

# Sugar Quills

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Hermione is ready to lose her virginity. Can Lucius handle it? Non HBP compliant.

## CHAPTER ONE

Chapter 1 of 2

Hermione is ready to lose her virginity. Can Lucius handle it? Non HBP compliant.

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### SUGAR QUILLS

Hermione nibbled at her sugar quill as Professor Malfoy lectured on the various methods of defending oneself from the Imperius Curse. Normally, she paid close attention, but this afternoon was particularly difficult as it would be her last class of the year. At last, she would take her final exams and be a fully qualified witch.

A secretive smile graced her lips as she thought of why this was so important to her. At eighteen Hermione was still a virgin, not by choice, for she would have loved to have rid herself of that burden ages ago. But rather, it was because no one wanted to date someone who had aided in the defeat of the most evil wizard of their times. Boys would look, but none were bold enough to touch.

Hermione knew that she had to take matters into her own hands. This year she had returned with her bushy hair slightly tamed. Her figure had always been nice, but her best assets were her legs and her breasts. She'd had a late growth spurt that left her with legs that seemed to start under her armpits. However, not all the shapely calves in the world could tempt the boys at Hogwarts to brave asking Hermione out. Which led Hermione to the thoughts that she was currently entertaining. Seducing Professor Malfoy.

Lucius Malfoy had used his wealth and connections to weasel out of prosecution for his involvement with the Death Eaters. As part of an unofficial community service, Lucius had to teach a class at Hogwarts. Personally, Hermione felt that Dumbledore was behind that move. A sort of "keeping enemies closer" tactic to keep an eye on Lucius' activities, just the sort of thing Dumbledore would do. Hopefully, Dumbledore felt comfortable enough to relax in his close surveillance of Lucius.

It was during his term as a professor that Hermione had come to the conclusion that the senior Malfoy was absolutely delicious. Just the sound of his cultured voice brought shivers of desire coursing down her spine. Her skin seemed to prickle whenever he passed her. Hermione felt that sudden rush of awareness, and quickly dropped the sugar quill she had been nibbling. At once, she realised Professor Malfoy stood directly in front of her.

"Do you agree, Miss Granger?" asked Lucius pointedly.

The question seemed to appear out of nowhere. Suddenly, Hermione realised that Lucius had picked up on her inattention, and she would have to pay.

"Pardon, sir. I'm not sure I understand the question. Could you repeat it?" Hermione hoped this tactic would at least spare her some of her public humiliation at being caught unprepared.

Lucius smiled coldly, his eyes surveying the girl in front of him. He had noticed her smiling and knew it had nothing to do with his lecture. It angered him that her attention had wandered. Especially, that it had happened during his class. Lucius was a very demanding professor. He treated his students as adults and, surprisingly, got very

good results from it. Of course, he was careful not to tread on Potter's toes, him being the saviour of the wizarding world. Lucius knew it would not be wise to have the Ministry on his case unnecessarily. Sometimes one had to concede the occasional battle in order to win the war. And the only war Lucius cared for was one that lined his pockets and gave him more power. Speaking of which, Lucius could feel a small surge of said power flowing through him currently, as he prepared to humiliate the Granger wench.

'Damned Mudblood,' he thought.

"Well, Miss Granger, perhaps if you paid attention, instead of dreaming of little red-headed children crying, 'Mummy,' you would actually know that I asked if you agreed that detention was the appropriate setting for learning to throw off the Imperius Curse." Lucius' lips lifted in a sketch of a smile.

Hermione's eyes widened as she realised how neatly she'd been caught.

"See me after class, Miss Granger," hissed Lucius.

Hermione closed her eyes briefly, vainly attempting ward off her utter embarrassment. But she knew that embarrassment was the price she had to pay in order to have a chance to bed Lucius. However, it did not mean she was looking forward to finding out what her vindictive professor had planned for her. Lucius was famous for his inventive detentions. He somehow found out what you least liked and usually incorporated into your punishment. Like the time he had Ron help Filch clear the cobwebs from every corner of the dungeons. Ron was never again late with an assignment for Lucius. However, Hermione was hoping to spend her detention with Lucius himself and hopefully to enjoy it immensely.

After class, Hermione approached Lucius' desk half in dread, half in anticipation. Lucius sat at the corner of the desk.

"Well, Miss Granger, what do you have to say for yourself? What were you thinking of that impeded your normal concentration? Entertaining thoughts of Weasley, were you?" accused Lucius. "I'll not have you wasting my valuable time, while you have lewd daydreams in my class."

Hermione's cheeks began to burn, as did her temper. "Professor, I was not daydreaming about sex. It may come as a surprise to you, but not all teen-agers are so hormonal. I am sorry I was not paying attention. But as Head Girl, I have had to help plan next week's festivities, and I was simply making sure that I hadn't forgotten anything."

This lie slipped smoothly from Hermione's lips as she'd had the remainder of class to think of a plausible explanation.

Lucius looked at her in disdain, "I don't care what preoccupied your tiny mind. Don't let it happen again."

He stood up and went behind his desk. Hermione turned to leave, when she heard. "Your detention is at seven o'clock, in my office. Do not be late."

Hermione hurried out the door before more punishment was forthcoming.

Hermione was glad to reach her room. This year she had a private room as Head Girl. She threw down her books. Thank Merlin she had no more homework. She could concentrate on making the most of her looks. Tonight she wanted Lucius to fuck her. Hermione knew that she wanted her first time to be incredible. Who could be better than Lucius Malfoy? He was sexy, experienced, and very, very bad. He probably knew more ways to please a woman than she could ever imagine.

Just the idea of Lucius touching her made Hermione warm. It made her more than warm. The thought of Lucius touching her in all her forbidden places made Hermione's skin burn. Soon her hands were tugging her skirt up and panties down. Her fingers stroked her lips before opening them with one finger. Stroking her clitoris lightly, Hermione slipped another digit inside her. Soon another finger joined and she pumped her pussy vigorously. Imagining Lucius' thick cock pounding her, she pushed harder. She pinched her nipples through her bra after pushing her shirt open. She could almost feel Lucius' long fingers plucking at them.

"Oh...oh...yesss..."she moaned softly.

Swiftly, her orgasm came. Hermione lay limply on her bed. Something about Lucius just made her come apart so swiftly. She was so often at the edge of creaming herself in class, that sometimes all Hermione had to do was cross her legs to trigger a response.

Eventually, she undressed and showered. With a feline smirk gracing her lips, Hermione lathered her skin with her favourite body cream. It was time to start preparing for tonight. Lucius would never know what hit him.

## CHAPTER TWO

### *Chapter 2 of 2*

Detention surprises. Non HBP compliant.

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Hermione made her way to the part of the dungeons that housed Professor Malfoy's office. Shaking her head, she whispered to herself, 'Lucius. His name is Lucius.' Confidence was key. Without it Hermione's seduction didn't stand a chance of succeeding. A man like Lucius would scoff at a girl playing at grownup games. She would have to convince him that under her uniform lay a woman with a woman's needs and desires.

Underneath her partially opened robes, Hermione wore a fresh uniform. While a few of her topmost buttons were undone, she realized couldn't be too obvious. After all, a former Death Eater would probably pick up her hints easily enough. As she knocked on Professor Malfoy's door, Hermione felt an echoing rhythm in her chest. Her heart had sped up. It wouldn't do for Lucius to find visible signs of agitation. It may just give him a heads up before she was ready. Taking a deep breath, Hermione pushed the door open as she heard him allow her entrance.

Lucius was seated behind a huge mahogany desk. His office was decorated in typical Slytherin style in green and silver. His ease behind the desk indicated a man that was used to being in charge. Power radiated from him (the kind that only the very wealthy or well placed possessed). No matter that this job was in fact a probation, Lucius had managed to make his authoritarian demeanor quite at home as a professor. He motioned for Hermione to sit in the chair placed before the desk. When she saw the small smile playing on Lucius' mouth, she began to wonder, just what she had brought upon herself.

"Miss Granger, it is good that you are so punctual. You have just enough time to complete your surprise exam tonight. Pass, and I'll allow it as extra credit. Fail, and it is not only averaged into your grade as any other exam, but the results will be posted somewhere wonderfully public for all to see." At this bombshell his small smile widened wickedly.

Leaning back into his chair, smug and for once certain that he had at last found a foolproof way to best this bothersome Mudblood, Lucius began detailing how the test would take place.

"First, you have forty-five minutes to complete a two foot essay about the history of the Dark Arts, and how they have progressed in the last 500 years. Dates are to be exact. Then, you will have fifteen minutes of practical testing. You are to demonstrate how you would defend yourself during a surprise attack." His silver eyes glinted with malice as he awaited her response.

"Professor Malfoy, I don't think it is fair to spring an exam on me that could have such a potentially damaging result on my grades. I'm willing to do anything else that may appease your need to punish me for my unfortunate lapse in class," pleaded Hermione as she leaned forward to allow a glimpse of her generous endowments. Pleased when Lucius glanced down briefly, Hermione leaned forward even more.

Lucius again peered down into her blouse, then looked into her eyes and smiled lazily. "Anything? Unfortunately, I find that am unwilling to compromise with you tonight, Miss Granger. Let us begin the exam."

Lucius led her to a small classroom next to his office and pointed to a seat. "Sit there."

Picking up several sheets of parchment from the desk, he handed them to her. He remarked, "Remember, you only have forty-five minutes, starting now." With that he sat himself at the desk and began to mark papers.

Hermione wasn't to be discouraged, however. She quickly set to work. Thankful for her photographic memory, Hermione made short work of the essay. Finishing with at least ten minutes to spare (she had learned to sum up concisely, rather than rambling on forever), she pulled out a sugar quill and began to lick it.

Lucius watched covertly as Hermione licked the sugar quill's tip, her pink tongue curling itself around it. Soon she placed just the tip of the quill in her mouth giving it a tiny suck. She opened her mouth and pushed it in further, then pulled it out slowly, only to repeat the process yet again.

"Mmm."

When Lucius heard her soft mewl of pleasure, he gave up all pretense of working, and watched her with narrowed eyes. The wench obviously had no idea what she was inviting.

Walking swiftly to her desk, his robes billowing around his tall frame making him seem even more intimidating than normal. Lucius pinned Hermione with his cold gray eyes. "Is that the treatment Weasley's been getting? No wonder he seems so mindless."

Placing both hands on either side of the desk, trapping her within his arms, Lucius bent towards her. He could smell her light, citrus perfume. She smelt like sunshine and sweetness.

Hermione cheered inside. "He's noticed me! Yesss!"

Slowly, she removed the sugar quill from her lips. Shooting Lucius a reproaching glance, she said, "I've never sucked anything that wasn't edible. And I've never touched Ron sexually at all."

This was going to happen sooner than she had anticipated. She could tell. She hadn't even started with the good part of her show. The preliminaries seemed to have roused him quite enough.

Taking in this statement, Lucius realized that the whole little display had been for him. Gods! He'd never been so slow on the uptake in his life. Usually, as a master of innuendo and subtle maneuvers, Lucius was very aware of others. However, this past year at Hogwarts had mellowed him somewhat. If it hadn't been for Severus' sharp wit, Lucius may have died from a lack of intellectual stimulation.

"So, Weasley hasn't been sampling your charms? The boy truly is witless." Lucius drawled and leaned forward to lick her sugar quill. "Mmm, just as sweet as I suspected. Let's see if you are as tasty."

Moving his hands to the sides of her head, Lucius pulled Hermione towards him. He bit her bottom lip gently and soon took possession of her mouth. His tongue explored her, touching her tongue lightly and then abruptly sucking it into his own mouth.

Hermione felt engulfed in his heat. Not wanting to be a bystander in what was supposed to be her seduction of him, Hermione reached to part his robe and cup him through his trousers. My... he was very well gifted. For a moment, Hermione almost pulled back. How smart would it be to lose her virginity to someone so enormous? It was already going to hurt, why make it worse? Perhaps Neville could be persuaded. Mentally shaking her head, Hermione realized that this was not the time to entertain second thoughts.

'Seize the moment and make it yours,' she thought. Time to put her research into action.

Hermione pulled away from their lip lock and whispered in Lucius' ear, "Please sir, let me taste you."

Lucius let his hands fall away, and Hermione moved from her seat to her knees in front of him. She had never done this before. The only thing she knew with any certainty was that you were to avoid using teeth at all costs. She had read several books on fellatio and felt she could attempt it without completely bungling it. Unfastening his trousers, Hermione freed his cock from its confinement. It was thick with a large purplish head. Pre-cum glistened on its tip. Smugly, Hermione realized that Lucius was quite aroused already. She reached her hand out and held it in her grasp, marveling how velvety and firm it felt. Hermione moved her head down and flicked her tongue to lap up the liquid. It was salty and tangy. She licked again and again, then put the head of his cock in her mouth and sucked it, running her tongue on its ridged underside. Softly cupping his balls in her other hand, she began to massage them.

Lucius pushed his hands into her hair. Barely able to restrain from thrusting his cock further in her mouth, he groaned loudly. Hermione felt an urgent need to take him all into her mouth. She relaxed her jaw, and half of Lucius disappeared into her maw. Using her tongue to massage him as she moved her head up and down, she could feel him becoming more tense. Her jaw began to ache. Hermione returned to licking the head as her hand massaged the base. At Lucius gasp, when she again took him into her mouth, she felt a jolt of lust. It was a heady thought to know that she, a Mudblood, could inflame Lucius Malfoy. Suddenly, his grip of Hermione's hair tightened considerably, and he pumped himself into her forcefully. Soon his semen flooded her throat. She didn't even think about it, she just swallowed. After the last bit was gone, the young witch pulled away slowly.

Smirking up at Lucius, she asked, "So did I pass the practical? After all, I did touch a Death Eater and survive."

Lucius had to admire her daring. "Not quite yet. You have proven your bravery. Let's test out your stamina."

He adjusted his trousers before leading the Head Girl to his private rooms. After shutting the doors, he performed some protective wards.

"I don't want anyone to interrupt us. Especially Draco. He has an annoying habit of just popping in to see me," Lucius explained.

Hermione placed her arms around his neck, reaching up to nip him, and she said sweetly, "Why don't we drop all the small talk. What I want is for you to fuck me, Lucius. All night."

With that last comment, Hermione torridly kissed Lucius open mouthed, seeking his tongue much as he had done earlier. Lucius certainly could not say she wasn't a fast learner.