

# Blood and Vows

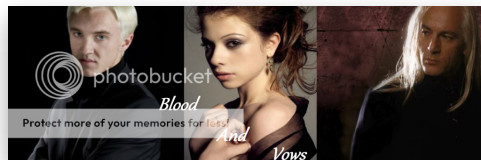
by nagandsev

Shame almost befalls the Malfoy name when Draco is revealed to be infertile. So up steps Lucius—after all: 'The pureblood lineage must continue... at any cost...'

## To Sire an Heir

Chapter 1 of 11

Shame almost befalls the Malfoy name when Draco is revealed to be infertile. So up steps Lucius—after all: 'The pureblood lineage must continue... at any cost...'



A/N: The following story is a response written for a prompt challenge by star\_girl: 'It's no coincidence that Scorpius Malfoy looks so much like his "grandad". Shame almost befalls the Malfoy name when Draco is revealed to be infertile. So up steps Lucius ... after all: 'The pureblood lineage must continue... at any cost...'. Thank you for the \*nudge\*, guidance & beta work, mentor & inspiration: star\_girl!

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"So... the Boy-Who-Lived, who has already sired his first offspring," hissed Lucius, "has yet another one on the way? Another hot bun in that fecund Weasley oven?"

The tense silence pervaded around the dining table of Malfoy Manor.

"Yes, the news is not surprising, when one takes in regard his spouse," continued Lucius, silvery-grey eyes glinting with barely controlled anger.

Narcissa blinked blandly. Draco squeezed his napkin tightly in his fist, and his wife could only stare numbly at her uneaten meal.

"The Weasleys have always bred like rabbits," sneered Lucius caustically. "Whereas the Greengrass' have not." Lucius gave a portentuous look at his daughter-in-law Astoria Malfoy, neé Greengrass, sitting to his left.

"Father, don't start," warned Draco, clenching his teeth and giving a darting glance between his wife and father.

"Don't *what?*" snapped Lucius. "What can I not do in my own home?"

"I shall retire for the evening," announced Astoria quietly, rising and placing her napkin gently down. She gave a slight nod to Narcissa, and a pained look to Draco, but could not bring herself to meet Lucius' icy steel eyes, only turning for the briefest second in his direction before turning away and ascending up the black marble stairway.

On the first floor landing, upset and confused, Astoria leaned against the cool, dark stone wall and listened to the explosive accusations from below, resounding in the high ceilings and murky, hallowed hallways of the manor.

"Must you? Can't we get through one evening without your remarks?" demanded Draco, incensed.

"It seems my second time in Azkaban hasn't been wasted. In my absence, you've found your voice at last, haven't you, Draco? Your marriage has made a real man of you, hasn't it?" jeered Lucius, callously.

Draco gritted his teeth, attempting to control his temper. His father had only been released a month ago, and they were all still adapting to Lucius' readjustment not only to his life in the post-war world, but to all of their new lives.

During Lucius' second imprisonment, Draco and Astoria had wedded, and they'd begun careers in the Ministry of Magic. Draco worked as a liaison consultant between the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, Auror's division, and the Department of International Magical Control. Astoria was on a supervisory committee handling Potions restrictions in the Department for the Regulations and Control of Magical Properties, which allowed her to perform her own research and developments, testing and working from home half of the time.

Even Narcissa had founded a philanthropic project via Draco for victims of former Death Eater attacks and inflictions. Ministerially approved, her charity work entailed and enabled her to travel and make speeches, reaching out to the families and individuals still affected from the war, allowing her to start a new life and reinvent herself. She showed the public what they wished to see from the reformed pureblood posterchild. Narcissa knew well that appearances meant everything, regardless of what was underneath. Being the pureblood spokesperson, representing and healing former taboo issues such as blood status, which had been rendered illegal by Ministerial decree, enabled her to better the Malfoy and Black names and rebuild anew their reputation within the wizarding community. Again, on the surface. It would be enough.

But now, Lucius was back. Demanding that his world, and control of it, be the same as it ever was. Old habits die hard.

As Draco held his father's gaze, he challenged, "Astoria has done nothing to deserve your..."

"Exactly, she hasn't done anything!" Lucius interrupted fiercely. "Birthing an heir would be something of noteworthy praise. A grandson, specifically, would insure a familial embracement on many levels. But, alas..." Caustically, Lucius pointed out, "She either doesn't wish to spoil that sweet figure of hers with pregnancy and childbirth, or..." Lucius raised his eyebrow in cool disdain, "she's thicker than I thought, not knowing her pureblood obligations. Neither is good. Neither is acceptable."

"She knows her obligations, Father. She knows them well." Draco's jaw clenched from tension. "And she's not... not like that."

"Not like what?" enquired the elder Malfoy, raising an eyebrow in curiosity.

"Astoria wants a child more than anything, at any cost. She's not shallow, nor trivial. She's not Daphne."

"Yes, her sister is quite the selfish little tart, isn't she?" Lucius gave a theatrical sigh. "I suppose we're rather the fortunate ones with our prim, barren little Greengrass."

Scornfully, Lucius rubbed it in. "You would choose the more slower of the Greengrasses to marry; Daphne was always the cleverer, more exciting of the two. Experienced. Pity you got the callow one. But that's what we get with your impulsive actions, not waiting... the shorter end of the bargain."

"We've known each other our whole lives, cared for each other"

"Don't," cut off Lucius. "Don't incite me further with sentimental dribble."

Draco glared at his father. When the Malfoys had fallen from grace, it had been Astoria who had visited Draco. When shunned by former peers, it had been Astoria who courageously, proudly walked by his side; she was there for him when no others were: helping him slowly be introduced back into society, discovering how to appreciate the sunlight, the peace and quiet, in her lovely garden of intoxicating plants and flowers. She had given him the tenderness, love and affection he had been starving for.

Draco adored her and relished his new found life with her by his side, his vowed companion. And Lucius would not take that away from him. Ever.

"I would appreciate it if you didn't" Suddenly, Draco couldn't continue. His left hand trembled involuntarily, and a wave of anxiety rendered him speechless. He jolted up, throwing his napkin in his plate, pushing his chair back abruptly to make way to leave and go comfort Astoria.

"The results of your tests?" hissed Lucius, stopping Draco in his tracks. He trepidly turned back to face his livid father. "Astoria's? Well? Is she or is she not infertile?"

Narcissa also stared at Draco, expectantly.

"Answer me!" demanded Lucius.

Draco bit his inner cheeks. Even though Lucius had only been home a month, the second internment of Azkaban had added an even harder, more unstable, pernicious edge to him than before.

"The first tests confirmed that she is... fertile."

Lucius features softened slightly, a twinkle in his eyes. It spurred Draco on further. He revealed, "She's fine. The specialists say we just need time. Time and a stress-free environment." Draco implored bitterly, "Do you think you could help us, Father? Stop pressuring Astoria? She needs relaxation and support, not constant accusations and persecution. No wonder she can't conceive with you constantly harassing her...us, every bloody day!"

"Oh, I see. It's my fault, is it?" An odd leer crossed Lucius' features. "My responsibility, then?"

Draco plopped down into his chair again, drained.

Narcissa had risen and crossed over to him, laying her protective hands on his shoulder, caressing and soothing him. "There, there, Draco. All will be well." Casting a cold gaze on Lucius, she declared, "That will be enough for this evening!"

Unable to bear eavesdropping further, Astoria fled to her chamber. Once inside, she flung herself onto the grande four-postered bed.

Disorientated and conflicted, Astoria tried to piece together the string of events which had erupted since yesterday. A volatile sequence of overlapping needs, catalytic happenings, beyond her wildest imaginings.

Lucius had initiated and accelerated a primal carnal reaction within her, ricocheting her into responding to him; the activator which had permanently changed her. Marked her. Made her crave him on the uttermost salacious, primordial level.

Throughout her childhood, the senior Malfoy had always been distant, aloof... intimidatingly ostentatious. Even when on holiday events or other pureblood gatherings, Lucius had always been ceremonially proper: but when in his company, Astoria had nevertheless felt self-conscious around him.

On these occasions, her precocious sister, Daphne, had always teased the elder Malfoy about how when she grew up, she wished to marry such a handsome, pureblood wizard as he. Lucius had only smiled smugly, flattered, but when his well-defined gaze fell on Astoria, she could not hold it, let alone utter anything clever or ingratiating

and, blushing, would always turn away, tongue-tied.

In turn, Draco and she could always spend hours comfortably together in their sheltered, secluded lives: holding hands, endlessly chatting and amiably exploring their magical skills. At times, they just enjoyed being with each other and away from the supercilious demanding pressures of either's family. Her most cherished memories had been these hours upon hours at each others' manors that they spent together alone. As long as she could remember, upon arriving at either one's respective family visits, they would immediately sneak away and, casting spells around their secret hideaways, stow away for hours, hiding in wardrobes, underneath sumptuous duvets or breaking into secret, forbidden rooms. But as they grew nearer adolescence, their activities changed from exploring forbidden spaces and playfully casting spells to exploring each other.

Astoria's first sexual awakenings had come about from her clandestine, pubescent experiences with Draco.

This had come to an abrupt stop one day when Lucius had discovered the two heavy petting inside a massive armoire in one of his private inner chambers.

Lucius had purred, *'It's perfectly natural, perfectly normal. It's not forbidden; in fact, these things are to be encouraged between and within our families, Draco and Astoria. The old, pureblood ways...'* Eying the blushing witch up-and-down, he added smugly, *'But your mother would wish for you to wait until of age before irretrievably giving yourself to someone, yes? No need to fret, my dear. We'll keep this to ourselves. Our little secret, Astoria.'*

After this hushed-up event, the mutual visits between the families became rarer and rarer, eventually stopping with the culmination of Lucius' first imprisonment at Azkaban during the second rise of Voldemort.

That was a devastating year for their close-knit families and for Astoria personally. Draco entered his sixth-year at Hogwarts cold and aloof to her; any former affections he ceased to display, and instead, he withdrew from her emotionally. It had frightened her: Draco's abrupt change. She felt she had lost him by some unknown force beyond her control. *I want to understand! I want to hear from his own lips what has happened!*

Unable to bear his distance and coldness any longer, Astoria resolved to confront and confess her feelings and fears to Draco; she realised she was utterly consumed with pity, compassion and love for him. *His pain is my pain.*

Having discreetly watched his secretive, after curfew habitude, she sneaked out of Slytherin and, unbeknownst to Draco, followed him late one night. She was determined to confess to him her feelings, realising she would burst unless he knew. Putting an Invisibility Charm on herself, she stealthily pursued him. Proceeding silently, she found herself halting several feet behind Draco as he stopped and concentrated his energy at the massive, murky wall on the seventh floor of the great castle. To her surprise, a doorway appeared, and as Draco opened it, a shock ran through her as she heard him ask, "Coming with me, Astoria?"

She gasped and took the Charm off her. Draco held the door open, patiently waiting for her to enter before him. Her cheeks burned red, and she whispered, "Yes."

As they entered the Room of Requirement, she awkwardly began, "I'm sorry, Draco, I followed you because I must tell you something. Something..."

Her words were cut short by his hot, searching mouth upon hers, slamming her roughly up against the wall, pressing his sinewy, muscular body against her. In between his searing, wet kisses that were making their path down her throat to her arching breasts, his hot breath felt burning through her fabric, Draco heatedly whispered, "I know, I know." She felt his eager, strong fingers knead deeply into and urgently massage her buttocks whilst pressing the hardness of his arousal up and around her Venus mound, dry humping her. She could feel his cock's heat through her clothing, and knew that she wanted it inside her.

She wanted Draco inside her; their union to be whole. It would be an unspoken trothplight *Draco will be mine...*

And so she gave herself to him that night.

A low, firm bed had appeared, and Draco had guided her impatiently down on it, not waiting for any preliminary heavy petting; he roughly stripped himself of his shirt, his Death Eater's mark pulsing on his left forearm. As Astoria stared at it mesmerised, she heard and felt Draco jerking his trousers open and pushing them down. A hushed silence except for his heavy, exigent breathing, and the moment by moment abandoned excitement swelling inside her, causing soft grunts of expectation as Draco pulled up her skirt and spasmodically yanked her knickers down, jerking them excitedly off her booted feet. He paused momentarily, staring at her unveiled, glistening sex. "Astoria... Astoria..."

She laid panting in anticipation. Bending over and half-leaning his torso on her, he spread her legs wider open with his knees and took one of her hands. "Touch me, Astoria. Feel me." He guided her to his notable, burning cock, and with his hand firmly enclosed around hers, he showed her how to stroke him, how to squeeze him harder and faster, through his gasping and groaning. As Draco scrunched his eyes tight, grimacing, he tightly gripped and pinned her wrist to the side. He now laid on her, his body tense and gleaming with aroused sweat. With an impatient huff, he released her wrist and grabbed his cock, firmly placing it at her opening.

He pushed his burning tip inside her lush, glistening slit. As her high pitched moan caught his attention, he lunged his lips on her whimpering mouth, and with an angry grunt thrust his member inside her, ripping through her hymenal membrane, pushing to encase himself deep within her - to the hilt, where he proceeded to drive his cock in and out of her in wild abandonment until his feral gasp, a painful released cry, resounded as he came inside her.

How long ago that all seemed. *I was so young, so naive thinking that giving myself to him would help, that that would solve everything; Draco was so messed up... I was so presumptuous...*

Going back to her present ruminations, Astoria grabbed a pillow and held it tight, mulling over and over all the sudden interactions with not Draco but those of the other Malfoy.

Her body ached. But moreover, her head throbbed as flashes of Lucius' caresses, kisses, and his cock pounding into her, which had caused her to soar into an orgasmic oblivion previously unknown, flitted through her mind like a pornographic movie.

Yes, she wanted more.

She trembled, and then stretched out, lying languorously across her bed.

Astoria stared searchingly at her reflection in the mirrored ceiling above the bed. She was in a whirlwind of emotions and sensations, both carnal and contritional, as she reflected on how Lucius and her clandestine, unsavoury relations had come about.

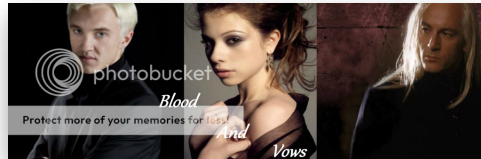
Torn between conflicting emotions, her love and until yesterday fidelity to Draco against her gnawing guilt but unleashed, hungry desire for his father, Lucius.

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# Caught in a Snare

Chapter 2 of 11

Such easy prey... Lucius just can't help taking advantage of the situation.



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Yesterday morning, Astoria had finished her morning work in her private botanical conservatory, which had been annexed to the manor's original greenhouse along with a potions laboratory as a wedding gift from Draco. She then hurried to go to her boudoir to bathe and change. Eagerly looking forward to going to Diagon Alley to meet Draco for a leisurely lunch, she stopped before going upstairs and made a detour first to the smaller, inner-drawing room of the manor, designated just for the family, where any mail was delivered and left. She was impatiently awaiting an owl from St Mungo with Draco and her fertility tests.

Expectantly, she glanced quickly over the softly-lit fireplace and hearth-rug to between the cushiony settee and sofa chair where an ornate, polished side table laid bare. *No post!*

Disappointed, she then hurried up the black marble stairs to give herself more leisurely time to bathe and primp, preparing herself especially to please Draco. She chose an ankle-length, satin black skirt, but for the blouse she hesitated before making a final decision. *Hmm... the emerald-green bodice with the black laced plastron, one of Draco's favourites... just a low enough décolleté, the way he likes it.*

After finishing her preparations, Astoria sauntered back down to the cosy drawing room, and to her delight, she saw that some owl posts had indeed arrived and been laid out on a side-morning table. Eagerly searching through them, her heart racing, expecting to find a bearer of good tidings among the parchments, she quickly became frustrated.

"Are you looking for this, perhaps?"

Startled, she turned around from where the question came.

It was Lucius. He was holding a posted letter in his hand.

"From St Mungo's. Your and Draco's fertility test results, perhaps?" There was an odd glint in his eyes.

Astoria walked slowly to Lucius and took the proffered envelope. "Yes, thank you."

She tried to suppress her shock. "It's been opened?"

"Of course. What concerns Draco and you, my dear, concerns me as well. Your business is my business." Ignoring his blatant breach of their privacy, Astoria's heart plunged knowing by Lucius' tone, not all was well with the fertility results. *It's me... oh gods... what will happen? Will Lucius demand our marriage annulled?*

She crossed around and sat on the plush sofa, bracing herself for the worst. Snatching the parchment open, reading her result first, she gasped softly. "I'm... I'm ... healthy... fertile." She slowly looked up and met Lucius' fixed gaze. Her eyes darted to the remaining part, but she closed them, reluctant to have the truth confirmed. *No... no... this will devastate Draco. No, it can't be true!*

She felt the virile presence of Lucius sitting beside her, his decisive taking of the parchment and thrusting it in front of her, forcing her to read the result. "Here!"

*Sample 4: diagnosis: infertile +*

"No, no," she whispered.

Devasted, Astoria's mind was racing. *Draco mustn't know!* She impulsively ripped the parchment into pieces and, jumping up, ran over to the fireplace and threw it in. She watched as the evidence was consumed by flames, temporarily giving her relief.

"That solves nothing," commented Lucius darkly.

Astoria felt weak in the knees and held onto the mantle for support. "You don't understand. It'll destroy Draco! Utterly destroy him. It's taken him so long to recuperate from the post-traumatic stress of ..." Tears welled up in her eyes, and she began trembling. She suddenly felt Lucius' firm hands grasp her around the waist and upper arm; he guided her back to the settee.

"You mustn't say anything to him! Please, Lucius, promise me," pleaded Astoria. In her heightened distress, she forgot herself. She grabbed and squeezed Lucius' hand, touching his chest with her other, almost clinging, silently pleading.

Lucius noted her urgent touch. It lit a deep burning within him. It had been too long a time since a witch had so simply, femininely touched him. It appealed to him. *She* appealed to him.

Behind his neutral façade, he could not deny that he found Astoria's full lips and dewey-eyed, fair countenance appealing. *Her dark hair and hazel eyes are lovely, so very pleasing, so different than what I usually find attractive... my usual preference.*

He had a raw impulse to taste the silky skin on her neck. *I wonder if that's her natural scent or perfume?* He inhaled slowly and gave Astoria a tart smile. *She is that rare*

*flower nowadays: a true Pureblood. Blood is everything for us old, pureblood families and hers has not been mixed with filth; the Greengrasses have continually kept the faith; only interbreeding with closely related parents: our ways have not been defiled...* At the thought of Astoria's pristine bloodline, Lucius' cock twitched in pleasurable, dawning arousal. *Yes, the sweet Greengrass has blossomed into a captivating, little piece of witchery... Haven't you, Astoria?*

His cool calculating eyes then took in her sincere concern. *She has some true feelings for Draco... How quaint. How utterly irresistible...*

Affecting a sympathetic tone, Lucius gently pointed out, "He'll have to find out. Sooner or later, he must. When these results don't arrive, Draco will simply give another sample, perhaps without you knowing about it." Lucius fluttered his eyes thoughtfully, and emphasised, "Secretly, and then the truth will come out. These sort of things always do."

"No. No, it'll destroy him. He's..." Her voice faltered.

"Weak?" sneered Lucius. "That's not a secret, my dear. Not a new one, that is."

She protested, "He's not weak! He's... he's... It's easy to accuse someone of being weak, when you can't understand, refuse to understand what they've been through, what they have suffered! Voldemort!"

She caught herself, realising too late that she had mentioned the one name no one in the household allowed to be uttered. By anyone. After all the loss, injury, harm and punishment the Malfoys had undergone from the Dark Lord, it was forbidden. Lucius forbade it.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, wincing. Meekly, Astoria offered, "You too suffered greatly. How then can you not understand?" *Draco had been broken... his sense of identity and fledgling manhood broken to the core by Voldemort; after the final battle, a mere hollow shell of a young man...*

But Lucius was adamantly fixated and riled beyond measure at her gall. "What do I not understand about Voldemort?" hissed Lucius vehemently. "You dare to speak his name in front of me, girl?"

Apprehension at the searing gaze Lucius was casting on her, she could only apologise again and again. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to imply that... I don't want Draco hurt anymore... or you or anyone harmed... This, this will destroy him... he... he'd desperately hoped for a child. To become a father." Overcome with frustration, she stopped spluttering explanations.

Lucius watched as tears rolled silently down her cheeks. For the briefest second, something cracked slightly inside his hardened heart. Before he knew it, he had reached out and brushed the tears gently from her soft, moistened cheeks. As his fingertips slowly caressed her softness, he heard Astoria whisper, "Help me." Then, more resolutely, she pleaded, "Help us!"

Astoria looked up at Lucius. He was staring at her full lips, curious. Then his intense gaze snapped to peer into her hazel eyes, watching her every breath with his grey ones. Eyes which were so familiar. *Draco's eyes.* His whitish-blond hair, hanging sleekly, smoothly down his hardened, handsome face. The same as her husband's, only more defined. More lined with bitterness. The family genes were so very predominantly strong. It hit her hard how Draco's main characteristics were truly the same. *Like father, like son...* A rash, wild impulsive thought dawned on her. "Then, help us... help your son. Help me."

Lucius arched an eyebrow in answer, saying nothing.

"A sample. Your sample. Please." Impetuously, Astoria whispered, *'Accio phial'* Within seconds, a laboratory phial appeared in her grasp. Her hand, trembling, held out the summoned container to Lucius.

Gazing at the object, pokerfaced, Lucius enquired curiously, "What, pray tell, is that for?"

Clinically, she bluntly told him, "Your sperm. Please. One sample is all." Astoria thrust the empty ampoule at him. "I'll take it directly to St Mungo's. I'm to meet Draco for lunch; I can drop it off beforehand for a second testing. The results will come back: positive," she analytically listed in one long breath.

Lucius started to point out the multitude of flaws in her impulsive idea. But didn't. Instead, he leisurely sat back, taking in Astoria's excited state which she was so poorly disguising. *She's brimming with passion underneath her façade of primness.* His eyes flitted appreciatively down to her décolleté. *Something worn just for Draco, no doubt.* He mused and reflected on the unexpected, delightful, opportunistic situation he now found himself being presented with; his eyes wide open. *What a lovely, useful conniving little brain she has...*

In her anxious state, Astoria chest began to undulate, breathing heavily, unnerved by Lucius' ambivalent stare boring through her and his seemingly relaxed unresponsiveness. *If he refuses?*

At long last, he finally commented, "Very well."

A warmth of relief gushed through her. "Oh, thank you, thank you." Again, Astoria proffered the phial, but he didn't take it. In fact, Lucius remained sitting very resolutely still, stone-faced, observing her.

"What is it? You just said you would..."

Slowly, he drawled, "If you think for one moment that I'm going to wank off like a Gryffindor schoolboy to fill that precious phial of yours, you're quite mistaken."

Shocked by his candid reference, but more so by the slow realisation of what Lucius was alternatively implying, reinforced by the smooth movement of uncrossing his legs, spreading them provocatively with the slightest tilt upward of his pelvis, Astoria was at a lost for words.

Seeing the comprehension of his body language dawn on Astoria's face, he smugly invited, "If you want it, come and get it, my dear girl."

Aghast, she struggled to form words. "You can't mean you don't mean..."

"Oh, but I do."

Her face scorched red, and her chest tightened; she could barely breathe. She scooted away from him unable to speak.

Silence ensued. They stared at each other. Stalemated.

But Lucius knew that only he held the winning card. Only he had what she wanted. What she needed. He sniffed, and then sentimentally observed, "Poor Draco, not only will he find out he's infertile, but, as is the case for many wizards, this sort of news renders one temporarily impotent; sometimes with permanent effects. Your cousin Rodolphus, for example, was such. Drove Bella quite mad."

Astoria turned away from him, staring into the burning embers of fire.

Patronisingly, he mused, "Draco's always been too sensitive for his own good; gets that from his mother's side. The sensitive type. But, judging by your intimate relations, or lack of, you already know full well his inability to perform as he should."

Astoria began spluttering incoherently. "He is not... He's been under incredible stress how can you insinuate how dare you?"

"Well, when you've calmed down a bit, when you're able to think through all of this more rationally," Lucius hand grazed slowly over the pronounced bulge of his crotch to rest on his thigh. "My offer will still stand. Quite stiffly stand, I should say." He smirked.

Astoria's facial muscles flinched; she was flustered, bewildered and panicking all at the same time. *What am I to do?* Draco was expecting her for lunch. She'd destroyed the results from the old sample; she needed Lucius' sperm *I can leave it at St Mungo's before meeting Draco at the Ministry.* She sighed frustrated, ruminating how she would only be able to stall for a day or two if....

She contemplated her worst nightmare: *What if Draco goes to St Mungo's and insists on seeing the results? Only to be told they've already been sent? I have to act immediately! Even if I swore I never received them... It'd be so easy for him to ask for another copy or give another sample and wait personally for the result...* That was the cruel reality awaiting her at some point, either tomorrow or the next day the truth was inevitable.

Draco would be devastated. Beyond repair. Utterly broken, once and for all: permanently damaged. In his post-depressive state, only the thought and prayer of rebuilding his life, reinventing himself in the post-war world with Astoria as his partner had given him strength, returned his belief in himself. Draco's only remaining wish was a child to fill in the missing piece to the puzzle. A child to whom he would give his love and dreams to.

*The thought and prayer of future redemption with and through his own family to heal the mistakes of his past. This is what we both promised each other to have and make...*

"All right," she hoarsely whispered. "All right. When can I do 'it' when can I get the sample?"

A pleasurable rush coursed through Lucius' veins. His cock twitched, excited. *I've won.*

"Now is as good a time as any. I believe for your purposes, the sooner the better? Lunchtime isn't far away," replied Lucius coolly.

"Now?"

"Yes. Now." His eyes glinted with a hint of amusement, as he saw her shocked, hesitant manner of where and how to begin. To his immense surprise and pleasure, Astoria's awkward, embarrassed reserve was arousing him quite feverishly. He could feel his muscles tensing as the pleasurable, adrenaline flooded through his veins like lightning; he hadn't felt such a rush in a very long time. His arousal pulsed more pronouncedly. He heard himself impatiently coerce, "Come, come, no need to be shy... Just think of me as a biological specimen. Pollen needing extraction from one of your plants in your nursery."

Unable to look at him, she cast her eyes down and whispered tersely, "No need to mock me!" She felt dizzy, realising what was about to happen *What I must do!*

"No mocking intended. This is not just about you. Or me. This is for Draco... *for our Draco...* for the future of our family: the pureblood lineage, the Malfoy lineage."

As he saw her disposition relax a minuscule bit, Lucius smiled to himself, knowing he would get his unforeseen carnal satisfaction, unfettered, by playing to her feelings for Draco. Nor was he going to point out the obvious flaw: *My semen in your little phial? Yes... but only my seed deep within you, buried and planted in your fertile womb is what is truly needed, my sweet dear...* He stroked his upper thigh languidly, musing. Why indeed spoil what was presenting itself as a titillating prospect? The promise of further, unexpected pleasures to fill up his boredom and bide his time until he would be reinstated: trusted, respected and active in the wizarding community again.

This was too much to pass up. Such easy prey. Astoria being too beside herself to think things through clearly only added fuel to his fire.

He huskily pointed out, "We're quite alone. Narcissa won't return from her travels until tomorrow. Draco is at the Ministry all day; the filthy little house-elf daren't show its snout unless called. We have the whole Manor to ourselves."

He watched as she processed the information, and now that the tabooed proposal had been accepted, a myriad of sensual scenarios danced before Lucius' musings. With a new keenness, he noted her curves and expression. He gave himself permission to now admire and appreciate the multitude of pleasing, provoking details of Astoria's couture and the physical lines and curves the clothing covered. It amused him highly to anticipate what he would uncover. What a luscious piece of arse he'd be sure to discover. *Very soon. Patience, Lucius. Patience.*

Astoria couldn't look at Lucius. Her cheeks were burning and blood racing. She couldn't stop to think rationally; her emotions had taken over, and all she knew was that she needed his sperm, and she needed it *now. Let me get this over with!* Pushing aside her embarrassment and anger, channelling her concentration, she placed the phial down on the side table and leaned over his lap; she started unbuttoning the lower part of his long waistcoat, clumsily pulling his shirtails out, then awkwardly plucking his trouser's waist hooks open.

"No need to be so rough... no need to hurry..." teased Lucius wryly.

Refusing to have any eye contact with him, she shushed tartly, "Don't!" A thousand things rushed through her mind, and her fingers began trembling.

"Don't what?" The threat of his potential uncooperation laced his tone.

Astoria had stopped. The moment of truth appeared as she fixated on his twitching, tenting cock pressing against his silken underpants *Gods, what am I doing?* She closed her eyes and whispered, "Don't you realise what we're doing?"

"Saving Draco's life, saving the house of Malfoy," came the hoarse, throaty whisper from Lucius accompanied by his fingertips gently placed on and exploring the fullness of her hips. "It shows the depth of your love for him that you'd do this; I do so admire you, Astoria you are a true pureblood witch of the utmost degree." His hand had travelled down her half-bending form and felt under her satin skirt to discover the svelteness of her silk stockings covering her defined calve, caressing it. *I wonder if the stockings are thigh high?* "You must truly love him to do this for him for your future family... your future life."

She tuned his crooning rhetoric off. *Just do it!*

Having unbuttoned his trousers completely, her fingertips reached out and ever so lightly traced his stiffened cock which throbbed at her delicate touch. She stroked it gently through the silken material, but as she heard a sharp hissing inhalation from Lucius, she took the plunge and lowered his underpants, urgently and with an unforeseen excitement.

Lucius hastily raised his hips and helped push his underpants and trousers completely down to his ankles, swiftly kicking them off and away.

At the boldness of this initial action, a primeval impetus took over and Astoria forgot all else and began to stroke his throbbing, hardening cock in earnest, feeling its erect, swollen full length, burning in her hand. The tip was glistening and beckoning her to taste his pre-cum.

Which she did.

Having only expected a quick hand job, Lucius felt her warm, wet mouth envelope his knob's head, licking its center staff slowly, and let out an ecstatic groan.

The taste, touch and sound of him responding to her, made Astoria's libido kick into overdrive and she forgot everything but pleasuring him with her tongue and touch. She began to slowly swirl and suck his member, around and around, whilst keeping her rhythmic stroking tight on his shaft's base, firmly increasing the swelling pressure.

Lucius gasped and huffed, relishing her stroking and pumping.

*And heavenly sucking... It's been so long...*

His breathing became irregular, and then he felt his balls tightening up.

Lucius became rigid, trying to hold off, not wanting to blow his wad so soon; but nevertheless, Astoria felt his hot seed shooting out to the back of her throat. She swallowed hard. Momentarily lost in satisfaction. Lost in aroused oblivion.

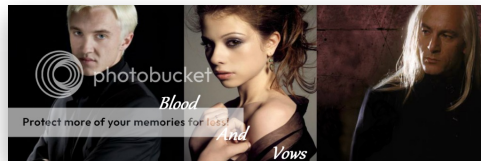
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A/N: My greatest gratitude to the one and only, mentor, beta and \*nudger\* extraordinaire: star\_girl!

## In Pursuit of Unfinished Business

Chapter 3 of 11

Draco, Astoria and Lucius pursue each one's immediate obligations and vital needs...



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Heavy breathing.

Wet lips, moistened by cum.

Astoria had slowly released Lucius' cock from her mouth. Sitting up, she raised her head and, dazed, scooted away, unable to look at him! *swallowed... everything happened so fast... what have I done? What have we done?*

Suddenly, she felt his fingertips firmly on her waist, tugging and nudging to pull her back.

She leapt up and fled out of the room. Not looking back.

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Astoria could barely concentrate to Floo to the Ministry. Even more difficult was chatting lightly with Ginevra Potter.

"Mum's watching little James for us. You'll find you'll have less time with each other when children come along. And now that we'll have another..."

"Oh, yes! Congratulations!" Astoria was trying to keep her chin up about it all. Focusing on Ginny being pregnant, yet again, at least kept her mind off of dwelling on having just given her father-in-law, Lucius, a blow job. *Unintentionally. At least, at first...*

Unsuccessful with not dwelling on Lucius, every second her thoughts lapsed from listening to Ginny's small-talk about domestic things to secretly brooding about the Malfoy patriarch; she mulled silently, *What is wrong with me? I swallowed! No semen sample... What am I going to do?*

Astoria's temples began to pound, and she let slip, "I wonder what's keeping our husbands? Ah, there they are!"

Ginny followed Astoria's gaze. Draco and Harry had walked into the waiting area of the Auror's department.

Draco crossed over and, quickly greeting Ginny, gave Astoria an ardent kiss. "Everything all right?" Keeping a brave face, she smiled and nodded assuringly.

"We've a great idea," broke in Harry. "How about lunch together? The four of us?"

Before either could respond, all heads turned toward another figure who had just entered the foyer.

"Father?" No one was more surprised than Draco to see Lucius standing there. In the bowels of the Ministry. In the vestibule of the Auror's department of all places.

Only Astoria was equally daunted. *What is he doing here?*

After a curt address to Lucius, Harry and Ginny briskly excused themselves.

As they left the area, Lucius sniffed and observed, "It's come to this, has it? My own son having made a career of kowtowing to Potter?"

"Father..." Draco couldn't find words for a moment. "What are you doing here?"

Lucius raised an eyebrow, coolly, before answering. "You've been implying it was due time to show my face in public. I agree. I've served my time. I've nothing to be ashamed of." His heavy-lidded gaze fell on his daughter-in-law. "I felt inspired today to venture back out into the cold, cruel world."

Savouring her wide-eyed reaction, he addressed Draco directly again. "What's more natural than for a father and his son to dine together? Of course *withour* Astoria to grace us with her lovely presence."

For different reasons, Draco and Astoria were dumbstruck.

After a few seconds of awkward silence, Draco involuntarily rubbed the back of his neck. A wave of anxiety rolled over him. "I can't, Father. I have... I have a previously

unscheduled meeting with Shackbolt. An unexpected, private briefing."

Draco looked at Astoria. "I was just going to see if you could wait for me or go on with Ginny to Diagon Alley, if you'd like."

"I actually need to go to my office and check on a few things; I can wait for you, Draco."

"I don't know how long I'll be."

They fell silent. Uncomfortable stillness filled the room.

It was Lucius who broke the awkward tension. "A certain old acquaintance is expecting me for a little rendezvous; he's also been *rehabilitated* and graciously reinstated here in the Ministry: Albert Runcorn. Surely you remember him, Draco?"

"Yes," hissed Draco softly; a sharp pang stabbed through his head, causing him to slightly grimace.

"Well, then, perhaps Astoria could give me a brief tour of her area of specialty? And if you're still burdened with Shackbolt, I could take her on to dine with Albert and me. Runcorn and I have a lot to catch up on, but Astoria gracing us with her lovely presence would make it all the more pleasant. We'll send word to you where to join us?"

"Never!"

The response was curt and tart, surprising Lucius, who gave a challenging look to Draco, demanding him to elaborate on his adamant refusal.

Draco flushed, biting his inner cheeks to control himself. In a terse monotone voice, he informed, "You will never subject Astoria to endure helping you entertain any of your old cronies."

Irefully, the insults spilled forth from the patriarch. "You little upstart! Working with Potter ingrate! little parvenu..."

"It is you who is known as the unscrupulous arriviste, Father...my advice: stop before you even start again. There is a new wizarding order, and it doesn't centre around you, nor will it ever again!"

Lucius' face blanched in anger.

"Draco!" whispered Astoria, her heart heavy with dread. The truth was out, but she felt extremely uncomfortable, knowing this was not the time or place for such a direct dissension with Lucius; they had all been so very careful this last month, treading lightly around topics of the past, an understood silent agreement to not directly confront or blame Lucius.

This was a blatant slap in the face.

Lucius' facial muscles clenched, constrained and livid; Draco and Astoria waited with bated breath for how he would respond further.

But Lucius' seething anger visibly changed to a hard, cool glare of disdain as he reached into his inner cloak's pocket and pulled out a laboratory phial. Choosing, for now, to ignore Draco, he turned and spoke calmly to his daughter-in-law. "I almost forgot, Astoria. I found this empty ampoule on the drawing room sidetable. I presume it's yours?"

Astoria paled, silently taking the empty phial from him.

"I wasn't sure if it was significant or not, if you needed it, my dear; but it seemed out of place in the drawing room. Was it left there for some special reason?"

Both Lucius and Draco waited for her answer.

Her heart racing, Astoria thought quickly. "Yes! Yes, I went to check for any posts and must have left it there... I carried it with me to actually remind myself to restock my supplies at home... to pick up some extract of Runespoor eggs for my Potions research work I'm conducting. Highly classified material, very rare ingredients from my laboratory storage here in my office..." She momentarily faltered in elaborating further, but seeing an odd expression on Draco's face, she continued, "No post today... Aren't I so silly, forgetting to remember something so vital?" She smiled graciously to his father. "Thank you, Lucius. I shan't forget now."

"So glad I brought it along then, Astoria. So glad to help you in any small way I can."

This abrupt change of topic seemed to momentarily dispell the tense atmosphere between father and son, and Astoria plunged ahead to utterly dissipate any allusive apprehension that could be lingering for Draco.

Flustered at the reminder of her true need, her dire need of what only Lucius could help her with, give her, she heard herself utter, "Draco, why don't I show your father around the Properties Department a bit? We can bide some time together, and I'll check back later to see if you're free?"

"Astoria, no."

"It's all right," she soothed, touching his arm gently. "If you're still in a meeting, Lucius can go on to his appointment, and I have the endless paper work in my office always waiting for me to catch up on."

It discomfited Draco highly what she was proposing. *Astoria having to be responsible for Lucius?* The thought of her being forced to be with Lucius for any reason unsettled Draco to no end. His eyelids twitched in tension; conflicted, he also felt the urgent need to check on Albert Runcorn's status in the Ministry; if his father was reuniting with former Death Eaters, he would make it his private business to be one step ahead of them. Draco was not going to allow history to repeat itself in any form or level. Not if he could help it.

Donning her best smile, she addressed Lucius with a light air. "I'm sure after five minutes in the lab, you'll be so bored you'll be running, quite understandably, to Disapparate as fast as you can." She turned to Draco, squeezing his arm reassuringly. "Darling, no need letting us delay you further."

Knowing he was running very late to meet with Shackbolt, and not wanting anyone to come looking for him and having to explain Lucius' being there so apropos, but against his better judgement, Draco gave in. "Very well."

Draco and Lucius shot daggers at each other.

"Until later, Father."

"Yes," hissed Lucius softly, undaunted. "Until later, son."

*You little prick... lex talionis will be mine in the end...* fumed the elder Malfoy, silently.

As he followed Astoria, taking in his daughter-in-law's curves and movement, Lucius truly smiled. For by the hardening of his cock, he knew his vengeance against Draco would be very sweet indeed.

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Neither spoke as Astoria steered Lucius towards her office doorway in the dark, innocuous but nevertheless foul-smelling Properties department. Unwarding it, the door swung open, and she ushered the blond wizard in. As soon as the door swung closed, she whipped around and demanded, "What do you mean by coming here? With this? What are you playing at?" She held the phial up.

With potent calmness, Lucius slowly eyed his son's curvaceous wife up and down.

She saw immediately by his prurient scowl Lucius' resolute intent as he walked towards her, stealthily backing her around to the other side of the desk.

Feeling keenly still an unbearable humiliation and fuming from Draco's disloyal audacity to him, Lucius needed relief. His hand clenched slowly into a tight fist and out as he calmly reminded, "You left before we truly got started." He watched as Astoria's back made contact with the wall, and a smug smile crept upon his face as he enjoyed her realisation that she was blocked on one side by the heavy desk chair against the wall and on the other side by him. *Just where I want her.*

"I'm here for you. I'm here *because* of you. The phial is empty, and we need it full, don't we?"

Finding she was trapped, Astoria lashed out, "This *is not* a game!"

"Don't you like games?" purred Lucius, slowly pulling his wand out.

Astoria's mouth opened, unable to answer, as she clumsily groped for her pocketed wand, lost in the folds of her long flowing skirt.

In a blink, Lucius swiftly flicked his wand, warding the entrance locked. Harshly, he uttered, *"Muffliato!"*

She watched him take the phial from her hands and deliberately place it, along with his wand, down on her desk. Unable to move, as if Petrified, Astoria felt Lucius gently tug her wand from her grip, and looking up, she saw his glance combing quickly around the small space before he placed her wand down beside his. Then, the blond wizard's hawk-like gaze bored through her as he asked, "Shall we? An encore of such a lovely performance this morning, my dear. This time, I'll be prepared. This time, I'll pull out before that lovely eager little mouth of yours makes me utter putty."

His pride had been hurt, cumming so quickly. *But it had been so long... so long since someone had touched me like that... sucked me like that...*

Moreover, something else burned achingly deep within him: Draco's traitorous allegiance and publicly cutting Lucius' comb. *The whoreson little wanker... It is... unforgiveable...but I'll get my revenge!*

His eyes glinted coolly at the wide-eyed hazel ones before him. The belittlement of him by his son in front of Astoria, along with her intimate witnessing and experiencing of his lack of control, his internments in Azkaban, his shunned company by former grovellers...suddenly everything Lucius had recently been subjected to accumulated and echoed in his mind, incensing his ego.

Sensing his cool fury, Astoria couldn't hold his searing gaze. Looking down, she whispered, "I... I don't know what happened. I don't know why..."

"You swallowed me down... *pleasurably* swallowed me, my dear." The blond wizard's look hardened even more shrewdly, as he pressed one arm against the wall, and then the other, not touching but trapping her between them; their bodies so close he could feel their heat. "We both know what that means."

Astoria's heart began to thump so hard, and she couldn't take in this information fast enough to formulate a defensive retort and, instead, could only weakly utter, "Nothing. It meant nothing."

"Au contraire, mon cherie." Lucius then moved yet closer, almost touching her.

Still, Astoria could not look at him; she could only feel his virile heat and breath, and heard herself whisper, "It all happened so quickly. I ... I lost my control."

"You're quite beautiful when you lose control, my dear. You were gorgeous sucking my cock," he huskily whispered in her ear. "That sweet tongue of yours, working its magic."

His heated whisperings circled around, then abruptly ceased. In a flash, he angled down to taste her lips.

Astoria pulled her mouth away before he made contact and snapped, "Don't!"

He slowly raised his head, tracing her soft cheek with his nosetip. Reaching her ears, he whispered, "So cruel." Lucius smiled, satisfied. "I like it. *Knew I could bring it out of her.*

"Shall we play a game?" he purred.

Her heart was now pounding in her chest. Speechless, Astoria eyed him suspiciously.

"Surely you and Draco play games?"

She was bemused, not knowing how to answer him.

"Don't tell me that that little prick of a..."

"Don't! Don't talk about Draco like that..."

"What? He doesn't even know how to play games with you? After all this time?"

"We don't need games; we have an honest, real...when we make love, we don't need..."

"And when you fuck?" cut in Lucius, his lips grazing her cheek.

"You...you're...you're vile!" she spat, growing more and more flustered by the moment by his provocative precense as well as by her body betraying her: for her vaginal muscles had clenched at his utterance of 'fuck', tightening with a dull aching and anticipation.

Lucius' head suddenly swooped downwards, and she felt his burning lips plant themselves on the sensitive skin of her neck, sucking hard, expertly swivelling, causing shivers to run down her spine. With all her will, she jerked away, shoving against Lucius. To no avail.

Just as quickly and forcefully astute, his body pressed against her, pinning her into place. His mouth continued to swirl circularly, his teeth and tongue lightly nipping and grazing her softness, causing her to squirm. With all rationalness speedily dissipating, Astoria was melting before him; with each touch, each suck and nip, she was uncontrollably aroused.

"Don't!" Anxious, she fiercely whispered, "Don't mark me!"

His breathing had become more laborious. His needs exigent, pressing him to be impulsive, feral.

"Stop kissing me!"

"Again, so cruel."

Lucius had had enough of her perceived coyness and grabbed her chin to force her to look at him. Keeping his burning, unrelentless gaze, he pointed out, "See? See you do know how to play games, my dear. You've just made up our first excruciatingly exquisite rule: no kissing. No kissing these luscious lips of yours." His thumb pad began to trace her bottom lip. "I agree. Too intimate, yes? Intimacy involves 'making love', and we won't be intimate 'that' way, Astoria; we'll just fuck, shall we?"

His blunt words reverberated in her mind, as Astoria wavered under his bodyheat. Concupiscent and volatile. She felt his warm breath against her neck and inhaled his masculine scent mixed with a sweet muskiness of his cologne; his scent filled her. She became utterly lost. *...fuck hard and deep, deep within you. My seed deep within you...* A whirling confusion surrounded her and she knew not whether she had wished these words or if Lucius had indeed spoken them: for his virile energy had struck an unknown chord of excitement, an uncontrollable welling surged in her; her breasts pleasantly ached underneath his fingertips as he lightly caressed her; her nipples tingled, hardening, along with a dull burning between her legs, her muscles sporadically contracting in yearning.

"I ... I just need..." She was stopped by Lucius' persistent touching, again, of her lips.

"What you need..." Ever so gently, he inserted his thumb tip into her parted lips, tracing lightly her front teeth, her shallow panting increasing in tempo *Imm... so ripe for the taking...*

Abruptly, he broke away from her and stepped back.

"I'm going to teach you..." Pausing, he gazed in pleasure at her aroused state: her scarlet blush on her cheeks, her heavy breathing, her raw undisguised need, "how to play games, Astoria, fully... I'm going to teach you how to appreciate all the things I can do for you..." His eyes glinted with inspiration. "And what you can do for me..."

Her dilated orbs told Lucius everything she couldn't.

"Close your eyes," he heatedly whispered.

Not knowing why she was unable to refuse, Astoria complied. Pressing her eyes shut tightly, the trembling, dark-haired witch felt his touch.

"I understand more than you what you need... all your needs." His hands had caressed lower, resting on her womb.

As he pressed gently, Astoria's eyelids shot open, wide-eyed.

"I just need..." Her eyes darted desperately to the phial.

"For St Mungo's, yes, but first..." Astoria felt her skirt being raised, being draped loosely over his arms which then braced themselves around her hips; his fingertips discovering where her thigh-high stockings ended and her bare skin began.

She impulsively grabbed and pressed his hands to stop them from going further. With his hawk-like gaze and steadfast poise, Lucius patiently waited. Deadlocked. They had both frozen in place. The waves of tension swelling between them.

"Look at me!" he whispered fiercely. She refused.

"Just let go. Please, Lucius." The sensation of his fingertips was replaced by his full muscular hands firmly pressing her hips against the wall, causing her to gasp as he squeezed tightly.

Abruptly, he let go. Stepping back, Lucius then sat in front of her on the edge of the desk.

The blond wizard sardonically sneered at her. *Force you? No, my little prickteaser never! I'll have you begging me on your hands and knees, very soon, witch!*

With a hardened tone, he commented, "Very well. Do you remember *my* rule?" Lucius tersely unbuttoned his trousers, watching her with every jerk of his hooks. Once he had finished, he waited.

Remembering that Lucius had caustically implied he'd never masturbate for her to fill the phial, that she must jerk him off if she wanted a semen sample, Astoria crossed over to him. With each step, her guilty anxiety and growing queasy feeling was seeking some release. *I must do this and get it over with, before... I can't think straight...*

This morning had been a spontaneous, unforeseen happening between them. Lucius caught her with her guard down; becoming aroused so quickly, she surprised herself. But now? Torn between a barely controllable aroused state of being and desperately clinging to, but losing her grip on, any decent rationality, she felt lost as if in a dream and wildly detached from the concrete reality of the Ministry walls that surrounded them: only aware of the vulgar ruttishness overtaking her as she neared her elder Malfoy's body seeping with steamy raw sexuality.

Neither spoke as she placed herself in front of him.

Neither spoke as her fingers tentatively inched their way through and under his crotch opening of his underpants.

Astoria felt the burning heat of his stiffened cock. She gingerly strummed its length up and down, slowly increasing her pressure.

Lucius leaned back on the desk top, bracing his torso up, his head slowly arched back, his hips clenched tightly. Astoria kept her hold firm and tight as her rhythm of stroking his staff increased in pressure and speed.

Abruptly, he grabbed her hand, stopping her stroking. "Turn around."

She froze, not complying.

He grabbed the phial and shoved it in her hand. "It's going to take more than a hand job, my dear." Lucius stood up, his rock hard cock pressing against her, and he whispered huskily in her ear, "Don't worry; I'll withdraw before ejaculating; so if you wish this filled...turn around!"

She acquiesced, lost in the moment, everything blurring as she turned around and felt her skirt being raised again, the cool air hitting her exposed skin. Her buttocks being felt appreciatively, being massaged apart. Then, Astoria felt Lucius pressing and moulding his full body against hers.

"Spread your legs," he whispered hotly, reinforced by his knee wedging in between the back of her thighs. With one hand pulling her knickers' crotch fabric aside, he began to finger not only her pussy and clit expertly, but his quickly lubricated thumb pad slowly entered and began probing her anal orifice. Encircling her with one arm, pressing against her womb, he guided her to lean back, melding into his chest, her head nestled against his.

Astoria sharply felt his erection burning against her buttocks, seeking an entrance, even as he kept his rhythmic in-and-out fingering. "So tense. Relax. Give over to me. Let me pleasure you. No one will know. Just you and I." His other hand wandered decisively from her womb down into her silk-laced knickers to press and probe her clitoris from her frontal side.

As he alternated rhythmically inserting his forefingers with astute skill and precision, whilst massaging deeper into her anus with his thumb, Astoria began to sway back

and forth with him, giving over to undulating as he guided her to do. Her moans were soft and suppressed. Neither knew when it happened, but she twisted her head upwards finding Lucius' bent downwards, and their mouths met. Their tongues caught each other's, and they began to mirror the lunging and plunging of his fingerfucking her other orifices until Lucius could deny his burning cock no more. He grabbed and placed his tip in the centre of her wet heat, first rubbing it teasingly around her labial folds, poking and pressing against her clit until gradually guiding it back to her vaginal entrance.

Mastering his control, Lucius spread her buttocks and abruptly rammed the head inside her cunt, sheathing half his cock within her tight, wet heat. He couldn't help himself...*she is so bloody tight!*...and bit down on her shoulder. Astoria jerked, arching back in a cry, thrusting, jamming herself backwards, sheathing his entire thick cock deep inside her, causing Lucius to simultaneously groan and curse in pleasure.

She cried out in ecstasy. Her body had been so manually aroused, and now his thick cock was pounding into her. Wildly. So deep she could feel the soft slapping of his balls against her labia.

In their coital raptus and frenzy, Lucius bent her over the cushioned desk chair and gave over to the exquisite tightness and searing heat of her cunt, fucking her pussy as if he'd never fucked one before. Making up for lost time from that forsaken, hellish quod of Azkaban. The maddening loneliness and celibate fortitude, the vitriolic resentment rushed through him, venting itself through his pounding madly into Astoria's delicious sex.

She grabbed and clawed the chair, grasping where she could to brace herself as he fucked her left and right, around and around; the sounds of flesh slapping flesh, his grunts and huffs mixed with her mewling and delirious cries of carnal delight resounding in the stone chamber.

Lucius started to feel his balls tightening and groaned angrily. With a loud huff, he masterfully pulled out of her cunt, ignoring the high-pitched, broken moan which escaped from Astoria.

"*Accio!*" he hissed.

The phial flew into his hand.

"Sit," he gasped, strained.

Breathing heavily, Astoria plopped into the cushioned desk chair.

"Your skirt. Raise it."

As she slowly raised the satin material higher, Lucius slowly began to stroke himself. "Higher," he urged softly.

She complied.

"Open your legs." he rasped out, "Wider!"

She draped one leg over the cushioned arm of the deskchair.

"Now, touch yourself."

Frustrated, Astoria complied. They held each other's gaze. Lucius' stroking quickened pace as her fingers strummed herself up and down. "Insert your fingers," he instructed, huffing heavily, his voice straining from the onanistic exertion. Attempting to forestall his brimming ejaculation a few seconds longer, he watched as her fingers entered her cunt.

Lucius inhaled. "Pleasure yourself. Fuck yourself."

As he watched Astoria close her eyes in lascivious abandonment, probing her sex, in and out, her undulating body and soft, shy grunts of erotic pleasure, the blond wizard increased the friction of his tight stroking of his cock's tip, and in a gruff, released cry, he at last came into the phial.

Expediently, he quickly put a stopper on the full phial and placed it carefully down again beside his wand, but then Lucius swiftly swirled and knelt down in front of Astoria.

Her eyes flew open as she felt his hands, still sticky wet from his own cum, spreading her thighs wider, his fingers hooking and pulling her knicker's crotch aside again, and his head lunged between her legs. She felt his sharp, searching tongue entering her and his hot mouth sucking her wetness down. Her vaginal muscles began contracting madly, clenching hard, yearning for release. Lucius raised his head only to insert first two fingers, pumping her rhythmically, then three. As she mewled and gasped, he felt her muscles contracting tightly, and he spread her labia wider with his other fingers to tease her aroused clit with the tip of his tongue. Determinedly fingerfucking her along, he sucked and swirled her swollen clitoris until he had her in tears of ecstasy and trembling, orgasming. He swallowed her gushing cum down while placing his thumb pad firmly on her pulsing clitoris. He was determined to eat her raw, until she could gather voice enough and beg him otherwise. *If* she'd be able to under his hungry salacious administrations.

*Yes, I'll make you beg me to stop...* So he sucked and sucked her. Her growing cries of released pleasure reverberating in the stony caverned office. Lucius relished her fingers grasping and clawing at his shoulders, pulling his hair, her body undulating, squirming; but he kept her pressed and pinned down, burrowing and drinking her in as she came yet again.

He paused to catch his breath and was caught off guard as he felt Astoria's hands pull at him.

Grey eyes met hazel ones.

In the heat of the moment, she beckoned him upwards as she lowered her head to meet his lips, both hungrily desiring to taste each other.

Their lips met, and tongues lunged, tasting her essence mixed with his saliva, savouring each other's blended fluids.

Lost in their spontaneous exploration, Lucius' arms went up around and pulled her fiercely to him; her legs instinctively wrapped around his torso.

Suddenly, he froze. Lucius felt something. Something he had felt only once in his life. And that was long ago *Not since Narcissa and I had...*

Astoria had gently placed her hands on him, cupping his face gently as a true lover would.

Abruptly, he broke off the kiss.

Slowly unwrapping himself from Astoria, he momentarily lowered his eyes, and then, reticently, Lucius moved back, while reservedly placing her skirt down.

Only one person had ever touched him like that; only one person in very similar circumstances to whom he had permitted himself to be vulnerable to, who had awakened something even remotely tender inside him, so long ago: Narcissa.

Lucius snapped up.

Looking down at Astoria, he blinked hard. *She will bear my child...*

Shoving this thought aside, he brusquely turned away and briskly dressed himself. When he had finished, the blond wizard took his wand and, unwarding the room, paused

a second longer to preen himself.

Then, without looking back at her, Lucius crossed to the door to leave and curtly remarked, "Your phial is ready, filled as ordered, for you to take to St Mungo's."

He exited, leaving Astoria who was now standing, shakily. Leaving her feeling used and so very alone.

Perplexed, a seizure of doubt and guilty panic overtook her. She doubted herself...what she should do next.

Taking and holding the full ampoule in her hand, the great terret of what was to be done hit Astoria hard.

Unwilling or unable to formulate what this interaction with Lucius had deeply, truly done to her, Astoria blinked back the tears as she slowly redoubled her will to carry through with her plan. At that moment, her inner-strength pulsated up and through her. The dark-haired witch determined to accomplish her goal. At any cost.

*I will protect Draco, at any cost. I will do this for us, at any cost. Lucius will not get the better of me... at any cost...*

Astoria could not foresee the near future, what this meant, how she would be changed. What the true price would be. For all of them.

*Lucius...*

The only thing Astoria knew at that exact moment in time was that she was holding the direction of all of their futures in her hand.

*Draco...*

Astoria proceeded onward.

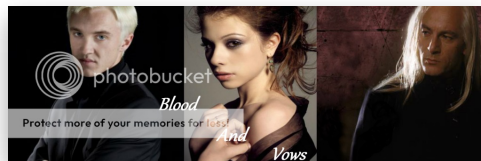
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A/N: The greatest gratitude to star\_girl, the grande Muse and mentor, nudging me into this and graciously giving me support and encouragement, and also, to the one and only emdramaqueen for another thorough grammar betaing and a 'knob-less' text!

## In Pursuit of Renewed Manhood

Chapter 4 of 11

Astoria attempts to wash away Lucius' touch, and Draco reclaims what he feels is his to claim.



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Soaking in the warm, bubbling waters of her bath, Astoria couldn't help but make a mental inventory over and over again of everything that had transpired that afternoon. Attempting to convince herself that she had covered all bases, she closed her eyes tightly in concentration and ticked off what had been done: the phial with Lucius' sperm sample was dropped off at St Mungo's in place of Draco's, a requested and received copy of her separate initial test results had been given to her by mediwitch Penelope Clearwater, and all that remained was to now await for 'Draco's' second results. She'd been assured they'd be owled within the next twenty-four hours.

Why, then, was her heart weighed down with dread? Why could she not wash away her feelings of anxiety and guilt, and why was she caught in turmoil, with the unbearable sensation of physical desire for Lucius, a searing force of longing and need?

For, lather and scrub her skin as she might, Astoria could not rid herself of Lucius' touch, his kisses on her neck, lips, thighs and sex... The feeling of his cock deep within her, along with a sporadic burning, the memory sent sparks and a tingling throbbing through her breasts, shooting down through her centre, causing her vaginal muscles to clench beyond control, an anticipatory wetness to form. A moan of need escaped her lips. "Draco!"

*Draco! I need Draco to erase away Lucius!*

"Astoria?"

A slight cry of surprise sounded forth as she opened her eyes and saw, standing in the archway of the bathing room, her husband.

Draco's initial pleasure and self-satisfied smile at finding Astoria in their grand, oval-shaped bath faltered, but only momentarily. Pumped with adrenaline, he waggled a curled parchment in his hands, proud as a peacock.

As Astoria's eyes jumped from the St Mungo's parchment back to Draco's gleaming grey ones, she whispered breathlessly, "The results?"

His smug, affirmative smile answered her.

So intense was Draco's expression of exultant contentment, Astoria became breathless and forgot all else except for the resemblance of an irresistible Draco that she had not seen for so very long: a modicum of the younger, cockier wizard he was once before, long ago, covered his features as he decisively placed the treasured parchment safely on a cushioned towel tray.

Neither spoke as Draco impatiently pulled off his suit jacket and kicked off his shoes, simultaneously tugging and jerking off his cravat, unbuttoning his waistcoat and pulling his belt off in swift, smooth movements.

As Astoria and Draco held each other's gaze, their lips broadened into knowing smiles, both's body chemistry and heat kicking in, activated. A sensual anticipation.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

She couldn't help but laugh in delight as he stepped into the scented, bubbling bath water. "Draco," she playfully protested, "your trousers! Your shirt...you still have your socks on!"

"It won't be the first time I've left them on," he smirked smugly.

"But in the bath..."

"Can't wait..."

Splashing down, snuggling up beside her in the shallow pool-like tub, still half-clothed, his lips sealed hers with a devouring kiss, stopping his wife from chiding him further. Draco was in no mood for teasing taunts: he wanted her, and he wanted her *now*. The proof-positive affirmation of his sperm sample...that he wasn't sterile...unleashed a pulsing randiness within him. *I need to be inside her...deep inside her... make love to her...fuck her, now* He pressed her nakedness tightly against him, molding their bodies together.

Astoria melted into his arms, curling herself around him instinctively as only a couple who'd shared an ongoing sybaritic, fleshly union could. She groaned in voluptary gratification, squirming and revelling in the feeling of her nakedness against his wet, textured trousers; his hardened cock pressed through the layer of soaked, heavy tweed, coarsely grinding and teasing against her nethermost mound. She softly grunted as the rough, tickling friction of his covered straining cock rubbed against her sex with mounting, arousing pressure. She moaned in pleasure as Draco touched and stimulated her as only he knew how; her body responded to his foreplay as it always did: eagerly, uncontrollably. Thirsty and yearning.

As his fingers began to knead her lower back, massaging slowly downward, cupping and spreading her buttocks in circular, searching movements, Draco paused to tease the delicate softness of skin, stroking the smooth, hidden silky crevass between her luscious bottom's cheeks; then he felt lower, teasing her vaginal opening, tapping and patting her folds lightly, only to change and probe her rhythmically with his skilful fingers.

Astoria broke their kiss, gasping softly as he inserted one, then two fingers, pumping her pussy with measured, controlled force, causing her to undulate and mewl in pleasure.

In heated exploration of each other, their bodies' balance in the soapy, bath water was tipped, and they slipped and slid, grasping and clinging to each other in exigent mounting need.

Unable to forestall any longer, Draco triumphantly placed himself between her legs, embracing and cushioning her torso wrapped in his arms tightly underneath him against the shallow bath's surface. All foreplay was put on pause as they held each other's gaze.

Ever so slowly, Draco gently lowered his lips to hers; he kissed her as if for the first time.

For he felt it was a first timethe first time in a long time he had felt *savoir*. Believing fully now, without a doubt, that he wasn't sterile, the nagging, lingering self-doubt had utterly disappeared. His self-confidence, self-esteem and renewed, potent manhood thundered through his veins with a purpose and desire to make love to Astoria as he had never done before, or rather, with a fresh, assured intention which he had never known he contained before.

Moreover, pounding in his veins and mind was the ever-present gratitude and awareness of the miracle of Astoria's love, her tenderness and affection she perpetually gave to him; it never failed to ignite a raw and insatiable arousal and desire to please and pleasure her in any and all ways. Draco had only ever known unconditional affection and love, and that he'd received only from his mother. Then, he later experienced unconditional intimacy and love from Astoria. The perverse, conditional affection his Aunt Bellatrix had shown on him, which awakened in him for a brief time raw carnality, was now a muddled blur of humiliation and regret, along with the reminder of the mark of the Dark Lord that was eternally seared into his left arm. He countered his perverse past with losing himself inside Astoria, inside her hot, deep cunt; his opulative, corporeal union with her soothing his tainted past.

Draco's lips covered and searched hers, almost painfully, as he embraced her; her nipples pressed against his wet shirt, thinly covering his hard, sinewy chest. Not allowing her to slip away from him, Draco held her tighter, half-cradling her against him, holding her chin so his tongue could delve and explore her. Breaking away to momentarily catch their breaths, Astoria gazed in wonder at the grey eyes so intensely determined, desperate.

"My results," whispered her husband fiercely as she felt his fingers stroke needily down her back, finding the curve and form of her buttocks, softly stroking the promising crevass in between again, "I'm not sterile." His kisses intensified in pressure as he outlined her slippery softness until placing his palm firmly on her womb.

"Oh, Draco," she whispered back, placing one hand on top of his.

"Yes, Madam Malfoy?" He clutched and raised her wet hand to his lips, kissing it ardently as Astoria's other hand found its way to unbuttoning his trousers. With a mutual urgency, he helped her; impatiently, he tugged the cumbersome, wet trousers and underpants off with visible irritability. His old self-assurance had returned as he smirked, pulling the soaked socks off one by one and tossing them wildly out of the water. He adjusted his body weight and changed his position to sit back on his ankles, the soap suds covering him waist down. Gazing at his wife, he slightly bowed his head. "Your wish is my command...let's," he cleared his throat theatrically, "sire an heir, shall we, Madam Malfoy?"

As the blond wizard launched forward in the bathwater, he gently guided her legs apart, sweeping each one over an arm as he swooped forward, placing himself between her legs. Astoria grabbed and latched on to his shoulders, her breasts sticking out of the scented water. Draco tilted his head down to lick and suck on a pointy nipple; he had her body scooped and held firmly in place again and was at liberty to move between her puckered lips and nipples at leisure.

Feeling her suddenly tense and still, he stopped and raised his head. "What's wrong, Astoria?"

For at his playful words, 'Let's sire an heir', the uncontrollable memory of the truth of Draco's sterile condition, known only to her... and Lucius, had seared through her painfully, as if petrifying her. Seeing an all too familiar worry furrow Draco's brow, Astoria mustered up her will, pushing the painful truth aside, and beckoned to her husband, "Come. Come, now. I want you now. Need you now."

Relieved, Draco whispered, "Don't be sad, love." He kissed her fluttering eyelids, her silky cheeks. "I'm going to make everything all right," he assured her heatedly as he pushed his cock inside her. Draco paced himself as he had never before. He savoured every gasp and moan which ushered forth from Astoria's lips, her flushed cheeks and fastened grip, as he increased his rhythm and depth of penetration inside her cunt. The slipperiness of the water made his thrusting shift her, shift his angle; her vaginal muscles contracted tenser and tenser; the exquisite sensation caused him to gasp, a swelling burning pain in his chest and loins. "Ah," he groaned aloud, the tightness of his swollen cock's fit inside her burning wetness intensified; his balls began to tighten up.

"Fuck me, Draco," he heard Astoria whisper in his ear. "Fuck me, hard and deep." His eyes clenched in concentration, and he became oblivious to the loud splashing of water and knew not where he was, only the astute sensations of pangs from fingernails digging into his back registered, distracting him sporadically, but then, with the mounting friction, he was fucking Astoria as he'd never fucked her before and forgot all else...knew nothing else as they both came, climaxing one after the other, any post-ejaculation washing away by his determined thrusting, his fucking her cunt until his last drop.

Their postcoitus bliss was interrupted by hearing an all too familiar voice say, "Dear, dear, I do seem to be interrupting something."

Water splashing all about, Draco scrambled off Astoria, plopping down beside her in the soapy water, and both turned around to look at where the voice had come from.

Standing smug and self-assured in the doorway was Lucius.

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A/N: My greatest appreciation to the one and only star\_girl for all of her lovely generous beta support and nudging!

## A Matter of Enchantments

Chapter 5 of 11

Astoria realizes she is in too deep now, and Lucius reaffirms his power over her.



oOoOoOoO

Standing up fully soap-sudded and nude, Draco panted heatedly and, glaring at his father, demanded, "What the bloody fuck do you think you're doing?"

Lucius gave Draco a cold stare, not answering.

"How in the bloody *fuck* can you think to come barging into here...into our privacy?" yelled the outraged younger Malfoy.

Lucius gave a darting glance towards Astoria, and then coolly answered, "If you wish to have privacy, might I suggest a ward on your door? They do come in handy when one wishes to indulge in marital *bliss*." He smirked. "If your mother wasn't commandeering the house-elf, it would be informing you of her unexpected arrival and impatience to see both of you rather than me... So, do finish up your *activities* and dress for dinner as soon as you can, um, collect yourselves." And with that, Lucius turned and left.

Waiting to make sure her father-in-law was gone, Astoria rose and gently hugged Draco from behind, understanding far too well how unnerved and humiliated he must be feeling.

He snapped around and grabbed her, holding and kissing her, murmuring, "I'm sorry. I'm so, so sorry."

Shaken by Lucius' presence as well, but overcoming her jittery feeling and wishing to comfort Draco more, she reassured him, whispering in between kisses, "It's nothing, Draco. I'm used to Lucius...*we're* used to him. He has always been inconsiderate, overbearing... rude.*Possessive*. Don't let him get to you, my love. Draco, Draco..."

Her hushing and cooing soothed his nerves, and soon they were in heavy foreplay again.

Astoria felt Draco's hardness against her inner thighs, and then without preamble, he led her out of the bath and into the bedroom. As he swooped her up and tossed her playfully onto the four-poster bed, he said, "Let's do this properly this time." *Accio*ing his wand, he warded their door and hastily returned to Astoria and proceeded to make love to her, slowly and thoroughly.

As she moaned in satiated, delighted pleasure, she rhythmically arched her back in sync with Draco as he thrust deeper and deeper inside her. In the midst of undulating, she threw back her head, fingernails digging into Draco's back, and gazed through half-closed lids in languorous abandonment into the overhead mirror, enjoying the sight of Draco fucking her. She bit her lower lip in concentration, trying to hold back the oncoming wave leading to an explosive climax swelling up inside her as his cock hit rhythmically, again and again, an electric hotspot deep inside her. "Oh! No, oh, no!" she gasped loudly, but not in climax...rather in reaction to what she beheld above in the ceiling mirror: for the first time, she seemed to be able to look through the mirror as if seeing into another space...Lucius' bedroom!

"Oh, oh, no!" she cried out again, freezing as if Petrified, clutching Draco for dear life. For she saw Lucius come into the mirror and lay down, half-clothed and stretch out languidly across his dark-green duvet, his bare chest and blondish-white hair accentuated against the dark Slytherin colour as it was splayed out against the cushioned pillows. Lucius slowly began to undo his trousers and even more leisurely to take them off, followed by his silk underpants, leaving his full nudity on display for her to see.

Because Astoria's reaction occurred near the peak of Draco's passion, in his *flagrante delicto* delirium, he took Astoria's cries and clutching as her climaxing and instinctively spent himself, coming deep within her.

As Draco lay on top of Astoria, catching his breath and whispering sweet nothings in her ear, she watched, wide-eyed, as Lucius stroked himself. Then, abruptly, the elder Malfoy gazed directly at Astoria, pokerfaced, before languidly rising and walking out of the mirror's scope.

oOoOoOoO

All through the following dinner, Astoria could barely eat a bite. Lost in a whirlwind of sensations, her thoughts and focus flitted from image to image of the day's events as well as the family members' faces around her: Draco to Lucius, Narcissa to Draco, Lucius to Narcissa. But the outrageousness of Lucius' audacity to encroach upon her and Draco's privacy so voyeuristically kept blaring at the forefront of her muddled thoughts. *Lucius has enchanted the mirror...that's what he was doing in our room...a two-way enchantment: I can see him, his bed, and he...he can watch us!*

But her brooding was continually being interrupted by heated disagreements between Narcissa and Lucius, putting the elder Malfoy in an utterly foul mood, and other terse retorts leading to Lucius turning to the unpleasant, delicate topic of her and Draco's failure to conceive. Equally chilling was Lucius' seemingly complete ignoring of and disdain towards Astoria, speaking about her rather than to her.

*How can he treat me with such contempt after we've been... we've been...*she struggled to put her thoughts together, *'intimate' with each other?*

It was this confusion and distress, along with Draco and Lucius getting into a heated discussion of her fertility results, that she could stomach no longer, and excusing herself, she fled to the solace of their bedroom to reflect on the past days' events.

Feeling hot and bothered, squeezing her pillows, Astoria stared searchingly at her reflection in the mirrored ceiling above the bed again, daring and expecting to see beyond it; but this time only her distressed, confused reflection appeared.

*Lucius! He has me imagining things; he has me yearning for... him!*

Tears of confusion and guilt flowed freely. For Draco had been her one and only. Not only was he sexually her first and only partner, until Lucius that is, but emotionally he was her first and deepest emotional relationship as well. The strange emotions which Lucius evoked out of her were painful and wild, torrid and dark. She had never had a reason or occasion to experience them before. She'd never had anyone else to compare Draco to until, again, Lucius. The effect was dizzying. Feeling lost, she felt herself falling into murkier and murkier emotions.

Exhausted with these ambiguous and dubious ruminations of both Draco and Lucius, she fell asleep into troubled and uncharted dreams.

oOoOoOoOo

In the morning, she awoke in her husband's arms. Feeling her movement, Draco pressed her against him and whispered, "I'll try to get home earlier this evening, since I have to travel in the morning...and don't forget the fundraising luncheon with mother tomorrow, just in case you plan to be at your office at the Ministry all day." He gave her a kiss and a teasing smirk. "Try to survive as best you can without me. When I get back, I'll make it up to you."

Draco dressed and left for the Ministry. Astoria lay and watched him, not feeling like getting out of bed, not wishing to leave their bedroom, or at least not get up and about until everyone else in the household had left for their various obligations.

Astoria craved to be alone in order to clear her thoughts.*Working in the conservatory will help... I need to put myself to use away from the Ministry and occupy my thoughts with something else besides Draco... and Lucius!* She groaned in frustration. *Lucius!*

She waited a good while, fixated and brooding on her father-in-law, before deciding she'd waited long enough for everyone to leave the manor. A feeling of oppression upon her, she languidly dressed in a robe and slowly made her way down to force herself to work a bit in the nursery.

Halfway down the stairway, Astoria stopped.

Simultaneously, spotting her, Lucius halted in the hall below.

They stared at each other.

Seeing Astoria frozen in place, Lucius crossed and slowly walked up the stairway to stand in front of her and look down into her hazel eyes. Caustically, he commented, "See you've slept in. Late night? Were you and Draco celebrating something?"

From deep within her, an unexpected burst of feistiness and a feeling of entitlement flared up, and she coolly snapped, "That is our business." Remembering the enchanted mirror, she was spurred on to point out, "Just as the intimacy of our bedroom is *our* business...not yours."

Eyes glinting in curt amusement, Lucius merely commented, "Ah, I see."

*He will not get the best of me...* "You will remove any enchantments from our mirror immediately."

"I haven't the least idea what you're talking about, my dear. Enlighten me on how it is enchanted." Lucius gave her a lascivious smile. "Details, please."

Astoria saw that he was thoroughly amused and waiting eagerly for her to spell out graphically the situation.*You can watch us fuck, and I can watch you...you...stroke your cock...* In a huff, she answered, "No! Just...just undo the enchantment!" *Don't let him get to you!* Resolved to not let Lucius unnerve her further, she made to continue downward, heading for the nursery.

Stepping in front of her, he enquired, "Is that the *only* demand you wish to make of me, dear Astoria?"

"It's the only decent one, at this time, to say the least!"

But Lucius put a stop to her brushing by him by abruptly grabbing her upper arm, stopping her. "Decent?" His lips curled on the ends, giving her a satiric leer which caused a tingle to burst through her, head to toe.

"So, you think now that you've got what you've wanted from me, temporarily, that you don't need my *services* anymore? That you can ignore what has happened between us? Discard me?"

For some reason, at the word 'ignore', an explosion of anger issued forth from Astoria, and she hotly challenged him, *Ignore* you? You? And what would you call your treatment of me?"

Lucius raised an eyebrow in cool speculation, observing another impassioned side of his daughter-in-law he had never seen before.

Astoria's confusion and frustration at Lucius boiled over, his contemptuous treatment of her and Draco's privacy, his condescending treatment of her last night at dinner...everything and all gushed forth. "How could you treat me so...so, disdainfully last night, as if I wasn't there? As if I was nothing to you? Nothing! Just some object!"

Lucius became quite still; his steel-grey eyes gleamed intensely at her.

"And how should I treat you, my lovely Astoria, in front of my wife and my son, your husband, hmmn?" His voice became throaty as he barely whispered, "How do you want me to treat you, my sweet?"

Astoria's cheeks flushed hotly as she realised her folly; it dawned on her that she wished from Lucius that which she had no right to claim nor he had the right to give. In the recesses of her mind, she realised she wanted his *affection*. And the pooling wetness in between her legs anytime he was near enough to detect his unique musky scent was a physiological reminder of how this reaction was beyond her control. His mere touch, his audacious looks, either could undo her; it was indeed beyond her control. To add further to her perplexity, she suddenly comprehended that deep within her, she uncontrollably craved his *true* affection. More horrifying to the little rationality seemingly left in her mind was that she had a fragile, but burning, affection for him... A fledgling place in her muddled emotions responding solely to him. This revealed itself to her, gazing into his mercilessly brazen eyes, and she looked away, staring at a swirled snake-like engraving in the black marble stairway.

"Perhaps I should kiss you on your luscious, full lips in front of Narcissa and Draco," his tone had hardened, "in the same way I've kissed your succulent sex," he crudely reminded her.

She felt her face burn in embarrassment and arousal and, trying to verbalise what little normalcy was left in her, she closed her eyes and uttered in a small voice, "I think that we should maintain our respective, *platonic* relations, for everyone's sake..."

"And our heir?"

Astoria blinked at him, her heart pounding, and reiterated, "Our...?"

"...heir!" enunciated Lucius exasperatedly.

Suddenly, the passion and turmoil *both* were feeling hit her full force. The original need of seeking her father-in-law's aid in the first place washed over her like a tidal wave again: the state of Draco's sterility and the entire frustrating, distressing situation which was her life. This reality check pained her even more than the fatuous hurt she'd felt from Lucius' seeming coolness and aloofness to her. An asinine sensation of obstinacy and denial came over her, and she had a mad instinct to hurt him back somehow, deny him further access to her turmoil and vulnerability, and wildly she proposed, "There is...there is time to think about...other options..."

Stonefaced, Lucius stared at her. Then, an eyebrow was raised in high disdain. Sardonicly, he mused, "You think I don't know about your lunch plans tomorrow with my dear wife and her invited male guests?"

"Male guests? Don't be ludicrous!" Astoria huffed. "It's a luncheon to discuss the upcoming ball and how they may help raise funds with influential..."

"You're a witch; you're capable of anything," snarled Lucius darkly. Abruptly, the blond wizard grabbed one of her wrists and held it in a steel grip. "Who has Narcissa chosen for you to cuckold Draco with? Longbottom the Pureblooded Serpent Slayer? Potter the Brave?" he spat out derisively. "Oh yes, no doubt the idea of the Dark Lord's presence still lingering somewhere in Potter's mixed-blooded veins gives dearest Cissy ideas..."

He leered and whispered, "Would you like that, you and Potter? Or, perhaps, Longbottom slobbering all over you like a "

A hard slap to his face cut him off.

Before Astoria had time to fear for herself, for what she had just done, Lucius smiled and fiercely pulled her into him, so that she could feel his arousal pressing against her. His nostrils flared in emotion, and inhaling deeply, he whispered, "Don't think for one moment that you can ignore me! You're *mine*! Don't think for one second that anyone other than I shall sire an heir to the Malfoy name and lineage..." He gave her a strong shake. "Don't think that any choice you make will not include me!"

"Choice?"

"If you dare to challenge me, dare to think for one moment that you can 'hoodwink' me, my girl, you're very, very mistaken. You will lose everything!" Lucius grabbed and held her chin roughly in place, a surge of bygone Death Eater's energy resurfacing. "You don't think you can be replaced?" He saw a flash of fear cross her face. "It's easier for all involved, more *convenient* for both of us, if on the surface our little family stays 'as is'... However, if you dare to threaten me, replace me with anyone, you'll regret it... beyond your worst nightmare, my dear."

His steel eyes shined, burning cold. The pain in her face from his tight hold was a searing reminder of his potential, malignant Death Eater energy, alive and well, rearing its ugly head.

"You will lose everything!" he repeated fiercely.

Something in Astoria snapped, and she spat out, "You threaten me? How dare you!" She wanted to lash out at him physically, but instead, at the last second, she jerked back and pulled away from him to flee, only to be snatched tightly back. "Let me go, let me go! You vile brute...I hate you!"

Lucius went neutral except for holding her in his steel embrace, letting her thrash and shove against him until she wearied herself from trying to break free. In quiet, muffled sobs, she pleaded meekly, "What do want of me? Just let me go..."

The hairs on her neck rose up, not in fear, but in unforeseen excitement, as his warm breath whispered in her ear causing shivers to run down her spine, "Your pleasure, Astoria."

She stood stock still as she felt soft, wet kisses being planted on her sensitive neck, around and around, lower and lower. Lucius was dissolving her anxiety and defenses with each lick and nip.

When Lucius felt her trembling in heated excitement from his ministrations, he raised his head again and flicked his tongue around and in her ear, only to abruptly stop and huskily whisper, "I want you to give me permission to be in charge of your pleasure. Your *sexual* pleasure, my dear." With a stoic face, he waited and let the full meaning sink in.

But Astoria only stared at him, wide-eyed and bewildered. His hot and cold treatment of her perplexed her beyond reasoning *What is he talking about...my sexual pleasure has nothing to do with siring an heir...why is he confusing the two?*

Lucius coaxed, "Such sensitive and fiery passion as yours should not be wasted. And Draco, fruit of my loins though he is, will never fulfil you as I know how to fulfil a witch... But first, we must be in agreement."

"Agreement? About what?"

"That I will be in charge. Not you. I."

"I...I don't understand..."

Lucius gave her an incredulous look and began to chuckle in forced, astounded bemusement. Then, he was whispering, "Let me give you an example..." as he opened her dressing robe and raised her nightdress upward.

Astoria gasped, feeling his fingers lightly stroking upwards, and he quickly discovered that she wore no undergarments.

"Mmmn, nice," murmured Lucius, very pleased, and he felt the warm abundant wetness between her legs. Very lightly fingering her, he withdrew his hand and with his fingertips, moistened with her essence, he lightly touched his lips and then...to Astoria's surprise...he gently traced hers with the lingering wetness. He placed his index finger on her lips and whispered, "Lick."

Astoria hesitated, moving her head away, but Lucius sternly stated, "No. The game is, I'm in charge." He gave Astoria an odd look, and for a split second, the same feeling she had had yesterday when she touched Lucius' face like a lover's occurred, and his features softened as he said, "Trust me..." She did. Opening her lips, she shyly and slowly licked his finger, tasting her own essence. "More. Don't stop. Take your time," he instructed, his voice growing thicker, and before she knew it, Lucius' tongue had replaced his finger, and he was swirling and grinding into her.

A burst of need exploded within Astoria, setting off a volatile chemistry between the two, and she let herself be devoured by his hunger as well as devour back, not knowing where her mouth and body ended and Lucius' began, so melded into each other they were in undulating, grinding waves of heat.

Dully registering in the background of their heated endeavours, out from the hallowed halls of the manor, came Narcissa's voice. "Lucius, what is keeping you so long?" Edged with annoyance and impatience, Narcissa beckoned, "Come! We're going to be late!"

Abruptly, Lucius released Astoria. Without looking back, he hurried to meet Narcissa and Apparate to another clandestine meeting with Albert Runcorn.

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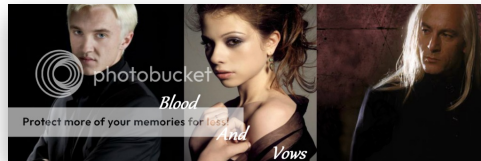
A/N: Greatest appreciation to the one and only star\_girl for her cosmic energy and beta magic on all levels! Also, a special thanks to BeautifulSnowflake for her *beautiful* support, nudging me in just the right way not to procrastinate and risk making Lucius really impatient!



# <i>Iris Sanguinea</i>, The Blood Iris

Chapter 6 of 11

Given a dubious ultimatum, Astoria realizes that her deception has plummeted her over the edge to a point of no return, and Lucius has her just where he wants her.



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*Narcissa! She could've caught us... What is Lucius thinking? This is insanity!* Astoria's heart was thumping hard in her chest, and she could only slump against the cool manor walls for several seconds, collecting her thoughts.

Shaken and confused more than ever by Lucius, Astoria slowly made her way to the nursery conservatory.

The late morning sunlight was weak and grey, faintly penetrating through the greenhouse section. Astoria threw herself into her work, attempting to immerse and distract herself fully from thinking about Lucius. Unsuccessfully.

As she attempted to methodically snip and tweak, catalogue and test purities with a clear mind, thoughts of what had just transpired on the stairway flitted to and fro, and she shuddered at the memory of Lucius fiercely shaking her and threatening, *You don't think you can be replaced?* She teared up as she recalled his severe warning, *You will lose everything!*

It had been a while since she had witnessed Lucius and his unique menacing air, which he reserved especially for 'final warnings'. Throughout her life, she had seen him enact it on Draco, on various members of the inner family circle as well as the inner Death Eaters who had inevitably been intertwined in various gatherings, esoteric and otherwise.

But this was the first time she had so closely experienced it herself the target. The promised underlying violent energy he could exude raked her nerves unbearably.

And then, there was the *passion*. The uncontrollable, volatile chemistry between them.

*He wants to be in control of my pleasure? I don't want him to be in... I don't want him to... I don't...!* The simultaneous confusion and need he caused in her was overwhelming and frightening.

So she frantically plucked various leaf and petal samples, forcing herself to test each one's sap density and continue cataloguing them. After half an hour or so, finally lost in classifications, she was oblivious to the fact that Lucius had returned and entered the nursery.

Watching her absorbed figure, the elder Malfoy stealthily approached her workplace nook.

Suddenly, Astoria felt another presence. *His* presence. She turned and looked over, seeing her father-in-law. By his intense stare, she recognised that he was both miffed and aroused.

As Lucius walked stiffly and slowly towards her, a heaviness filled the air. He stopped a few feet away from his daughter-in-law, giving her a look up and down. "My meeting finished early." *And I still have unfinished business here...*

Appreciating her dressed still in a morning robe, Lucius then spied a plush settee in front of them near her work table.

Crossing and looking shrewdly around in the open space in front of her workplace, he commented in a lazy drawl, "Quite a renovation... A potions laboratory? Herbology greenhouse?" His heavy-lidded eyes slowly lingered on her. He referred to an object of interest near her. "A settee? A very interesting addition." He smiled coyly. "How convenient. How quaint. Like you, my dear."

"When I tire, I can take rest, or..." Her voice faltered as Lucius slowly approached even closer, now standing mere inches away from her. She started to move away. However, her L-shaped work table and shelved plants and bottled samples, enclosed snugly around and behind her, didn't allow for much distance. Avoiding his piercing, grey eyes, she only had an instinct to keep speaking to keep him at bay. "The annexation it was for blending my two favourite disciplines: Potions and Herbology. They're very complementary of each other, very intertwined studies and properties..."

"Yes, I'm sure they are," drawled Lucius in a bored tone; his forced smile didn't reach his eyes. "I'm sure you were one of Snape's prize students..."

"He was a brilliant professor..."

"Snape was many things," cut off Lucius in a strained voice. "An *accomplished* wizard, and as a man, he was..." The blond wizard's voice trailed off.

With an unusual air of duplicity surrounding him, Lucius gazed slowly around at the myriad of plants filling the space. The deep purple of the nearest flower potted on a lower shelf of her immediate work table unexpectedly caught his eye.

"Lovely... so lovely," he murmured and reached out, feather-lightly touching one petal.

Taken aback by his gentle gesture, hesitantly, Astoria offered, "An iris."

Blinking, as if remembering a long ago memory, he uttered, "A 'Blood Iris'. *Iris sanguinea*, precisely, yes?" Lucius snapped his head to her, catching her startled look at his knowledge. Lucius smirked. "*Subgenera: Scorpiris...*" Pleased her full lips had opened in surprise, he stepped closer, intent on touching her. Intent on embracing her.

"So contrary, and you accuse me of contrariness, my dear Astoria? Or is it that you enjoy being pursued by me? Hmmn?"

"I've never accused you of..."

"No, but you *think* it, don't you, my dear, in that lovely, scheming brain of yours..."

She opened her mouth to protest against his comment, but quickly shut it, knowing there was more than a grain of truth regarding her being capable of 'scheming'. Nonetheless, Astoria was irked by his reminding her of any commonality between them in that way.

Lucius reached out to touch her, and she flinched, unsure of what exactly he would do next. Unsure of herself.

With very light fingertips, Lucius caressed her cheek and spoke in a low voice, "My little Slytherin schemer doesn't want my touch? But you quite opened up to me in the Ministry yesterday, and just this morning... Your lovely sex, just like this beautiful iris' petals, a lovely deep purple, Astoria..."

He stepped closer to her, leaning forward to nuzzle in her hair and nip the soft flesh of her earlobe. "Have you decided to lose everything?" he asked softly. His contradictory gentleness in tone made his horrid implication, disguising his ultimatum, devastating.

"To lose everything?" gasped Astoria, horrified at his continued cruel implications. Was she willing to risk who-knew-what all to defy Lucius on any level? *But how dare he imply that I would commit adultery with anyone besides... besides...* Her thoughts faltered. She had committed adultery with her husband's father, so she was capable of scheming and possibly much more than she ever knew. The situation frightened her. She frightened herself. Lucius was quickly leading her down a path of licentiousness which she'd never known she was capable of.

*But this is different... This is to save... Draco...*, she desperately told herself. Who knew what Draco would do in the stillness of the night if Lucius revealed their indiscretion? If the Malfoy patriarch demanded that Astoria be 'replaced'? In a lone moment of darkness, in desperation, or branded humiliation, what would be the options?

For Draco, the means would never justify the end...Astoria knew this for certain about him. If he knew his father was fucking his wife, whether to conceive an heir for the larger scheme of things or not, either violence or death would prevail, leaving nothing and no one left unscarred. The possibilities were too devastating to consider.

In the midst of all these maddening possibilities, Astoria knew that she could not live without Draco; he was a part of her, and therefore, she could not live without things remaining 'as is'. And things could not remain 'as is' without Lucius' full cooperation and participation. Astoria trembled in resignation, knowing she was in far too deep with Lucius.

As Astoria realised that her deception had already plummeted her over the edge to a point of no return, she gave a pitiful cry. She had failed. She had failed Draco. Failed their marriage. Failed everything she had been striving for with their life together. Failed herself. And now, she was left dependent on Lucius' *good will*.

Lucius watched as she cracked in front of him. As the brutal threat and reality of him ready and capable of using all of his power against her sunk in and broke her down, piece by piece, realization by realization. His mind-fucking was working. His steel-grey eyes gleamed as the tears rolled down her face. *I have her just where I want her...*

As Astoria felt Lucius gently touch her, slowly gathering her in his arms, she began to weep in earnest *Whatever he wants... whatever Lucius wants...* She made her final, irreversible decision, saying to herself like a mantra: *I don't want anything to change... I don't want to lose Draco ever... I'll do whatever I must to keep things the same... Our lives must stay the same even if it's a façade on the surface... everything must stay as is!*

She gave a cry of defeat.

"Shhh... Shhh," her father-in-law hushed softly. "Astoria... Astoria... My delicate, exquisite flower."

Lucius smiled to himself. He had broken her. And now, he would remold her to fit him. To fit his needs *She will be mine utterly... She is mine...*

*Thus, to seal the deal.*

*First, to sire an heir.*

So, he changed his strategy.

Unlike in her office at the Ministry, his rough and disconcerting forcefulness, Lucius gently cupped her face between his hands and began ever-so-gently kissing her salty, wet cheeks. His lips moved upwards, and as if she were a child, he kissed her forehead.

Astoria then felt the feather-light brushes of his kisses on each of her closed eyelids. Uncontrollably, she trembled as the pressure of his lips continued lower, more intensely, as he trailed back to her mouth. Lunging, he kissed her feverishly, opening her mouth, and his sharp tongue entered decisively, deep and needy.

Lucius heard her muffled moans and felt her energy shift from passively resisting to intensely focusing on him, on their mouths exploring each other. Then, it clicked. She reciprocated fully the pressure, the plunging, the need. *Raw need. Hmm... now I have her... Now it begins...*

But the Malfoy patriarch had still not decided how slowly or fast he would take her. From his viewpoint, he considered that he'd never forced himself on her in any way...he'd never needed to...she came to him first. *She started it all... But, she needs to be reminded who is in charge now. Make the witch beg... Make her truly believe it is indeed her idea...* So Lucius broke away from her mouth, allowing his lips to explore the silky flesh leading to her cleavage and full breasts *Persuade her yes. Coax her yes. Seduce her I've already succeeded in ensnaring her... Her sweet blow job and other ministrations yesterday have proven that now only to claim her, to mark her completely as mine, and then... She'll be a lovely vessel to service my needs...*

A further thought of amusement occurred to him, remembering how she hadn't understood him clearly regarding being in charge of her sexual pleasure *Mmmn, she must be taught...* His facial muscles tensed in shrewdness, and he reflected further, *Yes, first, she must willingly give herself to me. She will submit to me; she will beg me to take her...*

Smugly, he raised his head from a nipple he had just begun to suckle, and he observed her waiting and watching him with bated breath. He reached to her side, abruptly giving his attention to the flower again and touching it.

*I'll just be claiming what's already been offered...* Intensely aware of Astoria watching his every move, he savoured every shallow, panting breath she took, her dilated pupils beckoning him back. Lucius stroked the iris' petals, gently caressing them as he pointed out, "So lovely. The inflorescence is fan-shaped, six-lobed, unlike the human two-lobed petals..."

Her needy touch on his arm caused him to swoop back, and his lips caught hers again. A soft gasp escaped her lips as she felt his fingers slowly gathering her skirt up, the tell-tale signal of further irrefutable foreplay beginning.

Lucius paused, waiting for her to possibly protest, waiting for any remonstrations, verbally or physically. For this time, once he began, there would be no interruptions, no going back.

Receiving none, he continued to languidly touch her. *Now, I can enjoy her at my leisure.*

"The sepals are recurved." His fingers had found the soft, curvaceous flesh of her upper thighs and hips, and he gently made circular patterns to between her legs. Finding and strumming her outer labia folds, he whispered, "They droop downwards, outwards, preparing for and awaiting pollination."

Astoria felt one hand knead and cup the fullness of her buttocks while the tingling sensation of his other hand probed and strummed around her silky mound, finding and spreading her nethermost lips. She jerked and pushed against his chest, only to tremble uncontrollably as he inserted first one finger, then another.

"Mmm... your tuft and stigmati lips are quite moist already, aren't they, Astoria?" His fingers massaged and explored her. He inhaled sharply as her soft, plump wetness gushed forth from her Venus mound's slickened slit. He rhythmically stroked, circularly pressed and fingered her; his member strained in his trousers, so hardened and aching.

By now Astoria was no longer pushing against him but clinging for dear life on his chest. Her body had betrayed her. Her mind had betrayed her. And nothing was left but need responding to need. Her thighs spread wider and wider, inviting him to explore her deeper and deeper.

With a sharp inhalation, in one movement, he lifted and placed her on the table's edge, tilting her torso backward, cradling her undulating, squirming body with one muscular arm while he opened her legs, pressing his hips between them. He continued to finger her at a perfect angle, harder and faster, her spread legs dangling and trembling around him. He paused for the briefest second and then pressed his thumb on her swollen clitoris, relishing her reaction.

She gasped and mewled, her eyes shut tight in abandoned pleasure.

Impulsively, his lips found the softness of her neck: he nipped and sucked at the silky skin, threatening to bite into it, while lowering and pressing her fully down on the table. "Now for the pollinator's taste of your nectar, again." He huskily confessed, "I've had a craving for your flavour ever since I first tasted you." His head lunged down, taking the place of his apt fingers. His burning mouth licked and lapped her juices. Holding her thighs spread firmly apart, her muscles pulsating in his iron grip, he rubbed the protruding delicate nub of her clitoris with his nose's tip, breathing in her essence, and swooped his lips upwards, latching on and sucking. Excruciatingly slow, he steadily increased the pressure, swirling his pointed tongue deeper into her, maneuvering her quivering, slippery sex, until he heard her moaning in wanton abandonment, climaxing, shattering utterly in his mouth and hands. He pulled back; his cum-covered mouth kissed her inner thigh, and he breathed heavily on her slick cunt, resting his head on her burning sex. *She's so wet...*

Then, still keeping his steely hands pressed down on her trembling thighs, he slowly rose and gazed down on Astoria, still in the throes of post-orgasm. He smiled smugly and leaned forward, untying her robe, and in one quick movement he ripped her thin, laced nightdress open.

Astoria hazily watched him from under her half-closed eyelids, heavy with desire. She felt leisurely caress and then firmly pinch her hardened, pointed nipples, smarting in aching pain to be sucked and touched more. "Yes," she moaned in abandoned relief, grateful, as he came to her body's need. "Oh, yes!" Briskly, his burning hot mouth and searing tongue twirled and sucked each one, his long hair falling on and around her sensitized skin, tickling, causing her to writhe in a wild frenzy of arousal. She groaned, biting her lower lip in heated pleasure. Her eyes closed tight as he continued to administer pressure methodically and orally from her breast down to the sensitive flesh on her sides and rounded hips.

Lower he sucked and nipped. Lower he licked and lingered on her lower abdomen's silken skin. His hot, hungry mouth seared her inner core as his fingers spread her buttocks, massaging them deeply and firmly around and around, his fingertips grazing and teasing over and around her anus. Then, abruptly, he stopped.

Lucius raised up to his full height, breathing deep and hard.

Astoria's lips were formed in a sensual 'O' as her vaginal muscles contracted frantically in anticipation, stimulated and tense with need, waiting for him to enter her.

Lucius noted her swollen lips, her eyes full of desire, her body undulating, beckoning him to claim her *So very ready. Ready for me to fuck her, however I like...*

Luxuriating in a dreamy state of arousal from his expert stimulation, she opened her eyes wider to see Lucius slowly unbuttoning his trousers, leaving her to wait in anticipatory frustration. She watched with shallow breaths of expectation at how calmly and deliberately he pushed them, along with his underpants, slowly down, stepping out of them. Very controlled, he fastidiously finished undressing and placed his clothing on the back of her work chair. As he turned back to her, she saw he was hard and so very erect. Her most intimate muscles spasmed wildly in unbridled, raw desire.

Lucius crossed back to her and stood looking down on her suppliant form, his steel-grey eyes gleaming secretively. "You're so wet, Astoria... Why are you so wet, my sweet? Hmmn?"

She couldn't think, let alone form words; she was shamelessly aching to have him inside her. Her need making her mute with yearning, she delicately reached out and touched his firm muscular hip, unable not to stare at his hard-rock cock fully erect with glistening pre-cum coating the tip.

Seeing her attention drawn keenly to his painful hard-on, Lucius took hold of the end of it and whispered, "Not so fast, my love. Not so fast..." He began rubbing her vaginal opening up and down with his cock's end, lubricating it as well as teasing her cunt's opening.

"You don't know *why* you are so lusciously wet, Astoria? Well, then, I'll probe your perianth for your deepest nectar, my dear, while you *think* about it." Firmly, Lucius pulled her down a few inches more and raised one leg and then the other up around his head, positioning his erection firmly in front of her pussy's entrance. "I'm going to probe you deep and hard, until I've emptied my seed in your nethermost core.

"But you have to say 'please' first."

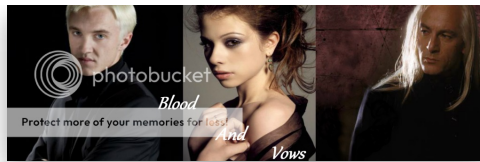
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## Scorpiris Claimed

Chapter 7 of 11

Lucius claims his Blood Iris: he claims Astoria and gives her what she wants.



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Astoria whispered, "Please..."

Lucius kissed one of her curvaceous calves, then lightly nipped at her silky skin while one hand firmly gripped her outer leg and the other hand lightly stroked the other leg, feeling the contours of her form. Holding her gaze, he watched and relished her, lightly panting and waiting for him to enter her. He began opening her legs, spread-eagle, admiring her in heat, her glistening sex and body in such a vulnerable position. Abruptly, he scooped her up, pressing their bodies together tightly as his lips brushed her earlobe; he began to nibble it softly, flicking his tongue in her ear teasingly.

Pausing, in a low whisper, he instructed, "'Please, fuck me, Lucius'."

She groaned, flustered, yet helplessly aroused.

Very softly, he coaxed, "Doesn't Draco make you beg before satisfying your deepest, darkest wishes?"

He lunged down and suckled a nipple, biting it hard enough to make her moan out his name, "Lucius!"

"You know how to play, Astoria. Come, come. I know you do." He planted kisses up her throat and nipped at her earlobe while just pushing the tip of his cock inside her a few inches.

As she moaned in pleasure, he grunted, feeling her vaginal muscles contract and squeeze tightly around his member. He relished her trembling in need for him.

"Say it, my Astoria, say it!" Lucius demanded, whispering fiercely, "Say what you want!"

So overcome with his ministrations, she couldn't deny that which she wanted and so begged, "Fuck me, Lucius, fuck me!"

He immediately complied and pushed his cock slowly and deeply within her, allowing her to adapt to his thick width and length. Inch by inch, he pushed into her lush heat up to the hilt, the feel of his scrotum against her labia; she felt him pause, and they both luxuriated being carnally joined. Excruciatingly controlled, Lucius withdrew his hard-rock erection, only to then penetrate more forcefully inside her with a fierce thrust; she cried out at the incisive sensation, grabbing hold of him, her fingers kneading into his back muscles as his rhythmic withdrawing from and acute thrusting into her cunt increased in speed and force. Sounds of carnal delectation spouted forth, uttered unintelligibly from Astoria's lips as her muscles stretched, contracted and clenched his member, sheathing his burning cock to fill the void within her.

Now that he had entered her nethermost wetness, Lucius couldn't think to mock or tease or challenge her; he could only give over to the exquisite sensation of fucking her tight, hot cunt and losing himself in her. Pumping her. In and out. Faster and deeper.

Hooking her legs up around his hips, Astoria encouraged him wordlessly to thrust farther inside her, to probe her depths at all angles, to fuck her until she saw stars.

She cried out his name, as on his next in-stroke, he hit a spot within her that made her toes curl; Lucius felt Astoria curve upward and the sensation of her fingernails digging into his thick back muscles, flexing each time as he plunged deep inside her, his cock's tip hitting her cervix and mercilessly plunging on in exquisite bliss. He was so painfully hard, and she was so molten hot, deliciously scalding him with her heat and essence flowing from her, coating his engorged cock; he knew he was just seconds from coming.

Attempting to hold back ejaculation as long as possible, Lucius gritted his teeth and conjured all of his willpower to pause before each thrust back inside her. Savouring every gasp and moan escaping her lovely mouth, Lucius rasped, "You're so beautiful, Astoria, with my cock inside you..." He concentrated to utter more, but when she lunged her tongue deep inside his mouth while arcing her body, her hips jolting against his groin, he gave over, grinding into her in circular motions, screwing her cunt deeply, only to alternate at intervals with pounding her pussy fast and hard. He strained against his own growing climax, nearing the brink of culmination as he felt his balls tighten up, and desperately thought, *I want to see your face: how you look when you come with me deep inside you...*

Her fingernails dug into his back muscles, and he pounded downward inside her, around and around, jarring against her until her clenching quim squeezed him so fiercely that he jerked sharply and then rammed in and out of her cunt until, in a blind ecstasy, he emptied his seed deep within her as she screamed out in orgasm.

As they held onto one another, as if clutching for their lives, Astoria continued to shudder beneath him, and Lucius revelled in her holding onto him as if she would never let go. For now that they came together, now that he saw and felt his full power over her in the flesh, he knew he would never let her go.

oOoOoOoO

Lucius scooped Astoria up in his arms and carried her over and lay her down on the settee. Neither spoke as he placed a cushion under her legs, propping them up. "Just lay still," he quietly commanded.

Astoria was still trembling from post-coital climax and felt in a haze of satiated relaxation at having been well fucked. If Lucius wanted her to not move, not move it was. His odd behavior, by putting a cushion under her legs and gazing quixotically at her, didn't register as anything but normal, although she didn't know the meaning of it, but at that moment, she could care less. She could barely remember her name and only knew that Lucius had now begun to stroke the inside of her calf, then knee, working his way up her thigh as he lowered his body down sideways, spooning against her. His male scent of sweat and musk enveloped her as he propped his head up on a bended arm and gazed down at her. Her lips opened to an 'O' as she felt his fingers strum over her quim's opening and tease her with slipping his forefinger in between her wet folds. As Lucius found her swollen nub, he pressed circularly, making her undulate and squirm, her wetness and their mixed cum lubricating his fingers.

"Don't move," he instructed tersely.

"I...I can't help it... When you touch me...", she confessed in an embarrassed haze of emotions.

"Yesss..." He pressed one finger inside her, and his lips came down upon hers in a hot, wet kiss, his tongue exploring hers. With his finger mirroring what his tongue was doing, Lucius and Astoria plunged into several minutes of exploring each other's body, haptically and orally.

However, Lucius never allowed his fingers to stray too far from her cunt. At some point, he broke off their heated kissing to ask, "Why are you so wet, Astoria?"

Astoria felt lost in a surreal carnal game with Lucius, struggling through her raw needs to give him the right answer. "You. Because of you."

He huffed, pleased, even though it wasn't the right answer. "Of course I make you wet." He placed his hand firmly on her womb. "But what else, my dear?"

Astoria didn't know what he wanted. What answer he wanted. He had just fucked her, wasn't that enough? Why did he have to demand that she play some game with him?

"You make me wet, Lucius. Only you," she offered, thinking that that would satisfy his ego.

Now Lucius chuckled and raised a sardonic eyebrow. "Ah, my dear, so nice of you to say so. You are a lovely little liar. The loveliest, and I do forgive you... for I do believe you wish to please me, don't you, my sweet?"

Frustration rearing its ugly head again, Astoria asked, "How do you want me to answer? I don't want to play a game...you know, you know you make me... wet... You know what you do to me... beyond my control..."

Claiming her, Lucius' splayed hand pressed firmly on her womb as he nudged and turned her halfway on her side so that her back lay against his toned, muscular front side. He was hard again, and he pressed his erection against her buttocks. In a spooning position, Lucius wedged her legs apart, draping her right leg over his. With skill and precision, he placed his cock inside her cunt's entrance, and before Astoria knew it, he thrust inside her, her body undulating to adjust and allow him to go deeper. She was still full of his cum and felt the overflow pour out onto her thigh as he began to pump into her again. Lucius' fucking her at this angle quickly erased all thoughts about answering his question; she could only welcome him deeper inside her and moaned in need and pleasure as she felt his mouth sucking one of her nipples while she and he semi-twisted their torsos to accommodate and explore fucking in this different position.

Lucius pressed her torso half-way flat, pinning her down between his arms while he kept her hips tilted sideways through the sheer force of his fucking; he loved this position as it allowed him to fuck her from the back with a deliciously brutal advantage. He could ram her straight and deep, the angle causing her to twist back around and cling to the settee seat, grasping and grabbing the other cushion, biting it so she wouldn't scream out how incredible the sensation was. For Astoria struggled in futility to monitor and control her reactions to Lucius, the indescribable sensation of his cock inside her, pounding her; she hopelessly attempted to monitor herself, to hold back verbally and physically, not wanting Lucius to know how wonderful it felt...how wonderful he felt. In vain.

But he knew. He knew quite well. Lucius tugged the cushion away from her, and in between thrusts, he slowly placed it lower down near their groin area. He guided and turned Astoria so that the cushion supported her in a slant position as he rose up a bit on his knees which enabled him to fuck her at yet another new angle.

Astoria felt his long hair tickle her face, and then his hot breath whispered in her ear, "Let it out, my sweet, let me know how it feels." He pulled his burning erection out of her and rammed her hard again, causing Astoria to grunt in pleasure and moan as he withdrew and then thrust her so hard she was, with each thrust's force, being pushed to the edge of settee. Astoria pressed against the settee's surface to counter each fuck, and Lucius proceeded to whisper and urge her on to moan and scream to her heart's delight as he fucked her pussy as if he'd never fucked one before. And certainly not as if he had just fucked hers ten minutes before.

Deeper and deeper he pounded her, wider and wider he stretched her, probed her, finding a spot that made her scream his name out in orgasm. Only until he felt her quivering and limp did Lucius allow himself to spill his seed deep within her again. He folded her back against him, returning them in the spooning position, and pressed his cock forcefully to stay within her as long as possible, luxuriating in her quim wildly squeezing every drop of his seed out before the softened member was pushed out by her tight muscles.

Lucius only lay several seconds before slowly detaching himself from her and again placing the cushion underneath her legs and instructing her not to move.

She watched him get up and walk over to his clothes. A strange feeling of yearning for his body's heat to be touching her battled with her reason, knowing that he had done what he had intended to do and now, having done it, would leave.

"No, stay lying down for at least an hour," instructed Lucius upon seeing Astoria start to sit up. He dressed himself leisurely, and when fully clothed again, he gave a look to the soft filtering afternoon light falling upon Astoria's satiated body. "The morning sunlight: bathe your ovaries in it, daily to help conceive... An old hag's tale, but Narcissa swore by it." He smirked at Astoria. "And if it was good enough for Cissy, it's good enough for you."

And with that tart comment, Lucius left Astoria as quickly as he had come.

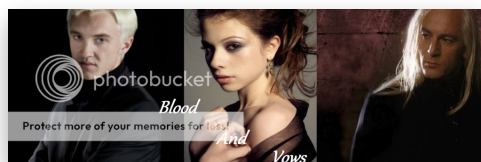
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## Pretence and Pretentiousness

Chapter 8 of 11

The importance of pretences becomes known in more ways than one.



oOoOoOo

Cushion under her knees, Astoria lay in the botanical conservatory listening to the silence. Occasionally in the distance, a faint sound of a peacock's call or an answering cry registered now and then, piercing the soundless air.

As the greenhouse's natural lighting dimmed to early dusk's darkening hues, a chill went through her, and ever so slowly, she sat up, *Accioed* her clothing, and began to slowly dress. In a stupor-like state, she mechanically tidied her work place, putting away the catalogued notes she had been making before *he* appeared. *Lucius!*

Feeling drained, she slowly walked back to the main hall of the manor, halting now and then when she felt the come flow out of her. Her breathing became heavy as she made her way up the cold black-marbled stairs, her thighs rubbing together, chafing from the sticky friction between them.

Making her way to her chamber and quickly warding it, she headed straight for her en suite and soon lay soaking in a hot bubbled bath. She touched herself, feeling a flare of anxiety, hot and deep, within her body and spirit. *Draco! What have I done? What am I doing? Where are you tonight?*

Lethargically, she finished bathing and dressed herself in a plush sleeping gown and robe, feeling securer in the multiple, thick layers. With one last burst of energy, she plunged under her bed coverings, as if she could burrow away from the world, seeking shelter from her conflicting emotions and fear of the unknown future of what her

actions, *their* actions, would bring. *Lucius!*

oOoOoOo

A firm, repetitive knocking was heard on her bedroom door as Astoria awoke, muddled and confused. Sleep had obviously come to her while hibernating under her bedding, and she found herself disorientated, not knowing if it were day or night at first.

"Astoria? Astoria, dear. Are you all right?" It was Narcissa. "May I come in?"

Astoria unwarded the room, and her mother-in-law slowly entered.

"We were worried about you, as you didn't come down for dinner. I had the house-elf check on you... You were sleeping so soundly...." Narcissa gave Astoria a concerned look. "We have a big day tomorrow, the morning presentations and speeches for the upcoming charity ball. Our luncheon with Potter and Longbottom. Fund-raising is not as glamorous as it's thought to be." Narcissa gave her a small smile and sat on the side of the bed.

"You miss Draco?"

Astoria's heart was hammering in her chest, and she found she couldn't look Narcissa in the eye. Flashes of Lucius, his scent, his touch, his taste, made it impossible. She could only stare at a patterned spot on the duvet and nod her head in affirmation.

"Yes, Draco shouldn't be leaving you so alone so often... But a wizard has to do what he has to do." Narcissa offered Astoria a light pleasantry. "When he's made Minister of Magic, we'll forgive him, won't we, dear?"

Astoria acknowledged the courteous, somewhat playful remark with another nod.

"This too shall pass," the blonde witch said softly. Astoria flinched as she felt Narcissa take her hand in hers.

"Men can be such... brutes, dear Astoria. Insensitive. Selfish. Quite clueless." Narcissa gave her a strange look but then quickly smiled again. "It is up to us *tame* them."

Astoria felt her face burn, flushing. She forced herself to give Narcissa a polite smile.

Narcissa's face became unreadable in response; she rose and said, "I'll have some dinner brought to you. You must keep your strength, my dear." Unexpectedly, Narcissa leaned down and gave Astoria a soft kiss on her forehead, as if she were a child. "For Draco..." Her mother-in-law straightened up and repeated, "You must keep your strength... and *nerves*, Astoria. One day, you'll look back at this period in your marriage, and it'll be like a long-ago dream...." Narcissa's gaze was as intense as if she were about to incant *Legilimens* on her, and Astoria held her breath, occluding her mind as fast as she could.

But Narcissa only smiled gently at her again. "Rest well, tonight. I'll see you in the morning." And with that, she left Astoria to herself and pensive thoughts.

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Hours later, Astoria tossed and turned, unable to sleep as she desperately wished to. She longed to lose herself in deep sleep, wishing for time to go by as quickly as possible until Draco would return from his ministerial travels. She tried to deny that his time away, which had become more and more frequent, created longer and lonelier gaps in her life. With an exasperated sigh, she sat up abruptly and stared around in the soft glowing moonlight filling her bed chamber. *Draco... I need you so badly... Where are you?*

It wasn't the first time she had longed for him when he had been away. But it was the first time she felt so intensely marked by despair and anxiety by the lack of his presence. *Where did the Minister send him? Prague? Paris?* In her irritable grogginess, she threw herself back against the plush pillows and stared up at the mirror hanging above the bed, staring at her form, as if she were a stranger. A forlorn, solitary figure who didn't belong there. Her facial muscles began to tense as she tried to control her lips, which began to tremble as she welled up with sadness and clutched at the nearest pillow to squeeze and cried out unexpectedly, "Lucius!"

She gasped as the mirror above her changed from reflecting her shadowed figure and bedding to the incredulous sight of two forms, two very *blond* and pale forms, in the dire throes of passion, heatedly consummating their carnal acts before her. *Lucius' damn charm!*

Astoria was caught between looking away and wanting to watch. *Needing* to watch. For she found herself mesmerized, witnessing Lucius and Narcissa's harmonious, synchronised, flow of fucking and love-making.

As she watched Narcissa glide on top of Lucius, swaying and riding him in mounting pleasure, Astoria panted heavily, her chest tightening at the exquisite expressions on Lucius and Narcissa's face, apparently both seconds away from coming. And come they did.

Astoria took in every breath and touch they gave each other, every thrust and clenched muscle, every grunt and moan, escalating to a climaxing cry. Narcissa had frozen in orgasm on top of Lucius; Astoria watched as Lucius slowly sat up, gathering Narcissa in his arms, and turned her over. With his apparently-still-hard-cock inside his wife, he began to thrust in earnest, his tight-muscled buttocks vividly flexing in and out as he pumped Narcissa thoroughly.

Astoria touched herself, searching for her clitoris in her wetness, watching Lucius and Narcissa. She whimpered in frustration as she witnessed him come inside Narcissa and listened to her own heavy breathing as she saw Lucius kiss and caress his lifetime lover and partner with indescribable tenderness and attention.

Turning away from the view, she forced her eyes shut. The vision of Narcissa and Lucius, their intimacy, was too searing a sight for her to bear. *So... beautiful and... painful...*

It was something she longed to experience for herself, have for herself, fill her gaps *But not with Lucius... or do I?* She cried out in frustration and confusion, with guilt.

*Is that what Draco and I have, the same as Narcissa and ... Lucius? Draco loves me, I know... but...* Astoria reflected; she thought thoughts she'd never allowed herself to think before. She became overwhelmed with a wave of doubt, all-encompassing, and squeezed her pillows tighter than ever before in her life. She refused to look again into Lucius' charmed mirror, taunting her with that which was missing in her life.

oOoOoOo

Narcissa arched her perfect eyebrow at Harry. "So, Mr Potter, the Auror department will provide security and clearance..."

"Along with our own inner-department donations and," Harry grinned cheekily at Narcissa, "at least three dances with you during the evening, Mrs Malfoy. It's a deal then?"

Narcissa gave him a smile. "If I'm going to dance with you, we can do away with the last name formalities. Shall we?"

"I'd like that very much." Harry's smile broadened triumphantly as Narcissa arched her eyebrow again in anticipation, and he added, *Narcissa.*

"Such a beautiful name," piped in the other wizard at the restaurant table. "One of my most favourite flowers, one of the most beautiful flowers. Sad...but beautiful."

Narcissa's eyes shined with a secret as she gave Neville Longbottom her full attention.

"Becoming a Hogwarts professor has made you so very eloquent, Neville." She complemented him further, "Eloquent and handsome. Wouldn't you agree, Astoria?"

"Neville's an exceptional Herbologist; he always has been, actually. Even as a student, he had a green thumb and expansive knowledge in his field of interest." Astoria felt her face burn at being put on the spot by her mother-in-law's unusual inviting behaviour during this lunch meeting with Potter and Longbottom, this last comment being one of many she'd gone out of her way to tease and entertain them with. Astoria tried to glide over and divert Narcissa's subject of interest, saying, "So naturally he has a great appreciation for all things floral, names included."

"How are you with other names, Neville? Astoria's, for example?" prompted the blonde witch bluntly.

"Narcissa, please, don't make him..."

"Well, she's..." Neville gave Astoria a bold, appreciate gaze. "The name itself is a variant of *Asteria*... She's a goddess." Neville seemed momentarily flustered and blushed deeply, but continued on, "a star maiden... While fleeing a sexual union with Zeus...I mean," Longbottom cleared his throat, "*Asteria* was pursued by the god Zeus...." Neville hesitated, apparently rethinking how to tell the story tastefully in front of the ladies present. "In order to escape from Zeus' embraces, she attempted to flee, only to be metamorphosed into a quail, threw herself into the sea, and was there metamorphosed into the island *Asteria*... The island which had fallen from heaven like a star... Zeus made sure she would be forever rooted in one spot, unable to ever flee from him, or anyone else actually, again..."

Neville gave Astoria an odd look as Harry commented, "The ladies didn't need a history lesson *Professor Longbottom*."

"No, Harry, I'm quite impressed by Neville's thoroughness in any given subject. We could listen to him all evening, couldn't we, Astoria?" Narcissa added coyly, "Your wife must be a very happy woman."

Neville blushed an even deeper shade of red at this.

"How far with child is she?" asked Narcissa pointedly.

"Eight...eight months pregnant... We're counting the days for the new arrival."

"I'm sure you are," purred the Malfoy matriarch. "It's such a special time, for the witch as well as the wizard. Waiting for the newborn to be born... as well as returning to normal relations between one another. But you're a stellar example of manhood and husbandhood; why both of you young wizards are." She gave Potter an enticing look. "Each generation brings forth its own tributes to the times, those of noble deeds and bravery..."

"And witches of great wisdom, cleverness, and *skill*," Harry complimented the older blonde witch back.

Something passed between Harry and Narcissa, something that Astoria couldn't quite put her finger on as she watched them lay on the charm and compliments to one another, but Harry interrupted her sober musings by his abrupt standing up and offering, "Shall we?" He walked over to behind Narcissa's chair and pulled it out for her as she rose.

"Harry and I have several meetings over at the Ministry and around London for the fundraiser this afternoon."

Astoria blinked in understanding. "I'll see myself back to the Ministry or Floo home once we're finished going over the strategic planning for our areas..."

"Or perhaps Neville could escort you to the manor?" suggested Narcissa eagerly turning to Longbottom. "I don't believe you've seen our lovely botanical conservatory, have you? Astoria, you must give him a private tour...I'm sure he'll be quite impressed."

Astoria and Neville stared at each other as Narcissa pushed, saying, "As the two of you will be working closely together within both the potions and herbology circles on all sides, liaising with Ministry, St Mungo's and Hogwarts staff for the Charity ball..."

"Exactly, Neville's too busy to..."

"I'd like you to feel welcomed to visit us at the manor whenever you like," continued Narcissa and then turned to Harry. "Let us leave Astoria and Neville to their collaborative efforts, and we shall to ours. Divide and conquer, yes?"

"That's one way of looking at it, a useful strategy at times...if used in the right way," agreed Harry, chuffed by Narcissa's enticing allure. With a nod, Harry allowed Narcissa to sweep before him, attentively following her to the front doors of the restaurant, exiting.

In the awkward silence, unable to speak, Astoria and Neville gave darting glances to one another in between looking at the tablecloth until Neville spoke first. "I'm sorry if I embarrassed you."

"Embarrassed me?"

"With the goddess story..."

Astoria softly huffed. "No, I'm sorry that Narcissa is fixated for some reason on forcing you to flatter me..."

"I'm not," Neville said bluntly.

Astoria felt her face blush warm. She couldn't deny, as Narcissa had shamelessly noted, that Neville had become a handsome, confident man, who appeared to know himself and his strengths well. She acknowledged that he had a gentlemanly charm that lured her into him on one level, but not knowing for certain how far his intentions could lead, she kept her shield up.

He quickly shattered it by saying, "I think you're sad... and perhaps Narcissa thinks we could be...I could be... Everyone could use *a friend*, Astoria."

"We are friends, Neville."

"We're colleagues at times when forced to be...when we're in contact and work together on projects; and we're acquaintances of a regular sort in our potions and herbology circles that overlap, but friends..." He swallowed hard. "I would like..."

Hesitating, as if in conflict with something he was debating, Neville slowly covered her hand with his. "If you ever need a friend, someone just to listen or... I-I'd..."

"Well, well, what have we here?"

Astoria and Neville looked up to see four figures in front of their table, but the commenter of the utterance was someone she could not tear her eyes from...so cold yet burning in his anger. She inhaled sharply. *Lucius!*

OoOoOo

A/N: Forever thankful to the one and only *star\_girl* for everything, especially for the beta work and making the awesome banner for me on top of everything else to keep my Muse and Lucius happy! She's expanded my universe as only a Ravenclaw can!

# Slowly Turning the Tables

## Chapter 9 of 11

Lucius insists that Astoria and Neville join him and his party, leading to all sorts of revelations and to the evening seemingly just beginning and full of surprises.

A/N: My apologies to those who have been following this story for my long absence on it. It has been a rough period, but thankfully, it's over, and I can resume writing and finishing Astoria's and Lucius' tale, slowly but surely. The Mewling Quim establishment here is a created branch location, based on and inspired from the wonderful story *Where Your Loyalties Lie* by the wonderful Advanced Smut Making. This story is written for and dedicated to the lovely star\_girl, and a deep thanks to morgaine\_dulac for her continued support. Always.

Disclaimer: The wonderful J.K. Rowling owns everything...the Harry Potter fandom/Potterverse fandom. I do not own the Harry Potter fandom, nor the characters in it. I do not make any money from the writing of this story.

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Astoria held Lucius' burning gaze as she replied, "I believe you know Neville Longbottom..."

"Little sister!" cut in Daphne, one of the two witches along with another wizard in Lucius' company.

As Astoria's apparently tipsy sibling clumsily attempted giving her a cursory hug of affection, Lucius introduced the others. "Yesss, and I believe you know Augustus Rookwood, and of course, Draco's dear old friend, Pansy Parkinson."

"Of course."

Each witch gave the other a tight smile as Rookwood stepped aside to speak to the maitre d'.

Lucius' hawk-like gaze turned sharply to Neville. "Mr Longbottom, you and Astoria shall join us. We have a private dining room reserved."

"We've just finished eating, but thank you," parried Neville tactfully.

Lucius gave a terse look to Neville. "It wasn't a question. I insist. Come now, Longbottom, surely you're up for an after dinner cordial? You're not in a rush are you, my good man?"

"Actually, he was going to escort me home," informed Astoria, rising.

"Yes, Mrs Malfoy suggested my seeing your exceptional botanical conservatory." Neville said as he stood and pulled out Astoria's chair for her.

Lucius cocked his head. "Mrs Malfoy, my wife? Or Astoria?" He smiled, baring his teeth. "Or perhaps both of the ladies have given you an open invitation?"

"I know I surely would," giggled Daphne, sashaying over to Neville. She drunkenly squeezed him on the bicep. "Who would've thought you'd become so handsome, Longbottom? It seems like only yesterday you were this funny little Gryffindor carrying a big fat toad around all the time."

Pansy's eyes were shining with a secret as she and Astoria caught and held each others gaze again. Then Parkinson slowly stroked Lucius on the arm, saying, "Oh, let them go and have their little fun in the botanical conservatory." She raised a pencilled-in eyebrow, purring, "I'll be sure to let Draco know later on this evening that Astoria's not sitting home all alone and bored."

Astoria froze. "And how or why would you do that? Draco is in Prague."

Pansy smiled slyly, correcting her, "No, he was in Paris. But he returned to London earlier this evening. Didn't he tell you where he was going? When he was returning?"

"She probably wasn't listening," teased Daphne.

"How do you..."

"Because he was *with me*, Astoria. As a cultural liaison to France for our Ministry, the Department of International Magical Cooperation..."

"Draco is a liaison consultant between the Department of International Magical Control..."

"Exactly, Astoria. We liaison heads were at a Paris congregation."

"How well do you know your own husband, silly Astoria?" taunted Daphne.

"More than you could ever imagine in your empty dreams, Daphne," warned Astoria, her chest beating wildly. For in truth, she hadn't listened so well to what Draco had said before leaving. At the time, she was in the midst of attempting to procure Lucius' semen sample and having Draco believe the fertility results were his. Let alone the confusing feelings she was experiencing for each Malfoy man, for very different reasons. *Or are they? Both Draco and Lucius are...*

Pansy's boasting snapped Astoria out of her private thoughts. "Well, we both returned together, just arrived in fact, and briefed Minister Shacklebolt. Darling Draco is still in another meeting, but he promised to join up with us later." Pansy added an after thought. "And Draco always keeps his promise."

Astoria couldn't help but feel miffed, and it apparently showed.

"Can this be? You truly didn't know he'd returned?" Pansy smiled a smile of triumph. "Suppose he didn't feel it was important to let you know he was back..."

Daphne giggled. "Or else he just wanted to enjoy his freedom a few hours more before returning to his old ball and chain..."

"Indeed, ladies," cut in Lucius; his cool, smooth tone had an edge to it, shutting them up instantly. "To belong to the house of Malfoy, not that either of you would know, but Malfoy men always make it a tradition to surprise their wives with something very, very special upon return from travelling. I daresay you'll be even more green with envy of Astoria by this time tomorrow than you are of her already."



Both Pansy's and Daphne's mouths dropped open, and they blinked in surprise.

"How about that drink, Longbottom?" Augustus Rookwood said, clapping Neville goodnaturedly on the back.

Quickly recovering from being reminded to know their places by Lucius, Daphne and Pansy turned toward Longbottom, and they instantly pounced, seeming to wish to please and aid Lucius' request.

"Oh, yes, do, please do," begged Daphne, taking Neville clingingly by the arm.

No longer seeming nettled, Pansy focused on her new target of interest and urged, "Perhaps just one then, Longbottom? We're *relying* to catch up on everyone at Hogwarts, and now that you're a professor, you can give us the inside scoop."

Astoria watched as Daphne sultrily begged in a little girl voice, "Pretty please, Neville? Please, please, please?" And her stomach fluttered as he sheepishly gave in to her sister, answering, "Very well."

Astoria watched as Pansy swept in front of her and latched on to Rookwood's arm as he led them deeper into the restaurant's interior, leaving her with Lucius.

His demeanour had softened, and his voice was hoarse as he offered her his arm, whispering, "My dear?"

Astoria didn't look at him but played the role expected and took his arm, allowing him to guide her behind the others. She tingled from head to toe as he placed his hand on top of hers, giving a firm squeeze. And again, her heart raced as his fingertips brushed her lower backside below her waist as they were seated beside one another.

As they sat in the plush, private room with oversized, cushioned leather banquettes placed around an octangular-shaped table in an octangular-shaped room, Astoria could feel Lucius' *heat*.

And she could not deny as the *apéritifs* and appetizers were served...and then even more drinks...that she was oddly both comforted and excited by Lucius having protectively defended her and Draco's marriage as well as his physical presence, sitting so near her.

Their thighs touched time to time when she shifted on her seat, and when she looked at Lucius, he sat proudly, giving her an appreciative look from under his long lashes only to then smirk at one of the others as they addressed him. Moreover, he continually attended to her glass, asking her if there was anything else that she needed. His noticeable attention to her was a visual reminder to the others that she belonged to the house of Malfoy...should they forget...and she was a priority to him.

She felt herself growing warm from the alcohol and his attention and clear favouritism for her amongst the others *It feels... so very nice...*

As she watched Neville become more and more susceptible to Daphne's and Pansy's charms, Augustus' compliments, and the alcohol being generously served and consumed more and more, she reflected on Lucius' demeanour, Draco's seeming betrayal. *No, it's not betrayal... It's...*

She started to feel lightheaded and sad... And the more she caught and held Lucius' glances, the more confused and needy she grew.

For she and Lucius sat silently, their thighs now comfortably touching, pressed warmly against each others like magnets clinging together, their mutual look of curiosity at one another becoming more frequent in between watching the others become more and more animated and intoxicated.

Only time to time did she or Lucius take a sip of liqueur or contribute an utterance to a comment if asked directly by the others. Otherwise, they watched in a comfortable albeit aloof silence at the four others who were apparently hitting it off extremely well.

Once and a while during her flirtatious interrogating of Neville, Pansy threw Astoria a vindictive look, which she would have responded to except that, each time she started, she felt the touch of Lucius' hand on hers under the table. And his firm squeeze. In those seconds, she could not help but look at Lucius and found not his usual haughty countenance but something else being expressed.

A knot twisted inside her as she pegged it for what it was *Pity! He pities me? How dare he?* She raised her head and impatiently announced, "I'm leaving."

Neville, who seemed by now to be in a very inebriated but very happy state, tried to stand only to be held back by Rookwood. "Just a while longer, Astoria."

"That's right. Don't you want to wait for Draco?" Pansy asked her pedantically. "Don't you want to wait for your husband?"

"No, you can give him a message for me, Pansy. Tell him, his wife is eagerly waiting for him at home *in bed*."

Lucius coolly tsked and then said, "Now, now, ladies. I believe the dilemma is where our dear Draco shall meet us. Wasn't it elsewhere for our rendez-vous, Augustus?"

Rookwood eyes danced with salacious amusement. "Ah, yes. The Mewling Quim."

Both Daphne and Pansy let out squeals of laughter, as Neville blinked, confused, asking, "The mewling what?"

"Just a little place in Knockturn Alley where Augustus happens to be on very good terms with the proprietor."

"You've never been, Longbottom?" asked Pansy with a dangerous glint in her eyes.

"No."

"Oh, but you must, you must. Mustn't he, Pansy? Augustus?" chimed in Daphne.

Pansy plopped herself down in Neville's lap, placing her arms around his neck, whispering, "It'll change your life forever... in a good way, Longbottom."

"How?" His eyes grew wide as Pansy secretively whispered in his ear for several seconds.

At his shocked but curious expression, shrieks of laughter peeled out from Daphne and Pansy. "Well, I don't know. I mean, I should...we should... I need to take Astoria..." Neville gave a look to Astoria for what to do.

Lucius took charge of the situation. "Don't worry about Astoria, Longbottom. I'll take care of her." His eyes glinted as he decided. "We'll wait here for a while for Draco, and you four go and wait for him there. He'll be sure to show up in one place or the other."

Immediately, Pansy and Daphne squealed with excitement, hoisting Neville up and tugging him along with them as Rookwood smugly commented to her and Lucius, "The night is young. Enjoy."

The Department of Mysteries official swooped her hand up to his lips and kissed it, then just as swiftly turned and hurried to catch up with the excitable witches and Longbottom blissfully being encouraged along.

Lucius watched his old friend and company until they were out of eyesight and then murmured, "Unspeakables... They lead such interesting private lives. Wouldn't you agree, my dear?" Lucius took a sip from his cognac, and Astoria felt his eyes upon her.

Suddenly, she had a lump in her throat and could not reply. Instead, she took sips, emptying her glass, as they sat in silence with only the restaurant's music faintly heard

in the background. *I think it's Chopin...*

She was finding it difficult to think of anything else to distract her from being aware that they were alone together.

She felt her heart begin to thud harder and harder as she felt the heat of Lucius' gaze and finally asked as casually as she could, "How long shall we wait for him?"

"For as long as needed." Lucius refilled her glass. "It could be hours...or it could be several minutes. They're gone; you may relax and enjoy yourself."

"Relax?" She turned to him, remembering again all of Pansy's and Daphne's taunting ignited her agitated emotions. "How can I relax knowing that Draco...Draco... Why didn't he tell me he was arriving back to London tonight? How is it that Pansy knew..."

"Miss Parkinson is a very, very old friend." Lucius paused to let it sink in. "Besides being a professional colleague, she is a *very* close friend, a companion of sorts to Draco. Always has been." He sniffed and bluntly stated, "So you shouldn't feign being surprised."

"I'm not!" She took a large sip of the cognac.

Gasping softly, she watched as Lucius gently wiped her still moistened lips with his forefinger. "As I said, you can now relax and *enjoy* yourself."

His heavy-lidded eyes gave her an appreciative look.

"You're looking particularly lovely this evening," he commented in a low voice as he leaned forward, and ever so slowly, his fingertips traced her skin from her earlobe, down her neck, and further, to where her breasts began to round. "You're glowing. Absolutely glowing, my dear."

Astoria felt as if both petrified and on fire by his touch. She couldn't move and was only aware of her body thrumming with expectation and her heart pounding.

"But you need cheering up. You've been quite neglected." Stroking feather lightly over one breast then the other, Lucius' fingers were then replaced by his lips, giving her breasts soft pecks.

"What...what are you doing?" She gasped. "Draco could be here at any second!"

She grabbed his shoulders to make as if to push him away, the feel of his long hair tickling the sensitive skin of her exposed breasts even as his hot mouth and lips nudge the décolleté's cloth downward, finding, releasing, and teasing her areola with his sharp tongue. She felt her nipple hardening under his skilled lips and tongue, swirling and swirling, around and around, even as she tried to push him away.

She heard him whispering heatedly, "I feel your... pain." Then his mouth was on hers.

"You know nothing of my pain," she snarled, shoving him away and reaching for her wand from her skirt's pocket. "As if you care!"

Quick as a flash, Lucius whipped his own wand out and sealed the room from any one entering. He turned to her and saw Astoria with her wand in hand, as if about to throw a hex. But he also saw that she was hesitating.

He hissed, "Care? When I saw you with Longbottom..." In a flash, he Accioed her wand to him, disarming her. "Longbottom the Pureblooded Serpent Slayer. I could barely control myself." He watched her chest rise and fall, and he slowly moved closer again, placing their wands on the cushioned seat behind him. "I warned you about making me jealous. You are mine."

Even though his look was fierce, she felt his fingers gently touch her face and slowly stroke her neck downwards, outlining her shoulders, breasts; his hands moved lower to her waist and rested on the curve of her hips. She was trembling from his touch and nearness and unwavering gaze, causing her to weakly remind him, "Draco will be com..."

"Draco won't be coming here," he said gruffly. "I believe you know he won't come here."

She felt his head lower and his lips upon hers, unexpectedly gentle like his touch. She began to tremble again. It disorientated her further as she broke their contact and feebly asked in a hoarse whisper, "So where will he be heading to directly after his meeting?"

"Where do you think, my dear?"

Astoria closed her eyes, and her voice was hoarse with emotion as she said, "Home."

"No, try again." His comment wasn't made cruelly, but neutrally, as was his question. "Come, come now. Who has he made a clandestine promise to, already, for this evening?"

Astoria shook her head slowly, feeling his hot breath as he nuzzled the sensitive skin on her neck. "No. He will come here first. And then, he will...we will go home. Together!" Her trembling flowed through her like waves of sparkling energy as she futilely continued to deny this newfound other side of her husband she was being forced to accept. "No. Draco loves me."

"True, he does. In his fashion, very much so," whispered Lucius as he slowly gathered her tighter into his arms.

"No!" cried out Astoria. "No."

Lucius' arms embraced her in a steel grip, and his eyes pierced hers as he clarified fiercely, "Compared to you, Parkinson is nothing to Draco. A mere long-time friend *with* benefits. But you, my dear, you are his wife, the future mother of his child."

*Our child...* Lucius was about to add but held his tongue and waited until he felt her calm a bit in his embrace before he pointed out further facts again to her.

"However, they go way back... Layers of history."

"So have we!"

"Exactly... You have one history with Draco, Pansy another."

"I thought she was out of his life... in that way."

"Obviously *not*."

"So just another thing I am to continue to accept, to categorize, put in its box, label it, and then to ignore?"

"Yesss... and you will endure the trivialities you come across as you come across them, and you will overcome any minor, seeming setbacks." She felt his lips pressing and sucking her sensitive spots on her neck, causing her toes to curl, whispering as if it were a bewitchment, "You will prevail and be just as strong, just as wilful and powerful, more powerful than Draco... than Parkinson, as you already are, Astoria."

He ensorcelled her with his natural magic, and she felt a pain of throbbing need, a pain of disillusionment about him well up inside her, for his energy was so passionately

needing to give affection and wishing it to be reciprocated. A single tear rolled down her cheek as an exquisite sensation washed over her from head to toe.

Lucius touched her cheek lightly with his thumb pad, wiping the tear away, and then just as gently kissed her closed eyelids. Slowly, his lips lowered onto hers, and he was murmuring, "Astoria... Astoria... take revenge... Take what is yours to take... Let me help you meet your potential, unleash yourself with me."

His kisses grew more demanding; his tongue was plunging into her mouth, searching and demanding that she reciprocate fully. Something seemed to snap inside Lucius as his head lunged back down, finding and sucking on her pointed nipples even as one hand began to caress her thigh, her skirt being nudged upwards.

She felt the hard leather of the cushioned banquette bench under her as he guided her down on it.

Abruptly, he sat back up and watched her watch him as his other hand stroked and explored under her skirt, finding where her thigh-high stockings ended and where her knickers' lace edges began. "Unleash yourself with me," he whispered again as his fingers followed the heat between her legs, to under the centre of her dampened knickers. He caressed her soft, plump vaginal lips and ever so slowly discovered her centre and began to probe her, one finger, then two, in and out. His hawk-like gaze watched her as her mouth fell open, yielding to his finger fucking; her muscles clenched around his fingers, faster and faster.

Then again, abruptly he broke away and sat back.

She was so wet, and her muscles were still contracting in aroused anticipation.

They spoke not a word as she clumsily sat up, for she was now shaking with need...raw need.

Lucius took a sip of cognac and then asked, "What do you want, Astoria?"

Panting, she challenged, "What do you want, Lucius?"

"I want to serve, please, obey and worship you, my dear," he purred.

She felt aflame with frustration... and betrayal... and confusion... and need... and then back to frustration in all of its forms, but the immediate, uncontrollable one being... release. She felt like she was going to explode.

"I understand what you're feeling, Astoria." Lucius asked coolly, "Are you strong enough? Are you strong enough to take what you need? Do you think either Draco or Pansy ever stop from getting what they *need*? What they want? Hmm?"

Something snapped deep in Astoria. She saw Pansy's amused face. Draco's aloofness. She suddenly remembered being slammed up against the Room of Requirement's wall at Hogwarts, Draco's uncontrollable need to fuck her then and there, her giving herself to him... her not having any control, not believing that she needed to have any... that she just needed to be for him... service him. *That's what I've done for him my whole life... That's what love is, isn't it? What I vowed to Draco to be?*

She looked at Lucius as he asked her again softly, "What do you need at this very moment, Astoria? Do you need... release?"

He gasped as she suddenly leaned forward and placed her hand on his thigh. He met her look and began to breathe shallowly as he guided her hand to his cock, and she began to firmly stroke his shaft up and down through the cloth of his trousers as she began tugging his growing erection rhythmically.

"Nothing more? Let me service you, Astoria," he whispered in her ear, his voice hitching at each tug, "Dominate me! Take what you need!"

Something snapped deep within Astoria; something was unleashed.

She spoke not a word but instead moved closer beside him and began to unbutton his trousers' flap and then rose and straddled his lap, facing him.

She felt for his cock, arched her back, raising herself several inches only to then guide his erection to her centre and then ever so slowly began to lower herself, pressing her weight down around and on his shaft, sheathing him deeper and deeper inside. At first, she braced her arms against the restaurant's massive, heavy table pressing into her back behind her as she began to rock herself upward and forward, then back and down. Her knees began to slide on the cushioned leather, but she felt Lucius grab her thighs, shimmy his hands over and onto her buttocks, pressing them in place, steadying her movements as she began to fuck him harder and harder. She could feel Lucius breathing become sharper, his cock filling her deeper and deeper as he instinctively thrust upward and harder inside her.

Vaguely, she heard the sound of falling plates behind her as their movements knocked and shook the table sporadically. Hearing the clash of dinnerware cascading, a frenzy took over her, and she lunged her torso forward grabbing and holding onto Lucius for life as they both began to grind and fuck each other in a wild, delirious state until Astoria jolted in orgasm, crying out his name over and over as he came deep inside her.

They held each other tight, both panting and gasping to catch their breath.

"You're marvellous... Exquisite," Lucius whispered in between breaths. "Mistress." His lips nuzzled her neck as his fingers pulled the fabric down, completely freeing one breast for him to fully suckle on its piercing nipple.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes...", she whimpered and clenched his cock so hard her vaginal muscles pushed him out of her hot, wet cunt.

It was to his delight that she arched into his suckling, and he felt their post-come flowing out of her onto his crotch. He stroked and felt between her legs, her juicy wetness, her slippery slit and swollen vaginal lips. As he teasingly bit down on her nipple, his thumb pad pressed against her swollen clitoris, and he held her tight as he eased off on the pressure only to then tease her sensitive nub in circular motions, around and around and around... He watched in satisfaction and pride as she came again in his hand and then caught her mouth with his as she pressed her forehead against his, panting, panting, panting...

"I want you to come and come and come, be totally owned by me, and I by you," he was whispering heatedly. "Do you understand, my sweet?"

He chuckled softly as she uncontrollably shuddered and undulated on him, as if she were having another sweet climax, and suggested, "Let's return to the Manor. The night is young."

Suddenly, she twisted around and grabbed her cognac, knocking it back, draining the glass dry. Placing the glass back down with a snap, she said breathlessly, "Yes, the night is young. I want to go to the Mewling Quim."

Knowing the signs of a witch who'd reached her libations limit, he firmly replied, "No, you don't."

"Yes... Yes, I do," she stubbornly insisted. "If you don't take me, I'll find it and go by myself." She tipsily but purposely ground her wet cunt on his semi-erect cock, teasing him.

He hissed in pleasure. *Very well... It'll only make her come to me more broken and desperate than ever if she sees Draco's inviolably private place.* You might not like what you see."

"I already don't like what I *don't* see, so does it matter? Besides, we need to see if I'm strong enough to take it, whatever it might be, yes? And if I'm not, I'll need to unleash myself again, Lucius. It's a win-win situation for you, and that's really what matters, isn't it?"

Lucius slowly covered her exposed nipple and just as slowly guided her off his lap. He tucked his cock back into his trousers, buttoning up while watching Astoria pour herself more cognac, and said, "I think... it best if we returned home. I don't believe you're used to the amount of liqueur you're consuming."

Clearly potty, Astoria leaned in and whispered fiercely, "Take me to the Mewling Quim, and I'll do whatever you want."

Lucius raised an eyebrow, giving her a salacious look.

"Anything, my dear Astoria?"

She swayed slightly but petulantly pledged, "Anything!"

Lucius gently helped her stand up and tuck her skirt down to its proper place.

He Accioed their wands, pocketing them both away, and smiled to Astoria, saying, "Then by all means, my dear, your wish is my command."

\* L \*

## Uncharted Territory

### Chapter 10 of 11

Lucius complies with Astoria's wishes, allowing her to have a taste of the Mewling Quim, as she discovers more about herself, Draco, as well as Lucius and the new level their relationship is headed towards.

\* L \*

In the cool night air, Lucius and Astoria made their way down the dark, crooked street of Knockturn Alley, abruptly making a sharp turn on the nearest corner. Lucius helped Astoria carefully walk down the steps leading off the main pavement to an alcoved path.

She had felt her stomach lurch and the acid of alcohol surge upwards upon Apparating, but with every ounce of conscious control, she had swallowed down the burning liquid threatening to come up. *I will not be sick!*

As they slowly entered into a high alcoved foyer of a looming gothic building, she saw and felt her surroundings sway but realized *No, it's me!*

She clutched on to Lucius, asking, "This is it?"

Lucius assessed her. *She's turning green around the gills.* "Yes, the entrance to the Mewling Quim. A clandestine proprietary club known fondly by word of mouth amongst certain wizards and witches of the night."

He checked once more on her inebriated determination. "Are you positive you wish to enter?" His silver eyes flashed. "Last chance to turn back."

"Any house of ill repute good enough for Draco is good enough for me, yes?" she countered as Lucius gave her a cool look and opened the door for her to enter. Her senses were hit by the sensual scents of heat and sex saturating the air as her eyes adjusted to the dim sconced lighting and hazy mist of pungent incense and exotic tobacco filling the air.

"Ah, Mr Malfoy, how lovely! It's been ages since we've seen you. Some of your inner circle are here-are you to join them this evening?" asked the club's handsome host and victualer, a transgender wizard with mercurial shoulder-length hair, which softly fell on his bared, sculpted shoulders. Giving an acknowledging look to Astoria, a soft smile crept onto the host's face as he asked, "Or are you in need of a private room? Your presence here *anonymous?*"

"To join them," uttered Astoria. She could barely breathe.

"Ah, yes," chortled the host. "I see, lovely." The victualer gave a graceful wave towards the inner rooms. "Enjoy your evening."

Lucius gave the club's proprietor a terse smile and then motioned to Astoria. "Shall we?" He held his arm out; she took it. He led the way.

The sound of background music, a hypnotic, pulsing beat and flow, evoking a sensual sensation of energy, registered with her, and Astoria clutched Lucius, feeling wambly. The sensation passed, and she took a deep breath, saying, "Yes, you lead."

She was clinging to him, and even though he smirked, Lucius placed a protective arm securely around her waist, guiding her beside him, their bodies touching and pressing against each other as they weaved their way carefully through the crowded, active spaces.

And caution was needed. Astoria grasped Lucius tighter as predaceous looks were given them by others. Lucius seemed oblivious to the rapacious gazes of passing individuals or various couples pausing to invite them with an understanding nod, a silent promise of reciprocation. For the pulse and energy of the clientele seemed to hum with movement and rhythm, clumps of twosomes or threesomes engaged in various levels of frottage and onanism here and there as they wended their way further into the back.

With bated breath, Astoria continued to follow Lucius deeper into the den, only to be suddenly stopped by an imposing figure of a wizard.

"Lucius? My, my, nice to see you show up here this evening. It's been some time since you've graced this place with your presence."

Astoria felt herself pressed against the tall, powerfully built figure, recognizing his distinctively trimmed black beard and gravelly voice *It's Albert Runcorn, or as Draco has called him, 'one of Lucius' cronies'*. She had seen him around the Ministry, of course, and knew him as a professional acquaintance, although his reputation had always preceded him and prevailed as one having done things that were unbelievably underhanded in order to achieve his high rank in the Ministry.

"Haven't had the need, Albert," replied Lucius coolly.

Runcorn gave Astoria a salacious look. "I can see why."

Astoria found herself staring up into Runcorn's eyes, sending a thrill throughout her with their intensity *He's easily more than six feet...even taller than Lucius!*

"I had looked forward to getting to know you better the other day at lunch, but Lucius told me that our dearest Draco had protested. Such a little hypocrite sometimes, isn't

he, my dear?"

"Why would you say that?"

Runcorn smiled. "Denying you and us of..." He swooped his head down, and she thought he was going to whisper something, but his head went lower below her ear, pressing against her neck. She could feel him begin to suck and swirl and gasped at his brazen forwardness.

"I think perhaps ... a presentation for our novice, Runcorn. You're primed for action; however, she's a bit too soused for her own good, a bit too delicate, understand?"

Albert looked Astoria up and down, as if to assess her inebriated state for himself when none other than Pansy Parkinson slinked up and curled herself into Runcorn, cooing at Lucius, "So you came... and actually brought *her* with you?"

"Who am I to deny another's curiosity?" replied Lucius smoothly.

Pansy smiled a dark smile, saying, "She won't be able to handle it. She's not Daphne."

Albert pulled Pansy into him with an iron grip. "Lucius wants a presentation. Are you game for me this evening, Ms Parkinson?"

She undulated against his powerfully built frame, pressing her groin against his. "I'm game for you any time, any place, Mr Runcorn. You should know that by now." Pansy gave him a wicked grin. "For your ignorance, you'll have to be punished."

Runcorn made as if to kiss her, but she shoved against him, snarling commandingly, "Don't touch me! Only when and where I say!"

"Yes, Mistress," the tall wizard concurred in a low voice, letting go of her immediately.

"Come, then. The others are already enjoying themselves." She waved her forefinger at Astoria, beckoning her to follow. "Welcome to my world."

Determined to handle anything Parkinson could throw her way, Astoria followed Pansy through a curtained-off area, the lighting even dimmer in an effervescent soft shade of burgundy.

"Sit here on the side with me," instructed Lucius in a low voice, motioning to a long, low couch against the nearest wall in the shadows.

She sat, the soft cushions contouring around her form as Lucius relaxed beside her, saying, "What happens in the Quim, stays in the Quim. A code of the utmost secrecy, my dear."

Runcorn took off his long leather jacket and laid it beside Astoria, whispering, "My eyes and actions will be commanded by her, but I'll be thinking of you. You look so tasty."

"Runcorn, come to me. Kneel!"

He moved from in front of them and went to Pansy, kneeling.

Astoria was then able to take in the rest of the space, gasping softly as she recognized others in acts of sexual activity, oblivious to the world around them.

She made out the form of Rookwood, knelt between an unknown wizard's legs, giving head. Kissing this same wizard who was being pleased was Blaise Zabini, lying in a half-reclined position. Astoria turned her head sharply from them only to see on the other side of the room closer to her and Lucius something that made her freeze at what she saw. *Daphne! And Neville...*

She watched her sister, who was on all fours, being taken from behind by Longbottom. The two were deep in the throes of oblivious passion, Daphne's groans and escalating whimpers of pleasure filling the air, blending with the throbbing, rhythmic music in the background.

All too aware of Lucius' body heat as he spooned up beside her, Astoria averted her eyes back to Parkinson and Runcorn, who were acting out a much slower play of teasing and taunting right in front of them. Pansy's wand had been transformed; extended at the end was a short whip, comprised of three lashes, and she was commanding Albert to touch and kiss her in different places, from her toes to her inner thighs, around to her buttocks. She toyed and teased him, ordering different number of times, different ways-she had just told him to roll her skirt up, slowly and all the way so that her muff would be exposed. Parkinson gave a confident smile to Astoria, seemingly proud that she was knickerless.

Astoria could make out Pansy's cleanly shaved pink lips and gave a look to Lucius. Oddly enough, he wasn't watching Parkinson and Runcorn, but rather keenly watching her.

She found herself under his keen scrutiny, his silver eyes glinting and unfathomable in the dim light, his breath hot and fast on her neck. She was wondering what he was thinking and why he wasn't watching Pansy; she was wondering many things as she again gave fleeting glances at Rookwood with his male ménage-a-trois and Neville fucking her sister's brains out; she was wondering why her knickers had dampened so wetly as suddenly Runcorn was laying down Parkinson beside them on his leather coat with her legs wrapped around his head which he had burrowed between her thighs.

As Astoria watched Albert swirl and suck Pansy, his eyes looked up at Astoria, giving her a piercing look, and she was mesmerized. This seemed to be the impetus Runcorn needed to finish inducing Pansy's mounting climax as he even more fervently focused on suckling at her clit until she cried a cry of release. But even as Parkinson curled and touched herself, seemingly reveling in the aftermath of her climax, Albert bowed his head low to Lucius, rasping, "Please, Master, may I have just a small taste of her? Just a taste? I'm so hungry this evening."

Lucius gave Runcorn a blank look, contemplating something, and finally, slowly said, "Just a taste." In a flash, Lucius had his wand out pointing its tip directly in Albert's face. "If I even glimpse your cock, Albert, you'll wish I hadn't. She's Draco's..." Lucius seemed to consider something else and continued, "But a little cunnilingus is harmless," he gave Astoria a terse smile, "if the lady wishes."

The heat of Lucius' look, of Albert's, even Pansy's incongruous support mixed with the heavy sex in the air and sounds of the others engaged sexually, clouding her thoughts. The cognac still coursed fiercely through her veins, and she felt lost, raw, and in dire heat-in need of some kind of release. "I-I don't know," she whispered, unable to make a decision or let herself give over to the moment.

"Perhaps, now, Master?" implored Runcorn to Lucius.

"Slowly, Runcorn, very slowly," warned Lucius.

Astoria suddenly felt fingertips under her skirt, barely touching, and then ever-so-gently stroking her inner calves above her boot on one leg. This sensation was followed by her skirt being gently lifted and then the unmistakable presence of Runcorn's head between her legs, slowly nudging her knees then her thighs apart, wider and wider. Runcorn lifted and draped her right leg over Lucius' lap while placing her other on his shoulder even as the feel of his hair and facial stubble caused a tickling sensation to spark through her. Her heart was beating faster and faster as he carefully peeled the crotch of her knickers to one side, the feel of cool air momentarily on her sex before the feel of his hot mouth pressed against her sex.

She clenched her eyes shut. *What am I doing?*

But Lucius was there, monitoring the situation, whispering, "Try to relax and enjoy."

She felt Lucius' hand on her arm that had reached out to grasp something supportive, his thigh, as she moaned softly. *He won't allow...* She gasped, her thoughts broken off, for Runcorn's tongue was fucking her, the exquisite sensation causing her mind to go blank as he swirled and sucked, breaking only to rhythmically dart his pointed tip in and out of her. *In and out...* She couldn't help whimper in pleasure as the swelling sensation of his oral ministrations on her cunt tingled through her.

He suddenly changed his angle and decisively latched on to her sensitive nub, causing her to begin to undulate and uncontrollably grind. She was going to come; the wizard's skilled ministrations were coaxing her speedily on towards that. She turned her head sharply towards Lucius as her hands grasped wildly for the next solid thing to grab onto. She squeezed Lucius' muscular thigh even harder, and with the other hand she latched on to something firm yet soft, shapely and... *Pansy's arse!*

Runcorn was sucking and flitting the tip of his tongue on her clitoris, then sucking harder while holding her hips in place, urging her to release herself, demanding that she come in his mouth.

And so she did. She gave a cry of release as never before.

She gasped for air, whimpering, as Runcorn kept lapping and licking as if determined to savour every drop of her.

She was lost in new sensations as her body thrummed, and she heard others cry out in ecstasy as Runcorn was thanking Lucius.

*Neville and Daphne!* Her head was in a whirl. *What have I done?*

Like a flash of lightning, Astoria jolted up to a sitting position, everything becoming a blur, and all she knew next was that she was running out, jostling and pressing through the crowd, desperate to get out of that place. *I need fresh air, I need...* She bolted past the transgender wizard and out the door, gasping, feeling a wet stickiness between her thighs and the cognac coming up in her throat.

She gave a small shriek as a hand grabbed her arm and turned her around.

It was Lucius, giving her a curious look.

"Take me home." She gulped hard but it didn't help. "Take me home now!"

And as he gathered her to him to Disapparate, she became sick on him.

\* A \*

They Apparated directly to her chamber.

Before she could even apologize, she vomited again on him.

But just as equally startling was a voice saying, "What the fuck has been happening? Where have you been?"

They both turned and saw Draco sitting in the sofa chair in front of the lit fireplace, fuming. He had apparently been there a while as the Firewhisky bottle appeared almost half empty.

Draco knocked back the remainder of his shot glass and stalked over to them.

Before either Lucius or she could answer, Astoria heaved again, this time grabbing and clutching onto Draco.

"Your wife," replied Lucius dryly. "She's ill."

"She's totally pissed." Draco huffed and Accioed for his wand, dispensing a Scouring Charm on them all. "And why is that, father?"

"You should know," hissed Lucius icily. "You're the reason for this."

"How so?" sneered Draco.

As Draco and Lucius started in on each other, Astoria slowly made her way to her boudoir, clumsily undressing and running the bath water. She could hear Lucius condescendingly explaining, "We came upon Longbottom and Astoria dining together. Pansy let it slip that she'd been with you earlier..."

"Parkinson? At a Ministry meeting..."

"And that you had promised to meet up with her, Daphne and... Rookwood. For an evening of leisure with them all."

There was silence from the bedroom as Astoria slowly rinsed off. Finally she heard Draco saying, "I told her I'd try to meet them-just out of fucking politeness, not because I intended to. I wanted to get home as soon as possible."

"Really?" drawled Lucius. "Parkinson was quite specific and confident about it. How is it that Parkinson knew of your whereabouts, returning and being back in London, and your wife didn't?"

"I wanted to surprise Astoria."

"How quaint. Well, the girls took Longbottom off with them... Out of concern for where and when you would show up, I stayed with Astoria at the restaurant to keep her company until you did... A witch in her condition shouldn't be left alone. However, she seemed to prefer drinking than conversing with me. I humoured her until she started turning green around the gills."

There was again silence for several seconds as Astoria slowly lowered herself to sitting as the water started filling the tub higher and higher.

"Then I insisted we return; she could wait for you here," continued Lucius.

Astoria heard Draco sniff. *Or was it Lucius?*

"If you'll excuse me, you have a wife to attend to, and I'm in need of a bath. Cleansing spells are nice, but nothing beats the real thing when it comes to getting rid of the sensation of being vomited on."

There was another awkward silence that was broken by Lucius, jibing, "Your gratitude is overwhelming."

Slipping down a few inches and lying in the warm water fully, Astoria heard Draco say, "Thank you, Father. Could you please send the house-elf here with restorative potions? As you found out, Astoria's not used to hard liquors."

"Yes, she seems to not be used to many a thing. Pity."

Then Draco lashed out loudly, "She's my wife! She'll be the mother of our children. She's *not* Pansy or Daphne."

\* L \*

Lucius smiled upon hearing 'our children'. *Exactly!*

He gave Draco a supercilious look, offering, "Man to man advice, Draco. Just because a witch becomes a mother, she'll never stop being a woman... with needs. Ask your mother if you don't believe me."

Draco snarled, "No, thank you. That's the last thing I wish to be lectured about from mother." Draco was standing in the bathroom doorway, and he gave Astoria a quick glance before addressing Lucius. "I can handle my wife myself."

"By all means... I'll send the house-elf." Astoria heard Lucius leave.

Draco walked over and took a bathrobe, crossing over to Astoria. "Here, let me help you."

Grateful for his gentler demeanour with her, she realized how weak she felt as he helped her up and how relieved she was to be back home... and so very relieved to have washed the rancid stench away and the sweat and stickiness from her own body. But the feel of Runcorn's lips on her vulva and clitoris was still there, and with a dull throb deep within her, she fleetingly thought, *That, I don't mind remembering...*

However, as Draco held her in his arms, she realized was also relieved to be away from what had happened earlier at the Mewling Quim. It already seemed like *almost* had not happened or either happened long ago. Her ears were ringing, and she suddenly felt overwhelmingly exhausted as Draco loosely wrapped her in her robe and helped her to their bed.

A tray laden with restorative potions and salty and sweet scones was beside the bed.

As she sat up against the plump pillows in bed, Draco placed the covering over her and handed her one small glass to drink. "For the nausea."

"I can't drink anything else."

"You must. You'll thank me later."

She knocked it back.

"And now this, just a bite to absorb some of the stomach acid."

Astoria let Draco cuddle her. Several minutes passed this way with Draco, ending with him coaxing her to take a final shot of a restorative potion for restoring her energy and hydration. She now felt wonderful, relaxed, and like the earlier events of the evening were a strange dream. *Erotic but strange...*

Draco slowly rose from sitting on the bed by her side and crossed over to the mantle, staring into the fire with his back to her.

"You're coming to bed?"

"Oh, yes." Draco had a hardened look on his face as he turned and walked over to pour himself yet another shot, knocking it back. "I've wanted to go to bed since returning. But you weren't here." He slowly started undressing, pulling out a small, wrapped present from a pocket, placing it on the bed. "I was eager to give you this."

As Draco continued to undress, she unwrapped and opened the gift box. Placing the box on her bedside table, she took out the piece of jewellery. It was a pendant brooch in the shape of an elongated teardrop, embedded with rare gems. *Emeralds on black pearl...*

"Draco, it's exquisite."

"Malfoy men always bring their wives something very special upon return from travelling." He threw back the covers forcefully, climbed into bed and leaned over to Astoria. Without saying a word, he peeled back her bath robe so that her torso lay nude from her breasts down to her Venus mound. He took the brooch from her, reaching across her and impatiently tossed it on the bedside table, and then began to stroke her neck, letting his fingers explore down in between her breasts, down to her navel, and then the soft, sensitive skin leading to her vulva and between her vaginal lips.

"So, what did Pansy say to upset you enough to drink like a mad banshee?" he asked, continuing to touch and lightly stroke her up and down.

Astoria could smell the whisky on his breath, causing a twang of something distasteful to cross her taste buds but then fade, mixed with his scent and cologne.

"Nothing."

"I don't believe that," he commented lightly caressing and teasing a nipple with his fingertips, watching it become puckered and pointed. "She's very jealous of you. Of us."

A tingling sensation spread all over her as Astoria felt the tip of Draco's tongue feather lightly flick and lick her nipple before randomly placing soft kisses on and around her breasts. He was softly mumbling, "It all ended with her years ago when we married; actually, after we became troth-plighted. You shouldn't have let her ruffle you in that way."

"She didn't..."

"When you gave yourself to me that day completely... in the Room of Requirement, I knew... you were the one... Since we were children, I knew..."

He was going lower in between her thighs, lifting one upwards and kissing her around a lower buttock, coming up behind her, nipping her roundness. Gently but decisively, he rolled her onto her side, simultaneously spooning up behind her. She could feel his erection pressing up against her.

"Draco... I'm not feeling... my best tonight."

"Shhh, you're perfect, always perfect; just like this."

He pushed his member inside her from behind, guiding her outer leg over his by pressing his knee and leg between hers, even as his cock pressed deeper up and inside her.

It was then and there that something clicked inside Astoria. *It isn't his fault... How is he to know that I've had more sex in the past twenty-four hours than...*

She grunted as his thrusting became harder, more intense, more fiercely rhythmic.

"You're tense tonight, thought the potions would relax you enough... and dry," he whispered in her ear, his hot breath scented with whisky caused her to undulate, turning her face away. "What's the matter?" He paused, his cock deep inside her, as his hand moved from clenching her hip to between her legs, feeling between her vaginal lips to the top of her opening, finding and rubbing her in circular motions which grew smaller and smaller as he zeroed in on her clitoris.

As he was gently tapping her highly stimulated and overly sensitized nub, she whimpered, "Oh, Draco." She twisted away, inadvertently bucking and pressing her buttocks jerkily back against him.

"Mmm, so that's what you need tonight?" He pulled his cock out and guided her to roll completely over, face down, placing a pillow underneath her abdomen.

Kneeling behind her, he momentarily laid on top of her, pressing her into the mattress, whispering, "Just relax." He slowly slithered down her back, nipping her skin with impatient pecks until he reached her arse.

Then she felt him hoist himself up, only to immediately feel him massage her buttocks again, slowly, firmly, slowing down to spread them apart, exposing her anal and vaginal openings. She uncontrollably squealed as she felt him lunge and lick her from the vagina up to anus, feeling his tongue slowly but decisively enter the puckered opening.

"Draco..." she started to protest.

His response was a terse spreading of her legs further as she felt his face nuzzle in, down and around her most intimate areas. Concentrated between her thighs, he was tongue-fucking her, first one orifice then the other; then when she was panting, her quim contracting wildly with anticipation, he burrowed his face so his mouth and tongue could latch on to her clitoris. He held her around her backside in a tight grip, only his jaw and lips and tongue grinding into her.

She was mewling loudly, clawing at the sheets, feeling her body tremble uncontrollably as the tension swelled from deep within her. All of sudden she felt herself release. She felt her come flowing out of her and grew limper and limper, not having a worry in the world. She only knew her cunt was wet and swollen with stimulation as Draco moved slowly from her clit back up towards her anus; he seemed to revel in spreading the soft, sensitive rubbery opening with his tongue, round and round, in and out, only to slowly replace it with his thumb. She lay in delirious but passive expectation as his thumb pressed deeper and deeper into her, rotating, gently spreading her wider and wider until her muscles seemed to adjust and relax around the digital probing in and out. She was lost in the intense, pleasurable sensation, but at some time, he removed his thumb only to replace it with two fingers. She gasped as he pressed and felt deeper and again probed her in and out, conditioning her muscles to expect being entered.

Everything blurred as she felt him remove his fingers only to feel the tip of his cock at her entrance. With a firm push he had spread her open and paused waiting for her contracting anal muscles to relax a tad and adapt to his girth before he pushed further in, and then more further, deeper, inch by inch. She cried out as he sheathed himself fully inside her, clutching and biting the sheets in response to the unique pain.

Then ever so slowly Draco started moving, fucking her arse slowly in miniscule circular motions. She felt him pausing and then the weight of him lowering his torso down on her; he scooped an arm under her chest, clenching her tight as his thrusts increased in intensity. Then his hand lowered slowly, strenuously down to her cunt again, his fingers spreading her vaginal lips, finding her clitoris again, rubbing it.

A shot of electrical stimulation went through her, causing her to begin to buck and rut; suddenly the pain of being arse fucked transformed and felt incredible and wildly liberating. Wishing him to fuck her harder and harder as she rutted against him, their jarring movements were causing them to move across the bed until Astoria found herself using and pushing against the headboard for counter force. Draco apparently reached a plateau as she felt his teeth nip hard into her neck, and then he exploded, coming inside her.

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Astoria had slept late, staying in her room until she hoped all had left the manor for the day. She felt sore and achy from all of the different sexual activity she had had and decided to bathe again. She needed time to think, but the more she thought about all of the sexual goings...on she had encountered and participated in during the last few days, the more she kept coming back to the same conclusion, *I must become pregnant, then this madness can stop.*

Drying herself off, she stared at herself in the mirror, thinking, *True, it was mostly all pleasant...* She noted the dark circles under her eyes. *But I don't know what's happening to me. Who I am...*

She took a deep breath and reminded herself, *You are Astoria Malfoy, a supervisor and researcher, handling Potions restrictions in the Department for the Regulations and Control of Magical Properties, wife, and future mother of the heir of the House of Malfoy... Someone who obviously enjoys sex... Someone who has very serious obligations, controlled by... Lucius? Draco? Me?*

Relieved that it was her day to not go to the Ministry but work from the nursery, she threw on a thick house robe over her chemise and made her way languidly down to the botanical conservatory.

She was watering and analyzing plants and flowers, pausing to measure the growth and patterns of a group of *Scorpiris* flowers when Narcissa's voice was heard, calling out, "Astoria, we have a guest."

Narcissa appeared at the entrance with a tall wizard by her side.

It was Neville Longbottom.

As they walked towards Astoria, Narcissa reminded her, chatting, "Remember, we invited *Professor* Longbottom to see your lovely conservatory."

"Please don't..." he implored bashfully.

Cutting him off with a playful tone, Narcissa continued, "Also, *Neville* has a proposal for Lucius. A very generous one, even more so considering our history, that we will announce publicly at the charity dinner ball tomorrow evening."

"What sort of proposal would that be?" asked Astoria, her curiosity piqued.

Neville explained, "A venture together. If Lucius would be interested as a liaison between shipping, importing and exporting for the Ministry, the Department for the Regulations and Control of Magical Properties, in particular, the compounds needed for the ingredients in rare specialty potions. For example, exporting your *Iris sanguinea*, the Blood Iris, would be very lucrative... They're very rare, quite a specialty."

Astoria shook her head slightly trying to understand. "He'd be working in my department?"

"With me as a joint consultant. Lucius would be the internal controller and I, an outside one; along with my Hogwarts duties and my wife's family primarily running the Leaky Cauldron, my time would be limited, but..."

"Your name and reputation go a long way within respectable wizarding circles," blurted out Astoria.

"Exactly," added Narcissa coolly. "We should be very grateful."

"This would be an enterprise with all of us working and consulting together, as needed." Neville gave Narcissa an admiring look. "Your husband will have an established livelihood back within the mainstream wizarding world, separate from his past. He can start anew, reinvent himself."

"I think it's rather wonderful and very noble of you," purred Narcissa. "Everything kept in the family." She gave Neville an appreciative look, saying, "Well, our own little circle, shall we say?"

"It's my pleasure."

Narcissa gave him an ingratiating smile and then said, "Let me go see if Lucius has returned."



Astoria was speechless at this unexpected turn of events.

Narcissa paused at the doorway, asking Astoria, "Could you cut and prepare some samples of our Blood Iris'? After discussing final issues with Lucius, Neville and I will take and register our initial samples for patenting at the Ministry. I would like everything to be approved and official before any formalities are stated in public."

She left, and there was an awkward silence between Astoria and Neville.

Neville had a slight embarrassed look, seeming to not know what to say yet wishing to; she had a hunch it wasn't about the newly formulated business enterprise proposed.

Astoria took the initiative, saying quietly, "I don't know if you were told, but what happens in the Quim, stays in the Quim."

"Um, yes, the girls...Daphne and Pansy mentioned it... afterwards. As I started sobering up, I realized what I had done." He gave her a sheepish look. "I suppose I was a bit panicky. They were very kind about helping me put things in perspective."

Astoria gave him a small supportive smile, instinctively touching his arm. "You're not the only one. If it helps, I spent the night being sick all over everyone," she selectively shared in hopes to relieve his apparent stress.

Neville noted her touch and then looked into her eyes. She slowly withdrew her hand, trying to ignore his curious expression. Then he abruptly turned his head away staring around the nursery. He took a few steps away and then stopped.

She liked Neville very much, had always respected him as a colleague and admired his professional accomplishments and secretly had cheered him on, happy that his life had turned out so well with his professorship at Hogwarts and his and Hannah's marriage and entrepreneurship with the Leaky Cauldron. And, of course, his courage on the battlefield had shown everyone his true colours. *No longer the funny, odd boy carrying around a toad in his pocket. He showed everyone.* With a slight tremble, she looked back at a large Scorpiris flower and touched a petal...the image of him and Daphne intensely fucking last night at the Quim flitted through her mind.

"Neville, I consider us colleagues and, well, friends on some level... and I consider us able to trust each other, especially after last night, both of us being drawn into some clandestine club that neither had planned to be a part of and experience... What's on your mind?"

He turned to her, considering whether to speak or not. Deciding to, he slowly uttered, "On one level, I don't regret what happened last night at all... I suppose, well, I didn't know how much I needed... You see, since becoming pregnant, well, Hannah's pregnancy was very delicate, and she had this morbid fear of losing the baby... So she even didn't want me to touch her..." He swallowed hard. "Didn't allow me touch her in anyway." He shrugged, confessing, "Amazing what drinking and flattery will do to a man if given the opportunity." He gave her a look. "And I was given an opportunity."

*Who am I to judge him?* Looking up into his sincere eyes, Astoria felt something coil and tighten deep within her as she tried to be as objective as possible, replying, "Nine months without intimacy would be trying for anyone, especially someone like you, newly married and..."

"No, that's not quite it." He gave her an intense look, his cheeks flushing red, as he bluntly said, "If I ever imagined committing infidelity with anyone, it wouldn't have been with Daphne. It would have been with you."

"Me?"

"Yes. But you know that, don't you?"

Astoria took a sharp intake of breath, detecting a barely concealed anger in his voice.

"Don't worry, Astoria. Platonic relationships with women have been my staple in life... Excepting my wife, who I love very much..." He paused, visibly flustered. "But there seems to be many different kinds of love, and I'm rather confused about why I'm attracted to you in *that way*..."

"Oh, Neville..."

"I've always admired your commitment and knowledge to Herbology and horticulture, so similar to my own principles about these areas... But I won't bother you with unwanted intentions. Suppose I'm just human after all, and you unfortunately are someone that I... quite admire."

As Astoria was trying to process everything that Neville was saying to her, Narcissa entered, followed by Lucius, who remained standing in the doorway.

Neville crossed and met Lucius offering his hand first to shake. Some brief words were exchanged between the men with Lucius saying, "We'll withdraw to my inner study. Narcissa, if you'd like to join us?"

Astoria caught Lucius' eyes for the briefest second as he ushered Neville out to follow him; Narcissa followed, only pausing to let Astoria know, "Our evening dresses arrived from Madam Malkin's; yours has been placed in your room."

Astoria thanked her and slowly went to the back wing of the greenhouse to clip samples and label them for Narcissa and Neville. She could barely concentrate on what she needed to do as many things churned through her mind. *Focus, Astoria, focus!*

She nipped and snipped, affixed and categorized various stages of the Scorpiris' in bloom, labeling the samples with the more commonly known category *Iris sanguinea*: Blood Iris. Gathering a sufficient amount, her thoughts quickly went back to contemplating matters as she packed them in a small wicker box.

*Perhaps because I'm... well, childless, Neville and others think I, we...Draco and I are only living for our pleasure and interests... Perhaps if and when I become pregnant and have a child, other wizards won't think that I'm interested or available in that way...*

She huffed and thought of Lucius, Draco, and then of Lucius again. *If we're to conceive a child together... and we need to do so quickly before further madness can happen...* She sighed, realizing, *I don't want any further new sexual experiences or partners; I want... Lucius to... I need a child for us, for Draco... something to complete our bond... all of our bonds together. I want things to stay as is...*

"Astoria, dear, have you any samples ready?" It was Narcissa.

"Yes."

Narcissa had a nervous excitement about her, a rare quality for Astoria to witness, as she asked, "Perhaps a few more Blood Iris'? We'll take these on...can you bring the other samples directly to Regulations? I have a feeling more will be needed, and I wish to be utterly prepared for their requests."

"Yes."

Narcissa's eyes were shining as she impulsively grabbed Astoria's hand, saying, "I want everything to be perfect tomorrow evening, which means we Malfoys need all of the Ministry officials in our pockets, rather, on our side *before* we arrive."

She had barely left in a flurry when Lucius entered.

They stared at one another until Astoria said, "I have to prepare a few more samples."

"I can keep you company."

Many thoughts were whirling through her mind about last night mixed with this newly ordained partnership with Longbottom and what Lucius' true feelings were about it as she slowly walked back to the side wing of the greenhouse. She heard Lucius follow her, but couldn't bring herself to initiate small talk or ask him directly anything as a dull ache throbbled through her temples.

Lucius leaned and watched her as she silently cut and affixed further samples for several seconds before bluntly stating, "It amazes me how my son thinks he can conceive a child by taking his wife in the rear."

She slowly looked up at him. "You watched? From your enchanted mirror? That's... That's..."

"Don't upset yourself, my dear. It was the last time. In fact, I removed the enchantment."

She stared at him, too flustered to speak.

He slowly rose and crossed standing near her, saying, "You see, I couldn't bear watching him touch you anymore. Actually, I have found it difficult watching anyone else touch you... in any way."

She remembered in a flash turning to see Lucius scrutinizing her last night instead of watching Parkinson and Runcorn. "Is that why...?"

"I wanted to see, allow you to experience something light and new, but I didn't enjoy watching you being touched by someone else as I thought I would." Incongruously, he asked, "Can you forgive me?"

She was taken back by his question and could only nod, shrugging her shoulders slightly and turning back to her plants and flowers, wondering what had brought this change in attitude about.

"I hope it wasn't an utterly unpleasant experience at the Quim?"

"It wasn't," she hesitated but then spoke her mind, "but I don't want to experience it again."

Lucius' features hardened as he said, "Good."

He watched her fiddle around with her pots and plants for several seconds, before pressing, "And with Draco? Was it unpleasant?"

"I don't want to talk about..." He grabbed and jerked her around; Astoria saw his jaw muscles were clenched and a scrutinizing eyebrow rose as he searched her face for an honest answer.

She hesitated and then said softly, "As you said, it's not a way to conceive a child." She turned away from him.

"Ah," commented Lucius, and she felt him standing behind her, close behind, her buttocks and back barely grazing his chest and groin, aware of the heat radiating from him. "No. No, it's not," he whispered softly in her ear.

She closed her eyes as she felt his lips feather lightly kiss her cheek and neck. Lucius had placed one hand on her lower right hip and with the other cupped her face on one side while continuing to plant light kisses on her neck and shoulders and back up to her cheeks, she tilted her head towards his lips with each kiss.

"Astoria," she heard him whispering, his voice low and husky. Then she felt him turning her around, more frontally towards him, his lips gently touching hers. She reciprocated as the pressure of his lips became demanding, forcing hers open and causing her to match his intensity in searching, searching, searching.

At some point his hands had started stroking her breasts, cupping them, as he moved and pressed himself into her from behind. His lips were kissing, swirling around on the sensitive skin of her neck causing her to undulate in pleasure. "Mmm," she heard him hum as she instinctively pressed back into him, rubbing against his hardened member. "What do you want?"

"I want... I want," she twisted around halfway and kissed him passionately, but she broke away as his hands began to open her house robe. Lucius placed a hand on her Venus mound and pressed another hand on her lower abdomen, continuing to kiss her neck in alternating soft kisses then intense nips. He was gently stroking her quim even as their bodies seemed to groove in a slow dance-like motion. They were swaying together as he increased his stroking but playfully paused or pressed a finger inside her for a few seconds before pulling it out of her again. They were dancing a slow erotic dance as she reached back stroking his cock through his trousers, and he continued to touch and tease her.

She began to softly whimper, becoming impatient, and clumsily undid his trouser buttons in between their swaying and grinding and groping. His cock was released, and she had the impulse to turn around and go down on him, letting her outer house robe fall to the floor, only her thin thigh-high camisole left, but he kept her facing away from him and grabbed her tightly so that her back was against his chest, against him, placing his cock below her buttocks and began rubbing it and pressing it to go in between her thighs, searching for her vaginal opening. Finding her entrance, he pressed his tip inside her just enough to let her know he was going to fuck her cunt from behind, but then he paused and placed ardent kisses on her shoulders up to her neck again whispering in her ear, "Move with me, Astoria. I want you to want this as much as me."

Her muscles began to spasm and clench for him to go deeper inside her; she became aware that they were swaying together, in synchronized movement. For every thrust he gave, she countered; yes, they were synchronized, in unison. *He's fucking me like he and Narcissa...*

"Oh, Lucius," she moaned and grasped for something to press against.

"No, don't go away, stay with me, Astoria," he whispered fiercely, clutching her more determinedly, causing her to use his body as a lever in her growing throes of passion. She was grinding up and down, spreading herself, inviting him to go deeper and deeper inside her, for him to pound his cock into her as he wished.

"No," he grabbed her, stilling her as she moaned, and then she heard him whisper, "Make love to me, Astoria... Make love *with* me."

"Ah," she cried, writhing in his arms, turning her head around enough so that their lips clashed hungrily. His arms were wrapped around her in a bear hug, one clamped under her breasts and the other around her waist as he began to fuck her in hard thrusts, grunting loudly each time he rammed her upwards.

She couldn't help herself and needed something more concrete to hold onto and push against, wanting Lucius to fuck her as long as he wanted. She could feel the edge of a shelf counter and grasped it for life. He also seemed to feel the need for anchorage as he slowly allowed her to bend forward.

"Mmm, yes, Lucius, yes!" She moaned as she began to tremble as her quim's muscles began to contract wildly, tighter and tighter, squeezing his cock madly. "Oh, god, yes!" she cried out, her eyes tearing up, clenching and coming.

"My sweet..." She heard him gasp in climax only to freeze, spilling his seed deep within her; they were both frozen in time, his cock burrowed within her up to the hilt, her vaginal muscles wildly contracting around his cock, squeezing it for every drop she could. He made the slightest movement, and she threw an arm clumsily back feeling his firm thigh still, pressing it to encourage him to stay in position.

"Don't move, don't leave me!" she whispered in her post-coital haze. She felt him lean forward carefully as if to also keep his cock inside her as long as possible and felt him kissing her back slowly, languorously.

"Don't worry, my dear, I have no intention of ever leaving you." She whimpered as he pressed his fingers between her slickened vaginal folds, pressing in slow circular

motions on her clit, "I want to keep myself buried in your sweet sex again and again, my love."

Then the tears began to flow down her cheeks. *He said, 'my love'... Does he...?*

"Mmm," she whimpered, unable to speak, and Lucius seemed to take this as a cue for her wanting him to keep continuing with his haptic ministrations.

"Here we go," he whispered, rubbing in between her vaginal lips slowly only to tease her clitoris at stops and starts; she was mewling softly as her vaginal muscles began to go wild again, and as he felt her mounting climax coming on, he teased her sensitive nub until she bucked, calling out his name, coming again. The intensity of it caused her to clench so hard she pushed his cock out of her.

"Lucius, Lucius..."

"I'm here." He was gently guiding her around and gathering her into his arms and then slowly kissing her.

She felt their come running down her thighs as he was gripping her tightly again. She didn't know how long they stood and stroked and slowly explored the contours of each other's body, only with Lucius causing them both to pause when he stopped to insert a finger or two inside her. He suddenly dropped to his knees and ever so slowly kissed her vaginal lips, ever so lightly flicking his tongue inside her. "Oh, Lucius," she was so wet, so surprised at his ardent attention and gentler lovemaking towards and with her. *He is all attentiveness...*

He paused from his oral ministrations to look up at her stroking her womb, saying, "One of these days, I want us to fuck properly in an actual bed."

She ran her fingers through his hair, and then touched his face, stroking his stubble. She heard herself saying, "Let me know when and where, and I'll come to you." She whispered, "If you want, I'll come to you here, your bed." She hesitated, "When Narcissa isn't..."

This seemed to incense Lucius...in a salacious way, for he began to suckle and swirl, eating her muff with ardent passion. He held her thighs firmly in place, partially watching her reactions as he stimulated her until she was grinding and writhing in pleasure again. Only when she came yet again, and he could suckle her sweet nectar directly, did he slowly stop and allow her to dress again and composed himself as well.

And it was just in time. Draco's voice was heard, calling out for Astoria.

"Let me go see what he's so impatient about; I'll deter him."

"I'll Disapparate to my room; I must wash your scent from me," she whispered frantically.

"But not my seed," he whispered back, giving her a taunting look.

Astoria left with a soft pop, and Lucius checked that his hair was in place, running a palm over its smoothness.

Flicking a Scouring Charm over himself for good measure, he made his way out of the nursery and back into the main rooms of the manor to find an excitable Draco pacing in the inner-drawing room.

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A/N: My deepest thanks to SnowflakeBeautiful, who has been kindly, patiently checking on and nudging me to continue on over the year(s). Thank you, dear readers, for continuing to read; I should be updating more regularly now that real life has calmed down a bit.

## Chartered Immunity

### Chapter 11 of 11

Lucius must temporarily concede his privileges with Astoria to Draco in order to sort out how to protect all involved from a previously unforeseen threat—regardless, he plans to deal with it solely.

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Lucius entered the inner drawing room to find a very agitated Draco; his son was pacing and had a flushed, vexed look.

Draco halted and gave his father a terse stare. "Have you seen, Astoria? She's not upstairs."

*He must have just missed her.* Lucius blinked and took a slow inhale, adding, "Earlier."

"She's not at the Ministry. Mother said she thought she'd still be home, but..." Draco broke off, raising his voice, "What the bloody hell do you two think you're doing?"

Pokerfaced, Lucius asked calmly, "Who?"

"You and mother. And, well, Longbottom. What exactly is going on?"

Considering his son's agitated state, Lucius' eyelashes fluttered as he exhaled in relief and offered, "Son, why don't you have a seat. And though it's a tad early, let's have a whisky together, shall we?"

"I don't want a drink!" But even as he yelled this, Draco collapsed on the sofa, only to then jerkily sit forward, rubbing his temple and forehead, as if to calm himself.

Lucius slowly poured two single-shots and placed one in front of Draco on the coffee table before sitting down in the Chesterfield chair on the side, making himself comfortable as he scrutinized his son silently.

Draco reached out and took a sip, wiped his lips, contemplating something.

Lucius waited patiently, preparing himself to be ready and counter a variety of accusations.

In a low strained voice, he heard Draco saying, "I don't understand what's going on. I don't understand what you and mother are up to... And why the fuck you didn't consult me before involving yourself with Longbottom and the Ministry...."

Draco snapped his head to Lucius. "What exactly is your game, Father?"

"Game? There is no game, Draco. Longbottom made a generous offer to your mother and me, actually, for our entire family, and we...perhaps all too impulsively, but that's your mother...accepted it. It seems time is of the essence. Narcissa wishes to announce our legitimate, sanctioned entrepreneurship at the charity ball. She's impatient for the Malfoy name to have different connotations associated with it... than those in the past."

Draco's face flushed several shades of red as he whispered fiercely, "So you swear this isn't some ruse then? You and your cronies, Rookwood, Runcorn...you're not planning some covert activities? Some secret, ultimate agenda? The Knights of Walpurgis shall rise again in full glory and power, shall they not, Father? What better way than a do-gooder dupe like Longbottom to be used as a decoy...a perfect facade to cover infiltrating the Ministry once more, but this time insidiously deeprooted, once and for always. Shouldn't let what Voldemort taught us go to waste, eh?"

Lucius felt his anger seeping throughout his body, but only the wild gleam in Draco's eyes triggered the notion that his son's provocative words were being caused by something other than what he was spouting. He took a long deep breath and held Draco's challenging stare. Seconds went by before he responded in a neutral yet decisive tone, "Regarding this newly agreed upon venture, my intention, our intention is what it is...a joint venture, entailing shipping, importing and exporting for the Ministry. Transparent, legitimate, legal, and all sources indicate it will be quite a lucrative enterprise. The past, Draco, is the past."

Draco blinked hard. "History won't repeat itself?"

"Regarding any risk to the welfare of our family, no. Something has occurred to me. And I truly wish for a new chapter in all of our lives, devoid of war references."

"Good luck with that." Draco huffed. "What has happened? And why the fuck would Neville Longbottom be so good-willed towards us, the Malfoys?"

Lucius sardonically quipped, "Why the fuck indeed?"

Unexpectedly, Lucius heard Draco's voice break, his son gave a dry sob and could be seen trembling.

"What is it, Draco?"

"Pansy," he whispered fiercely. "She said Astoria..." Draco pressed his eyes with the heel of his hands, as if in agony.

"What did Parkinson say?" demanded Lucius, only to feel a twist of pain in his core as he watched his son break down in front of him.

Several seconds passed until Draco could catch his breath and wipe his tears and nose, collecting himself. "Astoria. I need to find Astoria."

"What has Parkinson to do with Astoria?"

"I don't know. Yet. Exactly. She... Pansy said she knew things about Astoria that I didn't..."

"What things?"

He shook his head, frustrated. "She said she'll tell me if I give her a gift... some jewelry, or such..." Draco huffed derisively. "Or fuck her... or both." He jumped up and began to pace again. "Or maybe not...it'll depend on her mood."

"When did she say this to you?"

"Just now, at the Ministry. She said we could discuss things later over a drink." Draco gave a desperate look around. "Astoria's not at the Ministry or upstairs..."

"Have you tried the nursery?"

Draco rushed out to check the conservatory, and Lucius took a sip, deep in thought, and waited until Draco returned, now more seemingly clear-headed but still visibly agitated.

"Why don't we return to the Ministry together? Perhaps Astoria is there, and I believe I need to put the Malfoy seal on selected documents which your mother should have secured by now from the Regulations department. Why don't you and Astoria go somewhere to relax and spend some quality time alone. What say you, son?"

Draco gave a terse nod, and Disapparating to the Ministry, they made their way to the Department where they found none other than Narcissa, Neville, Astoria, and a handful of various clerks from the Department for the Regulations and Control of Magical Properties mingling.

"Astoria," called Draco desperately, beelining toward her and taking her by the arm. "I...we..."

"Draco, are we on for that drink tonight? A group of us are planning a get together." It was Pansy, and before Draco could utter a word, she had unabashedly taken him by the arm to the side.

Lucius and Astoria watched them intently, as they slowly walked towards Narcissa and the others who were loudly and vivaciously discussing business matters.

Lucius abruptly halted, saying in a low and quiet voice, "Parkinson's threatened to reveal certain things... about you. Perhaps, us."

"What?" whispered Astoria.

"Blackmail. Which I do not take kindly to," he uttered, his features hardening deeper.

Turning to her, Lucius whispered fiercely, "No matter what Draco says or does, plead innocence. *We* never happened. The Mewling Quim never happened. I need time. Time to find Parkinson alone...she's owed a drink, I believe."

There was an odd look about Lucius' features, as Draco broke from Pansy only to guide Astoria away from Lucius and the others, calling back to the others amiably, "My wife and I have a scheduled appointment; we'll try to get back soon. Carry on and catch us up later."

And with further to-do, leaving Lucius to explain their haste and distract the others, Draco guided Astoria to a Disapparation point, where they whisked themselves away.

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Draco and Astoria sat under a large leafy tree on the lawn of Blackheath hill in the expansive Greenwich Park. As he leaned back against its broad trunk, he held her to him, allowing her to relax against his chest, her head on his shoulder. He kissed her hair and sighed deeply, tilting his back again against the tree trunk. She gave him an affectionate squeeze, leaving an arm curled around his waist, holding onto him firmly.

The raindrops were falling steadily around them and the charm they had cast to shield them from the rainfall; the sheet of constant drizzle caused a Monet-esque effect on Draco and Astoria's view of their surroundings and the Thames flowing below them with the skyline of London proper across in the distance.

"Thank you for bringing me here. It's lovely," she uttered softly.

"You like wet, cold and muddy? Something new about you that I never knew."

A flutter went through Astoria's chest, hearing a sharp bitterness in Draco's voice. "I like just being with you, wherever that may be. What's new about that?" She felt his body grow tenser and tenser as she relaxed against him. "And that's what warming and drying charms are for, let alone Shield Charms. No one can see or hear us. We're invisible," she chided playfully in hope to soothe his sour disposition, but to no avail. "Draco, what's wrong?"

She felt his chest heave repeatedly in deep breaths instead of answering.

Several seconds went by before he said, "I like coming here. Away from it all... the Ministry of Magic. Just to sit here amongst the Muggles, coming to and fro, oblivious. I love the view." He sniffed. "Did you know that a Malfoy conceded part of his hunting grounds to the Royal Palace of Placentia?"

"Whatever for?"

Draco grew still. The soft gentle rainfall could be heard.

"It was rumoured... for love," he said quietly. "He was so smitten, his wish to please so great, he gave up one of the many things Malfoys value so much."

A thrill went through Astoria, and Draco paused before asking, "You remember our private vows to one another?"

"Of course."

"The only one thing that I asked of you, the only thing that was irreconcilable, unacceptable, unforgiveable for me... is if you would ever... change... give up practicing magic."

Astoria looked up at Draco as he continued, "Anything else goes. Your happiness. Just want your happiness."

"Draco... " She kissed him on the lips. "I am happy. With you. Always."

He asked with an odd look on his face, "With the House of Malfoy? And all that it entails?"

Astoria could not appease his troubled countenance further so bluntly asked, "What is wrong?"

"Is there anything...? I had a curious conversation with Pansy today. She implied..."

"What?" Taking in Draco's taciturn look, she offered, "She seems very unhappy, even though she seems to have so much to be content about."

Draco gave her another odd look. "Funny... That's what she said about you."

Astoria was equally at a loss. All of a sudden, Draco's closeness, his shared intimacies between him and Parkinson could no longer be kept ignored in a box, intentionally avoided. She asked, "Do you want her?" And even as she asked, she felt her own guilt and need boiling up, and irrespective of this, she wanted, needed Draco. Needed his touch.

"What?"

"Pansy."

"What do you mean?"

Astoria gave him a steady look. "Do you want her? Time to time? Still? More than me? Instead of me?"

"No. God, no," he croaked. Draco's eyes heatedly searched hers. She felt herself becoming wet. "No." Their lips met, and he repeated, "No." Drawing his head back, he gazed at her, and his breath caught as he felt her hand strum up and down his chest only to go lower and linger around his groin. It was carnal need that fueled them on, and he eagerly responded to her touch, helping her climb onto and straddle him, shuffling, opening and pulling clothing aside, wriggling and releasing his cock from his underpants and trousers to allow her to lower herself and shield it within her.

They slowly began to rock and grasped each other as they fucked in sync, both whispering pleurably, "Yes..." at different intervals of friction and flow.

Astoria felt his hands pressing her buttocks, then clutching with steel grips, encouraging her to ride him hard and release herself as soon as possible. Her body was only too ready; she was wet and clenching him; her rocking and clutching his cock tighter and deeper within caused her toes to quickly begin to curl. As soon as she cried out his name, Draco thrust deeper and probed her to the hilt, at first roughly, but then in regulated rhythm as he felt her come.

Her soft groans and clinging intensified again as she began to continue to greet his movements with equal, measured carnal rhythm, undulating, her vaginal muscles squeezing him even tighter in intensifying contractions, both of them fucking deliriously. In his pre-orgasmic bliss, Draco forgot all else and pounded her pussy upward in lost oblivion until she shook on top of him, clinging to him for life. Her cry of orgasm triggered him over the edge, and he felt his hot seed released inside her.

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Astoria and Draco arrived home at the Manor, only to find that there was an apparent social gathering going on.

"There you two are...we have guests as you can see. An impromptu celebration of sorts," purred Narcissa.

"Celebration?" asked Draco as Narcissa guided them both to the main parlour.

As Astoria and Draco blinked, taking in the odd assortment of guests present, Narcissa informed them, "Celebrating our success, the Department for the Regulations and Control of Magical Properties contract, our Ministry-approved venture! See, some of the other Ministry heads have joined us."

There was a roar of approval about something from some of the guests that erupted; it drew their gaze to one group that was centred around Neville Longbottom.

"Oh, yes, more news, Neville's wife is currently at St Mungo's...they sent him away, as they'll induce labour tomorrow. So... we're just getting a head start of the ball tomorrow evening all the festive energy abounding. I have a feeling it will be a much grander event than imagined due to a number of unexpected announcements."

"Draco! Astoria!"

They turned, both dreading the female's voice they recognized.

They saw Pansy Parkinson heading straight towards them from the terrace, followed by Lucius and Albert Runcorn. Runcorn latched onto Draco and pulled him towards the Longbottom group, saying, "Congratulations are in order, don't you think? Neville has been wanting to speak to you all evening."

Feeling overwhelmingly exhausted, Astoria sat on a settee and watched keenly as Pansy and Runcorn briefly chatted with Draco and others only to then hover closely around Neville. She noted that Parkinson seemed to slink into Neville as she handed him a refreshed cocktail. They all seemed caught up in gregarious bantering, and Astoria was relieved that Parkinson seemed intent on keeping the father-to-be entertained with her charms, although something allusive niggled her.

Lucius slowly sat down beside her and randomly gazed around the room, randomly giving a forced smile to others when eyes met his. But his words were directed at her.

"How are you?"

"Tired."

"Tired, but beautiful, as always. You have an alluring glow about you, my dear. My advice, go to bed. Take Draco with you." He smirked. "I have guests to attend to and beguile."

Their eyes met, and Astoria felt herself blush at the look he gave her.

Suddenly, the gaggle of guests around the room sporadically let out laughter here and there, momentarily claiming their attention. Then, Parkinson's specific sharp cackle caused Astoria to snap a glance at her.

She huffed, instantly irritated. "It's odd. Pansy seems very much taken with Neville..."

"Jealous are you?"

"Lucius!"

Lucius sniffed. "Her intentions have been *redirected*, let us say."

Astoria blinked and slowly turned to him, and as calmly as possible she asked, "What do you mean *redirected*?"

"Just that. Your worries are over."

As she held his gaze, his silver-grey eyes glinted with a secret, Astoria felt her chest tighten. *He couldn't have risked using an Unspeakable!* "What did you do to her?" She glanced at the balcony where Lucius had entered with Pansy and Albert.

"You and Runcorn? Lucius, answer me!"

"Just I. But not just her. Albert, as well." Lucius sniffed a deeper sniff. "They both needed *adjustments* to their memories."

"Lucius?" Her heart was pounding in her chest.

"He has no recollection of last night with you, nor she. And her interests have been redirected towards someone who needs them."

"You didn't?"

Lucius raised an eyebrow. "I did what needed to be done. To protect you, my dear."

"Lucius!"

He turned to her and saw not reproach but anxiety and worry. *Concern for me...*

Astoria could feel her eyes watering up as she said, "If... If anyone suspects that their personality, their behaviour has been altered...if an Auror were to cast *Erriori Incantatem* and find out that you used an Unspeakable, Lucius!" A solitary tear rolled down her cheek. And as they held each other's gaze, she began to weep silently in earnest.

"You'd be imprisoned... Azkaban for life... "

"Calm yourself." He wiped her tears gently, pausing to contemplate something before he attentively helped her up, calling, "Here, Draco!"

Draco crossed over directly. "What's wrong, Father?"

"Your wife...take Astoria up to retire for the evening. Can't you see she's fatigued? And you're not much better. Too much of a good thing this afternoon, I take it?" He gave a sly look to his son. "I'll make excuses for you both, just go before a scene is made."

Not refusing, Draco discreetly escorted Astoria upstairs. Once inside their chamber, they both collapsed onto their bed, Draco registering, "You've been crying. What did that bastard father of mine say to upset you?"

"Nothing. No, Draco...he only mentioned that Pansy might say something inappropriate to me and to not let her unnerve me."

Draco took her in his arms and didn't speak for several seconds before saying, "Parkinson seems oddly keen on Longbottom this evening, barely aware of anyone else."

Astoria's mind raced about the consequences of Lucius' actions of *Imperioing* someone and Draco's reactions to it. She felt a wave of anxiety wash over her and impulsively snuggled deeper into his arms as if asking for extra protection. "Hold me, Draco. Just hold me."

She thanked all the powers that be that he lovingly did so, for it seemed that Draco was in a similar state of vulnerable need.

Entwined in each others arms, they both fell into a deep sleep.

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Meanwhile, in the parlour rooms below them, Lucius threw his hawk-like gaze on Parkinson and Runcorn from time to time, contemplating back and forth between whether another dosage of the *Imperio* curse would indeed be needed and when he would *have* Astoria again.

*For I feel an urgent need to be one with her as never before.*

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