Three to Foxtrot

by articcat621, Meiri

Summary

Attending her ex-husband's wedding had been the last thing she wanted to do, but as his new bride had promised, she'd had more fun that she ever imagined.

Notes

We loved our prompt! This was such a fun story to write, and a great idea for a fest. Huge thanks and much love to our beta for helping us work the kinks out. ;)

Prompt:

6. Prompt: They've only been separated for a couple months and already Hermione's ex-husband is getting remarried to Pansy Parkinson no less. Their split may have been amicable, but that doesn't make it any easier and she has plans to forget this night ever happened. It's a good thing someone is keeping an eye on her and is willing to help her forget him. Please include the line, "I am way too sober for this." -Hermione

Suggested Kinks: Banter, Drunk Hermione, Drunken sex, Humor, Morning after wake up, Smut, Threesome

Squicks: Infidelity, Scat, Vomit, Watersports

Additional comments: I listed two threesomes, but any combination of Hermione paired with
same generation Slytherins. Some Ron bashing is okay, but please don’t go overboard. Any rating and have fun!

Saturday, April 28th, 2001

Hermione stared at the cream and gold stationery that she had just liberated from an unfamiliar barn owl. Unlike her friends' owls, it hadn't waited for a treat before leaving. As she watched it swoop out of her kitchen, her thoughts turned to the letter in her hand.

Golden lilies and vines adorned the plain, but obviously high quality parchment. The seal was an unfamiliar monogram in emerald wax. Elegant and simple. Hermione could find nothing to fault in the invitation, except that she kept getting them, and that this one seemed bulkier than the previous ones.

The golden foil lilies shimmered as Hermione broke the wax seal and released the stiff parchment from its confinement.

Taking a calming breath, she unfolded the parchment completely, realising that the envelope fold was so strained due to the addition of several notes. The invitation, however, was the same as always:

*Your attendance is cordially requested at the joining of Pansy Geraldine Parkinson and Ronald Billius Weasley in holy matrimony.*

*Ceremony: Saturday, April 28, 2001 at Parkinson Lodge, 5 pm. Muggle formal attire required, but not restricted to black tie.*

*Cocktails at 6.*

*Dinner at 7.*

*Toasts and dancing to follow.*

Hermione glanced at the clock. It wasn't even noon, and this was the third invitation sent to her that day alone. She certainly hadn't planned on going to her ex-husband's wedding, but it seemed that as the hour of Ron's impending nuptials approached someone, or several someones, would not accept her absence.

She flipped through the notes from her friends. The one from Ginny and Blaise begging her to save them from last minute bridal party duties, or at least spike the punch at the reception made her laugh. Harry and Draco's invitation to be their *shared* date--likely written with much eyebrow waggling and rakish grins--made her blush. Mr. and Mrs. Weasley's made her tear up a bit as they reminded her that they had viewed her as a second daughter long before she had married Ron.

It was the note from Ron and Pansy that made her pause. Brow furrowed, she separated it from the rest before setting the note down on the bench so she could make a cup of tea. While she waited for the kettle, Hermione prepared the tea strainer and chose her favourite oolong.

The note sat on the counter, drawing her attention more than once while she waited for the kettle. She stared at it, emotions mixing inside of her. She knew that she should read it, but a small part of her wasn’t interested. Ron was her friend, in some ways her dearest, but the thought of watching him
remarry was a little difficult to handle. Hadn’t he learned from their marriage that rushing in wasn’t the smartest idea?

The kettle whistled, alerting her that the water was ready. She tore her attention from the letter and set about preparing her tea with just a hint of honey.

Knowing that she shouldn’t procrastinate any longer, Hermione picked up the note from Ron and Pansy.

Mione,

I miss you--you are my best friend. I'm rubbish at showing it, but it's true. Today is such an important day for me, and I can't imagine my wedding without you being here.

I know it's weird. The ink on our divorce papers is barely dry. And I know we will both struggle with our memories of our own wedding throughout my ceremony today with Pansy, but I can't do this without you.

Please, Mione.

Love you,

Ronald

PS - I will never let you live it down if you ruin this for me and Ronald. Besides, you might be surprised and have a better time than you imagine. Love, Pansy.

With a defeated sigh, Hermione knew that she’d better start to get ready. The letter from Ron and Pansy convinced her that despite how hard today would be, she needed to be there for Ron. Though she didn’t approve of him remarrying so fast, she would support him in this endeavour.

Finishing her tea, Hermione headed towards her bedroom. She was sure that she had a cocktail dress that would suit the occasion in her closet. If not, a last minute Floo-call to Ginny would be in order.

Hermione stared up at the gates of Parkinson Lodge, butterflies in her stomach. She took a deep breath, hoping to calm her racing heart. Here goes nothing, she thought to herself.

She gave her name to the young wizard at the entrance, who then thanked her for attending and directed her down the cobblestone way towards the Main House. She had arrived early, so she hoped to catch one of her friends before the ceremony started.

As she walked down the way, she appreciated the landscaping that the Parkinsons had done. There were flower bushes in full bloom, their sweet smell on the breeze. She smiled as she recalled Draco's family peacocks interrupting his bonding ceremony with Harry that had taken place in the Malfoy gardens. It had been quite an amusing sight.

She entered the house, following the direction of the waitstaff on hand. Before heading outdoors, she ducked into one of the side parlours when she heard a familiar voice.

“You came!” A body slammed into her, hugging her tightly.

“Can't breathe, Gin,” Hermione croaked, hugging Ginny back. “It's nice to see you.”
Ginny pulled away, looking her over excitedly. “That dress looks gorgeous on you,” she gushed.

“The peach colour does do wonders for your skin tone,” Draco stated from the doorway behind her. He was dressed in a Muggle suit, nearly matching Harry who had been chatting with Blaise before Hermione’s entrance.

Harry’s gaze shifted hungrily to Draco and Hermione shivered remembering the note the two had penned. As intriguing as their offer was to keep her distracted throughout the evening, as Harry's best man duties allowed of course, she knew the pair of them only had eyes for each other. And that was as it should be, she told herself.

She smiled as Harry approached her, hugging her tightly. “I'm so glad you came.”

Hermione returned his hug. “Well, I didn't think not coming was an option after I received so many notes.” She shot her friends a knowing smile.

Harry looked sheepish. “Sorry.”

“We knew you would regret it if you didn't come,” Blaise said, putting his arm around Ginny's waist. “It's nearly time.”

“Do you know where Ron is?” Hermione asked nervously. “I’d like to talk with him for a moment if it isn't too late.”

“It's never too late,” Harry said. “Draco, save Hermione a seat with you. She is our date after all.” He smirked at them both.

Hermione quietly followed Harry down a hallway towards another small parlour. She tried to think of what she was going to say to Ron. For some reason, it was much easier to think of all sorts of things she shouldn't say.

As Harry turned into the parlour, Hermione paused. She took a deep breath and released all of her pent up anxieties about her ex-husband's impending marriage. It wasn't her relationship, and even if it was all happening too soon, that was only her opinion. Ron deserved a chance at happiness.

Nerves settled, she entered the room and smiled at the sight of Harry trying to fix Ron's tie. They looked just as they had at the altar before Hermione walked down the aisle to him at their wedding. Her boys.

Their friendship had evolved over the years. It was necessary, what with coming of age during a war, then rebuilding, and then her and Ron trying to make a go of it. Things were tense for a while when Harry got together with Draco. But through it all, even during the strain of a divorce, all three knew they could rely on each other.

Her heart was full as she walked up to them and pulled them into a bear hug. She'd fought being here every step of the way, but there was no way she could have missed this moment.

"Thank you, Mione."

She squeezed him a bit closer and whispered, "Be happy, Ronald. That's all I ever wanted for you."

Ron smiled at her. “That means a lot to me.”

Harry hugged them both tighter. “And you both mean so much to me.”
“Love you both,” Hermione added.

The three of them stood there for a moment, each lost in their own nostalgia.

“Alright, we better get going or we'll be late,” Harry said, breaking their hug and stepping backwards. “I do not want Pansy to be mad at me again.”

Hermione laughed. “Quite the bridezilla?” She arched a brow at Ron.

Ron shook his head, eyes wide - his expression comical. “You have no idea.

Hermione sat at the bar swirling a dirty martini in one hand, back firmly turned to the dance floor. While the wedding had been less painful to witness than she'd anticipated--thanks in no small part to Draco's running commentary--she'd rather not watch Ron and Pansy's first dance as husband and wife. Some memories, she decided, were best left alone.

Taking a sip of her drink, she let the music wash over her. It was a piece with which she was unfamiliar, and she thanked the universe for small favours. Hermione sighed and tried to distract herself from what she knew was happening behind her.

“Who invited the ex-wife?” a husky voice asked from her side.

Hermione huffed, mentally preparing to tear into the person next to her. Turning, she opened her mouth, but abruptly snapped it shut when she saw Adrian Pucey leaning against the bar. He looked devilishly handsome, and sported a wicked grin on his face that alerted her to the fact that he was teasing.

“Adrian,” she greeted him somewhat stiffly. “I didn't know you were invited.”

“Of course I was,” Adrian retorted, dramatically rolling his eyes. “Slytherins stick together, even when the bride goes out of her mind and insists on Muggle formal dress for her wedding.” He waved someone over. “You remember Marcus, right?”

Hermione turned, smiling at Marcus Flint. He looked good as well, dashing in his suit. Hermione was surprised to see that he must have gotten his teeth fixed as they looked better than they did during their time at Hogwarts.

“Yes, I've seen you around the Ministry, Marcus. How are you?” Hermione asked pleasantly.

“Good, Miss Granger, and yourself?”

“Call me Hermione,” she retorted, trying not to wince at the reminder that she was no longer a Weasley, but Pansy now was. “And I'm... fine,” she settled on.

She glanced at Adrian, surprised to find him looking at her intensely. She knew Adrian vaguely from their time at Hogwarts as he was quite bookish. They had often bumped into each other in the library, usually while trying to beat each other to the best table that was hidden in a back corner.

“What have you been up to, Adrian?” Hermione inquired, sipping at her martini.

“I've been busy,” Adrian answered. “I've been doing research on Mandrakes and their use in potions. I received my Masters in both Herbology and Potions.”
Hermione arched her brow. “That's an impressive feat, Adrian, especially in that you accomplished it so quickly.”

“Thank you,” Adrian said. “You're nearly as accomplished as I am. I heard you were recently promoted to Associate Deputy to the Head of the Department for the Control and Regulation of Magical Creatures.”

Hermione nodded, confirming the gossip, and acknowledging the unsaid compliment. "I would have been happy to stay with the Being Division for a few more years, but the Head saw an opportunity to get some legislation passed that he's been trying to get approved for most of his career." She shook her head, trying not to show how put out she was with how her well-planned career had been derailed just after finding some normalcy in her work following her divorce.

She turned her attention back to the dark haired wizard in their midst. She had never known him well, and she had never imagined he would grow into his looks so well. She nearly rolled her eyes at herself--she was acting like she hadn't grown up practically surrounded by attractive men.

"And you, Marcus? I know I've seen you at the Ministry, but never caught which department you are in."

"Department of Magical Games and Sports," Marcus answered. "I love the game, but quidditch is not a long term career, unless you get in the Commissioner's office."

"Which you have done?" Hermione had never heard any of her quidditch crazed friends talk in such a pragmatic way about their sport. It was refreshing.

"Not yet, but give me a couple years," he said with a chuckle. "We can't all be over-achievers like you and Ades."

Adrian held up his empty glass. "Speaking of which, what are you drinking, Hermione?"

She blushed to hear her name roll off his tongue. "Dirty martini," she told him as she plucked the olive garnished toothpick from her empty glass and popped it in her mouth, dragging the toothpick out from between her teeth slowly. She closed her eyes as she relished the salty tang of the olive, completely missing the hungry look that Adrian and Marcus shared.

When she opened her eyes again, Marcus was standing much closer behind her than she remembered. He reached around her and moved the empty martini glass away from them. She felt the lapels of his suit jacket drag along the bare skin of her right shoulder and shivered.

"There," Marcus said as he straightened up. "No need to have an empty glass before you when you'll soon have a full one." He pulled a bar stool up close and sat next to her as Adrian returned and pulled another stool up on her left.

"The bartender will be along shortly with our drinks," he said as he sat beside her.

Hermione smiled in welcome but stopped short of replying when she felt a hand caress her shoulder. Her mouth went dry. She hadn't been touched like that in a long time. Dropping her gaze to the bartop, she started creasing her cocktail napkin, bits of half-forgotten origami coming back to her with each fold.

Adrian reached over and placed his hand atop hers, stilling it. Marcus slipped a finger under her chin, prompting her to look up.

"Are you feeling alright, Hermione?" The smouldering intensity of Marcus's gaze surprised her and
She looked away, only to find herself pinned by Adrian's concerned one.

She sighed, unwilling to admit that they intimidated her. They radiated confidence and sex appeal. And experience. Not that she was a virgin, but the few fumbling attempts she'd shared with Ron after their wedding night were the extent of her experimenting. Neither of them had had the experience to make up for the fact that their bodies were not at all suited to please each other. They just didn't fit together. At all.

And now, she had two men all but staring at her as if to devour her. She racked her brain, trying to think of a way to excuse her nervousness without sharing secrets that weren't only hers.

"Hey, Hermione," she heard Harry's voice behind her. "Ready for that dance you promised me and Draco?"

She looked over her shoulder and nodded eagerly. She turned back to Adrian and Marcus, "I apologise, gentlemen, I've been neglecting my dates for the evening. Perhaps we can chat again soon?"

Marcus nodded. "Of course."

Adrian leaned in close and whispered in her ear, "Sooner than you think, Hermione." The slow, teasing way he said her name and his breath feathering over the shell of her ear made her breathing quicken.

Draco cleared his throat before taking Hermione's hand in his and guiding her to stand. Once he and Harry had gotten Hermione on the dance floor he turned her to face him. He pulled her close, left hand at her waist, smirking as Harry stood close behind her. It was something they had practised ever since she made them watch that Muggle movie Dirty Dancing with her one Sunday afternoon during the divorce. Learning various styles of dance all over from a trio perspective was a good distraction from the stressful turn her life had taken in the last couple of months, and it was one that Harry and Draco utilised often when she grew melancholy.

They moved together, Draco guiding them through an elegant waltz. Hermione couldn't help but grin at the bemused expression on so many faces.

"So, Adrian and Marcus," Harry said as his husband stepped away. Taking Hermione's hand in his, he spun her making the flared skirt of her cocktail dress swirl.

Draco stepped into her arms again, smirking. "Yes, Hermione, do tell."

"I'm not sure what you mean," she replied primly.

"If I were a betting man, I would say that we interrupted the beginning of a seduction, love," Harry said behind her as they arched into an elegant pose.

A camera flashed, blinding them momentarily before the photographer that Pansy had chosen to document her special day gave them a cheeky wave and went on to capture the next shot.

They resumed their dance with fluid grace--no small feat for Harry who had barely paid attention during Professor McGonagall's dance lessons in fourth year.

Draco smirked at Hermione and Harry. "You know, dear," he addressed his husband, "I think you're right."

"You two are ridiculous," Hermione scolded fondly. "Since when do you use pet names for each
"Never," Harry replied at the same time Draco said, "All the time."

Hermione laughed. "Well that settles that."

"Hardly," Harry disagreed. "I know a seduction when I interrupt one."

Hermione's eyebrow shot up as she sent a sceptical look over her shoulder.

"Can you blame them?" Draco asked Harry. "I mean, you have seen your most charming best friend, haven't you?"

Hermione glared at Draco. "I'm way too sober for this conversation."

"Well of course! Now hush, Hermione, this doesn't concern you really. I mean, we're only talking about you." He dodged out of swatting range, even as Draco guided her into an elaborate twirl. Stepping up behind her once more, he resumed, "She's brilliant, ambitious, loyal. Hell, she's even easy on the eyes."

"It's not hard to imagine her capturing the attention of equally driven, capable wizards, is it?"

"Not at all," Harry conceded as they swept into the final piece of footwork in their dance. "In fact, she's the only one in need of convincing."

Hermione cleared her throat, catching their attention. "As much as I would love to argue your points, I don't think I'll get a chance. And I think I would lose." She swept her arm in an arc, that wasn't normally part of their finishing pose, but fit seamlessly. Harry and Draco glanced where she indicated during their final dip, finding Adrian and Marcus walking their way, shot glasses in hand.

Hermione glanced at Harry and Draco as they set off to tear up the dance floor once more, this time as a striking duo, rather than a salacious trio. She smiled wistfully. Flirting with those two was a hell of a lot easier than whatever she imagined Adrian and Marcus had in mind—and she had quite the active imagination indeed.

"Well, you must be parched after setting so many tongues wagging as you lit up the dance floor." Marcus handed her a shot glass with a speared olive balanced on the rim.

Hermione took the drink from him and removed the garnish. She'd had martini shots before, but they never tasted as good to her as her preferred dirty martini.

"Cheers," she toasted, raising the glass to her companions before bringing it to her lips and tossing it back. She moaned in delight. "I'll be damned. I've never found a bartender who would make me a dirty martini shot before."

Adrian laughed. "Neither could I, so we raided the bar and made it ourselves."

"I may just have to keep you around," Hermione said with a wicked little smile before she sucked her olive into her mouth. She felt a thrill seeing their Adam's apples bob as she savoured her treat. "I haven't even been able to perfect such a shot, and not from a lack of trying!"

"Now, Foxy Roxy, let's see if you move as well with us as you did with Draco and Potter." Marcus breathed in her ear as he moved in close behind her.

Adrian vanished their glasses before taking Hermione's hand and tugging her into position as the
music ended the pachanga that Harry and Draco were showing off with.

Before Hermione had identified the opening notes of the new piece, Adrian and Marcus had her doing the foxtrot.

If their form was a bit looser than Harry and Draco's had been, she wasn't complaining. Every brush of flesh and fabric against her skin was delectable torture. And each time either the fair demon before her, or the dark angel behind her, pulled her just a bit closer than either the dance or proprietary allowed, she felt the effect she was having on them as well.

The dance finished and Hermione froze, her chest heaving as she stared up into Adrian's eyes. Her heart raced and her skin felt as if it were a livewire. The smouldering look in Adrian's eyes alerted her to the fact that he felt the same.

Her tongue darted out, wetting her lips. "Adrian?" Her voice was low and husky.

"Shall we retire for the evening, Hermione? You seem rather... tired." Adrian smirked.

Feeling bold, Hermione nodded. "I would like to retire, but I'm not too tired for a little fun."

"Good," Marcus whispered huskily from behind her. He took her hand and began to lead her towards the edge of the dance floor.

When they reached the division between the parquet floor and the stone tile of the seating and dining area, Hermione glanced around the room. She saw Pansy and Ron dancing, both smiling happily and looking very much in love.

Hermione couldn't help but smile at the scene before her. As skeptical as she was, a part of her hoped that things would work out for the newlyweds.

She turned and smiled at Adrian and Marcus. Heat pooled in her belly, and she found herself itching with excitement to find out what they had in store for her. She had a feeling that it was something wicked.

Adrian pulled Hermione into his arms, holding her flush against his body as he Disapparated them.

"There we are," Adrian announced their arrival at their destination.

When Hermione let go, she was standing in what she assumed was Adrian's bedroom. Marcus appeared the next moment.

"Welcome to our humble abode," Marcus said with a little bow.

"You live together?" Hermione asked, although she wasn't too surprised.

"This is our bedroom." Marcus waggled his brows.

"Oh," Hermione said, suddenly nervous. While the two moved in a way that suggested they were more than friends, the confirmation sent a flurry of butterflies through her.

Adrian could sense her hesitation. "If you don't want to do this, Hermione, we don't have to. I can Apparate you home."

"No, I want this," Hermione stated. She walked towards Adrian and wrapped her arms around his
neck. She pulled him against her, kissing him furiously. Heat pooled in her belly.

Marcus walked towards them, coming up behind Hermione, just as he had during their dance. Her muscles relaxed at the familiarity of the position, even as his lips grazed her shoulder and worked their way up her neck. She gasped as his breath warmed her ear, allowing Adrian ready access to explore her mouth.

Marcus pressed close behind her, gripping her hips and pulling her tight against his muscular body. Adrian followed her into his lover's embrace, wedging her firmly between them. She could feel their erections on either side of her, and the intimidation she felt when they first approached her melted away. Hermione took pride in knowing that she affected them.

She broke away from Adrian's lips for a much needed breath. Marcus continued to nuzzle her neck, teasing a particularly sensitive spot below her ear with his lips and tongue.

"Now, this is a sight I've been dying to see ever since that first olive at the bar, Hermione," Adrian declared as he took a step back and began to unbutton his jacket.

She groaned as Marcus dragged his hand up from her hip to caress her waist before cupping her breast.

"You are one sexy witch, Foxy Roxy," Marcus growled, his gaze roaming over her.

"Why do you call me that?" she asked, arching into his touch even as she watched Adrian remove his shirt.

Adrian stepped back into her embrace, and captured her lips in a fiery kiss. Mesmerized, Hermione canted her hips against him, seeking friction. Adrian pulled away from the kiss and groaned.

Hermione felt a nip on her earlobe and turned her head so she could see Marcus.

"We knew we wanted our first dance with you to be a foxtrot, so we bribed Theo to play an appropriate song when you were waltzing with Draco and Potter," he explained.

Adrian added, "He threw in the pachanga between your dances to give us some time in case you needed some persuading."

“So, are you two together together?” Hermione finally asked, unable to get the thought from her mind. She glanced back and forth between them. She wanted confirmation. Hell, she needed confirmation. She knew this was their bedroom, but she needed to see it.

Marcus smirked. “Does the thought of us together turn you on?” He arched a brow at her, causing her cheeks to turn pink.

Adrian grabbed Marcus’s face, his lips crashing against Marcus’s. The kiss was full of passion and urgency. Marcus lightly bit on Adrian's lower lip, eliciting a groan from Adrian.

A tingle ran down her spine. A small whimper escaped her lips as she watched them kiss. The sight was more arousing than she could have thought. She could watch them for ages.

“You do like that, don't you, Hermione?” Adrian asked, pulling away from Marcus. He smirked at her, a knowing expression on his face. “The lust in your eyes tells me yes.”

“Yes,” Hermione whimpered, unable to even try to deny it. “Merlin.” She moaned as Adrian kissed her once more.
Marcus chuckled. "Martinis aren't the only thing you like a little dirty, are they, Foxy Roxy?" His hands ran over her dress, tracing her curves. He gripped her skirt where it was riding up on her thighs.

She bucked against him as one of Adrian's hands reached around her back between her and Marcus to play with her zipper.

Marcus had just slipped his hand between her thighs when Adrian began slowly pulling the zipper down from between her shoulders. Inch by inch the creamy expanse of her back was revealed to Marcus, and for every inch he dragged his finger along her lace covered quim.

Shaking with need, she reached for the belt holding up Adrian's trousers. Shaking his head, he said, "Not until you're out of this dress."

"And that won't be for a while yet," Marcus chimed in, slipping a finger beneath her lace thong. He groaned, "You're so wet for us already, and we've hardly begun."

Adrian finished unzipping her dress and dropped to his knees before her. Hermione watched Adrian lean in and press a kiss above the elastic holding up her thong. He slid his hands up her thighs and hooked his fingers in the sides of the tiny scrap of lace hiding her mons from view.

Her breath caught when he began draw the knickers down. And when he helped her step out of them along with her heels, she leaned against Marcus, trusting him to keep her steady, even as his fingers teased her.

Adrian's lips and tongue joined his lover's fingers exploring her, and she was lost to the sensations they conjured.

Hermione awoke the next morning, a relaxed sigh escaping her lips. She was absolutely exhausted, a pleasant tingle on her body.

Memories of the previous night filled her mind, and she smiled. She didn't feel the all-consuming dread she thought she would feel after a sinful night with two, good-looking wizards. Instead, she felt refreshed, thoroughly shagged, and happier than she had felt in quite some time.

"Any regrets?"

Hermione rolled over and saw Marcus looking at her. For once, he was wearing a serious expression instead of his sexy, goofy smoulder.

"No," Hermione told him quite honestly. "I enjoyed myself, and truth be told, I wouldn't be opposed to a repeat of last night."

Marcus smiled. "I think that could be arranged." He moved closer to her, pulling her into his embrace. His lips brushed against hers tenderly.

"Don't be making plans or starting anything without me," Adrian stated from behind them.

Hermione rolled over, smiling at Adrian. She scooted closer to him, tangling her hands in his hair as she kissed him passionately. "So, what do you say? Are you ready for more? Do you want more?" She stared into his blue eyes.
Adrian gently cupped her cheek. "I would love that, Hermione. I know that you've been through a lot, and I can tell you're hesitant, but we'll be patient with you."

"Well, I can't make any promises," Marcus teased, coming up behind her and pressing a kiss to her bare shoulder. “But I suppose I could try.”

Hermione knew that she was being offered a second chance. There was no guarantee that they would have a happy ending, but she was aware of the risk. While she wasn't particularly fond of the possibility of her heart being broken, again, she was willing to take that chance.

"Kiss me, Ades. You too, Marcus."

"It would be my pleasure," Marcus said, kissing and sucking on her neck as his hand moved towards her breast.

"As you wish, Hermione," Adrian murmured before claiming her lips in a passionate kiss.

Hermione would have to thank both Ron and Pansy, and Harry and Draco. She imagined that both couples had a hand in landing her between these two particular wizards.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!