

The Second Circle of Hell

by blue artemis

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This was written for the final week of the Malfoy Manor one-shot weeklies in October.
It won first prize for the week.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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I helped Harry figure out the logic puzzle my first year, successfully brewed Polyjuice my second, helped rescue Sirius my third, stuck by Harry my fourth, helped found the D.A. my fifth, didn't kill Ron my sixth and spent what should have been my seventh year on an interminable camping trip, so with all those good deeds I've done, why am I here in the depths of hell?

Unspeakable Hermione Granger had been assigned to help the owners of the Wizarding BDSM club Second Circle of Hell figure out who was committing murders for the last three Halloweens and trying, rather clumsily, to pin them on the Malfoys; for who else would decide to redeem themselves in this manner?

As Hermione walked slowly through the darkened club, taking in the cuffs on the walls, the crosses, various whips, paddles and other toys, she was being closely watched by three very unhappy people.

"Did they have to send *her*?"

"Draco, you know she actually took this as a favor to me."

"I was curious about that, my dear. Why would Miss Granger be doing the newest Mrs. Malfoy any favors?"

Astoria gave her father-in-law an exasperated look. "You know, I figured Draco would be whiny about this. I did not expect you to be."

"I am merely being curious. When everything started, you did say that you would find an Unspeakable willing to take on this rather unusual case, but I was certainly not expecting the rather uptight Miss Granger. I ask you again, why would she be willing to do you any favors?"

Astoria smiled. "Hermione and I became friends when she returned for her final year of schooling. She never behaved as though she should have been Head Girl instead of me; rather she was rather vocal in her defense of me. And as for being uptight, let us just say that I know her better than you do, and her prudishness is as much a facade as your famous Malfoy 'nothing ever bothers me' look."

"She still looks like she'd rather be sucking on lemons instead of dealing with us."

"Of course, she does, Draco. Her past with this family has not been the best."

Lucius took in everything his astute daughter-in-law told him and just nodded. He would have to see.

Hermione reached the offices of the club and gave the password Astoria had given her to get through the wards. The doors opened inward, displaying for Hermione a view of a lavishly appointed office and framed a massive oak desk, the entire thing covered in exquisitely done erotic carvings. Behind the impressive furniture sat Lucius Malfoy, looking as regal as he could, considering he was running a sex club.

"Unspeakable Granger, you have my thanks for your prompt response to Astoria's request."

Unbelievably, Hermione smiled. "She is a friend, Mr. Malfoy. I am willing to do many things for my friends. Getting assigned to this case was not difficult, though, since you said you believe that this may be related to the late Mrs. Malfoy's death?"

"Yes, Unspeakable. I found traces of the same magical signature on the body, as well as certain tells in the potions."

"Severus did tell me that."

All three voices exclaimed, "Severus?"

"Yes, of course. He is currently the Head Unspeakable. He gave me permission to use his name when I unraveled the poison that killed Mrs. Malfoy."

"I owe you a great debt of gratitude, then, already, Unspeakable. Since I am unable to work with the major ingredient in that particular poison due to allergies... "

"Do not concern yourself with that, Mr. Malfoy, it was not only my job, I was glad to do it, seeing as she saved Harry. Now, what do you know about these murders?"

Lucius considered the woman before him. She truly seemed willing to put the past behind her and help solve these unsavory murders.

Lucius took a deep breath. "All of the murders, including Narcissa's, have one thing in common, Miss Granger, all the women were my current paramours."

Hermione gazed at the troubled man thoughtfully. "Is there anyone you know who would hate you enough to take away your happiness?" While she waited for the answer, she pulled out a little machine out of her pocket, touched it with her wand and pressed a small button.

"What is that, Granger?"

"A communicator. It is a series of linked devices that can send a printed message. We call them insta-owls."

"Are you planning on marketing them, Hermione?"

"I don't see how, Astoria. I can't get a patent for them because the purebloods are frightened of them. So far, only Severus, Harry and I are willing to carry them. Ginny says the vibrations interrupt her magical flow, Ron keeps dropping them, Luna keeps trying to drown hers, and I won't even tell you what the Patils did."

Astoria burst out laughing. "Could you get me one? I think I like the idea of instant communication. They are magical, right?"

"Yes, of course. I will bring one for each of you tomorrow. You can tell me what you think after a few weeks."

"Miss Granger. I believe I have a short list here of the people who might be upset enough with me to want my love life disrupted."

Hermione took the list. Her eyebrows raised at a couple of the names. She turned to Lucius and said, "How averse are you to having your next lover be a Muggle-born?"

"As long as the woman is willing to work within my desires, then I no longer worry about blood purity, Miss Granger."

"Good. We will have to talk about your physical preferences tomorrow. Although, I'm only talking about hair and eye color as well as length. Since the glamour potion does not change height or body type, you are stuck with me as I am."

"Miss Granger, you do realize that I require a sub, correct?"

"It won't be a problem, Mr. Malfoy, trust me."

Lucius looked at the witch before him assessingly, then nodded. "I expect you here tomorrow by 8AM in order to set up the contract and discuss our strategy."

"I'll be here."

Shortly after Hermione left, Lucius contacted Severus.

"Head Unspeakable?"

"I was prohibited from saying anything until my probationary period was over, Lucius."

"I understand, Severus, but really, Head Unspeakable?"

"I somehow doubt you have contacted me to do your best imitation of a parrot, so please tell me why you have called so I can return to my wife."

"Will Miss Granger be able to handle my desires, Severus?"

"Handily, Lucius. Just remember that whatever happens between the two of you, I do expect her back at work."

Lucius sat back from his contact with his best friend thoughtfully; he had a lot to think about.

Hermione arrived in Hell, as the Malfoys liked to call the club, bright and early Halloween day.

"I'm glad to see you can follow directions, Miss Granger; I believe it bodes well for our 'relationship'."

"You will find me quite willing to follow orders, Mr. Malfoy, as long as it has nothing to do with my work. In that sphere of my life, I am in charge. Do you think we can come to an understanding?"

"I believe so. Most of the women I have been with, and there really haven't been many, my dear, wanted to take their subservience into the other portions of their life because they believed that is what I wanted; therefore it is what I am accustomed to, but I must admit, I felt nothing but admiration for you during your little declaration. In response, though, I will tell you that I expect to be in charge in the bedroom. I will not sub, I do not sub, and I will not be dominated. Having said that, I am more than happy to treat my lovers as royalty, variety being the spice of life."

"I think we will get along just fine, Mr. Malfoy."

"I believe I would like you to call me Lucius. When you aren't calling me sir."

"I can live with both. My name is Hermione, and you are welcome to use it."

"I will do so, but I do like endearments. I believe I will call you pet."

"I like that better than slave, so it will do. Standard contract?"

"Yes, pet. What is your safe word?"

"Azkaban."

"That would certainly bring me to a stop, so it will do. Just to let you know, you will have to earn a collar."

"I understand, sir."

"Well done, pet. You had asked about changed appearances, so why don't you do a deep brown, almost black for your hair with burgundy highlights and blue eyes. I rather like your curves and height, so I'm glad those will not change."

"Thank you, sir. I would like to know what you prefer that I wear? Flimsy and floaty, or leather?"

"I will have an outfit prepared for you for this evening."

Hermione returned to her office and found Severus there.

"Hello, bossman!"

"Hermione, you know I absolutely hate when you call me that."

"Yes, I do," she replied with a grin.

"How do you feel about this assignment, my dear?"

"I think we aren't going to have any problems flushing Molly out this time, Severus."

"Do you believe the Malfoys know who they are dealing with?"

"They have no idea. I will have to talk to Lucius before we show ourselves this evening. Maybe he can shed some light on why she was even on his list."

"Now, how do you feel about this assignment, my dear?"

"I think you may be right, Severus."

"Hello, Lucius."

"Hello, Hermione. I take it we are to discuss business?"

"Yes. May I ask why Molly Weasley was on your list?"

Lucius sighed. "When we were in school, she was a couple of years ahead of me. But like many of the pureblood girls, she spent quite a bit of time flirting with me. One day I discovered that she had put a potion into my pumpkin juice; my father made me check every thing I ate or drank. I confronted her, and she said that if I was going to listen to my father about everything, she didn't want to be with me anyway. Next thing I knew, she was married to Arthur Weasley and having an 'early' baby. But I never forgot the lengths she went to and knew she couldn't be all that stable."

"What would you say if I told you that we had traced the potion and matched the magical signature of Narcissa, Jessamine and Alexa's murderer to Molly?"

"I would wonder why you were here."

"We need to flush her out. Our methods are not quite acceptable to the general wizarding public."

"You mean they have a Muggle base for the magic." Lucius took a deep breath. "Hermione, you know you may have to have sex with me for this facade."

"Yes, sir."

Lucius noted the change in her tone. "Explain."

"You know I had a short-lived 'romance' with Ronald Weasley, right?" Lucius nodded for her to continue. "Well, it was short-lived because he was not willing to be what I needed in bed. I discovered quite early on that I liked being held down, but he found it brought back memories of my being tortured. For me, it was the opposite. Being told what to do in bed, being held down, being spanked, well, with someone I trusted it was the most freeing feeling in the world. He couldn't do it, and we parted amicably. Do you want to know how we found out it was Molly Weasley behind your murders? She decided if I wasn't going to be her daughter-in-law, I was going to be no one's. I 'accidentally' knocked the poisoned wine over, and the vial of it that I had was what broke open the case."

"You could have done this without being my pet."

"Yes."

Lucius nodded in satisfaction. "I believe we are going to work well together."

That night, Lucius Malfoy was seen at The Gilded Harp with a beautiful, curvaceous brunette. They walked from the restaurant past Weasley Wizarding Wheezes to Fortescue's Ice Cream Parlor. Both separately made note of the thinly veiled look of hate from the Weasley matriarch sitting at a nearby table with her husband, who was slowly losing his mobility due to the mistreatment of Nagini's bite by St. Mungo's. She had done what she did every Thursday night and taken him out for ice cream.

"Lucius, love, shall we head for the club?"

"Absolutely, pet." Lucius was looking forward to the rest of the evening, not only because they would catch his wife's killer, but because he had decided to see how far Hermione would go, considering she was disguised.

Once at the club, Hermione was a bit surprised at the outfit Lucius wanted her to wear. It seemed to be a bit much for a first time, but she did realize that she was playing a

lover who had been around long enough to be seen in public.

Astoria smiled when she saw both Draco and Lucius's reaction to Hermione in her outfit. Any wizard alive would be aroused by the curvaceous witch in a half-mask, tightly laced corset, garters, fishnet hose and stiletto heels. Her hair was woven into an intricate set of braids, then pinned up, her nether curls were trimmed neatly. Her unclothed lower half was nicely framed by the leather corset and garters.

Lucius walked forward to take Hermione's hand. "Shall we, pet?"

"Yes, sir."

Hermione was led around the club, Lucius pointing out various activities going on. He took her to a secluded alcove, which could be seen from various vantage points in the club, but could only be entered by those who could access the wards.

Lucius looked at Hermione, then pushed her down on her knees. He freed himself from his trousers, then ordered her to service him, without using her hands. She reached up and freed up a couple of her braids, which she then ran up and down the length of Lucius's swollen member. He drew in a sharp breath, then exhaled loudly when she took him into her mouth. She licked and sucked, taking him deep into her throat where he exploded.

"Ah, pet, that should just make our fun last that much longer. Later you will have to tell me where you learned that trick with your hair." Lucius murmured almost under his breath.

"Now, pet, for the rest of this, you need to keep quiet. No sounds, and you may not come until I give you permission, all right?" Hermione nodded, causing Lucius to smile. He then bent her over the velvet chair, binding her wrists to the legs, and spreading her legs roughly with his feet. He picked up a paddle and showed it to her, smiling when he smelled her arousal wafting up from between her legs. He caressed her skin with the paddle, then hit her sharply. He gave her twelve sharp smacks, watching her bum grow rosy, then red. He pulled her up, keeping her hands bound, and unlaced her corset. There were by this point, quite a few witches and wizards watching this sensual encounter, most of them taking care of themselves or their partners while they watched. He pinched her nipples, making her gasp, which earned her a sharp smack on her already tender bottom. He hooked her bound wrists to a hook on the wall, then pulled up her legs and impaled her on him. He laughed when he saw the effort Hermione put in to keeping quiet, and gave her permission to make sounds, but he did not give her permission to come. Hermione's whimpers, moans and pleas were almost as pleasurable for Lucius as the sex was, because he knew he had found someone quite willing to play his way. As he felt his orgasm building, he finally gave Hermione permission to do the same, and they came together explosively.

The two were resting on the chaise lounge in the alcove, when there was a knock at the door. One of Lucius's bartenders was there, with a pitcher of fruit juice, and another of water, just as Lucius liked after his encounters.

"Here you go, Mr. Malfoy!" the young man chirped.

Hermione realized the tone was familiar and surreptitiously waved her wand at the pitchers. The one with the fruit juice glowed, a tell-tale sign of tampering, so Lucius hit the magical lockdown on the club. The door to the alcove sealed, leaving the panicked bartender alone with Lucius and his newest conquest. As the bartender reached for his wand, Hermione Stunned him. She then called Severus and Harry to the club, and with a nod from Lucius, changed her clothing.

Harry was exceedingly distraught first at watching the bartender turn painfully back into Molly once the Polyjuice wore off, then at having to arrest his mother-in-law. "Why, Molly? Didn't you have what you wanted?"

"No! Ginny had what I wanted. Narcissa had what I wanted. Those horrid little floozies that Lucius took up with after her death had what I wanted. I want to eat in fancy restaurants and wear fabulous jewelry. I wanted to have a big home and lots of things and not have to figure out how to stretch every last Knut." She turned to Lucius and said, "What did your newest toy have that I don't?"

Lucius smiled when Hermione answered. "I'm not married to a Weasley, and I can keep my mouth shut when instructed to."

Molly almost broke out of her restraints when she realized it was Hermione who had the wizard she had wanted since she was sixteen. She never cared that he was a few years younger.

Severus and Harry took Molly away quietly, the events in the alcove being shielded from the public after the lockdown.

"Thank you, pet. Even if it was only one night, it was memorable."

"Are you ending our contract, sir?"

"I would prefer not to."

"Good. Who knew Hell could be so much fun?"

None of Hermione's good friends were surprised when she started wearing a beautiful woven gold choker a few weeks later. You would have to be very close to realize that it wasn't merely braided gold, but Lucius's initials interwoven together.

Fewer than those knew that the choker would transfigure into a collar, which Hermione would wear proudly whenever she was in Hell.

"Astoria?"

"Yes, Draco?"

"Did you know that Hermione could be so, so... "

"Just what your father needed?"

"Exactly."

Astoria laughed. "Of course I did, Draco. Just who do you think came up with the idea for the club?"

Many thanks to Southern_Witch_69 for the beta! Even more so because this type of story really isn't her thing.

Prompt 4: With all the good deeds she's done Hermione cannot figure out how she ended up in hell