

Fiery Passion

by lilbitbord

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Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter, nor any of the characters from the books or movies. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A house-elf ushered Hermione Granger into the Malfoys' library. "Master, Miss Granger here to see you."

Lucius looked up in surprise, although he would not show it on his pale face. "What do you want, Miss Granger?"

She narrowed her eyes at him. "You know what I want."

Lucius exhaled noisily. He grabbed his brandy and took a large sip. "Leave!"

She held her ground. "No, not until we talk."

"We have nothing to talk about," Lucius whispered.

"Yes we do! I know you felt something the other night at the Ministry's annual victory party," Hermione said angrily.

Lucius stood up and positioned himself in front of his desk. In truth, he did feel something that night. He didn't want to; he was newly divorced, the first in their world, and he was not looking for a lover, especially not Hermione Granger. But the petite witch had to ask him for a dance, and that was when he knew he wanted her. She smelled divine, like fresh raspberries, and he had wanted so much to taste her. He sneaked a quick lick on her neck. He felt her shudder at the intimate gesture. It was wrong, and he knew it. She wasn't his, and she could never handle what he would give her.

"Leave now, Hermione. I'm not going to tell you again!" Lucius growled at the witch as he relived the memory.

"I don't want to leave," Hermione said defiantly.

"You don't know what you want. You are too young and innocent to know what you are getting your pretty little self into."

"I'm not that young, nor am I innocent."

Lucius snorted into his brandy. "Twenty three is still young in our world. And you are still innocent. You don't know what it is to have me as a lover. I am not a nice man. I am selfish, and I will not be gentle."

"I don't want gentle. I don't want nice. I want you."

"What about Weasley?" he questioned.

"I broke off the engagement three months ago," she whispered.

He was stunned. He'd never heard about that; they must have kept it quiet. He set down his brandy. "I'm not a boy. I will not treat you like a delicate flower."

"I told you; I don't want gentle. I am not fragile! I need a man who is not afraid to unleash his passion," she said with fire in her eyes.

The desire he saw in this little lioness broke Lucius' last ounce of control. He pushed off his desk and grabbed Hermione by the throat as he pushed her into the bookcase. "So be it." Hermione felt a flood of desire flow through her.

He kissed her roughly. She could taste the brandy on his lips. Her eyes fluttered closed when his teeth scraped along her jawbone. Hermione's knees turned to jelly at his ministrations. She grabbed at a shelf to hold herself. She moaned.

Lucius released her throat, grabbed her green shirt, and yanked it over her head. His hand went to her full breasts. He used the lacy fabric of her bra to scrape across her nipples. Her buds instantly hardened. He ripped off her bra and, not so lightly, bit each nipple.

"Please!" Hermione screamed, not knowing what she was pleading for.

The dark wizard ignored her plea. His hand shot up her black skirt. A surprised look fell on his face when he discovered she wasn't wearing any knickers.

"Why, Miss Granger, you really are a slut." He plunged his finger into her. She was so wet he was able to insert two fingers inside her with ease.

Hermione was a jumbled mess; she couldn't think or talk. All she could do was feel while this dark wizard gave her unbelievable amounts of pleasure.

Abruptly, his delicious fingers left her body. "On your knees," he growled as he sucked his fingers clean. "You taste like a fine wine, Hermione."

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A slow smile formed on her lips as she complied with his demands.

"Do not move until I instruct you. Do you understand?"

Hermione nodded her head.

"Speak when I talk to you."

"Yes," she moaned.

"Yes, what? You will address me as my Lord," he growled.

"Yes, my Lord," Hermione moaned.

"Much better, you are a quick learner. Now unbutton my trousers," he said as he caressed her hair.

"Yes, my Lord." Slowly and carefully, Hermione reached up to comply with Lucius' orders. Her hands shook slightly, not from nerves, but from arousal.

She pulled down the zipper on his trousers to reveal a very hard, pale dick. She pushed his pants open a little farther so she had full access to his shaft.

"Good, now, gently massage from base to tip."

"Yes, my Lord," Hermione whimpered.

Hermione gently massaged his thick cock in her small hands, slightly squeezing the shaft and spreading the pre-come around the tip.

A low moan escaped Lucius' lips. "Very good, my little lioness. Now take the tip into your mouth, and slowly slide up and down."

"Yes, my Lord." Hermione smiled inwardly. Did he really think she had never done this before?

Hermione swirled her tongue around the tip, tasting the salty pre-come, before she closed her mouth over the entire tip. She moved up and down slowly before taking him fully in her mouth.

Lucius eyes widened in surprise; then they closed in ecstasy as he massaged her scalp. This woman was going to be the death of him.

She cupped his balls in her other hand and manipulated them.

"Holy Hecate!" Lucius screamed; he had not expected her to be able to handle him fully.

Hermione smirked around his cock, pleased that she was able to surprise him.

"Enough!" he yelled. Hermione let his still hard cock slip from her lips with a disappointing cry.

"I want to see my come dripping out of your pussy. Not that I wouldn't enjoy seeing it drip from your lips, but for the first time... "

He hauled her up and swung her onto his desk, knocking papers and other things aside.

He ripped off her skirt and magically removed his clothes and plunged into her throbbing cunt.

Hermione screamed when he entered her.

"Do not come yet! Not until I tell you to."

"Yes, my Lord," she panted.

Lucius smirked at her. He was impressed she could still follow commands. He never expected Hermione to be this responsive or submissive; his darker desires threatened to take control.

"You have such a tight little cunt, my Mudblood."

Hermione arched off the table at his vulgar words. "Please, harder, faster."

Lucius complied. "Is that what you want, whore?"

Hermione's wanton moans were too much for Lucius; he felt his release approaching fast.

"Come now!" he said as he mashed her clit with his fingers.

Hermione arched off the desk again, screaming obscenities as she climaxed. Lucius quickly followed her. "You're mine now, little lioness," he whispered in her ear as he collapsed on top of the still writhing witch.

A few minutes passed before Hermione tried to move Lucius off so she could get up and breathe, but he wouldn't budge.

"You are not going anywhere, my lioness," Lucius whispered.

"I wasn't going anywhere. I just can't breathe!"

The dark wizard moved, but kept his arm firmly around her waist.

"Lucius, this desk is very uncomfortable, please let me up."

"You are beautiful when you beg me for things. I will send a house-elf to pack up your things today, so you don't have to."

Hermione gathered her strength and sat up. "Wait, what? You want me to move in here, today!"

"Yes, I told you I was a selfish man. Do you really think that I would allow you to leave here after what we just shared?"

"You can't keep me here against my will."

Lucius narrowed his eyes at the witch. "I would not do that. I don't want Potter or Weasley barging through my door with the whole Auror force behind them!"

"Then, why..."

"Because I don't want you too far away from me. What did you think? That I wanted to chain you up in the dungeons of the manor as my own personal sex slave?" Lucius arched an eyebrow at the witch. "Unless that is what you want?"

Hermione's eyes dilated a little, and she looked away. "No, of course not!"

Lucius smirked at her reaction. So, she has a dark side, he mused. He couldn't wait to explore that side with her.

"I won't be kept away from my family and friends, not that they would understand why I am here."

"Hermione, I may be selfish, but I don't have a death wish! I am not going to lock you away, but I will be the only man in your bed, well, my bed. I'm not going to share you with anyone!"

"I told you before that I only want you."

"Good, because you are the only I want. Now, why don't we go to my bedroom, and I will reward you for being such a good little slut."

Hermione shivered at his words as a small smile formed on her lips. "Yes, my Lord."

A/N: Thank you to valady for looking this over and giving me pointers and to Laura for finding all those dreaded comma errors. Please review, my muse loves the attention :)