

Valentine For Three

by Maddy Riddle

A bit of Valentine's fluffiness. SS/HG/LM

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: JKR is the owner. I'm just playing with her characters.

A/N: Thanks to my beta, Shalimar.

Lucius had been fussing about Valentine's Day for weeks. Hermione was well aware that it wasn't because he was particularly romantic. As far as she could tell there were two very obvious reasons for him to behave so oddly.

The first one was that Draco had been fretting for months about proposing to Ginny. He had finally decided to do it during a Valentine's dinner and had been boring the family with all the details entailed. Lucius was unimpressed by the witch and wanted to express his lack of enthusiasm about the match by doing something even bigger for his own wife.

Hermione knew Ginny well enough to be sure the soon to be Mrs. Draco Malfoy would be unimpressed by her soon to be father-in-law's antics, but that the issue would annoy Draco enormously. So Hermione had encouraged Lucius of course.

The second reason was more of a political one. He wanted to shut up all the pureblood bigots that insisted he had only married a Muggle-born for the benefit of his public image.

But since she knew the reason for Lucius' decision to court her had been exactly that, she found it very funny that he would be annoyed by people reminding him of the matter. She had been bothered by the idea that any Muggle-born would have done, but in the two years that she had been married to him, Lucius had demonstrated that he had fallen in love with her, so everything was forgiven. Although she still thought the idiots should be hexed anyway.

The new addition to the family had remained away from all the preparations, purposely keeping to himself. So everything was going well at the manor until two days before Valentine's, when Severus was seen sulking and blasting roses everywhere he went.

He had expressed his indifference for the day, but his obvious moodiness surely meant something, and that was concerning Hermione. Every attempt on her part to find out what was wrong was met with a glare and a "mind your own business" from time to time.

Those words hurt a bit; she had thought the relationship was progressing and he had accepted her.

Inquiries from Lucius were answered with long-winded explanations about the idiocy of choosing a date for Love and the meaningless mass production of saccharine items to please the stupid; not to mention all the pinkness and cupids that made him want to throw up.

If Lucius had less self-confidence, he would have felt insulted by Severus' rejection of the event he had planned. As it was, he patted Severus on the arm and asked him politely, "Could you please keep your cloud of sourness to yourself? I know it might not be easy for you, but I would like to be able to find at least one red rose to give to Hermione on Valentine's day, and at the pace you're blasting them, there won't be any left."

On Valentine's Day, Lucius took Hermione to a fancy restaurant (the same one Draco had chosen for his date). It was half-way through dinner when Hermione finally realised what was wrong with her lover. She spent the rest of the meal trying to figure out how to put everything back to normal, and when they finished eating, she begged Lucius to go back to the manor.

"Please, Lucius, we can go to Paris any day. I have to talk to Severus now."

"It won't be the same. It was meant to be a special date. I planned to stay in Paris with you until tomorrow." His pout was endearing, but she worried a day could be too long to wait.

Once back home, they found Severus already in bed, sleeping. Or more accurately speaking, faking being asleep.

Hermione entered the room, giggling. "Severus, you should have gone with us. Seeing Draco's face would have made you smile."

"I have new esteem for Miss Weasley. I think she'll be a great addition to the family." Lucius tried to avoid Hermione's 'I told you so' glare.

Severus raised his head from the pillow grumpily. "If you're not going to stop talking, at least tell me what happened." Sitting up and crossing his arms, he added, "I gather Miss Weasley didn't gush over the ring as Draco expected..."

Hermione jumped on the bed. "Draco was whinging that Lucius chose the same restaurant, among other things I couldn't quite hear, during the whole meal. By the end of it, Ginny wasn't the only one fed up with all the whinging."

Lucius, shaking his head, continued, "The boy had the gall to propose anyway. I was expecting her to hex him, but it was even better..."

Severus scowled at the laughing couple and prompted them to continue.

"She told him if he ever stopped acting like a toddler, she might consider his proposal," said Hermione. "She left him there, gaping. All the other customers were laughing."

Severus' mouth was trying to smile at the image of Draco being stood up.

Then Lucius added, "She took the ring, mind you. So I guess that means she will marry him anyway. But it was a very entertaining interlude."

By the time both of them stopped laughing, Severus remembered they were supposed to be somewhere else.

"And are you two telling me that you couldn't wait until tomorrow to recount this to me? I was sleeping, you know." He tried to scowl, but it was difficult with Hermione snuggling up to him.

"Is it that hard to believe I wanted to spend Valentine's Day with the men I love?" And before Severus could comment, she continued, "I love you, Severus, no matter how much you scowl at me because of it. Is it that hard to believe that I love you both?"

Severus was ready to say that it was not only hard but almost impossible to believe. But with a snugly Hermione at his left and Lucius trying to do the same at his right, he didn't know what to say.

Lucius looked accusingly at him "You do know that if you hadn't protested so much against it, I would have taken both of you to the date, right?"

Severus looked what passed for apologetic in a Slytherin. Lucius kissed both Hermione and him. "I love you both."

The three of them spent the following hours trying to show how much they love each other. In as many positions and permutations as possible.

In the wee hours of the morning, a very tired and contented Hermione mumbled just before falling asleep, "Next time, just say that you want to be the one to be romanced, Severus. We're very accommodating, but we're not Legilimens."

"Indeed."