

# Great Aunt Who?

*by blue artemis*

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*Chapter 1 of 1*

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"It's hideous! I really have to display this?"

"Yes, Mrs. Malfoy, you really have to display that family heirloom in order to get the rest of your inheritance from your Great-Aunt Melissande." Mr. Solesbury, the family attorney, managed to sound both patient and put-upon.

"I have no idea how I'm going to explain this to my husband--anyway, I will take it home and find someplace to display that. I really enjoyed the preliminary items I received from her estate, and I will honor this request as well. Many thanks, Mr. Solesbury."

Hermione left the meeting completely disturbed. She had no idea how she was going to explain the monstrosity she was holding to her husband. It was not only bronze, and ugly, but... Bloody hell, did that figure have an erect penis? She Apparated home still trying to think of how to explain it to Lucius.

"Hello, my love, how did it go?"

"I get the rest of her estate as long as I am willing to display this." Hermione held the monstrous artifact up to her husband, having decided, as usual, that her Gryffindor tendencies would be the best in this case.

"Was your great aunt a witch, Hermione?"

"Not that I know of, Lucius, but then, I barely knew her."

"Her name, love?"

"Melissande Von Grange. She refused to Anglicize the name."

"You are a Von Grange?"

"Yes, my great-grandfather was Heinrich Von Grange. My grandfather changed it when they came to England, to Granger. My Father thought about changing it back, but decided to honor his father's decision. Wait, why does this even matter, Lucius? And why did that thing make you ask me that question?"

"This is an original piece of erotic wizarding art. It is one of twelve unique pieces made by Hermann der Spiegel."

"Hermann the Mirror?"

"These pieces of art have a series of complex charms no one has ever been able to unravel. It is said that Hermann sold eleven and gave the twelfth to his mistress, a

rather powerful yet temperamental witch named Melissande. She was far younger than he was, but no one knew her surname nor if she had any family. This is such a delight, my love!"

As Lucius reached out to take the now interesting heirloom from Hermione, both their hands touched around the base of it. After they set it down on the mantel, the art began to move, the figures began to change, until they looked quite a bit like Lucius and Hermione. All of a sudden the male figure pulled the female into his arms quite passionately, then pressed her against the wall and fucked her into a rather violent orgasm.

Hermione turned to Lucius rather wide-eyed. "Let me guess; that is what you wanted to do?"

Lucius nodded.

"I think I get the mirror part."

A trunk popped into the room with a note attached.

*My dearest Hermione,*

*I've followed your life since the first day you appeared in the Daily Prophet. I know you were forced to marry Lucius Malfoy due to that silly law, but it seems you have made it work, at least quite a bit better than some others, but then we Von Grange witches do have a talent for coming out on top. You can ask that handsome husband of yours about that. Anyway, my dearest, it was safer for you to stay the dotty great-aunt and never let on that I was a witch. It would have made your youth even more difficult, if you can imagine. All of what was mine, I now give to you. And if your husband looks like his eyeballs are about to fall out of his head, well, yes, those are the missing Malfoy sapphires. I rather unblushingly made myself a very good life as a courtesan. But my very first love was Hermann, and that is why you should display the art. As long as you two are happy, the figures will appear as yourselves.*

*Much love,*

*Melissande Von Grange*

*P.S. Be proud of those curls, love. You must be a powerful witch with hair as bushy as yours.*

"She was THE Melissande. It does explain a lot, doesn't it?"

"Explain what, Lucius?"

"First off, in the last 1200 years, any side with a Von Grange witch on it has never lost a war. The power Harry Potter knew not may very well have been you. Secondly, the hair. It seems one of your ancestors had a thing for curly hair and somehow charmed his bloodline to produce curly hair on the witches. The curlier the hair, the more powerful the witch. Lastly, Melissande was a powerful, exciting courtesan, and many wizards did what they could to curry her favor. It appears one of my ancestors managed, at least for a while."

"What does this change, Lucius? According to British law, I'm still a Muggle-born."

"Yes, my love, but it does advance Severus's theory that there is no such thing as a true Muggle-born, and that all of you have some magical ancestry."

"Wonderful. I am pleased to be able to advance his theory. Now, what has caused that unholy look of glee in your eyes?"

"My child is going to be very powerful! A Von Grange!"

"Lucius, if I didn't know any better, I would swear you were going to do a happy dance."

"Like a Polka?"

"Nevermind."

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Many thanks to Southern\_Witch\_69 for the beta!

Prompt from La Muse Amusant: 1. The character of your choice is forced to accept a very odd--and very unwanted--family heirloom.

Author's Note: The name Von Grange and the possibility of Hermione coming from a prominent Squib has tickled my fancy ever since I read it in *amr's Snape's Boon*. It is a great story, and that bit is an homage to one of my favorite authors.