

An Unexpected Turn of Events

by peppermint

Written for Shalimar1981 in the Winter 2007 round of the SS/HG Exchange on Livejournal. A cracking good time. Completed, four chapters.

One

Chapter 1 of 5

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Summary: Hermione destroys the Dark Lord and reaps all the benefits of doing so.

A/N: I don't own it! Maybe a little of the plot! Many thanks to my wonderful beta, ScatteredLogic. This wouldn't have been nearly as good without her. I had a lot of fun writing this and giggling maniacally at times. Enjoy!

Chapter One:

Voldemort was gone. Who knew it would have just taken a good snog from a Mudblood to defeat him? Truth was, Voldie fancied himself as a tragic "Phantom of the Opera" sort of character and when I strolled up to him at a Dark Revel (I was there on a mission to distract him from Snape) and offered my services, that was all it took. After a few minutes hanging from my lips, he renounced the forces of evil, his Horcruxes exploded, and he faded into spangly pink hearts and rainbows that were still, as far as anyone knew, bouncing round the Malfoy dungeons. Nobody was more surprised than I was, and Harry was quite a bit put out because of the prophecy and all. A couple of weeks later he's still surly and hasn't responded to any of my owls, but he'll come round in time, I know.

The Death Eaters at the Revel and elsewhere met the same fate, except for Snape. I think he's less than happy about the change in his tattoo that occurred instead. He doesn't complain too much, at least not where I can hear him, and he certainly wasn't complaining when he took me up against the wall of the Malfoy dungeon after it happened. . .

I stood there, dumbstruck, as Voldemort and all the Death Eaters in the Malfoy dungeons faded away and turned into sparkly things. I spun, laughing in spite of the situation, and my eyes lit on a last Death Eater standing in the middle of the room. He removed his mask as he walked slowly toward me. Severus Snape.

"You see, Miss Granger, that I am Dumbledore's man through and through." He shoved his left sleeve up and thrust it under my nose. Where the Dark Mark had been just moments before was a pink heart and a sparkling rainbow, looking strangely like the things bouncing around the room.

I laughed softly, tracing the tattoo with my fingertips. "You could have turned into one of these," I said, waving my hand, "but you didn't."

"Miss Granger. Remove your hand from my person at once. I didn't just survive the demise of the Dark Lord to be mauled by your pet werewolf when he shows up."

I just looked at him and smiled. "Shut it, Severus. I just snogged Voldemort quite literally into oblivion. You. Don't. Scare. Me." I stood there for a moment in the eerie silence of the now-sparkly Malfoy dungeons, and before I could think, before I could remember where and how and why, I reached up, placed my hand on the back of his neck, and pulled him down into a searing kiss.

I soon found myself backed up against the cold, damp dungeon wall with my skirt bunched around my waist and my shirt ripped open. "Tell me to stop now, Miss Granger, or I won't be able to," he panted, growling as he nipped at my neck.

"Severus, if you stop now I will tie you to the wall and leave you there." I pulled at his robes, grinding my hips against the bulge in his trousers. "I want this; I've wanted it since my sixth year. Don't deny me this in the midst of victory."

"Hermione," he whispered, his hands caressing my sides as he lowered his head to my breasts and laved my nipples one at a time. One of his hands slid down to my core, and he brushed his thumb against my nub. I cried out, arching my hips against his hand. "Little minx," he purred, curling his fingers into my heat, slipping one and then another into my wetness as I managed to undo his trousers.

My hand snaked inside to wrap around his cock, stroking for a moment before I pushed the trousers off. "Now, Severus. I need you inside of me now." He withdrew his fingers, grabbing my arse with both hands and pinning me against the wall as he thrust into me. I wrapped my legs around his waist and leaned back, letting Severus and the wall support me. There was no rhythm, no sense left in the world. Our coupling was fast and violent, his thrusts deep. I could feel the rough stones of the dungeon wall scraping my back and my arse, and I didn't care. The only thing that mattered was the feel of Severus's cock inside of me and his breath hot on my neck.

It wasn't long before I began to keen, tangling my fingers into his hair as I neared my climax. "Severus!" I screamed, my inner walls contracting around his shaft, my head thrown back in wild abandon.

He wasn't far behind, his body stiffening as he thrust a few last times and emptied himself into me. We stood there for a moment, panting and silent, before sinking to the floor in sated exhaustion. "Little witch, you are more than I expected," he murmured, stroking my hair. "Much, much more."

I snuggled against his chest, sighing softly as I watched the hearts and rainbows flutter and flicker around the dungeon. I summoned my wand and conjured a small jar, catching one of the rainbows in it. "To remember this by." I smiled, kissing his lips softly.

I keep the jar on my bedside table. It makes me feel all warm and fuzzy, and I need that after spending my entire school career and the first bit of my professional one fearing for my life at the hands of Death Eaters. Ron keeps threatening to smash the jar if he gets his hands on it even as a sparkly rainbow, he thinks it's just plain wrong to trust He-Who-Became-Fairy-Lights.

Thankfully for me, Ron never comes into my bedroom (Perish the thought.) On this particular warm and sunny June afternoon, I, The-Woman-Who-Kissed-Evil-Goodbye, lounged on my bed in my rooms, legs crossed at the ankles and hands behind my head, daydreaming. The gentle breeze ruffled the curtains on the four-poster, smelling of heather and new-mown hay from the fields outside Hogsmeade. My first year of teaching was finally over, and I took a break from packing up my trunk for my visit to my parents. I had just descended into a particularly juicy daydream fantasy where I was wrapped in the arms of a delightful man when Ginny burst through the door without knocking.

"Hermione! Oi! Dumbledore is throwing a party to celebrate tomorrow all the Order members are coming - after everyone else leaves on the Hogwarts' Express. It's tarts and vicars, and we need costumes!" Ginny threw herself on the bed, her red hair flailing about.

I raised an eyebrow at Ginny, sitting up slowly. "You're serious? Albus is having a tarts and vicars victory party?" I shook my head with a bemused grin. "Is he high? And more importantly, do you think I can get away with dressing as a vicar?" I tapped my forefinger against my cheek, envisioning dark robes and a high collar rather than a short dress and fishnet stockings. Yes, that would be much more the thing.

"Uh, no. You're not dressing as a vicar. You're dressing as a tart, and you're going to be an incredibly irresistible tart by the time I've done with you. I don't know who you were daydreaming about, but you'll have him," she cast a sideways glance at me, "or her. Now, get your trainers on, and let's go to Diagon Alley." Ginny threw my trainers at me, looking around for my purse. "Come ON, I have a whole list of stuff that Dumbledore wants us to get. We might need to go to Muggle London for some of it. I've no idea why he wants it, but I'm guessing there's going to be enough alcohol tomorrow night to figure it out."

As I pulled on my trainers, I privately thought that Ginny was a bit Too Bossy For Her Own Good and was Taking After Her Mother rather more than might be wise for an eighteen-year-old. I retrieved the purse that Ginny dangled from her fingers and followed the bossy little redhead through my fireplace to the Leaky Cauldron.

"You know, the term's not quite over yet. I could take points from you for busting into a teacher's rooms," I grumbled as we walked through the magic archway into Diagon Alley.

After a busy afternoon spent shopping for costumes, playing cards, poker chips, dice, and a few Muggle board games (after all, Trivial Pursuit can be played in a rather kinky fashion if one thinks about it properly, and Albus Dumbledore is the biggest romantic meddler in Wizarding history), we stopped off in the Leaky Cauldron for a quick Butterbeer before Flooing back to Hogwarts.

Ginny went to order, and I settled our purchases in a corner booth when my eyes were covered by a pair of large hands, and a "Guess Who?" was whispered enticingly into my ear, breath tickling my earlobe and sending delightful shivers up and down my spine. I knew that voice, both at full volume and at intimate whispering level, and I loved to hear it directed toward me.

"Hmmm, I wonder," I purred, leaning back slightly against my captor. "Tall, well-built, sexy voice, smells of chocolate." I pried the hands away from my eyes and turned around. "Remus!" I cried happily, throwing my arms around him in a hug and pressing my cheek against his chest, inhaling his woodsy, chocolatey scent. "You're coming to the party tomorrow night, yes? I've missed you."

He brushed a curl back from my face and smiled as he kissed my cheek. "I wouldn't miss it for the world, gorgeous; although I'm not at all sure I want to see Minerva or Molly as tarts."

"You're awful. Sit and have a Butterbeer with Ginny and me," I wheedled, pulling him into the booth to sit near me. "What brings you out to London today?" I asked as Ginny came back with the Butterbeers.

"Hi, Professor. Saw you come in, so I got you one too." She smiled, pushing the bottles over to us, raising an eyebrow at me suggestively.

I love Ginny. Honestly, I really do. She's the sister I never had and an excellent confidante, but she has no idea what subtlety is. I can't blame her, looking at her family a bunch of more lovable bumblers you'd be hard pressed to find - but some things are just not her business, including which of her professors keep each other company after curfew and just how they go about it. I gave Remus' knee a squeeze under the table anyway.

"Thank you, Ginevra." Remus nodded, taking a sip of his Butterbeer as he trailed the fingers of his free hand along my inner thigh. "Did you two get costumes for the party today?"

Ginny grinned. "Oh, you bet we did. Hermione wouldn't go as tarty as I wanted her to, but she'll look all right."

"She's just mad that I wouldn't let HER go as tarty as she wanted to," I smiled, "as I didn't want Molly on my case." Sure, Hermione. You can do this. Carry on a perfectly banal conversation with Ginny while Remus keeps sliding his hand higher.

"Oh, Hermione, to answer your earlier question? I'm also looking for a costume for the party. We can't all be like Severus," he drew his fingernails on my jeans between my legs as he said 'Severus,' "and have plenty of vicar-ish robes at our disposal."

Remus is a bad wolf. Very bad. Ginny excused herself to use the loo, and I burrowed my face into his neck.

"You are positively naughty, Remus," I muttered. "You're never going to let me live down telling you about Severus and I after I defeated Voldie, are you?"

He laughed, the deep sound going straight to my groin as I fidgeted on the bench.

"No, love. I'm not. Nor am I going to let him live it down. The thought of you two going at it up against Malfoy's dungeon wall with spangly pink hearts and sparkly rainbows bouncing all around you is just far too good of a vision to dismiss," he whispered, catching my earlobe between his teeth and nipping lightly. "All that delicious tension had to go somewhere. By the way, I'll be back at Hogwarts later tonight." He pulled away and took a swig of his Butterbeer, waving at Ginny as she came back from the loo.

To say I was distracted for the rest of the afternoon would be an understatement. Ginny was surely suspicious of something, but she just left me in my rooms with my costume and traipsed off to deliver the rest of the goods to Albus.

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Chapter 2 of 5

A slightly different perspective this chapter - still a cracking good time!

A/N: I don't own anything but the plot, and even that is questionable. Thanks again to ScatteredLogic; any mistakes remaining are mine.

Chapter 2

After Hermione and Ginny left me in the Leaky Cauldron, I finished up my shopping as soon as I could. I had been away for the full moon for most of the week since classes were over. Although Severus and Hermione had made improvements to the Wolfsbane Potion, it still took a lot out of me to transform and recover each month.

I missed my witch and was aching to get back into her arms as soon as possible. I say 'my witch,' but I don't really know if that's the case. We're fond of each other, true. We have a deep bond as friends – and a similar one as lovers – but to say we have a formal arrangement would be incorrect. I knew she carried a torch for Severus, and when she told me about what had happened in the Malfoy dungeons, I wasn't surprised. Amused, yes, that Severus thought of me as her 'pet werewolf,' but not surprised.

I expected her to break off whatever we had so she would feel free to pursue the taciturn Potions master. I would have been right depressed about it, too. Hermione is a wonderful witch and a giving, energetic lover. No, she told me that she had no intention of stopping our liaison and she would go after Severus in addition, confessing that she hoped the two of us could, in time, come to respect each other enough to share her fully.

It may have been better at that point to tell her that Severus and I had been intermittent lovers for the past five years, but she was so excited and idealistic that I couldn't bring myself to burst her bubble and take away her self-assigned challenge. Hermione has never been one to do things by halves, and if she wanted both me and Severus, she would find a way.

I managed to make it back to Hogwarts just in time for the Leaving Feast, sliding into my seat between Hermione and Rolanda Hooch as Albus started nattering on about the House Cup.

"Welcome back, Remus," Hermione said warmly as she reached past me to pour herself a glass of pumpkin juice. "I hope your week wasn't too tiring!" She was the picture of perfect concern for a colleague, yet I knew if I looked to her other side where Severus was seated, he'd have some scowl or another on his face. I couldn't tell from day to day if it was Hermione or me he was peeved at. I just smiled and laid my hand across Hermione's in a friendly fashion.

"It was a bit strenuous, but I've managed to recover. Thank you for your concern, dear Hermione."

Our conversation was interrupted at that point by loud, raucous screaming and clapping from the Gryffindor table. I can only presume that meant they won the House Cup. It would be just like Albus to award points to Gryffindors who had left school. I don't mean to malign my own house. Maybe they did win it on their own; but Albus is a Gryffindor and he's also very sneaky.

The rest of the meal passed in polite conversation and the usual delicious food. I rather enjoyed watching Hermione baiting Severus. When did she become such a Flirtations Mistress? Maybe the seven years of living with Lavender Brown and Parvati Patil had finally sunk in now that she wasn't trying to stuff her brain full of every book in the Hogwarts Library. Poor Severus. He'd have an easier time of it if he'd just admit he fancied her instead of denying his attraction at every turn; I know by experience. It took the better part of first term for Hermione to convince me that she wasn't the bushy-haired third year I had first met any longer.

The object of my affections pushed her chair back with a sigh and rose from the table. "Coming by later for a cuppa, Remus?" she asked, her hand on my shoulder.

"I should be there around eight," I answered in the affirmative. "I'll see you then."

She strolled out of the great hall, chivvying a couple of erstwhile first years to go and get started on their packing.

"Lupin."

Ah, Severus. Got your knickers in a twist, do you?

"Yes, Severus?" I asked, turning my attention to the dark man.

"Could you come by the dungeons before your rendezvous with Miss Granger? I'd like to get a blood sample and a report from you so we can see how the latest version of Wolfsbane worked," he requested, raising an eyebrow at me. "I promise to not keep you too long."

Severus shows his jealousy in the most subtle ways. He did, of course, need a blood sample and a report. It was the raised eyebrow and the promise to not keep me too long that told me he was feeling just a little neglected. At that moment, I could really appreciate Hermione's desire for a triad.

I walked with Severus down to the dungeons and let him draw my blood for testing.

"Do you have time to give me a report now, Remus?" he asked, offhandedly, as he labeled the phial of blood.

"I have plenty of time for you, Severus," I said softly, catching hold of his hand.

"Don't patronize me!" he snapped, yanking his hand away. "The students may think I have no friends and need none, but you, of all people, should know better!" He turned,

For someone who led a double life for twenty years, Severus is a bit of a drama queen. It makes him an excellent potions brewer and a passionate lover, but tends to get in the way of what should be rational conversations. Then again, when are matters of the heart ever rational?

"I'm not patronizing you, Severus. You should know me better than that by now. You're the one who drew away when I got involved with Hermione over the winter hols," I pointed out. "Has she talked to you since that night two weeks ago?" I carefully watched his expression, which only became darker. Apparently she hadn't! The naughty little minx! "Then she didn't she tell you she wants us to get along enough to share her?" I sat back in the chair with a smile.

"I didn't tell her anything. She's taking it up as a personal challenge, so I didn't want to ruin all her fun. You know how much she likes to be in charge, and I thought it might be a pleasant," I leaned forward in my chair, grinning conspiratorially, "surprise for her, if we approached her together."

"You daft idiot," I muttered affectionately as I turned to kiss him, catching his lower lip between my teeth, "I thought you'd never shag me again the way you've been acting." I flicked my wand at the door, casting a silencing and locking charm, and followed him into the bedroom.

An hour later I was off for tea with Hermione, feeling again very much at rights with Severus. I felt a little dishonest for not telling her right away that Severus and I had been involved when she mentioned pursuing us both, but it really had taken me by surprise. Hermione loves the chase, though. If anything, I thought she might be pleased that I took a little initiative to bring her desires closer.

Chapter 3 of 5

A/N: Don't own anything. Maybe some plot elements, but nothing else. I just like to take the characters out to play for a while.

Chapter 3

First, there was the matter of Albus' ridiculous party to get through. His borrowed Muggle theme could have been worse. The cherub and pink ridden Valentine's Day from the year Lockhart was here came to mind. I did wonder how my costume was going to go over, though. Likely nobody would notice the difference.

She glanced at her watch and used her fingers to tick off some calculation or another. "Oh, why not? I have a few hours before I need to get ready for the party." She smiled. "But you're buying. Severus."

She merely smirked and took off walking down the street. Smirked! That was MY thing! Since when was she allowed to smirk at me?! Oh, yes, I recalled. That would be since our adrenaline-infused interlude against the wall of the Malfoy dungeons. I followed after, my long strides allowing me to catch her up fairly quickly. She said nothing more, just continued to smirk like the cat that got the canary as we settled ourselves at a corner table at Rosmerta's. When the server came to take our orders, I decided on a neat Firewhiskey and waited to see what She-Who-Smirks-A-Lot was going to order. I felt something slide up the inside of my calf. Her foot.

It took every ounce of restraint I had to not respond. Oh, no, I would not be trifled with in such a way, flirted with and teased. She may treat the werewolf that way, but I wouldn't stand for it.

"What in the name of Merlin's left testicle do you think you're doing, Miss Granger?"

I leaned in very close, whispering, "If you won't desist with drawing your ticklish little foot up my leg, I swear I'll make you worthy of the 'tart' costume you're assumedly wearing this evening. Right. Here. On. This. Table. Do you understand?"

I watched as her eyes widened and her mouth formed a perfect little 'O'. She straightened in her chair, withdrew her foot, and settled her hands in her lap. Very good. Even a year out of school, the Potions master voice still worked on the chit. I settled back in my chair.

"Of course, Professor. I understand you perfectly. While I certainly hope *someone* will make me worthy of my costume this evening, I would rather it not be on a wooden table here at the pub." She chuckled.

She busied herself toying with the edge of her cloak as the server brought our drinks over. Hers was frothy and pink and had whipped cream atop it. Ridiculous. I accepted my Firewhiskey with ill grace and sipped at it, watching Hermione slurp her concoction through a straw. Did she have any idea how delicious she was, and did she have any idea what she was in for this evening? Remus had assured me he wouldn't tip her off directly, but he may have dropped a hint or two. I thought he was feeling a little guilty for not coming clean right away. That, however, was his problem.

"Just what is the allure of that pink beverage, Hermione?" I inquired, waving my hand at the glass she was holding.

"Oh. Easy. One only tastes the strawberries and lime, not the rum," she answered, holding the glass out to me. "Would you like to try it? It's good."

"I'll just take your word for it."

We finished up our drinks in what was, in my mind, a very companionable silence. There had only been a few people in my life of being a double agent that I'd been able to achieve such a state with. As odd as it may seem for the bat of the dungeons, I did appreciate such things.

As we walked back to the school, we fell into easy conversation about an article in a recent edition of *Arts Alchemia* that lasted until we parted at the entrance hall. I continued on down to my rooms alone and glad there were no students to see me in what I might have been inclined to call a good mood. I had just rounded the corner to my rooms when I saw Albus standing outside my door, his hand raised to knock.

"Headmaster, what can I do for you?"

"Ahh, Severus! I thought you'd have been back by now. No matter, no matter. You *are* attending the victory soiree tonight, yes?" Ugh, even from five metres away I could see his eyes twinkling. Meddling, mischievous barmy old codger!

I muttered my passwords under my breath and dismantled the wards to my home as I invited him in. Yes, it was against my better judgment, but he would have pouted. I despised a pouting Albus because he was worse than a spoiled three year old. I motioned him to a seat near the fire as I hung up my outer cloak and settled myself into the other chair.

"So, what brings you down to spy on me this afternoon, Albus?" I asked without preamble.

"Spy on you, my dear Severus? Why would I do any such thing? I merely came to inquire that all the students made it on to the train safely and there were no major catastrophies on the way," he said, sitting back in his chair and summoning a cutesy ceramic tea service from out of nowhere as he did so, no doubt because he knew the whimsical design would annoy me. I knew very well food could not be conjured. I knew it hadn't really come out of nowhere, but the Hogwarts house-elves were very discreet. After almost twenty years it was still rather disconcerting.

I accepted the cup of tea, balancing it on the arm of my chair as I made my report of the morning's excursion.

"The students made it to the train without incident. Euan Abercrombie forgot his cat, but Miss Granger assured him that she would check his dormitory and Floo it home for him, likely before he arrived home himself. Nobody missed the train or the carriages, except for the student members of the Order and the DA who were cleared to stay for the festivities this evening. There was the usual amount of sentimental foolishness, and I do believe Miss Granger was the recipient of a few teary hugs."

Albus merely smiled and sipped his tea.

"And yes, Albus, I am coming to your ridiculous party. I'm even going to wear a costume, although I highly doubt anyone will notice."

"Wonderful, Severus!" He set down his empty teacup and rose. "I'll just leave you now to ready yourself. I have many things to do in the Great Hall. Remember, seven sharp – don't be late!"

Four

Chapter 4 of 5

Party time--what do Severus and Remus have planned?

A/N: I don't own it. Really, I don't. I just like to play with the characters.

"Merlin on a Motorcycle" comes from a recent discussion on the Potter_Place Yahoo group where it was mentioned as a Wizarding substitute for "Christ on a bike". It made me giggle, so I decided to use it. As always, thanks go to my wonderful, patient beta, ScatteredLogic. She's crazy quick!

The evening found me ensconced in my room with Ginny and Luna, getting all tarted up. Well, Ginny and I were getting tarted up, at least. Luna (in her typical oddball style) was wearing vicar's robes, but in a very bright purple. I suspect she may have borrowed them from Albus. I was a bit put out that Luna could get away with vicar's robes, and I was stuck wearing this scrap of satin and lace that qualified as a tart's costume.

I stood with my foot braced on a chair as Ginny hugged one of the posts on my bed, and I tightened up her blue satin corset. Ginny was convinced her smallish breasts were going to benefit from the contraption, and from what I could tell that seemed to be the truth. I had escaped a corset myself, being less concerned about the state of my own breasts. I gave a final tug, tied the ribbons, and sat down to catch my breath a moment.

"Damn! I should have put my shoes on before I let you lace me up!" Ginny exclaimed. "I can't bend over now!" She sat down on the edge of the bed and poked her toe ineffectually into her stiletto-heeled shoe. Luna went to assist her with the shoes, and I went into the bathroom to finish my own preparations.

My costume did cover all the strategic bits thankfully. It was a nice shade of copper silk that I thought set off my skin and hair quite well. The skirt came down to about mid-thigh, and the top bit had thin straps on the shoulders. The best part about the costume, however, was the pair of thigh-high matching-hued heeled leather boots I had purchased to go along with it. There were a few inches of skin between where the skirt left off and the boots began, and I had to admit that I looked pretty good. I donned the short cape that the costume had come with, swiped a bit of tawny lipstick across my lips and made a moue at the mirror. Eat your hearts out, boys.

The party was in full swing by the time we made it down to the Great Hall, which had been charmed to look like a casino. I left Ginny to be drooled over by Harry and

scolded by Molly and made my way over to where Remus was sitting. I slid into the chair beside him at the poker table and gave him a winning smile.

"Three-card stud?" I asked, brightly, as I saw Severus seat himself on my other side with a swish of black cloak.

"You look absolutely ravishing. I think you'd look even better in nothing but the boots," Remus said and swept my hand up to his lips to kiss it.

I did have the good grace to blush, and I looked over my shoulder at Severus with a smile. "Well, I did say I hoped someone would make me worthy of my costume."

"Indeed, Miss Granger," he drawled, straightening his collar. "I might say to you that the offer still stands."

I glanced at Remus, who was grinning wolfishly. There was Something Going On here and one of two ways to handle it. I could just ignore the two of them, but that didn't seem like very much fun. A wolfishly-grinning Remus is an almost ironclad guarantee he has something planned that I'm going to enjoy. Immensely. Considering the affable mood of the Potions master in conjunction with the wolfish grin, the second option of seeing where those two things could lead me sounded like a much better way to go. I nabbed a flute of champagne from a passing house-elf and sat back in my chair, my legs crossed as demurely as possible in the short skirt of my costume.

"So, gentlemen. What sort of game can I interest you in this evening? Cards? Dice? Muggle board games?"

I knew there were looks going over the top of my head, but I pretended I didn't notice. I had no idea if Remus and Severus were pretending to get on for my sake or if I just didn't know the whole story. What I did think was that they had some kind of Plan with a capital P. I just toyed with the stack of plastic poker chips in front of me, picking them up and letting them slide through my fingers. Before too long, I felt a long-fingered hand close over mine.

"Stop that infernal fidgeting. Cards it is, but I've already been at this party longer than I care to."

"That just leaves one thing to be settled, then," Remus remarked. "Private party in whose room?"

"Wait, wait," I said with a scowl. "One thing to be settled? Since when are you two so bloody chummy? And what makes either of you think I want to leave the party so soon? It's practically *my* party, isn't it? Seeing as I defeated the Dark Lord and all?!" I stood up, glass of champagne and stack of poker chips quite forgotten. I'd just got here, wolfish grins be damned! "Merlin on a motorcycle! I spent a small fortune on this scrap of silk, and I intend to get my money's wor..."

I found myself unable to continue my tirade, as I had been tugged into Remus' lap and his warm hands were settled quite firmly on my arse as he leaned in and kissed my neck. "Hush," he whispered. "You will. I promise. It's your night, as you said. Nobody is trying to change that. A celebration with three can be just as fulfilling as one with a crowd, love."

"For one thing, you won't have Potter scowling at your backside all night," Severus noted with a smirk. "He's still rather put out about not fulfilling the prophecy. Or perhaps it's because you're the most delectable tart in the room and you're already quite, shall we say, taken?"

Taken? Oh, no, I wasn't. Not yet. But the way things looked to be going, it was a possibility for the evening.

"I do believe you've had enough champagne, Hermione."

"Haven't had any such thing. Give it back, Severus."

"That's two hands you've flubbed in a row now. Winning is hardly enjoyable if it's by default."

All right, perhaps I was a little tipsy. More champagne, elf-made this time, had followed the first bottle. The fire in the hearth in Severus' sitting room was warm, it was late, and I was incredibly relaxed. Remus had dropped out of the game some time ago and was rubbing my feet, despite his earlier desire to see me in nothing but the boots.

"Well, go get me a vial of Sober-Up potion, then. The champagne is tasty."

Remus laughed from his spot on the rug. "Bossy even when she's tired and tipsy, isn't she?" His hands had moved up to my calves by then, gently massaging.

"I'm not bossy, Remus. I just know what I want. More champagne. And for you not to stop whatever it is you're doing, because it feels amazing."

Severus put the cards away and walked around behind me, slipping his hands onto my shoulders and rubbing them. "I think you should just forget the champagne and relax. For a tart, you seem to be all flash and no substance. A lightweight when it comes to your drink, too."

I tilted my head back to look at Severus, raising an eyebrow. "I'm new to the whole tart business, you see. I'm sure I'll get the hang of it soon. Maybe you could teach me, since you seem to know so much about it. If I put the boots back on, would that help?" I rested my head on the back of the settee, grinning.

I was still busy grinning and feeling smug when he leaned over the back of the couch and pressed his lips against mine. It felt like a question, one that I only wanted to say 'yes, yes, yes!' to. I opened my mouth enough to brush my tongue against his lower lip, and there was no turning back. Severus' mouth claimed mine, demanding, but not rough. Remus's hands left my legs, and he climbed up to the settee alongside me, leaving kisses along my neck and jaw, then along Severus'. When Severus broke our kiss to pull Remus to him in a kiss just as passionate, I knew there had been something going on I didn't know about. I was ready to forgive, though. I had two of the sexiest wizards I knew at my beck and call for the night, and I fully intended to enjoy it.

I woke up the next morning slightly stiff and sore and curled between the two of them. Who knew Severus was such a closet hedonist? His bed was large enough to sleep six, never mind just the three of us. As I stretched, Remus woke and smiled at me.

"Good morning, beautiful," he whispered, tucking a stray curl behind my ear. "Surprised?"

I laughed quietly, kissing him. "Quite. I think you have some explaining to do, but it will keep. What I really want to know is if this was a one-time thing or if there's potential for something more."

I felt another pair of arms curling around me from behind, the fingers stroking gently across my bare belly. "Can't we leave the deep discussions until after breakfast? I think that should be a household rule, if not a law," Severus grumbled, his voice scratchy and deep from sleep. "Then again, you always were an insufferable know-it-all."

Mischief managed!

For those of you who are groaning about the fade-to-black, I really apologize! I do have plans to write that as a supplemental cutscene at some point. It just wasn't forthcoming before the exchange deadline.

These are the prompts I was provided by Shalimar1981:

1. Parody of the final battle and what happens at the celebrations after that... Drunken blurting out of embarrassing secrets, wild shagging of the couple in the most unlikely places. Maybe a naughty game of dice? I will love you forever for hilarious but overly realistic shagging of the type of 10 habits of a highly effective Hermione by jgurlpunckrck (on Ashwinder)... And they lived happily ever after--well, as best they can, bickering and only just managing to keep their hands off each other! Would love

lots of secondary characters make an appearance as well.

And

3. A threesome between HG, SS and Remus Lupin. Bring them together in a more unusual way than just working together or meeting at the Weasleys' or Grimmauld Place. Hot smut will be appreciated, but it would be great if it were not just a PWP. Happy ending a must. :) If DH compliant, I'd love to have a more unusual explanation for how Snape and Remus live.

Bonus cut-scene

Chapter 5 of 5

This is the missing scene from Chapter 4.

Disclaimer: I own two small children, a husband, and a twelve-year-old Cadillac. I do not own these characters.

This part may seem a bit incongruous, as the rest of the story was written in first person - this is the reason I have posted it as a bonus chapter instead of just editing into Chapter Four. I know there were a few of you who reviewed looking forward to this - I hope it lives up to your expectations!

Remus slid his hands up Hermione's thighs, inching the skirt of her costume up slowly.

"I still want to see you in nothing but the boots, but it will keep," he said huskily, bending to plant a kiss on her inner thigh. "This costume is one of the sexiest things I've ever seen."

Severus eased one of the straps of the costume down her arm, kissing her freckle-dusted shoulder. "Do you still want the Sober-Up potion, little tart? I'd hate for you to not remember this in the morning."

"Maybe just half a dose? I'll think too much if I'm completely sober. I don't want to think too much right now," Hermione admitted.

"Half a dose it is, then." Severus agreed, nibbling on her ear for a moment before going to find the potion.

Hermione threaded her fingers through Remus' hair as his kisses inched further up her inner thighs, his lips staying just shy of her knickers, the satin of them damp and on their way to being utterly soaked. She made an impatient noise in her throat and wriggled her hips in frustration. Remus chuckled quietly and applied the heel of his palm against her clit through the knickers, the pressure making her gasp and tighten her fingers in his hair.

"Patience is a virtue," he chided. "Be good."

"Being good is highly overrated, Lupin," Severus interjected, returning with the potion. He handed it to Hermione and watched as she drank the half dose, her nose wrinkling. Whether it was intentional on the potion inventor's part to make the brew taste and smell like dirty socks or not, the stuff was disgusting. Hermione sat up a bit as her head cleared slightly.

"I've been bloody patient for the last two weeks, and that's been about two weeks too long," she growled, tugging at Remus's hair. "Tease all you like another time, but *not now*."

Preferring to the implied consequences an unsolved mystery; Remus slid Hermione's damp copper satin knickers down her legs and tossed them over his shoulder, too intent on the lovely sight before him to be concerned with where they might land. He trailed his fingers along her hips and over her belly, finally spreading her thighs apart. Bending his head to her center, he licked a slow, teasing path along her inner lips and up to her clit. Hermione whimpered and gripped the edge of the settee. It wasn't going to take much to set her off, and Remus seemed to sense it, sliding two fingers into her moist heat. He smiled against her clit as he heard her moan, his eyes flicking upward to see Severus claiming her mouth in a heated kiss.

Hermione was divided between the two sensations, pressing her core against Remus' mouth and fingers and arching into Severus' kiss. She drew Severus' lower lip between her teeth and nipped at it, one hand reaching up to curl around his neck. She buried her fingers in his dark hair, savoring the taste of champagne on his lips.

Her climax took her by surprise, occupied as she was with kissing Severus. Her cries were lost in the kiss.

Severus brushed the backs of his fingers against her cheek with a smile. "As lovely as it is to see you writhing in pleasure on my settee, I think the bedroom may be more comfortable for any further... activities."

Remus extended his hand to the weak-kneed witch, helping her up.

Together, they made their way into the bedroom, Hermione giggling madly all the while.

"All right then, Hermione into the middle of the bed," Severus drawled, leaning up against the doorjamb with a lascivious grin.

Hermione attempted to move, but she was brought up short by the enormous bed with its lavish linens.

"Are you quite sure there's only the three of us tonight, Severus? I think we could fit half the attendees to the party in your bed," she teased, settling her satin-clad body against the mountains of pillows.

Severus smirked, unbuttoning his vicar's robes and tossing them across the fainting couch. "By all means, if the Saviour of the Wizarding World wants to invite the rest of the party, who am I to say no?"

"I believe I have all the party I need here," Hermione affirmed. "At least, I would if you two would join me in bed."

Remus and Severus exchanged glances and began to slowly unbutton their shirts. Hermione didn't know where to look first, at Severus and his pale skin dusted with fine black hairs, or Remus' more rugged, tanned physique. They shrugged the shirts onto the floor and by some sort of mutual agreement, started on the belt buckles.

"Stop-stop-stop. Either one at a time, or one of you undress the other one, or something. I'm still half-tipsy, and I can't keep track of both of you at the same time," Hermione said bossily, interrupting the striptease.

"Cheeky little tart, isn't she?" Severus remarked offhandedly to Remus, crossing the room to him. He stepped behind Remus, pausing to nip lightly at the side of his neck, and reached around to unfasten his trousers. Hermione bit her lower lip and watched, a greedy look in her eyes as her men (hers!) finished undressing each other.

They slid into the bed on either side of her, Remus on her right and Severus on the left.

"Now who's overdressed, witch?" Remus asked, tugging the bottom of her costume up. Hermione lifted her bottom off the bed and then raised her arms so Remus could slip the copper satin from her body. Severus took advantage of Hermione's distraction, cradling her face in his hands and claiming her lips in a heated, tingling kiss. Remus snuggled up behind Hermione, his hands roaming over her body as he spoke softly into her ear.

"Do you like how Severus kisses you, love? All that sensuality and power he keeps buttoned up inside those robes of his? Touch him, Hermione. He needs to feel loved and wanted," Remus insisted, cupping her breasts in his hands and teasing her nipples to a peak with his thumbs.

Hermione complied, moving to straddle Severus's lap, where she commenced a more in-depth study of his body than she had been able to ascertain in the Malfoy dungeons. Her hands caressed him, never breaking their kiss. She traced his many scars, wishing she could smooth them, and the memories of how they were made, away. As her fingers swept over his transformed Dark Mark, she began to giggle and pulled back a bit.

"I know being marked with stars and hearts isn't funny to you, Severus. But you must admit, it's far more attractive than the original," she offered, after composing herself.

"Wench." Severus sniffed. "I just wish it wasn't *PINK*." He smiled a bit and then leaned to kiss her collarbone. "Remus, why are you over there all by yourself, hmm?"

Remus offered a lazy grin. "Just enjoying watching my lovers pet each other."

"Come here so we can pet you, too." Hermione beckoned, her eyes drifting closed. Severus held a hand out to Remus and tugged him over, subtly directing him behind Hermione. The two wizards sought to reduce Hermione to a mass of boneless pleased goo, hands and mouths working in tandem. Before long, she was rocking her hips against Severus' erect cock and back to where Remus was nestled between her buttocks.

Remus caught her earlobe between his teeth, nipping it slightly. "What do you want, lovely? Tell us, Hermione," Remus urged, his fingers teasing her clit.

"Mmmm, Remus, please..."

"Please what, Hermione?" Severus purred, pressing against her. "Do you want us both, right now?"

"Yes, now, want you both," she panted, wrapping her hand around Severus' cock and pressing back against Remus with a moan. Severus grabbed her hips and brought her forward, nudging at her entrance with his member. Hermione rose slightly and sank back down slowly on Severus' cock, bracing herself on his shoulders.

"Severusssssssss!" she hissed, rocking forward just a bit. "Remus, hurry!" she commanded and then buried her head into Severus' neck to keep from moving. His cock felt amazing, and she was impatient. Soon, she felt Remus' fingers, slick with oil, working gently to open her rear entrance enough for his cock.

"Bossy witch. That's the last time you get elf-made champagne before a major event like this one," Remus chided, positioning himself and sliding just the head of his cock inside. "You're alright?" he asked.

"Damn! Yes! I'm fine. I could be better than fine!" Hermione growled. "Quit pussyfooting around!"

Remus shared a grin with Severus over Hermione's shoulder and thrust his hips forward, sliding deep into her passage. "As my witch commands," he murmured, wrapping an arm around her waist.

Severus leaned over Hermione's shoulder to kiss Remus deeply as the three of them worked together to find their rhythm. It didn't take long, Remus and Hermione moving toward Severus as one.

"Sweet Merlin, Hermione. I love your pussy," Severus gasped. "So wet..."

Hermione found herself quite incapable of rational thought, caught between the two of them. There was only feeling, and friction, and pleasure. Thinking at this point was ridiculously overrated, and she gave herself over to the sensations. It only took a slight brush of Remus' thumb against her clit and she came undone, Remus and then Severus following her into oblivion.