

Fun With Phones

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Chapter 1 of 1

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A/N: Written for the LuciusBigBang. I would like to thank w_x_2, who was my unofficial cheerleader and talked me down from the ledge on this one. Last. Het. Ever. You heard it here.

Malfoys didn't often admit when they were wrong, but neither were they inclined to pass up a good thing. Lucius considered this as he gazed at the backside of his wife over the coffee table in the Blue Room one afternoon. He was in the perfect position to view her ample charms from where he reclined in a wingback chair, and his sharp gaze took in every curve of her deliciously rounded derrière as she bent over to retrieve a fallen earring back.

"It seems I get the preferred view, hm, love?" he asked, knowing the question would ruffle her.

"Lucius!" Hermione jerked upright with a speed that made him almost laugh. Almost. "I didn't see you there!"

"Evidently not, yet here I sit," he said.

Hermione fiddled with her earring, chewing on her full bottom lip as she replaced the wayward back. "What are you doing all alone in here?"

"Enjoying the view," Lucius said.

Hermione turned her head to gaze out one of the many windows of the Manor. "You can't even see the fountain from here."

"Not *that* view." Lucius smirked.

Hermione blushed.

Lucius rose from his seat with his customary grace and approached the woman...*his* woman now, though she looked to be barely out of girlhood. Lucius knew better, from intimate experience. She delighted him, although he wouldn't admit it to anyone.

So many things had changed after the war. Narcissa had run off with an Italian count, and his son...Lucius shuddered to think of the disgrace. Draco had somehow ended up with the Boy Wonder himself, Harry Potter. Lucius gritted his teeth so hard he thought they might break.

"Lucius, what is it?"

Her soft voice broke through his torment, and he gazed at the woman before him. His wife. He was at a loss to explain how it had happened...how he, an avowed hater of anyone ... like her, could have fallen for Hermione Granger. Well, he didn't feel the need to explain the motives of his heart to anyone, not when both his wife and his son had abandoned him for other men. Lucius sniffed in disdain. Stranger things had happened, after all, than his falling for her. He had seen them come to pass. And this wasn't so hard to fathom. She was a balm to his wounded soul, a comfort to him. She was as smart as everyone claimed, and more beautiful than he had realized. How could anyone who had seen her not have fallen under her spell? She lit his blood...his very *life*...on fire, with a passion he had never felt before in all of his long years. He recognized the excitement rising now as he looked at her. It only took one glance at her charms, and he was like a silly schoolboy, eager and willing. He felt himself stir.

"Lucius, tell me what's wrong. You look so ... sad." Hermione usually left him to his own thoughts, even when he was clearly troubled, but today her soft hand reached up and stroked his cheek.

Lucius closed his eyes for a moment, relishing the touch. He wasn't used to comfort, to being touched. It felt so good to have someone care. Hermione's finger's stroked along his jaw, so gentle ...

The jarring sound of discordant electronica broke the moment. Lucius' eyes snapped open.

"Oh!" Hermione pulled her hand away and reached into the pocket of the Muggle denims she insisted on wearing. She pulled out a device that was utterly foreign to Lucius. It was a strident piece of technology that was vibrating in frantic cacophony. Hermione pulled it in half, glanced at it, pressed a button and returned it to her pocket.

"I'm so sorry. It's on silent mode now. Tell me what was bothering you. Is it the peacocks again? I heard that they keep getting out and destroying the *Menconopsis* beds. I know how upsetting that is for you."

Lucius waved his hand dismissively, although the mention of the wanton destruction of his prize poppies made him draw his brows together in fresh ire. "What *is* that most annoying contraption?"

Hermione shrugged. "My cell phone. I apologize for the interruption. My calls are going to voice mail now. But tell me, if it isn't the peacocks, it must be the soufflé. I thought it was fine, but I can tell you thought it was overcooked. That sort of thing always gets you in a snit."

"I'm not 'in a snit.' And it *was* overcooked." Lucius paused a moment, his lip curled in distaste at the remembrance of the inedible pastry. "I'm not finished with your device. A ... cell, you called it? Whatever is it for?"

Hermione hid a smile. "It's for Muggles. It's kind of how they make Floo calls. You know they don't have magic, so this is how they compensate."

"Indeed. So this is their answer?" Lucius narrowed his eyes. "May I see it?"

Hermione nodded. "Why the sudden interest in tech, Lucius?" She couldn't hide the twinkle in her eyes as she handed over the little phone.

He examined the sleek plastic. She had pulled it open somehow. He saw the dividing line and gave an experimental tug. Voilà! It slid open. Lucius looked over the little buttons. The screen glowed with some sort of enchantment that showed a hummingbird hovering over a flower. It seemed the Muggles had access to a little bit of magic after all. "Hm!" Lucius snapped the gadget closed, unimpressed.

"Be careful with that!" Hermione admonished. "My parents gave it to me!"

"Is that so?" Lucius cocked his head. "Whatever for?"

"Well, they didn't have a way to stay in touch after I moved here. It isn't as if they can make a Floo call. And you don't have a land line here," Hermione explained.

"Land line?"

"See?" Hermione said.

"So, your parents can talk to you on this little thing? You hear their voices, wherever they are?" Lucius asked.

"Yes, that's right. My parents, or anyone else who has the number."

"Number?" Lucius frowned.

Hermione smiled. She spent a few minutes explaining the finer points of how a cell phone worked.

Lucius thought a moment. "How many people have your number?"

"Oh, I don't know." At that moment, there was a foreign buzzing that came from Hermione's pocket. "A few, I guess. It doesn't mean I have to talk to everyone as soon as they call."

Lucius thought a moment. "Who is calling?"

Hermione shrugged. "I don't know. I'm talking to you. They can wait."

Lucius had a wicked idea. He didn't often feel like getting into trouble, but occasionally he was overtaken by the desire, and now was one of those times. "Check it. For me." He used his most imperious tone.

Hermione lifted a brow and slipped the phone out of her pocket. She frowned upon seeing the name. "It's...no one."

Lucius sharpened his gaze. "Who is it?" he demanded.

The phone continued its demented buzzing. Hermione swallowed. "It's Harry," she said.

"Answer it." Lucius commanded her.

Hermione held her breath a moment, but the desire to be told what to do by him when he used that voice was too strong to resist. She cracked the phone and held it to her ear. "Hello?" Her eyes never left his.

Lucius watched her for a moment. Her end of the conversation was tentative; she knew something was going on. He allowed her nervousness to ratchet up, and he circled around her like a bird of prey staking its quarry. Her voice went up several notches.

"Yes, fine. How are you both? Uh-huh, I was wondering that, too." A pause. "I don't know. I hope so." Her voice started to tremble.

Lucius leaned in. He loved how merely looking at her caused her to respond. This was an unexpected gift today, the ability to toy with her while she was distracted. It was like she was ... bound. He felt his predatory instincts go up, and he couldn't stop a smile from touching his lips.

Hermione caught sight of it and the fine hairs raised on the back of her neck.

Lucius saw it and leaned in. He let his breath tickle her free ear. He exhaled slowly and let the puff of air touch the column of her neck, whispering down and ghosting towards the twin wings of her collarbones. He rested his thumbs in the hollows there and traced gentle circles with his fingers. He could see her pulse, the blood flowing in the veins under her delicate skin. She was at his mercy, and she loved it.

She flushed bright pink and coughed. "No, fine. Something caught in my throat. You were saying?" Hermione got the idea of this game and pulled away, shaking her head.

Lucius stood behind her, heedless of her protests. He circled his arms around and yanked her close, her back to his front. She could surely feel his waiting hardness pressed firmly against her backside. The knowledge that she was caught in a conversation and could do or say nothing to extricate herself from this situation heightened his pleasure. He felt himself stiffen at that illicit thought.

Hermione gasped and ground against him. "F-fine. I...stuffed my toe. Yes, lunch next week sounds lovely. Where did you say?"

Lucius grabbed her hips and thrust against her. He reached around and tweaked a nipple, something he knew that she particularly enjoyed. He felt her squirm.

Lucius could tell from the strain in her voice that Hermione was having a difficult time keeping her concentration on the conversation. The idea thrilled him. He loved disarming her, and he stepped his seduction up a notch. He slipped his hand inside the waistband of her denims, the tight fit making the friction that much better. His long fingers slid under her knickers and threaded through her wiry hair. A jolt of pure arousal went straight to his cock when he felt how wet she was. So, she liked this game as much as he did. He couldn't help smirking, even though she couldn't see it.

Lucius reached around with his other hand and unbuttoned her pants to give himself more room. He found the little nub he was searching for and began making small circles with his thumb. Hermione's breath hitched. Her hips jerked in time with his strokes.

"Mm-hm ..." She mumbled into the phone.

Lucius let a finger slide into her. She was drenching him with her wetness, and it slid in effortlessly. He was aching with need at this point. Her hips bucked and grazed his arousal.

"Can you repeat that part? I didn't hear you," Hermione said. She turned and looked at him helplessly over her shoulder. The plea in her eyes was clear. She wanted to hang up the phone.

Lucius had no pity. He shook his head, freed his erection from the confines of his clothes, and pulled her pants around her ankles.

"I can't today; I'm busy. Oh. What were we talking about, then? Something about goldfish, did you say?" Hermione sounded desperate.

Lucius pulled his hand free from the welcoming cradle of Hermione's thighs and leaned her over the leather couch. It was the perfect height for this sort of activity. In one brutal thrust, he was sheathed inside of her.

"Uunngghh ..." Hermione moaned. She let the phone dangle from her grasp. Her eyes closed, and Lucius enjoyed the sight of bliss on her face and she bit her bottom lip. "Gods, Lucius. Do it already!"

"Do what?" Lucius was buried to the hilt in her wet heat, and it was all he could manage to sound so nonchalant, but he had to maintain control. If Hermione knew how much she really affected him ...

"Just fuck me already. Please!"

Lucius closed his eyes. There was something about hearing the dirty words from Hermione Granger's lips that excited him beyond belief. She was embarrassed; he could hear it in her voice. It never got easier for her to say, but she would ask if he wanted her to. And he did, just to hear her say it. The thought of her begging him for her release was more than he could bear. He groaned, pushed to his limit.

A tinny sound of distant chatter distracted both of them, and Hermione gave a squeal. Lucius grasped at her hips as she scrambled for the phone, which had fallen just out of reach onto the cushion. The stretch that her motion caused was delicious.

"Harry, so sorry. No, that must have been something else you heard. Interference, yes! Listen, I have to go. Something has come up. I'll meet you ... wherever we decided. Bye!" Hermione snapped the phone shut with a hasty click.

Lucius could feel the heat of her blush even from where he stood. He gave her hips a firm tug, reminding her of their connection. The pillows of her thighs cradled him, making his hardness strain even more desperately.

"Oh!"

He smirked. His shaft was pulsing and ready, and he wasn't about to go easy on her. Before Hermione could catch her breath, Lucius was slamming into her without mercy. They were beyond going gentle now. He had to have her, had to be a part of her. She felt so good, he wanted to keep sliding into her depths like this forever, listening to her moan and come undone beneath his weight. All too soon, he felt the familiar burn of pleasure intensifying, a beam uncoiling, and he knew he couldn't last. This woman made him as lusty as a schoolboy. "Hermione, come for me," he coaxed her. Her breathy pants were turning to little sharp screams. "Please." *Hurry.*

That did it, the entreaty from him brought about her completion. He could feel her clenching around him, and not a moment too soon. Her gushing heralded his own white-hot orgasm, which overtook him with a blinding speed. All he could do was cling to Hermione and ride it out, the waves of pleasure nearly overwhelming. She did this to him, made him a shuddering wreck. When it was over, they were both a boneless mess. It was all Lucius could do to steer them to the loveseat. He managed a quick scourge...it was an imported piece, after all...and then they collapsed upon the little couch together.

After a moment, Hermione pushed herself up onto her elbow and looked at him. "That was unexpected."

"Indeed." He tried not to let his satisfaction show.

Hermione huffed. "Is that all you have to say for yourself? How can I explain myself to Harry? I'm sure he noticed that I was acting rather strangely!"

"Let me ask you, Hermione, was it me who excited you, or knowing you had someone listening in and that you could do nothing about it?" Lucius watched her face carefully.

Hermione blushed. "It was you, of course! It's always you, Lucius."

Lucius searched her eyes. She was hiding something, he was sure of it by the way she evaded his gaze. He put a finger under her chin and tipped her face up to his. "Hermione. You are meeting Mr. Potter for lunch next week."

Hermione couldn't look away. "It would seem so."

"Since you enjoyed this little interlude so much, perhaps you might invite him back to the manor afterwards for a ... visit."

"But ... you don't ... I couldn't ..." Hermione turned even redder.

"Perhaps I have changed my mind. You can, and you will. It's time I learned to play nice with your Mr. Potter, wouldn't you say? Kiss and make up, as it were?" Lucius let a

smile play over his lips.

Hermione stared at him. "Are you saying ... ?" her mouth fell open.

Lucius stood up and turned from her. He didn't want to give away how much the idea excited him, even as it had just occurred to him. Why hadn't he thought of it sooner? The possibilities were endless, if Hermione had a taste for being watched. He adjusted his trousers and strolled to the door. "And yes, dear. The soufflé was burnt."

"I love you, too, Lucius."

He could hear the gentle laughter in her voice, from where it carried out and followed him into the hall. So softly she couldn't possibly hear it, he answered her. "I love you, Hermione, more than you could ever know."