

Now and Then, and Now, Again

by nagandsev

Lucius' captivated attention of one witch leaves him remembering earlier times of another. Written for Lucius Big Bang 2012 on LJ.

Part One: Now

Chapter 1 of 4

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Now...

Standing on the top step of number twelve, Grimmauld Place, Lucius fumed at the absurdity of his situation.

My grandson at the Potter brat's birthday party?

Shrieks of joyous mayhem were heard through the walls as the Malfoy patriarch pounded the knocker again.

But Rose Weasley is going to be at her cousin's party...I want to go! Scorpius had demanded. *Mummy said I could go! All the other kids will have their parents or grandparents pick them up: I want to be like the other kids! I don't want the house-elf, I want you, Grandpa, you!*

Lucius had rolled his eyes at the thought of his grandson, in any way...even innocently so...being attracted to *aWeasley*, but could give no good reason to Scorpius why he shouldn't go.

All pureblood diatribe about blood-traitors and Mudbloods had been suppressed to *almost* nil through a very effective rehabilitation initiative on the Ministry's part, let alone the elder Malfoy turning informant in turn for lenient treatment after the last wizarding war.

However, the Ministry did demand some 'therapy' entailing a tad of selective Obliviate spells, a dash of attitude adjustment, and a drop of personality enhancement enforced by an elite Auror squad, leaving Lucius with his keen aversion for Arthur Weasley purely based on a general feeling of dislike and jealousy...with just a lingering mixture of raw agitation and vicious competition from years past. Dementors could suck out some things from one's mind, but old jealousies and pettiness die hard in one's deeper consciousness, as was true for the Malfoy patriarch.

Lucius was fully aware that being in the same room with Arthur Weasley would definitely tax his usually cool nerves and still be quite a challenge to his willpower not to lash out in some way, so he'd decided to be good, play nice, and not put himself in a situation where he would be provoked.

Blasted Draco and Astoria! Narcissa, as well... Travelling the world and leaving me to nanny our spoiled little darling... Lucius had given a resigned sigh to the situation, knowing all too well that on some level he should be grateful for a little respite of his 'legal confinement' to either his home, Diagon Alley or greater London, and accepted

his grandfatherly duties with a distasteful huff.

So now, here he was on the threshold of the Potters' residency. At last, the door opened up, and the sounds of wild, gleeful screams of children running amok in full party mode blasted out.

"Mr Malfoy?" The surprised voice of the witch was only exceeded by her eyes widening in shock.

Lucius also stared, frozen. It had been in another lifetime when he last was confronted with even the merest thought of Ginevra Potter née Weasley. And here she was in the flesh. And what flesh it was! Lucius blinked, taking in the voluptuous redhead's figure, her long dishevelled hair adding to her sexy appearance. *Form-fitting skirt and snug blouse revealing her inviting décolleté*, Lucius noted. *Very nice...*

He gazed into the eyes of his one-time nemesis' daughter, the little girl he'd been willing to sacrifice in a dubious scheme of gaining what he wished the most at that time in his life: *Power... Political power... Death Eater power... Sexual power...*

His eyelids fluttered as he acknowledged with a slight tilt of his head, "Ms Potter."

Azkaban had broken him on so many levels the first time around, and then the Dark Lord's further physical and psychological abuse, completing what the Dementors had started, rupturing and stripping his manhood. And then his second time around in Azkaban was just as brutal, but with the Ministry's enforced experimental rehabilitation programme used on him, he broke fairly quickly, turning informant and being conditionally released early due to his cooperation. However, there were still memories and gaps in it of darkness and muddled areas of his life which billowed back into his thoughts and mocked him as he gazed on the lovely witch before him.

But it is not a haunting memory standing before me now, but a fully grown woman... His appreciative eye for the female form distracted him momentarily, one thing that had never changed. The blond wizard further took in her form-fitting blouse and snug skirt, revealing so pleasantly her womanly curves and lines. He realized he'd begun to breathe slower and deeper. As he noticed her luscious red mane of hair framing her fair skin, he admired how she was alive with sultry energy.

Potter's always been a lucky bastard, thought Lucius bitterly, *and always will be*. He sighed impatiently, thinking, *Let's just get this over with as quickly as possible*. Clearing his throat, he said, "Pardon me, Ms Potter, but I'm here to pick up my grandson, Scorpius."

Lucius waited, expecting anything from a hex to verbal curses from the woman he had so willingly targeted to victimise and malign when she was but a mere child all those years ago. *Like so many others...*

The witch gave him an odd look. "Why, we've only just got started with playing games," responded Ginny with an unexpected twinkle in her eye. "Please, do come in and join us, Mr Malfoy." At Lucius' blank façade, she smiled like a sphinx. "I could use the extra help."

The blond wizard raised a speculative eyebrow and drawled, "I don't believe I could be of any use to you, Ms Potter. Children's birthday parties are not my forte." He forced a sociable smile, trying not to grimace, attempting to meet her level of politeness.

"Oh, I think I can come up with a few things for you to help out with that you'd be quite skilled at," responded the sultry redhead.

Caught off guard at her charming smoothness towards him, his mouth dropped open, and he couldn't respond back momentarily. When finally he could, the flattered Malfoy patriarch glibly answered, "Under the circumstances, how can I refuse?"

Ginny laughed endearingly at Lucius' expression and response, and then she gracefully stepped back and motioned for him to come inside.

Tentatively, the cautious wizard entered, instinctively giving a dour glare around...Grimmauld Place had been a true house of horror in its prime; the memory was causing a dull pain in Lucius' chest to burn...he couldn't control a slight shudder and flinched.

Unexpectedly, he felt the soft touch of a feminine hand on his arm and the surprising gentle voice of his hostess saying, "Things have changed. Many things."

Her words fell heavy with multiple meanings, and suddenly, he felt abashed, unable to meet her eye, and instead, distractedly gazed around noticing the lovely golden-cream décor the long hallway and rooms opened to him revealed. Lucius heard himself mumble, "So it seems..."

"Don't worry, Mr Malfoy, perhaps the worst thing that will happen to you this evening is that you'll be just sitting and giving me some moral support. Of course, you'll have to try some of my cooking, too...we still haven't got to the birthday cake." Ginny gave him an inviting smile. "I hope you have a sweet tooth. Please, come this way."

As the pleasantly disconcerting witch continued to lead him down the hallway, a flood of dark memories washed over Lucius as he remembered many a vile word and deed done in these rooms. Attempting but failing, he could not push aside the powerful memories when number twelve, Grimmauld Place was, in its heyday, a meeting place for Voldemort and his newly recruited minions gathering for decadent, pureblood supremacists' soirées, which were regularly held in the former Black's residency, himself being one of the main participants.

"Do you like the changes, Mr Malfoy?"

Snapped out of his dark ruminations by Ginny's amazingly amiable disposition, Lucius answered, "Very much so, Ms Potter." *Lovely and quaint. Like you, my dear...* he wished to add, but controlled himself not to. Inhaling deeply and with a quirk of his lips, he said to himself, *That was then; this is now... How things have indeed changed...* He couldn't help notice Ginny's firm-shaped buttocks' movement underneath her skirt's thin fabric as she sashayed before him nor his muscles tightening in pleasure throughout his body.

As the laughter of children rang out throughout the rooms on the ground floor and above, he took in the gay colours of balloons and other festive decorations spelled to float continually around, accenting the light cream-coloured walls. The hallway no longer held family ancestor portraits or the *Toujours Pur* crests of the Black family.

Hmm... they finally managed to get them down. Lucius was relieved. Voldemort supporter notwithstanding at that time, Walburga Black's shrieking when alive, as well as in her portrait, had never been music to his ears.

"Grandfather!" cried out Scorpius in delight. He lunged and grabbed Lucius around the waist and squeezed him tight before the youngest Malfoy went streaking up the stairs in hot pursuit behind the red-headed Rose Weasley. Once behind her, he pulled a lock of her hair, forcing her to notice him; Rose gave him a friendly punch on the shoulder, and Scorpius beamed at achieving her undivided attention amongst the mingling lively group of squealing and laughing classmates clambering up the stairs for other treats and festivities on the upper floors.

Watching them disappear up to the first floor, Lucius sighed a resigned sigh at his grandson's object of interest. For now, he could not deny that he understood the attraction. *There is something particularly bewitching about the Weasley females...*

Finding sanctum in the kitchen from the party mayhem of the first-year Hogwarts generation, Ginny transfigured an old wooden kitchen chair into a comfortable Chesterfield sofa and offered Lucius a seat, asking if he'd like a drink.

"Something stronger than pumpkin juice would be appreciated," admitted Lucius, slightly distracted by and unaccustomed to the wild shrieks of joy and play resounding around through the house. Attempting to tune out the discomfiting noise, he took in the warmth and cosiness of the kitchen, being a room he'd rarely been in...not only at Malfoy manor but anywhere else throughout his entire life...and couldn't help but relax a tad in the unfamiliar but pleasant atmosphere, fully letting his guard down about being hexed.

For his hostess, the lovely daughter of his once-greatest nemesis, seemed perfectly comfortable with him and not at all ill at ease. His complex of her being in any way

offended or defensive by having a former Death Eater in her hearth and home didn't seem to faze her in the least.

At the uptight Malfoy's request, Ginny turned to him and raised a thoughtful eyebrow, considering her options. Opening a top cupboard, she first reached upwards, raised up on her tiptoes, her slim but curvaceous body stretched out for Lucius to enjoy in more detail. Not finding what she was looking for, she bent over, opening a bottom cupboard, and leaned deep into the space, rummaging around.

Lucius enjoyed the view; her arse was ample and sculpted.

While he enjoyed admiring her form, Ginny chatted away, "You see, I'm all alone. Harry's been called away on an Auror's assignment for the next few days, and Mum and Dad are in Romania visiting Charlie, along with Ron and George and their families...except Rose is staying with us." She found some opened elf-made wine and poured him a glass. "We'll have the family celebration for Albus Severus when they all get back, but he wanted a separate party for his classmates, so... Yes, Mr Malfoy, it's just little old me here. Not that I mind, but a little adult company is nice to have too. Perhaps this is more to your taste."

As she handed him his glass, their fingers touched, and Ginny caught Lucius' eyes shifting from below her waist up to meet her eyes *like what you see, Lucius Malfoy?* A whimsical, naughty thought crept into her mind. She turned away with a small smirk on her face and began to put icing on a three-tiered cake placed at the other end of the long kitchen table.

As Lucius sat watching and discreetly admiring the lovely form undulating and swirling, frosting the cake, interspersed with bustling around in further party related work, he couldn't ignore the fact that her presence was arousing him into a dull but painful hard-on. At times, she was coming and going in front of him and, at other times, standing so very close.

There was a time when it would have been so easy... Just one swish of my wand, a subtle quick Imperio, and the red-haired lovely would be mine for the taking...

He shifted his weight in his chair as an all too familiar heavy pulsation occurred quite keenly in his groin. Taking a sip of wine, he felt a warm flush of pleasure both in mind and body.

It was surreal. In the kitchen of Grimmauld Place with Weasley's luscious daughter... *Watching and listening to children whoop and holler... Rose Weasley and my grandson, Scorpius... What a preposterous, ludicrous situation!* Lucius sighed deeply. *How unexpected it all is!*

"Mr Malfoy?"

"Yes, my dear?" answered the blond wizard before he realised what he'd let slip from his tongue. Lucius then fully snapped out of his amused reflections as he heard Ginny's docile voice calling his name again with worried concern, "Mr Malfoy? Are you all right?"

"You must forgive my manners or rather my lack of them, Ms Potter. It has been a very long time since I've enjoyed the company of such a lovely, gracious witch."

"So lovely that you're sighing out of boredom?"

"No, dear Merlin, no! Not boredom at all." *I could watch you all night, my dear, in your enticing, tight outfit, bending and swerving around.* Attempting to make pleasant small talk, Lucius admitted, "I was just reflecting about, well, Scorpius, you see... He is quite smitten by your niece, Rose Weasley."

"And you wish to arrange a pureblood marriage now? Sorry, but her mother is *still* a Muggle-born witch, remember? Not quite up to your standards."

Lucius' face fell, and Ginny, seeing she had stung him, hastily apologised, "Sorry about that."

There was an awkward silence.

"I don't believe you are," replied Lucius slowly. "Perhaps it's best that I take my grandson and go, Ms Potter. It was not my intention to reopen old wounds on anyone's account."

He caustically pointed out, "My rehabilitation is far from complete, but I don't wish you or others..."

"No! No, please stay. I'm sorry; I have a tendency to speak before I think...you're my guest, Mr Malfoy. I want you here. *heed* you here. Please, forgive me. Please, stay."

Lucius' brow furrowed in slight confusion. In her voice was something of a pleading tone, and Ginny's face flushed when she said 'I want you here. I need you here'. He was perplexed by what he felt were mixed signals, but also curious as a cat to remain and see what could unfold, feeling that she had some other motive for having him here other than to offer him a glass of wine or a piece of cake and wait to take his grandson home.

He didn't fear her, of course, but rather felt intrigued, more like his old tomcat self in long years past *And curiosity always gets the cat*, he mused, imagining there was some element of ambiguous neediness in her request that appealed to his masculine side.

Ginny had set four bottles of various coloured liquids on the kitchen counter along with four cordial glasses. Her face was quite flushed, and her eyes were bright with excitement as she asked, "Would you like to play a game, Mr Malfoy?"

Instantly intrigued, Lucius blinked. "A game?"

"Yes, you're surely a connoisseur of fine elf-made wines... And I'm curious what your impressions are about some elf-made cognacs versus some Muggle-made ones."

"Muggle-made cognac?" asked Lucius, quite unsure, the thought of it distasteful to him.

"Yes... Are you up for the challenge?"

Wishing he could adjust his hardening cock's angle in his trousers, he shifted in the chair and huffed, "Yes, Ms Potter, I'm up for your little challenge. However, I must inform you that even Azkaban couldn't change my ability to know swill whenever I taste it. I have an exquisite palate."

"I'm sure you do," she replied, and Lucius could have sworn there was something of a teasing tone *Is she dallying with me? Beware, Ms Potter, beware!*

For some reason, the redhead's lovely brown eyes blinked sadly at him, making him swallow hard and arousing a strange sensation in the pit of his stomach as she asked, "Are you still suffering severely from your time served?"

The elf wine had loosened up his tongue enough to let slip, "Would that please you, Weasley?"

Seeing her eyes cloud with anger, Lucius bit his tongue. Averting her gaze, he knocked back the rest of the wine and decisively placed the glass on the table before willing himself to say, "Forgive me. This was not a good idea. I...I'm still not quite fit for society such as yours, not as *suave* as I used to be, Ms Potter. I didn't mean that..."

"Yes, you did." The fiery redhead gave him a pensive all-seeing, all-knowing look and continued, "And, no...the answer is no: it would not please me to know you are suffering still from your time with the Dementors, from what Voldemort did to you..."

Lucius' eyes flashed in anger at the mention of the Dark Lord's name, overpowering the surge of humiliation he still keenly felt from the Dark Lord's abuse.

"And by others," Ginny took a deep breath, "or that you're still torturing yourself from your own guilt."

"You know not what you speak of, Ms Potter." His throat became tight, and his discomfiture and doubt cracked his patience. "And you are too kind. Far too kind to the likes of me, considering what I did to you." Suddenly, he lashed out, "What do you want from me? My apology? You have it! What do you need further from me to prove it?"

"Your apology, I accept, Mr Malfoy." Her brown eyes flashed with mercurial passion. "What do *need* from you? Your guilt."

His grey eyes gazed steadfastly in her creamy brown ones. He swallowed hard and whispered, "My guilt?"

"Yes, Mr Malfoy." Ginny crossed over and leaned back, sitting on the edge of the table closest to him.

Lucius' hair stood up on the back of his neck as she uttered, "Your guilt *and* my guilt."

"*Your* guilt?" He did not understand her meaning clearly, but something about the air had changed, electrically and sensually oppressive. His fervid inclination for any torrid implications in her changed mood or meaning of her words hit him hard, and his heart started pumping fast as he heard the sensuous red-headed witch confess in an ardent tone, "I did despicable things when possessed by Tom Riddle; I had despicable, scungy thoughts... affecting me *then* and some still affecting me *now*, lingering on..."

A chill went down Lucius' spine at the mention of the Dark Lord's Muggle name in connotation to Ginny's year of being possessed by the Dark Lord, and Lucius was too distracted in his own thoughts to fully hear what Ginny was saying. For him, the moment of truth had arrived. It was what had kept him broken and reluctant for so long...having to face up to individual victims of his past crimes. So he tried to persuade her more earnestly and pointed out, "Your actions were not your own then, Ms Potter. There is nothing that you need feel guilty about... I, on the other hand... Well, let's just say, there are so many things that... I regret. Sincerely regret."

Ginny became insistent and demanded, "I've never had the chance to ask you personally, one on one... You say you are sorry, now, but do you regret what you did to me then? As a child? Tom Riddle's diary?"

Slowly, Lucius' words were uttered out in a quiet low voice. "Then... looking back now *at*hen... I was so hungry for power...so disillusioned, at that time, blinded with greed...greed beyond avarice for power and all else that I believed at that time. Desperate and mad... Someone such as you could never understand. Someone as *pure* as you...for you are so very good....," his brow furrowed in perplexity, "and kind...things that I've barely known in my life and could never have valued before in the mindset that I was imprisoned in...."

Ginny spoke nothing, but her eyes shone brightly as if discovering a shining gem as she peered at Lucius.

As he held her gaze, the sound of the children's laughter and playful cries rang out from the upstairs, reverberating, jolting his attention away in a flash, but Lucius was undeterred from any distractions longer than a second. He was determined to convince her thoroughly and continued, "Such an opportunist..." He raised his eyes from the floor to meet hers. "Yes. Even though what I did to you, how I set you up without a care for your life...yesss... Yes, I am very sorry. Now. I regret it. It was and is unforgivable, but I say to you, truly: I'm sorry for what injuries and distress you suffered." *Who am I fooling? Look at the witch...scarred by... me!*"What you have suffered and still are carrying around due to my diabolical actions."

The old black clock in the parlour room chimed eleven; soon it would be the witching hour. "I believe, I've overstayed my welcome. I'll just take Scorpius..."

It wasn't the softly spoken words 'I forgive you...' which he heard from Ginny that stunned him as much as her soft lips kissing his slightly stubbled cheek, aware of her long red hair tickling his face as she bent down. As if Petrified, he sat motionless and breathless as she stood straight up, and with a twinkle in her eye, she cajoled, "You don't have permission to leave yet...first, you have to be my taster, remember?"

The ominous atmosphere was dispersed as, without waiting for his answer, she swirled around pouring a different liqueur in each separate cognac glass.

She turned around again, and with a demure smile, she instructed playfully, "Now, close your eyes, Mr Malfoy."

He stared at her; his adrenaline began to pump through his veins, only to rush and pool in his lower abdomen, his cock hardening fast as the rush of blood flooded downwards. *Is she doing what I think she's doing, the little minx?*

"Close your eyes and you will get a sweet surprise," she teased.

Unless it's you straddling my lap... or my face, and my tasting your nectar, I doubt it, my dear.

Feeling the storm clouds cleared and the tension seemingly evaporated as regards to the past, he eagerly started to play along. "Only if you call me Lucius."

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Part Two: Now and Then

Chapter 2 of 4

Lucius' captivated attention of one witch leaves him remembering earlier times of another. Written for Lucius Big Bang 2012.

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Now... and Then

Giving the Malfoy patriarch a knowing look, the red-headed sultry witch leaned against the counter invitingly.

"You're not allowed to make the rules here! But now that I think of it, I would very much like to call you Lucius. One adult to another, Lucius, you must call me by my first name, Ginny, then."

Lucius took his cue and rose, crossing slowly to the counter, standing so close he could smell her natural scent mixed with the sweet fragrances of cognac and cake icing. He wanted to touch her. "Then, I must call you Ginevra...I'm sure your husband calls you by your pet name, and my terms of the game are that I would like to call you something different."

Ginny gave him an inviting smile which made his cock twitch. "Ginevra," he whispered, and ever so slowly their lips met. He raised his head, and his eyes searched hers, attempting to gauge how far she wished him to go. It had been so long... so very long since he had flirted so freely with a witch for the sheer pleasure of it. *True, I'd be grateful for any level of foreplay if she so wished. Of course, seeing her lovely mouth around my cock would be heaven...* But as his heavy-lidded eyes glanced lower to her beckoning cleavage, his jaw muscles clenched, and his thoughts graphically pictured him ravaging her in the here and now on the massive kitchen table.

The touch of gentle fingertips grazing lightly downward on his forehead snapped him momentarily out of his salacious thoughts, causing him to instinctively close his eyelids as Ginny shushed him sweetly, "Close your eyes. Trust me."

As he heard Ginny pouring the cognac into glasses, Lucius kept his eyes shut in bittersweet torment. *Trust you? You've made me putty in your hands, witch! Do with me what you will!*

"Sample number one..." announced Ginny, placing the first cognac under his nostrils for him smell.

Lightly sniffing the fragrance, he quietly uttered, "Sweet, fruity. I would say flavoured with peach, mandarin, nectarine, and a tad of Dirigible Plum. Wizard made."

"Would you like to taste it?"

Would I like to taste you, my sweet? "Of course, my dear," he answered, his breathing becoming deeper.

His eyes fluttered open as he felt Ginny put the glass to his lips. "No peeking!" she teased in a low voice. "Close your eyes, I'll guide you. Trust me."

He smiled as she placed the glass to his lips.

"Now, sip it," she whispered, nudging him on.

He did. The cool fruity liquid with a tinge of smoked, aged wood went down his throat. He purred, "Mmm, very nice. Elf made."

His body bristled in pleasure as he felt not the cool glass placed on his lips, but her soft, also cognac-scented, lips pressing more firmly against his.

As they broke apart for air, he sniffed and dared to tease her. "One would think you're trying to take advantage of me, Ginevra."

"No comments until you've finished tasting everything."

"Very well. You're in charge. I'm all yours."

Frustration began to peek its ugly head as Lucius felt her lips again softly peck his cheek, but before he could react more amorously, another cognac had been placed under his nose for him to assess.

Taking a deep whiff, he impatiently commented, "Slightly bitter bouquet, fermented and aged with nut, perhaps a blend of two or more... Surely, some Muggle swill..."

"Try it, you'll like it!"

He felt the glass against his mouth and took and sipped it. The taste was exquisite, but he could care less, as his senses were now keenly aroused and fixated on the tangible female before him.

"Anything else you would like me to taste, Ginevra? Your wish is my command," Lucius purred.

"You're just to be a good boy and do what I say."

"Ah, so the game is you are in charge? Very well, Ms Potter, I'm all yours to play with how you wish."

"Anyway I wish, Lucius?" She half-joked, "Any position I wish?"

Ginny heard a low growl from Lucius before feeling his lips capture hers and his delving sharp tongue seek entrance to her mouth, hotly and deeply.

She pulled away from him, giving the blond wizard a curious look.

"You're playing with untameable fire, witch," he whispered fiercely. Barely able to control his impulses, he was at her mercy and couldn't speak as he waited for her further reaction to his obvious wishes. His body tightened in a spasm as she made physical contact with him, touching his waist. His voice was husky and thick as he said, "Understand: you're irresistible..."

She pressed her body into his, her large brown eyes gazing up into his steel grey ones.

"Call me, Ginevra," she reminded the blond wizard as he felt the unmistakable caress of her fingers stroking lightly over his firm erection. "And yes, I understand you."

His breathing became hitched and erratic, caught in his throat as she boldly watched his response to her increasing manual ministrations. Lucius' mind raced, a thousand thoughts flew by before his mind went empty. And he was only aware of her heavenly stroking; it was all he knew. He was only aware of pressing and slipping his tongue inside her full lips, circling and searching, provoking groans of pleasure as he circled her slender but curvaceous body in his arms, grinding into her. Still, she held onto his rock-hard cock, only now her stroking his stiff shaft through his trousers increased in pressure and friction. She suddenly jerked his tip firmly outwards, eliciting a loud grunt from the restrained blond wizard. He grabbed her wrists; a tremble flowed through both their bodies, afire with heat and passion.

"Ginevra," he hoarsely croaked. "...I won't be able to control myself...you don't quite know what you're doing."

"Oh, but I do, Lucius." With the quick reflexes of a Quidditch seeker, she Accioed her wand and flashed around, charming the kitchen with silencing spells and warding off its entrance from anyone wishing to enter. "The party's been moved upstairs for the kids. Dessert's not for an hour, and it's to be served in the second-floor playroom. The children are occupied with their own games there, so we can play our games here, as well as have our dessert a bit earlier, undisturbed." She held his gaze with a hard, brazen look as she unbuttoned his trousers, and then she felt inside, her skilled fingers releasing his now-stiff pulsing cock.

"It doesn't take Occlumency to know what you're thinking, Lucius, or needing... And I do think you will like what I have in mind for us adults. This."

Before Lucius could even try to retort, the red-headed witch dropped to her knees. His groan resounded throughout the kitchen as he felt her take his cock's tip into her hot luscious mouth. Her tongue began to slowly encircle the silky, sensitive skin as she took him in, deeper and deeper. He huffed and gasped, bracing himself against the

counter, only to curse himself as he felt his legs begin to shake and his balls begin to tighten so quickly.

She felt him starting to lose control and released his cock from her mouth, only to gently guide him by squeezing his muscular thighs and pushing his legs gently to sit back in the Chesterfield chair she had transfigured for him. She coaxed, "Sit, Lucius. Sit"

Feeling as if in a dream, he complied.

As he sat, she reached up, pulling his trousers and underpants down to his ankles in one smooth movement. Sitting, he watched with bated breath as she knelt, climbing up between his legs, to resume her oral ministrations. Gasping in irregular breaths of exquisite pleasure, he gathered her thick red mane in his hands as best he could to watch her suck him off through his half-closed lids. He began to undulate his hips, unable to stop himself from thrusting, instinctively needing to fuck an orifice. Any orifice. But the witch took him deeper and deeper, his tip hitting the back of her throat, holding the base of his shaft firmly and alternating her rhythm with her sporadic pumping motions, demanding that he come in her mouth.

So he did. He emptied himself in jets of hot come, spurting out, down her throat. Lucius knew not what his name was nor where he was, nor did he care... It had been so, so long. After several seconds, he had a vague sensation of Ginny releasing him from her mouth, and a few more seconds went by until he felt, with burning pleasure, a lapful of witch on him. She had straddled him, and as his eyes fluttered open, she held another one of the cognac glasses in her hands. Taking first a long sip, she held it to his lips, her eyes sparkling with arousal, and whispered, "The night is young..."

"It is indeed!" he replied glibly. *What a little hellcat... a fiery little vixen!* He didn't sip but gulped down the smooth, burning liquor, not keeping his eyes off of her large brown orbs as he stretched his arm out, placing the emptied glass on the counter.

"Wizard made, strong and deep, smoked-cinnamon fermentation," he classified, his voice husky and thick.

They came together in a mutual heated kiss. Ignited, Lucius grasped and squeezed her luscious arse and then frantically gathered up her skirt. He felt her up slowly, stroking her firm silky thighs and only pausing when his palm rested on the heat of her Venus mound. Her knickers were soaked on the way, and he could detect the pleasant, arousing scent of her sex. With a growl, he launched himself up, carrying and pressing Ginny, straddled, against him, his fingers digging into her firm cheeks as his cock was pooling with pulsating blood rushing into it, standing at attention again. "I believe you said we could have our dessert earlier..." He panted, "You've had yours; now it's time for mine."

With his arms full, he plopped her down on the long table's edge and, in a quick swoop, buried his head between her thighs. Snatching aside her knicker's crotch, he burrowed his sharp tongue in her cunt for several seconds, sucking and lapping her juices like a man dying of thirst. Her squirming and cries of ecstasy spurred him to pause only momentarily enough to wave over the Chesterfield sofa and sit on its edge, relishing her heaving chest and wet pussy, and slowly he pulled off her knickers and placed her trembling legs on his shoulders, settling himself comfortably between them. Methodically, he spread her vaginal lips and gazed in appreciation at her swollen clit. He ever so slowly licked her cunt from down to up ending with teasing her sensitive nub with his sharp tongue's tip.

As Ginny writhed and gasped, "Oh, yes, yes...", he began to suckle her wetness as it began to gush out, and he could feel her vaginal muscles contract where his chin pressed into her folds. Lucius looked up and felt the strangest sensation. Ginny had stuck her hand in the cake, pushing it away, and her fingers were covered with creamy icing. She crunched up, sticking an icing-covered finger into his welcoming mouth, and then impulsively Lucius took her other frosting-covered fingers and placed them on her vaginal folds, gently swirling them around, spreading the strawberry and chocolate icing over her labia. "Fuck yourself, Ginevra," he whispered.

As she entered a finger inside herself, she felt Lucius' tongue licking around it, nudging her on as she increased her probing in and out.

Lucius licked and lapped the residue of frosting off her succulent folds and then increased the pressure of his mouth as he sucked tighter and tighter while his thumb found her engorged clit and pressed circularly, mimicking what his tongue was now doing, swirling around in steady rhythm. Her waves of orgasm peaked with her climaxing, grabbing and clawing at him, suddenly crying out, "Oh, oh, yes, yes!", coming.

Starved for the taste of a woman's sex, he continued to suck and lap at her, only resting to breathe momentarily with his head on her thigh and luxuriantly lost in the scent of her delectable sweet moistness and heat.

Abruptly, in the distance was the distinct voice of Albus Severus calling, "When will the cake be ready, Mum?"

Ginny jerked up into sitting position. "Ten more minutes, Albus! I'm bringing it up to you as I speak...stay right there!" There were excited yells of approval heard from above. She slowly regained her composure as Lucius slumped back in the Chesterfield, slowly finding his clothing and redressing himself.

As Ginny stood up, she saw that Lucius had an angry hard-on. Waving her soaked knickers to the washing band, she smiled, "I think being knickerless will be more convenient... for later." She gave Lucius a quick peck, leaving him in needy agony, as she pouted, "First thing's first: the cake must be finished...the darlings are restless."

"They're not the only ones," the tight wizard muttered as he watched Ginny tuck her skirt down in place again and quickly summon an extra bowl full of icing and begin swirling and covering the three-layered cake. Her swirling buttocks moved right and left; her skirt's swaying exposed her thighs. When Ginny bent at a certain angle, Lucius could just see a glimpse of her luscious buttocks with her soft fuzz, covering her juicy folds, guarding her nethermost orifices of pleasure. The taste of her sex lingered in his mouth, leading him to stand up and stealthily cross and stand behind her. He couldn't resist.

Ginny felt the cool air hit her buttocks, as her skirt was raised, and Lucius' hand massage and dig into her arse cheeks. She had finished the icing, but froze, enjoying his caressing and strumming, playing with her folds and gently probing her vagina. She felt him smear her pussy's juices onto her anal opening and gently, circularly, probe in and out of her arse, slowly but persistently pushing his thumb deeper into her soft rubbery opening. With a loud groan, she felt the tip of his burning cock enter her pussy, and in one smooth thrust he sheathed himself fully, his thickness spreading her tight cunt, causing her to remain motionless. He took his thumb out of her arse to grab her hips tightly, almost painfully, and pin her in place as he slowly pulled out and immediately pushed into her contracting vaginal muscles. The tight clenching of his cock by her sex caused him to, very controlled, pull out of her, only to more forcefully ram her. He began pumping her steadily, rhythmically, until his speed picked up, and he was pounding her pussy as if he had never fucked anything before or would ever again.

"Mum! We're waiting!" called Albus Severus again. Chorus sounds of rambunctious kids chanted, "We want cake! We want cake!"

Definitely a mood killer for Ginny, she had to pull away from Lucius, leaving him with a painful hard-on so that he whispered, "Bloody fuck!" She heard the Malfoy patriarch further growl at his intense state of blue-balled erection.

"Come with me, I'll show you to your room," said Ginny, taking matters into her hands.

"My room?" gasped Lucius, disgruntled and tentatively folding his rigid cock inside his underpants as, in agony, he dressed himself.

With an impish grin, Ginny asked, "No one told you this was a sleep over party, Mr Malfoy?" She laughed at his confounded expression, and without waiting for his response, Ginny took his hand and said, "Let me take the kids cake, and you," she motioned for him with her index finger, "follow me."

Showing him to the back salon, the sultry redhead left to tend to and pacify the raucous youngsters above and left the blond wizard to relax as best he could in his sexually frustrated state and make himself at home until she returned. Lucius took off his outer robe and slowly unbuttoned his waistcoat, anticipating to dispense with his clothing as quickly as possible when his hostess returned. "I want to feel her flesh with mine..." he muttered, impatient for her to return, so that they could continue and finish what they had started.

Lucius gazed rather blankly over the myriad of different photos framed and propped up on the walls and shelves. He huffed in distaste as a myriad of different Weasley family photos presented themselves and was mumbling, "They breed like rabbits..." under his breath when one photo made him freeze. It wasn't a Weasley photo at all, but rather an old picture, taken some time before the last wizarding war, of the Hogwarts staff members.

And there she was: Charity Burbage.

Lucius inhaled in a soft hiss. Beside the late Burbage stood Severus Snape; these two persons blandly blinked and gazed out of the photo. It made Lucius grip the frame tightly. He sat slowly down on the sofa, heavy in thought.

Memories of the witch flooded through him, flashing in his mind like a movie reel in reverse. That ill-fated day for her in Malfoy Manor and the witnessing of her horrid death and consumption by Voldemort's loathsome familiar, Nagini, caused a vile taste to rise in his mouth. And yet, he could not put the photo down.

Charity stood beside Severus, fidgeting and mirthful, trying to keep her poise for the staff photo, while Snape was arching an eyebrow and trying to contain a smirk forming upward on the corners of his usually firm-set lips. The other staff members were undulating and preening themselves in starts and stops.

Lucius felt as if all the air had been knocked out of him, and a dull pain began to burn in his chest. He lay back on the cushioned sofa, letting his head fall backwards, and closed his eyes tightly, reminiscing.

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Part Three: Then

Chapter 3 of 4

Lucius' captivated attention of one witch leaves him remembering earlier times of another. Written for Lucius Big Bang 2012.

□

A/N: Thank you, Clairvoyant, for your patience and for all of your help, again and again!

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Then...

"Do you truly believe that Muggles are our equals?" The cool grey eyes of the blond wizard glinted, suppressing something volatile, wild and hateful.

"I believe Muggles are our natural balance," stated the interviewee.

There was a murmur around the table. The Hogwarts' Board of Governors were surprised by the witch's blunt response.

"Miss Charity Burbage, surely you cannot deny what history has proven time and time again. Muggles are dangerous."

"Ignorance is dangerous, Governor Malfoy. Wizards must accept that Muggles have their own particular, useful knowledge; our wizard history lacks the inclusion of their contribution to society as we know it..."

"Wizards society, as we know it, has no need of the study of Muggles, but a need for our young to be fully aware of the theft of our powers and persecution of wizardkind by..."

"Sir, my background and views of Muggles..."

"That is exactly why a Hogwarts' board meeting was convened: so that all governors have a chance to meet you, Miss Burbage, and be presented with your... peculiar ideas. I am here today for you to satisfy my curiosity."

Lucius held Charity's gaze. It had been years since he had last seen the young witch, years ago since he had uttered very similar words to her, wishing her to satisfy him as well as he satisfy her curiosity.

She's not letting on how she's known me in the past in front of them... Good girl...

Of course, it had been under very different circumstances; she'd turned seventeen and been made-up like a doll for looking, not touching, all satin and lace... but he had touched her, touched her hard and deeply...

But look at her now, not a brush of rouge anywhere, so natural and fired up with zest and zeal for her futile cause... What a waste of passion...

An irritating voice brought Lucius out of his reflection about the witch before him.

"Her unique qualifications, I believe, would be more accurate, Lucius," corrected Dumbledore, peering over his half-moon glasses at the seemingly miffed governor. The Headmaster of Hogwarts pressed his point. "If our students are to gain as thorough an education from a professor as possible in Muggle Studies, short of bringing in an actual Muggle, Miss Burbage is then quite qualified."

Wheels within wheels turning inside his head, Lucius sniffed and glanced down at the parchment before him. "Yesss...", he softly hissed, glancing over her curriculum vitae. He studied it for several seconds and then stated, "Miss Burbage, I know your father well, and you are a pureblood." His jaw muscles clenched, irked by another aspect of this entire ordeal. *Muggle Studies professorship? She became a Muggle lover... How is this possible: the Weasleys, Longbottoms and now the Burbages? This blood traitor behaviour must be annihilated before we're all made extinct by their traitorous ways to wizardkind!*

"Yes, Mr Malfoy, our families know each other well, but more importantly," the young blonde witch pointed out on the parchment, "I've been working undercover for the Ministry for two years, living with and being educated by Muggles. From my experience and observations, I've documented and analysed for all to study. It's fascinating what we can learn from Muggles; my observations are invaluable to Muggle Studies as we know it..."

"So you say," Lucius cut her off sharply.

Around the table, the other governors held their breath; they could override Malfoy's decision if he rejected the applicant completely, but a unanimous agreement for the hiring of a new professor was preferable...if only for tradition's sake. And if not merely for tradition's sake, the thought of having to be in conflict with Lucius Malfoy did not

appeal to any of them, as he was known to hold grudges indefinitely.

However, Lucius was distracted by other thoughts, having nothing to do with the hiring of the applicant before him for a teaching position. He was remembering how easy a conquest this very witch had been for him at her coming-out party her family had given her for coming of age. Along with several other families whose daughters had turned of age, the celebration had been a gawdy, garish get-together overall. But Charity had stood out from all the rest in Lucius' eyes, and so naturally, he had seduced and enjoyed being the young witch's first.

But now it's as if she's someone completely different. His eyelids fluttered as he heard her droning on about Muggles further, and he couldn't get over her marked confidence and sense of purpose. *She's so natural now, so much lovelier; then she was as made up as a cheap tart in Knockturn Alley, too much make-up... I could taste it in my mouth for days, but now I bet if I licked her, it would be her own natural essence... yes, much more appetising...*

Snapping back to the present moment, Lucius realized he needed to uphold his supremacist ways and illustrate to all what was truly dangerous about Muggle lovers such as Dumbledore and his increasing amount of followers. Addressing a particular topic, which highly amused him as well as riled, he dug up one of the touchy topics regarding Muggle loving. Wishing the entire governors' panel to witness and be clear on her views, he cut her off and asked bluntly, "One particular question so that the panel may get a better picture of the 'whole' you, Miss Burbage: how do you view the dwindling of our stock...how do you foresee the future of wizardkind's dwindling numbers with the onslaught of Muggles around?"

"The natural order of things clearly indicates that we must intermarry with Muggles to survive; the future of our kind must"

"Breed with them?" dictated Lucius, his voice reflecting the ludicrousness of it even as he uttered the words. Smirking, he offered, "I propose an alternative to you, Miss Burbage."

"You, Mr Malfoy? You've got my utmost attention...please, tell."

"We could breed with each other, Miss Burbage, pureblood to pureblood." He gave her a look which he was pleased she responded to with a blush as nervous and uncomfortable sounds and titters sounded forth from around the table from the other governors.

All were unsure of whether the duplicitous Malfoy was making a joke or in earnest; either way, it was inappropriate, but no one would dare call him on it.

Except Dumbledore. Albus neutrally pointed out, "I believe, Lucius, the subject of breeding is irrelevant to the position for professor of Muggle Studies."

"Am I so repulsive to you, Miss Burbage?" pressed the blond wizard coyly, ignoring the Headmaster completely to demand that Charity give him some sign or word that she remembered him as much as he remembered her.

The witch blushed deeply, giving Lucius the unspoken answer he needed.

Feigning a modest disposition to relieve any tension in the air that he'd been in earnest, he jested, "I see, gentlemen, we'll just have to become Muggles if one wishes to receive Miss Burbage's attentions."

At the preposterousness of Malfoy's words, Charity let out a mirthful laughter, as clear as sparkling crystal, and Lucius felt a keen tightening and stirring in his groin. *So, the bright, little know-it-all still has a playful side; perhaps, there is a way to persuade her back to the proper side with just the right approach rather than being one of Albus' puppets... Yes, I must report back to the Dark Lord that all is not lost, that I can remedy this situation for our cause...*

He smiled at Charity, and this time she returned the smile but with an empowered, challenging confidence that he was not used to being given by a witch, nor did he like it one bit.

No, my dear, you will not win... I will take you and your radical ideas, my sweet and once naïve witch, and I will break you... break you and remold you in the way a pureblood witch should be.

With a serious, neutral air, Lucius turned sharply away from Charity's challenging look and proposed to other governors, "I move that the final decision be postponed for two weeks to give adequate time for the study of these parchments and for my thorough consideration of Miss Burbage for the position."

"I must have full satisfaction of her... qualifications."

But Dumbledore rejected this immediately and informed, "There is no need, Lucius, for a postponement. Miss Burbage has all of the qualifications I require."

Of course, Dumbledore's say and selection as Headmaster would be final. Lucius knew this and resented it.

Conceding to the Headmaster for the time being, Lucius declared, "Gentlemen, I believe we've heard all that we need to hear. Albus, the decision, at the end, is indeed in your hands." *You meddling old Muggle-loving blood traitor; you'll get your comeuppance sooner than later, just you wait...*

The meeting was adjourned.

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The Hogwarts' Board of Governor's solstice party was boring Lucius to tears. Only the subversive recruiting of potential supporters for the Dark Lord kept him from getting thoroughly soused and, of course, the subject of the current witch being discussed.

"Mr Burbage, I do grieve for you, truly I do," offered Lucius, unable to produce crocodile tears but hoping for his pretence to cajole the distressed father.

"No, Mr Malfoy. Thank Merlin you'll never have to be in my predicament. Charity's always been too clever for her own good. And now I've lost her. She came back, after this cursed Ministry's assignment, irreverent to our ways and wild. I barely recognise her anymore! The entire Ministry has gone down the drain if you ask me. We're losing a whole generation to this Muggle-loving propaganda, and now my own daughter, my daughter, Lucius! The disgrace!" the elder Burbage rasped and became quite choked up, resorting to brooding in his glass of Firewhisky.

Having a predator's true sense of preying on the vulnerable, Lucius offered, "My invitation is still open. There will be a meeting later this evening, in fact, for fellow believers and supporters of the new Dark Lord who wishes to reinstall wizards' power as they were naturally meant to be. Muggle loving shall become a thing of the past again," informed Malfoy sympathetically. "You have my word on that."

"Count me in! I'll be there. Maybe there's still a chance to bring my daughter back into the fold," Burbage gave a dark glower towards the Headmaster of Hogwarts, "instead of a hopeless follower of that Muggle loving Dumbledore. The hypocrisy and ludicrousness of it all, Lucius! It breaks an old wizard's heart, it does."

Burbage's eyes lit up spotting someone. "Ah, here comes my daughter now."

Lucius turned to where the old wizard was focused and literally bumped shoulders with the Hogwarts' Headmaster.

"Albus," acknowledged the disgruntled Malfoy, unable to control the dislike in his voice.

"Lucius," Dumbledore replied coolly, also noticing Burbage, and was curious. "You aren't perhaps still upset by my choice?"

"Not your choice of witch, Albus, although I'm surprised you didn't choose the young *wizard* applying, knowing wizards to be your preference... in all things." The blond wizard leered a second too long at Charity, and catching himself, he explained further, "But the subject matter itself is... hmm, what is the word? Distasteful, yes, that's it, 'distasteful' to me... Unlike our newest addition to the Hogwarts staff." He sighed dramatically. "What a waste of a witch, Albus, on Muggle Studies... I'm sure your father, Percival Dumbledore, would've agreed."

Ignoring Lucius, Dumbledore enquired, "Miss Burbage's probationary interim comes to an end; on my part, she'll be given the position permanently. I shall assume that there shall be no future arbitrary opposition from you then?"

Malfoy gave a tart, empty smile to Albus and didn't answer him. Not hiding his disdain, he arrogantly brushed on by him to intervene with the witch who'd entered the ballroom on the arms of Severus Snape.

"Ah, Severus, you came. Do I have your lovely colleague here to thank for this?" He swooped up Charity's hand to his lips.

"Mr Malfoy!" Charity gave a glance to Severus, who had turned away slightly being greeted and engaged by some other governor's wife.

Taking matters swiftly into his own hands, Lucius spoke in a low voice, "Please understand, Miss Burbage, I'm so very honoured. Severus accepted the invitation this year; he always declines it. Surely, it was because of you?"

"We both received invitations and decided to come together. We're good friends."

"A 'friend' friend? Or," he paused, "an *intimate* friend?"

Charity blushed. "He's my colleague and friend."

"Ah, a colleague friend," purred Lucius. "Well, one can't have too many of those, Miss Burbage. So, where does that put us?"

She raised an eyebrow in curiosity. "Us?"

"As a governor of the school and you being my subordinate," he smirked, "*own* you, Professor Burbage. Didn't Severus tell you?"

By now, Severus had turned back to them, only catching Lucius' last comment.

"Professor Burbage and I have other matters to discuss, Lucius, rather than the misconceived, wayward goings-on of the Board of Governors."

Neither was Charity in the least amused. "I don't belong to anyone, Mr Malfoy. Not you, nor father, nor anyone. I'm my own person. I think for myself."

"Ah, I see," replied the blond wizard. "Has becoming a professor taken away your ability to know when someone is joking, my dear? Or, perhaps, living among Muggles has." Lucius forced a broad smile and looked her up and down slowly in her elegant midnight-blue gown. "So serious, and yet such an open spirit you have, my dear. You know, you've quite aroused... my curiosity, as ever, especially when you spoke of Muggles and breeding at your interview." He gave her an odd leer. "I was sincerely curious as to why you have an aversion to your own kind."

"My own kind, Mr Malfoy?" huffed Charity, remembering Malfoy's tenacious, overbearing tendencies all too well.

"Lucius, please, like old times. I would so much like to be on first name basis with you again and call you Charity. Such a lovely name... meaning benevolence, giving to one in need, does it not?" Lucius smiled, maddeningly smug.

Charity gazed at the blond wizard and couldn't help but give him a small smile. "Very well, Lucius."

"Severus, may I steal Charity away from you? I haven't had the pleasure of her company alone, *since she was seventeen...*" and must insist on a few minutes of discussing the business regarding her final probationary review for the Board... When I'm finished with her, I'll release her back to you for further pleasurable activities this evening."

Snape frowned, his thin lips frozen in suspicion at the thought of his colleague being alone with Malfoy, regardless of the reason. But he would not interfere with Lucius' request, as it appeared Malfoy and Charity had past history. As he glanced at Charity to check her reaction, she seemed comfortable and open to Lucius' proposal and, like too many other witches, more than a bit influenced by his charm. "Very well. I shall be here if either of you need me."

Severus gave a consenting nod, releasing Charity's arm over to Lucius who, without any preamble, whisked her away briskly to a secluded corner of the manor's ballroom with a private balcony leading out from it. For any enquiring minds and ears taking note of the couple's manoeuvring, Lucius lied blandly for no one in particular to overhear, "The Board has left it to me for the final decision of your place on the Hogwarts staff, as your probationary period is coming to an end. I just have a few more questions to be answered to my satisfaction, if you would be obliging, my dear?"

Once reaching outside the French doors, the balcony curved around, connecting to a dimly lit, private salon, which Lucius led them both into. Once inside, he turned and gazed intently at her. "I wish to thank you for being so discreet during your interview and beyond it; indeed, one would think that no one knows of... how shall I put it... our little indiscretion years ago."

Charity blushed and mumbled, "What's past, is past. Moreover, I'm not that person that I was. That you knew and took advantage of. None of it matters. I'm beyond it all now. The past is dead to me." She raised her chin slightly. "As well as you."

So the past is dead for you? I, as well? We'll see about that! One thing Lucius did not take well was flat-out rejection.

"Well, you are passionate, Charity. You always have been and always will be... that has not changed." A dark thought formed in the crevasses of his mind as Lucius' eyes flicked over her features, and the forced smile on his face froze, seemingly pleased. "Quite a charisma for your subject of interest; I'm sure your students find your classes most stimulating."

"Most are very keen to be enlightened about Muggles."

"Enlightened about Muggles?" Lucius huffed, full of disdain, and decisively turned the subject to his more pressing interests and needs. He dropped all façade and said in a husky voice, "I would very much like to kiss you again, Charity."

"I'm not that kind of witch anymore, Mr Malfoy, and even if I were, I'm definitely not your type."

"Definitely not my type?" Lucius repeated mockingly. "What kind are you then? You were my type when you turned sweet seventeen, weren't you? And I remember that just as if it were yesterday, my dear."

The witch's cheeks burned red, and she became so very flustered, unable to respond momentarily, before she could muster up her concentration and comment, "You wished to discuss my permanent position in Hogwarts, so let's discuss that and return to the ball."

"Perhaps, a kiss would seal the deal for you? One kiss. Is that so much to ask for my utmost support for you for the prestigious position?" Lucius smiled at her lovely brown eyes growing wider. Then abruptly, he cajoled her, "Do you truly have such an aversion to me now? No pity for a poor wizard still enamoured by you, my dear?"

Not believing him, but unable to control herself, Charity blushed. "I'm not the naïve, silly chit that I was years ago when you seduced me..."

"One kiss, Charity."

She moved her face away as he lowered his to kiss her.

"So suspicious? Is there nothing I can do to show you my... sincerity? I wish you only the best." Suddenly, his lips were on the nape of her neck, gently nibbling upward on her silken skin, pausing at her earlobe, only to then lightly flicker his tongue in her ear. He hotly whispered, "You've come into your own; you've become such an independent, strong-willed witch with your unique passion and natural beauty for all to bask in your glow. How can I resist you, my dear? 'Power is a natural attractor', remember? You said that to me so many years ago, but then you wanted my kisses, very much so..."

"I have changed. I no longer view power in the same way." Charity pushed his chest gently away and gave him a triumphant smile as his piercing grey eyes met hers. She bluntly said, "Sexual power between a witch and wizard is to be shared, enjoyed equally, not one taking utterly from the other."

"Ah, I see," commented Lucius, amused to no end. "Still as naïve and mistaken as you always were. Charming, my dear. Have your experiences still remained so unfulfilling? So disillusioned? Well, lucky for you, I'm still at your service, Miss Burbage. Your wish is my command."

Charity could not help herself and laughed at his bold arrogance. "Some things have remained the same: your arrogance and cocky assuredness of your love-making skills, Mr Malfoy."

"Yesss," he softly hissed, pleased that she was softening, playful. "Some things are absolutisms. If my memory serves me correctly, and it always does, you had no complaints and were quite willing and thankful that we were *not* equals...that I was so much more experienced than you, my dear."

Charity became tongue-tied, unable to dispute the truth.

Lucius seized the moment to catch her mouth with his. Feeling her respond back to him, he indulged in kissing her for several seconds before he murmured in her ear, "I do need to be clear on all of your views, though."

Charity waited, panting softly, knowing that his slippery tactics could reveal anything.

"Your father is very upset about your fervour and your lack of adhering to the old pureblood ways...Does your heritage mean nothing to you?"

Relieved that there was nothing more than the same old pureblood diatribe being attempted, Charity relaxed fully. "So, father wishes you to lecture me about the error of my ways? You poor man," she teasingly consoled him.

"Ah, you pity me, Miss Burbage?" He fluttered his eyelashes. "I'm flattered."

"Pity you, Mr Malfoy? That would be a waste of emotion."

"Ah, so cruel. You speak as if you think I have no heart." He smiled lasciviously at her and took her hand, pressing his lips to her palm. "I have a heart, my sweet Charity. Where there's one heart met by another open heart, there is always the possibility for pity. Such a useful emotion. Another useful emotion is mercy." Lucius clasped her tightly around the waist to him.

At his touch, just as years ago, Charity began to reciprocate slowly, her hands feeling the contours of his sculpted form underneath his robes. A soft expression appeared on her features: warm and inviting, just as he remembered her. Vulnerable.

"Please, let's not speak of hearts," she replied wistfully in a small voice. Lucius felt her melting and knew she would give in to him fully if he just pressed her a bit further.

"Have mercy on me, Charity," he heatedly whispered, guiding her gently into a shadowed corner in the sconced lighting. "I don't wish to banter about, each with our esoteric principles. I want to taste you, my sweet; I want you to let me pleasure you as I did all those years ago. To be, once again, your clandestine lover... You hold all the power, this time, my dear."

They had barely reached the corner's walls when Charity felt Lucius' hot mouth press into her neck ardently while pressing his hardness against her; the feel of his erection caused shivers down her spine. "... I don't know... I don't think we should..."

Her words were stopped by his hungry mouth upon hers again.

After several seconds of grinding into each other, he whispered fiercely, "Do you truly wish me stop?" He began to murmur sweet nothings, nipping her silky neck, eliciting gasps from her as his fingertips feather-lightly felt and pinched her hardening nipples through her satin dress. "No one else need ever know, my dear. Just like before. Our little secret."

"Oh," gasped Charity, breathing heavily, barely able to coherently form words, "Please, Lucius, don't. We're not the same people we were." But her eyes were shut tight, and her lips opened, needy and wanting more.

Arching an eyebrow at her mixed signals, but sensing her body's readiness for him, regardless of what she was saying, he decided *Yes, I think I will fuck her. Now.* Lucius slowly gathered her skirt upwards, slipping an experienced hand up and pulling aside the crotch of her skimpy laced knickers. Heatedly, he whispered as he slipped one finger and then another into her wetness, "Don't do this?" His thumb searched for and felt her swollen clit between her vaginal lip folds.

As he pressed circularly, Charity moaned out beyond her control and clutched his back, thrusting her hips upward to welcome him in deeper, and he felt a rush of pleasure surge and burn throughout his muscles as she clasped him to her, encouraging him to continue further and further...

Not wasting any time, Lucius released his painful erection from his trousers and slid into her wetness, digging his fingers into the softness of her round arse, hoisting her upwards against the wall and holding her in place as he thrust into her cunt, hard and urgent, inward and upwards deeper and deeper. "Your leg," he groaned, "raise it!"

Lucius helped her to drape one leg over his supporting arm, only to then ram harder into her, quickening his pace, until his balls were slapping against her cheeks in thrusting rhythm. He could pound her relentlessly at her favourite angle which he remembered so well, and by her cries of joy, he knew that she remembered too.

Charity's trembling and clawing at Lucius to continue fucking her shot a searing bolt through him, and he found himself grinding and screwing her cunt into the wall until she cried out his name in orgasm; his balls tightened in rapid pain, and he spent himself deep inside her, feeling triumphant that he had reclaimed what he felt he'd lost.

Charity was his, once again.

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"You have not been straightforward with me, Lucius. Look at me."

Lucius' nose began to bleed heavier the further the Dark Lord probed him.

"This Muggle loving pureblood witch... Burbage. You are attracted by her blasphemous teachings?"

"No, my Lord..."

"Don't lie to me."

As the Dark Lord scraped around the weak Malfoy's mind, Voldemort saw Lucius' smooth seduction of the blood traitor Burbage and felt vicariously Lucius' sexual pleasure, his orgasm and satiated sense of power over the witch. The feeling of a satisfied conquest. He released the blond wizard to collapse before his feet.

"She would have us breed with them?"

"She strikes me as very impressionable, my lord, naïve, almost romantic...Dumbledore's influence, no doubt."

"*Romantic*, Lucius?" The Dark Lord leered, ominous and cold blooded, at Lucius' prostrated figure. "You weak fool!"

The electrical bolt of pain hitting Lucius, excruciating and numbing, was the last thing he remembered before blacking out.

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"Lucius, I believe you know the current Muggle Studies professor? Know her quite well, in fact?" The Dark Lord's eyes gleamed. "Quite intimately."

"Show us, Lucius, show us what blood traitors are good for."

The Dark Lord's red eyes glinted dangerously in the moonlight of the Forbidden Forest.

The silver-masked follower turned from his master to look down upon the victim held in place upon a turfed mound by fellow Death Eaters.

"You! You...you're truly one of them," whimpered Charity.

Voldemort's tone dripped with ominous finality. "Lucius?"

His minion acquiesced and lowered himself to half-lay on the female.

"Yes...", hissed Lucius softly. Abruptly, he grabbed her chin tightly, jerking it, forcing her to look him in the eyes, and raised his wand to Burbage's throat.

"Do you know what you represent? All that is foul and diseased within the pureblood society. You filthy Muggle loving..."

"Don't!" she pleaded.

The grey eyes glinted through the mask malevolently.

"Don't kill me!" she begged, delirious from the blood loss and beating of her captors.

"She must be returned to Dumbledore alive for the time being," instructed his master coldly. "Lucius, I require something *morè intimate* for this evening's entertainment." The Dark Lord gave him a knowing look. His face drawn back in a threatening leer, Voldemort licked his lips with his snake-like tongue. "Do it!"

With a forced bravado, Charity heard her once clandestine lover's voice taunt, "And why would I do a despicable thing like that, Burbage? Spill pureblood blood?"

From behind the mask, his heavy-lidded eyes fell lower to between her legs.

Quietly, he shared, "The Dark Lord let's me play with my catch in other ways. No, *mystupid*, deluded witch..." He raised her skirt and with one quick brutal movement, placed himself between her legs. Jerking the crotch of her knickers aside, he spoke not a word as he undid his trousers, releasing his hardened cock, placing it at her entrance.

"It's been amusing..."

Watching the stunned, immobilised witch, amidst the grotesque grunts and taunts of the other Death Eaters holding the victim down, with detached efficiency, he rammed his cock inside her, fucking until he came in a base, perfunctory way.

The deed done, he quickly withdrew out of her and raised himself off of her immobilised body and dressed again. Raising his wand, he callously announced, "That is all blood traitors are good for..."

His voiced trailed off as his mind was reeling to keep his concentration and carry through with what needed to be done further.

"And now, I'm going to Obliviate your memory of this little encounter. You won't remember it, but we, on the other hand," announced Lucius cruelly for all of his inner circle to hear, "shall cherish it always."

Wand raised, he sent the spell, erasing her abduction, torture and rape.

"That's more like it," jibed the Dark Lord, lecherously leering at the blond wizard and not surprised at how accommodating his slippery servant had been. "Good boy, Lucius."

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Part Four: And Now, Again

Chapter 4 of 4

Lucius' captivated attention of one witch leaves him remembering earlier times of another. Written for Lucius Big Bang 2012.

□

A/N: The greatest thanks and appreciation to Clairvoyant for all of her expertise and help with the numerous 'final touches'...you're an admin goddess!

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... and Now, Again

Lucius had fallen into a light state of sleep, but then roused himself to wake, not knowing the time and feeling discomposed. He blinked, reminded of where he was. *In the Potters' back parlour...*

He still held the photo in his hand. As Lucius recollected his past sins, his past atrocities, he dwelt on how it would be years later, himself broken and existing in a living nightmare, that he would witness the death of Charity Burbage by the wand of the Dark Lord and then be forced to watch Voldemort's loathsome familiar, Nagini, devour the corpse, swallowing it section by section.

It was to Lucius' credit that a single tear rolled down his wretched cheek in remorse for so many abominable things which he had done as a Death Eater...Charity being one of the most abhorrent among them.

His sullen reflections of times gone by was interrupted as he heard the melodious tone of Ginevra Potter's voice teasing him. "Here you are, hiding from me, you naughty man!"

Lucius didn't respond, so she explained, "Sorry, I took so long, but I had to wait until the few darlings sleeping over were deep in sleep; after all, it's after midnight..." She stopped in her tracks, seeing his dour demeanour, and asked in a worried tone, "What's the matter? What has happened?"

Lucius still spoke nothing but remained staring at the photo intensely.

Ginny walked over and took the picture frame from him, and assuming she'd detected the cause of his serious mood, she said, "Ah, Professor Snape... You were his friend: a true friend, were you not?"

He blinked the memory of Charity away, far away, as he had done so many times before.

Hoarsely, he uttered, "For many years, Snape considered me one. I tried to be... a friend as much as one could be under the circumstances we were all under...."

Lucius rose and, giving Ginny a decisive look, crossed to exit the room. At the feminine touch to his arm, halting him, he turned around and faced her.

Ginny watched as his hardened look slowly softened as they held each other's gaze.

"You're leaving? What's wrong? What's the matter?"

Giving her an odd look, evidently in turmoil with himself, he finally answered, "So much, my dear. So much."

"I thought... I thought you were enjoying yourself?"

At her pained look, he offered, "More than I deserve, my lovely, incredible Ginevra."

The witch lowered her head, and Lucius cupped her chin, lifting it to see that tears had filled her gentle, sad eyes. His nostrils flared with an intense emotion, and making a decision, he guided her to the plush sofa, sitting down beside her. He took one of her hands and raised a brow in speculation at the incongruous situation he now found himself to be in.

"As you well know, I'm a vile man, Ginevra. Ruthless, cold blooded, selfish, and self-serving. I have done many, many unspeakable things in my past..." Lucius could not speak for several seconds, and instead, he gently rubbed the witch's hand held warmly in his. Taking a deep breath, he continued, "Even though Azkaban and Aurors have mollified my behaviour on some levels, my innate inclinations are still to be cruel, inflict pain. I do try to keep my sadistic tendencies under control, but my past is always here," he touched his chest, "a part of me."

The witch started to protest, but Lucius pressed his point. "Let's end this delectable little game of yours before you get hurt further; I hope the pleasure you've given me and I've expressed to you has been mutual. For my part, you have been an undeserving wizard's dream." He brought her hand up and kissed her palm slowly, succulently. Placing her hand back down, he quietly announced, "But now I must go before I harm you more."

"Harm me? You harmed me when I was an eleven-year-old girl!"

It was as if she had slapped him in the face; Lucius froze, not knowing how he could ever further make amends, help her distance herself from the past, a past he was so intertwined with.

He flinched as he felt her gently touch his face and say, "I'm not a little girl anymore, Lucius."

He huffed. "No. No, you're not... but your pain is still well and alive."

"It is not my pain, Lucius, it is my darkness. My guilt. I spoke of it earlier."

Lucius raised a speculative brow, curious about her dubious confession.

Ginevra's demeanour was not accusatory but sultry and needy as she continued, "Tom Riddle not only was my confidante, not only did he seduce me with his malicious charm, but even after the diary, even after the Horcrux was destroyed, the desires he had awakened in me... still remained. They were of *you*. I didn't know at that time, nor you, but Voldemort knew...he knew whose hand had cared for and carried that part of his soul around and whose hand his soul was then passed onto...he knew it was you, Lucius. You and I."

Lucius' muscles tightened throughout his body in keen expectation as Ginny's intimate, dark secrets were being divulged.

"After I had poured my heart out about my childhood crush on Harry, in the middle of the dark nights, Tom Riddle would send me images of other wizards and witches doing acts of carnal passion, things I couldn't understand at that time, but which awakened confusing needs within me. After the diary was destroyed, there was one person's presence which continued to haunt me in the middle of lonely nights...yours.

"The desire for you has never disappeared. Dreams and images of you have continued throughout my whole life: not cruel but demanding ones," she kissed him passionately, "sexually demanding ones, and yet, so needy on both of our parts. You needed me in them... as someone who knew what it was to be possessed by darkness, by Voldemort, yearning for power... and as an equal, sexually."

The words of Charity, so long ago, echoed in his mind: *Sexual power between a witch and wizard is to be shared, enjoyed equally, not one taking utterly from the other...*

Lucius' burning gaze bore through her as he asked in a strained voice, "Who else have you told this to? Your husband? Who else knows?"

"No one knows," she confessed, smiling shyly. "Harry has definitely benefited from my lack of inhibition in the bedroom, as I have a deep, dark force which surges, needy, yearning for fulfillment... And tonight, when you appeared on my doorstep, I felt the surge, as if we were in one of my dreams. But you're real, aren't you?" She caressed his hardened cock between his legs. "Flesh and blood. I couldn't resist. I thought that if I indulged myself with you, the need would go away. But it hasn't and it won't. It wasn't a cruel man of my childhood past; it was a redemptive man fulfilling my desires: you're the lover of my dark dreams."

The blond wizard stared hard at the witch. He was at a crossroads, conflicted, and attempted one last time to persuade her, as well as himself, the reality of who he truly was.

"There is a grave difference between a lover, my dear, and someone who will fuck you just to relieve himself," replied Lucius darkly. "When your fancy isn't controlling you, need I remind you that you're a young mother and wife," he grabbed her hand to halt her skilful fingers stroking his tenting cock and uttered in a low voice, "and I...I am diabolical, Ginevra. Truly despicable. If you only knew... Beyond redemption, I'm afraid. I would bed you all night, my dear, and then tomorrow barely acknowledge you...do you understand what I'm saying? I have no qualms about *using* you; it's my specialty, always has been."

"Perhaps before, you would've. But that was then, and this," she slowly straddled him, "is now. A man beyond redemption could not say what you've just said. Not admit his weaknesses."

"They are more than weaknesses...they are real deeds of vileness and evilness which I will not," his voice hitched as he felt her rubbing her hot sex against his erection, "drag you further down into. I'm not what you wish me to be."

"You're everything I need you to be. Do you truly believe this is evil?" She kissed his lips softly. "If it is, so be it. I have a darkness within me, Lucius. A darkness that only you can tame."

He attempted to banter reason into her; however, the will to do so faded quickly, replaced by an urgent need to ravish her. Still, as they began to slowly dry fuck each other, he heard himself utter, "Your darkness came about from external stimuli; my darkness is innate."

"Does that really matter," she took his hand and led it under her skirt to her heat and wetness, "when the result is this?"

His eyelids fluttered, and he moaned in a quiet voice, "Ginevra..."

"Silly wizard, don't you know you can have your cake and eat it too?" Raising up on her knees, his hand had latched on firmly to her hot cunt. She ground her wet folds into his cupped hand as she ever-so-slowly unbuttoned his trousers to release his tented cock. "Help me, Lucius. Be my *friend*. Help me replace the dreams with reality." She whispered hotly in his ear. "Save me. Fuck me."

Lucius growled as her tongue flicked the inside of his ear, and she urged, "Let me fuck you."

Simultaneously lunging, Lucius fell backwards with the Gryffindor lioness on top of him; they both began to madly pull and tug, the sound of ripping cloth was heard, each other's clothes flying off here and there until Lucius could feel the indescribable feminine contour and touch of Ginny, nude and fiery on top of him. Hissing as he felt the heat of her sex over his groin, he ran his hands over her ample breasts and through her luscious mane as she writhed over his torso. Pulling her head down, he tongued her deeply as he felt her fingernails digging into his sides and then grasping onto his ribcage to push herself up, tightly straddling him.

The witch has gone wild! He groaned in urgency as he felt Ginny take his cock and place it at her opening. They both paused, panting, until Ginny slowly lowered herself on his pulsating erection, crying out in pleasure as she sheathed herself on his hot thickness. They grabbed and intertwined each other's fingers, and Lucius gasped in between her rhythmic rocking up and down on his rod and grunted out, "I want to watch you...see you pleasure yourself...watch you come..." He stopped, huffing and groaning loudly as she began to rock him, bobbing up and down, harder and faster.

Concentrating to watch her through his half-closed lids, he grabbed her hips and squeezed tightly; Ginny cried out in pain and ecstasy. She leaned back like the acrobatic Quidditch athlete she was, still bobbing on his cock in a more frantically increasing pace, and then threw her torso forward, grabbing onto Lucius' shoulders, and began fucking his cock harder, gripping it in a steel bind, and writhed and fucked Lucius in circular motions, man style.

Ginny's thrusting stopped and started, trying to work through the smarting, exquisite pain growing as her swelling clitoris was being pressed and stimulated with the increasing friction and pressure of slamming and ramming against Lucius. Each gripped the other tightly as they fucked, pushed and pulled their bodies together in a wild animalistic frenzy, sliding on and around the now slippery sofa's surface, each holding onto each other for dear life. Feeling an overwhelming rush in his ears, Lucius balls tightened up, and he spent himself in her tight cunt, exploding inside of Ginny; she was in such exquisite frenzy, feeling his seed deep inside her, and she let herself deliriously pound against him, still holding his ejaculated sex within her until, crying out, her waves of rapture peaking, climaxing.

Lucius watched *his* Ginevra coming, her exquisite expression of pain and ecstasy.

He knew then that he would move heaven and hell to see that expression on her face, again and again and again but, more importantly, that he would be the cause of it.

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They lay in each other's arms, stroking each other, half-asleep at times, dozing on and off in post-coital bliss, until the air changed and both knew that dawn had arrived as they watched the early-morning sunlight stream into the parlour.

Ginny gave Lucius a lazy, wet kiss, and then slowly shifted to raise herself up and away from him. "I must go and be ready for when the children start getting up..."

"They'll sleep to noon. They can wait," replied Lucius caustically. Suddenly, Ginny found herself flipped on her back and a very awake, morning-erection-at-full-attention Lucius pinning her down.

"Remember? My innate nature is to selfishly take what I want," his voice grew thick with need, "And before I have to share you with the world again..." His voice drifted off as he pushed and slipped his cock into her lush wetness again. *Slowly, Lucius, slowly...* he instructed himself; he wanted to savour every second inside *of* his Ginevra. Mustering every ounce of his willpower, he paced himself, pulling out and thrusting back into her welcoming cunt deeper and deeper, as evenly and rhythmically as he could control.

Neither spoke a word; only their lubricious hushed moans between their lips were heard as Lucius sped up his thrusting downward, discovering and pummeling an electrical spot in her inner core until Ginny trembled beneath him, out of control. It was only then, when he saw once again her exquisite expression of satiated desire caused by him, did he allow himself to spill his seed deep within her.

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Seeing the elder and youngest Malfoy to the front door, Ginny said, "It was lovely having Scorpius stay over, Mr Malfoy. And it was also lovely having you for lunch; so glad that you came to pick up Scorpius early enough to dine with us."

"Too early," complained the younger Malfoy, disgruntled.

Ginny smiled and then suddenly remembered something. Non-verbally Accio'ing a wrapped package, she handed it over to Scorpius. "Here's a little leftover birthday cake for you and your grandfather to take home and have later."

She raised her eyes to Lucius and innocently asked, "You did like the cake, didn't you?"

Lucius eyes gleamed as he replied, "Delicious. The icing was, in particular, exceptionally succulent."

"Succulent?" asked Scorpius, scrunching his face in confusion.

"Luscious," replied Lucius, remembering with a wry smile how luscious indeed Ginny's sex was.

"Luscious? How can cake be succulent and luscious, *Grandpere*?" demanded the young wizard, his face turning red, flustered by his grandfather's misuse of words. "You can't mean *that*...you meant it was good, yes?"

"Yes, Scorpius, I meant that the cake was *divinely* good."

"Then just say *that* next time!" He rolled his eyes at Lucius and huffed at his grandfather's capriciousness.

Trying to not giggle at the trademark haughty impatience in the little Malfoy, Ginny's eyes twinkled at Lucius as she said, "Well, thank you very much, Mr Malfoy."

"Lucius, remember, Ginevra?" They gazed at each other knowingly. Lucius raised her hand to his lips and chastely pecked it.

Scorpius blinked and then smiled broadly. "So you and Rose's aunt are good friends now?"

"Yes, Scorpius, we are indeed *friends*," affirmed his grandfather.

As Lucius stepped outside the threshold with Scorpius to Side-Along-Apparate with him, Ginny impulsively offered, "You'll both have to come over again!"

"Only if Rose is here," blurted out the youngest Malfoy, not thinking before he spoke. Then Scorpius explained, "I mean, Albus is great, but it'd be nice if Rose could also play with us?"

Ginny raised an eyebrow, and giving a fleeting glance to Lucius, she replied to his grandson, "That can easily be arranged. Rose is quite fond of your company, Scorpius."

The youngest Malfoy beamed.

"She tells me you're quite skilled with a broomstick and brilliant in Potions."

"Not as much as Rose is... She's wonderful," the smitten little blond wizard confessed impulsively.

Lucius cleared his throat to cover his grandson's confession. "Well, it runs in the family, Scorpius. Weasley witches are extraordinary."

"So then, it's a date," teased Ginny demurely.

Lucius raised an eyebrow, amused. "Absolutely, without a doubt in my mind, Ginevra. I propose we make it a regular function for our families to get together."

Thoughtfully, he proposed, "Would every now and then be acceptable for you? We can owl each other when it's *convenient*."

"Every now and then would be lovely, Lucius. It'll keep me from having troublesome dreams."

"We can't have that, can we?" Lucius purred, "Very well, every now and then it is."

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