

The Collector

by windwings

Lucius offers Hermione a tour of a very peculiar collection.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Just a little something I wrote for the 'Galleons' challenge. Oh, and the theme was The Golden Trio.

"So, this is your famous... or must I use *infamous* pleasure sample collection."

"Indeed, my dear."

Hermione strolled around a room filled with shelves. Rows upon rows of golden Galleons, floating a few centimeters above their dainty holders with the help of an intricate spell. Tailor-made, no doubt. Just like most things in Malfoy Manor.

"There must be hundreds of them!" She was beyond astonished. "Did you... all of them... by yourself?"

Lucius laughed, a rich, lilting sound.

"Graces, Hermione, I may be notoriously... omnivorous in matters of sex, but there are lines even I would not cross."

"Oh? Like what?" *Five points to Gryffindor for sticking to your House's code of tact. Which is the less the better* her sarcastic inner voice noted.

"Curious, are we?" Lucius purred in the dangerously close vicinity of her ear, which was so... so... sensitive.

Hermione shrugged.

"Why use Galleons for holding the samples?" she asked, trying to drive the conversation away from the waters that were deeper than she cared to swim.

"But is it not fitting? Most of them were acquired for a price..." Lucius trailed. "Here. This one. Give me your hand."

He placed a Galleon, which glowed unpleasant watery cerise, in her open palm. Immediately, there were flashes before her eyes, emotional and tactile arrays of sensations, even scents. A glimpse of somber, brooding forest. Wet, heavy breath on her neck. A smell of something... primeval and distinctly animal. Mingled revulsion and excitement, pain, overwhelming pleasure, and then engulfing shame. Merlin, she didn't want to walk in the shoes of the person whose experience that was. It would give her horrible blisters.

She jerked her hand, and the Galleon rolled on the floor with a ding.

"Didn't like that, did you?" Lucius asked, his thumb rubbing her palm. "Ever wondered why the Ministry pecking order was rearranged so oddly as to place Dolores

Umbridge where she is now?"

Oh, God.

"Why, my dear, you were a devious little girl. But I must say, Miss Umbridge enjoyed it just as much as the centaurs."

The next one was different. Steady and conventional, sweet and... boring. She was not surprised to discover it was Ron's.

Harry's was... unexpected. Fierce. A bit on the rough side. When she tried it, she felt like she was peeping on her best friend through a hole in a shower curtain. She was shocked to find it had been Draco's birthday gift to his father. Harry was one deep well of murky water.

"So... Lucius, why the honour? Why me? I've never heard of anyone as much as seeing this, to speak nothing of... tasting it."

"Ah, my sweet, going straight for the conversational jugular." Lucius smiled charmingly and licked his lips. Maybe she shouldn't have said anything about tasting. "I've exhausted every other means and decided that being blunt may work best on you," he added with a frankness which was utterly disarming.

Lucius had been flirting with her for ages. She would have given in much earlier, if this game hadn't been such a tremendous source of entertainment.

"You see, I have one sample that involves you... And it is so exquisite, so intensely mouthwatering; I'm obsessed with getting a... first-hand experience."

His hands were ghosting her bare arms, and she couldn't help but think how well-packed he was in his dress trousers and shirt.

"I hope you know better than to offer me payment," she breathed, clutching to the last vestiges of propriety.

"I would, if I planned to have my cock hexed off." He blew a stream of air on the hollow of her neck. "I mean to talk you into it. Appeal to your scientific interest... or other interests, maybe."

His voice took on a new cadence. Something exotic and as full of promise as the pint of Fortescue's Champagne'n'Strawberry ice-cream, sitting in her freezer (complete with magical bubbles that popped on one's tongue).

"So, tell me, darling. How am I doing?" he asked before his mouth found a spot behind her ear and his tongue darted out to taste it.

"Um... fine, I think," she managed through the molasses of lust clogging her head. Actually, it was much more than fine, but when she gathered enough words to tell him so, they were in another room, in a bed. Another neat spell.

Clothes were shed with lightning speed. He yanked her closer by the hips and licked a broad, wet trail between her breasts. She moaned praise to some deity in response.

"And here I thought you were another uptight Ministry worker," Lucius murmured, breaking from lapping on her nipple. "Look at you, all rosy and slight and oh... so... wet already. His delicately shaped palm spanned her lower stomach, and his thumb pressed between her nether lips.

"And here I thought you were a vicious, cynical fuck, and look at you, all tender and sweet," she panted, reaching for his cock.

He chuckled in a way that suggested that he practiced it in front of a mirror and flipped her so that she was sitting on his chest, facing his magnificent cock: not too big, but thick, with a bulbous head and a ridge of a vein that just begged to be sliding against her slick channel.

"Get busy, my sweet." The command was gentle, but unmistakable. She obeyed gladly.

She wished she could see what he was doing so that she'd teach every single subsequent lover this magic.

When she was on the verge of tumbling over the edge, he slid her down his body and entered her swiftly. Clever thumbs pulled her opening taut, making it even more sensitive, if possible, creating sweetest of tensions as his cock pumped in and out, rhythmically marking the seconds before they both glided into bliss.

He leisurely rolled a galleon over her bare stomach.

"I think, my dear, you will be my most prized possession," he purred, as his fingers moved lower.

Hermione was sure he wasn't quite speaking of the galleon.