

Stuck

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Interesting.

Stuck - or How To Pass The Time With A Pureblood B*****d

Chapter 1 of 1

Heat. Mechanical Failure. And two people who are supposed to hate each other. Interesting.

A story written as a birthday treat for rodasons!! Happy birthday, my darling! She requested a Lumione, sensible girl, and that it should be their first time together. Here we go ... the situation is a little cliched, but sometimes that just works a treat!!! Enjoy, from Laurielove. xxx



It was hot.

As Hermione stood waiting for the lift, she was grateful for the cool air bouncing off the hard shining walls of the Ministry of Magic. Holding the parchment she was taking to the Department of Muggle Relations in her hand, she fanned herself absent-mindedly with it, staring up as the indicator told her the lift was at last drawing near.

Finally it arrived and she got in, head down, only vaguely noticing the stern witch already inside and moving to the back to make room for the two people who had got in with her. The doors closed and the lift moved off.

It stopped all too soon, but not at her destination. Two got off, including the witch, one more got on. Hermione inhaled deeply, willing it to get going. It jerked into life with a jolt but after only a few seconds stopped once again.

Bloody, bloody hell. Hurry up.

The doors opened, letting one person out. A wizard in deep black robes got in, tall and straight. Hermione glanced up. Immediately she rolled her eyes and closed her arms instinctively around her.

It was Lucius Malfoy.

The blond man stood apart from her on the other side of the lift. His eyes flicked briefly to the side, registering whom he was now sharing the journey with. Hermione

noticed his shoulders roll and settle him taller, marked his slight inhalation of disapproval. She sneered behind his back. It had been necessary to tolerate the occasional incidental meeting with him since his exoneration after the war, much to her annoyance, but it was rare they had to spend a considerable amount of time together.

The other, rather diminutive occupant of the lift gave a dry cough as it set off again. After a time it stopped and the short wizard got out. Nobody else got in. The lift doors shut.

Hermione was alone inside with Lucius Malfoy.

Neither spoke, both willed the lift to propel them as soon as was possible to their destination. Malfoy's discomfort at having to tolerate a Mudblood at such close proximity with no chance of escape was clear. He stood as far from her as possible, staring at the indicator, willing the numbers to change rapidly.

The lift did not have the cool breeze which had wafted so refreshingly through the wider corridors below. The air was heavy, still and humid, although Hermione could smell a deep and aromatic scent which she reluctantly acknowledged must be Malfoy's clearly expensive cologne. It was not unpleasant. She could not prevent a glance at him. He wore heavy black robes, despite the heat; he must have been sweltering. Hermione shook her head disparagingly: such vanity and pride were so predictable in him. She was hot enough in her light summer dress, finding the tight fitting around the waist almost unbearable in the heat.

Still they did not speak. The lift juddered, jerked and stopped.

Hermione sighed, expecting the doors to open to release her at last.

They did not.

She glanced up. The indicator was flashing, the numbers alternating between 36 and 51. She frowned in confusion before sickening realisation dawned quickly enough: they were stuck.

Malfoy hardly moved, but she heard a slight sniff and he cleared his throat abruptly and tersely.

"Shit." The word sounded suddenly from her. At last, Malfoy turned his head to glance at her, clear disdain etched into his patrician features.

With cold indifference, he turned from her again and crossed to the panel on the side, pressing any button he could find, carefully at first, but with increasingly pointed desperation as nothing happened. There was an emergency button. He pressed that. Nothing. It was as if all means of propelling the lift or communicating with the outside had been completely cut off.

Withdrawing his wand with a fluid flourish, something that Hermione found herself momentarily and oddly admiring, he held it before him and incanted several unlocking charms. Again, nothing happened.

Hermione sighed deeply and took out her own wand. "Let me try." She tried a momentum charm, a levitation charm, anything her mind would throw at her to get the bloody lift moving again.

All failed.

"Oh for god's sake!! Great! Just bloody bloody great!! Stuck in a lift with Lucius Malfoy! Could my day be any worse!?" Her temper flew out of her. She didn't care what he thought - he didn't care about her, why should she care less what his opinion of her was?

Malfoy rounded on her with a snarl. "And you think it fills me with joy to be in this predicament with an overwrought, temperamental Mudblood!?"

She responded with a loud huff and threw herself against the other wall, hoping she could vanish through it.

Silence.

It was getting hotter. She glanced at Malfoy. He was standing, thick outer robes still on, stock still, staring at the flashing indicator as if it would wither under his glare and send them on their way again.

"Aren't you hot!?" she asked pointedly.

He ignored her. She stared at him. His face was not flushed, but on further inspection she could see a faint glow across his high forehead, belying his physical discomfort. She studied him closer. His features were remarkably untouched by age, his eyes grey and bright, staring straight ahead. Her eyes flicked to his mouth. It was not full but neither was it the thin, belittling line she would have expected; the lips were a dusky pink and appeared remarkably soft.

With nothing else to occupy her mind, Hermione acknowledged at last something which she had known but ignored for a while: Lucius Malfoy was remarkably attractive.

"Why are you staring at me?" His voice was cold, but he did not turn to look at her.

"It's either you or the walls, Malfoy, and it's rather entertaining to see you squirm."

"I do not ... *squirm*."

She let out a faint laugh before turning it once again into a frustrated sigh. "They'll realise in a minute, won't they? Someone will know the lift's broken down. It won't be too long."

"You know as well as I of the incompetence of the Ministry Maintenance Department. There are dozens of lifts in the building. If one stops, people simply take another. Your optimism may be a little misplaced."

"Oh god, don't say that! I knew I should have bloody walked ..."

"You do seem to be wasting an awful lot of energy *ranting*, Miss Granger. I'm sure your ignoble origins do not allow for a more considered approach to unfortunate situations such as this, but kindly desist. It is stifling enough as it is without having to listen to your incessant whining."

She ignored the taunt at her Muggle-born status and instead took the opportunity to tease him on his betrayal of the heat.

"I knew you were hot! Why don't you take off your outer robes at least? You look ridiculous standing there like that."

He flinched, unwilling to acknowledge her veracity.

She watched him intently. The corners of his eyes twitched, the muscle in his jaw worked quickly. She smirked; it was a very fine jaw line.

Malfoy stood for a moment longer, and then with a faintly disguised exclamation of defeat and annoyance, he shrugged his robes off his broad shoulders, catching them elegantly and folding them over his arm.

Underneath he wore a crisp white shirt and black brocade waistcoat, dark mother-of-pearl buttons pulling it tight over his broad chest.

Hermione swallowed.

Shit.

She seemed to have developed an ache inside, but it wasn't with worry at their unfortunate predicament.

It was Malfoy who then moved. With sudden fluidity, he placed his robes on the floor and lowered himself gracefully to sit upon them, leaning against the wall and placing his long legs before him. They were clad in finely tailored black trousers and finished with the shiniest black brogues Hermione had ever seen.

For a moment she could only stare and found herself biting her bottom lip with a front tooth.

"I hope you are not going to stand leering above me for much longer?"

She darted her head to glare at him. "I don't leer!"

"Just as I don't squirm?!" He was staring at her now, a slight smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. She opened her mouth to retort but stopped when she noticed his eyes travel up and down the length of her body, lingering slightly on the dark shadow between her breasts as it disappeared tantalisingly into her dress. He looked away.

Hermione drew in a deep breath of humid, sultry air.

She gave up trying to stand. Leaning against the wall, she slumped down it next to him, finding herself closer than she possibly should have been.

Time ticked slowly by, each minute dragging the temperature up even more. Hermione brought a hand to her chest and felt herself damp and hot.

"God, I'm so bloody hot." She took out her parchment to fan herself again.

Lucius caught the occasional waft of air as she moved it and turned his head instinctively but minutely towards it. Still, she noticed and moved it over slightly so that he could benefit as well, not entirely sure why she did. But logic forced her to admit that there was little point in antagonism; it would solve nothing.

"What are we going to do now then?" she bemoaned.

"Wait. They will come for us eventually. There is nothing else to be done."

Further silence. Her hand grew tired and she let the fan fall.

"We could play a game."

Malfoy turned to her with such a sneer of uncomprehending disdain she nearly burst out laughing.

"A game?"

"Yes. It is an activity designed to amuse, divert, cause happiness ... pass the bloody time! Even Mudblood hating former Death Eater bastards can take part if they feel the bloody inclination!"

Her voice had risen to such a pitch of indignation she wondered if she could control herself.

He appraised her briefly. She was certainly spirited. It did not anger him as he would have anticipated.

"Very well."

Hermione darted her head round, astounded by his capitulation.

"Right ... OK ... um ... what then?" Her mind was suddenly blank - what did a pureblood bigot and a muggle-born intellectual play when stuck in a lift together? "I Spy?"

He had closed his eyes again. "I think not."

She agreed. It was the most ridiculous suggestion ever.

There was only one thing really, one thing befitting a Slytherin and a Gryffindor locked in the heated privacy of anonymous transparency.

She turned to him. "Truth or Dare."

Malfoy looked at her, his eyes darkening. "Enlighten me."

"We take it in turns. One person chooses Truth or Dare. If it is Truth, the other asks them a question about themselves which they have to answer truthfully. If they choose Dare the person sets them a dare which they must fulfil."

He stared at her for some time, and Hermione detected a burn deep within the grey of his eyes.

"What a twisted little mind it is, Miss Granger. I wonder how you were not sorted into Slytherin."

"Yes, well, I wasn't. I'll choose first. Truth."

He stared at her again, that slight smile back on his mouth.

"Go on then," she insisted.

"Have you ever cheated in an exam?"

She sighed. *Hardly adventurous.* She hoped he would do better than that. But still, she had to answer. "No."

His eyebrow rose cynically.

"What!? I haven't. I will tell the truth, I can assure you. Right. You next."

He exhaled heavily. "Truth ... if I must."

Hermione's mind tingled. There was so much she could ask, so much she wanted to ask.

"When did you first start questioning your loyalties to Voldemort?"

Malfoy's eyes widened and he looked at her in shock. She held his gaze steadily. "You have to answer."

He glared at her, but still did not flinch. "I suspect you know the answer."

"I want to hear it from you."

He sniffed in, then looked away again, his head falling back. "When he started to influence my son too much, instructing him to ... murder, degrading him simply to punish me."

At first, Hermione could only stare at him silently; his frank answer had almost humbled her. His eyes were closed again but he spoke. "Your turn."

Hermione sucked in a sudden sharp breath. She continued. "Truth."

Lucius' breathing was deep, but he spoke quite freely in a low drawl which seemed to throb into Hermione's core.

"Did you ever find yourself being drawn towards the Dark Side?"

That was more like it, but still she could answer with impunity. "No."

He smirked. "How dull. Truth."

His sudden haste surprised her. She thought hard.

"How many people have you killed?"

This time he did not give a physical reaction, but responded clearly and precisely. "Not as many as you think."

"That isn't a proper answer."

"It is the only one you are going to get."

She huffed but continued. "Truth."

Malfoy paused briefly before that low drawl reached her again. "Have you ever found yourself lusting after someone you shouldn't?"

Her head shot to his. It wasn't just his question which had shocked her, but the manner in which he had asked it. Lusting. It was such an archaic term, but so raw, so effective. Her insides immediately twisted.

"You can't ask me that!"

"*Truth*, Miss Granger."

Hermione pushed herself to stand up with exasperated indignation, her nostrils flaring. "Yes!"

He glanced up from his recumbent position. "Who?"

"That's two questions. I won't tell you!"

Malfoy now stood, pulling himself up tall and coming remarkably close to her. "Who? Come now ... surely you can allow me an extension of that first query. After all, it hardly provides me with a satisfactory answer."

"You didn't give me a satisfactory answer last time!"

His smirk simply deepened and his eyebrow rose in wry amusement.

She glared again, crossing her arms, but her sense of fair play won through and she answered with a rushed flurry of words. "I had a bit of a crush on Sirius Black and ... for a while as I got older ... Professor Snape." She couldn't look at him.

His lips curled up. "Severus!? How very curious indeed. My my, Miss Granger ... anyone else?"

She did not answer. Her breathing steadied. She could smell him powerfully before her. His body rose up so real and vivid she wanted to grab it to prevent herself reeling.

"Anyone *else*?"

Hermione held his gaze but did not answer him verbally. Her belly was alight, coiling with need. She was not sure she could resist. Did she even want to? Or need to? Her eyes dropped slowly, taking in his lithe body before rising again to meet his eyes. He smirked again before speaking deep.

"Dare."

Hermione stared hard into him and dropped her own voice to mirror his. "I dare you to take off your waistcoat ... roll up your sleeves ... and undo your shirt. After all ... it is so very, very hot."

"That is three things, Miss Granger."

She shrugged. "I answered two questions in one just now."

Malfoy's eyes took in every detail of her face, the faint smile on his mouth deepening tantalisingly. Seconds passed and still he did not move. She stared at him. He stared back.

And then, still not taking his eyes from hers, his hands came up to the waistcoat buttons and slowly he undid them. She watched as he pulled the dark garment off his shoulders and placed it on top of his robes. Then his hand moved to one cuff, slipping out the mother-of-pearl cufflinks which matched his waistcoat buttons on one and then the other. He rolled his sleeves up to his elbows. Hermione watched entranced as his toned forearms revealed themselves, the pronounced muscles rippling under fine hairs, darker than those on his head.

He paused.

"And the rest."

For a moment, he resisted. But then his fingers came to his shirt and he slipped the top button out, and the next, and he continued, pulling the shirt tails out of his trousers until his shirt fluttered open completely before him.

Hermione sucked in a sharp breath and swallowed. His torso swelled in a firm rise; a dark shadow fell in the middle of his chest; his stomach was defined and tight, not so as to jar with his otherwise noble and smooth exterior, but enough to cause her to want to reach out and touch the ripples of his abdominals.

"You seem to be enjoying the game, Malfoy." She glanced up at him, a faint smile tickling her lips. "Dare."

His gaze was almost painful now. "I dare you to tell me what you really think of me."

She stared defiantly back. "I hate all you stand for. I hate your attitude, your prejudice, your disdain, your refusal to allow sense to sway you from the mentality dictated to you by your forebears. You disappoint me that in the years since the war you do not seem to have amended your views at all. I was disgusted when you got into the lift with me and hoped beyond hope that I would not have to tolerate your company for too long. But now that we are in this position ..." She stepped into him slightly. "I find myself rather enjoying your presence."

He was breathing deeply now, his eyes frequently dropping to the rise of her breasts, casting over her face, her mouth. He spoke once again, low and gruff. "Dare."

Hermione barely hesitated. Stepping into him the slightest amount again, but still not allowing any part of her to touch him, she spoke.

"I dare you to kiss me."

Once again his eyes flicked over her face.

Here before him: this Mudblood, this woman whom he believed he hated, standing, so strong and defiant ... he knew he had risen desperately, could feel his lust pounding within his groin.

Mudblood.

Kiss.

He bent his head. Her lips were there, so close, so plump and dark and inviting. He touched them with his own and any lingering doubt was expelled.

She opened to him, her hands immediately coming up to twine in his hair. His tongue sought hers and found it, wrestling and dancing with it as he pressed himself so hard against her his teeth caught her lips. He tasted her blood.

Hermione held him, close and desperate, not wanting to let him go. Their mouths did not part and their breathing came deep and desperate through their noses. Then her hands were down and she felt at last that perfect body, hot and damp upon her fingers. She reached up, pushing his shirt off his shoulders. With desperate need, her head descended to his chest and licked up until she came to a hard, dark nipple. She took it urgently in her mouth, fluttering her tongue over it.

Lucius inhaled sharply, one hand holding her against him while the other tried to rid her of her clothes. She felt his fumbling fingers and quickly drew back to reach behind and help with her dress. It fell to the floor, revealing her firm breasts cupped in a dark blue satin, a material which also made up her rather minimal knickers.

Lucius took a moment to absorb the sight before him, but his lust dictated haste and his hands made light work of her bra and pants. And then she stood naked, trying to get back to his beautiful expanse of chest.

"No, you delicious, wicked Mudblood. My turn."

He held her hard around the waist, pulling him towards him, and latched onto a nipple, sucking it so hard into his mouth she cried out with surprise. She felt tongue and teeth, teasing, tormenting. She was soaking, her lust running already down her inner thighs.

And then a finger was between her legs, lightly at first, not quite touching where she so craved it. She moaned in agony as his teeth closed hard on the nipple and his finger at last found her clit. But it was not with pained agony, but the delicious hot agony of desire and pleasure.

Her mind and body craved more and with trembling fingers she felt for his belt, undoing it with welcome ease and pulling it from the loops. His hands moved from her and he helped; never could he remember being so in need of a woman's body. Sweat was by now glistening over both their bodies and the humid heat surrounding them merely served to fuel their desire yet more.

He pushed down on his trousers and stepped quickly out, his vast, rigid cock rising up immediately. Hermione let out a joyous laugh of wonder at the sight and pressed herself full against him, her hand closing around her new-found discovery as her breasts pushed hard into his chest.

Lucius' head dropped to plunder her mouth again and he groaned into her as he felt her thumb rubbing over the tip of his cock, gathering in the pre-cum and using it so that her hand could glide over and ply his engorged flesh with avid enthusiasm and skill.

But then he could stand no more, and holding her arms roughly he pushed her back against the wall, his mouth dropping to her neck and sucking the damp flesh, hard and brutal.

"Want you, want you, Mudblood ... want to be inside you now, open for me, open ..."

She barely caught his gruff declarations muffled against her flesh, but his hands pushed her legs apart and she relinquished the hold on his cock at last.

Her leg ran up his thigh and she wriggled into position, standing on tiptoes, her gaze bleary, her pussy screaming to be filled. She dug her hands into his shoulders, her nails piercing his skin. He hissed and felt his balls throb again. Reaching up his hand and clasping it around the back of her neck, he seared her eyes with his and pushed fully up into her.

Hermione's gasp of breath was caught and held as she adjusted to the sudden completion of her body. His was by far the biggest cock she had ever had inside her.

Her eyes had risen to the ceiling in amazement but now she dragged them back down and stared at him. He frowned a little, her body so exquisitely tight and wet and hot he wondered how he had survived without it.

"Oh fucking hell!" Her words came in an exclaimed sigh. "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me ... want to feel you ... Malfoy, fucking hell, do it!"

He pulled out just as she raised herself up, but immediately they moved again and he ploughed deep and hard back into her. Again her head was thrown back in sheer delight.

He drew back then in again, causing a groan from them both this time. And then he moved regularly, hard and fast, his hand between her legs, ensuring her clit was not neglected. He knew from the constant mewls and moans rising from her throat that his cock was catching her sweetly within.

As for her body, her pussy, his mind blurred with revelation. This Mudblood whore, this bitch who had represented all he hated most in life, giving him more pleasure than he knew possible.

Her fingers dug into him and her eyes gaped. She was coming. Her orgasm tore through her so powerfully he felt as if he had dictated how her pussy would grip his cock. As her pleasure rose from her with a cry, it took only a few more thrusts for him to come too, bursting up into her with guttural moans of ecstasy.

They slumped to the floor of the lift, still joined, their bodies hot and wet with sweat and pleasure.

Eventually he pulled out and they both sat, leaning heavily against the wall, their breathing eventually slowing.

She caught his eye, her mouth curled up. "Good." It was a simple statement of fact.

"Good," he repeated through deep breaths.

"I have something to add to my answer about what I really feel about you."

"And what is that?"

"I've wanted to fuck your brains out for quite some time now."

He smiled, chuckling low through his nose.

They sat, still and quiet save for their deep breathing. Hermione wasn't sure she wanted the lift to be fixed just yet. It had been several minutes since they had both come so spectacularly. She had recovered - surely he had too?

Moving over, she kneeled in front of him and opened his legs slowly with her hands. His cock had softened, but as she glanced down she saw it twitch back into life immediately.

"More, Miss Granger?"

"Always more, Malfoy."

She dropped her head and took him in her mouth, twirling gently at first, coaxing him to hardness. It worked immediately. She revelled in the feel of his flesh swelling and thickening on her tongue.

She licked, she sucked and pulled, cupping his balls in her hands. Malfoy grimaced in rapture, trying to stifle his sounds of sheer pleasure; he must not give the Mudblood too much satisfaction. But his hand dropped to her head and he found himself rubbing his fingers through her unruly curls almost affectionately, guiding her with gentle determination over him.

Hermione could not recall the last time she had enjoyed sucking cock so much. Despite his enormous size she sank herself as far down as she could, loving the taste of him, loving the feel of the smooth thick flesh on her tongue. Her hand worked him further down the shaft, her own saliva dripping down to smooth its progress.

"That's it, that's it, witch ... fuck, why did I not take you before?!"

His presumptuous arrogance elicited a slight nip with the teeth. He flinched, tightening his grip on her hair, but Hermione was beyond caring. She feasted on his cock with such abandon that he could hold back no longer.

Pressing her down onto him, he came explosively, shooting thick bursts of cum into her, hitting the back of her throat.

She pulled off gently, keeping his essence in her mouth, and rose to look at him.

Malfoy, eyes glazed with pleasure, focused on her blearily, curious as to what she would do with the pureblood seed now sitting in her Mudblood mouth.

Hermione held his gaze and swallowed. He smirked. "You could get a taste for that, couldn't you Mudblood?"

She hit him before he had barely finished the sentence.

At first the shock and the sting on his cheek did not allow him fully to process what had happened. But then he was at her, pushing her to lie on the floor, pinning her down in his hands, straddling her prone body. She glared up at him, her eyes flashing, her hair wild around her.

And then, presented with the sight of her as she was, Lucius Malfoy did the only thing he could.

Moving rapidly down her body, he pushed her legs forcibly apart and ate her out.

"Yes! Oh god oh god oh god, yes. Do that, do it like that, Malfoy. Oh my god, you are so good, you fucking pureblood bastard - you are so fucking good!"

His tongue had dipped deep into her, seeking out her pleasure, he drew it out and with the width of his tongue licked hard and long up to her clit which he then teased with the very tip.

Hermione ground herself onto him, her mind clouding. Fingers were pushed up into her, two, maybe three, and once again he drummed perfectly on that place inside. She moaned and arched, causing him to push her forcibly down again. And then more. Wetting another finger, Malfoy teased around the tight hole sitting below her pussy, then edged it in, slow, his eyes raised to view her reaction.

"Oh fuck! What is that!? Have you put a finger in my arse!? You cock! God! *...I like that!*"

He laughed against her trembling flesh, prompting an incoherent groan this time, before pushing another long digit into her to join the first. This time she squealed a little - he knew it would sting.

She wriggled against him as the sharpness in her arse morphed to a feeling of deepest fullness.

She allowed him to do as he wished and as he ate and plied her body with assiduous perfection, Hermione came long and loud once again.

At length, only after the final trembles had passed out of her, did he remove himself from her body and reassume his position slumped against the wall.

She crawled over to join him.

"Truth," he panted.

"What do you really think of me?"

"I think you have the most delicious cunt I have ever encountered."

And then the lift juddered, lurched, and moved off again with remarkable alacrity.

Hermione and Lucius glanced at each other, their mouths cracking into smiles of hilarious panic. Never had two people dressed so quickly. Her dress practically flew back on; his fingers darted over his shirt to do it up; his trousers thwarted him briefly as he stepped into them. Hermione reached over to help.

"Fuck! Hurry, woman!"

She giggled as she pushed his cufflinks through the holes and he did up his belt buckle tightly.

When the doors to the lift opened, the Head of the Department of Muggle Relations found Hermione Granger and Lucius Malfoy standing with straight-backed decorum on opposite sides to each other. They both smiled benignly at him before moving out of the lift.

"Hermione! At last! I've been waiting for this report."

"Sorry, Mr Ormthwaite. The lift broke down."

"Oh dear, oh dear, not again. You were stuck in it with ... err ... with ... Malfoy, were you?" He turned to look at Lucius with an expression of curious distaste.

"I was."

"Oh dear. I see. However did you manage to deal with that then?"

"Oh, it was no problem, Mr Ormthwaite. We played a game."

"A game?" Again he turned to stare at Malfoy with confused disgust.

"A game, Mr Ormthwaite," repeated Malfoy. "It is an activity designed to amuse, divert, cause happiness ... pass the time. Perhaps you should try it some time. I certainly found it ... highly effective." He turned to Hermione. "Miss Granger, thank you for thinking of such a diverting activity. Perhaps you could teach me some more of your - games - another day."

She smiled up at him, her brown eyes wide with the continuous pleasure still tingling her body. He smirked. She spoke once more before turning away to deliver her parchment.

"I look forward to it, Mr Malfoy. As you can tell, I do so like to play."

And you do have such a very lovely toy to play with, Miss Granger ...

Any thoughts? They make me very happy. LL x