

Table Etiquette

by lilbitbord

Hermione is thrown in the middle of her parents' vicious divorce. Can two very delectable wizards help her through it with some very special lessons? Hermione/Remus/Severus threesome. Written for the Hermione_smut exchange.

Disclaimer: NOT DH compliant. I own nothing. I'm not making any money off of this story. If I was, I wouldn't have a secondhand laptop to work with. :)

Chapter 1

Chapter 1 of 4

Hermione is thrown in the middle of her parents' vicious divorce. Can two very delectable wizards help her through it with some very special lessons? Hermione/Remus/Severus threesome. Written for the Hermione_smut exchange.

Disclaimer: NOT DH compliant. I own nothing. I'm not making any money off of this story. If I was, I wouldn't have a secondhand laptop to work with. :)

Hermione Granger made her way down to the kitchen of number twelve, Grimmauld Place. It was dark and quiet; everyone else was asleep as it was well after two a.m. Hermione couldn't sleep; in fact, she was wide awake. She'd had a migraine earlier in the afternoon and decided to take a nap to get rid of it instead of taking a potion. She must have been more tired than she realized and slept right through dinner. She wondered why Harry or Remus didn't wake her.

The witch made her way to the freezer and pulled out a pint of chocolate ice cream that she'd hidden in the back so no one would find it. She grabbed a spoon from a drawer and started eating the ice cream straight from the carton.

"That is not a healthy dinner, Miss Granger," a silky voice purred from the end of the table.

Hermione jumped. "Professor Snape, you startled me. I didn't even see you over there."

"Obviously," he said sneeringly.

"What are you doing sitting in the dark, sir?" she bit back at his snarkiness.

"That is not really your business. You really should eat more than that rot."

"Thanks for your concern, but I'm fine," Hermione snapped.

"Hermione, you are not fine. You slept for eight hours this afternoon. Harry and I thought we were going to have to take you to St. Mungo's," Remus said as he appeared in the doorway, looking very concerned.

"Look, I'm fine. I just had a bad day, that's all," Hermione said as she took another bite of ice cream.

"Miss Granger, you haven't left the house in two months, except to go to work. You don't even go out with your friends anymore, not that I blame you."

Hermione rolled her eyes at her ex-Potions master.

"What Severus is trying to say is you need to go out and have fun. You're only twenty-five; you should be out on a Saturday night, not falling asleep at six p.m.," Remus said softly.

"Well, that and also you need to eat a better dinner than iced cream," Severus said as he gestured to the carton still in her hands.

"What are you, my parents now?" the witch snapped.

Remus winced a little. Her parents were the reason she was living with Harry and Remus. Her parents had decided to get a divorce three years ago. It was a long and messy process, and Hermione was thrown in the middle. She refused to take sides, and they had been giving her hell ever since.

Hermione had started to slip into a depression during the last year. She stopped going out on dates and spending quality time with her friends. She stayed at home all day and night and just read. She'd begun to isolate herself from everyone else, even her co-workers and roommates. People weren't even sure that she was aware of what she was doing to herself.

But there were two wizards who had noticed the witch's downward spiral, and they were determined to pull her out of it.

Severus walked to the fridge and removed a bowl of fresh fruit. Remus came up behind Hermione and removed the ice cream from her hands.

"Mmm, chocolate, my favorite." He grabbed the spoon from her hands.

"Remus, give that back, I'm not done with it yet," Hermione whined.

"Yes, you are, until you get something else in your stomach." Severus moved towards her with the bowl of fruit.

Hermione tried to get away, but Remus wrapped a strong arm around her waist from behind to keep her in place.

Severus moved in front of her. He pressed a fresh strawberry to her lips. The witch reluctantly bit off a piece of the sweet berry, feeling like a helpless child.

Hermione stood there trying to figure out what was going on. She never thought in her wildest dreams, (or was that fantasy), she would ever be caught between two of her ex-professors, who were giving her all the attention in the world. The witch wasn't sure what was going on, but at the moment she wasn't complaining. The stress that her parents had put her through the last few years started to fade away.

"You thought nobody would notice," Remus whispered in her ear as Severus fed her a piece of pineapple.

"But we noticed," Severus said.

Hermione was in a daze. She was vaguely aware of Remus kissing and licking her neck. What were these two grown men doing to her? In her mind she was screaming that this wasn't right, that this wasn't really happening.

But it was happening.

"Let us help you. Let us help relieve your stress," said Remus, or was it Severus? All Hermione could do was moan. Professor Snape set down the bowl of fruit and undid the sash of her robe.

"When did you two become such good friends?" Hermione whispered.

Remus chuckled, and Severus smirked at the aroused witch.

"When we realized that we care very deeply about same woman."

"And that we would do anything to make her happy."

"That's one lucky girl."

"Yes, she is," Remus whispered in her ear. "But we are the lucky ones if she will let us have her."

"Hermione, let us teach you how to relax," Severus pleaded.

"You called me Hermione!" the witch gasped in surprise.

"That is your name, isn't it?"

"Yes, but you've never called me by my first name."

"Well, get used to it because I plan on using your name with excessive frequency tonight."

Hermione moaned, and Severus kissed her lips for the first time. He tasted the sweet fruit on her lips. It was a soft and sensual kiss, not what you would have expected from an ex-Death Eater.

'Is this really happening?' was Hermione's last coherent thought before her two soon-to-be lovers began their "lessons" in teaching her how to relax.

"First lesson, Miss Granger, is learning how to clear your mind of all stressful thought," Severus explained in his best teacher voice.

"And how am I supposed to do that, sir?"

"By distracting that beautiful mind of yours," Remus whispered as he removed her robe the rest of the way off her body. She was left in her knickers and a tank top.

Severus lifted Hermione off the floor and set her on the edge of the table. Remus traded places with him and stepped between her legs, taking her face in her hands and kissing her full on the lips.

His kiss was different from Severus'. Remus was more demanding and slightly more forceful, coaxing her mouth open by tracing her lips with his tongue.

Hermione moaned loudly. She'd always wanted Remus to kiss her like this.

Hermione felt a large hand squeezing her breast. A sharp pinch of the nipple made her gasp, breaking off her kiss with Remus.

"Severus, I don't think she is completely distracted yet, do you?"

"No, Lupin, I think we need to move on to lesson number two."

"What's lesson number two?" Hermione asked in wonder.

Severus smirked at her, "Muscle relaxation."

Remus chuckled at her confused expression. "Let me demonstrate."

He started at her toes, massaging each one. And then he moved to her foot, giving it a thorough working.

Little sounds of pleasure were coming from Hermione, and Severus began to massage her shoulders and neck, causing the witch to roll her head from side to side.

"You are very tense, Hermione; you have knots the size of cauldrons on your neck."

Remus was moving up her legs, massaging the muscles as he went along. He looked up at Severus before he continued north. The Potions master quickly nodded his head in approval, knowing what the werewolf was planning on doing.

Severus continued massaging Hermione's back working his way down, paying special attention to her lower back.

Remus abandoned the massage and started to kiss the rest of the way up her thigh. He gently spread her legs wider and ran his tongue over her panty-clad folds.

Hermione jumped in surprise, gasping, "Oh, fuck."

"Tsk, tsk, such language, Miss Granger." Severus helped Remus remove the rest of her clothing.

Hermione was completely nude. Not that she noticed, as the two men were doing a very good job with their "lessons." All she was aware of was the feeling of two sets of hands on her body giving her more pleasure than she had ever known.

Remus didn't waste any time. Seeing her naked before him snapped what little control he had left; he dove right in, tasting her for the first time.

"You taste like heaven, Hermione."

All she could do was whimper at the sensation; her mind was quickly becoming a puddle of lust.

Hermione couldn't hold her head up any longer; she fell back, her head hanging over the other side of the table where a very naked Severus met her eyes. 'I didn't even notice him stripping,' Hermione thought for a brief second.

"Oh gods!" Hermione whispered in awe at her ex-professor. He was a stunning example of the male species.

He knelt over her and gave her a bruising kiss, much different from the one earlier.

In the back of the witch's mind, in the very back, she was starting to wonder who these "lessons" were really for. Well, that and Snape could really kiss.

Remus took the opportunity to quickly shed his clothing while Severus was distracting their beautiful goddess

"Severus, you must taste our girl. She's sweeter than honey."

Remus and Severus traded places. The Potion master knelt down between Hermione's legs, parting her plump, pink folds, gazing at her womanhood for the first time. His mouth watered; he could smell her musky scent and see the moisture dripping out of her. He couldn't wait to taste her.

A very loud cry escaped from Hermione's lips as Severus feasted on her pussy. She grabbed onto Severus' head, holding him in place. Her other hand grasped Remus' hard cock, squeezing it. The werewolf growled loudly in approval.

She brought him closer, taking him into her mouth, tasting the salty pre-come that had already escaped his throbbing head.

Remus wound her hair around his wrist, tugging lightly as she took him deep in her mouth.

Severus slid a finger into the witch, causing her to moan, sending vibrations up Remus' cock, triggering another growl from the werewolf.

They were a sight to see. Two grown men giving a special woman unbelievable amounts of pleasure. Hermione was giving little sounds of approval, which were muffled around Remus' cock. His eyes were closed in ecstasy as he squeezed her breast, pinching her rosy nipples. Hermione's hand in Severus' hair tugged lightly as the wizard feasted on her pussy.

Severus could tell the witch was getting close. He didn't want her to come yet. He wanted to be inside of her the first time she climaxed.

He moved off of her mound and kissed his way up her stomach, nipping at the soft flesh. He suckled on her nipple while squeezing her breasts.

Remus pulled out of Hermione's mouth, not wanting to come yet either. "I think we should move on to lesson number... Oh, bloody hell, I can't remember."

Despite herself, Hermione laughed; she couldn't help it. She never knew Remus could get so undone before.

"I think a change of position is in order."

"You can still think? I not even sure I'm talking right now," Hermione joked.

"Well then, our lessons have done their job," Severus said as he yanked Hermione off of the table. Unfortunately, he pulled her off a little too fast, and he stumbled and fell to the floor, bringing Hermione down with him.

"Not exactly your most graceful move there, Severus," Remus laughed.

"At least I got her where I wanted her," he snapped back at the werewolf.

"Were you two drinking before I came down?" Hermione said as she straddled her Potions Master.

"No, why would you ask that?" Remus joked as he knelt behind her.

"Enough talk. I want to feel Hermione squeeze around me."

"Well, since you put it like that, Professor, how could I deny you?" Hermione sat up and grabbed Severus' very hard cock and plunged down in one swift move.

"Oh, you sweet witch!" Severus moaned as she started to ride him. "So fucking tight."

Hermione's eyes fluttered closed at the sweet sensations.

Remus moved closer to the couple and started kissing her back, making his way down to her buttocks. He gently pushed her forward so he would have better access to her puckered hole.

Hermione stiffened when she felt Remus' tongue at her tight opening.

"I've never done that before. I... I'm not sure...."

"Shh, don't worry, you will enjoy it; trust me."

"Just relax, Hermione."

Remus conjured a bottle of lubricant, and he started to work one finger in. Hermione moaned in pleasure at the new sensation. She'd never felt anything like it.

Remus worked in a second, then a third finger, stretching her tight muscles. "If it hurts too much just tell me to stop; I don't want to hurt you."

Severus distracted Hermione by kissing her as Remus replaced his fingers with his hard cock.

"Relax, Hermione, this will feel really good in a few seconds."

Hermione hissed in pain at first. Her muscles tried to push Remus' cock out. Severus flicked his finger over her clit, which allowed Hermione to relax enough for Remus to push the rest of the way into the witch.

"Oh, gods, that feels incredible."

Remus chuckled, "I knew you would like it."

They moved as one. Hermione had never felt so completely full in her life. These two wizards were giving her such unbelievable pleasure. Why didn't she think to do this sooner?

"Harder; please, I need more."

"As you wish," Severus said, thrusting harder into her quivering body. Thankfully, Remus matched Severus' rhythm and speed.

"Oh, gods, not sure how much longer I'm going to last."

"Come for us, Hermione."

"I want to feel you wither around us."

Hermione cried out as her orgasm hit her hard. "Oh, Merlin!"

"Ride it out, Remus. I want our girl to come one more time before we are finished."

Remus bit his lip riding out Hermione's orgasm. Her muscles were squeezing him so tightly he wasn't sure he would make it.

"She's so tight. So damn sexy," Remus grunted out between his clenched jaws.

Severus was gripping Hermione's hips so tightly she was sure there would be bruises come morning.

"We should have done this months ago when we first realized how sexy she was," Severus huffed.

"She is still in between you guys!" Hermione piped up after coming down from her high.

"She' is getting bossy again. Do we need to repeat our lessons?"

"Oh, gods, please!"

Severus snickered. "I'm sure we can give more lessons later. Now, I want to finish what we're doing."

"I believe our girl has finally learned how to relax," Remus grunted as he picked up his rhythm along with Severus.

The only sounds coming from the kitchen were groans, moans and the slapping of skin from the three lovers.

"Can't last much longer," Remus moaned as his pumps became erratic.

Severus massaged Hermione's clit with his thumb, coaxing her to another orgasm. He wanted the three of them to climax together.

Hermione's moans were getting louder, and she knew she wasn't going to last much longer.

Hermione could feel her two lovers moving rapidly inside of her.

Remus was the first to tip over the edge, screaming Hermione's name as he shot his seed into her.

Severus was the next to climax, bringing Hermione with him.

They collapsed on the floor in a pile of sweaty limbs.

After a minute, the lovers disengaged from each other.

Severus was the first to speak. He scooped Hermione in his arms and turned to Remus. "I think we should continue her 'lessons' upstairs in your room."

"I think that is a good idea," Remus replied.

"Ah, excuse me. Don't you think you should ask me what I want?" Hermione pouted, not liking that they were making decisions for her, but though secretly enjoying being put into the position.

They both turned to her. "No."

"Men!" she yelled while a playful smile formed on her lips.

Severus carried her up the stairs to Remus' room.

Remus was right behind them with the ice cream and bowl of fresh fruit. "Right, what lesson number were we on?" he said as he kicked the door closed.

A/N: This was written for the Hermione_smut exchange for ellaselenuelupin on live journal. I hope you enjoy this little tale of Hermione, Remus, and Severus. This is the first time I have written these three together.

Thanks to my two very wonderful betas, Charmed310 and sirsevschick, who gave me a few pointers when I got stuck halfway through.

I may continue this story in the future.

Morning After

Chapter 2 of 4

Hermione is thrown in the middle of her parents' vicious divorce. Can two very delectable wizards help her through it with some very special lessons? Hermione/Remus/Severus threesome. Written for the Hermione_smut exchange.

Disclaimer: NOT DH compliant. I own nothing. I'm not making any money off of this story. If I was, I wouldn't have a secondhand laptop to work with. :)

It wasn't until the next morning--afternoon, actually--when the three lovers made their way downstairs in search of food.

"You know, I'm not really that hungry; why don't we go back to my bedroom and continue our lessons?"

Hermione shook her head at the werewolf. "As tempting as that sounds, Remus, I really could use some food, and since you ate all my ice cream and Severus here ate all the fruit, I am more than slightly starving."

"You weren't complaining last night when I was eating the fruit off of that delectable body of yours," Severus purred in her ear, causing Hermione to blush at the memory.

"I didn't know you could do that with a piece of cantaloupe." Remus smirked.

"Me neither." The witch smiled.

"I can be quite inventive when it suits my desires."

When they reached the kitchen, Hermione opened the door and saw Harry sitting at the table finishing a sandwich. He looked up at them and blushed furiously. They sat there looking at each other for several moments.

"Good afternoon," he finally said. Severus scowled, Remus looked the other way and Hermione blushed from head to toe. Did they remember to set the Silencing Charm last night?

"Good afternoon, Harry," Hermione said nervously as she sat down at the table next to the wizard. Memories of the previous night came back to her, but she quickly put them out of her mind. Now was not the time to reminisce.

"I think we need to talk about this," Remus said as he sat across from Harry.

Severus stayed in the doorway, deciding whether or not his presence was needed or wanted for this discussion. "I need to take care of a few things; I will be back in a few hours."

Hermione turned and looked up at the pale wizard. "Severus, you don't have to leave."

"Trust me, Hermione; I think it would be better if I weren't here for this conversation."

Before Hermione or Remus could argue, he left. He and Harry might have come to an understanding, but that didn't mean that Harry would be keen on the idea of the ex-Death Eater shagging his best friend.

There were a few minutes of complete silence; nobody was sure what to say. Harry was the first to speak.

"Look, I really don't want to know the details. Everyone is old enough to make their own decisions. I don't really care what you two do together; I'm not sure how I feel about Professor Snape yet. I actually don't want to know why he is involved." He turned to Hermione and grasped her hand off the table and held it tight. "All I want to know is that you are happy."

Hermione's eyes softened. "I am happy, Harry. This is still all so new, but I haven't felt this way in a very long time."

"Good, because I didn't like it when you isolated yourself from everyone. I was really started to get worried. I thought Ginny and I were going to have to drag you out of the house and force you to have fun."

"Like that would have worked," Remus muttered in with his two cents. Hermione made a face at her lover for that comment.

"The point is, I love you, Hermione, and I care about what happens to you. I don't ever want to see you in that state again."

Hermione had tears in her eyes as she got up and hugged him. "I love you too, Harry," she whispered.

Remus sat and stared at his former students. He knew they were close, but until that moment, he hadn't realize what they meant to each other. When Hermione moved in with them, Remus thought it was because she didn't want to be alone. Now he realized it was because she needed Harry close by to help her.

"You received some mail this morning; it's on the table in the sitting room," Harry told her as she was about to sit back down.

"Oh, OK, I guess I will go and see who it's from." The witch sensed that Harry wanted her to leave for a moment so he could talk to Remus.

As soon as Hermione was out of ear shot, Harry turned to Remus; his green eyes were cool and calm as he addressed the former DADA professor.

"If you or Professor Snape hurt her or make her unhappy I will hunt you both down and kill you."

Remus' eyes went wide; he opened his mouth to speak up but Harry held up his hands to stop him.

"Her parents have been putting her through hell for the past three years because they decided to use her in their divorce. They are blaming her for their crumbling marriage and because of what she did before the war, even though she was just trying to keep them safe."

Remus stared dumbfounded at what Harry just told him; he hadn't known that Hermione's parents blamed her for their divorce.

"Now they are trying to get Hermione to take sides. Who knows what will happen if she ever does."

Harry waited for Remus to digest this new information before he finished what he wanted to say.

"If you two are serious about making my best friend happy, then I wish you all the best, but if you or Severus are using her for your own amusement, I... will... hurt... you." He spoke those last three words through gritted teeth. He wanted to make sure the werewolf knew that he was very protective of Hermione.

Remus calmly spoke to Harry to make his intentions clear. "Harry, I love Hermione, I know we just started this relationship, but I had fallen in love with her when she moved in with us."

Harry's eyebrows rose at this confession.

"She doesn't know yet. I didn't want to scare her off, or put her in an awkward position. She is one of the few bright spots in my life right now. I just don't mean the se... er, what happened last night. Ever since she came into this house, I've felt more alive; seeing her every day is something I look forward to. I can't explain why it happened, I know that I am too old for her but I haven't felt this way in a long time, not since Tonks."

Harry saw the tears threatening to spill over as Remus talked about his late wife. Even after seven years, the pains of the events caused by the final battle were still present.

"I know that you would never hurt Hermione, I am just not sure that Severus..."

Remus cut him off. "Severus cares for Hermione very deeply. If it weren't for Hermione, Severus wouldn't be alive today. He would rather cut off his own arm than hurt her."

"That good to hear because she really is going to need your support, especially since one of those letters she got today was from her mother."

Remus was up and out of his chair before Harry could even blink. He ran to the sitting room to find Hermione.

"I really hope they care for her as much as he says," Harry whispered as he went to see if Hermione was ok.

Remus found Hermione sitting in a chair staring at the cold fireplace; she had two letters in her hand. He knelt down beside her and took the letters from her stiff fingers.

"They both sent me letters this time. They want me to visit, of course they want me to come on the same day and time. You think they spoke before they sent the letters to see who I would choose to visit first? I can't take this anymore."

Remus held the witch as she started to sob. He wished he could take away her pain for good, not just distract her for a few hours. How could two people do this to their own daughter?

Harry looked like he wanted to murder someone. "Unbelievable! You would think they would just leave her alone."

Harry sat for a few minutes and started to think. Slowly a small smile crept across his face.

"What are you smiling at?" Hermione asked.

"I have an idea."

"That can't be good," Remus interjected.

"Funny. Hermione, I want you to write a letter to your parents telling them you will meet them both at the same time on neutral territory, like a restaurant."

"Ok, but what will that do, besides give me a huge migraine?" Hermione asked, hoping Harry was going somewhere with this.

The smile on the wizard's mouth got even wider.

Remus was starting to catch on to what idea Harry had in mind. "Harry, I must say, you have a wicked sense of humor."

"What are you two on about?" Hermione asked, confused.

"He is suggesting, love, that you introduce your new lovers to your parents," the werewolf interjected.

Hermione looked from Remus to Harry, then back to Remus; they were both wearing those silly grins on their faces. She couldn't help herself and burst out laughing.

"Wait. In order for this to work, we have to make sure that Severus is ok with it, too. I don't want to put him in an uncomfortable position."

"At least not yet." Remus smirked

"I did not need to hear that," Harry said covering his ears.

Hermione and Remus both laughed harder at Harry.

"Seriously, if we are going to do this, it needs to be done right. Now, the first thing I need to do is eat, because I am starving," Hermione said, feeling much better that she wasn't alone anymore.

One hour later, Hermione found herself back in the comfort of her own room. After having a large lunch, she decided she wanted some time to think about what she wanted to write to her parents. She filled the enormous tub in her private bathroom with bubble and vanilla scented oil. As she slipped into the warm water, she heard the door to her bedroom open.

"Hermione, love, are you in here?" Remus called out.

"I'm in the bathtub, Remus."

"Are you ok?" he asked. She really hadn't said anything when she was eating lunch.

"I'm not sure yet," the witch said.

Remus nodded in understanding. He looked at her in the tub. Gods, she was sexy with her hair piled messily on top of her head and soft scented bubbles floating around

her. The water looked so inviting.

"Care for some company, Miss Granger?"

Hermione fluttered her eyelashes and a smile crept across her face. "Why, Mr. Lupin, I would love some company."

Remus didn't need to be told twice; he closed the door behind him, placed a quick Silencing Charm on the room, and shed his clothes. He stepped into the tub and sat behind Hermione. As soon as he was comfortably sitting behind her, she scooted back so she was sitting between his legs. She groaned when he started to massage her neck.

"I am glad to see that you are taking our lessons to heart, he said. "A bath can be very relaxing."

"Especially when I have my own private massage therapist," Hermione breathed as the wizard paid special attention to her shoulders.

Remus started to kiss and nuzzle the special place he'd found last night at. Little sounds of pleasure came out of Hermione's mouth.

"Do you like that?"

"Mmmmm," was all Hermione could say as she lost herself in the feeling of Remus' warm mouth on her moist skin.

One of his hands snaked around to her front and gently squeezed her left breast and pinched her already taut nipple. Hermione's eyes slipped closed at the sensation. His other hand slipped down between her legs and began to massage her clit. The witch arched her back, pressing her buttocks against his very hard cock. Hermione tilted her head to the side so Remus could claim her mouth.

"Please, Remus, I need more."

"Anything for you, my beautiful witch."

As gracefully as she could, Hermione turned around so she was facing Remus. She grabbed his hard member in her hand and started to massage it in her small hands. The werewolf's eyes slipped closed and his head fell back against the back of the tub. Hermione leaned forward and kissed her way down to his nipples, leaving a trail of goose bumps along the way. A low growl came out of Remus' mouth as she slipped her mouth over his nipple.

Without warning she lifted up and plunged down on his stiff cock.

Remus' eyes flew open. "HERMIONE!"

"Yes, my sexy wolf?"

Remus' eyes turned a slight shade of gold; Moony was pleased to hear the witch's comment. Though the full moon was still two weeks away, Remus' wolf impulses were always with him.

Remus grabbed her by the hips and plunged in and out of her velvet channel. Hermione threw her head back and arched her back, giving in to the pleasure that this wizard was granting her.

With the help of the water, Remus was able to thrust in and out the witch with ease. With the added sensations of the water against Hermione's clit, they both knew it wouldn't take long before she would climax.

They were so lost in the feel of each other, they failed to notice the water sloshing over the side of the tub and onto the floor.

"Oh, gods, I am so close," Hermione gasped.

"Come for me, my sexy know-it-all," Remus said as he massaged her clit with his fingers, not realizing that there was very little water left in the tub.

Hermione came with a scream, "REMUS!!"

Remus let out an unearthly howl when her tight sleeve squeezed his pulsing cock and bit down on Hermione's neck, but not hard enough to break the delicate skin, just a enough to leave a mark.

They sat there for a few minutes in each others arms, caressing and kissing, until Hermione started shivering.

"Um, Remus, where did the water go?"

"Oh, shit," he said as he looked over the edge of the tub and saw at least an inch of water on the floor.

"Oops."

Remus disengaged from Hermione and promptly snatched his wand and cleaned up the water with a flick of his wrist. He grabbed a large, fluffy, peach towel from the bar and wrapped Hermione in it before casting a warming charm on her.

He quickly cast a drying spell on her hair and himself before he picked her up and carried her to the bed. He pulled back the covers and gently laid her in the bed.

"How do you know I want to take a nap?" she asked him quizzically

"Because I can see it in your face; you are about to drift off to sleep," Remus replied.

"How do you know it isn't post-orgasm bliss?"

"I don't, but I thought I would take a chance."

"Thank you," she said quietly.

He crawled into bed with her and ran his fingers through her hair. "You are so beautiful."

"I've never had bathtub sex before."

"I'm glad that I was your first."

"Me too," Hermione whispered as she closed her eyes.

Remus kissed her forehead. "Sleep well, my love," he whispered before he left her alone so she could rest.

Meanwhile, Harry was on his way to the kitchen to get himself a nice refreshing drink when he walked through the doorway and slipped on a huge puddle of water on the floor.

"Bloody hell! Where did all this water come from?"

Remus was coming down the stairs when he heard Harry yell. He quickly helped Harry up off the floor.

"Are you OK?"

"I think so; I just slipped on this huge puddle of water."

Remus didn't say anything as he cleaned up the water with his wand.

"I think we have a leak somewhere," Harry said.

"Sorry, it came from Hermione's bathroom. Um, some water spilled over the side of her tub," Remus said as his cheeks pinked.

Harry shook his head. "Please, don't explain. I don't really want to know."

A/N: Don't worry, Severus will be back in the next chapter! Endless thanks to my two betas Charmed310 and Sirsevschick.

Preparing for Mom and Dad

Chapter 3 of 4

Hermione is thrown in the middle of her parents' vicious divorce. Can two very delectable wizards help her through it with some very special lessons? Hermione/Remus/Severus threesome. Written for the Hermione_smut exchange.

Disclaimer: NOT DH compliant. I own nothing. I'm not making any money off of this story. If I was, I wouldn't have a secondhand laptop to work with. :)

Five days later:

"Hermione, are you sure you want to do this?" Severus asked.

Hermione sighed. "No, actually, but if I don't they will never leave me alone."

"We don't have to meet your parents for a few more hours; why don't you go upstairs and relax," Remus suggested. "We can continue with our lessons. What number were we on?"

"I lost count after number twenty." Hermione chuckled. "Besides I think the lessons might be better if we wait till after the meeting. I think we will all need it."

"I don't think it will be as bad as you think. We are meeting them in a public, Muggle restaurant. Do you really think your parents will cause a scene?" Remus asked, concerned.

"I do, I think they like the attention," Hermione said sadly.

"Do you really think they will embarrass you like that?"

"I think that there is entirely too much thinking going on in this room!" Severus exclaimed as he stormed out of the room, leaving a stunned Hermione and Remus behind.

An hour later, after eating a light lunch, Hermione made her way upstairs to get ready to meet with her parents. She turned on the shower, making the water as hot as possible without burning her skin. She stepped under the soothing water, hoping it would relax her enough so she could get through the evening. She was too involved with the feel of the water washing over her skin that she didn't hear the bathroom door open. She was quietly singing a Muggle song when she felt large hands on her back, massaging the skin; she abruptly stopped singing.

"Severus," Hermione breathed.

"At least you know who it is."

"Always," Hermione assured him.

Severus smiled against her back. Only Hermione could make him feel wanted and loved with just one word. A small shudder ran through him; he was falling in love with this wonderful girl, and it scared him to death.

"What are you doing in here? Not that I am complaining."

"I figured you need a little release before we go to dinner."

Hermione smiled. "You know me too well."

"I aim to please. Hand me your shampoo, and I will wash your hair."

Soon Hermione was surrounded by a light floral scent as Severus lathered her locks with the scented shampoo. Little sounds of pleasure were coming from Hermione's mouth, which shot right down to Severus's loins.

Hermione turned around to rinse and was met by Severus' warm lips on her neck.

"Mmm, that feels wonderful," Hermione purred.

"I know something else that will feel even better."

"Sounds brilliant, but I need to put the conditioner on my head first," she teased

"Allow me."

Severus massaged her scalp, making sure each hair was coated in the thick conditioner.

"It needs to sit for a few minutes. How should we pass the time?" Hermione asked coyly.

"I can think of a few things."

Severus spun her around so that her back was against the shower wall. He pinned her wrists above her head with one of his hands. Hermione moaned when his warm lips started to nibble on her moist neck. His fingers pinched and teased her hard nipples as he kissed his way down her body.

Hermione shivered with anticipation when he reached the junction between her legs. Severus blew on the damp curls, causing Hermione knees to buckle under the sensation.

"Oh, gods." The witch choked when Severus' tongue met her aching clit. She desperately held on to the tile when her hands were released, hoping that would stop her from sliding down the wall.

Severus' finger slide into her wet folds; Hermione's eyes rolled up in the back of her head. Her orgasm hit her hard and fast; neither was expecting it. Severus drank all of her sweet honey, savoring the moment.

"You need to rinse your hair."

"W-w-what?" Hermione asked, confused, forgetting all about her hair and everything else except for the wizard. Severus guided her to the water and helped her rinse the conditioner out of her hair. Without warning he plunged into her, shocking her out of her orgasm bliss.

"Severus!" she cried out.

"Mmmm, I love it when your lips scream my name," he said as he thrust into her with abandon.

Hermione was feeling another orgasm coming on even though she was still feeling the after effects of her first one.

Hermione lost all control of her legs. Severus tightly held the witch to keep her from slipping to the shower floor.

"Severus!" she screamed again as she entered into bliss for the second time.

Severus sped up his thrusting and came just moments later, whispering Hermione's name.

The couple let the water run over their still joined bodies for a few more seconds before shutting off the water.

"Something told me that you needed that," he told her as he dried her off with the towel.

Hermione looked at her ex-professor with curiosity. "Why did you storm out of the room earlier today?"

Severus sighed. "I would be lying if I told you I wasn't worried about tonight, but the truth is I am afraid that your parents are going to say something that will make me angry enough to hex them in public."

The witch looked at him thoughtfully. "It wouldn't come to that."

"Are you sure? I don't want them upsetting you even more than what you already are."

Hermione chuckled without humor. "They will. It's what they do. At least it is what they do now." She looked away, not wanting Severus to see the tears forming in her eyes.

Severus placed his finger under her chin and turned her face towards him. "You can't blame yourself for what happened. You were trying to protect them."

"I know, but it seems that ever since I tracked them down in Australia and reversed the memory charm I put on them, they've been so angry at me."

"Maybe they just didn't understand why you did it."

"Possibly, but that doesn't explain why they are blaming me for their divorce."

Severus sighed. "Well, maybe we can get answer out of them tonight."

"I doubt it."

"I can be very intimidating."

"Really? You? I never would have guessed," Hermione said with a humorous, sarcastic tone.

The corner of Severus' lip twitched, almost forming a smile.

"You better start getting ready."

"Yeah, I better. It is going to take me forever to figure out what I am going to wear."

At fifteen minutes to eight, Remus and Severus waited at the front door. They were both wearing black dress pants, and Severus was wearing a black shirt. Remus was sporting a dark blue shirt. They were patiently waiting for Hermione to come down. Moments later Harry came over.

"Now, if anything gets out of control tonight, just remember that Ginny and I will be right there."

"You know, Harry, you really don't have to be there," Remus said.

"Oh, yes, I do. With everything that they've put her through, I don't want to miss this."

"Just remember, Potter, that we are in charge this evening. Hermione doesn't need you to come to her rescue," Severus sneered.

Harry and Remus both raised their eyebrows at the ex-Death Eater. Remus was about to say something when Hermione cleared her throat and descended the stairs. All three stared in unison at the witch. She was wearing a light green sleeveless dress that came just above her knee, with a simple white gold emerald pendant, and matching earrings, and white strappy shoes. Her hair was swept up and pinned in back in an elegant clip.

"Wow, Hermione, you look amazing!" Harry exclaimed. Severus scowled at him.

"You look beautiful, love," Remus said.

"I feel over dressed. Are you sure that you want to waste that outfit on your parents?" Severus asked, trying to keep himself from whisking her upstairs and ravaging her beautiful body.

Hermione laughed. "Actually I do. Last time I visited with my mom she told me that I was dressing frumpy and how I dare I visit her looking like that."

Remus and Harry looked at each other with raised eyebrows; they both knew that Hermione never dressed frumpy.

"Well, are we ready to go gentleman?" Hermione asked with a slight quaver in her voice.

"I'm going to go ahead and meet up with Ginny," Harry said.

"We will be only a few minutes behind you," Hermione said to him as he left.

"Alright, let's get this over with," Hermione whispered.

"Hermione, remember you are not alone tonight; we are here for you," Severus said as he kissed her.

"You will never have to deal with this by yourself again," Remus whispered as they left the house.

They Apparated two blocks from the restaurant, in a dark alley, away from Muggle eyes.

"I really hope my parents are already here. I hate waiting for them."

"It will be alright. What is the name of the restaurant again?" Severus asked.

"The Dragon's Den. It is one of the best Chinese restaurants around here."

Remus abruptly stopped walking. "Wait, I thought this was a Muggle restaurant?"

Hermione turned back towards the werewolf. "It is. Isn't it?"

Severus' brow furrowed. "Doesn't Susan Bones own that restaurant with her husband?"

"I didn't know that. I never see them there."

"I know that a lot of Muggle-born witches and wizards eat here," Severus stated.

Hermione laughed. "Wow, maybe it's not as neutral ground as I thought it would be."

"Maybe that will work to our advantage," Remus joked.

The restaurant was dim and was decorated in red with gold dragons everywhere. Chinese lanterns hung from the ceiling. It had a very romantic atmosphere to it.

As they walked in, Remus spotted Harry and Ginny seated at a small table in the corner. Hermione and Remus nodded slightly at them. Severus scowled at them.

"Severus, why do you all of a sudden have a problem with Harry?"

"I don't know what you are talking about. I always scowl at him."

"Maybe, but in the last few hours it felt like I was back at Hogwarts!"

Before Severus could respond, Hermione spotted her parents sitting at a table across the room in the opposite corner where Harry and Ginny sat. They were both dressed all in black; they looked like they were going to a funeral.

As they approached the table, the trio caught the last half of the conversation.

"Do you think I want to be seated at the same table with you?"

"Well, if she told me you were going to be here, I never would have come!"

"How could Hermione do this to me, her own mother?"

The witch heard enough. "It's no different than my parents making me choose between them!"

Her mother completely ignored her daughter's comment. "Young lady, how dare you keep us waiting?"

Hermione's eyes lowered. How was it that no matter how old you were, your parents always made you feel like a kid when they yell at you. She felt Remus' hand on her lower back, giving her courage.

The muscles in Severus' jaw twitched. "Excuse me, Madam, but I believe we are exactly on time."

Hermione's father interjected; he did not like this man. "And just who do you think you are?"

Her mom looked at Remus with narrowed eyes; he looked familiar to her.

"Mom, Dad, you remember Severus Snape and Remus Lupin, my former professors at Hogwarts?"

As they sat down at the table, Severus discreetly cast a Silencing Charm around the table so that nobody could hear the conversation. He knew that this was going to get very ugly, very quickly. Remus felt the charm invoked and cast a grateful eye towards the ex-Death Eater.

"But what are they doing here with you? This is a private family discussion," her father replied through gritted teeth. He did not want anyone else involved in his business.

"Well, Mom and Dad, they would be my two lovers," Hermione replied coolly.

Isabella and Nathaniel Granger both stared at their daughter, jaws dropped and eyes wide.

A/N: I am sorry for the long wait for this chapter, hopefully that won't happen again. Thank you, Valady, for looking this over for me.

Revelations

Chapter 4 of 4

Hermione is thrown in the middle of her parents' vicious divorce. Can two very delectable wizards help her through it with some very special lessons? Hermione/Remus/Severus threesome. Written for the Hermione_smut exchange.

Disclaimer: NOT DH compliant. I own nothing. I'm not making any money off of this story. If I was, I wouldn't have a secondhand laptop to work with. :)

"What do you mean lovers?" Isabella glared at her daughter.

"Just how it sounds, Mother!" Hermione retorted.

Nathaniel turned a nasty eye at Severus. "You did this to my daughter. You put her under one of your spells."

Severus was deeply insulted. "Excuse me, sir; I don't cast foolish spells!"

Hermione glanced around the restaurant, expecting everyone to be staring at them, but only Harry and Ginny were paying attention. Hermione furrowed her eyebrows in confusion.

"If you two would just calm down for a second, we can talk about this like adults," Hermione interjected.

"You want us to calm down? You are the one who brought two gigolos to a private, family meeting," her father stated.

"Hey, now wait a minute. We are not gigolos!" Remus said angrily.

"Is that what this is? A family meeting! Since when did we start acting like a family again?" Hermione interjected.

Remus was trying to be the voice of reason. "I think everyone needs to quiet down before we cause an even bigger scene."

Nathaniel looked around the restaurant and noticed a few patrons looking their way, but not as many as he thought there would be. "Hardly anyone is watching us. Besides, can't you cast a no listening spell or whatever it is called?"

A surprised look fell on Hermione's face. "How did you know about that?"

"Do you really think that I never looked at any of your books when you were home? You are my daughter. I care and worry about you."

Hermione sat and stared at her father in a stunned silence; she had never known he took an interest in her schooling or the magical part of her life. He always cared about her, but he never really asked about school when she lived at home. She thought that he had no interest in those aspects of her life.

There were several minutes of uncomfortable silence when the waiter came and served their food. Hermione was surprised because they had just arrived.

"You ordered already?" Hermione asked in a quieter voice.

"Well, we couldn't very well wait for you, since you were late," Isabella sneered.

"We were not late," said Hermione through gritted teeth.

Isabella waved her daughter off as if she were of no importance.

Severus and Remus stared at their lover's parents, not touching the food. They did not feel like eating with these people. Hermione looked at the food that her parents had ordered; it mainly consisted of seafood, to which Hermione was allergic.

"Why did you order so much seafood? You know that I can't eat it."

Isabella ignored her daughter.

Remus just shook his head. "This is going nowhere," he whispered to Severus.

"I ordered you some vegetarian egg rolls," Nathaniel said, looking a little guilty as he handed his daughter a plate full of the fried rolls.

"Thank you, Dad," Hermione whispered.

Isabella rolled her eyes at the father-daughter moment. "If you two are done talking, I would like to eat my dinner in peace and quiet."

Giving up, Hermione cradled her head in her arms.

"Young lady, get your elbows off the table. That is not proper etiquette." The older woman sneered.

Hermione had to stifle a laugh from slipping out of her mouth. If she only knew what they had done on the table the first night the three of them made love, her mother would have a heart attack right there in the restaurant. She looked at Remus and Severus, who had small smirks on their faces.

Coming back to the present, Hermione looked angrily at her mother. "The whole point of this dinner was to sit and talk about what you have been putting me through for the past three years."

"Hermione, why don't you just say what you came here to say."

The witch raised her eyebrows at her father. "Alright, if we want to skip the pleasantries."

Hermione took a deep breath before she began the speech that she rehearsed over and over the past three days. "I came here to tell you that until the divorce is final, I don't want any more contact from either of you. You have done nothing but make me miserable for the last three years, and I can't handle it anymore."

Hermione took a deep breath; that had gone a little smoother in her head than what she actually said, but she still got her point across. As she looked at her parents, she noticed that her father had a glimmer of regret in his eyes. Her mother on the other hand was very cross looking.

"You are my daughter; I have every right to contact you," her mother said.

"But you don't have the right to harass me!"

Nathaniel was very sorry for causing his daughter grief. He never meant things to get out of hand like they had, but he was so angry with his wife that he accidentally took it out on his daughter by making her choose sides.

"Hermione, I'm sorry for all the stress I've caused you," her father finally said, breaking the silence.

"You're a whore," Isabella whispered.

Hermione gasped, her eyes filling with tears as everyone at the table including Nathaniel stared at the older woman.

Remus' eyes flashed amber. "Now wait just a minute!"

Severus started to reach for his wand.

"How dare you two corrupt my daughter like this?"

"Excuse me!"

"You two are old enough to be her fathers! Aren't there laws against this? Did you seduce her when you were her teacher?"

"Who are you to judge, Isabella?" Nathaniel turned towards his almost ex-wife. "You are the one who had repeated affairs with four different men!"

The trio stared in shock. Hermione was silently crying at her mother's vicious statement about her character, and she barely heard her father's assertion.

"You two have been putting your daughter through hell because you had an affair?" Severus said, looking pointedly at the older woman.

"Well, if it weren't for her, then her father would not have remembered the affairs."

"Wait a bloody second! You are blaming me because you decided to break your marriage vows?"

"Precisely!"

Hermione could not believe what she was hearing. This person sitting across from her was not her mother. She didn't know who this person was.

"Why couldn't you just leave us in Australia?"

"Because I missed you, and I wanted my parents back."

"Well, congratulations, you have us back. You ruined our lives."

"Isabella, you ruined our lives, not Hermione!" Nathaniel pointed out.

Isabella was unusually quiet but still had an angry look in her eyes.

Hermione looked at the woman who no longer resembled her mother. "Why?"

"Why what?" she asked angrily.

"Why did you have affairs? And why are you blaming me? I have done nothing to warrant your behavior. I was trying to keep you safe from an evil thing that was bent on making me pay for things that I have never done. And when I finally think things are getting back to normal, you spring your divorce on me and throw me in the middle of your own personal war! I have done enough battling for two lifetimes. I don't need it from my parents!"

Her father tried to interrupt her, but Hermione held up her hands to stop him. "Let me finish. After everything I have been through, I finally found two people who make me feel like I am someone again, not just a pawn in a war or a walking library. They care for me and cherish me as a woman, not as a rag doll being tossed around for some sort of personal sport."

Remus and Severus half expected to hear applause after that speech. They both were very proud of their witch. Both unconsciously placed their hand on the small of her back.

Wow, Hermione thought, who knew that she had it in her to finally take a stand against her parents? Part of her felt proud, but another part was very sad at the broken relationship with her parents. She felt her lovers' hands on the small of her back, which gave her the courage and comfort that she needed. From that day forward, no matter what happened, the trust and security that she had with her parents would forever be broken, and it would be a very long time before she would find comfort with her parents, if ever.

The affects of her daughter's heart wrenching speech had no affect on the older woman. "You are no different than me, young lady."

Hermione, at her wits' end with her mother, practically felt the snap of the last bit of control she had. "At least I love Remus and Severus. Can you say the same thing about your lovers?"

Hermione heard two gasps on either side of her. Her eyes widened; she hadn't meant to use the word love. It had just slipped out. Yes, she had fallen in love with them, but she hadn't wanted them to know for fear of scaring them off. She was still trying to wrap her mind around the fact that she had fallen in love with them so quickly; she was scared and didn't want to jeopardize what they had together.

Remus and Severus were staring at each other with eyes wide; they didn't know how to handle this new bit of information. Both really cared for her, and Remus was in love with her. But what about Severus? He would never hurt Hermione, but could he possibly love her?

"D... did you say love?" her father stuttered.

Not wanting to deal right now with this new subject, Hermione abruptly stood up, causing a few more people to stare. "I can't handle this anymore. Until you two finalize your divorce and stop blaming me for your problems and start acting like my parents again, I don't want to talk to or see either of you!"

And just like that, Hermione, Severus and Remus walked out of the restaurant and never looked back, leaving a stunned Nathaniel and a seething Isabella behind.

"Well, that was fun!" Hermione said sarcastically as she plopped down on the couch in the library. These were the first words she had spoken since they left the restaurant.

"It could have been worse."

"How?"

"Severus could have never casted the silencing spell."

"Yes, that was some quick thinking. I would not have wanted a larger audience."

"I half expected applause to break out after your speech that left your father flabbergasted and your mother boiling mad."

"I have no idea where that came from. My mother was making me so livid that I just lost it."

"Your father didn't say much after that."

"He didn't say much at all."

"I did notice that."

At that moment, Harry and Ginny burst through the door. "Hermione, that was great. You should have seen your parents' faces when you left. I don't think they are going to bother you ever again." The moment the words left Harry's mouth, he regretted them. He was excited that Hermione finally told her parents what she had been bottling up inside of her, but he knew that the relationship with her parents was forever marred. It would be too much for her to take right now.

Hermione had a look of utter sadness on her face. The events of the past few hours weighed on her, and she just wanted to crawl into bed.

"I'm going to get ready for bed; I'm just really tired. It has been a stressful night."

Remus helped her off the couch. "Do you want us to come up with you now?"

"No, I think I need a few minutes to myself first, thank you."

Severus kissed her on her head, while looking irately at Harry. "We will be up in a little bit."

Hermione nodded and wearily made her way up the stairs.

"I'm sorry, Hermione," Harry whispered.

"I know; I just need to sleep. We will talk in the morning."

"Goodnight, 'Mione," Ginny called out.

"I will talk to you tomorrow, Ginny. I'm just really worn out from the day."

"I understand; we will talk when you feel up to it."

Hermione considered Ginny her best friend, and after the war they became even closer. Hermione confided several times to the red-haired witch about her parents. Ginny knew the look on her best friend's face. She needed to rest. The emotions of the day had taken too much out of her, and she needed to sleep it off and face the next day with a clear mind.

"Damn, I didn't mean to make her upset," said Harry.

"Well your ill-timed remark didn't help, Potter!" Severus sneered.

"Excuse me for trying to make light of a horrible situation."

"Maybe you should just..."

"Just stop it! Hermione has had a very hard time, not just tonight, but over the past few years. She doesn't need the two of you bickering right now. So whatever problem you two have with each other, get over it because she is going to need all of us to get her through this! So grow up." All eyes turned to the younger witch, whose angry blush was as red as her hair.

"Couldn't have said it better myself, Miss Weasley," Remus said flatly.

Severus and Harry exchanged one last heated stare and a few silent words before turning their attention elsewhere. One needn't have been a mind reader to figure out the meaning behind their expressions.

"Now, if you two are done, Harry, can you please escort me home? I'm a bit tired and would like to call it a night."

"Of course." Harry knew when to leave well enough alone.

When Harry and Ginny left, Remus turned and spoke to Severus. "Hermione did say she loved us tonight, didn't she?"

Severus nodded. "I heard that too, and did you notice that she avoided the topic when her father asked her?"

Remus nodded. "What do you want to do about it?"

"I don't know, but for tonight let's just leave it be."

"Agreed. Let us have a drink and give Hermione a few more minutes to herself before we head to bed."

"That can wait a minute. With everything that has been going on with Hermione and her parents, we haven't discussed this month's full moon yet."

"How many more tests do you need before you can create the latest potion?" Remus questioned.

"I need to collect your blood seven days before the full moon. I will give you the new potion the day before and pray that it works the way we want it to this time."

Remus nodded; his transformation was only nine days away. For the past six months, Severus had been testing a new potion on the werewolf to try to stop him transforming into his furry other self.

While on an excursion to Africa, the dark wizard came across very rare herbs that were known in ancient times to cure people of strong curses. Severus spent several months analyzing the properties of the plants and discovered that combined with the Wolfsbane potion, they would start to clean the body of the Lycanthropy curse. The trick was finding the right ratio of the herbs to stop the transformation. So far the potion hadn't worked quite the way it should have but had at least eased the painful transformation. Last month, Remus hadn't transformed until seven hours after the moon rose.

In addition to the blood tests, Severus gave him a full physiological exam to see if the wolf's instincts were still intact. Remus came to the conclusion that part of his personality would always be present. Having been bitten at a young age, the wolf was now part of Remus' psyche, and to take away that part of him would ultimately destroy the wizard. But being able to stop the transformation and to stop himself from hurting anyone was what kept Remus going through these tests every month.

"Even if the new potion works, I still think it is a good idea for you to distance yourself from Hermione, at least until we know how you are going to behave. I don't want you to hurt her."

"I could never harm her."

"Still, you may not transform after you take the potion, but we have no idea how your behavior will be. I don't want Moony hurting our girl."

Remus' eyes widened. "You really care for her, don't you?"

"You know I do," he whispered. "If it weren't for her quick thinking and that brilliant mind of hers, I wouldn't be alive now," the dark wizard said, thinking about his near death experience in the Shrieking Shack during the final battle.

"I seem to recall that you were not happy with her at first. You wanted to die."

"Yes, when I found out that she put a stasis charm on me to keep me from losing anymore blood and cast a compression charm on my chest to keep my heart pumping until someone could come back and help me, I wanted to kill her for interfering with my death."

Severus hadn't wanted to live through the battle. He hadn't wanted to deal with the repercussions of his deeds surrounding his life as a double agent. He knew that people would always see him as Dumbledore's murderer, even though the old wizard had made Severus kill him. That was why he hadn't returned to Hogwarts, even after Minister Shackbolt and Headmistress McGonagall had testified on his behalf to keep him out of Azkaban. They had offered him his job back at Hogwarts, which he'd declined. He wanted to open his own private potions research company.

Remus shook his head. Leave it to Severus to be mad at someone for saving his life. "But after some time..."

"Yes, after some time I learned that life is really worth living, and I forgave her for saving my life," Severus said, slightly embarrassed, not that he would let that show.

"If this potion works, a lot of werewolves will be indebted to you."

"It's not like I am going to be giving it away, they will pay for it and..."

"Can't you just be happy that you are going to be helping a lot of people to get their lives back to normal?"

"I don't do happy, Remus!"

"Oh really? Well, in that case, I think that I will go upstairs and get happy with Hermione while you stay down here and brood."

Severus raised one eyebrow at the werewolf. "I don't think so."

Remus smirked at the Potions Master. "Why don't we see how our witch is doing?"

"Hold on one more second. I don't want Hermione to have to choose between the two of us. Whatever happens I don't want to put her in the position that her parents have put her in."

"Agreed. If we have a problem with each other, we work it out without involving Hermione."

"Good, now that that is settled, let us go to bed."

When the two wizards made their way to find Hermione, they found their witch asleep in Remus' bed. She was only in her knickers and had tear-stained cheeks.

Remus swore when he saw her. "I knew we should have gotten up here sooner."

"I don't think it would have mattered. She's had an emotional overload tonight; crying was an inevitable result."

The two wizards quietly stripped and carefully got into bed without disturbing the sleeping witch. They wrapped themselves around Hermione, enveloping her in their warmth.

Hermione awoke in the middle of the night. She felt two pairs of strong arms wrapped around her. She could feel Severus' breath on the back of her neck and the soft breathing of Remus on her breasts.

She would have never gotten through that meeting if they had not been with her. She said that she loved them. She hadn't meant to say love; she had meant to say care. She couldn't very well take it back as they were there. They heard her say love; now she was going to have to deal with what came next.

Her biggest fear was that they would make her choose between the two; she didn't think she could handle it if they made her choose.

"You are thinking awfully hard for someone who just woke up."

A small gasp escaped from Hermione. "Remus, I thought you were asleep."

"I was, but I'm a light sleeper."

"It's a wonder how anyone can sleep with you two talking!" Severus grumbled.

"My, my, aren't we grumpy, Severus?"

Hermione turned over so she was lying on her back. "What time is it?"

Remus looked at the clock that he kept on the nightstand. "It's three."

"Damn, I'm never going to get back to sleep now."

Severus and Remus both had the same look on their faces. "I think we can help with that," they both said in unison.

Both latched on to the witch's nipples. She hissed at the contact. One hand made its way down Hermione's stomach to her panties. She moaned at the attention.

"Severus, so you think we should resume our lessons?"

"Yes, yes I do. What one are we up to?"

"I don't remember. Are we at lessons of distraction?"

"No, I think we already did those."

"If you two don't start doing something, I am going to scream the house down."

Severus smirked at her. "You are going to do that anyway."

"Which reminds me..." Remus quickly casted a silencing charm, "we don't need an audience tonight."

"No we don't," said Severus with a bit of a bite.

Remus flashed him a warning look.

"Now where were we?"

Severus kissed his way down Hermione's body, licking her belly button. She could feel his hot breath on her mound through her knickers.

"Oh, gods, please don't stop."

Remus attached himself to her neck, kissing, licking, and nipping at the delicate flesh. One hand massaged her full breast, pinching her nipple. Little sounds of pleasure were escaping Hermione's lips.

Severus eased her knickers off and blew on her throbbing clit. Hermione thrust her hips towards Severus' mouth, and his tongue swiped her moist pussy.

Remus bit her neck, leaving a small mark. He licked and nuzzled the new mark before he turned his attention to her taut nipple.

Severus inserted one of his long delicious fingers into her warm channel. The wizard loved the taste of her; he could not get enough.

Hermione was in heaven. How could she be so lucky to have two wizards who showed her so much attention?

Hermione couldn't hold out much longer; her orgasm ripped out of her, bathing Severus in her sweet honey. Still riding out her high, Hermione rolled on top of Remus, surprising the werewolf. "I need you both inside of me."

Remus gave her a wolfish smile as he lifted her slightly and plunged his hard dick into her still throbbing pussy.

Severus wasted no time in casting a lubrication charm on her puckered hole. He eased in one finger, and then two until Hermione was prepared enough to receive his hard member. Hermione was getting used to being fucked in the ass. It didn't take long for Severus to become fully sheathed inside of her.

Remus continued to massage her breasts, pinching her nipple. He was a breast man and loved the sounds that Hermione made when he squeezed her plump mounds.

The three performed the well-practiced dance of their lovemaking. That evening seemed more intimate than their previous encounters. With the emotional night Hermione had had, she needed to reassure herself that this was not about gratification, but about love, no matter what her mother thought.

Severus latched on to her neck and slightly nipped the skin just above Remus' mark, leaving one of his own. Both wizards sped up their thrusts. The tightness of their girl was not making it easy to prolong their lovemaking.

Remus slid a finger down to dance on Hermione's clit. A loud cry tore from the witch's lips as her second orgasm rippled through her body, bringing her two lovers with her.

Hermione collapsed on top of Remus. "Wow... that was... wow!"

Severus chuckled as he cast a quick cleansing charm and slid next to Hermione.

"Yes, that was a pretty wow," Remus said.

Hermione yawned. "It also wore me out. I think I might actually fall asleep again."

"Glad we could be of service," Severus whispered as he ran his fingers through her hair.

Remus drew lazy circles on her thigh as the witch drifted into a peaceful sleep.

Soon the two wizards followed her into a peaceful sleep.

A/N: Thank you Valady and bookofsecrets for looking this over for me. I want to thank everyone who has stuck with this story. I know that I take a while to update, but I will finish this story.