

Twilight Indulgence

by *Southern_Witch_69*

Severus is surprised to find a scantily dressed Hermione in his bedroom during the night. Why, whatever could she want? And why is Lucius lurking about the castle?
Response to the Potter Place Fall Prompt #5.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: I've snatched some of JKR's characters, but I'll return them shortly.

Thanks go to RobisonRocket for looking over this for me. And you can blame Shiv5468 for putting damn Lucius Malfoy in my head. Teehee.

This is a response to the Potter Place's Fall Prompt Challenge. Details at the end.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

Rolling out of his bed, Snape hurriedly slipped into his shoes and grabbed a nearby dressing gown. If someone was pounding on his door in the middle of the night, it had to be something important. He'd had a few drinks earlier and was sleeping more soundly than normal. He swung the door open to find... no one. He stepped out into the corridor and looked both ways, seeing nothing.

"Bloody students," he muttered angrily. It must have been someone's idea of a joke. As he turned to go back into his chambers, he heard a tapping sound from his left. Wand drawn, he stealthily moved in that direction in hopes of catching the prankster. He finally made his way to the stairs and had seen no one. Annoyed, he stalked back to his chambers, slamming the door behind him after he entered.

In the instant that he tossed his dressing gown aside, he noticed that he was no longer alone.

"*Professor Granger!* What are you doing here?" he asked, unable to hide his shock.

As if in a dream, she slowly walked towards him, unbuttoning her flowing white nightgown as she did so, eyes never leaving his. Her hair was tousled as if she'd been abed, but he was uncertain if he'd ever seen her look as sexy as she did at that moment. He shook his head as if to release himself from a daze and stepped back. Much as he might want a woman in his chambers...one who was undressing and seemingly intent on having sex with him...something was amiss.

"I'll only ask once more," he said warningly, lifting his wand slightly.

"Don't ask me at all," she said confidently as her hands peeled her nightgown away from her body and allowed it to drop to the floor, baring her nakedness for him to see. "I couldn't sleep. I had to come to you..."

"Hermio..."

"Shhh," she whispered, placing a soft finger against his lips momentarily before replacing it with her moist, full lips.

Suddenly, her hands were on him, pulling up his nightshirt and rubbing his flesh as she did so. Who was he to turn down such a tempting offer? He didn't care that they rarely spoke to each other. Nor did he care about her reasoning. It had been far too long since he'd had a woman, and he would not let an opportunity pass him by. Talking would come later. For now, he would seek and give pleasure.

He broke their kiss in order to tug his nightshirt over his head, and before it hit the floor, she was on her knees before him, pulling down his underpants. He stepped out of them and froze as she gazed at his semi-erection. Her eyes lifted to meet his, and he saw the warm glow of approval before she looked back towards his groin and brought both hands up to run her fingers along the top and underside, coaxing it to full hardness.

"You're thick," she whispered.

Yes, he felt thick all right, for he'd never realized that she was interested in him sexually.

"And long," she added.

Smirking smugly, he looked down and watched as she brought her face closer. There was a moment of impatient anticipation where he nearly thrust his cock at her before her warm lips made contact.

"Yessss," he said, the word rushing out like a hiss. Unable to stop himself, he placed both hands on her head, minutely helping to guide her as she eagerly licked and sucked his sensitive flesh. He relished in the feel of her long fingernails as they scraped against his balls and perineum. Heat began flowing through his body, moving down to his groin. Jolts of feeling and tingling sensations began building rapidly, and he knew that if he didn't stop her soon, he wouldn't be able to control himself... and he so wanted to thoroughly enjoy the gift she was giving him.

Gently pulling her head back, he got her to release her hold on him with a slight popping sound. She looked around in momentary confusion. Wanting to put her at ease, he said, "I didn't stop you because I didn't like it. I simply want to reciprocate, to make you feel the same." He helped her to her feet, taking in the womanly curves and the softness of her body, and was overtaken by the urgent need to have her, to be buried as deeply as possible within her.

"Sev..." she began, trying to cover her breasts.

"Shhh. Don't be shy with me. They're lovely," he murmured, roughly pulling up one of her legs and guiding it to wrap around him. Unable to wait, he rubbed his cock against her soft, intimate flesh and pushed in. Luckily, she was moist and ready for him, enabling him to slide in easily.

"Oh, but..."

"You feel so good," he interrupted, blurting the first thought that came to his mind. She felt a little stiff, so he pushed in completely, eliciting a moan from her, and turned them around so that her back was against the wall...where he was able to start thrusting into her hard and quick. It didn't take long for her to begin moving with him and clawing at his back, her whimpers of delight and approval urging in him on. He pulled her other leg up, needing more of her, and threw his head back as she tightened her grip on his body, one of her hands frantically moving between them in hopes of hurrying along her orgasm.

"Damn," he grumbled, unable to carry on in their position for long, feeling his legs weaken and shake slightly. Steadying himself and not pulling out of her, he carried her over to his bed where they fell down in a heap. Before he resumed his strokes, he stopped long enough to give her a lengthy, passionate kiss to show his appreciation and approval. Had he known her body to be so pleasing, he might have looked her way before. That would be remedied, however, as she definitely had his attention now.

He grunted as she moved beneath him, and he again returned to his steady rhythm, feeling as if he were able to slide into her even more deeply. When he felt that his culmination was near, he slid his hand between them, pushing hers aside, wanting it to be him that would help her find release. Her response was almost immediate. She arched against him, chanting the words 'don't stop' with her head thrown back, and convulsed madly. In the instant that she came, he realized they'd not taken any sort of precaution, but he knew and trusted that she would have seen to that before coming to him. Those thoughts quickly disappeared as pleasure began to wash over him.

"*Hermione... ah...*"

Not wanting to break contact with her, he allowed his body to collapse onto hers, though he kept most of his weight off of her. As he rested his head partly on her shoulder and partly on his pillow, he relished the feel of her soft hands as they moved along his spine, caressing his sweat-dampened back. Sleep found him quickly, eliminating his plans for a second seduction.

When he woke the next morning, he was alone, and the only evidence of her visit was his nakedness and the lingering scent of her perfume on his pillows and bed. Severus only felt a momentary pang of disappointment. He certainly didn't appreciate that she'd left without so much as a note or a goodbye, but he could see the necessity of returning to her chambers before any wandering students might awaken and traipse about the castle, catching her in only her nightgown. Bringing the pillow to his nostrils, he inhaled deeply, engraving her scent into his mind.

"I will have you again," he said softly. He could see no stopping the inevitable, not after what they'd shared the previous night. She'd made her way to his rooms uninvited with sex on her mind. Although what they shared would only be considered fucking, he couldn't help but to long for something more, something intimate. Snorting to himself, he mumbled, "Good Lord, get a hold of yourself, man."

As quickly as he could, he showered and readied himself for his day and made his way to the Great Hall. She was there when he entered of course, and he took his seat at Headmistress McGonagall's left, which was only two seats from hers. After he placed his napkin in his lap, he glanced at her and found her looking at him.

Giving him a slight nod, she blushed faintly and gave her attention back to the toast on her plate and the paper in her hand. He watched her for only a moment more and then began to listen to Minerva's complaints about Trelawney's latest scene.

"How dare she think she can drink cooking sherry in front of students!" she huffed.

As she continued, he let his mind wander to the events of the previous night. What had made her come to him? Why hadn't he noticed her attraction before? More importantly, why hadn't *he* ever made a move to become more friendly with her?

"And I can't believe that they are considering putting him back on the board of governors!" Minerva said before lifting her juice to her lips. "He tried to plead his case to me yesterday evening!"

"Pardon?" he asked politely. "I didn't hear that last."

"Honestly! Have you even been listening, Severus?" she asked but didn't wait for an answer. "Lucius Malfoy is asking to join the board of governors again since Madam Goodsnatch can no longer partake in activities, what with her new move. It seems she decided to wander off to the continent to meet some new beau she's been exchanging owls with. Never even met the man!"

"Are you going to agree with the others if they want to have him back?" he asked, watching her furrowed brow.

"I'm not certain." She shook her head. "After all he's done... and got away with!"

Severus thought about this for a moment. It was true that Lucius had received minimal punishment for his involvements with the Dark Lord the last time around: fines and a

small stint in Azkaban were the most of it. Why should he be given another chance to situate himself in the good graces of society again? He'd always had it easy; perhaps it was time to not have something handed to him because of his money. In fact, Snape would personally like to see him fall after what Lucius had done when... Then Minerva's words struck him. Severus knew that he was no one to judge others, especially if reflecting on past deeds done.

"Minerva, I can only tell you to do as you feel right," he said quietly. "I've done many things and been able to get away with much."

"But you've done many things because you had to, Severus, because you were ordered to. You... you're deserving of a second chance."

He shrugged. "Perhaps." His thoughts drifted to Hermione Granger again. "Maybe it's the same for him, Minerva. Maybe this is his chance to finally do right." If someone like Hermione...one of Potter's closest friends...could give *him* a chance to be so close to her, then maybe it would do to give someone like Lucius a chance, as he certainly didn't have nearly as many stains on his soul... not that the Ministry knew about anyway.

After a moment of quiet, Minerva said, "You may be right, Severus. I will suggest that we give him a trial membership for now...somewhat of a probationary seat. He does have experience, and he also has the extra money needed that would help fund things." She patted his hand. "Thank you for your blunt honesty as always. I suppose it's hard to change my opinion once it's been made."

He nodded and looked to his left, finding Hermione's chair to be empty. When he looked towards the doors, he caught the back of her robes exiting the doors as she left the hall. For an instant, he seriously considered following her, but that would never do. If she wanted to talk to him, he supposed she would come to him...just as she had the previous night. There was no need for him to be chasing after her to have a word like some randy teen.

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"Lucius," Severus greeted in surprise. "This is an unexpected visit. Come in. I've just opened a bottle of whisky." He'd sworn to himself months before that he would hex Lucius if he ever graced his doorway again, but in his current good mood and in light of his earlier thoughts, he decided to be amicable.

"Excellent," Lucius said, following Severus into his sitting room. "I've just come from a meeting here with Headmistress McGonagall." He sneered slightly. "Always was a stickler for rules and propriety, wasn't she?" he asked as he took the proffered tumbler of whisky. "She doesn't mince words, does she?"

"Indeed. I've always remembered her to be that way, even when I was a student here." Taking a seat near his fire, he indicated that Lucius should sit down as well. "I am quite curious. What brings you here to *my* chambers?"

"As you've heard, I am attempting to reclaim my seat on the board of governors after all this time."

"And how did things go?" Severus asked quietly.

"Ah, old friend, that is why I've come. Am I to understand that *you* put in a good word for me with her?"

Shrugging, Severus said, "I suppose I might have mentioned that everyone deserves a second chance if they seem to want to try."

"After our last meeting, I thought you'd not want to remain friendly with me or my family any longer..." He paused and seemed uncomfortable briefly before looking Severus in the eyes steadily. "I truly thought that you'd slept with Narcissa."

And there was the crux of their recent animosity. "I told you that I had not. You should have trusted in my oath. I take it you've finally found the truth somehow?"

"You must understand, Severus, that the Dark Lord showed me false images. I never knew for certain until she drew her last breath that it was a lie, and by then, I'd already had words with you." He caressed the snakehead on the tip of his cane lovingly as he took a deep drink from his glass.

Severus wanted to rub it in his face that he'd told him so, but he felt that it would be unnecessary to do so. Narcissa had died months earlier, Potter had defeated the Dark Lord, and surprisingly, he didn't feel as bitter towards Lucius as he once had. "We can let this be in the past then," he offered.

"Why, Severus, what's happened to you? You seem almost... happy," Lucius said with amused sarcasm. "I take it things are coming together for you finally?" Lucius asked curiously.

"Things have... Yes, things have taken a turn for the better." He took another drink from his glass.

"I am happy for you, my friend." He drained the rest of his drink and stood. "I fear that I must be going. I have an appointment with someone else." He extended his hand. "I am not good at showing gratitude, but you have it."

"It's nothing," Severus said, dismissing what would be the closest apology he'd get from Lucius, though he did shake Lucius' hand.

"I shall send an owl round soon. We'll get together," Lucius promised as he walked to the door.

Once the door closed behind him, the practiced smile on Lucius' face faded, and he began to slowly walk back towards the stairway. Snape still held onto the tale of never crossing the line with Narcissa. On her deathbed, he'd asked her to confess and be honest so that he might give her forgiveness, and she'd sworn to him that Snape had only been a friend and had only tried to protect her and their son. She claimed that the Dark Lord must have fed him some false visions.

With the easy way Snape accepted this, Lucius could only come to the conclusion that it was so and that the man hadn't bedded her. He'd been harboring ill feelings towards him for a long time and had been planning revenge. What a better way to seek revenge than to payback exactly what had been done to him? The only difference was that Snape had no wife to seduce. Fortunately for Lucius, he was a man of means and who had a never-ending supply of plots and schemes with which he could wreak some sort of vengeance on his foes.

He climbed the stairs quickly, rethinking the plan he'd already set in motion. It would be easy enough to fix what he'd done. He would accept the shaky offer to rejoin the board of governors, and he would make certain that his renewed friendship with Severus stayed intact...at all costs. Having Snape speak to the headmistress on his behalf had worked in his favor, and he was right to believe that a happy Snape would be a more forgiving Snape... a Snape who wouldn't be as suspicious or always expecting the worst to happen... a Snape who wouldn't be on guard.

As he rounded the last flight to the floor he needed, he saw Professor Granger walking by. "Perfect timing," he said to himself. Quickly, he strode after her. "Miss Granger?"

She stopped, sighed, and turned around slowly. "I told you last night, Mr. Malfoy, that I'll not speak with the headmistress for you."

"No, there's another reason that I'd like a word." He gave her his most charming smile and pointed in the direction of an unused room to their right. "Would you mind terribly if we went here for privacy? It's of utmost importance."

"Oh, all right," she agreed, though he could see her reluctance.

Being a proper gentleman, he opened the door for her and cast a spell to light the sconces on the wall near an old settee. Once she was settled, he closed the door and made his way to seat himself beside her. "About our last meeting..."

"Don't," Hermione said, holding up a hand. "I've already told you that I can't persuade the headmistress to consider you to rejoin the board of governors. That will be her uninfluenced decision alone."

"Oh, do you know, I've already talked to her this evening. She is definitely going to put in a word for me with the others." He smiled smugly and nonchalantly flicked a piece of lint from his robes. "It seems she understands the necessity of having a Malfoy on the board after all."

Her eyes narrowed. "But that doesn't..."

"Seem like her?" he offered. "I'll admit to being surprised when she greeted me and delighted in telling me of her decision, albeit brusquely."

Moving to the edge of the seat as if to stand, Hermione said, "Well, that's very nice, but I don't see what this has to do with me. If you've got what you want, why are you still here?"

He gazed at her for a moment, trying to see her as the woman she was instead of the pesky Mudblood who'd bested his son in studies during their school years together. She didn't have Narcissa's classic beauty of course, but she'd grown into an attractive woman all the same. "I've just come from visiting with Severus." He took in the immediate flush and lowering of eyes.

"Is that so?"

Her voice was shaky, causing him to flash a predatory smile. "That's right. We had a drink and a nice talk about *things*." He allowed this to sink in and enjoyed the quick jerk of her head so that she could gaze into his eyes. Before she could speak, he added, "Severus seemed quite jovial, much unlike his normal demeanor. Why, one would almost think that he's seeing someone, causing him to be pleased with life finally."

"I... I wouldn't know," she said quietly and stood.

"Oh, but I think you do know," he said, leaning forward. "Tell me. Did he eagerly welcome you last night?"

"How dare you!" Hermione said angrily, hand hovering near her wand pocket.

"I do dare, my dear girl," he said, looking over her appraisingly. "And apparently, so does he."

"Hang on!" she said, voice taking on a higher note as her brow furrowed in thought. "Last night, you pulled your wand on me, didn't you? I can remember it now. What did you...?"

"Pardon? I have no idea what you are talking about. That's a very serious accusation. The only time I pulled my wand was to cast a warming charm on your cold chambers."

"But you weren't in my chambers! How... Oh, God, no, it was you!"

He sneered slightly. "A woman of your *intelligence* should know the correct spells to keep her rooms warm... Your fires weren't even lit, you know."

Hermione pulled her wand only to have it wrenched away by one of his quick hands. He used the other to pull her back towards him, causing her to tumble into his lap. She struggled in vain for a few moments.

"Let me go, Malfoy!" she said loudly.

"If you will stop moving, I will continue our discussion."

"Get your hands off of me! Now!"

"Oh, dear, I suppose I'll have to Obliviate you," he said in mock sincerity.

This made her stop struggling. "No, you wouldn't..."

"I would," he said firmly, making certain she understood him well by squeezing her more tightly. "Keep your voice down and listen to me."

"How could you?" she asked in defeat. "I had no idea what was going on! It was as if I were dreaming. All day today, I've been thinking about it, and I just couldn't understand."

"I don't have to explain anything to you, but suffice it to say that Severus obviously needed your services, else he would have carried on, same brooding manner, as sour as ever." He gazed at her red, full lips. "I wonder..."

"Wonder what?" she asked, testing his grip on her as if to pull away.

Suddenly, he was filled with the need to know what Severus knew... to carry out his seduction anyway. His lips pressed against hers in a brutal kiss, and even though she kept her lips closed tightly, he nibbled on her mouth in an attempt to coax her mouth open. The challenge made it much more enticing.

"Just what is going on here?" asked a silky, threatening voice from the doorway.

Lucius stood quickly, dumping Hermione onto the floor and wiping his mouth. "How dare you think you could kiss me?" he asked her arrogantly. He straightened his robes and strode forward as she sprung up, grabbing her wand from the settee where he'd placed it.

She pointed it at him. "Stop right there!"

"Excuse me?" he asked, arching an elegant eyebrow. He looked at Severus, making certain to place an incredulous expression on his face. "First, she asks to speak to me, then, she throws herself at me...you saw her sitting on my lap...and now, she's pointing her wand at me as if I've done something wrong."

"Y-you did this!" she said. "Tell him what happened. Tell him the truth."

Lucius, feigning offense, took his time looking back between them. "I've just said what transpired. Why wouldn't you want Severus to know what you've done? Surely you would be proud to have been caught in the arms of a pureblood!" He brought a hand to his mouth for a moment. "Oh, I see. Dear me. Severus, I had no idea that you two were involved. That's what it is, isn't it? I would have never come into this room with her had I known. Not after our talk."

"You said that you knew! You said you'd just talked to him about it," Hermione accused.

"She's quite mad," Lucius commented. "If I were you, I would bring her to the headmistress." He turned his back on Hermione. "I'll leave you two to sort this out."

Severus said nothing, simply nodded and moved aside so that he could pass. Once Lucius closed the door behind him, he simply gazed at Hermione for a moment.

"You're going to just let him leave? He just attacked me!" she said in disbelief.

"So..." he said, trying to find the words he needed. "You come into my room in the middle of the night to be with me, and today, you are luring him into an unused room to do the same with him."

"NO!" she said indignantly, walking forward. "Severus, you can't really think that after last night that I would... want him or anyone else."

"I've seen it with my own eyes. You were on his lap, kissing him," he said icily, folding his arms across his chest. "However, you owe me no explanations. We did nothing but fuck once after all."

She blanched. "I swear it's nothing like this. *He* asked me to come in here. *He* wanted to talk to me."

"And I suppose he pulled you onto his lap against your will and forced you to kiss him?"

"Yes!"

He turned on his heel and opened the door. "I haven't the time for your childish games, *Miss Granger*."

"Severus, please, give me a chance to explain."

"I've seen and heard enough," he replied sharply and strode from the room quickly. In all honesty, he felt quite foolish and very disappointed. He'd been thinking of their night all day and wondering how he could approach her for an encore. When he'd spied her and Lucius together through the door, he'd hoped that perhaps it was another woman, but there was no mistaking her mass of thick, wavy hair. Lucius was lucky that they'd made amends; else he would have found himself at the end of his wand...regardless of who had initiated things.

As he unwarded his door, he heard her scrambling behind him. "Severus, please, just give me a moment."

He turned around and glared at her so fiercely that she stopped and stood still in shock. "I want to hear nothing you have to say. Nor do I want to be in the same room with you. I saw what you were doing."

"Damn it! *Stupefy!*"

The next thing Severus knew, he was lying atop his bed and was bound by the hands to his bedposts. "You fucking Stunned me!" he said, realizing what she'd done. "You'll pay for that, Granger!"

Threateningly, she pointed her wand at him. "And I'll bloody well silence you if you don't shut the hell up and let me explain, you great idiot!"

He decided to bide his time, to pretend to go along with her plan, and the moment he was free, she would regret attacking him indeed. Perhaps Lucius had had it right when he'd said that she was mental. Her behavior was quite aggressive and erratic. "Very well," he bit out.

She sighed. "Finally." Sitting down next to him, she said, "I was coming back from my office when he came upon me and asked me to go with him into that room. I declined at first."

"The way you declined getting into my bed last night?" he said bitterly, unable to help himself.

"Yes, no, shut it, you!" she said. "I only agreed when he said it was quite important. You see, last night he approached me in the corridor after speaking with Minerva. He had the nerve to ask me to speak to her on his behalf about being reinstated as a governor after all this time. He said that I owed him, considering Draco helped to save my life."

"Did you?"

"Of course not. I would never let someone coax me into doing something that I didn't want to do," she returned indignantly.

"So you did want to kiss him!"

"No! I was forced, damn you. Please, Severus..." She brought a hand up to her forehead and rubbed it as if she had a headache.

Something in her soft, resigned tone made him bite back his next comment. "Go on," he said, deciding he'd allow her to finish her explanation...to get free if nothing else.

"It's all a bit foggy, but I know now what happened. I've been thinking about it all day," she said quietly, turning away from him. "In the room earlier, he told me that Minerva had already agreed to vote to allow him back on board, so I wondered what he wanted with me, and he started commenting about how happy you were and how he'd just come from your rooms, talking and drinking with you." She cleared her throat. "He made it sound like you'd told him about us."

"There is no us," he said sharply, immediately regretting his words when she looked at him, eyes full of unshed tears and righteous anger.

"I know that!" she snapped. "What he said... he made a slip, you see, mentioning that he was in my chambers last night when something came to me. I remember him pointing his wand at me. I tried to get away when I realized that he'd hexed me the night before and brought me to my rooms, and he disarmed me so that I couldn't flee. If you'll remember, he had my wand, not I."

"You could have put it aside in the throes of passion," he pointed out.

"He said that he'd Obliviate me if I didn't listen to what he was saying." She bit her lip and shook her head. "Only he didn't finish explaining himself, he just kissed me."

Severus scoffed. She did sound sincere, but he'd learned long before to not trust women's words alone. "And what happened while he was with you in your rooms? Did you come to me after you'd been with him?" He felt a little queasy inside.

"I think that *he* was reason I was here in your chambers last night," she blurted.

"What? What did you say?" This got his attention. Had Lucius put her up to visiting him then? Was it to be some sort of favor to help repair their rift?

"The last thing that's really clear to me is talking to him and seeing him point his wand at me. After that, the next thing I truly remember is kneeling before you, you pushing me back from your... from what I was doing. My mind was foggy. I thought I was dreaming or something at first." She looked at him squarely in the eyes. "I think he had me under the Imperius Curse."

Severus opened his mouth to give her a scathing remark, but he shut it promptly. Had she devised this lie to act the innocent in what had transpired between them? Had Lucius spurned her somehow and caused her to plan this as revenge against him? Then the full meaning of her words hit him. "So... you didn't come to me on your own."

"No."

It was a whisper, and he could now see the honesty in her eyes. Why hadn't he noticed it before? His own jealousy and disappointment had robbed him of his sense. "So... I took what you didn't want to give?" He expected no answer, for her knew it to be so already. "Release me."

"Wait, I have to explain."

"There's nothing to explain. I will go to the headmistress immediately."

"Severus, it's not what I want."

"Release my ties, Hermione," he repeated.

"I won't!" she said forcefully. "It's the only bloody way that you'll listen to me!"

He debated on attempting wandless magic on her, but decided against it. His emotions were too peaked, and he was uncertain what he would do exactly anyway. "I saw your look of confusion," he admitted. "I assumed that you thought I was displeased with the way you were... so I tried to put you at ease by saying that I did like it but wanted to reciprocate." He closed his eyes. "What a fool I was!"

"You don't understand," she began.

"Oh, don't I? Now that I think on it, you tried to talk to me, but I simply didn't listen, taking what I wanted from you, not giving you a chance to say anything."

"I was going to try to explain, and trust me, Severus, had I wanted to stop you, you wouldn't have been able to carry on." She touched his cheek softly. "I've been hoping to get to know you for the past few months. You're the only one who doesn't..."

"Well, what a way to get to know me then," he said sarcastically. "Instinct told me that something wasn't right, yet I didn't heed its warning."

"Are you always so thick?" she asked suddenly. "I'm trying to tell you that in a way, I'm glad that Malfoy coerced me into coming here. I don't regret being with you. I... I wouldn't mind doing a bit more of getting to know you...if you w-want to of course."

He couldn't believe what he was hearing. She had seemed to enjoy the sex, and her chant of 'don't stop' came back to him. "Release me."

She flicked her wand, obviously satisfied that he'd not flee or harm her. "I'm sorry. You just wouldn't listen." She pulled his wand from her robes. "If you want to use Legilimency, I would allow it."

"I think, Hermione, that one wizard meddling in your mind is quite enough," he said as he sat up and took his wand.

"You seemed so jealous," she said quietly.

Severus was uncertain of what his response to that should be. He had been, but to admit that to her would give her an edge over him, and he wasn't ready for that. "I suppose I didn't appreciate a woman coming to me and then someone else right after."

"I'm not like that," she defended. "I've had other lovers before, but I've never just gone from one to the next."

"Well, I know that now, don't I?" he said, unable to stop himself from gently cupping her chin. "I apologize for my unkind words."

"I can understand your point," she said, accepting his apology without being smug. "Now what do we do?"

"As in?"

"Getting back at him? As in us? Is there an us? Can there be?" she asked, boldly looking him the eye.

"Perhaps we can try to," his face lowered, "get to know each other a little more before we decide." His lips brushed hers in invitation.

"Just so you know," she began, "I didn't kiss him back."

Severus pulled back a little, but she placed a hand behind his neck, pulling him back to her.

"Don't worry. I've rinsed my mouth." Her lips found his for a small, chaste kiss. With a soft moan, her lips parted, allowing him to deepen the kiss. When they finally broke for air, she said, "I think we should discuss what comes next, don't you?"

"Indeed," he replied, pulling her onto his lap.

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"A pretty lady is visiting, Master," Flabby, the only remaining house-elf of Malfoy Manor, announced to Lucius just as he sat down to read the *Evening Prophet*.

"Well, do show her in," he said scathingly, reaching up to smooth down any hair that might be out of place, which was unlikely, as he'd just brushed it out. Regardless of the gender of his caller, he made certain that the hand not holding the folded paper in front of him was resting on the tip of his cane, enabling him to grasp his wand at a moment's notice. One could never be too careful.

"Good evening, Mr. Malfoy."

He was surprised to find Hermione Granger standing in his doorway. "Leave us," he said to Flabby. Once the elf had exited and closed the doors behind him, he said, "I certainly didn't think I would be seeing you. Dare I offer you a seat... and a drink?" He took in her appearance and noted that she seemed crushed...eyes downcast and sad, hair unkempt, and clothing rumpled. He moved his hand from his cane, placed his paper next to him, and rose from his chair.

"I suppose..." she said softly.

"Here, my dear," he said more kindly than he felt as he guided her to the settee. The girl had nearly ruined his plans. However, he supposed he could be hospitable until he found out exactly what she wanted. "What would you like to drink?" He could easily manipulate her, as evidenced by what had already transpired.

"Tea please," she said, leaning forward and putting her head in her hands.

"Tea? I think not." With that he quickly filled two glasses with strong whisky. "You seem to need something a little stronger than that." After debating on returning to his seat for an instant, he chose to sit next to her. "Now, to what do I owe the pleasure of your visit? Last we met, we were in a bit of a compromising position." When she said nothing, he continued, "I do hope you've not come to ask for me to speak to Severus on your behalf. As I recall, you refused to speak to your headmistress for me."

"I don't think it would help if you did," she said dejectedly before taking a small sip of the drink and coughing. "Goodness, it's potent!"

"Indeed it is," he said, quickly taking a swig from his own glass. "I take it that you were not able to talk things out with him?" This was exactly what he'd hoped for.

"No, he refused to talk to me, and when he finally did, he called me a liar and said that he believed you...not me." She frowned and looked at him then. "I had sex with him...amazing sex, mind...and I'll never be with him again because of you. How could he just turn me away after what we shared?"

Her last words were quite bitter, and his eyes darted down to make certain that her wand wasn't pulled. Deciding to try a new strategy, he said, "Well, if he can bed you and toss you aside so easily, perhaps he isn't the man for you."

"But what am I to do now? I've never had anyone like that. He's such a... man. My other lovers weren't as experienced." She took another drink, not coughing this time.

He curled his lip in annoyance. "And just why do you feel that it's all right to come here for advice? I was simply trying to explain something to you, and you tried to storm off. What happened was your fault. I am but a man, you know." Suddenly, he realized what she might be hinting at. The glint in her eyes affirmed his suspicion. "Unless,

Miss Granger, you have something else in mind?"

Quickly swallowing the rest of her drink, she blurted, "I would like for *you* to... You owe me this much at least."

He sat back. Though he'd suspected she wanted him to be her next lover, it was still surprising to hear her say it. Part of him expected her to shout that it was a joke and begin hexing him, but when she made no move and continued to gaze at him hopefully, he was inclined to believe her. "And just why would you want to be with me after I came between you and Severus?"

"I... Honestly?"

"If you don't mind," he said sarcastically.

"When you kissed me yesterday, I was about to give in when Severus interrupted us. Your scent was... is intoxicating. The feel of you gripping my body against yours..." She shrugged. "I figure if Snape was good in bed, you would have to be excellent." She reached out to touch his chest with a delicate finger, slowly moving it down, circling the tiny buttons as she did so, until she came to the top of his trousers. "I've just been so lonely. Every man there is either too young or too old...except Severus, but he's out of the question."

Smiling smugly, he sat back a little more. This was what he'd intended from the beginning of course. He'd planned on using the Imperius to get her into Snape's bed, and the poor sod, not having someone to steadily fill his bed in many years, would quickly fall for her. Once that happened, he'd planned to seduce her by whatever means necessary and make certain that Severus found out about it. He felt that it was the only true way to have proper vengeance for what he'd done with Narcissa. However, after speaking with Severus, causing him to realize that both Severus and Narcissa had been honest about keeping things proper, he'd realized that it was much more prudent to have Snape on his side than not, considering his position at the school.

When he'd tried to speak to her alone, he'd meant to simply modify her memory so that she wouldn't remember all of their previous conversation and mention it to Severus... and to make certain that she didn't remember any part of his using that Unforgivable on her. This was a turn of events, though, as Severus would now be thanking him for making him realize what type of woman Granger truly was, and Lucius would be doubly rewarded by getting an attractive woman in his bed...until he tired of her of course. Lucius would have to find someone else for Severus to entertain in his bed to soothe things over even more; perhaps that Rosmerta woman would be up for it. She was quite susceptible to charms...of any kind.

Her voice pulled him from his planning.

"I'm willing to learn to please you, but speak of this to no one. I don't want this to get around."

Nor would I, he said to himself snidely. "Of course, my dear, this will be just between us."

"So, you do want me?"

Her wide eyes and breathless words had affected him greatly. If she were truly as inexperienced as she let on, he would have much to teach her indeed. "Oh, indeed I do, and I think you'll find that Severus is a bit out of practice where women are concerned." He quickly downed his drink and tossed the glass aside, not caring if it broke or not, and leaned forward to kiss her. "I, on the other hand, am well educated in the art of making love."

His lips found hers, and she only allowed him a chaste kiss before she broke away from him and stood. "Let me please you," she said, moving back and bringing her hands up to unfasten the top button of her blouse.

Slowly, she unbuttoned the blouse, eyes never leaving his face, seemingly wanting to watch him as he watched her. Once the last button was pulled free of its hole, she parted the shirt and gave him a tantalizing view of her soft, tanned flesh and her full breasts, which were clad in burgundy silk.

"Fetching," he said, and he was being quite honest. Yes, seeing her in this new light was quite enthralling. The faint blush that hit her cheeks was becoming, and he could feel the semi-erect bulge in his trousers hardening. The instant the blouse hit the floor, her fingers traveled to the side of her skirt to unfasten and unzip it. She began lowering it down her legs, moving down with it as she did so, blocking his view. He nearly had the urge to tell her to 'get on with it,' but he was able to refrain.

The view was worth the wait as she straightened and presented herself to him, knickers matching her bra, feet still sporting her sandals. Unable to help himself, he flashed his most charming grin and nodded in approval, feeling the heat of lust pooling in his groin. "Carry on," he said after he'd looked his fill.

Her hands moved up to cup her breasts, and she made a show of rubbing her thumbs over her hardened nipples before unclasping the catch in the front. The bra fell to the floor, and he was gifted with a view of her breasts, her hands tracing their curves seductively.

"Do you like what you see, Mr. Malfoy?"

"Do you know, I believe I do," he said.

She strode forward and stood just out of his reach. "Are you hot for me?" He raised an eyebrow. "Do you want to fuck me? Show me how it is to have a real man?"

"Yes." He could hear the choked reply even as he uttered the response and knew that if he didn't have her soon, he would spontaneously combust. He'd not been with another woman since Narcissa had died. Not that he was still in mourning. No, he had simply been busy making plans and trying to get himself back into good standing.

She bent down and boldly placed a hand on his hard cock, which was proudly tenting his trousers. The instant she squeezed him, something terrible happened. His thriving erection dwindled to a soft mass of tissue. She made a show of feeling around his crotch for his penis with both hands, poking and squeezing. "Mr. Malfoy, it seems that something's wrong here."

He didn't understand the problem either. He could still feel the need, the heated lust, and the want to fuck her, but his prick just wouldn't rise to the occasion. To his horror, she started laughing and stepped back to quickly start putting her clothes back on.

"What are you laughing at?" he bit out, unable to resist reaching down to try to shift his flaccid prick about. When she didn't stop, he angrily said, "It's your fault that this happened. Perhaps the thought of sliding into a Mudblood whore was too much for the poor fellow."

To his ire, she simply grinned and continued buttoning her blouse as if his words didn't bother her at all.

"You're... repulsive," he said, sneering hatefully. "I couldn't bear to bed you."

"Save it, Malfoy," she said, voice steady and loud. "You wanted me. I saw it in your eyes and," she glanced down, "in your temporary erection. Do you know, I believe that you, even being a wealthy pureblood, can't compare to Severus Snape after all." She smiled smugly as she said, "You certainly don't *measure* up to him."

"Why, you ill-mannered, little bitch...where's my wand!" he said, reaching for the cane that had been at his side when he'd sat next to her. "What did you do with it?"

"Me? Oh, I didn't do anything with it," she said, nodding to his left.

He turned to gaze in the direction and saw his cane twirling on its own in mid air. *Accio*, he said.

"Now, now, Lucius, you weren't planning on hexing a lady, were you?" asked a silky voice from that direction.

"Severus!" he said. This was not good. Severus had been in the room the entire time. "Show yourself."

Slipping off an Invisibility Cloak, he materialized, clutching the wand and his own. "Good show," he said to Hermione, who gave him a conspiratorial grin.

"How dare you come into my home and hide under a cloak while this...*girl* tries to seduce me! Did you just come for my wand, or do you have some other intent?" He made certain not to show that he was nervous, but the glint in Snape's eyes did leave him feeling a little unsettled. "Surely this isn't about one stolen kiss?" he asked in disbelief.

"It's about that and so much more," Snape said, moving to stand next to Hermione.

"There's nothing..."

"It's about using an Unforgivable on me! How dare you use the Imperius Curse on me!" Hermione said indignantly. She pointed her wand at him. "You deserve to go to Azkaban for that, Malfoy."

Azkaban. This is getting out of hand "Now be reasonable. You seemed to enjoy your little jaunt down to Severus' bed." He looked to Snape. "And you seemed to like that she'd done so. Why, this entire thing was just a...ah...way to help you find happiness, Severus. Remember I commented on that when I went to your rooms?"

"Yes, you were so glad that I was in such a good mood that you immediately went to find my woman... to find her and to try to seduce her," Severus said angrily. "It's still about Narcissa, isn't it?"

Lucius looked away guiltily. "It was, yes, but I do believe *you* now." This wasn't how things were supposed to work out. He was supposed to come out on top. Now these two fools were threatening to send him to Azkaban. "You've won this round, old friend. What do you want? Money? Property?"

"There will be no bribing!" Hermione said hotly. "I'm Flooding the Aurors right now."

He wouldn't stoop to begging, especially not to some jumped-up Mudblood. "Do what you will then." Ministry workers were always looking for a handout. He'd get out of this.

"That's it? You're not going to say anything in your defense?" she asked incredulously.

"No, he's too proud for that apparently," Severus replied for him.

"What will you have me say?" Lucius asked. "Ah, yes, I know. That brainless oaf, Hagrid, was walking down the corridor, and he shook a tatty umbrella at me, causing sparks to fly my way. Why, the next thing I knew, I was kissing Professor Granger, and then Severus came into the room, breaking whatever spell the fool had unknowingly placed on me." He smirked. "I'm certain *someone* will believe me, especially with that fool's reputation." He sighed as if bored. "Yes, I expect I'll be home before anyone knows I've been gone at all." He was taking a gamble of course and knew it, but it would be worth it if it worked. "However, we can save ourselves the trouble by settling this here and now...and not involving any Aurors."

"I think you're forgetting about something, hm?" Severus asked quietly, taking a seat in Lucius' armchair and pulling down Hermione to sit on his lap.

"No," Lucius replied evenly. "I don't see where I have."

Hermione looked at Severus. "I suppose never shagging again...or finding, er, release any other way...doesn't bother him."

"What? What did you say to him?" Lucius asked. What was she on about? Shagging?

"Oh, that interests you, does it?" Severus asked. "You see, my associate here was quite helpful today. She assisted me in the making of a potion...one every virile male should fear. We've tested it on you."

Lucius swallowed thickly and looked to the empty glass on the floor where he'd dropped it. Thinking of the way he'd wanted her, the building of heat and sensation and need, gave him pause. The instant she touched his erection, it had waned. Oh, he'd still felt the lust, but being unable to do anything about it was quite frustrating.

"Severus slipped a small portion into your glass. So sneaky, that one."

"Mmm," Snape agreed.

"How long will this last?" he asked, squirming uncomfortably. He wondered if he'd be able to pleasure himself, bypassing a female's touch altogether, but knowing Snape, that was unlikely.

"Until I give you an antidote," Severus said.

"If ever," Hermione said. "What you did was wrong regardless of how things turned out! You deserve to go to Azkaban for it."

"I'll still get out of Azkaban my way, and then I'll research and find my own antidote," he said more confidently than he felt.

Hermione began laughing again, infuriating him. "I believe Harry has a bit more pull than you at the Ministry. I'm sure he'll make certain that you rot for what you've done."

Resigned, he asked, "What do you want? I know there must be something."

"I want an Unbreakable Vow that you'll never use another Unforgivable on anyone again," Hermione said. "You'll stop seeking reinstatement to the board of governors, too. Oh, you've been rejected by the way." She smirked. "It seems that Madam Goodsnatch won't be moving to the continent after all. She claims she doesn't really remember making the arrangements to do so in the first place. Imagine that." She brought her hand up to rub her chin. "But you know, I think you'll feel like making a donation to Hogwarts. Nothing wrong with helping to fund education and all."

"So... old friend..." He couldn't find the words to convey his extreme displeasure.

"I believe we'll never be on terms as we once were," Severus said. "I find that I quite like it that way."

"I'm surprised that you truly don't want to call an Auror to take me to the Ministry over this," he said, not allowing his anger to lace his words, mind already formulating a plan to get around their stipulations.

"As you pointed out, I do owe Draco a favor or two for saving my life," Hermione said. "This would just hurt him and the life he's trying to build for himself." She glared at him sternly. "That doesn't mean I'll let you get away with anything in the future though."

"And we'll be watching your every move of course."

"When will I get the antidote to this dreadful potion?" he asked before flashing a mocking smile. "I suppose if I won't be busy with any projects, I could busy myself in other ways."

"That will be up to Hermione," Severus said. "I believe you did more harm to her than me in this."

"Get used to it," she said firmly.

Lucius' eyes narrowed for a moment. Oh, he'd find a way to get revenge on her for this. He should have never tried to use her, but he'd been drawn to her. She'd seemed to be the perfect candidate, a lowly Mudblood...a weak witch...with pleasant enough features to entice Snape. *Snape*, he spat internally. *He'd pay for this, too.*

"Very well. Severus, will you act as the Bonded for the Vow?"

"Certainly."

Hermione nodded. "Right then. Let's do it."

He gave them their bloody oath and watch them Disapparate from his home, holding each other's hands as they did so, and all the while, he was plotting what he would do next. There was always a loophole, and who better to find it than a Malfoy? Besides, he knew thousands of curses and needn't rely the three that the ruddy Ministry had banned to get what he wanted. He frowned as he thought of the potion they'd given him. Surely finding an antidote wouldn't be that hard? He stood and made his way to his library. "There must be something here for that." However, glancing at the thousands of books that lined the shelves, he felt a moment of apprehension.

"This might take longer than I thought," he said in frustration. Anger built as he thought of her smug smile *How dare she think she can best me at my own game?* Then he thought of Snape's steely gaze and felt unease settle back over him. Perhaps he should try to view things differently. It would be much easier if they weren't working together, but if they had worked out such an intricate plot to corner him in only a day of plotting together, they would become formidable foes over time, unassailable even.

"Severus Bloody Snape has done it again," he said aloud, disbelief etching his voice. How was it that he'd bested a Malfoy again? *Granger*, he thought with a nod, a hint of a smile touching his lips. *Pity I never gave her a second glance before. That cunning would be quite useful... as would that body.*

"Ah, well," he said. *"Accio all books containing information on impotency potions."* As a large number of books began zooming his way, he flicked his wand to direct them over to the large table in the center of the room. A little research never hurt anyone, and it seemed he had much time on his hands to do it. "Together they make good allies and seem to share a mutual attraction, but I wonder... how hard it would be to come between them. If that happened, then it would be a small victory of sorts. It would certainly vex Severus to lose something so valuable. But how to do it?"

He smiled as a thought came to him. She'd seemed quite fond of Draco and certainly felt strongly about owing him for saving her life. Would it be possible for his son to catch her fancy? How could he convince Draco to go along with his plans? He'd have to ponder on that. As his father had told him from his earliest memories: 'There's nothing that is unobtainable. We need only to find a way to have it.' Gazing down at one of the books in front of him, he smiled wickedly. "I never said I wouldn't use banned potions, did I?" Sitting down to start his research, he felt more confident than he had earlier. If there was a way to get what he wanted, then he'd see it done. It was laughable, in fact, to think that he'd actually been ready to acknowledge that Severus had won...although he'd had help.

And Snape hadn't won. Not really.

Had he?

Southern's Notes: I'm such a twisty girl, sorry about that. Hehe. I saw the prompt and thought about doing something where a threesome would result, but then I decided to do things a little differently and have something a little deeper than a PWP type story.

Based on Potter Place's Prompt # 5: Some unnamed professor stumbles across an unnamed couple in the halls of school. They're being far more intimate than a hallway should allow for. Does he/she break apart the couple or join in on the fun?