

# Possibilities

*by Pearle*

Wars make strange bedfellows, but there are many ways to enjoy yourself if you're open to the possibilities. A response to Potter Place's Winter 2007 Prompt Challenge- Prompt 33: Typical someone-walks-in-on-someone-else-bathing situation but with atypical results. SS/HG/RL. One-shot.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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The hot spray was soothing to his weary spirit; the dirt and muck from today's mission swirling harmlessly down the drain. His eyes closed wearily, a deep sigh escaping as he relaxed into the water's healing properties.

While the Ministry had touted the war over, Voldemort having been vanquished by Harry, no longer the Boy Who Lived but now "The Champion of the Light," just a few short weeks ago, it had fallen to the Order of the Phoenix to help track down the remaining Death Eaters, fleeing in the face of the Dark Lord's defeat.

It had been a long day. He and a small team had scoured through the rubble of Malfoy Manor, hoping to find a trace of its previous occupants. Spells tracing the remains of Dark magic showed traces of rituals performed on the grounds. He'd been most fortunate to have Severus return and join his team, his knowledge of the Dark Arts and escaped Death Eaters invaluable as they looked for clues.

He was surprised the Wizengamot had acted with such speed in trying the Potions master, his trial coming just two days after the final battle at Deathly Hallows. A chuckle escaped as he thought of the look on the Chief Warlock's face when Dumbledore, in all his splendor, strolled into the proceedings and offered the esteemed panel a sherbet lemon. It had been short work to clear Severus' name, declare him a hero, and secure his freedom. Not to mention the Order of Merlin Dumbledore had coerced them into awarding Severus as compensation for wrongly imprisoning him in Azkaban and branding him a traitor.

Severus' indignant comments that the medal should have been awarded on his merit alone, and not due to "that meddling old fool's" interference, fell on deaf ears, most believing he should be grateful to be free and not still rotting in a prison cell. Severus had glared at the court, thanked them for pulling their heads out of their arses long enough to effect some modicum of justice and stalked out the door. A laughing Dumbledore thanked the group - stating it was good to have Severus back and in full form

again and followed the dark man out.

The snick of the door handle, followed by a wave of cool air, brought him back to the present while alerting him to another's presence. "About time you showed up. It's a good thing the hot water heater is magical, or we'd have run out of hot water by now. Drop your robes in the corner and get in here." He pulled the curtain back to find a shocked Hermione Granger looking at him. "Hermione, I'm sorry, I thought you were someone else." Remus smiled at the stunned witch, hoping to put her at ease.

Hermione's mouth closed with an audible snap. Her eyes tracing Remus' lean form as the hot water sluiced off his back. "No, I, uh, I didn't realize anyone was in here. I mean...I heard the pipes clang a bit, but that usually means the first floor loo is occupied, not up here." Hermione rolled her eyes at her own nervousness. "I *mean*, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to disturb you. I'll go."

"You don't have to go. There's plenty of hot water, and after the grime we plowed through today, I'm sure you could use a good shower, too. Here, jump in and I'll do your back. I'm just about finished anyway."

"You'll do my back?" she asked in surprise.

"I'm sorry, I seem to have upset you. That wasn't my intention. I keep forgetting you don't see me as just a friend. Well, never mind. I'll leave and you can have the shower." She probably equated him with the rest of her teachers, an authority figure rather than just a friend. He moved to step out of the stall, reaching for his towel as he spoke. "Let the spray hit your back. It's quite soothing."

Hermione's blush spread as she eyed the man standing before her. Her discomfort obvious as she looked away.

"Are you all right?"

His gentle tone surprised her. "You're nude," she said quietly.

Remus laughed. "Yes, I usually shower nude. It's easier to get clean that way. Does my nudity bother you?"

"Well, I just..."

"Hermione, nudity is natural. It's how we're born. There is nothing dirty or immoral about it. It's society that has imposed its values on you." Remus laughed again. "God, I can't believe I said that. I sounded just like my mother."

"Your mother?"

"Yes, you know I'm a half-blood?"

Hermione shook her head. She wasn't aware of that fact.

"My mother was a Muggle. She was, well, I suppose you would've called her a hippy. She met my father sometime during her travels to 'find' herself and found him instead." His mother had been a warm and open person, often lecturing on the evils of following societies norms. Her love and support of him, after being bit by Greyback, had been the reason his family hadn't ostracized him. He supposed he'd adopted more than a few of her beliefs as his own. "She was very open and free about a lot of things. She was of the belief that nudity was natural, that there was nothing sexual about it. Well, I won't keep you. I'm sure you want your privacy." Throughout their exchange, Remus had been standing nude, his towel still held loosely in his hand.

Perhaps it had been the brief insight into his past or the casual tone he'd effected, whatever the cause, Hermione suddenly felt comfortable with the man. "No, I'm fine. What I mean to say is, it's okay. Actually, I could use some help. I think I pulled my shoulder while we were searching today. I'm supposed to apply a moist compress before massaging the balm into my shoulder and down my back. I thought the warm water might help."

Remus noticed the red jar Hermione was holding. He vaguely recalled her talking to Poppy through the Floo network when they'd returned to Grimmauld Place but hadn't paid too much attention to the witch at the time. "You should've told me you'd hurt yourself. I would have sent you to Hogwarts," he admonished. "Call me when you finish, and I'll apply the balm for you."

"Remus, I'm not a child. My shoulder is just sore. It's hardly cause to have had you end the mission by calling attention to myself." He saw her as a child; well, she would fix that. Casually she reached up and released the catch on her robes, the garment falling gently to pool at her feet. The remainder of her clothing soon followed. "It might be more effective if you apply it in here when my skin is still warm from the water. At least it will be less messy that way."

"Hermione..."

Waving her wand to enlarge the stall, Hermione stepped under the running water. "Are you going to help me or not?"

Remus smiled. The witch had guts; he'd have to hand it to her. He would've bet Galleons that she'd have run screaming from the room long before this. He should have learned not to underestimate her.

Hermione squealed as she felt the spray from a second nozzle suddenly hitting her in the face as well as the spray from a third nozzle that had magically appeared overhead.

"Sorry about that. I figured it would get a bit cold if we relied on just one nozzle."

"Thanks for the warning," she mumbled, moving closer to the spray behind her.

Remus pulled the curtain closed around them as he stepped into the shower. "Turn around and lean against the wall."

"Why?"

"So, I can massage your shoulder. At this angle you won't be able to feel the water."

A quiet moan escaped the witch as Remus rubbed her shoulders.

"I told you it would feel good," he said chuckling.

"Yes, as I'm sure there are a few other places you could massage to spread feelings of goodwill." The sound of the Potions master's deep baritone surprised the pair.

Hermione shrieked as Remus pulled away from her. He pulled the curtain back to reveal Severus Snape leaning casually against the bathroom wall clad in nothing but a black silk dressing gown, his arms crossed in front of him, one long finger tapping resolutely against the fabric of his gown.

"Severus!"

"Professor Snape?"

"Starting without me, Remus? Or had you given up hope I'd show up?"

"I didn't hear you come in."

"Yes, that much was obvious."

Hermione blushed as she felt Severus' eyes rove across her body. It had occurred to her that Remus' comment when she'd first walked in had sounded like he'd been expecting someone. She'd meant to ask who he thought she was when their conversation had veered off into another direction.

"I was just helping Hermione ease her sore shoulder."

"I see. Perhaps I should leave you two alone," he drawled, but remained firmly rooted to the spot despite his comment.

"You were waiting for Professor Snape when I came in?"

"Hermione..."

"No, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to intrude. Really, you don't owe me any explanations." Hermione didn't know what was going on, but she was pretty sure she wasn't part of the original equation.

"By all means, let the man explain. I would like to hear his rationale for being in the shower with an ex-student and a member of his team to boot."

"Severus." Remus' patience at Severus' veiled comments was reaching its limit. "Hermione is my friend. I was helping her out. And need I remind you that you're a member of my team, too?"

"I don't want to cause a fight." Hermione looked between the two men. It surprised her to see that Snape was still watching her, his black eyes glittering in the light. "I'll go."

"Is this a private party, or can anyone join?"

"Pardon me?"

"Perhaps we can...promote team spirit, though if you invite the bloody Champion of the Light, I'm leaving." He loosened the sash on his robe, the front tented out by his obvious arousal.

Remus sighed. "Severus, don't put Hermione on the spot. I have no intentions of..."

But his comment was lost as Hermione moved to stand in the center of the stall; her eyes riveted to Severus' erect cock. He watched as the dark man joined them in the shower stall, the space magically adjusting itself around them.

"Have I put you on the spot, Miss Granger?" He reached out to draw the witch to him, gently running his thumb across her cheek before cupping the side of her face.

Hermione's eyes drifted closed as she felt his lips claim her. A jolt of lust surged through her body to pool in her belly as he pulled her tightly against his body, his erection trapped between them.

Remus watched as his lover kissed the young witch. Until now it had been nothing more than two friends showering together, not wishing to start something with Hermione that they might regret later, but it seemed the game had changed.

He *had* been waiting for Severus to show up when Hermione had accidentally walked in on him earlier.

It had been just after Severus' release, he'd been in his cups, sitting in the library bemoaning the fate of all those he knew, when Severus had stumbled in. From the looks of the wizard, he must have had quite a few too many that night himself. Angry words and Remus' lament over losing Sirius years before and then Tonks last year when she chose to marry Weasley after he'd pushed her away for her own good, not that that mattered now, had led to a physical confrontation between the two men. It was a small leap from grabbing each other in anger to holding onto one another in passion. Neither one was sure who'd kissed whom first, but it had started a blaze between them. Remus smiled, and now it seemed they were going to add Hermione to the mix.

Hermione had wrapped one leg around Severus', pulling him to her while the dark man took the opportunity to trace the outline of her body, his hands finally stopping to knead the globes of her magnificent arse. He'd insinuated his leg between hers, causing the witch to groan as she ground herself against him.

Remus moved closer, his hands slipping between the two to play with Hermione's breasts. "I was waiting for you. What took you so long, anyway?" Hermione leaned back onto Remus' chest as he played with her nipples. He was pleased to feel Severus' hand stray to his cock as he pushed up against Hermione's bum.

"Barney, old coot, he called me in to discuss something about an upcoming mission, then proceeded to discuss the weather and changing seasons. By the time he'd finished talking, I'd forgotten why I was there in the first place." He left a trail of soft kisses along Hermione's jaw, nipping softly at her neck before soothing it with his tongue. "I find this 'meeting' much more pleasurable."

Hermione moaned, her senses moving into overload as the two awakened her body to new delights. She could feel Severus stroking Remus behind her, his engorged cock pressed firmly into the crevice of her arse. The pleasure they gave her was overwhelming, but she was desperate for release.

"God, please," she moaned.

"Please what, Hermione?" Severus slipped his free hand between them, gently sliding through her curls until he found her clit. His breath was hot as he whispered in her ear, "Is this what you want?"

Remus slipped one, then two, fingers into her throbbing sex from behind, twisting his finger to find her G-spot. It had only taken a few flicks of Severus' fingers to her hardened nub to send Hermione crashing over the edge. Severus looked to Remus, a silent understanding passing between the two.

Sliding his hands under her arse, Severus lifted Hermione up before pulling her roughly onto his hardened shaft. He felt Remus move closer, supporting some of the witch's upper body as she continued to lean back against him, one arm possessive holding onto the werewolf's neck, the other hand cutting half-moons in the Potions master's shoulder as she held on for dear life.

Remus moved one hand to her breast, teasing and pulling at her nipple, as Severus started to fuck the witch in earnest. His other hand dropped to his own cock, the sight and sounds of their joining causing his own balls to tighten with need.

Hermione moaned, her breath catching as she felt Severus pounding into her. Remus' hand at her breast, his hard cock hitting her as she moved, brought her climax to a peak. Her body stiffened, her walls clamping down on Severus' cock as she came. He thrust several more times, his cock sliding rapidly in and out of her heat before finding his own release. He continued to move, his thrusts becoming more sporadic as he rode out the aftershocks of their coupling.

Severus could feel Remus' hand moving frantically along his cock, the action shifting Hermione as he moved. Sliding one hand forward while using a silent spell to levitate the witch lest he drop her, he reached out to help his 'other' lover come. Severus' touch proved too much for the werewolf. His eyes slid shut, a soft groan escaping as he came. It took a minute for the three to untangle themselves before leaning tiredly against the wall behind them.

Severus smiled at Remus before turning to Hermione. "How is your shoulder? Still bothering you?"

"Mm, my shoulder's fine."

Severus watched as Remus pulled Hermione to him, the kiss they shared gentler in nature than his had been. Moving closer behind her, he smiled when he felt the witch shudder as he alternated between softly stroking her side and raking his fingers along her sensitized skin before moving back to knead her arse again. "While I am happy the water has stayed hot, I have no desire to drown in here. Shall we adjourn to someplace a bit...drier?"

"I believe that can be arranged. There are several positions I can think of that will result in the three of us coming together. I suppose we can work out the timing of your request later. Shall we go back to my quarters? I believe it will afford us the most privacy. We can Floo there from your room, Remus."

Wars make strange bedfellows, but there are many ways to enjoy yourself if you're open to the possibilities.

**Prompt 33.** - Typical someone-walks-in-on-someone-else-bathing situation. But instead of the typical reactions (they are mortally embarrassed or they start to shag like bunnies immediately), Remus, in the true spirit of the '68 sexual revolution, tells Hermione that he is sexually liberated, being naked is only natural and that he doesn't mind her seeing him naked at all. So Hermione takes her robe off as well to call his bluff. What happens then? Does she succeed and fluster him? Do they shag like bunnies anyway? Do they have an in-depth discussion about the pros and cons about the sexual revolution with a take on the impact on the Wizarding World? Your call, though romance would be nice.

**A/N:** I don't think this is what the person had in mind when they suggested the prompt originally, but I find it hard to write anything that does not include SS/HG, even if it's a threesome with more than a hint of slash.

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