

To Relieve Boredom

by laurielove

Hermione discovers how to amuse herself with the help of a time-turner and a Malfoy.

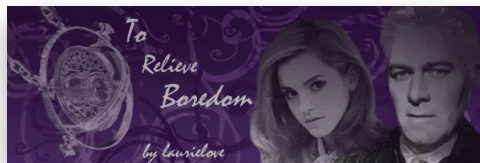
To Relieve Boredom

Chapter 1 of 1

Hermione discovers how to amuse herself with the help of a time-turner and a Malfoy.

Here is a little concoction I dreamt up ... This is the first story I have posted to this site, but I have many others! I formed an idea that Christopher Plummer would have made a rather delicious Lucius had they needed to cast it in the sixties. Several people have suggested to me that I should do an Abraxas story, and it occurred to me that he (CP) is the perfect generation for Abraxas. They would have been about the same age, and he was such a very beautiful Malfoyesque man. He suddenly became my Abraxas. He is basically my inspiration for this story. He also bears a remarkable resemblance to Jason Isaacs as Lucius Malfoy, in my opinion. If you don't like the idea of a blond Captain von Trapp enjoying loads of sex, don't read it! This is a one-shot time-turner fic, which gives a rather sexually needy Hermione the chance of some vintage hotness. (Have no fear, in the story, Abraxas is in his late thirties.) It isn't all smut. There are also some interesting moments with Lucius, both as a child and adult, which I enjoyed writing.

All characters and canon situations in this story belong to JK Rowling, Scholastic and Warner Bros. I make no money from the writing or publication of this story.



Hermione was bored.

It was raining. Her private dorm seemed even less homely than usual. She had finished her essay for McGonagall and had resigned herself to another dreary Wednesday in a nearly deserted castle. Everyone was at the Quidditch match, but she was in no mood to numb herself to the bone, gawping at yet another Ravenclaw win.

She sighed deeply, drawing her hands up to her scalp as if trying to pull an idea out of her head. What to do?

She had only a few weeks left at Hogwarts. She had returned for another year to complete her NEWTs, but had found herself jaded with institutional rigour. Her relationship with Ron had lasted only a month or so. They remained good friends, but were clearly incompatible in other respects.

It was the matter related to that which was prickling Hermione's mind and body now. During moments of isolation, when her soul had little to stimulate or distract it, it usually was.

Sex.

Once her virginity had been abandoned, Hermione had surprised herself with her sexual appetite. She found her body desirous and desperate in its need for satisfaction. Luckily for her, her fame and beauty had meant that she could have her pick of men wherever she went. And she did. It was strange. In other matters, her moral and ethical code remained intact, but when it came to lust, she sated her needs as the whim took her.

She knew why. The events of the war, and the intellectual assault required to process them, had left a gaping void within. Yes, she filled it with passionate conversations, reading, writing, exploring new magic, meeting fascinating people, but still she needed to remind herself that she had survived, that she was alive. Sex did that, if only for a moment. That at least, was something.

She did not hurt people. At least, she did not believe she did. She avoided married men as much as possible happily married men, that was. In any case, few of the available people she found herself with seemed to want a longer term relationship. She had tried with one or two, but by mutual consent, they had usually parted ways after a matter of weeks.

She was more than happy, for the time being, to remain single.

But her needs had been stifled somewhat while restrained in her institutional strait jacket. During the year, she had retreated to Hogsmeade on several occasions and found men to assuage the burn, but none had proved great lovers. Apart from the holidays, it had been a rather barren year.

Her state of mind was curious, she admitted. In any other matter, she was as polite and well-mannered as always, courteous and still possessing a remarkable intellect and insight.

But it was not the inquiring mind of a schoolgirl which was unsettling her now.

She sat at the leaded window, legs drawn up against her, arms wrapped around them, staring down at the lawns as they led into the Forest. Rain trickled down the panes in little rivulets, each drop chasing its predecessor through the path already randomly forged downwards. She closed her eyes and allowed her head to fall back against the cold stone.

This would not do at all. She could not ignore the feeling in her body it did this to her when bored, when her mind wandered to matters far from academia. It was tingling, alive.

A deep sigh was propelled from her by the lust brewing deep within. Something would have to be done. As things stood, she would have to assuage her needs, so often the case these days, with her own rampant imagination and agile fingers.

There were, at that moment, two options available to her. She could, in the lonely, rather desolately sad isolation of her room, retreat to bed and appease her needs alone once again, or she could at least try to suppress her cravings and go and do something rather more productive. She sighed again, not entirely decided on the best course of action.

Hermione pushed herself from the window ledge and tried to find something to distract her mind and body.

She crossed to her bookshelves and scanned them. Nothing of interest.

She found herself leaving her room and wandering into the hallways. As it was a match day, the school was practically deserted. But Hermione felt more at home amongst the ancient stones at these times than ever now, they breathed for her, welcomed her. She kept walking and soon found herself outside McGonagall's classroom. It too was deserted. The Transfiguration teacher had many diverting books. Hermione did not suppose she would mind if she went and borrowed one for the day. She entered the room and scanned the bookshelves. Even here, nothing grabbed her. There was a door at the back. Hermione knew McGonagall had more volumes in the small cupboard it concealed. She wondered ...

No, that would be too much.

Still ... she had done so much for the school. One little peek ...

She crossed to the door and opened it. The dust hit her on her first inhalation and she spluttered out a dry cough. Her eyes took a while to adjust to the dim light. The shelves were indeed lined with books, but also, on a shelf high up, were crammed instruments and objects Hermione had never seen before. Immediately her ardent mind sparked. They fascinated her. She could hardly reach them, but standing on tiptoe, she reached her fingertips over the top and felt around. Random, unidentifiable items brushed her fingertips. Then her hand closed on cold metal, circular, with glass in the middle. A pulse of magic travelled up her arm. She pulled the object down. Hermione recognised it at once.

In her hand, she was holding a time-turner.

Hermione froze. How had McGonagall left such a powerful object lying loose in a cupboard? She thought back to the times she had used one. There had always been a strict and carefully controlled need for it. She could not get away with playing with it for her own amusement, surely. But now ...

There was no urgency. No life-threatening need. Nothing of any significance would occur if she went back a few days, a few weeks, surely ... She could have some fun.

Just fun, that was all.

She sighed and reached up to place it back on the shelf.

Rubbish.

It was not something to be toyed with.

Turning aside, she tried to ignore it.

Impossible.

It was calling to her.

Her body was tingling with need. Need for what? She could not be certain. It had been alive with desire earlier. And now? In addition to the still present tingle of sexual need, her body was aching once again for adventure.

Would it work?

She knew she would not rest until she had found out.

Reaching up, she grabbed the time-turner without giving herself a moment to reconsider again, and walked out of the room into the dim corridors of Hogwarts, continuing until she reached the deserted heart of the school.

Her mind reached back over the years. How many times had she turned it to go back a few hours? She could not recall, but she was sure it was several. It would be good to see if she could go back a few weeks. It had been sunny then. That at least would be something.

Hermione held the instrument in her hand, and with a flick, spun the inner orb. It began to rotate, picking up speed as she flicked it with her fingers. Her surroundings seemed to blur, rotating around her, the still point in the middle. The movement of the object mesmerised her and she spun it again and again, entranced by the hypnotic revolution around its axis.

She had lost track of how often it had revolved, but she reckoned she had spun it back a few weeks. That would do. But still it spun such a beautiful little thing. She really should stop it now. She tried. It proved tricky. A few more weeks had passed, she figured, before it finally came to rest. She could always spin it the other way to return to her present. As the glass sphere in the centre came to rest, so too did the world spinning around her. She glanced about.

Hermione was still in the corridors. It was raining outside; the same regular fall of grey raindrops as before. The place smelt the same, sounded the same. Nothing had changed. With a shrug of disappointment, she concluded that it hadn't worked. Hermione sighed deeply. Perhaps the magic had worn off since Dumbledore's death. After all, it was a ridiculously powerful object to keep lying around a classroom.

She turned to head back. At that moment, a man exited a room in front of her and turned up the corridor. He was very familiar, and not entirely welcome. She believed she recognised him all too well; deep black robes, noble but overly confident bearing, all topped with ash blond hair.

Hermione swore under her breath. Not only had her plan not worked, but she had to put up with Lucius Malfoy stalking the corridors of her school as well. Still, as the tall form disappeared ahead of her, she found herself intrigued. He looked remarkably good in black. Why hadn't she noticed before? That recognisable warmth was spreading through her belly. She started to follow him swiftly at a discreet distance.

She turned the corridor, and saw him moving ahead of her. She rushed to catch up a little. What was he doing here? She looked at his back. He must have had his hair cut. It seemed much shorter than she remembered, ending just above the shoulders. It also seemed to be sleeker, not flying around his head as usual. He didn't have his cane with him, either. Hermione continued following him.

Something fluttered from his person. He continued without noticing. Hermione reached the object. It was a handkerchief. She bent to pick it up. In the corner was monogrammed an elaborate M.

Her brows creased. She could just pretend he hadn't dropped it. But that wasn't her. Her sense of decency always rose to the fore, despite reason telling her to ignore it. And besides, it may be interesting to have a little chat. He did look so good in black.

She rushed ahead, catching up with him.

"Mr Malfoy!"

The man ahead of her stopped abruptly, and after a moment's pause, spun elegantly around to face her.

Hermione gasped in shock.

The man before her was not Lucius Malfoy. At least, she didn't think it was.

She frowned in bewilderment. He was so familiar, and yet, completely different. He had the same bone structure as Draco's father, the same grey eyes. And yet, this was not him.

Hermione blushed puce with embarrassment. The man before her was just as good-looking as the person she had mistaken him for, and carried the same patrician air about him.

"Yes?"

The word came smooth and deep. Why had he reacted to the name at all?

"I'm sorry. I thought you were someone else."

The man frowned, a slight sneer curling his lip. *So familiar.*

"In that case, you met upon the most extraordinary coincidence, as you managed to address me by my own name."

Hermione looked up, ever more startled. "I ... I don't understand."

The man sighed subtly but deliberately. "Do they teach nothing at this school? Perhaps I should reconsider sending my son here, after all. You addressed me as Mr Malfoy, did you not?" She nodded. "Well ... I am Mr Abraxas Malfoy."

Hermione's face froze in wonder, then broke into a broad grin as her circumstances at last revealed themselves. She had not been entirely mistaken. The time turner had indeed worked rather more spectacularly than she had intended. The man who was now revealed as Lucius Malfoy's father, Draco's grandfather, looked to be in his late thirties. She must have gone back well over thirty five years.

"And you are?"

She looked at him. He was smirking down at her, his hand extended invitingly. She could not ignore the seductive manner of his voice. He was remarkably attractive. He had the same sparking grey eyes as his son, beautiful bone structure and deep mellifluous tones. Hermione was intrigued. And she was certainly not bored anymore.

"Hermione."

She extended her hand to his. He gripped it tightly, his long warm fingers completely enveloping hers.

"And Hermione are you not in possession of a last name?"

"Oh, I'm just a student," she replied with a shrug, as if that would negate the need to provide him with her surname. She did not wish to inform him of her Muggle heritage at this stage.

"Hermione ...? An intriguing name ... I cannot ascribe it to any family I know ... Are you a Black?"

She shook her head with a slight laugh.

"A LeStrange?"

"No." More laughter. She recalled the reason she had caught up with him. It would also distract him from his preoccupation with her surname. "I almost forgot. You dropped this." She held out his handkerchief. His fingers reached for it, brushing warm and strong against hers. A tingle ran swiftly over her skin.

"Thank you." He smiled deeply at her again, holding her gaze. She could not recall if his son's eyes were as mesmerising.

A distant clock struck four. Malfoy tuned into it and drew himself up.

"I must go and collect my son. He is having a preliminary interview with the Headmaster. He will be finished by now."

Hermione's interest in the man deepened when she heard he was about to go and get his son from Dumbledore.

"Do you know the way to the Headmaster's office?"

Malfoy sneered in silent amusement. "I am a governor." But he did not turn from her. His face shifted into a smile of teasing interest. Hermione returned it. "But ... even my memory can fail me. Would you care to accompany me in case I should lose my way?"

Hermione inadvertently and briefly let her tongue flit out over her lips. It did not go unnoticed. "But of course, Mr Malfoy."

They walked in silent contentment for a while, not rushing to move through the dark deserted spaces. Hermione was fascinated by whom she found herself with, and wanted to discover more about his manner and personality. But, she could only admit, her body was also enjoying his commanding physical proximity.

"A governor, Mr Malfoy? And you intend to send your son here? How old is he?"

"He was nine last month. He is not due to attend for some years, but it is always wise to make an early impression. However, I am not entirely sure my son will adjust well to institutional life after being home-tutored for so long."

"A lot depends on the House he is sorted into."

"Well, that is a given."

"Is it?"

"He will be in Slytherin."

"Surely that is up to the Sorting Hat in his first year?"

"He will be in Slytherin."

Hermione smirked to herself. There was no use in arguing a point she knew would become fact. "Of course."

Abraxas Malfoy glanced quizzically at her just before they arrived at the bottom of the staircase leading up to Dumbledore's office.

At that moment, the staircase twisted and a figure emerged.

It was a young boy, clearly about nine. He had a pale face, with the most remarkably deep grey eyes. His mouth was set straight, almost defiantly fixed against humour and flippancy. Atop his head sat thick hair the same colour as the man beside her. It was not long, but could not be described as short either. Despite being a mere child, Hermione recognised him immediately it was Lucius Malfoy.

"Good. That did not take long. I shall speak to Professor Dumbledore. Wait here." Abraxas spoke dismissively to his son. The boy lowered his eyes and moved to the side, allowing his father to ascend the staircase next to him.

Hermione glanced across at the boy. He was a beautiful child, his beauty all the more reinforced by Hermione's awareness of how beautiful a man he would grow into. But he carried about him an air of melancholy which made Hermione bleed for him, even knowing the evil deeds he would perpetrate in his future. His large grey eyes did not look at her, but still contained a remarkable depth and maturity. It was as if he had been on this earth before - an old soul in a young body. Knowing what she did about how he turned out, she felt a sudden and strange affinity with him. He seemed remarkably self-contained and intelligent, but with a dreadful sobriety which permeated into her.

"Hello," she hesitated.

He turned his head and stared intently at her, but remained silent.

"Was your talk with Professor Dumbledore interesting?"

The boy continued to look at her with disarming and serious curiosity. "Who are you?" he asked abruptly.

"My name is Hermione, Lucius."

He did not flinch. "How do you know my name?"

She flashed her eyes mischievously at him.

"Magic."

Hermione smiled at her wry wit. The boy's features did not flicker. She got the distinct impression he was appraising her.

"What are you doing with my father?"

"He asked me to help him find the Headmaster's study."

She thought she saw a tug of cynicism at the corner of the boy's mouth. "My father knows this place almost as well as our house. He does not need help to find the Headmaster's study." She shrugged non-committally. Lucius continued immediately, "He must like you."

She glanced across at the boy. He continued to stare unwaiveringly at her, his grey eyes boring with ridiculous wisdom into her very being.

"That is very strange," he commented thoughtfully, "... as you are not one of us."

Hermione tried not to show the alarm in her eyes. "What do you mean?"

"You are a Muggle." Lucius spoke with forthright straightness, but she could detect no distaste in his voice.

"How do you know that?"

The blond boy before her spoke, his mouth curling into the faintest smile. "Magic."

Hermione could not help returning the smile, and a moment of conspiratorial secrecy passed between them which gave her a wicked thrill.

"Will you tell your father?"

"What would it matter if I did? You can hardly be described as a friend of his, or even an acquaintance. According to you, you simply came upon him in the corridor." The child was looking at her intently all the while he spoke to her, judging her every nuance and reaction. Other people would have found it disarming, but Hermione enjoyed the deep intelligence of the young boy.

Hermione could not dispute it. What did it matter what Abraxas Malfoy thought of her? She glanced down at Lucius and smiled. "You are right. In that case, I should go and

leave you both in peace. It has been very interesting talking to you, Lucius. I hope you enjoy your time at Hogwarts ... and make the most of your life afterwards."

He did not speak, and she turned to head away from him.

"I shan't tell him." The boy called loudly after her. "He will be back in a moment. Why don't you wait? I am sure he would like to see you again."

She turned back. The boy was staring at her with that same burning expression, but the smile she had seen briefly was back, dancing like a moth around the corners of his mouth. She was just an amusement to him. *Little change there, then*. But she sensed an understanding between them and decided to indulge him. After all, his father was as good-looking as he would later become. And she had been so bored.

She returned Lucius' secret smile. "Very well."

They sat in silence for some time, occasionally glancing at each other with a twinkle. It was good to see the boy actually looking like a child, she thought.

At length, Lucius reached into a bag next to him and brought out a sketch pad. He opened it and began drawing a picture he had already started. Hermione glanced at it. It seemed to show a sky of some sort, with heavy dark storm clouds gathering. To one side was some sort of fiery monster with wings, a dragon Hermione guessed, and on the other, a glowing human figure with radiant face. On closer inspection, Hermione could see that it was not human, for it had large wings on its back, and a spear in its hand. It was an angel. It was a scene from the Bible. She drew in a faintly audible breath of surprise.

Lucius glanced at her, but quickly returned to his drawing, sketching with remarkable ease and skill.

Hermione spoke, slowly and clearly, "*Factum est silentium in coelo dum committeret bellum draco cum Michaele Archangelo*."

Lucius smiled his disarmingly cynical smile again, but did not look up from his sketching. "I am not impressed that you recognise it. You are a Mudblood, after all. Your Latin is adequate, however."

She chuckled at his dismissal. Still, she would give credit where it was due. "I am impressed that you know it, Lucius. Tell me, is your Latin adequate?"

His hand did not pause in its movements. "There was silence in Heaven when the dragon entered into battle with the archangel, Michael."

"A perfect translation."

"Of course."

She looked hard at his drawing.

"Your dragon is very impressive. Do you like dragons, Lucius?"

He turned to her with those deep, knowing eyes. "I like confrontation between extremes, between opposites, good and evil, dragon and angel."

"And are all things as straightforward as that?"

He looked at her. It was clear he was struggling for an answer. "I hope so."

She smiled warmly down at him. What a fascinating child he was. Just then, footsteps sounded next to them. Lucius quickly tucked his sketchbook back into his bag and stood before the approach of his father.

Abraxas appeared, glancing briefly at his son with no hint of affection, before turning his gaze on Hermione. His eyebrow raised in a gesture reminiscent of his son as an adult.

"Still here?"

"I would appear to be," she smiled at him, trying in vain to remind herself of the cold, bigoted nature of the man before her. She failed. Abraxas held her eyes, his lips curling into a faint self-satisfied smile.

He glanced momentarily down at his son. "Lucius. You are to find your mother. She is waiting in the Great Hall. She will take you home."

"Are you not coming with us, father?"

Abraxas glared at his son, his fingers clenching with annoyance. "Enough of your impudence, boy! Do as I say. I have some other matters to attend to first." His eyes moved instantly back to Hermione and his features softened.

Lucius stared up at them. Hermione lowered her gaze to look down at him and the odd connection between them was momentarily stronger than ever. The boy slowly reached up his hand and held it out to Hermione.

"Goodbye."

She took it and encircled the small fingers tenderly. "Goodbye, Lucius."

He pulled his hand away with surprising assurance and turned to walk away from them. What she did next took her by surprise.

"Be good!" she called remarkably clearly down the corridor after him.

Lucius turned and fixed his deep grey eyes into hers again. He stared hard at her for a moment, then his mouth twitched into a smile, a smile containing more world-weary disparagement than she normally saw in embittered and jaded fifty year olds, let alone a nine year-old boy. And then Lucius turned and walked around a corner out of sight. Hermione watched him disappear, before turning her attention back to his father.

She looked up at Abraxas. He was staring down at her, a smile present on his features, his eyes dancing. He was ludicrously attractive.

Hermione wanted a distraction. She had made up her mind. He would be it. She knew full well who he was, what he was capable of, but she would never have to see him again after today. She would return to her own time, and no consequences would ever have to be faced.

Perfect.

She was going to have some fun. And Mr Abraxas Malfoy would provide it for her. Very willingly too, she gathered, based on the look on his face.

"Mr Malfoy has anyone offered you tea this afternoon?"

"No," he drawled, the Malfoy undertones all too recognisable. Hermione smirked. "I so wish they had, as I could use some ... refreshment."

"In that case, why don't we see what we can do?"

"A perfectly delightful idea. However, I am not in the mood to be sociable. May I suggest we limit it simply to the two of us?"

"I quite agree, Mr Malfoy. Oh you did say that you had some other matters to attend to. Please do not let me delay you in those matters."

"Oh, Hermione ... my dear ... you are the other matters."

She looked into his eyes, and her belly twisted its familiar plea of desire. This was better than locking herself in her own room with nothing more than her imagination.

She smirked up at him, her eyes darkening with lust. He read them immediately and stepped into her, clearly forcing himself to contain his own desire. His breathing was deep and laboured. "Do you have a room?"

She nodded, before suddenly remembering she was actually over thirty five years in the past. Shit.

Her mind worked furiously. The Room of Requirement! Surely it was still there.

She looked up at him. She could smell his heady aroma on her senses, his black robes floated before her eyes, ever darkening. "Follow me."

While still in possession of some ability, she turned and walked swiftly ahead of him, leading the way down the dim corridors and up staircases. The few people they passed glanced curiously at them. Hermione did not care. She doubted anyone knew who either of them was. They soon arrived outside the place she wanted. Hermione prayed that it would work. But, glancing up at the magnificent man before her, she knew she had never wanted or needed anything so much. She closed her eyes, picturing the type of place she required so desperately, and walked back and forth three times. She opened her eyes. There before her was a beautiful ornate door with a gold handle. She turned to Abraxas and smiled. He was looking at her with faintly disguised admiration. She grasped the handle and opened it.

Inside was a small but perfectly decorated bedroom. A large, four-poster bed stood off to one side, a fire crackled in a hearth, and deep rugs adorned the floor.

Hermione walked calmly in and turned to the man following her. He shut the door hard behind him.

"We will have to skip tea. I had forgotten you can't get food in here."

He was approaching her slowly, his eyes running along her body all the while. "Oh I think I can find other ways to assuage my thirst."

The effect of the time-turner, and its ability to restore her to her present with no repercussions, eliminated in Hermione the need for a moral code. It startled her a little that her needs could be so base, that she should even consider entering into a relationship of any kind with the patriarch of a family she so despised, with such good reason.

But that was what was turning her on. She could not deny it. And she would return, as would her morals, and her life would continue. And Abraxas Malfoy would be no more.

But now, she wanted him, and she would have him.

He was standing a mere foot from her, his chest rising and falling rapidly before her. She reached out her hands and placed them on his black robes. *Malfoy black? Why was the whole bloody family so stunningly attractive?* She smirked.

Hermione stood on tiptoes to reach the tall man before her. His lips had curled into a faint smile. She wanted to taste them. Her own desire was pooling rapidly between her legs. It needed to be addressed.

Abraxas leaned back swiftly, avoiding her touch. Hermione was startled.

"Uh uh uh," he chided. "We do this my way. Remove your clothes."

Hermione glared momentarily. She desperately wanted to touch him, reveal his body, the broad outline of which she could see beneath his elegantly tailored clothes. But his slow, magnificent seduction caused her desire to heighten. She did as he said.

She was wearing her uniform, and reached up first to tug her tie slowly from the knot, and slide it out of her collar. His eyes never left her. Then her fingers slipped one button out, then the next, and the next. She pulled her shirt off her body as slowly as she dared. She was burning for him, her pussy crying out for attention, throbbing with need. Her breasts rose up in her bra. She saw his eyes widen in admiration. She doubted he expected a demure 1960s schoolgirl to be wearing a red lace push-up bra.

Her hands moved to her skirt, and she undid the fastenings and allowed it to slip down her long legs. Hermione was wearing stockings. They were her indulgence, her little show of defiance to authority. She resented having to wear uniform, as she would be twenty in a few months, and the stockings were her way of putting two fingers up to authority.

The man before her exhaled a deep, slow breath of desire. He was clearly struggling to restrain himself.

He walked towards her yet again. At last.

"Well, well, what indeed do they teach you in this school? I have to say, my dear ... this is ... a very pleasant surprise ..."

His eyes were pouring over her body, and this time, his fingers followed. His hand reached for her bra strap, and at the first touch of the long, warm fingers on her burning flesh, Hermione shuddered, a moan of longing rising from her. He smiled, but continued his course of action. His hand pushed the strap off her shoulder, then moved to the other. He pushed the cups down, careful not to touch any flesh at that point, revealing her breasts and sitting them atop the bra, so they rose in desperate mounds of bubbling need.

Her nipples were tight and pink with desire and cried out for his touch. He had not yet kissed her, but at that point all Hermione wanted was for the energy contained in those taut buds of twin flesh to be allowed an outlet.

She need not have worried. His head descended to them, and after a brief look of appreciative longing, he brought his mouth to one of the nipples. Hermione nearly screamed, so tightly pent up had she been, so coiled with desire. He latched hard onto it, all sobriety, all control gone. He sucked, he tugged, he pulled and bit her tender flesh as if his life depended on it. Hermione's belly twisted violently, her pussy constricting in its own need that she thought she may come from that alone. His hand had found the other breast, and he kneaded and plied the flesh just as desperately, pinching and twisting the nipple in his strong fingers.

Hermione's mind blurred with a combination of anticipation, extreme pleasure and sharp pain, but it registered only as desire, desire and lust. This was not going to be an act of tenderness. She wanted it no other way.

Her hands reached up for his robes again. This time he did not stop her. She pulled desperately at the material, needing to expose his nakedness urgently. He tore himself away from her breasts briefly to help disrobe. She ripped his shirt apart and once his torso was revealed to her, sank her mouth to it with as much desperation as he had attacked her breasts. He pulled in a shuddering breath of pleasure and allowed her her indulgence for some time. Her own teeth nibbled, teased his smooth flesh, his nipples. His hands came up to release her bra clasp, and the garment fell to the ground, giving him free access to her ripe breasts. He returned to them at the first opportunity. Hermione was forced to pull back. Her head hung back and she allowed him to feast on her. Her nipples were being tugged and squeezed more than she could ever recall, but never had she felt such rapture.

"Please ...please ..." she was begging him. Her pussy was crying out, in such need of attention.

With a guttural groan against her soft flesh, Abraxas allowed his hand to descend, ghosting down the flatness of her belly, until it came to the soft, trimmed hairs at the apex of her thighs. She reached down and gripped his hair, pulling his head up to look at her. He groaned in pain, but did not stop. His hands were now finding her, parting her. She bit her lip, sucking in a sharp breath of expectation.

Abraxas breathed out. She was soaking, dripping onto his fingers. He ran them through the silky folds, relishing the feel of her lust on his fingertips. Hermione moaned as his skilled fingers parted, coaxed, teased, running through her folds, up to her needy clit, which he just avoided, then down to her centre again.

"Fuck!" She could not prevent the word from slipping out in a groan of need. He glanced curiously at her. Such language was not common among young ladies he knew, but then, most young ladies he knew did not find themselves being milked of ecstasy on his fingers. Her language fuelled his desire yet more, and with a grunt of concentration, he angled his fingers so two were thrust deep into her. They both released a groan. She was so tight, so deliciously wet and supple. His brows creased with the feel of her on him. Hermione's mind blurred. Her pussy had been so desperate for something inside it, that his fingers at that moment were the most glorious sensation on earth. She keened, grinding herself down onto them. He twisted and angled them, knowing exactly where to rub. Hermione gasped in, her eyes flying open. "Fuck, yes! There, there, there ... that is so good, *so fucking good*."

The contrast between the demure schoolgirl he had first encountered in the hallway and this woman so sexually needy impaled on his hand now, filled Abraxas Malfoy with more uncontainable lust than he had ever experienced. He knew what he needed next, but he would give her her pleasure first. He knew the order of things. In any case, he wanted to watch her carefully the first time she came. He imagined she would be beautiful. It would have to be soon, though. His cock was so swollen, pressing hard against his clothing, that it hurt.

His mouth descended to her breast again, attacking the nipple with brutal force, all the while his fingers plied and coaxed her ever-dripping pleasure from her pussy.

Hermione was now groaning and mewling with incessant sounds of rapture. She was so close, her body so close to plummeting from the edge. His fingers were thrusting up then out of her. When they came out, he would rub up hard to her clit, causing her mind to spin, her muscles to clench in taut preparation. His teeth closed around her nipple, and his fingers found her clit and pressed.

Abraxas felt the woman freeze under him. He drew his head up quickly and grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at him. Her eyes were wide, her mouth open to pull in much-needed air. Then she frowned, a bewildered look of amazement and near pain as her orgasm held her captive. He smirked. So beautiful. He thrust his fingers quickly back inside to feel her walls squeezing her pleasure out. A moan of unbridled rapture rose from Hermione's open mouth as she looked deep into those grey eyes. The pleasure gripped her body and she came apart around his fingers, needing him there to support her as she spasmed in his arms.

It was some time before Hermione was able to focus once again, so intense had her orgasm been. There was a noise. It was the sound of buckles being undone. She glanced down. Abraxas Malfoy had undone the rest of his clothes and stepped out of them. He was completely naked. She could not help a small intake of breath sounding. His cock was larger than any she had previously encountered. It rose up straight and needy, pre-cum already formed on the tip. He held it in his hand, stroking it slowly, supremely confident in his masculinity. She could not take her eyes off it. She wanted it.

"I must be in your mouth. Down, open for me."

If any other man had spoken to her like that, she would have thumped him and got out. This time, she did not.

Hermione sank to her knees immediately, her mouth hungrily gaping to take the magnificent object between her swollen lips. She engulfed it at once, desperate to taste and savour him before anything else.

Abraxas groaned with pleased exultation, staring down at the girl as she bobbed up and down on his heaving cock.

Hermione moved swiftly at first, sucking, pulling, her tongue swirling around the tip, licking up any moisture she found there, devouring it thirstily. He tasted sublime, she wanted as much of him as she could get.

She slowed, relaxing her pace, relaxing her throat. She was particularly skilled at this. She knew it. Her confidence fired her lust, and vice versa. She descended further, letting him sink down into her throat. She had long before learnt how to suppress her gag reflex. The man above could not form a coherent thought. As he felt his engorged erection being pulled further into the tight hot throat of this extraordinary girl, he had to force himself to keep staring at her. He could not believe her skill and ardour. He had cheated on his wife more times than he could remember; infidelity to him was as common as buying the *Daily Prophet*, but this girl's ability and passion staggered him.

Then she pulled back, her soft wet lips dragging hard over him, her nimble tongue teasing the tender head as he popped out. Then immediately back again, down, down, into that exquisitely tight searing heat. One of her hands gripped his lower length hard, the other cupped his balls. She knew exactly what to do. He was going to burst.

"Now, now, now, woman. Open, *open for me*." He had no hesitation in coming in her mouth.

He exploded hard into her, his thick white seed streaking her tongue, catching the corners of her mouth. He could not recall expending so much before. It was several seconds before the last drop flung itself out of his cock and onto her lips.

She looked up at him. Hermione knew exactly how the arrogance of men delighted in seeing their cum expended so visibly on a woman. She licked each drop avidly into her mouth. He thought the power was his. How wrong he was. She grinned and closed her mouth, swallowing him deep. Abraxas groaned and staggered to collapse onto the bed.

She came and lay beside him. He was panting hard, coarse words forced even from his elegant mouth. "Fucking hell. I haven't even been inside you yet."

Hermione grinned. She was certainly not bored anymore.

She slumped down beside him on the bed, running her fingers over his smooth torso, catching the nipples as she went, kissing his shoulder.

His arm came around her and he held her, tight, but tenderly.

"Is this your final year?"

"Yes. But, I'm a year older anyway. I had to retake the final year. I'll be twenty in a couple of months."

"Surely you did not fail your exams?"

She sniggered. "No. I could not attend school last year due to ... personal matters. I debated whether to come back or not. Let's just say, I have not had many problems proving myself intellectually."

He smirked down at her. "What a modest little thing you are," he drawled sarcastically. "You did the right thing, however. The quest for academic excellence should never be squandered."

She grinned at him. "Do you do this often?"

"What?"

"Seduce innocent schoolgirls?"

"Innocent?! I think not, my dear."

She giggled. "You know what I mean."

"If you are asking me if this is the first time I have been unfaithful to my wife, then no. But I should imagine that does not surprise you."

"It doesn't."

"But ..." he turned his cool grey eyes to look deep into her, "I am not entirely sure who was doing the seducing here."

She smiled knowingly up at him, and mutually, they moved their mouths together. They kissed, something they had not yet done. All reticence she may have felt about his character melted away as his warm supple lips moved over hers. Hermione groaned, willing him to deepen the kiss. She opened her mouth and delighted in the feeling of his tongue slipping into it, searching for her own. She met it with rising passion. His hands gripped her head and he devoured her beauty. His mouth moved to her ear and whispered hot and heavy into it, "Who are you? How did I find you? You are exquisite. I have never known anyone like you ... never."

A surge of triumph swept through Hermione.

Her fingers ran down his torso, and bumped against the rigid flesh of his engorged erection. She could not help glancing at it, trying to process the enormity it presented to her. Her insides throbbed their still unrequited need. Trying not to break the kiss, she lifted her leg over him and positioned herself above the purple tip. His mouth opened in anticipation. She smirked, then finally lowered her body onto him.

Abraxas Malfoy wondered if he would lose consciousness. This woman was extraordinary. Her tight wet heat squeezed every inch of his turgid tumescence as she engulfed him slowly and completely.

A groan of utter sensation rose uncontrollably from him. Hermione flung her head back and laughed a laugh of delight and pleasure. His enormous cock was filling her like nothing before, she rocked back and forth on it, feeling it stretch her flaming walls.

Then, leaning remarkably hard on his chest, she pushed up again. A mewl sounded from her as he caught her g-spot on the way out. Then, just as his tip threatened to fall from her, down again, slowly but surely, angling him to stroke along that perfect place as he went.

Hermione did not increase her speed for some time. They were both almost delirious with the sensations their bodies were slowly evoking in each other. His hand had almost subconsciously descended to her clit, rubbing it gently, circling it, teasing it, then hard. *Fuck, he was good!* She was so close again.

"You never told me your second name," his words were slurred up to her.

She smiled down, clamping hard on him as she sank fully. He groaned.

"Granger."

His features creased, halfway between pleased delight and bewilderment.

She did not stop moving.

"I do not recognise that name. There are no families I know of that name."

She leaned forward, stroking his nipples with her fingertips. She grinned down at him. "That's because it's a Muggle name."

His eyes widened in alarm. His mouth tensed. She pinched his nipples lightly. He groaned again, the phenomenal pleasure she was drawing from his body over-riding the confusion and fear brewing in his mind.

Hermione leaned over him, and brought her mouth to his ear. She did not stop the smooth, tight milking of his cock. Her hot wet walls were clamped so hard on him, she wondered if he could ever leave her.

She whispered into his ear.

"I'm a Mudblood. You're fucking a Mudblood. Your magnificent pureblood cock is inside a Mudblood pussy."

Abraxas' mind exploded. His body had never felt such undiluted pleasure. He was about to experience the most exhilarating orgasm of his life, he knew it. But how could this creature, this thing, provide him with such pleasure? How could she enthrall him so, entice him, entrance him? He cried out in bewildered horror caught amongst searing ecstasy.

"Do you want me to stop?" Hermione's lilting tease came again to his senses. She squeezed his cock so tight with her pussy he knew he was forever undone.

"NO! Don't stop! *You must not stop, you Mudblood bitch!*"

Hermione pushed herself up with a cry of exultation and propelled herself one final time along him.

Abraxas froze, his face twisting in what looked like sheer agony. His hands gripped her hips hard, bruising painfully, and with a gasp of revelation, he came.

He came so powerfully and forcefully that Hermione thought she could feel the force of his seed hitting her cervix. She certainly felt the swell of his already enormous cock as his shoots exploded within her time and time again. The man beneath her cried out with such visceral and primeval growls she hardly recognised them as human.

She threw her head back, propelling him once again along her primed g-spot, and came herself, so completely the room around her spun. Her orgasm gripped his still rigid flesh harder yet into her, and she screamed in triumph, her body shuddering with searing sensation.

She moved again, and felt her orgasm swell once more. She inhaled sharply. Never could she remember pleasure lasting for so long. The man beneath her juddered, releasing a final burst of cum.

At last her body relaxed, and she slumped down onto his damp torso.

She wondered if he would push her away. He did not.

His arm came around her and he held her there.

They lay in complete silence, trying in vain to absorb the enormity of all that had just transpired between them.

Abraxas Malfoy stared up at the canopy above him. The pleasure he had just experienced transcended what he thought possible in human sensation. And this with a Mudblood? Why was he not repulsed?

He was confused certainly, horrified, even. But he did not send her away. His cock still throbbed within her. He could not remove it.

Neither spoke. After a long while, Hermione rose up off him, his cock, at last limp, falling out of her. She heard a breath of loss escape him. She looked around. The door to a bathroom had formed on the opposite side of the room. Hermione entered it and climbed into the shower.

She thought little about what she had done, save for the intense pleasure her body had experienced. He was the best fuck she had ever had; that was enough. It had certainly enlivened her Wednesday. She had had Abraxas Malfoy. She grinned to herself at the thought. Who would have thought he would have been quite as good as that? She fully expected him to be gone when she emerged, to have run from her at the first moment of realisation.

She left the bathroom. He was still lying on the bed.

Hermione gasped in with the surprise of it. What should she say to him? She decided on nothing, but started to put her clothes back on.

He was at her before she had done up a single button on her shirt. He raced to block her progress, standing a mere foot away from her, not quite touching.

Hermione flinched, fear coursing through her. The magnificent man before her was alight with tense passion. At that moment she assumed it was anger. She could sense his body tight and rigid before her. He had thrown on his outer robes; they concealed his cock. She dared not look into his eyes, for fear he would strike her. She began to do her buttons up again. He grabbed her arms hard, and with a slight surprised squawk of terror from Hermione, threw her down on the bed again.

It was only when his strong hands gripped her knees and pulled them apart, and his robes fell open to reveal him hard and rigid once again, that Hermione realised he was certainly not going to strike her.

His hands were running languidly up her legs, up, up higher, until his fingers hovered around her swollen flesh, already crying out for more.

She moaned, a moan of relief, lust and revelation. She must feel his mouth on her.

She did.

Abraxas' tongue came out and touched her just above her perineum, then in one long slow, deep stroke, he swept it up, circling around the opening to her pussy as he passed it, and continuing on to her clit. As he licked hard over it, then flicked rapidly back and forth, she mewled, arching up into his hot demanding mouth.

Her hand was flung down to hold him there.

Why this? How? Why had he not flung her across the ground and out of his life?

It didn't matter. His tongue, lips and teeth were quickly drawing her up to yet another palpitating orgasm.

He tugged, nibbled, pulled her sodden flesh, occasionally letting his tongue push into her to gather her desire. She pushed onto it and was rewarded with more. A finger worked its way into her arse, completing the circle of pleasure.

She pulled in a sharp breath of rapture. He pulled momentarily away from her.

"Yes ... Let me hear you, let me hear your ecstasy, Mudblood."

His words brought her to the edge. She pressed herself onto his mouth and finger, and with a final skilled lave along her, she came, her climax so intense blinding colours flashed behind her eyelids. Hermione cried out, the sound ripped from her akin to a noise of agony. His acceptance of her at her most base and vulnerable, his need for her despite her revelation, combined to bring her more complete pleasure than even before.

After the last twitch had juddered from her body, he pulled back and stood, and without a word, walked into the bathroom and showered himself.

Hermione lay still for some time, her body still thick and heavy with the pleasure that had coursed repeatedly through it.

She clenched a fist and pushed it into her mouth, stifling a giggle. She, a *Mudblood*, had just been well and truly fucked by one of the most prejudiced, arrogant purebloods there was. One who had sired a man who went on to become Voldemort's favourite Death Eater. An image of the child she had spoken to earlier came to her. Her smile faded. *What a waste.*

She pushed herself off the bed and this time, managed to do up the buttons on her shirt. There was a large desk to one side of the room. Several thick books lay on it. She picked one up. It was one of her favourite novels, *Sons and Lovers*. She smiled and flicked through it. Hermione allowed her relaxed mind to absorb the text before her, and spinning around, she wriggled up to sit on the desk, resting her foot on the chair before it.

The shower was turned off and the bathroom door opened to reveal Abraxas standing in only a towel. Hermione smirked at him. He stood, assessing her, sitting legs bent on the desk, clad only in her shirt and stockings.

Without a word, he moved to her, letting the towel fall in the process. He was fully erect again.

He came over, positioned herself between her legs, removed the book from her grasp, grabbed her hips, and plunged into her. They both groaned as pleasure engulfed them once again.

He glanced down as he pistoned steadily in and out, his brow furrowing to concentrate on the sight of his cock disappearing then reappearing from within her. Hermione leaned her arms back on the desk and let herself be guided by him.

"Are you not going to speak to me again?" Her words were caught among breaths of pleasure.

"Words seem rather unnecessary." He was studying his movement within her carefully.

"I like to know what you are thinking, what you are feeling." She flexed her muscles around him. His breath hitched.

"I'm thinking, Mudblood, that you have the most perfect pussy in the world. You have spoilt me for any other pussy."

Hermione threw her head back and laughed. He rubbed skilfully inside. She sucked in a breath. "There! There! Harder, harder fuck *Fuck me harder!*"

One hand left her hip and grabbed her shoulder, his fingers gripping her skin so hard it brought a frown of agony to her face. It passed swiftly as he moved perfectly within her.

"Talk to me, Mudblood, let me hear your pleasure."

"I thought you said ... words were unnecessary ... ooohhh ..." By the end of her sentence, she could voice herself only in a rising groan of satisfaction.

"Sorry ... I didn't quite catch that?" he queried with a teasing lilt. His movements were fast and brutal now, propelling them quickly to oblivion.

"Yes, yes, yes, yes ... so fucking big. I've never been so full, I want you to know that. Never before, never again. Abraxas ... fuck, so good. More, more *harder*, I want it ... I want it so much. I want your huge fucking pureblood cock tearing me apart. Do it, *do it now.*"

He obliged. Pummelling into her desperately, the huge pureblood cock in question was a blur as he thrust ever harder and faster in and out of her.

"I'm coming, I'm coming ... so good, so *good* ..." Her words were lost in a long moan of rapture as she froze around him. He gripped her chin as he had done that first time,

and stared hard into her. Hermione's face twisted with apparent pain before the melting of pleasure relaxed all tension and washed through her. Her orgasm reached through her body, then with a strong pulse along her, reinvented itself to surge through her another time. This time she screamed. She knew it would never be better.

With the sight, sound and feel of her, Abraxas came spectacularly into the tight hot flesh of her pussy. He had never felt such an exquisite all-encompassing orgasm. It surpassed the last one he had had with her, if anything.

They held each other, running their hands along the velvet flesh, slick with the after-effects of heated pleasure, holding the other tight.

And then, gripping under her buttocks, he lifted her, and carried her, still enveloping him, over to the bed. They fell upon it with a laugh of delight, although he slipped out of her in the process.

Hermione knew at some point they would have to part, that she would have to return to a semblance of responsible living, and put this incident behind her. She turned to look at the man beside her. Where she was going, he was dead. Even knowing what she did about him, her heart panged with a sudden mourning loss. She reached over and stroked his face. He turned to her and smiled. She leaned in and planted a tender, honest kiss on his lips.

"Thank you."

He smiled again, all arrogance absent. "My dear Miss Granger, all gratitude is undoubtedly mine."

His features tensed and a pall of gravity descended over him. He turned to her. "I won't see you again, will I?"

She shook her head. His certainty seemed to stem from more than a reluctance on his part to continue their relationship due to her provenance.

He reached up to cup her face. "Who are you? Where have you come from?"

She frowned softly at him and shook her head. "Don't ask me that."

He smiled ruefully. "No. Do not disturb perfection."

She returned the smile. "No."

With that he rolled over onto her and plunged swiftly but tenderly up into her. She arched up into him, propelling him as deep as was possible. Their pleasure grew mutually and gradually, and when their climaxes reached them both, it seemed a fitting completion to the day's events.

When he at last slipped from her, Abraxas reached over for his fob watch and glanced at the time. "I have to get back. I am due at some tedious function tonight. It is, with the deepest regret and tedium that I must depart from your exquisite being to attend."

With a final searing kiss, he rose from the bed, and after cleansing with a charm, dressed himself.

She lay staring at him, propped up on one elbow, not wishing the moment to end.

"Will you say hello to your son for me? He is a good boy."

"Hmm," Abraxas agreed cynically, "that does not guarantee he will become a good man."

Hermione simply looked at him, a little of the light fading from her eyes.

He had finished dressing. "There." He drew himself up for approval.

"Very fine. Very fine indeed."

She rose from the bed and encircled her naked form about him. He groaned. "My dear, I really must go."

"I am not stopping you."

He sucked in a breath. Gripping her arms, he pulled her back from him a little, and bent down, plunging his tongue into her moist mouth once again. When he tore himself away, his mouth travelled to her ear, and he whispered into her, "Remember, you have spoiled me ... there will never be another like you ... *never*."

Hermione smiled at him, returned his kiss, then drew back swiftly. "Goodbye, Abraxas. Goodbye, my beautiful man. Go. You must go now."

He smiled, then walked swiftly away from her before he could no longer move. At the door, he looked back with a final deep gaze, returned by her, opened it, and left.

She would never see him again.

When Hermione woke up the next day in her own room, her body still throbbed with the remembered pleasure of the previous hours.

It had taken her several hit-and-miss experimentations with the time-turner to return to her proper time. She had spun it endlessly forwards and back from a discreet vantage point in the library, from where she could spy the date on the current *Daily Prophet*. At one point she had emerged weeks into the future and had been tempted to stay for a while and investigate, but sense got the better of her, and she quickly turned the instrument to send her back again.

She had replaced the time-turner high up on McGonagall's shelf and promised herself it would remain there.

Her life returned to normality. She finished her NEWTs at last, naturally excelling in all of them, and took up a position at the Ministry.

And so it was that she found herself one Thursday afternoon in Diagon Alley. She was walking purposefully towards Gringotts when her eyes fell upon a familiar figure perusing the window of Flourish and Blotts.

On any other day she would have crossed the road to avoid him, lowered her head and hurried past quickly. Not this day. Her heart swelled with surprising vigour.

She approached him boldly.

"Good afternoon, Mr Malfoy."

Lucius Malfoy spun around, barely able to conceal the amazement in his eyes at being addressed by Hermione Granger.

"Miss Granger." He paused, clearly unsure what to say. "To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd be pleasant for a change." Her broad smile contradicted her sardonic comment.

"Indeed." He was confused.

She searched his face, looking for the little boy in him. He was not obvious, she realised with regret, but smiled nonetheless. It had been a good day, that day she had gone back in time.

Lucius inhaled, as if about to move off. "Miss Gr..." He stopped, a frown capturing his noble face suddenly. He stared hard at her, his eyes narrowing. Hermione waited, locking her eyes into his. She remembered that moment, that moment of understanding between them, that for him was so many years ago. She felt the same again. His gaze bore into hers. Could he sense it too?

The sky above them darkened. Lucius tore his eyes away, glancing up at the dark clouds which were quickly gathering. The streets around them soon emptied. The air was heavy with the oppressive silence before a storm.

Lucius continued staring above him, then opened his mouth and spoke, low and slow. "*Factum est silentium in coelo.*"

Hermione looked at him. Slowly, he turned his head and held her gaze. She had never seen him so natural, so human.

He spoke again. "There is a storm coming."

"Who will win I wonder? The dragon or the angel?"

"Ah, as I have discovered, things are never as straightforward as that."

She smiled softly at him. He returned it.

"Have you always known that?"

He sighed. "I think, in my younger days, I was inclined to be more idealistic, and perhaps I thought not."

"Parents tend to instil such misguided values in us, however inadvertently. Or perhaps your mother or father themselves shared those ideals?" She glanced at him surreptitiously. He was smirking at her.

"Not my father. He knew far too well of the complexity of life. Oh no, despite his better nature, paradox and the blurring of distinction sat as uneasy bedfellows amongst his unequivocal beliefs and convictions." He continued to stare at her, searching her eyes as she had done his. "A complex man, my father ... a complex man."

Heavy drops of rain started to fall. Hermione pulled her scarf about her. "I have to go." She extended her hand to his. "It has been very good seeing you again, Mr Malfoy. Perhaps we shall meet again someday."

"Indeed, Miss Granger. Someday." He shook her hand remarkably warmly.

She smiled again, then turned and headed up the street away from him.

"Miss Granger!"

Hermione stopped and looked back. Lucius was smiling at her with clear teasing Malfoy charm.

Before mounting the steps and disappearing into Flourish and Blotts, he called across to her.

"Be good."

Any comments gratefully received. LL x