

Pureblood

by Hanagasume

Hermione Granger is asked to defend Lucius Malfoy in a trial after his return to Wizarding Britain after ten years on the run. In return for saving him from a lifetime in Azkaban, Lucius decides repay her the only way he knew how...

Part One: Trials & Discourse

Chapter 1 of 2

Hermione Granger is asked to defend Lucius Malfoy in a trial after his return to Wizarding Britain after ten years on the run. In return for saving him from a lifetime in Azkaban, Lucius decides repay her the only way he knew how...

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author.

A/N - Written for the Mistress Malfoy Birthday Challenge '09, and loosely based on the Lumione prompt #2. She speaks up for Lucius in the aftermath of the war, he is strangely grateful to the filthy little witch who bested his son at every turn. The only way Lucius knows how to repay her, is not with kindness but to bring her into a world she could only dream of and never realized she wanted.

I would like to thank Olgameisterfunk08 and AlexisRose for the beta of this story, despite them both being inordinately busy people themselves.

She stared across the bed, watching the bare back of the man beside her move as he was breathing.

It had been ten years since the end of the final battle with Voldemort, and very little had changed in the Wizarding world in terms of the blood feuds between pure-bloods and those of half or no prior magical lineage. The last person she would have expected to lower his standards was the man that she had been sharing a bed with for over three months of her life. And while no magic in her family had emerged before herself, she was a different case entirely.

Shifting across the bed to close the distance between them, she slid down to rest her head on the same pillow as his, wrapping her arms around him and spooning against his back. He murmured something incoherent, but she ignored it. It wouldn't have been important anyway. Sighing softly, she let her mind wander back to the events of just three months before. She had saved his life then, and he, in turn, had brought her into his world - a world she had never dreamed she would ever be a part of.

--

'Granger,' said a gruff voice from across the room, startling her to attention.

Turning, she saw that it was her boss, Mad-Eye Moody. He had come out of retirement to build Magical Law Enforcement back up to its former glory and simply hadn't been able to go back into retirement since. She realised that everyone else in the office had paused at the sound of the older wizard's voice when he had said her name, so she quickly put down the files she had been reading over and stood from her desk. Briskly making her way to the door, she plastered a fake smile on her face for the Auror.

'How can I help you, Auror Moody?' she asked politely.

'Minister Shacklebolt wants to see you in his office as soon as possible,' he said, jerking his head in the direction of the exit.

Hermione nodded. 'Very well, may I be excused then?' she asked and, at his nod, turned away and walked out of the office.

Hermione had been working for the Department of Magical Law Enforcement for six years as their top researcher. She had gone to the Wizarding College in London and had graduated with a degree in both Potions and Charms in less than four years. After that, many sections in the Ministry had tried to procure her for themselves, but in the end, she had chosen to be an Auror. Neither Harry nor Ron worked at the Ministry with her, which she supposed was the reason why she had chosen to be an Auror in the first place.

All of her thoughts about her work distracted her enough that she hadn't even realised that she had arrived at Kingsley's office until the receptionist cleared her throat. 'Oh, I'm here to see Minister Shacklebolt about something,' Hermione stammered. 'Auror Moody said that the Minister sent for me?'

'Yes, you can go straight in,' the haughty blonde witch replied flippantly.

Rolling her eyes, Hermione walked across the foyer to the double doors that led into Kingsley's office. Pushing one of the doors open, she entered and closed it behind her gently before taking in the plush office. At first she only noticed that Kingsley was seated at his desk alone, but after a second glance around the room, she noticed that there was another seat arranged in front of the desk. It wasn't until she was nearly in front of the man that she realised it was Lucius Malfoy.

'Have a seat, Hermione,' Kingsley said calmly, as if it were perfectly normal for one of the few escaped Death Eaters to be sitting in the Minister's office.

She sat down, feeling awkward that the blonde man seated beside her was looking at her so intently. 'I have to say, I am a tad confused, Minister,' she said, casting Malfoy a look from the corner of her eye.

'I don't blame you,' Kingsley replied softly. 'Mr. Malfoy came in to see me today, fully aware that he could easily be thrown into prison just for stepping within the doors of the Ministry. However, he had a very good reason for doing so.'

'Please illuminate me,' Hermione said, turning her head to look directly at the older wizard.

'I don't expect someone like you to understand, Miss Granger,' Lucius Malfoy began. 'I wasn't spoon-fed an excuse to go around using dark curses like you. However, I did join Voldemort when I was young, and I continued to support him for a very long time.'

'Yes, I am aware of the length of time that you were loyal to the worst thing that happened to Wizarding Europe,' she said, dropping all sense of false civility.

'If you please, Miss Granger, hear out the remainder of my story,' Malfoy said with a barely-disguised sneer.

'Very well, continue,' she said curtly.

'As I was saying, I was foolish in following him for quite so long, and it wasn't until the last few months of his destruction that I came to understand that he had taken the blood feud between pure-bloods and those who were not further than anyone ever expected,' he said coolly. 'He wasn't even a pure-blood himself, as you all know. In essence, Narcissa and myself knew that it was time to get out, and we left as soon as the battle was won by Potter and the rest of the Order.'

'So you ran? Is this why you haven't been arrested? You ran at the very last minute because you knew that Voldemort was a nutter, and didn't want to suffer the consequences of following a maniac?' Hermione demanded, her cheeks flushing with anger.

'I wouldn't say "run" would be exactly the term I would use,' Lucius said calmly. 'But it had been a long time before the final battle that I myself actually got involved in any sort of Dark misconduct that wasn't just for show.'

'So you mean to say that, when you and your wife locked me and my friends in your dungeon, that was all just acting?' she said, crossing her arms in front of her.

'Essentially, yes,' the man said simply. 'I'll have you know that I was the one who prevented Bellatrix from simply killing you that day.'

'What stopped us from dying that day was Draco being *Confunded*,' she snapped.

'Don't be absurd, girl,' Lucius said, looking straight into her eyes. 'Do you really think that I didn't recognise you the moment that wolf dumped you onto our doorstep? Hardly.'

She sniffed, but she had to admit that he couldn't be lying. She had seen the way that Malfoy had looked at her that day and knew that she had been caught. However, she was also quite angered by the way that Lucius Malfoy chose to justify his actions. A few months of pretending followed by ten years on the run was hardly a good argument for his plea of innocence.

'Why did you call me to this office, Minister?' Hermione asked, turning to look at Kingsley finally.

'Everything he has confessed to you just now, he has said under the influence of Veritaserum,' Kingsley said. 'Look at him closely and you will see that I am telling you the truth.'

Hermione turned to Lucius and looked right into his eyes, seeing that they were glazed just as they should be when he was under the influence of the truth serum. 'I believe you,' she answered. 'Now tell me why am I here?'

'I need you to represent Mr. Malfoy in a trial next week,' he said simply.

Hermione looked from Kingsley to Malfoy in disbelief. 'You are seriously asking me to represent this man?' she asked in shock.

'You're the only one I know that can do it, and will do it because you know it is the right thing to do,' the Minister said simply. 'I don't want to send Malfoy to Azkaban because he truly wants to make up for his mistakes. If he is found innocent, I shall put him on parole under your care so that you can ensure that he is not practising Dark magic anymore.'

'You seem very sure that I'll want to do this,' Hermione said warily.

Kingsley smiled at her. 'You do want to do this,' he said simply. 'I'll arrange for Mr. Malfoy to remain under house arrest at Malfoy Manor. During the remainder of this week and next week until the trial, I suggest you get started on building a case.'

Hermione nodded. 'Very well,' she answered. 'I suppose I'll have to go to Malfoy Manor to talk to him then.'

From beside her, Malfoy then chose to speak up. 'I promise that nothing will harm you in Malfoy Manor whilst you are there,' he said seriously.

'Should I be concerned that something could?' she asked. 'And speaking of your worldly possessions, where is your wife, Mr. Malfoy?'

'She passed away from cancer five years ago,' he said simply. 'She had begun smoking shortly after we had left England, and as you know, magic accelerates non-magical disease, and the cancer spread throughout her lungs too fast for anyone to stop it.'

'I apologise,' she said, feeling a little awkward for being rude about Narcissa. 'I am sorry for your loss, Mr. Malfoy.'

He waved it off nonchalantly. 'There is nothing to be done about it now,' he said. 'I am here to reconnect with the only family that I have left.'

Hermione shot him a wary glance. 'You mean Draco?' she asked.

'Yes.'

'What makes you think that he will welcome you back with open arms?'

'I'm not sure,' Lucius replied with a small, but graceful shrug. 'It's simply part of my punishment if he doesn't then, isn't it?'

Kingsley chose then to make his presence known again, ending the bickering between the two. 'I hate to break this up, but Mr. Malfoy needs to be taken away, and I have a lot to be getting on with,' he said seriously. 'Now you can talk all you like over the next week until Wednesday morning just before the trial. Are we agreed?'

Hermione nodded and stood from her chair. 'If that is all, Minister?' she said.

He dismissed her with a nod, and she turned on her heel, leaving the room without a backwards glance.

--

Over the next week Hermione went to Malfoy Manor for a few hours each day and collected together as much evidence as she could to make a case for the elder Malfoy. The Manor, which had been unlivable in for over ten years, had been as dusty and unkempt as she had expected it to be. Draco had refused to live in the house of his ancestors and the parents who had abandoned him. The younger Malfoy had moved on and married Fleur's sister Gabrielle and worked as an Auror for the French Ministry. Hermione would see him every time she was sent on a reconnaissance operation for criminals that had fled England for the mainland.

The first time she had gone over to the Manor, Hermione had been worried that something, like the house itself, was going to open up and swallow her whole. It wouldn't have been the first time that a piece of furniture or a wall in a pure-blood's house had tried to do her harm. But as promised, Lucius kept his house under control, and had even cleared one of the downstairs studies to use as their meeting room to discuss things for his trial. His wand had been restricted to using low-level cleaning and housekeeping spells so that his time there wouldn't be too uncomfortable.

On the final evening before his trial, Lucius did not come to the door to answer when she arrived, and Hermione had entered the house alone. She had half expected the cloakroom to lock her inside as she was hanging up her winter coat, but it simply remained a room with hanging space inside it. Finding her way to the study, she entered it and was surprised to find Malfoy asleep in one of the armchairs by the empty fireplace. It looked as though the fire had gone out sometime during the night, and he had slept right through and not stoked it again.

For a moment, while staring at him, Hermione let down her guard, and not a minute later, she was strung up and bound against the bookshelf by thorned vines.

'Mr. Malfoy!' she yelled, struggling against her bonds. 'Malfoy, wake up!'

After her second plea, the wizard finally jerked awake and nearly fell out of his chair. It was the least graceful thing she had seen Malfoy do since she had met him as a twelve-year-old girl. However, he recovered quickly and shot to his feet, snatching up the wand from the coffee table beside the chair and pointing it directly at her. He murmured something in a language she didn't quite understand, and immediately the vines began to retract, and released her to fall to the floor gracelessly. Lucius stepped in before she could collapse and be harmed further and caught her, leading her over to the armchair in which he had slept and gently guiding her to sit.

'I apologise for the rudeness of my house,' he said quietly. 'It's quite an old curse, so it's going to take a very talented curse-breaker to get rid of it.'

'It's alright,' she said dismissively, turning her head away when Malfoy tried to wipe the blood from her face.

The thorns had been digging into her flesh everywhere, and it had taken everything in her not to scream from the pain of it. She definitely had a cut on her forehead and many on her arms and legs. Malfoy cast a quick cleaning charm on her to get rid of the blood and cleanse the wounds before standing up and walking out of the study without another word. Left alone, Hermione pondered what had just happened. Malfoy Manor had attacked her due to an ancient anti-Muggle-born curse on the household. Malfoy obviously had no control over it while he was asleep, so she had no reason to blame him for it occurring. He had stopped the vines from choking her though, so in one way she owed him a debt.

'Miss Granger?' asked Malfoy, startling her from her thoughts.

She looked up to see he had returned and was holding a jar of healing ointment. 'Is that for me?' she asked, but immediately wanted to take it back it was a stupid question to ask considering.

He released a sharp bark of laughter. 'Naturally,' he said smoothly, handing it over to her.

As she applied the healing balm to her wounds, Malfoy was flipping through the file that held all of the evidence to support his case. By the time she was finished with her chore, he had finally finished and it was time for them to review the Pensieve memories that Hermione had collected together from both Lucius himself and various other people that were involved. She had owed Draco asking him for his help, but the younger Malfoy had replied in the negative. She didn't blame him she knew that it would always be a sore spot for him.

'Are you ready to look over these memories?' she asked seriously.

'Yes, get on with it,' Lucius said, gesturing at the Pensieve that she had brought with her to his house.

Sighing in minute frustration, she removed the stoppers from the glass vials filled with the memories and one by one tipped them into the swirling pool of liquid in the basin. Once they were all in, she gestured for Lucius to go in first. He leaned over the bowl carefully and fell into the memories.

--

Hermione stood waiting at the door to the courtroom, tapping her foot nervously.

Lucius Malfoy was to be escorted from his home by Mad-Eye Moody and one of the other older Aurors in the department. They were already ten minutes later than they said they would be, and she was beginning to panic a little. She was mostly certain that Lucius wasn't going to try and run, but she did have her fears that Moody was going to do something terrible to incapacitate the man. It wasn't until five minutes before the trial was set to begin that Hermione finally saw Malfoy, flanked closely by the two Aurors, walking towards her down the hall from the elevator.

'You're late, Auror Moody,' she said curtly. She really didn't like the barmy old wizard one little bit.

'There were issues at the Manor,' he said gruffly, seemingly unfazed by Hermione's attitude towards him.

'Very well,' she muttered. 'Follow me, Mr. Malfoy. I will have to debrief you as I walk you to your seat now.'

Malfoy didn't say a word as he complied with her request. They walked slowly and Hermione cast a wandless *Muffliato* over them so that they would have some privacy as they spoke.

'I don't trust Moody to be unbiased where you are concerned,' she hissed under her breath, despite the fact that nobody would understand what they were saying.

'Everyone knows how much Alastor Moody hates Death Eaters and pure-bloods,' Lucius replied curtly. 'He's like a wild dog with an oversized bone. The reason we were

late was because Moody decided he needed to do a more thorough check of my person to ensure I wasn't carrying anything I shouldn't on me. He had me strip down to my underthings.'

'You should be careful about what you say,' Hermione warned. 'Even if Mad-Eye doesn't have the most charming or approachable of personalities, he is important to the Ministry and to the Minister.'

'You don't like him either,' Lucius commented. 'I can see it in your eyes and the tone that you use with him.'

Hermione sniffed inelegantly as they arrived at the defence's bench. 'That may be so, but he is essentially my boss, and I would like to keep my job,' she answered, gesturing for Malfoy to sit.

After they were both seated, Hermione removed the muffling charm. Harry and Ron had both come to the trial that day, she knew, but as she had walked in, she had been too busy talking to Malfoy to look around for them. Neither of the boys really agreed with her decision to be Malfoy's defence as the man had caused them countless problems over the years. The courtroom was filled with the buzz of everyone chattering, but this ceased as soon as Kingsley entered and took his seat amongst the Wizengamot.

'We are gathered here today to witness the trial of one Lucius Malfoy to determine his punishment for covorting with Death Eaters, practicing Dark magic, murder, torture and causing general disorder,' Kingsley announced. 'How do you plead, Mr. Malfoy?'

Malfoy stood from his chair. 'Guilty of all charges,' he said simply.

'You understand, Mr. Malfoy, that anything you say in this court, can and will be held against you?' Kingsley said calmly, giving Malfoy a warning look.

Hermione understood that look. It was the, "I am trying to save your sorry arse, so don't make me look bad" look. She waited for Malfoy to sit back down again before standing and preparing to defend his case. She picked up one of her folders and approached the entire Wizengamot, presenting the folder to Kingsley wordlessly.

After that, the courtroom was a flurry of arguments from both Hermione and the plaintiff, who was a haughty and rather snobby witch who had obviously been hired simply for her flare. The moment Hermione had seen her she had known that the woman was all talk, because everyone already knew what Malfoy was accused of, and that it was true. All she had done was repeat them over and over again until she had exhausted everyone. When it came time for Hermione to speak, she was calm and calculating, playing on the weaknesses of those in the Wizengamot, and even causing a few tears to be shed.

The Wizengamot then adjourned to another room to view the Pensieve memories in private, leaving the rest of the court in their seats, anxious to see what the result would be. Harry chose then to approach Hermione and Malfoy at the front while the session was temporarily on break.

'What exactly are they viewing in there?' Harry asked curiously.

'Memories of your capture in Malfoy Manor prior to the last battle, conversations between my wife and myself and memories and recounts from my former servants and house-elves,' Lucius answered.

'Do you think that it will be sufficient to prevent you from being sent to Azkaban?' the dark-haired wizard pressed even further.

Hermione decided to cut in then to stop Harry from interrogating the older man. 'I collected together all of the evidence for his case, Harry,' she said carefully. 'I personally feel that they are going to let Mr. Malfoy remain in his home on a very strict and long parole.'

'All right then,' Harry said, looking a little miffed.

He turned to walk away but Hermione caught his arm. 'Harry, I know this is difficult, but will you please trust my judgment in this case?' she pleaded softly.

Harry shook her grip off gently and nodded before turning away again and making his way back up the stairs. Hermione sighed heavily and returned to her seat, dropping into it. She understood Harry's hesitance and knew his feelings about Lucius Malfoy, but Hermione knew that the elder Malfoy was being sincere. She looked at Lucius, who was staring at her intently. His expression was almost grateful, but she waved him off anyway, slumping down in the chair a little.

'I'd rather not talk about Harry or any of my friends,' she told Malfoy simply. 'They will eventually get over this whole thing, and things will go back to the way that they were before you came back into the country.'

However, before Malfoy got a chance to reply, the Wizengamot finally returned, all talking amongst themselves quietly. A lot of them had what looked like expressions of reluctant acceptance on their faces, and Hermione knew that Kingsley must have stepped in and had something to say to all of the Wizengamot to direct them into believing that Lucius was a changed man. Silence fell over the courtroom once more, and Kingsley cleared his throat before speaking.

'We have now viewed the memories from the Pensieve in the other room, and the entire Wizengamot has now come to a decision on Mr. Malfoy's fate,' he said calmly. 'All of those who are for Lucius Malfoy being sent to Azkaban Prison, raise your hand now.'

There was some uncomfortable coughing in the courtroom as half a dozen people raised their hands, looking around at their peers, wondering why they were the only ones with hands raised.

'And now, all that are opposed to Mr. Malfoy going to Azkaban, please raise your hand,' he prompted.

The remaining thirty or forty members raised their hands, including Kingsley himself. This time, the murmuring began in the stands behind where Hermione and Lucius sat at the defendant's table. It took a few moments after Kingsley commanded for total silence that they stopped chattering.

'Mr. Malfoy, the majority of the Wizengamot has ruled in your favour. You are free to go provided you comply with the rules of the three-year probation that will undergo as a part of your punishment. You will remain under Auror Granger during this time and will agree to the bi-weekly checkups at your place of residence,' the Minister announced. 'Court is adjourned.'

The rumble of talking and the scraping of seats against wood began as everyone stood up and began to leave the courtroom. *The Daily Prophet* was going to be all over the story like a rash in the weeks following, and Hermione imagined that Malfoy was going to be spending a lot of time indoors and out of the eye of the public lest he be harassed to death. Hermione wasn't so sure that Azkaban would have been worse for him. At least there he would be left alone.

'Congratulations on being declared a very nearly free man, Mr. Malfoy,' Hermione said, turning to him and proffering her hand.

'Thanks to your efforts,' he said, taking her hand and bringing it to his lips before brushing a suave kiss over her knuckles. 'I will be eternally grateful to you for this.'

'Despite my lineage?' she challenged, pulling her hand away quickly and blushing.

'You might not have a prior magical background, Hermione Granger, but you are nothing like I expected you would be,' he admitted a little hesitantly.

Hermione's eyebrow shot up at that, and he shrugged. They walked out of the courtroom together and parted ways at the door. As she walked towards the door to the elevator, she paused and looked over her shoulder to see Malfoy talking to Arthur Weasley. They didn't seem to be arguing or exchanging any nasty words, so Hermione didn't bother walking back to check on them. Stepping into the elevator when it arrived, she sighed. Even after the trial, Malfoy was going to be a job for her. Bi-weekly checkups? What had the Minister been thinking?

She mused, however, that it wouldn't be so bad. After all, Lucius Malfoy was fairly easy on the eyes for a man of fifty-five.

--

To be continued...

Part Two: Bondage & Seduction

Chapter 2 of 2

Hermione Granger is asked to defend Lucius Malfoy in a trial after his return to Wizarding Britain after ten years on the run. In return for saving him from a lifetime in Azkaban, Lucius decides repay her the only way he knew how...

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters, settings, etc. are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author.

A/N - Written for the Mistress Malfoy Birthday Challenge '09, and loosely based on the Lumione prompt #2. She speaks up for Lucius in the aftermath of the war, he is strangely grateful to the filthy little witch who bested his son at every turn. The only way Lucius knows how to repay her, is not with kindness but to bring her into a world she could only dream of and never realized she wanted.

I would like to thank Olgameisterfunk08 and AlexisRose for the beta of this story, despite them both being inordinately busy people themselves.

--

She arrived at Malfoy Manor at three in the afternoon.

Hermione had decided to take the afternoon off from work when she remembered that it was the day that she had to go to Malfoy Manor and check-up on Lucius. It had been a month since the trial, and she was already beginning to tire of the chore that Kingsley had sentenced her to. As had become the usual, she found the door unlocking and opening itself for her to enter, which she assumed meant that the elder Malfoy trusted her to some degree. That was somewhat flattering in itself. And while she wasn't exactly Malfoy's biggest fan, the man was less irritating to her than he had been.

Entering the house, she followed the path her footsteps had created on the dust on the floor the numerous times she had been there before. Malfoy was always in the study whenever she stopped by, or would appear there soon after if he had not been in the room. It was sort of odd to her that a man who she had always known to be a pure-blood snob would spend so much time amongst his books.

'You're later than I thought you would be,' Malfoy said in greeting as she walked through the study doors.

Hermione almost snorted at that. 'I apologise for not coming at the exact time that you predicted,' she said, voice dripping sarcasm. 'Next time I shall be sure to be more prompt for you.'

'You're terribly snarky today, Miss Granger,' he commented. 'Are you sure you aren't channelling Snape?'

'Of course not. Now what have you been up to since my last visit?' she asked, ignoring his last comment. She did not like to talk about her deceased former professor.

'Research,' he murmured in reply, moving from his seat at his desk to his usual seat in one of the armchairs by the fire, gesturing for Hermione to sit. 'Although as of yesterday evening, I have finally found what I was looking for.'

'What might that be?' Hermione asked, unable to keep the curiosity out of her tone as she took a seat in the armchair directly across from Malfoy.

'A ritual,' he answered. 'It involves some rather complicated spell work, and an exchange of blood, but I think that it will serve our purposes rather well. I was practicing the wand movements last night.'

'What do you mean by "our purposes", Malfoy?' she demanded, her forehead creased with a frown.

'It's quite simple you see,' he said quietly, suddenly taking his wand from his sleeve and giving it a flick in her direction.

Hermione was immediately bound by the wrists and ankles to the arms and legs of the armchair. The vines that bound her were similar to the ones that had captured her by the bookcase that time over a month before, minus the thorns. She looked over at him, an indignant expression creeping onto her face. Malfoy looked vaguely amused and a little smug. She imagined that it was because he had caught her unawares bastard.

'What is the meaning of this?' she demanded, trying to tug her right hand free.

Malfoy smiled almost evilly. 'I have spent the better part of my time since the trial searching for a diary of one of my ancestors, which contains a certain ritual that I was interested in,' he answered. 'You see, I owe you a life debt, and there was only one way I could think of to repay you, and the ritual is the answer.'

'What on earth are you on about, Malfoy?' she said, her cheeks flushing with anger.

'I want to give you a gift for saving my life, Hermione,' he said smoothly, wordlessly sticking his hand out and summoning an old, leather-bound book into it. 'I'm not a kind man, but I do have the ability to discover the weaknesses of others, and I know your weakness. I can give you something that will erase all of your insecurities.'

'I'm not the insecure one here, Malfoy,' she snapped. 'I demand you release me.'

'I cannot do that for the time being, Granger,' he answered quietly, his voice almost mesmerizing, drifting over her like an enchantment, forcing her to be calm.

'I'm not insecure,' she repeated with less force.

Malfoy chuckled darkly. 'Oh, I very much doubt that, Miss Granger,' he said, standing and walking around the chair she was trapped in, stopping behind her and leaning down to whisper in her ear. 'You are a thirty-year-old Muggle-born witch. You are single, and you lack the connections you need to advance you to a higher position in society despite your friendship with Harry Potter. Admit it you need me.'

'I don't need anyone, Mr. Malfoy,' she said sharply, unable to keep the emotion from her voice. Of course, He was right to some degree.

She was a Muggle-born witch of great talent, intelligence and attractiveness.

Everyone Hermione Granger encountered, she left an impression on - whether it was good or bad depended totally on the other person. Her upbringing had been good, and as the daughter of two very well established dentists, she had gone to an expensive private school until she was accepted into Hogwarts. In non-Magical society, Hermione's family was considered to be somewhat prestigious, and people in the middle and lower class aspired to one day be like the Grangers.

During the first eleven years of her life, Hermione had been afforded every luxury that her parents could provide her, and being an only child, they had shamelessly spoiled her. All of her possessions were expensive. Every time her parents went on a trip around the world, they would pull her out of school and teach her themselves so that they could take her along with them. She had visited many countries and seen many things, but never once had she considered that she would ever be seen as anything other than what she was the daughter of two very wealthy dentists.

However, when Hermione had first arrived at Hogwarts, she had received the shock of a lifetime.

In the Wizarding World there was another hierarchy of its own and in it, both witches and wizards without any previous magical lineage were considered to be at the bottom of it. She had gone from being one of the most popular and well-liked girls at school to a know-it-all, overachieving girl, with no friends and nobody to talk to. It wasn't any wonder then, that she would eventually make friends with the only two who were willing to give her a chance: a half-blood wizard and a pure-blood wizard who happened to come from a family that was sympathetic to Muggle-borns.

The names she was called while she attended Hogwarts had offended her. The first time she had been called a Mudblood was in her second year by none other than Draco Malfoy. He was from exactly the sort of family that bred the worst kind of pure-bloods. With time, however, Hermione grew to care less and less about the opinions of others and matured into the woman she was that very day calm, intelligent without being annoying, reasonably attractive and kind.

In that moment, however, she knew she had been in denial for a very long time.

Hermione cared a lot more than she wanted to. She longed to be accepted and praised and desired. There was nothing wrong with her appearance or personality to stop a man from desiring her company, but somehow she was still alone. And she knew the reason why was because the prejudice against Muggle-borns was still as present then in the present day than it was before Voldemort was destroyed.

'I know what you want, Hermione,' Lucius drawled smoothly. 'You might not want to say it out loud, but secretly, I know the desire is there.'

'You're wrong!' Hermione shouted back, unwilling to allow him to have so much power over her. 'I don't want to be like you.'

Lucius chuckled again. 'Granger, you are only trying to fool yourself now,' he said harshly, coming around to the front of her chair and grabbing her face in one hand, turning it up to look at him. 'For a Mudblood, you are quite attractive. If you were like me, think of just how much more desirable you would be.'

Hermione snorted. 'You pure-bloods,' she spat angrily, 'you always think you are so much better than everyone else especially people like you, Lucius. You haven't changed a bit.'

'Neither have you, you insolent girl,' he said, releasing her face and slapping her across the cheek with the back of the same hand.

He knelt down before her quickly and held her face in his hands once more. 'I am offering you the chance of a lifetime here, Granger,' he said softly. 'You would be a fool to deny yourself this gift.'

Tears began to build in her eyes, and she blinked furiously to try and clear them. 'I shouldn't want to be anything other than I am,' she whispered, her face flushing with shame.

'Just one word, Granger, and I can make you a part of my world,' he said seriously.

Hermione sat in the chair feeling frozen and numb. Her mind was screaming yes, but her conscience was sealing her mouth shut. Her mind was going in all directions, and the more she fought it, the more she wanted it, and the more it hurt.

'I want it,' she said finally, unable to stop the words from spewing from her mouth.

Malfoy grinned maliciously, releasing her face from his grip. He released her bonds and walked over to his desk. Grabbing a jar from the top, he tossed it to her. She caught it and realised that it was the healing balm she had used the last time she had been injured in his house. Unscrewing it, she applied a little of the minty-smelling paste to her cheeks that were bruised from his grip and the slap. She watched as he opened one of his desk drawers and removed something shiny from it, and then as he strode back over to where she sat.

'You will need to cut cleanly across your right palm with this,' he said, passing her the shiny silver dagger.

In popular Malfoy fashion, the handle was serpentine and ornate, encrusted with many glittering emeralds. 'I can't do that,' she said softly.

'You will have to,' he urged, 'only you can make the cut in your flesh or the ritual will not be able to be performed. You must be willing to do anything for this, Miss Granger.'

Hermione's eyes refilled with tears. She was panicking, she knew, but she had to do it to become like him. She needed to do it. Taking the blade firmly in her left hand, she opened her right hand up and placed the sharp side of the blade across her palm in a firm, straight line. Closing her eyes, she pressed harder and paused, feeling the pinch as it broke through a layer of skin before pulling it sharply across and slicing through her own hand. She opened her eyes to find her hand bleeding profusely, and she immediately clenched her fist to stem the bleeding.

'You mustn't do that,' Lucius crooned, pulling her hand open and allowing the blood to flow freely once more.

He took the blade and repeated her actions, slicing through his own right palm without so much as batting an eyelash. His lack of emotion sent chills down Hermione's spine. What must he have done throughout his lifetime to make him so comfortable with something like that? Lucius was not what she had expected at all. He placed the blade on the table behind him before turning back to her and grasping her bloody hand with his.

'Are you ready for this, Miss Granger?' he asked her, a challenge sparkling in his eyes.

Biting her bottom lip and sucking in a breath from the pain of his grip, she nodded. 'Get this over and done with,' she murmured.

He grabbed up his wand and pointed it at their connected hands. 'Bind us by blood, *necto nostrum sanguis*,' he said quietly but clearly.

Immediately, a deep purple light began to glow around their hands, and Hermione looked on in awe.

'Exchange for her impurity, the purity of my own blood, *verto suus sanguis dum metallum*. Make her pure, *creo suus castitas*,' Lucius continued.

The glow between them became brighter until it enveloped them both in a white light from head to toe, glowing for what seemed like ages. Hermione felt something in her change, and it felt like cool ice was running through her veins, replacing her old blood with new, very cold blood. It continued until it was almost unbearably painful, and then ended slowly until she and Lucius were no longer glowing.

As soon as Malfoy released her hand, she tried to stand up from the chair, but felt light-headed and swayed before falling back into the chair and passing out cold.

--

Hermione stirred from her sleep, blinking rapidly as she regained consciousness.

She could see from the ceiling itself that she was most certainly not in her own house. In fact, the ornate paintings all over the room, as well as the comfortable and very expensively dressed bed that she was in told her that she had to be in a room in Malfoy Manor. She slowly pushed herself into a sitting position and looked to the double doors to find them covered in carved serpents. It was definitely Malfoy Manor. She wondered perhaps if she had simply passed out from exhaustion, and all of the crazy blood bonding had been a nightmare.

Shifting to the edge of the huge bed that she was on, she swivelled so that her legs were hanging off the edge before attempting to stand. She looked down to find that she was in the same clothing as she had been when she first arrived at the Manor, but found no traces of blood. This made her feel relieved for a moment, until she remembered that there was such thing as a cleansing charm. Frowning, she went to the doors and opened one enough to slip out of the room before walking down the hall in the direction she assumed would lead to the exit.

She finally reached a staircase and made her way down it, ending up standing in the dusty entrance hall. 'Lucius Malfoy, would you please get your arse here now?' she called out, assuming that he would hear her somehow and find her.

No sooner than the words had left her mouth, Malfoy appeared beside her in the hall with a dramatic crack of Apparation. 'You called, Madam?' he drawled, his tone dripping with sarcasm.

Hermione turned to face him directly, and doing so was like a blow to her system. His silver-blond hair that was long, silky and the same as ever, seemed to stand out like a beacon to her that day. There was something about his smug little smirk that seemed to have a spark to it, and the tug in her belly alerted her to her hormonal reaction to his attractiveness. He was the same as he was the last time she had seen him, whenever that was, but something about him was drawing her to him.

'What am I doing here?' she demanded.

'You passed out cold,' he answered simply.

'I gathered as much, but what I am confused about was a strange dream that I had,' she said, frowning at him. 'I thought I had become-'

'A pure-blood?' Lucius finished for her. 'Why yes, Miss Granger, you have.'

Hermione's breathing ceased and her vision blurred, her knees quickly giving out. However, before she could collapse in a pile on the dusty floor, Malfoy caught her and carefully pulled her back to her feet. However, he didn't let go of her lest she faint and concuss herself on the floor of his entrance hall. The last thing he needed was more blood on his hands. Well, involuntary blood, at least. When she resumed her deep breathing, Lucius led her to the staircase and pushed her down to sit before following shortly after and sitting beside her.

'Bit of a nasty shock, wasn't it?' he asked calmly.

Hermione nodded, looking down at her palm. She expected to find a straight scar of the cut on her hand, but instead saw that it had transformed into somewhat of a serpent in shape. She looked over to Malfoy who offered his own hand wordlessly, and she saw that he had the same.

'How long was I unconscious for?' she asked quietly.

'About three and a half days,' he answered. 'Your body took time to adjust to the magical purity levels in your blood.'

She nodded. 'I felt something when I saw you a moment ago,' she said softly. 'It's confusing like an uncomfortable feeling in my stomach. And then it twists and I get all hot and cold. It's happening right now too.'

'My proximity is going to give you trouble for a few years,' he answered seriously. 'The journal stated that being near me will make you uncomfortable and wanting of my attention, as well as heighten any sexual feelings you have. And also, being far away from me for any extended period will result in a slow decline in your health.'

'It's like I'm your prisoner,' she whispered, tears forming in her eyes. 'You've trapped me.'

'I've freed you from your internal torment and insecurities over not being good enough for the likes of any man,' he told her plainly. 'This is what you wanted, and that was the only way that I could give it to you.'

Hermione shot him a tearful glare. 'I hate you for what you have done to me,' she said, her voice venomous.

'You brought this upon yourself, little witch,' Lucius said, standing from the step and holding out her wand to her.

She shot up on her feet and brought her hand across his face with a loud slap. 'Fuck you,' she snarled, snatching her wand and then striding to the main doors.

She had the doors open and had Apparated before another word could be said.

--

Hermione spent the next two weeks on vacation.

She used up some of her long service leave time, and decided to take a break from it all. One of the other Aurors was put on temporary nanny duty for Malfoy, and she was trying as hard as hell not to have any thoughts or even feelings for the stupid, arrogant villain that she had prevented from going to prison. But no matter how many wicked names she came up with, one thing did not change.

That uncomfortable feeling in her stomach every time she even so much as glanced at a picture of him, and she saw her fair share. Malfoy and his trial were still in the papers everywhere, and she was even featured in some of the photos. The worst part was, all of the photos of him were smirking at her. Smirking! With that smug, arrogant look as if his shit didn't smell. And she was a part of him.

Sighing angrily, she shoved the papers aside, toppling them off the table.

She didn't care that they had fell, nor did she make an attempt to pick them up. She simply left her kitchen and went upstairs to her bathroom, flicking her wand at the faucets of her bath to fill the tub. When it was full enough, the taps turned themselves off and Hermione stripped off all of her clothes from that day and tossed them into the laundry hamper nearby. Placing her wand on the side of the tub, she slipped into the steaming water slowly and sunk down to allow it to soothe her troubled mind.

She hated Malfoy.

This much she knew, but at the same time, she wanted him. Hermione hated herself for being so weak. She had allowed Malfoy to perform that ritual. She had let him have access to her body. Who knew, he probably even had access to her innermost thoughts. Stupidly, she had allowed herself to be taken for a fool, all over a silly insecurity about never finding someone to love in her life. And what had she gotten out of it? She had gotten a dark master and a lifetime of pent-up sexual frustration that she was trying so hard not to act on.

'I hate him,' she said to herself angrily. 'I hate myself for being so foolish.'

'Well now, that's more like it, isn't it?' said Malfoy's voice, startling her out of her thoughts.

Hermione looked over to the doorway of her bathroom to find it open, Malfoy standing right in the doorway, leering at her appreciatively. Even though there were bubbles hiding her from the shoulders down, she still wrapped her arms about her protectively after snatching her wand from the side of the tub.

'How long have you been standing there for?' she asked furiously.

'I arrived on time to hear you say that you hate yourself,' he murmured smugly in reply.

'You're a pig,' she spat. 'Why are you in my house? Don't you know that this is an invasion of privacy and trespassing on private property? There are laws about this you know.'

'And what would you have the Ministry do about it?' he asked smoothly. 'How will you explain that you are now bound to me? We're practically married now, you know.'

'Get out of my sight,' she said, despite the warmth spreading throughout her body and loins, flushing her cheeks with colour. Her stomach was a riot of knots.

'It's not going to get better if you just deny it,' Lucius said calmly. 'You can't ignore those feelings you have, and they are going to get worse the longer you remain away from me, Hermione Granger.'

Hermione wanted to cry so much, but all her body wanted to do was spring out of the bathtub and throw herself at him. 'Please, for the love of Merlin, why can't you just let me be?' she said, her frustration showing itself.

'I cannot let you,' he answered. 'I am just as much yours now as you are mine.'

Hermione stopped to think about what he had just said for a moment. 'You mean to tell me that you want me just as badly as I crave you?' she asked.

He smirked. 'Not as badly as I was the one to initiate the ritual in the first place, but yes, I do feel stirrings whenever you come to mind,' he answered coolly.

Bastard, she thought, glaring at him. But then another thought occurred to her, and the glare slipped off her face. If he could trap her in a de facto, blood-bound marriage with him, then she could tease him as often as she wanted. Without another thought, she pushed herself up and out of the water, aware that she was quite fit and had a rather nice and toned body for a woman of thirty. She was all too aware of his gaze drifting from her full, pale-skinned breasts to the thatch of curls between her toned thighs.

'See something you like?' she taunted before grabbing a towel and beginning to wrap it around her.

'Oh no, you don't,' he snarled, ripping the towel away from her and grabbing her around the middle.

She shrieked as he lifted her up and was thrown over one of his surprisingly strong shoulders before he stomped out of the bathroom and through the door to her bedroom. He unceremoniously dropped her onto her bed and proceeded to tear off his jacket, beginning to undo the buttons on his shirt. She sat sprawled on her bed watching him until the shirt was totally off and she could appreciate his sinewy-muscled chest beneath. After that, she moved forward and it was all pure instinct from there.

His trousers and undergarments were removed in short order with Hermione's help, and she soon found herself once again tossed across her bed before he lunged gracefully over and onto her, pressing his need into her thigh. Looking down, she grasped his length in her hand, surprised at the extent of his arousal and also at the size and shape. She would have imagined him thicker, but he was thin and long.

He looked down at her face, his steely eyes intense. 'Tell me what you want, witch,' he growled.

'Fuck me,' she told him, fisting her hands in his long hair and pulling his mouth to hers aggressively.

There was nothing gentle about their first time. It was all raw, purely need. His technique was not rustier than if he had been shagging just the day before, although for some reason, Hermione knew that he hadn't been. Malfoy, however, had waited for her for two long weeks to seek him out before he became sick of the game and went to her instead. And it certainly was satisfying. His cock moved in and out of her hard and fast, and she lifted her hips to meet him thrust for thrust. He fucked her long and hard until they were both screaming their orgasms.

In the aftermath, they rested on their backs, staring at her plain white ceiling.

'You could learn not to hate me, you know,' he said simply, his breathing still a little hard.

Hermione smirked and turned onto her side to look at him. 'I still hate you just as much right now as I did before we shagged,' she said, although her voice was not malicious. 'Give it a few months maybe, and I might forgive you for this predicament that we are in.'

'I still intend to fuck you quite often, I'll have you know,' he said seriously.

Hermione laughed softly, shifting so that she could climb beneath the covers of her bed, tugging the side Lucius was on so that he would do the same. Once he was also beneath them, she flung her arm over him and rested her head in the crook of his arm and chest. Even though she was furious with him, there was no reason not to enjoy it. It had been a long time since she had snuggled with anyone, and even Lucius Malfoy wasn't such a bad prospect to be snuggling with.

Of course she realised then that she was probably going to have to have his parole switched over to someone else... She didn't like to mix work with play.

--

Terminus.