

To Relieve Boredom, Part Three: Dum Committeret Bellum Draco

by laurielove

Hermione is offered an unusual birthday present. Should she refuse? Can she resist?

Dum Committeret Bellum Draco

Chapter 1 of 1

Hermione is offered an unusual birthday present. Should she refuse? Can she resist?

So, time for Hermione to complete her Malfoysation.

Here is the final instalment in what turned out to be a MUCH more significant undertaking than I had anticipated. And, I admit, I seem to have left it open for further ... exploration. But, if so, it shall certainly not be for some time. I hope this fits in with what has gone before but is also able to stand alone, as I wish all of these to do. I have included it as a 'triptych' with the first two. 'Under Watchful Eyes' should be seen as a side-step from these. Having said that, there are things which occur in that one which I refer to here. It is advisable to read all of the 'To Relieve Boredom' fics first. They may well provide you with some ... interest.

The title means, '*When the dragon entered the battle*'. It refers back to Lucius' sketch in the first story.

For those who have not followed this series, Hermione began these events by travelling back in time and getting together with Abraxas Malfoy (To Relieve Boredom). She then started a relationship with Lucius (Luceat Eis) which continues in this one but ... with an addition. I do want to preserve the relationship she has developed with Lucius. I am rather fond of it; it has turned out to be far more profound than I had originally intended!

Enjoy! xxx



And so Hermione and Lucius began to meet regularly. Did she want more from a relationship? Not at the moment, she believed.

For the time being, she was more than satisfied. As was he.

She had not taken any other lovers since being with him. They met once or twice a week at a discreet but exclusive Muggle hotel, tucked away in an intimate part of London. Both grew dependent on their meetings for their sanity. Hermione worked hard. The moments she could be with Lucius kept her mind free and her soul content.

The sex between them went beyond what she had even imagined after their first time. Never had Hermione experienced so many mutual orgasms. They were completely attuned to each other's bodies.

And still Hermione remembered Abraxas. She knew it was he who had launched this series of events. The memory of her time with him informed each of her encounters with Lucius. Did he realise this? Even if he did, it seemed not to matter.

Together, they explored all aspects of their sexuality, trying things new to both of them, surprising themselves with how much their bodies could take. Hermione knew she would never have wanted these things with any other man.

And underlying it all, Hermione had to admit that she had found a friend. Her mind recoiled in surprise when she thought of the term. Lucius Malfoy a friend?! But it could not be denied. They got on remarkably well, and the time they spent lying together talking between bouts of delirious pleasure was as satisfying to them both as their physical connection.

And what were her feelings for him? She respected him, she admired him, she worshipped his body, certainly. She needed him in many ways. Was she in love with him? She shied away from answering her own question. And therefore it remained that way unanswered. But she was loyal to him and, in his own way, he was to her. She knew her feelings were mirrored in him. Yet the fact remained he had a wife. She would not ask or expect him to leave her.

But the existence of Narcissa had no impact on their time together. And Hermione was so content with her lover that thoughts of her own future were pushed to the back of her mind. For now, he was all she needed.

She had even been to the Manor. He had asked her one weekend when his wife was far away. It had been good. Very good.

She had reconnected with Abraxas and reinforced her relationship with his son.

Very good.

And so it was that they lay together one Thursday afternoon. Hermione had time to herself on Thursday afternoons time she was supposed to spend out in the wizarding world, seeking out misdeeds and wrongdoing. However, she was so organised and hard-working that any tasks were performed swiftly and on other occasions. Thursdays were Lucius days.

They had just come, together, as was usually the case. Hermione had been astride him, and after her pleasure died away, she slumped down onto his body, slick with sweat and the glow of rapture.

He encircled an arm around her and held her close to him.

"How was your week?" His personal question surprised her. It was not often he asked details of her life.

"Tedious."

"How do you spend your evenings?"

She was silent for a moment, unsure what to say.

"Well, it's rarely very exciting. I normally just stay in, read, watch Muggle TV, that sort of thing."

"Muggle TV?" She could detect the distaste in his voice.

"Yes. There's some pretty good stuff on, if you know where to look."

"Hmm." He did not sound convinced. "I do not possess a television nor do I intend to."

She giggled into his chest. "That does not surprise me."

"I thought someone as famous as you would be out most evenings."

She sighed. "Well, I suppose if I really wanted to, I could. I get lots of invitations, but ... I don't want to. I really can't be bothered. People always want the same stuff: all the gory details, all about Harry, the usual. I can't stand it."

"Don't you mind being on your own?"

"No. I like being on my own."

"All the time?"

"Well, not all the time, of course. I mean if I could be with y ..." She stopped herself. Silence fell over them. He stroked her arm gently. After some time, his voice floated through to her.

"It is your birthday soon. I want to get you something special."

"You don't need to worry about that."

"I want to worry about it. I want to care about you."

She frowned at him in bewilderment. "You do, Lucius, but ... you don't have to get me physical things only you."

"Twenty one a special age. I want to make it even more special."

"You will, just by being you. I don't need grand gestures. You know that."

"I want to give you something purely me."

She sniggered. "You do that every time I see you."

He remained serious. "You are special to my family."

She smiled and reached up to kiss him. He gripped her head hard. His passion rose swiftly and he plundered her mouth ardently. She returned the kiss with fervent addiction, her tongue dancing with his urgently.

He was inside her quickly. As he moved within her, he stared hard into her eyes, the searing grey more intense than ever. "You have come to me. You have come to us. I

will not forget."

She did not altogether understand his meaning, but her pleasure soon broke into a searing climax, and her mind did not allow her to think anymore about it.

Afterwards, as she dressed, he asked leisurely, "Are you going to that party at the Minister's tomorrow?"

She groaned another tedious Ministry function designed to improve communications between magical organisations. "Shit. I'd forgotten about that. Yes. I've got to go. Will you be there?"

"Yes. My wife will not be going. The Magical Landholders Association has asked me to attend on their behalf."

"Oh, well. At least there'll be something to help pass the time." She smiled across at him, grateful Narcissa would not be there.

"My son is going as well."

Hermione tensed, trying not to show her dismay. "Oh?"

"You know he works for Gringott's now?"

"I was vaguely aware of it. Did you read that they're thinking of holding the next Quidditch World Cup at Hogwarts? That would be great for the school. I might even go up for it if they do." She tried unsuccessfully to change the subject.

"When did you last see Draco?"

She sighed audibly. "I can't remember. Not since school properly." Hermione finished dressing quickly. "There. I have to go. So I'll see you tomorrow?" She came over to him, kissing him briefly on the lips before pulling back. He grabbed her arm, holding her back.

"Don't rush off."

"It's late, Lucius. I have to pick something up from the Ministry before I go home. I'll see you at this thing tomorrow. Thank you for a wonderful afternoon." She meant it genuinely, but his conversation during the course of the afternoon had oddly unsettled her. She had not expected such depth of emotion, and any mention of Draco always riled her. He looked at her curiously but relaxed the grip on her arm. She smiled meekly, turned and left.

Lucius lay still on the bed, inhaling deeply. He had food for thought.

Hermione never arrived on time for Ministry functions. She wanted to ensure the party, if that was what it could be called, was in full swing before turning up. They were always dull and lifeless, and her need to force small talk out of the most mind-numbing Ministry bureaucrats filled her with dread. She was heartened on this occasion that Lucius would be there. They would be able to talk a little, although care would obviously have to be taken not to appear too engaged with each other. But then she remembered that his son was also attending. Her heart sank. She had not seen Draco properly since after the war. She had occasionally caught a glimpse of him in Diagon Alley or around the Ministry, but she had always managed to avoid the embarrassing social necessity of speaking a single word to him. That might not be possible tonight.

She had put on a short black dress, stockings and heels. Liberally spraying her perfume, she adjusted her lipstick, ran her fingers through her hair and Disapparated to the Minister's residence.

She had timed it right, yet again. The rooms were already bustling with people as she walked through the entrance hall. Many people tried to catch her eye. She smiled effusively, waved, and continued to stride through until she got to a quieter part of the building.

A waiter passed by with a tray of drinks. She grabbed one and downed it quickly. A quick infusion of alcohol always helped with the small talk.

"Careful, Miss Granger. Drinking champagne in that manner can result in swifter intoxication."

She recognised the voice immediately. "That was the general idea, Mr Malfoy."

She turned and grinned up at Lucius. His hair was pulled back, and he had on his most tailored dress robes. She sucked in a breath of wonder.

"Shit, you look incredible."

He smirked with self-satisfaction. "As do you."

She groaned in longing but managed not to show the frustration on her face. Glancing out into the room, she clenched the glass hard in her fingers. "How the hell am I supposed to survive the night with you looking like that? Is there somewhere we can go?"

"You have only just arrived, Miss Granger."

"Don't keep calling me that."

"Why not?"

"It implies you're more in control than I am."

"And is that a problem, Miss Granger?"

She groaned again. "You really can be an infuriating bastard when you choose."

"Naturally ... after all ... I was a Death Eater."

"Don't remind me."

"Oh ... I think you like being reminded. And I think you like the fact that you don't have to be in control with me."

She looked up at him. "I want your ex-Death Eater cock right now."

"Malfoy! And Miss Granger!"

Their faces fell. It was a voice unfortunately familiar to both of them that of Augustus Montague.

The short plump wizard had come to lean into them lasciviously. "Seems every time I see you, you two are having a cosy little chat together somewhere. Suspicious, if you ask me." He chortled his rancid fat laugh, and his face turned a darker shade of plum.

"I had not realised a discussion on the changes to the law about the casting of wards on the boundaries of one's land was suspicious, Montague," Malfoy drawled smoothly.

"Yes, Mr Malfoy. As I was saying, if you read statute fifty four, subsection fourteen, third paragraph you will find that there is a measure designed to eliminate the need for Ministry approval in such matters. You will however have to obtain a licence should you wish to protect your boundaries with Muggle technology as well. You will have to consult the Department of Muggle Relations for the particulars on that one. Their bureau is open between 10 am and 3 pm on Tuesdays and Thursdays. I hope that clarifies things for you. The law has been amended recently after the Wizengamot held a session where they also discussed the possible automatic inclusion of magical force fields around land. That is going to be discussed further at the next meeting." Hermione had not drawn breath.

Montague's eyes had glazed over after her second sentence. It eliminated any further puerile suggestions on his part. "Right. Clear as mud, eh, Malfoy?" He looked like a child who had had his favourite toy removed from him.

"Goodbye, Mr Malfoy. Goodbye, Mr Montague. How perfectly delightful to see you again."

With a radiant smile, Hermione walked away from them both. Malfoy could not help a smirk of admiration thrown after her.

Hermione took herself to the bathroom. *Shit*. How dare that disgusting little man ruin her moment with Lucius? She was sure they could have found a room somewhere to have addressed their need.

She sat on the toilet seat in a tightly locked cubicle, her head in her hands, trying to summon the motivation to return to the party. The door to the bathroom was flung open loudly and shrill girlish voices sounded. The taps were turned on.

"Oh god, Maisy. I look like shit. How the hell did you let me out looking like this?"

"God, darling. You look incredible. Don't worry about it. Anyway, he's yours for the taking if you want him. Everyone knows you're in there now."

The other girl sighed dramatically. "Well, if that's the case, he's taken his bloody time about it. I mean, it's not as if I haven't made my intentions clear, for god's sake."

"Lamorna it'll be tonight. You look stunning. There is no way he can resist."

"I don't know. He can be so weird sometimes. He just ... I don't know ... seems to retreat into himself. Goes all quiet. God, it pisses me off."

"I know. But, hey it's Draco Malfoy. He's worth putting up with a few quirks for, isn't he? I have to say he is looking so good tonight."

"I know. That black jacket is cut perfectly for him. So fine." The girl was giggling now, clearly applying liberal amounts of make-up. "There. That's better. Do you think it's too much?"

"No. Gorgeous, sweetie. Come on. Have you cast your contraceptive charm?"

"Bloody hell, of course. You know that bra I was telling you about, the red silk ..."

They left the bathroom in a flurry of sexualised hype.

Hermione had listened with growing nausea to the entire conversation. How could any woman lose so much dignity for the sake of Draco Malfoy? She opened the door of the cubicle and was met with a fug of perfume and powder. Coughing violently, she flailed her hands before her in an attempt to clear the air.

Lamorna Beauchamp. She had been a year below them at school. Slytherin. Naturally. It was widely known that she had had a crush on Draco throughout school. It surprised Hermione that it had taken until now for her to achieve her aim. Nearly, anyway.

The Beauchamps were a minor pureblood family, distantly related to the Lestranges. She wondered momentarily how Lucius would react to the girl's pursuit of his son. Hermione sighed. Draco and she were welcome to each other.

She returned to the party. After her second glass of champagne, her small-talk gene had kicked in and with aplomb and charm she worked the room, chatting eloquently and intelligently to a wide variety of people. Lucius remained within eye-sight, and they occasionally sent each other conspiratorial glances. It enabled Hermione to keep going.

At length, she found herself in a conversation with the Minister himself. Lucius passed by, and the Minister called him over. "Malfoy! I was just thanking Miss Granger for her help on the Reintroduction of Magical Wolves Act. I know you too presented a well-thought through talk on the subject which enabled the act to be passed swiftly and effectively."

"Thank you, Minister. Yes. I think the trip to York resulted in many desirable outcomes for everyone."

Hermione belly pranced, and a rush of moisture pooled between her legs. She held his eyes. He was smirking as deliciously as ever.

"Well, thank you both for your efforts. I realise in particular that it may not always be easy for you two to work together, so I greatly appreciate your cooperation in these matters. Now, if you'll excuse me ... I must speak to the Chief Warlock." With that he left them alone.

Hermione stepped into the tall blonde man a little. "Desirable outcomes, Mr Malfoy?"

"Most desirable."

Silence. They stared at each other.

"I still desire your cock."

Lucius smirked at her bluntness. It always ignited his lust. He raised his eyes, looking over her shoulder. His eyes fell on a young man all too familiar to him.

"Ah. There he is at last. I had not seen him all night."

Hermione sighed slightly. *What the hell was he talking about?* She turned around. There, in the middle of the room, girls giggling stupidly around him, Lamorna Beauchamp practically draped over him, was Draco Malfoy.

She crossed her arms and glared. Why did he have to distract Lucius from her?

Hermione's eyes narrowed as she stared across at the younger Malfoy. As far as she could tell, his face still carried the bitter snarl of a constipated ferret. She expected it to anyway. She wanted it to. But on closer inspection, she had to admit that he seemed more at ease, the lines of tension which had twisted his face before, relaxed and absent now. He seemed taller than she remembered, and held himself effortlessly while chatting to the women so obviously throwing themselves at him. Lamorna was fixed to him like a limpet and was staring determinedly into his face. Hermione could not help but notice that he was staring determinedly anywhere but into her face. She smirked.

"Who is that creature attaching herself so unceremoniously to my son? I do not recognise her."

"Lamorna Beauchamp."

"Beauchamp? An undistinguished family."

Hermione tutted with a laugh. "Not as undistinguished as the Grangers."

"You have made yourself very distinguished, my dear."

"How delightfully patronising of you, my sweet."

He grinned, still looking across at Draco. Hermione turned away from his son and slipped a hand behind him. They were next to a wall. No one would notice. She ran it up the back of his thigh and cupped his taut buttock, running her fingers sensuously over it. "I really, *really* don't think I can wait any longer."

"Do you find my son attractive?"

"*What?!*"

"Most women seem to find him so. Do you?"

"Lucius!"

He turned to her. "Look at him. Do you find him attractive?" Her incredulity at his question had not deterred him. He clearly expected an answer.

Her face twisted in disbelief. "No! I can't stand the sight of him! You know that."

"Hmm."

"For God's sake, Lucius! What the hell is this all about?"

"I am curious, that is all."

"Well, I've told you now, so stop being curious."

"He is considered quite a catch."

"Of course he bloody is! He's your son. You're one of the wealthiest men in England!"

Lucius' eyebrows rose up as if her statement surprised him. "Is that the only reason they find him attractive?"

"Oh, I'm sure it's his abundant charm and immaculate manners as well never ceased to impress me!" Her arms were crossed. She resented the heavy sarcasm she was forced to employ.

Lucius had raised his arm slightly and, with one finger, languidly beckoned for someone to join him. Hermione groaned aloud as she saw Draco disentangle himself from the gaggle of girls, whose faces fell into despair as he walked from them. She slunk back into the shadows as the younger Malfoy made his way over to them.

"Father. I'd forgotten you would be here."

"Draco." Father and son shook hands. Hermione sniffed out a laugh. *How predictably formal.*

"I am sorry to interrupt your little ... gathering."

Draco sneered and glanced back over his shoulder. "That's alright. They'll be there when I get back. Do you know Lamorna? She's been all over me like a rash for as long as I can remember. Anyway, she might get lucky tonight. Best of a bad lot really."

"Oh, please." Hermione could not suppress her exclamation of distaste.

"Draco," Lucius stepped back and reached his hand behind her arm, motioning her into the light. For some reason, she allowed him to. "It has been some time since you two saw each other, I believe."

"Granger!" Draco's face momentarily drained of colour before he quickly set it into the sneer she knew and hated so well.

"Malfoy." She could barely spit it out. With him, she did not give the name the same association she derived from his father and grandfather.

"What the hell are you doing talking to my father?" Draco did not sound as surprised as his question would suggest.

"It's called business, Malfoy. I have to work with a wide variety of people, you know, get on with them. Not something you're used to, I should imagine."

"Now now, you two. There is no need to forget civilities. We are all adults, after all." Lucius spoke as calmly and as smoothly as ever. He was looking from one to the other, studying them carefully.

"Some more adult than others," Hermione hissed.

"Haven't lost your way with words, I see, Granger."

Hermione wanted to thump him but bit her tongue. She owed it to Lucius to keep her cool.

"Drink, Draco?" Lucius placed a glass in his son's hand as a waiter passed by with a tray before he could protest. He seemed completely undisturbed by the venom flying between his lover and his son.

Draco turned away, shrugging his confrontation with Hermione off his shoulders and downing his champagne swiftly.

The room had cleared. Dancing had been arranged, starting with a slow couple's dance, of which it was expected that prominent wizards and witches would lead.

"Ah, dancing. Not really my thing," the older Malfoy drawled with his usual smoothness. "Do you dance, Miss Granger?"

"It depends whom I am dancing with, Mr Malfoy."

He smirked down at her. "Oh well, I'm sure Draco would be honoured to oblige, wouldn't you?" He turned to his son before looking immediately back at Hermione.

Her mouth dropped open like a stone, and her eyes widened in incensed fury. She stared up at him with undisguised rage. He simply continued to smirk down at her.

"I'm sure ... Mr Malfoy ... that there are many other young ladies who would love to dance with your son." She had never spoken words with such bile.

Draco was standing in equal horrified disbelief at his father's words. He could not quite believe he had heard them.

"Ah, but none so radiant. I'm sure you agree, Draco, Miss Granger is by far the most exquisite creature here."

Draco looked even more horrified than before, holding his father's cool stare. His face twisted. He turned to head off, but his father's strong fingers encircled his arm painfully, preventing him. "Draco." Hermione had not heard Lucius so cold since the war. "Miss Granger requires a partner. You will dance with her."

Draco looked into his father's eyes. Hermione thought she could detect a flicker of fear. He looked like a first-year again. For the first time in her life, she almost felt sorry for Draco Malfoy.

Father and son continued to stare hard at each other for some time, not breaking eye-contact.

Then, with a twist of his face approaching a snarl, and a growl of fury, Draco reached across and grabbed Hermione's wrist. Before she knew what was happening, he had pulled her onto the dance floor and gripped her round the waist. He fixed his gaze absently over her shoulder and started to move to the music.

The whole thing had taken Hermione so much by surprise that she hardly had time to work out what had happened. Her hands came up to his shoulders and she held his smooth black jacket lightly.

He was taller than she remembered. She had to reach quite high. She exhaled a sigh, then breathed in deeply. A spicy aroma floated into her nostrils. It reminded her of the manor, of Lucius. It was good. Different, however. She realised with slight shame that it was Draco.

Still swaying in time, she noticed that they had settled into an easy rhythm of movement quite naturally, not something that happened very often to her when dancing. She glanced around the room, wary of people's reactions. Most people were too preoccupied or inebriated to have noticed the war heroine dancing with the ex-Death Eater. Then she locked eyes with Lamorna Beauchamp. Hermione hoped the primed and preened witch wasn't very skilled, or she feared a curse on the spot, so ferocious was the glare she was throwing her way. For some reason, it made Hermione tighten her grip on Draco's shoulders. They were surprisingly broad and toned, she noted. She was moving in closer to him and realised that this had come about from his hands pulling her towards him. She tensed a little, but did not pull back.

The song was ending. As the last bars died away, she at last glanced up at him. He was looking down at her. His face was barely recognisable. Gone was the sneer, the disdain. He looked relaxed, surprised even. He had his father's eyes after all. Her own tension dispersed and a slight wave of shame rippled through her at her previous treatment of him.

She managed a momentary flicker of a grin. "There we are."

Pulling away from him, she walked away rapidly. The skin on her waist expanded again after his touch left it.

Hermione walked quickly away from the dance floor. As she passed a doorway, a hand grabbed her and pulled her into a room. The door was shut and she was pushed up against it, hands resting on either side of her head, pinning her between strong arms.

She glared at the man before her, pummelling his chest hard with a fist. "Don't ever do that to me again, you bastard!"

Lucius chuckled and dropped his head to her throat. She arched up into it. No matter what he did, she still wanted him. She started tearing at his clothes. He helped her remove them and unzipped her dress.

"What the hell was that all about anyway?"

He had pulled off her dress and was holding a breast appreciatively in his hand. "Curiosity," he drawled before lowering his mouth to the nipple.

"Well, I hope your bloody curiosity is assuaged. Never again, Lucius!" He had lifted her leg to the side. She raised herself on tiptoes as much as possible and, with a smooth thrust, timed with her descent, he was fully inside her.

As their mutual groan died away, she thought she could hear him mumble, "We shall see."

He brought them both to such a swift and palpitating climax that she didn't care what he had said.

Lucius and Hermione were able to spend that night together. They had not bothered to return to their homes but had gone to their usual hotel instead after the reception had petered out. They had made love again as soon as the door to their room was shut. Hermione's need was greater than ever.

Afterwards, as she lay slumped and sated beside him, Lucius spoke.

"Have you seen other men since being with me?"

She turned to him in aggrieved amazement. "No! You know I haven't!"

"But your needs are very great."

"You address all my needs, Lucius."

"Me and my father."

She was insulted he questioned her loyalty. "Lucius. You know how I feel about you what you do to me. I don't need anyone else."

Silence.

"Have *you* been with anyone else?" She almost feared the answer.

"No."

"Except your wife, of course."

"I do not sleep with my wife anymore."

"Oh. I see." She was not sure how to react. She had supposed he did. She felt oddly flattered.

"I do not believe I would be averse to you seeing another, depending on who it was."

The glow inside faded immediately; she was wounded by his apparent callousness.

"I don't want anyone else. You have spoiled me for anyone else."

"Me ... and my father."

She huffed, wishing he would not keep mentioning Abraxas. "Your father is not alive anymore."

"But if there was another?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Another Malfoy."

There was a sudden and heavy silence between them. Hermione's skin was alight with nervous anticipation. There was only one person to whom he could be referring. But still she feared his meaning.

"I would like you to fuck my son."

She must have misheard but knew in her heart she had not.

"What?"

"I want you to fuck my son."

She did not speak. She was not entirely sure if her mind was playing tricks on her or not.

"I give him to you. It is your birthday soon. He is my present to you. You will enjoy him. He will enjoy you. I will enjoy the thought of you bringing pleasure to each other."

Hermione did not reply. He turned to look at her inquiringly.

She at last met his eyes. "I can't believe you have just said that."

"Are you angry?" His voice remained smooth and calm.

She had not had a chance to process the emotions raging within. "I ... I don't know. Yes ... I ... god, Lucius ... what the hell?!" Hermione threw back the covers and rose from the bed.

"You fucked my father."

"That was before I knew you." She was dressing rapidly.

"What is the matter?"

She turned to him with incredulity.

"I thought I meant more to you than that." She could not prevent the tears falling in a welling sob from her eyes: hot, angry, bitter tears.

Lucius was before her faster than she could process. He held her arms hard. "You do. You mean ... more to me than ... " He searched her eyes. She could barely meet his penetrating stare. "That is why I give you this."

"Give *this* to me?"

"Yes. My son means everything to me. I want you to experience the joy I have experienced in having him. I want you to share that."

She looked at him, her anger shifting into miscomprehension. "I don't understand, Lucius. I don't understand."

"He is part of me. He is a Malfoy."

She just looked, her mind working frantically to reconcile his words. He continued determinedly.

"The Malfoys are yours. Our bodies ... you have made them yours. He must be yours too."

She shook her head. "I don't ask that. I don't expect that."

"I know you do not. That is all the more why I have no hesitation in this taking place. I want this to happen, for me and for you ... and for him."

"I don't want it, Lucius."

He glanced at her. She continued. "Draco is not like you, or your father. I ... I don't find him attractive." She was struck by a mixture of shame and self-doubt at her words.

"I do not believe that."

She exhaled a frustrated laugh. "Don't be stupid! I can't just turn it on like a tap. I have hated him, Lucius *Hated him*."

"That does not mean you have not wanted to fuck him."

She looked up at him and her body tensed. Anger coursed through her. Her hand came up and struck him hard against the cheek, the sting resounding through the room.

He stared hard at her, his eyes alight, burning. She feared she had gone too far. But instead of a violent response, he held her hard by the arms and leaned in to fix his eyes into hers. "Yes. Yes, you see. That was a reaction wrought by the truth. You must let your passion guide you. Feel him. Sense him. It will be good. You know it."

"What makes you think he will want me?"

Lucius sneered a laugh. "He is a man. In any case, he has wanted you for many years."

"Don't be ridiculous!"

He looked at her, a faint smirk on his face. "Oh, yes, my ignorant Mudblood. Our bodies desire that which is denied us in mind or soul. I know all too well."

Hermione moved from him and slumped on the bed, her head in her hands. The conversation had shocked her so much, and the conflicting emotions filled her with so much uncertainty that the room spun around her. Lucius came and sat beside her, reaching over and stroking the hair from her face.

"Hermione ..." His voice was so tender she almost wept.

"I don't know ... I don't know ..."

"Yes, you do. I told you ... we are yours. My father, myself ... and my son. Take us. Possess us. You are magnificent."

She turned to him again, her eyes wet with tears. "I am yours, Lucius. After all this. I am only yours."

He smiled gently and leant down to kiss her. She moved back into the bed, all resentment, all anger gone. Her body was alive for him again. Swiftly, he had risen, and

within seconds plunged hard into her. At that moment, they were each other's and no one else's. They both understood that perfectly.

Hermione went about her job for the next few days trying not to think about Lucius' bequest. It proved impossible. Her mind could not shake his image from her mind. But now, just as had happened with him and his father's image, Draco was beginning to impose on her visions too. It was his face which would shift her other daydreams aside, his face only which would shift that of his father's.

Logistically, she was confused. She could not have him as she would a normal lover. She was used to casual sex, had needed it constantly after the war. It was only with Lucius that she had forsaken it. She supposed she could resort to something like that with Draco, but she did not wish to.

No. She needed to engage with him on a far deeper level. And she was not sure she could. She was far from convinced by Lucius' suggestion. As much as it had triggered something deep in her psyche, the notion of bringing it to fruition filled her with trepidation and dread. She went out of her way to avoid meeting Draco, walking deliberately in side alleys so as to avoid going anywhere near Gringott's, sending a secretary to deal with her banking business.

And so, two weeks after Lucius' suggestion, while sitting for a quiet lunchtime drink in the Leaky Cauldron, she was entirely unprepared for what happened.

"Granger."

Hermione screamed. Draco Malfoy was standing over her shoulder, glass in hand.

"Bloody hell! Won't bloody bother next time." He turned to walk away.

"Malfoy!" Instinctively, she called him back, uncertain why. "I'm sorry. You just startled me, that's all. Do you ... do you want to sit down?" She couldn't even call him by his first name. Still, it wasn't his first name that had brought her to this. She could not quite believe she had just spoken so civilly to him.

Everyone makes mistakes.

"Umm ..." Draco sounded equally amazed. "I just thought I'd say hello ... I ... have to get back ...err, well, umm ... I could just ... for a bit ..." He sat quickly and awkwardly. They both took a sip from their glasses.

There was silence for some time.

"How's work?"

"Ministry just as mad as ever?"

They spoke at the same time, resulting in an amused chuckle from them both. The fraught tension which had hung around them dispersed slightly.

Hermione stared into her glass, speaking from part of her being she could only now dredge up. "I'm sorry about the other night."

"What do you mean?" He sounded remarkably normal.

"You know ... the dance thing."

"Oh that. Doesn't matter. My father can be a nob sometimes."

Hermione smirked broadly into her glass. Draco looked at her curiously.

"I was very rude." She knew she had been.

"Yup."

Silence.

"Perhaps I shouldn't have been."

He was looking steadily at her. "Well, with hindsight, Granger, there might have been one or two things in the past which led me to deserve it."

She looked up at him at last. "Is that an apology, Malfoy?"

"Not really, but it's the closest you're going to get." He smirked at her.

He had the same eyes as his father and grandfather. She had not thought anything of them before. He had matured a lot, physically and emotionally, more than she had anticipated. His father's suggestion suddenly hit her with force. She blushed.

"Shit. Hot in here." Draco put down his glass and pulled his jacket off his shoulders. She studied his movements carefully. They were fluid, elegant even, for the first time ever. He was wearing a Muggle shirt under his tailored jacket. It was a crisp white with a thin blue stripe running through it. He undid the top button and loosened his dark silk tie against the heat. His shoulders were broader than she had remembered. She recalled placing her hands on them during the dance. She saw the outline of the muscles clearly now. She could not stop but wonder what they looked like, felt like with no clothes upon them.

Hermione inhaled sharply and took another drink.

Had she wanted him before, ever? She had never believed she had. But, there had been dreams: rare, furtive, forgotten she thought, in the morning.

Forgotten? ... Perhaps not.

She had chosen to ignore them. Everyone dreamt, she had always told herself. Strange, conflicting dreams the mind threw at you to reinforce the truth that in cold reality she hated Draco Malfoy.

She looked at his fingers encircling the glass: long, strong ... family fingers. His forefinger tapped on the glass, the nail clean and trimmed. It was smooth.

She wanted to touch it.

She wanted to touch him.

"Malfoy ..."

He looked up at her in surprise. "Hmm?"

She smiled. "This is weird, isn't it?"

He shrugged. "Yeah. Bit."

"Don't you still hate me?"

He shrugged again. "I haven't seen you for ages, Granger. Time changes things ... dulls emotions. Don't you still hate me?"

She smiled. "I ... am not sure that I do."

He looked at her, a small smile curling his mouth. He had finished his drink.

"Right. That's me done. I guess ... I'll see you around."

"Yeah. Bye, Malfoy." She had finished too and stood to leave.

Draco stood awkwardly for a moment, then extended his hand. She stared at it for a time before reaching across. He encircled her hand in his. She studied their entwined fingers carefully. *How strange. How warm.*

Perhaps ...

"Goodbye, Granger."

"Goodbye."

With a half-smile, he turned and left. She stared after him.

As she lay in bed that night, her mind drifting, as it usually did, faces swam into her vision Abraxas ... his face shifting into Lucius. And it was at Lucius it usually stopped. Not tonight. Another image joined them.

Draco Malfoy.

Hermione reached over and held her own hand, remembering his surprisingly strong fingers encircling hers.

Malfoy.

For the first time ever, that was how she imagined him.

Not Draco. Just Malfoy.

Despite always addressing him by his surname, it was his first name which had defined him.

Malfoy.

She adored them.

He was one. Never had the connection seemed so clear.

She wanted to see him again.

Luckily for Hermione, she had a meeting at Gringott's the following week.

In the past, she had always wriggled out of them somehow, for the very reason that she now found herself anticipating it with tingling excitement.

Draco Malfoy.

As she and Lucius lay in bed the day before, he had questioned her.

"Have you thought about my suggested present anymore?"

"Yes."

"And?"

"I saw him the other day."

He waited silently for more information.

"It was not an unpleasant meeting."

Lucius smiled. "You must have him. You must take him. You need it. You need it, my darling."

She stared hard at him, amazed at his acceptance.

"You're incredible."

"No. You are incredible."

"I will always be yours, Lucius."

"And my father?"

"He brought you to me. For that alone, I will cherish him."

"Cherish my son also. He is flesh of my flesh."

"Your father said that to me about you."

"I remember well. I understood."

"I am seeing him tomorrow. I have a meeting at Gringott's."

"Indeed?"

She turned her head to him. He was smirking faintly down at her. She furrowed her brows slightly, still confused by his complexity.

His smirk turned into the warmest smile he had ever bestowed. He inclined his head, and before kissing her deliciously, warm and supple, he whispered against her

acquiescing lips, "All is good."

Hermione entered the large, oppressively dark room in Gringott's with a ridiculous sense of anticipation. Never had a visit to the gloomy domain of the goblins brought about such a feeling of elation.

She saw him as soon as she entered. He had been sitting with his trademark scowl, staring into a cup of coffee, but as he lifted his head and saw her, the lines of tension melted before her eyes, and he smiled broadly across at her. Her belly leapt with delight. The force of her reaction took her by surprise.

It also helped set her mind on its decision.

The meeting proceeded with predictably mind-numbing tedium. The goblins droned on in their low monotones, pushing Hermione's concentration to the foggy edges of her consciousness. It was only when a higher voice, still resonant, melodious even, pierced the air that she focused in again.

Draco spoke with insight and eloquence, something she had never noticed, or chosen to ignore before. He had a pin sharp mind which had largely been wasted at Hogwarts. His smooth diction and calm evaluation of the complex issues associated with wizarding taxation law impressed her.

After he had finished, he glanced across at her. She smiled warmly. A slight flush graced his high cheekbones, and his hand came up to pull through his hair. He sat quickly.

For the rest of the meeting, she knew she wanted to look only at him. She needed to. The burn had started that insatiable need which had manifested itself only with his father in recent times. Now it was back.

Her mind was made up. She would address the need.

And it would be good.

She ensured she kept her eyes on him for the remainder of the meeting. Increasingly frequently, he would raise his head, smile a little at her, then lower his eyes again under long lashes. She was fascinated by his bone structure. It was as if he had been carved out of marble. Why had she not noticed before? He started meeting her eyes for longer, his face increasingly serious, more certain each time. Hermione could hardly breathe. She recalled a similar meeting with his father. Luckily, this one was nearly over.

At last it finished. She rose, bade farewell to the necessary people, and turned to leave. She did not glance back at him. She knew he would follow.

Soon enough, rapid footsteps sounded behind her. She slowed, allowing him to catch up. When she knew he was level with her, she turned. For a moment, they simply stared at each other. She could see his chest rising and falling rapidly. The ache in her breast had blended into the crawling need twisting her belly. His eyes were as piercing as his father and grandfather's had been. Contained in their depth was the history of all she had experienced with his family.

Hermione was jostled by a passing witch.

She tore her gaze from him and looked around. Many eyes met hers. Here, they were all too recognisable. She turned and walked again, allowing him to follow discreetly.

Hermione left Diagon Alley and went out into Muggle London. Draco kept pace with her.

Soon they were in a broad London boulevard, crowded with lunchtime workers and shoppers. Hermione turned down a side alley, many back doors leading off it. He was just behind her.

She stepped into a secluded doorway and turned.

His hand was under her skirt immediately. She held his gaze impassive, but allowed him his freedom. She moved her legs apart. She knew she was soaking. She had been since the start of the meeting. Fingers, familiar yet different, parted her, swept along. He did not take his eyes away, but she saw his mouth open in revelation. His fingers glided effortlessly through her folds. She sucked in a sharp breath.

Then with a grunt, he twisted his fingers and thrust two hard into her. She gasped in and ground down onto them, propelling them as deep inside as she could.

"Fuck!" She caught the sound on his breath.

The fingers curled round, stroking, plying, stoking. Once again, as seemed to be the natural instinct in his family, they had found her place immediately. His palm pushed into her clit, rubbing it to attention. Hermione's eyes were forced back in her head with a moan of delicious pleasure.

"I want you to come, Granger. I want to make you come. I've wanted to make you come for longer than I will ever dare admit."

It was the same with them all, in their own way, the need to connect with the essence of her womanhood, feel her, see her coming, close and concentratedly for them.

Hermione opened her mouth to respond, but instead she found herself grabbing his free hand and bringing it up, sucking the thumb hard into her mouth, her tongue twirling around it, pulling, pulling it in deep to her hot wetness, just as her pussy sucked the fingers within it. Draco let the longest moan escape him.

Her eyes closed as she sucked hard on his thumb, revelling in the fullness it brought, reflecting the sensations his fingers were pulling out of her below.

"Fuck, you wet Mudblood ... fuck! Come for me, come for me, Granger. Open your eyes."

His voice was insistent, but the harshness did nothing but drive her quickly to ecstasy. Her body delighted in the change, the new flesh exploring it. She had not thought she would need it. She knew he was the only person, another Malfoy, who could draw it from her.

Hermione opened her eyes and locked into his, the same crystal grey, so familiar to her. She stared into them, deep infinite pools taking her back through time, through generations: Abraxas, Lucius, Draco ... his fingers worked her strong. He lacked the subtle skill of his father and grandfather, but he made up for it with ardour and determination. His thumb found her clit while his fingers remained deep inside, rubbing hard. She pulled on his thumb and her hand was thrown up to his shoulder, digging into the muscled flesh she found there.

Her eyes widened and, slackening her mouth around his thumb, she came, pleasure heaving through her, tearing along in rapid rushes. He did not stop moving his fingers and another surge swept through her, taking her by surprise. She cried out with the raptured shock of it.

Hermione clung to his shoulder for support. Slowly, he let his thumb fall from her mouth and his hand from her dripping pussy. She groaned as his physical presence left her.

He leant over, resting his forehead on hers. They were both panting heavily despite the pleasure being only hers. It was almost as if he had shared her experience.

"Do you have to go back to work?"

She did, but she could find an excuse not to.

She shook her head. "You?"

He shook his. "We need a room."

She grinned up at him blearily and nodded.

Without a moment's hesitation, he grabbed her hand, his fingers still damp from her ecstasy and pulled her rapidly behind him.

He found a small, elegant hotel quickly and crossed to the reception desk. Hermione sat slumped in a chair as he sorted the business of rooms out. She looked at him. His height and broad shoulders surprised her again. But she did not take time to question them, merely knew she wanted them. She wanted him. All of him. She wanted his cock, just as she wanted his father's, his grandfather's. Could she ever have any other men again? A moment's panic swept through her. At that moment, Draco turned to her, a small smile on his face. The panic twisted into lust. She must taste him immediately, take him deep into her mouth. It was the way with the men before him. Always. The need to feel man on her tongue. It guided her, dictated her life. She craved it now her addiction, her compulsion. Saliva filled her mouth. She squirmed on the chair. He must hurry.

At last, he crossed to her. She stood as soon as he turned from the desk, moving swiftly to the elevators, pushing the button frantically. He glanced across at her, sniffing in to control his own desire.

The lift arrived. They got in. Draco pressed number four. She laid her head against the glass sides, trying to stem her needs until they were out. It was impossible.

With a synchronised groan from them both, they were upon each other within a few seconds of the door shutting. He found her mouth immediately, tearing it open with hard lips and hungry teeth, his tongue thrust as insistently as his fingers had quested into her earlier. There was nothing gentle or tender about their movements. They could have it no other way. He gripped her head hard, angling it, pushing her back awkwardly, blindly, into the corner of the elevator. Her hands came up to tug at his hair, her mouth open wide for him, allowing him to devour all she was. One hand dropped to his belt. He pushed against her.

There.

At last. She could feel him. Hard.

Hard.

Hers.

Her hand rubbed along him, drawing a wrenchingly deep wail of need from him. Years. Years of despair, of anger, and pain and hate. Now. Now concentrated in this.

Malfoy.

There was a violence to their lust which had not been present with the others. She knew this would be different. Her desire dripped between her legs. She fumbled to release him, forgetting where they were.

The lift stopped with a jolt and the doors opened.

Tearing themselves back to their surroundings, he ripped himself away from her mouth, from her hands, and pulled her, his fingers digging into her wrist, out and along the corridor. She stumbled to follow him, her mind not permitting her any thought except sexual need.

He found the room. The card in his trembling hands refused to enter the slot. "Fuck!" he hissed with familiar spite. She grinned amidst her desire. Draco immediately resorted to a spell and the door was at last open for them. They fell into the room, kicking the door shut behind them.

Immediately he leaned against it, held there by the woman before him. He grabbed for her again, managing to pull a hot heavy kiss from her exquisite open mouth before she fell from him, dragging herself down, down.

His head fell back and he sobbed a groan of need. How long had he wanted this? Only now could he admit it: this beautiful Mudblood, with her flaming eyes and perfect body, tormenting him, hounding him, hurting, hurting. He had wanted her for as long as his memory permitted.

Now her hands were there. He brought his own down to help.

Hermione smiled in wonder as at last he swayed out to her. She held him tight at the base and took a moment, all she could manage, to study him.

He was long, longer than his father, but not as thick, and straight like his grandfather. She was not comparing, merely aware. He was him. And he was beautiful. She could wait no more.

She glanced up; his eyes were burning down at her. A sound of desperate desire fell from his lips. She opened her mouth and plunged its velvet wetness around his dripping head. Draco's entire body shuddered with pleasure, pleasure which rose from him in a groaning, throbbing sigh. His eyes squeezed shut and his head jolted back against the door.

Good. He tasted good.

She wanted only more of him. Hermione forced her tongue to swirl around his smooth head, drawing juddering gasps from him. His hand had come down to grip her head, and already he was exerting force, guiding her. She allowed him to. She wanted to take him deep, feel him filling her, descending into her being. She relaxed her throat and sank her head down further, further. Draco pulled back to see his long cock disappearing inch by inch into the mouth and throat of the Mudblood before him.

"Fuck! Fucking, fucking hell, Granger ... what are you doing to me? How have I lived without you? That's it, that's it, you Mudblood bitch, take it, take all of it."

She did.

His abusive language surprised her slightly but certainly did not deter her. The words, although coarse and harsh, were heavy with awe and respect. She would allow him his verbal show of dominance they were only words after all. He may lack the noble gentility of his forebears, but her desire was as urgent as it had been the first times with them.

This was Draco after all. They had hated each other.

She held him deep in her throat, pulling her muscles in. He pushed her down. She needed to pull back and initially found herself unable to. The man above her was looking down at her, breathing heavily. She glanced up, a tear watering from her eyes with the growing restriction. With a sigh of rapture, he relaxed his grip, and she pulled back rapidly, air rushing into her lungs in a gasping rattle. Draco groaned loud. Hermione immediately extended her tongue, now nimble and light, licking up the relentless drops forming on the tip, teasing the slit, coaxing the head, running down the seam along the bottom, to lick over his balls, one at a time. They were tight with need, primed, ready.

With a dragging tongue, she pulled up along him again, holding her red open lips tantalisingly over the head.

"Again, Mudblood. Take me deep again. I want it. Your words, Granger ... they fucking tormented me ... always, I wanted to silence that mouth of yours ... I'll silence it now. Take it! Take me."

He pushed hard into her, descending rapidly to her throat. She gagged a little around him at the suddenness of it, but was able to hold him there. He groaned in ecstasy. Should she question his motive, his need? Despite the aggression underpinning it, Hermione wanted it no other way. She was still in control; she had still willed this. She delighted in the completion wrought by his beautiful shaft pressed hard down into her. She sucked her cheeks in around it, groaning against it, vibrating it yet more. He juddered, holding her head there.

She needed air. With a firm push off him, Hermione pulled back, dragging it into her burning lungs.

She looked up at him, her eyes wet with the desperation of the act. He gazed down at her, complete wonder in his.

"Granger ..." The words were mouthed.

She held his gaze, mouthing softly back up to him. "Come for me. Come into me."

With a moan, he held his rigid shaft low in his hand and gripped her hair in his other, pulling her head back.

"Open, Granger. Open for me. I'm going to come into your mouth. I want to see it. I want to see me in you."

His grandfather had presumed, his father had asked ... Draco insisted. She welcomed them all. But his vocalisations sent her desire skyrocketing yet more. She was not used to it to such an extent with his father, it would not have been right that way. But with him, his expression of need spurred her on.

She looked up at him and opened her mouth, dragging it over his bulbous flesh once again. Draco began pumping the lower end of his cock desperately. She sucked hard, twirling her tongue around him, deep into the slit.

"Now! Now!" With a final shudder, he froze. Hermione released her grip on him, holding him lightly in her mouth and, after a heavy pause, followed by a released grunt, he exploded onto her tongue. Draco watched as his thick white seed shot out into the mouth of the woman who had been his nemesis, the bane of his existence.

At last. *At last.*

Burst upon burst hit her, covering her tongue, catching her lips. Hermione held it there. Sweet, young. He tasted good.

Good.

Amid pants, he gripped her chin, pulling it down. "Let me see."

She opened wide. Draco exhaled long and low.

Then, when she knew he had seen enough, she closed her mouth, licking up the drops on her lips and, ensuring she had eye contact with him, she swallowed. It was at that point that Draco slumped, expended, down onto the floor, his eyes at last closing. There was too much beauty for them.

Hermione pushed herself up from her kneeling position and moved into the room, drawing the curtains, turning on one side lamp only, pulling down the bed covers. She went into the bathroom. As ever, she was wearing little under her clothes: bra, stockings, her usual uniform of desire. It was usually employed only for his father. She looked at herself in the mirror. Lucius' face flickered beside her in her mind. His son's seed tasted strong in her mouth. As much as his son was good at this moment, this would never have been had it not been for Lucius.

But for now, Draco was the manifestation of Lucius, just as Lucius had initially been to her a manifestation of Abraxas.

She closed her eyes and thought of the trinity of Malfoy men, gripping her hands against the basin for support. Is this what she needed in life? What was this strange, intricate web she was weaving? The complexity of her situation suddenly staggered her, bewildered her.

There was a soft knock on the door behind her. Her doubts were banished as she opened the door to find Draco behind it, his hair hanging idly over his eyes. He had removed his tie and undone several buttons.

"Could I ...?" He motioned into the bathroom.

She smiled and stepped aside. His eyes took in the sight of her nearly naked before him.

"Fucking hell, Granger. I mean ... really. You ... fucking hell."

She grinned and walked out past him. "Hurry up."

She went over to the bed and lay on it, running her limbs through the soft coverings. He re-emerged after a few short minutes and came to lie beside her.

He had not yet been inside her, but as much as they both wished it, they were enjoying the quiet contentment which they shared at that time. She nestled against him, undoing the remaining buttons on his shirt, slipping her hand inside to find firm undulations of muscles over his chest and torso.

"Why the hell didn't we do this before, Granger?"

"Because we wanted each other dead."

"That doesn't mean we couldn't have fucked each other."

Just like his father.

"My mind didn't work like that, Malfoy. And anyway, I was a good girl at school."

"Were you!?" He sounded surprised.

"Yes." Her voice was a little defensive. "Certainly when you were there."

"You went back, didn't you the following year?"

"Yes."

"Are you telling me you were still 'a good girl' then?" He spoke with heavy sarcasm.

She smirked. It was during that year, after finding the time-turner and travelling back over thirty years, that she had slept with his grandfather. "Maybe not quite so good."

They were silent for some time, his arm lightly stroking her arm.

"Now, Granger ... enough chat. You always did talk too bloody much."

He bent over her and softly kissed her. It was a young kiss at first, gentle and tender. But Hermione's passion was once again alight. Her core ached she needed it to be

filled. She always did. Lucius had been inside her the night before. She missed him. But here was another ... her curiosity swelled.

"Please, please ... I want you inside me so much. Fuck ... fuck me now."

Draco abandoned her mouth and travelled down her body, kissing her heavily as he went. His hand had found a breast, pulling it out of her bra. He held it appreciatively in his palm. "You have beautiful tits, Granger. Bloody hell, they are fucking beautiful." With that he plunged his mouth to her nipple, tugging it deep into him immediately. Hermione arched up into him. She was unused to such explicit declarations. She rather liked it. Draco was moaning as he feasted on her breasts, pulling, sucking and biting each nipple in turn. She held his head there hard, delighting in the sensations pulsing straight to her throbbing pussy. He would have to enter her soon or she would go mad.

At last, Draco rolled off her with a grunt of determination. His cock rose out straight, pre-cum formed already on the tip.

"I want you on top of me, Granger. I want to see all of you on top of me."

She did not hesitate. Swinging her leg over him, she placed her knees on either side of him. Hermione glanced down, positioning herself over his moist swollen tip.

Draco gripped her hips firmly. She bit her lip with anticipation.

"Ready?" she asked.

"For so long now."

She grinned, leaned over, resting her hands on his smooth chest, and pushed down. He entered her. She paused. Only his tip was inside. Draco's eyes had widened, his grip on her hips had tightened. She lowered herself again, feeling him stretch her inner walls. She sucked in a breath, and pulled her muscles in around him. He hissed. "Fuck, Granger. That's it. Do that again." She did. He groaned. She sank further onto him, enjoying his length.

Hermione leaned back, pushing him against her g-spot. She exhaled as pleasure began its hold on her. She knew exactly how to work these men despite their differences. They were hers, after all. Draco moaned deep beneath her. She sank further down, encasing him fully within. Then slowly, as slow as she could, she pushed herself up again, leaning back over his chest, her hair dangling before her. His eyes widened. He tightened the grip on her hips. She tightened the grip on his cock. "Shit! That's incredible. I've dreamed about your pussy, Granger. I wanted it. I wanted it so fucking much."

Hermione grinned down at him. His vocal need was intoxicating. "Hold my breasts, my nipples take them."

He did, cupping them lightly at first, running his thumbs over the rock hard points almost tenderly. "So beautiful, Granger."

She needed more. "Harder."

He frowned up at her. She repeated her demand. "Harder."

Draco plied the soft flesh of the breasts swaying before his eyes. Hermione clenched around him. He could almost not concentrate. "Fuck! I've never known anyone like it." Instinctively almost, his fingers and thumbs closed around her nipples, squeezing them painfully. She groaned in rapture.

"Yes! Yes, Malfoy. That's what I want."

He looked up at her. Hermione's head lolled back, her eyes glazed as sensation gripped her body. She was still raising and lowering herself on his cock, building her pleasure, drawing it out in a combination of sharpness and liquidity. He did not let go of her nipples.

Hermione quickened her pace, needing her release, sensing his. She forced her head down to stare into his eyes. Malfoy eyes. She was moving rapidly now. It was this way she had first had his grandfather, first revealed to him her Mudblood heritage. She laughed out with pleasure at the memory as her muscles tensed. Biting her lip, she held his gaze. It was time.

"I'm coming now, Malfoy. I'm coming. Feel me. *Feel me.*"

Her body was held momentarily in that exquisite grip before the fall. Then, with a crying wail, she shattered around him, pulsing hard around his long, rigid cock, her body convulsing over his. She lost all sense of where she was, only that she had him, she had made him hers.

Draco could last no longer. The pleasure pouring from the woman above him carried him over the edge. His energy rushed to his groin and exploded from it, pulled from him by the spasms of the delicious body impaled upon him. He gripped her painfully she did not care or even notice and his body was thrust ever deeper into her with the force of his climax.

"Granger! Fuck! Fucking hell!" His words were barely audible but groaned in rapture onto the air between them.

At first, they could not move. Pleasure continued to twitch through them for some time, neither wanted to miss a moment of it.

At length Hermione opened her eyes, steadied her breathing, and looked into his. She had never seen anyone with an expression of such awe on their face. She grinned and leaned down to him, kissing him deep. He gripped her head and brought his mouth to her ear. "Thank you." It was the most sincere and tender thing she had ever heard Draco Malfoy say.

She rolled off him, still panting from the exertion.

They lay silently for some time. Hermione thought of nothing but the man beside her and the pleasure they had just brought to each other.

"How long have you been fucking my father?"

Hermione's stomach dropped from within her.

"What?" Her mind reeled. Should she deny it? Lie? Draco continued to stroke her arm. He had not moved.

"I asked you how long you have been fucking my father."

"Draco ..."

"Don't worry. I'm quite aware of it. It was bloody obvious the night of that reception. Why else would you have been lurking in the shadows behind him? I suspect he's got something to do with you being here now, if I know him, and you at all. It doesn't bother me, Granger. Whatever has brought you to me, you seem to be entering into it with genuine ... exuberance."

She pushed herself up, her face flushing puce, unable to meet his eyes. "I ..."

"And he's been really happy recently ... happier than I can ever remember him. Now I know why. After what you've just demonstrated no wonder he's bloody happy!"

She at last looked at him. He was grinning broadly. What was it about this family that enabled them to be so accepting of each other's sexual needs? What was it about her that enabled them to accept her with them?

She looked closely at him and spoke plainly. "We've been seeing each other for about six months."

"That makes sense," Draco nodded.

"Did he ... tell you anything ... mention anything?"

"He said there was something which had changed his life. Something he wanted me to experience too. He said he hoped I would be able to, but that it was not up to him to bring it about. If it happened, then it would be good, if not ..." he shrugged.

"Don't you mind?"

"Strangely enough ... no. I thought I would. But ... you ... I don't know. It's about belonging ..."

"What? I belong to the Malfoys?"

"No. I don't mean that. We ... belong to you."

"We?" Surely he didn't know about Abraxas as well?

"Well, you know, my father and I."

She closed her eyes in relief. That might be a step too far in acceptance for him.

"I ... I don't know what to say."

"Well, Granger, that's a bloody first. In that case, I suggest you just ... shut up."

He was moving down her body, his smooth firm muscles rubbing along her, his tongue teasing her skin, tickling, tingling, igniting her lust yet again.

Should she feel guilty that he knew about his father? Apparently not. Despite the fact that this was what father and son both wanted and, she felt sure, what Abraxas too would be perfectly happy with, it still staggered her that she was in a relationship involving three men, all related to each other, with the knowledge and consent of them all.

But as Draco's tongue swept along and up to her clit and he sucked it hard into his hot mouth, she no longer cared.

"God, yes! Do that again! There! Fuck, there, Malfoy! That is so good."

She felt him chuckle against her throbbing flesh. She groaned against him, causing him to redouble his efforts.

Through nimble licks and sucks, he spoke up to her. "You taste so good, Granger. I always knew you would. I used to try to imagine what you'd taste like. I used to stare at you in lessons, imagining you on my tongue."

"That wasn't ... oh! ... the impression I got."

"Appearances can be deceptive. It was, admittedly, complicated by the fact that I also wanted to crucio your brains out."

He had thrust two fingers into her pussy and at least one into her arse. She ground herself against them. "The feelings were mutual, believe me."

"The tasting ..." He took a deep sweep over her clit. "... or the cursing?"

She nearly came. "Both!" She had admitted her desire for him at last, to herself as much as to him.

His fingers were working hard inside her now. She moaned, pushing onto them. He removed his mouth from her momentarily to glance up. Her head was back she was close. He grinned in satisfaction and bent down to finish the task.

Enclosing her clit fully in his mouth, he sucked hard, allowing his tongue to ripple firmly over it at the same time. Hermione's eyes flew open, her body tensed, then spasmed. Bizarrely, the effect on the body was not dissimilar to receiving the cruciatus curse. It reacted by freezing then convulsing uncontrollably in much the same way. But with this it was extreme pleasure, not extreme pain, which tore through the vessel of the body.

Hermione's back was arched off the bed, the core of her being pushed hard against Draco's mouth and fingers. A sound was pulled with a wrench from her as the pleasure gripped her.

But before she could fully recover, strong hands had pulled her up and over onto her stomach.

"Kneel up."

She obeyed him blearily, placing herself on all fours before him. He had thrust into her before she had shifted into a comfortable position. She grunted with shock. He grunted with rapture.

Draco started moving relentlessly, intent only on his own pleasure. She allowed it. The twinges of her own orgasm were still tingling her. His long cock pushed hard and deep into her fast, furious, over and over again.

"Fuck! So tight! So fucking tight. I knew it, Granger, I knew it. The fuck of a lifetime. You are *the fuck of a lifetime*." His words coincided with his thrusts.

It was not the first time a member of his family had referred to her as such. She smirked between plunges.

It was not long before Draco came heavily into her. He had needed a quick release that time. He burst into her with a shuddering groan, gripping her hips so hard black bruises rose quickly to the surface.

He collapsed onto her, forcing her body down into the bed beneath his.

His lovemaking lacked the sensitive finesse of his father, the sophisticated arrogance of his grandfather, but the violent need he exhibited was what she wanted at that point.

At length he rolled off her, and they lay once again in the bed, staring above them.

"Did Lamorna Beauchamp have a pleasant evening the other night?"

He grinned over at her. "Do you mean, did I screw her?"

Hermione nodded.

"No. Not my type."

Hermione's eyebrows rose up. She was surprised. "I thought you said she was 'the best of a bad lot'?"

"Ah, but you see you then came along and spoiled my fun."

"I only danced with you, Draco."

"But I'd held you in my arms, Granger. After that, Lamorna Beauchamp didn't quite do it."

"Poor girl. She was desperate for you."

"You may want to avoid her for the foreseeable future. She was spitting blood about our dance."

"I could tell." She rolled over, bored with talking about the pathetic witch. "Do you want some food? I could order room service."

"Go on then sandwich whatever. Can you stay here tonight?"

"Yes."

Hermione ordered some food on the phone, then turned back to him.

"Draco," she began hesitantly.

"What?"

"Don't you ... feel bad ... about me and your father ... for your mother?"

It was the first time she had truly thought about the fact that she was committing adultery with Lucius.

Draco sniffed derisively. "My mother is hardly a saint, Granger. Father was faithful to her for a long time after she started ... straying, I can tell you. I don't know. They were good parents but, it all changed after the war. They drifted apart. I could tell. I understood. It's a marriage in name only now. I don't know. I've seen it falling apart so slowly myself that I've just accepted it. It doesn't hurt. They didn't show the pain to me, I'll give them that."

"I'm not a home wrecker, Draco."

"I know that. So does my father. My mother knows he has lovers. Well a lover, now."

A warm glow spread through Hermione.

"She's not around very much anymore. Only for official things to do with the Manor." He looked down at her. "You like him a lot, don't you?"

She nodded.

"He likes you a lot too."

"He knows I'm with you. It was his idea."

"I know."

"I'm not sure I understand it."

He sighed. "Me neither. But ... it feels right ... it feels good, doesn't it?"

She nodded again.

There was a knock at the door. Draco rose, throwing on a robe, and went to collect the food. They ate it peacefully at the table, looking out over St James' Park.

"Do you see much of Potter?"

"Not as much as I'd like."

"And Weasley?"

"Not much at all." Her voice tensed a little.

"Never understood what the hell you saw in him in the first place." He sneered.

She glared at him. "Careful, Malfoy."

He smirked across at her. She returned it.

"I was a spoilt little shit. I admit it."

"Yes, you were. And I was an insufferable little know-it-all ... occasionally." Her smirk deepened.

Hermione had finished her food and stretched. "God, I'm tired." She lay on the bed and closed her eyes. Draco stayed in the chair, looking across at her. Her mind dulled swiftly, and it was not long before she had drifted into sleep. He allowed her body time to rest, but hardly took his eyes from her the whole time.

She awoke an hour or so later. Draco was lying beside her, wide awake, staring at her.

She smiled. He bent to kiss her. "Hello." His hands were caressing her already. He had clearly been waiting for her to awaken. He ran his fingers over the dip of her waist, up over her hip, then back to cup her breasts, running across the nipples, flitting over them, until they rose to attention. Hermione sucked in a breath, and reached down between his legs. He was huge and hard, damp at the top. She wanted him again. She knew a rush of moisture had escaped her.

"Come inside me."

"I was hoping you'd say that," he drawled.

He knelt quickly and moved down between her legs. Grabbing her body, he pulled her roughly towards him, moving her legs apart. With a strong pull, he manoeuvred her so that her backside rested on his knees and he was positioned just before her. Then, pushing down, he moved into her.

His long length moved smoothly in, before jolting against her cervix. Her features flickered with a pang of pain but she dismissed it. It was good to feel him there.

Draco began to rock back and forth, sliding in and out of her slick passage with regular momentum. He studied his movements carefully, fascinated by the sight of his cock

as it plunged in and out of the Mudblood. Her clit sat just atop where he moved, so ripe, crying out for him. He reached down and rubbed it with his thumb, circling, teasing it. Hermione moaned. *Fuck, that was so good.* The combination of his position within her and his exquisite attentions to her clit were quickly sending her towards another climax.

"Don't stop that. Promise you won't stop that." She clenched around him.

"Promise you won't stop *that*."

He picked up the pace. Draco could not take his eyes from the sight before him. Her clit was red, engorged. He flicked it, rubbed it, circled it, his cock ploughed incessantly in and out of her. He could feel her pulling in around him so tight, so hot. "Fuck, Mudblood! Come for me. Come for me. I want to feel you. I want to see you!"

She duly obliged. Hermione rose up to grip his arm hard, her eyes locking into his with an expression of terror. Then, with a grunting scream, her body was thrown back onto the bed as pleasure tore through her. She shuddered uncontrollably before him, her scream morphing into a moaning wail of fulfilment.

Draco felt her pussy clenching violently in rapture, pulling him yet further into her. He came instantly, his hot shoots hitting her deep once, twice, again. His own cry blotted out hers in its visceral triumph.

Neither spoke afterwards. What more could be said? Darkness crept through the room. They drew the curtains. Through the night they slept a little, made love a lot, and awoke the next day, their bodies heavy with endless pleasure.

Hermione rose and showered. He was still lying in the bed when she returned to dress.

"What will you tell father?"

"The truth. I cannot lie to him. I do not want to. Why should I?"

"Will I see you again?"

Hermione simply smiled at him. She did not know the answer to that herself.

"I will never forget this. But, I know you understand ... I am his. I am going back to him."

"He won't divorce my mother."

"I would not expect it of him."

"So what of the future then, Granger. Your future?"

She looked across at him. "I don't know." She spoke truthfully.

She was ready to go. She crossed to him and kissed him. "Thank you, Draco."

He smiled, stroking her hair out of her face. "Thank you."

She pulled away from him and moved to the door.

"Granger!"

She looked back.

"I'm sorry. For the past."

She held his grey eyes, an almost unbearable heaviness sinking through her. "I'm sorry too. Goodbye, Draco."

It was Saturday. Five days before she was due to see Lucius.

More than ever, she missed him. As the days wore on after seeing Draco, she thought more and more of his father. Her experience with the youngest Malfoy had been remarkable, something she would cherish for all time. But it had also reinforced to her her feelings for his father. It was not long before Lucius' image was replaced entirely in her mind. It was he, after all, who had set her off on this strange course of events. From that moment in the corridors of Hogwarts, when she had first seen Abraxas and had at first mistaken him for Lucius and she had been intrigued.

As the days wore on her body and soul ached yet more.

Something was different. Her time with Draco had brought her to a realisation.

One afternoon a week wasn't going to be enough anymore.

On Tuesday afternoon, as she sat in her office, staring at the parchment before her, an owl fluttered onto her desk with a note. Her heart skipped a beat. It was Lucius' owl.

With trembling fingers, she took the note and pulled it open.

"Come to the Manor tonight. L."

She sent a message back, a single word 'Yes.'

It was half past two. Could she last over five more hours?

She went home early, showered and dressed, trying on several different outfits before settling on a light skirt and black top. She could not recall being so worried about her clothes before.

At half past seven, unable to wait any longer, she Disapparated to Malfoy Manor.

She arrived just outside the imposing building. Rushing up to the heavy front door, she rang the bell loudly.

It was opened quickly. Lucius himself stood behind it. He looked down at her impassively. She could barely restrain herself from launching herself at him there and then, but a ripple of fear ran through her. Had he changed his mind about Draco? Did he even know she had been with him? Had it changed things?

He stepped aside to let her pass and she walked carefully into the hall.

Hermione stood in the vast space feeling hopelessly insignificant. Lucius closed the door and turned to her, walking slowly, his eyes skimming over her body. Neither

spoke.

He stopped a mere foot away and stared down. Then, his arms rose and he held her shirt. Slowly, he pulled it over her head. She helped only by raising her arms. When her bare flesh was revealed to him, he studied it for a moment and whispered softly, "All is good." Then he lowered his head and planted soft kisses over her.

Hermione sighed, a deep sigh of relief and anticipation. Lucius reached behind and undid her bra, letting it fall to the ground. His mouth moved to her breasts, kissing lightly over them, ghosting over the nipples delicately. His hands moved down, unzipping the skirt and letting it float to the ground.

He pulled back a little to study her again. "You are more beautiful than ever."

She reached up to his head and guided him back to her breasts. His fingers moved down to push off her stockings. She helped, then kicked them aside, at last fully naked before him.

Lucius stepped back from her and held her eyes calmly.

"I need not ask if you gave him great pleasure. But did he bring you pleasure? Was it good?"

She nodded. "Aren't you jealous?"

"No."

"You were with your father."

"Not jealous. I required reassurance, affirmation through him of myself, I suppose. But I was not jealous."

He looked at her again. The fire was raging within her. Only for him.

"I want you, Lucius."

His hands came up to cup her face gently and he stroked over her cheekbones. Then, slowly, he inclined his head and kissed her, gently and softly. She sighed against him.

Lucius bent slightly and Hermione felt her naked body being borne up. He did not stop kissing her, but she was vaguely aware of being carried carried up the long staircase and into a bedroom. He laid her on the bed and continued his kisses over her body.

"I missed you, I missed you, my darling. Please, please, come into me."

Lucius wasted no time in stripping off his own clothes. Hermione's eyes widened in longing as she saw him rising out hard, that delicious bend angling up, searching for her. She arched up, opening her legs for him, a moan pulled out of her.

Lucius lowered himself down onto her, meeting her eyes intensely. Then, slowly, carefully almost, he squeezed into her. Hermione felt herself stretching for him little by little. It was exquisite torture.

At last, he was fully within her. Her eyes widened and she gasped in. "Yes!"

He looked down, almost in wonder, and smiled with delight.

"Only you, Lucius, only you."

"You don't have to say that."

"I mean it. You are all I need."

"I am here now, but there will be other times, my beautiful creature. I know you. I know your needs. We are there. They are there. They will help you assuage those needs."

"Move."

He did, a groan of pleasure unable to be held back before he continued speaking. "You are magnificent, my perfect Mudblood. You have claimed us as your own, all three of us. You have united us. As a family, we are strong through you. For that, I worship you. I worship your body, as does my father and my son. You have made us yours. Take us forever. Keep us close."

He was moving within her fluidly and skilfully. His cock was so perfect for her, bringing her to pleasure faster than any other. She groaned at the feel of him, the sound of him.

"I cannot let you go, my darling. I want you always."

Lucius was moving rapidly now, his pleasure mounting faster than usual. His eyes held hers tight, his face hovering close over hers, his thoughts poured down to her through whispers.

"Yes, yes, my beautiful creature. How I adore you. How I love you!" He came suddenly and triumphantly, carrying her with him.

Pleasure tore through them both.

"I love you. I love you too, Lucius."

Neither was fully aware of saying it, but they had. The words were left hanging in the air. They would remember them later. They would not regret.

And so they slept: a long deep sleep with no cares or worries. When they awoke the next day, a peace had descended over them. The words had been taken and enclosed deep within both their hearts, but they did not refer explicitly to them again. From now on, Thursday meetings would certainly not be enough.

With a groan, Lucius heaved himself from the bed and went to the bathroom to shower. Afterwards, as he dressed, he spoke across to her. "You can stay here until Monday if you wish. No one will be around except me. I regret I have to meet with the estate manager now."

"More poachers?"

"No," he drawled. "The man is not doing his job properly. I need to set him right. He has one last chance or I shall dismiss him."

"Poor man."

"He is not a poor man; he is an incompetent fool. Either he pulls himself together or he finds employment elsewhere. It is simple."

"You're a hard task master."

He simply smirked. She did too.

He had finished dressing. "I have to go." He came over to kiss her. She held him close. He did not pull away.

"What now, Lucius?"

He looked steadily into her eyes, stroking her hair.

"My son's company awaits you when you wish, the door of my father's study remains unlocked ... and my body is yours ... my being is yours."

"One day at a time, Lucius?" She smiled gently at him.

He smiled, then pulled away. "I must go."

Moving to the door, he opened it.

"Lucius!"

The blonde man turned and looked back at her.

"Be good."