

Dinner Invitation

by LuciannaMalfoy

Lucius doesn't take rejection lightly.

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Lucius doesn't take rejection lightly.

'Miss Granger, would you let me have the pleasure of your company for dinner tonight?' Lucius Malfoy asked in his sweetest tone. He had had his sights set on the little witch for months now.

She had been working for his company as a receptionist ever since she had been kicked out of the Ministry for freeing all elves which worked there.

'Thank you, sir, but I have to decline,' she said and concentrated her gaze to the parchment she had been writing on before the annoying man had turned up.

He was annoying because his presence always made her weak in her knees. His smoldering gaze, the silky voice and the way his tailored trousers hugged his perfect butt made her melt. But she would never give in.

Going to dinner with the man would surely make her resolve break. He was dangerous, as she didn't want to have anything to do with a man after the heartbreak Ron had caused her.

Hermione walked home to her cosy little flat in Muggle London. She was very proud of it, as it was the first time she could afford to rent a one bedroom place on her own.

However, when she opened her fridge, she was puzzled to no end. Just yesterday she had done grocery shopping, so the shelves should've been filled. But now there was nothing but a can of whipped cream lingering there.

She was about to go and get some food to replace the mysteriously vanished items as the doorbell rang.

'Yes, Jimmy, I'm coming!' Hermione called out and ran to the door.

When she opened the door, she didn't see the smiling face of her elderly landlord from next door but the scowling grimace of Lucius Malfoy.

'Who's Jimmy?' he asked angrily.

'My landlord,' Hermione responded, almost breathless from the sight of the beautiful man in front of her.

'Well, you will have to forget him tonight.' Lucius walked past her, acting like he owned the place.

'What are you doing here?' Hermione finally got the strength to form a sentence. Her mouth was dry from watching him move. Muggle jeans suited him too well, not to mention the fact that the top buttons of his shirt were open and showing an inviting expanse of pale skin.

'I invited myself to dinner. As you wouldn't let me take you out, I decided to come to you. I am sure you do not have anything for a decent meal here.'

Hermione didn't know what to do, so she just followed him as he entered the kitchen and put a basket on the table.

'I don't think it is polite to barge in on people like this, Mister Malfoy.'

'Well, I have never said I was very polite,' he said huskily.

Hermione shivered when she realised that she was trapped between his strong body and the table.

'Shall we start with the dessert?' he asked, and she shivered when his breath tickled her neck. She didn't have the power to push him away. How could she, when he smelled and felt so deliciously masculine next to her?

His lips descended to hers ever so gently. She whimpered and wished that he would do more.

'I should've known that Gryffindors like to be approached with direct offers.' He smiled and let his lips wander down her jaw.

'What is your offer?' Hermione asked, trembling when his hands wandered down her sides.

'I'm offering myself to you.'

Prompt by lyn_f: Lucius wants to have a candlelit dinner with Hermione, but must figure out how to ask her in such a way that she cannot refuse. The menu, as well as what happens afterward is up to you.