

Vampire!Hermione Relapsed

by Amita

Chronicle of a descent. Not much is held back.

Chapter 1 of 1

Chronicle of a descent. Not much is held back.

Lucius Malfoy had often wondered how much evil the world could get up to. Lately, he had been more concerned with what kind a matter of quality over quantity.

Quality was about to reach a new level. He was lunching at an outdoor restaurant when a lady plunked herself beside him. He recognized Hermione Weasley, nee Granger. He congratulated her on her recent marriage and her cured vampirism.

"I've had a relapse," she announced.

"You're divorced?" he asked.

"No, the other thing."

"By Marduk's extensible incisors," exclaimed Lucius.

He apologized for having already donated blood during the recent drive but offered to round up some lowlifes who hadn't contributed and, if she lost control, would hardly be missed. She replied, however, that her feeding was on a different and higher level.

"Due to your refined character, no doubt," said Lucius.

She couldn't disagree with that, but she added that not everyone understood the more rarefied aspects of vampirism. It was so elevated that she only dare whisper it in the ear of the most sophisticated.

Lucius evinced insouciance.

After a hesitation that demonstrated proper moral character, Hermione confided to Lucius that she wanted to feed on the emotional aura of Ronald doing Lavender.

"By Marduk's psychedelic psyche," exclaimed Lucius.

"And I want your help," she added.

A lesser being would have quailed before such a proposal, but Lucius Malfoy was wrought of stern stuff. Even so, his course of action can scarcely be recommended.

A few days later, Lucius and Hermione were in a rented flat close to a residence where Lavender was impatiently awaiting the arrival of Ronald.

When he arrived, she burst out, "Ron, can I tell you something? It's about work."

He nodded yes, and she continued. "I hid a contract last week. The construction crew forgot to hang the chandelier when they renovated the Parkinson dining room. The Parkinsons were angry and out for blood, but the construction company pretended it was a matter of missing paperwork, and the oversight could be put right. The

Parkinsons ranted about incompetent clerks, but admitted they couldn't find good help either."

"What did your boss say?" asked Ron.

"He said the Parkinsons didn't realize how hard it was to get those crews to do everything right but missing paperwork was something they could understand and so everything was fine. And then he winked at me."

"It sounds like your boss knows you did the company a favor."

"I still feel guilty," said Lavender.

Ron put his arm around her. "The perfect girl in an imperfect world."

That was sweet, Ronald, thought Hermione.

But that's no reason to engage in a snog fest, you slag, thought Hermione, *just because teaspoon evinced a bit of emotion.*

Strangely enough, Ron accepted Lavender's enthusiastic display while stroking her temples and telling her she was lovely until she was nuzzling him nuzzling him with affectionate intent. It occurred to Hermione that Lavender's initial frenzy was due to insecurity and Ronald's response had calmed her, calmed Lavender into believing Ronald wanted her.

Lavender was unbuttoning her blouse. "Oh Ron, I can't help myself."

Help, help her Ronald, thought Hermione. *Get her out of her blouse.*

Ronald was reaching inside the opening blouse.

I didn't mean it, you twit, thought Hermione, but Hermione found herself moved by Lavender's offering herself. She was even more moved by the soft feel and lovely roundness, and Hermione knew just how to guide Ronald's fingertips, just how to tongue the now exposed nipples. Lavender was making little noises. Ronald's hand was stroking the smooth skin under a skirt. Hermione was experiencing something new, a hard, demanding ache. Ronald was nudging a pair of knees apart. He was between Lavender's legs.

Hermione's eyes bulged at the sight of the round curves. *Full of romantic promise,* thought Hermione. *So that's why boys want to look up our skirts.*

"Oh Ron, we shouldn't," moaned Lavender.

Listen to the lady, dearest, thought Hermione, but her nostrils flared as Ronald eased a soft garment down to reveal curls moist with desire.

"Oh, Won-won," went Lavender as her beloved began his entry.

Oh, Won-won, I mean, oh, Ron, thought Hermione as she felt what Ronald felt as he slid into Lavender.

Hermione went out of her skull. *Omigod, omigod. Is that what it's like? No wonder Ronald wants to dip it into every pretty girl.*

Devine, thought Hermione as Ronald nestled into Lavender and looked into her eyes, as he watched her defenses went down, as a girl wrapped her legs around him and pulled him close.

Rotate a bit for her, sweetie, urged Hermione. *That'll make it better.*

It did. Lavender was looking at Ronald in grateful admiration.

Hermione was mentally screaming, *Do her, stud boy, do her. Screw her brains out. Make Miss Lavender your sex slave.*

What am I saying? thought Hermione.

But it was too late for second thoughts. Ronald was making love to Lavender. Hermione was feeding feeding on the taking of a woman whose legs were splayed for her Won-won, feeding on Lavender's wiggling and moaning as her lover did the sweetest things, feeding on Ronald's lust for Lavender.

Nothing in Hermione was able to make it stop.

Ronald was driving Lavender into a mindless rut.

No one ever makes me squirm, thought Hermione.

Lavender was smiling helplessly. Hermione's spirit soared with Ronald's at Lavender's final frenzy. Hermione's spirit exalted with Ronald's at Lavender's surrender.

Hermione was experiencing a building of tension, building to more than anyone could withstand, building to a piercing moment. In the back of her mind, she knew her husband was squirting, not into her, but into another filling another lady with his creamy sperm, filling her until it was oozing out of her. But Hermione didn't care. It was too good.

Lavender rolled away from the wet spot and cuddled Ronald, her very own Ronald. He stroked her hair as she murmured endearments. Soothed by her affection, he fell asleep.

Hermione came back to herself. Lucius was saying something.

"The scholar spends her life studying what other people do," said Lucius. "The scholar becomes a voyeur."

"What do you know about it?" asked Hermione.

"Have you thought about becoming more loving?" he asked.

Hermione snarled; her eyes flashed red.

"By Marduk's tie-dyed spleen," exclaimed Lucius.

She came at him.

It was at this point that Lucius showed his true mettle. A flick of his wand slowed her. He stopped her an inch from his throat, spun her around, and pinned her face down on the bed. A lesser wizard would have been overwhelmed, but despite the vampire's struggles, Lucius managed to hold her hands behind her back and keep her pinned. She continued to struggle. He became aware that she was flushed and sweaty. He became aware that her skirt was rucked up around her waist. He coolly assessed her

legs. Were they great legs? No, but for some reason, he liked them. He coolly assessed her cotton-covered derriere. Was it outstanding? No, but for some reason, he thought it was just right. He not so coolly assessed the bulge in his trousers pressing into the little vampire.

"This is embarrassing," said Lucius.

"Why?" asked Hermione, wiggling sensuously. "Did I make you jizz in your trousers?"

"No," replied Lucius, "because I'm tempted to jizz inside a Weasley."

"Oh, my," said the now released girl, turning over and looking up at him. "We wouldn't want to sully your cock with the hoi polloi. How could you face your wife? Think of the shame you would feel the next time you made her exquisite feet wave in the air."

"All those are good points, worthy of an analytical mind," said Lucius, seating himself in an overstuffed chair.

Hermione was sauntering toward him and asking him if he could resist forbidden fruit. Lucius was thinking things were getting interesting. Her eyes were gleaming yellow. She was licking her lips and giving him a toothy grin. Lucius was deciding he didn't want the sensitive part of his anatomy anywhere near those teeth.

As Hermione was advancing on him and trying to think of some subtle evil with which to do him damage, the world suddenly shimmered before her eyes. As she was trying to make sense out of what was happening, she got a mental image of herself. Her step faltered. She couldn't be that attractive, could she? It wasn't the superficial attractiveness of a fashion model. She saw the attractiveness of a lady missing a piece of herself, the attractiveness of a girl with a deep darkness she knew no one would ever accept.

When she reached the chair, she saw herself accept his hand and be coaxed onto his lap where she could feel her own warm self, her own snuggling of a person she wanted to want her. She saw her expression turn soft. Did she dare hope that he wanted her, needed her?

She was discovering the impact of a desperately clinging girl. She was discovering the effect of soothing an estranged being, of calming her as her insecurities faded. It was slow and gradual. It was step by step convincing her that he wanted her. She was discovering the contentment that this wizard felt holding her. Time became no-time as his contentment spread through her.

Hermione returned to herself, returned to a comfortable Hermione she had never known before. But the comfort was letting her barriers fall. Things she did not know were there were stirring inside her. The vampire wanted more.

The demon spoke. "What about your wife? Show me your wife."

Hermione was looking through Lucius's eyes as he walked into his wife's bedroom as she was dressing for an evening with the Parkinsons and choosing her jewelry. The elegance was inspiring. It was a challenge. He was standing behind the woman and looking at the image in the mirror who was looking pleased that her husband was putting his arms around her, who was sighing as her husband nibbled the special spot on her neck.

"Oh, not now, sweetie," protested the lady as his hands caressed her firm, blouse-covered mounds.

"It's your fault for looking so delicious, my love," he said as the woman softly moaned. "It's your fault for reminding me of your silky-smooth delights."

"After all these years, can't you wait till we get back home?"

"Then too," he said. "After all the men at the party have spent the evening fantasizing about what's underneath your cool exterior, fantasizing about lush hips hidden by a svelte form."

"You're thinking about it already," he said, undoing her blouse, "and your lovely breasts are getting perky."

"Lift your skirt," he said. "Slowly, the way you'll do it tonight, sashaying around, occasionally sitting and crossing your legs, revealing as much as I'm seeing now," he said as her skirt reached mid thigh, "but no more."

"You'll know what every man there will want to do, and it will make you damp." He reached down and began lifting her skirt higher and higher. "They will want to see this. They will want to have this. They will want you sopping wet for them."

Hermione experienced pressing a hard rod against silk-covered goodies. She heard the heavy breathing of a woman with her skirt around her waist. It was easy to back her toward the bed and persuade her to get rid of her now damp garment. It was easy to persuade her to open to let a wizard slide up between her legs and into her lush self.

She's as smooth as silk, thought Hermione as Lucius entered his wife.

And sopping wet, thought Hermione.

Lucius let Hermione share having a lady coiffed hair coming undone, pretty face expressing passion, elegant clothes ending in spread legs, discrete sighs becoming whimpers, controlled wiggles turning to squirming.

No one ever makes me squirm, thought Hermione.

Lucius let Hermione share taking a lady tossing hair and incoherent cries and sweaty smiles and squeezing thighs face contorting as he captured her her luscious self creaming and caressing his cock in thanks.

Then, Hermione was with him as one hand held the mounted lady's hands above her head and the other held her hips. The held lady looked like a little girl. She moaned as he dipped into her. Her feet waved in the air as he sampled her.

It was a sight Hermione had never imagined. A rich woman a rich woman held down unable to escape her designer blouse open her expensive wool skirt up no longer covering her lush hips her lacy underwear off no longer hiding the primitive hairy slit a hairy slit now full of an enormous cock a refined lady on her way to an elegant evening intercepted a refined lady helplessly pinned with her legs spread with an enormous cock pulsing as it filled the primitive hairy slit that finery no longer concealed.

Everything is in social context. Hermione watched Lucius help his wife up to brush her hair back in place and rearrange her clothes. She would spend the evening even more attractive with her hair slightly mussed and her outfit slightly disarrayed.

"You're radiant," said Lucius, "and everyone will admire you."

As the scene faded, Hermione realized she had skirted a cavern deeper and darker than anything in her. And she realized she was still seeing everything through Lucius. She was seeing a lovely girl in his lap, a girl who was flushed and breathing heavily. She was seeing herself as Lucius gripped her hair and brought her mouth to his. She was feeling her own lips. She was feeling her own resistance, trying to break free, not succeeding. She was feeling the resistance of a married woman crumble. She was feeling the softness and firmness of her own breasts, her hand trying to push his away, her efforts becoming more feeble. She knew male triumph as another man's wife pushed her tongue into him, guided his hand inside her blouse, and moaned in lust.

Lucius's hand moved over the girl's hip, the hip of a girl who seemed to have just discovered snogging. It moved down her wool-covered thigh. It moved under her skirt. The fingers moved lightly over skin. Half-way up, the girl's hand came down to stop it, but he continued to caress and inch up. The girl's hand was holding his as he nudged her

legs apart. The softness and warmth under her skirt was driving him crazy. He had to have this woman. His hand made its way up to her junction where there was a puffy and seriously damp garment. His finger found the valley between the folds. *I shouldn't*, thought Hermione as her legs opened. Her breasts were pressing against him. Her lips and tongue were devouring him. Then, her thighs were crushing his hand. Her body jerked. The intimate garment became soaking wet.

Lucius looked at the flushed girl and said, "Make love to me."

Hermione peered into the chasm. *No, no, I can't do this. I'm a scholar. I read about other people doing this. This is dangerous. I'm afraid.*

Another part of Hermione surged forth. *Anything you fear, I will destroy. I will protect you from entanglements. You will stand alone, indomitable.*

Hermione recoiled from herself. Denial came. This couldn't be her.

Lucius, seeing the panic in Hermione's eyes, spoke gently. "What is the little vampire thinking? What is she feeling? Is it something new?"

Hermione nodded yes.

"Do you think you are alone?" asked Lucius. "Do you think you are the only one facing the unknown? Do you think you are the only one walking between fire and ice?"

Is he telling me he will respect me in the morning? wondered Hermione.

"Aren't you aware of how frightening you are?" he asked. "Aren't you aware of how much I fear my attraction to you?"

Perhaps it is what he's telling me, thought Hermione.

She ran her fingertips through his hair and said, "We could try this together if you like. Are you certain you want to? You know what I am."

"We can try it together," he said, "and you can know what I am."

Hermione saw herself stand and pull Lucius toward the bed. She watched herself frantically unfastening his trousers, a girl on fire and impatient. She saw herself look up in doubt. *What's wrong? Doesn't he want me?* She witnessed her confidence return as he kissed her deeply. She experienced the excitement of talking a girl out of her knickers by telling her how beautiful she was, the thrill of convincing a girl to spread her legs by telling her how much he wanted her. A game: the girl wanted to step out of her knickers and spread her legs.

Hermione saw herself gasp with the shock of his entry.

'Moist heat' isn't an empty phrase, she thought.

I'm as smooth as silk, she realized. *I really am. And I'm warm and slick and exciting.*

It was strange to feel Lucius entering her and to see her own face beautiful in her mounting, strange to watch Lucius entering her and feel him go wild with her lushness.

She heard him say, "I want my little vampire," and she watched her legs spread wider as she said, "Yes."

He was offering her all of it. He was making love to her, the splendor of it driving out all doubts, all the doubts she knew she should have. She would give up everything for this. She would be foolish.

It was becoming unbearable for her. She saw herself smiling. She saw herself squirming.

Come for me, he thought.

I will cover you with my love reek, she thought.

Hermione lost coherent thought. There was bright explosion behind her eyes. Even so, she could see her ecstasy and feel her ripples.

Hermione could see a girl with one hand holding hers above her head and another hand gripping her exposed hips a girl reveling in a wizard invading her primitive essence a girl yielding to the wizard who was plumbing all that was once secret and now exposed a girl aware of his ecstasy at capturing her spirit and his joy the joy of his cock pulsing inside a little vampire like a conquering prince of darkness.

Hermione returned to find herself floating and wanting to bond but wondering if she dared.

"Do you really want me" she asked.

"Yes," he said.

Some time later, still a bit dreamy, Hermione was in front of a mirror straightening her bra that covered breasts her lover thought pleasing. She was stepping back into her knickers, pulling them over hips that had wiggled for a wizard not her husband.

She insisted on taking him out to dinner. May as well get this relationship off on the right foot. Throughout the evening, he treated her as his worthy companion. She liked it. She liked it even more when she contrasted it with the things he would do to her when they were alone. Yes, she would stay with him. No, she didn't care what others would think. Later that night, he reassured the girl sprawled across him. He knew she was a vampire, he knew that unspeakable evil was coiled within her, but he would not abandon her. She didn't have to be alone. Finally convinced, she relaxed, her eyes closed, and she fell into restful sleep.

Lucius lay thinking. Hermione was a deadly creature containing a wildness and danger he had always yearned for. She had a darkness that held who knew what terrors and that attracted him as nothing else ever had. She was a brilliant and flawed lady who could fall off the precipice and take her companion with her, especially a companion who wanted to walk the precipice with her for the rest of his life. He should cure her affliction. But not so fast.