

Cycles of Hunger

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Cycles of Hunger

by [Twisted_Mind](#)

Summary

Hunger takes many forms.

Notes

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The only thing I own is the snark. The rest belongs to rich people.

Written to fill a prompt for a friend.

When Severus felt strangely light-headed, he—very carefully—finished the current brewing stage before casting a Stasis Charm. And then he sat down. And may or may not have momentarily considered putting his head between his knees as those inane Muggles proscribed when one is attempting to avoid a swoon.

The feeling soon passed, however, making such an undignified position unnecessary. Severus checked his timepiece, wondering if the odd sensation was because he had—once again—brewed through lunch. He had not (this time), though the sensation was remarkably similar. Dismissing it as essentially unimportant, he returned to his unfinished potion.

By dinner that evening, however, the feeling had only intensified. Upon entering the kitchen of the cottage he shared with his mates, he was surprised to find that a meal was not awaiting him. Harry nearly always cooked dinner.

Severus's brow furrowed when he tried to remember the last time he'd seen the other man. He was fairly certain that Harry had still been in bed this morning when Severus himself had arisen, though he couldn't recall if he had seen the younger man after that. Come to think of it, the bond had been eerily quiescent as of late. As the first uncomfortable eddies of concern began swirling in his gut, Severus rationalized that the best course of action was to consult his other bond-mate.

Knocking on the door of Lucius's study, Severus was a little surprised when he heard Draco's voice. He hadn't known that his godson was visiting today—though that certainly explained Harry's absence. Despite the (admittedly loose) familial bonds that now existed between them, it would be a cold day in Hell before those two ever got along. Slytherin House had barely survived their rivalry, and Severus often wondered if Harry mightn't have fared better in another House.

Draco pulled the door wide before exiting the study. "As much as I was enjoying the visit with Father, I know better than to linger in the evenings," he said with a smirk as he passed. Severus rolled his eyes and let the entitled brat find his own way out.

"Ah, Severus. Did Harry send you? I imagine he's quite peeved that I've not been down to dinner yet." The pureblood smirked at the thought of his bond-mate's ire.

Severus frowned, and the concern in his gut condensed into worry. "Lucius, Harry hasn't made dinner."

"That's odd. What's he doing then?" Lucius asked casually, his expression altogether too calm and detached for Severus's liking. If *he* had to go grey over the brat, then so should the pureblood.

"I haven't a clue, Lucius, because he doesn't seem to be here. In point of fact, I'm not sure *when* he was last here," Severus bit out. He felt a vicious quiver of satisfaction go through him when Lucius's eyes grew troubled.

“He didn’t mention that he was going somewhere to me. Did he say anything to you?” Lucius inquired, his voice still too calm.

“Obviously not, you—” Severus paused at the glare he received. As much as it might chafe, he still had to show a certain amount of respect. “No, he did not.” Severus spoke from between clenched teeth.

“Very well, then. I will ask the Weasleys if they have seen him. With any luck, he will be with that mob of ginger-haired Gryffindors,” Lucius replied smoothly, his distaste for his bond-mate’s friends evident in the curl of his lips.

“Hopefully so, but if he is not, you may wish to ask the Weasleys to check with the Lovegoods—Harry has always been ridiculously fond of that addlepated daughter of Xenophilius’s.”

The blond nodded. “And where will you begin your search?” he asked.

Severus turned, his eyes distant and seeming not to see Lucius. “I had thought to begin at Hogwarts, but I . . .” he trailed off.

“Severus, trust your instincts. If they are nibbling at your consciousness, they could well lead you to Harry.” The aristocrat placed a hand upon his beta’s shoulder. “I may be the alpha, but I am still only a wizard—you and Harry are more closely bound in some ways, sharing the instincts and limitations of your heritage.”

“That’s as may be, but the fact remains that the brat can often be disturbingly unpredictable,” Severus countered, subtly shrugging the hand from his shoulder. “I will begin my search at Hogwarts, and from there inquire at Hogsmeade. He may be visiting others who live or work in the village. It is highly improbable, but until today I thought Harry disappearing even less likely.”

Lucius shared the other man’s unease; this wasn’t like their bond-mate. The possibility that something had happened to Harry remained unvoiced, though the fear whispered in both their minds. “Very well, then. That being the case, I shall also ask Narcissa if she has any recent knowledge of his whereabouts.”

Severus felt his eyebrows creep up his face. “I know that there is no animosity between them, but do you really believe that Harry would seek refuge with her?” there was no mistaking the incredulity painting his voice.

“He is my bonded; she is my wife. There is a degree of warmth between them. Besides,” here Lucius smirked, though his annoyance bled through, “my dear Narcissa has decided that she will perpetually side with Harry against me. If he is feeling . . . *dissatisfied* for some reason, he might be tempted to go to her.”

Sudden understanding burst inside Severus, and he smirked at the alpha. Lucius’s face twitched like it wanted to scowl before he carefully smoothed his expression. Severus considered it a victory. He was still crowing when they left the house to search for their errant

omega.

Two hours later, they had searched everywhere they could think to look, asked every person who might care for Harry's welfare, and had yet to locate their bond-mate. Lucius was concerned, but had voiced the opinion that Harry would be found when he wished to be and not before. The concern that had been bouncing around Severus's innards had hardened and settled into icy dread. While Lucius was lounging in an armchair in their sitting room—his outward calm betrayed only by the snifter of brandy at his elbow—Severus was pacing like a caged beast. The silence was oppressive.

Suddenly breaking the stillness, Severus stopped pacing and snarled wordlessly. Lucius quirked a pale brow at the display. "Put that thing back where it belongs before I rip it off!" the beta spat, unimpressed. "This may have escaped your perfectly-bred notice, but there is something seriously *wrong* here."

"I am aware, Severus." The alpha's voice was tight.

"And yet, you sit there appreciating your liquor instead of *doing something about it*."

Lucius gazed at his bond-mate; Severus looked half-feral, his demonic traits becoming more pronounced under the stress of—temporarily—losing their omega. In this, Severus had advantages that Lucius did not. It was simply a matter of coaxing him to use them. It was obvious to the alpha that logical reasoning and compelling rhetoric were not currently effective methods of persuasion.

"I can't do anything else, so I may as well appreciate a dram," Lucius drawled obnoxiously, stroking the rim of his tumbler in a petulant fashion.

Severus wheeled, his dark eyes flashing, a ripping growl growing in his chest as he moved toward his bond-mate. He was acting on instinct while the worry, fear, and consternation demanded that he *do something*, and he was ready to lash out at any available target. When Severus was looming over the other man and the only response was a single indolently-raised brow, he reached out to *strangle* the pureblooded twat in the red-tinted rage that was coursing through him, when—

He was gone.

"Finally," Lucius muttered, draining the last of his drink in one go. "Bring the dithering twit back quickly, old friend. My patience is wearing thin."

It might have been the mind-numbing impotent fury, the usual gut-churning sensation paired with the disorientation of spontaneous involuntary Apparition, or it might just have been the fact that he was clearly in a *Muggle location* that befuddled Severus Snape more thoroughly than a Confundus Charm. Whatever the reason, he blinked several times as he attempted to comprehend where he was and what, exactly, he was doing there. When his formidable brain finally made sense of the garish images before his eyes, he snorted.

Dim lighting, broken by the intermittent flashing of multi-hued lights. A large crowd of people, most of them men. The few women in the room were scantily clad, moving lasciviously to the blaring music that was an absolute assault on the ears. Strippers.

“How vile,” Severus stated flatly—too disgusted to muster up the appropriate disdain.

“Agreed, but some of us have to take what we can get,” a rasping voice remarked wryly.

Severus turned, surprised that anyone had marked his presence, let alone heard him in this cacophonous hell. The small spark of shock quickly morphed into astonishment.

Harry.

With lightning speed, Severus was flooded with equal parts irritation, relief, and righteous anger. His voice was the one that had often made first-years wet themselves—low and sharp, dripping with venomous contempt. “You poor dear! You must have no one in your life concerned for your welfare, no lovers or bond-mates to look after you.”

But Harry didn’t behave as expected, didn’t rise to the bait. He hadn’t lifted his head to look at Severus since his bond-mate had Apparated in, and he didn’t now. “Took you longer than I thought. When did you finally notice I was gone?” Harry’s voice was light, but it had a certain dark edge to it—one that was making Severus distinctly uneasy to hear. Harry hardly ever sounded like that, and when he did . . .

Rather than finish that particular train of thought, he answered the question with a question. “About the time we ought to have endured your fussing over supper. Any *particular* reason you chose not to inform the house-elves they would need to prepare a meal?”

This time, Harry met his gaze. Green eyes glittered harshly in a pale, drawn face. “Well, neither of *you* will starve, will you?” he replied, his voice layered with honeyed sarcasm that sounded unimaginably wrong coming from Harry. The young man had caused uproar in the Serpent’s House with his directness during his student days—for all that he was a Slytherin, neither prevarication nor subtlety had never been his forte.

Several thoughts fell together then, whirling through Severus’s mind so quickly that he barely registered the progression of them—only the conclusion that exploded into the forefront of his mind. “You’re here to *feed*?” he spat from between clenched teeth, repulsed.

“I was trying anyway. Only—funny thing—doesn’t work so well, trying to feed from people

who aren't your bonded." Contempt had joined the biting sarcasm in Harry's voice.

Severus couldn't take it—the thought of Harry feeding from anyone else made his skin crawl, made him want to scrub the omega down and cover him in the scent of his bond-mates until no one else would ever *think* of touching him. His hand closed in a vice-like grip around the younger man's arm, and Severus Disapparated, trusting that no one would notice their sudden disappearance in such a crowd.

When he reappeared in their living room, there was a loud snapping sound—one far different from that which typically accompanied Apparition. Severus turned toward the sound, and saw Harry. The omega's teeth were clenched, his jaw tight. Severus released his hold on the younger man's arm, and Harry's breathing hitched, before his teeth slammed together again. Comprehension hit Severus with all the subtlety of a troll.

"What broke?" His voice was clipped. Harry glared by way of response, and Severus didn't bother to suppress his snort at such childishness. "Right then," he said, businesslike, as he waved his wand and non-verbally Banished Harry's clothes. And then he stared.

Harry had always been somewhat short, and had retained his slim Seeker's build. But that was nothing like this—he looked as if he were on Death's front step. Far from being simply slim, Harry was positively scrawny, his skin stretched too-tightly across the prominent bones. In the light, Severus saw that his face lacked its usual high colour—gone were the endearing blushes; his inner light snuffed out. His eyes were fever-bright and his skin was ashen. He was clutching at his arm, which hung limp, and ugly bruises were purpling before his bond-mate's eyes.

"Merlin, Harry, you look ghastly. What have you done to yourself this time?" Lucius remarked as he strolled into the room.

"What did I . . .?" Harry trailed off, before biting out a bitter, humourless chuckle. "The Dursleys introduced me to starvation years ago, and you know, it really hasn't gotten any more pleasant over time." He flung the words as if they were stones.

Severus had another moment of clarity—*today seems to be the day for epiphanies*, he thought snidely—as he grasped everything all at once. His own moment of weakness earlier in the day. Harry's absence. Where the omega had been found and what he'd been doing there.

He pinched the bridge of his nose as he asked, "Harry, how long has it been since you fed?"

"About the same time as you."

There was silence for a moment, as his bond-mates processed the thought and arrived at the answer. The alpha found his voice first.

"A fortnight, Harry? Sweet Morgana on a dragon—you *know* better! Is there a particular reason you're so keen to starve yourself?" Lucius snapped out angrily. He was trying to ignore the small voice in the back of his mind—it never told him anything he wanted to hear. He suspected it might be his conscience.

Severus spoke before Harry could retort—and from the look on the omega’s face, whatever he’d planned to say was going to be hex-worthy—asking, “Why so long?”

The look Harry responded with could only be described as “withering”. “Because, Mr. I’m-going-to-go-to-a-Potions-Conference-for-a-fortnight-without-even-bothering-to-fire-call, my bond-mates were conspicuously absent for me to feed *from*.”

It’s really unfortunate that of all the times for him to mimic our mannerisms, he picks now . . . Severus thought to himself.

“Really, I would have thought that you’d at least check-in with him while you were gone.” Lucius looked at his beta with disapproval.

Severus horrified to find his mouth open in a gape. Snapping it shut, he opened it half a second later to bark at the blond aristocrat. “Me? And what’s your excuse?”

When Lucius’s only response to the question was a cough while turning a delicate shade of pink, the recently-turned-snarky omega decided to fill in the blank. “He was having an extended stay at Malfoy Manor with his lovely wife.” At the dark, arching brow, Harry elaborated. “Oh, and while with the irreplaceable Narcissa, he informed the house-elves that no one was to disturb them. So since I couldn’t get in touch with you, and I couldn’t even convince the house-elves to take a message to the pureblooded twit I have for an alpha, I got to roll around our little house for a fortnight with nothing to think about but how hungry I was.” He paused. “Maybe it’s better that you didn’t fire-call, given that the only bond-mate you care to talk to was incommunicado,” Harry tacked on brightly.

“Is that why I found you at that disgusting Muggle establishment?” Severus sneered. He disliked his conscience even more than Lucius did—probably because he listened to his more often.

Harry’s eyes were hard. “Well, when you’re starving, even scraps will do.”

“Why didn’t you say something when we both returned last night, then?” Lucius tried to sound nonchalant, but didn’t quite manage to pull it off.

Harry’s face pulled in disgust. “Because I—obviously being a dim-wit—thought that lying half-conscious in bed the entire time you were here was enough for my alpha and beta to realize something was wrong. Besides, *this*,” here he gestured to himself, “doesn’t happen overnight.”

Lucius walked over, and cast a Healing Spell on Harry’s arm. While the *snap* of the bone mending was reassuring, the dark bruises that refused to fade were not. “Alright, now that that’s taken care of, come with us so we can rectify—”

“—No,” Harry’s voice was cold. Lucius blinked incredulously. “Even if I wanted to—and with the way you berks have been so self-centred lately, I don’t want to be anywhere near either of you—I’m too far gone to participate.” His eyes closed wearily. Turning away from

his bond-mates, he left the room, but was stopped at the foot of the stairs.

“Cannot or will not?” Severus inquired.

Harry gave a laugh that was half-sob. “You should know better, Severus. *Can’t*. I haven’t been able to get hard in days. I’m a starving incubus. I’m out of magic.”

And then he disappeared up the stairs, leaving the others alone. When Lucius turned to his bond-mate his expression was tight, focussed. “Severus, I have an idea—but its success depends on you. What state are you in?”

The beta closed his eyes. “I’ve been better, but I’m nowhere near the danger Harry’s in. One small benefit to being a half-breed, I suppose.”

The alpha couldn’t let the comment slide, even though now was not the time to be rehashing old arguments. “Well I, for one, am exceedingly grateful for your ‘half-breed’ status, Severus. Your mixed heritage prevents you from suffering the way he is.” There was no need to explain which “he” the blond was referring to. “That being said, you need to take your trousers off.”

The black-eyed man snorted. “You are unspeakably lucky I don’t require romancing.” Sarcasm aside, he shucked his trousers as ordered.

“I am more than capable of being romantic, as you well know, but the fact that our bond-mate, the one that depends on us for sustenance and survival, is upstairs dying slowly is rather my focus at present. If you wish me to wine and dine you, I shall be only too happy to do so after Harry is stable,” Lucius retorted dryly. His mind was elsewhere as he distractedly stripped off his robes, waistcoat, and pale blue button-up.

He was jolted from his contemplative silence by an amused drawl from the sofa. “Lucius? Oh, Lucius? My dearest and most precious alpha?” At the blond’s irritated glare, he smirked. “Now that I have your attention, would you be so kind as to explain the particulars of your brilliant plan?”

Not for the first time, the pureblood found himself thanking Merlin for Harry—because while Severus desperately needed someone to tell his facetious arse when to sit down, sod off, and do what he was told, the half-incubus needed to lord it over someone to be half-way bearable. After a deep breath to secure his hold on his temper—*remember, he hasn’t fed his demonic half, of course he’s going to behave like an utter prat*—Lucius explained. “Due to your mixed heritage, you will generate stronger energy than I will—”

“—which is exceedingly unhelpful given that *Harry* is the one who needs it—”

“—so my plan is to direct the flow: you will feed from me, and I will gather the energy you produce and take it to Harry,” Lucius finished as if he had never been interrupted.

“How do you plan to take it to him?” Severus seemed genuinely curious, so the alpha tamped down firmly on his irritation.

“Inside my body until I push it into his,” he stated simply.

“I’m going to assume that you realize the risks?” Black eyes stared piercingly into grey.

“Of course. Will you be able to control your appetite?” Lucius was all confidence, despite the many and varied risks in his plan. Severus nodded, and conversation ceased.

Lucius straddled his beta’s lap, tipping the raven head back for a kiss. It started chastely, mouths moving and brushing softly before Lucius’s tongue began to dart out and give miniscule licks to Severus’s upper lip. Under him, the alpha felt the other man’s heart speed and smirked into the kiss. And then incubus magic seeped under his skin. It whispered like silk and caressed his nerve endings, heightening every sensation while creating a few of its own.

Lucius broke the kiss, his head falling back as he moaned. Severus seized the opportunity and sucked on Lucius’s Adam’s apple, forcing more sensual magic into him. The part-incubus wrapped his arms around the wizard in his lap as he continued to suckle and bite at the pale flesh of his throat, jaw, shoulders, collarbones . . .

Lucius pulled himself back from the sex-and-magic-induced fog with effort. This was why what he had proposed was so difficult: feeding was instinctual, meant to occur naturally as desire and magic ebbed and flowed through the incubus and their grounding partner. Reluctantly, Lucius moved away from Severus, slipping to his knees. He dragged manicured nails over slender, wiry-haired thighs as he misted hot breath over the very interested prick in front of him. As he began to lap softly at the swollen head, his hands found those of his bond-mate. And then Lucius did something that he typically avoided at all costs, but was—unfortunately—a necessity at present: he guided the part-incubus’s hands to his head of long blond hair.

Sucking lightly, Lucius winced at the abuse to his follicles as Severus’s hands immediately fisted, but he needed the stinging sensation to help him focus, to keep him from being overwhelmed and inadvertently drawn into the feeding cycle. He felt his own need rise, made worse by the magic his bond-mate had sent zipping along his nerves, but he focussed instead on Severus. On pressing his tongue *just so* on the most sensitive place on the crown. On gently rolling the heavy bollocks between the fingers of his left hand. On relaxing so that he could start to bob his head and take Severus into his throat. On sucking so that his cheeks hollowed. On channelling his own desire, the part of the magical feedback loop that was his, into his bond-mate through the hand that still rested on one muscled thigh.

When Severus came, he clung to his alpha—his hands tugging desperately at platinum hair, his legs wrapped around the broad back, and his body curled around and over the head buried in his groin. When the last splash of come had vanished down Lucius’s throat, the part-demon slumped back, his normally tightly-wound body loose and pliant. Lucius acted quickly, before Severus regained his ability to do more than merely heave in great gasps of air.

Carefully gathering the magic that floated in sensuous swirls around his bonded, Lucius took

a steadying breath. And then he drew the magic into his body. He rose to his feet, stumbling, and staggered towards the stairs. The raw sexual magic generated by Severus's orgasm was both plentiful and powerful, and it felt as if lightning were sizzling up and down Lucius's veins. It dulled his mind, and nearly robbed him of the ability to command his body. Struggling to mount the stairs, Lucius wondered if he had miscalculated—and immediately put the thought from his mind.

The alpha's body was moving towards Harry on autopilot. As the grounding partner he had greater control over magic than his bond-mates, it was true, but their magic was elemental—as raw as it was powerful. If the foreign magic in his body overwhelmed him—and it was a distinct possibility—the consequences could be dire. Luckily, Lucius was able to sprawl on the bed beside Harry, his grip on the intoxicating magic holding—his saving grace that the magic was Severus's and not Harry's.

Harry gave a small noise of protest, but no more, as Lucius pulled his omega against him. They lay back-to-chest, and Lucius wrapped his arm around the slender body to rest his hand over Harry's heart. Then, placing his lips against the nape of his bond-mate's neck, he began to push the magic through his skin and into the starving incubus. For a moment, nothing happened.

Then, Harry gasped, and began twitching spastically as the magic poured into him. Lucius tightened his hold and watched as the power manifested; a flurry of sparks that danced over Harry's form before sinking into his skin. The omega shuddered and shivered long after the last spark had been pushed into his body; he moved as the magic moved him, jerked as it healed him, fought back the tears when the pain of starvation receded to nothing but a memory.

Finally, a low moan tumbled out the back of his throat—a sound that Lucius was well-acquainted with. His hand skated down the omega's body, and he smirked when he brushed the semi Harry was sporting. Lucius ran his fingertips over the flesh gently, teasingly, sweeping back and forth over the tip before feathering down the shaft to swirl over Harry's sac. And then he'd start all over again. In no time at all, Harry was muttering under his breath—words that Lucius didn't quite catch, and wasn't sure he wanted to.

Just as he'd coaxed the omega to full hardness, he heard a deep voice sweep through the room like a low rumble of thunder. "Now, now, Lucius—you've already had your opportunity to fondle and tease. Besides, he's the omega, which mandates that you must share."

The alpha made a show of stroking up Harry's side from thigh to ribs. "Is that so? Strange—I was taught that Malfoys never have to share anything." Harry chuckled quietly at the antics of his bond-mates, but remained otherwise uninvolved. Decades-long friendships and demonic hierarchies meant nothing in the face of a Slytherin pissing contest.

"Then I suppose it falls upon me to instruct you in the fine art," Severus snarked. Then, Harry was quite suddenly ripped from the alpha's arms, only to be rolled underneath Severus—who was glaring quite impressively at Lucius. The blond would have needed to be both blind and stupid not to see that Severus-the-incubus was far from satisfied—despite the sated look he'd

been sporting when Lucius left him mere minutes earlier.

When the black-eyed man hissed for good measure, Harry decided it was time to intervene. It wouldn't do to have his bond-mates fighting when they could be shagging. *Not, of course, that that means I'm done being angry at the selfish fucking sods,* Harry thought with a scowl, *but for the moment, I'm a little more interested in feeding. Fighting can wait 'til after.* With that final thought, Harry snaked his arms around his beta, and drew the irascible man into a kiss.

Severus threw himself into the kiss savagely, forcing his way into Harry's mouth and taking absolute possession. When he pulled back somewhat from his oral domination, it was only to nip and bite at the omega's lips—which made Harry gasp. The half-demon's hands roamed hungrily over his bond-mate's body as he used an insistent knee to spread Harry's thighs. When the omega's legs didn't fall open the way Severus wanted, he pulled away baring his teeth. Harry simply quirked a brow, unimpressed. If he'd ever been cowed by his bond-mates, that time had long since passed, and simply because he was a firm bottom didn't mean that he was without a will of his own.

Severus normally appreciated such expression of Harry's will—even if he'd never admit such a thing out loud—but this was not one of those times. Coming so close to losing his omega had filled Severus with rage—a rage that required channelling, as it stubbornly refused to be extinguished. Challenging Severus at present was not Harry's brightest idea to date.

Grateful for his larger frame, Severus wrestled with his bonded pain-in-the-arse until Harry was right where he wanted him. Harry's hands were held over his head, his wrists imprisoned within the vice-like grip of one potion-stained hand as the two dark-haired men lip-locked again. Harry's legs were now arranged to the beta's liking—not in the least because Severus's knees were pinning the inside of his former student's thighs open.

They seemed to have forgotten about their third bond-mate, but Lucius wasn't concerned at the moment. Instead, he divested himself of the rest of his clothing unnoticed by his bond-mates. Severus was understandably occupied at the moment, and his tunnel vision was only slightly less legendary than his temper. After Severus had achieved his goal, Lucius would demand the attention that was his due, with interest for being made to wait. For the moment, however, the alpha was content to watch the display before him.

And an erotic display it certainly was. The kiss continued with Harry pinned beneath the larger body of his bond-mate, whose free hand continued to wander. To an outsider, the places those elegant digits stroked would have seemed random, but Lucius knew better. Severus was very deliberately tormenting Harry: now sliding deft fingertips over the left nipple—which was, inexplicably, more sensitive than the right; here thumbing the Knut-sized patch of skin over Harry's ribs that made him shudder and moan; and then allowing just one devilish fingertip to slide, frustratingly slowly, into the exposed crease where thigh met groin. At that last, Harry's hips put forth a valiant—but utterly wasted—effort to buck.

That was the moment Severus employed his ace in the hole.

Moving his free hand, Severus carefully positioned the appendage until he had Harry still and

breathless with anticipation. The tips of those clever fingers rested against Harry's opening, while his heated palm rested against the heavy bollocks and straining shaft. Harry whined—and Severus promptly flooded his bits with demonic magic.

Harry's eyes rolled back in his head and his body went limp under the onslaught of pleasure. Incubus magic could be directed to do any number of sensual and deviant things, and this particular tide had overwhelmed Harry's body. Now that he wasn't actively struggling and was, instead, lying pliant and stupid with magic and sensation, Severus released him and shifted downwards. Harry was aware that the other man was moving, but was struggling to form a coherent sentence, let alone take action. Moving was difficult when his muscles were limper than cooked pasta and pleasure was making his ears buzz.

Suddenly, a mouth—searingly hot and deliciously wet and perfect—wrapped itself around Harry's cock. With a little cry, he tried to thrust up into that blissful mouth, but found that Severus had merely exchanged one form of hold for another: the beta's right arm was braced across the hard planes of Harry's abs, his side leaning against the left leg, and his other hand planted firmly on the right hip. The omega could do nothing but endure what Severus gave him.

Oh God, right there . . . oh fuck, he's a cheating bastard—guh!—but he—fuck!—not bloody fair . . . Harry struggled to retain his outrage at his bond-mate's underhanded tactics, but it was a little difficult when said bonded half-demon was driving every bit of sentience from him. The buzzing in his ears sped, turning into a whine.

When Severus began flicking his tongue against a particularly prominent vein, the whine became a crackling sound. *That* finally attracted Harry's attention, and not a moment too soon. His eyes closed, Harry flung out an arm, searching for Lucius. Either his aim was more accurate than he'd given himself credit for or the alpha reached out to him, because Harry's hand slid inside the cultured grasp, and the hissing in his ears stopped.

Lucius channelled and modulated the magical energy that was careening wildly through his bond-mates, preventing a wholly-unpredictable backlash as Severus pushed their bonded ever-closer to orgasm. Harry slipped over the edge and began his fall into Heaven when Severus took his cock deep into his mouth—the tip just brushing the back of his throat—and began to suck for all he was worth. The final straw was when the hand on Harry's hip wandered down to feather over the crease where thigh met groin. The deep, broken moan was all the warning Severus received—but was what he'd been waiting for. Releasing nearly the whole of Harry's prick, the half-demon suckled at the head as it began releasing thick fluid. When the very tip of Severus's tongue fluttered, Harry gave a little sound that was half-gasp, half-sob—if coming made him feel like he was flying, that particular trick felt like pulling off a successful Wronski Feint. Finally, the omega was spent and lay panting, his only movement that of his left hand carding through the long inky strands resting at his side.

Severus rested his cheek against his bond-mate, savouring the lush, thick swirls of sexual energy that hung in the air. His eyes flicked over to his alpha, who was grasping one of Harry's hands, thereby completing the circuit. While said circuit allowed Harry to feed—and Severus as well, though he could go extended periods without in a way the full-blooded incubus could not—it healed and rejuvenated Lucius, preserving his relative youth and

extending his life nearly indefinitely.

Of course, the demonic magic could be used in any number of other, even more immoral ways—such as what the beta of the bonded triad intended to use it for presently. Catching Lucius’s appraising glance, Severus mouthed a question. The hungry light that appeared in the wizard’s eyes was all the assent his bond-mate required. After a moment to coordinate, they struck.

Harry grumbled in wordless protest when the head resting against him disappeared. His mouth opened to make a *much* more articulate complaint when he was made to sit up, but his words were quite abruptly obstructed by tongue. Lucius’s tongue, to be more precise.

Harry broke the kiss when he felt four hands on him. Apparently even the alpha’s attempts at oral distraction hadn’t made the younger man oblivious. “Alright, you sneaky gits, what do you think you’re doing now?” Harry demanded.

His bond-mates, however, didn’t deign to answer—they merely manhandled him as they liked. Given that they were significantly larger than the omega and that there was two of them, it wasn’t difficult. It was also made unspeakably easier that Harry wasn’t fighting them, merely whinging about it. Considering Severus’s current mood, Lucius was rather grateful for Harry’s comparative pliability. Soon enough, the slender incubus was positioned to his bond-mates’ liking. Lucius lay against a mound of pillows, Harry straddling his waist, while Severus had a leg on either side of the blond’s own behind the omega.

A firm hand between his shoulder blades pushed Harry insistently towards his alpha, and he gave in to the pressure. The alpha caught his mouth in yet another kiss. Harry wrapped his arms around the alpha’s broad shoulders for balance. Ideally, he would’ve preferred to simply lie on top of Lucius, but the hands at his hips kept him up and on his knees—though he wasn’t sure to whom, exactly, those hands belonged. And then the hands didn’t matter, because Lucius was stroking his tongue over Harry’s own, and Severus was biting at the skin of Harry’s neck and shoulders, hovering so close that Harry felt the heat of the half-demon’s body, even though they weren’t touching. And then there was magic.

Severus’s hands were sizzling faintly as he ran them over Harry’s body with a very specific goal in mind. Kneading the arse that was sticking out most delightfully, the concentrated demonic magic that Severus directed at certain part of him made Harry’s own recently-recovered magic rise up lazily to respond. Of course, the immediate consequence of this was that Harry was suddenly twice as sensitive; every whisper of fingertips and every pass of tongue felt like *more*, evident in the minute squirms and small whimpers he made.

The slower, invisible consequence was that the incubus clued in to what his bond-mates were planning. It meant he wasn’t surprised when Lucius ended their kiss so he could guide Harry down and onto his previously-neglected cock. Even after the preparation having been taken care of by demonic magic—or perhaps precisely *because* it was incubus magic, and therefore calculated to increase pleasure in ways beyond human imagination—the sensation of being breached and filled was intense, and Harry shifted, panting as he tried to adjust.

Lucius began to thrust shallowly, and Harry rocked with him as shudders wracked his body.

Before they could establish a good rhythm, potion-stained hands stopped them. Harry gave a small, frustrated whine, which earned him a chuckle. Severus began, very carefully, to work a finger inside Harry—who was grateful that he'd figured out what his bond-mates were playing at, because it made this easier. The full-blooded incubus coaxed his magic further to the surface, bringing it to bear as Severus continued to stretch him. Finally, when the pureblood wizard's hips were starting to twitch with impatience, Severus leaned against the omega's back and carefully worked himself in alongside Lucius. Harry panted and tried not to quake, willing his body and his magic to keep him from being completely overwhelmed.

There was an awkward moment while they tried to organize twelve limbs, but it was soon sorted and they started to move. Lucius's hands were on Harry's hips, guiding the omega's rhythm and his own slides in and out of that hot body. Severus had his hands braced on the alpha's shoulders and his mouth fastened on whatever flesh was close enough. Harry, on all fours, simply allowed himself to be moved by them, his body braced in a half-crouch and his head brushing the blond's chest with each forward motion. Held between the two of them, cradling them both inside his body, there was little Harry could do except let his bond-mates use him as they pleased—well, that and hope that his arms continued to support his weight, though he didn't think that Lucius would complain *very* much if Harry collapsed on top of him.

The magic that Severus had sent coursing into the full-demon—causing Harry's own to surge—pulsed through the three of them now, driving their hips to move faster and their breaths to come harshly as every fibre of their beings was brought fully awake and tingling. They spun closer and closer, higher and higher, but it wasn't until one of Lucius's hands left Harry's hip that they began to crash. Grasping Harry's prick, he squeezed and tugged harshly until a high keening sound spilled from the omega's lips, and his body tightened around them.

One moment, Harry had been drifting upwards on a fucking fantastic sexual high, and the next, Lucius's hand was sending him into a corkscrew dive towards oblivion. In that moment, Harry lost control of the magic that he'd been keeping care of, folding it over and tucking the corners in so that it wouldn't burst free. In that moment, Harry's magic drenched his bond-mates, and he dragged them into orgasm with him, making them feel what he felt.

And what Harry was feeling went beyond intense—beyond words. The three of them had shared no small number of intimate encounters, but none like this. This was jagged and raw; it was harsh and too fast and too much and too soon. It was free-falling off a cliff in a lightning storm, only to crash into the rough, tumbling ocean below. When it was over, they were wrecked—nothing more than a sweating, trembling, sticky pile of twisted limbs and pounding hearts. In the aftermath, the demonic bond-mates gorged on the feast their fornicating provided, while the energy washed through Lucius, renewing his body and his tie to them.

Surprisingly, Harry was the one who lasted longest in the fight against sleep, and thus summoned his soporific magic to cast a few Cleaning Charms over all of them. Once he was certain he wouldn't have to peel his bond-mates off him in the morning with Unsticking Solution, he pulled the duvet over them. And, just because he wasn't quite done being miffed over how ruddy selfish they had been, he sent his magic washing over his alpha and beta one more time.

There, he thought as his eyes closed and he drifted towards sleep, let's see these tossers ignore me when they can't grow wood, never mind come, if I'm not in the room.

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