

THREE WIZARDS IN SEARCH OF AN EXIT

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THREE WIZARDS IN SEARCH OF AN EXIT

by [Wolfiekins](#)

Summary

Lucius returns to the Manor late one evening to find Harry entertaining a most unwelcome guest. Unwelcome at first, that is. AU Post Hogwarts/War.

WARNINGS: Adult Language & Situations, Male Slash, AU Canon Divergence, Threesome, Explicit Sexual Situations, Annoying!Ron, Quidditch!Ron

Notes

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Dialogue between double asterisks denotes telepathic speech...

Lucius appeared in the entry hall of Malfoy Manor to little fanfare. He was, after all, quite late, the final preparations for renovations to the War Orphan's Home taking far longer than he'd anticipated. He'd expected the usual amount of paperwork and bureaucracy where The Ministry was concerned; securing the construction permits alone had been a nightmare in the extreme. As it was, they would break ground for the new addition only three weeks behind schedule.

Although he was loathe to admit it, the new Minister had been more than helpful in moving things along, for which Lucius was extremely grateful. Not that he'd ever say as much straight out...there was no way on Merlin's green earth that he'd give Percy Weasley any such satisfaction, regardless of his new station.

Lucius glanced about the silent foyer, shrugging out of his cloak and draping it over his arm as a house elf materialised at his feet.

"Sorry, sorry, Master Lucius," it squeaked, reaching up for Lucius' cloak, walking stick and satchel. "Busy I was, with Master Harry and guest."

Lucius arched an eyebrow as he gently gestured that he'd hold on to his satchel. The elf nodded and swallowed audibly, his huge, green-yellow eyes seeming even larger than usual.

"Don't trouble yourself, Dilby," Lucius said as soothingly as possible. Dilby was a most excellent servant, but was easily ruffled, even for a house elf. "I'm quite late," he stated finally.

Dilby nodded vigorously, smiling crookedly as Lucius' cloak began to slip from his arms to the floor.

Lucius smoothed the front of his suit. "And you say we have a guest?"

Dilby's eyes went even wider, if that were possible. "Yes!" he blurted out, literally jumping off the floor. "Master Harry's guest, sir. Dilby does not control who is allowed in and who isn't, mercy no!" The elf chuckled nervously, bowing and backing away. "Master will please excuse me. Must go now!" He nodded once more before disappearing in a puff of lurid orange smoke.

"Impossible to find good help these days," Lucius sighed, striding down the hall and into their study. He found no one in the expansive room, the cheerfully blazing fire crackling away to itself. He laid his satchel on his desk, crossing over to the small bar and pouring himself a large brandy, sipping on it as he ambled his way through the first floor.

Harry's guest was most likely a co-worker from St. Mungo's. Harry had recently been promoted to Senior Healer in the Dark Curses and Maladies Department. His mate had been

working tirelessly of late, as was his custom, so Harry was certainly entitled to a bit of rest and relaxation. But Harry rarely had guests out to the Manor, preferring instead to entertain at their penthouse flat in London.

As Lucius moved through the darkened dining room, he reached out with his mind, tentatively searching the immediate area for Harry. After they'd been handfasted, their mental connection had intensified greatly, enabling them to communicate telepathically over great distances.

Harry? I'm home, he sent out.

There was a pause, and that's when he heard the low voices and laughter emanating from the kitchen.

Hey, Luc, I'm here, came Harry's response. ***In the kitchen.***

The voices grew louder, and so did the laughter. Lucius paused at the heavy door separating the dining room from the pantry. He recognised Harry's voice of course, but the other one...the deep, rich, rumbling voice...was familiar, and maddeningly so. That laugh, as well. He'd seemed to have heard it just today, earlier, but where?

He pushed the door open and strode through the pantry, shoving open the swinging door that led into the kitchen. He was greeted with a fresh burst of laughter. Harry, standing next to the huge island in the centre of the kitchen, whirled about, a wide, lopsided smile gracing his features. "Luc! Look who's here! it's..."

"Weasley!" Lucius managed to sputter. "Ron *Weasley*."

The tall ginger haired fellow stepped around the opposite side of the island, arms folded across his broad chest. "Wotcher, Lucius," he offered with a most notable smirk.

Lucius arched an eyebrow menacingly, but before he could formulate a suitably stinging retort, the pantry door swung back into the kitchen, striking him rather firmly. "Ooooff!" he managed to yelp as he lost his footing on the slippery tile. He saw stars as he landed flat on his arse, his glass slipping from his fingers to shatter most spectacularly, the spilt brandy splashing all over the front of his shirt and face.

"Oh my, I is so sorry, Master Lucius! My fault it is, oh yes!" Dilby whimpered, leaning over Lucius with a horrified expression on his face.

Lucius closed his eyes and groaned, deciding the best course of action would be to remain where he was, flat on the floor. He pinched the bridge of his nose, hard. Perhaps if he lay there, perfectly still, everyone would simply go away...

"Whoa, there, that was quite a tumble!" an annoyingly cheerful voice boomed almost directly into his right ear.

Lucius cracked open an eye. Weasley's flushed, grinning, freckle-covered face leered at him stupidly. Dilby's mournful countenance peered down at him as well, and a second later, Harry

joined them.

Shite, Luc! What're you trying to do, kill yourself?

How very perceptive. Thanks so much for noticing.

C'mon Luc. It was sort of funny, really.

Indeed! I always fail to recall how a probable spinal injury can be so very amusing.

"You okay?" Ron asked, shaking his head. "You really should get your elf slave there to cast some traction charms on this bloody tile."

Lucius sat up and glared at the redhead, barely quashing the urge to sling a wandless Crucio. Dilby was fluttering about like mad, casting drying and cleaning charms on Lucius' clothes, while Harry banished the broken glass.

"Up we go, mate," Ron said, grabbing Lucius' arm and yanking him up to a standing position.

The force of Ron's assistance caused Lucius to overbalance. He fell forward, his arms reflexively grasping about Ron's waist and his head falling into Ron's chest. He looked up into Ron's smirking face once again.

"You reckon we should Apparate him to St. Mungo's Harry?"

Lucius pulled away from Ron, attempting to draw himself up and restore as much of his composure as possible. "That won't be necessary, thank you," he replied icily, fidgeting with the buttons of his shirt. "Nothing injured but my pride," he said, forcing what he hoped to be a warm smile to his lips.

Harry snuggled up next to him, throwing an arm about his waist.

Ron snorted loudly. "I think you did more than injure it, mate. You bloody well destroyed it, truth be told!" He slapped Lucius on the back heartily. "I haven't seen a spill like that since my Mum landed head first in the vegetable garden after tripping over a sleeping gnome! Classic that was, mate, truly classic! Can't wait to tell the rest of the team about this!" He laughed again, shaking his head as he moved back to stand by the island, grabbing his bottle of beer and downing most of it in one gulp.

Lucius gritted his teeth behind his false smile, snaking his arm about Harry's shoulders and shaking him roughly.

What is that cretinous hulk doing in our home?

Harry disengaged from Lucius' side and resumed his spot opposite Ron at the center island. "Ron's back in London for a charity Quidditch exposition and match. To raise funds for the renovations and addition to the War Orphan's Home. How's that for serendipity, eh?" He smiled hopefully, glancing from Lucius to Ron and back again.

Lucius cleared his throat as a fresh snifter of brandy levitated into the kitchen and bumped gently against his right hand. “Well, isn’t that interesting,” he replied between sips of his drink. ***Still doesn’t explain what he’s doing here***

Luc! He’s my oldest mate.

***I’m sure there are no shortage of more appropriate venues for such a reunion. The Hog’s Head, or Knockturn Alley, say? ***

“So,” Ron began, nodding to Lucius, “you’re probably wondering what I’m doing here.”

“Frankly...”

Harry cut Lucius off. “Ron took a tumble during practice today. Knocked straight off of his broomstick and smack into one of the goal posts.”

“Broke my right arm and dislocated the shoulder,” Ron said leaning both elbows on the counter.

“How unfortunate,” Lucius drawled. ***Unfortunate you didn’t break your neck.***

I heard that! Quit being horrible! Harry sent back with a frown.

Lucius chuckled softly and sipped his brandy.

“Yeah, your mate here was going off duty, and just happened by when they Apparated me into the Trauma Ward.” Ron jerked his head of shoulder length ginger hair in Harry’s direction. “Fixed me up himself.” He flexed and twisted his very muscled arm about. “Feels better than ever. Harry’s quite the talented Healer.”

Lucius grunted in response as Ron belched rather loudly.

“Pardon,” Ron said with a chuckle. “Pass me another, yeah, Harry?”

Harry obliged, tossing Ron another brown bottle of beer. Ron twisted off the cap and hefted his bottle up. “A toast! To Harry, the best mate a bloke could have.”

Lucius lifted his glass slightly. “Hear, hear,” he said, noting Harry’s rather embarrassed expression.

“Ron and I got to talking,” Harry said, summoning a cushy stool for Lucius to sit on. “He hadn’t any plans, and since he’d never been to the Manor before, I thought it’d be nice to show him about and have a nice dinner. Just the three of us.”

“I see,” Lucius replied, sitting down on the proffered stool.

“Quite the place you have here,” Ron said, gesturing vaguely. “A bit on the poufy side, but I suppose that’s to be expected.”

“I’m sorry, what...” Lucius began in a low voice.

“Well,” Harry interjected, rubbing his hands together. “Ron, why not tell Luc all about the Cannon’s trip to Australia and your run in with the Seeker of the Sidewinders. Good one that!”

Ron pulled a face. “If you reckon he’d be interested...”

“Truthfully, I...”

“Of *course* you’d love to hear the tale, right Luc?” Harry said, a hint of menace in his tone. ***Say yes if you know what’s good for you!*** He added telepathically.

Is that a threat? Lucius wondered.

Consider it a friendly warning, love. Behave yourself or you’ll be making friends with your right hand for the next week or two.

“Touchy,” Lucius said aloud, swirling his snifter.

“What?” Ron asked.

“By all means, please regale us with your sure to be memorable tale of debauchery down under.” Lucius crossed his legs and assumed an attentive posture.

“I’ll just start putting things together for tea whilst you two chat,” Harry said, throwing a meaningful glance toward Lucius.

“Well, okay, it was like this, see,” Ron began, stepping around the island and leaning against it. “We had to go to Australia for contractual reasons. Some new clause about each team playing a certain number of matches for charity. And the Sydney Sidewinders were in the same boat as us, having to satisfy their contractual obligations within a certain timeframe, so down under we went.”

Lucius made himself as comfortable as possible as Ron droned on and on, and Harry cut chopped, sautéed and simmered his way about the kitchen.

Dilby kept a never ceasing supply of brandy and beer flowing, and by the time Ron had completed the tale of the Sidewinders, all three of them were quite clearly pleasantly pissed. As the evening wore on, Lucius began to appreciate Ron’s undeniable physical attributes. At least they made up for his decidedly pathetic and disjointed storytelling skills.

Not that he’d given it much thought previously, but Lucius could now see what Harry had found desirable in the Weasley spawn. He’d long ago processed that his mate and Ron had been intimate for a short time while at Hogwarts. And he could understand why things hadn’t worked out between them. Ron wasn’t so much full of himself, as he was simply very, very, well, *Ron*. Somewhat loud and garish, without really trying to be, and impossible to ignore, just like most of that Muggle music Harry enjoyed listening to.

And Ron certainly played up his size, in spades. He was rather tall, taller than Lucius was, and powerfully built. A bit heavily muscled, even for a Quidditch Keeper, and Ron clearly chose clothing to accentuate every curve, every muscle. The low-slung, skin tight Muggle

denims he wore left nothing to the imagination, not that much was necessary. Lucius found his gaze drifting back to Ron's sizable bulge again and again. And he was certain that Ron had locked stares with him more than once.

And the man was totally shameless, literally striking poses that would most definitely put any model in *Magical Undergear Monthly* to shame. His very old and obviously far too small Chudley Cannons shirt rode up his stomach relentlessly, exposing delectable glimpses of pale, freckled and ginger-furred skin.

Lucius shifted about on his stool, doing his best to remind himself that he was, in essence, perving on a Weasley of all things, with his mate in the very same room. No doubt the stress of the long workday coupled with the brandy were conspiring to muddle his judgment. But still...

Harry joined in the conversation liberally, but it was clear that Ron was on centre stage, and he knew it. Ron also made several attempts to assist Harry in the dinner preparations, and Lucius was strangely intrigued to see how Ron pressed against Harry, their hands brushing against or reaching around and over each other. It was actually quite stimulating, really. Lucius caught Harry shooting him some quizzical glances as Ron continued talking; he was now espousing the virtues of the new Cleansweep Mark IV broomsticks.

"So with a drag coefficient that low, those bloody brooms should literally slice through the air like that! *Bang, zoom!*" He made an expansive gesture and smiled, hooking a thumb in the waistband of his denims as he drained yet another beer. "I'm not convinced, so, as far as I'm concerned, we've still a ways to go before we can endorse those new Cleansweeps."

Lucius nodded sagely. "Utterly fascinating. I can safely say that I've never had the pleasure of being in the presence of a person so well versed in the theories of broom construction. Quite stupefying, truly."

Ron actually blushed. "Right nice of you to say, Luc. Oh, may I call you Luc?"

"You already have," Lucius purred.

Harry was staring at him as if he'd sprouted antennae, a skillet in hand, spoon frozen in mid-stir.

"True enough," Ron replied with a grin. He took a few steps toward Harry and Lucius, one hand absently rubbing his belly and pushing his t-shirt nearly up to his nipples. "And if I may say, I'm quite pleasantly surprised at your hospitality, Luc." He waved a hand. "I'd never've guessed that Harry and you would've made it so long. I told him he was barking mad when he first told me he fancied you."

"Ah, how interesting," Lucius replied sweetly.

What in Seven Hells are you doing? Harry sent rather forcefully.

***What does it look like? I'm chatting amiably with your mate, here. ***

“Yeah, well, I couldn’t see it. I mean, having a go with such an older bloke like you and all,” Ron said, two fingers absently teasing one of his rather prominent nipples through the fabric of his shirt. “But really, you’re quite hot, now that I’ve had a chance to stare at you up close for a while.”

“How very kind,” Lucius said. “Truth be told, I must say that I find you, um, hot as well.”

Luc!

“Well, I get that a lot.”

“I’m sure.”

Are you drunk?

“No,” Lucius replied out loud.

“No, what?” Ron asked, somewhat confused.

“Who’s hungry?” Harry called out rather desperately, the skillet dropping to the stove with a clatter.

“I am,” Ron said. “I could eat the arse out of a dead skrewt.”

“Well said,” Lucius replied with a feral grin. “Shall we dine right here? Nice and casual, yes?”

“Okay,” Harry said warily, summoning some china from a cupboard across the kitchen.

“Any port in a storm,” Ron offered robustly, grasping a pair of stools and dragging them up to the island. He sat down, patting the stool to his left. “My mate can sit here, yeah?” He gestured to the vacant space to his right. “Slide on up, Luc. I don’t bite. Much.”

“How unfortunate,” Lucius murmured quietly. He wasn’t sure if Ron had heard him; the slight grin that formed on Ron’s face confirmed that he had. “Dilby!”

With a soft pop, the house elf appeared, wringing his hands. “Yes, Master Lucius?”

“I’d like a fresh bottle of the Ogden’s. Turn of the century vintage, if you will, please? No need to bring it back yourself...just send us the bottle and three glasses.” Lucius scooted his stool up to the island and next to Ron.

“Yes, yes, sir,” Dilby replied before vanishing.

Haven’t you both had enough to drink? Harry sent as he dished up.

“Nothing like a few sips of vintage firewhiskey, eh, Ron?” Lucius prodded.

“Too right, Luc. Quite nice of you to offer, seriously.” He patted Lucius’ shoulder.

The firewhiskey appeared a moment later, and Harry filled their plates. The conversation while they ate was a bit more evenly distributed this time around, with Harry and Lucius taking a more active role. Either Ron was simply running out of things to say, or, more likely as not, he was becoming increasingly intoxicated.

Harry and Ron bandied about the expected stories of Hogwarts and their experiences during the War; Lucius favoured Ron with a few tales revolving around his activities as a double agent for both Voldemort and The Order. And Lucius made sure Ron's glass was never empty of firewhiskey for very long.

Harry would shoot him meaningful stares from time to time, but refrained from using their link. Finally, the food was gone, Ron having had thirds and even fourths.

"Oh, Harry, that was just bloody delicious!" Ron rubbed his decidedly full and very rounded belly. "Been a long time since I've had a home cooked meal like that." He drained his glass once more, and Lucius promptly made to fill it. "Oh, thanks, Luc, but I think I've had enough," he said, his slurred syllables finally noticeable.

"One more for the road," Lucius offered with a grin.

Lucius Aloysius Malfoy! What ever you're up to... Harry warned.

"All right. One more." He hefted his glass somewhat unsteadily. "To me mate, 'arry, the best bloke ever, and to Luc, who's not nearly as barmy as I'd thought. Up yours!"

Ron swallowed the alcohol in one gulp, gasping and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "Oh, well, I hate to dine and dash, but it's gettin' late, and I should head back to the hotel." He stood up a bit too fast, nearly tripping over his stool and bracing himself against the counter. "Oy. More pissed than I thought!" he exclaimed, grinning sheepishly.

Harry stood up and helped steady Ron; Ron pulled Harry into a tight embrace and kissed the top of his head.

"Thanks for a wonnerful evenin', 'arry," Ron slurred. "You're the best, ya know that?" Ron released Harry and slumped against the counter. He pointed to Lucius. "An' you're not so bad yourself, Luc." He then stood there, silent, looking from Harry to Lucius and back again.

Here it comes, Lucius sent.

What are you on about?

Patience, Harry

"Merlin," Ron blustered, wiping his brow. "I'm pissed! Not sure I should Apparate like this."

"Quite," Lucius agreed. "Multiple splinches are a nasty thing."

Ron nodded vigorously. "Yeah. I heard o' one bloke who mostly went to Plymouth while his *bits* ended up in Inverness. Bloody hell, how embarrassing."

“Not to mention painful. So it’s agreed then,” Lucius said silkily. “You’re spending the night here. With us.” Lucius emphasized the final two words.

Harry groaned as Ron threw an arm about both of their shoulders. “I like the sound o’ that,” he said huskily, his voice low and rumbling.

Lucius!

Yes, Harry?

“So, where are we sleepin’?” Ron asked, squeezing their shoulders simultaneously.

“In our master suite, of course,” Lucius breathed into Ron’s ear.

“Is there a big bed?”

“Most assuredly,” Lucius confirmed. “Now hold on and I’ll side-along both of us right there. Harry, you follow, yes?” With a wink, he Apparated them away.

Harry appeared a few seconds later, and Lucius had already shed his jacket and tie. Ron was sitting in the middle of the floor, worrying over his boot laces.

“What are you doing?” Harry asked in barely hushed tones.

“I believe we’re about to engage in a three-way with Ronald Weasley, Quidditch star and would be underwear model. Why do you ask?”

Harry’s eyes grew wide. “You? Us? With Ron? All together? In bed?”

Lucius smiled as he shrugged out of his shirt. “Yes, yes, all three of us. Sans clothing. Nude. In bed. Really, Harry, sometimes you worry me.”

“But earlier...I know you barely restrained yourself from hexing him silly. And now you’re ready to hop in bed with him? You can’t be that pissed.”

“I am pleasantly buzzed, I believe is the proper term.”

“Yeah, that’s it,” Harry said absently and he turned to watch Ron struggle with his second boot.

Lucius folded his arms. “If I recall correctly, you actually threatened to withhold sexual favours if I didn’t acquiesce and allow Ron to stay.”

Harry’s mouth worked soundlessly for a few moments. “But...you know what...I meant dinner, not...*this!*”

“You’ve always said that I need to loosen up, be more spontaneous,” Lucius offered, unbuckling his belt. “And don’t deny the idea hadn’t crossed your mind more than once this evening. I noticed the way you two were looking at each other.”

“He was looking the same way at you,” Harry pointed out.

Lucius shrugged as he loosened the button and zip of his trousers. “I suspect our Ron looks that way at anything with a pulse. But this isn’t about what he wants. It’s about what you want.”

Harry stared. “Luc, love, I want you. I’m with you. I don’t want anyone else...”

Lucius put his hands on Harry’s shoulders. “Harry, I know all that. I feel the same way. I’ve never felt anything more deeply and clearly in my entire life. You’re mine, and I’m yours. But don’t deny that you were thinking about Ron tonight, because I know better. I could sense it, love. I’m telling you it’s fine. And it took me a bit of firewhiskey to loosen my inhibitions.” He pushed down his trousers and stepped out of them. “Not like this would be the first time I’ve done something like this.” He charmed away his clothes and they glided off to the closet.

Harry blinked. “What do you mean this wouldn’t be the first time you’ve done something like this? You’ve been with a Weasley before?”

Lucius glared as if wounded. “Certainly not.”

“Well, then?”

Lucius fingered his chin. “You mean I...I never mentioned...”

Harry shook his head.

“Oooops,” Lucius replied.

Ron grunted loudly and flopped back to the floor, fighting to pull off his tight denims.

Harry turned back to Lucius. “Something you want to tell me, love?”

Lucius waved a hand. “It was during my final months at Hogwarts. Nothing noteworthy, really.”

“I see. Who?” Harry asked.

“Severus.”

“And?”

“Are you sure this is relevant?”

“Yes!” Harry shot back.

“Filch.”

Harry boggled. “You mean...”

“Yes, yes, the same Argus Filch you know.”

Harry pulled a face. "Sweet Merlin, Luc. Filch?"

Lucius folded his arms. "This was over twenty years ago. People age, Harry. Filch was rather, well, attractive then, in an earthy sort of way."

"An *earthy* sort of way?" Harry repeated incredulously.

"He's hung like a hippogriff."

"Bloody hell," Harry murmured. "Now I'm thinking *I* need another drink."

Lucius stepped close to Harry and hugged him tightly. "If you really don't want to do this, then we don't have to." He pressed his lips to Harry's, who responded eagerly.

"There! Finally got the sodding things off!" Ron proclaimed proudly.

Lucius and Harry turned to see Ron struggling to stand. He'd finally freed himself from his boots, socks and denims, and now had his t-shirt stuck about his neck and left armpit. "Oy, a bit o' help here, eh?" he said. He blinked a few times, taking a couple of unsteady steps toward the bed. "You've still got all your clothes on, 'arry. Luc, help my mate out, will ya?" There was a noticeable ripping sound as Ron's t-shirt tore in half and slipped from his shoulders. "Hell's Harpies! That was my favourite shirt! Damn!" He brushed his hair away from his face, one hand planted on his hip. "So are we doin' this or not?" he rumbled, his other hand tracing down his abdomen and across the waistband of his boxer briefs, his fingertips teasing the outline of his rather sizable cock.

Harry swallowed hard and Lucius cleared his throat.

"Sweet Merlin," Harry breathed.

"Indeed," Lucius agreed.

Ron stood there, smiling knowingly. He took a few steps closer, clearly becoming more aroused by the second.

"Earthy," Lucius murmured.

"Hippogriff," Harry stammered.

"What?" Ron asked hazily.

Harry began to frantically peel away his clothing as Lucius shoved down his y-fronts.

"Finally," Ron said, pushing down his own boxer briefs and immediately falling face first into the bed. "Shite!" he yelped, his voice muffled by the thick coverlet.

Lucius climbed onto the mattress as Ron turned over; Lucius' gaze travelled along Ron's naked, freckled and wonderfully furred body. He ghosted a hand over Ron's erection, pausing a moment before quickly removing Ron's boxers. He tossed them away, sliding up between Ron's slightly spread legs.

“Hey, wait for me,” Harry wailed, hopping about on one leg, his denims hopelessly tangled about his ankle. “Bollocks!” he hissed as he fell over in a heap.

“Plenty to go about,” Lucius said softly, his hand fondling Ron’s balls. “Oh, yes, plenty to go about.” He flicked his tongue across the wide head of Ron’s cock, pausing only a moment before plunging down and taking as much of Ron’s length into his mouth as he could.

Ron moaned deeply and reached for Lucius’ erect cock. “Oh, now that’s nice, Luc, very nice! Gimme some o’ yours, though!” He leaned up, running his hand along Lucius’ side and hip, Lucius’ cock just barely out of reach.

Out of the corner of his eye, Lucius noted that Harry’s head had popped up over the edge of the mattress.

“Hey, mate, get that gorgeous arse of yours up here,” Ron gasped, Lucius’ ministrations beginning to take their toll. Harry obliged, crawling up and across the bed, his own erection bobbing invitingly. “C’mere, mate, I’ve missed that cock of yours,” Ron growled as Harry knelt before him. Ron twisted his torso and Harry lay on his side. Ron chuckled throatily as he eagerly pulled Harry’s cock into his mouth.

“Here, Luc, shift around, toward me,” Harry breathed as Ron suckled him with obvious abandon. ***I want your cock in my mouth,*** he sent along, nearly as an afterthought.

Lucius immediately divined what Harry had in mind. He quickly released Ron’s thick erection and re-positioned himself, his arse facing Ron and his knees astride Harry’s head. He went down on Ron with renewed vigour as Harry’s lips teased the head of his own neglected prick.

“Oh fuck *yeah*,” Harry growled, his hands wrapping about Lucius’ hips.

Lucius moaned around Ron’s cock as he worked, careful to let his teeth just barely graze the underside of Ron’s shaft with each upstroke. He did the best he could to improve his position and allow Harry the easiest access, but it was an awkward position. Harry, however, seemed to be taking it all in stride, his tongue ravishing Lucius’ erection most deliciously.

Lucius slowly began to buck his hips ever so slightly, at nearly the same time that Ron began similar motions with his own. The sucking and slurping sounds were incredibly, fascinatingly erotic, more so than Lucius would ever have imagined. All three of them were moaning and groaning, each one increasing the speed and intensity of their attentions.

Ron began to buck harder and harder into his mouth, and Lucius knew that the redhead was very, very close. He ran his hand along the muscled, furry topography of Ron’s torso, searching and finding a mounded nipple. Lucius gave it a wicked twist, and that was enough to send Ron in orgasm. Ron grunted around Harry’s cock and his body went rigid. The next second, Ron’s release filled Lucius’ mouth. He slowly withdrew, working to milk every last drop from Ron’s spent prick.

Harry was now grunting erratically, and Lucius craned his neck to see Ron’s big, freckled hands grasping Harry’s arse firmly. He adjusted his position so that Harry had a better angle

of attack; He could tell by the sounds that Harry was nearing release also.

Lucius lay across Ron's thighs, one hand threading through Harry's sweaty locks while the other tweaked and pulled at his own nipple. He gasped as he felt an intrusion; Harry had begun to tease his entrance with a slicked finger.

A moment later, Harry held his breath, halting his worshipping of Lucius' cock for a split second. He could faintly hear the hungry slurping sounds as Ron devoured Harry's release. Then, Harry began sucking on Lucius erection once more, now scissoring two fingers into his tight channel.

The wonderful heat blossomed deep inside, rapidly working its way up and out, consuming him. Lucius grasped Harry's hair tightly, arching his head backward and closing his eyes as he came, Harry's skillful tongue and lips slowly withdrawing from his softening cock.

Lucius sat up, brushing his long hair out of his face. Ron was sitting up on his elbows, grinning wickedly. Harry crawled over to Lucius, hungrily crashing their lips together. Lucius imagined that he could taste himself as Harry's tongue pushed into his mouth.

The mattress bounced about, disturbing their kiss.

"You two don't mind me," Ron said, his eyes half-closed. "I'm bloody spent. Wake me for breakfast, yeah?" He quickly burrowed under the blankets and was snoring almost instantly.

Lucius cocked his head. "How does he do that?"

Harry shrugged. "Dunno. Always been that way, though. Like he has a switch or something." He shivered and looked up at Ron, who was taking up most of the bed. "Um, well, what about us?" Harry asked, barely stifling a yawn.

Lucius grinned and summoned his wand. After casting a series of cleansing charms on all three of them, he engorged the bed to nearly twice its normal size. "Problem solved, yes?"

Harry nodded and pulled back the covers, sliding between them and patting the sheet next to him. "Get on over here, love. I'm knackered, and now I've got to get up that much earlier to fix breakfast for the bottomless pit, here."

Lucius climbed in next to Harry, spelling out the lamps and taking the fire in the hearth down very low. Harry cuddled up next to him, his head on his shoulder and an arm thrown across his chest.

"So, how do I compare to Filch?"

"Hmmm," Lucius said, pausing just long enough to annoy Harry.

"Well?"

"Actually, I think you're more like Severus."

"Not sure if that's good or bad," Harry murmured, giving one of Lucius' nipples a tiny flick.

Lucius chuckled. “It’s all good, love. No comparison, really.” He kissed the top of Harry’s head as Ron snorted loudly and rolled over, taking most of the covers with him.

“Oh, yeah,” Harry muttered sleepily, “Ron’s a quilt monger. Be warned.”

“Indeed,” Lucius replied wryly, smiling as Harry added his own soft snores to Ron’s.

“Gryffindors,” Lucius whispered around a yawn, closing his eyes and joining his mates in sleep.

~~~ ***fin*** ~~~



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