

Nature Lovers

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/703060) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/703060>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings , No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
Relationships:	Neville Longbottom/Charlie Weasley , Severus Snape/Neville Longbottom/Charlie Weasley/Devil's Snare
Characters:	Severus Snape , Neville Longbottom , Charlie Weasley , Harry Potter
Additional Tags:	Threesome - M/M/M , Object Insertion , Plants , Light Bondage
Language:	English
Collections:	HPFandom
Stats:	Published: 2013-02-28 Words: 2,402 Chapters: 1/1

Nature Lovers

by [AnneScriblerian](#)

Summary

This is a humorous Severus/Charlie/Neville/Devil's Snare piece, with a little Snarry pre-slash for afters.

Intramural Games is the sequel.

Notes

Written in 2010

Caroline Lamb is one of my most ardent supporters here on livejournal. I can always count on her for a kind word. She really makes me happy. For her birthday, I wanted to make her happy. She asked me to give Severus a good time with a bewildering array of possible partners. I was inspired by Artistic Entropy's painting, "Dryad."

(<http://www.artisticentropy.com/> You need to join community to view NC-17 art) This is a humorous Severus/Charlie/Neville/Devil's Snare piece, with a little Snarry pre-slash for afters.

Warning: I am still in the process of getting home from Infinitus. This was written and posted from the passenger seat of the car. It's soooo un-betaed. In fact, I can almost hear what my beta would say. So, let go of logic and grammar and just go with it. It's silly.

Severus Snape was content. The war had ended once and for all five years before. The Ministry of Magic was still bolluxing things up, but he no longer had to care. After he had firmly declined Minerva's offer to be Assistant Headmaster, he had settled down quite nicely in the dungeons of Hogwarts. If he suspected that the students let him be outside of class out of respect rather than fear, he didn't resent it. It was about time he got a little respect.

With both of his Masters dead and Lucius gone to France, Severus had a lot of spare time on his hands. He had made many improvements to existing potions and invented more than a few treatments for the injuries suffered by both sides in the war. Alice and Frank Longbottom now recognized their son, thanks to a regime of his potions. They would never be the wizard and witch they had been, but at least now they knew that their sacrifices had not been for nothing.

Their son had grown up a bit after the battle. While there was no love lost between them, Neville and Severus were collegial enough. Severus supposed that even his best scowl would hold no real teeth for the man who slew Nagini.

The cure, or rather the somewhat effective treatment, he had developed for the senior Longbottoms was more than a bit motivated by his gratefulness to Neville for killing that bitch. Bite Severus Snape on the throat, would she? He was just sorry he didn't get to do the job himself. He had been too busy nearly bleeding out on the floor of the accursed Shrieking Shack.

He was currently skirting around that structure, on his way to the forest outside of Hogsmeade. It wasn't that he was afraid. The damn thing was nearly a shrine to him, anyway. The Near-Dying Place of the Dark Hero of the Second Wizarding War. Typical. He couldn't even get a grammatically correct monument.

He'd never been in the building since that night. He didn't care to know what kind of codswollop they'd come up with about his activities during the war. Whatever it was, it seemed to stop people glaring at him. That was actually a refreshing change. He still glared at them, of course.

No, he wasn't afraid. He was just done with tempting fate. Two near-death experiences in that filthy place were more than enough for him. The Forbidden Forest: now that was a different story. The quality ingredients and slightly-near-death experiences available there were irresistible to him. After all, even Neville entered the forest frequently to obtain samples for his Herbology students.

It grew darker as Severus entered the forest. It was near noon, but the trees were thick here. This damp, dark environment was a perfect place for gathering bubotubers. Their pus was a key ingredient in many topical ointments. Severus was in no rush. It was a lovely Saturday, and anyway he had mostly come out into the forest to avoid the current visitors to the castle.

Charlie Weasley had arrived the night before. He was on the way to Wales in what Severus considered to be a highly dubious project of interbreeding Welsh Greens with Hungarian

Horntails. His presence had attracted other Gryffindors. Harry Potter had actually sat next to Severus at dinner last night and attempted to make conversation.

Severus had missed being able to really frighten people since he'd been outed as a "Dark Hero." But last night Potter's awkward anxiety had exceeded even what Severus remembered about the boy. One would think that a few years out in the world would have given the man some poise. Potter had acquired a lovely set of broad shoulders, but even more of his brain seemed to have deteriorated. The combination of obvious strength and power with increased idiocy had made Severus quite nervous. That kind of thing was what got people killed.

Severus was sparing a rather lingering thought to those shoulders when his attention was caught by something thrashing about in the forest ahead. He immediately cast a Disillusionment Charm on himself and crept forward. He noted Devil's Snare dangling from the trees above him and surmised that some poor creature had been caught unawares by the strangling vine.

What he saw stopped him in his tracks. Charlie Weasley hung suspended in the midst of a small clearing. It took a moment for Severus to realize that the man before him was nude. His compact, muscular body was covered with tattoos. Severus didn't know whether to laugh at the big bad dragon handler, overcome by a simple plant; to rescue him; or to simply ogle the man's rippling muscles for a bit longer. The vines did not wrap around Charlie's neck, so there was no immediate danger. Severus decided to settle in for a nice quiet look.

That turned out to be a wise decision, for Charlie was not alone. As Severus's gaze traveled down from Charlie's chest to his impressive thighs, he noticed a flash of white. When he crept closer, he realized that another man knelt in front of Charlie. He was barely visible. His back was turned towards Severus, and his dark hair blended into the dimness of the clearing. The flash Severus had noted was the pale skin of the man's neck.

At first Severus thought that the man was wearing an invisibility cloak, with his head poking out of the top. But as the man slid his way up Charlie's body, Severus realized that he only seemed invisible against the backdrop of the forest. His nude body was covered with magical tattoos, just as Charlie's was. But while the redhead was covered with images of fire and dragons, this other man's body crawled with vines and leaves. As the men rubbed against one another, their tattoos moved sinuously across their bodies. It was mesmerizing.

Charlie's head was thrown back, and the dark-haired man was mouthing his way up the flames tattooed on his neck. They flickered playfully, and Severus idly wondered if they tickled when you tongued them. He was moving closer still, trying to get a view of the unknown man's face, when Charlie's head snapped upright.

"Oi! Who's that there?"

The words had not completely left Charlie's lips before Severus found himself yanked up off the forest floor by his wrists. They were hopelessly entangled in Devil's Snare, and it was crawling down his arms towards his neck. He forced himself to remain calm and was concentrating on wordlessly summoning his wand from the sheath on his outer thigh, when the dark-haired man turned around to face him.

Charlie was quicker than either Severus or Neville, and he had dropped to his feet, summoned his wand, and shouted "Silencio" while their jaws were in the process of dropping. It seemed that working with dragons gave one very quick reflexes, indeed.

Severus was almost too busy trying to steal glances at Neville's attractively lanky frame, and wondering just how strong a Glamour Neville used whilst at Hogwarts, to glare at either of the other men. Charlie had moved over to where Neville stood, and he was gentling the taller man as one would a startled horse.

"I think this will go better if I'm the one who does the talking," Charlie said in a soothing tone. Severus smirked inwardly. Clearly the Weasley boy thought that he was a wild beast, to be talked to in such a manner.

But it did seem to be working. Severus barely noticed his confinement. The vines had not encircled his throat; they had simply wrapped around his arms to take some of the weight off his wrists. It was by far the most comfortable he'd ever been whilst strung up like this. And you couldn't complain about the view. So he decided to wait and see what the red-haired menace had to say.

"Now I know that you two haven't always been friends," Charlie said. He chuckled at Neville's (really quite impressive) scowl. He continued, "But we've all got reasons to be friendly now. Especially you two, I'd say."

Neville looked thoughtful, and Severus closed his eyes for a moment as he thought of Nagini.

Charlie's voice dropped a bit lower, and he spoke in a confidential tone, "We could just release Severus and say no more. But me, well, I'm always up for just about anything." As he spoke, he kept one arm around Neville's shoulders, then he reached up and ran a finger across Severus's lips.

Charlie laughed with pleasure when Severus looked deliberately into Neville's eyes, opened his mouth, and sucked Charlie's finger into his mouth.

Even though Charlie had been the one who was bound when Severus spotted them, he took control of the situation now. He didn't release the Silencio, but he kept up a constant, encouraging patter, making the silence of his partners seem less awkward.

Charlie banished Severus's clothing, and since Severus couldn't protest, he didn't. He held his head high as the two men looked him over. They both seemed to find his myriad of scars as fascinating as he found their tattoos. He detected no pity; Charlie's eyes were still laughing. But there was a smidgeon of respect in Neville's eyes that Severus had never seen there before.

After they had looked their fill, they began to touch. Severus was grateful that he was spared the embarrassment of moaning by the silencing spell. It had been so long since anyone had touched him. He didn't exactly miss Voldemort's casual cruelty or Lucius's negligent caresses. But he was only human, after all, and any touch had been better than none.

Now he was close to sensual overload, and they had barely begun. Neville must have sensed his desperation, for he crooked his finger and a small tendril of Devil's Snare wound itself firmly around the base of Severus's cock and relieved him of the anxiety that he would come too soon. The shock of Neville's lips around the head of his cock would have done him in without the aid of this clever cockring. Neville Longbottom was sucking his cock. It was unbelievable.

Severus had little time to contemplate the surreality of the situation, for Charlie was busy as well. He was too short to reach very high on Severus's body, even though the taller man hung only a few inches above the forest floor. Instead, he hugged Severus from behind, nuzzling his long red hair against the scars on Severus's back. Severus was quite certain that he had never been nuzzled before. He rather liked it.

Charlie's gently murmured words of encouragement took on coherency just as Severus lost the ability to understand speech.

"Lower him a bit, would you Neville?"

Neville released Severus's cock with a rather loud popping noise. His lips were wet and bruised-looking, and he actually looked like he might be pouting. George looked at him and laughed.

"Don't worry! I just can't reach you tall buggers, that's all."

Neville made a complex series of gestures with his hands. Severus startled when the vines dropped him down suddenly. More vines wrapped around his legs, however, and he did not hit the forest floor. He ended up in a crouching position, each appendage held firmly by the vine. It was rather like sitting in an invisible chair. Or an incorporeal chair, rather. He shook his head at that. He was feeling a bit muddled. He was sure of one thing, however. Clumsy little Neville Longbottom had become a force to be reckoned with.

Charlie resumed his nuzzling, but now he could reach Severus's neck. Severus didn't resist when Charlie reached up, grabbed two handfuls of black hair, and pulled his head back. As Neville dropped down and once again engulfed Severus into his hot mouth, Charlie murmured into his ear, "Merlin, he loves to suck cock. It's his favorite. But I think you might also enjoy something a bit more . . . forceful. Mmm?"

As he spoke, Charlie ran his fingers down Severus's sides and cupped his arsecheeks. When he hummed his question, he squeezed.

Severus didn't hesitate. Maybe it was bad form to let a former student bugger him, but it had been longer than five years. Significantly longer. He nodded his head, which made his cheek rub against Charlie's soft, long hair.

Charlie didn't waste any time, either. He said a soft spell, and began working his thumbs between Severus's cheeks. Severus writhed as one thumb, then another, breeched him. Neville had once again released him, though Severus's cock was still constricted by the plant. Severus could not see what was happening, but he heard Charlie groan just as he entered him.

"Gods, Neville! I can't believe you! Your fucking plant is buggering me!"

Something, apparently the Devil's Snare, was pushing Charlie forward with great force, then abruptly pulling him back, only to thrust him forward again. Severus hadn't been fucked like this in decades. It didn't take very many thrusts before Charlie was shouting, and the Devil's Snare released Severus's cock, and he came with such force that he passed out.

He awoke sometime later in a hammock of vines. He was dressed and felt surprisingly refreshed. If he wasn't so sated, and if the Devil's Snare weren't embracing him instead of strangling him, he would have thought the whole thing was a dream.

That night he walked into the Great Hall for dinner with his head held high. Neville met his eyes, but made no gesture other than that. His composure made Severus even more certain that this was a man whom one needed to keep an eye on. Charlie gave Severus a huge grin. Severus was just thankful that he didn't add a big thumb's up gesture, and he quickly averted his eyes.

Harry Potter sat between Neville and Charlie. He was drinking deeply when Severus first noticed him. As Severus watched, Potter lowered his glass and met his eyes. Then the Fool Who Lived actually licked his lips and winked. Winked.

Severus's expression did not change. He walked calmly to a place next to Flitwick and sat down. But as he let the Charms Professor's habitually eager nattering wash over him, he considered that wink.

Yes, Severus Snape was content. But surely life had more to offer than that. And he'd earned a little reward. Hadn't he?

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!