

# Locked in the Dungeon

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## Chapter 1

*Chapter 1 of 1*

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Lucius Malfoy pulled uselessly at the Manticore leather manacles around his wrists. They were too strong for him to break manually, and he could feel the magic in them controlling his own powers. His shoulders ached from where his arms were secured behind him, and his knees ached from where he'd been on them for the last 45 minutes. The cold from the stone floor seemed to be seeping through even his dragon hide robes. It felt like he was in hell.

The last Lucius remembered was that he'd been fast asleep in his own bed when some charm or other had hit him, and the next thing he knew he'd been in this prison cell, naked. A voice, and he couldn't tell if it had been male or female, had told him he had three minutes to dress and his robes had been thrown at his feet. He barely had them on when the manacles had flown through the air and secured his hands behind his back, leaving him helpless and uncomfortable. He looked around the room, trying to make out details in the gloom, but it was hard. He knew there was a rough bed in one corner, but that was about it. The lighting came from a dirt-encrusted window high in one stone wall, and there was a solid wooden door with a grill in it barring his escape route.

He could hear a noise in the corridor that brought him immediately to alert. Whoever his captor was, they were on their way in. Lucius found himself shivering. His Dark Lord was long dead, and the world had rebuilt itself around the ones that had fought on the side of light. He had no place for a long time, and this felt like someone taking revenge for all the things he'd done during those dark times.

The door swung open suddenly. The bright light stung his eyes before they adjusted to the brilliance that flooded the room before the door was shut again. He could hear footsteps coming towards him, and he wanted to lift his head but when he tried to, to see who his tormentor was, he felt his hair grasped and he was pushed forward towards the ground.

"Ah ah, naughty," the voice whispered to him. So his captor was a woman. He looked round surreptitiously and saw a pair of feet encased in high heeled leather boots. They laced their way up a pair of shapely calves before vanishing under a long dark red silk skirt. He could smell some sort of perfume and it was driving him crazy.

The skirt swished seductively as the woman moved behind him. He could feel her hand run across his leather-clad shoulders, causing him to shiver in anticipation. She traced her fingers across his clavicle and up his neck, behind his ear, causing him to shiver all the more. There was a jerk as she drove her fingers deep into his flowing white-blond locks and his head was pulled back suddenly. He barely saw the face of his captor as she pushed her mouth hard against his and kissed him long and deeply. He could taste the coppery tang of blood as her teeth caught his bottom lip, but she didn't stop. The kiss was hard, demanding, and he felt his own body respond to it, despite not wanting to.

As 'She' pulled away from him, Lucius was finally able to get a look at his tormentor. Of course she was wearing a mask, but although he couldn't see her face, everything else added up to the sort of woman who fueled his fantasies ever since he was at school. Rounded, slightly plump, womanly. Her dark hair falling in curls down her back, long enough to cover her hips. Nipped-in waist held, clinched, in a leather corset that sat under an open-fronted dress. It was enough to make him hard, despite the restraints.

"Do you like what you see, Lord Malfoy?" she asked seductively. Her voiced caressed every nerve in his body. It was all he could do to nod. His body was responding to

this woman in unexpected, delicious ways.

"Up," she instructed and Lucius rose gracefully to his feet despite his hands still being secured behind his back. He waited patiently as the woman walked around him. He could feel her eyes roving all over him, undressing him with her eyes.

"Very nice," she whispered. Lucius snorted and earned a slap across his arse from the crop she'd been carrying.

"The correct response is, 'Thank you, Mistress,'" she told him firmly.

His buttocks stinging from the blow, Lucius bowed his head. "Sorry, Mistress," he said quietly, keeping the scorn from his voice. He had no desire to be beaten again.

"Better," he was told as his mistress rubbed her hand over his stinging globes before tracing the leather around to the front of his leather trousers. His cock twitched as her hand brushed over his groin, squeezing him gently before moving on to his thigh.

He could feel the crop in her hand as she explored his body over the dragon hide, the butter soft leather exacerbating her caresses. Her hand reached up to his neck and pulled his head down for another kiss. This time her tongue brushed the seam between his lips, demanding entrance. He opened his mouth slightly and she penetrated him for the first time. Her tongue explored the inside of his mouth, running over teeth, tongue, gums, even the roof itself. His own treacherous tongue joined hers in the age old dance, tasting the sweetness before she withdrew, and released her grip on him. He shuddered and let out a moan at the loss of contact.

Her eyes, behind the mask, had darkened with lust and he could smell her arousal, and could feel his own. His cock was rubbing against his leather trousers, the seam adding to the sensations he was feeling.

His Mistress circled behind him, and he could feel her playing with the cuffs. One came loose, and she drew his hand to the front of his body; his other hand was free, but he could feel the manacle dangling from it. His mistress waved her hand, and the manacle dragged his wrist to the front of his body, where she locked it back to the free hand.

"Stjórna," she said, and he could feel the magics bind him again, this time with his hands in front of his torso. She grabbed the short length of chain and pulled it gently, leading him towards the bed. Mistress turned him so that the back of his knees hit first and she pushed him down flat. His head hit a hard pillow, and the mattress was hard and unyielding. The rough woollen blanket underneath his body irritated the skin around his neck. It wasn't the 400 count Egyptian cotton he was used to. He wondered how long he would be kept in this dank dungeon or if he'd ever be released. It was obvious what the lady wanted from him.

He could see the woman lick her lips, her tongue delicately tracing the outline of her top and bottom lip before disappearing back into her perfectly formed mouth.

"Move," she told him and pointed towards the top of the bed. Lucius shuffled up, arranging his body down the bed instead of across it.

Mistress ran her hand down the edge of her top, caressing the neckline before making her way down and across the swell of her breast before outlining the sash that held the two sides of her robe together. Her fingers played with the knot for a few minutes, his eyes riveted to every movement, before she pulled the bow and let the sash drop to the floor. Lucius tried to sit up, to touch the Goddess in front of him, but she stepped back and waved her hand. His arms were dragged to the headboard and fastened there, above his head. His legs were pulled and fastened to the end posts, spread wide apart and making him feel even more vulnerable. His trousers tented, showing his excitement at her actions. He wanted to touch her so much.

The Mistress smiled: he could see it in her eyes as well as her mouth. Her dark caramel eyes with flecks of gold that affected him at a level nothing else ever had. His cock hardened even more as she rubbed her hand across the expanse of his chest, feeling the leather between them. It felt rough against his sensitised skin. Lucius could hear himself whimper as she rubbed her hand down his body and across the front of his trousers, grabbing his cock through the leather. Rubbing her hand up and down, she let out a whimper of pleasure. A noise that made him want her even more, his body aching for more.

Her blood red nails traced the edge of the buckles on his robes and she started undoing each one slowly, deliberately pushing the leather tongue through the silvered hasp. As each buckle came loose she placed a small butterfly kiss on the piece of skin that had become visible. She was driving him crazy; the touch of her lips was such a sweet torment.

"Please, Mistress, touch me," he begged; as his ardour climbed higher and higher. He was getting desperate and wasn't above begging. Lucius Malfoy wondered if he'd been doped with a lust potion, he felt so out of control.

"You want me to touch you?" she asked softly. Even her voice seemed to caress him.

"Please, Mistress!" he begged again.

She poked her tongue out from between her teeth and moistened her lips before leaning down and kissing him deeply. Her tongue wrestled with his, her teeth nipping his lips, but she tasted wonderful. Her hands traced the outline of his abs, her nails scratching him gently, leaving red lines.

Breaking off from his lips, she traced down each scratch mark on his chest, her tongue running down each of his muscles before going lower and lower. Open-mouthed kisses peppered the area around his navel before she plunged her tongue into it, making his hips rise up off the bed, desperate for more contact. Lucius fought against the binds that held him tight, but he couldn't break them, he couldn't reach to touch her.

Her tongue ran along the waistband of his leather trousers as her fingers undid the buttons one by one, freeing his engorged cock from its prison. Her lips didn't stop moving over his body as she tasted every inch of him. She seemed to be enjoying the salty precum that had gathered on the tip of his cock, the slit leaking more and more as she suckled from it. He pulled against the restraints, desperately trying to touch the woman who was worshipping his confined body. The bonds were unforgiving, leaving him unable to reach his goal. The woman slipped off the robe she'd been wearing, leaving just the leather corset. Lucius could see that she wore nothing else. Her sex was dripping with her own ambrosia, and he longed to taste her as she was tasting him.

The woman, his mistress, crawled up his body, settling her legs either side of his hips, her sex brushing his cock and making him whimper with need. She rubbed herself on him, pleasuring herself with him, but not allowing him time to pleasure himself.

"What do you want from me, Lady?" he whimpered as she rubbed herself on his engorged cock.

"Just your body, Lord Malfoy, nothing else," she told him before kissing him deeply again. He could still taste the blood from her earlier assault.

With one movement she raised herself up before plunging down onto his cock, sheathing it completely in her tight channel. It was a glorious heat. He could feel her body gripping his as she rode him with abandon. She pulled almost completely off of him before plunging back down again and again. He could feel her hair brush his thighs as she threw her head back in ecstasy. He could feel his cock brushing the edge of her womb. It was pure heaven for him. She seemed to know his body so well...

He had almost reached his own orgasm when the woman's body tightened around his engorged cock, squeezing him so hard that he could hardly move inside her. All she could do was hold on tightly as she rode out the waves of excitation. Leaning forward, she rested her forehead in the crook of his neck as she moved her hips, bringing him closer and closer to his own release. She plunged harder and harder onto him, his own hips rising to meet her. He could feel his cock brushing the entrance to her womb and he could feel himself swelling inside her. Before he could control himself he shot his seed deep inside her with a cry.

"Mine," she whispered as she felt him relax underneath her. She waved her hand, releasing all the bonds that held him to his bed. Lucius wrapped his arms around his Lady and Apparated them both to his own bed. One that she had shared for just three years.

"Happy Anniversary, Hermione," he whispered as he pulled the bronze silk quilt around his wife's shoulders.

"Happy Anniversary, Lucius, though I think I should be cross that you used Legilimens on me to find out my fantasies." She didn't sound cross, though. She sounded like a kitten that had found the cream.

"Only to please you, My Lady, only to please you," he told her quietly, listening to her breathing slow as sleep began to take over. He reached for his own wand and, with a flick, removed the last of their clothing, leaving them naked in each other's arms.

"Is there anything else you would like, My Lady, anything at all that is within my power to give?" Lucius asked as Hermione snuggled deeper into his embrace.

Hermione smiled. "I think after tonight I may have just about everything I could possibly want, after all. Neither of us took the potion tonight," she reminded him with a smile.

Lucius held her a little tighter. "Are you sure that's what you want? It will tie you to me forever," he reminded her.

"Yes, my Lord Malfoy, it's all I want. Not the vaults, not the jewellery or anything else you could buy. I just want the chance to carry your child."

"I believe you and I won't argue any more, not that I can. After tonight you'll be lucky if you are only carrying twins!" Lucius kissed her gently on her head. For the last year Hermione had been trying to persuade him into having a child, but he thought she had just been being a loyal wife. After Narcissa's betrayal he hadn't been able to believe that any woman would want to carry a Malfoy, let alone a woman as amazing as Hermione.

"That's good then," she answered before sleep claimed her and she remembered no more.

Lucius pulled his wife closer and wrapped his arms more securely around Hermione, grateful to whichever deity it was that had seen their way to making this remarkable woman love a wizard like him.