

Triangular Tangle

by Dreamy_Dragon

When Snape receives an invitation to dinner at Malfoy Manor, he doesn't expect the evening to turn out as interesting as it does...

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 3

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Huge thanks to Anogete for betaing this.

Severus Snape Apparated to the gates of Malfoy Manor and waited for a house-elf to let him in. Though it was already September, the air was warm and still felt pleasantly like summer.

Three years had passed since the end of the war and the downfall of Voldemort. After he had been cleared of all charges, Snape had been reinstated as Potions master at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. It could be proven that he had killed Dumbledore on the Headmaster's own request and had secretly continued to support the Order.

Still, many people felt uneasy about him, especially now that he was back teaching their children. And many more remained unsure about his true loyalties. His testimony on behalf of Lucius Malfoy hadn't helped to alleviate the suspicions about him, and neither had the fact that the two men remained friends. The public had breathed a not so quiet sigh of relief when the Headmistress hadn't offered him the position of Defence Against the Dark Arts teacher and had instead appointed Kingsley Shacklebolt for that position. Kingsley had lost a leg to Voldemort and would never work as an Auror again. Public opinion also agreed that redemption hadn't done much for Snape's personality. He was not a popular man. It didn't bother him.

Lucius Malfoy, on the other hand, had not only escaped both Azkaban and the Dark Lord's wrath, but had also managed to remain relatively unscathed by the downfall of Voldemort and the hunt for his followers. At the last minute, he decided to pass vital information to the Order and to help them track down his former allies.

During his trial, he claimed that Voldemort had coerced him into his service and that his only intention had been to protect his family. His wife, Narcissa, had been publicly murdered by Voldemort himself; Lucius Malfoy's obvious grief for her had helped to support his case. His son, Draco, who had also changed sides towards the end of the war, had claimed as well that his father had always wanted the best for his family. In the end, the Wizengamot had found Lucius not guilty as nothing could be proven against him. Those who could have told otherwise were either dead or knew better.

Not only was Lucius still one of the wealthiest wizards in Britain, he had also spent the better part of the last three years rebuilding his former influence by any means necessary.

A tiny and very young house-elf scurried to the gate and bowed deeply. "Welcome to Malfoy Manor, Sir. Dibsby is leading you to Master."

Snape followed the elf up to the house and into the hall where another, slightly older, house-elf took his black summer cloak.

Dibsby then lead him into the parlour and announced, "Professor Snape is arrived, Master."

Lucius Malfoy stood at one of the open terrace doors that looked out over his grounds. At the elf's announcement he turned round and greeted Severus, "Welcome, old friend; it's good to see you again. I presume you know Miss Granger?"

Snape's eyes fell upon the young woman who sat gracefully on one of the settees. Hiding his surprise, he bowed slightly and said smoothly, "Good evening, Miss Granger."

Hermione smiled back at him. "Good evening, Professor."

He had assumed for some time that Lucius was seeing someone new. He knew that his friend had been devoted to his wife and that he had truly mourned her. But, he had never believed that Lucius would remain single. He liked women far too much for that, and he hated to be alone.

Nevertheless, it took all Snape's Slytherin cunning and his years of experience as a spy not to stare incredulously at Hermione Granger.

He knew about her break-up with Ron Weasley shortly after Draco's wedding as the society column of the Daily Prophet had gleefully reported it and had, not too subtly, hinted that a clandestine affair of one of the parties involved was the reason. At the time, he had assumed that Ron had cheated on Hermione and felt kind of sorry for his former student, though he thought that she could and should do much better than with the little weasel.

Seemingly, he had been wrong. He had obviously been mistaken in his assessment of Miss Granger. Good for her, though it surprised him. Not that he thought that much about her.

Hermione and Lucius? He found it hard to believe, yet the evidence was right in front of him.

He looked again at Hermione, who was not wearing robes but a light pink summer dress that was buttoned in front and contrasted nicely with her slight tan. The low swooping neckline did nothing to hide her cleavage. He had noted her delicious curves before. A fleeting vision of her and Lucius's entangled bodies passed through his mind and made a considerable amount of blood leave his brain and head for another part of his body. He arranged his traditional black robes tighter around him and noticed that the room had become rather quiet. Fortunately, Dibsby came back at this point to announce that dinner was ready.

They sat down at the exquisitely set dinner table, and Lucius raised his glass. "To friends and to a very special lady on a very special evening." He smiled at his guests.

Snape raised his glass, too. "To friends," he said simply, his dark eyes never leaving Hermione.

Hermione just smiled back at both men. The dinner was light and delicious, and the wines were excellent. They were served by the two eager house-elves. Hermione was obviously used to their presence as she didn't show any sign of discomfort or disapproval. Interesting. Her attempt to free the house-elves in her fourth and fifth year at Hogwarts had not gone unnoticed by anyone in the castle. It had been futile, mostly due to the resistance of the elves themselves.

Snape also observed that Lucius seemed to treat his house-elves a bit kinder than usual. Now that was even more interesting.

After dinner, they took their wine glasses back to the parlour where a fire had been lit in the fireplace, and a new bottle of the exquisite Bordeaux stood opened on a little table. They sat down, Hermione and Lucius on the settee, Severus in the armchair opposite them, and talked about books and who did currently what in the wizarding world. Snape found himself quite impressed with Hermione. He knew that she was clever and well read, but to his delight, he found that she was an astute and witty observer as well. Hermione in turn seemed to enjoy the company of both men very much.

As the evening proceeded she moved sideways into Lucius's lap, and both started kissing passionately, hands tangling in their hair and roaming over their bodies. Her light pink dress and her curly brown hair contrasted nicely with his dark grey robes and white blond hair.

Snape tried to decide if this should be his cue to leave, but continued to observe them with fascination when Hermione turned round so that Snape got a good look at the front of her dress.

Lucius started to unbutton her dress, and Severus noticed that she didn't wear a bra when her round, firm breasts sprang free. They continued to kiss, and Lucius ran his thumbs lightly over her nipples which caused Hermione to moan.

Severus couldn't stop watching them with a tiny ache in his chest, whereas another part further down his body found the display most interesting.

Lucius continued to stroke Hermione's breasts, causing her to whimper into his mouth. He unbuttoned her dress till it was completely open and slid it down her shoulders, leaving Hermione only in her tiny, white lace knickers. Lucius ran his hands over her flat belly and up to her breasts and then down again between her legs while he kissed down her neck. He glanced at his friend to assess Snape's reaction. The sight of Lucius's pale, elegant hands on Hermione's body caused Severus to swallow audibly, but he still couldn't take his eye off them when both looked at him. Lucius whispered something into Hermione's ear.

She smiled seductively and sauntered over to Snape. "I think someone is feeling a bit left out," she said, straddling him.

She put her arms around him and acknowledged his hardness by wriggling a little. Snape groaned appreciatively, and immediately all thoughts of leaving were forgotten. Hermione pushed a few strands of his black hair back from his face and planted a feather light kiss on his cheek. She looked at him, and when she saw no rejection, she proceeded to lay kisses on his face down to the corner of his mouth and then onto his lips. She ran her tongue lightly over his bottom lip, but Snape turned his face away from her. She hesitated for a moment, observing his facial expression. When he gave no further sign of protest, she proceeded to kiss the side of his neck, her fingers busily working at the buttons of his robe.

Snape hadn't noticed that Lucius had walked over to them, too, and now stood behind Hermione, one hand fondling her bare breasts. With his other hand, he reached over her shoulder and ran it through the strands of Severus's hair, causing him to shiver at the unexpected touch.

"Should we move this to somewhere a bit more comfortable?" Lucius purred into Hermione's ear.

"A very good idea." She nodded, standing up and extended a hand to Severus. "Are you coming?"

Snape had never been in Lucius's bedroom before. It was furnished with the same simple, tasteful elegance as the rest of the house, and, like Lucius himself, it possessed a distinctively masculine beauty.

Standing in front of the bed, Hermione stepped matter-of-factly out of the rest of her underwear and her pumps and crawled onto the bed, making sure that both men got a good view of her bottom. She lay down on the bed and patted the mattress. "Care to join me?" she asked in a sultry voice.

Both men sat down obediently on either side of her, their eyes feasting on her naked body. She turned her head to Lucius and kissed him deeply. One of her hands sneaked up into his hair, raking her fingers through the long, silver blond tresses. She ran her other hand lightly over Severus's fully clothed body and turned to him, intending to kiss him. He lowered his head to her left breast and took the nipple into his mouth, alternatively licking and sucking it, making Hermione whimper with pleasure. Lucius watched them both, caressing her other nipple with his thumb. He then moved his hand lower over her belly, her hips and her thighs. Snape leaned over and took her other nipple into his mouth. Hermione played with Lucius's hair when he began stroking her between her legs, eliciting little moans from her. Soon his hand was replaced by Severus's mouth that kissed and licked the inside of her thighs until he finally reached the spot where she wanted him so urgently. He fastened his mouth over her nub, alternatively licking and sucking and made her gasp with pleasure. Lucius was rolling her nipple lightly between his thumb and his finger, from time to time also pleasuring the other nipple. He had slipped his other arm under her back, holding her comfortably. He continued to watch her, desire in his grey eyes as she moaned and started to move against Severus's mouth. Snape felt she was close and slipped two fingers into her hot wetness. The sensations of four hands and two mouths on her body drove Hermione nearly to the edge. When Lucius leaned down and kissed her and Severus started to move his fingers inside her, she started to buck uncontrollably against him, and then her mind went blank and there was nothing but pleasure.

Lucius held her until she calmed down, and her breathing became even again. She snuggled into his arms and murmured, "Clothes."

"Sorry?"

"Clothes," Hermione repeated, waving a finger at the two wizards. "You are wearing too many clothes."

Lucius raised an eyebrow. "Me or him?"

"Both."

"As my lady wishes," he replied evenly and pulled out his wand.

"Allow me," he said to Snape, and when Severus nodded his assent, he quickly weaved his wand over the other man's body, murmuring a spell. Then he repeated it, moving the wand over his own body before he placed it carefully under the pillow on his side of the bed.

"Better." Hermione, now wide-awake again, smirked at the obvious state of arousal both were in. She kissed Lucius and ran her hands lightly over his pale, muscular body, teasing his pink nipples with her finger, and then she took one of them into her mouth and wrapped her hand around his length, stroking him up and down. Lucius moaned and leaned back, his hair spreading over the pillow. Hermione leaned down lower and took him into her mouth, swirling her tongue over his tip while Severus watched, his eyes glazed over with lust. Hermione looked up and turned to him.

"Let me return your favour," she said softly. She leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. Once again Snape turned his head, so that she could kiss her way down his neck but could not reach his mouth. When Hermione looked at him questioningly, she was surprised to see real emotion in his eyes.

She hesitated for a moment and then kissed his collarbone and his chest, letting her hands wander over his torso and down his sides. His body was different from Lucius's. He was more angular, not as broad-chested and not as muscular. Snape had more the build of a long-distance runner. He had also more chest hair and two scars running over his lower abdomen. He flinched slightly when she traced them with her finger. Lucius was like marble whereas Snape seemed to be chiselled out of sandstone. Hermione liked what she saw and was enticed by the physical contrast between the two men.

Always thorough when investigating, Hermione let her hands and eyes wander lower and found Severus, who was obviously enjoying her explorations, again different but by no means deficient. Her mouth followed, and she kissed her way down his abdomen, following the trail of dark hair.

"Lay back," she invited him, and when Snape complied, she knelt between his legs. She tentatively ran her tongue over him and then flicked it over his tip. When he moaned in appreciation, she took him fully into her mouth. She alternately licked and sucked, responding to Severus's reactions, concentrating on giving him pleasure.

The knowledge that Lucius was watching made her hot and wet and her nipples grow rigid again. She felt one of his hands caressing her back and her belly and then stroking her between the legs.

He had come to kneel behind her, and when he felt how ready she was, he slowly entered her. Hermione whimpered and impatiently pushed up against him to get him quicker and deeper inside her. When he was fully sheathed, he grabbed her hips and remained still. Again, Hermione pushed back, wanting him to move. He did so with slow, languid strokes making her moan against Snape.

This was all it took to send Severus, who was already close, over the verge. Hermione continued to suck and lick, taking everything he was offering her while Lucius continued to move slowly in and out of her. When Snape pulled back from her and just held her, Lucius started to move faster, making Hermione gasp with need and want. "Yes, more."

He was thrusting hard and deep now, and judging by the sounds she made, she was enjoying it very much. He reached his hand around her and flicked his thumb against the little sensitive bundle of nerves, making her come shouting his name. His own thrusting was becoming more and more erratic. It took only a few deep strokes more, and he, too, found his release within her.

When his ragged breathing became normal again, he slowly withdrew and took Hermione in his arms. Snape was lying on the bed behind her stroking her back. She snuggled up to Lucius, and the last thing she heard before she fell asleep was him lazily casting Tergeo over them.

When Hermione woke up again some time later, still safely ensconced in Lucius's arms, she saw Snape standing next to the bed fully dressed. He was looking at her with an unfathomable expression on his face. She was about to say something when he turned and swept noiselessly from the room.

Chapter 2

Chapter 2 of 3

Revelations and consequences

Huge thanks to Anogete for betaing this.

Severus Snape settled down in his favourite armchair before the crackling fire and placed the glass of Firewhisky and the proofs of *Between Fascination and Threat: the Dark Arts*, the book he had co-written with Minerva McGonagall, on the table next to him. It was an evening in early October, and already the first storm of the year was howling around his house.

He had bought the modest cottage at the seaside after the war. He loved the sea and had always wanted to live near it. The house was standing on a hill far away from the next village, so that there was hardly any chance of people accidentally walking in on him. It had been completely derelict when he bought it, but over the last year he had put a lot of work into it and improved it quite a bit. He had also managed to reconstruct part of his extensive library that had been lost when his old house at Spinner's End burnt down, courtesy of some overzealous Aurors. Of course, the Ministry had been extremely sorry about the incident after his name had been cleared.

Apart from Hogwarts, the little farmhouse had become the closest thing resembling a home Snape had ever had, and he loved it dearly. He spent all the school holidays here and generally came whenever he wasn't needed at the school, or when he needed to get away from it. Recently, he had found that to be the case rather often.

Taking up the stack of paper, he tried very hard not to think about that night a few weeks ago. Yet, he couldn't get the vision of Hermione sprawled on the bed, naked and with bright eyes, out of his head. The image of Lucius's perfect mouth and elegant body naked on the same bed, his glorious hair spread out over the pillow, sent a pleasant shiver through Severus's body as well. It was a new and completely unexpected sensation. He wondered what it would mean to explore this.

He remembered the few occasions he had seen Hermione after the war, at Ministry functions and at Draco's wedding. He had always known that she was a bright, very powerful witch, but then he had noticed for the first time how nice and curvaceous her body had become and that, though she wasn't pretty in the conventional sense, she had grown into an extremely attractive woman.

Clearly, Lucius Malfoy had noticed, too. Snape wondered once more what had brought these two together. He knew Hermione had been engaged to Ron Weasley. He had thought it a pity that she should waste herself on him, but had expected them to get married sooner or later.

Obviously, that hadn't happened. But that still didn't explain her and Malfoy, who once had stood for everything she despised, and who wouldn't have as much as looked at her a few years ago. Well, looked at her maybe, as Lucius had always appreciated an attractive woman, regardless of his prejudices against Muggle-borns, but he would have made sure that the look went unnoticed. Contrary to what many people believed of him, Lucius had loved Narcissa very much and been faithful to her. His cruelties were reserved for his enemies and those he deemed unworthy.

Snape put down the stack of paper and reached for his glass. It was no good. Regardless, how much he brooded over it, he couldn't have her because she was involved with the closest thing to a friend he had. How ironic that it had taken that strange night to realise that he indeed did want her.

Snape had always found self-pity a rather useless emotion. Shaking his head, he tried to concentrate on reading again, when a brief flashing of orange light alerted him to the fact that someone had just crossed the first perimeter of wards around his property, those merely set up as a signal for him when someone was approaching the house. He had used stronger wards to secure the cottage itself as there were enough people out there who still would have preferred to see him dead.

He stood up, grabbed his wand, and quickly moved to the door. When someone knocked, he carefully opened it and found himself face to face with Hermione Granger.

"Miss Granger," he said stiffly. "How did you find me?"

"Good evening...Professor McGonagall told me when I couldn't reach you at the castle."

He urgently needed to have a talk with Minerva about the meaning of privacy. An awkward silence stretched between him and Hermione, while the rain was pouring down, and a cold draught was finding its way through the open door into the house.

"Well, as you are here, you might as well come in." Snape invited her reluctantly, but didn't bother to offer her a drink. The sooner she left again the better.

"Thank you." Hermione now stood in his living room, looking around her, her heavy woollen cloak dripping from the rain, her face flushed and her hair dishevelled from the wind. Again, an unbidden memory raced through Snape's mind. He pushed it away quickly and drawled, "Take off that cloak before it ruins my carpet entirely."

"Thank you," Hermione said again and put her cloak over the back of a chair.

Once more, neither seemed to find anything to say.

"So, is there a reason why you are here, Miss Granger, or did you fancy a stroll at the seaside in the beautiful weather?" Severus finally snarled.

"I thought we had got past 'Miss Granger'," Hermione replied, avoiding his question.

"I don't like to repeat myself, and I have better things to do with my evening, so stop prevaricating and tell me why you came."

Hermione was quiet for a while, and just as Snape was about to let her know in no uncertain terms that he didn't want her here, she asked softly, "Why?"

"Why what?" he snapped back, wondering what she was talking about.

"Why wouldn't you kiss me?"

He hadn't expected that particular question. A brief look of surprise crossed his face before he pulled himself together and drawled, "Surely you can figure out such a trivial thing for yourself."

But Hermione was not a student anymore and would not be intimidated. "If it is so trivial, then maybe you could explain it to me."

He was not getting out of this conversation. "Kissing, Miss Granger, is a very intimate act and should be reserved for people who are truly close to each other," he said silkily.

"What!?" She stared incredulously at him. "You could... I mean... you had no problem... and kissing is too intimate for you!?"

"A kiss is not something to be distributed indiscriminately and lightly. Kissing is an art, like music or potion making. It requires passion, skill and dedication. If done properly, its power is remarkable. It can bewitch the mind and ensnare the senses utterly. No two kisses are the same, and a single kiss can leave a lasting and unforgettable impression. It can be an end in itself, glorious, rewarding, and all-consuming, a special and intimate act two people choose to share with each other. But then, I do not expect someone like you to understand the more subtle nuances of human intimacy, Miss Granger," Snape replied.

Hermione had become totally entranced by his speech, his dark voice caressing her like silk, when his last sentence registered. "Someone like me? What's that supposed to mean?" she snapped.

"Are you really so daft that I need to spell it out to you?"

"Please do." Hermione was becoming angrier by the second.

Snape drew a breath, knowing exactly where and how to strike. "Someone who cheats on the man she is engaged to with a Death Eater. Someone who does Malfoy's bidding and gets involved in his ploys."

Hermione stared at him. "Drawing conclusions quickly, are you? Not that it's any of your business, but Ron cheated on me. And I am not doing anyone's bidding. And Lucius is not a Death Eater!" she yelled.

"He was, at any rate. But, of course now, being seen with a Muggle-born fits his image perfectly. How convenient that you just happened to be available." Snape sneered.

"People change. You should know that," Hermione spat back.

He snorted. "Make no mistake, Lucius Malfoy is still a very dangerous man. And you are just a pretty asset to his reformed image." He assessed Hermione's expression and saw that his comment had hit its mark. He continued, "And so he made you play a little game, seduce me."

Hermione shook her head. "No, it was my idea."

"Yours?" Severus glared at her.

Hermione hesitated slightly, and though she was still angry, she made up her mind that in this case the truth might be the best approach. "That night, it was my birthday and the whole thing was to be a kind of present for me. I... I had always wanted a threesome, and I was kind of curious about you."

Snape was livid now. "You were curious about me? You planned this," he roared, "and I was a bloody present?"

All of a sudden he realised he had been there before, playing a game he couldn't win. Lily. Hermione reminded him so much of her. Beautiful, clever, and kind. Hermione was not as kind, she was fiercer and had a different kind of beauty, but she was every bit as alluring. And he couldn't have her, just as he couldn't have Lily who ended up with James Potter. Handsome, popular, wealthy, and a pure-blood with a confidence bordering on arrogance. In short, everything he was not. Just like Lucius Malfoy. It seemed history was about to repeat itself with a vengeance. This time, his rival was also his friend, and the woman in question had seen fit to have a little tryst with him. Snape's attention returned to the present just in time to hear Hermione's next sentence.

"You could have walked away any time. It's not as if we put you under Imperius or tied you to the bed and had our way with you." Despite the fact that they were in the middle of a heated argument, Hermione found that particular idea rather tempting.

"Did it ever occur to you to tell me about your idea?" he asked incredulously.

Hermione had the grace to look sheepish. "Lucius said you would probably say no, if we gave you time to think it through. And that it would be more fun if it was a surprise."

Snape couldn't believe what he was hearing and something snapped. "And when exactly did you become Malfoy's Mudblood whore!" he yelled.

He felt a sudden sharp pain as something hit his cheek. Hermione hadn't even bothered to draw her wand and had slapped him, Muggle-fashion, and Severus Snape found out that a hand could sting a lot more than a hex.

He stood in the middle of his living room, seeing how much damage he had done with his insult, and despite his own hurt and anger, it didn't feel good. And he saw something else for which he didn't require any of his Legilimency skills. "Merlin, you are in love with him," he said softly.

All fury suddenly gone, Hermione wearily raised her head, her eyes glistening with tears. "And what's it to you? What do you care?"

Snape crossed the room and now stood before her. "Hermione, I... "

She shook her head. "Don't... just don't."

He awkwardly raised a hand and pushed a strand of hair back from her face.

At the surprisingly tender gesture, Hermione lifted her head and looked questioningly into his black eyes. "You don't know anything."

"Why don't you tell me then," he suggested, a bit uncertain.

Hermione hesitated a moment before she started, her voice wobbly. "When the war was over, when You-know...when Voldemort was finally gone, things were supposed to get better, you know. But there was just this great empty void inside me. My parents, so many of my friends, they were all dead."

Severus nodded; he knew that too many had died, and that Hermione had lost a lot of people close to her.

Her voice a little steadier she continued. "There didn't seem anything meaningful to do anymore, and there was hardly anyone left. Only Ron, we had always been friends, and it seemed so obvious that we would become a couple. It was nice, at first. I mean, it was never like earth shattering, blinding love or anything. But it was good not to be alone, it was comforting."

Severus fought back a sudden rush of protectiveness towards her as he became aware of how young she still was, and that she had seen far too much for her age.

Hermione swallowed hard. "And then... then I found out that Ron had been cheating on me for some time with his old girlfriend, Lavender. He... he said he needed someone less... someone warmer, someone who was a real woman, that what I could give him wasn't enough."

Snape found it highly doubtful that the little weasel had used so many words and had a good mind to introduce Ron to an Unforgivable, but he said nothing.

"It was horrible, I felt so alone and there was no one to talk to in the evenings, on weekends. It seemed everybody had a life but me. And then I met Lucius."

Severus wasn't too sure he wanted to hear about that particular part, still he let Hermione continue.

"He makes me feel good, like no one's ever done before, he's kind and intelligent, and he, well, he sort of woke me up, you know."

"I see." He knew exactly in what way Lucius had woken up Hermione, having observed the evidence himself.

"Do you really believe what you said earlier, that he is just using me?" Hermione asked, anxiously searching in his face for an answer he couldn't give her because he simply didn't know. Lucius would do whatever suited his current purpose, yet he was also capable of genuine emotion.

It would have been so easy to lie to her, one way or another, especially for him, but Snape chose not to. He shrugged his shoulders noncommittally. "That's a question only Lucius can answer."

In a gesture meant as comfort and reassurance, he briefly stroked her hair.

Hermione stood motionless, looking at him for a long time. Then she said in a very small voice, "Kiss me? Please."

Despite his better judgement he cupped her cheek in his palm. He stroked his thumb over her lips, and then slid his hand to the back of her head, unhurriedly lowering his lips to hers. He briefly flicked his tongue over her bottom lip, and she willingly opened her mouth to him. Their tongues began a slow and sensual dance. Severus moaned into her mouth and wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her closer to him, needing to feel her body against his. Hermione kissed him back fervently, her hands dived

into his hair, and she melted eagerly against him. Desire raced through Snape as he felt her breasts pressing into his chest, and he ran his hands up and down her back. She responded with a little whimper and deepened the kiss.

They were so engrossed in each other that neither noticed the brief orange flashing of the wards.

"Isn't that an enticing little tableau," a familiar voice drawled.

A/N: "...bewitch the mind and ensnare the senses" is a paraphrase from Snape's speech (*the speech*) in *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone*, p. 150, UK edition.

3

Chapter 3 of 3

More revelations...

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Many, many thanks to my beta, Anogete. Couldn't have done it without you.

Lucius Malfoy stood in the doorway, impeccably dressed in a black travel cloak despite the heavy rain outside. His hair was tied loosely back with a black velvet ribbon, not so much as a strand out of place.

The blond wizard surveyed the situation before him. His current lover was passionately kissing his friend. He quickly ruled out the possibility that either of them was deliberately cheating on him as both knew better. Which begged the question what this was about. Lucius noticed that Hermione's birthday had had a few ramifications he hadn't foreseen. That was... interesting. Quickly thinking through his options, he became aware that the picture before him was quite alluring.

At the sound of Lucius's voice, Hermione and Severus had quickly pulled apart. "Lucius," Snape greeted him warily, having thought an encounter with the other man likely since Hermione had turned up on his doorstep.

Hermione said what countless people had said in similar situations. "It's not what it looks like."

An elegant eyebrow went up. "Indeed? It looked like you were kissing." Stepping into the room, Lucius sounded more amused than angry.

"Right, so it was what it looked like, but not..."

She never got around to finishing her sentence because Lucius had moved over to them quickly, and his mouth came down on hers in a hard, demanding kiss. That wasn't the reaction Hermione had expected, but she kissed him back. It was quite different from the slowly building heat she had just shared with Severus. She could sense possessiveness, anger and something like confusion in Lucius's kiss. Yet despite its urgency, she didn't find it unpleasant.

Snape wasn't as surprised as Hermione. He knew Lucius too well to assume that he would just charge in and hex them. The other man would never lower himself to such unsubtle tactics, but that didn't mean that things could not become unpleasant, so Severus remained wary. As he watched the couple kissing in front of him, he felt a now familiar rush of arousal course through his body. He wanted to taste Hermione again, wanted to feel her hot mouth on him, but mostly he wanted to know what it felt like to be inside her. Yet he also desired the pale, perfect, other body. He couldn't picture himself and Hermione without his old friend. He wanted them both, and the image made lust run hot through his veins.

Lucius broke the kiss and, bearing a strong resemblance to a sulking little boy, said, "You could have invited me to come along."

"I didn't plan on the evening to go like that," Hermione answered, her face flushed with a mixture of uncertainty and arousal after being so thoroughly kissed by both wizards.

Lucius didn't look particularly convinced as he took a step back and swiftly pulled off his travel cloak. He threw it carelessly over Hermione's woollen cloak on the back of the chair, took a good look around Snape's living room and strode over to the old sofa and the armchair in front of the fireplace. He briefly picked up the glass of Firewhisky that still sat on the little table, sniffed at it, pulled a face, and quickly put it back. Then he sat down on the sofa, stretching his legs out comfortably in front of him as if he owned the place.

Snape noticed that the pure-blood had no intention of leaving any time soon. Remembering that they were, after all, in his house, he asked, "Perhaps you would care for a drink? Firewhisky? Wine?"

"I take it your wine is of better quality than your Firewhisky."

"Hermione?"

"Wine please," she answered as she slowly walked over to the fireplace. She sat down on the sofa next to Lucius.

Snape had Accioed a bottle of wine and three glasses from the kitchen. Opening the bottle with a quick move of his wand, he poured some wine and handed the glasses to his guests. He sat down in his beloved armchair and drained his glass quickly.

Lucius raised an eyebrow again and smiled as he slowly took a measured sip from his own glass.

Hermione drank cautiously, waiting for what would happen next. She had the impression of two dogs circling around a particularly juicy bone.

The room seemed to vibrate with unresolved tension as Snape looked intently at Lucius. He was surprised when he met with little resistance as he tried to enter the other man's mind. Lucius wasn't as skilled an Occlumens as the former spy, but good enough to live through Voldemort's probings and good enough to resist an intrusion when he didn't want it.

Severus's astonishment was even greater when he saw that Lucius did truly care about Hermione, but wasn't particularly keen on her knowing that. There was also a tad of anxiety that was extremely unusual for the arrogant man, and, in Severus's opinion, was quite unnecessary as Hermione was so obviously in love with Lucius. How ironic that one of the formerly most outspoken advocates of pure-blood supremacy had fallen for a Muggle-born. Tangled up in the whole mess as he was, Severus failed to see the humour though and suddenly wished he were elsewhere, preferably far away as he withdrew from the other's mind. When he felt a familiar probing at his own mind, he didn't resist either. He let the other man see his own feelings for Hermione...that were inextricably linked with his long-veiled desire for the blond wizard. Lucius didn't recoil when he became aware of this; on the contrary, he seemed rather intrigued.

Wondering at the silence stretching between them, Hermione had watched the two men carefully. Then she caught on. "I am sure you two are having a fascinating conversation there, but do you mind talking to me as well?"

The connection broken, Severus turned to her. "Legilimency has nothing to do with idle telepathic chatter."

"I know that," she snapped back.

"So would you mind telling me what brought you here tonight?" Lucius quickly interjected before the two could start an academic dispute on Legilimency.

Hermione glanced at him. "If you must know, I came here tonight because something about my birthday and Severus didn't sit right with me."

She turned to Snape. "Severus, I never meant to trick you into anything. I thought you would enjoy it as much as I did. I didn't know that there was more."

Severus snorted derisively. "I have no idea how you came to that preposterous conclusion."

"Don't start again, I know, you as good as told me."

"I certainly did no such ludicrous thing."

"Yes, you did; the whole kissing thing gave you away."

Snape tried to snort again, but the attempt came out half-heartedly.

Hermione turned to Lucius. "By the way, *why are you here?*"

"Let's not dwell on trivialities, shall we," Lucius answered with a dismissive gesture. He continued, "This... little coincidence certainly does offer some interesting possibilities, don't you think?"

Hermione found two wizards looking at her in a manner that could only be described as predatory. She considered the various angles to the matter at hand.

"Well!?" Lucius asked impatiently.

Hermione said carefully, "This could be... exciting."

The room was completely silent.

A number of interesting scenarios flashed quickly through Lucius's mind, leaving him in a state of semi-arousal while he tried to gauge Severus's reaction.

Snape stared at Hermione, his face unreadable. "Exciting? So you are still 'curious' about me, more little schemes and games to please your lover?"

"Honestly, for someone so intelligent you really are a bit daft sometimes, aren't you? Do you *really* think I would do anything I don't want to?"

Hermione's tone clearly indicated that she had started to become rather annoyed with Severus. He suddenly remembered the way she had been at school. Even then she had been relentless in pursuing her goals, not caring if she needed to break a few rules in the process. And she certainly hadn't let anyone make her do something she didn't want to. He saw now that despite the things that had happened since, these traits hadn't changed. Besides, she had said that the whole threesome had been her idea in the first place. And if Lucius's carefully schooled expression of indifference was any indication, he knew exactly what Hermione was on about. It seemed Lucius had finally met a woman he could not manipulate.

The fantasies that had pursued him for the last weeks raced unbidden through his mind while Severus now considered this rather unexpected development.

"The idea certainly has merit," he finally admitted.

Lucius had slipped one arm around Hermione's shoulders as it slowly dawned on Snape that, for a change, his wishes might actually be about to come true. He looked at Hermione, then he let his gaze roam over Lucius's body. He leaned over and slowly trailed a finger across the blond wizard's cheekbone, over his jaw, and his mouth. Lucius sharply drew in his breath, shivering slightly. Before he had married Narcissa, he hadn't been picky about the gender of the people he played with as long as he found them attractive, but he hadn't expected that kind of interest from Severus. It was quite welcome though. Never one to pass up an opportunity, he looked intently into dark eyes, and then bent a little forward and touched his lips to the other man's. For a second, Snape drew back in surprise. Then he brought his mouth back to Lucius's, responding to the touch. As their kiss slowly deepened, both revelled in the new sensation.

Hermione watched the two men, feeling a little envious that Severus obviously found it so easy to kiss Lucius after making such a fuss about kissing her. The jealousy quickly disappeared at the erotic picture before her; she felt a warm tingling sensation that started between her legs and quickly spread through her body. Lucius's hand that had been draped round her shoulder had moved upward and begun to caress the side of her neck. The two wizards were still caught in their kiss. Severus's hands had untied the ribbon that held Lucius's white blond hair back so that it flowed freely over his neck and shoulders. He now slowly began to open the front of Lucius's robes and the shirt he wore underneath. His mouth travelled down to tentatively kiss the blond's collarbone and his throat, causing him to moan, the extent of his pleasure quite visible through his opened robes. For Severus, this was a sign to work his way further down the other man's body, quickly undoing the rest of his clothes. Lucius leant back, enjoying Snape's attention while his hand sneaked from Hermione's neck into the front of her robes, seeking out her breasts.

Hermione had to lean close to Lucius so that his hand could go where she wanted it, which forced her to sit in a rather uncomfortable angle on the old sofa. She found the whole arrangement with the armchair awkward and fished for her wand. Then she used a non-verbal spell to quickly Transfigure the armchair and the sofa into a comfortable large bed. The two men were so caught up in their mutual pleasure that they didn't notice what she was doing. The Transfiguration caused all three of them to land in a rather undignified heap upon each other. As they disentangled their various limbs, robes, and other garments the two wizards glared at Hermione, who smiled sweetly at them.

"Oops, sorry. I thought this might be more comfortable," she said innocently as she leaned over and placed a kiss first on Lucius's and then on Severus's mouth.

"While you were at it, you might have got rid of all those ridiculous garments as well," Snape growled at her.

Lucius smirked at him. "Someone seems to be quite eager here."

"Indeed," Snape answered, looking pointedly at the exposed lower part of the other man's body.

Hermione had used the confusion to get rid of her robes, boots, and socks, which left her only in her underwear. She leaned over and ran her hand down the front of Severus's shirt and his trousers, stilling her movement right on the spot where a tell-tale bulge showed the exact state of his eagerness. The dark wizard swallowed hard at the sight of the nearly naked woman and her touch. She let her hand slowly travel upward again and started to undo his shirt buttons one by one, causing Severus to fidget

impatiently.

Lucius watched the two for a while through half-closed silver eyes while he busied himself with kissing the back of Hermione's neck. Then he whispered audibly into her ear as he reached over and twirled a strand of Severus's black hair around his finger. "Do have mercy on him, dearest."

Hermione smiled and leaned back into him, the proof of his arousal pressing into her lower back. "And you, of course, have all the time in the world."

"You know me; I am a patient man," Lucius murmured as one of his hands sneaked around Hermione's hips and settled between her legs while he sucked her earlobe into his mouth, causing her to moan with pleasure.

"I can't cast a spell like that," she managed to say while she pressed back more firmly into the blond wizard.

"Mmmh, too bad. That'll have to wait then."

Snape had solved part of the problem by getting rid of his shirt, leaving him only in black trousers. He retrieved his own wand and quickly divested Hermione and himself. At Lucius's menacing look, he said quietly, "I believe you just implied something about the pleasure of waiting?"

After he had rid Lucius of the rest of his clothes as well, he took Hermione into his arms and pulled her down with him. He reached for Lucius to kiss him again. The blond wizard quickly captured the other's lower lip between his teeth and bit down lightly before he responded to the kiss. Hermione enjoyed the sight and the hands that were caressing her. While Severus was playing with her breasts, alternatively running his fingers lightly over them and rubbing one of her nipples between his forefinger and his thumb, Lucius's hand had found its way back between her legs, doing most interesting things there. Their combined ministrations made her moan with intense enjoyment.

When the two men stopped kissing, Snape started to kiss Hermione. It was a strange sensation to taste the other wizard in his kiss as well. Lucius took one of her nipples into his mouth, his hand still between her legs. As he continued to stroke her, she started to buck against his hand, causing him to increase his efforts until wave after wave of heated pleasure washed over her.

When Hermione became aware of her surroundings again, her body was still tingling with sensation. She turned to Lucius and kissed him while she let her hands wander over his torso and further down, making him moan appreciatively into her kiss. She then did the same thing to Severus, playing with his chest hair and running a thumb over his nipples, causing him to pull her closer against him. She threw one leg over him and straddled him. Snape's hands started to move up her legs as Hermione bent low over him, kissing her way down the side of his neck and biting him lightly while she ran her hands over his chest and his stomach. His body was hot to the touch, and he started to shift beneath her. Hermione wriggled a little, and he almost growled as his hands stilled at her hips. She lifted a bit and slid down on him, taking him in. She enjoyed the sensation as he slowly filled her. Severus moaned as he felt her hot and wet around him, his fantasies coming true. His black eyes never left hers as he slowly raised a hand and ran it along her cheek before it came back to rest at her hips.

Lucius had straddled Severus's legs behind Hermione and was kissing his way up her back while one of his hands had sneaked around to play with her breasts. The other had come to rest between her buttocks, slowly caressing her as a finger, lubricated with the help of a non-verbal spell, found its way inside her. She stiffened at the intrusion. Lucius immediately stilled his movement.

"Shhhh," he whispered into her ear. "Relax, I am not going to hurt you."

Hermione nodded. "I know."

Severus pulled her forward into another kiss and started to thrust slowly upwards. Lucius's hand that had been paying attention to her breasts moved down between her legs. Together the two wizards sufficiently distracted Hermione as was evident by her little moans of pleasure. When Lucius tentatively probed again, she didn't resist. When he replaced his fingers with another part of his body, she eagerly pushed back against him, wanting him inside her too. It was extremely exciting to be filled by both men, and Hermione enjoyed the sensation immensely.

It took the three of them some attempts to find a rhythm of moving together. When they did it proved a thrilling and satisfying experience for all of them.

Afterwards, Hermione collapsed on Severus's chest, while Lucius lay behind her. She turned around, so that she could see both men, and smiled at them. "Mmmh, I could get used to that."

Lucius ran a hand lightly over her body. "I am sure we can come up with many more ways to entertain ourselves."

And so they did.

A considerable time later, they all lay spent and sated on the bed, Hermione and Severus on either side of Lucius, who had slipped an arm around Hermione. She snuggled up to him and briefly raised her head to glance at Severus. Reaching across Lucius's body, she caught one of his hands in hers. "Don't run away again."

"In case you haven't noticed, this is my house."

Lucius didn't say anything as he looked at them, and a possessive little smile flickered across his face.

~ fin ~