red with embarrassment. "That's... not what I meant. I..."

Hermione rolled up onto one elbow and frowned at Harry's reaction. Snape stopped laughing immediately in response to Harry's comment and carefully pushed himself up to a sitting position, understanding that this was something that had to be taken seriously, especially with a trebled dynamic to navigate.

Harry gazed at them, his expression one of ill-concealed awkward discomfort. Snape deliberately distracted the others by Summoning a damp flannel, warming it with a charm before cleaning himself up with a matter-of-fact air. When he was done, he Scourgified it and offered it to them with a pleasant, "Who's next?"

Harry seized the flannel and copied Snape's process, averting his red face from Hermione's searching gaze.

When it was Hermione's turn, Snape shifted to pile pillows against the headboard and sat back, gesturing for them to join him and get comfortable as he said, "Let's have a little chat, shall we?"

Hermione Banished the flannel back to the bathroom and snuggled on one side, leaving Harry to curl up on the other. Snape sighed in pleasure at the heavy warmth of the two young people pressed against him and lightly grazed his fingertips along their skin in a subtle soothing attempt.

Clearing his throat, Snape ventured, "As delightful as all that was, it seems we must come back down to earth and make sure we're all on the same page about what's going on here."

Hermione squirmed, squeezing tighter against Snape, and murmured, "I thought we made that clear. We love you and we want to be with you."

Harry peered sheepishly up at Snape and reached across to lace his fingers with Hermione's and rest them on Snape's chest. "You're not going to kick us out now, are you?"

Snape snorted faintly and flashed a smile. "No, I'm not. You may want to Disapparate once you know what I am about to say, but I most certainly do not plan on sending you away." At their puzzled expressions, Snape settled his shoulders and said, "Now, into the breach I go... Harry, Hermione's comment clearly made you uncomfortable. So, if you wouldn't mind clarifying why, we would appreciate it."

Harry flushed again and stammered, "I-I don't know what you mean."

Snape flicked a glance at Hermione's searching gaze pinned on Harry's face and was taken aback when she said, "In all the things you've ever told me, you never mentioned if you preferred to top or bottom."

Harry stiffened, and Snape increased the pressure of his calming strokes down the younger man's back. "There, that didn't mince words, now, did it?" Harry stared at them, seemingly unable to respond, so Snape continued, "All right, I'll start. I have experienced both and enjoyed both, so my preference is subject to person and situation. That being said, it has been a long time since I have participated in either, regardless of gender, so the possibilities before us are enticing, indeed."

Harry ducked his head and mumbled, "Viktor said you guys didn't shag."

Snape's brows shot up and he said, "Did he?"

Hastily, Harry said, "Oh, he didn't just blurt it out or anything. I... I kinda asked when he came home that morning over Christmas holiday. He did say it wasn't any of my business, but he said you didn't shag and that you were really good in bed and that you had a good time. Gods, the images that he set off in my head! I can't believe I'm actually here to find out for real now."

Snape preened under the double compliment. "Yes, well, considering that penetrative sex isn't automatically the assumption with two men like it is with a man and a woman, it's often easier to enjoy *other* things without having to have these sorts of discussions...much like we just did."

Hermione nodded, her expression thoughtful. "From what I understand, it takes some preparation. It's not exactly as easy as, say, fucking me, for example."

Harry voiced a choking noise and Snape stifled a chuckle. His tone teasing, Snape said, "So are you saying you're easy?"

Hermione grimaced at him and said, "Very funny. Actually, I *meant* that it'd be easier to fuck *me* because you two get me so *wet*."

Snape sucked in a breath at the surge her words stirred in his groin. Harry uttered a low groan and inched across Snape to pull her into a fierce kiss. When they broke apart, Hermione murmured, "So, Harry, your turn. Have you fantasized about fucking either of us? Or having either of us fuck you? I have."

Harry's eyes closed and he licked his lips. Snape feathered his fingers through Harry's hair as he watched him gather his courage. Voice ragged, Harry said, "I've thought about it all. I have no idea if I'd like it, but I want to find out...if everyone's willing. It's just... kinda overwhelming."

Hermione hummed in encouragement. "You're safe with us, Harry."

Snape grunted in agreement and tugged Harry up to meet his eyes. "We have the rest of our lives to explore, Harry. There's no rush. We'd never do anything to push you or hurt you. The time for hurting people we love is over."

Snape sealed his promise with a gentle kiss, but Harry quickly deepened it, one hand scrabbling to hold onto Hermione at the same time. When they finally ended the kiss, Snape gathered both Harry and Hermione into his embrace, and they lay there, content to just be together for a while.

The peaceful lull of three heartbeats syncing was eventually interrupted by a huge yawn from Harry, and Snape's lips quirked in fond amusement. Hermione glared at him as she followed suit, growling, "Stop that; it's contagious."

Harry's expression turned petulant and he retorted, "I can't help it! I had Firewhisky, Calming Draught, *and* a bloody spectacular orgasm...what do you want from me?"

Snape laughed, and both Hermione and Harry shifted to sit up, away from his shaking chest. "The man has a fair point, Hermione. You've had a long, stressful day, and he *has* been influenced by three rather potent soporifics. Sleep should certainly be the next step here."

Tossing her tangled hair, Hermione said, "Fine. So we sleep. Where? How? With whom?"

They all exchanged startled glances, and Snape murmured, "I only have the one spare bed."

Harry said, "Hermione and I can share. Seems fitting now, at least. But that begs the question of whether you want to go back to your own bed, Severus."

Snape blinked, unprepared for the intimacy and domesticity of the situation. Voice small in uncertainty, he said, "I don't know that there's enough room for us all to sleep comfortably in this bed. What if people aren't close sleepers?"

Hermione favoured him with a withering look and said, "Are you or are you not a wizard, Severus? Surely the bed can be enlarged if that's really your concern."

Harry grimaced wryly and said, "And now *she's* got a fair point. Making the bed large enough for all three of us to sleep comfortably isn't an issue. But whether or not you would want to *sleep* with us...not just shag...*is* an issue."

Snape's expression was sober. He opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out. Clearing his throat, he tried again. "I... have never actually slept with anyone. This is completely new territory to me."

Hermione smiled tenderly at him and caressed his cheek. Harry flashed a lopsided grin and gripped Snape's thigh as he said, "There's a lot of new territory being explored tonight."

At that, they all exchanged delightfully bashful looks, and Snape whispered, "I think... I'd like to stay here with you, yes."

Hermione beamed at him, bounced off the bed, grabbed her wand, and enlarged the bed, giggling at both men's comical expressions of concern as they gripped the sheets while the mattress shifted. Then, just as deftly, she doused all the lights except the small lamp on the nightstand and climbed back into the bed, Summoning a third pillow from Snape's room down the hallway.

Snape and Harry watched her settle onto the purloined pillow and tug the covers to her chest. When she was comfortable, she rolled onto her back to look at them and said, "Well? Come on, then."

Snape shot a wary glance at Harry, who shrugged and nodded toward Hermione. Heaving a calming sigh, Snape slid down under the covers behind Hermione, feeling greatly daring as he spooned against her and wrapped a possessive arm around her torso. Hermione hummed a pleased sound and wriggled back into his embrace.

Once they had settled, Harry did the same and squirmed down to take up his position behind Snape, pressing himself against the long lines of Snape's back. Snape stiffened in uncertainty for a moment, but Harry dropped a gentle kiss on his tense shoulder, squeezing around Snape's ribs, and Snape relaxed again.

Hermione cast a faint "Nox" at the light on the nightstand, and it winked out, leaving them in comforting darkness.

Snape was torn between feeling deliciously warm and sleepy, sandwiched between the two young people he had so unexpectedly come to love so dearly, and feeling desperately aware of the significance of all that had happened and wanting to stay awake to savour it. However, as he listened to the slow, steady breathing enveloping him from both sides, soothing him like a lullaby, he allowed the comfort of sleep to win the battle, wonderfully secure and safe in ways that he had never been before.

During the night, Harry rolled away, sprawling onto the far side of the bed and leaving Snape comfortably wrapped around Hermione. Even though he was asleep, his body apparently was aware of the enticing situation it was in and as dawn loomed, he unconsciously ground his morning erection into the cleft of Hermione's arse.

Hermione woke to the sensations and gasped as memories of the previous night's activities crashed over her. Heat coiled in her centre and she rocked back against Snape's cock, smirking at his reactive squeeze of one breast and a slow roll of his hips. She squeezed her legs together and felt the slippery tickle of her juices seeping between her lips. A flare of arousal sizzled through her so forcefully that she stifled a moan as she squirmed to turn in Snape's grasp.

Snape woke, disoriented, at the jostling. Opening bleary eyes, he stared in surprise at Hermione rolling toward him, her expression predatory, and sucked in a startled breath at the feel of her leg curling over his hip and her damp curls sliding against his hard length.

Barely whispering, Hermione said, "Severus, I want you."

Snape shook his head to clear it, not quite able to believe his senses. Then Hermione snaked a hand down to grip his arse and pull him closer against her, and his eyes rolled back in surrender. She leant forward and kissed him, pulling him over her as she rolled onto her back. Her hand scrabbled between them, wrapping around his erection and stroking gently, forcing a low groan from his throat.

Still trying to gather his wits, Snape rumbled, "Hermione?"

She guided him closer, rubbing the head of his cock along the slick seam of her pussy, and purred, "Severus, please. I want you. Please. Make love to me."

His mouth fell open in a silent moan as he pushed forward, delving deep in one long stroke. Hermione's sigh of satisfaction ghosted warm against his face and he dipped down to kiss her again.

It was slow and languorous, tender and exploratory. Breathless words of query and encouragement blended with the soft, wet sounds of their joining, and they drew out the pleasure of discovery long enough that Harry eventually woke, turning to see them rocking together in a sensuous rhythm.

His voice was a croak as he said, "Bloody hell, that's gorgeous."

Hermione and Snape both turned to look at him watching, his hand moving down to fondle his rapidly swelling cock. He stayed where he was though, content to drink in the sight of them without interfering with their actions.

Spurred on by the intensity of Harry's gaze, coupled with the steady climb toward their peaks, Hermione urged Snape to thrust harder and faster, eliciting squeals and moans of approval. Sweat beaded and trailed down Snape's spine, and his panting breath grew more ragged. Harry's hand was nearly a blur as he stroked himself, entranced.

"Hermione, I can't... much longer..."

Hermione voiced a voluptuous coo and smiled, one hand creeping between their bodies to circle her clit. "Don't hold back, love. Come with me."

Snape looked down at her busy fingers brushing against his belly as she tilted her hips up into his thrusts. It was enough to tip him over the edge, and he let loose a deep groan as his body contracted, shuddering and bucking as he spilled deep within her. Hermione's fingers danced and her other hand clutched desperately at his shoulder as she arched back, a quavery cry bursting from her throat. Harry muttered a string of profane worship as his come shot over his knuckles onto his belly.

Snape collapsed against Hermione, and she wrapped her arms and legs around him, burying her face against his neck. Harry fell back onto his pillow again, sucking in deep breaths. After several long moments, Hermione eased her grip on Snape and allowed him to back away enough to withdraw from her soaking cunt, but pulled him down for a thorough snog.

Finally, Snape rolled to the middle of the bed again, falling flat on his back, his expression dazed. Hermione immediately curled up along his side, revelling in the continued contact. Harry, having furtively cleaned himself up, shot a hesitant glance at the pair beside him.

Snape cast a sidelong look at Harry and noticed his awkward tension. Turning to meet his gaze, Snape lifted his arm and beckoned for Harry to join them. The relief and pleasure in Harry's eyes sent a throb through Snape's chest, and he pressed a kiss to the younger man's forehead, trailing his fingers through Harry's untidy hair.

After a few beats, Snape said, "Well, good morning to you both."

Where They Belong

Chapter 11 of 12

Snape survives Nagini with Hermione and Harry's help, meaning he owes them a life debt. After years of trying to make their relationships with Ron and Ginny work, things go really pear-shaped, and Hermione and Harry cash in their debt with Snape in a manner he never would have expected (even if he had dared to hope). The strange part is: they all owe Viktor in some way or another for ending up together! Thanks to my feedback team: gelsey, darkcelestial20,

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Hermione giggled at his wry tone, and Harry grinned as he said, "Sure beats an alarm clock."

At that, they all dissolved into chuckles, feeding off each other in a loop of delight. When they had subsided into contented silence again, Hermione yawned and stretched, then said, "Hmm, I need a shower. And breakfast."

Snape retorted, "I daresay we all need a shower and breakfast, but you're welcome to go first. You know where the bathroom is. We can go scrounge something edible, can't we, Harry?"

Harry smiled. "Sure thing. Don't take too long, though, Hermione. I want to get going to take care of business down at the MLE offices."

Snape stiffened at the reminder of the ordeal they had gone through the night before, and which had brought them to him.

Hermione grimaced and rolled off the bed, shaking her limbs and stretching again. "Fine. I do want to get things done so we can be free to go back to our own damn home."

Suddenly, Snape's gut went cold at the thought of them leaving him alone and going back to Grimmauld Place without him. It would be like before, and he would be the odd man out again.

Harry, still nestled at Snape's side, squinted up at Snape's face, puzzled by his tense withdrawal. "Severus, are you all right?"

Hermione whirled, instantly concerned, and perched on the edge of the bed again, one hand coming to rest on Snape's shin. "What's wrong?"

Snape's jaw twitched as he ground his teeth. Desperately sliding his impassive façade back on, he said, "Nothing. Run along, then. You've got business to attend to so you can get home. Once your safety is secured, you have no reason to be here."

Hermione and Harry exchanged looks of surprise. Harry shoved to a sitting position beside Snape and said, "Whoa whoa whoa...just what the hell is that supposed to mean?"

Hermione turned hurt eyes on Snape and said, "No reason? You act like we just used you. I thought we had made our *reasons* perfectly clear last night...and this morning."

Cold fear and hot shame spread over him in waves, prickling his skin. His throat constricted and he couldn't meet their wounded, accusing gazes.

Harry heaved a deep sigh and said, "Severus, the sooner we get the protection orders set up, the sooner we can get our lives back in order, and the sooner we can all take the time to figure out where we go from here. We have to leave to get all that done, but *we are coming back*. That is, if you'll let us, now that you don't owe us anything anymore."

Snape blinked rapidly as he stared at the ceiling, trying to maintain his composure. Harry reached out to clasp his hand, and Snape laced his fingers with Harry's, gripping tight. Hermione followed suit on the other side, and a moment later, both young people had enveloped him in a comforting embrace.

Hermione murmured, "We're not foolish enough to think that everything will fall into place without a hitch, but we are ready and willing to take up the challenge of carving out a life for the three of us, together. Just give us a little credit and have a little faith, all right?"

Snape swallowed hard, willing his muscles to relax. With another squeeze, he nodded, then released his hold on them. They backed away, looking at each other with eloquent eyes, and Harry said, "I'll go start the tea, and Hermione will shower first. Severus, you can join me when you're ready."

They slipped off the bed, leaving Snape to lie there with one arm flung over his eyes.

Harry had the tea ready, as well as stacks of toast and bacon, by the time Hermione appeared in the kitchen, dressed and ready to start the day. "I'll take over so you can get cleaned up."

Harry grinned around a mouthful of bacon sandwich and nodded. After a huge swallow, he said, "Sure thing. Hey, have you seen Severus since we left him in the guest room?"

Hermione frowned and said, "I heard him pass the bathroom and shut his bedroom door when I was drying my hair. If he doesn't come down by the time we're ready to leave, we'll just have to drag him bodily down here for breakfast."

Harry nodded again and gulped the rest of his tea. "It's a lot for him to assimilate, Hermione. Give him a little time, okay?"

Hermione pursed her lips in reluctant agreement, then smiled when Harry passed her and dropped a quick kiss on her cheek. She waved him off with a fond expression and sat down to spread jam on her toast. She was quietly chewing, lost in thought, when she was surprised to feel hesitant hands sliding along her shoulders and a gentle kiss pressed to the crown of her head. Twisting, she looked up into Snape's face, his expression cautious.

Dissolving into a tender smile, Hermione murmured, "Good morning, love. Would you like some breakfast?"

Her hands covered his and squeezed. Snape strode around her and sat down, inclining his head in gratitude as she passed him a cup of tea made to his liking. "Thank you."

"Are you all right?"

Snape heaved a deep breath and said, "I... apologize for what happened upstairs."

Instantly, Hermione's lips spread in a wicked smirk and she tilted, "Oh, don't be sorry for all of it, indeed. I *quite* enjoyed myself, you know."

Snape blinked at her, taken aback by her lascivious teasing. She held his gaze, her eyes twinkling in challenge, and finally he cracked a smile. "Yes, well, I'm certainly pleased about that, of course. But... I made assumptions and thought the worst, and I shouldn't have done that."

Voice gentle, Hermione said, "Apology accepted. We understand. There's a lot to process. It's going to be difficult at times, I'm sure, but we're prepared to see it through. We're finally where we belong, and we're going to fight to stay there...here."

Snape swallowed hard, gazing at her with near adoration. "I think...I would like that. Very much."

They beamed at each other, and Hermione handed him a plate of bacon and toast. Snape nodded his thanks and tucked in. They were both eating in companionable silence when Harry bounded back in, hair still damp and untidy as usual.

"Hope breakfast is all right, Severus. Glad you joined us."

"It's lovely, Harry. Thank you."

Harry flashed a lopsided grin at Snape and said, "I'm working on learning to cook more. Maybe you can teach me that too."

Snape, equilibrium regained, almost giddy on the high that came with such a paradigm shift in his life, smirked at Harry and said, "Just add that to the list *other* things you want me to teach you? I daresay cooking won't be nearly as much fun as the others."

Hermione almost choked on her tea as she was startled into laughter by Snape's blatant innuendo. Harry's brows shot toward his hairline and he stared at Snape, mouth agape. Snape held his gaze, much like Hermione had done with him earlier, until Harry blinked rapidly and exhaled.

Stepping around the table to stand in Snape's personal space, Harry quirked a slow smile and rumbled, "When do lessons start?" before leaning down and kissing Snape.

Hermione giggled at Snape's surprised expression, then licked her lips in appreciation when the kiss deepened into a heated snog. Snape's hands slid around Harry's waist and pulled him across his lap, making Harry break the kiss with a startled yelp.

Tickling Harry's ear with his nose, Snape murmured, "*Those* lessons don't have a set schedule. I'm always ready for a *teachable moment* to present itself."

Harry's eyes closed and he exhaled a strangled oath. "Yeah, well, I'm sure the *homework* will be both educational and enjoyable. But we really do need to get to the MLE offices. I just want to get it done and get back here as quickly as possible."

Snape smiled and nipped Harry's earlobe, smirking beyond Harry at Hermione. "Of course." He hauled Harry off his lap and steadied him as he said, "Hurry up. Good students don't waste valuable time."

Hermione laughed as she stood and linked arms with Harry. "Come on, Harry. You know I'm a swot about *everything*."

Hermione, Harry, and Snape sat, relaxing around the sturdy kitchen table in Grimmauld Place that night after a leisurely dinner, polishing off a bottle of elf-made wine, and taking the time to talk about all manner of things as they started navigating the uncharted territory of their unconventional relationship.

"Are you sure you don't need any help moving anything home from your quarters at Hogwarts?"

Both Harry and Hermione shook their heads. Hermione said, "No, it's all fine. We stopped by there today after going to MLE to let Minerva know about what had happened and how the protection orders affect the Weasleys coming to Hogwarts. We went ahead and transported things then."

Harry added, "We also told her about us. All three of us."

Snape's eyes widened. Voice carefully neutral, he said, "And?"

Hermione and Harry exchanged pleased grins and Harry said, "She was quite surprised, of course, but when she had heard the whole breakdown of how things had come to such a sticky end with Ron and Ginny and how you had been there for us all through the years, she reckoned it made a fair bit of sense."

Hermione continued, "She said to remind you that you're welcome to visit any time."

Snape's expression melted into one of almost shy relief. He quirked a faint smile at them and they beamed back.

Harry ventured, "Speaking of welcome to visit... You know, there's someone else we really should contact soon..."

They looked at him, brows furrowed, and Hermione said, "Who?"

Harry rubbed the back of his neck and smirked. "Viktor, of course."

Hermione clapped her hand over her mouth to muffle her surprised squawk, eyes wide, and Snape cleared his throat savagely, completely taken aback.

"Well, I'm sure he'll be happy for us, and...when you think about it...we wouldn't be where we are now if it weren't for him." Harry shrugged and grimaced almost apologetically.

They all exchanged contemplative looks, and Snape took the plunge. "I know that everything is still extremely new, and I don't want to make incorrect assumptions again... So, I'll just ask: do you want to continue relations with Viktor as well?"

Harry sat back in his seat, completely unprepared for that question. "No! Viktor and I had a lot of good times, but that was when I was *single*. Like I told Hermione, Viktor doesn't help people cheat. And I'm decidedly *not* single now. *Twice* as much so, actually."

Snape inclined his head in a calming gesture, but continued, "He may not help people cheat, but it's not cheating if everyone agrees that the relations are acceptable. I mean, if anyone were to look at any of the three of us as only couples, then if they saw us with the other person, they would assume we were cheating on the first person. But since we have all agreed that our relations are acceptable, there's no cheating amongst us. So, my question was valid, and not just for you." With that, he turned to Hermione and said, "You were the first one to have relations with Viktor. You're still attracted to him. Do *you* want to continue relations with him?"

Hermione thought for a long moment before saying, "I understand what you were saying, Severus, and I agree. But, while having fun with Viktor is something that could be within the realm of possibility, I have to say that right now, I am perfectly content to be with the men I love...and frankly, I'm pretty sure that I'll have quite enough to be going on with, now, won't I?"

Snape's lips spread in a tender smile. "I hope so, dear heart. As for myself, I had an enjoyable time with Viktor, and I am quite fond of him, but nothing can compare to my feelings for you both. I would much rather concentrate on keeping us happy than adding another variable to the mix."

There was a pregnant pause as they all gazed anxiously at each other, reaffirming the security of their newfound bond.

"That being said, Harry, you made a good point. If it weren't for Viktor and all he helped us learn about ourselves and each other, we wouldn't be here now, together, with our lives ahead of us. He definitely deserves our gratitude. Perhaps we should invite him for another visit this summer."

Hermione met Harry's eyes and they nodded. "I'll owl him tomorrow and see when he's free. Viktor lives and loves so generously, I'm sure he'll be delighted that we've found each other."

Snape lifted his wine glass and said, "To Viktor."

Harry and Hermione followed suit, clinking glasses and repeating, "To Viktor."

Smiling, content with their clearer understanding of where everyone stood, they remained silent as they finished their wine.

Harry once again broke the peaceful quiet with a huge yawn, and Hermione rolled her eyes. Before they could say anything, Snape pushed his chair back and said, "On that note, I daresay it's time for me to go home. I wouldn't want to overstay my welcome."

Hermione instantly covered his hand with hers and said, voice full of reproach, "That's not possible, Severus. Please don't say things like that."

Snape ducked his head, shaking his hair forward, and said, "Forgive me, Hermione; it's second nature by now, and it will take some work to change the habit."

Harry cocked one eyebrow at Snape and said, "Hey, if I'm gonna be learning new things, then it's only fair that *you* do, too."

At that, they all chuckled, eyes sparkling with mischief, as they rose and strode toward the Floo.

Harry darted forward and enveloped Snape in a tight hug, stifling another yawn against the taller man's chest. "The Floo is always open, so feel free to come over any time, just like you say we can come there any time. At least we know it's safe to leave it unblocked now, since the protection spells prevent any Weasley from coming anywhere near us. I figured it was only sensible to include Spinner's End as well, since we'll be there so much too."

Snape caressed Harry's back and murmured, his voice teasing, "Very smart, indeed. Who knew you would turn out to be so bright?"

Harry shoved Snape in retaliation and said, "Oi! I'll have you know that I can be a *very* good student. And you know what else good students do?"

Snape smirked down at him and said, "What's that?"

"They make sure they get plenty of rest so *nothing* impedes their ability to *learn*." With that, Harry stretched up and kissed Snape. "So, this is the part where I say 'good night.'"

Snape chuckled and murmured, "Good night, Harry."

Harry's hand slid down Snape's arm and reluctantly let go of his fingers as he stepped past Hermione. "Good night, Hermione."

Hermione stopped him with a quick kiss and said, "Good night, Harry."

Snape smiled at her and she closed the distance between them, sliding her hand into his hair to pull him down for a slow snog. When she backed away, Snape whispered, "Good night, Hermione."

Hermione cupped his cheek and said, with a wicked smile, "Go get some rest yourself...you may need it if you're going to be throwing yourself into teaching again."

Snape's laugh rumbled in his chest. "Mmm, we wouldn't want to overwhelm anyone straight off... There's no rush either."

Trailing her fingers down his throat to his chest, she tilted, "True. But you know, at the end of the month it *is* Harry's birthday, so we could always aim for that as the practical final exam, if you will."

Eyes gleaming with lascivious intent, Snape smirked and said, "What a brilliant idea, my dear. Care to be my teaching assistant for such an auspicious occasion?"

Hermione bit her lip and shivered at the images racing through her head. "It would be my pleasure."

Snape leant down to nuzzle her ear with his nose and purred, "Correct, as always." He suckled her earlobe for a moment, then stepped back and said, "Good night...sweet dreams."

Hermione watched him as he bowed, tossed powder into the Floo, and whirled out of sight in the green flames.

Before she turned to head up to her room, she murmured to the empty kitchen, "Sweet dreams? Oh, they will be. In spades."

Epilogue

Chapter 12 of 12

Snape survives Nagini with Hermione and Harry's help, meaning he owes them a life debt. After years of trying to make their relationships with Ron and Ginny work, things go really pear-shaped, and Hermione and Harry cash in their debt with Snape in a manner he never would have expected (even if he had dared to hope). The strange part is: they all owe Viktor in some way or another for ending up together! Thanks to my feedback team: gelsey, darkcelestial20, snapeybears, silverdoe7127, Sarah, and Kathy, and thanks to alienor77310 for such a challenging, fun prompt! Please note: the epilogue is completely optional and is not necessary to have a complete experience of the story. Frankly, it is pure smut with a lot of focus on slashy SS/HP, which is why it's separate from the main story, in case that's not your cuppa (although, it's there because my recipient does like that sort of thing!). Original Prompt: 1) There are never enough threesomes involving Harry. Hermione and Harry realise just in time that marrying a Weasley (or at least, those Weasleys) is an error. They take advantage of the life debt Snape owes them to hide at his place. Weasley bashing welcome, happy 3some - even if short-lived - required.

Harry's 21st birthday party was a success, even if several of the people he had thought were his friends for ten years had turned on him when the news spread of his relationship with Hermione and Snape. McGonagall and a few other Hogwarts staff joined them at Grimmauld Place, and, most importantly, Viktor had come for a visit. The celebratory lunch was cheerful and bright, and everyone expressed their congratulations to Harry, Hermione, and Snape when it became clear just how happy they were together. Viktor was the most pleased of them all, knowing more details about just how rocky their journey to finding each other really was.

Late that afternoon, once everyone had departed, leaving them to clear away all the detritus of the festivities, Hermione crept up behind Harry and slipped her arms around his waist, whispering, "Happy birthday, love. Severus and I have something special for you at Spinner's End."

Harry twisted in her grasp and peered at her with one brow raised in inquiry. "Oh yeah? What's that?"

Snape leant around the doorframe and murmured, "A birthday surprise, of course, so we're not telling. You'll just have to come see for yourself."

Harry laughed and said, "All right. When should we go?"

Hermione and Snape exchanged wicked looks and Hermione said, "Mmm, I'm ready any time."

Snape voiced a dark chuckle and joined them, kissing Hermione even as one hand swept down Harry's back to cup his arse. Squeezing one cheek, Snape leant back to Hermione's ear and slanted a mischievous look at Harry as he drawled, "Do you think it's time for Harry's birthday spankings?"

Harry's eyes snapped open wide and he ducked out of their grip, dashing away even as Hermione shrieked with laughter and gave chase. He raced down to the kitchen, with Hermione, followed by Snape, hot on his heels. He barely had time to throw powder into the Floo and leap into the flames before they skidded to a stop at the hearth.

Of course, he instinctively went to Spinner's End, and when they tumbled out of the fireplace behind him, he spun and stared at them warily, putting the couch between them for safety.

Hermione and Snape looked at each other and nodded in wordless agreement. As one, they moved toward either end of the couch, trapping Harry between them. He held up his hands and said, "Hey, I'm not into the whole spanking thing, okay? This isn't funny."

Snape smirked at him, his whole posture predatory, and said, "It's all right. If you don't want us to spank your arse, then we won't. Right, Hermione?"

Hermione's pupils were huge, and she licked her lips. "Indeed. Of course, there are other things I have in mind to do to your arse."

She stepped close to him just as Snape did so on the other side, effectively pinning him between them. Snape purred, "Oh, I have ideas too. Your arse may be safe from spanking, Harry, but it's not safe from anything else. But don't worry, we guarantee you'll enjoy it."

He bent and nibbled at Harry's neck, pressing against him, and Hermione claimed Harry's lips in a demanding kiss. Harry groaned at the onslaught, wriggling his arse backward onto Snape's erection.

Hermione pulled back and took Harry's hand. "Come on. It's upstairs. I bought it especially for tonight, for a birthday surprise."

Harry followed her, and Snape stayed close behind him as they ascended to the spare room. Snape and Hermione had made sure it was set up for their surprise, and when they entered, there were candles all around, giving the room a soft glow, and the bed was littered with an array of objects, including a wrapped box.

Hermione handed the box to Harry and he tore the paper off, eager to see what was inside. His eyes nearly fell out of his head in astonishment as he lifted the gift from the tissue paper. Voice raspy, he said, "What am I supposed to do with this?"

Hermione took the box and set it aside. Stepping closer, she murmured, "It's not what *you* do with it...it's what *I* can do to you..."

Snape ran a soothing hand down Harry's back, smoothing his tense muscles. "You said you wanted to try it all. This way, you can try anything you like, some of it at the same time."

Harry stared in wonder at the lifelike dildo in the strap-on harness.

Snape's lips grazed Harry's ear as he continued, "You want to top; you want to bottom. You don't even have to decide which to do first if you won't want to. You can have everything all at once...and it can be better than you ever imagined."

Harry's eyes closed and he moaned at the sensation of Snape's tongue snaking out to trace his ear and throat. Hermione took the toy from his hands and placed it on the bed beside the array of towels, vinyl gloves, vibrators, Muggle condoms, and tubes of lubricant. She whispered in his other ear, "Let us pleasure you, Harry. Make this birthday something special."

Harry nodded, swallowing hard in breathless anticipation. Humming in approval, Snape and Hermione undressed him, shedding their clothes quickly once he was naked. Over the past few weeks, ever since their first momentous night together, they had taken turns exploring each other in pairs as well as all together. However, in all their experimenting, Harry had still not ventured beyond shagging Hermione or enjoying oral pleasures with Snape and Hermione.

He had been thinking more about it, especially when Snape's oral skills had begun to include rimming...an act that drove Harry spare with lust.

Now, knowing that his naughtiest fantasies were about to unfold into reality, his cock swelled almost painfully hard, and his insides squirmed in eagerness.

Snape spread Harry on his back and settled between his thighs, laving Harry's erection with long, broad strokes of his tongue, eliciting moans of encouragement. Hermione leant down to his ear and murmured, "I know Severus wants your cock, Harry. And I know you want to bury yourself in his tight arse. I want to see it. But I also know you want to be filled up too. Severus would be happy to oblige you any time. And I can't wait to watch that too. But tonight, you're going to be filled with *my* cock at the same time yours is stretching Severus's arse. Top and bottom at the same time. Surrounded by us. Completed. Are you ready for that?"

Harry's breathing was shallow, jolts of heat racing over his body from her words and the delicious suction of Snape's mouth on him. Discovering that Hermione had rather a wicked tongue for scandalous talk in the bedroom had been a delightful surprise, and she knew how to use her skills to turn Harry into a whimpering puddle of desire.

Sucking in a desperate breath, Harry exhaled a shuddery, "Fuck yes, I want it."

At that, Hermione purred, "Excellent," while at the same time Snape lifted Harry's legs and shoved them upward, dragging his tongue over his bollocks and circling his twitching arsehole. Harry's hoarse shout echoed through the room. Hermione backed away and strapped on the dildo, biting her lip as she watched Snape's tongue fucking Harry's arse, leaving his flesh glistening in the candlelight.

She rolled a condom onto the dildo for easy cleanup and pulled on the vinyl gloves, smiling at how hard both her men were. She climbed up beside them and stroked one hand over Snape's flank in appreciation. "Severus, time to lie down for our demonstration."

Snape lifted his damp face and Harry voiced a whine of disappointment. Voice a low rumble, Snape said, "Patience, Harry. Time for lessons to begin."

Harry watched Snape crawl up to lie beside him and he grinned at the sight of Snape's erection, deeply flushed and straining toward the ceiling. His gaze travelled down Snape's body and stopped, marvelling at Hermione on her knees between Snape's spread legs, the dildo jutting forward obscenely and her gloved hands caressing Snape's inner thighs. He looked at the space between them and saw a tube of lubricant lying on the towel she had placed for Snape to lie on. Her fingers trailed up and over Snape's balls, and he shivered, his stomach muscles contracting and making his cock bounce.

"Now, Harry, pay attention to how Hermione prepares me. You'll be experiencing it very soon."

Harry nodded, eyes trained on Hermione's hands as she slicked up her fingers. Hermione lightly traced her middle finger around Snape's arsehole, massaging the tight pucker until it relaxed under her gentle pressure. Placing the pad of her finger against the depression, she glanced up to see Harry's mesmerized gaze and smiled.

Snape's eyes were half-closed in enjoyment, and his chest rose and fell with his deep breaths. When Hermione's finger slowly dipped into him, his head canted back and his eyes closed, muscles tensing all over his body even as his arse relaxed under her invasion. His sharp gasp and shuddery exhale, coupled with his twitching cock, snagged Harry's attention, and he swallowed hard, rapt.

Carefully, Hermione slid her finger deeper, using shallow thrusts and spreading the lube. A guttural groan tore from Snape's throat, and he gripped the bedding, rocking his hips. Harry could see the bead of precome shining at the tip of Snape's erection, the foreskin almost completely retracted from the flushed head. Hermione fucked Snape with her finger until he rasped, "More."

In response, Hermione withdrew, spread more lube on her fingers, and just as carefully pressed two fingers into him. Harry shifted further down to watch more closely. Hermione rotated her hand on every backward stroke, and Harry's cock bounced with the desire to take the place of her fingers, delving deep into the other man.

Snape's voice was gravelly as he said, "By working up to it slowly, there should be no discomfort. And, not only is the sensation of being stretched and filled this way a good one, but if you know what to look for, your partner can find your prostate and...aahhh!"

Lips spread in a wicked grin, Hermione had taken that moment to demonstrate what Snape was talking about, thrusting in and then fluttering her fingers toward the ceiling, drumming against Snape's prostate. Harry gasped at the convulsive contractions rippling along Snape's lean body, and Hermione said, "As he was saying, your partner can find your prostate and essentially reduce you to a quivering mass of ecstasy."

Snape's hips rocked of their own volition, fucking himself on her wriggling fingers. More liquid dripped along the underside of his cock, making Harry want to lick it clean. Hermione drew Harry's gaze and locked eyes with him in challenge. "Ready to try it?"

Harry's voice was stuck in his dry throat, so he just nodded vehemently.

Hermione licked her lips again and said, her voice low and throaty, "Lie down beside Severus. I'm going to do the same thing to you, and when you're both good and ready, I'm going to fuck you into him."

Both men groaned as Harry scrambled to lie beside Snape, twining their fingers together and exchanging heated looks.

Hermione removed her fingers from Snape long enough to slick up her other hand as well, then delved back in, stretching Snape around two fingers while teasing Harry's trembling hole with the pad of one finger.

Slowly, she breached him, watching his expressions closely, biting her lip at the bliss contorting his features. With both hands, she settled into a rhythm, sliding in and out, until they were both writhing and panting before her. "Ready for more?"

She had really meant to ask only Harry, but in unison, they rasped, "Yes," and Hermione's cunt throbbed with arousal.

Making sure both hands were well lubed, she slid two fingers into Harry even as she tightened three fingers into a cone and pushed into Snape, eliciting a ragged moan from Snape and a breathless curse from Harry.

A rosy flush spread over Harry's face and chest, almost catching up with the breadth of the flush tinting Snape's torso. Hermione could feel her juices trickling down her thighs as she knelt between them and knew she would be leaving a puddle on the bed.

"Harry, do you like it?" Hermione waited long enough to see his distracted nod before saying, "Then you'll like this," and pressing against the lump of his prostate with her two fingers.

Harry's eyes flew open in shock and he crushed Snape's hand in his as his body tensed, shuddering at the sensations. "Oh fuck, Hermione!"

Hermione kept massaging him and purred, "Soon, love. Very soon."

Snape rasped, "I hope so..."

Hermione chuckled and slid out enough to wriggle a third finger into Harry, goose flesh racing over her at his desperate groan and the way he bore down onto her fingers, trying to take them in faster, deeper.

Head rolling back and forth, brow furrowed, Harry panted brokenly, "Please...ohgodohgodohgod...I need it...now...want you...Hermione...Severus...want to fuck you...want you to fuck me...please...now..."

Snape and Hermione exchanged triumphant looks and Hermione carefully withdrew from both of them. "It's all right, Harry. Severus, roll over. Harry, come back here with me."

Harry surged up and scrambled to kneel beside Hermione as Snape rolled onto his knees and elbows, head hanging low and arse tilted high in the air.

Stripping the gloves off with ruthless efficiency, Hermione gestured for Harry to move closer behind Snape, and he couldn't resist caressing the older man's legs and back, admiring the taut lines of trembling muscle directing him to his waiting target. His cock bounced eagerly, ready to plunge in.

Behind him, he felt Hermione pressing closer, one hand pushing between his shoulder blades and guiding him to lean over Snape's bent form. His erection slid along the slippery cleft of Snape's arse, and they both gasped. Harry felt the tip of Hermione's dildo spreading more lube around his arsehole and he immediately followed direction when she breathed, "Line up and be ready to move. I'm about to fuck you with my cock, Harry."

The silence that followed her words was charged with excitement and anticipation. Hermione gripped Harry's hips and slowly pressed in. Harry shifted enough to do the same to Snape, and as one, they continued until Hermione's dildo was buried to the hilt in Harry and Harry was balls-deep in Snape.

They remained still for a long moment, just breathing and absorbing the sensations, trying to maintain control of their faculties and bodies. Hermione dropped a feather-light kiss on Harry's back and whispered, "You all right?"

Harry exhaled a shaky breath and said, "Un-fucking-believable. Bloody hell, you feel so good. Severus, are you okay?"

Snape was trembling beneath him. "I'm grand. But I would be even better if you *moved* and *fucked me*."

Both Harry and Hermione gasped, and Hermione withdrew halfway from Harry, allowing him to back out of Snape as well. Then, Hermione murmured, "Harry, just give over and let me fuck you both."

Harry voiced an affirmative sound, hands clamped on Snape's hips with a white-knuckled grip. Snape growled, "Do it," and Hermione snapped her hips forward, plunging deep and forcing Harry into Snape.

Their twin shouts of delight spurred her on, and she focused on finding a steady rhythm. After several minutes, she decided to turn things up a notch, and she said, "Severus, spread your legs more and rest your chest on the bed." He did as he was bid, and when she thrust Harry forward into him at this new angle, she had gauged correctly, and driven him right into Snape's prostate. Snape's roar made her grin with fierce pride and she pushed Harry down further, angling so that her next thrust landed on Harry's prostate as well, wrenching a loud cry from his throat.

The incoherent sounds coming from the two men she was fucking filled her with a rush of power and lust. It wouldn't last much longer at this pace, and she was riding the euphoric high, wondering if she might even come just from getting them off like this.

Suddenly, she saw Snape's hand shoving beneath him, and she knew he was stroking himself. It took only a few beats before his body contorted, bucking on Harry's cock as he bellowed into the mattress and came hard, squeezing Harry where he was buried deep inside him. Hermione pounded forward, grinding onto Harry's prostate and

keeping him trapped while Snape's arse fluttered and pulsed along his erection.

It was too much, and Harry shouted a litany of profanity as he climaxed, shaking and gasping in Hermione's grasp. When Harry collapsed, wrapping his arms around Snape's middle and resting his head on his back as he gulped deep breaths, Hermione tenderly caressed his back and thighs, uttering a soothing croon.

After a long moment, she murmured, "I'm going to pull out now. Are you ready?"

Harry grunted an affirmative and she carefully withdrew to the accompaniment of his drawn-out hiss. She fell back onto her heels and stared in fascination at Harry's arsehole, struggling to clamp closed from the gape left after she slid out. Without thinking, she traced a fingertip around the over-sensitive, swollen flesh, and Harry yelped, jerking forward and causing Snape to cry out as well.

Hermione snatched her hand back, grimacing in sheepish apology. "Sorry! I won't do that again."

Harry panted onto Snape's shoulder blade and said, "Severus, I'm gonna collapse now."

Snape hummed in acknowledgement and Harry pulled out, only to sink onto his side beside Snape and roll onto his back, eyes staring dazedly at the ceiling. Hermione watched come trickle out of Snape's abused hole as he writhed and stretched, moving his legs out straight and turning to lie on his side facing Harry.

They lay there, regaining their breath and slowing their pulse, and Hermione slipped off the bed to remove the strap-on and discard the lubed condom. Her thighs were slick with her juices, streaking down from where she had soaked the middle strap of the harness. She was so turned on that she wondered if she would orgasm at the slightest touch on her clit.

As she settled back on the bed at their feet, Snape rested a hand on Harry's belly and murmured, "Happy birthday, Harry. I do hope you enjoyed our present."

Harry uttered an incredulous huff and croaked, "That was the most amazing, brilliant, fucking mind-blowing orgasm I have ever experienced. But next time, I want to switch it around. I want to feel a real cock inside me...yours, Severus. And I want to get Hermione off too."

At that, they both looked down at Hermione with expressions of stunned appreciation. She beamed back at them. Harry continued, "Sorry to leave you so unsatisfied, Hermione. Once I've regained feeling in my limbs, I'll be more than happy to reciprocate."

Hermione laughed. "As long as you have feeling in your hand, that'll be enough this time. You two were so unbelievably hot and I'm so fucking turned on right now that it won't take much to make me come."

Snape smirked. "I have feeling in *my* hand..."

She bit her lip and dropped to her hands and knees, crawling between them. "Mmm, good. Then let's not waste another second, shall we?"

They shifted to allow her to lie on her back and she pressed against her, dropping nibbles and licks along her throat and breasts. She moaned and whispered, "Severus, fuck me with your fingers, and Harry, stroke my clit. I want to come from both of you."

Snape and Harry exchanged a heated look and, as one, they descended on her, each suckling a nipple as their fingers fulfilled their appointed tasks. Almost instantly, as soon as Snape pressed up against her G-spot and Harry circled her clit, she arched and shrieked her climax, shuddering and bouncing under their ministrations, and drenching their hands with even more of her juices.

They gentled her down from her peak until she weakly batted them away, too sensitive in the wake of her orgasm. Both men fell back onto the bed on either side of her, and all three of them just lay there, basking in the afterglow.

Any of them may have dozed off, but they would never admit it. Eventually, when Harry was ambushed by a huge yawn, he stretched and rumbled, "That was bloody brilliant. Fuck, whose birthday is next?"

Snape and Hermione burst out laughing and Snape drawled, "I'm certainly not waiting until mid September to do this again. I vote this become part of our regular rotation."

Harry snorted and Hermione crowed, "Seconded!"

Voice rippling with amusement, Harry said, "All in favour?"

In unison, they all firmly stated, "Aye!" and Harry said, "The ayes have it; the motion carries!"

They all dissolved into giggles, moving to cuddle closer together. After a long moment, Snape said, "I daresay we should go ahead and clean up so we can settle in...unless you're up for round two."

Harry's eyes darkened with desire, but he said, "I'd rather get some rest so I can live up to my full potential for round two. Isn't that what a good student would do?"

Snape smirked and said, "Indeed. You've learned well. Top marks."

Harry lunged across Hermione to drag Snape into a fierce kiss, and she hummed in appreciation as she watched them. Breaking the kiss, Harry pressed his forehead against Snape's and said, "Let's clean up and settle in. The sooner we get some rest, the sooner we can wake up and practice."

Snape's dark chuckle blended with Hermione's throaty giggle as they all shifted and stood up. Hermione moved all the accoutrement from the bed and sent it flying into a corner and out of the way. Then, she announced, "I call dibs on the shower!"

Flashing a grin, she spun and dashed out of the room, leaving Harry to yell, "Hey! It's *my* birthday! I should get first shower!"

Harry made to chase after her, but Snape caught his wrist and pulled him up short. "You're right. It *is* your birthday, so we should take advantage of it. Let's join her and she and I can help you clean your birthday suit."

Snape's eyes gleamed with mischief and arousal, and Harry responded with a lopsided grin. "A sound plan." Then, he stretched up and kissed Snape, less heated and more tender than before. "Thank you for making my birthday...no, scratch that...my life...special, Severus. Hermione was right to save you."

Snape wrapped his arm around Harry's waist and guided him toward the door. "Then let's show her how grateful we are for her actions."

They exchanged fond smiles and strode into the hallway to join the woman they loved.

The End