

Rigidness Aside

by JaneceMorrighan

Harry Potter would do anything to never have to ask Snape for help. Draco, however, is not so proud when it comes to his lover not being able to get it up. They find out about Hermione's relationship with Severus the hard way! HG/SS, HP/DM *This story takes place three months into JenKM1216's one-shot, "In the Name of Research," which can be found on this site.*

Chapter One

Chapter 1 of 4

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We have revised this chapter a bit, with the help of notsosaintly. Thank you to notsosaintly for doing the beta work for us. We greatly appreciate all the wonderful help she has provided.

This story is a continuation of JenKM1216's one-shot, [In the Name of Research](#). This story starts three months into that story.

Warning: HBP Spoilers ahead.

Disclaimer: Harry Potter belongs to J.K. Rowling. We are simply borrowing her characters and adding our own plot. We are not making any money from writing this story.

Chapter One

Hermione drank the glass of water that Severus handed to her in one deep gulp. They had been working on the potions for Madam Pomfrey's supply list, and Hermione was burning up in her heavy robes. She wanted to take them off, but Severus insisted that it was unprofessional for her to remove them. She had been resistant to leaving them on and had learned the hard way that, although she was involved sexually with her master, he was a stickler for rules.

She wiped the sweat from her brow as she removed the robes at long last. Their work was done, and she could finally relax. She stood in front of the Muggle fan she had charmed and sighed in relief as the cool air swept over her body. Severus walked up behind her and placed his hands on her shoulders.

"What's wrong, Severus?" she asked in concern. Since their first time together, he had never shown her physical affection in the labs.

"Why would anything be wrong?" he asked smoothly as his supple fingers massaged her shoulders.

Hermione's mouth opened to answer, but she stopped short as a wave of warmth spread between her thighs. Her eyes narrowed as lust shot through her. Turning around, she confronted her lover. "You made a female variation of that Viagra potion, didn't you?"

Severus frowned. "You know I dislike it when you refer to it as the Viagra potion. It sounds so... Muggle."

"You bloody Slytherin," she spat as the lust grew stronger. "I don't have performance problems. This could have ill effects."

"My dear Hermione," he said silkily. "You have been uninterested in sex for three weeks. I would call that a performance problem."

"No, that is just called being tired because my employer overworks me," Hermione snapped. "If you think you are getting any out of this, you are sadly mistaken."

"I highly doubt you can keep your hands off me for much longer," Severus whispered, licking her ear delicately.

Hermione set her jaw stubbornly. "Just you watch," she retorted.

"Care to make a wager?" Severus asked deviously. "If you hold out, for say... an hour, because you *won't* hold out forever, I will do any one thing you ask of me. If you succumb to me before then, you will do any one thing I ask of you."

"Done," Hermione snapped without thinking. As Severus smiled broadly, she groaned. She had failed to set any rules. Her sneaky Slytherin was free to employ any tactics to win the bet. "Oh, hell," she muttered.

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Draco sat back on his bare legs and looked down at Harry's flaccid cock. In spite of his best efforts, he had not been able to give Harry an erection in quite some time. Draco met the eyes of his lover and wondered whether or not Harry had been cheating on him. Of course, the thought was really preposterous. He was a Malfoy, well-endowed and schooled in all carnal skills. His father had made sure of that. What, then, could be Harry's problem?

"I'm sorry, Draco. I don't know what's wrong. I want to fuck you so bad. Your mouth on me feels so good, but I just can't get it up." Harry growled in frustration. He put a hand through his unruly hair in the characteristic way that Draco had grown to love.

"So, I'm right in thinking that you are not cheating on me?" Draco asked, wanting to hear the answer, despite the fact that he had just tried to refute the thought in his own mind.

Harry quickly sat up and moved to put his arms around the beautiful blond man. "No, I love you, Draco. I would never cheat on you. You are the only man for me," Harry told him reassuringly as he stroked Draco's hair.

Draco pulled back and kissed him passionately, sliding his tongue into the recesses of Harry's mouth. Their tongues dueled fiercely for a few moments before Harry pulled away with a frustrated groan. He looked down at his limp cock and said, "Why won't you work? We both know that you want to!"

Draco smirked as Harry argued with his uncooperative member. Draco began going over their options in his head. If it was truly a physical problem, then they could go to St. Mungo's. However, that thought made him uncomfortable. He loved Harry with his whole body and soul, but he was not quite ready to shout about their relationship. He was not sure how well received it would be that The-Boy-Who-Defeated-He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named was living with, and in love with, a former Death Eater. Sure, he had been cleared, mostly due to Harry and the deceased Dumbledore's testimonies, but people still looked at him as though he were evil.

After Severus Snape had gotten him away from Hogwarts the night that he had killed Dumbledore, Severus had told him that the whole scene had been orchestrated. Dumbledore had known about the vow that Snape had made to Draco's mother, and the headmaster had refused to let Draco be tainted in that way. The old wizard had believed that, in spite of his upbringing, Draco was not evil and did not necessarily believe the prejudice that he felt forced to voice.

His godfather had taken a huge risk in telling Draco that he had killed Dumbledore, not on the Dark Lord's orders, but on the headmaster's orders. He told Draco that he felt sure that somewhere the old man would have documented these orders, and that once The-Boy-Who-Annoyed had finally been able to defeat the Dark Lord, he would be pardoned. He wanted Draco to turn to the Light also. After how much Dumbledore had offered to help the Malfoy family, Draco felt that he had to do something, anything, to make sure that the monster his father served was brought down.

Severus. He could go to Severus for help. He looked at Harry, who was still trying to coax his cock into performing, knowing that it was not going to be easy to get Harry to swallow his pride and ask the Potions master for help.

"Harry, I have an idea, but you are not going to like it," Draco said in warning.

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After nearly an hour, Hermione was ready to throw Severus on the nearest table and have her way with him. She had been working on extra potions to keep her mind off him.

Severus, on the other hand, had been doing whatever he could to keep her attention focused on him. He had removed his robes and massaged her shoulders. When that did not bring on the desired effect, he had smoothed her hair to one side, kissing and licking her neck and ear until she had destroyed the Pepper-Up potion she had been working on. Still, she had stubbornly ignored him. So, he had tried ignoring her.

Deciding to begin inventory on his stock, he left Hermione to her simmering cauldrons. Time ticked away, and Severus grew impatient, not wanting to lose the bet. He had been wanting to try anal sex with Hermione, but she had been dead-set against it. He smiled as he decided to up the ante.

Re-entering the lab, he approached her and said softly, "You want me and you know it. I can see your chest heaving." His voice was his greatest tool, and he intended to use it to his full advantage. "I can see your nipples through your clothes," he whispered. "Just like the cherries on top of a sundae." He slipped one hand inside her shirt and found that she had removed her bra. "Hermione, you little vixen," he said, flicking his wand at the door and casting a Silencing Charm.

He made swift work of her clothes and laid her on the table staring hungrily at the naked body before him. It had been far too long. He stripped down, watching her heaving with want and lust as she simultaneously glared at him in anger.

As he positioned herself over her she said, "I win."

Severus stopped and considered the time. It was one minute past his mark. He growled angrily and thrust inside her, eliciting a long low moan. He would have to get her to accede to the new position in another way. "I don't care," he gasped, unable to think of anything other than her tight pussy at that moment.

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A row and an hour later, Harry said with trepidation, "Draco, I don't know about this. Snape hates me. He's hated me since our first year. Imagine the field day he is going to have when he finds out I'm gay."

"Well, Severus is the only one who can help us out and be counted on to be discreet. I'll ask him for a personal favor. I am his godson. He won't want to make me look bad," Draco said. "At least I hope not."

Harry's mouth dropped open, and Draco couldn't help but laugh. As they rounded the corner in the dungeons of Hogwarts, they fell quiet. Harry's breathing grew heavier,

and Draco grabbed his hand, stroking the back of it gently with his thumb. This seemed to calm Harry, and he leaned over and placed a small kiss on Harry's lips.

"Everything will be fine, Harry. I promise you." Draco squeezed Harry's hand reassuringly. He was sure Severus would be able to help them. If he could only convince him to do it in spite of the fact that it was Harry he would be helping.

They paused before the door to Severus' labs, and Harry smiled weakly at Draco as he reached out and rapped on the door. They waited for a few moments before Harry shrugged and knocked harder.

When there was still no answer, Draco whispered, "Do you think something might be wrong? They still haven't caught all the Death Eaters. Maybe someone has managed to get into Hogwarts and to Severus."

"I don't know," Harry said. "But I think we should check on him. It's not like him to ignore someone at his door disturbing his work."

Draco nodded and they both drew their wands. Reaching for the door handle, Draco turned it, and it swung open silently. The lights were dim, which immediately seemed strange to them. They exchanged worried glances and entered the lab cautiously, ready for anything. Or so they thought. What they encountered was most certainly not expected, nor were they ready for it.

"Yes, Severus, oh, God, yes." Hermione Granger's moans suddenly rang out as they stepped through the door. "Yeah, just like that! You know how I like it! Fuck me with that big cock!"

Severus' bare arse was tight as he slammed in and out of the naked woman. Her breasts bounced up and down with each enthusiastic thrust.

"Oh, fuck, Hermione," Severus groaned as his pace picked up.

Harry stared at the scene before him in shock. Memories assaulted him as Hermione's nails dragged down Snape's back....

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"Come on, Harry," Hermione said impatiently. "Take off your clothes already. Ron won't start until you are ready, and I'm horny!"

Harry chuckled at Hermione's put-out expression. Ever since the two of them had learned that Ron was bisexual, they had schemed together to get him in bed. Harry had admitted to being gay after his disastrous relationship with Ginny Weasley. When Ron finally admitted his interest in both men and women, it was only because Harry and Hermione had caught him looking at the latest issue of *Playwitch*. And he had only admitted it to them, adamantly refusing to tell anyone else.

They were sharing a flat near Grimmauld Place as they worked with the Order to destroy Voldemort and, two days earlier, Harry and Hermione's quest to get Ron into bed with them had begun. While Hermione had slept with Ron when they were dating, she had not been with anyone since. She felt comfortable enough with the two of them to be able to have her way with Ron while Harry did the same. Ron and Hermione had both come to the realization a long time ago that they made better friends than lovers, which was why she was so certain Ron would be a more than willing third party. It had all started when Harry and Hermione had decided that they needed something to take their minds off the dangerous and stressful situation, and poor Ron hadn't stood a chance. It took them all of three days to work him into such a frenzy of lust that he was nearly speaking gibberish when they laid him on the bed.

Their first tactic had been the "accidental" sighting of Hermione nude when she forgot her towel and ran from the shower to her room, thinking no one was home.

Their second tactic was Ron walking in on Harry, who was furiously stroking his erection. Hermione had asked Ron to get something from Harry's room. She had sworn to Ron that she hadn't realized that Harry was home.

Their third and final tactic was rather blatant. Ron announced he was going to get a shower and started the water before going to get his clothing from his room. Harry and Hermione ran as fast as they could when he disappeared in his room. They stripped their clothes off quickly and jumped under the hot water. When Ron flung open the curtain, he found Harry and Hermione soaping each other up. The open shock on his face deepened as they drew him into the shower and washed him thoroughly while whispering their obscene fantasies in his ears.

He was barely able to speak as they toweled him off and led him to his room. When he lay back on the bed, Harry immediately began fondling Ron's balls while Hermione sucked his nipples. Gibberish was the only thing coming from Ron's mouth as Harry sucked the hard length of Ron's erection into his mouth. Hermione effectively shut him up when she began sucking his tongue and rubbing her clit.

When Ron began shuddering, Harry let go of Ron's cock with a pop.

"Get on your hands and knees, Hermione," he urged. She positioned herself as he had instructed, and Harry helped Ron onto his knees. "Fuck her, Ron. Look at her, she's dripping wet." Harry swiped at Hermione's slit and raised his covered fingers to Ron's mouth. Ron licked them clean and moaned when Harry began sucking his ear lobe. "Take her, Ron. Look how much she wants you."

Ron's eyes locked onto Hermione's upturned arse as Harry guided his erection into her waiting body. Hermione and Ron both cried out in pleasure as he slid in to the hilt. Harry lapped at Ron's backdoor before thrusting his finger in. He added a second as Ron pinched Hermione's nipples. Finally, Harry withdrew his fingers and guided his aching erection to Ron's body. He shuddered as he slid slowly into Ron. When he was buried completely, Ron began moving inside of Hermione for the first time. Harry rode Ron, and Ron rode Hermione. It was as if the three of them were one. Hermione was getting what she desired, as was Harry. Ron had never considered having both before. He had only ever thought of one at a time.

As the pace increased, Hermione was the first to succumb to ecstasy. She screamed as she came, thrusting against Ron as hard as she could. Ron could not take the tightening of her pussy around him and, coupled with the pleasure of Harry's deep, hard thrusting into his body, came a moment later. He continued to thrust within her after he was spent while Harry continued to frantically fuck him behind before climaxing a few moments later. They collapsed onto the bed, limbs tangled, and all sated. They slept that night, and every night after, together in Ron's room. Though Ron wouldn't have minded if Harry and Hermione had engaged each other when he wasn't around, they never did. Hermione was uninterested in Harry, and Harry was strictly gay.

Mere months later, Ron sacrificed himself in the Final Battle when he saved not only the thrice-hexed Harry, but a bleeding Hermione. He threw himself in front of them as they lay next to each other on the battlefield, managing to block a pair of Killing Curses with his body as Harry struggled to his knees. Hatred, anger, and grief propelled Harry to his feet, giving him the power to destroy Voldemort.

Harry and Hermione clung to one another as they grieved, but drifted part in the following years after she accepted an apprenticeship with the pardoned Severus Snape. Harry railed against it, angry that she would consider working with Dumbledore's murderer. Hermione calmly reminded him of the Pensieve that was found in Dumbledore's office after the demise of Voldemort that held the conversation where Dumbledore had ordered Snape to kill him, reminding him of the two unbreakable vows Snape had taken: the one to Dumbledore to obey him no matter the order, and the one to Narcissa to protect Draco. Harry finally relented, and Hermione moved out.

He took to drinking in Muggle pubs to take his mind off things. This was where he happened across Draco Malfoy, who had also been pardoned, thanks to Harry's testimony that Draco had been unable to carry out the order to kill Dumbledore. Draco was drowning himself in drink after losing his entire family in the Final Battle. They

began a friendship, and Harry contacted Hermione after a few months to let her know he was moving out of the flat they had shared with Ron. She had obviously been expecting it when he began speaking of Draco Malfoy in their owl correspondences because she said nothing other than to wish him happiness with Draco. He left it unasked that she keep his budding relationship with Draco a secret, knowing that she would never tell anyone until Harry and Draco announced it first.

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And now, three years later, he found himself staring at Snape's pale arse as he slammed into his best friend's pussy. This was a day for surprises.

"God, Hermione! I'm going to come inside your tight, hot pussy. Fuck, yeah," Snape moaned as he let himself go. Hermione screamed her pleasure as Severus thrust through his spurts and collapsed onto her sweaty body. As they lay shuddering in each other's arms, Harry heard Snape say softly, "My Hermione, my life. Never leave me."

Hermione's whispered response was heard clearly by Draco and Harry. "Never, my love. Never."

Draco smirked at Harry, and Harry knew that his lover had a plan in mind. Draco cleared his throat. "Ahem."

Hermione and Snape jumped in shock, and, taking pity on them, Draco *Accioed* a blanket and tossed it over their naked bodies.

"Get the bloody fuck out, now!" Snape bellowed. Harry and Draco retreated as fast as they could.

Fifteen minutes later, Draco and Harry were seated in Snape's office in the most uncomfortable chairs they had ever sat in.

"You transfigured these chairs to make them uncomfortable, didn't you, Severus?" Draco demanded.

Severus leaned back in his chair and smirked. Hermione sat in the chair next to him, seemingly trying to fade into the wall. Harry kept glancing over at her, his face still pale with shock. Draco smirked back at Severus.

"Tell you what, Severus," Draco said, leaning forward in his chair. "You do me a favor, and I won't let it slip that you and Hermione became involved before she earned her mastery." He sat back again, growling in discomfort. Standing, he transfigured his chair into an easy chair. Before he sat down, he transfigured Harry's chair, as well. "Now," he continued. "As we well know, it would ruin her as a reputable Potions mistress. I mean, who would trust a woman who may have only been awarded her mastery because she sucked a good cock?"

Severus' face had stiffened when Draco made the comment about letting his knowledge slip. When Draco quipped about Hermione being seen as not much more than a whore, he seemed about to explode. His normally pale face took on a reddish hue. Seeing the imminent disaster, Draco hurried to continue.

"But, we needn't bring up such unpleasantness. Harry and I are here for your help."

Severus remained silent, and though he displayed no outward signs of a struggle, Harry knew he was fighting to remain calm. "And just want is it that you and *Harry* need?" He spat Harry's name like an insult.

Deciding to overlook his attempts to fluster Harry, Draco said, "We seem to be having some trouble in the bedroom."

The look on Severus' face was priceless. He had started to say something before he had fully assimilated what Draco had said. His mouth parted, and his eyes widened slightly. For Severus, this was a shocked look. "We? You said we are having bedroom trouble," Severus said faintly.

"Very good, Severus," Draco said smiling widely, enjoying having rendered the dour Potions master speechless. "Now, let's talk about what you can do for Harry and me."

Chapter 2

Chapter 2 of 4

The slip-up and the potion.

Authors' Notes: This is a collaboration between JenKM1216 and Alauralen. This story features two main pairings: HP/DM and HG/SS. If slash offends you, please proceed with caution. This is our first time writing slash, so let us know how you like it!

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Rigidity Aside

Chapter Two

Severus sat in the chair with a look of anger on his face. How dare that little git threaten him or Hermione? Just as he was about to explode, the little git opened his mouth again, stunning him back into silence.

"We seem to be having some trouble in the bedroom," Draco said.

"We? You said we are having bedroom trouble," Severus said faintly, the look of anger now mixed with shock.

"Very good, Severus," Draco said smiling widely. "Now, let's talk about what you can do for Harry and me."

Severus saw out of the corner of his eye that Hermione did not seem surprised by Draco's statement. It dawned on him that she must have already known about it. It was time to show Draco how a true Slytherin worked. "Really, Draco, would you be willing to destroy your lover's best friend, who has obviously been keeping this secret since the beginning of your relationship?" Turning to Harry, he said, "Would you allow Draco to do that to your best friend? How would you feel, knowing that the only reason I helped you was because your lover threatened her?"

Draco seemed unmoved, but Harry paled. Severus smirked, knowing that he had struck a nerve. Draco would never stay in Harry's good graces handling things in such a bullying manner.

"Draco," Harry began quietly. "You wouldn't do that to Hermione, would you? She's my best friend. I wouldn't want to see her hurt. I love her. I don't think that this is worth her reputation and her career."

"But, Harry," Draco whined. Severus knew from years of dealing with Draco that whining was one of his tactics to get what he wanted. "How is our relationship going to last if I can't pleasure you? I only want to make you as happy as possible." If Severus wasn't so sickened by the contemptible performance, he might have clapped as Draco forced several fat tears from his eyes.

Harry stood up and dropped to his knees in front of Draco. "Please, don't cry. Just being with you and holding you in my arms makes me happy. Pleasuring you brings me pleasure as well, love."

Draco leaned forward and captured Harry's lips in his own as Severus gagged. "That's enough. You two are enough to make Lockhart look like a man. Get up. I will supply you with a dose of a new potion I have been working on if you promise to get out immediately. Am I correct in assuming from your sickening exchange of words that you can't seem to get it up, Potter?" Severus looked down his nose at Potter, forcing himself not to hex the two simpering men.

Harry's face turned red as Draco answered, "Harry has been having some performance problems, yes."

"Well, come with me then, Potter," Severus snapped. "I am looking forward to seeing your departing back as soon as possible."

Harry shot Draco a look that clearly said he wouldn't do this for just anyone, as he followed Severus into the lab. Draco chuckled as the door swung closed. "Well, well, Hermione," he began.

"Don't you even start with me, Malfoy," she snapped. "How dare you threaten my career simply to help Harry get it up?"

"Oh, come on, darling," he cajoled. "You could easily earn your Potions mistress license tonight if I had been willing to go through with it. We both know that you could have gotten it long ago."

Hermione sniffed. "And don't you for get it, Ferret-face."

Draco's smile faded a bit. "Well, you don't have to insult me."

"What goes around comes around," she said crisply.

"Hermione," Draco said, rising from his chair and walking to stand in front of her. "Please, let's just call a truce. We both love Harry, and it would mean the world to him if we could just get past our differences. When I annoy you, you can just remember slapping me and Moody turning me into a ferret. Just like if you annoy me, I will be remembering the Densaugeo Curse." He extended his hand to her.

Hermione eye's narrowed. "If it weren't for Harry, I would cast that curse on you right now, and then we'd see how long you would continue laughing," she said, shaking his hand and sealing their truce.

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"What can I do to help?" Harry asked as he followed Severus into the laboratory.

"Your assistance with the potion is not required," Severus said. "What I need from you is a semen sample."

Severus nearly laughed at the embarrassed look on Potter's face. "But, sir," he began. "If I am unable to... um... I can't."

"That is what magic is for, Potter," Severus said sweetly. "Now, get in the closet and draw a sample."

He chuckled softly once the door was closed. It was not going to be possible for Harry to extract a sample without a fully functioning member. He wondered how long Harry was going to try before admitting that he couldn't do it. Severus finished the potion in a short amount of time and sat down to read through his research notes again as he waited.

After an hour, he finally resolved to go get Potter when Harry appeared. "Well?" he asked.

"I-I-I... I couldn't get one," Harry finally admitted.

"Did you actually think you would be able to?" Severus asked snidely, smirking widely.

Harry's face turned bright red, but he said nothing, simply turning on his heel and heading for the office.

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Hermione decided that Draco wasn't so bad after all. He had a good sense of humor, if one could get past his arrogance. For Harry, Hermione had pressed on and was finally getting to see what it was about Malfoy that Harry cared for so much. He was sweet in his own way, and it was obvious that he loved Harry very much.

"I don't know why I feel so uncomfortable about making our relationship public. I guess I'm just afraid of making Harry look bad by choosing to be with a reformed Death Eater," Draco said quietly.

"I understand your reservations. Did Harry ever tell you about our relationship with Ron before he died?" Hermione asked. At Draco's nod, she continued. "We never made our relationship public knowledge because of the... extreme nature of it. We all loved each other very much, but Harry and I both shagging Ron at the same time really wouldn't have gone over well."

Draco started to reply, but they were interrupted by Harry clearing his throat. He stood next to a very irate-looking Severus.

"Severus, Harry, you've finished the potion already?" Hermione said quickly, praying that Severus had not heard her last statement. She had never told him about the unusual relationship she had been involved in, only telling him there had been one other man before him.

"Obviously," he snapped. Apparently, he had heard. She groaned inwardly as Draco rose and joined Harry.

"Well, we really must be going," Draco said. "Thanks so much for your help, Severus. I can't tell you how much this means to us. We..."

"Do *not* go on with that thought," Severus interrupted. "Now get out."

"Right," Draco said smiling. "Have a nice evening, Severus, Hermione."

Harry hugged Hermione and said quietly, "I love you, Hermione. And as long as you're happy, it's okay with me."

"I am happy, Harry. And I love you, too."

They hugged tightly a moment more before Harry let her go and followed Draco out the door.

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As soon as Harry and Draco returned home, Harry pulled the potion from his pocket.

"Take it now," Draco urged, lust and need glimmering in his gray eyes.

"I am still not so sure about this, Draco," Harry said reluctantly, apprehension written all over his handsome features.

With a growl of impatience, Draco pulled his body flush with his lover's, capturing his mouth in a passionate, possessive kiss. He groaned wantonly, grinding his body against Harry's, as his cock began to harden.

Breaking the kiss, Draco huskily asked, "Don't you want my mouth on you? Don't you want to fuck me? I know I can't wait to taste you and feel you fill me."

Draco looked deep into Harry's passion-darkened eyes, silently willing him to take the potion. Draco stepped back as Harry nodded wordlessly, seemingly unable to speak in his aroused state, his green eyes locked on Draco's gray ones. He opened the potion vial and quickly gulped down the contents.

Draco moved back into his arms, sliding his left hand through Harry's hair while his right began to unbutton his lover's robes. Their mouths came together in a crushing kiss, tongues both fighting for dominance. This was something that had always been a part of their relationship...at least in the bedroom. The Slytherin wanted to dominate the Gryffindor, but Harry's pride would not allow it. Not for a little while anyway.

Draco made short work of Harry's robes and broke the kiss to pull off his shirt. His hot, wet mouth kissed a trail across Harry's collarbone to his ear, where he gently nipped and sucked the earlobe, making Harry shiver in pleasure. Grinning cockily, Draco began to move down Harry's body to his nipples, flicking his tongue across each in turn before biting gently and laving it soothingly.

By the time he made his way to Harry's jeans, Harry was so overcome with lust that all he could do was moan encouragingly to the blond man kneeling before him. Draco quickly removed Harry's shoes, socks, jeans, and boxers and sat back on his legs to look over the perfection that was The-Boy-Who-Loved-Him. Faint scars crossed the once smooth texture of his skin...relics from all his years fighting Death Eaters. He had a small smattering of dark hair across his chest that tickled Draco's nose whenever he played with his nipples. The hair formed a line down Harry's body to his usually large, hard cock. The only problem was that Harry's erection was still non-existent.

Draco looked up at Harry questioningly.

"I think I feel the potion starting to work. I should be hard for you in a few minutes," Harry panted out. The sight of Draco's hungry eyes devouring him had done more to turn Harry on than anything else so far. Harry wasn't sure if it was just Draco or the potion, but he had never been filled with such lust, and he couldn't wait to slide himself into Draco's tight, hot arse.

Harry watched as his lover reached out a hand to cup Harry's balls, massaging them gently. Gasping and groaning, Harry thrust his hips forward and Draco took the hint, wrapping his wet, hot mouth around the still limp cock. Draco worked his magic with his tongue and with the suction of his mouth, but after fifteen minutes, it was clear that, although the potion had succeeded in making Harry lust-crazed, it did nothing to give him an erection.

"Oh, gods, I bet that greasy bastard is in his dungeons fucking the shit out of Hermione and having a nice laugh to himself." Harry moaned as another wave of lust hit him hard. "I should never have trusted that slimy Slytherin. He hates me way too much to help me, even for your sake."

"Harry, I don't think Severus would do this to you on purpose," Draco said soothingly, deciding to ignore the Slytherin comment due to Harry's current state.

"Take off your clothes, Draco, now," Harry commanded.

"W-What?" Draco asked, confused.

"I have to do something. I am going to give you head like you have never had it before," Harry said with lust-crazed eyes. "Bedroom! Now!" shouted Harry as Draco continued to kneel before him in shock.

Draco jumped to his feet, moving to obey the command, especially when he had been promised such wonderful sexual gratification. Besides, he secretly liked it when Harry took charge in the bedroom and rode him hard. Harry knew how to fuck a man, and he was almost as good at giving blowjobs, so who was Draco to argue?

Draco had barely made it through the doorway to the bedroom when he felt air on bare skin. Harry had cast the spell to remove his clothing. Turning around, he saw Harry stalking toward him hungrily.

Harry's mouth urgently found Draco's, sliding his tongue into the recesses of his mouth as his hand found Draco's cock. Pleasure shot through Draco as Harry stroked him, making him weak-kneed.

They made their way to the bed, still snogging and with Harry still caressing Draco. Making it to the bed, the lust-driven Boy-Who-Lived released Draco and pushed him onto it. Draco moved to the middle of the bed. Harry climbed over him, brushing their lips together briefly before licking the shell of Draco's ear, making him groan.

Harry moved to suckle at the place where Draco's shoulder and neck met, eliciting another moan as Draco squirmed on the bed.

Harry seemed to be in a hurry to get to Draco's aching member because he barely paid attention to his nipples before kissing and nipping and licking his way down Draco's muscular stomach to his huge erection.

Harry's lust urged him on, and he quickly deep-throated the whole of Draco's cock. Humming and applying a good deal of suction, Harry slid up and down the cock. He began to fondle Draco's balls as Draco ran his hands through Harry's already unruly hair, forcing him to go faster.

Harry suddenly released Draco and looked up at him with desperation. "Fuck me, Draco. Fuck me, please. I need to feel you moving deep inside me," pleaded Harry.

Draco felt a twinge of pity for his poor lover. After all, it had been his idea to go see Severus. Usually Draco was the one to get it from behind from Harry, but he had no problem fucking the hell out of him, especially after he begged so hotly.

"Get on all fours, love. I don't know if it will help you, but I'll do anything I can to help ease what you're going through."

Harry quickly got onto his hands and knees. Draco fetched his wand long enough to cast a lubrication spell on Harry's arse as well as on his own cock.

Draco slid two fingers into Harry, preparing him for his invasion. After a few finger thrusts, Draco positioned his cock at Harry's entrance. He began to slowly slide in, feeling the tightness of Harry's body surround him in a cocoon of pleasure. Suddenly, Harry thrust back violently, impaling himself on Draco while both cried out in pleasure.

"Fuck my arse, Draco. Fuck it hard!"

Draco took hold of Harry's hips and began to viciously pound into his backdoor. Harry's tight body felt so good, Draco knew he would not last long.

Harry felt Draco slide into him, the pleasure growing from his lover's invasion. Harry was so overcome with desire; he needed to get off now. After begging Draco to fuck him harder, Harry began to stroke his limp cock, but to no avail; it still wouldn't come up. Not that he stopped trying to get it up. He tried like hell until he heard and felt Draco cum, hot semen spilling deep into his body.

"Oh, Harry," Draco said breathlessly as he collapsed on the bed, "that was so good."

"I still can't get off, and if I don't soon, I think I may lose my mind. I think he gave me a lust potion, not a Viagra potion," Harry said angrily, still stroking his uncooperative member.

"He wouldn't do that to you. Maybe the potion just needs to be tweaked a bit," Draco suggested.

"Well, I am not going back there again! He will just have found some new torture for me by now!"

~*~ ~*~ ~*~

As the door shut, Severus immediately cast a Silencing Charm. "Shagging Ron at the same time?" he spat.

"Severus, I..."

"Don't *Severus* me," he said harshly, cutting her off. "Weasley was the other man? Three years of an apprenticeship and three months of a sexual relationship, and you never once felt it necessary to mention your relationship with him?"

"Severus," Hermione began desperately.

"No! You and Potter were with him at the same time?" His pale face turned red as he looked at her in disgust.

"I didn't tell you about it because I knew you wouldn't understand," Hermione said quickly, before he could cut her off again. "I wasn't in love with Ron like I am with you." She stopped talking as the declaration of love spewed forth.

"What?" Severus asked in surprise. "You love me?"

Unable to decide whether he was pleased or not, she took a deep breath and said, "Yes, I love you. I have loved you for nearly two years." Her voice dropped low. "That's why I have stayed on as your apprentice, I think. If I was to get my mastery, I would never see you again."

Her eyes were glued to the floor. She was too embarrassed to look Severus in the eye, not knowing how he would react to the confession that she had only just realized to be the truth. Finally, she risked meeting his eyes. His expression was unreadable, and she was terrified that he was going to end things.

"Do you know," he began, "that I have only ever had one other apprentice?" Hermione shook her head, and he continued. "A young woman named Helena. She was very bright, but could never hope to compare to your intelligence. She gained her mastery in two years under my tutelage. I was relieved to see her go, being a private man."

He paused, giving Hermione time to wonder why he was talking about a former apprentice. What did she have to do with this...unless he had been involved with her, too? Hermione started to make a nasty comment when Severus began speaking again.

"You could have easily gained your mastery in only one year. You are the most intelligent woman I have ever met. Yet, here you are three years later, still doing labor for me. A good master would have forced you to leave by now. I find myself faced with the fact that I simply don't want to see you go." He fell silent, obviously uncomfortable with his long speech.

Hermione swallowed the nasty comment that she had started to utter. She looked at the man before her, who had only ever wanted freedom from others for the whole of his life. He had admitted to wanting her...to wanting her to stay with him. The sudden love that welled up nearly overwhelmed her as she forced back tears. No matter how much he might care for her, he would not like to see her cry.

"Severus," she said, voice thick with emotion. "I don't know what to say."

"Then don't say anything, you silly girl," Severus whispered taking her into his arms and kissing her softly. "Just close your mouth for once."

He led her to his quarters and took her into his bedroom. She followed in a daze, not even seeing him lowering and raising the wards around his quarters. He undressed her reverently before laying her back on his bed gently. After swiftly undressing, he positioned himself over her whispering, "Hermione."

She moaned as he plunged in quickly and immediately began thrusting as hard as he could. She lifted her hips, meeting him thrust for thrust, as they panted and groaned. Severus withdrew and flipped her on her hands and knees, thrusting in again swiftly. He rode her hard, holding her head back by her hair. He learned early on that she enjoyed a bit of roughness at times. Judging by her wetness and animalistic grunts, she was thoroughly enjoying this. A sudden surge of wetness and a tightening of her vaginal walls as she climaxed brought him over the edge. He thrust into her wildly through her orgasm, spilling himself within her depths when she was finished. He groaned as he collapsed at her side, pulling her close.

"I'll just get my clothes," she whispered as his breathing deepened.

"No, stay, love," he muttered, arms tightening around her.

"All night?" she asked.

He had never asked her to stay the night before, always preferring for her to retreat to her rooms to maintain appearances. This time, it was different. This time, he had finally admitted to himself and to her that he never wanted her to leave. "All night," he answered as he buried his face in her curls.

Chapter 3

Chapter 3 of 4

The winning of the bet comes into play, along with an Amplifying Charm. But who is doing the amplifying, and who is listening?

Authors' Notes: This is a collaboration between JenKM1216 and Alauralen. We are happy to announce that someone has nominated this story in round six of the Multifaceted Awards in the Laughter and Pride categories. We are thrilled and deeply grateful. For anyone who would like to support us, the voting begins on July 5 and last through July 22. Please go to the following link to vote: [Multifaceted Awards](#). Thank you so much to everyone!

Disclaimer: We own nothing from Harry Potter and are just writing this for fun.

Beta: Special thanks to Notsosaintly for her wonderful beta skills! You rock, girl!

Rigidity Aside

Chapter Three

"Harry, you have to go back to see Severus. I am sure that he would not have done this to you on purpose," Draco said soothingly; though, personally, he thought it did sound rather like something his godfather would do.

"Forget it," Harry spat. He got up and grabbed some clothes from his dresser drawers and stalked out of the bedroom into the bathroom.

Draco sighed, cast a Cleansing Charm on himself, and turned over to go to sleep. Memories of the early days of Harry's and his relationship played about the edges of Draco's mind and eventually formed themselves into dreams....

~*~ ~*~ ~*~

'Who would have thought a chance meeting with the Boy Wonder would turn out like this?' thought Draco as he ground his hard-on against Harry's hip. They had met in a Muggle bar weeks ago, both trying to forget their losses in the war, and started up a friendship. Now that friendship seemed to be turning into an intense love affair.

Harry was kissing him passionately and, when Draco gasped at the feel of Harry's huge erection, he took the opportunity to thrust his tongue into his mouth. Draco met it, and they began a fierce duel.

Draco's back was pressed to the wall of his sitting room in his London flat. He had sold the Manor after the death of his parents in the war, not wanting any reminders of his Death Eater father. Though, that was rather hard considering that he was reminded of the monster every time he looked into a mirror.

Draco pushed such thoughts away as Harry continued to ravish his mouth, exploring the sweetness he found there, his skilled hands roaming over every inch of Draco's body. Harry was thrusting his jean-encased cock against Draco, desperate for skin-to-skin contact as he groaned into his mouth.

"Harry," Draco breathed as he broke the kiss. Forehead to forehead, heavy breaths mingling, Draco asked, "Are you sure you want to do this? Do you want to be with me, Harry?" As Draco asked the last question, he raised his head so that his smoldering grey eyes met Harry's fiery green ones.

Harry felt his trousers becoming even more uncomfortably tight at the look in those smoky eyes, so full of passion and insecurity and promise. "I've wanted you for weeks; I just didn't know how to tell you."

"Well, then it is a good thing I took the initiative," Draco said cockily, though the effect was ruined by the huskiness of his voice. "Come with me," he said, gently pushing Harry back and holding out his hand.

Harry took it and was led to Draco's bedroom. The room was done in black and grays, and it was very Muggle-modern, surprising Harry. He had been expecting Slytherin colors, but no green or silver was to be seen. The Muggle effect really threw him. He supposed that before the end of the war, when Draco had renounced Voldemort, his father, and all that they stood for, it must have included the less desirable aspects of Slytherin house as well.

Draco watched with a smirk as Harry looked around in awe. When Harry finally turned his eyes back in his direction, he asked, "Surprised?"

"Yeah, actually I am," Harry admitted. "We'll have to talk about that later," he added, drawing his wand and casting a spell to remove their clothing.

Draco looked over Harry's hard body lustily. He was no longer the skinny boy he had met at Madam Malkin's. The war and his Auror training had made his body lean and muscular. His arms were not bulky, but strong and sinewy. His chest was well-defined with a smattering of hair as dark and unruly as that on his head. The hair became a trail that led down well-formed abs to a large erection, glistening with pre-cum. Draco licked his lips hungrily at the sight, moving his gaze down to Harry's long, athletic legs, similar to those of a Muggle runner or cyclist. He had a few scars, remnants of the war and the final battle, one brushing across the top of his cock, leaving a line through his pubic hair. He was perfect, scars and all, in Draco's eyes.

While Draco looked over Harry, Harry did the same with Draco. Draco looked very much like Lucius must have looked at his age. Harry pushed the thought of Lucius Malfoy away as he looked over Draco's broad-shouldered frame. He had filled out beautifully. He was all muscle and sinew with white-blond hair on his chest and around his proudly erect cock. He looked like a god brought to Earth with his large pecks and washboard abs.

"You're beautiful," Harry groaned as he moved toward Draco.

Draco backed toward the bed and lay down, waiting for Harry to join him. Once he had, they kissed passionately as their hands explored each other.

Harry broke the kiss, breathing raggedly, and nibbled on Draco's neck before sucking hard, making Draco gasp. With a grin, Harry moved to gently bite his nipple before sucking the small peak into his mouth and lightly flicking his tongue across it, sending waves of pleasure straight to Draco's twitching cock.

Draco moaned in disappointment and put his hands through Harry's thick, dark hair when he released his nipple, crying out softly as Harry applied the same attention to the other.

Draco was practically whimpering with need and arching his hips into the air when Harry finally made his way, kissing, nipping, and licking, to his cock. Harry licked his lips while Draco pushed himself up onto his elbows to watch Harry. Licking the head of Draco's cock clean, Harry moved to lap the pool of pre-cum that had formed on Draco's stomach. Then, looking into Draco's eyes, Harry slowly sucked Draco's cock into his throat, breaking eye contact when he could no longer maintain it as he neared the thick base.

Draco's head dropped back down onto the pillow with a groan. Harry slid the cock from his mouth and twirled his tongue around the head before plunging back down. He set a strong, furious pace, knowing that Draco was close to cumming before he had even started. His hand moved to fondle Draco's balls before sliding his finger back to his arse. Draco was now panting and sweating, encouraging him in a hoarse voice and arching his hips up into Harry's mouth and throat.

Draco woke up with a cry of surprise and pleasure as Harry inserted his finger into Draco's arse, applying pressure to the gland there. Suddenly, Draco came hard, pumping spurt after spurt of cum down Harry's throat, pleasure racing up and down his cock and radiating through his entire being. When Draco was done, Harry released him and crawled up next to him.

"I'm sorry," Harry said, leaning down to give Draco a kiss. "You're right, I can't live like this. Let's go back to see Snape in the morning. I really need to get off."

~*~ ~*~ ~*~

A pounding on the door woke Severus up. He opened his eyes and was met with the site of bushy hair. He suddenly remembered that Hermione has stayed the night for

the first time.

"Severus," a voice came from under the bushy hair. "You are lying on my hair. I can't get up."

"I'm sorry, love," he said, rolling onto his back.

"Aren't you going to answer the door?" Hermione asked as she rose and walked towards the loo.

"No, I'd rather lie here and stare at your bare arse," he said.

"It could be one of your students, Severus. You'd better answer the door," Hermione said, disappearing behind the door.

Severus growled as he stood and pulled on a pair of lounging trousers and a robe. Stalking to the door, he threw it open snarling, "This had better be an emergency!" Seeing Draco and Harry, he yelled, "Go away!"

"This is an emergency, Severus. Let us in," Draco said, pushing against the door Severus was trying to close in their faces. "You are my godfather! You have to let me in!"

"No, I don't," Severus said, letting go of the door and smirking as Draco sprawled onto the floor. Severus laughed shortly and said again, "Go away."

Draco got to his hands and knees and was met with a pair of long, bare legs. He followed them up to see Hermione in a short dressing gown. "If I wasn't gay," he said, grinning as he ogled her breasts.

Severus felt a headache coming on. He normally felt one beginning during breakfast in the Great Hall, but it was early this time. "Get up," he spat at Draco as he turned to face Hermione. "And what are you doing out here, Hermione? What if it had been a student?"

"Relax, love. I heard Draco's voice. I know better than to traipse out here in front of a student," she said. "But wouldn't it be funny to see the look on a student's face? Imagine the look of disgust when they realized that their git of a Potions master got laid last night."

Severus glared at her. "I don't see the humor in that." The door closed behind him, and he turned to see Harry helping Draco up. "What are the two of you doing here again?"

"Calm down, Severus," Draco said, flashing a smile. "We had a problem with the potion last night. You did give Harry the right one, didn't you?"

"What do you mean you had a problem?" Severus demanded. "How dare you suggest that I would ever make a mistake with a potion."

"Of course you didn't," Draco said immediately, obviously trying to placate the volatile man. "But, the potion you provided didn't... do the job."

"You mean your lover couldn't get it up?" Severus said, grimacing.

"It seemed to make him... feel like it was up, but he couldn't actually get it up," Draco said, trying to find a delicate way of putting it.

Harry blushed furiously, and Hermione moved to put a soothing hand on his shoulder.

"Are you suggesting that I had something to do with the potion's ineffectiveness?" Severus said nastily.

"Of course not," Draco said hurriedly. "But, there is obviously something going on here. I mean, the potion didn't work for Harry. He had to derive what pleasure he could from my pleasure."

"So, the Boy-Who-Lived has become the Boy-Who-Likes-To-Get-It-In-the-Arse?" Severus quipped, smiling nastily.

"No, he's more like the Boy-Who-Liked-To-Give-It-In-the-Arse," Draco said as his eyes glazed over with lust.

"Oh, for God's sake! If you ever say that again or get that look on your face in front of me again, I will vomit and then kill you," Severus bellowed.

"Draco, let's just go," Harry said, still blushing red.

"No, we need his help," Draco said.

"Oh, no! I'm not doing anything else for the two of you. I fulfilled my part of the bargain. It's not my fault that it didn't work for your arse-loving friend," Severus spat. "Get out!"

"Wait a minute, Severus," Hermione said. "You can't just throw them out like that. They came to you for help."

"Oh, I bloody well can just throw them out," Severus said. "And I intend to."

"Severus, I won the bet," Hermione said, putting a hand on her hip.

"So? What does that have to do with this?" Severus asked with a sinking feeling in his stomach.

"I intend for you to help them," she said determinedly.

"What bet? What are you two talking about?" Draco asked.

Ignoring the question, Severus said, "If you two will excuse us for a moment, I need to speak with my apprentice." He grabbed Hermione's arm and dragged her into his study, slamming the door behind him.

"No, absolutely not," he yelled. "I refuse."

"You can't refuse. You said that if I won, you'd do any one favor for me. My favor is that you help my best friend with his performance problem. I want him to be happy. If he is not able to perform sexually, he cannot be totally happy. Fix this. You don't have the option of refusing," Hermione said, staring at him unblinkingly.

Unable to resist temptation, Severus wandlessly and wordlessly looked into her mind. He was met with an overwhelming desire for Harry to be happy. He had been sad for so long, and Draco was the key to giving him joy again. Those thoughts were interspersed with a deep love for him. *Hermione is even more in love with me than she realizes*, he thought. It was enough to make him swallow with emotion.

"Are you done poking about in my mind?" Hermione asked softly.

"I'm sorry, I couldn't help it. But to ask this of me..."

"It is a big favor. I know you don't care for Harry, but I do. Do this to make me happy. Do this to make your godson happy. Please, Severus?"

Severus sighed. "Even owing you a favor, you will still owe me for this. You realize that I'm going to have to physically examine your friend, don't you?" Severus said,

shuddering.

"Well, if that is what is necessary..."

Severus advanced on Hermione. If he was going to do this, he was going to remind Hermione of his place as her master and a man. He reached up and untied the dressing robe, pulling it from her unresisting arms. It fell to the floor, and he reached out and caressed her breast lightly.

"I am a man, Hermione," he said. "I am everything a man should be, unlike your friend and my godson. I have an insatiable appetite for the soft folds of a woman." He stepped closer and dropped one hand between her legs. A gush of wetness greeted his fingertips and a sigh met his ears.

"Severus," Hermione breathed. "Draco and Harry are just on the other side of the door."

"I don't care," he said, inserting one finger into her slick tunnel.

"Oh, yes," she hissed. "Cast a Silencing Charm."

"No. I want to make them as uncomfortable as possible. If I have to be uncomfortable, so do they." He was aware how childish he sounded, but he didn't care. He would be damned before he would be the only one feeling strange.

"But..."

"No buts, love," Severus whispered as he shrugged out of his clothing. He turned her around and leaned her over his desk, positioning himself at her entrance. "I am going to fuck you now," he said silkily as he pushed the head of his erection inside her.

"Stop teasing me," she moaned. Grinning wickedly, he wordlessly and wandlessly cast a charm that would allow Draco and Harry to hear everything, down to the softest whisper.

"You want me inside you," he whispered.

"Please, I need all of you, Severus. Please fuck me now," she begged wantonly.

Saying nothing, he thrust as hard as he could, filling her. As she cried out in pleasure, he began thrusting hard and fast. "You want me to pound into you like this?" he asked. "Or do you want me to go slow, barely filling your tight pussy?" He stopped and thrust slowly, barely filling her with each movement.

"Hard, Severus. I want it hard. Please," Hermione moaned as he teased her.

Changing pace, he pounded into her mercilessly. "You like that, Hermione?"

"God, yes! Oh, yes! So good, Severus! So big and hard!" She could barely form sentences as he slammed into her over and over again.

Her walls began tightening around him as her orgasm welled up. When it washed over her, Severus groaned and pounded into her so hard, his desk slid. As she screamed in pleasure, he let go, flooding her depth with his seed.

He collapsed on top of her, and they both fought for breath as their body heat seeped into each other.

"One day, I will fill you with my baby," he promised. "Your belly with stretch with my baby, and you will be even more beautiful."

"I thought you didn't want kids," she said, sucking in her breath as he pulled out of her.

"I don't, but I know you do," he said softly, forgetting about the Amplification Charm.

"Are you saying you want to marry me?" Hermione asked.

"One day, you will be Mrs. Snape," he answered.

"I love you, Severus," Hermione cried out launching herself into his arms.

"I love you, too," he said, holding her close. He suddenly remembered the charm and cursed to himself as he ended it. The pretty-boys in his living room were not supposed to have heard all that.

"Your friend waits," Severus said gruffly as he pushed her away to pull on his clothes.

"Thank you, Severus," Hermione said as she slipped on her dressing gown.

~*~ ~*~ ~*~

Draco plopped down on a couch in Severus' sitting room and patted the seat next to him, indicating that Harry should sit.

"He is pretty angry," Draco commented, for the first time worried that his godfather would not help them.

"Oh, I am sure that Hermione will get her way," Harry said smugly as they heard Hermione say, *You can't refuse. You said that if I won, you'd do any one favor for me.*"

"See?" Harry pointed out. "She won a bet, and I'm sure, knowing Hermione, that she will be able to convince him to do anything she wants."

"I hope you're right," Draco said quietly as silence came from the room for a few moments.

Then, as if they were in the other room with Severus and Hermione, they heard Severus' voice say, *You want me inside you.*"

Harry and Draco looked at each other incredulously as they heard, with perfect clarity, Hermione beg, *Please, I need all of you, Severus. Please, fuck me now.*"

Both men shot up off of the couch, alarmed. The sound of flesh slapping against flesh and Hermione's cries echoed through the room.

"What do we do?" Harry whispered, remembering Severus' bare arse as he fucked his best friend. Apparently the potion was still working.

"I say we keep listening. It sounds like he's really giving it to her, doesn't it?" Draco asked with a leer. They heard Severus questioning Hermione about liking it hard, making her ask for it.

"I can't listen to this!" Harry groaned, lust coursing through him. "The potion is still working! And I still can't fuck you!"

God, yes! Oh, yes! So good, Severus! So big and hard!"

"You're still feeling that thing?" Draco asked, amazed. "And this is getting you going?"

"Yes!" Harry hissed irritably.

"One day, I will fill you with my baby," Severus whispered huskily.

Both Harry and Draco froze, listening intently. They looked at each other, more than surprised when Severus said he wanted to marry her.

Suddenly, the sound was turned off after Severus said, *"I love you, too,"* and they scrambled back to the couch, blushing and trying to pretend that they had not heard a thing.

"What do we do?" Harry asked again. "I bet he wanted us to hear all that!"

"We do this!" Draco replied, slamming his lips down onto Harry's.

~*~ ~*~ ~*~

Severus glared at Hermione as he threw open the door, encountering two very passionately snogging men. "Not in my home," he thundered. "I will personally throttle both of you if you so much as think about dropping your pants while you are sitting on my couch!"

Draco and Harry parted very suddenly. Draco smiled smugly while Harry became very uncomfortable.

"Wipe that grin from your face, boy," Severus snapped. "Hermione and I are getting dressed. I would not advise you to remove anything from your trousers if you want to keep it on your person."

Draco's chuckle met Severus' ears as he retreated to the bedroom, followed by Hermione.

"Do you have to be so short with them?" Hermione asked, still blissfully unaware of the Amplifying Charm Severus had cast.

"Yes," Severus said.

"Do try not to terrify Harry too much," she said as they pulled on their clothes. The house-elves had retrieved some of Hermione's clothing from her room during the night and brought it to Severus' room. "He is my best friend. I love him."

"I can't promise you anything. You're already asking a lot of me," Severus said icily. "But I can promise that he will be in once piece when I am done with him."

"That is all I am asking," Hermione said, kissing him softly as they readied to reenter the living room.

Severus swept into the room, half expecting to see Draco bending over Harry. He was thankful to note that they seemed to have taken his threat seriously. Still, he intended to have his couch thoroughly cleaned after they left.

"Lab. Now," Severus barked at Harry, who jumped and followed him quickly after giving Draco an apprehensive look.

Severus banged open the door leading to his private labs, closing it when Harry entered. He grabbed a pair of Dragon-hide gloves. As he slipped them on, he grinned menacingly and said, "Drop your trousers, Potter."

Chapter 4

Chapter 4 of 4

Harry Potter would do anything to never have to ask Snape for help. Draco, however, is not so proud when it comes to his lover not being able to get it up. They find out about Hermione's relationship with Severus the hard way! HG/SS, HP/DM *This story takes place three months into JenKM1216's one-shot, "In the Name of Research," which can be found on this site.*

This is a collaboration between JenKM1216 and Alauralen.

JenKM1216: Please accept my apology. I've been suffering from writer's block with this story for some unknown reason. It's one of the few that were completely planned out, but I still got a block. I hope you like the new chapter. A huge thanks goes to Alauralen and NotSoSaintly for putting up with my problems with writing.

Special thanks to Notsosaintly for her wonderful beta skills! You rock, girl!

Disclaimer: We do not own any of the characters in this story, they belong to the wonderful J.K. Rowling. We are making no profit from this story, just a bit of fun.

Rigidity Aside

Chapter Four

"Are you bloody stupid, boy?" Severus asked. "Didn't the scar clue you in to there being something wrong?"

"I was hexed, but it was taken care of at Saint Mungo's. It hasn't bothered me in years," Harry said. His annoyance was growing. Since Snape had snapped on the dragon hide gloves, he had ridiculed Harry and twisted his aching cock around and around.

"Stupid boy," Severus muttered again.

"I haven't been a boy for years," Harry said, wincing as Severus jerked on him once more.

"Stupid *man* then," he said. A sneer was plastered on his face.

"Oh, that's so much better," Harry muttered. He yelped sharply as Severus pulled him viciously. "Stop it, man," he yelled. "That's enough! For the love of God! My cock can't take anymore!"

"I was under the impression that you liked having your 'cock' manipulated by men," Severus said in a condescending voice.

"By one man, and you're not him!" Harry seethed at the older man. "I have no idea what Hermione sees in you."

The corners of Severus' mouth twitched as he said, "I fill her in ways no one else could."

Harry gagged. "I could have gone all my life without hearing that," he said.

Severus looked at him sharply for a moment before saying, "Did you come across Lucius Malfoy at the Final Battle?"

Harry was taken aback by the sudden change in subject. "Well, yes," he said. "We had a short battle, he hexed me, and I hit him with a Blasting Curse."

Severus stroked his chin thoughtfully. "Lucius had a favorite curse," he said. "I don't know why I didn't think of this sooner." He walked away, stripping the gloves off as he went. "Pull up your pants, Potter," he said.

Harry pulled his pants up quickly. "What didn't you think of?" he asked, half running to catch up to Severus. "What? What didn't you think of?"

"I need to check my notes," Severus said in an absent-minded voice. He walked to the door separating his office from his lab.

Harry was about to ask Severus what he'd thought of again when they heard Hermione's muffled voice say, "Is Harry the first man you've ever been with?"

They paused, listening.

"I think that they're talking about us. Let's just wait a minute before we go in there," Harry said.

Severus nodded, and they leaned closer to the door.

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Hermione and Draco made themselves comfortable on the sofa after Hermione ordered tea from Dobby. They talked for while about work and then about their school days.

"So," Hermione said, trying to decide how to phrase the question she wanted to ask. They had just begun getting along, and she didn't want to offend Draco. "Can I ask you a question? I don't want to pry, but I'm curious about something."

"Yes?" Draco asked with a knowing, falsely-innocent smile.

"Is Harry the first man you've ever been with? I always thought that you and Pansy were together in school. I'd assumed that you'd get married," Hermione said in a curiosity-filled voice.

Draco snorted derisively. "I was never really with that simpering, social ladder-climbing bitch. I couldn't stand her, but I also wasn't ready to come out of the closet, either. She was my public front, and the stupid chit didn't even know it. She thought I was just being proper."

"I was actually sleeping with Blaise Zabini," Draco said grinning. "It was really an inside joke between Blaise and myself...how everyone thought I was screwing Pansy, but I was really screwing Blaise," Draco said, looking nostalgic. "We actually caught Crabbe and Goyle in a *very* compromising position once while looking for a place to snog. The idiots had remembered the Silencing Charm, but forgot to ward the door to the broom closet they were in. I was impressed that they could even perform a Silencing Charm. Maybe they didn't know how to put up a ward..." Draco trailed off as Hermione glared at him.

"Perhaps they didn't think that someone would burst in on them for no good reason," Hermione said, her cheeks blushing angrily. "I did always wonder about those two though."

"Oh, that's right... I forgot. Sorry," Draco said with a smirk. "Yes, they were lovers. Anyway," Draco said, moving the conversation back onto topic, "the first time we were together, we had no idea what we were doing. We ended up just giving each other hand jobs since we knew how to do that." He winked and added, "Lots of practice already with that, you know."

Draco thought back to that first time. They had both been seventeen...of age by wizarding standards. It was close to the end of their sixth year. Draco had led Blaise to the Room of Requirement. It furnished itself as a beautiful bedroom with a large fireplace and a bed done in Slytherin colors.

Their mouths had met in a passionate kiss, tongues meeting hotly. They had been snogging for months and had quite a bit of unresolved sexual tension. Draco pushed Blaise back against a wall and ground his erection against the taller boy's upper thigh. He could feel Blaise's hardness pressing on his stomach.

Sliding his hand between them, Draco began to tentatively caress the hardness through Blaise's pants. Blaise groaned and arched his hips against Draco's hand, letting Draco know that he liked what he was doing. They moved apart, quickly undressing themselves and then stood there awkwardly together, naked as the day that they were born, unsure of what to do next.

"If we are going to do this, you can't tell anyone. If my father finds out about my being gay, he'll be furious," Draco said, shuddering slightly. "All that business of providing the next Malfoy heir."

"I won't tell if you don't. I don't fancy ending up like one of my mother's husbands," Blaise replied in a humorless, hollow voice.

Having come to this agreement, they both relaxed a bit and moved to the bed. They lay down on their sides facing each other. Beginning by experimentally touching each other, they were soon locked in a kiss as they each stroked the other. They thrust their hips in time to the hands that caressed each aching erection.

Draco remembered how beautiful Blaise had looked as he came close to climaxing. He arched wildly into Draco's hand, his hard abs rippling. He had moaned loudly, spurting his seed all over Draco's hand and his own dark, flawless skin as he continued moaning and panting.

Watching Blaise's orgasm triggered his own climax, and Draco cried out in pleasure. He felt the most intense sensations rolling over every nerve in his body, and he felt truly alive for the first time in his life. Doing it himself had never felt as good as Blaise's hand had that day and for many days, even years, that came after.

"You know, we still slept together after we broke up," Draco said after a pause in the conversation. "I had just left Blaise when I saw Harry at the pub and went to bury the hatchet, so to speak. Two days later, I told Blaise that I had met someone special and that I wouldn't be seeing him anymore. The rest you know."

Draco looked at Hermione unabashedly. "Now it's your turn to satisfy my curiosity," he said. "I know that you conspired with Harry to get Ron in bed with both of you, but did you and Harry ever sleep together?" Harry had told Draco that he had only ever slept with Ron and never with just Hermione. Draco couldn't help but be curious as to whether Harry had been completely honest with him.

"No, Harry and I never slept together. I mean, we all shared a bed, and we did share Ron at the same time," Hermione said, blushing hotly, "but we never did anything together. He wasn't interested, and I wasn't looking for anything but a way to get my mind off of the war. When we were all together in that room, the rest of the world just melted away. There was no war, no fear, just the three of us."

"And it wasn't all about sex, either, although that was amazing. We talked about everything but the war. We remembered happier days. That was one of the best times of my entire life," Hermione said with tears in her eyes as she remembered their last night together....

Hermione had gotten home around six in the evening. She heard noises coming from the bedroom they all shared. She made her way to the room and stood gaping at the magnificent sight before her. Harry had Ron on all fours, with one arm wrapped around his friend's body, grasping and stroking Ron's cock as he pounded into Ron relentlessly from behind. They were grunting and groaning and talking dirty to each other. They both glistened with sweat and were so intent on each other that neither of them noticed Hermione.

She became instantly wet and stood there for a moment, just watching. Then she quickly stripped naked and walked over to the bed. She slapped Harry lightly on the arse, pondering just how to get in on the action. Figuring it out, she moved to kiss Ron passionately. She lay down on the bed on her back and scooted under Ron. Once she was beneath him, she began to suck his cock while Harry moved his hand up to Ron's waist for better control. Ron moved his mouth down between Hermione's spread legs and began to lick her clit. She moaned around his cock, sucking him back into her throat. Ron came a few minutes later, lifting his head as he called out to both Hermione and to Harry.

Once he had expelled the last of his seed down her throat, he resumed his ministrations on her until she came less than a minute later. Hermione screamed out as she came, clawing at Ron's lower back as ecstasy ran through her. As she came down from her high, she heard Harry calling out obscenities as he released himself into Ron.

The boys managed not to crush her as they all changed positions. They spent the rest of the night talking about their glory days at Hogwarts. The Final Battle had happened the next day, and Hermione's entire world had changed forever.

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"Bugger this, I can't hear a bloody thing," Severus said, irritability lacing his voice.

He opened the door a crack and cast an Amplifying Charm on the other room.

"I can hear them. Maybe you're just getting old," Harry said, grinning with amusement.

Severus swelled with indignation, opening his mouth to give the Boy Wonder a scathing retort.

"I was actually sleeping with Blaise Zabini," they heard Draco say.

Harry held up his hand to stop the Potion master's tirade. "Hold on. Listen."

In spite of himself, Severus once again leaned closer to the door.

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Harry was bright red when Hermione's and Draco's conversation came to an end. Severus had turned around and was glaring darkly at him.

Brushing past Severus, Harry banged open the door, causing both Hermione and Draco to jump.

"What's the prognosis, love?" Draco asked, standing and reaching out a hand to Harry.

"I can't believe you were still screwing Blaise right up until we met in the bar," he said.

Draco's hand dropped to his side, the smile that had lit his face upon seeing Harry disappearing.

"Harry, calm down," Hermione said.

"No," Harry yelled. "I want to know why you never told me everything."

Severus watched Harry and Draco begin arguing while Hermione tried to mediate.

Slipping unnoticed back into the lab, he picked up a potion-filled vial for Harry, pouring in the final touch. He returned to his office where Harry and Draco were still arguing. Hermione stood helplessly to one side, watching them in dismay.

"You're a man-whore," Harry screamed at Draco.

The argument ended suddenly as Draco stared at Harry. "I wasn't the one fucking a man who was fucking a woman at the same time," he said.

The anger on Harry's face disappeared immediately. "Draco, I'm sorry. I..."

Draco held up his hand. "Just don't."

Severus took advantage of the silence to approach Harry. "Drink this," he said.

Harry had apparently forgotten that Severus had said he needed to study his notes and took the vial from him. He drank it down in one swallow as Severus smirked gleefully.