

Hell to Pay

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In the fiery depths of hell, not everything is always as it seems...

One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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'What are you doing in a place like this, little Mudblood?'

The voice that whispered in her ear was so soft, so seductive that despite the insult that accompanied it, she was left feeling weak at the knees. She could just barely feel soft lips brushing lightly against her ear and along the nape of her neck. She couldn't remember when she had piled her hair atop her head it had just... happened. She felt a bead of sweat travel slowly from her hairline, sliding down her temple to drip from her chin once it had completed its journey downwards.

It was stifling. She had yet to work up the courage to open her eyes, but she knew that wherever she was, it was the hottest she had ever felt in her life. She didn't understand how it was possible that a place could be so hot. A large warm hand settled on her shoulder, gently rubbing at her collarbone with a touch that was utterly at odds with the earlier spoken words.

'Come now, my sweet little Mudblood. Why will you not open your eyes for me?' he murmured more insistently, this time matching his words with a pointed squeeze of her shoulder.

She tried to shrug the hand away, reluctant to open her eyes lest the heat burn them clean from her skull. She rather liked her eyes where they were, and wasn't quite ready to face what was beyond the safety of her own mind. The hand that was on her shoulder released her for a moment, only to replace itself at the top of her knee. Her skin felt as though it was on fire, as those gentle hands traced a pattern over her knee and upwards.

She shivered when she realised that she wasn't wearing any clothes. For one reason or another, her skin was bare to the elements surrounding her, and more importantly, to the man who was causing shivers to run up her spine with his touch. She wanted to groan aloud, but a part of her kept her from saying a word in response to the first man to ignite such a response from her in years.

'Hermione, why are you resisting me?' he asked this time, his hand having travelled to the apex of her thighs where it had begun toying gently with the curls that covered her womanhood.

She emitted a squeak, unable to stop herself as his fingers gently ruffled through the soft curls towards their intended target. She barely contained her shriek of pleasure as his forefinger gently touched the small bundle of nerves that rested at the top. Her eyes flew open against her own will, and she stared in shock at the sight that met her.

Everything was red-orange and hot, except for the angelic-looking man who towered over her.

'Where am I?' she asked, finally unable to reign in her curiosity.

'Why I should think it was obvious, my dear,' the man said with a smug smile plastered on his too-perfect face. 'We are in hell.'

She sat up abruptly, disturbing the hand that had been buried between her thighs doing deliciously wicked things to her, and looked around frantically to check that he was being honest with her. If they were where he said, then he was most likely a liar and she would need to check. It was a hot cavern, the walls were red-brown and the heat surrounding them, and there was darkness almost everywhere despite the heat and flames licking at everything.

'I'm not surprised at your being here,' she commented idly, earning herself a scowl. 'But I have no idea why I am here, to be honest.'

He smiled at her in a way that confused her utterly. 'I must admit, I am as baffled by your presence here as you are,' he replied, allowing the hand that had been dislodged only moments ago to return to rest on her knee.

She blinked rapidly. She was not certain how the prospect of an eternity in hell could possibly mellow an evil wizard, but there it was before her in the curious smile of Lucius bloody Malfoy. Frowning, Hermione stared at the hand on her knee, simultaneously wishing it would remove itself from her while also wishing it would go back to playing between her thighs. She felt a slickness pooling there that had not been a few minutes before and knew that it was a reaction to him. Even if he were evil, she could still appreciate an attractive man when she saw one.

'Why are you touching me?' she asked softly. 'I would have thought a Mudblood like me would be too filthy to be touched by the likes of you.'

'You may be a Mudblood, but you have one of the most delicious little bodies I have ever seen in my life, and death,' he said with a smirk worthy of Salazar Slytherin himself. 'I can see that you are getting wet, my precious little Mudblood. Could it be that you are becoming aroused by this?'

She resisted the urge to spit in his face. 'I could never be aroused by the likes of you,' she snapped angrily.

'Is that so? Well then, why are you so wet with desire?'

She huffed angrily, snapping her legs together and tucking her arms over her chest, effectively shielding most of her body from view and dislodging his hand from her a second time. It was only then that she took note of the fact that he was very much naked also. His broad shoulders tapered down to his thin hips, and all of his muscles were perfectly formed. He was like a Greek marble statue of a god, his long silvery-blond hair swirling about in the heat of the cavern. She allowed her eyes to wander to his groin, not bothering to disguise her gasp of surprise at the sight of his manhood.

'Like what you see?' he asked smoothly, his smug expression unmistakable.

She couldn't stop herself from nodding. What difference would it make? She was already in hell, after all. She couldn't go much further down from there. Besides, who was there for her to kid with? Not a soul but the man who stood before her, his manhood jutting proudly from his lithe form, and herself. She shook her head at this unlikely turn of events, but decided that while she was there, it didn't matter that she hated him and vice versa. All that mattered was that he was hard and she was wet with desire.

'I'd like it if you put your hand back between my legs,' she whispered, shy despite the boldness of her thoughts.

'I can do better than that,' he said, snapping his fingers.

Soon the pair was resting upon a large stone tablet, and he was upon her moments later, one hand delving back between her thighs, while the other reached for a breast. He gave ample attention to both of her breasts with his mouth and hand, all the while gently teasing between her thighs. Hermione didn't bother attempting to control her moans of pleasure. His mouth travelled up from her breasts to her neck, where he began to feast instead on the soft skin there.

'You are divine,' he said hoarsely, suckling on her earlobe before he kissed back down her chest, and further downwards until he reached her navel.

He swiped a long, slow lick beneath her navel, kissing his way constantly downwards as he worked. His mouth finally paused just over the curls that covered her womanhood, and he breathed out a soft breath, warming her even further. She felt a slight embarrassment at how wet she was down there, the slickness already beginning to seep out of her. When she tried to press her legs together, he stopped her with a firm hand and gently spread her legs again, pushing them apart even further than before.

'You smell delicious,' he growled, right before burying his face between her thighs and beginning to lick and suckle, lap and nibble to his heart's content.

She squirmed and bucked, writhing and moaning as he gently coaxed her towards her completion with his mouth and fingers. He redoubled his efforts when he felt her begin to tremble and quiver around his fingers and buck up with greater frequency. She came apart mere moments later, reaching her peak and tumbling over the edge while moaning more loudly than she could ever remember.

A few moments later, she regained enough capacity to think and gently touched her fingers to the long blond hair, tugging him upwards. She was over-stimulated and needed a few minutes to recover from his tongue lashing. When her breathing had returned to almost normal, she sat up and pulled his head towards hers, kissing him full on the mouth and tasting her own essence upon him.

'I usually hate to taste myself right after... well you know that,' she said, embarrassment warming her.

'Many women do,' he said simply, as though it came as no surprise to him. 'Are you almost ready for more, little Mudblood?'

She nodded her yes and he chuckled, the sound like dark chocolate washing over her and again pooling between her thighs as heat. She allowed him to part her legs once more and watched as he shifted to kneel between them, his hard length gripped in his own fist as he moved to align the two of them.

'I think I have discovered just why it was that you were sent to hell with me, precious little Mudblood,' he said, a hint of taunting in his tone.

'Oh?' she asked breathlessly, sucking in a sharp breath when she felt him bush against her core.

'Yes,' he hissed. 'Somehow they must have guessed that you'd want to fuck me, so the higher powers simply deduced that a little slut like you should be right down here. You're not the little angel everyone thinks you are.'

'Shut up, and fuck me.'

'With pleasure,' he growled, surging forward...

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Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep!

Hermione growled in frustration loudly, cursing at whomever it was who had invented the alarm clock. She lazily flung her arm out in the direction of the nightstand, reaching around blindly for her clock so that she could turn the blasted thing off. She finally felt the large plastic piece of garbage and slammed an angry fist down on the button at the top to turn it off. Of all the times for one of her erotic dreams to have been interrupted, it just had to be that very moment.

She opened her eyes and groaned at the amount of sunlight that the gap in the curtains was allowing into the room.

Cranky, she flung her arm in the direction of the windows and wordlessly cast a spell to shut them properly. Once she was certain that there was as little light in the room as possible, she rolled over onto her back and opened both eyes to stare at the ceiling. Her mind was still hung up on the curious dream she had been having before being so rudely awakened by her alarm.

She was probably going to spend days wondering just why it was that she dreamt that both she and Lucius Malfoy were dead and in hell, and why she was suddenly attracted to the slimy bastard. It both intrigued and worried her that the dream was so vivid that she could actually feel how drenched her knickers had gotten just from having the dream. She snorted at the idea that there might be deeper feelings buried there that she was refusing to acknowledge. It was literally impossible for her to be any more than physically attracted to that man. He was pure evil, and that was all there was to it. Rolling over, she cast another charm to cast the room into darkness once more. She would go back to sleep and test her hypothesis.

After all, she had nothing better to do than dream about Malfoy on Halloween.

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A/N Yes, I realise this had very little plot to it but we can't always have it all. This little shot was written for the Malfoy Manor One-Shot Weeklies: Prompt #4: 'With all the good deeds she's done Hermione cannot figure out how she ended up in hell'.