

To Relieve Boredom, Part Two: Luceat Eis

by laurielove

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Luceat Eis

Chapter 1 of 1

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This story is a follow-up to my Hermione/Abraxas fic, To Relieve Boredom. She may not be able to go back to Abraxas, but there is one other person who may be able to ease Hermione's burn ... someone she connected profoundly with before: Abraxas' son, Lucius Malfoy.

If you have not read To Relieve Boredom, I would recommend doing so, but it is not essential. In it, a rather sexually needy Hermione (trying to fill the void left by war and trauma), finds a time-turner and travels back over thirty years where she meets and has an incredible sexual experience with Abraxas Malfoy. During that time, she also encounters an intense nine-year-old Lucius. He draws a picture depicting the archangel Michael battling the dragon, which prompts an interesting discussion between the two of them. When she returns to her own time, she meets the adult Lucius again in Diagon Alley; it is clear he has remembered her from his childhood.

It simply couldn't be left there, could it? However, I have posted this as a separate story, as I need these tales, and any that come after, to be distinct from each other. I do not want to belittle the uniqueness of each encounter she has. Hermione wouldn't ... why should we?

Enjoy!



Hermione had been working at the Ministry for several months. She quickly settled into her job and seemed to be enjoying it. She had celebrated her twentieth birthday. As ever, there had been men, coming and going, satisfying an immediate need, but no more. She began to wonder if she should possibly start looking for more. Her mind often returned to that day with Abraxas, never bettered. She doubted it would be. She had told him as much.

She missed him. She missed his firm, smooth, pale torso, the slight but perfect rise of his pectoral muscles, his long legs, his flashing eyes, teasing smile ... his cock.

Hermione sighed. Why did her mind always return to something so base and primordial? She swallowed hard. What was it about a man's member that so entranced and captivated her? His had by far been the most glorious example she had ever come across, and she had seen a few in her time.

She had pictured it many times ... that first moment she had seen it. He had stood before her, unaware almost of what he was doing, but supremely confident in his own potency, stroking it sensually. Hermione moaned. At moments like this, her nature resorted to its most animalistic. Was that normal? She questioned it occasionally, but never ignored it, never retreated from it. She had suffered so much in her short life, that a return to the essence of being human, of what made woman woman, and man man, was strangely reassuring. The male phallus was to her a rock amidst an ever swirling sea. She wanted Abraxas Malfoy's cock again. She wanted it filling her, she wanted it between her lips, tasting it.

But she had decided not to go back again. It was too risky, too desperate. Something would eventually go wrong. In any case, she no longer had access to the time-turner.

Hermione resigned herself to never having another moment like it. There was no one who would satisfy her the way Abraxas Malfoy had.

Except perhaps one.

Hermione squeezed her eyes shut. She knew the one person who could possibly give her what he had given her. She knew it as it was this person who had drawn her to Abraxas in the first place, this person who she knew to be supremely potent in his physicality and erotic magnetism, this person with whom she had connected in his own distant past, the person with whom Abraxas shared his genes, his flesh and blood ... his own son, Lucius Malfoy.

Since coming across him in Diagon Alley, Hermione had found herself thinking about Lucius nearly every day. The moment between them there had been intimate, intense, but understandably lacking any sexual undertones; rare for Hermione when confronted with such an attractive man. At that moment, he was still the little boy, wide eyes searching her soul, despite his clear masculine adulthood.

No longer. She thought of him once again only as Man.

And what a man.

He was as magnificent in every way as his father. He was the blueprint. Hermione knew that if it had not been for Lucius, she would never have found his father quite so devastatingly attractive. Indeed, on encountering him in the corridors, she had initially mistaken the imposing figure of Abraxas for his son.

She knew why no other man had come remotely close to satisfying her since. The Malfoys were the benchmark, the measuring stick against which every other man was pitted. And Abraxas and Lucius were the only ones to measure up. The fact that they represented to her everything she knew she should strive to avoid only reinforced their erotic intrigue and magnetism.

They were almost as one, the father and the son. At first, she yearned for them both, her mind practically incapable of distinguishing the one from the other. Every night, in the absence of a companion, she would satisfy herself with her fingers, and a fervent imagination, thinking of grey eyes, blond hair, supercilious smile. Her orgasms, although lonely, were usually powerful and all-consuming.

But as time had dragged her further from her encounter with Abraxas, and her mind had reconciled itself to the fact that Lucius was the only living, breathing tangible man of the two, Abraxas' features had faded, only to be replaced entirely by his son's.

But fate conspired, it seemed, to keep them far apart.

It did not stop Hermione hoping and dreaming. It had been only a few months since their last encounter. And in the sometimes claustrophobic wizarding world, people were never parted for long.

Hermione's patience was about to be rewarded.

Platform Nine and Three-Quarters at King's Cross Station was not used exclusively for the Hogwarts Express. It served as the London terminal for journeys on hidden magical railways to locations all over the country. It was the case that most adult wizarding folk chose floo travel or Apparition to make their way to destinations, but occasionally the idea of a peaceful journey steaming through the countryside appealed to even the most skilled wizard, and there was still a significant demand for wizarding rail travel.

Hermione had chosen to travel by rail to her conference in York for just such a reason. Her life had been hectic and incessant of late, and the thought of passing several hours with no obligation for frantic activity appealed immeasurably to her.

At half past ten, she walked swiftly up to the barrier at King's Cross with her overnight bag and passed through it effortlessly. The platform on the other side was not overly busy, as she was so accustomed to from her Hogwarts days, but it buzzed with magical excitement nonetheless. The huge steam engine which would carry her northwards stood proudly on the tracks, its gleaming red paint shining under the lamps hanging from the vast iron beams.

She looked around. There were still forty-five minutes before the train was due to leave. She had hoped to be able to enjoy a quiet cup of coffee before departing. There was a café for magical people next to the platform. She walked over and ordered a latte, sitting at a quiet table in the corner.

Pulling a copy of the *Daily Prophet* out of her bag, she opened it on the table before her.

A shadow fell across the page she was reading. She frowned in annoyance and glanced up.

Lucius Malfoy was standing above her, staring down in controlled amusement.

Hermione's belly immediately flipped and a rush of saliva fell onto her tongue.

"Miss Granger."

"Hello." She tried vainly to hide the thrill in her voice. His low drawl alone was enough to bring a hot wetness spreading between her thighs.

"What brings you to King's Cross this morning?" Malfoy continued smoothly.

"I'm catching the eleven fifteen to York."

His eyebrows raised in affected surprise. "Really? How remarkable. I am due to board the same train for the same destination."

Her smile broadened and her belly pranced. "I'm attending a conference on the possible rerelease of magical wolves into the wild."

"Indeed? How extraordinary, as that is precisely the purpose of my visit too. I represent private landowners. There are clearly repercussions should there be any ... accidents due to these creatures on our land."

She continued to stare up at him. He continued to stare down at her. She wanted to touch him so much it hurt.

She swallowed hard. "Mr Malfoy. Would you care to join me? There is still time before the train."

"Yes." He came to his senses. "I shall just get myself some refreshment and then will accept your invitation with pleasure." He smirked before turning from her elegantly.

Hermione started breathing again.

I could use some refreshment.

The words of his father all those years ago (or months as it still was to Hermione) rang in her ears. The one was the embodiment of the other. But it was Lucius who was capturing her being now, Lucius who had entered her mind and soul, as he had before, as he had as the intense, intriguing young boy sketching so fluidly before her. Boy no more. She smiled to herself. It was strange ... he must be over twenty-five years older than her, and yet that day she had held the advantage in terms of age and experience. Advantage? The more she thought about it, the less sure she was. The burning eyes of the nine-year-old boy returned to her. They had disarmed her then. She remembered the way he had toyed with her, confronted her with the truth of her origins and teased her about his father. She ran her finger thoughtfully around the rim of her cup.

Lucius returned and sat across from her. She smiled.

"Is life treating you well, Miss Granger?"

"Yes, thank you."

"Plenty to keep you amused?"

She glanced up. He did not bother to conceal the smirk entirely. She smirked back. "There is always room for more amusement in one's life, Mr Malfoy."

"I quite agree."

They were silent for a time, sipping their coffee. Hermione was aware that his eyes remained trained on hers the whole while.

"And how has life been treating you, Mr Malfoy?"

"Remarkably well, thank you."

"Remarkably well for an ex-Death Eater, you mean?"

His features froze briefly. He was clearly not expecting her to be quite so bold. "My my. You have not lost your *bite* I see, Miss Granger." He emphasised the word with tongue-tip precision, making even a veiled insult sound erotic.

She smirked. His features softened before she continued. "Well, it's the truth. Things must have been quite difficult after the war, despite your ... transformation and ... exoneration." She looked up at him. Her words were spoken with thinly disguised scepticism. He was holding her gaze steadily.

"People move on, Miss Granger. As apparently you have too, as you now find yourself sitting drinking coffee with ... an ex-Death Eater." He raised his eyebrow to emphasis his point.

She relished the play between them.

"Life is full of contradictions, Mr Malfoy. I have always been intrigued by things regarded as a stark opposite to that which would be expected of me."

He stared at her evenly.

"Is that what you said to my father when you fucked him?"

Hermione did not look away, but could not prevent her throat bobbing as she swallowed. After a time, the fire within the grey burned her and she had to lower her eyes.

"How did you know?"

"Knowing my father, it did not take a genius to work out what his intentions were. And I could tell you were more than interested. And later on, it was confirmed to me another way."

"Do you still remember?"

"Yes. You know I do. But only after I saw you again in Diagon Alley that day." He was still looking at her. "I presume you used a time-turner?"

"Yes."

"Naughty girl." The drawl and the smirk were back. She wanted him more than ever.

"You were a fascinating child."

He did not reply for some time. "My childhood was not a happy one."

"I am sorry."

"I would not bother expending any emotional energy on that, Miss Granger."

"Do you still sketch?"

"No."

"You were very tolerant of me that day."

"Tolerant?"

"Yes."

"I was too young for the poison of prejudice to have spread too deep into my blood."

"You acknowledge you have since been prejudiced?"

He did not respond.

"You must have thought me a curious thing," Hermione eventually continued.

"Hmm. I liked you."

She smiled. "I liked you too."

"I wished I could have been older, like my father."

"Why?"

"I thought you were the sort of woman I would like to spend more time with. And you were interested in me. No one was ever interested in me. I wanted something, but I did not understand what. Whatever it was, it was not yet formed. But then my father returned. And you were interested in him more, for a different reason; a reason I did not fully understand. The attraction between you two was very clear. I was jealous of him. I was jealous of his adulthood."

She looked deep into him as his words sank in. At that moment, they were back in the corridor, forging that bizarre bond. But now he sat before her, older, wiser ... perhaps. She smiled genuinely. "And now you are the adult, Lucius."

His eyes met hers with such burning intensity again she wondered if she would pass out. She felt the same need, the same longing she had felt with his father in the halls of Hogwarts.

The cafe was emptying. She glanced at the clock. They had only a few minutes before the train left. She prepared to get up, hoping he would accompany her.

"Lucius! How the devil are you, old chap?!"

Lucius' features flinched. He stood reluctantly and turned towards the short ruddy man making his way to the table.

"Montague," he drawled with bitter resignation. The man extended a plump damp hand aggressively and grasped Lucius' in it. He shook it vigorously. Lucius looked repulsed.

Hermione stood. "I have to go. I ... I'll see you ... maybe ..." She shot him an agonised look before rushing off, her body protesting at the denial of his proximity. Hopefully she would see him soon enough.

As she left, she heard the man scoffing to Lucius, "Was that Hermione Granger? What a stunning little thing she's grown into. Wouldn't mind a ride in a bumpy carriage with her ... know what I mean, Malfoy!? Haven't lost your touch then, old man!?"

Hermione rolled her eyes as she hurried away. She didn't see Lucius Malfoy clenching his fists tightly in an effort to refrain from punching his companion.

Hermione boarded the train and found it busy. She eventually came to a small enclosed compartment, one of the kind with opposing seating for four, and a door separating it from the corridor. There was a stern looking wizard inside, his long beard meticulously brushed and clipped. A purple velvet hat sat tightly on his head, matching his old-fashioned purple robes. He was studying the *Daily Prophet* so intently she thought he would burn a hole in it. He looked up with clear annoyance as Hermione walked in, but as there were no other spaces, this would have to be it. She excused herself as she walked past him and went and sat next to the window, turning away from him and staring hard outside, willing the train to set off. She wondered where Malfoy was.

The door to the carriage opened again. Lucius Malfoy stood just outside. She beamed at him. The corners of his mouth twitched into a faint smile of his own. Unfortunately, his short sweaty companion had managed to tag along too.

"May I?" Lucius drawled.

The purple wizard at first frowned in further displeasure, but when he saw who had asked the question, his features shifted into deferential surprise and he indicated the space opposite. Malfoy walked in and came and sat directly opposite Hermione. He did not look at her, but turned his gaze to stare out of the window, just as she had. She smirked to herself.

Montague, who Malfoy was ignoring, shuffled in after him, negotiating his substantial bulk through the tight space with considerable difficulty. The neatly bearded wizard huffed with annoyance and rustled the *Daily Prophet*.

"Busy today, isn't it? Haven't been on a train for a while. Now I remember why!" Montague snorted a laugh out and his face reddened. He reminded Hermione of a pig at a trough. He shuffled his large backside closer to Malfoy and leaned over a little to Hermione. "Aren't you going to introduce us then, Malfoy?"

Lucius turned to him in complete amazed ignorance. It was clearly ludicrous that such a beautiful creature as Miss Granger would want to be introduced to such an odious little runt as he. Still, there was a certain social protocol to be adhered to in any situation. With a subtle roll of his eyes, he motioned his hand between them. "This is Augustus Montague. Montague ... Hermione Granger."

"A pleasure, my dear." Montague gripped her hand hard and grinned lasciviously before lowering his damp puffy lips to it. She tensed and tried to draw back, but the man holding her hand had it so tightly she could not. Her stomach squirmed, this time with repulsion. She looked to Malfoy for support. His face was twisted in distaste. He glanced at her apologetically.

"So, fancy this, sharing a carriage with such a heroine of the war! Tales of your exploits have certainly captured my imagination, my dear. Oh yes, indeed!" Montague chortled sycophantically. "Still, I suppose fame does have its advantages. Plenty of men lining up, I should imagine, hey, Miss Granger?! I should think you have to beat them off. Still, you can beat me off any day, my dear." His belly wobbled as he laughed. Hermione sighed and turned away, her arms crossed. Malfoy looked across at her curiously. The purple wizard glared over his glasses.

The train rumbled on. Montague had kept up his droning whine for some time before slumping back into sleep. Hermione and Lucius had stared mainly from the window. She did not feel like talking too much in front of the purple wizard. Occasionally, Malfoy's foot would bump against hers. He did not acknowledge these incidents with an apology, but a small smirk would grace his features when they occurred. Hermione wanted him so much the ache inside was painful.

At one point, Montague's head slumped onto Lucius' shoulder. He turned with repugnance to it and, with a stronger shove than was necessary, pushed him off. The man swayed to the other side with a snort. Hermione inquired warily, "Is he coming to York as well?"

"Mercifully, not. He is getting out at Cambridge."

Thank god, Hermione thought. It was the next stop.

When the train pulled into Cambridge, Malfoy shook Montague awake violently. He started, leaping to his feet with comical shock. Hermione tried to stifle her giggle.

"Your stop," Lucius sneered.

"Oh ... oh right, old chap!" Montague looked around with bewildered confusion. "Thanks, thanks. Right ... Miss Granger ... a pleasure. I do hope we can rekindle our acquaintance again soon." He bent to kiss her hand again, but this time Hermione was prepared and pulled it away before he had the chance.

At last they were free of the repulsive little man. A moment of affinity passed even between them and the stuffy purple wizard. The air in the cabin was suddenly both more enlightened and more fragrant.

"Where are you staying, Mr Malfoy?" Hermione queried, trying to sound as formal as possible.

"At the hotel where the conference is being held, Miss Granger," he smiled at her.

"Really? So am I. I'm sure we shall be seeing a lot of each other in that case."

"Hmm," he smirked.

The train wobbled its way ever further north. The neatly bearded wizard resolutely refused to get off, or raise his head from the *Daily Prophet*. Hermione hoped he was not travelling all the way to York.

And then, only when the train was pulling into the next station, did he suddenly and unexpectedly rouse himself, leaping to his feet with surprisingly nimble alacrity, and with a sharp nod of acknowledgement to them both, exit the carriage. Hermione watched with immense relief as he propelled himself up the platform and away. No one else got into their compartment.

The train started moving again. Hermione's belly jerked with each jolt to the track, but not with distress. The man opposite her stretched his legs to the side. They were long, clad as ever in richest black.

"Alone with an ex-Death Eater, Miss Granger? Can you be assured of your safety?" He was looking out of the window, the Malfoy smirk deeper than ever.

"Oh, I can assure you, Mr Malfoy, I can look after myself."

The atmosphere in the carriage grew to a point beyond containment. She could lock the door with magic, but knew that any guards or conductors had spells to eliminate any cast by passengers. It was too risky to do what needed to be done.

Lucius Malfoy had turned his head and was now staring at her, that faint smile still present. Hermione was burning. From the soaking heat between her legs to the flush of her face, every fibre in her being was alight. A slight moan rose from her involuntarily. She glanced at him. His eyebrows had risen in query. Then his face relaxed again, still smiling.

She could stand no more.

"What are you thinking?" she asked abruptly.

He remained silent for some time. She huffed with frustration. Then came his reply.

"I was wondering what you look like when you come."

She held his eyes, trying not to show the triumphant surprise behind them. Her chest rose and fell so rapidly each breath hurt. She knew her nipples stood out prominently through the thin material of her top and lace bra.

It had to be done. She waved her wand at the door, locking it against any members of the public. The blinds too descended rapidly.

Hermione was wearing a short skirt, her legs ending in heels much higher than was practical for extended travel.

She brought her right leg up so that her foot rested on the settle next to her, the point of the heel digging into the material. Lucius Malfoy glanced at it.

Her hand came down until it found the hem of her skirt. She did not take her eyes from him. Slowly, carefully, she pulled the skirt up, higher, higher, revealing the top of her stockings, then even higher. She was wearing no underwear. Her skirt was up over her hips. Her leg fell to the side, and she revealed herself fully to him; naked, glistening, needy.

Malfoy's eyes moved to the sight before him. She saw his adam's apple bob once.

And then Hermione's hand moved down her leg, coming to rest in the soaked, silken folds. Two fingertips quested between them, finding the moisture gathered there. She slipped the fingers along, a breath pulled in. Slowly at first, she caressed and stroked, drawing the first gatherings of ecstasy up deliciously. Then her fingers began to work more ardently, garnering the pleasure pouring from her, rubbing hard, then soft, circling that ripe flesh at the top. Lucius could see her clit, red and swollen. He wanted to touch it so much his body almost propelled himself towards it. But for now, he would watch, watch how this girl pleased herself, watch her reaction, her abandonment to ecstasy. Her fingers touched briefly over the primed nub, then stroked, circling it instead. Hermione moaned. Her hand descended, and with an arch, she pushed two fingers as deep into her as she could. Lucius sucked in a breath as he saw them disappear inside her, wanting what they had.

Hermione closed her eyes with a moan as pleasure started its inexorable build to fulfilment within her. Her other hand came up, pulling her shirt out and lifting it above her breasts. She then tugged her bra cup down so that her breast was exposed, and immediately reached for the hard dark nipple, so neglected. She pinched it hard, remembering at that moment how Abraxas Malfoy had attacked her nipples that day. She inhaled deeply and turned her eyes to his son. Lucius was staring at her with a remarkable calmness, his legs before him. His robes hid any disturbance under them.

Hermione was ready. The cool grey eyes of the man were catapulting her towards ecstasy as much as her own fingers. Bringing herself pleasure before Lucius Malfoy was, with the exception only of her experience with his father, the most erotic and liberating experience of her life.

Her fingers moved into her once again, before sweeping out and up to her clit, circling a final time, priming her muscles, and then moving hard over it.

She locked eyes with him. Her mouth opened, her eyes widened in astonishment akin, to the observer, to terror, and with a heaving buck of her body, she came. A deep throbbing grunt was pushed from her with her breath of release, and she juddered visibly before him, the grunt shifting into a moan, as the pleasure washed through her.

Lucius continued to look at her evenly as her body stilled, calming, coming down slowly.

Hermione had just brought herself to the most searing orgasm ever through masturbation. But despite no physical contact between her and the man opposite, she had felt very much as if he was just as much part of the process. Her leg dropped to the floor, her skirt covering it, and she tugged her top down instinctively.

At that moment, there was a frustrated mumble behind the door and it was flung back. A moody guard was standing outside.

"Next stop, York. Train terminates here. Everyone off. It's an offence to lock the door of a carriage ... it carries a heavy fine."

"Oh, I do apologise," Malfoy drawled instantly and smoothly. "My companion was feeling unwell. We did not wish anyone to disturb us at that moment ... to spare any embarrassment, you understand?" His hand was gripping the snake handle of his cane and revealing his wand slightly.

The guard glanced down at it. "Oh, I see, of course, Mr Malfoy. I do apologise."

Lucius was standing, and turned his head to look down at Hermione. She flitted her hands over her clothing to ensure her dignity, and held his gaze.

Without a word, he extended his hand down to her. She grasped it in the same hand she had used on herself. It was still moist, and she knew she had transferred some of her essence onto him. He pulled her up. They stood a mere breath apart, their desire so palpable as to spark the air between them. A whistle blew loudly. His features flinched. They would have to go.

Drawing the hand she had grasped up to him, he held it close to his nose and inhaled deeply, then brought it down to his lips. She saw his tongue flit out and touch lightly, absorbing her. She closed her eyes as another surge of lust swept through her.

"Everyone off, please! Like I said ... train stops here!"

The guard was leaning against the compartment door, clear harassed annoyance on his face. Reluctantly, the two of them picked up their bags and headed off the train. As soon as they disembarked, there were shouts for both of them. They turned. A short wizard, clearly with an inflated sense of his own self-importance, was marching up the platform towards them.

"Mr Malfoy! Salvador Finch ... good to meet you. I have arranged transport to your hotel. Muggle, I'm afraid, but we have to pass through the city. We had better hurry. The first meeting is in half an hour." The officious wizard turned to Hermione. "Miss Granger. Good to see you too. Morvanah Pascoe is looking after you. She is waiting just outside the station. I will see you at the hotel. Come along, Mr Malfoy."

Lucius seemed taken aback. It was rare people spoke to him with such little deference. Hermione grinned at him before he was bundled away out of the station. They could continue what had been so spectacularly started later.

Hermione headed off the platform. A woman she half supposed to be Finch's twin approached her. Her hair was pulled tightly off her head, and she walked as if she had had a rather unfortunate accident with a drawing pin left on her chair. "Miss Granger. I had almost lost hope. Everyone else has arrived and gone. We must hurry. The first meeting starts in ... "

"Half an hour." Hermione finished her sentence for her. The witch looked aghast that she had been denied her chance to highlight Hermione's tardiness.

Hermione was unceremoniously ushered into another car, and it sped off through the streets of York.

Hermione peered out of the window as they went. It was a beautiful city, with its glorious Minster dominating the skyline, the medieval streets running off crooked and random. No wonder there was such a large magical population here.

They arrived at their hotel, having passed through a secret magical gateway into the heart of wizarding York. The street they found themselves in was similar to Diagon Alley, but the beamed, overhanging buildings were clearly older in places even than there. She smiled with delight.

When they stopped, Morvanah did not let up in her officiousness. "You won't have time to go to your room now ... you are due in the meeting at once. It is one flight up, second door on the left. Please proceed there immediately."

Hermione turned to the witch and smiled her sweetest smile. "Thank you so much for your pleasant welcome, Miss Pascoe. Or is it Mrs?"

The witch's lips pursed. "Miss."

There had never been any doubt in Hermione's mind, but the woman had aggrieved her so much she couldn't help rubbing it in a little.

With that she walked into the hotel, relieved at least that she would see Lucius again. It was an ancient building, clearly several centuries old. A grand staircase rose up from the lobby. The walls were adorned with tapestries and oil paintings. From what she could remember of the place, it reminded Hermione of Malfoy Manor. She did not mind.

She entered a large panelled room, around which sat the most boring gathering of witches and wizards Hermione had ever seen. All except one. She smiled as she saw Lucius. He was clearly not relishing this anymore than she. What was more, the seats on either side of him were occupied. Her heart sank. There was only one seat left, about six away from him on the same side. Clearing her throat, Hermione sat in it.

The chairman started. "Good. Now that you are here, Miss Granger ..." He paused to glare at her like a bumptious school teacher. More admonishment. This was growing ridiculously tiresome. "... we will begin. As you know, this meeting is only to lay out the format for today and tomorrow. It should not take long. An hour at the most."

Hermione nearly choked on her water. An hour! An hour to discuss the running order for the next twenty four hours? It was unbearable. She turned her head, but could not see Lucius.

She instantly tuned her mind out. She had the papers, she had the timings ... what more did she need to know? Her mind wandered, back to the train, back to the pleasure she had given herself under the cool gaze of Lucius Malfoy. She knew she was wet again. She rubbed her legs together and closed her eyes. She could picture only one thing in her head: a cock, rising magnificently, searching for her. In her mind, it was his father's ... his would be similar, would it not? She rested her elbow on the table and brought her hand to her mouth in order to prevent the groan of longing and frustration erupting from her.

It amazed her sometimes how the human body conveyed desire, conveyed need. Was the desire for it the same as wanting a particular food? Did she want an erect cock as she may want an ice-cream? Or perhaps it was a craving, an addiction. She had never smoked, so she didn't know, but it must be more like that, surely? Her whole body was crying out for it now. She could not contain herself. It was at times like this that she wished the magical world would use mobile phones. A quick text message would have served the purpose very well.

As it was, she was stymied. Then she remembered the notes Harry and she used to pass in boring Divination lessons. Taking one of the papers she had been given, she turned and wrote discreetly on the back, "I need to taste your cock now." There was no point in not speaking plainly.

She folded the paper intricately until it resembled a small bird. Muttering a charm under her breath, she released it under the table. She knew it would flutter its way over to him, landing in his lap, hopefully where he would find it.

She waited, trying desperately to catch a glance at him. It was impossible.

Minutes passed. Her skin crawled. Perhaps he hadn't found it. She bit her lip until it bled. It was always thus with a new man ... the need to feel him in her mouth first, taste him, strip him of all his pretence, absorb him, and, if she deemed him worthy, swallow his essence deep into her very being. It had happened with his father. It would happen with him. It must happen now, or she would die.

There was a scrape from the other end of the table. Lucius had stood. Hermione nearly passed out with fulfilled expectation.

"May you excuse me? I have a crucial owl to send to the Ministry before it shuts for the day. I had not anticipated this meeting lasting for so long. Miss Granger ... I need to consult with you on this matter. It regards the assignment the Minister has given you. Please accompany me."

Everyone in the room looked from one to the other in amazement, but no one dared argue with Lucius Malfoy, especially when he had mentioned the Minister. Hermione stood abruptly and followed him from the room.

They walked some way, silently, Hermione a few steps behind him. He opened a door; it led into a small dark room, clearly not in use, but containing heavy oak furniture and fine wall hangings nonetheless. He entered it; she followed. He locked the thick oak door with a charm and leaned back against it.

Hermione did not rush over with mad abandon. The moment she had dreamed about for so long should not be squandered.

With slow, deliberate steps she moved into him. His breathing was so rapid, so shallow, his need so clear. She brought her hands up to his heaving chest and met his gaze. His lust blazed fiercely behind the cool. Her fingers brushed down his torso. Even through the thick material of his robes, she could feel the hard outline of his muscles, more defined than his father's. Not shifting her eyes from his, her hands fell to his waist. She did not even release his belt. With nimble fingers, she undid the buttons keeping him within and reached inside. Immediately, she was rewarded. His engorged flesh forced its way rapidly from its confines into her hand. She circled her fingers around it, only just able to enclose them fully. She squeezed, drawing a groan of delicious anticipation from him. Only then did Hermione lower her eyes to gaze upon him. She sank to her knees, all the better to absorb the sight.

He was every bit as magnificent as his father. In size, they were much the same; Lucius was certainly no smaller, but he had a slight curve upwards to him which had been

absent in his father. Hermione smirked. That was generally to her advantage. She was aware that her mind was impressed by the ability of a man in his late forties to possess such a stupendous erection. But then, this was Lucius Malfoy.

And now, she must taste him. A drip of pre-cum hung precariously from the smooth bulbous head, as if awaiting her tongue to capture it. Hermione extended her tongue slowly and, with the gentlest of touches, brought it to the glistening drop. It passed onto her tongue, and she closed her eyes, savouring the first moment of him. Lucius released the longest breath of need.

She brought up her hands and gently cupped one of his balls, then moved to the other, holding them, assessing them almost. Her head lowered to the base, and bringing her tongue out again, she touched the tip to the underside, right at the bottom, where it joined the heavy sac. She breathed in. He smelt clean, but needy. The smell of man brought another gush from her. And then she licked, from base to tip, she swept her wet tongue up, up, along the seam that ran along the length of his cock, not stopping at the shelf of the head. When she reached the firm, smooth, thick flesh at the top, her tongue continued to sweep along, running into the slit which formed at the tip.

It was only then that Lucius juddered with an uncontrollable groan. She smiled, but did not pause. Moving her hands from his balls to the hard, thick lower shaft, she gripped tight. Her mouth opened wider, and she slipped the full head of his cock into her hot wetness, closing her lips reverently around it and sucking in, her cheeks gripping it. The moisture of his gathering pleasure fell onto the back of her tongue. She tasted it strong and sucked hard, letting her tongue twist and toy with its new amusement for some time, all the while keeping him tightly held inside.

Lucius was breathing hard above her, but apart from that, no sound escaped him. She drew him further into her mouth, pulling her cheeks hard around the firm velvet skin, her lips dragging their moisture along him, while her hands continued to grip the remainder of his cock hard. Then she released him from the silk holding him prisoner and allowed her tongue to tease beyond containment. She licked down the top of the shaft, down to the base once again, then around, gently tasting over his sac, lightly sucking the heaviness encased in the supple skin before drawing back up to swirl deep around the rigid flesh once again.

This time she heard a suppressed groan from above her. She smiled, before opening wide once again. He was more delicious than she could have anticipated. Not since his father had she enjoyed giving head so much. Her body craved more. To her, sucking a beautiful cock was as good as being filled in the usual way. She opened wide and, inclining her body into the perfect position, moved down over him once again, this time so slow as to make him question her actions. But she did not stop. He felt the head of his cock slip deeper and deeper into that exquisitely searing wetness. Her tongue managed to catch every inflamed nerve ending; her cheeks clasped him tight as she pushed further and further onto him.

Hermione moved her head back to open her throat. She pushed forward again. He brushed her throat; still she pushed. Lucius allowed a grunt of sheer rapture to rise from him.

She held him there, her eyes starting to water with the restricted airflow. It mattered not. Her abandonment to him, to his pleasure, and hers, brought her a vicarious thrill which she could never fully understand. There was no need. Hermione started to move up and down, taking him deep before pulling hard back up again. Her hands still cupped his balls, stroking them in time with the movements of her head.

"Yes! Yes, *witch!* How have I denied myself this before? You are like nothing else. Don't stop that. *Don't ever stop that!*"

With the sound of his rapturous delight, Hermione doubled her efforts. She moved to take him as far down as she could and felt his hands hold her head there. She clenched around him, and he swelled even more. With a juddering cry above her, he came, his seed spurting hot and deep into her throat. His hands relaxed, and she quickly pulled back, dragging her lips over him as he continued to spurt into her. His final shots caught her tongue and lips, leaving visible confirmation of his surrender to her.

Hermione stood slowly, looking deep into his eyes. She had never seen him in such disarray. She grinned, tasting him in her mouth, feeling him still wet and thick on her lips. He was looking at her mouth, his eyes glazed, his breathing heavy. She brought her fingertip up and touched it to the viscous liquid still clinging to her mouth. Gathering it on her finger, she pushed it between her lips, her tongue flitting out to capture it fully. She swallowed hard, smiling as it dripped down her throat, a faint laugh floating from her.

"What?" he asked between recovering pants.

Hermione moved to the door to open it and looked back at him before leaving the room. She spoke, not to tease, but simply to inform. It had struck her clearly. "You taste like your father."

She did not see the flinch of his face as she departed.

Hermione checked into her room at last and dressed in a short red dress, stockings, heels. She did it for one person only. There was to be a buffet supper and drinks. She raced down the stairs. Her pussy still throbbed. She soothed it with her mind, aware that it had not yet had its needs addressed. Soon.

Lucius was already there when she entered the dining room. She smiled broadly at him, but deliberately made her way to the other side of the room. He turned his back slowly as he took a drink from a tray.

Hermione ate as much as she dared. She knew she should keep her strength up. She was sure she would burn off any excess calories later. There was champagne. She had originally been drinking orange juice, and had resisted, but after she had finished her second glass, she felt someone at her shoulder.

"Miss Granger, you don't appear to have a drink. Would you care for a glass of champagne?"

She turned to find a smug Lucius offering her a glass.

"Why not, Mr Malfoy? I am staying here after all."

"Indeed we are."

She raised her glass to him. "To wild woods and wilder wolves, Mr Malfoy."

He raised his own glass, and they drank, not taking their eyes from each other. Her insides churned. She could not wait much longer.

Lucius was standing close to her. They chatted in low whispers for a long time. Other people approached them, but soon gave up and went elsewhere when they found it impossible to enter into the conversation.

"If we carry on like this, Mr Malfoy, people will talk."

He smirked back. "Let them have their amusement. As far as they are concerned, we might as well be discussing business. Another glass of champagne." He was not asking, merely relieved her of her empty glass and gave her another.

"Mr Malfoy! Are you trying to get me drunk?"

"Certainly not. That would somewhat limit my options. But you do look so delectable with a slight flush of the cheeks."

As usual, she was wearing no knickers. She could feel her desire starting to drip down the inside of her thighs. A soft mewl of longing rose up to him.

"Miss Granger? Do I detect a loss of composure?" He raised an eyebrow.

Hermione groaned, part from despair at his teasing insouciance, part from a further swell in her lust. She gripped her champagne glass so hard, she feared it may smash in her fingers. Looking out into the room, she leaned into him and whispered desperately, "Don't make me wait any longer."

"Wait for what?"

She could have punched him.

"You know what, you pureblood bastard. I am dying without you."

"I am here talking to you, Miss Granger. You are not without me." Still he continued to torment her.

"I am dying without you ... inside me. Please, Lucius. My body is crying out for you."

He smirked deliciously, before leaning ever closer into her. "Oh ... I know, my sweet ... I can hear it ... I can feel its need burning you."

She dared not look at him.

Throwing the rest of her glass down her throat, she placed it swiftly on a table beside her. "I am going. Room thirty-two."

Without a glance back at him, she exited the room so fast, heads turned in concern at her haste. Lucius reached for another glass of champagne and slowly made his way to the deputy head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, whom he proceeded to engage in a lengthy discussion on boundaries between wizarding and Muggle lands.

After all, Hermione was simmering so deliciously, a little more slow-cooking would only make the results ever more mouth-watering.

Upstairs in her room, Hermione had in fact boiled over. *Where the hell was he?!*

She had expected him to wait a little so as not to arouse immediate suspicion, but that was over an hour ago now.

Insufferable bastard!

She had bathed, doused herself in body lotion and perfume, replaced her bra, suspender belt and stockings, and arranged the covers on the bed in any number of interesting ways. What else was there to do? If he made her wait any longer, she would literally have to take matters into her own hands. Never had her desire built up to such a pinnacle without the object of that desire even being present in the room.

At last, after a further ten minutes, there was a low knock on the door. She started to run to it, then stopped herself, and stood in the middle of the room, counting to twenty in her head. Two could play at this game.

Then, walking slowly to the door, she went to open it.

He was standing outside, the slight look of anxiety on his face not entirely able to be thrown off fast enough. It gave her a modicum of revengeful satisfaction.

"Miss Granger. I was beginning to think you weren't in."

"Mr Malfoy. You almost find me tucked up reading Jane Austen with hot cocoa; it has become so late." She spoke without a hint of sarcasm. He smirked.

"Are you going to invite me in?"

The banter was over. She fixed him with her eyes and grinned seductively. "Most definitely."

Hermione walked to the middle of the room, staring across at him. His resemblance to his father was remarkable, and yet, he was so unique. It gave her a thrill to think of the connection, but to celebrate his individuality. She wanted him, but the physical reminder of her time with Abraxas gave the encounter an added dimension. She stood before him in stockings, suspender belt, and bra, nothing more. It was only what she had been wearing under her dress. He seemed pleased enough.

She started to move to him. He had far more clothes on. She wanted them removed as soon as possible.

"Stop!" His voice was remarkably hard.

She frowned in frustration.

He indicated his head across the room. "Sit on the table."

Hermione looked behind her to where he was motioning. There was a desk to one side, a chair before it. Immediately, she remembered Abraxas. It had been so good like that. This would be too, but ... was it a mere coincidence that Lucius had asked her to do just that?

She did not question too much, but walked over and pushed herself up onto the desk, placing one leg on the chair. History was repeating itself. She was not complaining.

Lucius took in the sight before him, then began to walk towards her. His robes fell from him as he walked, and he began undoing the buttons on his shirt. Hermione kept holding her breath unawares. At last, the shirt was pulled off his back and his naked torso was before her. She inhaled sharply. He was beautiful. His chest was more toned, with broader muscles than his father, smooth and pale, luminous in the candle light of the room, which further highlighted the sculpted rises and falls. There were scars in places, scars she longed to touch, kiss, soothe ... all in good time. As he walked, Lucius reached for another chair and placed it beside her other leg, which was dangling from the desk.

"Put your other leg on there."

She did so immediately. The similarity in manner to his father was turning her on more than ever.

Hermione sat before him, her legs splayed and bent on the chairs, open and on full display for him. She was completely at ease with her position.

He stood between her legs and glanced from her eyes, down her body, taking in her breasts, heaving from the bra, then down over her navel until he was gazing between her legs. He had seen it before on the train, but that was all. Now his fingers were itching to touch.

Hermione's belly was twisting and somersaulting wildly. She leaned back, just as she had done that time ago, for that other Malfoy, forcing her breasts to rise up towards him. A groan rose out of her, reaching his ears and inflaming his own unstoppable lust.

"Remove your bra."

She did so without question. Unhooking the clasp, she slid the straps from her shoulders and tossed the object to the floor. Her breasts swelled with new found freedom,

her nipples immediately hardening in the cool air with anticipated attention.

Still, he did not touch. She was about to implode, she knew it.

"Such ... *beauty*."

His words were barely audible.

"Take it. *Take it now*." She was pleading.

He took a step in and, leaning back a little to look down at her, brought his right hand between her legs. One long finger reached in, feeling between her sodden folds. She gasped ... she had waited so long. It then swept, slow, so slow, up, dipping into the tight wet opening, then out and up again, circling that magical spot further up. Her head fell back.

"So wet ... so wet, my sweet Mudblood witch."

More fingers joined the first, stroking, learning, discovering, exploring. She felt two, maybe more deep inside her. She pushed down onto them, but then they were withdrawn, and ran hard up to her swollen clit. Hermione let the loudest groan escape her. It could not be prevented.

He looked hard at her again, his face reflecting his own ardour, his own amazement. "I have never known anything so ready, so welcoming ... for me ... all for me, my beautiful creature. You are ready, are you not?"

She bit her lip. She could only nod blearily in response. She had not noticed that he had already released the catches and stepped out of his heavy black trousers. Like her, he wore no underwear. She glanced away from his eyes at last. There it was again, that same magnificent specimen she had taken so deep into her mouth earlier.

"Please ... *please* ..."

She was drawn magnetically towards it. That force which overrode all logic, all reason; that force which she knew she could only follow, could only fulfil, pulled her towards it. Luckily, he stepped in, and just as his father had done, gripped her backside and, with a final look into her eyes, thrust.

He filled her so deep, so hard and so full that her eyes rolled back in astonished wonder. She sucked in a sharp breath. He had hit her cervix so forcefully, it panged with a sharp pain. She ignored it.

Her arms came around his shoulders, and she said the only word she could. "Move."

He did. Building a steady but relentless rhythm, Lucius started to stroke along her, watching his every movement. Hermione's mouth broke into the broadest grin. So similar, so new ... so perfect. She knew his cock was bent at just the right angle. It rubbed her g-spot with each thrust, no more sublimely than his father had done, just, more accurately. And so, so good.

She was delirious. She tried to fix her eyes into his, but the steady build towards pleasure he was evoking in her made it nearly impossible. His cock dominated her world, she focused on it, and the needle points of ecstasy gripping her muscles and fibres ever more ... closer ... closer ...

"My father fucked you like this, didn't he?"

Hermione's mind was pulled back abruptly. She flushed red with the revelation.

"How did you know?"

Lucius smirked, not stopping his exquisite strokes, lowering his head to study himself plunging in and out of her.

"He told me."

"Fuck!" She was not sure if she was cursing the fact that he knew, or simply exclaiming as her body rose into the final ascent before the fall into ecstasy.

Lucius chuckled. But his laughter died abruptly as she squeezed hard around him. *Fuck, she was exquisite*. He could not hold on long and wanted her to come first. He could not recall such tight wet pleasure, pleasure which held him captive from the roots of his hair to the tips of his toes. He gripped her rump hard, digging his fingers in, and pulled her roughly towards him, at the same time propelling himself yet deeper into her.

"Come for me! *Come for me now, witch!*"

Hermione's nails clawed his back, and she pulled him tight into her as her legs wrapped around his body. Her body froze for an instant, paralysed, her eyes gaping wide, then she plummeted, pleasure ripping its way through her body, feasting on the rock-hard cock within it, then surging back through her once again. She cried out, a cry wrenched from her, an outlet for her rapture.

Lucius felt his cock squeezed by her spasms. He thrust hard again, again, then came, his own pleasure exploding from every fibre in his body, but concentrated in one place, from which it propelled itself with remarkable force out, into the body of the woman impaled on him. He gasped, his gasps in time with the bursts of his seed as they shot into her.

Afterwards, they clung to each other, the only sound their heavy breathing.

After some time, his breathing still laboured, Lucius spoke. "My father was right."

With that, he picked her up and bore her, still engulfing him, to the bed, where he laid her carefully upon it, so as not to fall out.

He moved a little off her to the side, and rested his head on her breast. Hermione drew her arm around him, and brought a hand up to stroke his hair.

"When did your father speak to you about this?"

"One evening, after a family gathering. We had stayed up, long after the other guests had retired to bed, drinking firewhisky. I must have been in my late twenties. It was a rare occurrence, talking to my father."

"Yes, I should imagine it was."

"He had had more to drink than usual. It was the first time he had ever spoken intimately to me."

"What prompted the conversation?"

"I had mentioned, albeit indirectly, that Narcissus was ... not so ardent ... since Draco's birth. I am not sure why or how I had done this, but it had cropped up. My father informed me that this was not uncommon among women and that I was at liberty to seek my pleasure elsewhere."

Hermione snorted in derision. She was tempted to retort, but did not want to interrupt his tale. Still, her distaste was clear.

Lucius looked down at her. "That conviction on his part has resulted in a great deal of pleasure for you, my sanctimonious little darling."

She opened her mouth to retort. She could not.

"Anyway ... I may have mentioned my desires, my needs ... I don't know. And he began to reminisce, talking about women he particularly remembered."

Hermione felt a pang of jealousy twist her insides.

"To be honest, there weren't that many he did remember. Except one. He spoke of her in considerable detail. How she had been so receptive to taking him in her mouth, the different positions they had tried, all with great success, including the one just undertaken." He smirked.

"How do you know it was me?"

"I suspected it was the girl I had spoken to in the corridors, but I did not fully make the connection until I saw you again. Then, all the little pieces of the jigsaw started to fit together."

"Did he tell you my name? He knew it."

"No."

"Did he tell you I was a Mudblood?"

"No. He would never admit to that. But he said it had happened at Hogwarts, and that the woman was technically still a schoolgirl, albeit a year older. But, like I said ... I only realised that you were that same girl, the same girl I spoke to ... since our meeting in Diagon Alley."

"You said just now your father was right. Right about what?"

Lucius stared down at her. She bent her head up to meet his eyes.

"He said you were the fuck of a lifetime."

She grinned and closed her eyes. "I'm not sure whether to be proud of that or not."

"Another epithet for you, Miss Granger. It goes quite nicely with 'the brightest witch of her generation'."

Hermione sniggered. "Yeah ... which to put on my tombstone? Can you imagine ... *'Here lies Hermione Granger ... Muggle-born witch ... The Fuck of a Lifetime'*"

She dissolved into laughter, trying to stifle her giggles against his chest. He could only join her and stroked her hair as his own body throbbed with controlled hilarity.

"You are a wicked girl."

Her laughter suddenly stopped, and she glanced up at him, "Yes. I think perhaps I am. You see ... things are never straightforward. Dragon or angel, Lucius? Which one?"

He simply smiled back.

"Has any man ever turned you down?"

"Yes." She pouted. "He turned out to be gay. I suppose, as your friend Mr Montague said, there are certain advantages to being famous."

"And staggeringly beautiful."

"You're very sweet."

"Sweet!?"

"Yes."

"I do not believe I have ever been called sweet before."

"There's always a first time." She smiled, pausing. "You could have resisted my charms if you had wanted to."

"Perhaps."

"But you didn't want to."

"No."

"May I remind you I am a Mudblood?"

"The paradox of my desire heightens it. As was the case, apparently, for my father."

"Oh yes." She thought back to the moment she had revealed her true nature to Abraxas. It brought a smile to her face.

"When did you first ... think of me in that way?"

"The night you were tortured before my eyes."

She sat up, fixing her eyes hard into his. "Did it turn you on to see me in pain?" She would not have been angry or even surprised if it had, but she wanted to hear his answer.

"No. Not like that. But I found your breathtaking bravery and resilience ... disarming. Amidst all the turmoil afterwards, when the dust had settled, thinking back over the events of those days ... those last days ... it was your face, your incredible open, courageous face, your strong, strong body ... that haunted me, kept returning to me, as if castigating me for all I had done, not letting me escape."

"Do you regret, Lucius?" Her words were as hard as her stare. Her strength of character struck him forcefully once again.

"Regret? No."

"If he came back, would you return to him?"

"He's not coming back."

"Answer the question."

He smirked at her, and did not respond for some time.

"Would you still fuck me if I did?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

His smirk deepened. "Then no."

She opened her mouth to retort, not entirely sure she believed him, wondering if she believed herself, but before she could form words, he had gripped her hard and rolled her onto her back, pinning her down with his body. Pushing her legs apart with his, he held himself hard and ready at her opening. His mouth descended forcefully to silence her, his tongue forcing her lips open and questing inside, plundering her open wetness with violent passion. She groaned into his mouth and reached up to tangle her fingers in his hair. With sudden brutal deprivation, he pulled back, his eyes replacing his mouth in the delivery of his lustful ardour. Hermione arched up against him, her belly on fire for him.

"Fuck me. Now. Fuck me now, Lucius."

He plunged deep and full into her. She rose up to meet his thrust, bucking against his cock as it sank into her.

"There! There, my tight wet Mudblood. Take me, *take all of me!*"

She cried out with satisfaction as she felt the enormity of his rigidity stretching her, stroking so hard and fast along her throbbing walls. It was rare for Hermione to orgasm through penetration alone in this position, but as he moved within her, she felt him catching her g-spot. She grinned with delight. The bend of his cock was indeed advantageous.

"You are so good ... *so fucking good* ..." she mumbled the words as her pleasure swelled tighter and harder.

He pushed hard into her with a grunt of urgency, and again, and again, his vocal exhalations brutal and needy in their intensity. "Keep talking, keep talking to me, witch."

"There. There, that's it, so good ... so perfect ... your cock is so perfect."

"Say it again." He could hardly speak through his groaning plunges, but he needed to hear her.

"You have the perfect cock." Hermione's words were more a stream of consciousness now. Her eyes were closed, and she responded simply to what her body was telling her. "The perfect cock for me."

"Better than his?"

She darted her eyes open. He pushed along her inflamed spot inside again. She inhaled sharply in preparation.

He repeated his question with a violent thrust. *'Better ... than his?'*

No, not better, different ... it had been so good, that day... she would not betray Abraxas.

"Say it, say it, say it ..." Lucius was pumping her pussy so hard now, she knew she would be sore. But she felt only blinding pleasure. She came so hard, she was momentarily blinded. She forgot everything, forgot the past, forgot who she was. Hermione screamed out the truth as it stood at that moment.

"Better than anyone's!"

Lucius came; a groaning cry rose loud from him as his head was pulled up, his eyes squeezed tight shut to focus on the grip of ecstasy that held him as he exploded into her.

He collapsed hot and heavy onto her.

Hermione turned her head away. A pang of shame gripped her. Had she meant what she said? She was not sure. The time with his father had been sublime. It would never be forgotten or, in its own way, bettered, but Lucius ... she could not deny the perfection of the moment.

"Is that important to you?" She spoke impassively.

"What?" he panted heavily, rolling off her slightly.

"To know you are better than him?"

He did not answer initially.

"You are the first person with whom I have been able to procure a comparison."

She sniggered derisively. "You are the limit, Lucius!"

"What?" He was genuinely bemused.

"Procure a comparison!?"

He rolled off her completely. "You seemed to mean what you said."

She responded by kissing him. It seemed best.

Hermione lay quietly, looking up, away from him. Unlike Abraxas, this did not have to end. She could hardly imagine Lucius and her entering into a proper open relationship ... there was the small matter of his wife, after all ... but she knew she would want this again.

"Will you stay here tonight?"

He turned his head to her. "Of course."

Instinctively, she reached her hand over, and touched his cheek. His brow creased slightly, not in alarm, but surprise. She believed she could feel him pressing into her hand.

"Lucius ..."

He smiled. It was remarkably genuine. Something inside Hermione was glowing.

"I can still see him."

"Who?" he asked.

"That little boy."

"Do you remember me?"

"Of course. You were one of the most extraordinary children I'd ever encountered."

Lucius stood suddenly, and pulled on his clothes quickly.

"Lucius! I thought you said you'd stay the night."

"I will. I will be back in a moment. I have to retrieve something from my room."

He left and closed the door behind him before she could protest. Immediately, she missed his physical proximity ... the comfort of his presence. She crossed her arms in immature petulance.

Soon there was a knock on the door, and he entered again without waiting for a response. Something was clasped in his hand.

Hermione glanced at it. She knew what it was.

Lucius crossed and sat beside her on the bed.

He unrolled the object in his hands. It was a piece of paper, faded a little, tattered around the edges, but immediately recognisable. It was a drawing depicting the battle between St Michael and the dragon, drawn by a naive, but remarkably skilled hand.

It was Lucius' sketch from all those years ago, to him at least. It had hardly been altered in all that time.

"*Factum est silentium*," Hermione murmured.

"I thought other things were occupying your mind at that time," Lucius countered.

"I remember you very well. I remember this. I cannot believe you have kept it all these years."

"It is very special to me." It was clear he spoke the truth. The glow inside Hermione almost hurt.

"And me, Lucius. I cannot forget. I could not. Especially knowing what I do."

"And what do you know, Miss Granger?"

"I know what you struggled with. The fight within."

"The fight within?"

"Dragon or angel, Lucius? The demon or the light?"

He did not reply for some time. She continued thoughtfully.

"Lucius ... I have always been intrigued by your name. It naturally conjures up the image of the devil ... Lucifer, but then ..*Lucius* ... it shines ... your name *it shines* lux ... light ... *luceat eis* ... shine upon them."

He was staring at her, more intensely than she thought possible. "Do I bring you light?"

She smiled at him, his grey eyes illuminating her soul and body. "Yes."

He bent down to kiss her, tenderly at first, but with increasing intensity.

"Lucius ..." she breathed out, "I can't let you go."

He deepened the kiss. "Nor I you."

Hermione kissed him back with fervent desire, then raising her leg, she moved, placing herself smoothly on top of him. He was hard, urgent. Once again, she needed him instantly, and the position brought her a feeling of delighted anticipation. He rose up between her legs ... his desire clear and evident. She moved, gripping his body in her thighs, and lowered herself slowly.

He groaned as she descended. Hermione remained silent, enjoying the noise which broke free from him, the only sound breaking the silence around them. Her muscles gripped him hard, drawing him ever deeper into her, claiming him for her own.

She sank fully onto him, then stopped, feeling him, revelling in him. He filled her, completed the circle which she so needed, that spinning coil which had tormented her since those brutal months, that ever-moving ring which never seemed to be enclosed or still. He and his father had stilled it, completed it, if only for a moment ... their moments.

Hermione turned her gaze down to Lucius. He was staring up at her. The thoughts formed in her head seemed to be reflected in his eyes, which at that moment held the depth of his soul, and hers. She smiled, and his hands gripped her hips, guiding her up. She was brought back to the physicality of the moment, and raising herself up, she felt the tip of his cock stroking along her perfectly once more. A groan of her own filled the heavy air, and her head lolled back, her arms reaching behind to support herself, pushing him yet deeper against that perfect place.

She did not push herself up, just flexed her muscles and rocked along him. It was enough. Lucius hissed a long slow breath out between his teeth as her sheath enclosed him tightly. One hand remained on her hip, the other came up, his strong fingers running up between her breasts, rubbing over them, then down over the nipples, igniting them under his touch. Hermione had to move more. Lucius sensed their mutual need and bucked under her, his voice erupting thick and needy. "Move, witch. Move on me. *I want it now.*"

Hermione obliged, her passion fired by his selfish demand. She pulled herself over and leaned heavily on his chest, her fingers digging in, scratching along his pale flesh. "Yes," he hissed as the sharp pain melded into the pleasure wrought around his cock.

Hermione was moving frantically now. Her own pleasure was put to the side as she sought to bring him swiftly to his release. He needed it. And she would give it to him.

Lucius' hands reached up again to grip her breasts as they swayed before him. His fingers closed hard on them. Hermione reached between her own legs, although his cock was working her so deliciously inside there was little need. Despite the urgency of the need for his orgasm, she knew it would not mean she was deprived of one. As desperate as her movement was, it seemed to be propelling her ever faster towards oblivion. A sound built up within her, starting low and soft, then rising, building as she felt pleasure about to engulf her.

"There. There. That's it. *Now*. Now, witch. *Fuck, so good!*" Lucius came forcefully into her with a great buck of his hips, propelling her up in the process. His cock rubbed hard along her, and pleasure gripped her too, heaving its way through her body in perfect unison with his. The sound which had been building in her came to a great crescendo with a cry of exultant wonder, sounding almost like a laugh of joy.

Once again, they collapsed together in a sated pile of damp, tangled limbs. Blond hair mixed with brunette, pureblood with Mudblood, indistinguishable.

"Tell me this isn't the last time we're going to do this," Hermione spoke needily.

"It is not the last time we are going to do this." Lucius' response was immediate and unequivocal. He moved to look into her eyes, suddenly adopting a look of serious intensity. "How could it possibly be? How can I do without this?"

"Because of your wife, perhaps?" Hermione spoke the frank truth in her head.

Lucius sighed, but did not take his hand from her shoulder.

"This is not the first time I have been unfaithful. But it is the first time I have wished to extend the relationship beyond a one-off moment of need."

"So I'm not just a moment of need?"

He smiled at her. "I think you know you are not."

"I used to avoid married men. I am not a home-wrecker. I sensed it with your father, and with you. It seemed to be ... acceptable. I don't know ..." she shrugged with sudden shame, "... perhaps I'm just a bitch."

"My wife has a lover. Believe it or not, despite what I said previously, she was the first to stray from the marital bed. I was loyal for a long time after our relationship grew stagnant. And even then, as I have said, there has never been anyone, until now, whom I wished to continue to see."

"And what of your mother?"

"What of her?"

"Did she ... tolerate your father's infidelities?"

"My mother had a great sense of duty. She was busy with social functions, the business of the Manor."

"That does not answer my question."

He was silent for some time.

"My mother was at once the most joyous ... and the most deeply sad person I have ever known."

Further shame gripped Hermione. "I am sorry."

"She did not know about you, if that is what you are worried about. At least, not the specifics of you. You were simply one of many. Many. Although ... to my father ... very special."

Hermione sighed again. It was a bizarre conversation, and it had begun to hurt her head. Lucius' next words corroborated her feelings.

"I don't want to talk about my father."

"No. I'm sorry. It's wrong of me." She kissed him tenderly. "I'm going to have a shower."

Rising from the bed, Hermione went into the bathroom, leaving Lucius prone upon the covers.

When she emerged, she placed a light gown about her and sat in the chair by the fire.

She conjured a glass of firewhisky for them both and sat back. Lucius came and knelt at her feet, his head resting on her knee. She smiled. It was such a tender, childlike act. She stroked his head.

"I still cannot believe you have accepted me ... a Mudblood. The Mudblood who tormented your son, helped destroy your world."

He just smiled. She continued.

"Why exactly are you here now?"

Silence.

"Like I said, the paradox of the situation brings with it increased desire, and a forced appraisal of self ... something one should always strive for."

Hermione was moved deeply by his words ... her eyes moistened.

"That ... and the fact that you are the fuck of a lifetime."

She sniggered. He smiled up at her, turning towards her, his hands moving up the insides of her thighs. "Open."

Her legs fell apart swiftly. He creased his brows as he stared hard at her. "You were so beautiful when you came for me on the train. I want you to come for me again now... on my mouth ... on my tongue. Will you do that?"

She nodded, guiding his head towards her already sodden core.

Lucius worked beautifully. His fingers parted her, slipping up inside smoothly and eagerly, stroking and igniting the flesh already so inflamed by his body. His mouth fell onto her, and he sucked hard for a moment, pulling in the taste of her before anything else. Then his tongue swept up towards her clit, long and hard, circling it, teasing, pulling. Hermione moaned, her eyes glazing, but forced herself to continue to gaze down at him. His fingers within her stroked ever harder, and then, just as his father had done, she felt a finger slip into her arse. She pushed down onto it in rapture, a hiss pulled into her sharply.

Lucius raised his eyes to look at her, his mouth, still working ardently, breaking into a smile as he witnessed her reaction.

"Lucius ... so good ... don't stop that ... more ... *more* ... I want to come, *I want to come for you...*"

He applied himself with ever more diligence, his mouth encircling her clit, his tongue strumming over it rapidly while his fingers worked deliciously inside.

She gripped his hair as her body tensed around her. Then the wave broke and washed with cascading force through her. Her breath hitched before being expelled in a loud groan of fulfilment. Her head was thrown back with the force of her rapture, and her eyes fell back. Lucius kept his own trained on her reaction the whole time. Only when she had relaxed fully did he concentrate on lapping up the pleasure she had expended.

Then, eventually he carried her in his arms from the chair and placed her on the bed, climbing up to lie beside her. Dreamily, she held him close, planting bleary kisses on his face and muttering, "Thank you, thank you, my darling, thank you."

He smiled, kissing her breast, before the two of them drifted off into sleep. They awoke several times in the night to assuage the burn that never seemed to diminish, but by morning their bodies felt more refreshed than ever.

As Hermione was dressing, she glanced over at him, still recumbent on the bed, staring at her every move. "I don't suppose we should arrive down to breakfast together."

"No," he drawled laconically.

She smiled across. "How am I going to concentrate on the details of laws regarding the reintroduction of wolves with you leering at me?"

"Leering?! I don't leer!"

"Sorry. Figure of speech." She winked at him.

"Did you just wink at me?"

"I believe I did."

"I cannot recall anyone ever winking at me before. I rather liked it."

Her grin deepened. "If you're good, I'll do it again sometime."

"Oh ... I can be good." His deep drawl throbbled through her.

"Are you sure?" Her head was down doing up her shirt. She knew if she looked at him she would be unable to start the day.

"Of course. I have you to keep me on the straight and narrow."

"In the light?"

"In the light."

She looked up at him. "What makes you think I always want to be in the light, Lucius?"

He did not reply, just looked at her steadily, a faint enigmatic smile on his face.

She held his gaze for a moment, then bent down and tossed his clothes at him. "I'm going downstairs. I'll see you in a minute."

The conference passed with predictably boring tedium, but the necessary amendments to wizarding statutes were approved to everyone's satisfaction. Lucius and Hermione both gave short speeches, which were well-received, and at last the day drew to a close. Due to the late hour, they had both pre-arranged to apparate back to their homes.

As the delegates dispersed, Salvador Finch happened upon them both in the lobby. "Ah, Malfoy, Hermione! That seemed to go according to plan. Thank you both for your contributions."

"You're welcome, Mr Finch. It has been a most ... enjoyable break." She glanced at Lucius. A smile flicked across his face.

"Yes, yes, well, it's good that, after all that has transpired in the past, we can all ... get along so well together now." He furrowed his brows on completing his sentence, aware that perhaps he had said too much in front of Lucius Malfoy.

"That's right," Hermione added, confirming his sentiments with her own secret take on the situation.

"It may be necessary to have a follow-up meeting, at the Ministry in London I should think. I know your time is limited, both of you, and I would never ask you to keep meeting unless I had to, but ... if further get-togethers were in order between you ... would you find that satisfactory?"

Lucius smirked down at her, ignoring Finch. "I for one have no objection, but I could not possibly speak for Miss Granger."

She returned his smile. "Oh ... I think further get-togethers between Mr Malfoy and myself would be ... most satisfactory."

She beamed up at the tall blond man before her, and spinning on her heels, she looked over her shoulder, and winked.

-----xxx-----
There is another in this series to follow this. After all, there is another Malfoy is there not? (Have no fear; I will not compromise the relationship Hermione has developed with Lucius.) I will post in due course.

I do so appreciate and value reviews. Let me know any thoughts you have, and thank you for taking the time to read this long story!