

Erised Desire

by dacian goddess

The sequel to 'Revere and Desire', in which the war is taken care of, our two favourite Slytherins get to be devious and we find out how good Hermione is at getting what she wants.

Simmering Seduction

Chapter 1 of 3

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"My, my; Miss Granger. I wasn't aware they were letting war heroes step out without an entourage again."

Hermione leisurely folded and lowered the copy of the *Daily Prophet* she had been reading, taking the time to peruse the man before her over the top of the newspaper's pages. Lucius Malfoy looked surprisingly well for someone who'd only been freed from Azkaban a fortnight ago, nearly six months after she and her friends had defeated Lord Voldemort. A slow, lazy smile flashed across her features at his allusion, though she made sure to smother it before the last of the *Prophet* touched the table before her, rendering her face visible to her interlocutor.

"Why, Mister Malfoy," she responded somewhat coyly, "I had no idea you missed the Weasleys quite this much. I rather got the impression you had seen more than enough of them during their testimonies. How disappointing to think I may have been mistaken."

Something Hermione couldn't identify flashed in Lucius' eyes as his lips tightened momentarily; whether in an attempt not to smile or not to lambast her, she couldn't be sure. In truth, she was probably quite as weary of the Weasleys' seeming ubiquity as he was; particularly since said Weasleys had demonstrated a rather persistent predilection for confusing her with someone whose life they thought they could dictate to their *exacting* mores. Hermione had let herself be pressured into following Molly Weasley's horrid antics that summer before her sixth year at Hogwarts; but that time and that Hermione were both long gone.

"I gather from your mien that any comment I made with regards to the Weasleys would be very much redundant in present company. Well, now; isn't that a refreshing surprise..."

Startled from her reverie by Lucius' lazily drawled comment, Hermione cast another speculative glance the blond's way. She had noticed the very first time she'd laid eyes on Lucius and witnessed his exchange with Arthur Weasley at Flourish and Blotts that the prejudice and rancour the Weasleys felt for the Malfoys ran at least as deep as those Lucius felt for the Weasleys. Nowadays, though, she knew Lucius had even more reasons than she did to be fed up with the Weasleys.

In the heat of the final battle, as the Order had been struggling to make their way through the last Death Eaters fighting at Voldemort's side, Ronald had cast the Killing Curse on Narcissa Malfoy. That had sent Lucius into a chilling fit of rage, and had forced a grief-stricken Draco to flee the country mere minutes after their victory, lest he retaliated and risked the protection the Order had grudgingly secured for him.

To add insult to the double injury, the Weasleys had flocked en masse to Lucius' Wizengamot hearing, all of them prepared to offer whatever statements necessary to have him back in Azkaban, whether their testimonies pertained at all to his case or not. When it had become apparent that other Order members would make statements on Lucius' behalf in front of the Wizengamot, the Weasleys had begun very publicly and loudly denying any knowledge that Lucius had in fact fought on their side during the

final battle. They had been desperate to have Lucius behind bars for as long as possible, it seemed. Hermione had also spoken on Lucius' behalf during his hearing before the Wizengamot, but her absence from the courtroom during the Weasleys' statements had clearly expressed her disapproval of their tasteless, biased conduct.

Now Lucius was regarding her steadily, though there was the barest trace of a glint in his eyes that she realised was too intriguing not to want to see more of.

"Indeed," she finally said. "Care to take a seat and join me for a cuppa, Mister Malfoy?" Her enquiry was met with a raised eyebrow. And for good reason; it seemed her voice had decided to drop half an octave somewhere during the formulation of her question. That would have to stop, she decided; just because she could feel a certain *spark* where the elder Malfoy was concerned didn't give her body leave to act on its impulses of its own accord.

Though his eyes never left hers, and that elegantly arched eyebrow made the most minimal of descents, Lucius sat opposite her at the table far more gracefully than she had grown accustomed to, given the company she usually kept. At least, Hermione thought, she had escaped the seemingly ubiquitous escort for the day; the Weasleys were attending Ron and Harry's first professional Quidditch practice, sparing her from having to look over her shoulder in fear of seeing pursed lips and disapproving glares at whatever non-Gryffindor company she may have chosen to keep.

"Interesting," Lucius said with a cursory glance at the newspaper still folded in half on the table between them. "All these war heroes to write about, and the front page of the *Prophet* is so conspicuously mundane. And here I recalled you being Ms Skeeter's darling. Do tell, Miss Granger, whatever happened to those juicy reporting skills of hers?"

Lucius' eyes met Hermione's in a small gleam of amusement, though his voice had held no small trace of bitterness upon pronouncing the word 'heroes'. Lucius had, after all, assisted Snape quite a bit in assisting the three of them during the final battle; yet his recognition had consisted of six months in Azkaban, much like Snape's recognition had come under the form of the poorest travesty of justice proceedings in wizarding history. Unsurprisingly, Lucius had registered her shock at his astuteness; well, that had been a rather poorly suppressed gasp on her part.

"But acknowledging the war heroes would be tantamount to praising the opposition to the Ministry, and the *Daily Prophet* can't possibly have that," Hermione retorted.

"Indeed? And here I was thinking that the Death Eaters were the main opposition to the Ministry there was," Lucius answered, raising the tip of an eyebrow. "Have I been lied to? Was I a rebel without a cause?"

"Ah, but that kind of opposition is the kind few will ever follow. The Order of the Phoenix, on the other hand, is just reputable enough to be anointed best possible alternative to Scrimgeour by public opinion; and Harry is just the kind of boy hero wizards and especially witches would love to see shaking hands and looking important in finely tailored robes." Hermione did her best not to sound too sarcastic, but she knew it was a long shot. "So Ministry policy is to ignore us, and in a little while they might start denigrating our actions ... We'll be those dangerous vigilantes who threatened the wizarding world almost as much as Voldemort had. And within a few years, the Minister might try to take measures against us."

"Might...?"

"If we let him. Which won't be the case; at least, not where I'm concerned ... Others do not share my opinion."

She was, of course, referring to the Weasleys. They were not all like Percy thank Merlin! but they all had a healthy amount of respect for Authority, and the Law, and had been known not to see right from wrong when Wrong came in a Ministry approved, tradition-conforming package. Arthur and Molly had not approved of her not entering the Auror programme, and of course one of the multiple reasons she and Ron would never be together was the house-elf question.

House-elves were ill-treated by the wizarding world, she thought, and the wizarding world ought to change.

House-elves had always been treated that way, and Muggle-borns were not to take the transformation of century-old customs upon themselves, was his position.

And a wizard who wasn't bright enough to recognise her for the formidable witch she was did not deserve her, was her position. So that had been that.

"I see you are a ... strong-willed witch." Lucius' gaze was probing ... and was that a touch of appreciation in his eyes?

"It did take strong will to win the war," was her terse answer.

An awkward silence followed.

"But the war is over now, and I have other projects..."

"Do tell." Lucius was staring at her again with that same undecipherable expression.

"Well, the Ministry will need some shaking up, of course; but that will come in due time. Right now, I'm thinking of studying again, but on an independent basis." She smiled. "I have been thinking of looking into ancient forms of magic, learning the spell process without understanding the basic forces that come into play seems a bit superficial to me."

"And many forces can come into play, I am sure..." Lucius smirked.

Hermione blinked, unsure about his meaning. He couldn't possibly...

A shadow loomed over their table and they both looked up.

"There you are, Lucius," drawled a voice Hermione knew very well. "I would have been alarmed to find you weren't fashionably early ... or early enough to inspect the surroundings, at the very least."

"Much like yourself, my dear friend," Lucius replied. His smirk didn't quite conceal his fond expression.

"Miss Granger," Severus Snape greeted the witch with a small nod, "my apologies for interrupting such a ... cosy conversation. I'm afraid I shall have to steal Lucius away; pressing matters await."

"Good afternoon, Professor," Hermione murmured. Her former Professor's presence didn't intimidate her; no, not at all. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Lucius stand up; casually straightening her blouse, she righted herself as well.

"I have an extensive collection of books on ancient magic at the Manor. If you thought they could be of any interest to you, do send me an owl, Miss Granger." Lucius had adopted another of those undecipherable masks, and Hermione felt herself blush.

Severus looked at each of them, eyebrow half-raised.

"My thanks for the delightful company," Lucius said with a small bow, catching Hermione's hand in his and brushing his lips against it. A slow caress of his thumb against her fingers, and he gently let go before turning on his heel and walking towards the exit.

"Miss Granger." The barest of nods later, Snape too had turned on his heel, following Lucius out of the establishment.

Hermione stood there for an instant, contemplative. It probably wasn't wise, but she would take up his proposition. His library was not the least of his assets, and to be offered the freedom to go through it was an opportunity she couldn't wouldn't resist.

Whether something else came out of it remained to be seen.

Mesmerising Memories

Chapter 2 of 3

The sequel to 'Revere and Desire', in which the war is taken care of, our two favourite Slytherins get to be devious and we find out how good Hermione is at getting what she wants.

...Severus and I have assured you repeatedly that we'll always please you...

...meant for Slytherins...

...love...

...wonderful...

...ours...

...flawless...

"Oh, god; Lucius, please ... Severus ... stop teasing; please ... God ... I need you ... fuck me ... please..."

Hermione woke up drenched in sweat, panting and gasping for breath. She hadn't felt this aroused in so, so very long. Her skin was impossibly sensitised; she felt as though each breath she exhaled was pure fire; the blood coursing through her veins seemed to be scorching, inflamed by her dream and by her heightened senses.

The same sequences replayed vividly every time she closed her eyes ... Not a dream, she realised with a start, as more scenes she was sure she hadn't seen in her sleep surfaced in rapid succession.

...tied to the headboard of a bed by the softest, most exquisite silk scarves in existence...

...lacy knickers in an intertwined-serpent motif...

...insensate ... beg ... her fantasy...

...Lucius at her feet, doing wicked, wicked things with his hands and tongue...

...Severus worshipping her torso with his mouth and talented fingers...

...the Mirror of Erised darkening ... a younger version of her biting her lip for control before Harry and Ron barrelled into the room...

That was what she had seen in the Mirror of Erised, three weeks before Lord Voldemort's final, complete defeat at her, Ron's and Harry's hands ... That seemed like nearly a lifetime ago. Hermione remembered quite vividly how determined she'd been to build a future out of that vision, to make it more than her deepest, most hidden, previously unacknowledged desire. There was something to be said about the best-laid plans, however.

Hermione's ill-advised attempt at a relationship with Ron had lost any hope of surviving a week before the Trio's venture in front of the Mirror of Erised. The rapport and conversations between her and Ron had been as flat as the chemistry and sexual compatibility between them. Emboldened by her vision, Hermione had not given in to Ron's ulterior advances.

Granted, Ron's seduction tactics had also been a large factor in her decision. He had attempted to sway her back into his arms with tales of being Aurors together, fame and fortune thanks to his success at Quidditch, and 'a few children that she would surely enjoy bringing up, as one or two of them would maybe even share her definition of *light reading*'. To this day, Hermione couldn't prevent her lip from curling at Ron's presumption and at the idea of renouncing her talents and ambition for a life of rearing children and of professional mediocrity.

Then, three weeks later, the Order had enjoyed a resounding victory over Lord Voldemort and his Death Eaters, where Lucius Malfoy and Severus Snape had been key factors in turning the tide the Order's way. They taken advantage of their Death Eater garb and presumed loyalty to the Dark Lord, as well as of their proficiency with non-verbal spell-casting, and they had neutralised as many Death Eaters as the necessity of their stealth had allowed. Flanked by the two of them, Hermione had defended Harry and Ron's flanks as they had confronted Voldemort for the last time.

What had felt like mere moments after the Dark Lord's defeat, however, Malfoy and Snape had both been apprehended by Aurors. Lucius had been taken away in a rage fit to be tied over Narcissa's death, and Severus had begun trembling in sheer fury, caused by the invectives Harry and Ron had been spewing at him despite Hermione's most acid admonishments and attempts to reach for her wand and *Silencio* them. To their credit, though, both Slytherins had been smart enough not to put up a fight. Immediately after their capture at the Aurors' hands, they had been sent off to Azkaban along with all other Death Eaters, to await hearings with the Wizengamot.

The beeping of her alarm clock shook Hermione out of her reminiscent trance. She'd dwelled on the past quite enough, she decided as she padded her way into the bathroom to proceed with her morning ablutions. She hoped a nice, long, hot shower would prove enough to put the deluge of memories out of her mind, and allow her to regain her usually sharp focus. Today was to be quite a busy day indeed, and she knew she would need her wits about her.

What she'd shared with Lucius during the course of their conversation the previous afternoon had been very much correct. Hermione was researching forms of ancient magic, trying to trace the origins of channelling magic through a wand, the origins of the divergence between the forms of magic being used by the different magical creatures, and eventually, hopefully, the origins of magic itself.

Given the quite strenuous relationship she had with the Weasleys these days, Hermione had foregone an extensive research into ancient Egyptian magic. She didn't think that to be a loss, however, as Egyptian magic had been researched heavily enough by both Muggles and wizardfolk, to the point where talented curse breakers like Bill Weasley were uncovering many of the pyramids' deepest secrets.

Hermione was looking for more, far more; she was looking for a challenge. The whole object of her research was to tread where few had been before, and none had

succeeded. Her aim was to revolutionise the wizarding world, or at least wizards' way of thinking. She wanted to prove that, essentially, there was no truth to the superiority of purebloods over Muggle-borns, of wizards over witches, of wizardfolk over house-elves or centaurs. Power and talent came in all shapes and sizes, despite individual choices and traditions regarding the use of these traits. She knew she had set her sights very high; but to Hermione a life without high ambitions wasn't much of a life at all.

A leisurely breakfast later, Hermione had penned a short missive to Lucius Malfoy, outlining her appreciation for his company and conversation the day before, and expressing her desire to follow up on his generous invitation to peruse the Manor's, and his, ancient book collection. If it wasn't too much trouble, she went on to enquire, could they possibly arrange a meeting that would allow her to assess the suitability of the research material? ... At his earliest convenience, of course.

Hermione sent off the letter before she had any time to second-guess herself, then went to her study to gather her research notes. She gave them another thorough perusal, and made some copies of them to take with her, in case Lucius' interest extended to reading about the aims, scope and finds of her research. The owl bearing Lucius' reply arrived a lot sooner than she had expected it to.

My dear Miss Granger,

It is a pleasure to hear from you so soon. I would be only too glad to put my library at your disposal for as long as you please; I shall unfortunately be unable to guide you myself, as I have a previous appointment with a Potions Master I believe you know well. I trust you, however, that you can find your way around my books on your own?

See you soon,

Lucius

Hermione folded the letter back on itself and smiled. He was direct; very direct; too direct. It meant there was something very devious indeed on his private agenda ... but she found she didn't care. She'd find out what it was soon enough, and she was more than likely to enjoy the ride.

She closed her eyes, thought of Lucius' firm body and mysterious smile, and Apparated straight to the Manor's front door. Apparating within a building, especially a private building, was considered the height of bad manners. Never mind the countless wards Lucius was sure to have set in place to protect his Manor from intruders of all form.

A house-elf greeted her, and she followed him to the library. Shelves and shelves of silent tomes greeted her, and she stood in awe, taking in the sheer spectacle of centuries of magical knowledge piled up for her to peruse. 'As long as you please', Lucius had written; well, that would translate into very long indeed.

She walked towards the first shelf, oblivious to the house-elf whispering, "The Master is in his study, Miss; the Master asked to be informed when Miss is to be arriving," before disappearing with a near-silent 'pop'.

The first book was always like the first whiff of spring air after a long, stuffy winter. She opened it, taking in the soft crinkling of the opened page, the musty, heady smell of old tomes, and began to read. Engrossed in her reading, Hermione jumped, startled, when the same house-elf that had escorted her inside appeared right at her side and squeaked out, "Master says Master has selected special books for Miss. Master says books is to be found on Master's desk by the window; Master says all books is for what Miss says she looks for ... Master apologizes again, but Master needs discuss business with sir Snape and Master Draco. Sir Snape and Master is join Miss when Master Draco leave."

Hermione nodded, thanking the house-elf kindly before making her way to the desk where Lucius had apparently placed those books most likely to assist with her research.

Seated in a decadent leather chair in the Malfoy library, Hermione pored over the books Lucius had placed at her disposal. The information in them was fascinating, and the sheer number of volumes he had stacked on the desk before her would give her enough material for long months of study and exploration. The elation she felt at having so much lost information and history at her fingertips was so strong, she was sure she would be as unable to hide it as she was unwilling.

True to her nature, Hermione soon started drawing up a research schedule for herself, indexed and colour-coded by day, magical subject, time period and geographical origin of the magic she would study. For her purposes, she had decided to focus on a single magical subject and time period at a time and attempt to compare and cross-reference the similarities and differences according to the several geographical origins she would be focusing on.

As she was laying the finishing touches on her schedule, Hermione allowed her mind to drift to the possibilities this research could open and on ways she could further it; on the old spells she could rediscover or alter to bring them to new usefulness ... A fond smile graced Hermione's face as she recalled falling into the habit of drawing schedules like these for Harry and Ron, hoping to teach them the value of being organised instead of procrastinating and panicking.

Unbidden, the memory of that night's dream resurfaced, replaying before her eyes. Since reliving it the night before, her experience before the Mirror of Erised had been under the surface of her thoughts throughout the day, giving her frissons of excitement ever so often. The detailed images she'd seen, coupled with her rich imagination, allowed her to vividly feel every touch and every emotion in the vision ... And these sensations were every bit as powerful every time her memory flared before her eyes, as it was now doing over and over.

A sharp inhalation made Hermione focus her eyes, and she realised she was staring into the black eyes of Severus Snape, who was gazing at her intently. There was a look in his eyes that accelerated her heartbeat and made her knees tremble, and no amount of lying to herself would make her believe her reaction to stem from fear. Slowly, his eyes still firmly fixed on her face, Snape moved to her, taking hold of her upper arm with his left hand and lifting her from her seat. A barely perceptible flick of his wand banished the chair to the opposite side of the room.

"What an *intriguing* memory, Miss Granger," he ground out in an eerily composed voice. "Oddly, I seem to have no recollection of such an event transpiring, and yet Lucius and I were undeniably the protagonists..."

"The unerring accuracy prevents me from dismissing this as a mere fantasy ... So, care to explain?"

"Better yet," he continued over Hermione's stammered "Mirror of Erised", "perhaps I should have a closer look."

In a dizzying flash, the events leading up to her idea of using the Mirror of Erised surfaced from her memory in rapid succession. She saw Harry and Ron's puzzled faces as she detailed her plan; recalled their determination as she instructed them to focus, to shape Voldemort's demise as their greatest desire. She saw herself gathering her composure as a grim-faced Harry, then a solemn Ron exited the room housing the Mirror; she recalled her anxiety as she opened her eyes, taking her first, tentative peek in the Mirror; she felt her dawning realisation that she shouldn't have to settle if such lovers were within her grasp, followed by her determination to turn that vision into her future ... Then she saw once more the impossibly black eyes of Severus Snape.

Hermione took a few small, nervous steps back, fighting to control her breathing and the faint way her limbs were trembling.

"Did you mean that, Miss Granger ... Hermione ...? Was Is this still the future you want?" Snape's voice seemed tightly reined, as though there were too many things clamouring to get out that he needed to control. In fact, his voice was so strained that there was a minute, but discernible tremor in it. Not trusting her own voice, Hermione merely nodded.

Moments later, Snape's hands cupped her jaws, his thumbs stroking her cheeks softly before he bent and pressed a soft kiss to her lips, making eye contact with her.

This time, the dizzying jumble of images spinning into the forefront of her mind wasn't hers. She saw disjointed snippets of Snape, Lucius and her fighting side by side against the Dark Lord; she felt her heart lurch, the way she realised his must have, when she saw her vitriolic reprimand of Harry and Ron as they were hurling invective after invective at a disarmed and bound Severus Snape; she saw Snape's reaction at her statements before the Wizengamot on his and Lucius' behalf...

Hermione groaned and allowed her eyes to flutter shut as she gave in to her need and pressed her lips more firmly to Severus'. His answering groan reverberated through

her as the movement of his lips over hers became more insistent; with another gentle caress, Severus' hands let go of her face, and made their way down her shoulders to the small of her back, pulling her body closer to his own. Long, skilful fingers started tracing patterns along her spine and across the small of her back, making it that much easier for her to lose herself in their kiss.

Just as Hermione was about to bring her hands up and tangle them in Severus' hair, the door to the library slammed shut, making them jump apart slightly. Faces flushed and slightly breathless, they both turned to face the intrusion.

Climactic Conclusion

Chapter 3 of 3

The sequel to 'Revere and Desire', in which the war is taken care of, our two favourite Slytherins get to be devious and we find out how good Hermione is at getting what she wants.

"Severus," Lucius hissed in a sibilant warning; one that, Hermione noticed, produced a faint tremor in Severus' hands before he clenched them into fists at his side. Well, she thought to herself, that certainly was an intriguing reaction ... Wicked imaginings over what else she could achieve with a sibilant susurration of Severus' name would have to wait; right now, Hermione thought it prudent to focus her full attention on the two Slytherins in front of her.

Lucius' eyes seemed to glow with incandescent rage. Hermione suppressed a shiver at the sight of him transformed from a cultured, suave, seductive man into a slighted wizard who perceptibly radiated power. Severus' countenance was a mask of calm and collectedness but for his sharp, attentive eyes, which were watching Lucius fixedly, intently.

"It seems, Lucius," Severus began steadily, "that Hermione had a most intriguing experience a month or so before the Dark Lord's demise.

"You remember that time, don't you, Lucius?" Severus continued as he slowly began pacing in a circle around Hermione. "You and Draco were staying at Spinner's End with me and Wormtail." Severus' lip curled in a most unpleasant sneer as the former Marauder's name passed his lips. "The Dark Lord had ordered us into hiding and had ordered you and me to 'prepare' for the battle he'd felt sure was coming...

"A most intriguing time for us to have Miss Granger tied to a bed, deliciously naked, and giving herself completely to *ouutter* lack of mercy; particularly when neither of us happened to leave Spinner's End since the Dark Lord released you from Azkaban and until the final battle ... Wouldn't you say?"

Severus' low, calm voice was as hypnotic as the circles he was pacing around her as he continued his tale.

"Mmm ... but it would seem, Lucius, that Hermione had a most brilliant idea..."

Hermione's body temperature soared at the subtle shift in Severus' voice; one that Lucius seemed to have noticed also, for his expression too changed into something indecipherable, the fury having already left his eyes at Severus' description of her form, tied and laid bare at his and Severus' disposal.

"You see, Hermione remembered one of Albus Dumbledore's favourite artefacts ... The Mirror of Erised, which Albus had employed to great effect to protect Flamel's Philosopher's Stone. She and her two halfwit friends, it seems, each took an hour in front of the Mirror of Erised, each focusing on the Dark Lord's defeat as their greatest desire.

"Want it, and you shall see it happen; that was the plan, was it not, my dear?" Severus asked as he approached Hermione from behind, rubbing her shoulders slowly before sweeping her mass of curls to one side and placing a lingering kiss on the nape of her neck.

Lucius' eyes had widened in understanding by then, and he too had taken the two-three steps necessary to bring him face to face with Hermione.

"You really should have a look, Lucius," Severus suggested lowly before applying his mouth to her neck in a very interesting and thoroughly mind-addling manner.

Lucius' hand gently caught Hermione's chin, lifting her head slightly so her eyes could make contact with his. He wasn't as powerful a Legilimens as Severus, it seemed, for he fixed her eyes with his, pointed his wand at her, and whispered the *Legilimens* Spell. Snippets of her vision before the Mirror of Erised instantly started replaying before her eyes: Lucius' and Severus' obvious adoration of her; the teasing every bit as merciless as Severus had said they'd been; her begging. And then, before she could stop them, more images came to the fore, fuelled by her memories and her increasing arousal: snippets of fantasies, conjured by her mind after her vision in the Mirror, offering dozens of alternatives to completing the scenario the boys had interrupted...

His breathing increasingly ragged, Lucius broke eye contact, terminating the *Legilimens* Spell. His pupils dilated in astonishment and passion, he took half a step back and scrutinised Hermione's face intently as he licked his lips. Emboldened by Lucius' glazed eyes, and still very much under the effects of revisiting her fantasies as well as *mhmm, god* the *fabulous* things Severus' mouth was doing at the nape of her neck, Hermione seductively slid her palms up Lucius' chest to his shoulders, raised herself on her tiptoes, and licked his lips as well, much the way he had moments before. She barely had the time to pull back minutely and make eye contact with him before Lucius caught her lips with his in a kiss so fierce there was no mistaking his desire.

Hermione's blood was pounding in her ears, and a strident moan was building up in her throat as Severus' hands began teasingly massaging her sides before dipping lower, kneading and caressing her buttocks. Her battle against her impulses was lost, however, when Severus' hands swept up and down her sides again, then grabbed her hips and pulled her against his tall, warm body as he ground his erection into her bum.

As the moan escaped her mouth, followed by a loud, muffled exclamation of "Oh, god," Lucius gave her lips a last nibble, and he too traced his hands up her sides before cupping her breasts and kneading them gently. A teasing lick of her earlobe later, Lucius' hands were hastily unbuttoning her robes; Severus' hands were lifting the hem of her robes and caressing her increasingly-exposed thighs as the erection pressing into her bum became harder and all the more insistent.

"I think," Hermione finally managed between panted breaths, "we should move this somewhere more intimate mmm, god yes, Severus mhmm, I mean, more comfortable."

"Oh dear," Severus remarked, his voice thick with passion but infused with a definite teasing undertone, "it seems we may indeed need to move things to a bed, Lucius ... If Miss Granger is still in a capacity to think, we must not be doing things properly."

"Quite," Lucius agreed, his voice all the more suave for the arousal it was tinged with. "Do not worry, my dear; Severus and I certainly have the means and the desire to rectify such an unseemly matter."

"Come," he continued, groaning when Hermione leaned forward and playfully nipped at his right nipple through the material of his shirt. Lucius disengaged himself from her gently before leading the way to a small door squeezed between two bookcases on the wall to the left of the main doors leading into the library.

Hermione attempted to follow Lucius and barely managed to see him open the small door between the bookcases before a sharp tug on the sleeve of her robes had them sliding off her shoulders and pooling on the floor, startling a giggle from her. Not deterred in the least, Severus tugged on her hand, turning her in his embrace. He captured her lips in a kiss even as he slowly pushed her backwards in the direction Lucius had taken.

The second pair of hands on her hips surprised her for a moment before she realised Lucius had advanced on her again (suitably enticed by her lacy, dark green knickers, she hoped). As Lucius started caressing Hermione's hips and thighs from behind, Hermione broke her kiss with Severus, leaning back on Lucius with a moan before tipping her head forward again to nip and nibble on Severus' jaw line. The friction between her nearly naked back and Lucius' chest, even through his shirt, felt fantastic, though it made her yearn for the touch of his skin on hers.

Lost to their passion and moving at a snail's pace, the three finally managed to get themselves out of the library and through the bedroom door. An absent flick of Lucius' wand shut and warded the door securely before he and Severus got started on the serious business of catering to Hermione's desires ... Her dominant desire, now that they had moved somewhere more comfortable, seemed to consist of getting Lucius and Severus out of their clothes as quickly as possible.

She tugged at Lucius' shirt, too impatient to even undo the buttons. Severus looked up, startled, and met the other wizard's gaze: intent, insistent, and intense.

Hermione did not seek to interrupt whatever was passing between them ... Consent? Desire? She merely leaned forward on Lucius' now naked chest, tongue grazing the little rosebud of aroused flesh.

Behind her, Severus unhooked the fastening of her bra, and soon she felt skin against her skin, caressing, pressing. The double contact, Lucius on the front and Severus at her back, nearly drove her insane with desire. This was it; this was her deepest fantasy; this was lust made magic.

She blinked, enraptured, and before she could realise what had happened, she found herself lying on the large bed, spread-eagled between two equally eager wizards.

Tongues danced a wild pattern on her chest, fingers slipping beneath the cups of her bra, sliding the flimsy fabric off and caressing her breasts, before eager, clever hands teasingly slid her knickers off her hips. She twisted and squirmed, willing them both to move on to where she really wanted them, and yet unsure of what she was to do. In the Mirror, the choice had not been hers; but this was no reflection of her soul, this was reality. It felt so, so much better than the vision; and yet she had the tugging certainty that she should be doing something ... taking charge of her pleasure like she had taken charge of her destiny.

She gripped Severus' arm and righted herself, still gasping from the sensual assault.

"I want..."

"What do you want, my dear?" a silky voice whispered into her ear.

"I want to ... see you..."

Her voice seemed to have deserted her, but she could still feel across to the expanse of pale, unblemished skin that was Severus' chest. She grasped his sides and pushed him back on the bed, seating herself astride of him, hands reaching down to his wrists.

Lucius too sat up and looked at them both. His face was a mixture of desire and anger, each emotion threatening to overcome him.

"Will you join us, Lucius?"

"You seem to be doing well enough without me."

"Then it is not at all what it seems," Severus growled. Hermione released his hand and took Lucius' instead, bringing the other wizard to them.

"Could you ... kiss?" Her voice was raspy and low. She wanted this, wanted it like she had never realised she could want anything.

Lucius glanced at her and then slowly, slowly descended his face to Severus'. The two wizards exchanged another long look as Hermione watched their faces come together. The angle was awkward, but their lips met and pressed together, and she could see both set of jaws part ever so slightly, leaving just enough room for them to deepen the kiss.

She felt a surge of wetness between her thighs and realised she had been rocking against Severus. *For how long?* she wondered in passing; as if it mattered. She needed release, and she needed it soon.

She caressed Lucius' naked back, smooth muscles well-defined, and grazed the taut skin with her nails. That got his attention, and he rose from the kiss to meet her gaze.

Eyes locked with his, Hermione lifted herself from her human mount and felt blindly for Severus' very aroused cock. It was hard, so very hard, and the tiniest droplet of moisture oozed out of the tip. She eased herself gingerly on him as he angled his hips, legs slightly parted, head thrown back, biting back a moan.

Lucius roared out in anger, and circled them both, settling down behind Hermione, his hands on her breasts, his erect cock poking at her bum. The sensations were overwhelming hands on her thighs, hands on her chest, and two male organs against her, in her. It was dirty, and transgressive, and altogether wonderful.

A passing image of Molly Weasley discovering what they were up to crossed her mind, and she couldn't help but chuckle. The older witch would be revolted, no doubt, and somehow it made their activities sound and feel even more enjoyable.

She leaned forward towards Severus, and suddenly her world ceased to revolve around anything else than the wizard beneath her, and the wizard behind her, and her hot centre pulsing in rhythm with and around them. Up, and forward, and up again ... She felt Lucius pushing towards her, giving her the impulse, and Severus shifting up as far as he could to meet her, to meet them, to rock them all to orgasm.

Breaths quickened and loud moans echoed as their trio accelerated, building up the rhythm to a point none of them could resist. Lucius came first, arms tightened possessively around the witch, cock pressing against her shapely buttocks, his eyes always on Severus's face. They did not need *Legilimens* any more; they had shared their witch, and there could be no stronger connexion between the two men. They had been brothers in arms; they were now brothers in love as well, and Hermione could feel the energy pulsate between them. She was surrounded and protected by their love and lust, by their joined bodies, and it was suddenly more than she could take, more than she could control.

She jerked back, and then forward again, Lucius still trying to direct her movements as her cunt clenched in spasms around Severus. Her vision exploded in a shower of white sparks, and she passed out amidst the fireworks, riding on her body's wild sensations; her mind had become utterly disconnected, incapable of exerting any kind of control over the waves of pure, unadulterated pleasure traversing her body. She didn't even feel Severus tensing upwards as he came, completing their magical trio.

She woke up to Lucius spooning her from behind, peppering her neck and shoulders with kisses, and to the sight of Severus' content, replete afterglow mien as he cradled her yet closer to him and pillowed her head on his shoulder.