

Dinner and Dessert

by phoenix

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One-shot

Chapter 1 of 1

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This was written for Im_hgfixexchange on LJ in 2012

Present for: Lcookie

Here are the original prompts. I ended up using the first one.

- 1) I would not call it jealousy, instead a consequence of loving; without jealousy there is no love, and I simply love you too much.
- 2) Mr. Malfoy to you, familiarity breeds contempt; one more thing, buy some new clothes.
- 3) He was wrong, not everyone had a price

Notes: Obviously this is going to be EWE, and a bit AU. :)

Disclaimer: Harry Potter and all the characters belong to JK Rowling. I'm merely borrowing them for a little bit of fun.

Lucius Malfoy sat in the dark, quiet corner of the restaurant that he preferred. Actually, he preferred being holed up in his manor, but he knew that was not good for him. He had a good chuckle about the fact that it was Severus insisting he get out. That man had practically lived in his dungeon at Hogwarts, only emerging when required.

While not the finest restaurant in wizarding London, it was passable and had both an excellent wine selection and well stocked bar which more than made up for the shortcomings. It had also provided him with a decent bit of entertainment watching his fellow diners. Tonight he was once again provided entertainment in the form of Granger and Weasley dining together. For the past two months they had dined here every Thursday. The last few dinners had been quite memorable from a people watching stand point, and tonight looked as though it would be the same.

Lucius smiled behind his wineglass as he watched their conversation grow quite tense. He could not hear the words, but the body language was unmistakable. There was clearly a great deal of friction between the two of them. Truthfully, he did not know what she saw in Weasley. From what he knew of the two of them, they were quite a mismatched pair. He firmly believed that she deserved someone better.

He had finally admitted to himself that his preference for this restaurant came from the fact that she dined here frequently. It was a bit of a foolish fantasy on his part, but over the last few weeks he had become more and more interested in her. Not quite to the point of infatuation, but enough that he felt they might make a good couple. Of course the odds of anything coming of his fantasy were practically zero, but he liked to imagine what it would be like enjoying dinner with her rather than sitting alone in the dark corner.

Suddenly Weasley was on his feet. "Oh yeah? If that's what you think of me, I think I should leave... for good!" he said quite loudly and angrily.

He watched Granger bite her lower lip and try to hold it together. For reasons he could not fathom, it seemed that a part of her really did care about Weasley. He waved the waiter to his table and ordered a bottle of wine sent to her table.

Lucius decided there was no time like the present and joined her. "That was quite a scene, wasn't it?" he asked gently.

She looked at him, surprise the first expression and then shifting to anger. "Why would you care?"

He had expected the hostility. After all, their history was not one of friendship. He reflected on her question a moment and wondered why he did care? Yes, Weasley was beneath her, but why had he rushed to her comfort when they were not on friendly terms? "Someone who has done so much for others should not be left to suffer," he finally replied simply. The waiter arrived with the wine, and Lucius indicated for the man to set it on the table and go. With a flick of his wand, the wine bottle uncorked, and he poured two glasses, handing her one. She reluctantly took it.

She eyed him suspiciously before drinking some of her wine.

This gave him time to reflect on what he was doing, what he hoped to accomplish by sitting at her table. He had been watching the two of them at their weekly dinner for nearly two months now. Actually he had been watching her. There was something about her that drew his attention. She had grown into quite an attractive woman. There were times when she had laughed at the rare witty comment that Weasley delivered where Lucius would imagine that she was laughing at one of his amusing anecdotes. His hand froze with the glass nearly to his lips as he realized that he had been jealous of Weasley. Realizing this, he took a rather large gulp of his wine.

She gave him a confused look. "Is something wrong?" She clearly thought he was rethinking his decision to sit with her.

He smiled warmly at her, at least he hoped that's how she perceived it. "Not at all. I just had a rather unpleasant thought. And I believe that you have had enough unpleasantness this evening that we should not dwell on that."

"Of course." After an uncomfortable silence, she asked, "So what now?"

That was a very good question. "Since neither of us has finished our dinners, I propose we enjoy each other's company. After all, why go through the trouble to find somewhere else to dine?"

Her expression seemed to indicate that she was looking for a reason to decline his invitation. He hoped he was concealing any hurt that might be on his face. Now that he realized he had feelings for her, he wanted to explore those feelings. Of course he knew that there was no reason for her to reciprocate those feelings, so he would have to provide one for her. "Weren't you waiting for someone?" she asked tentatively.

He smiled sadly. "Alas, no. Since Narcissa... Well, not a subject I prefer to dwell on. As it's not healthy to hide away in my manor, I eat out on occasion."

"No, I guess it wouldn't be," she replied quietly.

He was trying to determine what emotion she was expressing, but he was at a loss. "On a happier note, I saw the reports on your latest research. Quite impressive." He found that keeping up with the latest Potions research gave him something to talk about with Severus. Of course, Severus had been quite irate over Hermione's was he now really thinking of her by her first name? latest research paper. It seemed that she had come to a conclusion that had eluded him for years. Of course, his research had always been hampered by his teaching obligations something that Hermione did not have.

Her eyebrows raised in shock. "You follow Potions research?" she asked skeptically.

"I follow the major developments in all magical disciplines. It's the hallmark of a good businessman to be educated on the latest advancements. And as a good businessman, I must ask, why is it you aren't working for me?"

She choked on the sip of wine she was taking. "Excuse me?" she asked incredulously once she finished her coughing fit.

He set down his glass and laced his fingers before him as he leaned forward. "You have a brilliant mind and somehow this has not come to my attention. I normally like to hire the wizarding world's best and brightest yet you are not working for me."

"Perhaps it has something to do with the fact I'm Muggle-born," she said snidely.

Once that would have mattered to him, though honestly for the right talent, he would have overlooked someone's heritage. Now, the circumstances of one's birth really did not bother him. What she and the other Muggle-borns and half-bloods had done during the war cemented for him the wrongness of his old prejudices. "No. That has nothing to do with it. I think you and the others have more than proven that you are valued members of wizarding society. I assure you that while the Ministry mandated the amount of restitution, I was allowed to choose the manner in which it was used."

"And choosing charities that supported Muggle-borns was politically expedient," she replied swiftly.

"It would seem so, but I know those were the people who were most wronged by my inaction and money. Not that there was any way for me to act. Once in the service of... Voldemort, always in his service. You no doubt are aware the fate that befell those like Karkaroff and Regulus Black. Even though Draco was no longer a small child, I had no interest in orphaning him. Condemn me if you will, but a decision forced on me in my youth has had lifelong consequences. And with... Voldemort destroyed," he still found it difficult to say the Dark Lord's name, but he knew that this small act could garner him some respect from her, "I finally had the chance to atone for those sins."

"It all sound so wonderfully idyllic," she replied sarcastically.

He feared he was losing out on any chance he had. He reached across the table and placed his hand on hers and looked imploringly into her eyes. "What I tell you is the truth. Yes, I once reviled those like you, but that was before I had my mind opened. You have seen the wizarding world at its worst. That is how I was raised and the sort of revelation that you were raised wrong is not one that comes overnight. It takes time before you finally have that moment when your world comes crashing down around you. Mine happened at Azkaban," he said soberly. He released her hand and leaned back in his seat, draining his wine glass before pouring another and finding himself wishing he was drinking something stronger. "I had a lot of time to think and reflect there."

She was saved from having to make an immediate reply by the arrival of their entrees.

He looked briefly at his food before looking up at her. "Bon appétit!" he said jovially. While the subject under discussion was not an ideal one, he did have to admit that he had missed having lively debate at dinner.

After the first few bites of her meal, Hermione eyed him appraisingly. "I suppose it's possible that you've changed."

He grabbed onto that small statement. "Completely. Why else would I have joined you for dinner to provide you some company after...?" He trailed off not wanting to risk say anything that would put her back on guard. While he had observed the two of them over the last several weeks and seen how tense their relationship was, he could not be certain that the spat earlier had truly ended it.

She swirled her wine glass thoughtfully. "Well, you did admit to me that you wondered why I wasn't working for you I mean your company," she quickly corrected.

"Ah, but that was something that did not occur to me until we were in the midst of our conversation." Her mood had shifted, and he was now more optimistic.

"But how do I know that? You've always had a bit of a silver tongue and you might have just said that to get me to lower my guard."

Or perhaps not, he mused. "That is possible, but I assure you not the case. You see, most of my debates about developments in the potions field are with Severus and while he respects you, he is not one who would advocate for you."

"I suppose," she said reluctantly.

He decided to be bold and slid his hand across the table and placed on hers, giving a reassuring squeeze. "I merely thought that you looked like a witch who could use someone to talk to. I know how hard something like that is," he said sympathetically.

She shyly looked down at her lap, but did not pull her hand away. "And you were right."

After a few seconds he released her hand and they finished their meals. Their conversation drifted to what it was about their former lovers that had bothered them since both of them had been left.

When dessert arrived they were finishing up their second bottle of wine. Lucius smiled fondly at Hermione. She was such a wonderful person when she let her guard down. He knew it was the wine that had caused her to cast off her inhibitions, but he also knew that this was the real Hermione he was seeing, not the one she presented to the public.

He reached across the table and placed his hand on her cheek, caressing it softly. "You really are the most beautiful witch I have seen in years."

She blushed and turned away from him. "That's the wine," she replied defensively.

"I assure you, it isn't. You have matured into a gorgeous woman." He saw her fussing with her hair. "And there is nothing wrong with your hair." He gently took hold of her hand. Their eyes met and he knew that there was a connection.

"Come with me," he said impulsively as he held his hand out. Everyone at the restaurant knew who he was, and he could settle the bill later.

She paused for a few tense seconds before taking hold of his hand.

He knew it was not proper protocol to Disapparate someone without notice or to do so inside a place of business, but he did not care at this particular moment.

Hermione didn't know what possessed her to take Lucius' hand. He was not someone she would normally trust, but through the course of the evening, she had begun to see him in a different light.

She was quite shocked when he Disapparated them. When they arrived at their destination, she was so disoriented that should would have fallen over had he not swept her into his arms. Before she could react, his lips were pressed against hers. Once the initial shock wore off, she gave in to the passion of the kiss.

He backed her up until she was pressed against the wall by his body. She could tell that he was quite aroused. The emotional side of her brain thought this was a wonderful idea. He was handsome, respected her intellect and clearly was quite passionate about her. The logical side of her brain tried to argue that she was behaving the way she did due to the amount of alcohol she had imbibed. After all, she had never said two civil words to Lucius before tonight.

She finally broke the kiss. "Lucius, I don't know if we should be doing this."

"I've admired you from afar for too long. I've watched you suffer with Weasley. Let me show you what it's like with a real man." He moved to kiss her again.

"I-I don't know. I've had an awful lot to drink." She was trying to explain to him why she felt they needed to slow down, but was having a hard time finding the right words.

He gently brushed her hair behind her ears. "Not that much. I saw how you were looking at me." With that he began nibbling at her neck.

Her logical side and emotional side warred with each other, but she could feel her resolve failing. There was no denying that he was handsome, and she had most definitely seen another side of him tonight. With a moan of desire, she gave over to emotional side.

After another passionate kiss, she felt his hand sliding up her leg under her skirt. Wrapping her arms around him she pulled him tight and let him know that she wanted this.

As they headed for the stairs, and presumably his bedroom, they left a trail of clothes behind them.

Soon Hermione found herself lying on her back on a luxurious bed with Lucius' hands gently caressing her body. The room was surprisingly warm and inviting, and she welcomed his touch. Right now she was the center of his universe, and she reveled in that attention.

He loomed over her, closing in for a passionate kiss. As he kissed her, his hand massaged her breast before he gently twisted her nipple, eliciting a moan of pleasure. She couldn't remember the last time there had been this kind of foreplay before sex and it felt wonderful.

When he broke the kiss, he trailed kisses down to her hardened nipple before taking it in his mouth, much to her delight.

Hermione was torn, she was throbbing with desire and desperately wanted to feel him inside her, but she didn't want him to stop.

She tried to return the favor, but found her faculties fully befuddled in her current state of arousal.

As though he noticed her clumsy efforts at reciprocating the foreplay, he whispered huskily into her ear, "This is all about you tonight."

His words were magical to her, more so than any spell. She let her hands caress his body, but did not worry about his needs. Of course she could feel his erection rubbing against her, so it was not like he needed physical stimulation.

After trailing kisses down her stomach, he parted her legs and gently licked her, savoring her taste before delving more deeply with his tongue.

Hermione laced her fingers in his hair as he orally pleased her. "Oh, Lucius," she moaned in pleasure.

When he pulled away, she was slightly disappointed as she had not reached climax, but she wanted to come with him.

As he trailed kisses back up her body, she thought she was going to get her wish, but instead he slipped two fingers inside her. He expertly manipulated them so that she was soon writhing under his touch. She had never been touched this way and it felt wonderful.

His fingers rubbed her nub and she could feel herself on the verge of release, but she did not want it like this. "Please, take me," she begged.

"I will," he said softly before kissing her and slipping his tongue into her mouth.

She no longer had the presence of mind to control her body and soon found herself reaching orgasm. When her spasms stopped he pulled away from her.

She tried not to sound disappointed as she said, "I wanted you to come with me."

"And I will," he replied smoothly.

He easily slid inside her and expertly began thrusting his hips. If she had at first doubted his words, she doubted them no longer. She had never imagined it could be like this, but she wrapped her legs around him to pull him deeper inside her. He filled her and it felt wonderful. She knew that she would not be able to last long, but she did not have long to wait.

He began thrusting more quickly, and she raised her hips to pull him deeper. She was panting heavily, lost in her lust. Finally his thrusts became more forceful, almost painful, but it was a good pain.

When he stopped, they were both glistening with perspiration and breathing heavily from the exertion.

Before she could say anything, he gave her another passionate kiss. When they broke the kiss, she said, "That was amazing."

"It was, wasn't it?" he replied playfully before rolling so that he was lying next to her.

She snuggled against him, feeling sexy and appreciated, and it was not long before sleep overcame them both.

Hermione woke up, cozy in bed. She had slept so soundly, she could not recall the last time she had felt so rested. Rolling over in bed, she saw a head covered in long, blonde hair and the events of the previous night came rushing back to her. She had fought with Ron at dinner and he had left. Somehow she had ended up going home with Lucius Malfoy and was now in his bed.

She fought the momentary sense of panic before carefully slipping out of bed and quietly gathering her clothes. Looking around she noticed a door that must go the washroom and went in there to change as quickly as she could. She could not believe that she had slept with Lucius Malfoy. It was not like her one bit to do something like this. She was not one to act impulsively.

Once she had her clothes on, she peered out of the washroom and tried to quickly sneak across the room while holding her shoes.

"Leaving so soon?" Lucius asked as he emerged from the shadow by the door, completely unconcerned by his lack of clothes.

"I, um," she tried to think of something coherent to say, but the throbbing in her head from all the wine the previous evening and his casual nudity was making coherent thought difficult.

He closed the distance between the two of them. "Did you not enjoy yourself last night?"

She found it hard to concentrate with him standing right in front of her. "I did," she said, hoping it didn't sound as cliché as she thought it did. "I just... It all happened so quickly."

"Sometimes those things that are meant to be happen quickly." He gently brushed her hair as he looked longingly at her, his erection pressed against her belly.

One part of her wanted to flee and never return, but the greater part of her was looking for a reason to stay. "I was distraught and I'd had a lot to drink."

"Do you regret last night?" he asked cautiously.

She knew that her answer could shape their entire relationship, so she took a few moments to try to decide how to answer the question. It was one that she had not entirely considered. Did she regret it? After all, Ron had made quite a scene the previous night and had indicated their relationship was over. It had at first upset her, but over the course of dinner, she had come to realize that Lucius was correct, that she deserved something better than being with Ron. As she considered this, she began to wonder about him. Why had he chosen her? Deciding to change the subject, she asked, "Why me?"

"Why not you? I find you quite fascinating and beautiful. You are someone who I would like to get to know better," he said softly.

She did not doubt the sincerity of his words. "Normally when courting a woman, that part comes before... what we did last night."

"I believe that our connection is one of such strength that it will survive the unorthodox beginning of our relationship. Besides, it's not as though we are complete strangers. Both of us have lived our lives in the public eye with all the details of our lives laid bare. I find you utterly fascinating, and you must share that or you would have turned me away when I joined you." He smiled warmly at her.

She knew that he was correct. She had not turned him away and had rather enjoyed his company.

He slowly maneuvered her towards the bed. "Stay," he said gently.

She now knew that she no longer wanted to leave and let him guide her back to the bed.