

# To Relieve Boredom: Under Watchful Eyes

by laurielove

When Hermione goes to Malfoy Manor with her lover, she encounters a vivid reminder of the past. Part of 'To Relieve Boredom', but it needs to stand apart as well, if that makes sense!

## Under Watchful Eyes

Chapter 1 of 1

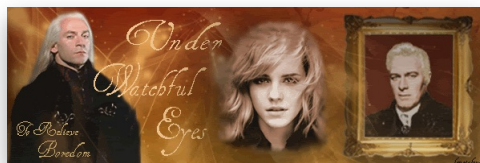
When Hermione goes to Malfoy Manor with her lover, she encounters a vivid reminder of the past. Part of 'To Relieve Boredom', but it needs to stand apart as well, if that makes sense!

This story is part of the series I have written called 'To Relieve Boredom'. However, all the stories are designed to be distinct. They should be viewed together but should also maintain their individual integrity this one in particular. This series was originally meant to be a triptych, involving the three generations of Malfoy men. This is a side-step from that.

There will also be a story with Draco, to fit into this series, but it will not harm Hermione's relationship with Lucius. But, life is complex, never more so as when it involves the Malfoys ... this story reflects that. There is deliberately ambiguous behaviour from everybody. Such is life. This is a story about desire, need, affirmation, confirmation ... and sex.

If you have not read the first two, which I recommend doing, you need to know that Hermione used a Time-Turner and had a great sexual encounter with a younger Abraxas Malfoy. She then, in her own time, started an equally great relationship with Lucius, which she is now continuing. Oh, and Christopher Plummer is still my Abraxas.

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



After York, Hermione and Lucius began regular meetings.

They met, usually on a Thursday afternoon, in an exclusive but intimate hotel in Muggle London, far from the prying eyes of people who would talk and spread gossip.

Here, nobody knew them. Nobody cared. The sight of the blonde man with the long hair and the young woman on his arm raised some eyebrows among London's Muggle

elite, but the two would soon disappear to the privacy of their room and assuage the need which had been building over the hectic week.

Neither took any other lover. They were enough for each other. Physically, they addressed all their desires. Together, they tried things new to them both but which, with the other, they found they enjoyed and responded to. It would not have been that way with anyone. And in addition, emotionally and intellectually, they helped each other, supported each other. It took them a little by surprise how well they got on. On the days they met, they were friends as well as lovers. Hermione chose to ignore his past. It was, after all, the past.

*Everyone made mistakes.*

Even she did.

And still she occasionally thought of Abraxas. It was he who had brought them together in the first place. She could not deny it. Her time with him would remain ingrained in her mind. Whenever she made love to Lucius, it was as if a part of his father lived in him. It made their moments even more vivid than they would otherwise have been.

But Lucius' words as he fell out of her and lay panting beside her one Thursday, still took her by surprise.

"Come to the Manor."

"What?"

"You heard me; come to the Manor. Tomorrow."

"But ..."

"My wife is away for a few days on the continent. In any case, she hates the place she is rarely there. I want you to see where I live. I want you to see who I am."

Hermione was silent for some time before speaking calmly.

"I have been there once before."

He too took a moment before responding.

"It will be different this time."

Silence.

"I bloody hope so."

They turned to look at each other, deadly serious. Then Hermione's face broke into the broadest grin. She sniggered before laughing aloud, a long hard laugh which shook her body. Lucius looked curiously at her for a moment before smiling broadly, delighting in her life-enhancing mirth. He then moved down her body and took her clit deep into his mouth.

She stopped laughing. But she was happy.

-----  
And so it was, the next afternoon, that Hermione found herself in Malfoy Manor.

It was strange, remarkable to her; the place was practically unrecognisable as the location of her imprisonment and torture. If anything, the vague memory of that time stirred in her more passion and intrigue.

She stepped inside and breathed in deep. The wide, wood-panelled hallway smelt of time and memory. A grandfather clock ticked deep and low in the corner. Time still passed.

Hermione smiled. It was a good place. Despite all it had witnessed, the building itself had been built on integrity and love she felt it. She turned to Lucius. He was looking at her silently. She had never seen him so vulnerable and yet so proud. She smiled warmly at him. He crossed to her immediately and clasped her in his arms, pulling her in for a deep, affirming kiss. Then gripping her hand hard, he pulled her up the stairs, not stopping until they reached a large bed chamber. Once inside, he entered her swiftly and desperately. They both came within minutes.

Lucius had asked her to stay the weekend. They had slept late on the Saturday after a night of little sleep. They did not stir from the bed until noon.

It was only at one o'clock that Lucius turned from her and sighed long and deep. "I must go out for a while. I arranged to meet the game keeper in half an hour. There are some problems with poachers. I am wondering whether I should use magic to keep them at bay, although that may raise suspicion."

"Is the estate not concealed from Muggles?"

"No."

"Has it never been?"

"No. It was given to my family by Elizabeth I. She was rumoured to be a witch herself through her mother, but did not use her powers, at least not obviously. Still, she knew of the existence of wizarding families, was friendly with them, and gave her favourites many gifts, including this house. It is not, in fabric, a magical house, although magic has pervaded it deeply over the centuries."

"I find that fascinating."

"What?"

"Well that one of the most famous houses to be associated with pureblood wizards started life as a Muggle dwelling."

"There you are, my dear I am glad I can still surprise you." He smirked deliciously, but before she could reach over and capture his smiling lips in hers, he had flung off the covers and raised himself from the bed.

Hermione collapsed back into it with a groan. "You won't be long, will you?"

"I will try not to be. Stay here. I will come back to you as soon as I can." He smiled, dressed swiftly, and left the room.

Hermione suddenly felt desperately lonely.

She did as requested for some time, probably an hour. Hermione showered and sat on the bed reading. She looked around her. It was such a beautiful room. The dark oak panelling ended halfway up the walls to give way to tapestries and paintings. Rich furnishings hung from the windows and bed. She longed to explore more of the house. Surely a little peek would be allowed.

Sliding off the bed, she dressed in a skirt and top and slipped on some pumps. As usual, she did not bother with underwear.

Opening the door hesitantly, almost apologetically, she crept out onto the corridor. She was met with a thundering silence. The house suddenly intimidated her, but her resolve was fired. She crept along the dark hallway until she came to the head of the vast staircase. Gripping the warm banister, she descended silently, her small feet slipping down the stairs, smooth and rhythmic.

She turned to her right. A door stood partially open. She glanced inside. It was a large room, surprisingly airy. She looked around. A grand piano stood to one side, exquisite furniture filled the spaces, Persian rugs, two fireplaces. She sighed out so much beauty. Glancing up, she met the eyes of a stern wizard she did not recognise. From his clothing and wig, he must have been from the 18th century. He drew himself up in haughty surprise as Hermione looked at him. *Still a Malfoy.*

She left the room with a wry smile and moved further along the corridor. It was a similar story behind each door large rooms, all beautifully adorned with perfect furniture, tapestries, and paintings: a dining room, drawing room, billiard room, a smaller sitting room. At last she reached the end of the corridor. There was one more door. She pushed but found it resisted her. At first she thought it was locked, but with a firm shove it gave way, and she burst through in surprise. The room was surprisingly dark in contrast to the others she had been in. The shutters were drawn, and the small amount of light getting in did not allow her to make out many details. Hermione moved into the room, squinting to try to accustom her eyes to the gloom.

It seemed to be a study of some sort. There was a large desk, containing paper and documents. Several bookshelves lined the walls. Two high backed leather chairs stood before a fireplace. It was a cosy room, quite masculine she felt, but intimate all the same. Personal. Hermione ran her fingers along the desk. Smooth wood.

"Well well well."

Hermione darted her head round in terror. Surely she was alone?

"Who's there?!"

"A memory."

That voice. *So familiar.* Her heart raced, her skin was aflame, every nerve ending ignited, crawling with fearful anticipation. But not fear ... a memory indeed. It nudged her mind. Her eyes searched the gloom of the room. She could see no one. Reaching rapidly for her wand, she held it defensively before her. "Lumos!"

Spinning around, she searched the deepest corners. Nothing. There was a deep low laugh, smooth, velvet. Alluring. She was sure she had heard it before. Her skin tingled yet more. "Show yourself!"

"I am not hiding. You just have to know where to look."

Her belly melted. She remembered.

It was the voice of Abraxas Malfoy.

But still, in her confusion, she could not fathom what was going on. She longed to see him again. His laugh sounded once more. She moaned in frustration and despair.

"Look above you ... Hermione."

Her name was spoken with such rich seduction; she closed her eyes briefly as desire washed over her. And yet, she knew in her heart her hopes would be thwarted. She realised at last where, or what, the voice was coming from. Lifting her eyes slowly, they once again fell into the cool grey orbs of Abraxas Malfoy. They were painted in oils.

Hermione exhaled a long slow breath of delight and despair.

Had she expected him to be a living being? Her own logical mind had failed her for a moment as the memory of her time with him consumed her once more.

But now, she could at least see him again. She laughed a thrilled smile out. How could she have forgotten how beautiful he was? The portrait of Abraxas Malfoy stared down at her, a languid smile gracing his aquiline features. It must have been painted around the time she had known him in his late thirties.

"What a curious thing. Not only am I faced with a woman who looks identical to how she was ... let me think ... it must be over thirty five years ago ... but, as I recall, and believe me, I do recall very well ... she was also a Mudblood ... and she is in my house. My house ... or rather ... that of my son. A curious thing indeed, would you not say?"

Hermione could only smile. She rather enjoyed his smooth confusion.

"Pray enlighten me." His teasing tone coaxed the truth out of her.

"This is my proper time, Abraxas. I used a Time-Turner that day."

He smiled, and his eyes flashed, even through the thick paint which held them captive. She did not feel her revelation came as a complete surprise to him.

"Ah. That would explain rather a lot. What a very inventive little witch you are. I must admit ... I did not feel that you entirely belonged in that world. Something which I was more than happy to experience, believe me."

She could not take her eyes off him. For the moment, she existed once again only for him. The months that had passed since their encounter (or was it years? It was to him) vanished. Lucius was not forgotten, but just as his father had been absorbed into him in her mind, now he, the son, was being absorbed into the father. She had forgotten how much she had desired Abraxas from that first moment of him turning to her in the corridor of Hogwarts. As she looked up now, her eyes were hot, prickling with frustrated need. She longed for him to climb out of the picture, come down to her, hold her. She knew he could not.

"Abraxas. It is so good to see you." Her words were clear and genuine, underpinned with fragile despair.

He smiled down at her, clearly corroborating her feelings. But then a sneer distorted his noble face, and he sniffed with futility, "Unfortunately, seeing is all either of us can do."

Hermione hung her head. "I know. I'm sorry." She looked back up at him. "I missed you."

He smiled down again, composing himself with haughty self-satisfaction. "You have not addressed my other query."

She pouted in confusion. "What do you mean?"

"How exactly do you find yourself in my house?"

Hermione swallowed hard. An odd feeling swept through her she was deceiving someone, but whom? She muttered randomly, "I have business to attend to with Lucius."

The Malfoy eyebrows rose in surprise. "Do you now? And does my son know you are a Mudblood?"

She nodded.

"And yet, still he chooses to bring you into the house." His features twisted, half-way between a smirk and a frown of displeasure. She could tell he was grappling with the

notion. He tutted audibly. "Always pushing the boundaries."

But then his eyes fell onto her again, and his mouth dropped open. "I have remembered your beauty every day. I remembered you every day of my life ... and every day of my death. Seeing you again is exquisite torture."

She held his gaze, the impossibility of the situation twisting her conscience and her body which was alight with frustrated desire. He continued to speak, deep sensual tones igniting her being, just as they had before.

"I long to touch you. You were ... perfection ... never bettered ... never equalled."

"Abraxas ..." She could not bear it.

"Will you help me? Will you help me to remember?" It was almost a whisper.

She nodded. "Anything." Hermione stared hard into his eyes, so limpidly pale, lust still so clear in them. Moisture was pooling between her legs. She wanted him more than ever. She knew what would happen a word flashed through her mind *unfaithful* surely not? This was not being unfaithful, was it? The two men, father and son they had become to her almost as one. And now, confronted with this image before her, she had to address her constant need for them.

"Let me see you again. Your breasts first I need them before my eyes."

She had no wish to hesitate, but the air was heavy around her, dripping with sensual tension, and as slowly as she could bring herself to, she gripped her top and pulled it off over her head, exposing her naked breasts to him. She heard him pull in a breath. His eyes widened for a moment, then closed the sight was almost too much to bear. Her nipples stood out taut and dark in the cool air of the chamber, rising and falling with heavy need as she pulled in urgent breaths. "Such beauty. I remember. I remember it all."

She groaned at his words. "Can you ... feel? Can you experience ...?"

"Pleasure? No. I can only remember the sensations, in the mind only, and even that is caught between dreams. I can anticipate, I can hope ... and remember. But, it is all I have. Hermione ... you can help me. You can help restore those memories ... reinvent them ... make them as vivid as before."

Her head fell back, her hands coming up instinctively to run over her firm waist, cupping the ripe breasts in each, coaxing the nipples out and up, little pink sentinels standing to attention before him.

"I remember what they tasted like. I want to taste them as I did." She had never heard such longing in a voice, barely masking the despair. "Touch them for me, Mudblood. Touch them."

She held his gaze and ran her thumbs over the nipples. He sucked in a breath. "Yes ... yes, my beautiful Mudblood ... you must do for me what I cannot ... I can feed off the memory alone ... help me, help me do that. Harder, harder, I must see your pleasure ... your sensation."

She rubbed the nipples harder and harder, at last closing her thumb and finger over them and squeezing. She groaned in. "More, more. I know you can take it. I want you to. Do it for me." She twisted the tender flesh. Pain began to pulse through her. Her face twisted in erotic agony. He moaned with delight. Her lust was at such a peak that it felt merely like further pleasure. Hermione groaned aloud, stumbling backwards. She came against a desk.

"Lie on it. Lie down."

His voice urged her on, desperate and low, fuelling her lust to do this necessary thing.

She lay across the desk. It was large, and she was able to lie comfortably along it while still staring directly up at him. Still her fingers tugged and pinched her nipples until they were red and hard, swollen into points of sheer need.

"Every night I have dreamed of you, Mudblood. Your body, your cunt torments my dreams. Lift your skirt. I must see you." He had not spoken so coarsely that time before, but now, neither could deny the urgency of their situation. His language fuelled her yet more.

She reached down for the hem of her skirt and tugged it up, up over her knees, past her hips, her breathing heavy, her lust beyond containment. Another memory flitted through her mind on a train.

*Malfoy.*

"Open your legs. I must see what has been denied me for so long."

As slowly as she dared, Hermione dropped her legs open, exposing herself fully for him. She heard a long breath of awe fall from above her.

"At last ... at last, my perfect creature."

Hermione moaned, arching high off the desk. She needed him more than ever, but he was denied her. She had to come. She wanted to come. She would come for him.

"Listen to me, Hermione. You will do exactly as I say, do you hear me?" His voice had turned hard, but still was underpinned with a fog of desire and sensuality. She could only comply. She nodded, a sob pulled from her.

"With your middle finger only, I want you to touch, lightly, so lightly, just above your opening. Do it now."

She did. And in so doing, imagining his touch on her, a sound akin to a sobbing scream rose from her in frustration and agony. Her aching pussy was crying out for more. She wanted to drag her fingers over her swollen clit, her clit that she knew he could see rising up to him so desperately.

"Yes, yes, gently. Now ... draw it up, up towards that beautiful flesh, but don't touch. Do you hear? You are not to touch it yet." She ran the finger deep along her folds, moaning as it went. Carefully, agonisingly, she avoided her clit at the top.

"I can see your lust shining. I can see you, my sweet. Tell me how wet you are. I can only look. Tell me how much you burn for me."

She moaned.

"I am pouring out for you. I am sodden. I want you. I want you so much. Don't make me stop. I want to come for you, my darling. I want to come."

"And so you shall, my delicious creature. Now two fingers take them push ... push them inside ... slow. Let me see." She did so slowly, opening her legs as wide as she could for him. As controlled as she could, the digits disappeared up into her. She curled them round, angling them as best she could, remembering how he had done the same. Hermione moaned long into the room. Abraxas' own cry of erotic joy joined hers. "Yes, yes, that's it. You are perfect. Your cunt is perfect. I remember I can feel it still. Listen to me. Take your nipple in your other hand. Pinch it as hard as you can bear. I know you can take a lot, my sweet."

She did so, twisting the nipple visibly before him. She heard him gasp. Her fingers continued to work her insides.

"Yes ... like that. Don't stop that. Keep doing that. Let me see you."

She continued to pump her fingers in and out of her aching pussy while her fingers twisted and pulled the nipple. For a while, he simply watched, his face caught between serene contentment and agony. But then his words came again, low, desperate, instructing her toward pleasure.

"Now slip your fingers out, slide them up. I allow you to touch briefly. Just once, circle it, then rub over it. Do it." She did. Her fingers quested over her clit as he had ordered, only once. She arched up, desperate for more.

"Again. Rub over it again, then circle it, keep doing just that ... You are not to come yet."

She did exactly as she was bid. Her breathing grew heavy and rapid. Her muscles were tensed. Her body ached for release. She forced her eyes to open, staring up into his. So close.

"I know you are nearly there, my darling. Hold yourself, hold yourself on the edge. Keep circling, rub over it now, lightly, that's it. Stop! Wait ... Breathe deep."

Hermione groaned in despair. Every time she thought the tense wall of pleasure would break, he pulled her up, denying her.

"Again. Yes ... now stop!"

She almost screamed.

"Now, my sweet. You will come for me. The memory of you coming ... the sight of you coming for me ... it sustained me for years. And at last I have it before me again. You are sheer beauty. Now ... are you ready?"

She could only groan.

"Pinch your nipple."

She did so, moaning as pleased pain shot through her.

"Now rub, hard, don't stop until you are pulled to oblivion."

She brought her hand hard over her clit, dragging over it firmly, and again and again. Her body froze, she fixed him with her eyes; his were grey, wide, heavy with lust. And then with a groaning cry, she came, as hard as ever, her body juddering uncontrollably on the desk, her legs shaking off it. She tried to maintain eye-contact, but her pleasure was too out of control. Her head was thrown back amid her delirium, and her body arched up in a spasm of ecstasy. Amidst her rapture, she heard a long breath escape the man above her. It was the only release he could achieve.

Hermione's eyes at last closed, her body heavy, sinking into the wood beneath. She lay in silence for minutes as the pleasure which had captured her brought complete relaxation. Abraxas did not disturb her peace. Her expression at rest was as beautiful to him as when she was coming.

At last, she opened her eyes again and smiled up at him.

"Thank you." He said it simply and clearly. Her smile deepened.

Slowly, Hermione pulled herself from the desk and adjusted her clothing. "I had better go. I have ..."

"... work to do?" he drawled cynically.

She smiled. She knew he suspected the reason she had given for being at the manor.

Hermione looked up at him. "Thank you. Again." Turning, she moved for the door.

"You will return one day ... will you not?"

She stopped and glanced back at him.

Just then the door was flung back and light flooded the room. Hermione gasped and spun around. Lucius stood in the doorway. She blushed scarlet, suddenly ashamed, suddenly guilty.

"Hermione? What are you doing in here? I have been searching for you."

"I was just ... I'm sorry. I wanted to have a look around."

"You did not ask me."

"No. Sorry."

"I thought I heard voices."

Hermione tensed and shrugged unconvincingly. She walked over to him, her head down, intent on leaving the room. He caught her arm as she passed by, stopping her. "There is no rush. I like this room. It is secluded redolent of the past." His voice was remarkably flat. It disarmed her. "It was my father's study."

She smiled awkwardly, trying to move forward again. She could not. Lucius held her arms and pushed her back into the room. She saw his eyes glance up. She knew he was aware of his father's portrait above them.

The burn of guilt tingling her seemed merely to be igniting her yet again. Her whole body was alive. Her experience under Abraxas' gaze had slated her desire momentarily, but that ache inside, the need to be completed it was still flaming her relentlessly. Lucius' aroma, his presence, his taut body intoxicated her. And the awareness of Abraxas' proximity merely fuelled her heady lust yet further, as much as she tried to deny it.

Her belly jolted. Lucius had moved her to stand directly in front of his father's portrait. He spun her around so that her back was pulled into him. One hand came around her waist, the other moved to her shoulder, gripping her in tight to him.

With a final glance up at his father, Lucius' head descended to the expectant flesh of her neck. She closed her eyes, willing him to stop. She knew she was unable to prevent it herself, but even her fevered mind felt compelled to try. "Lucius ... stop ... not here ... please ..."

"You don't normally say that."

The hand on her waist had moved up to her breast and was massaging the plump ripeness delectably. She moaned, forcing her eyes to remain shut. She dared not look up.

"Lucius ... don't ..."

His hand had reached into her top and released her breast. Quickly and suddenly, he found the nipple and pinched hard. Hermione's eyes darted open with the pang of pleasure, and she looked straight into those of Abraxas.

He was smirking.

Hermione's belly somersaulted and a rush of moisture gushed from her. Pleasure it was all that mattered. She knew it. They knew it. Instinctively, her hand came up to grip Lucius' head, holding him hard against her. Abraxas' smirk deepened. Her guilt diminished yet further.

Lucius' hand was descending, lower, ghosting over her clothes, flickering along her belly, until it reached down ever further to that place she had only allowed him to grace in recent weeks. She could not remove her gaze from Abraxas' steady appraisal. He seemed only to be enjoying the vision before him. Her lust was burning with a fierce intensity, her skin crawling with fire, her belly molten with desire. She moaned, her eyes closing momentarily. She clasped Lucius ever harder into her.

His hand had reached between her legs and was raising her skirt higher and higher. Warm fingers slipped into that soft, tender place, searching out his need. He moaned into her neck.

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

Hermione groaned, her eyes opening to fall into Abraxas' once again. But this time, the shame did not come. He was still smirking. Lucius' hand left her, and he brought his fingers up to his face, inhaling her aroma deeply.

"You smell of pleasure. Deep pleasure." He pulled back from her a little, not in anger but with realisation. "You have come. Recently. You have just come, haven't you?"

Hermione sobbed in frustration, unable to feel any remorse; her lust had banished it. "Don't stop."

It was Lucius' turn to look up at his father, his face stern and unreadable. But still he held Hermione, his hands gripping her arms, holding her back against him. "What have you done, witch? What have you been doing in here?" He was not angry. His voice contained intrigued desire, no more. "Hermione ..." He held her, turning her around to face him, his voice remarkably similar to his father's. Her belly jerked involuntarily. This man never ceased to stir her. "Look at me."

Slowly, she raised her eyes to the crystal grey, real this time, deep and endless.

He searched her brown eyes, moving his hands up to cup her head gently, caressing her cheeks with his thumbs. Hermione felt herself melting into him. She adored all he was. She adored all his father had been for her moments before. But now her guilt melted with her body.

Lucius held her gaze, a small smile detectable on his lips. "Hermione ... I know you ... I understand you. And I know him." He continued to caress her, inclining his head slowly. "Kiss me."

Hermione turned her mouth to his. He bent his head and his warm soft lips touched hers. It was the sweetest taste. Lucius moved over her; his mouth closed, tender. She smiled under him and brought her lips in harder to him. They stayed like that as time slipped them by, at that moment unaware of all but each other.

"You remember our conversation do you not, Lucius?" Abraxas' voice suddenly broke the sublime atmosphere they had wrought. He spoke in measured tones, a slight lilt to his voice.

Lucius had a tight hold on the woman between them. He pulled back from Hermione. His features remained gentle, but a wry smirk flitted over them. His eyebrow rose in typical haughty fashion. He turned Hermione around so that she was facing the portrait and pulled her back into him. He addressed his father's question with remarkable casualness. "What conversation was that, father?"

"We discussed, one evening, matters ... of an intimate nature."

"A rare event, father."

"Perhaps ... but you do remember?"

"I recall a lot of firewhisky." Lucius was gripping Hermione's waist, one hand massaging her breast, his mouth down once again, planting searing kisses along the bare flesh of her shoulder. Hermione could not think. The voices of the two men, their eyes, the burn ... she was rendered incapable of reaction, apart from an urgent need to feel.

"I mentioned a woman a schoolgirl as she was at the time."

"Hmm ..." Lucius did not sound as disengaged as he wished.

"She was a Mudblood."

Lucius did not answer. He was devouring the flesh of Hermione's neck. She gripped his hair, pushing him ever harder against her. She hardly heard Abraxas' words, but was vaguely aware he was talking about her. The tones of his deep throbbing baritone vibrated her core while his son's mouth inflamed her physical ardour yet more. She no longer questioned the surreal nature of her situation.

"You are holding that woman in your arms now."

Lucius raised his eyes to his father's, but did not remove his lips and teeth from Hermione's throat.

Abraxas continued. "When did you first have her?"

"A few months ago."

"It was I who paved the way for you. Know that."

Lucius eyes hardened, but he did not stint in his worship of the woman in his arms. His voice sounded, as hard as his eyes, but was controlled with lust and determination. "I knew she was the same. I remember her. I remember all those years ago. But look at her now, father. She is mine. Mine. Know that."

Abraxas was not deterred. His smirk deepened. "Ours. Malfoy's. She knows it." He laughed, a low throbbing chuckle, then fell silent, watching the scene before him. Hermione's eyes opened again. Abraxas caught them in his. Her mouth dropped, dragging in air. Lucius' hands were exploring deep down her again. Two fingers swept along her sodden folds, then curled around, pushing up into that tender wet flesh that her father's memory had ignited.

"How I long for her again." Abraxas spoke with factual longing. Hermione moaned and pushed down onto his son's fingers. Abraxas knew what must be done. It was the only way. "Take her. Take her now. She needs you. She needs us. Here. Do it now. I must see my flesh within her again."

Lucius raised a wary eyebrow but could not remove himself from Hermione. "Your flesh?"

"It is all I can do. It is the only way. Do not test me, boy."

His son sneered.

Hermione was writhing under Lucius' touch, her eyes open again, locked into his father's. Abraxas head slackened, and she heard him moan with need. She ground herself against his son's fingers.

"Please ... Lucius ... *please ... now* .... I must have you." She was looking at his father.

"Take her." Abraxas mouthed the words with searing determination to his son. "Here.*Now*."

With a grunt of desperation, Lucius tore himself away from Hermione and pushed her down before him so that she was kneeling on all fours. She did not hesitate to comply.

"I want to see her naked. Hurry. Use magic."

With a wandless spell, Lucius removed her clothing and his in an instant. Hermione shuddered as the air hit her exposed flesh. Her lust intensified. She flexed her primed body, opening her legs for the man behind her, her eyes for the man above her. Her mind was incoherent with desire, but she gazed deliciously up at Abraxas with anticipation as she felt the man behind her girding himself, gripping her hips.

And then, before she had fully prepared, Lucius thrust. She was jolted forward and gasped, breaking eye-contact with the man above her for a moment.

"Fuck, yes!" Lucius hissed his affirmation out, loud for his father to hear. Abraxas' smile deepened. He drew himself up with satisfaction.

"Again." Hermione's need was deep and low. Lucius pulled out as far as he dared, gripped her hips so that his fingers dug into her soft skin, and plunged back in deep. Every time this man entered her it was a revelation. She could not live without it. She nearly screamed, a sobbing cry rising from her.

"That's it, my Mudblood, let me hear you, let me hear your ecstasy. It is music to my ears." The voice came not from behind her, but above. She looked up again, biting her lip as pleasure started to creep inexorably over her.

Lucius had started a controlled but determined pace behind her. His cock was as large and hard as she had ever felt it, stretching her tight wetness with brutal certainty before withdrawing mercilessly, only to thrust back to fill the agonising void he had created. *Perfection*. Her body was fast approaching ecstasy. She moaned, arching her neck high towards his father.

"Yes, Mudblood, feel him, feel him as you felt me. Lucius, speak. Tell me what she is like. I must feel it too."

Lucius groaned but complied, as was habit, with his father's wish. When he spoke, his words were surprisingly assured. "Exquisite warmth, tight wet heat. She holds me like no other. Her body is made for me ... for me ... no other."

Abraxas grinned. He recalled the feel of her so well, but his son's words tormented him equally. Still, the arrogance of his only child had been something he had encouraged. It gave him a strange satisfaction. He fixed his eyes on Hermione again. Her eyelids were half shut, her perfect little teeth biting the swollen red of her bottom lip. Her breasts swung beneath her, shaking with rhythmic jolts as his son pounded her relentlessly. He knew she would come soon; he could feel her pleasure building.

"Hermione." Abraxas called her name. "You are to look at me when you come, when my son's cock forces your pleasure from you only at me."

There was a low groan behind her, a hissed, 'yes' caught in it Lucius' affirmation. She moaned, lifting her head to his father. She would meet his needs.

Lucius dug his fingers into her, pulled back hard, then forced himself as deep into her as he could. Her eyes opened wide in amazement, locking with those of Abraxas Malfoy. He saw her face crumple into abandon, her body judder despite the strong hands holding her. She screamed. It was a scream of pure rapture, ripped through the air around them. It took some time for the pleasure to work its way out of her body.

Lucius stilled, allowing her to calm. He had not yet come himself.

Lucius pulled out of her, his cock still rock hard and red, desperate for release, but, as ever, giving pleasure first. He lay beside Hermione who had collapsed in a heap on the floor, her body rising and falling rapidly as she struggled to recover. She turned her head to him and smiled. "My darling ... my darling ... thank you."

Lucius reached across, stroking her hair out of her face, and kissed her softly on the cheek. "I know, I know." His father did not hear the words which passed between them.

"Taste, Lucius. You will taste her." It came almost as a plea from Abraxas.

The younger Malfoy did not need to be told. He lowered himself instinctively between her legs, and in one long sweep, gathered in her sweet pleasure. Hermione jerked with sensitive satisfaction. Lucius repeated his actions, knowing if he continued in this way, she would come again. He delighted in the taste of her ecstasy.

"Tell me. I remember ... but it was so long ago ... so long ago."

Lucius was supping from her. He pulled back long enough to breathe up to his father. "The sweetest nectar. Oxygen. My oxygen."

Abraxas smiled, his delight almost sounding as a thrilled laugh. "Yes. That was it. As sweet as the first breeze of morning." He glanced down again. "Now, lie down, on your back. I want her on top of you now, facing me. Do it."

They did not hear him at first, merely remained as they were before, Lucius feeding off her, but then he glanced up and met her eyes. She nodded momentarily, and before his father could reiterate his demand, Lucius turned to lie prone on the floor, his cock rising magnificently before him.

Hermione moaned, pushing herself up, running her hands along his legs, avoiding the prominence between them. He hissed. Up, up his smooth firm torso she continued, catching his nipples.

"He is beautiful, is he not? I know. He is flesh of my flesh."

She smiled, looking at Lucius, but did not reply. Her eyes moved to the object between his legs, hard and purple-tipped. His lust dripped relentlessly from it. With a lick of her lips, Hermione lowered her head to gather up the drops. Lucius shuddered, arching up to her, pushing further into her mouth. She took him, deeper, deeper; it came so naturally to her. She moved so that he could descend fully into her throat, her chin resting on his hard belly.

There was a deep moan from someone, she was not sure whom.

Hermione sucked and pulled at his cock, sometimes letting it sink into her tight throat, sometimes teasing only the head with her agile tongue. Lucius guided her actions with a gentle hold on her head. They were completely in tune with each other. Abraxas remained silent, allowing them their concentration, soaking in the sight before him, remembering her mouth on him.

Hermione at length pulled herself reluctantly away from Lucius' delicious rigidity and whispered against him, for his ears only, "What do you want? What do you want, my beautiful darling? I am yours."

Lucius looked into her eyes, wondrous adoration evident in his, then whispered back, "I need to be inside you. I need you always engulfing me. He knows that. He needs it too. We need you. We are as one."

She smiled and bent to kiss him, plundering his mouth with her searching hot tongue. He held her captive for a moment, then released her as she pulled up. He lay with his head facing his father's picture. Hermione threw her leg over him, looked up at Abraxas, leaned over Lucius, placing her hands hard on his chest, and lowered herself.

Sound filled the room. It was a primordial sound of masculine fulfilment. Hermione descended slowly, inch by inch, engulfing Lucius' cock with sublime control in perfect

view of his father. It was her favourite position with his son, and she allowed a moan of her own to join theirs. Her head fell back, and she reached behind to rest upon his legs instead, pushing the bent tip of his cock hard against her g-spot. She rocked slowly, her body once again falling captive to pleasure.

"Hold her breasts. Take them in your hands. Hard. She can take it. She needs it. Do it."

Lucius glanced up at Hermione and they exchanged a look. He knew exactly how much she could take. Controlled and mutual, they explored each other's limits like never before. He reached his hands up to her breasts and held them hard, closing his thumbs and fingers around her tight pink nipples. She drew in a shuddering breath, ensuring she held Lucius' gaze at that point.

She started to raise herself again and looked down to see his cock as it was revealed again, slick with her need. She stared into Lucius' eyes. They had never been so connected.

"Say his name."

The words startled her at first, jolting her out of her pleased reverie. She glanced up. The beautiful face of Abraxas was staring down at her. She did not stop moving along his son.

"Say it."

She resisted at first, but then it came naturally to her. Lucius' hands moved to grip her hips, pushing her up and down along him. She moaned it out, her eyes closing in bliss, "Lucius ..."

"No."

She was confused. She looked up at Abraxas with a bleary frown.

"Who is he? *Who am I?*"

Hermione locked eyes with the man who had started this for her. His beauty, even on canvas, still staggered her. She would not let him down. She spoke as she wished, as she knew to be true.

"Malfoy ..."

Abraxas exhaled long and deep. Lucius groaned beneath her, her pussy clenching hard around him.

"Yes ..." She was not sure which one of them had spoken.

"Again."

"*Malfoy.*"

She started to chant, a low regular chant of the name, the name which dictated her pleasure.

It built to a crescendo, the name sounding around them, as much a part of the fabric as the ancient stones of the house and their drenched lustful bodies.

"Come, Mudblood ... come for me ... for him .. *for Malfoy.*"

She did. With a scream to rival the last one, Hermione's body shattered around the iron cock still deep inside her. She flung her hands down, drawing blood along Lucius' torso as she steadied herself. She thought she had been propelled off him with the force of her pleasure. Her pussy spasmed around him so hard he followed her instantly with his own rapture. Blood too was forced from her tender flesh as his fingers gripped her hips for support. Lucius opened his mouth to allow his pleasure to pour from him as his hot shoots exploded into her, on and on.

Abraxas watched and remembered.

At last the pleasure subsided, and Hermione collapsed onto her lover, incapable of thought or movement. Lucius managed to throw an arm around her and hold her there. That was all.

The air stilled.

Heavy and deep.

Silence.

"I did not think my son would allow a Mudblood into our home simply for work."

Lucius and Hermione smiled at each other.

It was Hermione who stood first, pushing herself up with the last dregs of energy in her drained body.

She stood proud, naked, her body still glowing from pleasure. Looking up at Abraxas, she smiled boldly. He smiled back.

"You have sustained my memories for a long time to come, Mudblood."

"I will never forget you, Abraxas."

Lucius had stood and was getting dressed with his back to them.

"I asked you before if you would return. You will, won't you?"

Lucius' hands paused briefly as he did up his shirt.

"Yes."

Abraxas smiled. "Go now. Go to my son's bed. It pleases me greatly."

Hermione grinned. It was she who controlled these powerful men. "It pleases *me* greatly."

Lucius had turned to stand beside her. She reached down and took his hand, then bent up and kissed him deeply.

Looking back at his father, she smiled once again. "Goodbye, Abraxas."

"Goodbye, Hermione ... for now."



She smiled at him one last time before allowing herself to be led from the room by his son.

-----

Any reviews and comments gratefully valued and appreciated! The final instalment is fast approaching. LL x