

# Constructive Observation

*by laurielove*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

Hermione has just taken up a teaching post at Hogwarts, but one day her lesson is interrupted by an unexpected visitor.

A one-shot written as a birthday treat for a friend. The brief was: Hermione is a teacher, Lucius visits one day for ... some reason or other, and she is to wear green.

This is what my mind threw at me!

Please note: in the UK school children invariably call male teachers 'Sir' and female teachers 'Miss', no matter what their marital status (not that Hermione is married in this fic). They use the term with rather deliberately annoying frequency in some cases, as here.

Enjoy! LL x

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"If you turn to page eighty-seven you'll see what I mean."

Hermione Granger stood in front of the Charms class, one hand on her hip as she wrote in a haphazard scrawl across the board.

"Unless you find yourself confronting evil on a day-to-day basis, there are very few of these charms which will ever have to be put into practice."

She had been teaching at Hogwarts for two terms now. It had been a thrill to have been asked back to her alma mater and, despite not initially wanting to go into teaching, she had taken up the offer and settled into academic life happily. She got on with her fellow staff members and was still young enough to relate to the students with careful conviviality.

They liked and respected her and generally hung upon her every word; it was not every day you were taught by a war heroine.

But today Hermione had a class of Fifth Years, sixteen-year-olds on the cusp of adulthood with uncontrollable hormones and arrogant bravado. There were four Slytherins in particular who would sit at the front of class waiting for an opportunity to catch her out. She usually retained the upper hand, but the prospect of teaching them often filled her with faint dread.

However, the lesson seemed to have started well enough and she was getting into her stride. Hermione had dressed in her green suit: a silk blend which shimmered with iridescent splendour in the candles of her classroom and offset her hair beautifully. It always made her feel good about herself and was finished with a belt which caught her tight around the waist, highlighting her curves. With confidence she continued her lecture. "You can see the complexity of what I mean in the Friendship Charm; if you recall we practised it last week. It has the ability to make anyone it is directed at more amenable to you. But I wouldn't recommend using it unless you are having serious issues with somebody. It is regulated and ..."

She was interrupted suddenly by the door at the back of the classroom opening; a man she recognised all too well walked in. Stopping abruptly, she stared at the intruder, crossing her arms and glaring with clear disdain.

"Oh, I do apologise, Miss Granger. Were you not informed? There is a full Governors' meeting today. We have just adjourned and are free to pop in on any lesson we wish. Please, do carry on ... don't mind me."

The man crossed his arms and leaned against a table at the back, smirking languidly over to her. Hermione frowned, her breathing growing heavy with annoyance. Of all the governors to walk in on a lesson, why did it have to be him?

Lucius Malfoy noticed her discomfort. It only served to humour him more.

"Yes, well, as I was saying ... err ... this charm is regulated. You clearly cannot go around casting spells on the whole world in order to win them over to you. If you are experiencing bullying issues, go and see the Headmistress or your Head of House and they will arrange permission for you to use it. Now ... um ... I ... page ninety. There are some written questions I'd like you to complete. You can do those. Off you go."

The class groaned. Miss Granger rarely set written work in what was predominantly a practical lesson. They reluctantly got out their books and started to write.

Hermione paced to the back of the class where Lucius Malfoy lounged, a distinctly smug look on his face.

"If you don't mind, Mr Malfoy, this isn't the most appropriate lesson for you to observe. As you can see, I am not doing any practical work today and I expect the students to work silently and independently. Perhaps you should try elsewhere."

"On the contrary, Miss Granger." He let his eyes slip down to take in her heaving chest and narrow waist cinched in with the wide belt. "I think this is the perfect lesson to observe."

She flushed inadvertently, sighing with frustration. "Well, you'll just have to sit there bored then. I'm not changing my lesson plan for you."

"Very well ... *Miss*." He stressed the last word with teasing precision, mimicking the tones of a petulant schoolboy. She blushed deeper as his cool grey eyes assessed her.

*Bastard.*

Turning from him, she paced the room, leaning over desks to see what her students had written. But she did not study their work. All the while, she was merely focussed on Lucius Malfoy watching her steadily from his vantage point at the back of the room. He had by now taken out a parchment over which his hand moved quickly, seemingly taking copious notes. Hermione's stomach lurched. She stormed over and confronted him.

"Mr Malfoy, are you actually formally inspecting my lesson?"

"Some people may term it such; I prefer to call it ... constructive observation."

"Are you sure it is strictly necessary?"

"I am a governor, Miss Granger. I may do as I wish. We need to know that our teachers are performing to the highest standards possible."

Hermione huffed and moved back to the front, disturbed and indignant about Malfoy's presence.

Her gang of wayward students glanced at each other and smirked. They spoke. Hermione recognised all too well the cocky mock innocence of their questions. She was in for a rough time.

"Did you know Mr Malfoy was coming to the lesson today, Miss?" asked Lorna Millbrooke, a pureblood Slytherin with the over-confident youthful self-assurance that came with too much money and not enough sense.

"No."

"Do you like him being there, Miss?" joined in Jake Fatchley, the male equivalent of Lorna.

"He is a governor he has a right to be here."

"You didn't answer my question, Miss."

"No, and I'm not going to either."

They glanced at each other conspiratorially again. Hermione tried not to notice. She was confident at least that Malfoy wouldn't be able to hear their precise words.

"Do you like Mr Malfoy, Miss?" queried another of the quartet, Bess Fanshawe, with a teasing lilt, biting her pencil and looking up at Hermione with false naivety.

"I don't think of him like that."

"Don't you?" inquired Tom Fortescue, the other boy in the group, equally cocksure.

"No."

"Why've you gone all red, Miss?"

"Just get on with your work, will you?"

Hermione could feel authority slipping through her fingers but didn't want to let on in front of Malfoy. She couldn't reprimand them as she would like it would appear as if she had no control.

"Bess fancies him, don't you, Bess? She wants to run her fingers through his luscious long blond hair and whisper sweet nothings in his ear."

The students laughed aloud. Hermione's stomach sank.

"What do you reckon, Miss? Do you think he's hot? Do you fancy Mr Malfoy, Miss?"

"Certainly not."

"Bess isn't the only one - Lorna does too. She wants him to give her one behind the broom shed."

More giggles.

"Don't speak like that in my lesson! Ten points from Slytherin," Hermione hissed.

"Ten points off? Is that all?" moaned Jake. "What do we have to do to get a detention, Miss? Everyone wants detention with you."

"Don't be ridiculous, Jake."

"I'm not, Miss. We'd all like two hours alone with you." He winked at his mate.

The giggles grew louder.

"Silence! Twenty points off Slytherin."

"Promise me if I carry on like this it'll be a detention, Miss?" pleaded Tom.

"Who would you like to put you in detention, Miss?" Lorna continued with her wide-eyed innocent act, punctuated every so often with a knowing smile to her friends. "Mr Malfoy? Would you like him to punish you severely?"

The boys only half tried to stifle their laughter behind their hands.

Hermione pretended she hadn't heard.

"He's got a nice cane, Miss, hasn't he? It's very big and shiny."

"Be quiet." How could she stand anymore?

"If you're really nice to him he might let you touch it."

The laughter exploded from the four of them, despite their half-hearted attempts to muffle it.

"Silence!"

Malfoy's voice sounded suddenly and clearly from the back of the room. "Everything in order, Miss Granger? You seem to be lacking a certain amount of ... discipline."

Hermione knew she was scarlet.

"Everything is fine, thank you, Mr Malfoy."

She leant over the desk of the four at the front.

"Get on with your work or you will be straight to McGonagall, do you understand?"

At last the students tried hard to wipe off their smiles and at least pretended to turn their attention to their textbooks.

Hermione glanced up at Lucius. He was still writing frantically on the paper. Her heart sank. She could stand no more. Walking swiftly to the back, she asked him directly.

"What are you writing?"

He kept his head lowered, turning the parchment away from her gaze. "I am not able to disclose that at this precise time, Miss Granger."

She sighed in desperation. "Can't you even tell me a little bit ..."

"No."

Hermione leaned over, trying to catch a glimpse of his writing. He deftly withdrew it from her line of vision and chided her teasingly.

"Uh uh uh, Miss Granger. We'll have none of that."

"Look ... normally my lessons go perfectly well ... it's just ... I'm not used to someone sitting at the back of my class. I don't like being inspected."

"But surely you have been observed before, Miss Granger?"

"Yes, but that was different ..."

"How is that?"

"Well, they were ..."

"Yes ...?"

"Not you."

He cocked an eyebrow in exaggerated bemusement. "Are you telling me that it is my presence specifically you find ... disarming, Miss Granger? How curious."

"No! I didn't mean that. I meant ... it's just ... I ..."

Malfoy smirked. "Perhaps you should return to your students, Miss Granger. You seem to be a little flummoxed; they may be able to focus your mind."

She sighed in exasperation and moved to the front again. The minutes ticked away slowly, but the quartet at the front at least gave her no further trouble. At last the lesson came to an end.

"Right ... thank you all ... remember the assignment due in on Tuesday. I'll see you then."

"Bye, Miss. Sorry to keep you."

She glared at Lorna who simply gave her a simpering smile back.

"Thanks for the lesson, Miss. I'm sure Mr Malfoy's got a lot to tell you. We'll let him ... fill you in now." Their laughter burst out in a stifled explosion yet again as at last they left, shutting the door behind them.

Hermione ignored the man still in her room. She turned to her board and started to wipe it clean. She could hear his footsteps approaching.

"Are your students always so ... verbose, Miss Granger?"

She spun to him defensively.

"No! I mean ... normally they listen attentively ... it was just ... it's hard when there's someone unfamiliar in the room."

"There seemed to be a considerable amount of mirth. I hope it was not at your expense."

She sighed a little without answering and turned again to the board.

"Still, I have some sympathy for adolescents on the brink of manhood confronted with a teacher such as yourself. I should imagine the boys find you rather a distraction, Miss Granger."

"I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, I think you do. To have you standing before them, legs stretching up out of those mischievously high heels, skirt just tight enough, one shirt button too many undone revealing more than intended ... I know I for one wouldn't have been able to focus on analysing a Friendship Charm with that before me."

Hermione had finished at the board and had moved in front of her desk to tidy it concertedly. He had by now come so close that he was virtually touching her. She turned around and gasped in shock; he was mere inches away. His heady aroma reached her senses, causing her to inhale sharply. He was tall, elegant, and his piercing grey eyes seemed to penetrate directly into her, reading the thoughts she was trying so hard to subdue.

"Mr Malfoy, I really don't ..."

He was so close she could feel his breath on her face, but still he retained his controlled drawl.

"You have an annoying habit of not finishing your sentences, Miss Granger."

"I ... don't ... that's not ..."

He smirked, coming ever closer. "See what I mean?"

With that, she was lifted onto the desk. Malfoy parted her legs and waved his wand, lifting her skirt over her hips. Hermione glanced down; her underwear had vanished and she was fully exposed. Before she could process what had happened, he had knelt smoothly and immediately she felt long fingers parting her undeniably damp folds.

"Oh my god, oh my god, what are you doing?!"

He glanced up with a teasing smirk. "Constructive observation, Miss Granger... although I think it may be beneficial to move a little beyond the realm of observation ... don't you?"

With that he brought his head between her legs and licked fully along her now sodden slit. Her head fell back and she exclaimed with thrilled shock. "You can't, you can't do that, you mustn't ... oh god ... please, please ..."

But her begging turned almost immediately into pleas for him to continue. Lust overrode reason. She wanted him. She had wanted him for as long as she could remember. Pushing his head against her, she pressed her aching pussy harder yet into his mouth. He responded with renewed vigour, two fingers questing into her hot snatch.

"Ohhhh ..." Words had failed her.

Lucius glanced at her, his mouth curling up in appreciation of her surrender to him. He had desired this woman for longer than he dared admit and had been able to tell from her furtive glances and ill-disguised blushes that his interest had been reciprocated. Still, she had resisted, zealously guarding her Gryffindor loyalty and sense of propriety.

At last he was victorious, and as her lust leaked unstoppably onto his tongue he devoured her with violent pleasure.

The woman opened to him completely. His fingers continued to work her inside causing a faint mewl to reach his ears.

Hermione turned her head from side to side, trying to resist, knowing she couldn't. "Lucius ... don't stop ..."

He didn't.

His tongue darted into her pussy, revelling in the taste of her before dragging up to her clit and strumming over it, causing her to jerk erratically under him. He groaned against her, bringing more vibrations to tease her towards her climax.

Taking her clit deep into his mouth he sucked hard and felt her freeze upon him. Hermione held her breath as every muscle in her body tensed in that split-second before pleasure washed over her.

She tried to stifle her cry, but it broke free with the rush of air expelled as her limbs shook uncontrollably.

Lucius stood up slowly only after she had stilled. As soon as he had, he became acutely aware of his painful erection crying for release. But before his own hands could reach down, he found his buttons being undone by the small nimble fingers of Hermione Granger.

"Hurry, hurry up, Lucius ... oh fuck, come on, please ..."

He paused only to allow himself the slightest self-satisfied smile. The sound of that word on the tongue of one of the most self-controlled witches he knew made him swell even more.

With a grunt he was free at last and swayed out towards her. Hermione drew in a soft gasp of longing before grabbing his shoulders and pulling him towards her. Their mouths met: open and hot. He slipped his tongue in, idly at first, but when he felt her hands tangling in his hair in desperation he gave it to her as violently as she sought it.

Hermione lifted her legs around him, pulling him into her. Now that she had given in, she was uncontainable. She pulled away from his mouth and glanced down at his cock, erect and dripping for her. Biting her lip, she dug her heels into his thighs to bring him closer. "Come into me, Lucius ... now, come into me ...fuck me, please ... fuck me ..."

As her body dragged him towards her, he saw no point in delaying any further. Placing himself swiftly, he held her gaze and pushed hard and full into her.

Hermione cried out, this time with sharp abandon.

"Yes! Oh god, yes. Please move please move inside me. I've dreamt you; I've thought about you; I've wanted you for so long ..."

Pulling out as slowly as he dared, his own breath hissing as her pussy gripped his length, resisting him leaving her, Lucius plunged in again, harder yet, jolting her up the desk. He reached up, tearing the buttons of her shirt as he grabbed her breast, pulling it out of her bra and plying the flesh, teasing the nipple, rolling it between his thumb and forefinger. Hermione's eyes rolled back in her head as painful pleasure ripped along her. The sound of her moan caused him to push in deeper again.

And then he began a steady pace, stroking in and out, angling himself perfectly both along her g-spot and clit.

Hermione had never been filled or fucked so deep. She could think only of the cock sinking into her time and time again. She moaned, chanting almost, her words dispossessed from her mind, "Harder, harder, harder ..."

Lucius grunted as he thrust into her, her pussy dragging him ever further into its soaking heat.

Again she could only voice what her body was dictating. "Oh my god, that's so good, so hard ... so big."

"Rather like my cane, Miss Granger?"

Hermione opened her eyes wide and turned her head to look at him. "I didn't think you'd heard that!" She gasped between each violent thrust.

"I'm Lucius Malfoy, Miss Granger ..." He sank in so hard her back arched. " ... I hear everything."

Hermione lay back, bucking towards him. Lucius reached up and tore her shirt completely free, dragging the other breast out of her bra as well. With a breast in each hand, he continued to plough into her, his fingers now pinching and rolling the nipples brutally. She merely sighed with complete sensation.

"Yes ...yes ... don't stop that ... so good ... fuck, so good ..."

Lucius could not keep his silence. His vicious grunts of satisfaction grew louder with each thrust until his pleasure broke out in words. "Fuck! Fuck, witch, so fucking hot for me ... Give it to me ... give me your pleasure now ... now!"

He pushed hard into her, his fingers gripping her nipples. Hermione's eyes widened, her mouth gaped. Her head was thrown back as pleasure gripped her body and she cried out: a wrenching scream as ecstasy imprisoned her body.

Lucius felt her pussy pulsing hot around him, and with his own groaning gasp he came, his cum bursting into her again and again, his own pleasure blinding in its intensity.

He slumped upon her afterwards, damp and sated, pressing her body into the desk, their heavy panting filled the otherwise silent room.

At length he pulled out, cleansing both of them with a charm and dressing carefully again.

Hermione dragged herself from the desk, using it as a prop for her unsteady body. He turned to her, as smooth and haughty as ever. "Thank you for a most illuminating lesson, Miss Granger. It was well worth ... popping in."

He turned, as if leaving, but then stopped himself and moved his hand to his inside pocket. "Oh by the way, you may be interested in this. I'll leave it with you, shall I?" It was the parchment he had been writing on during the lesson. He placed it, rolled up, on a table. Hermione's eyes widened. "Until next time, Miss Granger."

Holding her gaze with a delicious smirk, he then turned elegantly and left the room.

Hermione stared around, unable to move at first, but then her curiosity got the better of her and she rushed to pick up the parchment. With trembling fingers, she unrolled it carefully.

Across the page was no malicious indictment of her teaching, no bilious critique, no writing even, but a drawing. It was a drawing of a woman, standing in the same classroom she was in now. There was no sign of any students; the classroom was empty. The woman was leaning back against her desk and, judging by the look on her face and the position of her hands, was clearly focused on matters other than teaching. Hermione saw instantly that it was a picture of her he had captured her likeness immaculately. She stared at the image of herself drawn so exquisitely by Lucius Malfoy.

In it, she was completely naked.

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Any comments gratefully received. LL x