

Hallelujah

by laurielove

'She tied you to her kitchen chair, she broke your throne and she cut your hair, and from your lips she drew the hallelujah ...' A fic based on these lines by Leonard Cohen.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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This story in many ways has similarities to my two 'Broken/Deathly Hallows' Lucius stories, 'Touch' and 'Communion', although Lucius starts off very differently in this. I posted 'Communion' to this site a week or so ago. If you missed, it, I would recommend reading it in conjunction with this, although it is a distinct story. This story was suggested to me by a friend to be based on this song.

... She tied you to her kitchen chair

She broke your throne and she cut your hair

And from your lips she drew the Hallelujah ...

... And remember when I moved in you

The holy dove was moving too

And every breath we drew was Hallelujah ...

Leonard Cohen

Hermione Granger did not consider herself to be a vindictive person.

And therefore, she was as much surprised by the situation she found herself in as the person now sitting, bound and helpless, in the wooden chair opposite her.

It was Thursday, and Hermione was enjoying some precious time off from her hectic job in the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. As she walked confidently up Diagon Alley, dressed in knee high black leather boots and the tight, clinging grey shift dress which highlighted her curves and ended that little bit too far up her thighs for the stuffy Ministry bureaucrats' liking, she believed she was in a good mood. She knew for certain she was in an impulsive mood, and that always made her days more interesting.

She had just come out of the apothecary's when she noticed him. Lucius Malfoy did not see her. He had exited Flourish and Blotts just ahead of her and had dismissively scowled at a busking wizard politely asking for a knut or two as he finished his tuneful melody. Hermione scowled as she caught the dismissive flick of the hand to ward off the musician's hopes of reward.

Her temper stirred immediately. But Malfoy intrigued her. He always had.

She had followed him discreetly, noting the fine cut of his robes, the deep lush black cashmere with the silver clasp, his wand and cane restored to their former glory. She remembered him vaguely from her time of capture at Malfoy Manor: how broken and weakened he had been then. Now, only a year after the end of the war, he seemed to have restored himself to his former elegant supremacy.

That did not seem right. It was grossly unfair, unjust. And, to Hermione, injustice was the one thing in life sure to inflame her temper beyond the everyday stresses of modern living.

Perhaps it was the phase of the moon, or her hormones conspiring to enrage and enthrall her, perhaps it was simply the late onset of post-traumatic stress disorder, but as Hermione Granger continued to watch the haughty and superior progress of Lucius Malfoy down Diagon Alley that day, something inside her snapped.

And quite suddenly she wanted to taste if revenge really was as sweet as promised.

She had been subtle and discreet, taking a secret pride in her stealth. She had followed him into Twilfitt and Tattings, masking herself carefully behind the high rails of robes. Cat-like, she waited for her moment. It did not take long. Malfoy had spied a fine Italian silk scarf, and as he reached up for it he rested his cane briefly against the wall. The attendant was at the far end of the shop, in discussion with another customer. Hermione did not waste a moment. Withdrawing her wand, she swiftly picked up Malfoy's cane and tucked it behind her. Stepping in remarkably close to him, so close his spiced cologne made her belly lurch, she pressed the tip of her wand against his ribs.

"Good morning, Mr Malfoy."

Lucius Malfoy turned with wide-eyed shock to meet the deep brown eyes of Hermione Granger. He reached for his wand. It had gone.

"I have it," she informed him with factual insouciance.

His eyes flashed with malice and his body tensed, ready to strike her. She pressed her wand harder still against him. He recognised the pointed tip, could feel the magic pulsing into him already, and slackened. "I would not recommend anything foolish. You were bloody lucky to escape Azkaban after the war; any wrong move by you now and you'll be back in there faster than you can say Pureblood Supremacist Bastard."

His eyes narrowed. "What a fatuous self-opinionated little bitch you are."

She simply smiled sweetly up at him. A wizard passed close by them and noticed nothing.

"What the hell do you think you are doing?" Malfoy kept his voice down too; the Mudblood seemed in no mood for rash behaviour and he could still feel the tip of her wand acutely.

"I was watching you. You seem to be the same disdainful, snide, dismissive scum you were when I first knew you. I am rather disappointed that you have not moved on since the events of a year ago."

"The effect of your opinion of me is non-existent, Miss Granger. Whatever has riled you today and driven you to this charming but rather inept quest for moral justice is entirely futile. Put your wand down now and allow me to continue with my business, and we shall forget the whole thing." Malfoy's sudden switch to deferential rationalism amused her.

"I've got you worried, haven't I?"

"No."

"Oh, yes. I have. I can see it in your eyes."

Malfoy chortled, but averted his gaze. "Really, Miss Granger, you really are a very silly little girl. Come now. Drop your wand, and we will not mention this ever happened."

"Oh no, Mr Malfoy." She stepped closer yet into him, her voice low and softly malevolent. "You're wondering how far I'll go, aren't you? You're wondering just how deeply the wounds inflicted by you and your son over the years have scarred, aren't you? Wondering just how far that cunning little Mudblood will go - has she been as affected by all that pain as you seemingly ... have not. Or have you, Mr Malfoy? Is your immaculate exterior as much a mask as that hideous one you prided yourself in wearing during the war? Are you hurting inside as much as I did, as much as I did when I lay helpless, wracked with pain at the hands of your sister-in-law? I would very much like to find out."

"Stop this at once, Miss Granger." His voice was becoming tighter, his eyes flashing with confused indignation.

"No, Mr Malfoy. You and I ... are going to have a little chat."

He glanced down with horror. His hands had been pulled swiftly behind him and bound magically with rope and with a quick glance to ensure no-one was looking, Hermione grabbed onto his robes forcefully, and Disapparated away with him.

They arrived with a swirling thud in her living room. Hermione had lived for the past six months in an elegant Georgian town house with high-ceilings and open spaces. It might have seemed extravagant for one person, but the space allowed her to breathe. Hermione laughed out with amazement, still not entirely sure what the hell she was doing. Malfoy looked at her with horrified alarm.

"You are mad, Mudblood."

"I wondered when I'd hear that particular appellation." She paced towards him. "You have no idea, do you?"

His breathing grew rapid, his eyes flashed, but he held himself as tall and proud as ever.

"No idea how your flippant opinions and your casual comments hurt and torment. How much hell I went through because of your so-called ideals. And here you are now - the same supercilious, contemptuous bastard I remember so well. Has time not mellowed you, Malfoy? Have the scars of war not tempered those convictions?"

"If it had, your behaviour now is doing little to subjugate them."

She smirked. "Wait there."

Malfoy tried to move, but found he could not; there was now a rope around his ankles as well. The girl had bound him deeply and profoundly. He grunted with frustration and cast his eyes round the large proportions of the chamber. Even in the tense confusion of the moment, he noted what a fine room it was.

Hermione returned a few moments later with a chair, a plain wooden chair, clearly from the kitchen.

She placed it carefully in the middle of the room, just behind him.

"Take a seat, Malfoy."

"Or else?"

"I don't think you really want to find that out."

"You know what happens to little girls who play with Unforgivable Curses," he smirked.

"Don't think I won't do it, Malfoy."

"You wouldn't dare."

"But the consequences to you of finding out whether I would or not are hardly worth it, surely. I am sure I am not the only one in this room to know the exact agony inflicted by the Cruciatus curse."

Malfoy drew himself up, his nostrils flaring, then lowered himself carefully into the chair behind him.

Hermione smiled mildly before moving around to his back. She stripped him of his outer robes with a wave of her wand and then set about adjusting the ropes, keeping his arms tied tight behind him, but adjusting the bindings so that they held him fast and magically to the chair. Malfoy felt her fingers, surprisingly soft and tender amidst the harsh coercion she was exerting. She then moved to his legs, tying each foot in turn to a chair leg.

Hermione moved back to stare down at him. His breathing came fast and furious now, his fury spawning a rising passion which he struggled to control. The girl stood before him, arms crossed, her form undeniably shapely and elegant in the tight dress she was wearing, her legs, ending in the knee high boots, set at an angle of jaunty defiance. She was staring down at him with nonchalant contempt. Malfoy sneered with indignation; his limbs flexed futilely and he averted his eyes from the sight before him.

The girl began a slow pace, just a few steps before him, never removing her eyes from him.

"Lucius Malfoy. *Pureblood Death Eater. Voldemort's favourite.* I hated you. I still do, I suppose. Your hatred of me, your disregard for my humanity, your astounding arrogance made me despise and loathe you and your kind. But you in particular, as you had spawned that vile little shit of a son of yours, that little runt who derided and bullied and belittled my every move. And you encouraged him; you were his idol, his hero. That was a curiosity: how anyone could hold you up as an object of admiration." She laughed derisively. "So, even through my hatred, you always occupied a place of wonder in my mind. You were an oddity, but a rather refined, even alluring one, I admit. I remember so well, that moment of terror - I was still young, but had moved into the realm of womanhood - in the Department of Mysteries. You came upon us, the great Death Eater ... tall, elegantly effortless arrogance, your words drawled down with menacing condescension to us poor misguided wretches. And, as much as it pains me to admit it, as much as it pained me then: I found you rather captivating. I still despised you. I still wanted you dead, even at that tender age. But you were rather ... magnificent. I think, in the midst of my fear and my horror, perhaps partially because of it ... I desired you."

He looked back up to her, the fine grey of his eyes sparking bright for a moment. But Malfoy knew, as much as her words hounded and derided him, that it was not only his eyes that were sparking. As she stood before him, as alluring as she proclaimed him to be, that fire in his groin was igniting already. He sniffed in annoyance, desperate to subvert his burgeoning lust.

"And now, Mr Malfoy ... the tables are turned. Look at you, helpless in the hands of a Mudblood." He glared at her, his anger only causing the flames in his belly to kindle more. "But, I admit, you are still ..." She leaned in close to him, and reached up a hand to brush the fine soft hairs away from his ear. He felt the warm touch of her forefinger sliding over the shell of his ear. Her mouth came to whisper, her breath padding against the flesh of his lobe, " ... very, very beautiful."

At his lowest points, in Azkaban, before the Dark Lord, he had been desolate, emasculated, his manhood eradicated in the face of bullying thugs. Now, as this woman teased and taunted him, he became only acutely aware of his need, of his latent masculinity surging through him. She may have rendered him powerless, but it was stirring in him feelings he never imagined.

"And here you are before me. I can do what I wish with you. I wouldn't call it revenge as such, merely ... a redressing of the balance."

"We are all the same, you know, Malfoy, under it all. When we sleep, when we are naked ... when we fuck ... we are just bodies, no one body that different to another. Shall I show you?"

She bent down, and slowly and deliberately began to undo the buttons on his crisp white shirt. Malfoy drew in a sharp gasp. Hermione smirked and continued, slipping out each mother of pearl button in turn. When she had come to the bottom, she drew her hands back to the top and pulled his shirt abruptly off his shoulders, yanking it as far down his back as was possible. It added to the restraint of his arms.

The girl smiled, and with sensual deliberation drew her hands, hot and smooth and firm, over his bared torso. His cock, which had been stirring since she had tied him to the chair, was now undeniably erect and straining for release. He cursed himself, cursed his pitiful desire. But all the while the girl's hands were running over the smooth muscles which lay under her fingers, catching the nipples occasionally, stroking down over the defined ripples of his abdomen. "I was right. You are still beautiful. More than I could have anticipated." He was at the same time shamed, enraged and frantically excited. The whirl of emotions confounded Malfoy so much that he squeezed his eyes shut and threw his head back in an effort to escape them.

But in the midst of his humiliation and rage, he found himself inherently curious as to what she would do next. Hermione stepped back suddenly, abandoning his naked chest to the cool air, and said, factual and clear, "Do you know what I would like? I would like a memento, Malfoy. I would like a souvenir of you. Something to remember you by. Call it a trophy if you wish. Isn't that what is supposed to happen on these occasions? You would know better than me. Tell me, in the cellar of Malfoy Manor, do you have a collection of personal effects, belongings ... body parts of those whom you have tortured, those whom you held captive, helpless and in agony, until they poured all their dirty secrets into the ear of the king of Death Eaters?"

He turned away. "I was never like that."

"You got others to do it for you, did you?"

His anger seethed through the ever-growing fire in his groin. "You don't know what you are talking about, you Mudblood bitch."

Hermione sauntered over to a drawer and Malfoy watched in horror as she produced a long shining pair of scissors. The end tapered to a point as sharp as a needle. He flinched, his breath catching, as she turned and began a careful walk back over to him.

"Such beautiful hair, Malfoy ... your pride and joy."

Hermione placed the scissors down on a table beside the chair. Leaning into him so that he was once again engulfed in her scent, she brought a single finger under a lock of hair dangling over his shoulder. She lifted it, then ran her thumb almost reverently over the soft silken strands. "So pale, white and pure ... how appearances can be deceptive."

He tried to tug away from her, but she caught him fast, her hand holding his shoulder where it joined his neck.

"When was the last time you wore your hair short?"

No answer came, merely a glare of malicious resentment.

"Answer me, Malfoy." In the circumstances, her casual insistence and smirk merely reinforced her dominance.

He pulled his head back, unable to bear her superiority, and spat out his response. "I grew it out at thirteen. It has been long ever since."

"You haven't had short hair since your childhood?"

"No."

"How fitting then, all things considered ... a return to innocence."

He froze. Underpinning the horror of what was happening, he knew also that, combined with the lust raging in his cock, there was an element of perverse excitement, of admiration of the bravado with which she was confronting him.

Hermione turned and picked up the scissors, opening them. His breath came fast and rapid. She held his gaze with a slight smile as she brought the scissors towards his head. He flinched back, brutally aware of the sharp point.

"Don't move. That may be very foolish indeed."

He felt the slight tug at his scalp as a few strands of his hair were captured in her grasp. He tensed against it as she drew it out, away from the rest. Hermione studied the pale sheen for a moment. Then she lifted the lock of hair higher and with a deft and exact snip of the scissors, cut it off.

With a slight laugh of wonder, she held the blond strands aloft. Lucius grimaced to see his hair in the hands of the girl. But then, with deliberation that strayed into erotic sensuality, she lifted her fingers, bringing the cutting to her nose, and inhaled, her eyes closed.

"Despite all you are, you smell good. You smell so,so good."

His breathing was frantic; his chest hurt, not only with the constriction of his arms, but with the sheer desperation of trying to breathe. Malfoy's hatred for this woman was fierce, but still his cock was as hard as iron, battling for release. She swayed before him, now winding the hair around her fingers; he felt himself dampening and straining in need and groaned aloud, partly with sensory frustration, partly with fury.

"What, Malfoy? You know I cannot stop there, don't you? It is only right and proper, now that you are here, that you make reparation; that you atone for all the sins, all the cruelty, all the bitter wounds that you have inflicted on my soul over the years. How best to do that? How best to rid you of your dignity as you so wanted to do to me time and time again? To render you as helpless and vulnerable before me as you wished and felt me to be before you. You know what I must do, don't you?"

"You wouldn't dare, bitch. You haven't got it in you."

"Oh, but you see ..." She reached in, smoothly and suddenly now, and cut off another strand, longer this time. "... I think I do.

"Pain, Malfoy. Not physical pain, but the pain of isolation, pain of the confusion of individuality, of uncertainty of one's standing in this world, something your family has hammered into me over and over again: mocking, hounding, teasing. To be emasculated, stripped of your dignity, of your identity ... that would be a fitting retribution, do you not feel?"

She moved closer to him and he caught that intoxicating scent again. Her body was so close he almost imagined it upon him. Her hips swayed agonisingly close: her long legs, the creamy flesh of her lower thighs exposed between the tightness of her dress and the tops of her black boots. He could not bear it. He shut his eyes tight, unsure if it was with the dread of what she was about to do or at the temptation her body presented before him. His cock throbbed again, his trousers dampening relentlessly.

She had moved behind him and he heard the metallic swish of the scissors closing around another lock of his hair. He hissed out a curse, jerking his head back from her.

"Stay still, Malfoy. I am not in the mood for games."

"You fucking whore! What is this if it is not a game?"

"This? This is vengeance ... and deliverance..."

Malfoy was sucking in short, desperate breaths. He struggled against the bonds which still held him fast, exposing his torso before her. They held him tighter than ever. *Flash* ... the blades sliced again. She crossed in front of him, holding aloft a length of hair, nearly a foot long. He exhaled in despair. She dropped it casually onto the floor beside her. Hermione leaned in over him now, pulling out the hair from under his ear so that it pricked his scalp. He sucked in a breath of stifled pain. She brought the scissors in close and he felt the tip of the blade nick his skin. She cut, once again holding up the thick hair with curious delight.

"How easily it is done. Strange, isn't it? Something so closely associated with someone ... it doesn't take long for all that to change ... rather like life ... one minute there, the next ... gone ..."

Another cut, another strand fell to the floor. He followed its progress out of the corner of his eyes. The girl walked slowly and deliberately around him to the other side. He squirmed to relieve the frustrated agony of his cock, squirmed to try to relieve himself of the ignominy of lust racing through his blood. It was futile. In the midst of his humiliation, he had never known such desire.

And so it continued, with slow and careful deliberation, Hermione set about stripping Lucius Malfoy of his identity. She was not a coiffeuse, but she was cropping his hair with precision and attention, leaving about half an inch of growth over his scalp.

With each swishing close of the blades, something inside Malfoy died ... but as the girl set about her task, a strange calm had descended about the room. He had struggled initially, but had feared the consequences. One errant flick of the blades and she could have caught an artery. And so he stilled, and let her do what she would.

There was an air of ardent concentration. He began to look at her. She rarely made eye contact. Her brows were furrowed as she focussed on the job. Still he smelt her, still he saw her breasts swaying lightly before him as her hands parted and smoothed and sliced his hair carefully and concertedly. The curve of her waist, the rise of her hips teased him, bending and dipping mere inches from him. At times, when she walked beside him, he caught the whiff of the rich, dark leather of her boots, mingling with that aromatic freshness of her perfume, further filling his senses with raging potency.

But now he waited. He could do nothing. His impotence was at once horrifying and reassuring. But if his soul and body were impotent before her, his lust was not. His cock continued to press with painful desperation against his trousers.

And then, after the minutes had passed in silent concentration, save for the snipping of the scissors, she stepped back and placed them down on the table.

Hermione turned to study him. Malfoy knew he was flushed, not only with humiliation.

And there before him, swiftly and unexpectedly, he saw her expression melt into one of tender revelation. She had done what needed to be done and it had worked. Her words now came in a hushed whisper. "There. Underneath ... we are all the same." And as she looked on him, the pall of resentment and hatred fell away from Hermione's face just as the hair had fallen from his head. Never had she looked so sincere and giving. She breathed out, no words ever more genuine, "And you are still beautiful."

She took a step in, and, tenderly, almost apologetically, ran those long fingers over what remained of his hair, stroking it, caressing it. Her fingers were warm and welcome

amidst the cool air which now wafted over his exposed scalp.

Hermione turned her eyes to his, and her expression of marvel changed to one of certainty. "And just like I did all those years ago ... I still want you."

Lucius watched, transfixed with terrified wonder, as she reached her hand slowly under her dress. Pulling it up, she revealed herself to him. She was wearing no underwear. There was her sex, exposed and ripe, the soft, trimmed hairs shadowing the elegant swell of her pubic bone. He stared, his jaw slack. Her fingers stroked down and under, reaching up into her. She was gazing down at him, and with a soft gasp, pushed up into her soaking snatch. She drew out her need, wet and hot on her fingers.

Lucius could only stare as she took a step towards him and brought one finger over to his lips. Gently, but firmly, she pressed the glistening finger, heady with her own desire, a little way into his mouth.

He could have bitten down hard. He could have caused the Mudblood sharp, excruciating pain once again. But he didn't. There was the merest moment of paralysis between them, as if both were daring the other to inflict pain. Then his lips closed around her finger, and he sucked. The taste which filled his mouth was one of sheer pure glory. Hermione smiled with joy as Lucius' tongue swirled and sucked her essence into him. At length she withdrew it, and reached back to her aching snatch, dipping two fingers inside this time. He watched with wide-eyed thrill as they worked ardently within, then raised his eyes to her face. She was biting down on her lip as pleasure rose in her, but she held his gaze steadily. "More?" Her query was as roughly husky as the throb at his groin.

Lucius nodded.

She withdrew the two fingers and placed them back in his mouth. He attacked them with avid hunger, sucking and licking and imbibing all she was. Hermione exhaled a soft laugh of wonder.

"Taste ... taste ... I wonder too, Lucius ... I have wondered for so long ..."

And she knelt, slipping away from him. Her hands worked quickly to undo his fastenings and with a sharp tug she pulled his trousers down beyond his knees. When she had done that, her eyes moved up to behold what had been revealed.

The relief of being freed at last sent his cock lurching drunkenly with ecstatic release. It swayed, large and rigid, in the cooling air. Lucius grunted as his manhood at last found freedom.

For a moment, kneeling between his legs, her hands resting on his thighs, Hermione could only stare. Her gaze rested almost studiously on the large, proud object before her, the pre-cum which had been leaking relentlessly for minutes now giving it a succulent sheen of invitation. She took in the sight before her. The cock: large, round, smooth from circumcision, pure and clean; her eyes lifted and she looked into his. He was almost gasping for air. He wanted her so much he could scarcely breathe. Then she moved forward and, opening her mouth, brought her tongue to rest along the underside, so that the tip of his cock sat lightly in her mouth. The pre-cum seeped onto her taste buds. She could no longer stop herself.

Moving the head deeper in, she closed her mouth carefully around it, and her eyes with it.

As the head of his cock nestled warm, wet and snug in the Mudblood's mouth, Lucius Malfoy knew all was well. The sigh which escaped him confirmed his complete acceptance.

She didn't move at first, but the cocooning comfort she provided was enough.

Then she sucked, only a little, but enough to taste more. And another suck, her cheeks pulling in on him, her nimble hot tongue flitting over the head.

His shorn head fell back and with a moan he gave himself over to her.

She was clearly not trying to make him come. Her gentle laps and nuzzles were no more than soothing and affirming, so different from the caustic spite she had hurled at him earlier; he barely knew her as the same person. The dichotomy of her behaviour alone brought him unfathomable pleasure.

And then she let him pop softly out of her mouth. Hermione stood, her long legs, their bottom half masked by the boots, rising before him.

She lifted one of those perfect legs, drawing it over his thighs and placed it on the other side so that she was straddling him, not quite touching. If he had known desire before, it was now unrecognisable. His humiliation and razing of self was complete. And now she would rebuild him. Never had he wanted another human being so profoundly, body and soul. Hermione placed soft, insistent hands on his bared shoulders and leaned into him, her own lush hair falling around the cropped tufts of his own.

"And now, I am going to fuck you ... I am going to fuck you slow and sweet. Pureblood cock to Mudblood cunt."

His mouth fell open, his mind brilliant with epiphany. She held his gaze, her brown eyes confirming the veracity of her actions yet more, and she lowered her body.

When he felt the head of his cock at last nudge into the sweet tightness of her cunt, Lucius let out a cry of relief heard only by her.

She paused momentarily, her eyelids fluttering shut. He was huge, and she would be stretched more than ever before to fit him in. But she wanted nothing else. Hermione pushed down again and he rose deeper up into her. Her own cry escaped her now. He was formed so magnificently, so perfectly for her, that he rubbed exquisitely along her g-spot first time.

Her eyes widened in wonder and she pulled up to do it again before letting him sink further in.

Pleasure surged and swayed within her and she wanted more. Again, she allowed him only in enough to coax along her sweetest spot. She rocked upon him there, oblivious at that moment to all but her own need.

But there was a groan from the man beneath. She stopped. He was still not fully inside her. "Please ..." It was barely audible, but his plea reached her ears.

She smiled, and holding his gaze once again, sank slow and full onto him at last, pulling her thighs in tight around him and squeezing her cunt hard. He exhaled with the searing jolt of sheer pleasure.

And there they stayed for a time, conjoined, not moving, Hermione straddling Lucius, his cock crammed into her cunt like nothing before.

If there was a perfect moment in life, it was this: Pureblood, helpless but held in the finest grip of pleasure, Mudblood enveloping him, cossetting him from expectation and deceit.

"Fuck me, Mudblood ... fuck me ... *Hermione*."

And she did. With delicious certainty, Hermione now began a slow, sweet fuck of Lucius Malfoy. Her cunt rolled upon his cock, drawing and pulling pleasure from him; her body knew exactly how to ride him. She bucked smoothly but relentlessly, her fingers digging into his shoulders, her head limp while her eyes held his.

When he nudged her deliciously inside, her head would fall back and she would push him harder against her and moan long into the silence of the room, the only other sound the soft slicking of flesh upon flesh.

"Do you feel that? Do you feel that? Your cock is perfect for me. Your cock is perfect for my cunt. I knew it, Malfoy, I knew it always ... it has to be this way. You know that,

you know that ..."

Her voice began a wail, a shift into the hum of ecstasy.

"Yes, yes, witch, you are my tight sweet cunt, my beautiful perfect fuck ... do it, do it, move on me, move on me, come on me, come ..."

With a rising cry of sheer abandon, Hermione came with shuddering oblivion. She convulsed upon him, pleasure ripping her apart in its certainty.

And with that, with the feel of her cunt spasming harsh and sure upon him, he exploded hot and deep, burst upon burst shooting thick into her. His orgasm shattered his world, shattered all he had been, and rebuilt him in the same instant. Never had pleasure been so all-consuming and blinding.

And there rose then from his body a sound of sheer release, a great hymn of reinvention. It collided with the groan still pouring from Hermione and together blended into one of pure white noise.

There they stayed, aware only of themselves and their bodies, damp and new and together.

After what must have been minutes, Hermione looked down and took his head gently in her hands. From the corner of one grey eye, solitary but distinct, there fell a single tear. With a smile of complete forgiveness, she bent her head and kissed it away. Lucius emitted the softest sigh as Hermione's mouth absorbed his remorse and gratitude. And then she moved, kissing the lightest kisses over his flushed face until she reached his lips.

It was a soft kiss, her mouth moving closed and gentle over his at first, and only after the warm wetness seeped into their minds did she seek to deepen it, pushing his lips apart and slipping her tongue almost secretly inside. At first he simply allowed her to explore within his most personal place, the hot damp space out of which had poured the spite and invective of centuries. But he could only give her his own tongue eventually, and together they stayed as time slipped by, their lips and tongues joined in mutual exploration and discovery, never too harsh, always respectful and giving.

Hermione pulled back, bestowing the softest of blessings over the corners of his mouth, reluctant to leave him.

"I will release you now, my darling."

He could not bear it. His arms pained him, the muscles of his chest were starting to cramp, but he could not bear this flawless moment to end.

"No. Not yet. I must have more of you, my sweet beautiful girl. Let me taste you. I want to taste all of you."

Hermione continued the kisses amidst smiles of delight but eventually pulled back. "Wait a moment. I want to wash. I won't be long."

And she was gone from him. The room absorbed his isolation and he glanced around, but he minded nothing but her, craving her taste.

And soon enough she was back. Hermione had removed all her clothes and stood before him now, naked and fresh, the scent of new soap lingering on her skin.

His eyes took her in, drinking in her form as his mouth would in a moment.

Her hands came over her body and she ran them languorously over the curves and swells of her golden flesh, coming to rest under the gentle rise of her breasts. She took the ripe fullness in her hands and cupped and caressed softly, her thumbs finding the nipples and flitting across them. Lucius watched entranced as they darkened and hardened into tight points of need before his eyes.

Hermione let one hand dip between her legs, slipping into that damp place underneath. Her eyes fluttered shut and her head fell back as the fingers of her other hand squeezed her nipple hard.

Lucius groaned with anticipation and frustration. It was her cue; she would make him wait no more. Once again she moved in to straddle him, but remained standing nearly straight this time so that her swaying breasts were level with his head. And then, as a mother would a child, she cupped his head in one hand, her breast in another, and guided his mouth onto it.

As Lucius felt the hard tight nipple slip searchingly onto his tongue, unadulterated happiness raced through him. He pulled his lips in tight, tasted and absorbed the kernel of flesh, licking it, flicking it, memorising the sensations in his mouth. Hermione moaned with delight and pressed in harder yet.

"More, more, harder ... teeth, please, please ... let me feel you ..."

Her pleas surprised him. He did not want to hurt her. The thought of inflicting pain did not at first appeal.

"Bite. Bite me, Lucius."

She was insistent, and she did taste so so good. He would oblige. Tenderly at first, he caught the nipple between his teeth, only just capturing it. Then his jaw closed slowly upon it, and he knew the sharp edges would start to bite. Hermione groaned with sheer joy. "Yes, yes ... more ..." He bit harder, causing her to jolt and pull back so that there was a harsher flash of pain as his teeth held her. But her moan of blissful agony only intensified.

When at last she allowed him to release her, she offered the other breast and he started again, feasting on her, licking, nuzzling, sucking and biting. He wondered if she would come from this alone; the sounds of her pleasure were close to pure ecstasy.

During this time Hermione had not touched herself. As his teeth constricted her sensitive flesh with sweet sharpness she could feel her anticipation dripping hot and ready down her thighs. She would not disturb it; she would leave it for him.

When at last they had given each other all they could at her breast, she drew back.

Lucius was panting heavily, his eyes glazed, his mouth slack. With all her strength, she grabbed the back of the chair still supporting him and dragged it across to the sofa. Careful not to let it slip, she tilted it back so that the front legs rose off the floor. Eventually it came to rest against the front of the sofa, tilting Lucius back, still bound.

Hermione stepped onto the sofa and knelt. He was perfectly positioned, his head on a level with her now-sodden sex. "Hurry." This time it was Lucius who had spoken. She craved him as much as he and could delay no longer. Throwing one leg over him again, she gripped the back of the sofa, and descended onto him. As she lowered herself, he had just a moment to take in the sight before him: her sex, open and ready, dark pink and swollen and wet, so wet.

After his attention to her breasts, Hermione's lust had leaked uncontrollably, and now it flooded his mouth. But he opened and let it pour in, licking and sucking the juices from her cunt like a prisoner starved. His tongue swirled, sometimes circling deliriously around the perfect tightness of her clit, sometimes searching deep inside to draw out even more wet pleasure. If he could drown in her, he would.

Hermione clasped the sofa and ground herself into him. His nose and mouth were enveloped by her body but he went at her desperately. Her clit was now fully in his mouth and he sucked hard, feeling it swell yet further on his tongue. She groaned loud, her head flung back in sheerest pleasure as she felt his tongue sweep from her perineum up, slipping up into that hot snatch to find yet more wet pleasure. And then his tongue slipped down again, lingering over the tight little opening of her arse, flickering over it, teasing it. Hermione mewled, her pleasure so close to completion. Then up again, so hungry, so hungry. He could live on her alone. She fed him. Again she pressed herself onto him so hard he could scarcely breathe. But her flesh was all the oxygen he needed and he nuzzled her clit while his tongue delved deep once more.

"Lucius, Lucius, Lucius ... I'm coming on you, I'm coming into you ... take it, take it ..."

With that same rising wail of pure joy, she froze. He moved quickly to take her clit fully into his mouth and sucked so hard it could have caused pain. Not to her. He felt the shudder of rapture pass through her, and as she came harder than ever his mouth welcomed her pleasure once again.

The smell and the after-sound of sex sat heavy in the air for some time. At length, Hermione rolled over onto the sofa and gave the chair a gentle nudge to right it. They did not speak. When she had recovered enough to focus on the mundane, Lucius felt Hermione manually undoing the ropes which held his arms. With a muttered charm, his legs became free also.

It was only then that Lucius grew acutely aware of just how agonising the enforced position had been. He could not stifle the aching groan as he drew his tormented arms back in front of him. He began to rub them, easing circulation gradually back.

And then he felt other hands, soft and tender, massaging and soothing, coaxing the blood to flow hot and fast round his veins again.

He turned to look down at her. Hermione said nothing, but smiled gently before turning back to concentrate on his shoulders. As she worked down to his wrists she noticed deep red burns and abrasions where the rope had cut in. Lowering her head, she kissed, softly and tenderly over the skin, muttering soothing charms.

And after a last chaste kiss against his lips, she left the room. Lucius stood tentatively, unsure at first what to do. Hesitantly, he pulled up his trousers and buttoned his shirt.

Hermione returned to the room a moment later. She had thrown a loose silk robe around her.

He stared across at her. "What now?"

"You are free to go. Don't forget your cane."

"That's not what I meant."

She smiled softly and dropped her head, not giving him an answer. He began to walk to the door, retrieving his cane on the way.

"You know where I live."

Lucius turned back at her sudden words. She was still smiling. He returned it gently then reached for the door handle.

"Lucius!" He looked back at her once again. She raised her wand and opened her mouth to incant a spell. *"Polliculo regene..."*

"No." Holding up his hand, he stopped her before she could complete the hair growing charm. "It will grow back ... in time. So be it."

Hermione frowned in confusion. His smile deepened and he opened the door to step through it. "Deliverance, Miss Granger."

Reviews and comments are greatly appreciated, as ever. LL x