

Mistletoe for Three

by *Southern_Witch_69*

Hermione has a plan to get Snape under the mistletoe, but Lucius ends up beneath it as well. Written for Siriusneeds (Happy Christmas), who kindly responded to an LJ request I made for story prompts.

1

Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: Not my characters of course.

SW says: I wrote this last year for SiriusNeeds, who responded to an LJ entry in which I'd asked for a prompt to write a quick story.

Her request was:

Pairing: Snape/Hermione/Lucius

Keyword: Mistletoe

Thanks go to Wartcap for the read through.

Hermione held a hand over her mouth as she snickered as quietly as possible. She'd taken Minerva's advice and placed spelled mistletoe in the corridor that Snape was making his rounds in. This was unlike anything she'd ever done before. The mistletoe was enchanted so that the person who walked directly under it would be forced to remain beneath it until the enchanter released them with a kiss.

Snape would never know that she was behind it of course, as any student could have placed it there purposely...just to see him in a predicament. Peeking around the corner again, she watched for his return. Moments later, she was rewarded with the appearance of an approaching shadow on the stone walls.

"Here he comes," she whispered to herself. However, the smug smile quickly left her face as she realized there were two shadows. "Oh, shit..." Walking with Severus was Lucius Malfoy!

"I tell you, Severus, I don't know why you remain here after all that's happened," Malfoy said disdainfully.

"There's no place else for me," Snape replied easily. "Besides, it's what Albus would have wanted."

Malfoy's expression showed his distaste with his friend's answer. "Are you to live the rest of your life here because of something a dead man might have wanted? Why, I don't see the reasoning as being good. You should live for yourself, man. Come along with me. We can start this... Good Lord! What's that?"

"I feel it, too," Snape said, pulling his wand out. *Lumos.*"

Hermione ducked back around the corner so that he couldn't see her. This was not good. They were both stuck under the mistletoe! The only way either of them could be released was if her lips gave them leave. To borrow one of Ron's favorite phrases, she mumbled, "Bloody hell!"

"Fucking mistletoe!" Snape said incredulously. "Look."

"Is that all?" Malfoy asked, tone bored. "Destroy it, and let's be on our way. We've more to talk about regarding my proposition."

"It's warded quite strongly."

She saw the reflection of a bright red light followed by a yellowish one and knew he was likely trying to change the enchantment or destroy it. However, she'd learned what to do from Minerva. He wouldn't be successful.

"Well, you had better do something, Severus, as I'm not *that* fond of you," Malfoy said. "Here. Let me try."

There were a few more jets of light and a vehement swear. Hermione would have laughed had she not been so mortified. What could she do? She'd have to go to them and snog them. As they were about to find out that even if they snogged each other, which was the normal routine with regular mistletoe, they wouldn't be able to get away.

"Don't think that you are that appealing to me either," Snape retorted snidely. "Ha! I told you nothing worked."

"Well, I can't stand here all night. Come on then."

"Excuse me?"

"Just press your lips against my cheek, Severus. Quickly now... before someone comes along."

"And why should I be the one to do it?"

"Good Lord, man, do you know, I think you've planned this out!"

"You can't be serious."

"I am indeed. Why, if I...how dare you draw your wand on me!" Malfoy said indignantly.

"Perhaps you are feeling guilty about something, hmm?" Snape asked. "As I recall, it was you who hurried along after I was already down this way. You knew I would be coming back by, didn't you?"

"How dare you insinuate that I wou..."

"Enough."

There was a loud thump. Hermione feared that one of them had hexed the other, but the next words spoken nearly had her giggling out loud.

"What do you mean by pointing at your face and offering it to me?" Malfoy asked. "I will not ki... place my lips upon your skin. You can...what are you doing?"

"I can't believe I just did that."

"What do you call that?"

"A kiss. Now, let's go."

"Apparently, you don't kiss very well, Severus. We still can't leave."

"I'm certainly not going to snog you. A press of my lips to your face should have sufficed. Bloody students!"

"Hold still then."

Hermione held her breath, wishing she could peek around to see what they were doing.

"I believe that's enough," Snape said.

"Well, I thought it might do to let my lips linger."

"And what were you saying about being a bad kisser?" Snape's tone conveyed his amusement.

"You know what this means, don't you, Severus?"

"I suppose."

Bringing her hands to her head, Hermione tried to think of a way out of this without them realizing she had orchestrated the whole thing. Her plan would have gone well if it hadn't been for ruddy Malfoy's appearance. What was he trying to talk Severus into anyway? The silence continued, so she quickly glanced around the corner to see what they were doing.

They were standing at least a foot apart, so as to keep from touching each other, and their faces were slowly inching closer...expressions showing their disgust. When their lips finally touched, they both pulled back immediately and wiped their mouths on the backs of their hands.

"What the...? Nothing!"

"I don't understand this," Malfoy said. "Something's not right."

Summoning her courage, she quickly walked back down the corridor she'd come from. When she was far enough away from them, she pretended to be talking to someone else. "I'll be there shortly. Let me just fetch something from my rooms." She made sure to make noise as she approached, dragging her feet and stomping a few times. When she rounded the corner, she stopped as if startled. "Oh, hello."

"Professor Granger," Snape said with a nod.

"Good evening," Malfoy said politely, though his eyes were icy.

She stared at them for a moment, making certain to not look above them, and had no choice but to continue on down the corridor when neither asked her to join them. She would have to walk very close to them for the mistletoe to work on her, but she couldn't justify the reason for getting so near since they'd not tried to engage her in conversation.

After she rounded the next corner and neared the portrait entrance to her room, she leaned against the wall as reality slapped her in the face. Neither man wanted to kiss her. She wasn't sure if she should feel angry about that or find it amusing. It was possible that they were simply embarrassed about being caught under mistletoe. She preferred to think of that as the reason. It wouldn't do to have Snape find the thought of kissing her deplorable. That would ruin her plans.

"Bloody Malfoy!" she whispered in annoyance. Straightening her spine and composing herself, she made her way back down the corridor. Both seemed to be whispering and stopped the moment they noticed she was near again.

"Miss Granger."

"Good evening."

The bloody idiots weren't even going to ask her for help. This wouldn't do. No indeed. "What are you two doing?" she asked, hoping to sound curious, moving closer to them.

"Nothing at all," Snape replied.

"We're having a private conversation," Malfoy said coolly.

He clearly didn't want her to join them, though something in Snape's eyes gave her the courage to take another step forward. "I'm sorry to intrude. It's just odd to see you both standing here... in the same place that you were when I passed the first time. I thought maybe something was wrong with the corridor."

"Perhaps you shouldn't come..." Malfoy began.

Snape interrupted. "If you must know," he quickly pulled her closer and nodded above them, "we're stuck here."

She followed his gaze and began laughing.

"I don't find this funny at all," Malfoy said, flicking a long strand of blond hair over his shoulder. "I've things to attend to and have been stuck here long enough."

"You can't be serious. Are you too proud to snog each other? Surely a small kiss would release you."

It was Snape who answered. "It would seem that some prankster added an extra enchantment to this mistletoe, and no, we've not been inclined to fully... er... Suffice it to say, that a simple show of affection doesn't seem to be working."

Yes, that was the way she'd planned it, not wanting him to get off that easily. "I see." She made a show of trying to back away. "I'll leave you to it then. What... oh, right."

An awkward silence stretched between them. Malfoy finally broke it, saying, "Narcissa will not appreciate this." He pulled Hermione to him and pressed his lips against hers for a firm, chaste kiss.

To her surprise, his lips lingered as if he were debating about deepening the kiss, and she found the spicy scent of his aftershave enticing. When he pulled back, he turned to leave, but nothing happened.

"What sort of enchantment is this? I thought perhaps it only worked with a male and female, but not even that satisfies the damn thing."

Snape said, "Maybe... I don't know. I've not seen anything like it." He pulled her to him and pressed his lips against hers, lingering also. "Nothing," he said when he tried to move away.

"Well, this was a bad idea," Hermione grumbled.

"Pardon?"

Snape's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "What was?"

"Oh, the chaste kissing instead of a, ah, passionate one," she said, hoping they didn't realize what she'd truly meant. A hand slid around her waist and pulled her back towards Malfoy's chest, her arse pressing against his thighs. The silver snakehead at the tip of his cane came into view momentarily and then brushed her hair back from her shoulder, leaving her neck exposed. "Ah," she gasped upon feeling his soft lips and warm tongue against her bare flesh.

"My dear," he drawled in a soft voice, "you taste divine."

Kisses on her ear and throat had always been a weakness for her. She hadn't noticed that he'd been slowly working his way around her neck and turning her around to face him fully until her breasts were crushed against him. His lips found hers finally, and she wasted no time parting her lips to grant his tongue entrance. The kiss was languid, gave her tingles in the pit of her stomach, and caused her knees to weaken, forcing her to sag against him. When he finally broke away to gaze at her, she smiled shyly.

"Sorry about that," she murmured.

"Perhaps we should make certain..." He leaned forward again, and just as his lips grazed hers, she was roughly pulled back.

"That will be all, I think," Snape said, sounding annoyed.

Malfoy simply flashed a smug smile and stepped back. "Well, what do you know, I'm free." He bowed slightly. "It appears you do have the magic touch after all. I thank you."

Too embarrassed to look Snape directly in the eye, she gazed at his chest. "Y-your turn." When he said nothing, she had no choice but to look up...just in time to catch him mouthing something to Lucius. "Sorry?"

"It appears that I've been dismissed," Malfoy said in mock surprise.

"Oh," she said uncertainly, noticing Snape's glare in Malfoy's direction. In the next instant, his lips were on hers, and she was pulled tightly against his body. His touch wasn't as delicate as Lucius' had been, and his kiss was much more fervent. There was a lingering feel of need to it, and she couldn't help being swept away with his passion. When he pulled away, she pulled his face back down again for another kiss, not wanting to let him go just yet, not caring that Malfoy was chuckling in amusement. Finally, he released her and stepped away as if afraid she'd continue clutching him and forcing him to carry on.

"Come," he said to Malfoy and strode away from her.

"Do have a good evening, Miss Granger," Malfoy said, this time his eyes showed sincerity.

"You as well." She hurried back towards her portrait and quickly entered her chambers. "What have I done?" Surely he would take her to task later for the wanton way she'd behaved...in front of his friend. Mortified, she realized that she'd even moaned and ground herself against his er... "Hang on!" He'd had an erection. He'd been turned on. "Bloody hell!"

But why did he turn away from her like he had? She supposed that he didn't want Lucius to know how much she'd truly affected him. As she started to head to her room,

she heard her portrait's haughty laughter. Assuming her portrait was entertaining the man from the portrait across the hall, she resumed her walk to her bedroom. She stopped in her tracks when she heard the silky baritone of Snape's voice.

"If you don't let me in this instant, I will have to hex you."

She quickly made her way to the entrance and opened the portrait. "Severus," she said breathlessly, blushing at the blatant use of his given name.

He simply walked in, waited for the portrait to close, and then said, "I'm not unaware of what's happened, you know."

"What do you mean?" she asked nervously.

"I believe, Hermione, that *you* are the one who enchanted that mistletoe." When she said nothing, he continued, saying, "Was it for me?"

She nodded. "Yes, I just wanted..."

"As did I," he interrupted.

Their lips met once again for a quick kiss before his moved away and began placing a trail of kisses towards her ear.

"You're not angry then?"

"No," he whispered into her ear.

She grinned and arched her neck to the side to give him better access. "I'm glad," she murmured, thinking that she'd have to thank Minerva for the help. She'd never truly expected things to work out so well...even if Malfoy had been a part of it. Part of her was quite smug that her kiss had affected him and made him see her in a different light. No matter. For now, she had to concentrate on Severus and what he was making her feel with that talented mouth of his.

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SW's Notes: Always a pleasure to have some HG/SS with a dash of Lucius. Hope you've enjoyed.