

In Flagrante

by dacia goddess

One-shot fic written to the prompt: *Ginny discovers Hermione in flagrante delecto with...Snape? Malfoy? Author's choice.* In which the author makes an ... educated choice.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Author's Note: This story was written last summer before the release of Deathly Hallows. As such, it is not compliant with that tome (though the setting is AU enough not to really hint at much, canon-wise).

All uncharitable characterisation elements are written in good humour.

*Lastly, I claim no ownership of **Harry Potter** or anything else related thereto.*

Ginny watched expectantly as Hermione stabbed the straw at the ice in her cocktail glass before sipping her drink. Maybe just maybe, now that she'd caught Hermione off-guard the answer would be different.

On second thought, apparently not; there was barely a need for an answer when Hermione's expression, almost predictable by now, said it all.

"Not. Interested," Hermione bit out slowly and a touch too vehemently if you asked Ginny before setting her glass on the table with a bit more of a slam than usual or than really necessary. "Besides, I already have plans for tonight, and they most certainly do not include Ronald."

Ginny narrowed her eyes in annoyance. This was the eighteenth or nineteenth time not that she'd been keeping count that Hermione had made some silly excuses of being "too busy" or "not interested" or "already involved" when Ginny had tried to set up a date for her with Ron. Frankly, Ginny really didn't think Hermione had any prospects lined up let alone any better than Ronald no matter how much her friend insisted that she was currently involved. Still, if she pursued the matter head-on at this point, she knew the conversation would start to ring predictably identical to the others they'd had in the past. So instead, Ginny decided to try and see for herself what these plans of Hermione's were and if they were anywhere as dry and dull and solitary as she expected them to be.

Quickly making up her mind, Ginny shot out of her chair. She excused herself with a hasty, "Sorry, Hermione, loo," and hurriedly wound her way through the pub. Once she was safely locked into a stall, it was a matter of moments (and a charm on the loo to make it flush repeatedly and cover the popping noise) for Ginny to Apparate home and Accio Harry's Invisibility Cloak. Harry wouldn't mind especially if he didn't know; besides, Ginny certainly had the means to make it up to him if he did. Hmm ... on second thought, maybe a bit of *extra extra* spice wouldn't be a bad idea; perhaps Harry should find out after all...

Shaking her head clear of thoughts of that particular sort of fun, Ginny made sure the Invisibility Cloak was stuffed securely in her purse before Apparating back in her stall. She absently cancelled the charm provoking the repetitive, dull roar of flushing water before she made her way back out and rejoined Hermione at their table. Ginny

decided to gloss over the length of her absence rather than apologise for it and risk drawing any sort of undue attention. Instead, she regained her seat gracefully and smiled at Hermione as though she'd relented.

"Right, then; if you say you have plans ... I do hope we have enough time to get another round before you have to leave."

Ginny sighed quietly in relief and gathered the Invisibility Cloak closer to herself. In hindsight, she was lucky to have annoyed Hermione (again) by broaching the Ron subject (again). As a result, the crack produced by Hermione's determined Apparition had been resounding enough to drown out Ginny's smaller, more hesitant one. Thankfully, this mission wasn't over before it had started. And on that note, thank fuck for Harry needing all that Stealth and Tracking practice during the Auror programme. Ginny was certain she wouldn't have thought to learn the charm she'd just used.

Of course, in a far more lucid hindsight, Ginny would come to realise she would have been better off nicking one of Fred and George's new Vanishing Cloaks, which they had improved to muffle sounds in addition to rendering the user invisible. Stubbornly ignoring one's shortcomings tended to be a Weasley trait, however, (dominant and linked to the X chromosome, the author will gleefully tell you, practically guaranteeing its expression in every generation and in both genders) so this particular hindsight was cheerfully dismissed after no more than half a second's contemplation.

Falling back on habits born of long years of sneaking about and poking her nose everywhere she had been told it didn't belong, that is to say arduous and clearly useful practise at the Burrow, Ginny followed Hermione with quiet steps and even more silent breathing. From Ginny's vantage point, Hermione looked to be in a huff; she had to be, to be advancing so determinedly. Ginny was so concerned with keeping up she paid no mind to her surroundings, other than to briefly note that she had no idea where she was and that the ambient was closer in temperature to uncomfortably fucking cold than to invigoratingly (and soberingly) nippy.

Under the cover of the night, they soon arrived at a cottage. Ginny would have gladly fallen back on the cliché of calling it cosy-looking, if only it wasn't already so dark outside that she couldn't see past the tip of her nose. (Once again, the author would malevolently inform you that this too seems to be a Weasley trait that has nothing to do with the state of lighting, if quite a bit to do with illumination, but the author has no business influencing this story, so she will be drowned out by the narrative instead.) The door opened for them well, to be precise, for Hermione before they'd even reached it. Ginny wondered if that had been intentional on Hermione's part, but the look of loathing that her friend flashed the offending object told her otherwise. Hermione looked as though she would have liked nothing more than to slam that door open, if not blast it right out of its hinges.

"Good evening, miss. May Bissy be taking your cloak?"

The squeaky voice startled Ginny. It also accounted for the door opening earlier, she supposed as she tiptoed into the parlour behind Hermione.

"Good evening, Bissy," Hermione responded. "You know very well that you may not."

Hermione was glowering silently from the small house-elf to the now closed door and back. She shrugged off her cloak and Banished it to the coat rack herself, still looking mutinous. Ginny wondered if Hermione wouldn't take her snit out on the house-elf, now that her presumable hopes of slamming the door had apparently been dashed.

She nearly jumped out of her skin, therefore, when Hermione turned away from the house-elf and drew in a breath before starting to shout.

"Severus sodding Snape, get your arse in hereright now!"

Hermione's shrewish shout was met with absolute silence, which caused her to growl before turning her attention back to the house-elf still hovering by the door.

"I'm sorry, Bissy," she said; given the look on Hermione's face, Ginny found her tone surprisingly kind. "You're dismissed. See you tomorrow morning. Enjoy your evening."

As the house-elf popped out of view, Hermione turned once more and strode determinedly up the stairs. Ginny did her best to follow quietly, all the while wondering why exactly Hermione was meeting with Snape at all, let alone at this hour of the night.

"Severus!" Hermione called out again as she reached the first floor landing and strode through an open doorway straight into a ... bedroom. Well, this added one more to the list of things Ginny hadn't expected since she'd decided to follow her friend.

Severus Snape was standing at the foot of a four-poster bed the curtains of which were closed with his arms crossed over his chest and dressed more casually than Ginny had ever seen him.

"Ah, the dulcet tones of my darling paramour; how I have missed thy sound." Snape's tone bore the usual sarcasm everyone knew to expect of him, but his eyes were sparkling with mirth which Ginny knew was an absolute impossibility, since this was Severus Snape, and it was an axiom that Severus Snape did not laugh or find amusement in anything not involving torture.

"None of that, Severus," Hermione admonished, though her voice sounded different: a touch warmer and more at ease. Snape opened his mouth to retort, and the bemusement still shone clearly in his eyes, but Hermione, it seemed, was neither finished nor deterred. "Why, pray tell, was Bissy here?" she asked in that tone Ginny knew heralded a tirade.

Once again, Snape opened his mouth to respond, and once again, Hermione beat him to it.

"Had we not agreed," she began in that voice that meant it was ten minutes before you were due in the classroom and she'd found out you hadn't done your homework, "that this would be the elves' evening off? Why did a house-elf provide service for me tonight instead of enjoying their well-deserved free time?"

Ginny nearly burst out laughing at the bizarre question. Hermione looked entirely serious, though, and Ginny had to pinch herself quite hard to keep from laughing at all. That settled that, though. She really wasn't dreaming. Maybe Hermione had recruited Snape for SPEW. It made perfect sense that they would meet this late at night, then; no one in their right mind would be seen with Hermione anywhere resembling broad daylight while Hermione was stuck in one of her campaigns advocating house-elf rights.

Snape rolled his eyes. "I imagine you wasted no time in dismissing the elf in question, so the point is, by now, moot."

"It is most certainly not moot! Bissy shouldn't have been here at all, let alone waiting by the door so she could attend to me when I arrived!"

"Bossy witch," Snape murmured as he stalked closer to Hermione, "the house-elves may humour you when you impose free time and remuneration on them ... But I couldn't inflict the same torture upon them when they begged me to let them be of service."

Even Ginny could see that Hermione was about to retort something highly uncharitable it was clear by the way she drew in a long breath and drew herself up before opening her mouth. She was afforded no opportunity to do so, however, as Snape simply leaned in and kissed her. Ginny waited with vicious glee for Hermione to shove Snape off and hex him. Maybe, Ginny thought with glee, she'd have a chance to see those rabid canaries of Hermione's at work; she had been otherwise occupied all three times in recent memory that Ron had been on the receiving end of them.

It was, therefore, all Ginny could do to keep from spluttering when instead of acting as expected Hermione moaned brazenly and twined her arms about Snape's waist, bringing her body in closer contact with his. There was sort of an acute ringing in Ginny's ear as everything Hermione's behaviour and her excuses fell into place and caused the other shoe to drop. *This* was who Hermione was involved with?! Snape?! Hermione was 'seeing' Snape?

Well, fuck, not only seeing, apparently. At this point, Hermione was determinedly undressing Snape, frantically tugging his shirt out of his trousers. The movement of Snape's hands on Hermione's body was just as frantic, and the ease with which he stripped away Hermione's robes and shirt belied the long practice and familiarity that

could only be born of lengthy mutual exploration. Ginny wasn't sure whether she'd gasped or she'd gagged, but her fist was throbbing, and she was sure it would bruise later where she'd bit it to stifle the sound.

Still, the pain did nothing to detract from the problem at hand. Hermione was involved with Severus Snape! The bloody know-it-all cow had been determinedly turning away the advances direct or indirect of someone who had been her friend for nearly twenty years now; someone rich and successful and a Quidditch star; someone who was ready to settle down, marry her and let her have his children now, before Hermione got past her prime. Ginny was numb with incredulity at the idea that Hermione was giving up all that for the greasy terror of the dungeons.

Another moan on Hermione's part interrupted Ginny's thoughts, and she moved her glance up from the floor to see what was happening. Ginny felt her cheeks grow hot as she saw Snape doing away with the last of Hermione's clothes; he mercifully left her in a set of surprisingly skimpy bra and knickers before turning her to face the bed and stepping behind her. He began nibbling at the nape of her neck as he flicked his wand at the bed and made the curtains vanish.

Luckily, Ginny still had her fist pressed against her lips; otherwise, she would have lost the battle against the gasp that threatened to emerge this time. There, spread out on the bed, obviously naked but for the thin satin covering of silver bed sheets, was Lucius Malfoy. He was gazing at Hermione with a look of obvious longing as his hand began moving under the sheets in a ... Oh! Ginny blushed all the brighter at the realisation.

Ginny watched, breath caught somewhere between lungs and throat, as Hermione moaned in what could only be described as pure lust before she launched herself on the bed and at Malfoy. Hermione only just landed with her head somewhere below Malfoy's shoulder. Instead of letting that deter her even in the slightest, however, she took the opportunity to fasten her lips to Malfoy's bicep and start peppering kisses and nibbles to his skin in a measured ascent.

Snape seemed frozen in place, unable to decide whether to watch or undress as Hermione kissed her way up Malfoy's neck before reaching his mouth and pressing her lips to his. Ginny too found herself entranced by the sight of Hermione and Malfoy engaged in what looked to be a scorching, tongue-tangling kiss. All the while, Ginny noted with a blush so bright it could have lit a Quidditch pitch, Malfoy's hand hadn't ceased its slow, rhythmic vertical motion under the sheets.

"Mhmm," Hermione mumbled after she finally broke the kiss, "whhow come you're here? I thought the business trip meant you weren't due back for another two days?"

That was a good question. Ginny was sure she'd heard from very reliable sources that Malfoy would be away on business somewhere in continental Europe. Even Ginny's well-placed informant, though, wouldn't give her more details than that he'd be gone over a week.

"Oh, I wasn't, love," Malfoy replied, and Ginny was sure he had cast a charm on himself to sound so poised after such a thorough snogging. "But I found the memory of you however exquisite was simply insufficient when all it did was make me yearn for the reality of you all the more." Once again, Ginny found herself reaching into depths of self-control she hadn't known she possessed to keep from snorting aloud at the syrupy and clearly falsely sentimental shite Malfoy was spouting. Malfoy had wound a curly strand of Hermione's hair around his index finger as he'd spoken and was now repeatedly tugging at it gently and then releasing the curl so it sprung back in place.

Hermione let out a sound equally related to a moan and a purr at Malfoy's actions before resting her head on his shoulder with a sigh. As Malfoy tilted his head up slightly to accommodate her, Hermione shifted positions and attached herself to Malfoy's neck in a manner more befitting a vampire than a young woman in her thirties. (At this point, Ginny was, of course, conveniently glossing over her own penchant for attempted vampirism, in much the same way that she had spent the entire evening disregarding the fact that most women didn't seem particularly eager to have a go at Ron, as well as the fact that Hermione was most patently not the marrying, babies and housewife type. After all, this was Hermione, and Hermione was supposed to be dry and bookish and unappealing and desperate for Ron.)

As Ginny was busily ignoring the fact that Hermione wasn't a whore merely because she wasn't about to save herself for something that would never happen, she almost missed when Malfoy extended his arm the one that had been under the sheets, and she would certainly ignore the throb that had pulsed through her body at that thought and reached for Snape, who was still hovering, half undressed, at the side of the bed. To Ginny's surprise, Snape moved closer, settling himself over Hermione and touching his lips to Malfoy's without a trace of hesitancy. Soon enough, Malfoy's fingers were tangled in Snape's lank hair, and the kiss between the two men looked as involved as the ones between both of them and Hermione had been. Ginny was unnerved at seeing how well the three slotted together. The way they were navigating around each other meant this was by no means the first time they had done this; it certainly didn't qualify among the first handful of times, either.

After trading several more searing kisses between the three of them, Snape and Malfoy had Hermione pinned between them and were busily caressing every inch of her body that was within their reach.

"Hmm," Malfoy hummed Ginny didn't know whether in thought or in satisfaction "before this moves any further, I think we'll need some champagne." He pressed a kiss to the tip of Hermione's nose. "To go with *someone's* favourite dark chocolates, which I so thoughtfully brought along."

"You did? Where? Oh, Lucius, thank you!" Ginny watched as Hermione's face lit up before she began kissing Malfoy with disgustingly unbridled enthusiasm once more.

"I should have the house-elves bring us some champagne from the cellars." Malfoy resumed his earlier train of thought after Hermione broke their kiss and turned her head to snog Snape just as enthusiastically.

"Good thought, Lucius; perhaps we should send an elf to my lab to get the new lubricant I've been experimenting with lately," Snape suggested long moments later, in between the kisses he was now pressing all over Hermione's shoulders and neck. Under the Invisibility Cloak, Ginny wrinkled her nose in distaste at the obvious arousal making Snape's voice thicker, deeper and darker.

Hermione sat bolted, more like upright and batted the two men away. She looked from Snape to Malfoy and back while crossing her arms. The effect her gesture had on the two Slytherins predictable, since Hermione's forearms were pushing her tits up and making them look fuller and rounder was ignored in favour of her chastisement. Ginny promptly reviewed her assessment of Hermione to 'bloody obsessive know-it-all cow.'

"You two will do no such thing! It is their day off!" Hermione's expression was fast approaching that stubborn set that meant she wouldn't budge. Ginny knew from experience that, if pushed, Hermione would reaffirm her stance until her interlocutor's ears just about bled. All the while, Hermione was looking expectantly at the two wizards sharing her bed; neither of them seemed at all inclined to move, though.

"Bloody men," she muttered crossly as she rolled her eyes. "Fine," she said decisively as she started getting out of bed, "I'll go get our champagne ... And the new lubricant," she added with a dismissive wave of her hand in Snape's direction.

As Hermione strode to the dresser to put on a dressing gown, she was facing the wrong way to notice Snape and Malfoy pause in their longing leers at her jiggling bum long enough to trade the kind of glance that Ginny thought heralded no good. Given that she'd seen the two men in battle and they hadn't sported that kind of look, Ginny thought there was reasonable cause for alarm.

Barely a second after Hermione had exited the room muttering a litany about fucking stubborn Slytherins set in their ways Ginny felt an odd sort of breeze around her. When she looked up, it was to see two casually held wands trained on her and one smirking Potions master holding her er, Harry's Invisibility Cloak between two artfully extended fingers of his right hand.

Ginny's suspicion that she'd been gaping was confirmed by Snape's subsequent and unduly acid, she thought remark.

"Indeed, Miss Weasley. Whoever knew that non-verbal Summoning Charms were more than mere myth and legend?"

Ginny scowled. She'd never liked Snape neither had the rest of her family, really and finding out he'd stolen Hermione from her brother had Ginny ready to give him a good piece of her mind. (The author's protestations that Weasleys generally don't seem to have all that much mind to spare will be ignored, please. Ginny, who would like to remind the author that this is *her* narrative and fucked if she'll let the author take over, thinks the author is the kind of shrew who has nothing better to do than to lead an anti-ginger propaganda.) Before she could do more than open her mouth to draw in a breath, however, it was Malfoy's turn to intercede.

"Now, Ginevra..." There was a clear warning in Malfoy's tone, a hint of subtly disguised steel that let her know she had best pay attention. "I suppose I may address you so informally," he continued in a deceptively casual tone, "given that you're currently involved with my son as well as with Potter."

Ginny's cheeks coloured for the umpteenth time tonight; she felt the blush heating her neck and cheeks and the tips of her ears. She really hadn't had any reason to assume that her dalliances with the two wizards she was involved with in an ongoing arrangement that she supposed was rather similar to the one Hermione was entertaining with the two Slytherins currently occupying the bed had been anything but an absolute secret. Then again, this was Lucius Malfoy. Between him and Snape, she was sure they made it their business to be aware of every secret of even marginal importance in the wizarding world. And this, especially with Draco being part of her trio, really wasn't all that marginal, particularly where Malfoy was concerned.

"You didn't really think our wards hadn't alerted us to your presence, did you? Dear me, how disappointing. I should have thought Draco, at least, would have taught you better by now. You realise, of course, that we allowed you to witness what you have so far..."

Ginny nodded dumbly; what else could she do? Given how easily the two wizards had caught her in flagrante and the irony of that certainly wasn't lost on her well... Clearly, she'd witnessed what she had tonight because they had wanted her to.

"Consider this a warning, if you will, Miss Weasley. We allowed you to see whom Hermione was involved with and you're dimmer than Longbottom if you could not perceive how we care for our witch and we're allowing you to get away with it all without Hermione's knowledge."

"There was a point to this, of course; there usually is with this sort of thing," Lucius Malfoy continued, taking over from Snape. "As of tonight, you will cease any attempts to force a liaison of any kind between Hermione and your brother Ronald. If our witch ever comes back to us out of sorts and expresses her distress as resulting from your ill-advised and most unwelcome matchmaking attempts ... Well, I certainly don't need to spell it out for you, do I, Ginevra?" Lucius concluded, once again sharing the kind of glance with Snape that she thought would have had Lord Voldemort shaking in his scaly skin.

"Now," a flick of Snape's wand banished the Invisibility Cloak back in Ginny's hands "you have thirty seconds to Portkey or Apparate out of here, Miss Weasley, before Lucius and I change our minds and show you the extent to which you have, in fact, incurred our displeasure up to this point.

"Do have a good evening, Miss Weasley," Snape dismissed her in a firm tone.

"Yes; good evening, Ginevra. Do give my regards to Draco and Potter," Malfoy said in a tone infused with dark amusement. She barely registered the admittedly menacing smirks on Snape's and Malfoy's faces before she turned on the spot and Disapparated.