

Entwined In Their Arms

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One Shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: This delicious gem was written for the HPRarefest at Livejournal. The prompt was "Hermione wants revenge on her cheating husband and decides that the LeStrange brothers can help her." I absolutely adore the LeStrange men, so I just had to write this! I had so much fun writing this and hope ya'll enjoy it. Xx

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Entwined In Their Arms

Hermione opened the door to Grimmauld Place. Looking around, she saw that it was unusually empty. She had a hard time believing that absolutely no one was home. Harry and Remus were almost always around...

With a shrug, Hermione headed upstairs. She decided that she would take a nice bath and relax so she could enjoy a night in with Sirius. It had been so long since he'd touched her, and she missed him desperately.

Their marriage had been a quick one. Shortly after Hermione's graduation from Hogwarts, the two of them started seeing each other. It was a whirlwind romance. He had bought her flowers and chocolate and always romanced her. He proposed rather suddenly and Hermione accepted. The two of them really didn't have an intimate relationship so when they did, Hermione always yielded to his desires. Sirius' taste was sometimes cold; he would often take her from behind, not looking at her face. She didn't understand his actions but accepted them with a loving heart. That's what wives did, wasn't it? Accept their husband's proclivities despite their own questions and desires.

Hermione pushed those thoughts away. It wouldn't do to think about such things. She could only hope that one day they would really make love, with their eyes meeting during their gentle movements.

After their marriage, Sirius slowly began to change. He rarely bought her flowers anymore; they never went out together... Everything had changed. He had withdrawn into himself, barely giving her any of his time. She still cared for him. Perhaps this was a phase? Maybe he would get over it in time?

Climbing up the stairs, Hermione was about to head into their bedroom when she heard a moan. She froze, her hand on the door. Holding her breath, she listened to the

noises coming from the room as tears welled in her eyes.

Unable to take any more, she pushed open the door. Her eyes flung to the bed and she tried to stifle her gasp. Sirius was tangled in the sheets with none other than Bellatrix! They were both naked, their lips joined as they moved as one.

"What the hell!" she cried, drawing her wand. Her shout startled the two and they broke apart. Sirius bolted upright.

"Hermione, what are you doing home?" he asked, pulling the sheets up to cover his waist.

"I left work early," Hermione snapped. She shook her head, tears streaming down her face. "How the hell could you do this to me?"

Bellatrix let out a crackle. "Ickle Mudblood is hurt." She shook her head, her wild curls shaking about. Her laughter filled the room. "Poor thing must really love you, Sirius."

"Sirius?" she asked, her voice laced with hurt. How could he do this to her? How could he hurt her so deeply?

"I'm not sorry," he replied, his voice flat. There was no emotion in his eye as he looked at her. There was no sign that he cared in the slightest that he had broken her heart.

"How long has this been going on?" she demanded to know. She had thought he really loved her.

"Since our childhood," Bellatrix replied, draping her arms around Sirius' neck. She hung off him like a leech. "Don't you understand, Mudblood? Your marriage is just a sham, a cover." Bellatrix laughed. "Sirius couldn't have anyone knowing about us." Bellatrix cackled before placing a kiss on Sirius's bare shoulder.

"Is this true?" she inquired, turning her gaze to Sirius. He nodded, giving a careless shrug. "But why? Why would you do this to me, Sirius?" She asked feeling tears slip down her face.

"Because," he said, a sneer appearing on his face, "Fucking a Mudblood could never compare to fucking a Pureblood. You were only ever a play thing to me, Hermione."

Hurt flashed in Hermione's eyes as she stumbled backwards. "How can you be so crude?"

"Easy. I never cared, not even in the slightest. Why do you think I always took you from behind? The love in your eyes made me sick, but that doesn't matter anymore." He shrugged. "Now you know and now you can get out. I'll send you the divorce papers in the mail."

"Excuse me?" she shrieked. "How dare you!"

"Get out, Mudblood," Bellatrix hissed, her hand going to her wand.

Hermione slashed her wand through the air, hexing both Bellatrix and Sirius. They both let out a shout as large nasty boils spread across their bodies.

Turning, she quickly summoned some of her things. She stormed down the stairs in a hurry, tears streaming down her face once more. She could still hear them yelling upstairs in pain.

"Hermione, what's wrong?" someone asked.

Looking up, she saw Ginny and Harry standing there. She had forgotten they were coming over for dinner tonight.

"I..." Her throat went dry. Pursing her lips, she shook her head. "Your precious Godfather is upstairs screwing his cousin, if you need him. However, they might be indisposed with the boils I just hexed them both with. I, on the other hand, am no longer welcome here. Goodbye." She pushed her way past them and headed out the door.

"Mione, wait!" Harry cried, rushing after her. "Hermione!"

She Disapparated with a pop.

After dropping her things off in the room she rented at the Leaky Cauldron, she made her way down to the bar. She needed a drink after today.

With a sigh, she took a seat at the bar. Looking around, she saw the room was practically empty. The only other occupants at the bar were two men who were discussing something in hushed whispers.

"Hermione!"

Looking up, she saw Hannah Longbottom in front of her. After marrying Neville, Hannah had bought the Leaky Cauldron from Tom. Last she heard, Tom had retired and moved to the Florida Keys.

"What can I get for you?" Hannah asked with a big smile.

Hermione licked her lips. "A whole bottle of Ogdens and a shot glass."

Hannah looked at her warily. "Are you sure, Hermione?"

She snorted. "Yes, I'm sure. Especially after the day I've been having."

"Is there anything you want to talk about?"

"Not at the moment," Hermione grumbled.

Hannah sighed, but did as Hermione asked. She gave Hermione a glass and the bottle. "Here you are, love."

Hermione poured herself a glass and began to drink.

"Can you believe it?" Hermione said, shaking her head. She wasn't drunk just yet, but the alcohol had done enough to loosen her tongue. She was currently telling Hannah about her problems. "I mean, can you honestly believe it? My husband has been cheating on me with his bloody cousin! Who, if I might add, is completely insane."

Hannah grimaced. "Hermione, I'm so sorry to hear that."

"Can you believe it though? That arse! No wonder he asked me to dye my hair black!" she continued, shaking her head. "He wanted me to look like her! I can't believe I fell for all of it."

Hannah tsked, shaking her head.

"But his bloody cousin!" Hermione said once more, slamming her fist on the table. "What does Bellatrix have that I don't?"

Hannah shrugged. "Oops, be right back, Hermione," she said, moving over to wait on another customer.

Hermione felt someone tap her shoulder. Turning, she saw whom she knew to be the Lestrangle brothers. They were both tall with narrow, wiry frames. Their dark hair matched their olive complexions.

Rodolphus, Bellatrix's husband, was older. He looked harder, more weathered than his brother, which made him look more dangerous.

Rabastan was the younger, slightly more sheltered brother. His eyes were haunted with shattered idealism and naiveté. Because of his youth when arrested and sentenced, Hermione thought he seemed more feral. The looks in his eyes seemed to agree.

She knew both brothers did time in Azkaban for their crimes during the Dark Lord's war. Both sentences had been served, and they were released sometime during her seventh year for good behavior.

"You're Hermione Black, aren't you?" Rodolphus asked.

Hermione nodded. "And you're the husband of the woman whom my soon to be ex-husband is currently fucking."

Rodolphus chuckled. "May we sit with you?"

She glanced at both of them. "Um, sure?" she said, not really understanding why they wanted to sit with her.

Rodolphus sat on one side of her while Rabastan sat on the other. She was sandwiched between the two Lestrangle brothers at a bar *Who would have thought?*

"So, you didn't know?" Rodolphus asked, as if he was surprised she did not know. Pouring Hermione a drink, he slid it over to her.

"Of course I didn't," Hermione snapped angrily. "Should I have?" She threw the drink back quickly.

He shrugged. "I knew even before we were forced to marry."

"You did?" Hermione inquired. "And you just let it happen?"

"Yes, I did. I do not love Bellatrix. Our marriage was arranged by our parents. I couldn't care less whom she fucks," Rodolphus said waving the question off.

"But what about you?" Hermione asked, curiously wondering how he met his needs if his wife was with her husband.

A smile appeared on his face and his eyes gave off a mischievous gleam. "Rabastan and I always find someone to meet our needs."

Her throat went dry. Was he insinuating what she thought he was? Did the two of them share women? Were they gay with each other?

Rabastan let out a snort as if he was reading her mind. "No," he said, his husky voice sending chills down her spine. "Sharing women does not mean we are gay with each other."

"Black really never did show you anything good, did he?" Rodolphus let out a laugh. "You're a naïve little girl, aren't you?"

"Of course not!" Hermione sputtered. She ignored the jibe about Sirius. "How dare you even insinuate something like that? I am by no means stupid."

"Of course not," Rabastan repeated dryly. "Brightest witch of her age didn't even know her husband was cheating."

"Shame," Rodolphus stated, shaking his head. "It would have saved her so much heartbreak."

"I will not sit here and listen to you both mock me." Hermione abruptly stood. "It may be some sort of joke to you, Rodolphus, but I don't appreciate the fact my spouse is a cheating man-whore!"

She turned to walk away, but Rodolphus reached out and grabbed her wrist. He pulled her close, careful not to grip her too tightly.

"Tell me, Hermione, did he say why he cheated?" Rodolphus taunted her. "Why he left your comfort for hers?"

She swallowed, looking into his dark brown eyes. "He said that fucking a Pureblood was better than a Mudblood like me."

Rodolphus snorted, releasing his grip on her arm.

"It's true," Rabastan said, smirking at her.

"I very much doubt that," Hermione retorted. "Sirius was nothing special. All bark and no bite."

"Oh, but he never really fucked you, did he?" Rodolphus taunted. "Did he ever kiss you during the act? Or even look at you?" He chuckled at the expression on her face.

"I bet he only did you from behind, didn't he?" Rabastan added. He leaned closer, his breath tickling her ear. "Why don't you let us show you what real fucking is?"

Hermione trembled, her throat going dry. How could they, in only a few words, have her trembling like this? There was something about them; something dark and delicious. She wanted to taste what it was like.

"Don't you want to know if he was right?" Rodolphus asked, his face mere inches from hers. "Don't you want to know what it feels like?"

"We have a room right upstairs," Rabastan said.

She tried to swallow.

"Give in, Hermione," Rodolphus purred. "You know you want to. Prove Black wrong."

Her mind was swirling with conflicting emotions. Hurt. Curiosity. Desire. Anger. Lust.

"Yes," she whispered.

The brothers shared a grin.

"You'll enjoy this," Rodolphus said.

"Promise," Rabastan added. He left some money on the counter to pay for Hermione's bottle of Odgen.

The three of them walked up the stairs, none of them noticing the woman in the corner watching them with interest.

Hermione sat awkwardly on the bed, looking up at each of them. "I don't really know what to do," she said, biting her lip.

"You're innocent, we know that," Rodolphus said, taking off his jacket. "And we know Sirius Black never treated you right, which is why we will."

Rabastan nodded in agreement. His eyes were blazing with desire. "Why don't you undress?"

"But leave your bra and knickers on," Rodolphus said, sending his brother a glance.

Hermione did as they said. She removed her tee shirt and jeans, leaving her undergarments on. She thanked Merlin she wore something lacy today instead of her usual cotton.

"Gorgeous," Rabastan said, looking up and down.

She squirmed under his gaze.

"Lay back on the bed," Rodolphus commanded.

She did as he said, her heart racing. Anticipation and some nervousness rushed through her veins. It was obvious the two of them were well equipped, and she wasn't sure if this was going to be a good idea or not.

"You can always change your mind," the older brother said, joining her on the bed. Hermione glanced at him, blushing when she saw he was naked. Rabastan joined them both moments later.

"I want this," she said, eyes flicking back and forth between them. "I want to know what it feels like."

Rodolphus leaned forward, capturing her lips in a kiss. He nibbled at her lower lip, coaxing her to open her mouth. She did, allowing him entrance.

As Rodolphus kissed her, she felt Rabastan's hands on her side. She stiffened momentarily.

"Relax," Rabastan purred in her ear. "Relax, Hermione."

Eventually, she did, losing herself in the sensations. Rodolphus continued to kiss her so fiercely she thought she would pass out as Rabastan's hand trailed up and down her side. She wanted more, wriggling her body between the two.

Rodolphus chuckled, pulling away momentarily. He resumed kissing her, one of his hands trailing down her body to the place between her legs. He groaned when he felt how wet she was. Gently, he slid a finger into her, moving it in and out as his thumb brushed her clit.

Rabastan snaked his hands around her torso, thumbing her nipples as he rubbed his hard cock against her pert little ass. His lips landed on her neck, alternating between sucking and biting the sensitive skin there.

"Oh, Merlin!" Hermione cried out, wriggling between the wizards. "Oh, please!"

What the two of them were doing to her body was incredible. She had never felt anything so wonderful in her life. They hadn't even started, and Hermione already knew this was better than anything Sirius had ever given her.

Rodolphus pulled away, moving down her body. He planted kisses between her breasts before moving down to her taut stomach. He kissed her there, gently teasing her before moving even lower.

"Please!" Hermione cried, bucking her hips towards his face.

He covered her clit with her his mouth, sucking at the sensitive spot. His tongue swirled around the nub as his fingers continued to pump in and out of her. He felt her walls shudder and knew she was about to climax. He bit down on her clit.

Hermione cried out as her orgasm hit her. The pain mixed with the pleasure, giving her the most intense orgasm she had ever had. She bucked her hips against his face while she tilted her head fully to the side to allow Rabastan to ravish her neck.

As her orgasm faded, Rodolphus moved back towards her place. "Please," she begged.

"Say it, witch," Rodolphus said between kisses. She could taste herself on his lips, making her mad with want. "Tell me that you want me."

"Please," Hermione practically sobbed. "Please, Rodolphus, I want you."

Rodolphus slid into her wet heat, moaning as he did so. Her cunt was deliciously tight as he moved within her. For a Mudblood, she felt exquisite. Hermione panted, wrapping her arms around his neck. Their lips joined.

Rabastan took this moment to move his hands down to her arse. He palmed her perfect globes, licking his lips in anticipation. Whispering a lubrication charm, he gently spread her cheeks.

Hermione pulled away from Rodolphus, stilling. "Please, be gentle," she said, looking over her shoulder at Rabastan.

He didn't say anything. Instead, he kissed her.

She compared the two. While Rodolphus was gentle, Rabastan was rough. He dominated her mouth with a fierceness Rodolphus didn't possess. As he kissed her, she felt him gently slide his finger into her anus. She winced at the intrusion, but lost herself in Rabastan's kiss and Rodolphus' movements.

After allowing Hermione to adjust, Rabastan added a second finger. He began to scissor them, stretching her.

Rodolphus pulled Hermione's head away from his brother and claimed her lips for his own once more. He continued to thrust within her but slowed his movements, knowing his brother would enter her soon.

He rolled them so Hermione was now straddling his hips. He drew her into a kiss, causing her to lean forward. His hand moved lower, playing with her clit in an attempt to distract her.

Rabastan placed himself between her cheeks, gently pressing inward. He eased into her, inch by inch. When he was fully sheathed within her, he let out a deep sigh.

"Sweet Merlin, witch, you feel wonderful," Rabastan whispered, placing his hands on her hips. Slowly and tentatively, he began to move.

Rodolphus and Rabastan obviously knew what they were doing because they found a perfect rhythm. She felt as if she was being rocked between them, feeling both of their cocks through her thin walls. It was hot and hard and she loved every second of it.

"Are you all right?" Rodolphus asked, brushing some curls from her face.

Hermione nodded, words escaping her. This was an overwhelming experience. The feel of them thrusting into her was incredible. This was amazing. They were amazing.

Rodolphus moved his hands upwards, cupping her breasts. His calloused thumbs flicked across her nipples, causing Hermione to let out a shriek.

"Fuck, Merlin!" she shouted, coming with such a force that she almost saw stars. Her head fell forward as her nails dug into Rodolphus' chest.

The feel of her orgasm was enough to make the brothers lose control. Rodolphus let out a grunt, spilling his seed deep into her womb. He pressed a kiss to her forehead.

Rabastan pulled out of her, releasing himself all over her back. He shouted her name as he did so.

"Oh Merlin," Hermione whispered, not caring that she was a sweaty mess. "That was absolutely amazing."

Rodolphus chuckled. "So, did we prove you right?"

Hermione laughed. "I would say so." She snuggled in Rodolphus' arms, a yawn escaping her lips.

"Tired?" Rabastan asked, appearing on the side of her. "Get some rest." He pressed a kiss to her forehead.

She quickly fell asleep, sandwiched between the two handsome wizards.

Hermione awoke the next morning to two voices. Groggily, she opened her eyes and looked around. Rodolphus and Rabastan were seated at the table, breakfast lay out before them. Rabastan was reading the paper.

She stretched, taking note of herself. A delicious ache filled her body, testament to the wonderful time she had last night.

"Good morning," she said, sitting upright.

"Morning, princess," Rodolphus said, smiling at her.

She wrapped the sheet around her naked body and walked towards the table. She took a seat and picked up a croissant. "You know, I'm surprised you're both here."

"Well, we had such a wonderful time last night," Rabastan began.

"That we were wondering if you'd like to repeat it sometime, kitten," Rodolphus finished for him.

"What?" she asked, somewhat dumbfounded.

"Oh, yes, we'd like to try this thing out for real," Rabastan said.

"But the both of you?" She looked back and forth between them. "Rabastan, I don't quite understand how that would work."

"Triads aren't unusual for Pureblood families," Rabastan explained. "We discussed it this morning, and there was obvious chemistry between us all."

"Chemistry?"

"Didn't last night feel wonderful for you? Earth-shattering in a way?" Rodolphus questioned.

"Of course," Hermione responded, blushing. "But isn't that normal?"

Rabastan shook his head. "No, it isn't. It's never that good." His eyes filled with lust as he thought about last night.

"But you're married, Rodolphus. I know what we did last night, but I don't want to be the other woman." Hermione did have some morals, after all.

"Then I'll divorce Bellatrix," Rodolphus said. "I told you, I never loved her. I would very much like to repeat last night with you."

"And I second that," Rabastan said, grinning at her.

She blushed. "I mean, I suppose that would be all right. I barely know anything about either of you."

"Well, I know we have great sex," Rodolphus said with a chuckle. "The rest we'll figure out along the way."

Hermione nodded. "You know, what else do I have to lose?"

"I'm glad you say that, kitten, because we made the front page." Rodolphus placed the Daily Prophet in front of her.

Her eyes widened in shock. There was a picture of the three of them headed up the stairs in the Leaky. As she read the article, disgust filled her.

"How dare that Skeeter woman write such things!" Hermione exclaimed. "Wait until I get a piece of her." She grumbled something under her breath.

The article had basically called Hermione a trollop. She trashed Hermione's reputation, but Hermione couldn't find it in herself to care.

She had learned the truth about her cheating husband yesterday and then met two incredibly handsome men. She spent the night entwined in their arms; feeling as if she was cared for the first time in ages.

And by the looks on their faces, they were about to have a repeat of last night.

Hermione smiled, dropping the sheet that was covering her body.

Rodolphus and Rabastan shared a hungry look.

Yes, they would definitely be having a repeat of last night.