

# Three Need Not Be a Crowd

*by snapemylove*

The sequel to How a Sports-Obsessed Husband and a Nagging Wife Can Lead to a Night of Fun. Lucius and Hermione's night continues after leaving The Three Broomsticks, but what will happen when Snape discovers them snogging in a darkened alcove?

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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*A/N: This story is a sequel to my story How a Sports Obsessed Husband and a Nagging Wife Can Lead to Night of Fun; however, it can also stand alone. This is also my first foray into the world of PWP, so all comments and constructive criticism is most welcome.*

*An extra special thank you to my beta, Ravine, for all the effort she had to put forth to make this story presentable.*

*I hope you all enjoy my response to the Potter Place Fall 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?*

### **Three Need Not be a Crowd**

I appear at the gates of Hogwarts with a most luscious witch wrapped in my arms. As I suspected she might, Hermoine begins to sway as we come to a full stop.

I had gone to the Three Broomsticks to escape my wife's constant nagging whine. Honestly, the woman ought to be happy that our family survived the damned war intact. Cissy, however, is never content unless a harem of admirers is extolling her virtues. The latest scheme to produce that sort of attention is a party, though I cannot imagine where she thinks to find the guests.

I expected only to drink away my troubles for a few hours and then return home late enough to find my wife retired for the night. Imagine my surprise to discover the Gryffindor princess, Hermione Weasley, drowning her sorrows as well. Copious sorrows, judging by the amount of drink she was consuming. She was quite intoxicated by the time I made my approach.

Her friends will undoubtedly say that I took advantage of her in a vulnerable state, should they ever find out, but I could not help myself. The young witch was flirting with me, and her intentions were eminently evident. What self-respecting Slytherin could honestly pass up an opportunity so beautifully presented? Make no mistake: I ensured she took a sobering potion before we left the bar, and still she chose my company. Even as my hands roamed her body and my mouth caressed her neck, she did not complain; rather encouraged me to get us to Hogwarts as quickly as possible. I pulled that luscious petite figure to my own with a clear conscience and Apparated us to a small patch of grass just outside Hogwarts' gates, careful to keep a tight grip on her.

Now, it appears the alcohol left in her system is most likely giving her a moderate case of vertigo. I lean down to sweep slow, lingering kisses along her neck to draw her

attention away from her spinning surroundings. If the breathy moan of satisfaction she releases is any indication, the distraction is working perfectly.

Hermione slowly turns in my arms to face me. "Lucius," my name falls from her plump lips like a drop of honey. I cannot remember the last time I heard a woman speak my name in such a fashion. The desire emanating from her single spoken word stirs my body to life, and my eyes slip closed as a groan escapes my lips.

Hermione's arms wrap around my neck, overwhelming me in their heat, as she runs her hands up into my hair. She pulls herself up to capture my lips in a kiss. The intensity of her kiss astounds me. It is urgent, needy, and filled with desperate passion. She is pleading, no, demanding the physical satisfaction that she has been denied for so long.

Breathlessly, I break the kiss, but continue to clutch her body to my own. I can feel her breasts heaving against my chest as we both attempt to catch our breath. "Patience, Hermione. You have my word, my dear, wait just a little longer, and then I will fulfill all of your desires," I whisper, nuzzling against her neck. I yearn for the young witch in my arms, but I have an image to uphold. It is imperative that I get us indoors, away from the possibility of prying eyes.

After one more thorough snog, I offer my arm. Hermione accepts and I allow her to take the lead. She sets a brisk pace and makes no stops along the path leading to the castle.

My mind wanders as we walk. I briefly speculate as to what one might think if they were to see us together like this, but then push the thought aside. My thoughts then turn to the young woman at my side. Her passion should not have surprised me. According to Severus, Hermione is passionate about a great many things: education, equal rights, her friends and family. Even the fighting I witnessed at the Final Battle was filled with passion. Naturally, it could only be assumed that Hermione would be a passionate lover as well. Severus had long suspected as much, and for once, I am quite pleased to discover that he was indeed correct. Her louse of a husband obviously doesn't realize his good fortune. Not all women are so remarkably expressive. Her exuberance is exactly what I require. I have wearied of the mental anguish wrought of continually second guessing and analyzing each and every decision I make, in an effort to restore my respectable public image. Tonight I don't want to think. No, tonight I want nothing more than to lose myself in touch, in taste, and in the feel of this exceptional young witch.

Hermione suddenly veers off of the main path, drawing me out of my reverie. "There's another entrance," she explains. "We'll be less likely to run into anyone this way." She flashes me a self-deprecating smile as we approach a small, inconspicuous door.

Once opened, the doorway reveals a narrow tunnel, so narrow as to only allow entrance to one person at a time. I gesture for Hermione to precede me into the passageway. The dimly-lit corridor seems to accentuate each of Hermione's curves. A shadow crawls across the dip of her waist, highlighting its narrowness. In contrast, her hair appears golden and radiant as the light shines across her slender shoulders. Her swaying hips catch the light as well, bouncing from one side to the other with each step she takes. I quickly become entranced by the sensual light show of her swaying hips as I follow her deeper into the castle, thanking whatever deity is responsible for the warm weather that has allowed her to wear such thin outer robes. Even in such dim conditions, the thin materials appear practically translucent, revealing the contours of her body quite nicely.

By the time we leave the tunnel corridor, my desire is rapidly reaching its limits. I lengthen my stride until I am once again at Hermione's side, scanning our surroundings for any sign of unwanted company. Satisfied that I can neither see nor hear anyone in our vicinity, I pull Hermione into the first alcove we pass.

Her gasp of surprise quickly turns into a giggle as I push her gently against the wall. Running one hand up to cradle her head and growling hungrily, I devour her lips. My free hand rapidly divests her of her outer robes, which fall to pool around her feet. As I slide my hand over the flat of her stomach on its way up to cup her breast, her body melds into mine, and my thumb grazes her taut nipple through the flimsy gown.

Unfortunately, I have become so completely focused on the attractive witch in my arms that I miss tell-tale sounds that must have been present, until it is too late.

We are both startled by the sound of a man's taunting voice. "Well, what *do* we have here? Certainly you are aware that it is well past curfew. Lumos!" Hermione buries her head in my chest as light floods the alcove. I feel more than hear her heavy sigh. I, however, turn toward the familiar voice with what I am sure is my most impressive smirk.

"Sorry, old friend, I didn't realize members of the staff had curfews."

Severus' face quickly regains his customary sneer, but not before I catch a brief flash of surprise as Hermione lifts her head. "I apologize for the interruption, Mrs. Weasley," he says in a clipped tone, heavily emphasizing Hermione's married name.

Her response is instantaneous. "Severus Snape, don't you dare! You have been addressing me as Hermione for more than a year. Do not dare condescend to judge me, least of all without complete knowledge of the situation," Hermione snaps at him.

I cannot help myself. I continue to smirk as I watch Severus and Hermione interact.

Severus actually looks disappointed, although his disappointment undoubtedly lies in not being Hermione's chosen companion, rather than her current choice of activities.

Hermione radiates cold defiance. She steps forward, out of the confines of my arms, with chin held high and arms crossed over her chest. Everything about her, from her expression to her stance, exudes anger.

Perhaps, it is time to remind them of my presence. "Actually, Severus, I am glad I ran into you. I want to thank you. Without your encouraging conjecture as to Hermione's potential for passion, which I am delighted to report appears to be incredibly accurate, I probably would not have risked approaching her this evening."

Even as I am speaking, I can hear Hermione's gasp. She turns to look first at me, then at Severus. "You two have been discussing me? Severus, what does he mean, 'encouraging conjecture as to my potential for passion'?" she asks hesitantly.

Severus glares at me, but does not speak.

"Severus Snape, I demand you answer me at once!" Hermione practically shouts, her arms coming down to her sides and her hands curling into fists. I am almost surprised that she hasn't stomped her foot, as she has adopted the stance of a child on the brink of a tantrum.

Severus, however, has no obvious wish to comply with Hermione's demand. He simply continues to glare in my direction. The situation is escalating quickly. It would appear that mitigation is now necessary or this confrontation could end very badly indeed.

Placing my hands on Hermione's shoulders in what I hope is a calming gesture, I answer on Severus' behalf. "When I switched sides during the war, Hermione, I knew very little about the members of the Order of the Phoenix. Severus assisted me by providing a brief description of each member," I explain in my most soothing manner.

Hermione harrumphs. "I can imagine how that must have gone," she retorts, still glaring daggers at Severus.

"It might interest you to know that he spoke very highly of you, Hermione," I tell her softly, wrapping a possessive arm around her waist from behind. I cannot help the feeling of satisfaction building inside me as Severus' eyes narrow, watching closely as I splay my hand across Hermione's abdomen. I am quite aware of Severus' jealousy concerning my ease with women. Unable to resist the temptation, I taunt him further. I lean down until my lips are almost brushing her ear before continuing my explanation. "Severus described you as an extraordinarily talented and intelligent witch who has an incredible passion for life, my dear. I will admit that we have debated over the years if the passion you display in your everyday life would carry over into your, shall we say, interpersonal relations."

Hermione's eyes never leave Severus' face as I speak, although she relaxes within my embrace.

"Severus? Is this true?" she asks softly.

I struggle to repress the urge to chuckle as I watch my proud friend drop his gaze to the stone floor, his shoulders dropping forward ever so slightly. His answer is nothing

more than a whisper. "Yes."

"You've never shown me even the slightest hint that you were interested in anything more than my scholarly opinions and observations," she replies, still watching his reactions. Her attention is rewarded spectacularly.

Severus immediately stiffens his back and snaps his head up to look Hermione in the eye. "Of course, I haven't. Unlike my friend here, I do not stoop to propositioning married women," he hisses.

"Not even women whose husbands neglect them in favor of gallivanting with every available trollop?" I counter defensively.

Hermione once again stiffens within my embrace. I give her a tight squeeze of reassurance as Severus looks at her questioningly. Her discomfort is clearly evident.

"If you two insist on continuing this line of discussion, can we at least move it out of the hallways?" she asks in an angry whisper.

"Where would you suggest?" Severus questions in return.

"Lucius and I were headed to my chambers. Why don't we continue this conversation there," she replies curtly.

Severus raises an eyebrow at me, but says nothing. Returning his attention to Hermione, he holds out his arm in invitation. Much to his obvious amusement, and my disappointment, Hermione steps out of my grasp and accepts his arm. "Come along, Lucius," he calls condescendingly over his shoulder as he begins the short journey to Hermione's chambers.

Hermione ushers us into her sitting room, lights a fire, then flounces down onto the couch beside Severus. "Accio three wine glasses," she calls from her seat before turning her attention to me. "Lucius, if you don't mind, I think I could definitely use another drink about now, please," she says, plucking the wine glasses out of the air.

"An excellent idea, Hermione," Severus encourages as I pull the bottle from my pocket and restore it to its original size.

Hermione drains her first glass almost immediately. I graciously refill it for her, once I have finished pouring a glass each for Severus and myself, all the while watching her thoughtful expression. Then, having placed the bottle within easy reach, I join them on the couch and drape my arm across her shoulders. "Is there anything else I can do for you, my dear?" I ask in my most suggestive tone.

Severus shoots me yet another glare, but Hermione appears to perk up slightly.

"Actually, there is one thing you can both do for me," she replies in a saccharine-sweet tone. "I want the two of you to tell me what this is all about. Lucius, I believe we'll start with you, as you seem more willing to talk."

Regardless of his earlier protestations, Severus seems to have overcome his concerns toward infringing on the relationships of married women. As I begin to assess our current situation for Hermione, he scoots a little closer to her and gently raises a curled finger to caress the side of her arm.

I refill Hermione's glass as I speak, watching Severus closely. I will not lose what has promised to be a very fulfilling night to Severus Snape, friend or not! Bringing my explanation to a close, I nuzzle against Hermione's neck, showering it with tender kisses, and whisper, "You see, my dear, Severus is just jealous because I won your attentions this evening."

"I highly doubt Severus is jealous, Lucius," she replies with a giggle as I continue to lavish her neck with attention, nipping at it as I go. In fact, she has become quite giggly. Perhaps the additional alcohol is starting to take effect. *Oh, yes, it is working quite nicely,* I muse as her hand slides up my thigh.

"Severus would never be interested in me the way you are. To Severus, I am an intelligent mind, a fellow academic. That is all."

She is, of course, completely off the mark and had Hermione looked at Severus while making her declaration, rather than at me, perhaps she would realize just how errant. The longing in Severus' eyes is truly magnificent to behold.

For this one moment, our rivalry for feminine affections is banished. Severus has always been the master of his emotions; never before have I seen his emotions master him. With this display, I understand that Severus yearns for Hermione even more so than I. Hermione deserves the opportunity to see the craving she has wrought in him.

Removing Hermione's empty glass from her hand and setting it on the table, I lift her chin and softly kiss her lips. Pulling back, I turn her to face Severus, and he quickly drops his gaze. "Look into his eyes, Hermione, then tell me he is only interested in conversation," I whisper in her ear, my lips brushing the soft outer shell and causing a slight tremble to pass through her.

Hermione reaches out her hand and lifts his now downcast face until his eyes meet hers. Severus flinches slightly at her touch, but allows it. I wrap my arms loosely around Hermione's waist so that my hands hang limply against her inner thighs. Then, I watch as one of oldest and dearest friends locks eyes with the young witch in my arms.

Time seems to stop while they gaze at one another. Then, suddenly, they are falling forward in a frenzied meeting of lips and tongues. Their hands tangle in one another's hair. Their eyes close. Their breathing comes in gasps as they continue to devour one another's mouths.

Sweet Nimue! Never had I fathomed a kiss could be so powerful or that the simple act of watching could be so arousing. I see no reason to restrict myself to simple observation.

I shift my legs so that Hermione's hips are cradled between them and rub my hands over her creamy inner thighs. Emboldened by her soft whimpers, I lean down to taste the side of her neck. Hermione's whimpers increase in volume, and she tilts her head ever so slightly to allow me greater access, but does not draw away from the impassioned kiss she is sharing with Severus.

I slide my hand higher up her thigh and slip one finger under the edge of her lace knickers. Hermione keens in response and the sound immediately draws Severus attention. Unsure of how he will respond, I seek to meet his eyes.

Initially, he looks surprised, but in the end just raises an eyebrow and then moves to the kiss the other side of Hermione's throat.

Hermione's encouraging whimpers and moans continue as jointly we devour her exposed flesh. I run my finger along the length her wet folds at an tantalizingly slow pace, until finally she throws her head back onto my shoulder with a breathless plea. "Lucius, please...."

I plunge two fingers deep inside her, and she bucks her hips to meet my hand. Her soft, moist, heat calls to me in invitation, inciting a fire deep within my loins. Her flesh caresses my fingers as they delve into her depths, drawing out a blissful moan from deep inside me. I close my eyes and bite down on her shoulder to muffle the sound.

Severus looses a strangled growl as her hips brush against him.

I open my eyes just in time to see him lift his wand, divesting Hermione of her clothing. Then tossing his wand aside, he draws her left nipple into his mouth while her right breast receives equal attention beneath his hand.

Hermione is writhing under our joint ministrations. I have never seen her look as beautiful as she does at this moment. Her flesh is pink from exertion, her lips flushed and full from our kisses.

Suddenly, she arches her back, pressing her breast more firmly against Severus' mouth. Her hips brush against my painfully confined erection. She releases another

delicious moan at the contact, then she snakes her hand around to rub against the tented front of my trousers.

It requires every shred of my remaining willpower to keep myself from throwing her down and ravaging her on the floor. My desire continues to mount as she fumbles, unseeing, to release the buttons between my now aching shaft and her hand.

After several unsuccessful attempts, Hermione growls in frustration and untangles herself from our arms. Standing, she faces me and wastes no time accomplishing her goal. Removing the offending garment with a forceful tug, she tosses it over her shoulder. My eyes once again slip closed as she tongues a blistering-hot trail down my length, before I am ensconced in the divine heat of her mouth.

I mourn the loss when she releases me after only a few moments, but before I can bemoan my misfortune, she speaks. "Lucius, I need you... now," she demands breathlessly, pushing against my shoulders until I am lying back on the couch.

I cry out as she engulfs me completely in one quick thrust. She grinds against me at a furious pace, breasts bouncing with absolute abandon. With considerable effort, I attempt to stave off my release until she has achieved her own. I gave Hermione my oath that I would fulfill her every desire, and indeed I will so. Finally, her inner muscles spasm around me under the force of her orgasm, and I watch in amazement as she throws her head back and cries out my name.

Her pleasure is my undoing. With one final forceful thrust, I bury myself further inside her, whispering her name repeatedly as bliss-filled passion overtakes me.

As my breathing slows, Hermione smiles. She leans down to bestow a lingering kiss to my lips, before turning to look at Severus.

If the truth be told, I had forgotten about Severus. Yet, there he sits, alongside the couch, with raw hunger gleaming in his eyes.

Gracefully, Hermione rises and takes each of us by the hand. "Come," is all she says as she leads us into her bedroom.

She lies down and pats the bed on either side of her. Exchanging a quick glance, Severus and I reach a silent agreement. Joining her on the bed, we lavish her with attention. Lips, tongues and hands cover every lovely inch of her body until she is once again writhing beneath us. Then, I withdraw to the edge of the large four-poster bed and watch as Severus situates himself at the crux her thighs.

Severus hooks his arm under her left leg, lifting it as he slowly enters her. I'm quite confident that this act is completely for my benefit, as I now have an unobstructed view to their point of union. I smile appreciatively in gratitude.

Hermione pulls him to her, capturing his lips in an impassioned snog, just as powerful as the one they shared earlier in the evening.

Severus' strokes continue at the same slow, deliberate pace.

Hermione and Severus' coupling is in complete contradiction to that which she and I so recently shared. Whereas we were rough and frenzied, they are gentle and tender. No, this is nothing like the sexual romp Hermione and I shared just moments ago. This can only be described as love-making and I find that overwhelmingly surprising. I never would have expected such tenderness from Severus.

Severus continues at his leisurely pace, twisting his hips ever so slightly with each gentle thrust. His free hand caresses her breast. Her hands stroke the length of his back.

For the second time tonight, I find myself enraptured in my role of voyeur. The intimate sight before me is breathtaking. I cannot help but find it extremely erotic, Severus' glistening shaft disappearing and reappearing from Hermione's soft folds, as I bear witness. I suddenly find that I am stroking my own reawakened erection.

I watch with eager anticipation as Severus starts to slowly increase his pace. I know the all-encompassing pleasure of being buried to the hilt within the fiery confines of this beautiful witch and think his restraint is most commendable.

Suddenly, Hermione lifts her unrestrained leg and wraps it around Severus' waist. My swollen member leaps within my grasp as Hermione arches and drags her nails across Severus' back. She reaches her climax with an enthusiastic cry. "Oh, Severus."

Severus follows shortly with a deep plunge into her depths, his face contorted in bliss.

Never would I have thought that such a loving display could be so erotic. My grasp tightens and strokes quicken. A groan of pleasure builds to eruption inside me, and the sound draws the attention of my two companions. Severus' eyes sparkle with amusement as he takes in the sight of me pleasuring myself. "It appears that you no longer require Hermione's assistance, dear friend." He smirks. I glare at him, as best as I am currently capable, but neither try to hide nor stop my efforts.

Thankfully, Hermione is merciful. Sitting up, she crawls over to me on her hands and knees. She sets herself in front of me, drawing me into a hungry kiss, ravaging my mouth with her tongue and nibbling on my lower lip. Then she lowers her talented little mouth down to capture my now pulsing erection. My head falls back, eyes closed, enjoying her wondrous ministrations.

Before long, the pressure of my impending orgasm builds toward release. I reach down to nudge Hermione's shoulders in warning. She simply meets my gaze and the corners of her mouth curl up around me. Then, she clamps her lips down around me and sucks hard. The knowledge that she is watching my reaction is only fuel to an already raging blaze. It is more than I can bear. I throw my hands and head back, thrust my hips forward as far as I dare and find my release.

Returning from the land of light and stars, I lift Hermione's head to give her a grateful kiss. Severus has apparently not fared any better in his role of voyeur than did I, as he is already fully erect again and moving into position behind Hermione.

Roughly, he takes her from behind with short forceful thrusts. A lust-laden moan escapes her lips as he drives into her. I smile, enjoying the sight of her breasts bouncing beneath her under the force of each new thrust. Those full, delicious breasts... *hmmm. Why am I just sitting here watching?*

I position myself to lie beneath her, taking a rosy, pebbled nipple into my mouth. Hermione's moans increase as I twirl my tongue around her hardened peak. The feel of her smooth, creamy skin against my tongue and her tangy, yet sweet, taste is utterly enticing. I nip at her rosy peak, and she arches her back, pressing the tantalizing globe harder against my lips.

If his ragged breathing and rather undignified growl is any indication, Severus is apparently enjoying this new angle as well. "Lucius, help her," he hisses through clenched teeth. I step up my ministrations on her breast, nipping and swirling my tongue over her nipples alternatively. At the same time, I reach my hand down to tease her clitoris.

As soon as my finger makes contact, Hermione lets loose a wanton cry. Within moments, her legs begin to tremble. "Oh, yes," she continues to cry out loudly.

I switch my attention to her other breast, sucking hard enough to ensure my mark. I hear Severus grunt his release and look up just in time to witness Hermione writhing in pleasure.

Then it is all over. I move out from under Hermione as they both fall to the bed. We lay together, a large tangle of limbs, Severus and I stroking and caressing Hermione tenderly. We lie together for the next several minutes as Severus and Hermione's breathing slows.

Finally, Hermione moves to lower the covers. Silently, Severus and I move to lie on either side of her. It requires some shifting and adjustment, but ultimately Hermione is flat on her back with Severus and I facing her, our arms wrapped around her. Lazily, she caresses our arms. "That was amazing. You've more than upheld your promise, Lucius. And Severus, I never would have known. Thank you, both of you," she says sleepily. I tighten my arm in the gesture of an embrace and feel Severus do the same.

Severus mutters something that resembles, "You are an amazing woman, Hermione," but I cannot be certain. "I quite agree. Whoever said that three is a crowd, obviously never experienced that," I mumble, already starting to succumb to sleep.

Then, all is silent as we each drift off to the land of nod, exhausted and completely satisfied.