

The Wodaabe Amulet

by Noelani Sitara

Loved by two men, Hermione becomes ensnared by the plans of both to make her theirs. SS/HG/DM.

Prologue

Chapter 1 of 1

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Knock, knock, knock.

The door opened and Draco found himself facing a scowling house-elf. "Yes, Mister Malfoy?" he asked.

"Is your master home?"

The house-elf's scowl deepened as a voice called from within. "Please enter," he said nastily, scurrying off after shutting the door behind Draco.

Relinquishing his outer robe to another house-elf, Draco walked forward and stepped into the lounge. "Wonderful lot of house-elves," he said dryly.

"At least mine don't run off on me. Drink?"

"True," Draco acknowledged. He sat down and nodded to Severus' offer. After a quick taste, he asked, "So, Severus. Why did you send for me?"

Severus surveyed him for a moment before replying. "Simply to talk."

Draco smirked, downing the contents of his glass. "You lie."

He shrugged. "How is Narcissa?"

"Haven't a clue," Draco said, leaning back into his chair. "Since Lucius' death, I've moved out – can't stand the sight of that place. Aurors also searched it. Little bastards, messing things up all over the damn place."

Severus snorted in agreement.

"Wonderful place you have here, though," Draco noted, looking around appreciatively.

Setting down his glass, Severus leaned forward. "It is."

Draco turned to him suspiciously. "Why the new home? And where did all the money for it come from?"

Severus looked away disinterestedly. "Some sort of family heirloom – three or four generations ago – that was recently reinstated to my name."

"Reinstated?"

Severus nodded curtly. "Because of my...the heritage of my father, it had been locked away by my great-grandfather. Now that the old man is dead, all the money has become mine." He paused. "And I despised the old home."

"Bad memories," Draco said, nodding.

"And you? Will you be returning to Italy?"

After a moment's hesitation, Draco looked up at him. "I'm not sure."

Severus's piercing gaze focused on Draco completely. He asked slowly, "Is it because...?"

Draco sighed and licked his lips, motioning for the bottle to refill his glass. "I don't – I don't know."

"Lucius is dead."

Draco rubbed the back of his neck. "You think that suddenly makes everything possible?"

Severus chuckled. "Well, it certainly makes things easier, and I would assume it had a part in your return to Britain."

They fell silent.

"I thought my trip to Italy would take some of the feelings away. Damn it, the place is filled with beautiful women."

"But none who match up to her," Severus said wryly.

"Exactly." He looked at Severus curiously. "And you? No love interests?"

His eyes darted uneasily to Draco. "No. No new love interests."

Draco's jaw dropped as comprehension finally seeped in. "You love her too!" he accused, sputtering.

Severus' movements were tense and jerkish. "I – no, I – it's not..." He sighed and folded his hands. "Damn."

Draco laughed darkly. "*Damn* is right, you git." He sobered quickly. "We're both bastards. No wonder we love the same woman."

"She'd be more suited to you, Draco."

Despite himself, Draco smirked. "Really, Severus? As far as I know, you've been shagging her behind my back all these years – " He stopped short when he saw Severus's face colour. "What the hell? You *have*?"

Severus glared at him. "*No*. We rarely even see each other."

Draco looked at him disbelievingly. "You both work together at Hogwarts – you're both heads of houses and you both most likely haunt the library. And you're trying to tell me you never even see each other?"

Severus grimaced. "More like I avoid her, she avoids me."

"Well..."

Severus picked off an invisible piece of lint from his robe. "No matter. It will never happen, Draco, for either of us. It's useless to even think upon it. And what with that bloody Potter hanging around her—"

"*Potter*? She's with *Potter*?"

"No, fool, I merely meant Potter never left her side. Always 'popping in' for a lengthy visit and stealing her away for lunches and dinners."

"Really? I'd read in the papers that he was engaged—"

"Called off," Severus interrupted. "He didn't go through with it. I believe his fiancé eventually ended up marrying that – that one Hufflepuff. He was a sixth year when you were a seventh year."

Draco shrugged off the mention of the fiancé and sat back in wonder. "Her and Potter, then?"

Severus pinched the bridge of his nose. "Must you say it that way?"

"Well, Severus, we'll just have to break it up."

He stared incredulously at Draco. "Break what up? Are you mad, Draco?"

Draco smirked at Severus. "No. But honestly, if we break apart her and Potter, one of us can slip in and take his spot. Yes?"

"*No*," Severus vehemently protested. "I'm not going to meddle in her affairs like a – like a lovesick pompous*fool* – like that damn Weasley boy—"

"Oh, I heard they got into a fight."

"Yes, a big one. But back to the matter at hand – Draco, don't interfere with her and Potter. Unless you're set on going through with the whole thing, you'd only end up hurting her more. Weasley leaving was a harsh blow..."

As Severus fell silent, Draco looked at him empathetically. "How had I not seen it before, Severus? You truly do love her." After a moment, he added, "A bit disgusting, if I do say so myself—"

"Be quiet," he muttered as Draco laughed. He eyed him speculatively. "You're going to do it, then?"

Draco became serious. "Yes. I'm tired of waiting – I've been waiting to grow up, been waiting for Lucius to die off, been waiting to live my own life. I'm *damn* tired of waiting, and now I'm going to do something about it."

Severus raised his glass. "Good luck at it then," he said, toasting him. "I'll be on the other side, making sure she doesn't fall for you."

Draco grinned. "Well, then, Severus – may the best wizard win."

A/N: Big thanks to Rhiannon for beta-ing this for me again. You rock, chica :)

Also, I would like to thank Zephyr for cementing me in the DM/HG/SS threesome (which this will definitely become) with her incredible story *Be Careful What You Wish* (archived at Ashwinder and Quiet Ones), and also to H/D shipper Lilian Cho who helped me decide to actually write this.

Now go ahead and review, damn it.