

Wrapped Around Her Finger

by GinnyW

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Chapter 1 of 1

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Disclaimer: If you think that JKR would even want to touch this with a ten-foot pole then you've been reading waaaay too much fanfiction. ;) I'm, of course, only borrowing her characters.

Thanks go out to my beta, JuneW. She is absolutely priceless!

Lucius sat in his study, sipping his brandy as he pondered his dilemma. His wife left him for another woman five years ago, and while he'd had numerous affairs since then, they had all been easy, thanks to his Galleons and good looks. Now, he had finally found himself a new conquest worthy of his efforts. A new woman who he wanted to have wrapped around his finger, as well as wrapped around other parts of his body.

It had taken him some time to decide what it was that he truly wanted, but when he saw her sitting at that table in the Hog's Head one Saturday afternoon, he was instantly smitten. The conversation that he had with the young witch that followed did even more to solidify that attraction.

Miss Hermione Granger hadn't been kind in her words to Lucius. She'd been exactly like he remembered on the first several encounters that he'd had with her when she was a child... arrogant little Mudblood that she was.

Lucius snorted. Arrogant the woman may be, but she was certainly intelligent and clever. He was not interested in marrying again and breeding little halfbloods; he just wanted the challenge of conquering someone who did not want to be conquered, a hellcat who would fight until she finally succumbed to his superior manipulation. She was an excellent prospect, he'd decided. Of course, he also knew that he stood absolutely no chance with her. She had dated nothing but Quidditch stars since before he could remember. Young, handsome, muscular, virile Quidditch stars without any taint of the former Dark Lord.

It was rather odd because, in his brief discussion with her, she'd said how much she loathed Quidditch... and always had. Ahhh, well... he never did understand Narcissa fully and he'd been married to her for twenty-five years before she left him for that school nurse, Poppy Pomfrey.

In the last three months, Lucius had made a concerted effort to accidentally bump into the thirty-year-old brunette. He'd seen her twice more at the Hog's Head, once at Flourish & Blotts and three times at a small café that she frequented in Muggle London, not far from the Ministry of Magic, where she worked.

In that time he'd been able to get her to speak to him a bit more and be a trifle less rude. He still knew that the moment he attempted to persuade her to have dinner with him that she'd bluntly refuse; unless he was very clever and supremely persuasive, that would be the last chance he would have to even speak with her without being hexed. There were, after all, some things that a man already knew the answer to.

However, he was becoming increasingly impatient and was trying to figure out some way to speed things up or to at least give him a fighting chance. It was time, however much he hated to admit it, to ask for help from another master of manipulation.

Setting his snifter of brandy down on the end table, he rose from his chair and walked over to the fireplace. Lucius grabbed a handful of the glittery powder and threw it into the flames.

Perhaps Severus would have some ideas.

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"Now, now, Severus, I only asked you for some help in wooing the young woman. I was not suggesting..."

Severus waved off the rest of Lucius' words.

It was futile, the older wizard finally conceded. No matter what he said, Severus was quite insistent that they pursue the young woman together. True, back in the glorious days of being a Death Eater...back in the days before the insane megalomaniac had decided to rebirth himself...they had been on more than a few conquests together. The thought flitted through his mind that perhaps that was one of the early things that had caused Narcissa to decide that men weren't worth her time, but he quickly brushed it aside. There was no reason to focus on the past... not when he had a future to plan. Which brought his thoughts back to the wizard seated in front of him.

"I always thought that you had a strict 'no consorting with former students' rule, my friend. I wouldn't want to be the cause of you going back on a self-proclaimed vow," Lucius said, hoping against hope that it would be enough to dissuade Severus. He was practically kicking himself for calling the Potions master and asking for some advice, for he was quite certain that his chances with Hermione were slim, but they were even slimmer if he were to go after her with Severus Snape in tow.

Severus was not handsome, by any stretch of the imagination, and he only tended to attract a certain type of woman. There was no way that having Severus tag along would be beneficial in his endeavours.

"I gave up that vow six years ago when I discovered that it had narrowed my dating pool down to the newest influx of first years or the old maids that were too ugly to have snagged a mate any earlier."

Damn, Lucius thought. "Ah, I see," was what he said, however. He tapped his finger against his lip as he thought for another moment. "And what, precisely, is your plan?"

"Nothing elaborate, Lucius. I've known the girl since she was an eleven-year old child and I was around her long enough to know that she'd see through any Slytherin scheming."

"So, how do you propose to get around that?"

"You and I will go out, Lucius, with the intent of running into her. I will approach her. After buying her a drink and talking for a bit, I will make the proposition."

Lucius growled. "*That* is your brilliant plan? That is utterly ridiculous, Severus. You've obviously spent too much time among Gryffindors with that bloody Order."

"Tsk, ts, Lucius. That 'bloody Order,' as you so lovingly refer to them, is the singular reason that you and I both are not still rotting away in Azkaban."

Lucius sneered. "And what makes you so certain that the witch will take you up on your offer?"

"Come now, friend, don't you have faith in my abilities to persuade the gentler sex?"

Lucius didn't even bother to answer and simply took a sip from his snifter.

"Do you not recall that I was the one that secured our... erm... evening, with Miss Gibson?"

Gibson... Gibson... Ahhh, yes, Lucius did remember. A young witch that they had spent the night with some twenty years earlier. He smiled. That had been a most lovely and memorable evening.

"I can see by that insufferable look on your face that you do remember. And what about Miss Watts and then Miss Deverill?"

"You never did tell me what you said to those women to get any of them to agree to shagging two strangers who had just walked into the pub."

"That is my secret," came the silky reply.

Lucius pondered his options for a moment. Truly, what could it hurt? He visualized the chain of events: Severus goes up to Miss Granger the next time they bump into her at the Hog's Head, Severus propositions her, Miss Granger is highly affronted and then... Lucius swoops in and saves her from the vile Potions master, denying that he knew what Severus was planning and how he found the entire prospect utterly revolting. He'd send Severus on his way and use the "I saved you from the Great Black Bat" as a way to move things along with her.

Damn. Now *he* was sounding like a ruddy Gryffindor. At least there was Slytherin motive behind it.

No matter, it was a somewhat decent plan, and he would manipulate Severus as well as Miss Granger. Lucius had no doubt in his ability to talk himself out of any of the blame when the feisty woman became upset at Severus' suggestion. After all, Miss Granger had a much feistier personality than any of those other women put together, even the triple-jointed Miss Deverill.

Besides, there was always the off-chance that the lovely young woman would agree to such a marvelously dirty little thing as a ménage-a-trois sandwiched between himself and Severus Snape. Surely, she was tired of being such a good girl, Saint Hermione, Wonder Witch.

"No lust potions."

"Of course not, Lucius. Where would the fun be in that? Besides, you know me. I want my women to be willing participants who don't feel drugged the next day... that way, they are much more fun on the morning after."

With that, Lucius smiled and nodded his head. He had just agreed to what his friend had in mind.

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Lucius had been amused at the mildly surprised look on Severus' face when he told Severus the tentative schedule of when and where he was most likely to bump into Miss Granger.

Lucius had not been quite as amused when Severus informed him of two other places and times that were good for accidental meetings with the witch. *Just how much did Severus know about the woman?*

Ultimately, they decided that a Thursday evening at the Hog's Head was their best option. She was less likely to appear with any of her other friends in tow. The two men arrived earlier than Lucius typically did. Whether it was because he was looking forward to the potential events of the evening or because it was more strategic to be there before her...he refused to admit that it was the former.

Lucius sat at a table in the back, while Severus took a seat at the bar. Each man sipped on their preferred glass of poison as they awaited the arrival of the young woman through the doors. Not wanting to appear overeager for his prey, Lucius fought the urge to pull out his pocket watch and check the time. Over the course of the last few months, he'd learned that on Thursday evenings she entered the Hog's Head in at precisely ten minutes after eight. If there was any hope to his sanity, that would be any moment now.

As if answering his thoughts, the front door of the pub opened and in walked a young woman with a cloak covering most of her head. As was her habit, she took a seat at the bar and pulled off the hood of her cloak to reveal an untidy mass of curly hair that had been tied back out of her face.

Lucius had learned on one of the seven nights that he'd spoken with the woman that she came to this more unsavoury pub as part of her work for the Ministry and the Department of Law Enforcement.

Although that really didn't explain why she chose to drink as well. Of course, that was one of the factors that endeared her to him even more... a woman who could hold her liquor and wasn't intimidated in these more unpleasant surroundings was certainly a woman he could like.

At least she hadn't followed her little friends by deciding to become an Auror.

Lucius took a large swallow of his firewhisky and watched as Severus glided over to the witch. Miss Granger's face appeared apprehensive at first, but within moments Severus had ordered a drink for her and she had a small smile playing about her lips.

Her soft, pink, full and all too enticing lips. Lucius' mouth began to water in anticipation of kissing those lips, and he took another swift drink of his firewhisky without ever taking his eyes off of the pair seated at the bar.

"Down, boy," he muttered under his breath to the other part of his anatomy that was eagerly looking forward to the possible encounter. It wouldn't do to have *that* part of his body appearing so anxious, especially if he had to swoop in to rescue Miss Granger from the Greasy Black Bat who would dare suggest something as horrible as the three of them retiring to the room upstairs that Severus had already procured for them.

It was as Lucius was attempting to prepare himself to go rescue the damsel in distress that he saw Severus lean down towards the woman's ear and begin speaking to her. From this distance, he couldn't hear a single word that was uttered, but he could clearly see the redness that was now colouring the young witch's cheeks.

Deep down in his chest, Lucius felt a twang of jealousy for his friend being that close to the woman that Lucius himself had been fantasizing over for the last several months. Hopefully, Miss Granger would turn Severus down firmly and Lucius could have the woman all to himself for the night... and preferably even longer.

He stood from his seat and made to move in when Severus pulled away from the woman slightly and cocked an eyebrow at her. Instead of looking affronted or appalled, she smiled up at Severus and then shot a glance back to Lucius. It was all the invitation he needed to make his legs move forward and walk towards the couple at the bar.

"Good evening, Miss Granger," he said as he took her hand and brought it to his lips. It was the first time in these encounters that he'd ever dared to touch her.

"Mr. Malfoy," she replied with a nod of her head, a genuine smile still on her face. "You were looking rather lonely over there."

"Mmm. But I had a rather lovely view."

He took pleasure in seeing her cheeks redden even further. Oh, if she had agreed with Severus' proposition (which at this point he was assuming that she had), then this was going to be a most enjoyable evening.

"Lucius, I was just telling Hermione here that we had been talking about her just the other day and you came up with a most pleasant little idea," Severus said, interrupting the chemistry that Lucius could already feel with the witch.

"My idea?" Lucius raised both eyebrows in surprise and looked at the third party in this discussion to see if he could interpret her feelings on the subject before he objected too firmly. So far, she seemed quite passive. No indication of surprise, mortification or disgust seemed to grace her features.

"Yes, my friend, your idea."

Oh, Severus was as slippery as any Slytherin. Of course he'd make out that the idea was entirely Lucius'. It didn't matter. Miss Granger didn't appear to be the least bit upset with the idea.

"Ah yes," the blond said smoothly, looking into those dark brown eyes of the young woman they were discussing. "My idea. And what are your thoughts on this little proposal, Miss Granger?"

"Well, for starters, I think that we should dispense with the formalities. Don't you, Lucius?" Oh, she had a deliciously wicked smile when she flirted. "And then, I think that I'd like to see this room that Severus has rented."

Oh, yes, deliciously wicked, he thought as he took her hand. *What did Severus say to her?* Aloud he said, "Right this way, my dear." Then he and Severus led the young woman up the stairs.

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The three of them entered one of the rooms at the top of the stairs. Lucius wondered exactly how she would act. He was certain that Hermione would be quite shy. He just hoped that she wouldn't bolt for the door the moment she realised *exactly* what she had agreed to. Perhaps slipping her a lust potion wasn't such a bad idea. Lucius wondered if Severus had come well supplied or if he truly intended to do this without.

Hermione just wasn't like the other witches that they had done this with in the past. (He refused to admit to himself that he was possibly a bit nervous about what they were about to do. It had, after all, been over fifteen years since he'd engaged in such activity.)

Lucius was the last one to enter the room and he closed the door with a resounding *click*. It was then that he was taken completely by surprise.

Standing before him was not the face of the woman he had expected. Oh, yes, certainly it was Hermione Granger, but this woman's eyes now held a devious glint to them.

Flashing a curious look at Severus, Lucius then turned his gaze back to the young woman who now had her wand out. This didn't bode well.

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Lucius awoke the next morning naked as the day he was born and feeling more relaxed than he had in the last several years. He ran his hand along a breast of the equally naked woman next to him, and was unable to hold in a smile. He ran his hand down the side of her body to her hip where he met with an obstruction. Severus had his own arm firmly around Hermione's hip and was holding her tight against his body.

Deciding to change direction, Lucius lightly ran his hand back up. He noted that her hair was a mass of wild, unruly curls that had left the confines of the elastic band she'd worn to keep them out of her face. Unable to hold back, he brought his hand up to one of the loose curls and wrapped it around his finger.

After last night, he knew that it was the only thing about this woman that would ever be wrapped around his finger. To say that he had been surprised when she'd pulled her wand and quickly divested both himself and Severus of their clothing would be an understatement. Even more surprising had been how she had taken charge of... well... everything.

Hermione Granger proved herself to every bit the strong-willed, diligent and clever woman that he'd always heard rumours about. Not only that, the woman seemed to know *exactly* what she was doing when it came to directing two men in the bedroom. It was enough to make Lucius wonder exactly what sort of activities she'd got up to when she was on that ruddy Horcrux hunt with Weasley and Potter.

Lucius slowly released the curl from his finger. No, after last night, he'd decided that he could be quite content with being wrapped around her finger instead.

It was after he let go of the lock of her hair that the woman beside him began to stir. A few moments later, she opened her eyes, looked up at him and smiled. *This* was something that he could definitely enjoy.

"Good morning," he whispered. As much as he liked the fact that she was now awake, he was hoping that the third member of their party would stay asleep for a bit longer so he could enjoy this woman's company all to himself.

"Good morning, Lucius. Sleep well?"

"As a matter of fact, I did." Before she could say anything further he leaned in and kissed her still slightly-swollen lips.

Her only response when he pulled back was to close her eyes and make a soft humming sound, and Lucius gave her a satisfied smirk. She was so responsive and so utterly enchanting.

And then he, again, remembered how in-control she'd been the night before. "Hermione?"

"Hmmm?"

"What did Severus say to you last night to convince you to do this?"

She opened her eyes again, and again Lucius could see the devious glint in them. "Whoever said that he had to do anything to convince me?"

And then the pieces began to fall into place.

"How long ago did you plan this?" he asked, starting to feel used.

It was then that she reached her hand and gently placed it on his chest. "I wouldn't call it a plan, necessarily."

"Then what would you call it?"

"More like an *idea*."

"Ahh."

"After you started talking to me, I began to think about something like this."

"Why Severus?"

She smiled. "Well, he started bumping into me about a month after you did, purely by coincidence, mind. Only he wasn't quite so... quiet... about what he wanted. And about two weeks ago I told him that if he wanted to bed me so badly that he could work out a way to involve you as well. I'm still an overachiever why settle for one wizard when I can have two."

"That was daring,"

"I just know what I want and I am not afraid to say so. Gryffindor, remember."

Lucius began to wonder, exactly, what the differences were between Gryffindors and Slytherins. He knew, of course, but that didn't mean that he wasn't a bit surprised at what she'd just revealed to him. She was definitely not a Hufflepuff. "You've obviously done this before."

Hermione snorted softly. "Perhaps. But never was it this enjoyable. Certainly, not with two wizards worthy of my efforts." At that, she leaned over and kissed the tip of his nose.

The moment she did this, Lucius heard a low grumble coming from the other side of her. Choosing to ignore his friend for a moment longer, Lucius asked, "And where would you like to go from here, Hermione?"

"I don't plan on going anywhere, Lucius. I have the day off of work and I fully intend to spend my time firmly ensconced between the two of you."

Severus' arm pulled her tightly to him, and he mumbled something into her ear and began assaulting her neck.

Agreeing with her that this was a most pleasant way to spend the day, Lucius snuggled in closer to the couple and began kissing the beautiful witch's mouth.

Yes, definitely a wonderful way to spend the day.

A/N: Just a short little story that I wrote for Shiv5468 for her birthday last week. :)