

# A Lot to Learn

*by SinfulSnape*

Hermione sees something she wasn't meant to see, but it works out for the best in the end.

## Chapter One

*Chapter 1 of 3*

Hermione sees something she wasn't meant to see, but it works out for the best in the end.

It had happened two weeks ago. Two weeks, three days and forty-seven minutes ago. She couldn't help thinking about it, remembering what it had been like to lie in his strong arms as he made love to her with his hands and his mouth.

She hadn't seen him since then and it had angered her a bit. She knew he was busy conducting Order business, but it hurt not knowing what exactly he was doing and if he was all right. She didn't want to consider the fact that maybe she wasn't on his mind as much as he was on hers.

When it had happened, she had been a virgin. She had been nervous but too excited to think about it. Now that she had all this time to ponder it, she wondered if the fact that she had been a virgin and hadn't performed adequately enough was what was keeping him away. She knew he had been with many women in his life, and she knew those women had been well experienced.

There had been an Order meeting going on for the last four hours, and now that it was nearing midnight and he still hadn't appeared at the house, she assumed he wasn't coming. She sighed as she closed the book she had been trying to read, one of the Dark Arts books that she had found on the shelf in the library in the House of Black.

She walked to the shelf, replacing it exactly as she had found it, and turned to look at the library. She looked at the couch that she could no longer bear to sit on, as it was where everything had started that night.

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After an attack on Hogwarts during the Easter break, the school had been closed temporarily, and Hermione, Harry and the Weasleys had headed to Grimmauld Place to live in the Headquarters of the Order, the only place that Dumbledore thought Harry would be safe. At first, Hermione had been angry at Dumbledore for closing the school during their final year of classes, but had eventually come to the realization that if he hadn't, many of the younger students would have ended up being killed, as the attacks on Hogwarts would have continued.

It had been the first night in the house, and Hermione had waited until she was sure Ginny was sleeping before slipping out of bed and heading downstairs to the library. The house had been deathly quiet, so she knew there was no chance of running into anyone else. She often had bouts of insomnia and the only thing that could cure it was a good book. Being rushed out of Hogwarts like they had been, she hadn't been able to grab any of her own books.

She had crept down the hallway and the stairs, and had made her way silently into the library. Cursing her choice to not bring her wand, she felt her way around the dark room to the table where she knew the book of matches and candlesticks were. She struck the match and lit the candle, nearly screaming as she saw the long, lanky frame of Lucius Malfoy lying on the couch. As she caught her breath, she noticed that his eyes were open and focused on her body.

She started blushing, realizing she hadn't put on a robe, thinking she wasn't going to run into anyone. She was standing in front of him wearing a very thin nightgown that

ended just above the knees, and she could feel his eyes traveling up and down her body.

She was blushing as she stammered, "I... I didn't know anyone else would be in here."

"Obviously," Lucius drawled with his familiar Malfoy sneer in place.

Hermione cleared her throat, feeling very self-conscious as she noticed the arousal in Lucius' eyes. "I'll just be going then."

She nearly made it to the doorway when he spoke again. "I do believe you came in here for a purpose, Miss Granger. Don't let my presence disturb you."

Hermione's mind began arguing with her. She knew she should just run back to her room, but if she left without a book, she was sure she would continue to suffer from insomnia. She took a deep breath as she reasoned that it wasn't that difficult to just grab a book off the shelf even if Lucius' eyes were following her across the room.

She slowly turned around and hurried across the room in her bare feet to the bookshelf, grabbing the first book she reached. She pulled it from the shelf, blowing the dust from the jacket as she headed back to the doorway again.

"Interesting choice," Lucius said sarcastically. "Interpreting Tea Leaves, is it? I must remember to add that to my reading list."

Hermione groaned, knowing she could never read a book that was probably penned by a member of the Trelawney family. She returned the book to its shelf and started combing the shelves for something more intriguing.

"Do you take recommendations?" a voice whispered in her ear.

Hermione had been so intent on finding a book that she hadn't realized Lucius had stood up from the couch, coming right up behind her. His voice scared her and she jumped, pushing right into his body, as he put his hands on her waist to steady her.

She could feel his warm hands nearly burning her beneath the nightgown. She tried to pull away, but he stepped in closer, rubbing the proof of his arousal into the crack of her bum. She whimpered at the feel of it, not understanding why her body was betraying her.

With his nose, he pushed her hair away from her ear and actually licked her lobe as he said, "I think I know of the perfect book for you." His hands moved from her waist, one now pressing lightly on her stomach, the other running along the spines of the books on the shelves. "Ah, here it is. Seduction Through the Dark Arts."

As he reached for the book, he pressed her into the shelves, bringing his body even tighter against hers. She could feel his muscles through the clothing that he was wearing. She could feel his cock rubbing against her, and she could feel her own body reacting to him, pushing back harder against him, the place between her legs growing warm and wet.

She was surprised when she found herself moaning like a wanton hussy, arching her back and exposing her neck to Lucius' lips. The book he had reached for fell to the floor with a thud. She turned around and looked into his eyes, wondering how she had gotten into this position with Lucius Malfoy, former Death Eater, now turned spy.

No one had been more shocked than Hermione when Dumbledore had informed the trio that they now had two spies ensconced within Voldemort's ranks. When it was revealed that it was Lucius, Harry had barely been able to contain his rage, never trusting anyone from the Malfoy line. It had taken a lot for Harry to realize that Malfoy was actually on his side, and many heated conversations with Professor Dumbledore had passed before Harry truly understood what was happening.

Lucius had been devastated over the summer holidays when he arrived back at Malfoy Manor to find Draco standing over Narcissa's lifeless body. Draco was in deeper with the Dark Lord than even Lucius had been, Draco being groomed to become the right hand man to Voldemort himself. Draco had been ordered by Voldemort to kill his mother in order to prove his loyalty to the Dark Lord. Since then, Lucius had been spending more and more time at Headquarters and at Hogwarts with Professor Snape under orders from Voldemort to keep his eye on the professor. Draco still assumed his father was firmly ensconced in the circle of Voldemort's followers.

Lucius didn't give Hermione any additional time to think as he grabbed her bum with his large hands, pulling her up his body to rest her knicker-clad pussy against his hard cock, his mouth crashing down on hers as he pushed her into the shelves. She was surprised she didn't feel any pain from the shelves as his tongue swept inside her mouth, kissing her with a demanding passion that she had never felt with Viktor.

She groaned into his mouth as he continued to lift her, rubbing her against himself. "Please," she managed to gasp as his mouth left hers, choosing to trail a path down her neck.

She felt Lucius tremble as he raised his head to look at her, her eyes closed and her head thrown back. He brought one hand up to her chest, lightly rubbing over her nipple, causing it to peak beneath his touch. "Do you truly know what you are asking for?" he asked quietly.

She opened her eyes, feeling slightly embarrassed as she realized what she was doing. When she looked into his gray eyes and saw the naked desire he had for her, the embarrassment swept away, knowing that she needed something from the man in front of her.

When she didn't answer and instead just stared at him, he found himself a bit unnerved. He had allowed this little girl who was the same age as his son to arouse him in a way that he hadn't felt for months. He had no inclination to take a cold shower and relieve himself with his hand anytime soon, so he was desperately hoping she would follow through with the desire that was evident in her face. Even though he was still fully clothed, he could feel the heat of her cunt against his cock and knew from the way her eyes were glazed that she was dripping in her own juices.

He needed an answer before he literally came in his pants. "Do you know what you are asking for?" he said, a bit more impatiently.

Knowing she was blushing as bright red as Ron's hair, she pulled her eyes away from his and stammered, "Yes...no...yes."

Lucius could tell from her embarrassment that Hermione was a virgin. As much as he wanted to slam her into next Sunday against the bookshelves, having gleaned that small bit of information, he knew he had to slow it down a bit and take plenty of time with the woman in his arms.

He kissed her again, this time a bit more tenderly as he turned and carried her from the room, still straddled about his waist.

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Hermione shook her head at the memory of that night, trying to clear it from her head. She groaned as she realized thinking about it had made her extremely wet. She pushed her legs together, hoping to feel some sort of relief, but only succeeding in having the feeling intensify.

The past few nights when she remembered what Lucius had done to her body, she had felt herself become aroused, and she desperately needed the release that Lucius had given her. She waited until she was sure Ginny was asleep before letting her hand run down over her breasts, tweaking her nipples and slipping below the silk panties she had become accustomed to wearing. She had never touched herself before, not understanding why guys were always excited about wanking, but quickly realized when she could not have Lucius, it was an excellent substitute. She had quickly learned what her body liked best, shoving two fingers in her hole and lightly flicking her clit with her thumb. When she was at the point of coming, she removed her fingers from her pussy, still rubbing her clit, and moved her other hand to pinch her nipples. Every night she came hard with Lucius' name on her lips.

Knowing that the other members of the house were either in bed or at the Order meeting, Hermione considered her options. She was sad that she had waited in the library for his arrival, which had never come, and being aroused the way she was, it was making her feel a bit naughty.

She slowly walked over to the couch and lay down in the same position she had found him in that night. She listened for any activity in the house, and when she didn't hear

any, she unbuttoned the top of her blue jeans. Her heart was thumping so fast with the fear of being caught that she thought it could be heard throughout the house. She lowered the zipper of her jeans and her hand slid in slowly underneath the green silk knickers. Her knickers were already soaked and she knew it wouldn't take long. She lightly flicked over her clit, causing her back to arch and a groan to slide off her lips.

She swirled her finger around the little nub of pleasure, imagining it was Lucius' skilled tongue teasing her to the brink of madness. She had just started sliding her finger in her pussy when she heard the front door open, letting two arguing men enter. She jumped up, a bit ashamed and a bit disappointed that she hadn't gotten to finish, and closed her jeans. As she did, recognition of the voices she heard washed over her. One of them was his.

"I don't know why I ever told you," Lucius said as he shrugged out of his cloak.

"That doesn't change the fact that," Snape hissed.

"Severus, we should really continue this discussion later," Lucius interrupted as he noticed Hermione standing in the doorway to the library watching them. He took note of her expression; her flushed cheeks, the light and happiness in her eyes as she looked at him, and he smirked as he watched her nervously wiping a finger against her jeans. If he had been a betting man, he would have bet on the fact that Hermione had just been doing something very naughty. He raised his eyebrow at her and watched as she flushed an even deeper shade of pink.

"Mr. Malfoy, Professor Snape," she said, not realizing how husky her voice sounded.

Severus merely grunted but Lucius responded in his silky voice, "My, my, Miss Granger. Aren't we up late tonight?"

Hermione wasn't sure how to respond except by saying, "Everyone is still downstairs in the meeting. They've been down there over four hours."

"Thank you, Miss Granger," Severus uttered as he turned to Lucius. "We should go give our report."

"Right behind you, Severus," Lucius muttered as Severus headed down the hall. Lucius glanced at Hermione and winked, hoping she'd pick up on the message to meet him in his room later.

Hermione stood in the doorway, watching them walk down the hall and into the kitchen. Hermione hoped the meeting would be over shortly now that they were there to give their report, so she ran up the stairs into the room she shared with Ginny, remembering to be quiet when she opened the door.

She quickly stripped off her clothes, leaving only her dark green bra and knickers on her body. She climbed in the bed and willed for the meeting to end so she could sneak to her lover's room.

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Three hours later, Hermione snuck out of the bedroom, her cloak the only thing covering her undergarments. She had heard everyone pass by her room after the meeting had ended, and she had impatiently waited about an hour after that before even considering leaving. Now that the house was completely silent, she was confident it was okay to sneak to the third floor of the house where both Lucius and Severus had their bedrooms they used when staying overnight.

She held her breath as she crept past Mr. and Mrs. Weasley's bedroom door, just barely able to hear Mr. Weasley snoring. She made it to the steps and quickly cast a cushioning charm on her body to eliminate the sounds of walking up the stairs. She skipped the third step, knowing that the creak in it would wake up the dead.

She came to the top of the landing and walked down the hallway. On the third floor, there were three doors: one at the end of the hallway leading to the attic, the others on each side of the hallway, leading into the two bedrooms. As she approached Lucius' door on the left, she heard raised voices. She saw the door was slightly open so she stopped next to the crack to listen.

"Really, Severus, I think you are being overdramatic," Lucius stated.

"Do you have any idea what you are getting into with her? Hermione is young and impressionable. She is half your age, as old as your son."

"Don't mention Draco and someone as pure as Hermione in the same sentence," Lucius reprimanded his old friend.

"You're already feeling something for her," Severus accused.

"What is your problem, Snape? Why are you having such problems with this? Unless... no, Severus, don't tell me it's true."

Hermione heard Snape scoff and pulled away from the door as she saw him cross in front of it as if pacing. She gasped as she saw he was naked. 'What was he doing in Lucius' room naked?' she asked herself.

"You're uttering nonsense, Lucius."

Lucius laughed as he came to a realization. "I knew you always valued her intelligence, but I had no idea you valued her body as well. You're in love with her."

Hermione could barely believe her ears. Not only was Lucius interested in her, but all of a sudden, her professor was as well. She blushed as she realized a certain part of her body was reacting to that admission. In fifth and sixth year, Hermione had discovered that she was crushing on her snarky Potions professor. She had thought that this year she was over it, but obviously, if her wet channel was any indication, she had been wrong.

"I saw her first, Lucius," Snape cried like a petulant three-year-old that just had their toy stolen from them.

"Of course you did. You're her professor. However, you are lacking the one thing I possess."

"And that would be?" Snape drawled.

Hermione listened for her lover's answer, and when it didn't come, she risked peeking in the crack again. What she saw took her breath away. Lucius was also naked and standing toe to toe with Snape, looking into his eyes. Hermione was entranced as she saw Lucius' slim finger on Snape's neck, slowly moving down to rub over his nipple and then his other hand encircled Snape's hard cock. He fisted it tightly and began stroking back and forth. He bent his head to lick over Severus' nipple as he whispered, "Confidence."

"Bloody hell, Lucius," was Snape's only response.

"When you see something," Lucius said softly as he got to his knees, "that you want, you have to take it."

Hermione watched as Lucius' tongue licked at Snape's cock before completely enclosing his mouth around it. Snape's hands twined into Lucius' golden hair as he pushed his cock further down his friend's throat.

Hermione parted her cloak, reaching in her knickers to rub her clit as she watched the two men together. She had never seen anything as erotic as this. They looked marvelous. They were opposite in features like night and day. Snape the dark one and Lucius the fair-haired god. She had never assumed that their friendship was one of lovers as well. The sounds she was hearing from the room were driving her insane. She could hear the sucking action, as Lucius was allowing Snape's cock to escape his lips from time to time. She could hear Snape groaning, and it reminded her of the groaning Lucius had done that night as he was nearing his climax. Just when she thought she had seen it all, she watched as Lucius brought his hand up to rub over Snape's bum and saw a long finger disappear inside of his hole.

She watched Snape's body jerk from the intrusion, but she knew he liked it, as he kept groaning and whispering Lucius' name. The sight of the two men in front of her, and the feel of her finger on her pussy, had Hermione close to coming. She felt lightheaded and wobbly as she continued rubbing herself, her finger delving into her body in the same rhythm and tempo as Lucius' finger entering Snape.

Hermione had never realized watching two men would affect her this way. She moaned and leaned towards the crack in the door for a better look, not realizing her knees were shaking. As she leaned towards the door, one of her knees buckled and she crashed the door, throwing it open and landing on the floor on all fours.

She looked up at the men, who had stopped what they were doing at the loud crash. She was mortified as they stared down at her, and she had no choice but to look away from them.

"Well, well, well," Lucius drawled as he stood up and walked over to her, grasping her arm rather gently and pulling her to her feet. "What have we here, Severus?"

Hermione was more than embarrassed as Lucius stalked around her in a circle, looking over her body. She couldn't bear to look at either one of them and kept her gaze focused on the burgundy carpet instead. Hermione shivered as Lucius stepped directly behind her, pressing into her body.

She could feel his breath on her cheek as he lowered his mouth to her ear. Hermione bit her lip to keep from crying out as she felt his tongue nibbling on her sensitive part. "And here I thought we were the only two spies in the house, Severus. What have you to say for yourself, Miss Granger?"

Hermione tried to speak but no words would come out. She didn't realize the sight she presented to Severus as her little pink tongue came out of her mouth to wet her lips. He nearly groaned as he imagined those same lips locked around his throbbing cock. He saw Hermione quivering as he made his way across the room to stand in front of her. He reached towards her, hooking his finger under her chin causing her to look up at him. "I'm stunned. For once the little know-it-all has nothing to say."

"Please," she found herself whimpering.

Severus raised his eyebrow at Lucius who was now wrapping his long finger around a curl in her hair.

"Please what, my dear?" Lucius purred into her ear, his voice alone enough to make her want to climax. "What were you doing up here?"

Hermione nearly groaned as she felt Lucius rubbing his hard cock against her bottom. "I...I was coming to see you."

"And why were you coming to see me?" he taunted.

"I needed... needed you," she was barely able to gasp.

"Severus doesn't think we should be together, Miss Granger. He thinks I am far too old for you. Perhaps he is jealous of the affection I have shown for you."

"Lucius," Severus warned.

Lucius' hands came around the front of Hermione and rested on her neck, taking his time in undoing the clasp to her cloak. As her cloak fell from her shoulders and Lucius stepped back to allow it to hit the floor, Hermione's gaze went to Snape's cock. She watched it twitch as he looked at her nearly naked form, now only clothed in her bra and knickers. The look in his eyes was one she had never seen before. He was gobbling her up with his dark black eyes. She moaned from the unique situation of being on display for the man who was also her professor.

Lucius stepped back into her body and ran his fingers down her arms, giving her goose bumps. She shivered as he ran his hands back up her stomach and onto her breasts, each hand stopping to rest on her nipples, which were already peaks of desire. He casually rolled both nipples between his forefingers and thumbs, Hermione arching into his touch.

"Perhaps he is jealous of the effect I have on you. Perhaps he wishes he had an opportunity to suckle on your nipples like I had the privilege of doing."

Hermione's embarrassment left her as she welcomed Lucius' touch, and her body anticipated what was next. She moaned as she leaned her head back, liking it as Lucius pinched her nipples a bit tighter.

"Perhaps he is jealous because he has not had an opportunity to see your tits," Lucius suggested as his hands came up to rest on her bra straps, pulling them each down a little at a time.

As she felt the cold air hit her breasts and her bra practically melt from her body, her eyes locked onto Snape who was now idly stroking his cock, watching Lucius strip Hermione in front of him. Watching Snape stroking himself in front of her was too delicious of a sight for her to keep calm. She pressed her legs together trying to put some sort of pressure on her clit to feel relief.

"Or perhaps he is jealous because I have been the one to fuck your pussy," Lucius continued as he slid his hand down over her stomach and onto the outside of her knickers. His touch was light as a feather as it made its way down to her crotch, feeling the drenched silky material. "My, my, Hermione, you certainly are wet tonight." He continued rubbing her pussy and her clit through her knickers, not giving her the satisfaction of touching her directly. "Did you see something you liked as you were spying on us?"

"Yes," she barely managed to say.

"You were watching us and playing with yourself, weren't you? You were rubbing your clit and fingering your pussy, weren't you?"

"Yes," Hermione moaned.

"And what were you thinking about my dear?" Lucius asked, continuing his ministrations on her pussy but also licking and suckling on her neck.

"What?" Hermione's eyes fluttered open as she wondered what he was asking her.

"Tell me what you were thinking about as you were getting yourself off."

"I... I can't," she muttered, clearly embarrassed at being asked to vocalize her desires.

"Certainly you are not going to turn shy on us now, are you, Miss Granger?" Severus scoffed as he continued to stroke himself.

Hermione shook her head, trying to weasel out of the situation they had put her in. Lucius' finger stopped rubbing over her aroused pussy as he whispered in her ear, "Tell me, love. Tell me what you thought about and I'll give you what you want."

Hermione licked her lips, knowing if she wanted Lucius to continue rubbing her, she would have to vocalize her thoughts and use words she had never considered uttering before. "I wanted to be with you... watching you fuck Prof... Severus in his arse. I wanted to watch your cock moving inside his arsehole... as I... as I took his cock into my mouth. I wanted you to fuck me as Severus fucked you. I wanted your tongues and hands all over me, on my breasts... in my pussy." Hermione blushed as she finished speaking, never expecting to get so turned on by talking dirty.

Lucius chuckled in her ear as his finger finally dipped below her knickers, plunging into her slick channel. He allowed his finger to thrust into her a few times, hearing her gasp for breath as he stared into Severus' eyes. The site of the desire in his oldest lover's eyes urged Lucius to continue. "Severus and I have never been able to stay apart long. We both find something in each other that we need. You desire us, Hermione. The way your pussy is dripping proves that to me. Let us take you to bed and show you how much fun it can be with two fully grown wizards."

"Please," Hermione begged, trying to push herself down on Lucius' finger harder.

"I believe that's a 'yes,'" Lucius told Severus as he removed his finger from Hermione's pussy, holding it out in front of him, offering it to Severus.

Hermione watched as Severus stepped closer to her, drawing Lucius' finger in his mouth, getting a hint of what her pussy tasted like. She watched as Severus' eyes closed as he sucked on Lucius' finger, taking it deep into his mouth and letting it back out with a small pop. He grinned and stepped flush against Hermione, letting his hard cock tease her stomach as he leaned over her shoulder to give Lucius a smoldering kiss.

Hermione wiggled between the two of them, desperate to watch them share a kiss, each time she moved rubbing up against one of the hard cocks. She slid her hand in between her and Severus and grasped his cock into her hand, starting to stroke him. He cried out as he broke apart from Lucius, staring down at the woman in front of him.

Hermione looked into his eyes as he leaned down, capturing her lips in a brutal kiss. He swirled his tongue around in her mouth and then surprised her by sucking on her tongue. She was weak with desire. She knew that they had her trapped and she would do anything they asked of her.

Lucius, not one to be left out, slid down on his knees to the floor, grasping Hermione's knickers and pulling them off of her, letting his face rest against her perfect arse. He began suckling and kissing those perfect globes, finally grasping her cheeks and spreading them apart, allowing himself to look on her arsehole. He felt Hermione jump as his tongue came out and licked a path all down her crack, and then went back up to focus on the small hole. He wanted her arse tonight. He wanted to be buried in that tight hole so badly and he knew he had to prepare her. He slowly began fucking her with his tongue, smiling to himself as she began pressing back into him. He let her control the movements on his tongue, making sure she was comfortable with what was happening.

"Lucius," Severus nearly purred as he tore his lips from Hermione, "in bed. Now."

Lucius rose to his feet as Severus stepped away from Hermione. He could see how turned on she was just by looking at her face, her cheeks flushed, her mouth slightly open, her eyes tracking Severus' movements as he made his way over to the bed and lay down, watching them.

Lucius walked around Hermione to face her and held out his hand. "Shall we, my lady?"

Hermione bit her lip and stammered, "I'm... I'm scared."

Lucius stared into those gorgeous brown eyes of hers and put a smile on his face. "Hermione, you have nothing to be afraid of. Nothing at all. I won't hurt you and neither will Severus. As you may have discovered from your spying, we both truly do care about you. If there is anything we do that you are not comfortable with, all you have to do is say the word. Do you trust me?"

Hermione could see in his eyes that he was being truthful. As she looked over at Severus on the bed, he nodded slightly, indicating he had heard the conversation and agreed with Lucius. "Yes, I trust you," she affirmed. "Both of you."

Lucius brought his lips to her, kissing her tenderly, trying to tell her how much she meant to him without actually saying the words. "Tonight is about you, love," he said as he led her to the bed. "Go to him. Let him show you that's he not just a master of potions."

Hermione tentatively took a step towards the hand Severus was now offering her from the bed. She felt a bit strange, as she was about to crawl in bed with one of her professors. She didn't want to think about having to sit in his classes again now that she had seen him naked... now that she had seen him snogging Lucius. The hardest thing for her to get over was the fact that he had made it abundantly clear in the last six years how much he had hated her.

She slowly placed her small hand in his rather large hand and looked into his eyes. She allowed him to pull her onto the bed on her knees as he rose up on his own knees. He tilted her head up to look at him. "Remember that I am a master of Legilimency, so I can see what is going on in your head right now. I have never hated you, but it was much easier to pretend I disliked you than actually show that I cared. The fact that I am your professor only means that now should you be caught helping Longbottom with his potions, I will have to give you a detention and punish you properly. Could you handle a detention with me, Hermione?" he asked as he slid one long finger up her inner thighs.

"Gods, yes," she murmured, arching into his touch even as she felt the bed shift from Lucius settling behind her.

Severus placed his finger on the outside of her pussy as she twisted, trying to get him to move it where she needed it the most. He lowered his mouth to her breast, his tongue swirling around the nipple as he swiped his finger from her arse to her clit and then finally allowing it to slip in her. She felt hotter and tighter than anyone he had felt in his life. It was a struggle for him to keep moving his finger instead of flipping her onto her back and ramming into her.

"Tell him what you want, love," Lucius said as he ran his fingers lightly over her back. "He loves when you talk dirty."

This time, without even thinking about it, the words rolled off of Hermione's tongue. "I want you to eat my pussy. I want your fingers in my cunt as your tongue licks my clit. I want you to fuck me... Severus."

Severus groaned at the dirty words and naughty thoughts pouring off of his best student's tongue. His cock felt like it was going to split in two as he grasped her hips, firmly lowering her to the bed so that her face was next to Lucius' cock as he dove into her pussy like a starving man digging into a bowl of soup.

He reveled in the scent of her arousal, licking her clit as he started fucking her with his finger. Watching her squirm from his actions, he slowly added a second finger.

Hermione brought her hands to Severus' hair, holding his head in place, never wanting him to leave the place between her thighs. 'Boy do you know how to lick a pussy,' she thought to herself as he lightly bit down on the nub in front of him.

Lucius laughed and Hermione realized she hadn't just thought the statement, she had actually said it aloud. Where before she would have been embarrassed, she now smiled devilishly at Lucius as she realized his cock was only inches from her face. She watched the laughter leave his face as she trapped his cock in her mouth, licking and sucking. Now she had the upper hand. She urged Lucius to come closer to her with a demanding push on his buttocks. She was surprised as he reached down to grip her head, thrusting into her mouth as if he was thrusting somewhere else.

She could barely think as Lucius assaulted her mouth and Severus assaulted her pussy. She could feel her release coming as she moaned loudly around Lucius' cock. She had to pull her head away for fear of biting down as she screamed, "Severus," as her body went limp around her.

Severus kept his face buried in her pussy, drinking her warm release, making sure he got every last drop. With one last swipe across her clit causing her to shudder violently, he pulled up and hissed to Lucius, "Taste her on me. Taste her on my tongue, on my lips."

Hermione managed to pry open her eyes and watch from below as the two men engaged in a passionate kiss. She watched as each of their tongues tried to fight for control. As they broke apart she could see from the look in their eyes how much the two men loved each other. She only wished one day to see that same look in their eyes when they were looking at her. She tried not to rationalize that thought as she realized what she truly wanted. She wanted to be with them forever. Not just one of them but the both of them.

She was pulled from her thoughts as Severus began rubbing the head of his cock against the entrance to her pussy. "Please," she moaned wantonly as she grasped the head, trying to pull it into her depths.

Severus however, was not about to let her have the control she desired. He figured a little more teasing was in order. He quickly grasped her hips and lay down on the bed, Hermione straddled on his stomach. He thought she looked gorgeous sitting astride him with her rosy red cheeks and the pout on her mouth from not getting her own way. He felt Lucius straddle his thighs behind Hermione, trying to keep his weight off of Severus.

"This night is far from over, Hermione. We both want to fuck you senseless," Lucius continued as his hands came around to cup her breasts. "I want you to ride Severus. I want to see you bouncing up and down on his cock. I want to see your face when you climax just like you did the first night. I want to thrust my own cock so far in your pussy you will feel like you've been split in half." Hermione groaned in frustration as Lucius slipped his finger between her legs, dipping it in her pussy and making a trail back to her arsehole. "But right now I want to bury my cock somewhere else."

Hermione froze as she felt Lucius start to ease his finger in her tight hole. "No..." she whimpered, afraid of the pain it would cause.

"He won't hurt you," Severus told her as she felt Lucius' finger slide completely in, her muscles instantly tightening around him, angry for the intrusion. "Neither of us would ever hurt you. We want you to know what it is like to be completely filled. Once you get over the initial discomfort, you will be begging him to fuck you harder. Do you trust us, Hermione?"

"Yes," she said hesitantly as she trembled from Lucius pulling his finger back out and pushing it completely in again. She began to admit what she was feeling with Lucius' finger in her arse was pleasurable. She looked over her shoulder at him. "Will it fit?"

Lucius chuckled a bit before leaning down to kiss her. "I sometimes forget that we have much to teach you. It will fit, don't worry about that. I will go slowly, and the instant you feel it is too painful I will stop. I won't hurt you, love."

Hermione instantly brightened at the reference that Lucius made to the both of them having a lot to teach her. To her, that meant that this wasn't just a one-time thing and they were planning on continuing their affair. She knew that neither one of the men would hurt her and trusted them implicitly. "... I want you both inside of me," she said, once again reverting to the shy bookworm she normally was.

She slowly lifted herself up, staring at Severus the entire time. She couldn't believe how patient he was being with the whole situation, knowing that he wasn't someone who possessed a lot of patience. Lucius had encouraged her to be in charge for a while the night she had been with him too, so at least this wasn't foreign to her.

She hovered her body to be right above Severus' cock and gave him a small smile as she rubbed her pussy back and forth on the head. She heard Severus curse under his breath at her teasing and knew if she didn't get on with it, he was liable to grab her and force her down on his cock. She slowly lowered her body, loving the way he stretched her. Just from the feeling, she knew he was a bit wider than Lucius. She watched his eyes as she slid him in completely, tightening her muscles as she did. Severus raised his eyebrow at the feeling of her muscles working, almost as if asking where she had learned it.

She moaned as his finger reached her nub, rubbing it gently as she began moving on his cock, loving the feeling of being in control of the tempo.

Severus knew she didn't realize how much of a pretty picture she made, riding him as a broom begged to be ridden, her pert tits bouncing on her chest, biting her lip to keep from crying out. He knew he surprised her when he met one of her thrusts, pushing up as she was coming down.

"Bloody hell," she moaned as she bent down to his chest, licking one of his nipples, hearing the sharp intake of breath. She did it again and was surprised when he hissed her name. She continued moving on his cock as she pressed her lips against his neck, gently sucking, making her way up to his ear. She imitated what Lucius had done to her earlier, licking and nibbling his earlobe. She smiled as she felt a quiver run through his entire body. She decided to be a little daring, knowing that Severus liked his lovers talking dirty to him. "I love feeling your cock in my cunt, Professor. You drive me wild... you have for the last few years. Standing in the front of the classroom, exerting your authority, the whole time making me wonder what you were hiding under those robes. Had I known it would have been a cock like yours, I may have stayed after class and crawled onto your big desk. I would have spread my legs, showing you my wet knickers, rubbing my pussy and my clit inches away from your face. Would you have fucked me then, Professor? I would have begged you to fuck me right there, on your desk, and I would have begged you to fuck me hard and fast. After you came, I would get on my knees and lick our juices off your cock, making you hard again."

"Hermione," he tried to admonish her as her words nearly drove him over the edge. He was doing his best to hold back his impending orgasm, but if she continued to talk like that, he knew the floodgates would break and he'd be out of luck.

He was relieved as he saw Lucius lean over to the bedside table and grab his wand. Lucius pointed his wand at the cabinet on the other side of the room and said quietly, "Accio lotion."

Lucius smiled to himself as the lotion bottle hit his hand. He laid his wand back down on the table and unscrewed the top of the bottle of lotion, pouring a generous amount on both his hand and Hermione's arse. He saw her shiver from the cold feeling and had to just watch her for a moment as she bounced herself up and down on Severus' cock.

They were beautiful together, his oldest friend and lover and the young lady that he had successfully seduced. When he had gotten involved with Hermione, he had never thought it possible that she would eventually join in his and Severus' sex games. Now his fantasy was actually coming true.

He slowly rubbed the lotion from his hand onto his cock, not wanting to rub too much for fear of climaxing. His other hand was busy preparing Hermione's arsehole, getting her ready by inserting two of his lotion covered fingers. He felt her tense and then relax again as she got used to it. He looked at Severus and nodded to the man. Severus held Hermione close to his body and continued kissing her, leaving Hermione's arse in an excellent position for Lucius.

Lucius pushed himself up and began rubbing the head of his cock on the hole. He saw her stop rocking on Severus as he began to push into her.

"Relax, Hermione," he heard Severus whisper. "It will only hurt for a minute."

Lucius got her comfortable with the head of his cock going in and out before he continued pushing in. He groaned from the tight feeling around his cock, luxuriating in the fact that he was her first in many ways. He heard her softly cry out as he pushed in all the way.

Hermione tried to relax as Severus was telling her to do, but she couldn't get over the feeling of being invaded. She felt Severus' finger slip back down between their bodies, finding her clit and rubbing over it. Hermione felt her desire kick back in and slowly began to rotate on his cock again, and was surprised when Lucius started pulling out of her arse.

She leaned back into him, trying to keep him there, now having adjusted to the size of his cock spreading her arse. "Fuck me," she whispered. Not seconds after her saying that, Lucius speared back into her, causing her to cry out.

She allowed her body the pleasure of feeling both hard cocks buried inside of her, and knew it wasn't going to take long, as Lucius and Severus developed a pattern of thrusting into her together.

She could feel that she was losing control of the situation, as she felt a drop of sweat drop on her back from Lucius. She could tell the men were nearing their release, as they both sped up, changing the tempo a bit, having Lucius slam into her and the next moment having Severus thrust upward.

"I'm going to come," she said in a gasp of breath as she felt her muscles clench as her orgasm washed over her. "Severus! Lucius!" she cried.

Severus came undone as her muscles clenched around him, milking him tight. He groaned as he felt his seed spurting inside her wet channel just as Lucius was crying out with his own climax in Hermione's arse.

They lay there for a few moments, each of them thinking about how much they had enjoyed each other. Lucius was the first to move, pulling out of Hermione and moving to lie on the other side of the bed, next to Severus.

Hermione pulled her head up from Severus' chest and looked at Lucius. "I'm glad you came here tonight. I was wondering when I would see you again."

Lucius reached over and pushed a lock of hair behind Hermione's hair. "Worried about me, were you?"

She grinned and said, "Worried about you? You wish. I was just worried about when I would be having a shag again. I never expected this though," she mused as she rolled off Severus, pushing her way in between her two wizards who immediately rolled to their sides to face Hermione.

Severus began drawing circles on her stomach with his finger as Lucius' tongue shot out of his mouth, flicking over the nipple in front of him. "I guess we should be happy that there is a third spy in residence," Severus drawled.

"I think we need to teach her a bit more about spying," Lucius said with a rare genuine smile as he looked at the two lovers that had finally helped him overcome the sadness in life. "I believe we have a lot to teach her."

## Chapter 2

### *Chapter 2 of 3*

Hermione has a 'chat' with Severus.

She woke up the next morning, feeling the bed empty around her. Running her hands over the smooth cotton sheets, she blushed, as she remembered the previous night. After a few rounds of hot sex, she had fallen asleep directly between the two wizards. Stretching her hands out on both sides of her, Hermione already missed having them next to her, keeping her warm.

Her gaze flicked over to the side of the room and the dusty window through which the streetlights cast a dim glow, indicating it was still before dawn. Even though she knew it had been only a short time since she had fallen asleep, Hermione felt as if she had slept for hours. A grin spread across her face, as she thought about how much she had learned from the two men. She had never thought of herself as a very sexual person, but now, after sharing the night with both men, she knew better. In her wildest dreams, she had never imagined wanting two men in her bed, much less a former enemy and a professor.

It was going to take some time for her to think of Professor Snape as 'Severus'. She had certainly never thought of him as Severus before, but after what they had experienced last night, she assumed if they continued whatever it was that they were doing, she would have to learn to call him by his first name. "Severus," she said to herself, trying it out on her tongue. "Severus Snape... Severus... Sevvie."

"If you want to continue breathing, I would suggest never using that nickname," a voice suggested from across the room.

Hermione bolted up in bed, careful to keep the sheet pressed to her bare breasts. She had assumed she was alone, but as she looked over towards the chair near the door, she could make out the man seated there, lacing up his boots. He had lit a candle to see by, obviously not wanting to light a lamp in case it woke her.

She blushed as she gazed into her professor's black eyes. She noticed he was only partially dressed. He had his trousers on, and his boots, of course, but he had only thrown on his shirt, and had not yet buttoned it. She tried not to focus on his scar-riddled chest and pebble-sized nipples, but it was no use. She was embarrassed, but she was also trying to gain her composure, and the last thing she needed was to get turned on again by looking at his body.

Clearing her throat, she said, "I didn't know anyone was here."

"That much was obvious," Severus said, with his eyebrow raised in his trademark gesture.

"Where's Lucius?" she asked.

Severus stood up and began buttoning his shirt, noticing the hungry gaze in Hermione's eyes. His hands trembled as they worked, remembering the feel of the young woman underneath him and just a few scant hours ago. "Order business," he said shortly.

Hermione nodded, not noticing that Severus was having a hard time controlling himself. "He didn't even say goodbye," she mused aloud, the hurt shining through her voice.

Severus' hands stilled on his buttons as his feet moved towards the bed. He gently took a seat at Hermione's side and tried to ignore her nakedness under the thin sheet a few inches away. "Miss Granger... Hermione, there is something that you... that I should tell you. Do not be offended when Lucius leaves without saying goodbye. He has not said that particular word to anyone since his... since Narcissa's death. It was the last thing he said to her before he came home and found..." his voice trailed off.

Hermione grimaced. "I didn't realize."

Severus couldn't stop his hand from going to Hermione's cheek, cupping it in his hand. His thumb rubbed over her mouth before pulling back and stalling on her cheek. "I'm sure he wanted to say goodbye."

Lowering her eyes, trying to stop her body from betraying her to Severus' touch, Hermione asked, "Do you know when he'll be back?"

His hand dropped to his lap before he responded. "His mission should take him one, possibly two days at the most before he returns. That's to say, as long as we aren't summoned by the Dark Lord."

Hermione thought about this for a moment, trying not to worry if Lucius did get summoned. She knew he could handle himself. "And you? Are you leaving too?"

Severus could hear the hint of worry in her voice, and tried to shove it out of his head. "Yes, I have somewhere else to be as well."

"Will you be gone as long?"

"Is that a note of concern I hear in your voice, Miss Granger?" Severus asked sardonically.

"Do you expect me to just pretend the two of you aren't in danger when you leave here? That there's no chance that Vol... Voldemort won't discover that you are a spy hoping to bring him down?" she said angrily.

Severus considered her answer for a moment before replying simply, "I should be returning this evening, barring any unforeseen complications."

Hermione nodded, ashamed he had been able to see right through her. She didn't know what kind of relationship she had with the man in front of her, and in the seven years she had known him, it was the first time she had ever dared to raise her voice to him. Truth be told, she had expected some crude remark in response, not a simple answer.

"Professor?" she questioned, hoping she wasn't pressing her luck.

Severus raised his eyebrow. "Professor, is it? I believe just a few moments ago you were testing out my first name on your tongue."

Choosing to ignore his sarcasm, she said, "About last night? What I overheard between you and Lucius"

"Ah, yes. I assume you are speaking of the conversation on which you were eavesdropping. Our... disagreement concerning you."

Suddenly feeling brave, Hermione dropped the sheet. "Yes, that's the one."

Severus tried to concentrate on her words, anything but the enticing view of the lush breasts and peaked nipples Hermione provided. His mouth opened and closed, but he couldn't think of what he was going to say.

Hermione took advantage of the man's silence, as she sat up on her knees and crawled to his side, her breasts coming to rest on his forearm. Hermione's body almost betrayed her nervousness, as she lifted a hand to her professor's hair, pushing a stray lock behind his ear. Bringing her mouth close to his ear so he could feel her breath on his skin, she whispered, "When we get back to school and I prevent Neville from exploding yet another cauldron, will you assign me a detention?"

Severus couldn't answer, as Hermione's words cut through him like a knife through hot butter. He could barely breathe, much less think as her hand dropped down to run casually across his nipple. The little know-it-all was deliberately trying to seduce him.

Hermione could see the effect she was having on him. He was trying to keep himself calm and collected, but as his nipple grew harder and harder under her ministrations, she knew she had the upper hand. Gaining more confidence as time wore on, Hermione whispered, "What if I came to class and sat in my seat in front of you, but I had shortened my skirt, and I wasn't wearing any knickers. What would you do if I spread my legs and ran my hand under the desk to my pussy? Would you watch my fingers stroke in and out of my wet channel, would you see my fingers glisten with moisture? Would you wonder what I was thinking about as I touched myself, making myself come? Would you watch as I brought my fingers up to my lips, sucking each one clean in turn? Would you dismiss the class right then and there so you could bend me over your desk and fuck me?"

Severus turned his face to hers, and she saw by the dark look on his face that she had won. "You have no idea what you are playing at, Miss Granger."

"Why don't you show me?" she purred, quickly moving so she was sitting across his lap. She could feel his hard cock through his trousers. She knew he was longing to be inside of her, as much as she was longing to have him there. Her hands moved to his shoulders, as she pressed her mouth against his. He groaned as she moved her bum, allowing her to slip her tongue inside his mouth.

Severus fought for control over the little witch in his arms. He knew he had to turn the tables on her. He did not feel like conceding control to Hermione at this moment. He pulled his lips away from her, and delighted in seeing her pout. He looked into her eyes, eyes that were half-closed in pleasure. "Whatever you may think, Miss Granger, I'm not always the tender lover you saw last night. I have a dark side in me, a side that once released, will take control of everything. You are dangerously close to taking me there. Are you certain you wish to continue with your silly games?"

Hermione shivered unconsciously, as his words and his voice flowed over her, reminding her of liquid silk. Choosing her words carefully, Hermione said playfully, "I thought last night you and Lucius said you had a lot to teach me. If I have ever been anything, I've been an eager student, wanting to learn anything and everything about a subject. Are you going to stop schooling me now?"

Severus closed his eyes momentarily as he swore, "Damn you, you little minx." Grasping her arse in his hands, he turned quickly, dropping her across the bed, as he knelt on the floor in front of her. At this level, he could see her arousal in the damp pussy hairs at the opening of her slit. The smell of her arousal was what was pushing him over the edge. Her smell was intoxicating, and he allowed himself a moment to breathe it in before reaching for her legs, pulling her down the bed so her arse was practically hanging off of it. He placed her legs over his shoulders, as his mouth dove into her hot core.

Hermione broke out in an immediate sweat, as she felt his tongue licking and suckling on her. As his tongue slid down to poke in her wet channel, she felt his nose against her, bumping into her clit. He was causing the most wonderful feelings to go through her body, and Hermione lifted her hands to her breasts and began pinching her nipples as he feasted on her.

Severus glanced up and was pleased to see the reaction he was getting from Hermione. He could feel her whole body trembling and decided to go another step further. He brought his finger up, dipping it into her deeply, coating it with her juices. Pulling it out, he quickly slid it up to her arsehole and shoved it in while biting down on her clit.

He watched happily as Hermione arched up off the bed at the surprising intrusion. He kept his finger working in and out of her arsehole as he licked her, knowing he had her right where he wanted her. His finger worked faster and faster even as he slowed his tongue down. She had moved her hands off her breasts now and was clutching his hair, holding his face into her pussy. He could tell she was about to come, as she started moaning his name. As her orgasm hit, he stilled the finger in her arse, even as he began licking and sucking her juices from her.

When she released her death-grip on his head, he sat back on his haunches watching Hermione come down. He could see the sweat on her body, and the smile on her face. She looked at him, her chocolate brown eyes expressing how much she desired him.

Opening his pants proved difficult, as his hands were shaking, but he finally managed to do so before ordering, "On your hands and knees, Miss Granger." When she didn't move immediately, he slapped her lightly on her wet pussy. "I said 'now', Miss Granger."

Hermione could hear the threatening tone in his voice and hurried to do his bidding. She got to her hands and knees, grabbing a pillow from the top of the bed that she could rest her head on.

Severus wondered if Hermione had any idea of what a delightful view she was giving him. She had her legs spread open, her pussy inviting him in, her arse up in the air so it could be admired. It was such an appealing position that he found himself not even divesting himself of his clothing before slamming into her pussy with such force that he ended up surprising her, her groan of pleasure getting muffled by the pillow in front of her.

He could barely contain himself, as Hermione started pushing back on him, and he allowed his control to slip as he pushed in and out of her, harder and faster each time. As she moaned and groaned, gasping out his name, he realized how close he was to coming. He stilled inside of her, forcing himself to make this last just a little longer. He wanted to give her another orgasm before he had his own.

Hermione looked back over her shoulder after noticing he had stopped. His eyes were closed, his head was leaned back, and he was biting his lip. Her pussy tightened involuntarily, as she looked at him, realizing how desperate he had been to have her that he hadn't even taken off a stitch of clothing. His face was shadowed in the candlelight, but she could see that he had a determined look on his face. He had never looked sexier to her than he did now.

As her pussy shuddered again, his eyes snapped open to reveal her looking at him through heavy eyes. She held his gaze as he pushed back inside of her, hard, and he couldn't help but delight in the loud gasp she gave. "Touch yourself, Hermione. Play with yourself, as I thrust myself into you," he ordered, hoping it would bring her release on sooner so he could let himself go.

He felt her fingers underneath them as she began flicking her clit, sometimes sliding back and rubbing over his cock, as he slammed it into her. He could feel her body trembling, as he held on to her hips, forcing her back into him with such pressure he wondered if he might accidentally split her in two.

He reveled in her loud cry of bliss, as her pussy contracted around him. He allowed himself one more thrust before finally letting go, emptying himself inside of her. He let his cock twitch, as she milked the last of his seed from his body. Allowing himself to remain there only a few moments, he stepped back, tucking himself back into his trousers.



Hermione had rolled over on the bed, allowing herself to watch the dark man continue dressing. Watching him dress almost seemed more intimate to her than the sex they had shared. She was pleased that he kept his eyes on her even as he finished.

She didn't know what was going to happen when she left this room, but for just this once, she allowed herself to forget about the dangerous things that were happening in the world. She wanted to stay here in this moment forever, as long as Lucius was there as well.

In her opinion, Severus and Lucius fit together so well because they were each the opposite of the other, not only in looks, but in actions and mannerisms too. She realized now that she had just seen the real Severus Snape, the Snape who liked to be in control, and be a little rough as he did things his way. Lucius was the gentler of the two, his aristocratic air carrying over to sex as well. After experiencing this, she knew she would never be able to choose between the two of them.

"I must take my leave," he informed her, pulling her from her thoughts. "I think it would be wise for you to remain here for a few more moments before sneaking downstairs. I dare say Miss Weasley will be rising soon and will wonder where you have gone."

Hermione nodded perceptively, having already devised a plan to get around Ginny's questions if she was caught. She watched as Severus pocketed his wand and turned towards the door. Not yet ready to have him leave, she launched herself from the bed and went into the arms opened for her.

"Be careful," she whispered to him, as he eased open the door with one hand.

"Always."

He kissed her passionately on the mouth, trying to translate his feelings through the kiss. Pulling back, he looked her in the eye and said, "I look forward to seeing you this evening."

## Chapter Three

*Chapter 3 of 3*

Hermione reconnects with the men.

Startling news awaited Hermione when she finally made her way down for breakfast the next morning. Mrs. Weasley told them that Dumbledore, after receiving intelligence information the previous night, felt it was safe for the students to return to Hogwarts, as Voldemort was not planning to attack anytime soon. Hermione had listened to Mrs. Weasley with one ear while contemplating where the information had come from. In her gut, she knew either Lucius or Severus had passed along this information and had probably even known about the students being sent back to school.

She was annoyed that after what they shared, neither one of them had told her the students were going back to Hogwarts. Severus especially had fooled her, letting her think she would see him later that evening. Part of her wondered whether they did it out of concern, trying to be chivalrous and not have her upset, but as much as she considered that, the more it pissed her off. She wasn't some young girl who needed to be protected. She was a woman they had made her a woman!

She went back to school with everyone else the following day, never letting on to any of her friends what had transpired during their extended holiday at Grimmauld Place, though she was confident Ginny had suspected something.

With the return to school, Hermione had briefly wondered about how she was going to handle her feelings for Severus during Potions class, but Hermione needn't have worried. Severus hadn't returned as Potions master. Instead, they were greeted with a fresh face that Professor Dumbledore had managed to secure. Hermione thought it was ironic that she had been worried about keeping her desire for the Potions Master under wraps, but with the new walrus-looking professor, Professor Slughorn, she knew desire definitely wouldn't be a concern.

What truly bothered her about being back in school was not knowing if Lucius and Severus were safe. She had briefly considered sending each of them a letter, but had backed out of that before she made it to the school Owlery. She hadn't been privy to much news, being at school, as it was very different from being in the Order headquarters. The only time she heard their names mentioned was after Harry had a meeting with the Headmaster. Her heart had leaped at knowing they were at least still alive, but she could never let on that she cared even the slightest or it would seem odd to Harry.

The war had come to Hogwarts just a few days before their graduation. Luckily, they had at least been given a few hours' notice, either from Lucius or Severus, so the underage students and those unwilling to fight were able to be removed from the castle quietly before Voldemort had appeared at the front gates, breaking the wards surrounding the castle. When the fighting started, Hermione hadn't had time to think about the two men in her life, as she hurried to help protect and defend Harry as he set about his goal of defeating Voldemort once and for all.

At one point, Hermione had managed to catch a few glimpses of the two men she sought. Having finally revealed their true allegiance to Dumbledore and the greater good, they were both engaged in fierce battles with Death Eaters, who were angered by their betrayal. Having vowed to stick close to Harry, there was no way for her to make her way to them and at least give them a reassuring smile.

After battling for nearly eight hours, Harry had finally managed to defeat Voldemort. It was disheartening to glance around at all the bodies lying on the floor, some just injured and some dead. She had blood running down her face from a cut on her forehead, and she ached from being caught unaware with the Cruciatus Curse at one point. She only had a few minutes to look around the battlefield for the two men before she was spirited off with Harry and Ron to the hospital wing, where Madam Pomfrey mended their wounds. She knew the three of them were lucky, not being injured seriously enough to warrant a trip to St. Mungo's like some of their classmates and Order members.

After a restful night in the hospital wing, the students remaining at Hogwarts had been sent home to see their families. With N.E.W.T.s already out of the way, Professor Dumbledore hadn't seen a reason why they should stay at school.

She took a few days to visit with her parents, finally telling them the entire story of why she had been in danger for the last few years. She had always held back on telling them much of anything because she hadn't wanted them to worry, or even attempt to pull her out of Hogwarts. After all the reassurances had been made, Hermione returned to Grimmauld Place, where she knew Harry was staying, having gained ownership of the house when Sirius fell through the Veil.

Part of her was glad to find Harry and Ron there, but the real reason she had returned there was because she thought, now that the war was over, Lucius and Severus might have returned there. She was disappointed to find that no one had seen them, and Harry hadn't bothered to ask Dumbledore about them after all was said and done. She knew in her heart that Lucius' and Severus' fates would never be uppermost in Harry's mind, but she couldn't help hoping that Harry would start to care about them, at least enough to find out what had happened to them after the battle had ended.

Hermione decided to stay at Grimmauld Place with her two best friends, moving into the bedroom she and Ginny had always shared when staying there. Between cleaning the house and going through all the possessions Sirius had bequeathed to Harry, Hermione found herself wandering up to the third floor on occasion. She would check each man's room just to see if there was any indication they had sneaked by her and entered the house, but everything there remained the same as it had looked the night they had shared a bed.

Almost a month after the battle, the trio received an owl from the Ministry telling them of a celebratory dinner that was being held at the newly rebuilt Hogwarts to recognize all the important people that had helped win the war.

That's why she was stuck sitting at a table in the front of the room right now, pretending to pay attention as Cornelius Fudge sang Harry's praises, praises that sounded somewhat hollow, as Fudge was the one who had tried to deny Voldemort's return in the first place. While trying not to listen to the hypocritical bastard drone on, she looked about the room to see if either Lucius or Severus were in attendance, as their spy work was one of the major reasons Voldemort had been defeated.

She had been quite disappointed and seriously miffed when she realized neither of them was there after all they had done. She only assumed that Fudge was either uneager or unwilling to recognize two former Death Eaters as heroes, even though they had both done more than Fudge to rid the world of Voldemort. It agitated her greatly that they had both risked their lives numerous times and they weren't being recognized. Harry and Ron suspected she was angry about something, but when she wouldn't tell them what it was, they assumed it was because of Fudge trying to buddy up to the trio.

When Fudge finally got around to awarding Orders of Merlin to all those deserving, Hermione had begrudgingly walked to the dais to accept her Second Class medal along with Ron, Ginny, Neville, and Luna. They, along with the rest of Dumbledore's Army, had been touted as being instrumental in helping Harry achieve victory for the wizarding world.

They had to remain on the dais while Fudge announced the remaining recipients. When he began listing the recipients of the Order of Merlin, First Class, Hermione was not surprised to hear Harry or Professor Dumbledore's name called, but she was shocked when she heard Fudge call for Lucius Malfoy and Severus Snape.

She looked quickly through the seated crowd and was surprised to see them walk towards the dais from a dark corner in the room. Hermione was angry at herself for not noticing them earlier, even though she was sure they had gone out of their way not to be noticed. She stared at them, the happiness shining on her face, the first true happiness she had felt all night long. It was distressing to her when they didn't even look at her as they approached, not even for a quick glance. She wondered whether the feelings she had for them were just something she had concocted in her own head. She had worried about them since they had parted at Grimmauld Place, and she had foolishly thought it would be the same for them. She watched as they both accepted their medals and turned to stand next to Professor Dumbledore and Harry.

When the applause died down and the presentations were over, Hermione made her way back to her seat, her eyes cast down to the floor, as she didn't want anyone to see the unshed tears in her eyes. She remained silent and emotional as the Weird Sisters began blasting their music and the revelry began. Harry and Ron had both tried to drag her out to the dance floor, but she had declined, instead choosing to stay at the table and down a glass of champagne, hoping it would wash her worries away.

She had her head resting on her arms, trying to block out the headache that was approaching from a combination of the screeching music and the champagne when the wizards approached her.

"Miss Granger, might we have a word?" she heard Severus' silky voice say quietly into her ear.

She quickly brought her head up, surprised to find Severus on one side of her and Lucius on the other. The tears that had been in her eyes from being rejected quickly changed to tears of joy.

She stood up and took Severus' proffered hand, trying not to appear too cheerful or eager. They led her to the corner of the room that they had been so well hidden in and turned to face her.

Lucius grasped her hand and raised it to his lips, kissing it gently. "Congratulations, Miss Granger. We could not have won this war without you."

When Lucius released her hand, it was then that she realized he had placed something in it. A quick glance told her she was holding a small dragon pin, and she looked up at him quizzically, the question forming in her eyes.

"Perhaps you could find it in yourself to meet with us for a few hours to share a glass of port wine and discuss how much of a key player you were for the cause," Severus said, enunciating the words 'to, hours, port and key,' trying to get the message across to her. She grinned immediately, understanding that he was trying to tell her that the pin she held was a Portkey that would activate in two hours. She had to chuckle at the fact that they had to play these word games with her, scared someone would overhear.

Hermione smiled at them, and noticing Harry coming their way, quickly slipped the pin into a pocket in her cloak and smiled at the men. "That would be excellent."

"Professor Snape, Mr. Malfoy," Harry acknowledged grudgingly as he walked up beside Hermione and grasped her elbow. "You're needed back at the table, Hermione. Mrs. Weasley is looking for you."

"We were just thanking Miss Granger for her efforts during the war," Severus smoothly lied.

"I couldn't have done it without her," Harry agreed as he gazed at Hermione with a true smile on his lips. "And I couldn't have done it without either of you," he said after a moment's pause, turning towards the two men. "I know we haven't always seen eye to eye, Professor, but I want to extend my thanks to you for all you have done, risking your life so many times. And you as well, Mr. Malfoy." Harry stuck out his hand in an offering of peace, shocking Hermione into silence.

Lucius grasped Harry's hand first, and Hermione knew it was because he wasn't the one trying to overcome seeing James Potter in Harry's face. Harry then turned to Severus and offered his hand to him as well. Hermione honestly wasn't sure how Severus would react, and it looked as if even Severus was taken aback by the gesture.

Finally, after a few moments of silence and a raised eyebrow, Severus offered his hand to Harry. "I think we shall finally let bygones be bygones, Mr. Potter."

Harry shook his hand eagerly and nodded. "I appreciate everything you've tried to teach me, Professor, even if I wasn't so keen on learning it at the time."

There was an awkward silence following Harry's admission, so Hermione quickly said, "Well, I believe we need to get back to our table, gentlemen. It was a pleasure seeing you both."

Lucius grasped her hand again and repeated the action he had done earlier. "The pleasure was all ours, Miss Granger."

The unabashed look in his eyes, filled with lust and desire, shot through Hermione's body like a wheat field on fire. She wished they had set the Portkey to leave now, instead of making her wait two hours. If she had been told where the Portkey was going to take her, she would have made every attempt to go there without it.

Hermione turned with Harry, sparing the men one last look before heading back to her friends.